To the Reader.

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

B. I.
TO THE MOST NOBLE
AND
INCOMPARABLE PAIRE
OF BRETHREN.

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

AND

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

Right Honourable,

Hilf we studie to be thankful in our particular, for
the many favors we have receiv'd from your L.L.
we are false, 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 success. For, when we value the places your H.H.
sustaine, we cannot but know their dignity greater; then to descend to
the reading of these trifles: and, whilst we name them trifles, we have
deriud our selues of the defence of our Dedication. But since your
L.L. have beene pleas'd to thinke these trifles some-thing, becerto-
fore, and have prosequ'd both them, and their Author living,
with so much favour: we hope, that they out-living him, and he not
having the state, common with some, to be exequitor to his owne wri-
tings; you will use the like indulgence toward them, you have done
unto
The Epistle Dedicatory.

unto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any Book choose his Patrones, or finde them: This hath done both. For, so much were your L.L, likenes of the severall parts, when they were ait, 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 Orphan's, Guardians; without ambition either of selfe-profit, or fame: onely to keepe the memory of so worthy a Friend, & Fellow alive, as was our Shakespeare, by humble offer of his playes, to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we have in this observed, no man to come nere your L.L. but with a kind of religious address, 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 foorth milke, creame, fruites, or what they have: and many Nations (we have heard) that had not Gymmes & incense, obtained their request with a leauned Cake. It was no fault to approch their Gods, by what meanes they could. And the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your H.H. these remains of your servant Shakespeare; that what delight is in them, may be euery your L.L. the reputation his, & the faults ours, if any be committed, by a payre so careful to show their gratitude both to the living, and the dead, as is

Your Lordshippes most bounden,

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

From the most able, to him that can but spell. There you are number'd. We had rather you were 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 publique, & you will stand for your priviledges: we know: to read, and cenfure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a Booke, the Stationer saies. Then, how odde focuer your braines be, or your wifedomes, make your licence the same, and spare not. Judge your fixe-pen'orth, your shillings worth, your five shillings worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, what euer you do, Buy. Cenfure will not drive a Trade, or make the lacke go. And though you be a Magistrate of wit, and sit on the Stage at Black-Friers, or the Cock-pit, to arraigne Playes dailie, know, these Playes have had their triall already, and flood out all Appeals; and do now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court, then any purchas'd Letters of commendation.

It had bene a thing, we confesse, worthie to haue bene wilhed, that the Author himfelfe had liu'd to haue fet forth, and overfeen his owne writings; But since it hath bin ordain'd otherwife, and he by death de parted from that right, we pray you do not envie his Friends, the office of their care, and paine, to haue collected & publish'd them; and so to haue publish'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with diuerfe folne, and surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious impostors, that expos'd them: even thofe, are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbes; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceuied th. Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a moft gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together: And what he thought, he uttered with that easineffe, that wee haue scarce receuied from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who onely gather his works, and giue them you, to praife him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your diuers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold you: for his wit can no more lie hid, then it could be loft. Reade him, therefore; and againe, and againe: And if then you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him. And 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 felues, and others. And such Readers we with him.

John Heminge,
Hearie Condell.
To the memory of my beloved,
The AUTHOR
MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE:
And
what he hath left vs.

O draw me nay (Shakespeare) on thy name, Am I thus ample to thy Book, and Fame?
While 1 confess thy writings to be such, As neither Man, nor Muse, can praise too much. 'Tis true, and all mens suffrage. But these waves were not the paths I meant unto thy praise: For feekest Ignorance on these may light, Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right. Or blinde Affection, which doth our advance The truth, but grapes, and worth all by chance. Or crafty Malice, might pretend this praise, And thinke to ruine, where it seemed to raise. These are, as some infamous Band, or whore. Should praise a Matron, What could I hurt her more? But thou art proue against them, and indeed Above the 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 lie. A little further, to make thee a room:
Thou art a Monument, without a tomb. And art at we still, while thy Book doth line. And we have wits to read, and praise to give. That I not mixe ther with my braine excuses; I mean with great, but disproportionate Muses: For, if I thought my judgement were of seers, I should commit thee surely with thy peers, And sell, how farre thou didst our Lily out-flour. Or sporting Kid, or Marlowes mighty line. And though thou hadst small Latine, and lesse Greeke, From thence to honour thee, I would not seeke For names, but call forth thundring Alcitho, Euripides, and Sophocles to vs. Paccuvius, Accius, him of Cordoue dead, To life againe, to heare thy Buskin tread. And shake a Stage: Or, when thy Sockes were on, Leave thee alone, for the comparison.
Of all that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome
sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britaine, thou hast one to stain,
To whom all Scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
when like Apollo he came forth to warne
Our cares, or like a Mercury to charm
That fair selfe was proud of his desigins,
And joy'd to weare the dressing of his lines!
Which were so richly spun, and women so fit,
As since, he will vouchsafe no other Wes.
The merry Greece, tart Aristophanes,
Next Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated, and deserted he
As if they were not of Nature's 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 heat.
Upon the Muses amule: turne the same,
(And himselfe with it) that he thinkes to frame;
Or for the lanvell, he may gain some one,
For a good Poet's made, as well as borne,
And such were thou. Looke how the fathers face
Lives in his issue, even so, the race
Of Shakespeares mindes, and manners brightly shines
In his well turn'd, and true fil'd lines:
In each of which, he seems to strike a Lance,
As brandish't at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Anon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appeare,
And make those flights upon the bankes of Thames,
That so did take Eliza, and our Iames!
But stay, I see thee in the Hemispher
Aduaned, and made a Constellation there!
Shine forth, show Starre of Poets, and what rage,
Or influence, choise, or cheers the drooping Stage;
Which, since thy flight fro hence, hath moun'd like night,
And despairest day, but for thy volumes light.

Ben: Jonson.
Hose hands, which you fo clapt, go now, and wring
You Britame braue; for done are Shakespeares dayes:
His dayes are done, that made the dainty Playes,
Which made the Globe of heau'n and earth to ring.
Dry de is that veine, dry'd is the Thesbian Spring,
Tura'd all to teares, and Phoebus clouds his rayes:
That corp's, that coffin now bestickt tho'fe bayes,
Which crown'd him Poet first, then Poet King.
If Tragedies might any Prologue have,
All tho'fe he made, would scarce make one to this:
Where Fame, now that he gone is to the grave
(Deaths publique tyring-houfe) the Nunciuis.
For though his line of life went foone about,
The life yet of his lines shall never out.

HUGH HOLLAND.
TO THE MEMORIE
of the deceased Author Maister
W. Shakespeare.

Shake-speare, at length thy pious fellows give
The world thy Workes: thy Workes, by which ye live.
Thy Tombe, thy name must: when that stone is rent,
And Time dissolves thy Stratford Monument.
Here we alive shall view thee still. This Book,
When Brosse and Marble fade, shall make thee looke
Fresh to all Ages: when Posteritie
Shall loath what's new, thinke all is prodegie
That is not Shake-speare's; eu'ry Line, each Verse
Here shall receiv[e], redeeme thee from thy Herse.
Nor Fire, nor cankering Age, as Nafo said,
Of his, thy wit-sfraught Booke shall once invade
Nor shall I re beleeue, or thinke thee dead.
(Though mist) untill our bankrout Stage be sped
(Impossible) with some new straine out do
Passions of Juliet, and her Romeo;
Or till I heare a Scene more nobly take,
Then when thy half Sword parling Romans spake.
Till these, till any of thy Volumes rest
Shall with more fire, more feeling be expresst,
Be sure, our Shake-speare, thou canst never dye,
But crown'd with Lawrell, live eternally.

L. Digges.

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

W V E E wondred (Shake-speare) that thou went'st so soon
From the Worlds Stage, to the Gravies Tyring-room.
Wee thought thee dead, but this thy printed worth,
Tels thy Spectators, that thou went'st but forth
To enter with applause. An Actors Art,
Can dye, and live, to act a second part.
That's but an Exit of 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 ORIGINAL.

The Names of the Principall Actors in all the Playes.

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# A Catalogue

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

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THE TEMPEST.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

A tempestuous wife of Thunder and Lightning heard: Enter a Ship-master, and a Botefwaine.

Master.

Botef. Your Grace: Where is the Master?

Master. In the gallery.

Botef. Heere Master: What cheere?

Master. Good: SPEake to th' Mariner: what at the Sea is: hence, what care these roasters for the name of King? to Cabine, silence: trouble vs not.

Gen. Good, yet remember whom you haft aboard.

Botef. None that I more loue then my selfe. You are a Counsellor, if you can command these Elements to silence, and worke the peace of the present, wee will not hand a rope more, vf your authorities: If you cannot, giue thanks you have liu'd so long, and make your selfe readie in your Cabine for the mishance of the houre, if it fap. Cheereely good hearts: out of our way I say.

Gen. I haue great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning marke upon him, his complexion is perfect Gallowses: hand fast good Fare to his hanging, make the rope of his defitny our cable, for our owne doth little advantage: The be not borne to bee hang'd, our cafe is miserable.

Botef. Downe with the top-Mast: yarde lower, lower, bring her to Try with Main-court. A plague — Aery within. Enter Sebastian, Antonio & Gonzalo.

upon this howling: they are lowder then the weather, or our office yet againe? What do you here? Shall we glue one and drowne, have you a minde to fink?

Sibyl. A poxe o' your thorowest, you bawling, blasphemous incharitable Dog.

Botef. Worke you then.

Arius. Hang cur, hang, you whorsen insolent Noyseman, we are lefle afraid to be drown'd, then thou art.

Gen. I'le warrant him for drowning: though the Ship were no longer then a Nutt-shell, and as leaky as an unfastened wench.

Botef. Lay her a hold, a hold, let her two courses off to Sea againe, lay her off.

Enter Mariner.

Arius. All loath to prayers, to prayers, all loath.

Botef. What must our mouths be cold?

Gen. The King, and Prince, at prayers, let's aslift them, for our cafe is as theirs.

Sebas. I'am out of patience.

Arius. We are meerely cheated of our lives by drunkards, This wide-chop't-raffall, would thou mightly yse drowninge the washing of ten Tides.

Gen. He'll hang'd yet, Though every drop of water sweare against it, And gape at widit to glut him. A confused myes within. Mercy on vs.

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

Arius. Let's all sinke with't King

Sebas. Let's take leave of him.

Gen. Now would I giue a thousand furlongs of Sea, for an Acre of barren ground. Long heath, Browne fires, any things; the wills about be done, but I would faine dye a dry death.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Miranda. If by your Art (my dearest father) you haue Put the wild waters in this Kore; slay them: The skyse it seemes would powre down flinking pitch, But that the Sea, mounting to th' wellkins checke, Dashes the fire out. Oh! I'le have suffered With thofe that I law suffer: A braue vefell

(Who
(Who had no doubt some noble creature in her)
Daff'd all to peeces: O the cry did knocke
Against my very heart; poor soules, they perish'd.
Had I byyn any God of power, I would
Have sink'the Sea within the Earth, or ere
It should the good Ship fo have fwallow'd, and
The softring Soules within her.

Prof. Be bleded,
No more amazement; Tell your pitious heart
there's no harme done.

_Mira._ O woe, the day.

Prof. No harme:
I have done nothing, but in care of thee
(Of thee my deere one; thee my daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, naught knowing
Of whence I am: nor that I am more better.

Then _Prof._, Master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater Father,

_Mira._ More to know
Did neuer medle with my thoughts.

Prof. 'Tis time
I should informe thee farther: I lend thy hand
And plucke my Magik garme from me: So,
_Lye there my Art: wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort,
The direfull spectacle of the wracke which touch'd
The very vertue of comaption in thee:
I have with such punctution in mine Art
So safely order'd, that there is no foule
No not to much perdition as an hayre
Beside to any creature in the vsefull
Which thou heardst cry, which thou faw'rt sink'te: Sir
For thou muft now know farther, |downe,

_Mira._ You have ofen
Begun to tell me what I am, but fopt
And left me to a bookelesse Inquisition,
Concluding, tlay: not yet.

Prof. The how's now come
The very minute byds thee ope thine ear,
Obeay, and be attentive. Cant thou remember
A time before we came vnto this Cell?
I do not thinke thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three yeares old.

_Mira._ Certainly Sir, I can.

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

_Mira._ 'Tis farre so,
And rather like a dreame, then an assurance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Fowe're, or rude women once, that tended me?

Prof. Thou hadst; and more _Miranda_: But how is it
That this lives in thy minde? What feekest thou els
In the dark-backward and Absibme of Time?
Yf thou remembr'est oght ers thou can't here,
How thou can'tt here thou maist.

_Mira._ But that I do not.

Prof. Twelve yere sence(_Miranda_):twelve yere sence,
 Thy father was the Duke of _Millaine_ and
A Prince of power.

_Mira._ Sir, are not you my Father?

Prof. Thy Mother was a pece of vertue, and
She said thou waft my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of _Millaine_, and his onely heire.
And Princele: no worse Issued.

_Mira._ O the heavens,
What loule play had we, that we came from thence?

Or bleded was't we did?

Prof. Both, both my Girle.

By fowle-play (as thou saist) were we heau'd thence,
But blededly holpe hitheer.

_Mira._ O my heart bleedes
To thinke oth' teene that I haue turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance, please you, farther;

Prof. My brother and thy vnkle, call'd _Antonio_:
I pray thee marke me, that a brother should
Be so perditionous: the, whom next thy felie
Of all the world I lou'd, and to him put
The marrage of my flate, as at that time
Through all the fignories it was the first,
And _Prof._ the prime Duke, being so reputed
In dignity; and for the liberall Actes,
Without a pararel; thos being all my studie,
The Government I call vpon my brother,
And to my State grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studie, thy false vnkle
(Do'lt thou attend me?)

_Mira._ Sir, most heedfully.

Prof. Being once perfected how to graunt fuites,
how to deny them: who x'aduance, and who
To trufl for ouer-topping; new creatzed
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,
Or els new form'd 'em; hauing both the key,
Of Officer, and office, let all hearts I thall flate
To what time pleas'd his care, that now he was
The luy which had bid my princely Truncek,
And fucts my verdure out on't; Thou attend'ft not?

_Mira._ O good Sir, I doe.

Prof. I pray thee marke me:
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To clofenes, and the bettering of my mind
with that, which but by being fo retird
Ore-priz'd all populer ratein my false brother
Awak'd an euill nature, and my truft
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood in it's contrarie, as great
As my truft was, which had indeed no limit.
A confidence fans bound. He being thus Lorded,
Not onely with what my renuenc yelded,
But what my power might els exact. Like one
Who hauing into truth, by telling of it,
Made fuch a fynner of his memorie
To crede his owne lie, he did beleue
He was indeed the Duke, out o'th Subtitution
And executing th'outward face of Rotalie
With all prerogatiue hence his Ambition growing:
Do'lt thou heare?

_Mira._ Your tale, Sir, would cure defenesse.

Prof. To haue no Schrene between this part he plaid,
And him he plaid it for, he needs will be
Absolute _Millaine_, Me (poore man) my Libarie
Was Dukedom large enough: of temporall realties
He thinks me now incapecable. Confederates
(fo drike he was for Sway) with King of Naples
To give him Annuall tribute, doe him homage
Subject his Coronet, to his Crowne and bend
The Dukedom yet vnbow'd (als poore _Millaine_)
To moft ignoble flooping.

_Mira._ Oh the heavens!

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

_Mira._ I should finde
To thinke but Noble of my Grand-mother,
The Tempest.

Good wombs have borne bad fomnes.

Pro. Now the Condition.

This King of Naples being an Enemy
To me inutterate, hearkens my Brothers fuit,
Which was, That he in lieu of th' premies,
Of homage, and I know not how much Tribute,
Should prefently extirpate me and mine.

Out of the Dukedom, and confer faire Mileau.

With all the Honors, on my brother: Whereon
A treacherous Armie levi'd, one mid-night,
Fated to th' purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Mileau, and th' dead of darkness.

The miniflers for th' purpose hurried thence,
Me, and thy being left.

Ar. Alack, for pity's

I not remembling how I slide out then
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint.

That wrings mine eyes too.

Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present businesse.

Which now's upon's: without the which, this Story
Were more im pertinent.

Ar. Wherefore did they not
That howre destroy vs?

Pro. Well demanded, wench:

My Tale prouokes that question: Deare, they durft not,
So deare the love my people bore me: nor fea
A marke fo bloody on the businesse; but
With colours fairer, painted their foule ends.

In few, they hurried vs a-boord a Barke,
Bore vs some Leagues to Sea, where they prepared
A rotten carcasse of a Butt, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, ftyfe, nor mast, the very rats
Infift not in their heads: There they hoift vs
To cry to th' Sea, that roared vs; to figh
To th' windes, whose pitie fighing backe againe
Did vs but louing wrong.

Ar. Alack, what trouble

Was I then to you?

Pro. O, a Cherubin

Thou was't that did prefene me; Thou didst fmile,
Infufed with a fortitude from heauen,
When I have deck'd thee with drops full falt,
Vnder my burnish'd gait; which faid me in
An un-doging flomacke, to beare vp
Against what fhould enue,

Ar. How came we a fhore?

Pro. By prouidence divine,

Some food, we had; and some fresh water, that
A noble Napolitian Gonzalo

Out of his Charity, (who being then appointed
Matter of this defign,) did gue vs, with
Rich garments, linnen, fuits; and neceffaries
Which fince have fteed much, fo of his gentlenesse.

Knowing I lou'd my books, he furnished me
From mine owne Library, with volumes, that
I prize above my Dukedom.

Ar. Would it might

But euer fee that man.

Pro. Now I rife,

Sit still, and hear the left of our fea-forrow:

Here be in this land we arriv'd, and here
Hauel thy Schoolemafter, made thee more profit
Then other Princes can, that haue more time
For vaine howres; and Tutors, not fo carefull.

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

For all 'tis beating in my minde; your reason:

For saying this Sea-fornse?

Pro. Know thus far forth;

By accident moft strange, bountifull Fortune
(Now my deere Lady) hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: And by my presence
I finde my Zenith doth depend vpon

A moft aubitionus flarr, whole influence
If now I court not, but omit; my fortunes
Will euer after droope: Heare ceafe more questions,
Thou art inclined to fleep: 'tis a good dulneffe,
And guile it way: I know thou canst not chufe:

Come away, Seruants, come; I am ready now,

Approach the Ariel: Come, Enter Ariel.

Ar. All bale, great Master, grave Sir, halle I come
To anfwer thy beef pleafure; be't to fly
To swim, to diue into the fire; to ride
On the cur'd slowes: to thy strong bidding, take
Ariel, and all his Qualitie.

Pro. Haft thou, Spirit,

Performed to point, the Tempeft that I bad theee.

Ar. To every Article.

I boorded the Kings ship: now on the Beake,
Now in the Wafts, the Decke, in euer Cabyn,
I flam'd amazement, sometime T'd fluide
And bune in many places; on the Top-maft,
The Yards and bore-eiprit, would I flame dillufly,
Then meere, and icye. Lewis Lightning, the proucers
Of dreadfull Thunder-claps more momenttace.
And fight our running were not; the fire, and cracks
Of fulphurous roaring, the moft mighty Neptune
Seeme to belfee, and make his bold waues tremble,
Yea, his dread Tenement shake,

Pro. Trauere Sir.

Who was fo firm, fo constant, that this coyle
Would not infect his reafon?

Ar. Not a foule

But felt a Fauuer of the madde, and plaid
Some tricks of defperation; all but Mariners
Plung'd in the fwooning bryne, and qu'e the vefell; Then all afire with me the Kings fonne Ferdinand
With haire vp-faring (then like reeds, not hair) Was the firft man that leapt; eride hell is empty, And all the Diuels are heere.

Pro. Why that's my spirit:

But was not this eye shore?

Ar. Clofe by, my Master.

Pro. But are they (Ariel) safe?

Ar. Not a hair perih'd:

On their fuffaining garments not a blemifh,
But frether then before: and as thou baf't me, In troops I haue difperf'd them 'bout the life: The Kings fonne haue I hafted by himselfe,
Whom I lefte cooling of the Ayre with fighes,
In an odd Angle of the Ille, and fittin'
His armes in this fad knot.

Pro. Of the Kings ship.

The Marriners, fay how thou haft difpo'd,
And all the rest of th' Fleet?

Ar. Safely in harbour

Is the Kings thippe, in the deee Nooke, where once
Thou call'd me vp at midnight to fetch dewe
From the full-vest Bermothes, there fhe's hid;
The Marriners all vnder hatches row'd,
Who, with a Charme joyn'd to their suffred labour
I haue left afeep: and for the rest of th' Fleet

A 2 Which
To lay upon the damns'd, which Sycorax
Could not agayne vsuable: it was mine Art,
When I ariued, and heard thee, that made gaps
The Pyne, and let thee out.
Ar. I thank thee Master.
Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an Oak
And peg-thee in his knotty entrelaes, still
Thou shalt how I'ld away twelue winters,
Ar. Pardon, Master,
I will be correspondent to command
And doe my spying, gently.
Pro. Do's for: and after two daies
I will discharge thee.
Ar. That's my noble Master:
What shal I doe? say what? what shal I doe?
Pro. Goe make thy selfe like a Nymph o'th' Seas,
Be subiect to no sight but thine, and mine insensible
To every eye-ball else: goe make this shape
And hither come in: I goe: hence
With diligence. Exit.
Pro. Awake, deere hart awake, thou hast slept well,
Awake.
Mir. The strangenes of thy story, put
Heauineffe in me.
Pro. Shake it off: Come on,
We'll visift Caliban, my flaye, who never
Yeelds vs kinde answere.
Mir. 'Tis a villain Sir, I doe not loue to looke on
Pro. But as 'tis
We cannot mife him: he do's make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and ferues in Offices
That proft vs: What hau: a flaye : Caliban:
Thou Earth, thou speake.
Cal. within. There's wood enough within,
Pro. Come forth: I say, there's other busines for thee:
Cometh Toyrtos, when? Enter Ariel like a water-
Fine appaissance: my quirent Ariel,
Nymph.
Hearke in thine eare.
Ar. My Lord, it shall be done. Exit.
Pro. Thou poysonous flaye, goe buttell my selfe
Upon thy wicked Dam; come forth, Enter Caliban.
Cal. As wicked dewe, as ere my mother brutish'd
With Raunts feather from vnwholesome Fen
Drop on you both: A Southweat blow on yee,
And binster you all ore.
Pro. For this be sure, to night thou shalt haue cramps,
Side-stitches, that hall pen thy breath vp, Virchins
Shall for that vallt of night, that they may worke
All exercife on thee: thou shalt be pinched
As thicke as hony-combe, each pinche more stinging
Then Bees that made em.
Cal. I must eat my dinner:
This Illand's mine by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me: when thou can't first
Theft from me, and made much of me: wouldst give me
Water with berries int': and teach me how
To name the bigger Light, and how the leffe
That burne by day, and night: and then I loued thee
And shew'd thee all the qualities o'th' Life,
The freshest Springs, Brine-pits; barren place and fertill,
Curtis be I that did so: All the Charmes
Of Sycorax: Toades, Beetle, Batts light on you:
For I am all the Subieöts that you have,
Which first was min owne King: and here you fly-me
In this hard Rocky, wheres you doe keepe from me
The reft o'th' Illand.
Pro. Thou
The Tempest.

Pro. Thou mad'ning slave!
Whom stripes may move, not kindness, I hate ye still
(Exit as thou art with humane care, and lodge thy self
in mine owne cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honor of my child.)

Cal. Oh ho! oh ho! wouldst thou have done.
Thou didst prevent me, I had people'd else.
This ill with Caliban.

Mira. Abhorr'd Slave.
Which any print of good-nature will not take,
Being capable of all ill: I pitied thee,
Takst pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour:
One thing or other: when thou didst not (Sauage)
Know thine owne meaning: but wouldst gabbles, like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them knowne: But thy wild rage
(Tho' thou didst learn) had that in't, which good natures
Could not abide to be within; therefore wilt thou
Deferredly confin'd into this Rocke, who hadst
Deferr'd more than a prison.

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

Prof. Hag-lead, hence:
Fetch vs in Fellowe, and be quicke thou'st beft
To answer other business: shrung'th thou (Malice)
If thou neglect't, or doft unwillingly
What I command, Il racke thee with old Crampes,
Fill all thy bones with Ach's, make thee rare,
That beasts shall tremble at thy dyn.

Cal. No, 'pray thee.
I must obey, his Art is of such pow'r,
It would control my Dams god Seder.
And make a vaile of him.

Pro. So slave, hence.
Exit Cal.

Enter Ferdinand & Ariel, insensible playing & singing.
Ariel Song. Come o'er those yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Cott, clad when you have, and head
The wilde waves whist.
Footes feastly here, and there, and foreer Sprights scarce
The burthen. Burthen diptderledly.
Hark, hark, hark againe: the watch-Dogs loose harkes,
Barkg, wrenchy.
At. Hark, hark, I heare, the Grains of rattling Chanticleere
Cry cock-a-dooie-dooie.

Fer. Where staid this Mischke be? T he aire, or th earth?
It founds no more: and fure it waytes upon
Some God's oth'land: sitting on a banke,
Weeping against the King my Fathers wracke.
This Mischke crept by me with the waters,
Alaying both their fury, and my passion
With it's sweet ayre: thence I haue followd it
(Or if ths drawne me rather) but 'tis gone,
No, it begins again.

Ariel Song. Bell fadesm for thy Fatherlout,
Of his bones are Caliwall made.
Those are pears that were his eye,
Nothing of that that death fads,
But death fader a Sea-change
Into something rich & strange.
Sea nymphs hourly ring his bell.
Burthen: ding dong.

Fer. I haue now hear them, ding-dong bell.

Fer. The Ditty do's remember my drown'd father,
This is no more all busines, nor no found.

That the earth owes: I heare it now abowe me,

Pro. The fringed Curtains of thine eye aduance,
And say what thou feel'ly sayd.

Mira. What is a Spirit?
Lord, how it lookes about: Behold me fir,
It carries a braue forme. But 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No wench, it eats, and sleeps, & hath such felines
As we haue: fuch, This Gallant which thou feest,
Was in the wracke: and but hee's something staint
With greene (that's beauties canker) 'tis might'lt call him
A goodly perion: he hath lost his fellows,
And prayers about to finde 'em.

Mira. I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing naturally
I ever saw so Noble.

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

For. Moft fir the Goddesse
On whom these ayres attend: Vouchsafe my pray'r,
May know if you remaine upon this island,
And that you will some good inftruction give
How I may beare me here: my prime request
(Which I doft pronounce) is (O you wonder)
If you be May'd, or no?

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

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

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

For. A fingle thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speake of Naples: he do's heare me,
And that he do's, I wepe: my felle am Naples,
Who, with mine eyes (never fince at ebbes) beheld
The King my Father wrack'd.

Mira. Alaske, for mercy.

For. Yes faith, & all his Lords, the Duke of Millane
And his brave fomme, being swaine.

Pro. The Duke of Millane
And his more braver daughter, could controul thee
If now 'twere fit to do't: At the first fighth
They haue chang'd eyes: Delicate Ariel,
Be let thee free for this. A word good Sir,
I here haue done your felle some wrong: A word,
Mira. Why speake my father so voyenting? This
Is the third man that ere I saw: the firft
That ere I figh'd for: pity moue my father,
To be enclin'd my way.

For. O, if a Virge,
And your affection not gone forth, I make you
The Queene of Naples.

Pro. Soft fir, one word more.
They are both in eathers pow'r's: But this finte busines
I muft once make, leat too light winning
Make the prize light. One word more: I charge thee
That thou attend me: Thou do'tt heare virtu
The name thou ow'lt not, and haft put thy felle
Upon this Island, as a jpy, to win it
From me, the Lord on't.

For. No, as I am a man.

Mira. There's nothing ill, can dwell in euery Temple,
If the ill-spirit haue to fayre a houfe,
Good things will fluire to dwell with't.

Pro. Follow me.
The Tempest

Prof. Speake not you for him: hee's a Traitorscome, 
Ille manacle thy necke and feete together; 
Sea water shall thou drinke: thy food shall be 
The freth-brooke Muffets, wither'd roots, and huskes 
Wherein the Acorne eradled. 

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

He drinks, and is charmed from moving. 

Mis. O deere Father, 
Make not too rash a trial of him, for 
Hee's gentle, and not fearfull. 

Prof. What I say. 
My face my Tutor? Put thy sword vp Traitor, 
Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strikethy conscience 
Is so posset with guilt: Come, from thy ward, 
For I can here discharge thee with this sticke, 
And make thy weapon drop. 

Mis. Believe you Father. 
Prof. Hence: hang not on my garments, 
Mis. Sir haue pity, 

Ile be his freyty, 

Prof. Silence: One word more 
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee: What, 
An advocate for an Imposter? Hush: 
Thou thinkest there is no more such shapes as hee, 
(Having feene but him and Caliban:) Foolish wench, 
To th' most of men, this is a Caliban. 

And they to him are Angels. 

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

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

Ver. So they are: 

My spirits, as in a dreame, are all bound vp: 
My Fathers losse, the weakee (note I feele, 
The wracke of all my friends, nor this mens stature, 
To whom I am subdue, are but light to me, 
Might I but through my prison once a day 
Behold this Mayd: all corners eelc o'th' Earth 
Let liberty make vfe of: space enough 
Have I in such a prizon. 

Prof. It workes: Come on. 

Thou hast done well, fine Aristell: follow me, 
Harke what thou elie shalt do mee. 

Mis. Be of comfort, 

My Fathers of a better nature (Sir) 
Then he appears by speech: this is unwon, 
Which now came from him. 

Prof. Thou shalt be as free 
As mountain winds: but then exactly do 
All points of my command. 

Aristell. To th' syllable. 

Prof. Come follow: speake not for him, 

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

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

Gonz. Befeech you Sir, be merry; you have caufe, 
(So hae we all) of joy; for our escape 

It much beyond our losse; our hint of woe 
Is common, every day, some Saylors wife, 
The Masters of some Merchant, and the Merchant 
Hau e lipt our Themse of woe: But for the miracle, 
(I meane our prefervat) few in millions 
Can speake like vs: then wifely (good Sir) weigh 
Our frowrow, with our comfort, 

Aloft. Prethee peace, 
Seb. He receiues comfort like cold porridge. 
Ant. The Visitor will not give him ore fo. 
Seb. Looke, hee's winding vp the watch of his wit, 
By and by it will strike. 

Gen. Sir, 
Gen. One: Tell. 
Gen. When every greese is entertain'd, 
That's offer'd comes to th' entertainer. 

Seb. A dollar. 
Gen. Do you come to him indeed, you haue spoken 
truer then you purpof'd. 

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

Gen. Therefore my Lord. 
Ant. Fie, what a spend-thrift is he of his tongue. 
Aloft. I pre-thee spare. 
Gen. Well, I haue done: But yet 
Seb. He will be talking. 
Ant. Which, of he, or Adrian, for a good wager, 
First begins to crow? 

Seb. The old Cocke. 
Ant. The Cockrel. 
Seb. Done: The wager? 
Ant. A Laughter. 
Seb. A match. 
Ant. Though this Island seeme to be defett. 
Seb. Ha, ha, ha, 
Ant. So: you're paid, 
Adr. Vninhabitable, and almost inaccessible. 
Seb. Yet 
Ant. Yet 
Ant. He could not mis't. 
Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate 
temperance. 

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench, 
Seb. I, and a subtle, as he most learnedly deliver'd. 
Adr. The ayre breathes upon vs here most sweetly, 
Seb. As if it had Lungs, and rotten ones, 
Ant. Or, as 't were perfum'd by a Fen. 
Gen. Here's every thing advantageous to life. 
Ant. True, faue means to live, 
Seb. Of that there's none, or little. 
Gen. How lufh and lufty the grasse lookes? 

How greene? 

Ant. The ground indeed is savny, 
Seb. With an eye of greene in't. 
Ant. He mis't not much. 
Seb. No: be doth but mistake the truth totally. 
Gen. But the rarity of it is, which is indeed almost 
beoyond credit. 

Seb. As many voacht raries are. 
Gen. That our Garments being (as they were) drench't in the 
Sea, hold notwithstanding their freshmeffe and 
gloffe, being rather new dy'd then flain'd with faile. 

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speake, would it not say he eyes? 
Seb. 1, or very falsely pocket vp his report.
The faults your owne.

Amen. So is the doer'th'o doer's doe.

Gen. My Lord Sebastian.

The truth you spake doth lacke some gentilence,
And time to spake it in you rubb the sore,
When you should bring the plaister.


Gen. It is foule weather in vs all, good Sir,
When you are cloudy.


Gen. Had I plantation of this Isle my Lord,
Amen. Hee'ld fowle with Nettle-feed.

Seb. Or docks, or Mallowes.

Gen. And were the King on't, what would I do?

Seb. Scape being drunke, for want of Wine.

Gen. I'iii Commonwealth. I would (by contraries)
Execute all things: For no kindes of Traffike
Would I admit: No name of Magistrates:
Letters should not be knowne: Riches, povertry,
And vie of service, none: Contrades, Successions,
Borne, bound of Land, Tith, Vineyard none:
No vie of Mettall, Corne, or Wine, or Oyle:
No occupation, all men idle, all:
And Women too, but innocent and pure:
No Souerainyt.

Seb. Yet he would be King on't.

Amen. The latter end of his Commonwealth forgets
the beginning.

Gen. All things in common Nature should produce
Without sweat or endeuour: Treacon, felleng.
Sword, Pike, Knife, Gun, or neede of any Engine
Would I nor have; but Nature should bring forth:
Of it owne kinde, all fayson,all abundance.

To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjectes?

Amen. None (man) all idle; Whores and knaves,
Gen. I would with fuch perfection gouerne Sir.

T'Excelle the Golden Age.

Seb. 'Saue his Mistrife... Amen.Long rule Gouerna.
Gen. And do you marke me, Sir? Amen. me.
Amen. Pre-thee no more: thou dost talke nothing to
Gen. I do well beleue your Highness, and did it
to ministration to these Gentleman, who are of
such sensibill and nimble Lungs, that they alwaies
ve to laugh at nothing.

Amen. Twas you have laugh'd at,
Gen. Who, in this kind of merry folloing am nothing
to you: so you may continue, and laugh at, nothing still.

Amen. What a blow was there given?

Seb. And it had not faine flat-long.

Gen. You are Gentlemen of braue mettle: you would
lift the Moone out of her sphere, if she would continue
in it five weekes wthout changing.

Enter Ariel playing solene Musick.

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

Amen. Nay good my Lord, be not angry.

Gen. No I warrant you, I will not adventure
my diffusion so weake: Will you laugh me alleepe, for I
am very heany.

Amen. Go sleepe, and heare vs.

Amen. What, all so fone alleepe? I with mine eyes
Would (with themselues) flout vp my thoughts,
I finde they are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you Sir,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It rideth with forrow, when it doth, it is a Comforter.

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

Amon. Thank you, a wondrous beauty.

Seb. What a strange dream I had, then.

Ant. It is the quality of' the Climate.

Seb. Why doth not then our eye-lids sink? I faint,

Not my feet disjus to sleep.

Ant. Nor is mine, my spirits are nimble.

They fell together, all in one moment.

They dropt, by Thursday's stroke: what might


And yet, methinks I see in my face,

What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks thee, and

My strong imagination fees a Crowne.

Dropping upon thy head,

Seb. What's that thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and surely,

It is a sleepy Language; and thou speakest

Out of thy sleep: What is it thou didst say?

This is a strange repose, to be asleep

With eyes wide open, standing, speaking, moving,

And yet to fast asleep.

Seb. Noble Sebastian,

Thus let's thy fortune sleepe: die rather: wink it

While thou are waking.

Seb. Thou do'ft more diffantly,

There's mictling in thy fnores.

Ant. I am more lousious than my counsel: you

Might be so, if I had me: which to do,

Trebles thee o'er.

Seb. Well I am flanding water.

Ant. I teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb.

Hereditary Sloch instructs me.

Ant. O!

If you but knew how you purpose chenish

Whilest thus you mockit: how in stripping it

You more impleit: ebbing men, indeed

(Most often) do of neere the bottom run

By their owne seare, or floth.

Seb. Pre-thee lay on,

The setting of thine eye, and check thee proclaime

A matter from thee: and a birth, indeed,

Which throwes thee much to yeeld.

Ant. Thus Sir:

Although this Lord of weake remembrance; this

Who shall be of as little memory

When he is earth'd, hath here almost perfwaded.

(I forbeare a Spirit of perfwasion, only)

Perhapes to perfwade) the King his fonnes alue,

'Tis as imposible that he's unwound

As he that sleepe's here, living.

Seb. I have no hope

That hee's unwound

Ant. O, out of such no hope,

What great hope have you? No hope: that way, is

Another way so high a hope, that eu'n

Ambition cannot pierce a winke beyond

But doubt diuersly there: Will you grant with me

That Farinando is wound

Seb. He's gone.

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

Seb. Claribel.

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

Ten leagues beyond mans life: she that from Naples

Can have no note, unlesse the Sun were post:

The Man'th Moone's too low, till new-borne chiness

Be tough, and Razo'rable: She that from whom

We all were fea-swallowed, though some cast again;

(And by that deffiny) to perfwre an act

Whereof, what past is Prologue; what to come

In yours, and my discharge.

Seb. What fluffe is this? How lay you?

Tis true, brothers daughter's Queene of Tousis,

So is the heyre of Naples' twist which Regions

There is some space.

Ant. A space, whose every cubit

Seemes to cry out, how shall that Claribel

Measure vs backe to Naples? keepe in Tousis,

And let Sebastian wake.

Say, this were death

That now hath feiz'd them, why they were no worse.

Then now they are: There be that can rule Naples

As well as he that sleepe: Lords, that can prate.

As amy and vnneecearily

As this Gonzalvo; I my selfe could make

A Thought of aspee chat: O, that you bore

The minde that I do; what a sleepe were this

For your advancement? Do you understand me?

Seb. Me thinkes I do.

Ant. And how do your content

Tender your owne good fortune?

Seb. I remember

You did fupplant your Brother Prospero.

And looke how well my Garments fit upon me.

Much fatter then before: My Brothers favour

Were then my fellowes, now they are my men.

Seb. But for your convenience.

Ant. Sir: where lies that? If 'twere a kybe

'Twould put me to my flopper: But I feel not

This Deity in my bofome: Twenty conferences

That hand: 'twixt me, and Millaine, candied be they,

And merte they mollepit: Here hee lies your Brother

No better then the earth he lies vpon,

The were that which now hee's like (that's dead)

Whom I wish with this obedient flece (three inches of it)

Can lay to bed for euer: whiles you do thus,

To the perpetuall winke for aye might put

This ancient morisle? this Sir Prudence, who

Should not vpraid our course: for all the reft

They take leggeffion, as a Cat laps milke,

They'll tell the clocke, to any busineffe that

We saytheth the hour:

Seb. Thy cafe, deere Friend

Shall be my president: As thou go'lt Millaine,

I come by Naples: Draw thy word, one stroke

Shall free thee from the tribute which thou paidst,

And the King shall loue thee.

Ant. Draw together:

And when I reache my hand, do you the like

To fall it on Gonzalvo.

Seb. O, but one word.

Enter Ariel with Musicke and Song.

Ariel. My Master through his Art foresees the danger

That you (his friend)are in, and sends me forth

(For eile his project dies) to keep them living.

Singes in Gonzalos ear.

While you here do phoning lay,

Open'd the Conspiracie

His time doth take:
The Tempest.

If of Love you keep a care,
Shake off lumber and beware.
Awake, awake.

Ant. Then let us both be sodain.
Gow. Now, good Angels preferre the King.
Ant. Why how now ho; awake; why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?
Gow. What's the matter?
Seb. While we stood here feearing your repose,
(Even now) we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like Bulls, or rather Lyons, didn't wake you?
I frothke mine eare most terribly.
Ant. I heard nothing.
Seb. O, 'twas a din to fright a Monstrs eare;
To make an earthquake: sure it was the roare
Of a whole heard of Lyons.
Ant. Heard you this Gelose?
Gow. Upon mine honour, Sir, I heard a hummimg,
(And that a strange one too) which did awake me;
I think'd you Sir, and crided: as mine eye open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn: there was a noyse,
That's verily: this beft I stand upon our guard;
Or that we quitt this place: let's draw out weapons.
Ant. Lead off this ground & let's make further search
For my poor Sonne.
Gow. Heaunens keep him from these Beasts:
For he is fure t'ch Iland.
Ant. Lead away.
Ariell. Preferre my Lord, shall know what I have
So (King) goe safely on to seeketh thy Son. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Caliban, with a burthen of Wood. (a newe of Thunder heard.)

Cal. All the infections that the Sunne suckes vp
From Bogs, Ponds, Flats, on Proper fall, and make him
By ych-mele a diseife: his Spirits heare me,
And yet I needes must cure, but they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with Vychman-thewes, pitch me i'th' mouth,
Nor lead me like a fire-brand, in the darke
Out of my way, vnsled he bid'em; but
For every trifle, are they let upon me,
Sometime like Apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after bite me: then like Hegd-hogs, which
Lye tumbling in my bare-toore way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall: sometime am I
All wound with Adders, who with clouet tongues
Do dulle me into madnoffe: I too, now Lo;
Enter
Here comes a Spirit of his, and to torment me
Twowe.
For bringing wood in fowly: I'll fall flat,
Perchance he will not mind me.

Tri. Here's neither buft, nor thrust to brest off any
weather at all: and another Storme brewing, I hear he
sing ith winde: yond fame blacke cloud, yond hage
one, looks like a foule bumbard that would fill his
liquor: if I should thunder, as it did before, I know
not where to hide my head: yond fame cloud cannot
choose but fall by palee-fuls, What haue we here, a man,
or a fish? dead or alive? a fish, her fimles like a fish: a
very ancient and fish-like smell: a kind of, not of the
newest poore-John: a strange fish: were I in Englands
now (as once I was) and had but this fish painted: not
a holiday-foste there but would give a piece of fisler:
there, would this Monser, 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 Indian: Leg'd like a man; and his Finnes like
Armes: warme o' my roth; I doe now let loose my o
pition; hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an Illan-
der, that hath lately sufered by a Thunderbolt: Alas,
the forme is come againe: my left way is to crepe under
his Gaberdine: there is no other shelter herca-
bout: Minery acquaints a man with strange bedfellowes:
I will here throw till the dregges of the forme be paft.

Enter Stephano singing
Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea, here shall I dye ahaire.
This is a very furrey tune to sing at a mans
Funerall: well, here's my comfort.

Drinkes.
Sings. The Molfe, the Swammer, the Boote-fownes & I; The
Ginner, and his Mate
Land'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margerie,
But none of us ca'd for Kate.
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a Sailer goe hang:
She lov'd not the smaue of Taror or Pitch,
Yet a Sailer might scratch her where ere she did itch.
Then to Sea boyes, and let her goe hang.
This is a furrey tune too:
But here's my comfort.

Cal. Doe not torment me; oh.
Ste. What's the matter?
Hau we duels here?
Doe you put tricks vpon's with Salitages, and Men of Inde? ha?
I have not i'cap'd drowning, to be afferd
now of your foure legges: for it hath bin said: as proper
a man as ever went on foure legs, cannot make him
grue ground: and it shall be said to againe, while
Stephano breathes at no子里.

Cal. The Spirit torments me: oh.
Ste. This is some Monser of the Isle, with foure legges;
who hath got (as I take it) an Ague: where the duell
should be learne our language? I will give him some re-
lieue if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keep
him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a Pre-
fent for any Emperour that euer trod on Neaces-lea-
ther.

Cal. Doe not torment me pre thee: I bring my
wood home faster.
Ste. He's in his fit now; and doe's not talk after the
wiflet; hee shall taue of my Bottle: if hee have neuer
drunkne wine afore, it will goe neere to remove his Fat;
if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take
too much for him; hee shall pay for him that hath him,
and that foundly.

Cal. Thou don't me yet but little hurt; thou wilt a-
non, I know it by thy trembling: Now Proser works vpon
thee.

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

Tri. I should know that voyce:
It should be,
But hee is dround; and these are diuels; O defend me.

Ste. Fourre legges and two voyces: a moost delicate Monstre: his forward voice now is to speake well of his friends; his backward voice, is to vter foule speeches, and to detract: if all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will helpe his Ague: Come: Amen, I will pour soure in thy other mouth.

Tri. Stephano,

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy. mercy;

This is a diuell, and no Monstre: I will leave him, I have too long Spowne.

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

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo: come forth: I'll pull thee by the letter legges: if any be Trinculo's leages, there are they: Thou art very Trinculo indeede: how can't thou to be the siege of this Moone-calle? Can he vent Trinculo's?

Tri. I took thee to be kil'd with a thunder-strok: but art thou not dround Staphano? I hope now thou art not dround: Is the Storme over-blowne? I hid mee under the dead Moone-Calle. Gaberdine, for feare of the Storme: And art thou huing Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitane scap'd?

Ste. 'Prethee doe not turne me about, my flomacke is not confant.

Cal. These be fine things, and if they be not spriights: that's a brave God, and beates Celestiall liquor: I will kneele to him.

Ste. How did'ft thou scape?

How can't thou hither?

Inswore by this Bottle how thou can't hither: I escap'd upon a Bart of Sacke, which the Savours head'd by a board by this Bottle which I made of the barks of a Tree, with mine owne hands, since I was cast a-shore.

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

St. Here: I sweare then houe escap'd.

Tri. Swom afore (man) like a Ducke: I can swim like a Ducke I'le be sworne.

Ste. Here, kisse the Brooke. Though thou canst swim like a Ducke, thou art made like a Goofe.

Tri. O Stephano, ha'ft any more of this?

Ste. The whole But (man) my Cellar is in a rokke by th'lea-side, where my Wine is hid: How now Moone-Calle, how do's thine Ague?

Cal. Ha'ft thou not drop't from heauen?

Ste. Out o'h Moone I do adore thee. I was the Man' the Moone, when time was.

Cal. I have see the thee in her: and I do adore thee: My Mistiris shewed me thee, and thy Dog, and thy Baith.

Ste. Come, sweare to that: kisse the Brooke: I will furnish it now with new Contents: Sweare.

Tri. By this good light, this is a very shallow Monstre: I afeard of him? a very weake Monstre: The Man eth' Moone

A moost poore credulous Monstre: Well drawne Monstre, in good soothing.

Cal. I'll shew thee every fertill yncy'th Iland: and I will kisse thy foote: I prethee be my god.

Tri. By this light, a moost perfidious, and drunken Monstre, when's god's sleepe he' ll rob his Bottle.
Hee's last for these three hours.

Fer. O moft decrep Miftris, The Sun will set before I shall discharge What I must firue to do.

Mir. If you'll fit downe Ile bear your Logges the while; pray give me that, Ile carry it to the pile.

Fer. No precious Creature, I had rather cracke my finewes, brake my backe, Then you should fuch difhonor vndergoe, While I fit lazy by.

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

Pro. Poore worme thou art infected, This vitiation fhewes it.

Mir. You looke wearis.

Fer. No, noble Miftris, 'tis fresh morning with me When you are by at night: I do believe you Cheefeuly, that I might let it in my prayers, What is your name?

Mir. Miranda, O my Father, I have broke your heft to fay fo.

Fer. Admirt'd Miranda, Indeed the top of admiration, worth What's decrept to the world: full many a Lady I have ey'd with belt regard, and many a time Th'harmony of their tongues, bath into bondage Brought my too diftindent ears: for general virtues Have I lik'd feveral women, neuer any VVith fo full foule, but fome defect in her Did quarrel with the nobleft grace ev'nd, And put it to the foule. But you, O you, So perfect, and fo perfect, are created Of euerie Creatures beft.

Mir. I do not know One of my fex; no womens face remember, Sav'd from my glasse, mine owne: Nor have I feene More that I may call men, then you good friend, And my deere Father: how features are abroad I am skillefe of; but by my modelifie (The jeuwell in my dower) I would not with Any Companion in the world but you: Nor can imagination forme a shape Besides your felfe, to like of: but I prattle Something too wildly, and my Fathers precepts I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition A Prince (Miranda) I do thinke a King (I would not fo) and would no more endure This woodden fancie, then to suffer The fleah-fie flow my mouth: beare my foule speake. The verie inflant that I faw you, did My heart fliue to your fertaine, there refides To make me flau to it, and for your fake Am I this patient Logge-man.

Mir. Do you loue me?

Fer. O heauen; O earth, beare witness to this found, And crowne what I professe with kinde event If I speake true: if hollowly, inmite VVhat beft is loaded me, to mischiefe: I, Beyond all limit of what elfe'th world Do loue, price, honor you.

Mir. I am a foolle To wepe at what I am glad of.

Pro. Fare encounter Of two moft rare affections: heavens raine grace On that which breeds betweene 'em.

Fer. Wherefore wepe you?

Mir. At mine vnworthinesse, that dare not offer VVhat I defire to give; and much leffe take VVhat I fhall die to want: But this is trifling, And all the more it feakes to hide it felle, The bigger bulke it fliues. Hence bathfull cunning, And prompt me plaine and holy innocency. I am your wife, if you will marrie me; If not, Ile die your maid: to be your fellow You may dete me, but Ile be your feuerant Whether you will or no.

Fer. My Miftris (scred?) And I thus humble enter.

Mir. My husband then?

Fer. I, with a heart as willing As bondage erie of freedome: heere's my hand, Mir. And mine, with my heart in's; and now farewel Till halfe an houre hence.

Fer. A thoufand, thoufand.

Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be, VWho are forpriz'd with all; but my rejoicing At nothing can be more: Ile to my booke, For yet ere supper time, muft I performe Much bu nefile appertaining.

Exit.

Scene Seconda.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me, when the But is out we will drink water, not a drop before; therefore bear vp, & boord em' Servant Monfter, drinke to me.

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

Ste. Drinke fervant Monfter when I bid thee, they cies are almoft fet in thy head.

Trin. VVhere should they bee fet els? bee were a brace Monfter indeede if they were fet in hia tale.

Ste. My Man-Monfter hath browen his tongue in facke: for my part the Sea cannot drawer mee, I swam ere I could recover the shore, fue and thirtie Leagues off and on, by this light thou shalt bee my Lieutenant Monfter, or my Standard.

Trin. Your Lieutenant if you lift, he's no standard. Ste. VVeel not run Monfeur Monfter.

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

Ste. Moone-calfe, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good Moone-calfe.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me licke thy shooe: I enet fee him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest moft ignorant Monfter, I am in cafe to iuffle a Conftable: why, thou deboft'd Fifth thou, was there euer man a Coward, that had drunk to much Sacke as I to day? wilt thou tell a monftrous lie, being but halfe a Fifth, and halfe a Monfter?

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

Cal.
Enter Ariell un靨able.

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

Ariell. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou lieing Monkey thou: I would my valiant Master would destroy thee.

I do not lye.

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

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and more: proceed.

Cal. I lay by Sorcery he got this life From me, he got it. If the Great Neptune will Revenge it on him, (for I know thou darst it) But this Thing, dare not.

Ste. That’s snuff certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be Lord of it, and I ere thou.

Ste. How now shall this be compass’d?

Can’t thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Ye, yes my Lord, I yeald him thee asleep, Where thou shalt knock a nail into his head.

Ariell. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a dey de Minnie’s this? Thou fearest patch: I do befeech thy Greatness giue him bowles, And take his bochure from him: When that’s gone, He shall drink nought but brine, for hee not shew him Where she quicke frees hes.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: Interrupt the Moniter one word further, and by this hand, Ile turne my mercie out o’doore, and make a Stockfish of thee.

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

Ste. Dost thou not say he lye’d?

Ariell. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I go? Take thou that,

As you like this, giue me the lye another time.

Trin. I did not giue the lye: Out o’your wittes, and hearing too?

A pos o’your bochure, this can Sakke and drinking doo: A muckon your Monster, and the diuell take your fingers.

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

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

Cal. Beate him enough: after a little time Ile beate him too.

Ste. Stand farther: Come proceede.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, ’tis a custome with him I’d afternoone to sleepe: there thou maist braine him, Haung first feiz’d his booke or with a logge Butter his skull, or prauch him with a flame: Or cut his wexandez with thy knife. Remember First to poiffe his booke; for without them

Hee’s but a Sor, as I am; nor hath not
One Spirit to command; they all do haie him As roodely as I. Burne but his bookees, He ha’s braue Venifils (for fo he calleth them) Which when he ha’s a loue, hee’d decke withall. And that moat deeply to confider, is The beautie of his daughter: he himselfe

Cal’s her a non-pairell: I never found a woman But only Sycorax my Dam, and the; But she as farre farpasseth Sycorax, As great it do’s leaft.

Ste. Is it so braue a Lasse?

Cal. I Lord, she will become the bed, I wreante, And bring thee forth braue brood.

Ste. Moniter, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be King and Queene, save our Grace: 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 beate thee: But while thou liest it keep’s a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this halfe house will he a asleep, Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. I on mine honour, Ariell, This will I tell my Master.

Cal. Thou mad’st me merry: I am full of pleasure, Let vs be second. Will you trouble the Catch You taught me but whileare?

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

Sing.

Flout’t em, and ont’em: and skimps’em, and slout’em,
Thought it is free.

Cal. That’s not the tune,

Ariell pleaseth 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. If thou beest a man, shew thy self in likenesse: If thou beest a diuell, take’t as thou lift.

Trin. O forgive me my furies.

Ste. He that dies payes all debts: I deifie thee; Mercy upon vs.

Cal. Art thou affraid?

Ste. No Moniter, nor I.

Cal. Be not affraid, the life is full of noeties, Sounds, and sweete aires, that giue delight and hurt not; Sometimes a thousand twangling Instruments Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices, That if I then had wak’d after long sleepe, Will make me sleepe againe, and then in dreaming, The clouds methought would open, and shew riches Ready to drop upon me, that when I wak’d I erie to dreame againe.

Ste. This will prove a braue kingdom to me, Where I shall have my Mufick for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroy’d,

Ste. That shall be by and by:

I remember the storie.

Trin. The sound is going away.

Let’s follow it, and after do our worke.

Ste. Leade Moniter,

We’ll follow: I would I could see this Tabores,

He lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come?

Ile follow Stephano.
Scena Tertia.

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

Gom. By'stakin', I can goe no further, Sir;
My old bones skes: there's a maze trod indeede
Through fourth rights, & Meanders: by your patience,
I needs must reft me.
Al. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who, am my fete attach'd with wearienss
To th'dulling of my spirits; Sit downe, and reft:
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my Flatterer: he is drouned
Whom thus we strive to finde, and the Sea mocks
Our fruitfrate search on land: well, let him goe.
Ant. I am right glad, that's he's out of hope:
Doe not for one repulbe forgoe the purpose
That you refolu'd to effect.
Seb. The next advancery will we take throughly,
Ant. Let it be to night,
For now they are opprefts with trouble, they
Will not, nor cannot vie fuch vigilance
As when they are free.
Solanus and strange Musitike: and Prosper on the top (impossible:) Enter several strange shapes, bringing in a Banquet; and dance about it with greate actions of salutations, and attitudes the King, &c.to eate, they depart.
Seb. I say to night: no more.
Al. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark.
Gom. Marvellous sweet Musitike.
Ales. Give vs kind keepers, hearers; what were thes?
Seb. A lining Drievere: now I will beleue
That there are Vincenors: that in arabia
There is one Tree, the Phoenix throne, one Phoenix
At this hours reigning there.
Ant. He beleues both:
And what doe'selle want credit, come to me
And be forevorne its true: Traullers here did dyse,
Though foolest at home condemned em.
Gom. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they beleue mee?
If I shold say I saw such Islands;
(For certes, there are people of the island)
Who thought they are of monstrous shape, yet note
Their manners are more gentle, kinda then of
Our humane generation you shall finde
Many, nay almost any.
Pre. Honiost Lord,
Thou haft fayd well: for some of you there present;
Are worde then dulls.
Al. I cannot too much misbe
Such shapes, such geture, and such sound expressing
(Although they want the vie of tongue) a kinde
Of excellent dulme discourse.
Pre. Praise in departing.
Fr. They vanished strangely.
Seb. Non marter, since
They have left their Viands behinde; for were haue flow-
Wilt please you taffe of what is here?
Al. Not I.
Gom. Faith Sir,you neede not fear:
When wee were
Who would beleue that there were Mountayneeres,
Dew-lap, like Buls, whose throats had hanging at'em
Wallets of Heft? or that there were fuch men

Whose heads flood in their breifs? which now we finde
Each putter out of fce for one, will bring vs

Good warrant of.
Al. I will hand to, and feede,
Although my laft, no matter, since I feele
The belt is part, brother: my Lord, the Duke,
Stand too, and doe as we.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Arieck (like a Harpey) claps
his wings upon the Table, and with a giuent devise the
Banquet vanishes.

Ate. You are three men of sinne, whom defting
That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in': the newer surfeited Sea,
Hath caus'd to belch vp you; and on this Island,
Where man doth not inhabit, you mongft men,
Being molt vnfit to live: I have made you mad;
And even with fuch like valour, r-n-hang, and drowne
Their proper selves: you foolis; and my fellows
Are miniflers of Fate, the Elements.
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with benocck-at-Stabs
Kil the fill closing waters, as diminith
One dowlue that's in my plumble: My fellow miniflers
Are like-invulnerable: if you could hurt,
Your swords are now too mossie for your strength,
And will not be uplifted: But remember
(For that's my buinnefle to you) that you three
From Melanee did fupplant good Prospero,
Expo'd vnto the Sea (which hath requit it)
Him, and his innocent childre: for which foule deed,
The Powers, delaying (not forgetting) have
Incend's the Seas, and Shores; yes, all the Creatures
Against your peace; Tho' of thy Sonne, Alonso
They have beneft; and doe pronounce by me
Lingring pardon (worse then any death
Can be or once) shall Rep, by flepp attend
You, and your wayes, whose wrathes to guard you from,
Which here, in this molt defolate Ile, else falls
Vp your heads, is nothing but hearts-forrow,
And a cleere life enfuing.
He vanishes in Thunder: then (to feli Musitike,) Enter the
shapes againe, and dance (with mockses and moves) and
carrying out the Table.

Pre. Bruelly the figure of this Harpey haif thou
Perform'd (my Arieck) a grace it had devouring;
Of my Instruction, I alt thou nothing bated
Is what thou hadst to fay: so with good life,
And obervation strange, my meane miniflers
Their feflar all kinds have done: my high charmes work,
And these (mine enemies) are all knit vp
In their diffrations: they now are in my powre;
And in thefe fix, I leave them, while I vint
Yong Ferdinand (whom they fappele is drouned)
And his, and mine lou'd darling.
Gom. I' the name of something holy, Sir, why fland you
In this strange flare?
Al. O, it is monftrous: monftrous:
Me thought the billowes spoke, and told me oft,
The windes did fong to me: and the Thunder
(That deepes and dreadfull Organ-Pipe) pronounc'd
The name of Prosper: it did bafe my Trepaffe,
Therefore my Sonne I the Ooze is bedded; and
I'le feeke him deeper then ere plummet founded,
And with him there lye mudded.

Ext. Sir. But one feed at a time,
Ile fight their Legions one.

Ant.
The Tempest.

Act. Ile be thy Second. 

Gen. All three of them are desparate: their great guilt
(Like poiygon given to worke a great time after)
Now gins to bite the spirits: I doe beseech you
(That are of suppiter loyants) follow them twixtly,
And hinder them from what this extasie
May now prouoke them to.

Ad. Follow, I pray you. 

Exeunt omnes.

Albus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. If I have too suuerely punish’d you,
Your compenation makes amends, for I
Have given you here, a third of mine owne life,
Or that for which I live: who, once again
I tender to thy hand! All thy vexations
Were but the trials of thy loath, and thou
Have strangely flood the teare: here, store heauen
I ratifie this my rich guilt: O Ferdinand,
Doe not smite at me, that I boast her of;
For thou shalt finde the wild out-strip all praisie
And make it halt, behind her.

Fer. I doe beloue it
Against an Oracle.

Pro. Then, as my guest, and thirte owne acquisition
Worthily purchas’d, take my daughter: but
If thou do’st break her Virgin-knot, before
All fanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy right, be mimited,
No sweet aspersion shall the heauens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barraine hate,
Sower-e’ye’d disdain, and discord shall bite the
Union of thy bed, with weedes so lustie
That thou shalt hate is both: Thereforetake heed,
As Hymens Lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, faire Ifue, and long life,
With rich issue, as’tis now the museletten,
The moat opportune place, the strongst suggestion,
Our worstest Genus can, shall neuer melt
Mine honor into lust, to take away
The edge of that days celebration,
When I shall thinke, or Pium Steeds are founderd, or
Night keepe chan’d below.

Fer. Fairly spoke ; Sit then, and talke with her, she is thine owne ;
What Ariell, my induffious seruile Ariell. Enter Ariell.

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

Pro. Thou, and thy meaner fellows, your laft seruice
Did worthyly performe: and I must wse you
In such another tricke: goo bring the rabble
(One whom I gue the powre) here, to this place:
Incite them to quickke motion, for I must
Bellow upon the eyes of this yong couple
Some vanity of mine Art: it is my promisy,
And they expedit it from me.

Ar. Presently?

Pro. I wch a twinkle.

Ar. 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 move.

Do you love me Master? no?
The Tempest

15

Pro. Came with a thought; I thank thee, Ariel: come. Enter Ariel.

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

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

Ar. I thy Commander, when I presented Ceres

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-hot with drinking,

So full of valour, that they smote the eye

For breasting in their faces: beat the ground

For kiffin of their feet; yet always bending

Towards their prokect: then I beat my Tabor,

At which like vebsack's colts they pricket their ears,

Aduan'd their eye-lids, lifted up their notes

As they smelt mustique, \\nCh I chang'd their eares

That Calfe-like, they my lowing follow'd, through

Tooth'd biores, sharpf fizes, pricking golfe, & the

Which entred their fraille fins: at last I left them

Ith' filthy man'deled poole beyond your Cell,

There dancing vp to th'chins, that the fowle Lake

One-stuck their feet.

Pro. This was well done (my bird)

Thy shape infinuable resine thou full:

The trumpey in my houle, goe bring it hither

For ftale to catche these theuces. Ar. I go, I goe. Exit.

Pro. A Deuill, a borne-Deuill, on whole nature

Nurture can never flique: to whom my paines

Humanely taken, all, all loft, quite loft,

And, as with age, his body ouer-growes,

So his minde canker'd: I will plaige them all,

Even to rooting: Come, hang on them this line.

Enter Ariel, laden with glittering apperell, &c. Enter

Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all we.

Cal. Pray you tread softly, that the blinde Mole may

not hear a foot fall: we now are nere his Cell.

St. Monfiter,your Fairy, \\nIf you say is a harmles Fairy,

Has done little better then plaied the facke with vs.

Trin. Monfeter, I do smell all horfe-pife, at which

My note is in great indignation.

Stc. So is mine. Do you heare Monfiter: If I should

Take a displeasure against you: Looke you,

Trin. Thou went but a loft Monfiter.

Cal. Good my Lord, give me thy fauour fill,

Be patient, for the prize Ile bring thee too

Shall hadwine this mifchance; therefore speake softly,

All's hufht as midnight yet.

Trin. I, but to looke our bottlene in the Poole.

Stc. There is not only disgrace and difhonor in that

Monfiter, but an infinite losse.

Tr. That's more to me then my wetting:

Yet this is your harmelife Fairy, Monfiter.

Stc. I will fetch of my bottle,

Though I be o're cares for my laboures.

Cal. Pre-thee (my King) be quiet. Seefe thou here.

This is the mouth o' the Cell: no noife, and enter:

Do that good miffheves, which may make this illand

Thine owne for euer, and I thy Caliban

For aye thy foot-licker.

Stc. Give me thy hand,

I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King Stephano, O Peere: O worthy Stephano,

Lookke what a wardrobe here is for thee.

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

Trr. Oh, ho, Monfiter; I we know what belongs to a

frippery, O King Stephano.

B 2

Stc. Put
Exeunt.

Pro. Doft thou think of, Spirit? 

Ari. Mine would, Sir; were I humane.

Pro. And mine will.

Ari. Half thou (which art but air) a touch, a feeling
Of their affections, and shall not my selfe,
One of their kinds, that replenish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier mould then thou art?
Thogh with their high wrongs I am stook to th'quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, gainst my furie
Doe I take part: the rarer Action is
In vertue, then in vengeance: they, being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpoe doth extend
Not a browne further: Gore, releafe them
Ariell,
My Charmes I thee breake, their fenes I reftore,
And they shall be themefelves.

Ari. Ile fetch them, Sir.

Pro. Ye Elues of Hills, brooks, flashing lakes & groues,
And ye, that on the fands with printlefe foute
Doe chalfe the ebbing-Neptune, and doe flie him
When he comes backe: you demy Puppets, that
By Moone-thine doe the greene fowre Ringles make,
Whereof the Ewe no bites: and you, whole paftime
Is to make midnight-Mufhtrumps, that reioyce
To hear the folome Curtewe, by whole ayde
(Weake Mifters though ye be) I haue bedyn'd
The Noone-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutenous winde,
And twart the greene Sea, and the auzd'vaut
Set roaring waire: To the dread rathing Thunder
Hau'e I given fire, and rifed \textit{Jouses flowes} Oke
With his owne Bolt: The strong ba'd promontorie
Hau'e I made flake, and by the flips pluckt vp
The Pyne, and Cedar. Graues at my command.
Hau'e wak'd their fleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth
By my fo potent Art. But this rough Magicke
I haue aboue, and when I haue requir'd
Some heauenly Muficke (which eu'n now I do)
To worke mine end vpon their Sences, that
This Ayre-charme is for, I leake my flaffe,
Bury it certaine fadomes in the earth,
And deeper then did eu'r Plummer found
Ile drowne my booke.

Salute

Hey MS.

Pro. Enter Alcinous (in his Maugike vade) and Ariel.

Pro. Now do's my Proioe & gather to a head:
My charmes cracke not: my Spikes obey, and Time
Goes vpright with his carriage: how's the day?

Ar. On the fax howse, at which time, my Lord
You said our worke should ceafe.

Pro. I did faie so,

When ift I rais'd the Tempeft: say my Spirit,
How fares the King, and his followers?

Ar. Confid't together

In the fame fation, as you gaue in charge,
Iift as you left them: all prisoners Sir:
In the Edge-grone which weather-sends your Cell,
They cannot boude till your release: The King,
His Brother, and yours, abide all three diftraeted,
And the remainder mourning ouer them,
Brim full of sorrow, and dismay: but chiefly

Dido
But no fome. That but, • for a fore of Exit.

And

The Being

To

Thou

A

Inhabits

(And

I

meafur'd,

Pro.

Pro.

Pro.

ere

All

Where

Merrily,

fpeakd, and

h/hr, and

alter,

Befigne,

and helps to attire him.

Where the Bef facks, there fack I,

In a Confultifi ble I lie,

That I couched when Owls doe trie,

On the Batts backs I doe fte,

Merry, merrily, hail I love now,

Vnder the fligbow that hang on the Bow.

Pro. Why that's my dauny Ariel: I shall misle

Thee, but yet thou fhall have freedom: to,fo,fo,

To the Kings fhip, intifible as thou art,

There fhall thou finde the Mariners alfeep

Vnder the Hatches: the Mifer and the Boat-swaine

Being awake, enforce them to this place;

And presently, I pray thee.

A. I drink the aire before me, and return

Or ere you pull twice boldy o'er the East.

Gen. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement

Inhabit here: some heavenly power guides us

Out of this fearefull Country,

Pro. Behold Sir King

The wronged Duke of Athens, Prospero

For more affurance that a lining Prince

Do's now fpake to thee, I embrace thy body,

And to thee, and thy Company, I bid

A hearty welcome.

Alo. Where thou beeft he or no,

Or fome inchant'd trifle to abuse me,

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

Beats as of life, and blood: and fince I faw thee,

Th' affificion of my minde amends, with which

I feare a madneffe held me: this muff eare

(And if this be at all) a moff Strangetie fory.

Thy Dukefone I refigne, and doe entreat

The pardon my wrongs: but how ftould Prospero

Be living, and be here? (Pro. Straff, noble Friend.

Lett me embrace thine age, whom honor cannot

Be meafur'd, or confin'd.

Gen. Whether this be,

Or be not, I'le not sweare.

Pro. You doe yet faye

Some fublteties 'e's life, that will not let you

Belieue things certaine: Welcome, my friends all,

But you, my brife of Lords, were I fo minded

I here could proue his Highneffe frowne upon you

And affiuice you Triftors at this time.

I will tell no tales.

Seb. The Diuell fpakes in him:

Pro. No:

For you (moft wicked Sir) whohom to call brother

Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive

Thy rankeft fault; all of them: and require

My Dukedom of thee, which, perf伺e I know

Thou muft ref tore.

Alo. If thou beft Prepore

Give vs particulars of thy prefentation,

How thou haft met vs here, whom three howere from

Were racks upon this shore? where I haue loft

(How farp the point of this remembrance is)

My deere fonme Ferdinand.

Pro. I am woe for, Sir.

Alo. Intapparable is the loffe, and patience:

Saut, it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather thinke

You have not fought her helpe, of whose foft grace

For the like loffe, I haue her foueraigne aid,

And left my felw content.

Alo. You the like loffe?

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

To make the deere loffe, haue I means much weaker.

Then you may call to comfort you, for I

Have lost my daughter,

Alo. A daughter?

Oh heaven, that they were living both in Naper

The King and Queene there, that they were, I with

My felle were mudded in that goo-zie bed

Where my fome lies: when did you lose your daughter?

Pro. In this laft Tempefl. I perceive thefe Lords

At this encounter doe fo much admire,

That they devour their reafon, and feare thinke

Their fies doe offices of Truth: Their words

Are natural breath: but howfoever you have

Bene stifled from your fenses, show for certain

That I am Prospero, and that very Duke

Which was thruft forth of Stillaire, who moft strangely

Upon this fhore (where you were racks) was landed

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

For 'is a Chronicle of day by day,

Not a relation for a break-fait, nor

Beftriing this fift meeting: Welcome, Sir;

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

And Subiects none abroad: pray you looke in:

My Dukedome since you have given me againe,

I will require you with as good a thing,

At leaft bring forth a wonder, to content ye

As much, as me my Dukedome.

Hhere Prepore discover Ferdinand and Miranda, play-

ing at Cheffe.

Mir. Sweet Lord, you play me falle;

Fer. No my dearlief loute,

I would not for the world.

Mir. Yes, for a core of Kingdome, you fhould

And I would call it faire play.

Alo. If this proue

A vision of the Island, one deere Sonne

Shall I twice loffe.

Seb. A moft high miracle.

Fer. Though the Seas threaten they are mercifull,

I haue eur'd them without caufe.

Alo. Now all the blessings

Of a glad father, compaffe thee about:

Arifie, and fay how thou can't heere.

Mir. O wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there heere?

How beauteous mankind is? O braue new world

B 3 That
That has such people in't.

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Allo. What is this Maid, with whom thou wast at
Your el'd acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddesse that hast feuer'd vs,
And brought vs thus together?

Sir. She's mortall;
But by immortall prudence, she's mine;
I chose her when I could not ask my Father
For his aduise: nor thought I had one:
She is daughter to this famous Duke of Milicines,
Of whom, so often I have heard renowne,
But never saw before: of whom I have
Received a second life: and second Father
This Lady makes him to me.

Allo. I am hers.

But O, how oddly will it found, that I
Must ask my child for guinnesse?

Pro. There Sir stop,
Let vs not burthen our remembrances with
A heaineess that's gon.

Goo. I haue only wept,
Or should haue spoke eter this: looke downe you gods
And on this couple drop a bleeding crowne;
For it is you, that haue chalk'd forth the way
Which brought vs hither.

Allo. I say Amen, General.

Goo. 'Was Milicines thrust from Milicines, that his Moe
Should become Kings of Naples? O reioyce
Beyond a common joy, and set downe your gods:
With gold on lattin Pillers: in one voyaige
Did Clarish your husband finde at Tunis,
And Ferdinand her brother, found a wife;
Where he himselfe was lost: Prosper his Duke domet
In a poore Ile: and all of vs, our feltnes,
When no man was his owne.

Allo. Give me your hands:
Let griefe and sorrow full embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy,

Gen. Be it fo, Achor.

Enter Arrell, with the Master and Benj. swaine
Anxiously following.

O looke Sir, looke Sir, here is more of vs:
I prophesie, if a Gallovs were on Land
This fellow could not drowne: Now blsfphemy,
That I care not Grace ore-board, nor an oath on shore,
Hast thou no mouth by land?

What is the newes?

Bar. The best newes is, that we haue lately found
Our King, and company: The next: our Ship,
Which but three glasse firs, we gaue out spire,
Is styie, and yare, and brauely rig'd, as when
We first put out to Sea.

Sir. Sir, all this serves,
Have I done since I went.

Pro. My trickley Spirit.

Allo. These are not natural events, they strength'en
From rtange, to franger: say, how came you hither?

Sir. If I did think, Sir, we were well awake,
I'd flue to tell you: we were head of sleepe;
And (how we know not) all clasp onder hatchs,
Where, but even now, with strange, and feuerall noyes
Of rorin, threciking, howling, tingling chaines,
And no diuerstitie of sounds, all horrible.
We were awak'd, straight way, at liberty;
Where we, in all our trim, freftily beheld

Our royall, good, and gallant Ship: our Master
Capping to eye her: on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dreame, were we diviud from them,
And were brought mooping hither.

Ar. Was't well done?

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

Allo. This is as strange a Mazce, as ere men trod,
And there is in this businesse, more then nature
Was euer conduct of: Some Oracle
Must retitle our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my Leige,

Do not infeft your minde, with beating on
The frangennesse of this businesse, at pieke leisure
(Which shall be shortly sngle) I'll reloque you
(Which to you shall seeme probable) of every
Thefe happend accidentes: till when, be cheerfull
And think of each thing well: Come hither Spirit,
Set Caliban, and his companions free:

Vnty: the Spell: How fares my gracious Sir?

There are yet miffing of your Company
Some fewe odd Lads, that you remember not.

Enter Arrell, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and
Trinculo in their seabe Apparel.

Ste. Every man shaff for all the rest, and let
No man take care for himselfe: for all is
But fortune: 

Corio. Bully-Monster Corio.

Tri. If there be true spyes which I wear in my head,
Here's a goodly light.

Call. O Setear, these be braue Spirits indeede:
How fine my Master is? I am afraid
He will chaflle me.

Seb. Ha, ha,

What things are theft, my Lord Anthony?

Will money buy em?

Ant. Very like: one of them

Is a plaine thief, and no doubt marketable.

Marke but the badges of the men, my Lords,
Then say if they be true: This mistrie is mine:
His Mother was a Witch, and one to strong
That could controle the Moore: make flowers, and ebs,
And deale in her command, without her power:
These three haue rold me, and this demy-dive;
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these Fellowes, you
Must know, and owne, this Thing of darkenesse, I
Acknowledge mine.

Call. I shall be pinch't to death.

Allo. Is not this Stephano, my drunken Buter?

Seb. He is drunknow;

Where had he wine?

Allo. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they
Find this grand Liquor that hath gilded 'em?

How can't thou in this pickle?

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

Seb. Who is now Stephano?

Sto. I touch me not, I am not Stephano but a Cramp.

You'd be King of the Ile, Sirha?

Sto. I should haue bin a fore one then.

Allo. This is a strange thing as ere I look'd on

Pe. He is as diisproportion'd in his Manners

As in his shape: Go to Sirha, to my Cell,
Take with you your Companions: as you looke
To haue my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Call. I that I will: and Ile be wife hereafter.
And seek for grace: what a thrice doubleAlse
Was I to take this drunkard for a god?
And worship such dull fools?

Pro. Go to, away. (found it.
Alse. Hence; and bellow your luggans where you
Seb. Or hide it rather.

Pro. Sir, I intiue your Highness, and your traine
To my poore Cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night, which part of it, I le walle
With such discretion, as I not doubt, shall make it
Goe quicker, by the end of my life.
And the particular accidents, go by
Since I came to this Ile: And in the meanme
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,

Where I have hope to see the nuptiall
Of the feour desire-bellou'd, solemnized,
And thence retore me to my Naples, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alse. I long
To hear the story of your life; which must
Take the care strangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all,
And promise you calme Seas, auspicious gales,
And facile, so expeditious, that shall catch
Your Royall seatte fare off: My Ariel; chicke
That is thy charge: Then to the Elements
Be free, and fare thou well: pleaseth you draw neere.

Extnt omnes.

**EPLOGVE,**
spoken by Prospero.

Now my Charmes are alare-thrown,
And what strength I have is mine owne.
Which is most faint: now is true
I must be freee confined by you;
Or sent to Naples, Let me not
Since I have my Duke-dom got,
And pardon'd the decoyner, dwell
In this bare Iland, by your Spell,
But release me from my bands
With the helpe of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours, my Sails
Must fill, or else my proiect failles,
Which was to please: Now I want
Spirits to enforce: Art to inchant,
And my ending is desparce,
Pleaste I be reliev'd by prayer
Which pierces so, that it affultes
Mercy is selfe, and frees all faults.

As you from crimes would pardon'd be
Let your indulgence set me free.

The Scene, an uninhabited Island

**Names of the Atiors.**

Alsefio, K. of Naples:
Sebastian his Brother.
Prospero, the right Duke of Milaine.
Antonio his brother, the usurping Duke of Milaine.
Ferdinand, Son to the King of Naples.
Gonzalo, an honest old Councillor.
Adrian, & Francisco, Lords.
Caliban, a salveage and deformed Slave.
Trinculo, a Jeter.
Stephano, a drunken Butler.
Mavster of a Ship.
Riste-Swaine.
Marriners.
Miranda, daughter to Prospero.
Ariel, an ayre spirit.
Iriss
Ceres
Juno
Nymphes
Reapers

FINIS.
THE Two Gentlemen of Verona.

A Praeprimus, Scena prima.

Valentine; Prologue, and Speech.

Valentine.

To Prevent your deifire, I am your loving Prologue;
Home-keeping youth, that ever homely wits,
We're not affliction chacys thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd Loue,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Then (lying dully sluggardly in hole home)
Weare out thy youth with frapable idleniffe.
But since thou lou'e: I am thy friend, and thine therein.
Euen as I would, when I to hole begin,
Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine adew,
Think on thy Prologue, when thou(haply) lees
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travele.
With me partake in this happineffe,
When thou do'st meet good hap; and in thy danger,
(If ever danger doe enuiron thee)
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beades-man, Valentine.
Val. And on a lasses booke pray for my successe?
Pro. Vpon some booke I loute, I'll pray for thee.
Val. That's on some fhallo Storie of depee loute,
How yong Leopard croft the Hellcoppont.
Pro. That's a deepe Storie, of a deeper loute,
For he was more then over-flowes in loute.
Val. 'Tis true; for you are over-bootes in loute,
And yet you newer from the Hellcoppont.
Pro. Ouer the Boottes? may give me not the Bootts.
Val. No, I will not; for it bootts thee not.
Pro. What?
Val. To be in loute; where scorne is bought with
Coy looks, with hart-fore fightes: one fading moments
With twenty watchfull, weerry tedious nights; (mirth,
If haply won, perhaps a lapelle gaine);
If lost, why then a grieuous labour won;
How ever; but a fully bought with wit,
Or else a wit, by folly vanquished.
Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me foole,
Val. So, by your circumstance, I feare you'll proue.
Pro. 'Tis Loue you caull at, I am not Loue.
Val. Loue is your matter, for he matters you;
And he that is so yoked by a foole,
Methinks should not be chronicle for wife.
Pro. Yet Writers say: as in the sweetest Bud,
The eating Canker dwells: for eating Loue
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.
Val. And Writers say: as the most forward Bud

Is eaten by the Canker ere it blow,
Euen fo by Loue, the yong and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly, blaffing in the Bud,
Loofing his verdure, euen in the prime,
And all the faire effects dfuture hopes.
But wherefore waife I time to countaile thee
That art a votary to fond defire?
Once more adieu: my Father at the Road
Expects my comming, there to see me ship'd,
Pro. And thither will I bring thee Valentine.
Val. Sweet Prologue, no: Now let vs take our leaue.
To Orphlaine let me heare from thee by Letters
Of thy successe in loute; and what newes else
Beside the here in abstinence of thy Friend:
And I likewise will vifite thee with mine,
Pro. All happiness be chance to thee in Millains.
Val. As much to you at home: and so farewell. Exit.
Pro. He after Honour hunters, I after Loue;
He leaues his friends, to dignifie them more;
I loute my selfe, my friends, and all for loue:
Thou Inluis thou haft metamorphis'd me:
Made me neglecat my Studies, losse my time;
Warre with good counsaille; set the world at nought;
Made Wit with musing, weare; hart fick with thought.
Sp. Sir Probolus: 'fare you: saw you my Matter?
Pro. But now he parted hence to embarke for Millain.
Sp. Twenty to one then, he is ship'd already,
And I have plaid the Sheepe in loosing him.
Pro. Indeede a Sheepe doth very often stray,
And if the Shepheard be a while away.
Sp. You conclude that my Masteris a Shepheard then,
and I Sheepe?
Pro. I doe.
Sp. Why then my hores is his hores, whether I wake or sleepe.
Pro. A filly anfwere, and fittin well a Sheepe.
Sp. This proues me fill a Sheepe.
Pro. True; and thy Matter a Shepheard;
Sp. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.
Pro. It fhall goe hard but ife proue it by another.
Sp. The Shepheard feekes the Sheepe, and not the
Sheepe the Shepheard; but I feek my Matter, and my
Mater feekes not me: therefore I am no Sheepe.

Pro. The Sheepe for fodder follow the Shepheard,
the Shepheard for foode follows not the Sheepe: thou
for wages followest thy Matter, thy Matter for wages
followes not thee: therefore thou art a Sheepe.
Sp. Such another proue will make me cry bas.
Pro. But doe't thou heare: gaull't thou my Letter
to Inluis?

Sp. 1
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

Lu. Pleafewell you repeat their names, as well as your minds,
According to my shallow fimpel skill.

In. What think'thou of the faire Sir Egdamore?

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

In. What think'thou of the right Sir Mercatio?

Lu. Well of his wealth; but of himfelfe, fo, fo.

In. What think'thou of the gentle Proteous?

Lu. Lord, Lord; to fee what folly raiges in vs,

In. How now? what means this paflion at his name?

Lu. Pardon deare Madam, tis a pafling flame,
That (unworthly body as I am)
Should cenfure thus on lovely Gentlemen.

In. Why not on Proteous, as of all the rest?

Lu. The then thus: of many good, I think him best.

In. Your reason?

Lu. I have no other but a women's reason:
I think him fo, because I think him fo.

In. And would'thou have me call my loue on him?

Lu. I, if you thought your loue not call away.

In. Why he, of all the rest, hath never mot't me.

Lu. Yet he, of all the rest, I think be loueft ye.

In. His little speaking, fiews his loue but small.

Lu. Fire that's clofeft kep't, burns moft of all.

In. They doe not loue, that doe not fhow their loue.

Lu. Oh, they loue leaft, that let men know their loue.

In. I would I knew his minde.

Lu. Perufe this paper Madam.

In. To Indua fay, from whom?

Lu. That the Contents will shew.

In. Say, fay: who gaue it thee?

Lu. Sir; Valentine's paffage: I fay I think from Proteous;

He would have gaue it you, but I being in the way,
Did in your name receive it: pardon the fault I pray.

In. Now (by my modesty) a goodly Broker:
Dare you presume to harbours wanton lines?
To whisper, and confpire againft my youth?
Now truft me, tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place:
There: take the paper: fee it be return'd,
Or effe return no more into my fight.

Lu. To pleade for loue, deferves more fee, then hate.

In. Will ye be gone?

Lu. That you may ruminate.

In. And yet I would I had onlook'd the Letter;
It were a shame to call her backe againe,
And pray her to a fault, for which I chide her.
What Toole is fhe, that knowes I am a Maid,
And would not force the letter to my view?
Since Maides, in modestly, fay no, to that,
Which they would have the proferfe confirme, I
Fie, fie: how wayward is this foolish loue;
That (like a felfif Babe) will fertil the Nurfe,
And prefently, all humbled kiffe the Rod?
How churlifly, I chid Luetta hence,
When willingly, I would have had her here?
How angrily I taught my brow to frowne,
When inwardly enforce'd my heart to flinke?
My pennaunce is, to call Luetta backe
And ask remiflion, for my folly past.
What hone: Luetta,

Lu. What would your Ladifhip?

In. Is there dinner time?

Lu. I would it were,
That you might kill your fomacke on your meat,
And not upon your Maid.

Lu. What is't that you Took vp so gitely?

Lu. Nothing.

Lu. Why didst thou foopethen?

Lu. To take a paper vp, that I let fall,

Lu. And is that paper nothing?

Lu. Nothing concerning me.

Lu. Then let it lye, for tho't that it concerns.

Lu. Madam, it will not lye where it concernes,

Vnneffie it haue a falf Interpreter.

Ist. Some loue of yours, hath writ to you in Rime.

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

Gue me a Note, your Ladifhip can fe.

Ist. As little by fuch toyes, as may be poiffible:

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

Lu. It is too hеady for fo light a tune.

Ist. Heavy? belike it hath hone burden then?

Lu. I: and melodiouz were it, would you fing it,

Ist. And why not you?

Lu. I cannot teach to high.

Ist. Let's fee your Song:

How now Minion?

Lu. Kepe tune there flill; fo you will fing it out:

And yet me thinke I do not like this tune.

Ist. You doo not?

Lu. No (Madam) is too flarpe.

Ist. You (Minion) are too faufie.

Lu. Nay, now you are too flit:

And mare the concord, with too hard a defcant:

There waneth but a Meane to fill your Song.

Ist. The meane is drown'd with you varly safe.

Lu. Indeed I bide the base for Prothetu.

Ist. This babble shall not henceforthe trouble me;

Here is a coile with profefution:

Goe, get you gone; and let the papers ly.

You would be finging them, to anger me.

Lu. She makes it fláge, but the papers ly.

To be fo angred with another Letter.

Ist. Nay, would I were fo angred with the fame:

Oh hatefull hands, to feare louing words;

Inuouious Wanties, to feeke on fuch sweet hony,

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

Ille kiffe each feueral paper, for amends:

Looke, here is writ, kindle Julis: vnkinde Julis,

As in reuenge of thy ingratitude,

I throw thy name againft the bruing-ffones,

Trampling contemptuously on thy dillaine;

And here is writ, Luce wounded Prothetu.

Poor wounded name: my bofome, as a bed,

Shall lodge thee till why shall be thoroughly heal'd;

And thus I fearch it with a fouveraine kiffe.

But twice, or thrice, was Prothetu written downe:

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

Till I haue found each letter, in the Letter,

Except mine owne name: That, fome white-winde beare

Vnto a ragged, feareful, hanging Rocke,

And throw it thence into the raging Sea.

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

Poor forloue Prothetu, paffionate Prothetu:

To the faire Julis: that ille thee away:

And yet I will not, fith fo prettily

He couples it, to his complaining Names;

Thus will I fold them, one upon another;

Now kiffe, embrace, contend, doe what you will.

Lu. Madam: dinner is ready: and your father flates.
The two Gentlemen of Verona. 23

O that our Fathers would applaud our loves,
To fcale our happiness with their confents.

Pro. Oh haenously Julis.
Ant. How now? What Letter are you reading there?
Pro. May'st please your Lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations sent from Valentine;  
Deliuer'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-belov'd,
And daily graced 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 with.

Ant. My will is something forced with his wish:
Mute not that I thus fondly 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,
Excuse it not; for I am peremptory.

Pro. My Lord I cannot to toome provided,
Please you declare a day or two.

Ant. Look what thou woul'st have be gainst thee:
No more of ifly: to morrow thou must goe;
Come on Pawthim, you shall be employ'd,
To hasten on his Expedition.

Pro. Thus hate I found the fire, for fcare of burning,
And drench'd me in the tea, where I am drown'd.
I feal'd to flew my Father Infian Letter,
Left he should take exceptions to my love,
And with the yantage of mine owne excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.
Oh, how this spring of love receivable
The unearening glory of an April day,
Which now fheves all the beauty of the Sun,
And by and by a cloud take fhe fave away.

Pan. Sir Prothim, your Fathers eff for you,
He is in halfe, therefore I pray you go.

Pro. Why this this is: my heart records thereto,
And yet a thousand times it answers no.

Exeunt. Finis.

Actus secundus: Scena Prima.

Enter Valentine, Speed, Silvia.

Speed. Sir, your Glove.
Val. Not mine not: my Gloves are on.
Sp. Why then this may be yours: for this is but one.
Val. Ha! Let me fee me, I give it me, it's mine:
Sweet Ornament, that deckes a thing diuine,
Ah Silvia, Sivlia,

Speed. Madam Silvia: Madam Silvia.
Val. How now Silvia?
Speed. Shee is not within hearing Sir.
Val. Why sir, who had you call her?

Speed. Your worship sir, or eile I misbooke.
Val. Well, you'll still be too forward.
Speed. And yet I was left chidden for being too low.

Val. Goes to Sir, tell me do you know Madam Silvia?
Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?
Speed. Marry by thefe special marks: firft, you have
learn'd (like Sir Prothim) to wreathe your Armes like a
Male-content: to relifh a Loue-song, like a Robin-red-
breath: to walke alone like one that had the patience:
to figh, like a Schoole-boy that had loft his A. B. C. to
weep like a yong wench that had buried her Grandam:
to fift, like one that takes diet: to watch, like one that
fears robbing: to fpeak pufling, like a beggar at Hal-
low-Maffe; You were wont, when you laught, to crow
like a cocke; when you walke'd, to walke like one of the
Lions: when you fatted, it was prefently after dinner:
when you look'd fadly, it was for waft of money: And
now you are Metamorphis'd with a Misfiris, that when I
look on you, I can hardly thynke you my Mafter.
Val. Are all thofe things perceu'd in me?
Speed. They are all perceiv'd without ye.
Val. Without me? they cannot.
Speed. Without you? may, that's certaine: for withou-
t you were so fimple, none elfe would: but you are
to without thefe follies, that thefe follies are within you,
and thine through you like the water in an Vrinall: that
not an eye that thynes you, but is a Phyfician to commen
on your Malady.
Val. But tell me do'th thou know my Lady Silvia?
Speed. Shee that you gaze on d, as the fir is at fupper?
Val. Had thou obferu'd that? even the I meane.
Speed. Why fir, I know her not.
Val. Do'th thou know her by my gazing on her, and
yet know'th her not?
Speed. Is the not hard-favour'd, fir?
Val. Not fo faire (boy) as well favour'd.
Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.
Val. What doft thou know?
Speed. That thee is not to faire, as (of you) well-fa-
uour'd?
Val. I meane that her beauty is exquife,
But her favour infinite.

Speed. That's becauf e the one is painted, and the o-
ther out of all count.
Val. How painted? and how out of count?
Speed. Marry fir, he painted to make her faire, that no
man counts of her beauty:
Val. How eftim'd thou me? Account of her beauty.
Speed. You neuer faw her fince the was deform'd.
Val. How long hath the beene deform'd?
Speed. Ever fince you lou'd her.
Val. I haue lou'd her ener fince I faw her,
And still I fee her beaufull.
Speed. If you love her, you cannot fee her.
Val. Why?

Speed. Beacaufe Loue is blinde: O that you had mine
eyes, or your owne eyes had the lights they were wont
to haue, when you chide at Sir Prothim, for going va-
gard't.

Val. What fhould I fee then?
Speed. Your owne prefent folly, and her passing de-
formite: for her being in loue, could not fee to garter
his hoife: and you, beeing in loue, cannot fee to put on
your hoife.

Val. Belike (boy) then you are in loue, for loft mor-
ning.
You could not fee to wipe my fhoes.

Speed. True fir: I was in loue with my bed, I thank
you, you fwing'd me for my loue, which makes mee the
bolder
Tfo. Exeunt.

Speed. Why she hath not writ to me?
Val. Why she hath made you write to your felfe?
Speed. Why, doe you not perceive the left?
Val. No, believe me.
Speed. No believing you indeed sir:
But did you perceive her earneft?
Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.
Speed. Why she hath giten you a Letter.
Val. Thats the Letter I write to her friend.
Speed. And y'letter hath she deliver'd, & there an end.
Speed. He would it were no worse.
Speed. He warrant you, 'tis as well:
For often have you writ to her: and she in modesty:
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply,
Or fearing els some messenger, might her mind discover.
He fell hath taught her Love himself, to write vnto her.
All this I speak in print, for in print I found it.
("lower.
Wife mufe you fur, 'tis dinner time.
Val. I take dyn'd.
Speed. But hearken sir: though the Camelon Loue
Can feed on the ayce, I am one that am nourish'd by my
victualls; and would fame hauue meane: oh bee not like
your Militerre, be mowed, be mowed.

Exeunt.

Scena secunda.

Entene Protheus, Julia, Pamphion.

Pro. Haue patience, gentle Julia:
Jul. I must where is no remedy.
Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.
Jul. If you turne not; you will return the sooner.
Pro. Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.
Pro. Why then we'll make exchange;
Here, take you this.
Jul. And seale the bargain with a holy kisse.
Pro. Here is my hand, for my true constancie:
And when that bowre ore-flips me in the day.
Wherein I sigh not (Julia) for thy sake,
The next enfuing bowre, some foule mischance.
Torment me for your Loues forgets-fullest.
My father stais my comming: anfwer not more.
The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of teares,
That tide will flaye me longer then I should.
Julia, farewell: what, gon without a word?
I, fo true loue should doe: it cannot speake,
For truth hath better decdes, then words to grace it.
Panth. Sir Protheus you are falted for.
Pro. Goce I come, I come:
Alas, this partir strikes poore Louers dumb.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Launche, Pamphion.

Launche. Nay, 'twill bee this bowre ere I haue done
weeping: all the kinde of the Launche, haue this very
fault: I haue receu'd my proportion, like the prodigious
lome,
Sonnet, and am going with Sir Tho:th you know frownes on you.

Val. I Boy, it's for love,

Spec. Not of you,

Val. Of my Mirthless then.


Sil. Servant, you are sad,

Val. Indeed, Madam, I feene so.

This see me you that are not?

Val. Haply I doe.

This, so doe Counterfeys.

Sil. So doe you.

Thm. What feene I that I am not?

Val. Wife, and you.

Thm. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly,

Thm. And how quozat you my folly?

Val. I quozat it in your lekrn.

Thu. My Jerkin is a doublet,

Val. Well then, Ile double your folly.

Thm. How?

Sil. What angry, Sir Tho:th, do you change colour?

Val. Gie him leaue, Madam, he is a kind of Camelion.

Thu. That hath more minde to feed on your bldt,

then live in you syre.

Val. You have said Sir.

This, I Sir, and 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 shot off.

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

Sil. Who is that Servant?

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

Sir Tho:th borrows his wit from your Ladilhips looks,

And spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall

make your wit bankrupt.

(works)

Val. I know it well Sir: you haue an Exchequer of
And I thinke, no other treasure to give your followers:

For it appears by their bare Luciers

That they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more.

Here comes my father.

Dok. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset,

Sir Valentine, your father is in good health,

What say you to a Letter from your friends

Of much good newes?

Val. My Lord, I will be thankfull,

To any happy messenger from thence.

Dok. Knou ye Don Antonio, your Conumrman?

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

To be of worth, and worthy ethman,

And not without defect so well reputed.

Dok. Hath he not a Sonne?

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

The honor, and regard of such a father.

Dok. You know him well?

Val. I knew him as my selfe: for from our Infinacie

We have converse, and spent our howres together,

And though my selfe have bene an idle Trewant,

Omitting the sweet benefit of time

To cloath mine age with Angel-like perfection:

Yet hath Sir Thomas (for that's his name)

Made vie, and faire advantage of his daies:

His yeares but young, but his experience old:

His head vn-mellowed, but his judgement ripe;

And in a word (for far behinde his worth

Comes all the praisies that I now bellow.)
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

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

*Duk.* Befrewe me sir, but if he make this good
He is as worthy for an Emperour loue,
As meet to be an Emperours Councillor:
Well, Sir: this Gentleman is come to me
With Commodation from great Personates,
And here he meares to spend his time a while,
I think'tis no vn-welcome news to you,

*Val.* Should I have with'da thing, it had beene he.

*Duk.* Welcome him then according to his worth:

*Silva.* I speake to you, and you Sir *Thurio*,
For *Valentine*, I need not cite him to it,
I will fend him hither to you presently.

*Val.* This is the Gentleman I told you Ladi*ship
Had come along with me, but that his Militress
Did hold his eyes, locks in her Chrifall looks.

*Silva.* Be like that now the hath embrach'd them
Vpon some other payne for reality.

*Val.* Nay sure, I thinke the hold them prisoners still.

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

*Val.* Why Lady, Loue hath twenty pane of eyes.

*Thurio.* They say that Loue hath not an eye at all.

*Val.* To fee such Louer, *Thurio*, as your felie,
Vpon a hony obeit, Loue can wink.

*Silva.* Have done, have done: here comes a gentleman.

*Val.* Welcome, dear *Protheus*: Milits, I believe you
Confirmes his welcome, with some spectall favor.

*Silva.* His worth is warrant for his welcome hether,
If this be he you oft haufe wished to heare from.

*Val.* Milits, it is: newer Lady, entertain me
To be my fellow-famit to your Ladi*ship.

*Silva.* Too low a Milits for so high a fevant.

*Pro*.* Not so, sweet Lady, but too meanes a fevant
To have a looke of such a worthy a Militsce.

*Val.* Leave off discourse of disabilitie:
Sweet Lady, entertaine him for your Servant.

*Pro.* My dutie will I boast of, nothing else.

*Silva.* And dutie never yet did want his need.

*Servant.* you are welcome to a worthie Militsce.

*Pro.* Ile die on him that fates fo but your felie.

*Silva.* That you are welcome?

*Pro.* That you are worthie.

*Thurio.* Madam, my Lord your father would speake with

*Silva.* I wait upon his pleasure: Come Sir *Thurio*.

Goe with me: once more, new Servant welcome;
Ile leave you to confer of home affaires,
When you have done, we looke too beare from you.

*Pro.* We'ill both attend vpon your Ladi*ship.

*Val.* Now tell mee: how do all from whence you came?

*Pro.* Your friends are wel: & have the much commend.

*Val.* And how doe yours?

*Pro.* I left them all in health.

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

*Pro.* My tales of Loue were wont to weary you,
I know you joy not in a Loue-discouer.

*Val.* *Protheus* but that life is alter'd now,
I have done penance for contemplating Loue,
Whole high emperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter falls, with penitentiall stones,
With nightly tears, and daily hard-tace fighes,
For in reuenge of my contempt of loue,
Loue hath cha'd sleepe from my embrac'd eyes,
And made them watchers of mine owne heartes fo ore.
O gentle *Protheus*, Loue's mighty Lord,

And hath so humbled me, as I confesse
There is no woe to his correcction
Not to his Service, no such joy on earth:
Now, no discouer, except it be of loue:
Now can I brake my faine, dine, sup, and sleep,
Vpon the very naked name of Loue.

*Pro.* Enough: I read your fortune in your eyes:
Was this the Ioll, that you worship so?

*Val.* Euen she; and is fhe not a heavenly Saint?

*Pro.* No; But she is an earthly Paragon.

*Val.* Call her divine.

*Pro.* I will not flatter her.

*Val.* Of flatter me: for Loue delights in praises.

*Pro.* When I was sick, you gav'e me biter pills,
And I must minifie the like to you.

*Val.* Then speake the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principalitie,
Souveraigne to all the Creatures on the earth.

*Pro.* Except my Militsce.

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

*Pro.* Have I not reason to prefer mine owne?

*Val.* And I will help thee to prefer her to:
She shall be dignified with this high honour,
To bare my Ladies traine, left the base earth
Should from her vnuere chance to flente a kiffe,
And of so great a fauer growing proud,
Difdain to roote the Summer-dwelling flowre.
And make rough winer euerlasting.

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

*Val.* Pardon me (*Protheus*) 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 Seas, if all their sand were pearle,
The water, Necliar, and the Rocks pure gold,
Forgive me, that I doe not dare me thee,
Because thou feel'st me doate vpon my loue:
My foolish Riuall that her Father likes
(Onely for his poiffeons are so huge)
Is gone with her along, and I must after,
For Loue (thou know it is full of sealeous.)

*Pro.* But the loues you?

*Val.* And, we are betrothd: nay more, our mariage
With all the cunning manner of our flight
Determin'd of: how I must climb her window,
The Ladder made of Cordis, and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on for my happiness.

Good *Protheus* goe with me to my chamber,
In these affaires to aid me with thy counteine.

*Pro.* Goe on before: I shall enquire you forth:
I must vnto the Road, to dis-embarque
Some necessaries, that I needs must vfe,
And then Ile presently attend you.

*Val.* Will you make haste?

*Pro.* I will.

Euen as one heat, another heat expels,
Or as one male, by strength drives out another.
So the reemembrance of my former Love
Is by a newer obiect quite forgotten,
It is mine, or *Valentine* praise?
Her true perfection, or my false transgression?
That makes me reasonable, to reason thus?
She is faire: and so is *Juliet* that I love,

(That
Enter Speed and Launce.

Speed. Launce, by mine honest welcome to Padua.

Laun. Fie, fie, my lord, with so faire youth, for I am not welcome. I reckon this smilest, that a man is never vndone till he be hang'd, nor never welcome to a place, till some certainty shal be paid, and the Hoftesse may welcome.

Speed. Come on you mad-cap, Ile to the Alc-houfe with you presentlie; where, for one floor of faire pence, thou shalt have foue thousand welcomes; but sir, how did thy Master part with Madam Julia?

Laun. Marry after they cloas'd in easnest, they parted very fairely in told.

Spec. But shall the marry him?

Laun. No.

Spec. How then? Shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Spec. What, are they broken?

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

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

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

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

Laun. What a blocke art thou, that thou canst not? My stiffe vnderstands me?

Spec. What thou failest?

Laun. I, and what I do too: looke thee, Ile but leasen, and my stiffe vnderstands me.

Spec. It stands vnder thee indeed.

Laun. Why, stand-vnder; and vnder-stand is all one.

Spec. But tell me true, wilt he be a match?

Laun. Ask my dogge, if he say I, it will; if hee say no, it will; if hee shakke his tail, and sye nothing, it will.

Spec. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou shalt neuer get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

Spec. 'Tis well that I get it so; but Launce, how failest thou that my master is become a notable Louer?

Laun. I never knew him other wife.

Spec. Then how?

Laun. A notable Lubeft: as thou reportest him to bee.

Spec. Why, thou whorfon Ale, thou mislikest me, I am not thy Master.

Spec. I tell thee, my Master is become a hot Louer. I am not thy Master. Why, I tell thee, I care not, though hee burne himselfe in Loue. If thou wilt goe with me to the Aisle-house: if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Spec. Why? Let the house of Loue, and Loue bid me for-swear; I sweare to give you my oath.

Laun. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to goe to the Ale with a Christian: wilt thou goe?

Spec. At thy service.

Exeunt.

Scene Sexta.

Enter Prothecus falus.

Pros. To leave my Julia; shall I be forsworne?

To loue faire Silvia; shall I be forsworne?

To wrack my friend, I shall be much forsworne.

And ev'n that Power, which gave me, I may well

Provoke me to this three-fold perjurie,

Loue bad mee Iware, and Loue bids me for-swear; I sweare to give you my oath.

To leare his wit, Nee, I will not forsworn will,

To leare his wit, I will not forsworn will,

To leare his wit, or exchange the bad for better;

To ask one eye, one ear, to one ear, to tale the bad for better;

With twenty thousand foule-confoming oaths,

I cannot leave to loue, and yet I doe;

But there I leave to loue, where I should loue.

Julia I loue, and Prothecus I loue,

If I keep thee, I needs must loue my felle.

If I leave thee, thus finde I by their hoffe;

For Valentine, my felle: for Julia, Silvia,

I to my felle am deser, then a friend,

For Loue is full most precious in it felle,

And Silvia (wisely heauen that made her faire)

Shewes Julia but a swarthie Ethiope.

I will forget that Julia is alue,

Remembering that my Loue to her is dead.

And Valentine Ile hold an Enemic,

Ayning at Silvia as a sweeter friend.

I cannot now proue confiant to my felle,

Without some treachery vs'd to Valentine,

This night he meaneth with a Corded-ladder

To clime vnto Silvia's chamber window,

My felle in countena, his competitor.

Now presently Ile gie her father notice

Of their disguifing and pretended flight:

Who (all infrag) will benifh Valentine.

For Torvio he intendth shall wade his daughter,

But Valentine being gone, Ile quickly creafe

By some ftreicke, blunst Torvio's dull proceeding.

Lowe lend me wings, to make my purpose swift

As thou haft lent me wit, to plot this drift.

Exit.
Scena septima.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Julia. Cousin Julia, Lucetta, gentle girl assist me, And eu'n in kindle love, I do construe thee, Who art the Table wherein all my thoughts Are visibly Character'd, and engrav'd, To leffen me, and tell me some good meanes How with my honour I may undertake A journey to my loving Protheus.

Lucetta. Alas, the way is wearisome and long. But a true-dotted Pilgrimage is not weary To measure King James with his fierce flips, Much less shall the that hath Loues wings vlie to, And when the flight is made to one to deere, Of such divine perfection as Sir Protheus.

Lucetta. Better forbear, till Protheus make returne.

Julia. Oh, know'st thou, his looks are my soules food? Palty the dearts that I have pined in, By longing for that food so long a time. Didst thou but know the inly touch of Loue, That wouldst as soone goe kindle fire with know As seake to quench the fire of Loue with words.

Lucetta. I do not seake to quench your Loues hot fire, But qualifie the fires extreme rage,

Left it Should burst about the bounds of reason.

Julia. The more thou damm'st it vp, the more it burstes: The Current that with gentle murmur glides (Thou know it) being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage: But when his faire course is not hindered, He makes sweet musicke with the enamelled stones, Gluing a gentle kiffe to every fadge He over-taketh in his pilgrimage, And so by many winding noakes he straies With willing sport to the wide Ocean.

Then let me goe, and hinder not my course: I he be as patient a gentle flame, And make a passe of every weary Rep, Till the last step have brought me to my Loue, And there let rest, as after much turmoyle A blessed soules doth in Elysium.

Lucetta. But in what habit will you goe along?

Julia. Not like a woman, for I would present The loose encounters of lascivious men: Gentle Lucetta, fix me with such weedes As may becomme so well reputed Page.

Lucetta. Why then your Ladiship must cut your haire.

Julia. No gentle, Ile knit it vp in silken bindings, With twenty oile-concealed true-loue knots: To be fantastique, may become a youth

Of greater time then I shall thew to be, (chest)

Lucetta. What fashion (Madam) shall I make your bree-

Julia. That fisrst as well, as tell me (good my Lord) What compasse will you weare your Farthingale? Why cut what fashion thou beft likes (Lucetta.)

Lucetta. You must needs have the with a cod-peecce (Madam.

Julia. Out, out! (Lucetta) that wills illfauour'd. (dam)

Lucetta. A round hole (Madam) now's not worth a pin
Valle you have a cod-peecce to fwick pin on.

Julia. Lucetta, as thou lou'st me let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly. But tell me (wendi) how will the world repute me For undertaking so fraught a journey?

I fere me it will make me scandaliz'd, Loue. If you thinke so, then stay at home, and go not.

Julia. Nay, that I will not.

Lucetta. Then neuer damme on Infamy, but goe.

If Protheus like your journey, when you come, No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone: I fere me he will fcare be pleas'd with all.

Julia. That is the leaff (Lucetta) of my fere:
A thousand oathe's, an Ocean of his tears, And infinaces of infinite of Loue,

Warrant me welcome to my Protheus.

Lucetta. All thefe are fervants to deceitfull men.

Julia. Base men, that vie them to foe base effeet: But truer flarres did gouerne Protheus birth, His words are bonds, his othes are oracles, His loue incerne, his thoughts immaculate, His reares, pure messengers, sent from his heart, His heart, as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

Lucetta. Pray heau'n he proue fo when you come to him.

Julia. Now, as thou louk'st me, do him not that wrong, To beare a hard opinion of his truth:

Onely deferue my loue, by louing him,

And prefently goe with me to my chamber To take a note of what I fland in need of,

To furnifh me vp on my longing journey:
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my Lands, my reputation,
Onely, in heu thereof, dispatch me hence:
Come; answere not: but to it prefently,
I am impatient of my tarrance.

Adux Tertius, Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Thuria, Protheus, Valentine, Lance, Speed.

Duke. Sir Thuria, give vs leave (I pray) a while,
We have some secrets to confer about.

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

Proc. My gracious Lord, that which I wold difcouer,
The Law of friendship bids me to conceale,
But when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me (vnderstuing as I am)
My dutie pricks me on to vter that
Which elie no worldly good shoulde draw from me:
Know (worthy Prince) Sir Valentine my friend
This night intends to steale away your daughter:
My felle am one made prioy to the plot.
I know you have determin'd to bellow her
On Thuria, whom your gentle daunger hate,
And shoulde the be fliome away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus (for my dutie fake) I rather chofe
To croffe your friend in his intended drift,
Then (by concealing it) heap on your head
A pack of forrowes, which would prefse you downe
(Being unprentended) to your timelesse grace.

Duke. Protheus, I thank thee for thy honeft care,
Which to require, command me while I live,
This loute of theirs, my felle haue often feene,
Hapy when they haue iudg'd me falt allepe,
And often times haue purpof'd to forbid
Sir Valentine, her companie, and my Court.

But fearing left my jealous eye might see,
And to (vproverty) judge the place.

(A rafter flat that I never yet have trim'd)
I gave him gentle looks, thereby to hide.

That which thy selfe hath now declare to me.
And that thou mayst perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soone suggested,
I slightely lodge him in an upper Tower.

The key whereof, my selfe have ever kept.
And thence she cannot be conuay'd away.

Pro. Know (noble Lord) they have deed's a mean.
How her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a Corded-ladder fetch her downe?
For which, the youthful Louer now is gone,
And this way comes he wish it presently.

Where (if it please you) you may intercept him.
But (good my Lord) doe it to cunningly
That my discovery be not aimed at:
For, loute of you, not hate into my friend,
Hath made me publishler of this presence.

Duke. Upon mine Honor, he shall neuer know
That I had my light from thee of this.

Pro. Acheaw, my Lord, Sir Valentine is comming.
And Patentre to know which way to fall?

Val. Please it your Grace, there is a Meullinger
That flyes to bear my Letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliuer them.

Duk. Be they of much import?

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

Duk. Nay then no matter: fly with me a while, I am to breake with thee of some affaires
That touch my heart: wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have fought
To match my friend Sir Thomas, to my daughter.

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

Duk. No, trust me, she is peeculiu, fullen, froward,
Proud, disobeied, tursting, turrboned, lacking duty,
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me, as if I were her father:
And may I fly to thee, this pride of other
(Vpon advice) hath drawne my love from onher,
And where I thought the remnant of my age
Should have beene cherish'd by her child-like dutie,
I now am full resolu'd to take a wife,
And turne her out, to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding dowre:
For me, and my poiffesions she esceemes not.

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

Duk. There is a Lady in Verona here
Whom I affect: but she is nice, and coy,
And naught esceemes my aged eloquence.
Now therefore would I haue thee to my Tutor
(For long since I haue forgot to court,
Besides the fashion of the time is chang'd)
How, and which way I may breave my selfe
To be regarded in her fun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if the reipce not words,
Dumb Iewels often in their silent kind.
More then quicke words, doe move a woman's minde.

Duk. But she did fcorne a present that I sent her,

Val. A woman fomtyme fcorne what best corretz her.
Send her another: never giue her ore,
For fcorne at first, makes after-love the more.
If the doe frowne, 'tis not in hate of you,
But she to beger more love in you.
If the doe chide, 'tis not to have you gone.
For why, the fooles are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, what ever the doth say,
For, get you gon, she doth not meane away.
Flatter, and praiue, commend, extoll their graces:
Though here to blacke, say they haue Angells faces,
That man that hath a tongue, I fay is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duk. But if she me, is promis'd by her friends
Vnto a youthfull Gentleman of worth,
And kept feuerly from refort others,
That no man hath accesse by day to her.

Val. Why then I would refort to her by night.

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

Val. What lets but one may enter at her window?

Duk. Her chamber is alfoor, fit from the ground,
And built to fluely, that one cannot climb it
Without apparence of his or her life.

Val. Why then a Ladder quicke made of Cords
To cofy vy, with a pane of anchoring bookes,
Would ferve to fcale another Hera's towre,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duk. Now as thou art a Gentleman of blood
Adlufe me, where I may haue fuch a Ladder.

Val. When would you fee't? pray fit, tell me that,

Duk. This very night: for Loue is like a child.
That longs for evry thing that he can come by.

Val. By fcano a clocke, I fee you get such a Ladder.

Duk. But hafe thee: I will goe to her alone,
How fhall I be commy the Ladder thither?

Val. It will be light (my Lord) that you may bee it
Under a cloake, that is of any length.

Duk. A cloake as long as thine will ferve the turn?

Val. I my good Lord.

Duk. Then let me fee thy cloake,
He get me one of fuch another length.

Val. What fhall I bee the turn of (my Lord)?

Duk. How fhall I fudging to knowe a cloake?
I pray thee let me feele thy cloake vpon me.

What Letter is this lane? what's here to Silvia?
And heere an Engine fit for my proceeding,
He be so bold to breake the feale for once,

My thoughts do horrow with my Silvia nightly,
And flames they are to mee, that feed them flying.
Oh, could their Mulfier come, and goe as lightly,
Himfelfe would lodge where (fencelles) they are lying.

My Hertf cop Thoughts, in thy pure bolsom refleft them,
While I (thee King) that them attend them important.
Do ftirr the grace, that with fuch grace hath bleft them,
Because my felfe doe not war my ferrants fortune.

I conrue my felfe, for they are fent by me,
That they should habborne where their Lordfohbe.

What's here? Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee.
Tis for and her is the Ladder for the purpofe.
Why Phefon (for thou art Merch our) (some)
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly Cat?
And with thy daring folly burne the world?
Wilt thou reach flars, because they shine on thee?
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

Goes Baile Intruder, over-weening Slave,
Below thy favoring names on equal mates,
And think me patience, (more than thy defect)
Be privilidge for thy departure hence.
Thank me for this, more then for all the favors
Which (all too much) I have bestowed on thee.
But if thou LTEs in my Territories
Longer then I justly expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royall Courts,
By heauen, my wrath shall farre exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter, or thy false.
Be gone, I will not hear thy vaine excuse,
But as thou loue'th thy life, make speed from hence.
Val. And why not death, rather then lusting torment?
To die, is to be banish't from my felie,
And Silvia is my little banish'd from her
Is felie from felie. A deadly banishment:
What light, is light, if Silvia be not fecie?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Vnllefe it be to think that she is by
And feend upon the shadow of perfection,
Except I be by Silma in the night,
There is no muffick in the Nightingale.
Vnllefe I looke on Silma in the day,
There is no darie for me to looke upon.
She is my effeare, and I leaue to be;
If I be not by her fafe influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherisht, kept alue.
I flye not death, to flie his deadly doome,
Tarry I heere, I but attend on death,
But flie I hence, I flie away from life.

| Pro. Run (boy) run, run, and seekes him out. |
| Lam. So hough, So hough |
Pro. What feelest thou?
Lam. Him we goe to finde,

There's not a hair on his head, but its a Valentine.

| Pro. Valentine? |
| Val. No. |
| Pro. Who then? his Spirit? |
| Val. Neither. |
| Pro. What then?
| Val. Nothing. |

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

| Pro. Who wouldst thou strike?
| Lam. Nothing. |
| Pro. Villaine, forbear. |
| Lam. Why Sir, Ile strike nothing: I pray you. |
| Pro. Sicha, I say forbear: friend Valentine, a word. |
| Val. My eares are flipt, & cannot hear good newes,
So much of bad already bath possel them. |

| Pro. Then in dumbe silence will I bury mine,
For they are hath, vn-turnable, and bad. |
| Val. Is Silvia dead? |
| Pro. No, Valentine. |
| Val. No Valentine indeed, for sacred Silvia, |

Hath the forsworne me?

| Pro. No, Valentine. |
| Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworne me. |

What is your news?

| Lam. Sir, there is a proclamation, yet you are vanihed, |
| Pro. That thou art banish'd: oh that's the newes, |
From hence, from Silma, and from me thy friend.

| Val. Oh, I have fed upon this woe already, |
Now ascexe of it will make me furier, |

Doth Silma know that I am banish'd?

| Pro. I, and the bath offered to the doome (Which vn-reuerit stands in effectual force) |

A Sea of melling peale, which some call tears:
Those at her fathers charlieth seeth she tendered,
With them upon her knees, her humble selfe,
Wringing her hands, whose whiteheines so became them;
As if but now they waxed pale for woes;
But neither bendest knees, pure hands held vp,
Sad sighes, depepe gronnes, nor flour-fledding teares
Could penetrate her vncompassionate Sire;
But Valentine, if he be tane, must die;
Besides, her intercession cha'd him fo,
When she for thy repeale was suppliant,
That to clofe prifon he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of bidding there.

| Val. No more: vnt the next word that thou speakest |
| Lam. Haue some malignant power vpon my life: |
| Pro. I praye thee break it in mine eare, |

As ending Antheme of my endelesse dolor,

| Pro. Ceafe to lament for that thou canst not helpe, |

And fludy helpe for that which thou lamentst it,
Time is the Nurse, and breeder of all good:
Here, if thou flayst, thou canst not fee thy love:
Besides, thy playing will abridge thy life:
Hope is a louers staffe, walkie with that
And make men care against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence,
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milke-white boosome of thy Loue.
The time now furtees not to expolluate,
Come, Ie conuey thee through the City-gate,
And ere I part with thee, confer at large.
Of all that may concern thee Loue-affaires:
As thou lou'lt Silma (thoug not for thy selfe)
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

| Val. I praye thee Lance, and if thou feelst my Boy |
Bid him make haflle, and meete me at the north-gate,

| Pro. Gore shus, finde him out:Come Valentine, |
| Val. Oh my deere Silma; hastefull Valentine. |

Lance. I am but a foolie, looke you, and yet I haue the wit to think my Master is a kind of a knave: but that's all one, if he be but one knave: He flues not now that knows me to be in love, yet. I am in love, but a Treme 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 haft had Godsips: yet 'tis a maid, for she is her Masters maid, and servis for wages. Shee hath more qualities then a Water-Spaniel, which is much in a bare Christian: Here is the Cate-log of her Condition. Inprimis, She can fetch and carry: why a horfe can doe no more: may, a horfe cannot fetch, but only carry, therefore is she better then a Fade. Item. She can milke, looke you, a sweet vertue in a maid with clean hands.

Speed. How now Signior Lance? what newes with thy Mastership?

| La. With my Mastership? why, it is Sea: |
| Sp. Well, your old vice still: mistake the word: what newes then in your paper? |
| La. The black'lt newes that eter thou head'd: |
| Sp. Why man? how blacke? |
| La. Why, as blacke as inke. |
| Sp. Let me read them? |
| La. Fie on thee Joel's head, thou canst not read. |
| Sp. Thou lyest: I can. |
| La. I will try thee: tell me this: who begot thee?

Sp. Marty,
Sp. Marry, the son of my Grand-father.

La. Ophilla, to be sure: it was the sonne of thy Grand-mother; this proves that thou canst not read.

Sp. Come fool, come: see my men in thy paper.

La. There saids of Nithia be thy speed.

Sp. Inprimis the can milke.

La. That she can.

Sp. Item, the brewe good Ale.

La. And therof comes the proverbe: (Blessing of your heart, you brew good Ale.)

Sp. Item, she can fowle.

La. That's as much as to say (Can she so?)

Sp. Item she can knit.

La. What needs in care of a flock with a wench, when she can kilt a flocke?

Sp. Item, she can wash and scour.

La. A speciall vertue: for then shee neede not be washed, and scour'd.

Sp. Item, she can spin.

La. Then may I see 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: But a, vertue: that indeede know not their fathers; and therefore have no names.

Sp. Here follow her vices.

La. Close at the heele of her vertues.

Sp. Item, she is not to be falling in respect of her breath.

La. Well: that faults may be mended with a breakfast: read on.

Sp. Item, she hath a sweet mouth.

La. That makes amendes for her foure breath.

Sp. Item, shee doth talke in her sleepe.

La. It's no matter for that; it flies sleepe not in her talke.

Sp. Item, she is in love in words.

La. Oh villain, that set this dome among her voices; to be in love in words, is a womanes onely 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: Euer legacie, and cannot be c'ane from her.

Sp. Item, she hath no teeth.

La. I care not for that neither: because I looke crusts.

Sp. Item, she is curt.

La. Well: the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Sp. Item, she will oftentimes her liquor.

La. If her liquor be good, the shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be prised.

Sp. Item, she is too liberal.

La. Of her tongue she cannot: for that's write downe she is flow e of: of her purse, she shall not, for that she keepe flux: Now of another thing thee may, and that cannot I helpe. Well, proceed.

Sp. Item, she hath more haires then wit, and more faults then haires, and more wealth then faults.

La. Stop there: Hee have hers: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last Article: release that once more.

Sp. Item, she hath more haires then wit.

La. More haire then wit: it may be ile procite: the corner of the falt, hides the falt, and therefore it is more then the falt: the haires that covers the wit, is more then the wit: for the greater hides the leffe: What's next?

Sp. And more faults then haires.

La. That's monstrous: 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 faltes for thee at the North gate.

Sp. For me?

La. For thee? 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 didst not tell me soone? 'pox of your love Letters.

La. Now will he be swing'g for reading my Letter: An vnmannerly faue, that will thrust himselfe into secrets: Ile after, to reioyce in the boyes correctio. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Duke, Thurio, Probus.

Du. Sir Thurio, fear not, but that she will love you.

Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

Th. Since his exile she hath despi'd me most, Forsewn my company, and rail'd at me, That I am deleriac of obtaining her.

Du. This weeke impriffl of Loue, is as a figure Trenched in ice, which with an houres heat Dissolves to water, and doth looke his forme, A little time will melt her frozen thoughts, And worthlesse Valentine shall be forgot, How now Sir Probus, is your countieman (According to our Proclamation) gon?

Pro. Gon, my good Lord,

Du. My daughter takes his going grievously?

Pro. A little time (my Lord) will kill that griefe.

Du. So I beleue: but Thurio thinkes not so: Probus, the good conceit I hold of thee, (For thou hast thouone some signe of good defect) Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer then I proue loyal to your Grace, Let me not liue, to looke uppon your Grace.

Du. Thou know'lt how willingly, I would effet The match betweene Sir Thurio, and my daughter: I doe my Lord.

Du. And also, I thinke, thou art not ignorant How she opposes her against my will?

Pro. She did my Lord, when Valentine was here.

Du. I, and peruerse, the perfervers fo:

What might we doe to make the girl forget The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio?

Pro. The best way is, to flande Valentine, With falsehood, cowardize, and poore deceit: 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 the efeemeth as his friend,

Du. Then you must vndertake to flande him,

Pro.
Pro. And that (my Lord) I shall be loath to doe.
'Tis an ill office for a Gentleman,
Especially against his very friend,
Day. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endanger him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being intertred to it by your friend.
Pro. You have prais'd (my Lord) if I can doe it
By thought that I can speake in his displeas.
She shall not long continue love to him:
But say this weede her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will louse for Thurio.
Th. Therefore, as you winde her love from him;
Least it should ruell, and be good to none,
You must proceed to bottome it on me:
Which must be done, by prating me as much
As you, in worth displeas, for Valentine.
Day. And Proceede, we dare trust you in this kinde.
Because we know (on Valentine's report)
You are already loues firme votary,
And cannot soone retort, and change your minde.
Vpon this warrant, shall you hate accent,
Where you, with Signia, may conferre at large.
For she is lampsh, heare, melancollically,
And (for your friends sake) will be glad of you;
Whereas you may temper her, by your perswasion,
To hate your Valentine, and love my friend.
Pro. As much as I can doe, I will effect:
But you for Thurio, are not sharpe enough:
You must lay lime, to tangle her defires
By walefull Sonnetts, whose composed Rimes
Should be full fraught with mercifull vowes.
Day. I, much is the scarce of heauen-bred Precie.
Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You facrifice your teares; your sighes, your heart;
Write till your inke be dry; and with your teares
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,
That may discouer such integrity:
For Ophelos Lute, was sung with Poets innewer,
Whose golden touch could iolten fleete and flores;
Make Tygers tame, and huge Lizardaws
For sake. You founded deepes to dance on Sands.
After your dire-lamenting Elagere,
Visit by night your Ladys chamber-window
With some sweet Comfort: To their Instrumments
Tune a deploring dumpe: the nights dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance:
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.
Day. This discipline, flowes thou haft bin in lour.
Th. And thy advicie, this night, ilet put in pratt! life:
Therefore, sweet Proceede, my direction-giver,
Let vs into the City presently
To fort some Gentleman, well skill'd in Musick,
I have a Sonnet, that will ferue the turne
To give the on-feet to thy good adjuice.
Day. About it Gentleman.
Pro. We'll wait upon your Grace, till after Supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.
Day. Even now about it, I will pardon you. Exeunt.

Aetius Quartus. Secund Prima.

Enter Valentine, Speed, and certaine Out-leaves.
1. Out. Fellowes, stand fast: I see a paffenger.
2. Out. If there be ten, shrinke not, but down with'em.
3. Out. Stand fir, and throw vs that you have about 'ye.
If not: we'll make you sit, and riddle you,
Sp. Sir we are ydone; these are the Villaines
That all the Travailers doe feare so much.
Val. My friends,
1. Out. That's not so, fir we are your enemies.
2. Out. Peace: we'll hearre him.
3. Out. I by my beard will we; for he is a proper man.
Val. Then know that I have little wealth to looke
A man I am, crofts, & with aduerse:
My riches, are these poore habiliments,
Of which, if you should here dismusht me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.
2. Out. Whether trauell you?
Val. To Verona.
1. Out. Whence came you?
Val. From Millans.
3. Out. Have you long soiourn'd there? (said)
Val. Some fixe moneths, and longer might have
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.
1. Out. What, were you banish'd thence?
Val. I was.
2. Out. What for offence?
Val. For that which now tormentes me to rehearse;
1. Out. And in the course of your proceedings,
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent,
But yet I flew him manfully, in flight,
Without false vantange, or base treachery.
1. Out. Why nere repent it, if it were done so;
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?
Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doome.
2. Out. Have ye the Tongues?
Val. My youthfull trauaille, therein made me happy,
Or else I often had beene often miserable.
3. Out. By the bare face of Robins Heads fat Fryer,
This fellow was a King, for his wilde faction.
1. Out. We'll have him: Sirs, a word.
Sp. Matter, be one of them:
It's an honourable kinde of theatery.
Val. Peace villain.
2. Out. Tell vs this: have you any thing to take to?
Val. Nothing, but my fortune.
3. Out. Know you, that some of vs are Gentleman,
Such as the fury of vngouen't youth
Ithrift from the company of awfull men,
My selfe was from Verona banish'd,
For prattling to stelace away a Lady,
And heere and Neece, slide into the Duke,
2. Out. And I from Mantua, for a Gentleman,
Who in my moode, I flab'dd into the heart.
1. Out. And I, for such like petty crimes as these,
But to the purpose: for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawlesse lives;
And partly feeing you are beautifull
With goodly shape; and by your owne report,
A Linguist, and a man of such perfection,
As we doe in our quality much want.
2. Out. Indeedy because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, about the rest, we praty to you:
Are you content to be our General?
To make a vertue of insecurity,
And like as we doe in this wilderness?
3. Out. What fault thou wilt thou be of our comfort?
Say I, and be the captain of vs all:
We'll doe thee homage, and be ruld by thee,
Lowe thee, as our Commander, and our King.

1. Out.
Enter Proleus, Thbros, Isla, Hesp, Musitian, Silvia.

Pro. Already have I bin false to Valentine, And now I must be as vntrue to Tbros, Vnder the colour of commending hym, I have accuses my owne love to prefer. But Silvia is too true, too true for me, To be corrupted with my worthless gifts; When I profest true loyalty to her, She withes me with her falsehood to my friend; When to her beauty I commend my voyes, She bids mee think how I have bin forsworne In breaking faith with Julia, whom I loved; And not withstanding all her odious quips, The least whereof would quell a lovers hope Yet (Spaniel-like) the more she fhurnes my love, The more it grows, and fawhills on her fuch; But here comes Tbros, now mullwe to her window, And gave some ensuing Muiique to her eare.

Thbros. How now, Sir Proleus, are you crept before vs? Pro. I gentely Tbros, for you know that loue Will crepe in silence, where it cannot goe. Thbros. But I hope, Sir, that you loue not here. Pro. Sir, but I doe: or else I would be hence. Thbros. Who, Silvia? Pro. 1 Silvia, for your fake. Thbros. I thank you for your owne: Now Gentlemen Let's tune sand to it lustily a while. Ho. Now, my young guest; me thinks you'r allycholly; I pray you why is it?

In. Marry (mine Hesp) because I cannot be merry. Ho. Come, we'll have you merry; le bring you where you flall hear Muiique, and fee the Gentleman that you ask'd for.

In. But shall I hear him speake. Ho. I that you shall.

In. That will be Musitique.

Ho. Harke, harke.

In. Is he among these?

Ho. I but pretty peace, let's hear en.

Song. Who is Silvia's what is she?

In. All our Swaines commend her.

Ho. Holy faire, and wife is she.

In. The heavens such grace did lend her, That she forsooke all blemishes.

Ho. Is she kind to her eyes sincere? For beauty lines with kindnesse.

In. Looke at her eyes sincere To help him of his blindnesse.

Exeunt.

Pro. And being help'd, who knows where, Then to Silvia she will sing. That Silvia is excellent; She seeks each mortal thing Upon the dull earth dwelling, To her let us Garland bring.

Ho. How now? Art you no longer than you were before? How doe you man? the Muiique likes you not.

In. You mistake: the Muiique likes me not.

Ho. Why, my pretty youth?

In. He plaieth false (father.)

Ho. How, out of tune on the runnings.

In. Not so: but yet

So false that he grieues my very heart-string.

Ho. You have a quick ear.

In. I, I would I were deceiv'd; it makes me have a flow.

Ho. I perceive you delight not in Muiique.

In. Not a whit, when it stirs so.

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

In. I, that change is the more.

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

In. I would always have one play but one thing. But Hesp, doth this Sir Proleus, that we talk on, Often refer unto this Gentlewoman?

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

In. Where is Lunece?

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

In. Peace, stand aside, the company parts.

Pro. Sir Tbros, fear not you, I will so please, That you shall fly, my cunning drift excels.

Thbros. Where meete we?

Pro. At Saint Gregorys well.

Thbros. Farewell.

Pro. Madam; good eu'n to your Ladiship.

Silvia. I thank you for your Muiique(Gentlemen) Who is that that speake?

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

In. Sir Proleus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Proleus (gentle Lady) and your Servant.

In. What's your will?

Pro. That I may compose yours.

In. You have your wish; my will is eu'n this, That prefently you hie you home to bed; Thou subtle, pervert'd, false, disloyall man: Think it thou I am so shallow, so conceitless, To be seduced by thy flattery, That has't deceived so many with thy vows? Return, returne, and make thy loue amends for me (by this pale queene of night I weare) I am so farre from granting thy request, That I despise thee, for thy wrongfull fuite; And by and by intend to chuck my felle. Even for this time I depend in talking to thee.

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

In. Twere false, if I should speake it.

For I am sure she is not buried.

Silvia. Say that she be; yet Valentine thy friend Suruues; to whom (thy felle art witness) I am betrach't; and art thou not amind'd To wrong him, with thy impomencay?
Pro. I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.
Sil. And so tuppore am I; for in her grace
Affure thy self, my love is buried.
Pro. Sweet Lady, let me rake it from the earth.
Sil. Go to thy Ladies grave and call hers thence,
Or at the least, in hers,Epaphal thine.
Sil. He heard not that.
Pro. Madam: if your heart be so obdurate:
Vouchsafe me yet your Picture for my love,
The Picture that is hanging in your chamber:
To that tlie speake, to that tlie sigh, and weeps:
For since the subfance of your perfect felfe
Is elfe devoteed, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow, will I make tine love.
Sil. If tvere a subfance you would you deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am.
Sil. I am very loath to be your fool Sir;
But, since your falfehood shall become you well
To worship shadows, and adore falfe fhiptes,
Send to me in the morning, and ille fend it:
And fo, good ref.
Pro. As wrechkes have one-night
That wait for execution in the morn.
Sil. Haf, will you goe?
Ho. By my hallidome, I was falt asleep.
Sil. Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?
Ho. Marry, at my houfe:
Truth me, I thinke 'tis almost day.
Sil. Not fo: but it hath bin the longeft night
That ere I watch'd, and the moft heuifelf.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Eglogam, Silvia.

Egl. This is the houre that Madam Silvia
Entreated me to call, and know her misde:
Ther's some great matter she'd employ me in,
Madam, Madam,
Sil. Who calls?
Egl. Your Seruuant, and your friend;
One that attends your Ladifhips command,
Sil. Sir Eglogam, a thonfand times good morrow.
Egl. As many (wothy Lady) to your felfe:
According to your Ladifhips impoffe,
I am thus early come, to know what feruice
It is your pleafure to command me in.
Sil. Oh Eglogam, thou art a Gentleman:
Thinke not I Hatter (for I weare I do not)
Valiant, wise, morall-full, well accomplisht,
Thou art not ignorant what deere good will
I beare vnto the banifhed Valentine:
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vaine Thores (whom my very foule abhor'd),Thy felfe haue lovd, and I haue heard thee fay
No graue did ever come fo neere thy heart,
As when thy Lady, and thy true-love dide.
Vpon whose graue thou vow'd to pure charitie:
Sir Eglogam: I would to Valentine
To Maurna, where I heare, he makes abroad;
And for the waies are dangerous to passe,
I doe defire thy worthy company,

Vpon whose whole and houore, I repose,
Vrged by my fathers anger (Eglogam)
But thinke vpon my griefe (a Ladifhes griefe)
And on the suffrance of my dying hence,
To keep me from a moft whomly match,
Which heauen and fortune still rewards with plagues,
I doe defire thee, even from a heart
As full of latteroures, as the Sea of sands,
To beare me company, and goe with me:
If not, to hide what I have faid to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances,
Which, since I know they vertuously are plac'd,
I gie conteft to goe along with you,
Wreaking as little what besides me,
As much, I with all good content you.
When will you goe?
Sil. This euening comming.
Egl. Where shall I meete you?
Sil. At frier Patrices Cell,
Where I intend holy Confession.
Egl. I will not faile your Ladifhip:
Good morrow (gentle Lady.)
Sil. Good morrow, kinde Sir Eglogam.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Launcle, Proteus, Julia, Silvia.

Lan. When a mans feruantes shal play the Curre with him (looke you) it goes hard: one that I brought vp of a puppy zone that I faw'd from drowning, when three or foure of his blinde brothers and fifters went to it: I haue taught him (even as one would say prifely, thus I would teach a dog) I was fent to deliver him, as a prefece to Milites Silvia, from my Master; and I came no fooner into the dyning-chamber, but he runs me to her Trencher, and fifts her: Capone-lega: O, 'tis a foule thing, when a Cur cannot: keepes himfelfe in all compaines: I would have (as one fhould fay) one that takes vp on him to be a dog indeed to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wt then he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I thinke verily he had bin hang'd for: sure as I live he had flufhed for: you fhall judge: Hee thraufs him himfelfe into the company of three or foure gentleman-like-dogs, under the Dukes table: hee had not bin there (bleffe the marke) a pilling while, but all the chamber fmeld him: out with the dog (faiues one) what cur is that (faiues another) whipp him out (faiues the third) hang him vp (faiues the Duke.) I having bin acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogges: friend (quoth I) you meane to whip the dog: I marry doe I (quoth he) you doe him the more wrong (quoth t) was I did the thing you wot of: he makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber: how many Matters would doe this for his Seruants? say, I beleve (I haue fat in the flokes, for puddings he hath holme, otherwife he had bin executed: I haue fpread on the Pillorie for Beefe he hath kil'd, otherwise he had suffered for: thou thinkeft not of this now: say, I rememer the trick ye feru'd me, when I tooke my leave of Madam Silvia; did not
not I bid thee still mark mee me, and doe as I do: when did’t thou see me heaue vp my leg, and make water against? A Gentlemwoman farthingale? did’t thou ever see me doe such a trick?

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

In. In what you please, I doe, what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt not tire me long.

How now you worthy peevans. Where have you bin these two dayes lastening?

La. Marty Sir, I carried Madam Silvia the dogge you had me.

Pro. And what fairest she to my little Jewell? La. Marty she fayres her dog was a cur and tels you currifh thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But the receiued my dog?

La. No indeede did not: Here haue I brought him back again.

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

La. Sir, the other Squirrell was tonsle from me. By the Hangman’s boyes in the market place, and then I offer’d her nine owne, who is a dog. As big as ten of yours, & therefore the guilt the greater. Pro. Go, get thee hence, and finde my dog again, or no returne againe into my sight. Away, I say: stayest thou to vex me here? A Slave, that thall an end, turns me to shame: Sebastian, I have entretaine thee. Partly that I have neede of such a youth; That can with some diftinction doe my businesse: For’tis no trifling to yond foolish Lott; But chiefly, for thy face, and thy behavoure, Which (if my Augury decree me not) Witnessse good bringing vp, fortune, and truth: Therefore know thee, for this I entertain thee. Go presently, and take this Ring with thee, Deliver it to Madam Silvia, She looke’d well, deliver’d it to me. Inl. It femes you lou’d not her, not leave her token: She was de late belike?

Pro. No til: I think she liues.

Inl. Alas.

Pro. Why don’t thou cry ala?

Inl. I cannot choofe but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore should’st thou pity her?

Inl. Because, methinks that she lou’d you as well. As you do love your Lady Silvia. She dreams on him, that has forgot her lone, You doate on her, that cares not for your lone. ’Tis pity loue, should be so contrary? And thinking on it, makes me cry alas.

Pro. Well: give her that Ring, and there withall.

This Letter—that’s her chamber: Tell my Lady, I claim the promise for her heauea Picture: Your message doe by home into mine chamber; Where thou shalt finde me fast, and solitarie.

Inl. How many women would doe such a meelee? Alas, poor Protheum, thou hast entertained A Foxe, to be the Shepheard of thy Lambs; Alas, poor fool, why doe I pity him? That with his very heart deftith me. Because he love me, he despiteth me, Because I love him, I must pity him. This Ring I gave him, when he parted from me, To binde him to remember my good will: And now am I (unhappy Mefliporta) To plead for that, which I would not obtaine; To carry that, which I would have refus’d; To praise his faith, which I would have disprais’d; I am my Masters true confirmed Loue, But cannot be true fervant to my Master. Vaffle I proue, otherwise than to my felle. Yet will I woe for him, but yet so coldly, As (heaven it knowes) I would not have him speed. Gentlemwoman, good day: I pray you be my meane To bring me where to speake with Madam Silvia.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be the?

Inl. If you be the, I doe interest your patience To heare me speake the mesage I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Inl. From my Master, Sir Protheum, Madam.

Sil. Oh: he fends you for a Picture?

Inl. I, Madam.

Sil. Vrula, bring my Picture there, Goe, give your Master this let: this tell him from me, One Inlisa, that his changing thoughts forget Would better fit his Chamber, then this Shadow. Inl. Madam, plege you peruse this Letter: Pardon me (Madam) I have madus’d Deluter’d you a paper that I should not; This is the Letter to your Ladiship.

Sil. I pray thee let me looke on that againe. Inl. It may not be: good Madam pardon me.

Sil. There, hold: I will not looke upon your Masters lines: I know they are writ with protestations, And full of new-found oaths, which he will break As esily as I doe teare his paper.

Inl. Madam, he tends your Ladiship this Ring. Sil. The more shame for him, that he fends me it: For I have heard him say a thousand times, His Inlisa gave it him, at his departure: Though his falfe finger have prophan’d the Ring, Mine shall not doe his Inlisa to much wrong. Inl. She takes you.

Sil. What gift thou?

Inl. I thank you Madam, that you tender her; Poor Gentlewoman, my Master wrongs her much.

Sil. Do’st thou know her?

Inl. Almost as well as I doe know my felfe. To thinke upon her woes, I doe protest That I have kept a hundred feuer all times. Sil. Belike she thinks that Protheum hath forlook’d her. Inl. I think she doth; and that’s her caufe of sorrow, Sil. Is she not palfing fair?

Inl. She hath bin faine (Madam) then she is, When she did thinke my Master lou’d her well; She, in my judgement, was as faire as you. But since she did negeth her looking-glaffe, And threw her Sun-expelling Masque away, The syre bath taken the roes in her checkes, And pinch’d the silly-stature of her face, That now she is become as blacke as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

Inl. About my stature: for at Pentecost,

When all our Pageants of delighte were playd, Our youth got me to play the woamans part, And I was trim’d in Madam Inlisa gowne, Which turnd me as fhe, by all men judgements, As if the garment had bin made for me: Therefore I know not about my height, And at that time I made her wepe a good,
For I did play a lamentable part.

(Madam) twice Aria deue, passioning.

For Thesia periuria, and vnruit flight:
Which I did lively act with my teares:
That my poor Mithris mov'd therewithall,
Wep't bitterly: and would I might be dead.
If I did thught not her very forrow.

She is beholding to thee (gentle youth.)
Aloa (poor Lady) deolate, and left;
I weep my selfe to thinke upon thy words:
Here youth: there is my purse; I give thee this (well).
For thy sweet Mithris sake, because thou lookest her, Fare. In.
And the shal kneelk you for, if you know
A vertuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful.

I hope my Maiters faite will be but cold,
Since she respect's my Mithris loue so much.
Also, how loue can tille 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 louasly, as is this of hers;
And yet the Painter 'flatter'd her a little,
Vnlesse I flatter with my selfe too much.
Her hair is Albus, mine is perfect Yellow.
That he all the difference in his lome.
Ie get me such a coulourd Derry-wig:
Her eyes are grey as glass, and so are mine:
I, but her fore-head's low, and mine's as high:
What should it be that he respect's in her,
But I can make respect in my selfe?
If this fond Loue, were not a blinded god.
Come shadow, come, and take this shadow vp,
For'tis thy ruial: O thou fenecelesse forme,
Thou shalt be worship'd, kis'd, lou'd, and ador'd;
And there were fence in his Idolaty,
My subinance should be flatter in thy head.
Ile vie thee kindly, for thy Mithris sake
That vs'd me so: else by Iove, I vow,
I should have freach'd out your vnseeing eyes,
To make my Maiter out of loue with thee.  

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Eglamoure, Silvia.

Egl. The Sun begins to build the western skie,
And now it is about the very houre
That Silvia, at Fryer Patrick's Cell should meet me,
She will not faile: for Louers breake not houre,
Vnlesse it be to come before their time,
So much they spare their expedition,
See where she comes: Lady a happy evening.
Sil. Amen, Amen: goe on (good Eglamoure)
Out at the Postern by the Abbey wall;
I fear I am attended by some Spies.
Egl. Fear not the Forrest is not three leagues off,
If we recover that, we are sure enough.  

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Thurio, Protharm, Ilina, Duke.

Th. Sir Protharm, what failest Silvia to my suit?

Exeunt.
We must bring you to our Captain.

Sil. A thousand more mishances then this one
Have learn'd me how to brooke this patiently.

2 Out. Come, bring her away.

1 Out. Where is the Gentleman that was with her?

3 Out. Being nimbly footed, he hath out-run us.

But Mosby and Valentine follow him;

Goe thou with her to the West end of the wood,

There is our Captain: We'll follow him that's fled,
The Thicker is befor, he cannot scape.

1 Out. Come, I must bring you to our Captains cave.

Fear not: she bears an honourable mind, and

Will not vie a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O Valentine: this I endure for thee.  

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, Prothetus, Silvia, Iulia, Duke, Thurio, 

Out-lowers.

Val. How vie doth breed a habit in a man?

This shadowy desart, vnfrequented woods

I better brooke then flourishing people Townes:

Here can I sit alone, vnseen of any,

And to the Nightingales complying Notes

Tune my diffretes, and record my woes.

O thou that doft inhabit in my brest,

Leave not the Mansion so long Tenant-leise,

Left growing ruinous, the building fall,

And leave no memory of what it was,

Repare me, with thy preface, Silvia:

Thou gentle Nymph, cherish thy for-lorn swaine,

What hallowing, and what fit is this to day?

There are my mates, that make their wills their Law,

Haue some vnhappy passenger in chace;

They loue me well: yet I haue much to doe

To keepe them from vnuiulgent outrages.

Withdraw thee Valentine: who's this comes here?

Pro. Madam, this seruice I haue done for you

(Though you repect not aught your servant doth)

To hazard life, and reske you from him,

That would haue forc'd your honour, and your loue,

Vouchsafe me for my meed, but one faire looke;

(A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,

And lefte then this, I am sure you can not giue,)

Val. How like a dreame is this? I fee, and hearse:

Louve, lend me patience to forbear a while.

Sil. O miserable vnhappy that I am,

Pro. Vnhappy was I were (Madam) ere I came;

But by my comming, I haue made you happy.

Sil. By thy approch thou mak'st me more vnhappy.

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

Sil. Had I beeene cessez by a hungry Lion,

I would have beeene a break-fist to the Beauft,

Rather then have faile Prothetus reske me:

Oh heauen be Judge how I loue Valentine,

Whole life's as tender to me as my foule,

And full as much for more there cannot be:

I doe detest faile perjur'd Prothetus:

Therefore be gone, follicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, flood it next to death

Would I not vndertake for one calme looke:

Oh'tis the curfe in Loue, and full approvd

When women cannot loue, where they're belou'd,

Sil. When Prothetus cannot loue, where he's belou'd:

Read ouer Iulia's heart, (thy fist bett Loue)

For whose deare fake, thou didst then rend thy faith

Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths,

Defendes into perjury, to loue me,

Thou haft no faith left now, vnluck thou'rt two,

And that's farre worfe then none: better haue none

Then plurall faith, which is too much by one:

Thou Counterfeets, to thy true friend.

Pro. In Loue,

Who repect'st friend?

Sil. All men but Prothetus.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of mouing words

Can no way change you to a milder formne;

He woes you like a Sadoulter, at armes end,

And loue you gainst the nature of Loue: force ye.

Sil. Oh heauen,

Pro. Ilence thee yeeld to my deffe.

Val. Russian: let goe that rude vnuiul gent,

Thou friend of an ill fashion.

Pro. Valentine,

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

For such is a friend now: treacherous man,

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

Could have perswaded me: now I dare not stay

I haue one friend alio: thou wouldst dispraise me:

Who should be trusted, when ones right hand

Is perjur'd to the beforme? Prothetus

I am sorry I muft neuer truft thee more,

But count the world a stranger for thy sake:

The private wound is deepset: oh time, most accust:

'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the wors?

Pro. My name and guilt confounds me:

For glye Valentine: if heares forrow

Be a sufficient Rannfone for offence,

I tender his heere: I doe as truely suffer,

As I did committ.

Val. Then I am paid:

And once againe, I doe receiue thee honest;

Who by Repentance is not fatisfied,

It nor of heauen, nor earth; for these are pleas'd:

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

And that my loue may appeare plaine and free,

All that was mine, in Silvia, I giue thee,

Oh me vnhappy,

Pro. Looke to the Boy.

Val. Why, Boy? Why

Why wag:how now? what's the matter?look vp spake,

Int. O good sir, my maister charg'd me to deliver a ring

To Madam Silvia: (out of my nagle) was never done.

Pro. Where is the ring? Boy?

Int. Here's tis: this is tis.

Pro. How? Let me see.

Why this is the ring I giue to Iulia.

Int. Oh, cry you mercy sir, I haue misfooke:

This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

Pro. But how cam'ft thou by this ring? at my depart

I giue this vnto Iulia.

Int. And Iulia her selfe did giue it me,

And Iulia her selfe hath brought it hither.

Pro. How? Iulia?

Int. Behold her, that gave ayme to all thy oathes,

And entertain'd me deeply in her heart.

How of haft thou with perjury cleft the roote?

Oh Prothetus, let this habit make thee bluss.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Be thou ashamed that I have tooke upon me,
Such an Immodest payntment; if thame live
In a difguife of loue;
It is the lefiter blot modely finde,
Women to change their fapes, then men their minds.

Pro. Then men their minds? Is true oh heuen, were man
But Conflat, he were perfect; that one error
Fils him with faultes: makes him run through all th’lins;
Inconfinacy falls off, ere it begins:
What is in Silvia’s face, but I may srie
More freth in Julia’s, with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come: a hand from either;
Let me be bleft to make this happy clofe :
’Twere pity two fuch friends should be long foes.

Pro. Beste wittes (heauen) I have my with for cuer.
Jul. And I mine.


Val. Forbear, forbear I say: It is my Lord the Duke.
Your Grace is welcome to a man difgrac’d,
Banifhed Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine?

Thou. Yonder is Silvia: and Silvia’s mine.

Val. Thou’rt guie backe; or elle embrace thy death:
Come not within the mesure of my wrath:

Doe not name Silvia thine: if once againe,
Derona shall not hold thee: heere the Hands,
Take but poiffession of her, with a Touch:

I dare thee, but to breath upon my Loue,

Thou. Sir Valentine, I care not for her; I:
I hold him but a foolle that will endanger
His Body, for a Girlte that loves him not:
I claime her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou
To make fuch meanes for her, as thou haft done,
And leave her on fuch flight conditions.

Now, by the honor of my Ancefty,
I doe clamie thy Spirit, Valentine,
And thinke thee worthy of an Emprefle loue:
Know then, I heere forget all former grees,
Cancell all grudge, repeale thee home againe,
Plead a new rate in thy vn-riual’d merit,
To which I thus subscribe: Sir Valentine,
 Thou art a Gentleman, and well deriu’d,
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou haft deferu’d her.

Val. I thank your Grace, if gift hath made me happy:
I now behold you (for your daughters fake)
To grant one Boone that I shall take of you.

Duke. I grant it (for thine owne) what ere it be,
Val. These banifh’d men, that I haue kept withall,
Are men endu’d with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall’d from their Exile:

They are reformed, citifull, full of good,
And fit for great employment (worthy Lord.)

Duke. Thou haft preuaild, I pardon them and thee:

Difpofe of them, as thou knoweft their deferts.

Come, let vs goe, we will include all iarres,
With Triumphes, Mirth, and rare solemnity.

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

What thinke 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 faying?

Val. Praye you, Ile tell you, as we paffe along,
That you will wonder what hath foruund,

Come Proteus, ’tis your penance, but to heare
The story of your Loues difcouered,
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours,
One Feast, one house, one mutuall hapineffe. Exeunt.

The names of all the Actors.

Duke: Father to Silvia.

Valentine.  

Proteus.  

Antonious: Father to Proteus.

Thurio: a foolish riual to Valentine.

Eglamour: Agent for Silvia in her escape.

Hoft: where Julia lodgers.

Out-laws with Valentine.

Speed: a clownish fervant to Valentine.

Launce: the like to Proteus.

Panthion: fervant to Antonio.

Julia: beloved of Proteus.

Silvia: beloved of Valentine.

Lucetta: waiting woman to Julia.

FINIS.

THE
THE
Merry Wives of Windsor.

A Actus primus, Scena prima.

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

Shall. Sir Hugh, persuade me not: I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it, if he be twenty Sir John Falstaff, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow Esquire.

(Coram.)

Slen. In the County of Gloucester, Justice of Peace and Shal. I (Cofen Slender) and Cofl-alorum.

Slen. 1, and Ratf orum too: and a Gentleman borne (Master Parson) who writes himselfe Armingero, in any Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, Armingero.

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

Shal. All his successors (gone before him) hath don't: and all his Ancestors (that come after him) may: they may give the dozen white Luces in their Coast.

Shal. It is an olde Coast.

Evan. The dozen white Lowses doe become an olde Coast well: it agreeth well paffant: It is a familiar beast to man, and signifies Luce.

Shal. The Luce is the fresh-fish, the salt-fish, is an old Coast.

Shal. I may quarter (Cox).

Shal. You may, by marrying.

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

Shal. Not a whit.

Evan. Yes per-lady; if he ha a quarter of your coat, there is but three Skirts for your felte, in my simple concei-

Shal. That is all one: if Sir John Falstaffe have committed disparages vnto you, I am of the Church and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make attone-

ments and compensates between you.

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

Evan. It is not meet the Counsell hear a Riu: there is no fear of God in a Riu: the Counsell. (looke you) shall define to hear the fear of God, and not to hear a Riu: take your wizements in that.

Shal. Has o my life, if I were yong againe, the sword should end it.

Evan. It is better that friends is the sword, and end it; and there is also another device in my praines: which peradventure prings great difference within.

Shal. Anne Page, which is daughter to Master Thomas Page, which is pretty virginity.

Evan. Mistress Anne Page? she has brownie hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Evan. It is that ferry person for all theorld, as lust as you will define, and feuen hundred pounds of Moneyes, and Gold, and Silver, is her Grand-fire upon his death-bed, (Got deluer to a joyfull resurrections) giue, when she is able to outtake fourteen yeares old. It were a good motion, if we leave our prubbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between Master Abraham, and Mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Did her Grand-fire leave her these hundred pounds?

Evan. I, and her father is make her a petter penny.

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

Evan. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilitiles, is good gifts.

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

Evan. Shall I tell you a lyer? I do despise a lyer, as I do despise one that is falle, or as I despise one that is not true: the Knight Sir John is there, and I beacehe you be ruled by your well-willers: I will peat the doore for Mr. Page. What hoy? Got-pleece your house here.

Evan. Who's there?

Evan. Here is got's pleesing and your friend, and Justice Shallow: and here young Master Slender: that per-

adventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Evan. I am glad to see your worships well: I thank you for my Venion Master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you: much good doe it your good heart: I wish'd your Venion better, it was ill kill'd: I doth good Mistress Page: and I thank you always with my heart, la: with my heart.

Evan. Sir, I thank you.

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

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

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

Evan. It could not be Iudge'd, Sir.

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

Evan. That he will not, his your fault, his your fault: this a good dogge.

Evan. Sir. is this within: and I would I could doe a good office to twoee you.

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

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

Evan. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Shal. If it be contested, it is not redressed; is not that so (M. Page?) he hath wrong'd me, indeed he hath, at a word he hath: believe me, Roberts Shallow Esquire, faith he is wronged.

M. Page. Here comes Sir John.

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

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men; kill'd my deer, and broke open my Lodge.

Fal. But not kids'd your Keepers daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pitee shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it brag, I have done all this:

That is now answer'd.

Shal. The Council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in coun-

cell: you'll be laugh'd at.

En. Panacreverba (Sir John) good words.

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

Shal. Marry, sirr, I have matter in my head against you, and against your cony-catchers Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym, and Piffort.

Bar. You Banbury Cheefe.

Shal. I, it is no matter.

Piff. How now, Mephistophelius?

Shal. I, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say; pence pence: Slice, that's my humor.

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

Ena. Peace, I pray you: now let us understand: there is three Vampires in this matter, as I understand it; that is, Master Page (fidelicet Master Pages,) & there is my selfe, (fidelicet my selfe) and the three party is (lastly, and fi-

nally) mine Hoft of the Garter.

Ma Pa. We three to hear it, & end it between them.

Ena. Ferry goog, I will make a priepe of it in my note-book, and we will afterwards orke upon the caufe, with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Piffor.

Piff. He heares with care.

Ena. The Teull and his Tam: what phrase is this? he heares with care? why, it is affections.

Fal. Piffor, did you pick M. Shlender's purse?

Shal. I, by thee's gloues did hee, or I would I might never come in mine owne great chamber against elle, of feauen groates in mill-fifpences, and two Edward Sho-

telboords, that cost me two shilling and two pence a piece of Ted. Miller: by these gloues.

Fal. Is this true, Piffor?

Ena No, it is false, if it is a picke-purse.

Piff. Ha, thou mountaine Forreynere: Sir John, and Master mire, I combat challenge of this Latine Bilboe: word of denial in thy laboris here; word of denial, froth, and feau thou lief.

Shal. By these gloues, then twas he.

Nym. Beaus'd firr, and passe good humours: I will say marry trap with you, if you runne the nut-hooks hu-

mor on me, that is the very noe of it.

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

Fal. What say you Scarlett, and John?

Bar. Why fir, (for my part) I say the Gentleman had drunke him selfe out of his fiue fences.

En. It is his fiue fences; fie, what the ignorance is.

Bar. And being fap, sir, was (as they say) caffhered: and to conclusions paft the Car-eire.

Shal. I, you spake in Latten then to: but it is no mat-

ter; I'll ere be drunke whiile I live againe, but in honest, ciual, godly company for this tricke: if I be drunke, I'll be drunke with those that haue the feare of God, and not with drunken knaues.

Ena. So get-udge me, that is a vertuos minde.

Fal. You heare all thes matters dem'd, Gentlemen; you heare it.

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

Shal. Oh heauen! This is Misstrefte Ame Page.

M. Page. How now Misstref Ford?

M. Fal. Ford, by my troth you are very wel met: by your lease good Misstref.

M. Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome: come, we have a hot Venion patry to dinner; Come gentle-

men, I hope we shall drinke downe all vnkindneffe.

Shal. I had rather then forty shillings I had my book of Songs and Sonnets here: How now Simple, where haue you beene? I must wait on my selfe, must I? you haue not the book of Riddles about you, haue you?

Ena. Book of Riddles? why did you not lend it to Alice Short-cake upon Allhallowmas last, a forntaff a-

fore Michaelmas?

Shal. Come Coz, come Coz, we flye for you: a word with you Coz; marry this, Coz: there is a'twere a tender, a kind of tender, made a farre-off by Sir Hugh here: do you understand me?

Shal. Sir, you shall finde more reasonable; if it be so, I shall doe that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Shal. So I doe Sir.

Ena. Give one to his motions; (M. Slender) I will defcription the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Shal. Nay, I will doe as my Cozen Shallow fayes: I pray you pardon me, he's a lustfice of Peace in his Coun-

trie, simple though I stand here.

Ena. But that is not the quesion: the quesion is con-

cerning your marriage.

Shal. I, there's the point Sir.

Ena. Marry is it: the very point of it, to Mi. An Page.

Shal. Why if it be so; I will marry her upon any rea-

sonable demands.

Ena. But can you affections o-man, let vs command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips: for divers Philosophers hold, that the lips is a parcel of the mouth: therefor precisely, can you carry your good will to a maid?

Sh. Cozen Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Shal. I hope fir, I will do as it shall become one that would doe reason.

Ena. Nay, got's Lords, and his Ladies, you must speake positable, if you can carry her you desires towards her.

Shal. That you mutt:

Will you, (upon good doarry marry her?)

Shal. I will doe a greater thing then that, vpon your request (Cozen) in any reason.

En. Nay conceiue mee, conceiue mee, (sweet Coz) what I doe is to please you (Coz) can you love the maid?

Shal. I will marry her (Sir) at your request: but if there bee no great love in the beginning, yet Heauen may decrease it vpon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one ano-

ther: I hope vpon familiarly will grow more content: but if you say marry her, I will marry her, that I am freely disfouled, and disolutely.

En. It
Eu. It is a very dification—antswerf: fafe the fall is in
the ord, diſtinctly: the ore is (according to our mea-
ning) reluctantly: his meaning is good.
Sh. I think my Cohee meant well.
Sl. Or else I would might be hang'd (Is.
Sh. Here comes faire Miſtris Anne; would I were
yong for your fake, Miſtris Anne.
An. The dinner is on the Table, my Father defires
your worfhip company.
Sh. I will wait on him, (fare Miſtris Anne.)
Eu. Old's pleafe-wil: I will not be abfent at the grace.
An. Will pleafe your worfhip to come in, Sir?
Sl. No, I thank you fortooth, hartely: I am very well.
An. The dinner attends you, Sir.
Sl. I am not a hungry, I thank you, fortooth: goe,
Siriha, for all you are my man, goe wait upon my Cohee.
Shallow: a labifice of peace sometime may be beholding
to his friend, for a Man; I kepe but three Men, and
a Boy yet, till my Mother be dead: but what though, yet
I live as a poore Gentleman borne.
An. I may not goe in without your worfhip: they
will not fit till you come.
Sl. I'faith, I eate nothing: I thank you as much as
as thou did I.
An. I pray you Sir walk in.
Sh. I had rather walke here (I thank you) I bruz'd
my fhin th'other day, with playing at Sword and Dagg-
ger with a Matter of Fence (three veneys for a dill of
Hew'd Prunes) and by my truth, I cannot abide the fmal-
lin of hot meate fince. Why doe your dogs barke fo? be
there Beares ith Towne?
An. I thinke there are, Sir, I heard them talk'd of.
Sl. I loue the fport well, but I fhall as foon quarrel
at it, as any man in England: you are afad if you fee the
Beaules foone, are you not?
An. I indeede Sir.
Sl. That's meate and drinke to me now: I haue fene
Sackfons loafe, goote times, and haue taken him by the
Chaine: but (I warrant you) the women haue fo cride
and thret at it, that it paft: But women indeede, cannot
abide'em, they are very ill-faund're tough things.
Ma.Pa. Come, gentle M. Slenard, come; we play for you.
Sl. I eate nothing, I thank you Sir.
Ma. Pa. By cocke and pie, you fhall not choofe, Sir:
come, come.
Sl. Nay, pray you lead the way.
Sl. Miſtris Anne: your felle fhall goe firft.
An. Not Sir, pray you keep on.
Sl. Truely I will not goe firft: truely-la: I will not
do you that wrong.
An. I pray you Sir.
Sl. Ie rather be unmannery then troublifer: you
do your felle wrong indeede-la.
Exeunt.

Eu. Nay, it is better yet; give her this letter; for it is
a man that algoritfehs acquaintance with Miſtris Anne
Page; and the Letter is to defire, and require her to folli-
-zing your Matfers desires, to Miſtris Anne Page: I pray
you be gone: I will make an end of my dinner; thes Pip-
pins and Cheefe to come.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaff, Hoft, Bardoffe, Nym, Piffall, Page.
Fal. Mine Hoft of the Garden?
Ho. What faies my Bully Rooke? speake schollery, and
warily.
Fal. Truely mine toſh; I must turne away some of my
followers.
Ho. Diflard, (bully Herculer) caffheree; let them wag;
trot, trot.
Fal. I fit at ten pounds a week.
Ho. Thou't an Emperor (Ceser, Kifer and Phexar.)
I will entertaine Bardoffe: he fhall drawe, the flall tap; and
I well (bully Helor.)
Fal. Doe so (good mine Hoft.)
Ho. I have spoke let him follow me let thee froth,
and live: I am at a word: follow.
Fal. Bardoffe, follow him: a Tapster is a good trade:
an old Clatke, makes a new learkin: a withSerling-
man, a freth Tapster: goe, a dew.
Ba. It is a life that I haue defir'd: I will thrive.
Piff. O safe hungarian wight-wift ye the spigot wile.
Ni. He was gotten in drinks not the humor fleccted?
Fal. I am glad I am to acquit of this Tinderbox: his
Thrifts were too open: his fhilling was like an unkillful
Singer, he kept not time.
Ni. The good humor is to feate at a minutes ref.
Piff. Comus: the wife it call: Steale? foh: a fico for
the phrafe.
Fal. Well fir, I am almoft out at heeler.
Piff. Why then let Kibes enui.
Fal. There is no remedy: I must conicatch, I must fhips.
Piff. Yong Ruens must haue foode.
Fal. Which of you know Ford of this Towne?
Piff. I ken the wight the is of fubftance good.
Fal. My honblet Laids, I will tell you what I am about.
Piff. Two yards, and more.
Fal. No quips now Piffall: (Indeed I am in the wafe
two yards about; but I am now about no wafe: I am a-
bout frights) brightly: I doe mean to make love to Fords
wife: I picp entertainement in her: fhee difcoures: fhee
cares: fhee gives the leere of imitation: I can conftrue
the aicion of her famllr fille, & the hardeff voice of her
behavior (to be ^glitt'd right alas, I am Sir John Falstaff.
Piff. He beth trusted her will; and tranflated her will:
out of honefly, into English.
Ni. The Anchor is deep: will that humor page?
Fal. Now, the report goes, he has all the rule of her
husbands Purfe: he hath a legend of Angels.
Piff. As many diews entertaine: and to her Boy fay I.
Ni. The humor rifes it is good humor me the angels.
Fal. I hava writ me here a letter to her: & here ano-
ther to Page wife, who even now gave me good eyes
to examine my parts with most judiciousilli'd: at one
times the beame of her view, guided my foot: some-
times my portly belly.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Enani, and Simple.
Eu. Go your waies, and abke of Doctor Cains's house,
which is the way; and thee dwells one Miſtris Quickly,
which is in the manner of his Nurfe; or his dry-Nurfe; or
his Cooker; or his Laundry; his Wafer, and his Ringer.
Si. Well Sir.
Pyg. Then did the Sun on dung-hill shine.
Ni. I thank thee for that humour.
Fal. Of the did so course o're my exterior with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye, did seeme to searce me vp like a burning-glasse: here's another letter to her: She beares the Parre too: She is a Region in Guiana: all gold, and bountie: I will be Cheaste to them both, and they shall be Exchequers to mee: they shall be my East and West-indies, and I will trade to them both: Goe, beare thou this Letter to Misfris Page; and thou this to Misfris Ford: we will thrive (Lads) we will thrive.
Pyg. Shall I Sir Pandarvs of Troy become,
And by my side were Steele? then Luciuer take all.
Ni. I will not lose humour: here take the humor-Letter: I will keep the bountie of reputation.
Fal. Hold Sir, beare you these Letter s thrudly, Sake like my Punnas to these golden stores. Rogues, hence, auant, vanith like haile-stones; goe, Trudge; plod away till hitch: seeke thetcher, packe. Falsifs will learn the honor of the age, French-thirs, you Rogues, my selfe, and skirted Page.
Pyg. Let Vultures gripe thy guts: for gourd, and Fullam holds: & high and low beguilest the rich & poor, Teeter il leue in pouche when thou shalt lacke, Base Phygian Turk.
Ni. I have operations, Which be humors of revenge.
Pyg. Will thou revenge?
Ni. By Welkin, and her Star.
Pyg. With wit, or Steele?
Ni. With both the humors, I:
I will discourse the humour of this Loue to Ford.
Pyg. And to Page shall eke viufold
How Falsiffs (varlet yile)
His Doule will pronce; his gold will hold,
And hissoft couch defile.
Ni. My humour shall not coole: I will incense Ford to deal with payson: I will posefle him with yellow-nesse, for the refoolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour.
Pyg. Thou art the Mars of Malcontents: I second thee: troope on.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Mistrius Quickly, Simple, John Rugby, Dollar, Caius, Fenton.
Qu. What, John Rugby, I pray thee goe to the Cae- ment, and see if you can see my Master, Master Doctor Caius comming: if he doe (Thy faith) and finde any body in the house; here will be an old abuening of Gods patience, and the Kings English.
Ru. Ile goe watch.
Qu. Goe, and we'll have a posset for't toone at night, (in faith) at the latter end of a Sea-cole-fire. An honett, willing, kinde fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withall: and I warrant you, no tel-talk, nor no breede-rate: his worst fault is, that he is gugen to prayer; hee is something pecuis that way: but no body but has his fault: but let that passe. Peter Simple, you say your name is?

St. I: for fault of a better.
Qu. And Master Slender's your Master?
St. Norfooth.
Qu. Do's he not weare a great round Beard, like a Glouers pairing-knife?
St. No forfooth: he hath but a little wee-face: with a little yellow Beard: a Caine coloured Beard.
Qu. A lofty-sprighted man, is he not?
St. I forfooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head: he hath fought with a Warrener.
Qu. How say you, oh, I should remember him: do's he not hold up his head (as it were) and strut in his gate?
St. Yes indeed do's he.
Qu. Well, hesteuen send Anne Page, no worfe fortune; Tell Master Parfon Ennay, I will doe what I can for your Master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish——
Ru. Out alas, here comes my Master.
Qu. We shall all be shent: Run in here, good young man: goe into this Cisett: 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: and denne, denne, denweise, &c.
Qu. Vat is you fing? I do not like des-toyes: pray you goe and fetch mee in my Cloflet, vnbboxye vreede; a box, a greene-a-box I do intend vat I speake? a greenea-box.
Qu. I forsooth ile fetch it you;
I am glad hee went not in himselfe: if he had found the young man he would haue bin horne-mad.
Ca. Te fe fe fe, mafor, if fai for ehado, I'm noone I ave a Court Legant, and affaires.
Qu. Is his Sir?
Qu. Omyette le au mon pochet, de preech quickly,
Vere is dat knave Rugby?
Qu. What John Rugby, John?
Ru. Here Sir.
Qu. Ca. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby: Come, take-a-your Rapier, and come after my heele to the Court.
Ru. 'Tis ready Sir, here in the Porch.
Ca. By my trot: I tarry too long: od's-me: que aye omble: dere is some Simples in my Cloflet, dat I will not for the wold I shall leave behinde.
Qu. Ay-me, he'll finde the yong man there, & be mad.
Ca. O Doge, Doge: vat is in my Cloflet?
Villanie, La-roone: Rugby, my Rapier.
Qu. Good Master be content,
Ca. Wherefore shall I be content—a?
Qu. The yong man is an honett man.
Ca. What shall de honett man doe in my Cloflet: dere is no honett man dat shall come in my Cloflet,
Qu. I befeech you be not so flegmatice: heare the truth oft. He came of an errand to mee, from Parfon Hughs.
Ca. Vell.
Qu. I forsooth: to defire her to——
Qu. Peace, I pray you.
Ca. Peace-a-your congue: speake-a-your Tale.
St. To defire this honett Gentlewoman(your Maid) to speake a good word to Mistfris Anne Page, for my Master in the way of Marriage.
Qu. This is all indee-duc: but ile nere put my finger in the fire, and neede not.
Qui. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had bin throughly mowed, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy: but notwithstanding man, I doe you your Master what good ye can: and the no is, French Doctor my Master, (I may call him my Master, looke you, for I keepe his houle: and I wash, ring, brew, bake, sewe, dresse meat and drinke, make the beds, and doe all my cell.)

Sim. 'Tis a great charge to come vnder one bodies hand.

Qui. Are you a-mis'do'th at you shall finde it a great charge: and to be very zere, and downe later but notwithstanding, (so tell you in your eare, I wold have no words of it) my Master himselfe is in love with Missis Anne Page: but notwithstanding that, I know Ann mind, that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You, lack 'Nape: give 'a this Letter to Sir Hugh by gar, it is a challenge: I will cut his troat in de Parke, and I will teach a Scoury lack-a-nape Priest to meddle, or make: — you may be gon: it is not good you tarry here: by gar I will cut all his two fones: by gar, he shall not have a flower to throw at his dogge.

Qui. Als he speakes but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter's ver dat: do you tell me that I shall haue Anne Page for my cell? by gar, I will kill de Lack-Priest: and I haue appomted mine Hoft of de larence to measure our weapon: by gar, I wil my cell have Anne Page.

Qui. Sir, the mizd loues you, and all shal bee well: We muft giue folkes leave to prate: what is the good-ter.

Caius. Rugby, come to the Court with me: by gar, if I haue not Anne Page, I shall turne your head ouut of my dore: follow my hecles, Rugby.

Qui. You shall have Ann-lookes head of your owne: No, I know Ann mind for that: neuer a woman in Windfor knowes more of Ann mind then I doe, nor can doe more with doe with her, I thanke heauen.


Fen. How now(good woman) how doe thou Qui. The better that it pleases your good Worship to ask.

Fen. What newes? how do's pretty Missis Anne? Qui. In truth Sir, and shee is prettie, and honest, and gentle, and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praise heauen for it.

Fen. Shall I doe any good thinke thou? shall I not loose my fur? Qui. Troth Sir, all is in his hands about: but notwithstanding (Master Fenton) be fowne on a booke shee loues you: haue not your Worship a wart about your eye?

Fen. Yes marry haue I, what of that? Qui. Wel, thereby hang a tale: good faith, it is such another New; (but I detest) an honest maid as ever broke bread: wee had an howres talk of that war: I shall never laugh but in that maids company: but (indeed) she is given too much to Alcoholic and musing: but for you — well — goe too.

Fen. Well! I shall fee her to day: hold, there's money for thee: Let mee haue thy voice in my behalfe: if thou feele her before me, commende me.

Qui. Will I? I faith that wee will: And I will tell your Worship more of the War, the next time we have confidence, and of other wouers.

Fen. Well, fare-well, I am in great haste now.

Qui. Fare-well to your Worship: truly an honest Gentleman: but Anne loves him not: for I know Ann mind as well as another do's: out vpon't: what have I forgot.

Exit.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Missis Page, Mr. Ford, Master Page, Master Ford, Puffoll, Nim. Quickly, Holit, Shallow.

Miss. Page. What, have fead 'em Loue-letters in the holly day-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? let me fee?

Ask me no reason why I love you, for though Loue is Reason for his precision, bee adimit him not for his companion: you are not young, no more am I: goe to then, there's simpathy: you are merry, so am I: ha, ba, then there's more simpathy: you love jacks, and so do I: would you desire better simpathy? Let it suffice thee (Missis Page) at the least of the Loue of Soldier can suffice, that I love thee: I will not say pitty mee, 'tis not a Soldier-like phrase: but I say, love me:

By thee, thine own true Knight, by day or night: Or any kind of light, with all his might: For thee to live: John Falstaff.

What a Flead of Love is this? O wicked, wicked world: One that is well-nye worn to pieces with age To shoue himselfe a yong Gallant! What an unwaied Behaviour hath this Flemifh drunkard picks (with The Deuils name) out of my concuption, that he dares In this manner assay me? why, hee hath not beene thrice In my Company: what shal I say to him? I was then Frugal of my mirth: (heauen forgive mee:) why Ile Exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting downe of men: how shal I be rebueld' on him? for rebueld' I will be? as lute as his guts are made of puddings.

Mr. Ford. Missis Page, trust mee, I was going to your house.

Miss. Page. And trust mee, I was comming to you: you looke very ill.

Mr. Ford. Nay, I lerne beleee that: I haue to shew to the contrary.

Miss. Page. 'Faith but you doe in my minde,

Mr. Ford. Well: I doe then: yet I say, I could shew you to the contrary: O Missis Page, giue mee some countaile.

Miss. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mr. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trilling resped, I could come to such honour.

Miss. Page. Hang the trifle (woman) take the honour: what is it? dispence with trifles: what is it?

Mr. Ford. If I would but goe to hell, for an eternall moment, or fo: I could be knighted.

Miss. Page. What thou liest? Sir Alice Ford? these Knights will hacke, and so thou shoulft not alter the article of thy Gentry.

Mr. Ford. Wee burne day-light: heere, read, read: perece how I might bee knighted, I shall thinke the worke of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of mens liking: and yet bee would not sweare; praise
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Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs so greatly, comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twain. Brother of thy Letter: but let thine inherit first, so I procure mine nearer that I warrant he hath a thousand of these. Letts, writ with blanke-space for different names (furc more): and these are of the second edition; hee will print them out of doubt: for he cares not what hee puts into the preffe, where he would put vs two: I had rather be a Giantesse, and lye under Mount Pelion: Well; I will find you twenty lascivious Turtles ere one chaffe man.

Mf. Ford. Why is this the very time: the very hand: the very words: what doth he think of vs?

Mf. Page. Nisy I know not: it makes me almost readie to wrangle with mine own honesty: I entertaine my selfe like one that I am not acquainted withall: for therewithhee hee knowes me straine in me: that I know not onely, hee would have boarded me in this furie.


Mf. Page. So will I: if hee come under my hatches, I need not to Sea againe: Lett's bee reueng'd on him: letts appoint him a meeting: give him a howf of comfort in his Suit, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till hee hath pawn'd his horries to mine Host of the Garter.

Mf. Ford. Nay, I will content to set any villany against him, that may not fully the charinelle of our honesty: oh that my husband saw this Letter: it would glie eternal Fool to his icaleouf.

Mf. Page. Why look where he comes; and my good man too: hee's as farre from icaleouf, as I am from gling him caule, and that (I hope) is an unmoveable distance.

Mf. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mf. Page. Lett's confute together against this grease Knight: Come hither.

Ford. Well: I hope, it be not so.

Page. Hope is a cuss'full-dog in some affaires:
Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why fir, my wife is not young.

Page. He wooces both high and low, both rich & poor, both yong and old, one with another (Ford) he loues the Gally-mawify Ford preprend.

Ford. Loue my wife?

Page. With liuer, burning hot: preuent: Or goe thou like Sir Alec he, with Ring-wood at thy heedes: Odious is the name.

Ford. What name Sir?

Page. The horne I say; Farewell: Take heed, have open eye, for thecues doe foot by night, Take heed, etc. Commer comes, or Cuckoo-birds do sing.

Away for Corp prall Nim:
Believe it (Page) he speaks fence.

Ford. I will be patient: I will find out this.

Nim. And this is true: I like not the humor offlying: hee hath wronged mee in some humors: I should have borne the humour'd Letter to her: but I have a sword: and it shall bite upon my necessitie: hee loues your wife; There's the short: and the long: My name is Corporall Nim: I speak, and I doe: I am in truth: my name is Nim: andFalstaff louses your wife: shew me, loe I loue not the humour of bad and cadet: aide.

Page. The humour of it (questh'a?): here's a fellow frights English out of his wits.

Ford. I will fecke out Falstaff.

Page. I neer heard such a drawing-affecting rogue.

Ford. If I doe finde it: well.

Page. I will not beleue such a Catanian, though the Prieff o'th'Towne commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good fenfible fellow: well.

Page. How now Meg?


Ford. I melancholy? I am not melancholy:
Get you home; goe.

Mf. Ford. Faith, thou haft some crokeths in thy head, Now: will you goe, Miftr Page?


Page. George? Looke who comes yonder; thee shall bee our Mellenger to this politic Knight.

Mf. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her; she'll fit it.

Mf. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Ford. Trust me, and I pray how do's good Mistrefse Anne?

Mf. Page. Go in with vs and see: we haue an heares talke with you.

Page. How now Master Ford?

Ford. For you heard what this knawe told me, did you not?

Page. Yes, and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Doe you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang'em flaus: I doe not think the Knight would offer it: But these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a ysoke of his disordered men: very tyrages, now they be out of feruce.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry were they.

Ford. I like it neuer the better for that.

Page. I trist that he: if hee should intend this voya-arge toward my wife, I would turne her looef to him: and what bee gets more of her, then sharpe words, let it lyce on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife: but I would bee loath to turne them together: a man may be too confi- dent: I would have nothing lyce on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Looke where my ranting-Hoft of the Garter comes: there is eyther liquet in his pate, or mony in his purfe, when hee looks so merilly: How now mine Host?


Shal. I follow, (mine Host) I follow: Good-euen, and twenty (good Master Page). MasterPage, wilt you go with us? we haue sport in hand.


Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, betwixt Sir Hugh the Welsh Priest, and Caine the French Doctor.

Ford. Good
Ford. Good mine Hoft o' th'Garter: a word with you.

Hoft. What faith thou, my B Billy-Rooke?

Shal. Will you goe with me to behold it? My merry Hoft hath had the measuring of their weapons; and (I thinke) hath appointed them contrary places; for (beleeue mee,) I hearre the farron is no fletter, barke, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Hoft. Thoou no fuit againe my Knight, my gust-Canterie?

Shal. None, I proceed: but Ile give you a potte of burn'd cafe, to give me recource to him, and tell him my name is Brome: onely for a reft.

Hoft. My hand, (Bully;) thou fhalt have egrette and regrette, (said I well?) and thy name fhall be Brome. Is it a merry Knight: will you goe An-heires?

Shal. Haue with you mine Hoft.

Page. I haue heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his Rapier.

Shal. Tut tir: i could haue told you more: in these times you fland on fadance your Pages, Stroccado's, and I know not what: 'tis the heart (Master Page)'tis here, 'tis here: I haue fene the time, with the Jongward, I would have you made fowre call fellows skippke like Rattes.

Hoft. Here be boyes, here, here, shall we wag?

Page. Haue with you: I had rather heare them fould, then fight.

Ford. Though Page be a secure foole, and flands fo firmly on his wines frailty: yet, I cannot put off my opinion fo easily: fhe was in his company at Sages house: and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will looke further into's, and I have a disguise to found Falstaffe; if I finde her honeft, I looke not my labors; if the be other-wise, 'tis labour well bestowed.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

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

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pitt. Why then the world's mine Oyter, which I, with sword will open.

Fal. Nea penny: I haue been content (Sir,) you should lay my countenance to pawn: you have grater vp, on my good friends for three Repreuces for you, and your Coach-fellow Nim: or elfe you had look'd through the grate, like a Gemini of Baboones: I am damnd in hell, for fwearinge to Gentlemens my friends, you were good Souldiers, and tall-fellowes. And when Miftrefte Briggs left the handle of her Pan, I took vp mine honor, thou had ft not.

Pitt. Didft not thou share: hadft thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reson, you rogue, reason: thouft thou like to endanger my foule, gratis! a word, hang no more about mee, I am no gibbet for you: goe, a thready knife, and a throyng, to your Ma[nor] of Pock-batch: goe, you'll not beare a Letter for mee you rogue? you ftrand upon your honor: why, (thou unconfi'nable halenette) it is as much as I can doe to keepe the terms of my honoron: the left hand, and hiding mine honor in my necellity, am faine to fhuflle: to hedge, and to lurch, and yet, you rogue, will enflonce your ragees: your Cat-a-Mountain-lookes, your red-lattice phrares, and your bold-beating-oatles, under the flietner of your honor? you will not doe it you?


Fal. Let her approach.

Qui. Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Good-morrows, good-wife.

Qui. Not fo and't pleafe your worship.

Fal. Good maid then.

Qui. Ile be fwayne,

As my mother was the fifth houre I was borne.

Fal. I doe beleue the fwerer; what with mee?

Qui. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word, or two?

Fal. Two thousand (faire woman) and ile voucheafe thee the hearing.

Qui. There's one Miftrefte Ford, (Sir) I pray come a little nearer this waiues: I may felle dwell with M.Doctor Cane:

Fal. Well on: Miftrefte Ford, you say.

Qui. Your worship faires very true; I pray your worship come a little nearer this waiues.

Fal. I warrant thee, no-body heares: mine owne people, mine owne people.

Qui. Are they fo? heauen-blesse them, and make them his Seruants.

Fal. Well; Miftrefte Ford, what of her?

Qui. Why, Sir; fie's a good-creature; Lord, Lord, your Worphip's a wanton; well; heauen forgive you, and all of vs, I pray——


Qui. Mary this is the short, and the long of it: you haue brought her into fuch a Caraerie, as 'tis wonderfull: the bell Courtaire of them all (when the Court lay at Winoer) could never haue brought her to fuch a Cararie: yet there has beene Knights, and Lords, and Gentlemen, with their Coaches, I warrant you Coach after Coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, inn'ellef to sweetly; all Muske, and so ruffling, I warrant you, in flake and golde, and in fuch alligant terms, and in fuch wine and luger of the befet, and the faireft, that would haue wonne any womenes heart: and I warrant you, they could never get an eye-winke of her; I had my felle twentie Angles given me this morning, but I deffe all Angles (in any fuch fort, as they fay) but in the waye of honesty; and I warrant you, they could never get her fo much as fippe on a cup with the prow deft of them all, and yet there has beene Earles, ray, (which is more) Petitions, but I warrant you all one is with her.


Qui. Marty, the hath receiued your Letter: for the which the thankes you: a thousand times; and the glues you to notify, that her husband will be abience from his house, to wee thee in eleuen.

Fal. Ten, and eleuen.

Qui. Lookforth: and then you may come and fee the picture (the fayer) that you wot of: Miftrefte Ford her husband will be from home: alas, the sweet woman leads an ill life with him: she's a very laouloue-man, she leads a very frampold life with him, (good hart.)

Fal. Ten, and eleuen.
Woman, command me to her, I will not faile her.

Qst. Why, you pay well: But I have another messenger to your worship: Mistress Page hath her heartie commendations to you: and let me tell you in my care, there's as fair a modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not misse you morning nor evening prayer, as any in Windsor, who are bethe other: and shee bade me tell you your worship, that her husband is feldone from home, but the hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so doate upon a man; surely I think you have charmes, I say, true in heart.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charmes.

Pur. Bleffing on your heart for't.

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

Qst. That were a left indeed: they have not so little grace I hope, that were a trick indeed: But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little Page of all loves: her husband has a marvellous affectio to the little Page: and truly Master Page is an honest man: never a wife in Windsor ledes a better life then the Page: do you think will say what the Page, take all, pay so and so when the life, rise when the life, all is as the will: and truly the Page desires it; for if there be a boine woman in Windsor, she is one: you must send her your Page, no remedy.

Wal. Why, will I.

Qst. Nay, but doe so then, and looke you, hee may come and gue betweene you both: and in any case haue a nay-word, that you may know one anotheres mindes, and the Boy neuer neede to vnderstand any thing: for 'tis no good that children should know any wickednes olde folkes you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Farethee-well, commende me to them both: there's my purse, I am yet thy debtor: Boy, goe along with this woman, this newes diffraet me.

Pur. This Punch is one of Copps Carriers, Chip on more faile, pursue with your fights: Give fire: she is my prize, or Ocean whelme them all.

Fal. Safft thou to (old fate) gothy waightes: He make more of thy olde body then I have done: well they yet looke after thee: will thou after the expence of so much money be now a gainer? good Body, I thanke thee: let them say tis grostly done, let it bee faire done, no matter.

Bar. Sir John, there's one Master Broome below would faine speake with you, and be acquainted with you: and haft sent your worship a mornings draught of Sacke.

Fal. Broome is his name?

Bar. I Sir.

Fal. Call him in: such Broome are welcome to mee, that are flowes such liquor: shes, Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, have I encompass'd you? goe to, viva.

Ford. Bleffe you Sir.

Fal. And you Sir, would you speake with me?

Ford. I make bold, to preffe, with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome, what's your will? give vs leaue to drawer.

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

Fal. Good Master Broome, I defire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir John, I fute for yours: not to charge you, for I must let you understand, I thinke my felfe in better plight for a Lender, then you are: the which hath something embroided me to this vnfeation'd intimation: for they lay, if money goe before, all waies doe lye open.

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

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here trouble me: if you will help to beare it (Sir John) take all, or halfe, for eating me of the carriage.

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

Ford. I will tell you Sir, if you will giue mee the hearing.

Fal. Speake (good Master Broome) I shall be glad to be your Seruante.

Ford. Sir, I heare you are a Scholler: (I will be briefe with you) and you have been a man long knowne to me, though I had neuer so good means as defire, to make my felle acquainted with you. I shall discouer a thing to you, wherein I muft very much lay open mine owne imperfection: but (good Sir John) as you have one eye vp on my follies, as you heare them unfolded, turne another into the Register of your owne, that I may paffe with a reproach the easier, fith you your felle know how eftatic 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 loud her, and I protest to you, befowed much on her: followed her with a doating obfervance: Ingro'd opportunities to meete her: fected early flight occasion that could but nigardly giue mee flight of her: not only bought many prelents to giue her, but have giuen largely to many, to know what thee would have giuen: briefly, I have purfued her, as Love 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 meanes, mee I am sure I have received none, vnlee Experience be a lewell, that I have purchas'd at an infinite rate, and that hath taught mee to say this, "Love like a shadow flies, when first alone Love pursueth, Pursuith that that flies, and flying what pursueth."

Fal. Have you recei'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Neuer.

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

Ford. Neuer.

Fal. Of what qualitte was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair house, built on another mans ground, so that I have loft my edifice, by misfaking 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 fay, that though the appeare honeft to mee, yet in other places thee enlarges her minde to farre, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now (Sir John) here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allow'd for your many warlike, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O Sir.

Ford. Beleeue it, for you know it: there is money, spend it, spend it, spend more; spend all I have, only give.
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give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: were your Art of wooing: a woman to content you with? if any man may you may as fome as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Me-thinks you preferre to your felfe very preposterously.

Ford. O, under my drift: if dwells so securely upon the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my foule dares not pretend it felle: thee is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand: my defires had instance and argument to commend themself, 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 strongly embattail against me: what say you too, Sir John?

Fal. Master Broome, I will ftrift make bold with your money: next, give mee your hand: and if, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good Sir.

Fal. I fay you shall.

Ford. Want no money (Sir John) you shall want none.

Fal. Want no Master (Fale Master Broome) you shall want none: I shall be with her (I may tell you) by her owne appointment, even as you came in to me, her afflict, or goe-beetweene, parted from me: I fay I shall be with her betweene ten and eleuen: for at that time the jealous-rascally-knave her husband will be forth: come you to me at night, you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am atfie in your acquaintance: do you know Ford Sir?

Fal. Hang him (poore Cuckoldly-knave) I know him not: yet I wrong him to call him poore: They lay the tealous witty-knave hath maffes of money, for the which his wife feemes to me well-faunour: I will vie her at the key of the Cuckoldly-rogues Coffere, &c's of my honest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might a-avoid him, if you favfe him.

Fal. Hang him: he shall be anathematic-fait-butter-rogue, I will scare him out of his wit: I will save-him with my cud-gell: I shall hang like a Meteor or the Cuckolds horns, Master Broome, thou shalt know, I will predominat e-ouer the pezent, and thou shalt lyce with his wife. Come to me foone at night: Ford's knave, and I will aggriate his ftile; thou (Master Broome) shalt know him for knave, and Cuckold. Come to me foone at night.

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurian-Raftell is this? my heart is ready to cramp with impatience: who fakes this is imprudont jealoufie? my wife hath fend to him, the howere is fite, the match is made: would any man have thought this? fee the hell of having a falle woman: my bed shall be abus'd, my Coffers ranlack'd, my reputa-tion gnamne ar, and I fhall not oneely receive this villanous wrong, but hand vnder the adption of abominable terms, and by him that does mee this wrong: Terms, names: Amendment sounds well: Lucref, well: Barbarifes, well: yet they are Diuels additions, the names of friends: But Cuckold, Wittoll, Cuckold? the Diuell himselfe hath not fuch a name. Page is an Allie, a Secure Allie; he will truft his wife, hee will not bejealous: I will rather truft a Fleming with my butter, Parfon Hugh the Weft- man with my Cheef, an Irish-man with my Aqua-vite-bottle, or a Theefe to walke my ambling gelding, then my wife with her felle. Then the plots, then fiee rumi-
tates, then fiee duifes: and what they thinke in their hearts they may effect: they will breake their hearts but they will effect. Heauen bee praif'd for my jealoufie: eleuen o' clocke the howere, I will prevent this, detect my wife, bee receung'd on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it, better three hours too fone, then a my-nure too late: fee, fee, &c Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.


Ruff. Sir.

Caife. Vat is the clocke, Tacke.

Ruff. 'Tis paft the howre (Sir) that Sir Hugh promis'd to meet.

Caife. By gar, he has faue his foule,dat he is no-come: hee hath prays his Pible well, dat he is no-come: by Gar (Jack Ruffe) he is dead already, if he be come.

Ruff. Sir. Hee knew your worship would kill him if he came.

Caife. By gar, he de herring is no dead, so I will kill him: take your Rapiere, (Jacke) I will tell you how I will kill him.

Ruff. Alas fir, I cannot fence.

Caife. Villanie, take your Rapiere.

Ruff. Forbeare: hear's company.

Hof. Bleffe thee, bully-Doctrine.

Shal. 'Sauy you Mr. Doctrine Caife.

Page. Now good Mr. Doctrine.

Sten. 'Cius you good-morrow, sir.

Caife. Vat be all you one, two,tree, fowre, come for?

Hof. To fee thee fight, to fee thee foigne, to fee thee trauere, to fee thee heere, to fee thee there, to fee thee pafic thy puno, thy block, thy reuerie, thy diftance, thy monatice: is he dead, my Ethiopian I is he dead, my Francisco? ha-Bully, what fakes my Efpalupine? my Galantemy heart of Elder? ha? is he dead bully-Stale? is he dead?

Caife. By gar, he is de Coward-lick-Prief of de world: he is not thow his face.

Hof. Thou art a Cufation-king, Vrinall: Helior of Greece (my Boy)

Caife. I pray you beere winnelfe, that me haue flay, fixe or feuen, two tree howres for him, and hee is no-come.

Shal. He is the wifer man (M. Doctrine) he is a curer of foules, and you a curer of bodies: if you shoul fight, you goe against the haire of your professions: is it not true, Master Page?

Page. Master Shalnow; you haue your felfe beard a great figher, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-kifs M. Page, though I now be old, and of the peace; if I fee a very cut, my finger itches to make one: though we are fufcices, and Doctors, and Church-men (M. Page) wee have some falt of our youth in vs, we are the fons of women (M. Page.)

Page. 'Tis true, Mr. Shalnow.

Shal. It will be found fo, (M. Page) M. Doctrine Caife, I am come to fetch you home: I am (worn of the peace: you have thow'd your felfe a wife Physician, and Sir Hugh hath showne himfelfe a wife and patient Church-man: you must goe with me, M. Doctrine.

Hof. Par-
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Cai. Mock-wafer? what is that?
Hoft. Mock-wafer, in our English tongue, is Valour (Bully).
Cai. By gar, then I haue as much Mock-wafer as de Englishman: feurty.Jack-dog-Priest: by gar, me vill cut his eares.
Hoft. He will Clapper-claw thee tightly (Bully).
Cai. Clapper-de-claw? what is that?
Hoft. That is, he will make thee amends.
Cai. By-gar, me doe looke hee shall clapper-de-claw me, for by-gar, me vill have it.
Hoft. And I will prome he to' t, or let him wag.
Cai. Me tanke you for dat.
Hoft. And moreover (Bully) but first, Mr. Gheuffe, and M. Page, & ceeke Caualer Slenor, goo you through the Towne to Frogmore.

Enter Hoft, Sir葫gh, Sim. Cai.

Page. Sir葫gh is there, is he?
Hoft. He is there, fee what humor he is in: and I will bring the Doctor about by the Fields: will it doe well?
Shal. We will doe it.
All. Adieu, good M. Doctor.
Cai. By-gar, me vill kill de Priest, for he speake for a lack-an-Ape to Anne Page.

Hoft. Let him diet, that he may imperiphe: throw cold water on thy Choller: goo about the fields with me through Frogmore, I will bring thee where Miftis Anne Page is, at a Farm-houfe a Feasting: and thou shalt woe her: Crude-game, said I well?
Cai. By-gar, mee dancke you vor dat: by gar I love you: and I shall procure 'ya de good Gueth de Esle, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentleman, my patients.
Hoft. For the which, I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page: said I well?
Cai. By-gar, 'tis good; well said.
Hoft. Let vs wag then.
Cai. Come at my hecles, Lacke-Ragley.

Exit.

Index Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Emans, Simple, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoft, Cai., Ragley.

Emans. I pray you now, good Mafter Slenors fennentman, and friend Simple by your name; which way haue you look'd for Mafter Cai? that calls himfelfe Doctor of Phisfickes.
Sim. marry Sir, the pitte-ward, the Parke-ward: every way: olde Windfor way, and every way but the Towne-way.

Emans. I moft vehemently defire you, you will also looke at that way.
Sim. I will fir.
Emans. 'Pleffe my foule: how full of Chollors I am, and trembling of minde! shall be glad if he have deceived me: how melancholies I am? I will know his Virnals about his knaes oftard, when I haue good opportunities for the orle. 'Pleffe my foule: To Shallow Rixers to toffe falls: melodious Birds fongs Madrigalls: There will we make our Pells of Refet: and a fountain fragrant poife. To Shal low: 'Mercie on mee, I haue a great depositions to cry.

Metaphora birds sing Madrigalls: — When as I sat in Pab lons: and a thousand up-grown Felles To Shallow, &c.
Sim. Yonder he is comming, this way, Sir葫gh.
Emans. Hee's welcome: To Shallow Rixers, to whose falls: Heauen prosperity the right: what weapons is he?
Sim. No weapons, Sir; there comes my Mafter, Mr. Shallow, and another Gentleman: from Frogmore, over the fille, this way.

Emans. Pray you give mee my gowne, or else keepe it in your armes.
Shal. How now Mafter Parfon? good morrow good Sir葫gh: keep a Gamester from the dice, and a good Student from his booke, and it is wonderfull.
Sim. Ah sweet Anne Page.
Page. 'Sauze you, good Sir葫gh.
Emans. 'Pleffe you from his mercy-fake, all of you.
Shal. What is the Sword, and the Word? Do you thudy them both, Mr. Parfon?
Page. And youthfull fyll, in your doubts and hope, this rav-runaticke day?
Emans. There is realions, and caufes for it.
Page. We are come to you, to doe a good office, Mr. Parfon.
Emans. Fery-well: what is it?
Page. Yonder is a moft reuerent Gentleman; who (be-like) having receaved wrong by some perfon, is at moft odds with his owne grauity and patience, that euer you law.
Shal. I haue lued four-score yeeres, and upward: I never heard a man of his place, grauity, and learning, so wide of his owne respect.
Emans. What is he?
Page. I thinke you know him: Mr. Doctor Cain the renowned French Physician.
Emans. Got's-will, and his passion of my heart: I had at fieve you would tell me of a melle of porridge.
Page. Why?
Emans. He has no more knowledge in Hiberates and Guler, and hee is a knaue befdies: a cowardly knaue, as you would desires to be acquaiuated withall.
Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Sim. Of new Anne Page.
Shal. It appeares fo by his weapons: keep them a-funder: here comes Doctor Cain.
Page. Nay good Mr. Parfon, keep in your weapon.
Shal. So doe you, good Mr. Doctor.
Hoft. Disarme them, and let them queefion: let them keep their limbs whole, and hack on English.
Cai. I pray you let-a-mee speake a word with your eare; wherefore will you not meet-a me?
Emans. Pray you vfe your patience in good time.
Cai. By-gar, you are de Coward: de Lack dog: John Ape.

Emans. Pray you let vs not be laughing-flocks to other mens humors: I defeire you in friendhip, and I will one way or other make you amends: I will knog your Virnal about your knaes Cogs-combe.

Emans. 'Diddle: Lack Ragley: mine Hoft de lartere: hate I not fray for him, to kill him? hate I not at de place I did appeare?

Emans. At I am a Chrifians-foule, now looke you: this is the place appointed, Ie be judgement by mine Hoft of the Garter.

Scena Secunda.


Mist. Page. Nay keep your way (little Gallant) you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a Leader: whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your masters heels?

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

M. Pat. O you are a flattering boy, now I see you'll be a Ford. We'll meet mistress Page, whether you go.

M. Pat. Truly Sir, to see your wife, it's the home? Ford. I, and as idle as the may hang together for want of company: I think if your husbands were dead, you two would burn.

M. Pat. Be sure of that, two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-coke?

M. Pat. I cannot tell what (the dioces) his name is my husband had him of, what do you call your Knights name. Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Sir John Falstaff. (Brahah?)

M. Pat. He, he, he, I can never his name's; there is such a league between my gentleman, and he: is your wife at Ford. Indeed she is. (home indeed?)

M. Pat. By your leave Sir, I am sick till I see her.

Ford. Has Page any brains? Hath he any eyes? Hath he any thinking? Sure they sleep, he hath no science of them: why this boy will carry a letter twenty mile as easie, as a Canon will floor point-blanke twelve foare: here pieces out his virtues inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, & Falstaff boy with her: A man may hear this shone faie in the winde; and Falstaff boy with her: good plots, they are laide, and our resolued wiles share damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed vaile of modestie from the foolish Mist. Page, divulge Page himselfe for a secure and willfull Atten, and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry alme. The clocke gives me my Qu. and my affurance bids me search, there I shall finde Falstaff: I shall be rather pray'd for this, then mack'd, for it is as politique, as the earth it firme, that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Shal. Page & Co. Well met Mr. Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knott: I have good cheere at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse my self Mr. Ford. Slen. And so must I Sir, we have appointed to dine with Mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more mony. Then Ile speake of,

Shal. We have linger'd about a match betweene An Page, and my cozen Slenor, and this day wee shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope I have your good will Father Page. Pag. You have Mr. Slenor, I stand wholly for you, but my wife (Mr. Doctor) is for you altogether.

Cai. I be-gar, and de Maid is loue-aime: my nurfh-a. Quickly tell me to muth.

Hoft. What say you to yeong Mr. Fenton? He capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth: he writes versies, he speakes holiday, he fees April and May, he will carry, he will carry, 'tis in his buttens, he will carry.

Page. Not by my consent I promisse you. The Gentleman is of no hauing, hee kept companie with the wilde Prince, and Points: he is of too high a Region, he knows too much; no, hee shall not knitt a knot in his fortunes, with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simpyly: the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you heartily, some of you goe home with me to dinner: besides your cheere you shall have sport, I will shew you a monster: Mr. Doctor, you shall go, I shall shew you Mr. Page, and you Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well!

We shall haue the freer woing at Mr. Page.

Cai. Go home John Ruby, I come anon.

Hoft. Farewell my heires, I will to my honnest Knight Falstaff, and drinke Canarie with him.


All. Haue with you, to see this Monster.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir J. Ford, M. Page, Serments, Robin, Falstaffe, Ford, Page, Cains, Evans.


M. Page. Quickly, quickly: Is the Buck-basket?


M. Page. Come, come, come.

Mist. Ford. Here, set it donw.

M. Pag. Give your men the charge, we must be briefe. (M. Ford, Marrie, as I told you before (John & Robert) be ready here hard-by in the Brewhouse, & when I do- dainly call you, come forth, and (without any pause, or flaggering take this basket on your shoulders: y done, trudge with it in all hafe, and carry it among the Whittlers in Dutcher Mead, and there empty it in the muddie ditch, close by the Thames side.

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

M. Ford. I ha told them outer and outer, they lacke no
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

M. Page. Here comes little Robin. (with you?)

M. Ford. How now my Eyas-Musket, what newes
Rob. My, M. Sir, John is come in at your backe doore
(M. Ford, and requets your company,
M. Page. You little Jack-a-lent, haue you bin true to vs
Rob. I, He be (worne) my Master knowes not of your being here; and hath threatned to put me into couter-fling liberty, if I tell you of it; for he feares he'll tumne me away.

M. Page. Thou'rt a good boy: this secrecy of shine
shall be a Tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. I'll go hide me.

M. Ford. Do so; I tell thy Master, I am alone: Mi-
-fris Page, rememner you: Mis.
-mist Page, I warrant thee, if I do not a't, lisse me.

M. Ford. Go-you then: we're this vworlome humdrum, this grele- watry Pumpion; we'll teach him to know Turtles from Layets.

Fal. Hour I caught thee, my heavenly Jewell: Why now let me die, for I have list'd long enough: This is the period of my ambition: This blessed houre.


Fal. Miffirs Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate (Miff. Ford) now shall I fin in my wills; I would thy Husband were dead, I'd speake it before the beft Lord, I would make thee my Lady.

M. Ford. If your Lady Sir John? Alas, I should bee a pittifull Lady.

Fal. Let the Court of France shew me such another: I fee how thin eue would emulatte the Diamond: Thou haft the right arched-beauty of the brow, that becomes the Ship-tyre, the Tyr-vaillant, or any Tire of Venetian admirable.

M. Page. A plaine Kerchief, Sir John:
My browes become nothing else, nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to fay fo: thou wouldst make an abolute Courtier, and the firme fixture of thy ffoore, would giue an excellent motion to thy gate, in a femicircled Farthingale. I fee what thou wert if Fortune thy foe, were not Nature thy friend: Come, thou canft not hide it.

M. Ford. Beleeue me, that's no fuch thing in me.

Fal. What made me looee thee? Let that perflade thee, There's fomething extraordinary in thee: Come, I cannot cog, and fay thou art this and that, like a manie of thefe lipping-hauorntue buds, that come like women in mens apparrill, and fmiell like. Bucklers-berry in fimp-
tle time: I cannot, but I looee thee, none but thee; and thou deflern't it.

M. Ford. Do not betrayed me fir, I fear you lose M. Page.

Thou mightft as well fay, I looee to walke by the Counter-gate, which is as hatefull to me, as the recke of a Line-kill.

M. Ford. Well, heauen knows how I looee you, And you shall one day finde it.

Fal. Keepe in that minde, I'll deferve it.

M. Ford. Nay, I muft tell you, fo you doe;
Or elfe I could not be in that minde.

Rob. Miftris Ford, Miftris Ford: here's Miftris Page at the doore, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildey, and would needs speake with you pretently.

Fal. She shall not fee me, I will enconceme behinde the Arras.

M. Ford. Pray you do fo, she's a very tating woman, What's the matter? How now?

M. Ford. O misftris Ford what hace you done?
You'rt blame'd, y're outthrowne, y're vndone for euer.

M. Ford. What's the matter, good misftris Page?

M. Page. O wealady misftris Ford, hauing an honeft man to your husband, to giue him fuch caufe of sulphition,

M. Ford. What caufe of sulphition?

M. Page. What caufe of sulphition? Out upon you:
How am I millookie in you?

M. Ford. Why (alas) what's the matter?

M. Page. Your gentleman's comming hether (Woman) with all the Officers in Windsor, to search for a Gentle-
man, that he fayes is here now in the houfe; by your content to take an ill advantage of his abfence; you are vndone.

M. Ford. 'Tis not fo, I hope.

M. Page. Pray heauen it be not fo, that you hace fuch a man heere; but 'tis moft ceraine your husband's com-
ming, with halfe Windsor at his heelles, to fearch for fuch a one, I come before to tell you: If you know your felfe cleere, why I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, conuye, conuye him out, Be not amaz'd, call all your fefes to, defend your reputation, or bid farwell to your good life foreuer.

M. Ford. What shall I do? There is a Gentleman my deere friend: and I feare not mine owne ftame fo much, as his pertil. I had rather then a thousand pound he were out of the houfe.

M. Ford. For flame, neuer fland (you had rather, and you had rather,) your husband's heere at hand, bethink you of your conjunc: in the houfe you cannot hide him. Oh, how have you deceu'd me? Look e, here's a bakes, if he be of any reafonable fixtture, he may crepe in heere, and throw fowle linnen vpon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or it is whiting time, 'tis him by your two men to Datchet-Mead.

M. Ford. He's too big to go in there: what shall I do?

Fal. Let me fee's, let me fee's, O let me see's: I'll in, I'll in : follow your friends counsell, I'll in.

M. Page. What Sir John Eafiallfe? Are thee of her Letters, Knight?

Fal. I louee thee, helpe me away: let me crepe in heere: i le neuer—

M. Page. Helpe to cover your maffer (Boy:) Call your mene (Miff. Ford.) You disembling Knight.

M. Ford. What John, Robert, John; Go, take vp theef cloathes heere, quickly: Where's the Cowle-flappe? Look how you drumble? Carry them to the Landrefle in Dach-
ett mead, quickly, come.

Ford. Pray you come nereif I fufpect without caufe, Then why make sport at me, then let me be your iff, I deferve it: How now? Whether beare you this?

Ser. To the Landrefle forfooth?

M. Ford. Why, what hace you to doe whether they beare it? You were beet meddle with buck-wafhing.

Ford. Bucke I would I could waft my felfe of bucke: Bucke, bucke, bucke, I waft you Bucke, And of the feafton too i thall appear.

Gentlemen, I have dreame d'night, Ile tell you my dreame: heere, heere, heere bee my keyes, affayd my Chambers, search, seek, finde out: Ile warrant wee'll vnkennell the Fox. Let me ftop this way firft: fo nowe.

Page. Good mafter Ford, be contented:
You wrong your felfe too much,
Ford. True (maffe Page) vp Gentlemen,
You shall fee sport anon:
Scena Quarta.

Enter Fenton, Anne, Page, Shalloon, Slender.

Quickly, Page, Miss, Page.

Fon. I see I cannot get thy Fathers love; therefore no more turne meto him (sweet Nan.)

Anne. Alas, how then?

Fon. Why thou must be thy selfe.

He doth object, I am too great of birth,

And that my state being gald with my expence,

I feke to heale it onely by his wealth.

Belides thefe, other bairnes he lays before me;

My Riots past, my wild Societies,

And tells me 'tis a thing impossible.

I should loue thee, but as a propriety.

An. May be he tells you true.

No, heaven to speed me in my time to come,

Albeit I will confede, thy Fathers wealth

Was the first motiue that I could thee (Anon.)

Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more value

Then Hampes in Gold, or fummes in fealded bagges:

And 'tis the very riches of thy selfe,

That now I syne at.

An. Gentle M. Fenton,

Yet fecke my Father's love, still fecke it for,

If opportunity and humble life

Cannot attaine it, why then haue you bether.

Shal. Break thefe talke M. Quickly.

My Kindman shall speak for himself.

Slon. He make a flatter or a bolt on till'd, tis but ventu-

Shal. Benord diminish.

Slon. No, the shall not dismay me:

I care not for that, but that I am afford.

Qu. Hak ye, M. Slender would speak a word with you.

An. I come to him. This is my Fathers choice:

O what a world of vilde ill-f Natur'd faults

Lookes handfome in three hundred pounds a yeare?

Qui. And how do's good Mafter Fenton?

Pray you a word with you.

Shal. Shee's comming; to her Coz:

O boy, thou hadst a father.

Shal. I had a father (At An) my vnclle can tell you good

lefts of him I pray you Vnclle tell Mift. Anne the ielt how

my Father forle two Geefe out of a Pen, good Vnckle.

Shal. Miffirs Anne, my Cozen loves you.

Slon. I that do, as well as I love any woman in Glo-

ercfuir.

Shal. He will maintaine you like a Gentlwoman.

Slon. I that will, come cut and long-tailes, under the
degree of a Squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fiftie pounds ioynure.

Anne. Good Mafter Shalloon let him woo for himselfe.

Shal. Marie I thanke you for it: I thank you for that
good comfort: the calls you (Coz) Icle leave you.

Anne. Now Mafter Slender.

Shal. Now good Miffirs Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Shal. My will? Odd's-hart-lings, that's a prettie

left indeede: I me're made my Will yet (I thank Hea-

I am not such a tickely creature, I glue Heauen

praise.

E 2
Anne. I mean (M. Stender) what would you with me?  
Slen. Truly, for mine owne part, I would little or nothing with you: your father and my uncle hate made motions: if it be my buckle, if not, happy man be his dole, they can tell you how things go, better then I can: you may ask your father, here he comes.  
Page. Now Mr. Stender! Loue him daughter Anne.  
Why how now? What does Mr. Fester here?  
You wrong me Sir, thus still to haunt my house.  
I told you Sir, my daughter is disposed of.  
Fen. Nay Mr Page, be not impudent.  
Missh Page. Good M. Fenton come not to my child.  
Page. She is no match for you.  
Fen. Sir, will you hear me?  
Page. No, good M. Fenton,  
Come M. Shallow: Come fonne Stender, in;  
Knowing my mind, you wrong me (M. Fenton.)  
Qui. Speake to Miftris Page.  
Fen. Good Mift, Page, for that I loue your daughter  
In such a rightous fashion as I do,  
Perforce, against all checkes, rebukes, and manner,  
I must advance the colour of my loue,  
And not retire. Let me have your good will.  
An. Good mother, do not marry me to yond foole.  
Missh. Page. I mean it not, I feele you a better husband.  
Qui. That's my master, M. Dooftr.  
An. Alas I had rather be fett quick i'th' earth,  
And bow'd to death with Turnips.  
Missh. Page. Come, trouble not your felfe good M. Fenton, I will not be your friend, nor enemy:  
My daughter will I queftion how the loues you,  
And if I finde her, so am I affected:  
Till then, farewell Sir, the muff needs goin,  
Her father will be angry.  
Qui. This is my doing now: Nay, faide I, will you  
call away your child on a Fool,; and a Phyfitian:  
Looke on M. Fenton, this is my doing.  
Fen. I thank thee: and I pray thee once to night,  
Give my sweet Nan this Ring: there's thy paines.  
Qui. Now heauen fende thee good fortune, a kinde  
heart he hath: a woman would run through fire & water  
for such a kinde heart. But yes, I would my Maifer  
had Miftris Anne, or I would M. Stender had her; or (in foorth) I would M. Fenton had her; I will do what I can  
for them all three, for fo I haue promif'd, and heabe as  
good as my word, but specially for M. Fenton. Well, I  
muft of another errand to Mr John Falleftafe from my two  
Miftrifles: what a beaft am I to flacke it.  
Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Falleftafe, Bardafe, Quietely, Ford.  
Bar. Heere Sir.  
Fal. Go, fetch me a quart of Sacke, put a toft in't.  
Haste I had't to be carried in a Basket like a barrow  
of butchers Offall and to be throwne in the Thames Wel,  
if I be fen't fuch another tricke, ile haue my brains  
tane out and butter'd, and glue them to a dogge for a  
New-yeares gift. The rogues lighted me into the river  
with as little remorfe, as they would have drown'd a  
blinde birches Puppies, fifteen i'th litter: and you may  
know by my size, that I haue a kinde of alacrity in fink-  
ing: if the bottome were as deep as hell, I fould down,  
I had beene drown'd, but that the thore was sheliey  
and shallow: a death that I abhorre: for the water fweles a  
man; and what a thing fhould I haue beeue, when I  
had beeue fwele'd? I shoule haue beeue a Mountaine of  
Mummy.

Bar. Here's M. Quickly Sir to speake with you.  
Fal. Come, let me poure in some Sack to the Thames  
water: for my bellies as cold as if I had fwallow'd thows-  
bals, for pilles to coole the reines. Call her in.  
Bar. Come in woman.  
Qui. By your leue: I cry you mercy!  
Giue your worship good morrow.  
Fal. Take away th' Challices:  
Go, brewe a pottle of Sacke finely.  
'Bard. With Eggs, Sir?  
Fal. Simple of it felfe: Ile no Pullet-Sperfun in my  
brewage. How now?  
Qui. Marry Sir, I come to your worship from M. Ford.  
Fal. Missh, Ford, I haue haue Ford enough: I was thrown  
into the Ford; I haue my belly full of Ford.  
Qui. Alas the day, (good-heart) that was not her  
faft: the do's to take on with her men; they mittooke  
their ection. (promise)  
Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish Woumans.  
Qui. Well, the laments Sir for it, that it would yern  
your heart to fee it: her husband goes this morning a  
birding: she desires you once more to come to her, be-  
tweene eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly,  
she'll make you amends I warrant you.  
Fal. Well, I will viſt her, tell her fo; and bidde her  
think what a man is: Let her consider his frailety, and  
then judge of my merit.  
Qui. I will tell her.  
Fal. Do fo. Betweene nine and ten faift thou?  
Qui. Eight and nine Sir.  
Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.  
Qui. Peace be with you Sir.  
Fal. I merrylie I heare not of M. Broume: he lent me  
word to stay within: I like his money well.  
Oh, heere be comes.  
Ford. Bleffe you Sir.  
Fal. Now M. Broume, you come to know  
What hath paft betweene me, and Fords wife.  
Ford. That indeed (Sir John) is my businesse.  
M. Broume I will not leye to you,  
I was at her house the houre she appointed me.  
Ford. And sped you Sir?  
Fal. very ill-fauouredly M. Broume,  
Ford. How fo fir, did she change her determination?  
Fal No (M. Broume) but the peaking Curnuto her hu- 
band(M. Broume) dwelling in a continual lartum of idiolu- 
sie, coms me in the infant of our encounter, after we had  
embrat, kit,profilteit, & (as it were) spoke the prologue of our Comedy: and at his hecule, a rabble of his compa- 
ions, thither prouoked and infligate by his difterner, and (forfoorth) to fetch his house for his wifes Loue.  
Ford. What! While you were there?  
Fal. While I was there.  
Fer. And did he search for you, & could not find you?  
Fal. You shall hear. As good luke would haue it,  
comes in one Missh Page, giues intelligence of Fords ap-  
proach: and in her invention, and Fords wifes diffraction,  
they conuey'd me into a bucke-basket.
Ford. A buck-basket.

Fal. Yes; a buck-basket: ram’d mee in with foule Shirts and Smocks, Socks, foule Stockings, greaffie Napkins, that (Mater Broom) there was the rankest compound of villainous smell, that ever offended nostall.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall have (Mater Broom) what I hau’d suffred, to bring this woman to entill, for your good: Being thus cram’d in the Basket, a couple of Fords knewes, his Hindees, were cal’d forth by their Mis- firs, to carry mee in the name of foule Cloathes to Dutch-bast-loze: they tooke mee on their shoulders: met the jealous knave their Mater in the doore; who ask’d them once or twice what they had in their Bas- ket? I quak’d for feare least the Lunatique Knave would have search’d it: but Fate (ordaining he should be a Cuckold) held his hand: well, on went for, a search; and away went I for foule Cloathes; but marke the squall (Master Broom) I suffered the pangs of three fecuital deaths: First, an intollerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten Bell-weather: Next to be compass’d like a good Bilbo in the circums- ference of a Pecke, hilt to point, heele to head. And then to be stop’d in like a strong diffiliation with think- ing Cloathes, that fietted in their owne greafe: think’ of that, a man of my Kidney: think’ of that, that am as subjett to heate as butter; a man of con- tinuall diffolution, and thaw: it was a miracle to escape suffradon. And in the height of this Bath (when I was more then halfe strew’d in greafe (like a Dutch- dith) to be throwne into the Thames, and could, glowing-hot, in that ferge like a Horfe- floog: thinke of that; huffing-hot: thinke of that (Master Broom).

Ford. In good Godnesse Sir, I am sorry, that for my sake you have sufferd all this.

Fal. Master Broom: I shall throwne into Etta, as I have beene into Thames, ere I shall leaue you: her Husband is this morning gone a Birding; I have receu’d from her another ambassie of meeting: ‘twixt eight and nine is the house (Master Broom).

Ford. ’Tis past eight already Sir.

Fal. Ist? I will then adreffe mee to my appointment: Come to mee at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speeded: and the conclusion shall be crownd with your enioning her: adieu: you shall have her (Master Broom) Master Broom, you shall cuckle Ford.

Ford. Hum: ha? Is this a vision? Is this a dream? doe I sleepe? Master Ford awake, awake Master Ford: ther’s a hole made in your bedt coate (Master Ford) this ’tis to be married; this ’tis to have Luyne, and Buck- baskets: Well, I will proclaime my selfe what I am: I will now take the Leacher: he is at my house: hee cannot crape me: ’tis imposible hee shall: hee cannot creep in a halfe-penny purle, nor into a Pepper- Boxe: But leaft the Diuell that guides him, should adieu him, I will search impossible places: though what I am, I cannot assuoke: yet to be what I would not, shall not make me came: If I have homes, to make one mad, let the prouerbe goe with me, He be home- mad.

Enter Miftis Page, Quickly William Evans.

Myst. Pag. Is he not at M. Ford already think’st thou?

Qu. Sure he is by this; or will be presently: but truely he is very comongous mad, about his throwing into the water. Miftis Ford desires you to come fo- dainely.

Myst. Pag. He bolts with that by and by: Ile but bring me young-man here to Schoole: looke where his Mater comes: ’tis a playing day I see: how now Sir Hugh, no Schoole to day?

Ena. Nc: Miftis Slender is let: the Boys leave to play.

Qu. ‘Blessing of his heart.

Myst. Pag. Sir Hugh, my husband faies my fome pro- fitts nothing in the world at his Booke: you will you ask him fome quettions in his Accidence.


Ena. William, how many Numbers is in Nowenes?

Will. Two.

Qu. Truly, I thought there had bin one Number more, because they fay ad’s-Nowenes.

Ena. Peace,your caufing. What is (Fair) William?

Will. Palfaner.

Qu. Poulcates there are fairer things then Poulcates, fur.

Ena. You are a very simpliciy o’man: I pray you peace. What is (Laps) William?

Will. A Stone.

Ena. And what is a Stone (William)?

Will. A Pecule.

Ena. No: it is Laps: I pray you remember in your praine.

Will. Laps.

Ena. That is a good William: what is he William that do’s lend Articles.

Will. Articles are borrowed of the Pronounce; and be thus declined. Singularus nomina- tionis hic hoc, hoc.

Ena. Nominatio hic hoc, hoc: pray you marke: geni- tics hanc: Well, what is your Accenfatus-cafe?

Will. Accenfatus hanc.

Ena. I pray you have your remembrance (childe) Ac- cenfatus hanc, hanc, hoc.

Qu. Hang-hog, is latten for Bacon, I warrant you.

Ena. Leave your prables (O’man) What is the Faccia- tine cafe (William)?

Will. O, Faccia, O.

Ena. Remember William, Faccia, is caret.

Qu. And that’s a good roore.

Ena. O’man, forbeare.


Ena. What is your Genitius cafe for all (William)?

Will. Genitius case?

Ena. I.

Will. Genitius barum, barum, barum.

Qu. Vengeance of Ginys cafe; be on her; never name her childe if he be a whoe.

Ena. For fame o’man.

Qu. You do call to teach the childe such words: hee teaches him to lie, and to lye: which they’ll doe fall enough of themselves, and to call barum: hee upon you.

Ena. O’man.
Enter Falstaff, Miss Ford, Miss Page, Servants, Ford, Page, Causa, Emant, Shallow.

Fal. Miss Ford. Your sorrow hath eaten vp my suffrances. I see you are obsequious in your loue, and I professfull requisitall to a hairies breath, not onely Miss Ford, in the fimpole office of loue, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it: But are you fure of your husband now?

Miss Ford. Hee's a birding (sweet Sir John.)


Miss Ford. Step into th chamber, Sir John.

Miss Page. How now (sweete heart) whose at home besides your selfe?

Miss Ford. Why none but mine owne people.

Miss Page. Indeed?

Miss Ford. No certainly: Speake louder.

Miss Page. Truly, I am so glad you have no body here, Miss Ford. Why?

Miss Page. Why woman, your husband is in his old lines againe: he do taketh on youner with his wife, so railes against all married mankind: so curles all other daughters of what complexion foster: and so buffettes himselfe on the for-head: crying peete-out, peete-out, that any madneffe I ever yet beheld, seem'd but tame-neffe, cuilaly, and patience to this his diftemper he is in now: I am glad the fat Knight is not here.

Miss Ford. Why, do's he talke of him?

Miss Page. Of none but him, and sweares he was carried out the last time hee search'd for him, in a Basket: Protestes to my husband he is now here, & hath drawne him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his infipition: But I am glad the Knight is not here; now he shall fee his owne foo-terie.

Miss Ford. How nere is he Mistress Page?

Miss Page. Hard by, at three end: he will be here anon.

Miss Ford. I am vndone, the Knight is here.

Miss Page. Why then you are ettrly sham'd, & hee's but a dead man. What a woman are you? Away with him, away with him: Better thame, then murder.

Miss Ford. Which way shoulde he go? How shoulde I beftow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Fal. No, hee come no more ith Basket: May I not go out er he come?

Miss Page. Alas: three of Mr. Ford's brothers watch the doore with Pifolos, that none shall ifuse out: oth-erlye you might flie away ere hee came: But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do? Hee creep vp into the chimney.

Miss Ford. There they allways vie to dicharge their Birding-peecees: crete into the Kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Miss Ford. Wee'LL feeke there on my word: Neyerthell Preffe, Cofer, Cheft, Trunke, Well, Vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his Note: There is no hiding you in the howe.

Fal. Ile go out then.

Miss Ford. If you goe out in your owne semblance, you die Sir John, vnleffe you goe out disguis'd.

Miss Ford. How might we disguife him?

Miss Page. Alas the day I know not, there is no woman grown bigge enough for him: otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kercheffe, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, defie something: any extremitie, rather then a mistrchie.

Miss Ford. My Maids Aunt the fat woman of Brain ford, has a gowne above.

Miss Page. On my word it will serue him: there's as big as he is: and there's sheer thun'd hat, and her muffler too: run vp Sir John.

Miss Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John: Missis Page and I will looke some linnen for your head.

Miss Page. Quickes, quickes, we'll come dresse you straight: put on the gowne the while.

Miss Ford. I would my husband were meete him in this Shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brainford, he sweares she's a witch, forbid her my howfe, and hath threatened to beare her.

Miss Page. Heauen guide him to thy husbands cudgel: and the duell guide his cudgel afterwards.

Miss Ford. But is my husband cominging?

Miss Page. I in good fashion is he, and talkes of the basket too, howfouer he hath had intelligence.

Miss Ford. Weel try it: for Ile appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meete him at the doore with it, as they did laft time.

Miss Page. Nay, but hee'll be here presently: let's go dresse him like the witch of Brainford.

Miss Ford. Ile first direct my men, what they shall doe with the basket: Go vp, Ile bring linnen for him straight.

Miss Page. Hang him dishonest Varlet, We cannot misufe enough: We'll leave a prooue by that which we will doo. Wives may be merry, and yet honest too: We do notasse that often, efet, and laugh. 'Tis old, but true, Still Swine eats all the draugh.

Miss Ford. Go Sirs, take the basket againe on your shoulders: your Master is hard at doore: if hee bid you set it downe, obey him: quickly, dispatch.

1 Ser. Come, come, take it vp.

1 Ser. Pray heauen it be not full of Knight againe.

1 Ser. I hope not, I had liefe as beare so much lead. Ford. I, but if it prove true (Mr. Page) hace you any way then to vnfoole me againe. Set downe the basket, villain: some body call my wife: Youth in a basket: Oh you Pandertely Ratsals, there's a knot: a gin, a pack, a conspiracie against me: Now shall the duell be sham'd, What wife I say: Come, come forth: behold what be neft
null cloathes you send forth to bleaching.
Page. Why, this paff M. Ford: you are not to goe
looke any longer, you must be pinn'd of,
Exeunt. Why, this is Lunsticks; this is madde, as a
mad dogge.
Shall. Indeed M. Ford, this is not well indeed.
Ford. So fay I too Sir, come forth Misftris Ford, Mi-
tris Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the veru-
rous creature, that hath the jealous foolie to her husband:
I fay (I) without cause (Misftris do) I fay.
Miftris. Ford. Heauen be my witnessse you doe, if you
suspect me in any dishonestly.
Ford. Well faid Brazon-face, hold it out; Come forth
sirrah.
Page. This paffes. 
Miftris. Ford. Are you not afham'd, let the cloths alone.
Ford. I fhall fende you anon.
Exeunt. This unreasonablie, will you take vp your wives
cloathes? Come, away.
Ford. Empty the basket I fay,
Miftris. Ford. Why man, why?
Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one con-
vifion out of my house yester day in this basket: why
may not he be there againe, in my house I am sure he is:
my Intelligence is true, my jealousie is reafonable, pleau-
me out all the linnen.
Miftris. Ford. If you find a man there, he fhall dye a Fieas
dearth.
Page. Hee't no man.
Shak. By my fidelity this is not well M. Ford: This
wronges you.
Exeunt. M. Ford, you muft pray, and not follow the
imaginationes of your owne heart: this is jealousies.
Ford. Well, hee'nt here I feeke for.
Page. No, nor no where elfe but in your braine.
Ford. Helpes to fearch my house this one time: if I find
not what I feeke, fhew no colour for my extremity: Let
me for ever be your Table-fport: Let them fay of me, I am
jealous as Ford, that fearch'd a hollow Wall-nut for his
wives Lemman. Satisfie me once more, once more fearch
with me.
M. Ford. What hoa (Misftris Page,) come you and
the old woman downe; I my husband will come into the
Chamber.
Ford. Old woman? what old women that?
M. Ford. Why is it my maids Aunt of Brainford.
Ford. A witch, a Queane, an olde couening queane:
Hau I not forbid her my houfe, she comes of errands
do's the? We are fimpke men, wee doe not know what
is brought to paffe under the pavement of Fortune-telling,
She works by Charmes, by Spels, by th' Figure, & fuch
dawry as this is, beyond our Element: wee know noth-
ing.
Come downe you Witch, you Hagge you, come
downe I fay.
Miftris. Ford. Nay, good sweet husband, good Gentle-
men, let him strike the old woman.
Miftris. Page. Come mother Prat, Come give me your
hand.
Ford. Ile Prat-her: 'Out of my doore, you Witch,
you Raggge, you Baggage, you Poulett, you Runnion,
out, out: Ile conuiue you, Ile formely-tell you.
Miftris. Page. Are you not afham'd?
I thinke you have kill'd the poor woman,
Miftris. Ford. Nay he will do it, 'tis a goodly crede-
for you.
Ford. Hang her witch.
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 not as extreme in submissioll as in offence,
But let our plot go forward: Let our wiles,
Yet once again (to make vs publike sport)
Appoint a meeting with this old fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way then that they spoke of.

Page. How to send him word they'll meet him in the Park at midnight? Fie, fie, he'll never come.

Ena. You say he has bin throwne in the Rivers: and
has bin grievously beaten, as an old oman: me-thinks
there should be terrors in him, that he should not come:
Me-thinks his fleth is punisht, hee shall have no de-

fires.

Page. So think I too.

Mist. Ford. Deuise but how you'll vse him when he comes,
And let vs two deuise to bring him there.

Mist. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the Hunter (sometimes a keeper here in Windsor Forrell)
Dost all the winter time, at full midnight
Walk round about an Oak, with great rag'd-hornes,
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle,
And make milch-kine yeld blood, and makes a chaine
In a most violeous and dreuwfull manner.
You have heard of such a Spirit, and well you know
The superfittious idle-headed-Eld
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age
This tale of Herne the Hunter, for a truth.

Page. Why yet there want not many that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's Oak.
But what of this?

Mist. Ford. Marry this is our deuise,
That Falstaff at that Oak shall meete with vs.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this shape, when you have brought him there,
What shall be done with him? What is your plot?

Mist. Page. That likewise we have thought upon & thus:
New Page (my daughter) and my little Ionie,
And three or foure more of their growth, we'll dresse
Like Vrchns, Ouphles, and Fairies, Greene and white,
With rounds of waxen Tapers on their heads,
and rattles in their hands; upon a fouldae,
As Falstaffe the, & I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a foot-pat rath at once
With some distaffed long. Vpon their right
Wetwo, in great amazement will flye:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And Fairy-like to pinch the vnclane Knight;
And ask him why that houre of Fairy Reuell,
In their so sacred pathes, he dares to tread
In shape prophane.

Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the suppos'd Fairies pinch him, found,
And burne him with their Tapers.

Mist. Page. The truth being knowne,
We'll all present our felues; dif-home the spirit,
And mocke him homely to Windsor.

Ford. The children must
Be prattled well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Ena. I will teach the children their behaviours; and
I will be like a lache-an-Apes also, to burne the Knight
with my Tabor.

Ford. That will be excellent,
Hee go buy them vizards.

Mist. Page. My Nan shall be the Queene of all the Fairies, finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That felke will I go buy, and in that time
Shall M. Stender steal my Nan away,
And marry her at Eaton: go, send to Falstaffe straight.

Ford. Nay, Ile to him againe in name of Brome,
He'll tell me all his purpose sure hee'c come.

Mist. Page. Fear not you that: Go get vs properties
And tricking for our Fairies.

Ena. Let us about it,
It is admirable pleasures, and ferry honest knaureds.

Mist. Page Go Mist. Ford,
Send quickly to Sir John, to know his minde:
Ile to the Doctor, he hath my good will,
And none but he to marry with Nan Page:
That Stender (though well landed) is an Idiot:
And he, my husband beft of all affeets:
The Doctor is well monied, and his friends
Potent at Cour: hee, none but he shall haue her,
Though twenty thouland wortther come to crauher.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Hoft, Simple, Falstaffe, Bardulfe, Enan,
Casa, Quicky.

Hoft. What wouldst thou haner (Boore) what? (thick
skin) speake, breathe, dicuiffe: breefe, short, quicke,

Simp. Marry Sir, I come to speake with Sir John Fal-
staffe from M. Stender.

Hoft. There's his Chamber, his Houfe, his Caffle,
his flanding-bed and truckle-bed: 'tis painted
of the story of the Prodiggall, fresh and newe, go, knock
and call: hee speake like an Anthropophaginian unto
thee: Knocke I say.

Simp. There's an olde woman, a fat woman gone vp
into his chamber: Ile be fo bold as flay Sir till the come
downe: I come to speake with her indeed.

Hoft. Ha! a fat woman! The Knight may be robb'd:
Ile call, Bully-Knight, Bully Sir John: speake from thy
Lungs Military: Art thou there? It is thine Hoft, thine
Ephesian call.

Fal. How now, mine Hoft?

Hoft. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar taries the comming
downe of thy fat woman: Let her defend (Bully) let
her defend: my Chambers are honourable: lie, priva-
cy? Fie.

Fal. 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 Brainford?

Fal. I marry was it (Mussell-cliff) what would you
with her?

Simp. My Master (Sir) my master Stender, sent to her
seing her go thorough the streets, to know (Sir) whe-
ther one Nan (Sir) that beguil'd him of a chaine, had the
chaine or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Simp. And what fayes he, I pray Sir?

Fal. Marry those fayes, that the very same man that
beguil'd Master Stender of his Chaine, cozen'd him of it.

Simp. I would I could have spoken with the Woman
her
her life, I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they set vs know, 
Fal. I may not conceal thee (Sir) 
Hof. Conceale them, or thou diest.
Sim. Why sir, they were nothing but about Miftirs
Anne Page, to know if it were my Masters fortune to
have her, or no.
Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.
Sim. What Sir?
Fal. To have her, or no: goe; say the woman told me fo.
Sim. May I be bold to say fo Sir?
Fal. I Sir: like who more bold.
Sim. I thank you your worship: I shall make my Master
with these ydies,
Hof. Thou art clearly: thou art clearly (Sir Iohn) was
there a wife woman with thee?
Fal. I that I there was mine Hof. one that hath taught
me more wit, then eu'r I learn'd before in my life: and
I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learn-
ing.
Bar. Our alias (Sir) cozonage: meere cozonage.
Hof. Where be your horses? speake well of them var-
etto.
Bar. Run away with the cozoners: for so soone as
I came beyond Eaton, they threw me off, from behind
one of them, in a slough of myre; and set spurrez, and
away; like three Germano-duels; three Doctor Run-
flaetes.
Hof. They are gone but to meete the Duke (villaine)
do not say they be fled: Gemanizes are honest men.
Enan. Where is mine Hof?
Hof. What is the master Sir?
Enan. Haue a care of your entertainments: there is a
friend of mine come to Towne, tell me there is three
Cozen-ermen, that has cozened all the Hofis of Readint,
of Stidenhead; of Celf-brokes, of horses and money: I
tell you for good will (lookes you) you are wife, and full
of gibes, and vlouting-flocks: and 'tis not convenient
you should be cozened. Fare you well.
Cai. Ver's mine Hof de lettern?
Hof. Here (Master Doctor) in perplexitie, and doubt-
full demema.
Cai. I cannot tell вас is dat: but it is tell a-me, dat
you make grand preparation for a Duke de Lamenay: by
my troto: der is no Duke that the Courtis know, so
comes: I tell you for good will: dieu.
Hof. Huy and cry, (villaine) goe: assift me Knight,
I am vn-done: fly, run, huy, and cry (villaine) I am
vn-done.
Fal. I would all the world might be cozen'd, for I
have beene cozon'd and beaten too: if it shou'd come
to the eare of the Court, how I have beene transformed:
and how my transformation hase beene washerd, and
cudgeld, they would melt mee out of my fat drop by
drop, and liquor Fjheremens-boots with me: I warrant
they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as
creft-faine as a dride-peare: I turuer proper'd, since I
foriswore my felse at Primo: well, if my winde were
but long enough; I would repent: Now? Whence come
you?
Qui. From the two parties fortooth.
Fal. The Diuell take one partie, and his Dam the
other: and so they shall be both belowe'd; I have suf-
fer'd more for their fakes; more then the villanous in-
conitancy of mans disposition is able to bear.
Qui. And have not they suffer'd? Yes, I warrant: espe-
cially one of them; Miftirs Ford, (good heart) is beaten
blacke and blew, that you cannot see a white spot about
her.
Fal. What tell'ft thou mee of blacke, and blew? I
was beaten my selfe into all the colours of the Rain-
bow: and I was like to be pre appalling for the Witch
of Brainsford, but that my admirable dextretie of wit,
my counterfeiting the action of an old woman deluder'd me,
the knaue Constantin had fet me in't Stocks, in't com-
mon Stocks, for a Witch.
 Qui. Sir: let me speake with you in your Chamber,
you shall heare how things goe, (and I warrant) to your
content: here is a Letter will say somewhat: (good-
hearts) what a doe here is to bring you together? Sure,
one of you do's not ferue heauen well, that you are fo
croff'd.
Fal. Come vp into my Chamber. 

Exeunt.

Scene Sexta.

Enter Fenton, Hof.

Hof. Master Fenton, talke not to mee, my minde is
heay: I will gue veer all.

Fen. Yet heare me speake: asift mee in my purpose,
And (as I am a gentleman) ile give thee
A hunderd pound in gold, more then your loffe.
Hof. I will heare you (Master Fenton) and I will (at
the leafl) keepe your counsell.
Fen. From time to time, I have acquainted you
With the deare loue I beare to faire Anne Page,
Who, mutually, hath anfwer'd my affection,
(Se) forfowrth, as her felte might be her chooser
Euen to my wish: I have a letter from her
Of fuch contents, you will wonder at;
The ninth whereof, so larded with my matter,
That neither (ingly) can be manifefted
Without the shew of both: fat Eafflige
Hath a great Scene; the image of the left
Ie show you here at large (batke good mine Hof)
To night at Hermes-Ok, iluf twisle twelue and one,
Muffiny sweet Nam present the Faure-Quene:
The purpose why, is here: in which disquife
While other lefts are somthing ranke on foote,
Her father hath commanded her to flip
Away with Slender, and with him, at Eaton
Immediately to Marry: She hath conjointed: Now Sirs,
Her mother, (cum strong against that match
And firme for Doctor Caines) hath appointed
That he shall like wise flufle her away,
While other sports are takinge of their mindes,
And at the Decenry, where a Prife attends
Strait marry her: to this her Mothers plot
She seemingly obedient like wise hath
Made promise to the Doctor: Now, thus it refts,
Her Father meaneas she shall be all in white;
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her goe,
She shall goe with him: her Mother hath intended
(The better to devote her to the Doctor;
For they must all be mask'd, and vizarded)

That
That quaint in green, she shall be loofe en-roab'd,
With Ribbons-pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the Doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
The maid hath gien content to go with him.

*Exeunt.*

Both (my good Host) to go along with me:
And here it rests, that you'll procure the Vicar
To stay for me at Church, twixt twelve, and one;
And in the lawfull name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

*Host.* Well, husband your deuce; Ile to the Vicar,
Bring you the Maid, you shall not lack a Priest.

So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Besides, He make a present recompence.

**Scena Tertia.**

Enter Mistris Page, Mistris Ford, Casus.

*Mistris Page.* My daughter is in green, when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deanie, and dispatch it quickly: go before into the Parker we two must go together.

*Casus.* I know vat I haue to do, diciu.

*Mistris Page.* Fare you well (Sir) my husband will not reioycy so much at the absite of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the Doctors marrying my daughter: But 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

*Mistris Ford.* Where is New now? and her troop of Fairies? and the Welsh-devill Herne?

*Mistris Page.* They are all couched in a pit hard by Hennes Oake, with obescur'd Lights; which at the very infante of Falstaff and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

*Mistris Ford.* That cannot choose but amaze him.

*Mistris Page.* If he be not amaz'd he will euer way be nock'd.

*Mistris Ford.* We'll betray him finely.

*Mistris Page.* Against such Lewdities, and such Treachery, Though that betray them, do no treacher.

*Mistris Ford.* The hour draws on, to the Oake, to the Oake.

**Scena Quarta.**

Enter Emma and Fairies.

*Emma.* 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.

**Scena Quinta.**

Enter Falstaff, Mistris Page, Mistris Ford, Emma,

Anne Page, Fairies, Page Ford, Quickly,

Slender, Fenton, Casus, prattled.

*Falstaff.* The Windsor-bell hath stroke twelve: the Minute draws-on: Now the hot-blooded Gods affite me: Remember Lown, thou wast a Bull for thy Europa, Loun set on thy horses. O powerfull Loue, that in some respects makes a Beafe a Man: sin sum other, a Man a beafe. You were also (Jupiter) a Swan, for the loye of Leda: O omnipotent
omnipotent Loue, how nere the God drew to the com-
plexion of a Goofie: a fault done first in the form of a
beast (o Loue, a beallly faults;) and then another fault,
in the semblance of a Fowle, thinkes one (Loue) a fowle-
fault. When Gods have hot backes, what shal poor
men do? For me, I am heere a Windsof Stagge, and the
farter (f thinkes) if the Forrest. Send me a coole ruut-time
(Loue) or who can blame me to piff my Tallow? Who
come haste heere, my Doc?
M. Ford. Sir John. Art thou there (my Deere)?
M. Ford. Sir John. Where are you?
M. Ford. M. Page. Away, away:
Qu. Fairies black, gray, green, and white,
You Moone-shine reuelers, and shades of night,
You Orphan heires of fixt depoty,
Attend your office, and your quality.
Crier Hob-goblyn, make the Fairy Oyes.
Piff. Elues, lift your names: Silence you stieroy toes.
Cricket, to Winthrop-chimmies hatch thou leape;
Where feres thou find'lt vnna'd, and heardhs vnwept,
There pinch the Maidis as bleue as Bill-berry,
Our radiant Queene, hates Sluts, and Sluttery.
Fal. They are Fairies, he that speaks them shall die,
Ie winke, and couch: No man thevse worke mus eie.
En. Where's BeddO go you, and where you find a maid
That ere the sleepe has thirref her threcs pried,
Raisp vp the Organs of her fantasie,
Sleepe she as found as careteffl infancie,
But goe as sleepe, and think as not on their fins,
Pincm them armes, legs, backes, shoulders, fides, & thins.
Qu. About, about:
Search Windfor Castle (Elues) withinh, and out,
Strew good lucke (Ouphes) euer fayed roomes,
That it may flynd till the perpetual doome,
In flate as whollome, as in flate 'tis flt,
Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it.
The fellerall Chaire of Orde, looke you scrowe
With juycse of Balmyn: and eueriy precious flowr,
Each faire Infulalme, Coate, and feurall Creft,
With loyall Blazon, euermore be blied.
And Nightly-meadow-Fairies, looke you flng
Like to the Owne. Compasse in a ring,
That expresse that it beares; Greenes let it be,
Mote fertile-freh then all the Field to see:
And, Hony Saue. Qui Male-Pence, write
In Emarz-duffes, Flowres purple, blew, and white,
Like Sapphire-pearle, and rich embrodierie.
Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fad. Have I laid my braine in the Sun, and dry'd it, that it wants matter to prevent to grolfe or reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch Gaole too? Shall I have a Coscombe of Fizze? This time I was chos'd with a piece of toasted Cheese.

En. Seeke is not good to guie putter; your belly is al putter.

Fad. Seeke, and Putter? Have I lin'd to stand at the taint of one that makes Fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of luft and late-walking through the Realme.

Misfl. Page. Why Sir John, do you think though wee would have thift venture out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given our selves without scruple to hell, that euer the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? A bag of flax?

Misfl. Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable entrailes?

Fad. And one that is as flanderous as Sathan?

Page. And as poor as lob?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Euaa. And guine to Fornications, and to Tawnem, and Sackle, and Wine, and Methcplins, and to drinkings and fwearings, and ftrifes? Pribles and prables?

Fad. Well, I am your Thame: you have the start of me, I am deftefed: I am not able to anwier the Welch Flanell, Ignorance it selfe is a plumper or none, vie me as you will.

Ford. Marry Sir, we'll bring you to Windsor to one Mr. Broom, that you have cozon'd of money, to whom you shou'd have bin a Pander; other and abuse that you have suffer'd, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be chearfull Knight: thou finit est a poffet to night at my house, when I will defire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: I tell thee Mrs. Lendier hath married her daughter.

Misfl. Page. Doctors doubt that;

If Anne Page be my daughter, she is (by this) Doctour Cains wife.

Slen. Whoa hoe, hoc, Father Page.

Page. Sonne? How now? How now Sonne, Have you dispatch'd?

Slen. Dispatch'd? Ile make the best in Glostershire know on't; would I were hang'd, else.

Page. Of what somme?

Slen. I came yonder at Eaton to marry Misflris Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not bene 1th Church, I would have fwing'd him, or hee should have fwing'd me. If he did not think it had bene Anne Page, would I might never ittire, and 'tis a Post-matters Boys.

Pages. Upon my life then, you take the wrong.

Slen. What neede you tell me that? I think you, when I took a Boy to 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 shou'd know my daughter, By her garments?

Slen. I went to her in green, and cried Mum, and the eride budget, as Anne and I had appointed, and yet it was not Anne, but a Post-matters boy.

Misfl. Page. Good George be not angry, I knew of your purpos: turn'd my daughter into white, and indeed she is now with the Doctor at the Deanie, and there married.

Cai. Ver is Misflris Page: by gar I am cozened, I ha married oon Garfoon, a boy; oon pearant, by gar. A boy, it is not Am Page, by gar, I am cozened.

Cai. Why did you take her in white?

Cai. I bee gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, lle raise all Windsor.

Ford. This is strange: Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misguides me, here comes Mr. Fenton.

How now Mr. Fenton?

Anne. Pardon good father, good my mother pardon.

Page. Now Misflris:

How chance you went not with Mr. Lendier?

M. Page. Why you went you not with Mr. Doctor, maid?

Fen. You do amaze her: here the truth of it, 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 sure that nothing can dissolute vs; Th'offence is holy, that she hath committed, And this deceit looses the name of craft, Of disobedience, or vnduteous title, Since theneth the doth etuate and flun

A thousand irreligious cursed hours Which forced marriage would haue brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedie.

In Lour, the heauens themes doe guide the farre, Money buyes Lands, and wiues are felled by fate.

Fad. I am glad, though you have tane a special fland to strike as one, that your Arrow hath glane'd.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heauen give thee joy, what cannot be efcower'd, must be embraced.

Fad. When night-dogges run, all forts of Deere are chace'd.

Misfl. Page. Well, I will mufe no further: Mr. Fenton, Heauen giue you many, many merry dayes: Good husband, let vs every one go home, And laugh this sport ore by a Countrie fire, Sir Iohn and all.

Fad. Let it be so (Sir Iohn)

To Master Broom, you yet shall hold your word, For he, to night, shall lye with Misflris Ford: Except.
MEASURE, For Measure.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords.

Duke. Escalus, My Lord. (fold, Exeunt. And Escalus.)

Would seeme in me t' affect speech & discourse, Since I am put to know, that your owne Science Exceedes (in that) the liftis of all advice My strength can give you? Then no more remaies But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able, And let them worke: The nature of our People, Our Cities Infirmities, and the Terms For Common Justice, are as pregnant in AS ART, and pradifie, hath inriched any That we remember: There is our Commission, From which, we would not have you warpe, call hither, Thi, bid come before vs Angelo: What figure of vs thinke you, he will beare. For you must know, we have with speciall foule Eleceted him our absence to supply; Lent him our terror, dreft him with our loue, And gien his Deputation all the Organs Of our owne powre: What thinke you of it? Escalus. If any in Vienna be of worth To undergo such ample grace, and honour, It is Lord Angelo.

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Looke where he comes. Angelo. Always obedient to your Graces will I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo. There is a kinde of Character in thy life, That to th'obseruer, doth thy history Fully unfold: Thi felle, and thy belonging Are not thine owne so proper, as to waile Thy felle upon thy verses: they are thin: Heaven doth with vs, as we, with Turtles doe, Nor light them for themselves: For if our verses Did not goe forth of us, were all alike. As if we had them not: Spirits are not finely touch'd, But to fine issues: our nature never lends The smallest scruple of her excellence, But like a thrifty goddeesse, the determines Her felle the glory of a creditour, Both thanks, and vie, but I do bend my speech To one that can my part in him aduertifche; Hold therefore Angelo: In our remourse, be thou at full, our felle: Mortallitie and Mercie in Vienna Live in thy tongue, and heart: Old Escalus Though full in question, is thy secondary. Take thy Commission. Angelo. 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.

Duk. No more euation: We haue with a leauen'd, and prepared choice Proceeded to you; therefore take your honors: Our haffe from hence is of to quick condition, That it prefers it felle, and leaves vnquestion'd Matters of needfull value: We shall write to you At time, and our concernings shall importune, How it goes with vs, and doe looke to know What doth befall you here. So fare you well: To th' hopefull execution doe I leave you, Of your Commissions. Angelo. Yet giue leaue (my Lord,) That we may bring you something on the way. Duk. My haffe may not admit it, Nor neede you (on mine honor) haue to doe With any trupule: your scope is as mine owne, So to enforce, or qualifie the Lawes As to your foule femees good: Give me your hand, Ie prily away: I loue the people, But doe not like to fage me to their eyes: Though it doe well, I doe not relifith well Their lowd applause, and Aues veneration: Nor doe I thinke the man of safe discretion That do's affect it. Once more fare you well, Angelo. The heuannya giue safety to your purpose, Escalus. Lead forth, and bring you backe in happe-ness. Duk. I thanke you, fare you well, Angelo. I shall define you, Sir, to giue me leaue To haue free speech with you; and it concerns me To looke into the bottome of my place: A powre I haue, but of what strength and nature, I am not yet infructed. Angelo. Tis so with me: Let vs with draw togethers, And we may fome our satisfaction haue Touching that point. Escalus. Ie wait upon your honor.
Measure for Measure.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lucio, and two or other Gentlemen.

Luc. If the Duke, with the other Dukes, come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why then all the Dukes fall upon the King.

1. Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary.


Luc. Thou conclud'st like the San'timonious Pirat, that went to sea with the ten Commandments, but scrapp'd one out of the Table.

1. Gent. Thou shalt not steal?

Luc. I say that he raz'd.

1. Gent. Why? Was a commandment, to command the Captain and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steal: There's not a Souldier of us all, that in the thanksgiving before meat, doth rail against the petition well, that praises for peace.

2. Gent. I never heard any Souldier dislike it.

Luc. I believe thee: for I think thou never wast where Grace was said.

2. Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

1. Gent. What? In meeter?

Luc. In any proportion: or in any language.

1. Gent. I think, or in any Religion.

Luc. I, why not? Grace, is Grace, desigh of all controversy: as for example; Thou thy self art a wicked villain, desigh of all Grace.

1. Gent. Well: there went but a pair of sheete between vs.

Luc. I grant: as there may between the Lifts, and the Veluet. Thou art the Lift.

1. Gent. And thou the Veluet; thou art good velvet; thou'st a three plaid-piece I warrant thee: That as liebe be a Lyf of an English Kersey, as be plaid, as thou art plaid, for a French Velvet. Do I speake feelingly now?

Luc. I think thou dost: and indeed with much painfull feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine owne confession, leame to begin thy health; but, whilst I live forget to drink at thine.

1. Gent. I think I have done my selfe wrong, have I not?

2. Gent. Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art taint, or free.

Enter Bawds.

Luc. Behold, behold, where Madam Misgiving comes. I have purchas'd as many disesies under her Roofe, as come to.

2. Gent. To what, I pray?

Luc. Judge.

1. Gent. To three thousand Dollours a yeare.

Luc. A French crowne more.

1. Gent. Thou art always figuring disesies in me; but thou art full of error, I am found.

Luc. Nay, not (as one would say) healthy: but so sound, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow; Impiety has made a feast of thee.

1. Gent. How now, which of your hips has the most profound Cicatrix?

Bawd. Well, well: there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

2. Gent. Who's that I pray thee?

Bawd. Marry Sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.
Therefore I, Claudio.

Luc. Within two hours.

Cla. Come Officer, away.

Enter Duke and Friar Thomas.

Duke. No holy Father, throw away that thought, Beleeme not that the dibbling dart of Loue Can pierce a compleat bosome: why, I declare thee To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose More grave, and wrinkled, then the aimes, and ends Of burning youth.

Fri. May your Grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy Sir, none better knows then you How I haveuer loud the life removed And held in idle price, to haunt assemblest Where youth, and oft, wildlife brauery keeps, I have deliered to Lord Angelo

(A man of stricture and fine abstinence) My absolute power, and place here in Venice, And he supposes me trauailld to Toland,

(For so I have shewed in the common ester) And so it is receiued: Now (pious Sir) You will demand of me, why I do this.

Fri. Gladly, my Lord.

Duke. We have strict Statures, and most biting Laws, (The needful bits and burbes to headstrong wrecds, Which for this fourteene years, we have let flip, Even like an ore-grown Lyon in a Caue That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond Fathers, Having bound vp the threatening twigs of birch, Onely to ficide in their childrens fight, For terror, not to vie: in time the rod More mock'd, then fear'd: so our Decrees, Dead to infiliction, to them selves are dead, And libertie, plucks Juffice by the nose, The Baby braces the Nurse, and quite aswift art Goes all decorum.

Fri. It isrfted in your Grace To vnlooke this subtle vp Juffice, when you pleas'd: And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd Then in Lord Angelo.

Duke. I doe feare: too dreadful:

Sith 'twas my fault, to give the people scope, 'T would be my tarry to strike and gell them, For what I bid them doe: For, we bid this be done When euill descends have their permissu passe, And not the punishment: therefore indeede (my father) I haue on Angelo impos'd the office, Who may in th ambishul of my name, strike home, And yet, my nature neuer in the fight To do in Fander: And to behold his way I will, as were a brother of your Order, Visit both Prince, and People: Therefore I prethee Supply me with the habbit, and induftr me How I may formally in perfon beare

Like a true Friar: Moe reasons for this action At our more Leyseur, shall I render you; Onely, this one: Lord Angelo is precise, Stands at a guard with Emue: fierce confelles That his blood flowers: or that his appetite Is more to bread then stone: hence shall we fee If power change purpose: what our Seeemers be, Exit.
Scena Quinta.

Enter Isabella and Francesca. A Nun.

Ilsa. And have you news no farther pruiledges? Nun. Are not these large enough?

Ilsa. Yes truly; I speak not as deserting more,
But rather willing a more strict restraint
Upon the Sisterhood; the Votaries of St. Clare.

Luc. Whose is that which calls?

Nun. It is a man's voice: gentle Isabella
Turne you the key, and know his business of him; You may; I may not: you are yet vsourne:
When you have vow'd, you must not speake with men;
But in the presence of the Priorice;
Then if you speake, you must not show your face;
Or if you show your face, you must not speake.
He calls againe: I pray you answer him.

Ilsa. Peace and prosperitie: who is that calls?

Luc. Haile Virgin, (if you be) as those checkers; Roiles.
Proclame you are no lefe: can you fo feed me,
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A Notice of this place, and the faire Sisfe:
To her vnhappy brother Claudio?

Ilsa. Why her vnhappy Brother? Let me ask,
For the rather for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella, and his Sister.

Luc. Gentil & faire: your Brother kindly greetes you;
Not to be wearey with you; he's in prision.

Ilsa. Woe me! for what?

Luc. An attraunt, which if my selfe might be his Judge,
He should receive his punishment, in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.

Ilsa. Sir, make me not your foire.

Luc. Tis true: I would not, though 'tis my familiar sin;
With Maids to scene the Lapwing, and to left.

Tongue, far from heart: play with all Virgins for;
I hold you as a thing en-shkied, and faineed;
By your renonciation, an immortal spirit
And to be talkd with in sincerity,
As with a Saint.

Ilsa. You doe blasphem the good, in mocking me.

Luc. Doe not believe it: fewnes, and truth; tis thus,
Your brother, and his lover have embrac'd;
As those that feed, grow full: as blossoming time
That from the feednes, the bare fellow brings;
To teething foysion; even so her plentiful wombe
Expresth his tall Talith, and husbandry.

Ilsa. Some one with child by him? my coven Juliet?

Luc. Is she your coven?

Ilsa. Adoptedly, as schoolemaids change their names
By name, though apt affection.

Luc. She is.

Ilsa. Oh, let him marry her.

Luc. This is the point.

The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen (my selfe being one)
In hand, and hope of action: but we doe learn,
By those that know the very Nerues of State,
His giuing-out, were of an infinite distance
From his true meant defigne: upon his place,
Another thing to fall: I not deny
The fury passing on the Prifoner's life
May in the twain discrete have a thief, or two
Gullier then him they what's open made to Juflice,
That Juflice ceizes: What knows the Laws
That theues do paffe on theues? 'Tis very pregnant,
The Jewell that we finde, we floope, and take's,
Because we fee it; but what we do not see,
We read vp, and never thinke of it.
You may not extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me
When I, that cenfur'd him, do fo offend,
Let mine owne Judgement patten out my death,
And nothing come in partall, Sir, he must dye.

Enter Prisoff.

Efe. Be it as your wifedame will.
Ang. Where is the Prisoff?
Pro. Here if it like your honour.
Ang. See that Chaldis
Be executed by nine to morrow morning,
Bring him his Confeffor, let him be prepar'd,
For that's the vimum of his pilgrimage.
Efe. Well: heaven forgive him; and forgive vs all:
Some rise by fame, and fame by vertue fall:
Some run from brakes of Ice, and answer none,
And some condemned for a fault alone.
Enter Elbow, Froth, Clowns, Officers.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be good people
in a Common-weale, that doe nothing but vie 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?
Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poore Dukes Contable, and my name is Elbow: I do feaue vp Juflice Sir, and doe bring in here before your good honour, two notourious Benefactors.
Ang. Benefactors? Well, What Benefactors are they?
Are they not Malefactors?
Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are: But precise villains they are, that I am fire of, and void of all proclamation in the world, that good Christians ought to hate.
Efe. This comes off well: here's a wiffe Officer.
Ang. Goe to! What quality are they of? Elbow is your name?
Why do't thou not speak Elbow?
Clo. He cannot Sir: he's out at Elbow.
Ang. What are you Sir?
Elb. He Sir: a Tapfter Sir: parcell Baud: one that ferues a bad woman: whole house Sir was, (as they say) pluckt doun in the Suborbs: and now they prolifte a hot-house, which I think is a very ill house too.
Efe. How know you that?
Elb. My wife Sir, whom I deept before heauen, and your honour.

Ang. How thy wife?
Elb. Sir, whom I thanke heauen is an honest woman.
Efe. Do't thou deept her therefore?
Elb. I say Sir, I will detest my selfe also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a Bauds house, it is pitty of her life, for it is a naughty house.
Efe. How do't thou know that, Contable?
Elb. Marry Sir, by my wife, who, if she had bin a woman Cardinaly giuen, might have bin accus'd in formi-
cation, adulterv, and all uncleanliness there.
Efe. By the woman means?
Elb. Sir, by Miftris One-don means: but as she spit in his face, so he deide him.

Clo. Sir, if it please your honor, this is not so.
Efe. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honorablc man, proue it.
Efe. Doe you heare how he misplaces?
Clo. Sir, she came in great with childe: and longing (suing your honors reverence) for fewed prevyns; Sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very daintif time flood, as it were in a fruit dish (a dish of three pence your honours haue seen such dishe) they are not China-dishe, but very good dishe.
Efe. Go too: go too: no matter for the dish Sir.
Clo. No indeed Sir: for not of a pin; you are therein in the right, but, to the point: As I say, this Miftris Elbow, being (as I say) with childe, and being very belled, and longing (as I said) for prevyns and having but two in the dish (as I said) Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest (as I said) and (as I say) paying for them very honestly: for, as you know Master Froth, I could not give you three pence again.

Pro. No indeed.

Clo. Very well; you being then (if you be remembred) cracking the fones of the forefain prevyns.
Pro. I, I did indeed.

Clo. Why, very well: I telling you then (if you be remembred) that such a one, and such a one, were paft cure of the thing you wot of, vifhe they kept very good diet, as I told you.
Pro. All this is true.

Clo. Why very well then.
Efe. Come: you are a tedious foole: to the purpose: what was done to Elbow's wife, that hee hath caufe to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Clo. Sir, your honor cannot come to this yet.
Efe. No Sir, nor I mean it not.
Clo. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honours leave: And I beseech you, looke into Master Froth here Sir, a man of four-score pound a yeare: who died at Hallowmas: Was't not at Hallowmas Master Froth?

Pro. Alhallound-Eue.

Clo. Why very well: I hope here be trucles: he Sir, sitting (as I say) in a lower chaire, Sir, was in the bunch of Grapes, where indeed you have a delight to sit, haue you not?
Pro. I haue so, because it is an open roome, and good for winter.

Clo. Why very well then: I hope here be trucles.
Ang. This will lout out an night in Ruslom
When nights are longest there: I take my leave, And leave you to the hearing of the caufe; Hoping youll finde good caufe to whip them all. Exit.
Ang. I thinke no leffe: a good morrow to your Lordship. Now Sir, come on: What was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Clo. Once Sir? there was nothing done to her once.
Elb. I beseech you Sir, ask me what this man did to my wife.

Clo. I beseech your honor, ask me.

Efe. Well Sir, what did this Gentleman to her?
Clo. I beseech you Sir, looke in this Gentleman face: good Master Froth looke upon his honor; 'tis for a good purpose: dost your honor mark his face?
Measure for Measure.

E.fo. I sir, very well.

C. So, Nay, I beseech you make it well.

E.fo. Well, I do so.

C. Doth your honor see any harmes in his face?

E.fo. Why no.

C. He be supposed upon a booke, his face is the worst thing about him: good then: if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth doe the Constables wife any harm? I would know that of your honor.

E.fo. He's in the right (Constable) what say you to it?

Elb. First, and it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his Mutris is a respected woman.

C. By this hand Sir, his wife is a more respected person then any of vs all.

Elb. Vahle, thou lyest; thou lyest wicked varlet: the time is yet to come that thee was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

C. Sir, she was respected with him, before he married with her.

E.fo. Which is the wiser here; Injustice or Iniquity? Is this true?

Elb. O thou cuntrie: O thou varlet: O thou wicked Hannibal, I respected with her, before I was married to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship thinken mee the poore Officer: proye this, thou wicked Hannibal, or Ile have mine action of battery on thee.

E.fo. If he tooke you a box oth'eare, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry I thank you good worship for it: what is't your Worships pleasure I shall doe with this wicked Cauntiff?

E.fo. Truly Officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover, if thou couldst, let him continue in his countours, till thou knowest what they are.

Elb. Marry I thank you your worship for it: Thou seest thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee. Thou art to continue now thou Varlet, thou art to continue.

E.fo. Where were you borne, friend?

Froth. Here in Vienna, Sir.

E.fo. Are you of a godlie combustion?

Froth. Yes, and't please you Sir.

E.fo. So: what trade are you of, Sir?

C. A Tapster, a poore widowes Tapster.

E.fo. Your Mutris name?

C. Mutris Ouer-dow.

E.fo. Hath she had any more then one husband?

C. Nine, Sir: Ouer-dow by the last.

E.fo. 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 no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship: for mine owne part, I never come into any roome in a Tap-house, but I am drawn out.

E.fo. Well: no more of it Master Froth; farewell: Come you hether to me, Mr. Tapster: what's your name Mr. Tapster?

C. Pompey.

E.fo. What else?

C. Bann, Sir.

E.fo. Troth, and your bum is the gretest thing about you, to that in the beaulliekest fence, 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.

C. Truly Sir, I am a poore fellow that would liue, E.fo. How would you liue Pompey by being a bawd? what doe you thinke of the trade Pompey? is it a lawfull trade?

C. If the Law would allow it, Sir.

E.fo. But the Law will not allow it Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

C. Do's your Worships meane to geld and fply all the youth of the City?

E.fo. No, Pompey.

C. Truly Sir, in my poore opinion they will not then: if your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to feare the bawds.

E.fo. There is pretty orders beginning I can tell you: it is but heanding, and hanging.

C. If you head, and hang all that offend that way but for ten yeare together; you'll be glad to give out a Commission for more heads: if this law hold in Vienna ten yeare, ile rent the fairest house in it after three pence a Bay: if you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so.

E.fo. Thank you good Pompey; and in requital of your profephie, harke you: I advice you let me not finde you before me againe upon any complaint whatsoever: no, not for dwelling where you doe: if I doe Pompey, I shall beat you to your Tent, and proye a threbed Cesar to you: in plaine dealing Pompey, I shall have you whipt; fo for this time, Pompey, I give you well.

C. I thank your Worship for your good counsell; but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine. Whip me? no, no, let Catman whip his Tade, The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. Exit.

E.fo. Come hether to me, Master Elbow: come hither Master Constable: how long have you bin in this place of Constable?

Elb. Seven yeare, and a halfe Sir.

E.fo. I thought by the readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time: you say seaven yeares together.

Elb. And a halfe Sir.

E.fo. Alas, it hath beene great paines to you: they do you wrong to put you so oft vpon't. Are there not men in your Ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. 'Faith Sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and goe through with all.

E.fo. Looke you bring mee in the names of some sichte or feiten, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your Worships house Sir?

E.fo. To my house: fare you well: what's a clocke, think you?

Inf. Eleuen, Sir.

E.fo. I pray you home to dinner with me, Inf. I humbly thank you.

E.fo. It grieues me for the death of Claudio

But there's no remedie:

Inf. Lord Angelo is feuerce.

E.fo. It is but needfull.

Mercy is not it selfe, that oft looks for,
Pardon is still the nurfe of second woe:
But yet, poore Claudio; there is no remedie.

Come Sir.
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:
To him, I say,

*Ifab. Must he needs die?*

*Ang. Maidien, no remedy.*

*Ifab. Yes: I doe think that you might pardon him,*

And neither heaven, nor man grieve at the mercy.

*Ang. I will not doe.*

*Ifab. But can you if you would?*

*Ang. Looke what I will not, that I cannot doe.*

*Ifab. But might you doe & do the world no wrong* 

*If your heart were touch'd with that remorse,*

As mine is to him?

*Ang. Hee's sentenc'd, tis too late.*

*Lnc. You are too cold.*

*Ifab. Too late? why no: I that doe speak a word* 

*May call it again: well, believe this* 

*No ceremony that to great ones longs,* 

*Not 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 lipt like him, but he like you* 

*Would not have beene so sterne.*

*Ang. Pray you be gone.*

*Ifab. I would to heaven I had your potencie,* 

*And you were Iabel: should it then be thus?* 

*No: I would tell what 'twere to be a Judge,* 

*And what a prisioner.*

*Lnc. I, touch him: there's the vaine.*

*Ang. Your Brother is a forfeit of the Law,* 

*And you but waste your words.*

*Ifab. Alas, alas:* 

*Why all the foules that were, were forfeit once,* 

*And he that might the vantage best have took,* 

*Found out the remedy: how would you be,* 

*If he, which is the top of Judgement, should* 

*But judge you, as you are? Oh, thinke on that,* 

*And mercie then will breathe within your lips* 

*Like man new made.*

*Ang. Be you content, (faire Maid)* 

*It is the Law, not I, condemne your brother,* 

*Were he my kindman, brother, or my sonne,* 

*It should be thus with him: he must die to morrow.*

*Ifab. To morrow? oh, that's sodaine,* 

*Spare him, spare him:* 

*Hes not prepar'd for death; even for our kitchins* 

*We kill the fowle of feacon: shall we fence heaven* 

*With leffe respect then we doe minifter* 

*To one groffe-felerius, good, good my Lord, bethank you,* 

*Who is it that hath di'd for this offence?* 

*There's many hate committted it.*

*Lnc. I, well said.*

*Ang. The Law hath not bin dead, thoogh it hath slept* 

*Those many had noe dar'd to doe that enuill* 

*If the first, that did th' Edithe infringe* 

*Had answer'd for his deed: Now tis awake,* 

*Takes note of what is done, and like a Prophet* 

*Lookes in a glasse that shewes what future euils* 

*Either now, or by remembrance, new conceu'd,* 

*And so in progresse to be hatch'd, and borne,* 

*Are now to haue no successeful degrees,* 

*But here they liue to end.*

*Ifab. Yet shew some pittie.*

*Ang. I shew it most of all, when I show Justice;* 

*For then I pittie those I doe not know,* 

*Which a dispenser's offence, would after gaule*
... And doe him right, that answering one foule wrong
Lies not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your Brother dies to morrow; be content,
Ifab. So you must be 
That gives this sentence, and
And he, that_full
tis, it is excellent
To have a Giant's strength: but it is tyrannous
To vie it is a Giant.
Luc. That's well said.
Ifab. Could great men thunder
As loud himselfe do's, than would neuer be quiet,
For every pelting petty Officer
Would vie his heauen for thunder;
Nothing but thunder: Mercifull heauen,
Thou rather with thy halfeare and sulphurous bolt
Splits the vn-wedgeable and garmeck Oke,
Then the soft Merritt: But man, proud man,
Dreft in a little briefe authoritie,
Moll ignorant of what he's most affur'd,
(To his glacie Effence) like an angry Ape
Plays such phantaffique tricks before high heauen,
As makes the Angels weepes; who with our plickenes,
Would all themselves laugh mortall.
Luc. Oh, to him, to him, why he will relent,
Hee's comoning: I perceive's.
Pro. Pray heauen he win him.
Ifab. We cannot weaue our brother with our selfe,
Great men may weaue with Saints: tis wit in them,
But in the leffe foule prophanation.
Luc. Thou'lt geth right (Girls) more o' that.
Ifab. That in the Captaine's but a chollericke word,
Which in the Souldier flat blaphemie.
Luc. Art suis d'o' that? more on't.
Ang. Why do you put these sayings vpon me?
Ifab. Because Authoritie, though it erre like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in it selfe
That skims the vice o'hrrop: goe to your bosomme,
Knock there, and ask ye heart what it doth know
That's like my brothers fault: if it confesse
A naturall guiltinefse, such as his,
Let it not found a thought vpon your tongue
Against my brothers life.
Ang. She speakes, and this fuch fencce
That my Sence breeds with it; fare you well.
Ifab. Gentle my Lord, turne backe.
Ang. I will but think me: come againe to morrow.
Ifa. Hark, how ie briebe you: good my Lord turn back.
Ang. How? briebe me?
Ifa. I, with fuch gifts that heauen thall sharue with you.
Luc. You had maut'all elfe.
Ifab. Not with fond Sickles of the tallowed-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 soules,
From falling Maides; whose minds are dedicatet
To nothing temporal.
Ang. Well: come to me to morrow.
Luc. Goe to: 'tis well away.
Ifab. Heauen keepe your honour safte.
Ang. Amen.
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers croile,
Ifab. At what howe to morrow,
Shall I attend your Lordship?
Ang. At any time 'fore-noone.
Ifab. Save your Honour.

Ang. From thee: even from thy vertue.
What's this? what's this? is this her fault, or mine?
The Temptor, or the Tempted, who fins most? ha?
Not the, nor both: the vertue: but it is I,
That, lying by the Violet in the Sunne
Doe as the Carrion do's, not as the flower,
Corrupt with veruous feacon: Can it be,
That Modesty may more betray our Sence
Then womanes lightneffe? having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the Sanctuary
And pitch our cuils there? oh fie, fie, fie:
What doth thou? or what art thou Angels?
Doft thou desire her foweul, for those things
That make her good? oh, let her brother live:
Theeues for their robberby have authority,
When Judges feale themselves: what, doe I loue her,
That I desire to hear her speake againe?
And feaft vpon her eyes? what is't I dreame on?
Oh cunning enemy, that to catch a Saint,
With Saints doft bait thy hooke: most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad vs on
To finde, in losing vertue: never could the Strumpet
With all her double vigor, Art, and Nature
Once stirr my temper: but this veruous Maid
Subdues me quire: Ever till now
When men were fond, I simlil, and woodred how. Exit.

Seena Tertia.

Enter Duke and Prouost.
Duke. Haile to you, Prouost, so I thinke you are.
Pro. I am the Prouost: what's your will, good Friere?
Duke. Bound by my charitie, and my breit order,
I come to visit the affiled 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 do more then that, if more were needfull
Enter Inlet.
Looke here comes one: a Gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flaves of her owne youth,
Hath blifled her report: She is with child,
And he that got it, sentenc'd: a yong man,
More fit to doe another such offence,
Then dye for this,
Duke. When muft he dye?
Pro. As I do thinke to morrow.
I have provided for you, lay a while
And you shall be conducted,
Duke. Repent you (faire one) of the sin you carry?
Int. I doe; and bear the fame most patiently.
Duke. He teach you how you shall araign your confciencie
And try your presence, if it be found;
Or hollowly put on.
Int. He gladly leane.
Duke. Loue you the man that wrong'd you?
Int. Yes, as I loue the woman that wrong'd him.
Duke. So then it seemes your most offence full as
Was mutuall committted.
Int. Mutualy.
Duke. Then was your sin of heauier kinde then his.
Int. I doe confesioun, and repent it (Father.)

Duke. "Tis
Measure for Measure.

Duke. This meetes fo (laughter) but lefts you do repent.
As that the sun hath brought you to this place,
Which sorrow is always toward our felues, not heauen,
Showing we would not spare heauen as we love it,
But as we stand in fear.

Int. I doe repent, as it is an euell,
And take the theme with joy.

Duke. There tell your partner (as I heare) must die to morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him:
Grace goe with you, Benedicte.

Int. Must die to morrow, oh injurious Lawe
That reftips me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror.

Pro. This pity of huime.

Scene Quarta.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. When I would praye, & think, I think, & pray
To leuerrall subiects: heaven hath my empty words,
Whilme my Invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Iafbell: heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name,
And in my heart the strong and swelling euliu
Ofmy conception: the taste whereon I dined
It is a good thing, being often read
Growne heard, and tedious: yea, my Grauidie
Wherein (let no man heare me) I take pride,
Could I, with bootes, change for an idle plume
Which the ayre bears for vaine: oh place, oh forme,
How often doth thou with thy cafe, thy habitat
Wrench awe from fooles, and tye the wise fooles
To thy fals feeming? Blood, thou art blood,
Let's write good Angell on the Deuils houme
'Tis not the Deuills Cleft: how now? who's there?

Enter Servant.

Ser. One Iafbell, a Sifter, desires accesse to you.

Ang. Teach her the way: oh, heauen.

Why doe's my bloud thus muller to my heart,
Making both it vnable for it selfe,
And dipposessing all my other parts
Of necessarie finelle?
So play the foolish throng with one that wounds,
Come all to help him, and stop the syre
By which hee should resure: anduen so
The general subick to a wel-wisht King
Quit their owne parts, and in obloquious fonndce
Crowd to his prference, where their vn-taught loue
Must needs appeare offence: bow new faire Maid.

Enter Iafbelle.

Iafb. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. (me) That you might know it, would much better please
Then to demand what 'tis: your Brother cannot live.

Iafb. Even so: heaven kepe your Honor.

Ang. Yet may he lute a while: and it may be
As long as you, or I: yet he must die.

Iafb. Vnder your Sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Iafb. When I beleech you, that in his Repriec
(Longer, or shorter) he may be so fitted
That his soule ticken not.

Ang. Ha! I tir'd these filthy vices: It were as good

To pardon him, that hath from nature stolne:
A man already made, as to remit
Their fakeee sweetnes, that do cloyne heauens image
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as eafe,
Falsely to take awaye a life true made,
As to put mettle in refrained meanes
To make a falce one.

Iafb. 'Tis fet downe so in heauen, but not in earth.

Ang. Say you so: then I shall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the most euel Lawe
Now tooks your brothers life, and to redeeme him
Give vp your body to fetch sweete vnleasurable
As she that he hath found?

Iafb. Sir, believe this.
I had rather giue my body, then my soule.

Ang. I talke not of your soule: our compel'd fins
Stand more for number, then for accompt.

Iafb. How say you?

Ang. Nay Ile not warrant that: for I can speake
Against the thing I say: Aniwerd to this,
I now the voyce of the recorded Lawe,
Proneunce a sentence on your Brothers life,
Might there not be a charitie in soume,
To faue this Brothers life?

Iafb. Please you to do't,
Ilke take it as a peril to my soule,
It is no soume at all, but charitie.

Ang. Please you do't, at peril of your soule.
Were equal poize of finne, and charitie.

Iafb. That I do beg his life, if it be soune
Heaven let me beare it; you grating of my fait,
If that be fin, Ile make it my Mone-praire,
To have it added to the faultes of mine,
And nothing of your answere,

Ang. Nay, but heare me,
Your force pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or leeme so crafty; and that's not good.

Iafb. Let be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdome wishe to appeare most bright,
When it doth tais it selfe: As thee blacke Maques,
Proclaime an en-sheild beauty ten times louder
Then beauty could diiplaed: But mark me,
To be receued plaine, Ile speake more grofe:
Your Brother is to dye.

Iafb. So.

Ang. And his offences so, as it appeares,
Accounte to the Law, upon that paine.

Iafb. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life
(As I subcribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loffe of question) that you, his Sifter,
Finding your selfe desir'd of such a person,
Whole creedt with the Juge, or owne great place,
Could fetch your Brother from the Manacles
Of the all-building-Law: and that there were
No earthly meane to save him, but that either
You must lay downe the treasures of your body,
To this suppos'd, or elle to let him suffer:
What would you doe?

Iafb. As much for my poore Brother, as my selfe;
That is: were I vnder the tarmes of death,
Thi'mpreffion of keenes whips, I'd weare as Rubics,
And stripe my selfe to death, as to a bed,
That longing have bin sicke forere I'd yeeld
My body vp to frame.
Enter Duke, Claudio, and Proserp. Dr. So then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo? Cia. The miserable have no other medicine But only hope I 'have hope to live, and I am prepar'd to die. Duk. Be absolute for death: either death or life Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life: If I do loose thee, I do lose a thing That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art, Sensible to all the sky's influences, That doth this habitation where thou keepest Hourly afflict: Meercely, thou art deaths fool, For him thou labourest by thy flight to flie, And yet runst toward him still. Thou art not noble, For all thee accommodations that thou bearest, Are nurst by bafenes: Thou'rt by no means valiant, For thou dost fear the soft and tender forke Of a poor worm: thy best of reft is sleepe, And that thou oft prouok'st, yet grofflie feart Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thy selfe, For thou exsists on mante a thousand grainer That infamous out of duff. Happie thou art not, For what thou hast not, still thou finn't to get, And what thou hast forgett. Thou art not certaine, For thy complexion flies to strange effects, After the Moone: if thou art rich, thou'rt poore, For like an Affe, whose backe with Ingots bowes: Thou bearest thy heauie riches but a lournie, And death vnoads thee; Friend haft thou none. For thine owne bowels which do call thee, fire The meer effusion of thy proper loines Do cut the Gowt, Sapago, and the Rheume For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast not youth but age But as it were an after-dinner sleepe Dreaming on both, for all thy blest youth Becomes as aged, and doth begge the almes Of palsied-Eld: and when thou art old, and rich

Or else he must not oncels die the death, But thy vnkindnesse shall his death draw out To lingering suffrance: Answer me, my tower, Or by the affection that now guides me miff, Ile proue a Tirant to him. As for you, Say what you can: my falle, o're-weights your true, Exit Ifa. To whom should I complain? Did I tell thet, Who would beleue me? O perilous mouthes That bear in them, one and the felfe fame tongue. Either of condemnaition, or approoa. Bidding the Law make currie to their will, Hooking both right and wrong to th'apparente, To follow as it draws. Ile to my brother, Though he hath faine by prompture of the blood, Yet hath he in him fuch a minde of Honor, That had he twente heads to tender downe. On twente bloodie blockes, hee lyd yeeld them vp, Before his fitter fhould her bodie floope. To fuch abbord pollution, Then Ifaded live chaftis, and brother die; "More then our Brother, is the Chafftis, Ile tell him yet of Angelo's reques, And fit his minde to death, for his foules reft, Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.
Measurc for Measure.

Thou haft neither heart, affection, limb, nor beautie
To make thy riches pleasant: what's yet in this
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid moe thousand deaths; yet death we fear
That makes their oddes, all even.

Cla. I humbly thank you.
To sue to die, I finde I seek to die,
And seeking death, finde life Let it come on.

Enter Isabell.

Ifab. What is this? Peace here; Grace, and good company.

Pro. Who's there? Come in, the with deuours a welcome.

Duke. Deere Sir, ere long I vift you againe.
Ifab. Most holy Sir, I thank you.

Ifa. My buisiness is a word or two with Claudio.

Pro. And verie welcome; looke Signior, here's your sifter.

Duke. Prououf, a word with you.

Pro. As manie as you please.

Duke. Bring them to heare me speake, where I may be conceaue'd.

Cla. Now sifter, what's the comfort?

Ifa. Why,
As all comforts are: most good, most good indeede,
Lord Angelo having affaires to heauen
Intends you for his swift Ambaffador,
Where you shall be an everlasting Leiger;
Therefore your but appointment make with speed,
To Morrow you feron.

Cla. Is there no remedy?

Ifa. None; but such remedie, as to saue a head
To cleaue a heart in twaine:

But is there anne?

Ifa. Yes brother, you may spue;

There is a deuillish mercie in the Judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Cla. Perpetuall durance?

Ifa. Iuft, perpetual durance, a restraint
Through all the worlds vassiditie you had
To a determin'd scope.

Cla. But in what nature?

Ifa. In such a one, as you confenting too,
Would barke your honor from that trunque you bear,
And leaue you naked.

Cla. Let me know the point,
Ifa. Oh, I do feare thee Claudio, and I quake,
Least thou a feauorous life shouldst entertaine,
And fix or feuen winters more respect
Then a perpetrual Honor. Dost thou die?
The fentence of death is moft in apprehenion,
And the poor Beetles that we creade upon
In corporallufferance, finds a pang as great.

As when a Giant dies.

Cla. Why gie you me this shame?
Think you I can a refolution fetch
From bowtie tendernes? If I must die,
I will encounter darknesse as a bride,
And huggle it in mine armes.

Ifa. There spake my brother: there my fathers grate
Did vter forth a voice. Yes, thou muft die:
Thou art too noble, to continue a life
In base applicitations. This outward fainted Deputie,
Whose fetted vifage, and deliberatc word
Nips youth i' th head, and follicies doth emendu
Mercy to thee would prove its self a Bawd;
but that thou dieft quickly.

Cia. Oh hear me ladies.

Duk. Vouchsafe a word, young fitter, but one word.

Ifa. What is your Will?

Duk. Might you dispence with your legifure, I would by and by have some speech with you: this fatification I would require, is likewise your owne benefit.

Ifa. I have no superfluous leューende, my flay must be follen out of other affaires: but I will attend you a while.

Duk. Son, I have outher-heard what hath past between you & your fitter. Angelo hath neuer the purpose to corrup her: onely he hath made an affay of her vertue, to practife his indulgment with the disposition of natures. She having the truth of honour in her) hath made him that gracious denial, which he is too glad to receive: I am Confeffor to Angelo, and I know this to be true, therefore prepare your felle to death: do not satisifie your reolution with hopes that are fallible, to morrow you must die, goe to your knees, and make ready.

Cia. Let me ask of my fitter pardon. I am too out of loue with life, that I will fue to be rid of it.

Duk. Hold you there: farcely: Proseff, a word with you.

Pro. What is your will (father?)

Duk. That now you are come, you will be conuicel me a while with the Maid, my mind promises with my habit, no losse shall touch her by my company.

Pro. In good time.

Duk. The hand that hath made you faire, hath made you good: the goodness that is cheape in beauty, makes beauty briefe in goodnes: but grace being the foule of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever faire: the affault that Angelo hath made to you, Fortune hath consicid to my understanding; and but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo: how will you doe to content this Subiftute, and to haue your Brothe?

Jab. I am now going to refuce him: I had rather my brother die by the Law, then my fome should be unlawfullie borne. But (oh) how much is the good Duke deceu't in Angelo: if euer he returnes, and I can speake to him, I will open my lips in vaine, or discover his government.

Duk. That shall not be much mischiefe: yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation: he made triall of you onlie. Therefore fatten your care on my advicings, to the loue I have in doing good; a remedie preffes it felle. I doe make my felle beleue that you may moft vprightlie do a poor fitter good. Lady a mercifull benefit redeem your brother from theangled Law; do no flaine to your owne gracious person, and much pleafe the abfent Duke, if perdurance he shall ever returne to hauue hearing of this bufineffe.

Jab. Let me heare you speake farther, I haue spirit to do any thing that appears not owle in the truth of my spirit.

Duk. Venture is bold, and goodnes neuer fearefull: Have you not heard speake of Mariana the fitter of Frederike the great Souleider, who miscarried at Sea?

Ifa. I have heard of the Lady, and good words went with her name.

Duk. She should this Angelo have married: was affiance to her oath, and the augufl appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederike was wrackt at Sea, hauing in that perified reeffel, the dowry of his fitter: but marke how heavenly this belffel to the poor Gentlewoman, there the loft anoble and renowned brother, in his love toward her, euer moft kinde and natural with him the portion and new of her fortune, her marriage dowry: with both, her combynate-husband, this well-ferning Angelo.

Jab. Can this be fo? did Angelo to leave her?

Duk. Left her in her teares, & dried not one of them with his comfort: flawelled his vows whole, pretending in her, discoueries of dishonour: in few, befored her on her owne lamentation, which the yet weares for his fake: and he, a marble to her teares, is waxed with them, but relents not.

Jab. 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 ficfe auaile?

Duk. It is a rupture that you may easily heal: and the cure of it not onely faues your brother, but keeps you from dishonor in doing it.

Jab. Show me how (good Father.)

Duk. This fore-named Maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his vnfaith vnkindenes (that in all reason should have quenched her loue) hath (like an impendim in the Current) made it more violent and vurly: Goe to you Angelo, anfwer his requirings with a plauffible obedience, agree with his demands to the point: onely referve your felle to this aduantage; for, that your flay with him may not be long: that the time may have all shadow, and silence in it and the place anwerfes to contentence: this being granted in courfe, and now follows all: wee shall audie this wronged maid to fleed vp your appointment, goe in your place: if the encounter acknowledge it felie hereafter, it may compell him to her recompence; and here, by this is your brother faued, your honor vntainted, the poore Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt Depuy scaled.

The Maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt: if you thinke well to carry this as you may, the doublelies of the benefets defends the deceif from reproofe. What thinke you of it?

Jab. The image of it giveth me content already, and I trufl it will grow to a moft proflerous perfection.

Duk. It is much in your holding vp: haife you freely to Angelo, if for this night he intrest you to his bed, give him promife of fafisfaction: I will prefently to S. Lukes, there at the moated-Grange receives this diseased Mariana: at that place call vpon me, and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Jab. I thank you for this comfort: fare you well good father.

Enter Elbow, Cloune, Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needes buy and fell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drincke brown & white baird.

Duk. Oh heauens, what thaffe is here.

Clou. Was never merry worlder fince of two viuries the merrie was put downe, and the worffer allow'd by order of Law; a fudre gowne to kepe him warme; and fure with Foxe and Lamb-kins too, to signifie, that craft being richer then Immocney, flandes for the правing.

Elb. Come your way sir: bleffe you good father.

Duk. And you good Brother father, what offente hath this man made you, Sir?

Elb. Marry
Eeb. Marry Sir, he hath offended the Law; and Sir, we take him to be a Thieve too Sir: for we have found, upon him Sir, a strange Pick-lock, which we have sent to the Depute.

Duke. Fie, farrah, a Bawd, a wicked bawd, The euil that thou cauitest to be done, That is thy means to live. Do thou but thinke What 'tis to exam a man, or a thot hath a backe. From such a filthy vice; fay to thy felfe, I drinke, I eate my waye, and fay: Can't thou beleeue thy lusing is a life, So finkingly depending go mend, go mend. Clo. Indeed, it do's flinke in some for, Sir: But yet Sir, I would prooue.

Duke. Nay, if the diuell have giane thee proofs for sin Thou wilt prooue his. Take him to thy prifon Officer, Correction, and Infruction must both worke Ere this rude beaft will profite.

Eeb. He must before the Deputy Sir, he ha's given him warning: the Depute cannot abide a Whore-ma-fter: if he be a Whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good a mite on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as fome would flonce to bee From our faults, as faults from licence free. Enter Lucio.


Luc. How now noble Pompey? What, at the wheels of Cesar? Arche thou led in triumph? What is there none of Piagemions Images newly made woman to bee had this, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extractinge clutch'd: What reply? Ha? What faith thou to this Tune, Matter, and Mefholl? Is it not drown'd ith last raine? Ha! What faith thou TrofT? Is the world as it was? Man! Which is the vay? Is it sad, and few words? Or how? The tricke of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus: fhall yuor fee?

Luc. How doth my deere Morfell, thy Miftris Pro-oures the flill? Ha?

Clo. Trofe, fhall have eaten vp all her brefe, and she fhall fleeft in the tub.

Luc. Why 'tis good: It is the right of it: it muft be fo. Euer your felfe Whore, and your ponder'd Baud, an vnfhun'd confequenfe, it muft be fo. Art going to prifon Pompey?

Clo. Yes faith Sir.

Luc. Why 'tis not amifsie Pompey: farewell: goe fay I fent thee thether: for debt Pompey? Or how?

Eeb. For being a bauia, for being a bauia.

Luc. Well, then imprison him: if imprisonment be the due of a bauia, why 'tis his right. Baut is he doubte-ffe, and of antiquity too: Baud borne. Farewel good Pompey: Commend me to the prifon Pompey, you will turne good husband now Pompey, you will keepe the houfe.

Clo. I hope Sir, your good Worship wil my bale?

Luc. No indeed will I not Pompey, it is not the wear: I will pray Pompey to encroach your bondage if you take it not patiently: Why, your mettle is the more: Adieu truifhe Pompey.

Baffle you Friar. 

Dukc. And you.

Luc. Do's Brugge paint flill, Pompey? He?

Eeb. Come your waies fir, come.

Clo. You will not baile me then Sir?

Luc. Then Pompey, nor now: what newes abroad Fri-er? What newes?

Eeb. Come your waies fir, come.

Luc. Goe to kennel (Pompey) goe: What newes from the Depute of the Duke?

Duke. I know none: can you tell me of any?

Luc. Some fay he is with the Emperor of Rome: othe fome, he is in Rome: but where is he think you?

Duke. I know not where: but whereforer, I with him well.

Luc. It was a mad fantafical tricke of him to fteale from the State, and vfurpe the beggerie bee was never borne to: Lord Angelo Dukes it well in his abfence: he putts ranefrig ioone too.

Duke. He do's well in't.

Luc. A little more lemitie to Lecherie would doe no harme in him: Something too crabb'd that vay, Frier.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and feuerite must eure it.

Luc. Yes in good ftoke, the vice is of a great kindred: it is well allied, but it is imposible 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 downe-right vay of Creacion: is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Luc. Some report, a Sea-maid spawn'd him, Some, that he was begot between two Stock-fyshes. But it is certaine, that when he makes water, his Vrince is congeald ice, that I know to bee true: and he is a motion generating, that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleafant fir, and fpeeke space.

Luc. Why, what a fuddled thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a Cod-peoce, to take away the life of a man? Would the Duke that is abfent have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred Baffards, he would have paffe for the Nurfing a thoufand! He had fome feeling of the fpirit, hee knew the femence, and that infupported him to mericie.

Duke. I never heard the abfent Duke much delcated for Women, he was not enclin'd that vay.

Luc. Oh Sir, you are decid'd.

Duke. 'Tis not poftible.

Luc. Who, not the Duke? Yes, your beggar of fifty: and his wife was, to put a ducket in her Clack-difh: the Duke had Crochets in him. Hee would be drunke too, that let me informe you.


Luc. Sir, I was an inward of his: a fife fellow was the Duke, and I beleue I know the caufe of his withdrawing.

Duke. What (I prethee) might be the caufe?

Luc. No, pardon: 'Tis a fecret mutt bee lockt within the teeth and the lippes: but this I can let you understand, the greater file of the fubiect held the Duke to bee vifte.

Duke. Wife. Why no queftion but he was.

Luc. A very superficitl, ignoraunt, yaneving fellow Duke. Either this is Emmie in you, Folly, or mita-king: The very fireame of his life, and the bufineffe he hath helmed, must vpon a warrante neede, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimoined in his owne bringings forth, and hee shall appear to the enuious, a Scholler, a Statefman, and a Soldier: therefore you speake vnskilfully: or, if your knowledge bee more, it is much darkned in your mallice.

Luc.
Measure for Measure.

Luc. Sir, I know him, and I love him.
Duke. Loue talks with better knowledge, & knowledge with deare loue.
Luc. Come Sir, I know what I know.
Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speake. But if euer the Duke return (as our prayers are he may) let me defire you to make your answer before him: ift bee honett you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it; I am bound to call vpon you, and I pray you your name?
Luc. Sir my name is Lucio, well known to the Duke.
Duke. He shall know you better Sir, if I may live to repent you.
Luc. I feare you not.
Duke. O, you hope the Duke will returne no more: or you imagine me to vnhurtfull an oppofite: but indeed I can doe you little harme: You'll for-swear this again?
Luc. Ile be hang'd shift: Thou art decei'd in mee Friar. But no more of this: Can ft thou tell if Claudio die to morrow, or no?
Duke. Why should he die Sir?
Luc. Why? For filling a butter with a Tunne-dift: I would the Duke we talke of were return'd against; this vngentiu'r Agent will vn-people the Province with Continuance. Sparrowes must not build in his house-eeues, because they are lecherous: The Duke yet would have darke deeds darke the anwered, hee would never bring them to light: would bee were return'd. Misric this Claudio is condemned for vntrufing, Farwell good Friar, I praethee pray for me: The Duke (I lay to thee againe) would eate Mutton on Fritdays. He's now past it, yet (and I fay to thee) hee would mouth with a bag, though the finetl browne-bread and Garlick: say that I faid fo: Farwell.

Duke. No might, nor greatneffe in mortality Can censur ecape: Back:-wounding calamity The whiteft vetue striketh. What King so strong, Can tie the gall vp in the flenderous tong. But who comes heere?

Enter Efcultus, Proffit, and Bawd.

Efc. Go, away with her to prifon.
Bawd. Good my Lord be good to mee, your Honor is accounted a mercifull man: good my Lord.
Efc. Double, and treble admonition, and till forfeite in the fame kinde? This would make mercy sweare and play the Tirant.

Pro. A Bawd of eleuen yeares continuance, may it please your Honor.

Bawd. My Lord, this is one Lucio's information againft me, Mistis Kate Keep-downe was with child by him in the Dukes time, he promptid her marriage: this Childe is a yeere and a quarter olde come Philip and Isab: I have kept it my selfe; and see how hee goes about to abuse me.

Efc. That fellow is a fellow of much Licencet Let him be call'd before vs, Away with her to prifon: Goe too, no more words. Protest, my Brother Angelos will not be alter'd, Claudio must die to morrow: Let him be furnish'd with Diuines, and have all charitable preperation. If my brother wroght by my pitie, it shou'd not be fo with him.

Pro. So please you, this Friar hath beene with him, and aduiz'd him for the entertainment of death.
Esc. Good eu'en, good Father.
Duke. Biffle, and goodneffe on you.

Esc. Of whence are you?
Duke. Not of this Coutrie though my chance is now To vie it for my time: I am a brother
Of graciously Order, late come from the Sea,
In special business from his Holineffe,
Efc. What newes abroad of thee World?
Duke. None, but that there is so great a Feauor on goodneffe, that the diffolultion of it must cure it. No-uelite is onlie in reques, and as it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of cause, as it is vertuous to be con-stant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough abuse maketh Societies secure, but Security enough to make Fellowships corrupt: Much upon this vride runs the wifedome of the world: This newes is old enough, yet it is euerie dais newes. I pray you Sir, of what dispo-osition was the Duke?
Efc. One, that aboue all other strifes, Contended especially to know himselfe.
Duke. What pleauce was he giuen to?
Efc. Rather reioicing to see another merry, then merrie at anie thing which profett to make him reioice. A Gentleman of all temperance. But leaue wee him to his euents, with a praiser they may prooue proouer, & let me defire to know, how you finde Claudio prepar'd?
I am made to vnderstand, that you have lent him vigil-ation.

Duke. He profettles to have receu'd no finifer mea-true from his Judge, but most willingly humbles him-selfe to the determination of Juiice: yet had he framed to himselfe (by the inuicuation of his frailty) manie de-ceiving promises of life, which I (by my good Leasure) have decerued to him, and now is he tooold to die.
Efc. You have paid the heauens your Function, and the prisioner the verie debt of your Calling. I haue lau-hour'd for the poore Gentleman, to the extreme floure of my modell, but my brother Juiice haue I found to feuere, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, hee is indeede Juiice.

Duke. If his owne life,
Anwere the straineffe of his proceeding,
It shall become him well: wherein he chance to faile he hath lenten'd himselfe.
Esc. I am going to visit the prisioner, Fare you well.
Duke. Peace be with you.

He who the word of Heauen will brea, Should be as holy, as feuere:
Pattern in himselfe to know, Grace to faand, and Vetue go:
More, nor lefe to others paying,
Then by lefe-offences weighing,
Shame to him, whose cruell striking,
Kills for faults of his owne liking:
Twice trebble flame on Angelo,
To v cree my vice, and let his grow.
Oh, what may Man within him hide,
Though Angello on the outward side?
How may likenesse made in crimes,
Making practife on the Times,
To draw with yde Spiders firtings
Most ponderous and subflatiall things?
Craft against vice, I must apply.
With Angello to night shall lye
His old bteroached (but devided)
So difguife shall by th's dignified
Pay with fallhood, faile exciting,
And performe an olde contraching.
Measure for Measure.

**Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.**

Enter Mariana, and Boy singing.

Song. Take, oh take those lips away, that so sweetly were forsworn. And those eyes: the break of day lights that doth mislead the Morn; But my kiss bring againe, string againe, States of love, fast seal'd in vanity, seal'd in vanity.

Enter Duke.

Mar. Break of thy long, and hate thee quick away. Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice Hath often fill'd my brawling discontent. I cry you mercy, Sir, and well could wish You had not found me here so mutickall. Let me excuse me, and beleve me so, My mist and birect displeased, but pleased my woe.

Duk. This is good; though Minke oft hath such a charm To make bad, good; and such a proutsaue to harree. I pray you tell me, hach any body enquir'd for mee here to day; much vpon this time have I promis'd here to meete.

Mar. You have not bin enquir'd after: I haue sat here all day.

Enter Isabella.

Duk. I doe constantly beleue you: the time is come even now. I shall crave your forbearance alittle, may be I will call vpon you anon for some advantage to your selfe.

Mar. I am always bound to you.

Duk. Very well met, and well come: What is the newes from this good Deputie?

Isab. He hath a Garden circumm'd with Brickke, Whose welltene fide is with a Vineyard back't; And to that Vineyard is a planched gate, That makes his opening with this bigger Key: This other doth command a little doore, Which from the Vineyard to the Garden leads, There haue I made my promisfe, vpon the Heavy middle of the night, to call vpon him.

Duk. But shall you on your knowledge find this way? Isab. I have tane a dure and wary note vpon't, With whispering, and most giiltie diligence, In action all of precepts, he did show me

The way twice ore.

Duk. Are there no other tokens.

Between you greed, concerning her obseruance?

Isab. No: none but onely a repair'd ith' darkes, And that I haue possisit him, my most flay Can be but briefe; for I haue made him know, I have a Servaunt comes with me along, That stables vpon me; whose perisuation is, I come about my Brother.

Duk. Tis well borne vp.

I haue not yet made knowne to Mariana Enter Mariana.

A word of this: what hoa, within; come forth, I pray you be acquainted with this Maid, She comes to doe you good.

Isab. I doe desirfe the like.

Duk. Do you periswade your selfe that I respect you?

Mar. Good Friar, I know you do, and have found it.

Duk. Take then this your companion by the hand Who hath a ferior readie for your care; I shall attend your leisur, but make haile The vaporous night approaches.

Mar. Write let you walke aside.

Enter. Oh Place, and greateew millions of falfe eies Are f Becker upon thee; volumes of report Run with these falfe, and most contrarious quest Vpon thy doings: thousand espakes of wit Make thee the father of their idle dreame, And Rakke thee in their fancies. Welcome, how a greed? Enter Mariana and Isabella.

Isab. She'll take the enterprize vpon her father, If you aduise it.

Duk. It is not my confent, But my entreaty too.

Isab. Little haue you to say When you depart from him, but soft and low, Remember now my brother.

Mar. Fear not me.

Duk. Nor gentle daughter, fear ye not at all; He is your husband on a pre-contraet To bring you thus together?ts no time, Sith that the Lufece of your title to him Doth flourish the decease. Come, let vs goe, Our Corne's to scape, for yet our Tithes to low. Exeunt.

**Scena Secunda.**

Enter Proud and Clave.

Pro. Come hither sirra; can you cut off a mans head?

Clave. If the man be a Bachelor Sir, I can: But if he be a married man, he's his wives head, And I can never cut off a womans head.

Pro. Care for, lease me your ratchet, and yeeld me a direct answer. To morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine: here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper, if you will take it on you to affist him, it shall redeem you from your Gueses: if not, you shall have your full time of imprisionment, and your delivrance with an unpitied whipping; for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clave. Sir, I have beene an rlawfull bawd, time out of minde, but yet I will bee content to be a lawfull hangman: I would bee glad to recuece some infraction from my fellow partner.

Pro. What hoa, Abhorson: where's Abhorson there?

Enter Abhorson.

Abb. Do you call Sir?

Pro. Sirha, here's a fellow will help you to morrow in your execution: if you thinke it mee, compound with him by the yeere, and let him abide here with you, if not, vfe him for the present, and dismiss him, hee cannot plead his extimation with you: the hath beene a Bawd.

Abb. A Bawd Sir? he vpon him, he will dieredit our mysterie.

Pro. Goe too Sir, you waigh equalities: a feather will turne the Scale.

Clave. Pray sir, by your good fautor: for surely Sir, a good fautor you have, but that you have a hangeing look: Do you call Sir, your occupation a Mysterie?
Abb. I Sir, a Mistress.

Clo. Painting Sir, I haue heard say, is a Mistress; and your Whores sir, being members of my occupation, v-\ing painting, do proue my Occupation, a Mistress but what Missister there should be in hang'g, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abb. Sir, it is a Mistress.

Clo. Prooife.

Abb. Euerie true mans apparrel fits your Theefe.

Clo. If it be too little for your theefe, your true man thinks it bigge enough. If it bee too bigge for your Theefe, your Theefe thinks it little enough: So euerie true man's apparrel fits your Theefe.

Enter Pro. with his sword.

Pro. Are you agreed?

Clo. Sir, I will leare him: For I do finde your Hang-\man is a more penitent Trade then your Bawd: he doth of\ner aske forgiveness.

Pro. You shalh, provide your blockade and your Axe to morrow, foure a clocke.

Abb. Come on (Bawd) I will instruct thee in my Trade: follow.

Clo. I do desire to learne it: and I hope, if you have occasion to vie me for your owne turne, you shall finde me yeare. For truly sir, for your kindnesse, I owe you a good turne.

Pro. Call hether Barnardine and Claudio:

Th'one has my pitie; not a lot the other, Being a Murtherer; though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Looke, here is the Warrant Claudio, for thy death: This is now dead midnight, and by eight to morrow Then thou wilt be made immortall. Where's Barnardine?

Claudio. As falt lock'd in sleep, as guiltlesse labour, When it lies starkly in the Travellers bones, He will not wake.

Pro. Who can do good on him?

Well, go, prepare your selfe. But hartke, what noise? Heaven give your spirits comfort; and by, and by, I hope it is some pardon, or reprecue

For the most gentle Claudio. Welcome Father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The beff, and wholsomst spirits of the night, Insuelp you, good Prouoff: who calleth here of late?

Pro. None since the Curphew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel?

Pro. No.

Duke. They will then er't be long.

Pro. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There's fome in hope.

Pro. It is a bitter Deuize.

Duke. Not so, not so: his life is parallel.

Even with the stroke and lane of this great Justice: He doth with holie affinitie subdue

That in himselfe, which he furrest on his powre

To quallifie in others: were he meal'd with that

Which he corrects, then were he irrazzous;

But this being fo, he's suft Now are they come.

This is a gentle Prouoff, fildome when

The fleeced Gader is the friend of men:

How now? what noise? That spirit's pollefit with haft,

That wounds th'insuspection Pofiterne with thes strokes.

Pro. There he must lay vnd the Officer.

Arise to let him in: he is call'd vp.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet?

But he must die to morrow?

Pro. None Sir, none.

Duke. As neere the dawning Prouoff, as it is, You shall heare more eie Morning.

Pro. Happely

You something know: yet I beleue there comes No countermand: no such example haue we:

Besides, vpon the verie siege of Iuticce,

Lord Angelo hath to the publike ear

Profeft the contrarie.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his Lords man.

Pro. And heete comes Claudio's pardon.

Meff. My Lord hath fent you this note,

And by mee this further charge; That you reverence not from the smallest Article of it,

Neither in time, matter, or other circumstance.

Good morrow: for as I take it, is almoft day.

Pro. I shall obey him,

Duke. This is his Pardon purchas'd by such fin,

For which the Pardoner himselfe is in:

Hence hath offence his quicke celerite,

When it is borne in high Authority.

When Vice makes Mercy; Mercie's fo extended,

That for the faults loue, is th'offender friended.

Now Sir, what newes?

Pro. I told you:

Lord Angelo (be-like) thinkinge me remisfe

In mine Office, awakens mee

With this unwounded putting on, methinks strangelie:

For he hath not vs'd it before.

Duke. Pray you let's heare,

The Letter.

Whatsoever you may heare to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by force of the clocke, and in the afternoon Barnardine: For my better satisfaction, let mee haue Claudio's head sent me by fire. Let this be duly performed with a thought that more depends on it, then we must yet delin.

This feme to doe your Office, as you will answere it at your perill.

What fay you to this Sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoone?

Pro. A Bohemian borne: But here nurtur vp & bred,

One that is a prisoner nine yeares old.

Duke. How came it, that the absente Duke had not either delin'd him to his libertie, or executed him? I have heard it was use his manner to do fo.

Pro. His friends hill wrought Reproovcs for him:

And indeed his fact till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtfull proofe,

Duke. It is now apparant?

Pro. Most manifest, and not denied by himselfe.

Duke. Hath he borne himselfe penitently in prison:

How seemes he to be touch'd?

Pro. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep, carelesse, wretchlesse, and fearlesse of what's palt, present, or to come: insensible of mortallity, and desperately morrall.

Duke. He wants advice.

Pro. He will heare none: he hath euermore had the libertie of the prison: give him leave to escape hence, he would not. Drunkie many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk; We haue vvere oft awak'd him, as if to carrie him to execution, and they'd him a seeming warn- rant for it, he hath not heared him at all.

Duke.
Pro. Pray Sir, in what?
Duke. In the delaying death.
Pro. Alack, how may I do it? Having the house limited, and an expresse command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio did, to croffe this in the failure.
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 seen them both, And will discover the fav'our.
Duke. Oh, death is a great difguise, and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard, and say it was the desire of the penitent to be bar'd before his death; you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the Saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.
Pro. Pardon me, good Father, it is against my oath.
Duke. Were you worne to the Duke, or to the Deputy?
Pro. To him, and to his Substitutes.
Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the Duke auouch the justice of your dealing?
Pro. But what likelihood is in that?
Duke. Not a remembrance, but a certainty; yet since I see you fearfull, that neither my coate, integrity, nor perwasion, can with safe attempt you, I will go further then I meant, to plucke all fears out of your. Looke you Sir, here is the hand and Scale of the Duke; you know the Character I doubt not, and the Siglett is not strange to you?
Pro. I know them both.
Duke. The Contents of this, is the returne of the Duke; you shall anover reade it at your pleasure: where you shall finde within these two daies, he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knowes not, for hee this very day receiveth letters of strange tenor, percharge of the Dukes death, perchance entering into some Minifterie, but by chance nothing of what is writt. Looke, th unfolding Starre calleth vp the Shepheard; put not your felle into amazement, how thee these shoule shal all difficulties be easie when they are knowne. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine head: I will give him a greene shofr, and advoue him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall absolutely resolve you: Come away, it is almost sixe daune. Exeit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Claudio.
Clo. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession; one would think it were Milfris

Over-done owne house, for here be manie of her olde Customers. First, here's yong Mr. Ralph, he's in for a commoditie of brown paper, and olde Ginger, nine score and fourteenne pounds, of which bee made five Markes reallie money; marrie then, Ginger was not much in request, for the olde Women were all dead. Then is there here one Mr. Coper, at the suite of Master Three-Pole the Mercer, for some foure suit of Peach-colour'd Satin, which now purchaseth him a gig. Then haue we here, yong Dose, and yong Mr. Drop-von, and Mr. Coperpount, and Mr. Stare-Lockey the Raper, and daggler man, and yong Drop-hone that kild lustie Pudding, and Mr. Fortkight the Tutor, and braue Mr. Shootie the great Traveller, and wilde Haffie-Canne that flabb'd Post, and I think forte more, all great doers in our Trade, and are now for the Lords fake.

Enter Abbonian.

Abb. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.
Clo. Mr. barnardine, you must rife and be hang'd, Mr. Barnardine.

Abb. What hoa Barnardine.

Bar. A pock o' your throats: who makes that noyse there? What are you?
Clo. 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 sleepe.
Abb. Tell him he must awake,
And that quickly too.

Clo. Pray Master Barnardine, awake till you are execuc'd, and sleepe afterwards.
Abb. Go in to him, and fench him out.
Clo. He is comming Sir, he is comming: I hear his Straw ruffle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abb. Is the Axe upon the blocke, sirrah?
Clo. Verie reade Sir,
Bar. How now Abbonian?

Abb. What's the newes with you?

Abb. 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 fitted for't.

Clo. Oh, the better Sir: for he that drinks all night, and is hanged becoms in the morning, may sleepe the founder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abb. Looke you Sir, here comes your ghostly Father: do we telf now thinke you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charitie, and hearing how hateful you are to despir, I am come to aduoue you, Comfort you, and stay with you.
Bar. Friar, not I: I haue bin drinking hard all night, and I wil have more time to prepare mee: or they shall beat out my brains with billers: I will not content to die this day, that's cernein.

Duke. Oh Sir, you must: and therefore I beseech you Looko forward on the iournce you shal go.

Bar. I swear I will not die to day for anie mans perwasion.

Duke. But heare you:
Bar. Not a word: if you have anie thing to say to me, come to my Ward: for thence will not I to day.

Enter Prowoof.

Duke. Vnto to live, or die: oh granell heart.
Measure for Measure.

After him (P owles) bring him to the blocke.

Pro. Now Sir, how do you finde the prisoner?

Duke. A creature vnprepa'd, vnwise for death;
And to transport him in the minde he is,
Were damnable.

Pro. Here is the prifon, Father,

There did this morning of a cruel Fenor,
One Raggans, a most notorious Pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard, and head
Jut of this colour. What if we do omit
This Reprobate, til he be well enclined,
And satisfie the Deputies with the vilage
Of Raggans, more like to Claudio?

Duke. Oh, it's an accident that heauen provides:
Dispatche it presently, the house draws on
Prefert by Angelo: See this be done,
And gent according to command, whiles I
Perswade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Pro. This shall be done (good Father) presently:
But Barnardine must die this afternoon,
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To saue me from the danger that might come,
If he were knowne after?

Duke. Let this be done,
Put them in feeter holds, both Barnardine and Claudio,
Ere twice the Sun hath made his innomal greeting.
To yond generation, you shal finde
Your safettie manifested.

Pro. I am your free deponent. 

Duke. Quicke, dispatche and send the head to Angelo
Now will I write Letters to Angelo,
(The P roust he shall bear them) whose contents
Shal witness to him I am noere at home:
And that by great Injunctions I am bound
To enter publiquely: him Ile defiere
To meet me at the confessured Proun. 

A League below the City: and from thence,
By cold gradation, and weale-bailanc'd forme.
We shal proceed with Angelo.

Enter Frerioth.

Pro. Here is the head, Ile carrie it my selfe.

Duke. Convenien is it: Make a swift return,
For I would commune with you of such things,
That want no care but yours.

Pro. Ile make all speede.

Duke within.

Ifa. Peace hoa, be here.

Duke. The tongue of Isabella. She's come to know,
If yet her brothers pardon be come bither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heartily comforts of dispaire,
When it is least expected.

Enter Isabella.

Ifa. Hoa, by your leave.

Duke. Good morning to you, faire, and gracious daughter.

Ifa. The better guinie me by so holy a man,
Hath yet the Deputie sent my brothers pardou?

Duke. He hath releaft him, Isabella, from the world,
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

Ifa. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other,
Shew your wifedome daughter in your tifo patience.

Ifa. Oh, I wil to him, and plucke out his eies.

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his fight.

Ifa. Whitappie Claudio, wretched Isabella,

Inrurous world, most damned Angelo.

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profites you a jot,
Forbear it therefore, give your cause to heauen,
Marke what I say, which you shall finde
By every fillable a faithful verite.

The Duke comes home to morrow: may drie your eyes,
One of our Counett, and his Confeiler
Gives me this infaunt: Already he hath carried
Notice to Eufalina and Angelo.

Who do prepare to meet him at the gates, (done)
There to giue up their power: If you can pace your wt-
In that good path that I would will it go,
And you shall have your boosome on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, rengues to your heart,
And general Honor.

Ifa. I am directed by you,

Duke. This Letter then to Friar Peter glue,
'Tis that he sent me of the Dukes returnes:
Say, by this token, I defire his company
At Mariad's houfe to night. Her caufe, and yours
Ile perfec him withall, and he thall bring you
Before the Duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accufe him home and houne. For my poore selfe,
I am combined by a feared Vow,
And shall be abient. Werd you with this Letter:
Command these fretting waters from you eies
With a light heart; truft not my holie Order
If I percut your course: whole heere?

Enter Lucia.

Luc. Good even:

Frier, where's the Prouoll?

Duke. Not within Sir.

Luc. Oh prrettie Isabella, I am pale at mine heart, to
see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient, I am faire
to dine and fip with water and bran: I dare not for my
head fill my belly, One fruitful Meale would fet mee
too': but they fay the Duke will be heere to Morow.
By my troth Isabella you'd thy brother, if the old fai-
tafftical Duke of darke corners had bene at home, he had
liued.

Duke. Sir, the Duke's marveulous little beholding to
your reports, but the bell is, he lues not in them.

Luc. Friar, thou knowell not the Duke so well as I
do; he's a better woodman then thou talkhill him for.

Duke. Well: you'lt aufer this one day, Fare ye well.

Luc. Nay rarrie, Ie go along with thee,
I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You have telled me too many of him already in
if they be true: if not true, none were enough.

Lucia. I was once before him for getting a Wench
with child.

Duke. Did you fuch a thing?

Luc. Yes marrie did I; but I was fainete to forswear it,
They would els e have married me to the rotten Medler.

Duke. Sir your company is faire then hooft, ret you
wells.

Lucia. By my troth Ile go with thee to the lanes end;
if baudy talkle offend you, we'll haue very little of it:

Duke. I am a kind of Burr, I shall sticke.

Enter AngeIo & Eufalina.

Efe. Euerly Letterethe he hath writ, hath differed other.

Ang.
Measure for Measure.

An. In most vntruen and distracted minde; his actions how much like to madnesse, pray heauen his wifesome be not offended; and with mee at this gates to relieuer on authentick thers.

Etc. I gheede not.

Ang. And why should wee proclaime it in an houre before his entering, if any cruie redresse of iniuice, they should exhibit his perdition in the street?

Etc. He shows his reason for that to have a dispatch of Complaints, and to deliver vs from duties hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against vs.

Ang. Well I befoode you let it bee proclaime but times itsis more, he call you that of fort and suites as you meet him.

Etc. Thall i know you well yowell.

Ang. Good night.

This deed vnshapes me quite, makes me vnpregnant And dull to all proceedings. A deflowered maid, And by an eminent body, that enforced

The Law againe is? But that her tender shame

Will not proclaime against her maiden lofe, How might the tongue me? yet reason dares her no,

For my Authority heare of a crecent bulke, That no particular scandall once can touch

But it confounds the breather. He should haue he'd, Saue that his riotous youth with dangerous fether

Might in the times to come haue ta designe

By fo receiuing a diffuson of life

With ranfome of such shame; would yet he had lived, Ataek when once our grace we have forgot,

Nothing goes right, we and we, and we: not. Exit.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Duke and Frier Peter.

Duke. Thafe Letters at fit time deliver me.

The Proost knowes our purpose and our plet,

The master being a looke, keepe your instruction

And hold you euer to our specall drift,

Though sometimes you doe bleath from this to that

As caufe doth minifer; Goe call at Flana's house,

And tell him where I stay: gue the like notice

To Valentine, Reynold, and to Grisell,

And bid them bring the Trumpeters to the gate:

But send me Flamingo forth.

Peter. It shall be speeded well.

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee Varrius, thou haft made good hal.

Come, we will walke: There's other of our friends

Will greet vs here anon; my gentle Varrius, Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Isabella and Marianna.

Isab. To speak so indirectly I am lost;

I would lay the truth, but to accuse him so

That is your part, yet I am aduiz'd to doe it

He faies, to vaile full purpose.

Mar. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides he tells me, that if peradventure

He speake against me on the aduerse side,

I should not think it strange, for 'tis a physicke

That's bitter, to sweet end.

Enter Peter.

Mar. I would Frier Peter

Isab. Oh peace, the Frier 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 graeffe Citizens

Have bent the gates, and very necer upon

The Duke is entring:

Therefore hence away.

Exeunt.

Albus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angello, Seiteniis, Lucio.

Citizens at several doors.

Duke. My very worthy Colen, fairely mer,

Our old, and faithful friends, we are glad to see you,

Ang. Etc. Happy returne be to your royall grace.

Duke. Many and borry thankings to you both

We have made enquiry of you, and we heare

Such goodnesse of your Judice, that our soule

Cann not but yeeld you forth to publique thankes

Forerunning more requital,

A. You make my bonds full greater.

Duke. Oh your defect speaks loud, & I should wrong it

To locke it in the wards of covert bosom

When it defeates with characters of brife

A forted reidence against the tooth of time,

And rasure of oblivion: Gue we your hand.

And let the Subiect fee, to make them know

That outward curesfes would faine proclaime

Favours that keepe within: Come Escafus,

You must walke by vs, on our other hand:

And good supporters are you.

Enter Peter and Isabella.

Peter. Now is your time

Speake loud, and kneele before him,

Isab. Judice, O royall Duke, vraye your regard

Vpon a wrong'd (I would faine have laid a Maid)

Oh worthy Prince, disfonor not your eye

By throwing it on any other obiect,

Till you have heard me, in my true complaint,

And gave me Judice, Judice, Judice, Judice.

Duke. Relate your wrongs;

In what, by whom? be briefe;

Here is Lord Angello shall give you Judice,

Reualse your felie to him.

Isab. Oh worthy Duke,

You bid me feke redemption of the diuell,

Hear me your felie: for that which I must speake

Must either punish me, not being beleued,

Or wrong redresse from you:

Hear me: oh heere me, heere.

Ang. My Lord, her wis I feare me are not firm;

She hath bin a fluior to me, for her Brother

Cut off by course of Judice.

Isab. By course of Judice.

Ang. And she will speake most bitterly, and strange.

Isab. Moft
Measure for Measure.

Ifab. Mott strange: but yet most truly will I speake,
That Angelo's worseworne, is it not strange?
That Angelo's a murthcher, is't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrisie, a virgin violator,
Is it not strange? and strange?

Duke. Nay it is ten times strange?

Ifab. 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: poore foule
She speaks this, in th'inhirmitie of fence.

Ifab. Oh Prince, I concre thee, as thou believe it
There is another comfort, then this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madnesse: make not impossible
That which but seems unlike, 'tis not impossible
But one, the wicked strife on the ground,
May seem as this, as grace as suit, as absolute:

As Aerator's euen so may Angelo
In all his dressings, creek'd, riddle, formes,
Be an arch-villaine: Beleue it, royall Prince
If he be lesse, he's nothing, but he's more,
Had I more name for badnesse.

Duke. By mine honesty
If he be mad, as I beleue no other,
Her madnesse hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependancy of thing, of thing,
As ere I heard in madnesse.

Ifab. Oh gracious Duke
Harpe not on that; nor doth not banish reaion
For inequality, but let your reaion erue
To make the truth appear, where it teemes but,
And hide the false teemes true.

Duke. Many that are not mad
Have more lacke of reafion:
What would you say?

Ifab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemned as parricide of his own naturall
To loose his head, condemn'd by Angelo.
I came to be by my Brother; one Lucio
As then the Messenger.

Luc. That's I, and I like you Grace;
I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her,
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo,
For her poore Brothers pardon.

Ifab. That's she indeede.

Duke. You were not bid to speake.

Luc. No, my good Lord,
Nor wifh'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now then,
Pray you take note of it: and when you have
A bunitesse for your selfe: pray heauen you then
Be perfect.

Luc. I warrant your honor.

Duke. The warrant's for your selfe: take heed to't.

Ifab. This Gentleman told somewhat of my Tale,

Luc. Right.

Duke. It may be right, but you are the wrong
To speake before your time: proceed.

Ifab. I went,
To this pemicious Caultshe Deputie.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Ifab. Pardon't,

The phrase is to the matter.


Ifab. In briefe, to fer the needeless processe by
How I perswaded, how I praid, and kneel'd
How he refelde me, and how I replied
(For this was of much length) the wild conclusion
I now begin with griefe, and frame to verter
He would not, but by gift of my chaflie body
To his conspicible intemperate lust
Release my brother; and after much debatement
My fitterly remove, confutes mine honour,
And I did yeeld to him: But the next morn betimes,
His purpofe fureftting, he lends a warrant
For my poore brothers head.

Duke. This is most likely.

Ifab. On that it were as like as it is true.
(Improfit,
Duke. By heauen (fond wretche) know not what thou
Or else thou art laboured against his honor
In hyet fuplant: firft his Ingratitude
Stands without; but inndest it imports no reafon,
That with thofe vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himfelv: If he had so offended
He would have weight'd thy brother by himfelfe,
And not have cut him off: Some one hath fett you on
Confedle the truth, and fay by whom aduice
They to me here to complaine.

Ifab. And is this all?

Then oh you bleffed Miniflers above
Kepe me in patience, and with riped time
Vahold the cuill, which is here receif'd
In countenance: heauen flied your Grace from woe
As I thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved goe.

Duke. You know I'll fame be gone: An Officer:
To prifon with her: Shall we thus permit
A baffling and a fandalous breath to fall,
On him to necere? This needs must be a prafic.
Who knew of your intent and comming hither?

Ifab. One that I would were here, Sirer Lodowick.

Duke. A ghoffly Fathher, beliefe:
Who knew of your naturall.

Luc. My Lord, I know him, 'tis a remedling Fryer,
I do not like the man: had he beene Lay my Lord,
For certaine words he f poke againft your Grace.
In your retirment, I had wand'd him foundly.

Duke. Words againft mee? this a good Fryer beliefe
And let to on this wretched woman here
Against our Subfittute: Let this Fryer be fouled.

Luc. But yeftermight my Lord, I and that Fryer
I saw them at the prifon: a fawcy Fryer,
A very furny fellow.

Peter. Blefled be your Royall Grace:
I haue ftood by my Lord, and I haue heard
Your royall eare abus'd: firft hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your Subfittute,
Who is as free from touch, or foyle with her
As the from one vnot.

Duke. We did beleue no leffe,

Know you that Fryer Lodowick that fpoke of?
Peter. I know him for a man diuine and holy,
Not furry, nor a temporary medler
As he's reported by this Gentleman:
And on my truf, a man that never yet
Did (as be vouche) mif-report your Grace,

Luc. My Lord, most vnofually beleue it.

Peter. Well: he in time may come to elecr his felues.
But at this instant he is fickle, my Lord:
Of a strange Feauer: upon his meer request
Being come to knowledge, that there was complaint
Intended'gainst Lord Angelo, came I neither.
To speak as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false: And what he with his oath
And all probation will make vp full cleare
Whenever he's cornvent: First for this woman,
To inflifie this worthy Noble man:
So vulgarly and personally accus'd,
Her shall you hear disproou'd to her eyes,
Till she the fether confente it.
Duk. Good Frier, let's hear it:
Do you not smile as this, Lord Angelo?
Oh heaven, the variety of wretched tooles.
Give us some fates, Come coen, Angelo.
In this I'll be impartial: you Judge
Of your owne Caufe: Is this the Wifes Frier?

Enter Mariana.
First, let her shew her 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. No, neither my Lord.
Duk. Why you are nothing then? neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife?
Luc. My Lord, she may be a Punce: for many of them
are neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife.
Duk. Silence that fellow: I would he had some caufe
to pratte for himself.
Luc. Well my Lord.
Mar. My Lord, I doe confente I nere was married,
And I confente besides, I am no Maid,
I have known my husband, yet my husband.
Knowes not, that euer he knew me.
Luc. He was drunk then, my Lord, it can be no better.
Duk. For the benefit of silence, would thou went so too.
Luc. Well my Lord,
Duk. This is no winniste for Lord Angelo.
Mar. Now I come to, my Lord.
Shee that accuseth him of Ronunciation,
In felle-same manner, doth accuse my husband,
And charges him, my Lord, with fuch a time,
When I depoife I had him in mine Armes
With all the effect of Loue.
Ang. Charges he more then me?
Mar. Not that I know.
Duk. No? you say your husband.
Mar. Why juft, my Lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinkes he knowes, that he nere knew my body,
But knowes, he thinkes, that he knowes Isabella.
Ang. This is a strange abufe: Let's fee thy face.
Mar. My husband bids me, now I will vnnase.
This is that face, thou cruel, Angelo
Which once thou wou'dst, was worth the looking on
This is the hand, which with a vowd contract
Was falt before: This is the body
That took away the march from Isabella,
And did fulply thee at thy garden-house
In her imagin'd person.
Duk. Know you this woman?
Luc. Carnallie the faires.
Measure for Measure.

She would sooner confesse, perchance publicly she'll be
afsham'd.

Enter Duke, Provost, Isabella.

Efo. I will goe darkely to worke with her.

Luc. That's the way: for women are light at midnight.

Efo. Come on Mistrefs, here's a Gentlewoman.

Demies all that you haue said.

Luc. My Lord, here comes the rafcall I spoke of.

Here, with the Provost.

Efo. In very good time: speake not you to him, till we call vpon you.

Luc. Mum.

Efo. Come Sir, did you let these women on to slander Lord Angelo? they have confes'd you did.

Duk. 'Tis falf.

Efo. How? Know you where you are?

Duk. Respect to your great place; and let the ditto
Be sometime honour'd, for his burning throne.

Where is the Duke? 'tis he should hear me speake.

Efo. The Duke's in vs: and we will hear you speake,
Lookes you speake ruly.

Duk Boldly, at length. But oh poor foules,
Come you to fecke the Lamb here of the Fox;
Good night to your redrefle: Is the Duke gone?
Then is your caufe gone too: The Duke's vnbufy,
Thus to retcourt your manifest Appeal,
And put your trial in the villains mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.

Luc. This is the rafcall: this is he I spoke of.

Efo. Why thou vnteach, and unhallowed Fryer:
It's not enough thou haft faborn'd these women,
To accuse this worthy man? but in foule month,
And in the wintfle of his proper care,
To call him villain; and then to glance from him,
To th'o Duke himfelfe, to taxe him with busiflce?
Take him hence to th'racke with him: we'll towze you
loyn't by loyn't, but we will know his purpofe:
What? vnbufy?

Duk. Be not fo hot: the Duke dare
No more stretch this finger of mine, then he
Dare racke his owne: his Subiection am I not,
Nor here Prouinciall: My bufineffe in this State
Made me a looker on here in Vienna,
Where I haue feene corruption Boyle and bubble,
Till it ore run the Stew: Lawes, for all faults,
But faults so countenanced, that the Strong Statutes
Stand like the fortesie in a Barbaris shop,
As much in mocke, as marke,

Efo. Slander to th' State:
Away with him to prifon.

Ang. What can you vouch against him Signior Lucio?

Luc. 'Tis he my Lord: come hither goodman baldpace, do you know me?

Duk. I remember you Sir, by the found of your voice,
I met you at the Prifon, in the abfence of the Duke.

Luc. Oh, did you for? and do you remember what you
said of the Duke?

Duk. Maffe notordly Sir.

Luc. Do you fo Sir: And was the Duke a fefh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duk. You muff(Sir) change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you indeede spake fo of him, and

much more, much worse.

Luc. Oh thou damnable fellow: did not I pluck thee
by the nofe, for thy speeches?

Duk. I profeft, I loue the Duke, as I loue my felfe.

Ang. Harke how the villaine would clofe now, after
his treasonable abufes.

Efo. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withall: Away
with him to prifon: Where is the Provost? away with him to prifon: lay bolts enough upon him: let him speak no more: away with thofe Gigleets too, and with the other confederate companion.

Duk. Stay Sir, (lay a while.

Ang. What, refefles he? helpe him Lucio.

Luc. Come fir, come fir, come fir: fo hir, why you
bald-pated lying rafcall: you must be hooded muff you?

Efo. show your knaves rafcall with a piece to you: show your fleepe-biting face, and be hang'd an hour: will't not off?

Duk. Thou art the firft knave, that ere mad a Duke.

Fir Provost, let me bayle thee gentle three:

Snaue not away Sir, for the Fryer, and you,
Muft haue a word anon: lay hold on him.

Luc. This may proue worse then hanging.

Duk. What you haue spoke, I parront fit you downe,
We'll borrow place of him; Sir, by your leave:

Ha'ft thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can doe thee office? I thou ha'lt
Repy on it, till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. Oh, my dear Lord,
I Should be gullier then my gullineffe,
To think I can be Indifcerneable,
When I perceu'd your grace, like powre divine,
Hath look'd upon my praffes. Then good Prince,
No longer Seifon hold upon my Shame,
But let me Tryall, be mine owne Confession;
Immediate fentence then, and frequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duk. Come hither Mariana,
Say: was'thou ere contrafte to this woman?

Ang. I was my Lord,

Duk. Go take her hence, and marry her infanfly.

Doe you the office (Fryer) which confummate,
Returne him here againe: goe with him Provost. Exit. Efo. My Lord, I am more a man'd at his defhonor,
Then at the strangenefle of it.

Duk. Come hither Iaffell.

Your Fryer is now your Prince: As I was then
Acteryfing, and holy to your bufineffe,
(Not changing heart with habitation I am flill,
Attamed at your flource).

Iaffell. Oh give me pardon
That I, your vaffalle, have imploide, and pain'd
Your vnknowne Soveraigne.

Duk. You are pardon'd Iaffell:

And now, deere Maide, be you as free to vs,
Your Brothers death I know fus at your heart:
And you may maruaile, why I obfuer'd my felfe,
Labouring to fue his life: and would not rather
Make rafh renommance of my hidden powre,
Then let him fo be loft: oh most kinde Maid,
It was the swift celefie of his death,
Which I did think, with flower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpofe: but peace be with him,
That life is better life paff fearing death,
Then that which liues to feare: make it your comfort,
So happy is your Brother.

An. Enter Angelo, Maria, Peter, Provost.

Isab. I doe my Lord,

Duk. For this new-married man, approaching here,

Whole suit imagination yet hath wrong'd

Your well defended honor: you must pardon

For Maria's's fake: But as he did you your Brother,

Being criminal, in double violation

Oft sacred Chastitie, and of promise-breach,

Thereon dependant for your Brothers life,

The very mercy of the Law cries out

Most audible, even from his proper tongue.

An Angelo for Claudio, death for death:

Haste still paites haste: and fearless, answers fearasse;

Like doth quit like: and Measure fill for Measure:

Then Angelo, thy fault's thus manifiest;

Which though thou wouldn't deny, deniesth'ght vantage.

We doe confesse thee to the very Blocke

Where Claudio hoope to death, and with like 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,

Confecting to the face-guard of your honor,

I thought your marriage fit: else imputation,

For that he knew you, might reproach your life,

And chaske your good to come: For his Possessions,

Although by confutation they are ours;

We doe en-state, and widow you with all,

To buy you a better husband.

Mar. Oh my deere Lord,

I craue no other, nor no better man.

Duk. Never craue him, we are definite.


Duk. You doe but loose your labour.

Away with him to death: Now Sir, to you.

Mar. Oh my good Lord, sweet Isabella, take my part,

Lend me your knees, and all my life to come,

I'll lend you all my life to doe you service.

Duk. Against all fence you doe importune her,

Should she kneele downe, in mercie of this fact,

Her Brothers ghost, his paued bed would breake,

And take her hence in horror.

Mar. Isabella:

Sweet Isabella, doe yet but kneele by me,

Hold vp your hands, say nothing: I'll speake all.

They say best men are moudred out of faults,

And for the most, become much more the better

For being a little bad: So may my husband.

Oh Isabella: will you not lend a knee?

Duk. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isab. Most bounteous Sir.

Look if it please you, on this man condemn'd,

As if my Brother list'd: I partly think,

A due sinceritie governed his deedes,

Till he did looke on me: Since it is so,

Let him not die: my Brother had but luffice,

In that he did the thing for which he dye'd.

For Angelo, his Act did not ore-take his bad intent,

And must be buried but as an intent

That perill'd by the way: thoughts are no subiects

Intents, but merely thoughts.

Mar. Merely my Lord.

Duk. Your Wifte's vpnprofitable: stand vp I say:

I have bethought me of another fault.

Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded

At an vnfulll howre?

Prs. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a speacial warrant for the deed?

Prs. No my good Lord: it was by private meaffe.

Duk. For which I doe discharge you of your office,

Give vp your keys.

Duk. 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 prison

That should by private order else haue dide,

I haue refer'd alue.

Duk. What's he?

Prs. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou hast done so by Claudio;

Goe fetch him hither, let me looke vpon him.

Efe. I am sorry, one to learned, and fo wife

As you, Lord Angelo, haue fil appear'd,

Should flip fo grolifile, both in the heat of blood

And lackle of temper'd judgement afterward.

Ang. I am forrie, that such forrow I procure,

And to deepe sticks it in my penitent heart,

That I then in a day more willingly then mercy,

'Tis my deserving, and I doe entreat it.

Enter Barnardine and Provost, Claudio, Julietta.

Duk. Which is that Barnardine?

Prs. This is my Lord.

Duke. There was a Friar told me of this man,

Sitha, thou art faid to haue a thubborne soule

That apprehends no further then this world,

And fquar thy life according: Thou'rt condemn'd,

But for those earthly faults, I quit them all,

And pray thee take this mercie to provide

For better times to come: Frier advishe me,

I leave him to your hand. What mulffield fellow's that?

Prs. This is another prisoner that I fai'd,

Who should haue dy'd when Claudio loft his head,

As like almoft to Claudio, as himefelfe.

Duk. He be like your brother, for his fake

Is he pardon'd, and for your louetle fake

Gie me your hand, and say you will be mine,

He is my brother too: But fitter time for that:

By this Lord Angelo perceiues he's fake,

Methinks I fee a quickning in his eye:

Well Angelo, your euill quifs you well.

Looke that you loue your wife: her worth, worth yours

I finde an apt remiffion in my felle:

And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon,

You firah, that knew me for a foola, a Coward,

One all of Luxurie, an affe, a mad man:

Wherein hauue I fo defer'd of you

That you extoll me thus?

Luc. 'Faith my Lord, I fpoke it but according to the

trick: If you will hang me for it you may: but I had ra-

ther it would pleafe you, I might be whipt.

Duk. Whipt first, fit, and hang'd after.

Proclaime it Provoff round about the Cifie;

If any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow

(As I haue heard him fwear himfelfe thiere's one

whom he begot with childe) let her appeare,

And he shall marry her: the nuptiall finift'd,

Let him be whipt and hang'd.

Luc. I befeech your Highneffe doe not marry me to

a Whore: your Highneffe faide even now! I made you a

Duke, good my Lord do not recompence me, in making

me a Cuckold.

Duk. Vpon
Duke. Upon mine honor thou shalt marry her,
Thy fancies I forgive, and therewithall
Remit thy other forfeits: take him to prison,
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Luc. Marrying a punk my Lord, is pressing to death,
Whipping and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a Prince deferves it.
She Claudio that you wrong'd, look you restore.
Joy to you Mariano, love her Angelo:
I haue confes'd her, and I know her vertue.
Thanks good friend, Eftalus, for thy much goodneffe,

There's more behinde that is more gratulate.
Thanks Prouof for thy care, and sectecle,
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.
Forgive him Angelo, that brought you home.
The head of Ragione for Claudio,
The offence pardons it selfe. Deere Isabell,
I haue a motion much imports your good,
Whereeto if you'll a willing ear 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 behinde, that meete you all should know.

The Scene Vienna
The names of all the Actors.

Angelo, the Deputy.
Eftalus, an ancient Lord.
Claudio, a young Gentleman.
Lucie, a fantafique.
2. Other like Gentlemen.
Prouof.

FINIS.
Enter the Duke of Ephesius, with the Merchant of Siracusa, Iovian, and other attendants.

Duke.

Proceed Salinus to procure my fill,
And by the doom of death end woes and all. 
Duke. Merchant of Siracusa, plead no more.
I am not partial to infringe our Laws:
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your Duke,
To Merchants our well-dealing Countrimen,
Who wanting gilders to redeem their lues,
Have seal'd their rigorous statutes with their blouds,
Excludes all pity from our threatening looks:
For fence the mortall and interline irates
Twist thy feditious Countrimen and vs,
I hath in Solemne Synodes beene decreed,
Both by the Siracusan and our felues,
To admit no traffick to our adverser townes
Now more, if any borne at Ephesius
Be scene at any Siracusan Martyrs and Fayres
Againe, if any Siracusan borne
Come to the Bay of Ephesius, he dies:
His goods confiscate to the Dukes dispose,
Value a thousand markes be leiued
To quit the penalty, and to ranfone him:
Thy subtilitie, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred Markes,
Therefore by Law thou art condemn'd to die.

Mer. Yet this my comfort, when your words are done,
My woes end like wife with the euening Sonne,
Duke. Well Siracusan; say in briefe the cause
Why thou departest from thy native home?
And for what cause thou canst not to Ephesius.

Mer. A heauier taske could not have beene impos'd,
Then I to speake my griefes unspeakeable:
Yet that the world may witness that my end
Was wrou'th by nature, not by vile offence,
I vter, what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Siracusa was I borne, and wedde
Vnto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me; had not our hap beene bad:
With her I liv'd in joy, our wealth increat.
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidarmum, till my fathers death,
And he great care of goods at randome left,
Drew me from kinde embracements of my spouse,
From whom my absence was not five moneths old,
Before her felie (almost at fainting vnder.

The pleasing punishment that women bære)
Had made provision for her following me,
And foone, and safe, arrived where I was:
There had the not beene long, but the became
A joyfull mother of two goodly fonnies:
And, which was strange, the one to like the other,
As could not be distinguishing'd but by names.
That very howre, and in the felfe-fame Inne,
A meane woman was deliuer'd
Of such a burthen Male, twins both alike:
Thofe, for their parents were exceeding poore,
I bought, and brought vp to attend my fonnies.
My wife, not meaneely proud of two fuch boyes,
Made daily motions for our hone retorne:
Vnwillig I agreed, alas, too foone wee came abroad.
A league from Epidarmum had we field
Before the always winde-obeying deepes
Gave any Tragick fulture of our harme:
But longer did we not retaine much hope;
For what obtur'd light the heavens did grant,
Did but conuoy unto our fearfull mindes
A doubtfull warrant of immediate death,
Which though my felie would gladly have imbrec'd,
Yet the inceant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what the law muft come,
And pintious playnings of the prettie babes
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to feare,
Force me to fecke delays for them and me,
And this it was: (for other meanes was none)
The Sailors fought for safety by our boate,
And left the flup then sinking ripe to vs.
My wife, more carefull for the latter borne,
Had fathiond him unto a small spars Maft,
Such as (sea-faring men prouide for formes:
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilft I had boenlike heedfull of the other.
The children thus disposed, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
Falnond our felues at euyther end the maft,
And floating straith, obedient to the freame,
Was carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the fonne gazing upon the earth,
Diperfed the vapours that offended vs,
And by the benefit of his wished light
The fcas was calme, and we discouered
Two flippers from faire, making amaineto vs:
Of Corinth that, of Epidarns this,
But ere they came, oh let me fay no more,
Gather the fquell by that went before.

Duke. Nay forward old man, doe not break off so,
The Comedie of Errors.

For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Merc. Oh had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthy tearnd them mercilcffe to vs:
For ere the ships could meet by twice fieue leagues,
We were encountered by a mighty rocke,
Which being violently borne vp,
Our helpfull ship was slipted in the midigt,
So that in this vniust discoure of vs,
Fortune had left to both of vs alike,
What to delight in, what to sorrow for,
Her part, poore soule, feeming as burdened
With leefer weight, but not with leffere woe,
Was carried with more speed before the winde,
And in our flight they three were taken vp,
By Fishermen of Cartests, as we thought.
At length another ship had seiz'd on vs,
And knowing whom it was their hap to fue,
Gaue healthfull welcome to their ship-wrackt guests,
And would have rest the Fishers of their prey,
Had not their backe beene very flow of faine
And therefore homeward did they tend their course.
Thus hauing you heard me feuer'd from my bliffe,
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell fad fories of my owne misfap,

Duke. And for the take of them thou forweft for,
Doe me the favour to dilate at full,
What hauie befalne of them and they till now.

Merc. My yongeft boy, and yet my eldfer case,
At eightene yeeres became inquitife
After his brother; and importune d me
That his attendant, fo his case was like,
Reit of his brother, but retain'd his name,
Might beare him company in the quiet of him:
Whom whilst I thas the care of a little wee,
Hazard'd the loffe of whom I void.
Fine Sommers howe I spent in farthen Grece,
Roming euene through the bounds of Asia.
And coaffeing homeward, came to Ephesus.
Hopeless to finde, yet loth to leave unfought.
Or that, or any place that harbours men:
But heere muft end the story of my life,
And happy were I in my timelie death,
Could all my travells warrant me they live.

Duke. Hopelesse Egeon whom the fates haue markt
To beare the extremitie of dire misfap:
Now trust me, were it not againft our Lawes,
Against my Crowne,my oath,my dignity,
Which Princes would they may not difafual
My soule shoulde ferve as advocate for thee:
But though thou art adjudged to the death,
And pauft lentence may not be recall'd
But to our honours great disparagement:
Yet will I favour thee in what I can;
Therefore Marchant, Ie limit thee this day
To feek the helpes by beneficall helpes,
Try all the friends thou haft in Ephesus,
Be thou, or borrow, to make vp the funme,
And live; if no,then thou art doomt to die:
Lylor, take him to thy cullodie.

Lylor. I will my Lord.

Merc. Hopelesse and hopelesse doth Egeon wend,
But to proccaffe his flieuelegg end.

Enter Antipholus Ercetes, a Marchant, and Dromio.

Mer. Therefore give out you are of Epidamnun,
That left your goods too soonie be conferit:

This very day a Synchan Marchant
Is apprehended for a swill here,
And not being able to buy out his life,
According to the flature of the towne,
Dies ere the weare funne fet in the Weft:
There is your monie that I had to keepe.

Ant. Go beare it to the Cenaruse, where wee hofe,
And lay there Dromio, till I come to thee;
Within this houre it will be dinner time,
Till that Ie view the manners of the towne,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then returne and sleepe within mine Inne,
For with long trauaille I am fliue and weare.
Get thee away.

Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
And goe indeede, havin gso good a meanee.

Exit Dromio.

Ant. A truffe villaines sir, that very oft.
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry lefts:
What will you walke with me about the towne,
And then go to my Inne and dine with me?

E.Mer. I am inuited sir to certaine Marchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefite.
I crave your pardon, foule at iue a clocke,
Please you, lie mee se with you vpon the Mart,
And afterward conforst you till bed time;
My preffent buffinelle cales me from you now.

Ant. Fare well till then: I will go lefe my felie,
And waunter vp and downe to view the Citie.

E.Mer. Sir, I commend you to your owne content.

Exit.

Ant. He that commends me to mine owne content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot see;
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the Ocean feekes another drop,
Who falling there to finde his fellow forth,
(Voicenc, inquitufe) confounds himfelfe.
So I, to finde a Mother and a Brother,
In queft of them (unhappie) looke my felie,

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

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 approacht too late.
The Capon burnes, the Pig falleth from the spit:
The clocke hath strucken twelue vpon the bell:
My Miffries made it on vpon my cheeke:
She is so hot because the meate is colde:
The meate is colde, because you come not home:
You come not home, because you haue no fomeake of
You haue no fomeake, having broke your fwater:
But we that know what itis to fast and pray:
Are pentent 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 fixe pence that I had a wedneday last.
To pay the Saddler for my Miffries crupper:
The Saddler had it Sir, I kept it not.

Ant. I am not in a fportue humour now:
Tell me, and daily not, where is the monie?
We being strangers here, how dar'ft thou truft
So great a charge from thine owne custodie.

E.Dro. I pray you let it as you let a dinner I will
I from my Miffries come to you in poft:
If I returne I shall be poftdeede.
The Comedie of Errors.

For the will scourse your fault upon my pate;
Mc thinkes your maw, like mine, should be your cooke,
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. Come Dromio, come, these steps are out of league,
Refere them till a merrier hour; then this:
Where is the gold I gaue in charge to thee?

E. Dro. To me sir? why you gaue no gold to me?

Ant. Come on fir knaue, haue done your foolfishes,
And tell me how thou haf dispos'd thy charge.

E. Dro. My charge was but to fetch you to
Home to your house; the Phoenix fit to dinner;
My Miftiris and her sister flaiies for you;

Ant. Now as I am a Christian answer me,
In what safe place you have beftowed my monie;
Or I shall brake that mercie fonce of yours
That standes on tricks, when I am vndifposed:
Where is the thousand Miftres thou hadst of me?

E. Dro. I have some marks of yours upon my pate;
Some of my Miftiris marks upon my shoulders;
But not a thousand marks betweene you both.

If you fhould pay your worship those againe;
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. Thy Miftiris marks, what Miftiris haue haft thou?
E. Dro. Your worship's wife, my Miftiris at the Phoenix;
She that doth fadft till you come home to dinner:
And prays that you will lie you home to dinner.

Ant. What wilt thou flout me thus vnto my face?
Being forbid? Thare take you that fir knaue.

E. Dro. Whatmeanes you fir, for God fake hold your Nay, and you will not fit, Ile take your heelles.

Exeunt Dromio Ep.

Ant. Upon my life by some deuife or other,
The villain is one-wrought of all my monie,
They fay this towne is full of cofenage:
As nimble flegers that deceive the eie:
Darker working Sorcerers that change the minde:
Soule-killing Witches, that deform the bodie:
Difguifed Cheaters, pratting Mountebanks;
And manie fuch like liberties of fime:
If it prove fo, I will be gone the sooner:
Ile to the Centaur to goe fecke this flae,
I greatly fear my monie is not safe.

Exit.

A Tus Secundus.

Enter Adriana, wife to Antipholus Screenus, with
Lucia and her Sifer.

Adr. Neither my husband nor the flawe return'd,
That in fuch haste I fent to fecke his Master?
Sure Lucius it is two a clocke.

Luc. Perhaps some Merchant hath invited him,
And from the Mart he is somewhere gone to dinner:
Good Sifer let vs dine, and never feet.

A man is Maffier of his libertie:
Time is their Maffier, and when they feet time,
They'll goe or come; iffo, be patient Sifer.

Adr. Why should their libertie then ours be more?
Luc. Becauze their butifles fill lies out aore.

Adr. Look when I ferue him fo, he takes it thus.
Luc. Oh, know he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none but affles will be bridled fo.

Luc. Why, headstrong libertie is lafted with woe:
There's nothing situate vnder heauens eye,
But hath his bound in earth, in sea, in skie.
The beast, the fifties, and the winged fowles
Are their males fubiefts, and at their controules:
Man more diuine, the Maffier of all chiefe,
Lord of the wide world, and wille warrie feas,
Indued with intellectuall fence and foules,
Of more preheminence then fift and fowles,
Are maffers to their females, and their Lords:
Then let your will attend on their accordes.

Adr. This tenuitie makes you to keepe vrued.
Luc. No, this, but troubles of the marriage bed.

Adr. Were you wedded, you vould bear some fway
Luc. Ere I learner loue, Ile praifie to obey.

Adr. How if your husband flart some other where?
Luc. Till he come home againe, I would forbearce.

Adr. Patience ynnounc'd, no manuel though the pauze,
They can be meek, that have no other caufe:
A wretched foule bruised with aduerfity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it ere.

But were we burned with like weight of paine,
As much, or more, we fhould our fennent complaine;
So thout that haft not vndone more to grieve then;
With vigour helpless patience would releue me;
But if thou liue to fee like right bereft,
This foule-beg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day but to trie:
Here comes your me, now is your husband hie.

Enter Dromio Eph.

Adr. Say is it farre thacche maffier now at hand?
E. Dro. Nay, he's at teue hands with me, and that my two eares can witnesse.

Adr. Say, didst thou speake with him? knoweft thou
his minde?

E. Dro. I, I he told his minde upone mine care,
Befrowed his hand, I fcare could vnderftand it.

Luc. Speake hee fo doubtfully, thou couldft not feele
his meaning.

E. Dro. Nay, hee frooke fo plainly, I could too well
feele his blowes: and withall fo doubtfully, that I could
fcare vnderftand them.

Adr. But fay, I prethee, is he coming home?
It feemes he hath great care to pleafe his wife.

E. Dro. Why Miftrefs, fure my Maffier is borne mad.

Luc. Horne mad, thou villain?

E. Dro. I meane not Cuckold mad,
But fure he is flarte mad:
When I defir'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 meat doth burne, quoth I: my gold quoth he:
Will you come, quoth I: my gold, quoth he;
Where is the thouand marks I gaue thee villain?
The Pigge quoth I, is burn'd: my gold, quoth he:
My miftrefs, fir, quoth I: hang vp thy Miftresse:
I know not thy miftresse, out on thy miftresse.

Luc. Quoth who?

E. Dro. Quoth my Maffier, I know quoth he, no houfe,
no wife, no miftresse: fo that my arrant due vnto my
fongue, I thanke him, I bare home vpon my shoulders:
for in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back againe, thou ftale, & fetch him home.

Dro. Goe backe againe, and be new beathen home?
For Gods fake fend some other messenger.

H 2

Adr. Backe
Adr. Backe fluoe, or I will brake thy pore a-crofe. 

Dro. And he will bleepe y crose with other beating; 

Between thee, I shall have a holy head. 

Adr. Hence praying peafant, fetch thy Master home. 

Dro. Am I to round with you, as you with me, 

That like a foot-ball you do spurne me thus? 

You spurne me hence, and he will spurne me hither, 

If I fall in this feriue, you must calle me in leafer. 

Luet. Fie how impatiently lowrith in your face. 

Adr. His company unful do his minions grace, 

While I at home flare for a merrie looke: 

Hath homelie age th' allowing beauty tooke, 

From my poore checkes then he hath wafted it. 

Are my discourses dull? Barren my wit, 

If voluptuous and fharpe discourse be mar'd, 

Vokindnesse blnus it more then marble hard. 

Doe their gay yeftiments his affections baire? 

That's not my fault, he's master of my flate. 

What rumes are in that can be found, 

By him nor ruin'd? Then is he the ground 

Of my defautures. My decayed faire, 

A fannie lookes of his, would foonne repair. 

But, too vnuruly Decree, he breakes the pale, 

And feedes from home; poore I am but his male. 

Luet. Selfe-harming leaflouie; fie beat it hence. 

Ad. Vnableeling fools can with fuch wrongs difpline: 

I know his eye doth homage other-where; 

Or elfe, what fefs it but he would be horror? 

Sifter, you know he promis'd me a chaine, 

Would that alone, a love he would detaine, 

So how would keepe faiue quarter with his bed: 

I fee the Jewell beft enameled. 

Will looke his beauty; yet the gold hides fill 

That others touch, and ofienfouing will, 

Where gold and no man that hath a name, 

By fallhood and corruption doth it flame 

Since that my beautie cannot pleafe his eie, 

Ile wepe (what's left away) and weeping die. 

Luet. How manie fond fooles here mead Idolouie? 

Enter Antipholis Erraris. 

Ant. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid vp 

Safe at the Centaur, and the headfull flauoe 

Is waundred forth in care to fcekke me out 

By computation and mine holts report. 

I could not fpake with Dromio, fince at firit? 

I fent him from the Mart? fee here he cometh. 

Enter Dromio Stratophant. 

How now fir, is your merrie humor alter'd? 

As you loue strokes, do i left with me againe: 

You know no Centaur? you receiued no gold? 

Your Miftrefle fent to have me hope to dinner? 

My houfe was at the Phoenix? Waft chou mad, 

That thus fo madie thou didst difdne anfwer me? 

S.Dro. What anfwer fir? when fpake I fuch a word? 

E.Ant. Eaten 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 denie the golds receiue, 

And told me of a Miftrefle, and a dinner, 

For which I hope thou fent it I was difpleas'd. 

S.Dro. I am glad to fee you in this merrie vain. 

What means this left, I pray you Mafter tell me? 

Ant. Yes, doth thou iere & flow me in the teeth? 

Thinkft thou left hold, take thou that, & that. Beat! 

S.Dro. Why, fieft thir, for Gods fake, now your left is earely, 

Vpon what bargaine do you give it me? 

Antiph. Because that I familiarie sometime 

Doe vie you fo your foole, and chat with you, 

Your favicnefe will left upon my loue, 

And make a Common of my ferious howres, 

When the fume flines, let toollufh knights make sport, 

But creepe in cranies, when he hides his beames: 

If you will left with me, know my afpeft, 

And fahion your demeanor to my lookes, 

Or I will beat this method in your fcone. 

S.Dro. Sconce call you it? fo you would leave barreling, 

I had rather haue it a head, and you vffe these blows long, 

I muft get a fcone for my head, and Inconce it to, 

or else I fhall feek my wit in my shoulders, 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 frit, and wherefore; fo they fay, every why 

hath a wherefore. 

Ant. Why firft for flowing me, and then wherefore, 

for verging it the fecond time to me. 

S.Dro. Was there euer anie man thus beaten out of feation, 

in the when and the wherefore, is neither time nor reafon. We'll fir, I fhow you, 

Ant. Thank me fir, for what? 

S.Dro. Marry fir, for this fomething that you gave me 

for nothing. 

Ant. He make you amendes next, to give you nothing 

for something. But fay fir, is dinner time? 

S.Dro. No fir, I thinke the meat wants that I haue. 

Ant. In good time fir: what's that? 

S.Dro. Baffling. 

Ant. Well fir, then' will be drie. 

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 baffling. 

Ant. Well fir, leare me 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 himfelfe. 

Ant. Let's heare 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 recuperie? 

S.Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a perewig, and recover 

the loft haire of another man. 

Ant. Why, is Time fuch a niggarde of haire, being (as it is) fo plentiful an excriment? 

S.Dro. Because it is a bleffing that hee beftowes on beafts, and what he hath framed them in haire, hee hath 
given them in wit. 

Ant. Why, but thers manie a man hath more haire 
than wit. 

S.Dro. Not a man of hoife but he hath the wit to lofe 
his haire. 

Ant. Why thou didft conclude hairey men plain dealers 

without wit. 

S.Dro. The plainer dealer, the foone loft; yet he looth 
it in a kinde of iollitrie. 

An. For what reafon. 

S.Dro. For two, and found ones to.
The Come die of Errors.

Ant. By Dromio?

Drom. By me.

Ant. By thee, and this thou diest returne from him,
That he did buffet thee, and in his blowes,
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.
Ant. Did you confesiur fit with this gentlewoman:
What is the course and drift of your compa\(\text{p}\)?
S. Dro. If I? I neuer saw her till this time.
Ant. Villaine thou liest, for enuen her verie words,
Didst thou deliuer to me on the Mart.
S. Dro. I never spake with her in all my life.
Ant. How can she thus then call vs by our names?
Vnlefe it be by imputation.

Adri. How ill agree it with your grauntie,
To counterfeit thus grofely with your face,
Abetting him to that acte in me in my mode;
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong nor that wrong with a more contemp.
Come I willalten on this fleete of thine:
Thou art an Elme my husband, I a Vine:
Whole weakneffe married to thy strictes state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicateg:
Ifought possethe thee from me, it is droffe,
Wspiring Lie, Brie, or idle Mofle,
Who all for want of pruining, with intentionein.
Infect thy lip, and liue on thy confusion.

Ant. To mee thee speakes, file moues mee for her themet:
What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleepe I now, and thinke I heare all this?
What error drives our eies and cares amisse?
Vntill I know this tune uncertainet,
Ile entertaine the free'd fallacie.

Luc. Dromoe, goe bid the ifentants fpered for dinner.
S. Dro. Oh for my beads, I eftrofe me for a dinner, 
This is the Fairie land, oh fpirit of fpiritu,
We talk with Goblins, Owles and Sprights; 
If we obey them not, this will infue:
They'll yeke our breath, or pinch vs blacke and blew.

LUC. Why prati't thou to thy felfe, and answer\(\prime\)st not?

Dromio, thou Dromio thou fiale, thou flug, thou fort.

Ant. I am transformed Mifter, am I not?
Ant. I think thou art in minde, and fo am I.

Luc. Nay Mafter, both in minde, and in my ifhape,
Ant. Thou haft thine owne forme.
S. Dro. No, I am an Ape.
Luc. If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an Affe.
S. Dro. 'Tis true he rides me, and I long for graffe.
Tis fo, I am an Affe, it it coulde never be,
But I should know her as well as the knows mee.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a foole,
To put the finger in the eie and weep;
Whil'\(\text{m}\)'ll man and Mafter laughes my woes to forne:
Come fit to dinner, Dromio keep the gate;
Husband Ile dine and drinke with you to day,
And shewe you of a thousand idle pranks:
Sirra, if any ask you for your Mafter,
Say he dieth forth, and let no creature enter:
Come fifter, Dromio play the Porter well.

Ant. Am I in earth, in heauen, or in hell?
Sleeping or wakings, mad or well aduifd:
Knowne voue thefe, and to my felle dilguifd:
Ile fay as they fay, and pefperfure fofo:
And in thishift at all adventures go.

S. Dro. Mafter, shall I be Porter at the gate?

Adr. | And let none enter, leaft I brake your pate.

Luc. Come, come, Antidoteus, we dine to late.

Alcas
The Comedie of Errors.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, his mans Dromio, Angelo the Goldsmith, and Balb dece the Merchant.

E. Ant. Good signior. Angelo you must excufe vs all,
My wife is firewith when I keepe not her house;
Say that I lingered with you at your top
To fee the making of her Carkanet,
And that to Morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain that would face me downe
He met me on the Mart, and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand markes in gold,
And that I did enue my wife and honie;
Thou drunkard thou, what didst thou meane by this?
E. Dro. Say what you will sir, but I know what I know,
That you beat me at the Mart I have your hand to shew;
If my skin were parchement, & your blows you gave were ink,
Your owne hand-writing would tell you what I thinke.
E. Ant. I thinke thou art an asle,
E. Dro. Marry so it doth appeare.
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bare,
I should kicke being kickt, and being at that paule,
You would keepe from my heels, and beare of an asle.
E. Ant. Y'are sad signior Balbazar, pray God our cheer
May answer my good will, and your good welcome here.
Bal. I hold your dainties cheap sir, & your welcome dear.
E. Ant. Oh signior Balbazar, either at fis fis or fish,
A table full of welcome, makes scarce one dainty dift.
Bal. Good meat fis is comon that every house affords.
Aunt. And welcome more common, for thos nothing but words.
Bal. Small cheer and great welcome, makes a meric feast.
Aunt. I, to a niggardly Hof, and more sparing guest;
But though my cates be meane, take them in good part,
Better cheer may you have, but not better hart.
But loft, my doore is lockt; goe bid them let in us.
E. Dro. Maid, Priget, Mariner, Cifler, Gilson, Gunn.
S. Dro. Mome, M. Lithorne, Cipon, Coxcombe, Idi-
E. Dro. Patch;
Either get thee from the doore, or fis downe at the hatch;
Pouf thou comor for wenchses, tht callt for fuch rare.
When one is one too many, goe get thee from the doore.
E. Dro. What patch is made our Porter? my Mffer flayes in the street.
E. Dro. Let him walke from whence he came, left he catch cold oor feet.
S. Ant. Who talks within there? hou, open the doore.
E. Dro. Right fis, Ile tell you when, and you'll tell me wherefore.
Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner: I haue not din'd to day.
E. Dro. Nor to day here you must not come againe when you may.
Aunt. What art thou that keep'st mee out from the howfe I owe?
S. Dro. The Porter for this time Sir, and my name is Dromio.
E. Dro. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name,
The one nere got me credit, the other mickle blame:
If thou hadst bene Dromio to day in my place,
Thou wouldst haue chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an asle.

Enter Luce.

Luce. What a coile is there Dromio? who are those at the gate?
E. Dro. Let my Master in Luce.
Luce. Faith no, he comes too late, and so tell your Master.
E. Dro. O Lord I must laugh, haue you at you with a Pro-
Luce. Shall I set in my flffe.
Luce. Haue at you with another, that's when can you tell?
S. Dro. If thy name be called Luce, Luce thou haft an-
Luce. You hear ye minion, you'll let vs in I hope?
Luce. I thought to haue askt you.
S. Dro. And you said no.
E. Dro. So come helpe, well strooke, there was blow
For blow.
Ant. Thou bagage let me in.
Luce. Can you tell for whose fake?
E. Dro. Master, knocke the door hard.
Luce. Let him knocke till it skie.
Ant. You'll crye for this minion, if I beat the dooro
downe.
Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of frocks in the
towne?

Enter Adriana.

Ade. Who is that at the dore? he keeps all this noyse.
S. Dro. By my troth your towne is troubled with unruly boies.
Aunt. Are you there Wife? you might haue come before.
Ade. Your wife sir knaue? go get you from the dore.
E. Dro. If you went in paine Master, this knaue wold
go for.
Angelo. Here is neither cheere sir, nor welcome, vif would faine haue either.
Balz. In debating which was beft, wee shall part with neither.
E. Dro. They fland at the doore, master, bid them over our hither.
Aunt. There is something in the winde, that we cannot get in.
E. Dro. You would saie so Master, if your garments were thin.
Your cake here is warme within: you fland here in the cold.
It would make a man mad as a Bucke to be so bought and fold.
Ant. Go fetch me something, Ile break ope the gate.
E. Dro. Break any breaking here, and Ile break your
Aunt. There is something in the winde, that we cannot get in.
E. Dro. You would say so Master, if your garments were thin.
Your cake here is warm within: you stand here in the cold.
It would make a man mad as a Bucke to be so bought and sold.
Ant. Go fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.
E. Dro. Break any breaking here, and I'll break your
Aunt. There is something in the winde, that we cannot get in.
E. Dro. A man may break a word with your sir, and words are but winde:
I and break it in your face, so he break it not behinde.
S. Dro. It seems thou want'ft breaking, out upon thee
E. Dro. Here is too much out upon thee, I pray thee let me in.
S. Dro. I when fowles have no feathers, and fish have no fin.
Ant. Well, Ile break in: go borrow me a crow.
E. Dro. A crow without feather, Master meanes you to;
Though others have the amne, shew vs the fleue:
We in your motion turne, and you may moue vs,
Then gentle brother get you in argaine;
Comfort my fitter, cheere her, call her wife;
'Tis holy port to be a little vaine,
When the sweet breath of flaterie conquers frite.

S. Anti. Sweete Miftris, what your name is elfe I
know not;
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine:
Leffe in your knowledge, and your grace you show not,
Then our earths wonder, more then earth divine.
Teach me deere creature how to think and speake:
Lay open to my earthis groffe conceit;
Smothred in errors, feele, hollow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words deceit;
Against my joules 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 I'll yeeld,
But if it I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping fitter is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage doe I owe,
Fare more, fare more, to you doe I decline:
Oh traine me not sweet Mermaid wet with thy note,
To drawne me in thy fifter flood of teares:
Sing Siren for thy felfe, and I will doe;
Spread ore the fluer waues thy golden haieres;
And as a bud Ile take thee, and there lie:
And in that glorous supposifion thinke,
He gaines by death, that hath fuch meanes to die:
Let Love, being light, be drowned if the finkle.

Luc. What are you mad, that you doe reason so?
Ant. Not mad, but mazed, how 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. Jake when you shoulde, and that will cleere
your figh.
Ant. As good to winke sweete love, as looke on night.
Luc. Why call you me loue? Call my fitter fo.
Ant. Thy fletters fitter.
Luc. That's my fitter.
Ant. No: it is thy felfe, mine owne felfes better part:
Mies eies cleere eie, my deere hearts deere heart;
My fode, my fortune, and my sweet hopes aine;
My fole earels heauen, and my heauen's clainte.
Luc. All this my fitter is, or else shoulde be.
Ant. Call thy felfe fitter sweete, for I am thee:
Thee will I loue, and with thee lead my life;
Thou haft no husband yet, nor I no wife:
Give me thy hand,
Luc. Oh folt sir, hold you still:
Ile fetch my fitter to get her good will.

Exit.

Enter Dromio, Siracusa.

Ant. Why how now Dromio, where runn't thou so
fast?
S. Dro. Doe you know me sir? Am I Dromio? Am I
your man? Am I my felfe?
Ant. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art
thy felfe.
Dro. I am an afle, I am a womans man, and besides
my felfe.
Ant. What womans man? and how besides thy
felfe?
Dro. Marrie sir, besides my felfe, I am due to a woman:
One that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will
have me.

Ant. What
The Comedie of Errors.

Ant. What claine laies she to thee?

Dro. Marry sir, such claine as you would lay to your horse, and she would have me as a beast, not that I being a beast she wou'd have me, but that she being a very beastly creature laies claim to me.

Ant. What is thee?

Dro. A very recreant body: I such a one, as a man may not speake of, without he saye irreverence, I haue but leave lacke in the match, and yet is the a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. How doth thou meane a fat marriage?

Dro. Marry sir, she's the Kitchin wench, & a greafe, and I know not what slye to put her too, but to make a Lampe of her, and run from her by her owne light. I warrant, her ragges and the Tallow in them, will burne a Poland Winter: If the lucis till doomday, she I burne a weake longer then the whole World.

Ant. What complexion is this of?

Dro. Swart like my fhou, but her face nothing like so cleane kept: for why? swart a woman may goe out thence, she is in the grime of it.

Ant. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. No sir, 'tis in grame, Neas flood could not do it.

Ant. What's her name?

Dro. Ned Sir: but her name is three quarters, that's an Ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. Then she bears some breadth?

Dro. No longer from head to foot, then from hippe to hipphe: she is spherickall, like a globe: I could find out Countries in her.

Ant. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dro. Marry sir in her buttockes, I found it out by the boggles.

Ant. Where Scotland?

Dro. I found it by the barrenesse, hard in the palme of the hand.

Ant. Where France?

Dro. In her head, arm'd and reverted, making warre against her heire.

Ant. Where England?

Dro. I lookd for the chakille Cliffs, but I could find no whitevesse in them. But I guesst, she fhou'd goe in her chun by the falt rheimus that ranne betwixt France, and it.

Ant. Where Spaine?

Dro. Faith I saw it not: but I felt it hot in her breth.

Ant. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. Oh sir, upon her nofe, all ore embellished with Rubies, Carbuncles, Saphires, declining their rich Afpeet to the hot breaths of Spaine, who lent whole Armadoes of Carretts to be ballaft at her nofe.

Ant. Where flood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. Oh sir, I did not looke so. To conclude, this drudge or Duiner layd claim to mee, call'd mee Dromio, I swore I was affurd to her, told me what prouide marke she had about mee, as the marke of my shouder, the Mole in my necke, the great Wart on my left arme; that I amazed ranne from her as a witch. And I thinkc, if my breth had not beene made of faith, and my heart of fleche, she had transform'd me to a Currill dog, & made me turne th' wheel.

Ant. Go lie thee presently, poft to the rode,

And if the wind blow any way from shire,

I will not harbour in this Towne to night,

If any Barke put forth, come to the Mart,

Where I will walke till thou returne to me:

If euerie one knowes vs, and we know none,

'Tis time I thinke to trudge, packe, and be gone.

Dro. As from a Beare a man would run for life,

So bid I from her that would be my wife.

Exit

Ant. There's none but Witches do inhabite here,

And therefore 'tis bitt time that I were hence:

She that doth call me husband, even my soule

Doth for a wife abhorre. But her faire fitter

Poffef with such a gentle pouraigne grace,

Of such inchanting presence and diffourc,

Hath almost made me Traitor to my felle:

But least my felle be guilty to felle wrong,

Ie ftop mine eares against the Mermaids song.

Enter Aegle with the Chaine.

Ang. Mr Antipholus.

Ant. I that's my name.

Ang. I know it well sir, loe here's the chaine,

I thought to have tane you at the Porpentine,

The chaine vnfinifh'd made me stay thus long.

Ant. What is your will that I shal do with this?

Ang. What please your felle sir: I haue made it for you.

Ant. Made it for me sir, I bispoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenteie times you haue:

Go home with it, and please your Wife wishall,

And loome at supper time Ie vitys you,

And then receive my money for the chaine.

Ant. I pray you sir receive the money now,

For feare you ne're fece chaine, nor mony more.

Ang. You are a merry man sir, fare you well. Exit.

Ant. What I shoulde think of this, I cannot tell:

But this I think, there's none man is so vaine,

That would refuse to faire an offer'd Chaine.

I see a man heere needs not lye by flutes,

When in the streets he meetes fuch Goldien gifts:

He to the Mart, and there for Dromio play,

If any ship put out, then straight away.

Exit.

Aegus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Merchant, Goldsmith, and an Officer.

Mar. You know since Pentecost the sum is due,

And since I haue not much importun'd you,

Nor now I had not, but that I am bound

To PERISH, and want Gilders for my voyage:

Therefore make present satisfaction,

Or Ie attach you by this Officer.

Gold. Even suft the sum that I do owe to you,

Is growing to me by Antipholus,

And in the infanta that I met with you,

He had of me a Chaine, at five a clocke

I fhall receive the money for the same:

Pleaseth you walke with me downe to his house,

I will discharge my bond, and thanke you too.

Enter Antipholus Epeb; Dromio from the Courtiants,

Off. That labour may you have: See where he comes.

Ant. While I go to the Goldsmiths houfe, go thou

And
The Comedie of Errors.

And buy a toyes end, that will I bellow
Among my wife, and their confederates,
For locking me out of my doores by day:
But if I see the Goldsmith get thee gone,
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Duo. I buy a thousand pound a yeare, I buy a rope.

Exit Dromio

Epist. Anon. A man is well holpe vp that trueth to you,
I promised your preffence; and the Chaine,
But neither Chaine nor Goldsmith came to me:
Belike you thought our loue woult last too long
If we were chained together: and therefore came not.

Gold. Saing your merrie humor: here's the note.
How much your Chaine weigs to the vsmofh charde,
The finetese of the Gold, and carefull fashion,
Which doth amount to three oddie Duckets more.
Then I stand debd to this Gentleman,
I pray you fee him prefently diycharg'd.
For he is bound to Sea, and flaves but for it.

Ani. I am not furnifh'd with the preffent monie:
Besides I have some bufine of fome in the towne,
Good Signior take the stranger to my houre,
And with you take the Chaine, and bid my wife
Disburfe the fumme, on the receit thereof,
Perchance I will be there as foone as you.

Gold. Then you will bring the Chaine to her your felle.

Ani. No buere it with you, left I come not time enough.

Gold. Well fir, I will: Hau you the Chaine about you?

Ani. And if I have not fir, I hope you have:
Or else you may returne without your monie.

Gold. Nay come you pray you fir, give me the Chaine:
Both winde and tid's playe for this Gentleman,
And I too blame haue held him heere too long.

Ani. Good Lord, you vfe this dailence to excufe
Your breach of promife to the Peripese,
I woodhave chid you for not bringeing it,
But like a throw you firft begin to bragge.

Mar. The house heales on, I pray you fir dispatch.

Gold. You heare how he impotneth me, the Chaine.

Ani. Wh'gy give it to my wife, and fetch your monie.

Gold. Come came, come, you know I gave it you even now.

Ani. And rend the Chaine, or fend me by foone toake.

Ani. Fie, now you run this humor out of breath,
Come where's the Chaine, I pray you let me see it.

Mar. My buifeneffe cannot brooke this dallence,
Good fir say, who're you anfwer me, or no:

Innet. He leave him to the Officer.

Ani. I anfwer you? What fhould I anfwer you?

Gold. The monie that you owe me for the Chaine.

Ani. I owe you none, till I receive the Chaine,

Gold. You know I gave it you halfe an hour fpence.

Ani. You gaue me none, you wrong mee much to faie fo.

Gold. You wrong me more fir in denying it.

Consider how it stands upon my credit.

Mar. Well Officer, arrefte him at my faite.

Off. I do, and charge you in the Dukes name to obeye me.

Gold. This touches me in repuation.

Either content to pay this fum for me,
Or I attach you by this Officer.

Ani. Content to pay thee that I never had:
Arrefte me foold fellow if thou darst.

Gold. Here is thy fce, arreft him Officer.
I would not spare my brother in this cafe,
If he should confume me fo apparantly.

Offic. I do arreft you fir, you heare the fuite.

Ani. I do obeye thee, till I give thee baile.
But fiirrah, you fhall buy this fport as deere,
As all the meitall in your fhop will anfwer.

Gold. Sir, fir, I fhall have Law in Eplate,
To your notorious fame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio Sire from the Bay,

Dro. Mafter, there's a Barke of Epidamnum,
That lays but till her Owner comes aboord,
And then fir the beares awaye. Our fraughtage fir,
I have conuen'd aboord, and I haue boughthes
The Oyle, the Balfamium, and Aqua-vite.
The flip is in her trim, the merrie winde
Blows faire from land: they flay for nought at all,
But for their Owner, Mafter, and your felle.

Ani. How now a Madman? Why thou penifeeth fheep
What thip of Epidamnum flays for me.

S.Dro. A fhip you fent me too, to hier waftage.

Ani. Thou drunken flauo, I fent thee for a rope,
And told thee to what purpofe, and what end.

S.Dro. You fent me for a ropes end as foone,
You fent me to the Bay fir, for a Barke,

Ani. I will deharte this manner at more leuire
And reach your ears to lift mee with more heede:
To Adriana Villaine bite thee ftraightly:
Give her this key, and tell her in the Deke
That couer'd o're with Turkifh Tapiftre,
There is a purfe of Duckets, let her fend it:
Tell her, I am arrefted in the flreete,
And that I fhall baile me: he thee flauo, be gone,
On Officer to prifon, till it come.

Exequt.

S. Droemio. To Adriana, that is where we din'd,
Where Dowilabell did declare me for her husband,
She is too bigge I hope me for compaffle,
Thither I will, although againft my will:
For feruants muft their Mafters mindes fulfill.

Exit

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ah Luciana, did he tempt thee fo?
Might'ft thou perceiue it fufereely in his eye,
That he did plead in earneft, yea or no:
Look'lt he be red or pale, or fad or merry?
What obfervation maft thou make in this cafe?

Oh, his hearts Meteors tilting in his face.

Luc. Firft he den'tde you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant he did me none: the more my fighs
Luc. Then fware he that he was a stranger heere.

Adr. And true he fware, though yet forforne he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what faid he?
Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what perfwafion did he tempt thy love?
Luc. With words, that in an honeft fuit might move.

Firft, he did praiie my beautie, then my speech.

Adr. Did it speake him faire?

Luc. Haue patience I befpeak.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not hold me still,
My tongue, though not my heart, hath take his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and fere,
Ill-fa'd, worfe bodied, fpupelfe every where:

Vicious, vn genteel, foolish, blunter, wakindie,
The Comedie of Errors.

And show'd me Silkes that he had bought for me;
And therewithall tooke measure of my body.
Sure these are but imaginarie wiles;
And Iapland Sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter Dromio.Sr.

S.Dro. Master, here's the gold you sent me for: what have you got the picture of old Adam new apprais'd?

Ant. What gold is this? What Adam do't thou mean?

S.Dro. Not that Adam that kept the Paradise: but that Adam that keeps the prison; hee that goes in the calues-skin, that was kid'd for the Prodigalls: hee that came behind ye fir, like an euill angel, and bid you for sake your libertie.

Ant. I underfand thee not.

S.Dro. No? why 'tis a plaine cafe: he that went like a Bafe. Viole in a cafe of leather; the man fir, that when gentlemen are tired giues them a sob, and reft them: he fir, that takes pittie on decayed men, and giues them suits of durance: he that sets vp his refte to doe more exploits with his Mace, then a Moris Pike.

Ant. What thou mean it an officer?

S.Dro. I fir, the Seriante of the Band: he brings any man to answer it that breaks his Band: one that thinks a man always going to bed, and fayes, God giues you good refle.

Ant. Well is, there refle in your foolerie.

Is there any thing purfeth forth to night? may we be gone?

S.Dro. Why fir, I brought you word an hour hence, that the Bark Expeditious purfeth forth to night, and then were you honoured by the Seriante to tarry for the Hey Delay: Here are the angels that you fent for to deliter you.

Ant. The fello is driftraft, and fo am I,
And here we wander in illufions:
Some bleffed power deliter vs from hence.

Enter a Curtian.

Cur. Well met, well met, Master Antipholus:
I see fir you have found the Gold-Smith now:
Is that the chaine you promis'd me to day.

Ant. Sathan auoide, I charge thee rempt me not,

S.Dro. Master, is this Mriftis Sathan?

Ant. It is the diuell.

S.Dro. Nay, fie is worfe, fie is the diuels dam:
And here fie comes in the habite of a light wench, and thereof comes, that the wenches say God dam me, That's as much to fie, 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: erga, light wenches will burne, come not nere her.

Cur. Your man and you are maruoules merrie fir.
Will you goe with me, we'll mend our dinner here?

S.Dro. Master, if do expect spoon-meare, or bespeake a long fpooone.

Ant. Why Dromio?

S.Dro. Marrie he must have a long fpooone that muft care with the diuell.

Ant. Avoid then friend, what self thou me of sup-
Thou art, as you are all a forceres: (ping?)
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.
Cur. Gie me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or for my Diamond the Chaine you promis'd,
And Ie be gone fir, and not trouble you.

S.Dro. Some diuels aske but the parings of ones naife,
The Comedie of Errors.

a rush, a hare, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherrie.

Cur. I pray you stir my Ring, or else the Chaine;
I hope you do not mean to cleate me fo?

Ant. A mam thou wish: Come Dromio let vs go.

S. Dro. Fie pride fakes the Pea-cocke, Miftifes that you know.

Cur. Now out of doubt Antipholus is mad,
Elle would he neuer to demene himfelfe,
A Ring he hath of mine fome worth forcie Ducks, 
And for the fame he promifes me a Chaine,
Both one and other he demes me now:
The reafon that I gather he is mad, 
Besides this prefent infiance of his rage, 
Is a mad tale he told to day at dinner, 
Of his owne doores being flut against his entrance. 
Belike his wife acquainted with his ftes, 
On purpofe flut the doores againft his way: 
My way is now to his home to his house, 
And tell his wife, that being Lunsticke,
He rush'd into my house, and tooke perfence. 
My Ring away. This course I fifted choife, 
For forcie Ducks is too much to loufe.

Enter Antipholus Ephes. with a ladier.

Ant. Fear me not man, I will not break away, 
I gue thee ere I leave thee fo much money.
To warrant thee as I am refert for. 
My wife is in a wayward mood to day, 
And will not lightly truft the Meflenger,
That I should be attach'd to Ephes,
I tell you I will found hiftorly in her eares.

Enter Dromio Ephes. with a rope end.

Here comes my Man, I thinke he brings the monie.
How now fin? Haue you that I fent you for?

E. Dro. Here's that I warrant you will pay them all.
Ant. But where's the Money?

Ant. Fie hundred Ducks ftantine for a rope?
F. Dro. Tis fure you fie fie hundred at the rare. 
Ant. To what end did I bid thee fie your homes? 
E. Dro. To ropes end fin, and to that end am I return'd.
Ant. And to that end fin, I will welcom you. 
Off. Good fin be patient.

E. Dro. Nay 'tis for to be patient, I am in ather.

Off. Good now hol thy tongue.

E. Dro. Nay, rather periade him to hold his hands.

Ant. Thou whofe for tenfelfe Villaine.

E. Dro. Would I were tenfelfe fin, that I might not fee thy blowes.

Ant. Thou art fubjefl to nothing but blowes, and fo is an Affe.

E. Dro. I am an Affe indeede, you may proue it by my longe ears. I fiefte feru'd from the hour of my Natiuerie to this iinstant, and have nothing at his hands for my feruice but blowes. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warme, he cooles me with beating: I am walk'd with it when I fleep, raf'd with it when I ftreke, driven out of doores with it when I goe from home, welcom'd home with it when I returne, nay

I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggier woon't her brat: and I thinke when he hath lann'd me, I fhall begge with it from doore to doore.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Corritizan, and a Schoolmater, call'd Pinch.

Ant. Come goe along, my wife is comming yonder.

E. Dro. Miftifes refreʃe finem, repect your end, or rather the prophet like the Poffies, beware the ropes end.

Ant. Wilt thou ftilt talke? 

Cur. How fay you now? Is not your husband mad?

Ant. His incandence confrimnes no lefe:
Good Doctor Pinch, you are a Conjuror,
Etablith in his true fence againe,
And I will pleafe you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas how fery, and how tharpe he lookes.
Cur. Marke, how he trembles in his eftachie.

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let mee feele your pulfe.

Ant. There is my hand, and let me feele your care.

Pinch. Icharge thee Safthan, hand with this man, 
To yeald poftellion to my holy prayers,
And to thy hatre of darkreffe hee thee straight, 
I coniure thee by all the Saints in heauen.

Ant. Peace doing wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Ant. Oh that thou were not, poor diftruffed foule.

Ant. You Minion you, are thefe your Customers?
Did this Companion with the fair on face 
Reuell and feali it at my house to day,
Whill'ft pon me the Giulie doores were flut, 
And I denied to enter in my house.

O'd. Husband, God doth know you din't at home
Where you had dremin'd unti this time, 
Free from their flanders, and this open flame.

Ant. Din't at home? Thou Villaine, what fayest thou?

Dro. Sir footh to fay, you did not din't at home.

Ant. Were not my doores lockt vp, and I shut out?

Dro. Perdie, your doores were lockt, and you fliare out.

Ant. And did not fhe her felfe reuile me there?

Dro. Sain Fable, fie her felfe reuile'd you there,
Ant. Did not her Kitchen maide raile, taunt, and fcorne me?

Dro. Cottis fie did, the kitchen vetflall fom'd you.

Ant. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. In vertice you did, my bones beares witneffe,
That fince haufe fent the vigor of his rage.

Ant. 'tis good to ftoth him in thefe contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame, the fellow fhands his vaine, 
And yeelding to him, humors well his fenfue.

Ant. Thou haft subborn'd the Goldsmith to strei me.

Adr. Alas, I fent you Monie to redeeme you, 

By Dromio here, who came in hand for it.

Dro. Monie by me? Heart and good will you might, 
But furely Malater not a ragge of Monie.

Ant. Weneft thou not to her for a pace of Ducks.

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witneffe with her that the did.

Dro. God and the Rope-maker beare me witneffe, 
That I was fent for nothing but a rope.

Pinch. Miftifes, both Man and Master is poiffiff, 
I know it by their pale and deadly lookes,
The Comedie of Errors.

They must be bound and laide in some darke roome.

Ant. Say wherefore didn't thou locke me forth to day, and why doth thou denie the bagge of gold?

Adv. I did not gentle husband lacke thee forth.

Dro. And gentle Mr. I receiv'd no gold:

But I confesse sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adv. Difsembling Villain, thou speakest falsely in both.

Dro. Difsembling harlot, thou art false in all also.

And art confederate with a damned pocke,

To make a lossthous abjicet five of me;

But with these nails, He plucke out these false eyes,

That would behold in me this shamefull sport.

Enter three or four, and offer to binde him:

His frieit.

Adv. Oh binde him, binde him, let him not come neere me.

Punch. More company, the bed is strong within him.

Luc. Aye me poor man, how pale and wan he looks.

Ant. What will you murther me, thou tailor thou?

I am thy prisoner, wilt thou suffer them to make a rescue?

Off. Masters let him go: he is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Punch. Go binde this man, for he is franticke too.

Adv. What wilt thou do, thou preuius Officer?

Haft thou delight to see a wretched man

Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Off. He is my prisoner, if I let him go,
The debt he owes shall be requir'd of me.

Adv. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee,

Beare me forthwith unto his Creditor,

And knowing how the debt growes I will pay it.

Good Master Doctor, to him safe convey'd

Home to my house, oh most wenchy day.

Ant. Oh most whappie strumpet.

Drus. Master, I am here entred in bond for you.

Ant. Out on thee Villaine, wherefore dost thou mad me?

Dro. Will you be bound for nothing, be mad good

Masters, cry the druil.

Luc. God helpe poore foules, how idly doe they talke.

Adv. Go beare him hence, siffer go you with me:

Say now, whole suit is he arrestate at?


Off. One Angelo a Goldsmith, do you know him?

Adv. I know the man: what is the lummre he owes?

Off. Two hundred Duckers.

Adv. Say, how growes it due.

Off. Due for a Chaine your husband had of him.

Adv. He did bespeak a Chain for me, but had not it.

Cur. When as your husband all in rage to day,

Came to my house; and took away my Rings,

The Ring I saw on his finger now,

Straight after did I meete him with a Chaine!

Adv. It may be so, but I did never see it.

Come tailor, bring me where the Goldsmith is,

I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter Antipholus Strasouphi with his Roper droues,

and Dromio Stras.

Luc. God for thy mercy, they are loose again.

Adv. And come with naked swords,

Let's call more helpe to have them bound again.

Run me out.

Off. Away, they'll kill vs.

Exeunt masters, as safe as may be, frighted.

S. Ant. I fee thee Witches are afraid of swords.

S. Dro. She that would be your wife, now ran from you.

Ant. Come to the Centaur, fetch our fluffe from thence:

I long that we were safe and found aboard,

Dro. Faith stay here this night, they will surely do

vs no harme: you saw they speake vs faire, give vs gold:

I thinkes they are such a gentle Nation, that but for

the Mountaine of mad flieft that claims marige of me,

I could bind in my heart to stay here still, and tune Witch.

Ant. I will not stay to night for all the Towne,

Therefore away, to get our fluffe aboard. Exeunt

Aelius Quintus. Secna Prima.

Enter the Merchant and the Goldsmith.

Gold. I am forry Sir that I haue hindred you,

But I proeect he had the Chaine of me,

Though most dithonneflly he doth denie it.

Mar. How is the man elecmed here in the Cittie?

Gold. Of very reuerent reputation sir,

Of credite infinite, highly belou'd,

Second to none that lives here in the Cittie:

His word might beare my wealth at any tyme.

Mar. Speake softly, yonder as I think he walkes.

Enter Antipholus and Dromio again.

Gold. 'Tis so: and that false chaine about his necke,

Which he forswore most montonously to haue,

Good Sir draw neere to me, Ile speake to him:

Signior Antipholus, I wonder much

That you would put me to this shame and trouble,

And not without some scandal to your selfe,

With circunstance and oaths, fo to denie

This Chaine, which now you weare so openly,

Befide the charge, the shame, impersonnement,

You haue done wrong to this my honest friend,

Who but for playing on our Countrourte,

Had hoifted false, and put to fea to day:

This Chaine you had of me, can you deny it?

Ant. I thinke I had, I never did deny it.

Mar. Yes that you did Sir, and fortrue it too.

Ant. Who heard me to denie it or fortrue it me?

Mar. These cares of mine thou knowest did hear thee:

Fie on thee wretch, 'tis pity that thou liv'st,

To walke where any honest men report.

Ant. Thou art a Villaine to impeach me thus,

Ile proue mine honor, and mine honestie.

Against thee pretently, if thou dar'st stand,

Mar. I dare and do desie thee for a villaine.

They draw. Enter Adriana, Luciana, Coritician & others.

Adv. Hold, hurt him not for God sake, he is mad.

Some get within him, take his sword away,

Binde Dromio too, and beare them to my howse.

S. Dro. Runne masters run, for Gods sake take a howse,

This is some Priorie, in, or we are spoild.

Youe, youe, youe, I mad again.

Exeunt to day.
Enter Lady Abbess.

Ab. Be quiet people, wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence, and let vs come in, that we may bind him fast, and bear him home for his recoverie.

Gold. I knew he was not in his perfect wit.

Mar. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.

Ab. How long hath this possession held him?

Adr. This were he had beene heare, sooner fed, and much different from the man he was:

But that this afternoon his passion

Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Ab. Hath he not loft much wealth by wrack of sea, buried some deere friend, hath not eft his eye, stray'd his affection in vnlawfull love, and fome prevailing much in youthfull men, who give their eies the liberty of gazynge, which of these sorrows is he fubject too?

Adr. To none of thefe, except it be the last. Namely, fome love that drew him oft from home.

Ab. You should for that have reprehend him.

Adr. Why to do.

Ab. I but not enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modestie would let me.

Ab. Happily in private.

Adr. And in affembles too.

Ab. I, but not enough.

Adr. This were the end of our Conference.

In bed he flent not for my vrging it, at board he flent not for my vrging it:

Alone, it was the subiect of my Thcame:

In company I often glanced it:

Still did I tell him, it was wilde and bad.

Ab. And thereof came it, that the man was mad.

The vnomous clausors of a jealous woman,

Poifons more deadly then a mad dogges tooth.

It feemes his eelpees were hindered by thy railings, and thereof comes it that his head is light.

Thou fhalt his meate was faue'd with thy vpraidings, and quiet meales make ill digerifions.

Therof the raging fire of feauer bred, and what's a Feauer, but a fit of madneffe?

Thou laid his fports were hindered by thy bralles. Sweet recreaction bair'd, what doth enable but modie and dull melancholy.

Kinfman to grim and comfortlesse di Spaire, and at her heele a huge infectious troop

Of pale di temperatures and fees to life?

In food, in SPORTS, and life-prefering reft

To be diurb'd, would mad or man, or beast:

The confequence is then, thy jealous fits

Hath feared thy husband from the fte of witts.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly, when he demean'd himfelfe, rough, rude, and wildly, why beare you thofe rdckues, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my owne reproofe, good people enter, and lay hold on him.

Ab. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then let your fervants bring my husband forth.

Ab. Neither: he took this place for sanctuary, and it fhall priuledge him from your hands.

Till I have brought him to his witts againe,

Or looke my labour in affaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurfe,
The Comedie of Errors.

Therefore most gracious Duke with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for helpe.

Duke. Long since thy husband serv'd me in my wars
And I to thee ingag'd a Princes 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 Abbess come to me:
I will determine this before I flirre.

Enter a Messenger.
Oh Miftris, Miftris, shift and laue your selfe,
My Master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the Masts a-row, and bound the Doctor,
Whose beard they have findg'd off with brands of fire,
And euer as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great piles of puddled myre to quench the haire;
My M' preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with Circers makes him like a foole:
And theire (vnhelpe you find some present helpe)
Betweene them they will kill the Coniurer.

Adv. Peace foole, thy Master and his man are here,
And that is false thou doft report to vs,
Miftris, Miftris, vpon my life I tel you true,
I haue not breath'd almost since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you:

Cry within.
Harke, harke, I here him Miftris: flye, be gone.

Duke. Come hand by me, feare nothing: guard with Halberds.

Adv. Ay me, it is my husband: witnexe you,
That he is borne about invisible,
Euen now we hous'd him in the Abbey heere.
And now he's therepast thought of humane reason.

Enter Antipholus, and E. Dromio of Ephesus.

E. Ant. If true most gracious Duke, oh grant me
Euen for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the warres, and tooke,
Deepe scarres to flue thy life; euen for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me witnexe.

Mar. Fat. Vaelcle the teare of death doth make me
dore, I see my home Antipholus and Dromio.

E. Ant. If true (sweet Prince) againft y Woman there,
She whom thou gauft to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and disdornered me,
Euen in the strength and height of infirme:
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That the this day hath flamelle throwne on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt finde me luft.

E. Ant. This day (great Duke) the flure the doores
upon me,
While thoy with Harlots feastid in my house.

Duke. A groundeous fault: say woman, didst thou so?

Adv. No my good Lord. My felfe he, and my fister,
To day did dine togethe: so befall my foule,
As this is false he burthenes me with lies.

Luc. Here may I looke on day, nor sleepe on night,
But the tels to your Highneffe simple truth.

Gold. O perier'd woman! They are both forsworne,
In this the Madman uslily chargeth them.

E. Ant. My Liege, I am aduizid what I say,
Neither disturbed with the effect of Wine,
Nor headie-rash proou'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad,

This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner;
That Goldfmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witnesse it: for he was with me then,
Who parted with me to go fetch a Chaine,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where Bathofar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not comming thither,
I went to secke him. In the street I met him,
And in his company that Gentleman.
There did this perier'd Goldfmith vware me downe,
That I this day of him receiued the Chaine,
Which God he knowes, I faw not. For the which,
He did arrest me with an Officer.
I did obey, and sent my Peftan home
For certaine Duckets: he with none return'd.
Then fairely I bepooke the Officer
To go in perfon with me to my house.
By that waye we met my wife, her fitter, and a rabble more
Of wide Confiders: along with them
They brought one Pinch, a hung with his face d' Villaine;
A mere Anatomie, a Mountebanke,
A thred-bare lugler, and a Fortune-teller,
A needy-hollow-eyed-Sharpe-looking-wretch;
A luing dead man. This penriscous haue,
Forfooth tooke on him as a Coniurer:
And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulfe,
And with no-face (as 'twere) out-facing me,
Cries out, I was poiffed. Then altogether
They fell vpon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a darke and dankifh vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together,
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in funder,
I gain'd my freedome; and immediately
Ran hether to your Grace, whom I belieue
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deepes thames, and great indignities.

Gold. My Lord, in truth, thus far I witnesse with him:
That he did not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he not a Chaine of thee, or no?

Gold. He had my Lord, and when he ran in heere,
These people saw the Chaine about his necke.

Mar. Besides, I will be sworn these ears of mine,
Heard you confesse you had the Chaine of him,
After you firft forswore it on the Mart,
And thereupon I drew my sword on you:
And then you fled into this Abbey heere,
From whence I thinke you are come by Miracle.

E. Ant. I never came within thefe Abbey wals,
Nor euer did thoudraw thy sword on me:
I never swa the Chaine, so helpe me heauen:
And this is fals ye burthen me withall.

Duke. Why what a Việnrate impeach is this?
I thinke you all haue drunk of Cretes cup:
If heere you hous'd him, heere he would haue bin,
If he were mad, he would not plesse so coldly:
You fay he din'd at home, the Goldfmith heere
Denies that faying. Sirra, what fay you?

E. Dru. Sir he din'd with her there, at the Porpentine.

Curt. He did, and from my finger fnaught that Ring.

E. Ant. Tis true (my Liege) this Ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'ft thou him enter at the Abbey heere?

Curt. As sure (my Liege) as I do see thy Grace.

Duke. Why this is strange: Go call the Abbesse his ther.

I think you are all mated, or fcarce mad.

Exit.
Exit one to the Abbey.

Duke. Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me a word: I hope I may a friend will gain my life; And pay the fami of all delinquents.


Fals. Is not your name sir call'd Antipholus?

And is not that bondman Dromio?

E. D. Within this house I was his bondman, But he thank me now'd in two my cords, Now am I Dromio, and his man, subvend.

Fals. I am sure you both of you remember me.

D. Our felows we do remember of you by you:

For lately we were bound as you are now.

You are not Phocie's patient, are you sir?

Father. Why looke you stranged or you know me well.

E. Ant. I never saw you in my life till now.

Fals. O'lie, I saw since you was at sea, And carfull hours with times deformed hand, Haue written stranged defaullges in my face:

But tell me yet, doth not thou know my voice?

E. Ant. Neither Dromio, nor thou?

Dro. No trust me sir, nor I.

Fals. I am sure thou dost?

D. Dromio. I fix't, but I am sure I do not, and whatso ever a man denies, you are now bound to beleue him.

Fals. Not know my voice, oh times e trentity

Hast thou so crack'd and splitt my poorest tongue

In feuen shor yeare, that here my only fonie

Knowes not my feeble key of Vntu'd eares?

Though now this grained face of mine behid

In fant-compounding Winters drizled snow,

And all the Conduits of my blood froze vp:

Yet hath my night of life some metoric:

My wafting lamps some fading glimmer left;

My dull desie carent a little vie to heare;

All these old witnisses, I cannot erre.

Tell me, thou art my fonie Antipholus.

Ant. I never saw my Father in my life.

Fals. But feuen yeares since, in Siracusa boy

That knowe'd we parted, but perhaps my sonne,

Thou shalt know in knowledge me in miserie.

Ant. The Duke, and all that know me in the City,

Can witnisse with me that it is not so.

I ne'ere saw Siracusa in my life.

Duke. I tell thee Siracusa, twente yeares

Hawe I bin Patron to Antipholus,

During which time, he ne'er saw Siracusa:

I see thy age and dangers make thee doe.

Enter the Abbeye with Antipholus Sirs, and Dromio Sir.

Abbeye. Most mightie Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.

All gather to see them.

Adr. If we see two husbands, or mine eyes deceiue me.

Duke. One of these men is genius to the other:

And fo of thefe, which is the natural man,

And which is the spirit? Who decipher's them?

S. Dromio. Sir am Dromio, command him away.

E. D. Sir am Dromio, pray let me stay.

S. Ant. Egeom art thou not? or else his ghost.

S. Drom. Oh my olde Master, who hath bound him here?

Abb. Who euer bound him, I will lofe his bonds,

And gaine a husband by his libertie:

Speak olde Egeom, if thou be't the man

That hadt a wife once call'd the Emilia,

That bore thee at a burthen two faire fonnies?

Oh if thou be't the fame Egeom, speake:

And speake unto the fame Emilia.

Duke. Why heere begins his Morning Florie right:

These two Antipholus, these two fo like,

And thefe two Dromio's, once in feemblance,

Besides her vrging of her wrath of her,

These are the parents to these children,

Which accidenally are met together.

Adr. If I dreame not, thou art Emilia,

If thou art free, tell me, where is that fonne

That floated with thee on the atall Raffe.

Abb. By men of Epaminion, he, and I,

And the twain Dromio, all were taken vp;

But by and by, rude Fishermen of Corineth

By force tooke Dromio, and my fonie from them,

And me they left with those of Epaminion.

What then became of them, I cannot tell:

I, to this fentence, what you feeme mee.

Duke. Antipholus thou canst't from Corineth first.

S. Ant. Not fit, not I, I came from Siracusa.

Duke. Stay, stand apart, I know not which is which.

E. Ant. I came from Corineth my most gracious Lord.

E. D. And I with him.

E. Ant. Brought to this Town by that most famous

Warriour,

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned Viceke.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to day?

S. Ant. I, gentle Mistres.

Adr. And are not you my husband?

E. Ant. No, I say nay to that.

S. Ant. And so do I, yet did the call me so;

And this faire Gentle woman her fitter baile

Did call me broother. What I told you then,

I hope I shall have leisure to make good,

If this be not a dreame I fee and heare.

Goldsmith. That is the Chaine firt, which you had of mee.

S. Ant. I thinkke it be'f, I denie it not.

E. Ant. And you fir for this Chaine arrested me.

Gold. I thinkke I did fir, I deny it not.

Adr. I feare you monie fir to be your baile

By Dromio, but I thinkke he brought it not.

E. D. No, none by me.

S. Ant. This purfe of Duckets I receiued from you,

And Dromio my man did bring them me:

I fee we still did meete each others man,

And I was tame for him, and he for me,

And thereupon thefe errors are rofe.

& Ant. These Duccketes pawne I for my father heere.

Duke. It shall not neede, thy fathre hath his life.

Cur. Sir I mutt haue that Diamond from you.

E. Ant. There take it, and much thanks for my good cheere.

Abb. Renowned Duke, voucheffe to take the paunes

To goe with vs into the Abbey heere,

And heare at large discouercd all our fortunes,

And all that are embled in this place:

That by this simphatized one daies error

Hau's suffer'd wrong. Goe, keepe vs companie,
And we shall make full satisfaction,
Thirtie three yeares have I but gone in trouaille,
Of you my sonnes, and till this present house
My heauie burthen are deliuered:
The Duke my husband, and my children both,
And you the Kalenders of their Natiuitie,
Go to a Goellips feast, and go with mee,
After so long greefe such Natiuitie.
Duke. With all my heart, Ie Goellips at this feast.

Exeunt omnes. 

S.Dro. Maffhall I fetch your stuffe from shipboard?
E.Dro. What stuffe of mine haist thou imbarke
S.Dro. Your goods that lay at host sir in the Centaur.
S.Ant. He speakes to me, I am your master Dromio.

Come go with vs, wee'll looke to that anon,
Embrace thy brother there, reioyce 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.Dro. Me thinks you are my glasse, & not my brother:
I see by you, I am a sweet-face'd youth,
Will you walke in to fee their goellipping?
S.Dro. Not sir, you are my elder.
E.Dro. That's a question, how shall we trie it.
S.Dro. We'll 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.

Exeunt.

FINIS.
Enter Leonato Governor of Messina, Immogen his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his niece, with a messenger.

Leonato.

He came in this Letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon, comes this night to Messina.

Meff. 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?

Meff. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victorie is twice as felie, when the stieuebrings home full numbers: I finde here, that Don Peter hath bestowed much honor upon a young Florentine, called Claudio.

Meff. Much deserv'd on his part, and equally remem-bered by Don Pedro, he hath borne himselfe beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a Lambke, the feats of a Lion, he hath indeece better betted expectation, then you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an Vnkle here in Messina, will be very much glad of it.

Meff. I haue alreadie delievered him letters, and there appears much joy in him, even so much, that joy could not shew it felie modest enough, without a bag of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Meff. In great measure.

Leon. A kinde overflow of kindnesse, there are no faces truer, then those that are wai'd, how much better is it to weep at joy, then to joy at weeping?

Beatrice. If you prays, is Signior Mounfants return'd from the warres, or no?

Meff. I know none of that name, Lady, there was none such in the armie of any fort.

Leon. What is he that you aske for Neece?

Hero. My couin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

Meff. He is return'd, and as pleasant as euer he was.

Beat. He fet vp his bills here in Messina, & challenge d Cupid at the Flight: and my Vnckles soleo reading the Challenge, subcrib'd for Cupid, and challenge d him at the Burbolt. I pray you, how many hath hee kill'd and eaten in these warres? But how many hath he kill'd? for indeed, I promist to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith Neece, you rate Signior Benedict so much, but hee'uetell me with you, I doubt it not

Meff. He hath done good seruice Lady in these warres.

Beat. You had mufly virtuall, and hee hath holpe to ease it: he's a very valiant Trencher-man, hee hath an excellent stomacke.

Meff. And a good soulier too Lady.

Beat. And a good soulier to a Lady. But what is he to a Lord?

Meff. A Lord to a Lord, a man to a man, flut with all honourable vertues.

Beat. It is not indeed, he is no leffe then a flut man: but for the flutting well, we are all mortall.

Leon. You must not (Sir) mislike my Neece, there is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick, & her: they neuer meet, but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Also, he gets nothing by that. In our last confliet, force of his fine was being halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one: so that if hee have wit enough to keep him selfe warme, let him beare it for a difference betweene him selfe and his horfe: For it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be knowne a rea-sonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath euerie month a new sworne brother.

Meff. I'st possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he weares his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it euer changes with some block:

Meff. I see (Lady) the Gentleman is not in your bookes.

Beat. No, and he were, I would burne my flady. But I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young square now, that will make a voyage with him to the diuell?

Meff. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudia.

Beat. O Lord, he will hang uppon him like a disease: he is sooone caught then the pellitence, and the taker runs presently mad. God helpe the noble Claudia, if hee have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cur'd.

Meff. I will hold friends with you Lady.

Beat. Do good friend.

Leon. You he're run mad Neece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Meff. Don Pedro is approach'd.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Baltasar, and John the buffard.

Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid coll, and you encounter it.

Leon. Neuer came trouble to my house in the likenes of your Grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should tarrne: but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happinesse takes his leave.
Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly: I think this is your daughter.

Leonato. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bened. Were you in doubt that you ask her?

Signior Benedick, no, for then were you a child.

Pedro. You have it full Benedick, we may grieve by this, what you are, being a man, truly theLady fathers her selle: be happy, lady, for you are like an honorable father.

Bened. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not haue his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick, no body marks you.

Ben. What my deere Lady Difdaine! are you yet liuing?

Beat. Is it possible Difdaine should die, while she hath such meete foode to teede it, as Signior Benedick? Curtefe is feile mutt convert to Difdaine, if you come in her presence.

Bened. Then is curtefe a turne-coute, but it is certaine I am loud of all Ladie, onely you excepted: and I would I could finde in my heart that I had not a hard heart,for truely I love none.

Beat. A deere happinnesse to women, they would else have beene troubled with a pestilent Swer, I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that, I had rather hear my Dog bark at a Crow, than a man swere he loves me.

Bened. God keepe your Ladiship still in that minde, so some Gentleman or other shall scape a preditcated turne face.

Beat. Scatching could not make it worse, and wrought such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare Parrat teacher.

Bened. A bird of my tonge, is better then a beast of your.

Ben. I would my horfe had the speed of your tonge, and so good a continuator, but keepe your way a Gods name, I have done.

Beat. You alwaies end with a ladestricke, I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the summe of all: Leonato, Signior Claudio, and Signior Benedick; my deere friend Leonato, hath invited you all, I tell him we shall thay here, at the least a moneth, and he heartily prays some occasion may deaine vs longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you excuse, my Lord, you shall not be forsworne, let mee bid you welcome, my Lord, being reconciled to the Prince your brother: I owe you all duitie.

John. I thank you, I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Plesse it your grace leade on?

Pedro. Your hand Leonato, we will goe together.

Exeunt. Marco Benedick and Claudia.

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

Ben. I noted her not, but I lookt on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest yoong Ladie?

Beat. Doe you question me as an honest man should doe, for my simple true judgement? or would you have me speake after my custome, as being a professed tyrant to their fexe?

Clau. No, I pray thee speake in sober judgement.

Ben. Why yfaith I mone thinks thee's too low for a hie praise, too browne for a faire praise, and too little for a great praise, only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other then the is, she were unhallowed, and being no other, but as she is, I do not like her.

Bene. Would you buie her, that you enquier after her?

Claud. Can the world buie such a jewell?

Ben. Yes, and a cafe to put it into, but I speake you this with a sad brow? Or doe you play the flowing iacke, to tell vs Cupid is a good Hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare Carpenter; Come, in what key shall aman take you to goe in the song?

Claud. In mine eye, she is the sweetest Ladie that euer I lookt on.

Ben. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her colin, and she were not posset with a furie, exceeds her as much in beautie, as the fift of Maie doth the fift of December: but I hope you have no intent to turne husband, haue you?

Claud. I would I care truelt my selfe, though I had sworne the contrarie, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Ift come to this? in faith hath not the world one man but he will weare his cap with fulpition? shall I never see a bachelors three score againe? doe you to yfaith, and thoyt wilt needes thrust thy necke into a yoke, weare the priss of it, and figh away fundaries: looke, don Pedro is retorne to servke you.

Enter don Pedro, John the bafard.

Pedro. What secret hast held you here, that you followed not to Leonato?

Bened. I would your Grace would constraine mee to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allengece.

Ben. You heare, Count Claudius, I can be secret as a dumbe man, I would haue you think so (but on my allengece, marke you this, on my allengece) here is in love, With who? now that is your Grace pards: mark how short his aniverse is, with Hero, Leonato short daughter.

Claud. If this were so,so were it vuted.

Bened. Like the old tale,my Lord, it is not so, nor tawas not so: but indeede,God forbid it should be so.

Claud. If my passion change not shortely, God forbid it should be otherwise.

Pedro. Amen, if you love her, for the Ladie is very well wothrie.

Clau. You speake this to fetch me in, my Lord.

Pedro. By my troth I speake my thought.

Claud. And in faith, my Lord, I spake mine.

Bened. And by my two faiths and troths,my Lord, I speake mine.

Clau. That I love her, I feele.

Pedro. That she is worthie, I know.

Bened. That I neither feelle how shee should be loyed, nor know how shee should be worthie, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me, I will die in it at the flake.

Pedro. I shoue waituer an obffinate heretique in the de-spfight of beautie.

Clau. And neuer could maintaine his part, but in the force of his will.

Bene. That
Bene. That a woman conceiv'd me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her more humble thanks: but that I will have a reaeh made in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an insinuous baldricke, all women shall pardon me; because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will doe my selfe the right to trutt none: and the fine is, (for the which I may goe the finer) I will haue a Battellor.

Pedro. I shall fee thee ere I die, looke pale with lourc, Bene. With anger, with ficklec, or with myng, my Lord, not with lourc: prote that ever I looke more blood with lourc, then I will get againe with drinking, picke out mine eyes with bullet-makers poyne, and hang mee up at the doore of a brothel-house for the signe of blinde Cupid.

Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prooue a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang mee in a bottke like a Cat, & shoot at mee, and he that hit me, let him be clapt on the shoulder, and call'd Adam.

Pedro. Well, as time shall trie: In time the saigne Bull doth bear the yoke.

Bene. The saigne bull may, but if ever the feable Benedick bear it, plucke off the bulles hoores, and let them in my head, and let me be vildely painted, and in such great Letters as they write, heere is good horse to hire: let them signifie under my signe, here you may see Benedick the married man.

Clau. If this should euer happen, thou wouldst bee home mad.

Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his Quierer in Venice, thou wilt quacke for this shortly.

Bene. I looke for an earthquake too then.

Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the houses, in the mean time, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato, commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at supper, for indeede he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an Embassage, and fo I commit you.

Clau. To the tuition of God. From my house, if I had it.

Pedro. The fact of July, Your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay mocke not, mocke not; the body of your dichourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but lightly bastel on neither, ere you flout old ends any further, examine your confidence, and doe I leave you.

Clau. My Liege, your Highness now may doe mee good.

Pedro. My love is thine to teach, teach it but how, And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn.

Any hard Leffon that may doe thee good.

Clau. Hath Leonato any sonne my Lord?

Pedro. No childe but Hero, she's his onely heire, Doft thou affect her? (Loudly)

Clau. O my Lord,

When you went onward on this ended action, I looke'd upon her with a feoulders eie, That lik'd, but had a rougher taske in hand, Than to drive liking to the name of love: But now I am return'd, and that ware-thoughts Have left their places vacant in their rooms, Come thronging soft and delicately, All promising mee how faire yong Hero is, Saying I lik'd her ere I went to warres.

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lourer prentently, And tire the hearer with a booke of words: If thou dost lourer fære Hero, cherish it, And I will brake with her: wait not to this end, That thou beganft to twiff so fine a story.

Clau. How sweetly doe you minifter to lourc, That knowes lourc grieve by his complexion! But left my liking might too fotaine fecen, I would have fai'd it with a longer treatise.

Pedro. What need's I bridge much broader then the flood? The fairest graine is the neccesfite: Look what you will ferue the for: this once, thou louest, And I will fit thee with the remedia.

I know we shall haue resuellung to night, I will assume thy part in some dignifie, And tell faine Hero I am Claudio, And in her boforme Ie unclofe my heart, And take her hearing prisoner with the force And strong incounter of myinorous toze: Then alter, to her father will I brake, And the conclusion is, thee shall be thine, In practife let vs put it prentcly.

Exeunt

Enter Leonato and an old man brother to Leonato.

Leo. How now brother, where is my cozen your fon: hath he prouided this mufckie?

Old. He is very bitter about it, but brother, I can tell you newes that you yet dream not of.

Leo. Are they good?

Old. As the events stumps them, but they have a good course: they flow well outward, the Prince and Count Claudio walking in a thick pleached allei in my orchard, were thus over-heard by a man of mines: the Prince did conuerse to Claudio that hee loued my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge this night in a dance, and if hee found her accordant, hee meant to take the present time by the top, and infauntly breake with you of it.

Leo. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Old. A good sharpe fellow, I will lend for him, and question him your selfe.

Leo. No, no; wee will hold it as a dreame, till it appeare it selfe: but I will acquaint my daughter withall, that she may be the better prepared for an answer: if peradventure this bee true: goe you and tell her of it; coollins, you know what you have to doe, O I cry you merced friend, goe you with mee and I will vve your skill, good cofin have a care this busie time.

Exeunt

Enter Sir John the Buffard, and Conrado his companion.

Con. What the good yeere of my Lord, why are you thus out of measure sad?

Ioh. There is no measure in the occasioun that breedes, therefore the gidine is without limtis.

Con. You should heare reason.

Ioh. And when I haue heard it, what bleeding breathing?

Con. If not a prefect remedy, yet a patient sufferrance.

Ioh. I wonder that thou (being as thou faist thou art, borne vnder Saturn) goest about to apply a morall medicine, to a morifying mischief: I cannot hide what I am: I must bee faid when I have caufe, and smile at no mans lefts, est when I haue flamace, and wait for no mans lefte: sleepe when I am dronke, and tend on no mans businesse, laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humore.

Con. Yes, but you must not make the full shoue of this, till you may doe it without controllment, you haue of late
Beatrice. Hee were an excellent man that were made int in the mid-way between him and Benedick, the one is too like an image and faies nothing, and the other too like my Ladies eldeft sonne, euermore ratting.

Leon. Then half signior Benedick tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John melancholy in Signior Benedick face.

Beat. With a good legge, and a good foot vnclike, and money enough in his purse, such a man would winne any woman in the world, if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth Neece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so thredw of thy tongue.

Brother. Infault fife's too curfit.

Beat. Too curfit is more curfit, I shall leffen God's fending that way: for it is faid, God fends a curfit Cow short hornes, but to a Cow too curfit he fends none.

Leon. So, by being too curfit, God will fend you no hornes.

Beat. Infit, if he fend me no husband, for the which bleffing, I am at him vpone my knees every morning and evening: Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face, I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leonato. You may light vpone a husband that hath no beard.

Beatrice. What should I doe with him? dreffe him in my apparell, and make him my waiting gentlewoman the hath 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 mee: and he that is leffe then a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take fixeence in earneft of the Berrode, and lead his Apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, goe you into hell.

Beat. No, but to the gate, and there will the Deuill meete mee like an old Cuckold with horns on his head, and yaff, get you to heaenum Beatrice, get you to heaenum here's no place for you maides, fo deliuier I vp my Apes, and away to S. Peter: for the heavens, hee fiewes mee where the Batchellers fit, and there liue wee as merie as the day is long.

Brother. Well neece, I truft you will bee utd by your father.

Beatrice. Yes faith, it is my cofens dute to make curfit, and yaff, as it pleafe you: but yet for all that cofen, let him be a handfome fellow, or else make an other curfit, and yaff, father, as it pleafe me.

Leonato. Well neece, I hope to fee you one day fitted with a husband.

Beatrice. Not till God make men of some other mettall then earth, would it not grieve a woman to be obferved with a piece of valiant fault: to make account of her life to a cloud of waiward marle? no vacllle, iie none: Adams fones are my brethren, and truly I hold it a faine to match in my kinde.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you; if the Prince doe follicit you in that kinde, you know your anfwere.

Beatrice. The fault will be in the musick cofin, if you be not wod in good time: if the Prince bee too importan, tell him there is musicke in euery thing, &c so dance out the anfwere, for heare me Henry, wooing, wedding, & repenting, is as a Scotch jigge, a musicke, and a cinquepace: the firft fuite is hot and haffly like a Scotch jigge (and full as fantastical) the wedding manerely modell, (as a measure) full of eate & aunchentery, and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinqupace fatter and fatter, till he finkes into his graue.
Enter Prince, Pedro, Claudio, and Benedick, and Balthasar, or dumbe John, Maskers with a drum.

Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend? Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk, and especially when I walk away.

Pedro. With me in your company.

Hero. I may say so when I please.

Pedro. And when you please to say so? Hero. When I like your favour, for God defend the Lute shuld be like the cafe.

Pedro. My vifor is Philemon's rove, within the houfe is Love.

Hero. Whyn then your vifor should be thatacht.

Pedro. Speake low if you speake Loue.

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Hero. So would not I for your owne sake, for I have manie ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Mar. I say my prayers slow.

Bene. I love you the better, the hearers may cry Amth.

Mar. God match me with a good dauncer.

Balt. Amen.

Mar. And God keepe him out of my sight when the daunces is done: anwer Clarke.

Balt. No more words the Clarke is anwered.

Vrfula. I know you well enough, you are Signior Antonio.

Bene. At a word, I am not.

Vrfula. I know you by the wagling of your head.

Bene. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Vrfula. You could never doe him so ill well, vnlesse you were the very man: here's his dry hand vp & down, you are he, you are he.

Bene. At a word I am not.

Vrfula. Come, come, doe you think I doe not know you by your excellent wit? can vertue hide it selfe? goe to, mummy, you are he, graces will appear, and there's an end.

Bene. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are.

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was dissembling, and that I had my good wit out of the hundred merry tales: well, this was Signor or Benedick that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, beleeme me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you what is he?

Beat. Why he is the Princes iest, a very dull soole, onely his gift is, in deuiling imposible flanders, none but Libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his wite, but in his villanie, for hee both gleather men and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him: I am sure he is in the Fleece, I would he had boroded me.

Bene. When I know the Gentleman, Ile tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do, hee! but breake a comparion or two on me, which peraduenture (not marks, or not laugh'd at) strikes him into melancholly, and then there's a Partridge wing faud, for the foole will eate no supper that Night. We must follow the Leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

Exeunt.

Mytiche for the dance.

John. Sure my brother is amorous on Hero; and lath withdrawne her father to breake with him about it: the Ladies follow her, and but one vifor remains.

Borachio. And that is Claudio, I know him by his bea-

John. Are not you signior Benedick?

Clan. You know me well, I am hee.

John. Signior, you are verie neere my Brother in his loue, he is enamor'd on Hero, I pray you diswade him from her, she is no equall for his birth: you may do the part of a honnest man in it.

Claudio. How know you he loyes her?

John. I heard him fixe his affection,

Bene. So did I too, and I wou'd he would marrie her to night.

John. Come, let vs to the banqueter. Exeunt.ex. Clan. Thus anfwere I in name of Benedick, but heare thel newes with the cares of Claudius.
'Tis certaine so, the Prince woes for himselfe:

Friendship is constant in all other things,
Saue in the Office and affairs of loue,
Therefore all hearts in loue vie their own tongues.
Let euerie eye negotiate for ir selle,
And truth no Agent: for beautie is a witch,
Against whose charmes, faith melteth into blood:
This is an accident of hourly prove,
Which I distrust not. Farewell therefore Hero.

Enter Benedick.

Ben. Count Claudio.

Clan. Yea, the fame.

Ben. Come, will you goe with me?

Clan. Whither?

Ben. Even to the next Willow, about your owne busi-

fineffe, Count. What fashion will you weare the Gar-

land off? About your necke, like an Vlterian chaine? Or vnder your armes, like a Lieutenants scarfe? You must weare it one way, for the Prince hath got your Hero.

Clan. I wish him joy of her.

Ben. Why that's spok'en like an honnest Droser, so they fel Bullockes: but did you thinke the Prince would haue ferued you thus?

Clan. I pray you leaue me.

Ben. Ho now you strike like the blindman, 'twas the boye that stole your meste, and you'ld beat the poft.

Clan. If it will not be, I leaue you.

Exit.

Ben. Alas poore hurt fowle, now will he crepe into fedges: But that my Ladie Beatrice should know me, & not know me: the Princes foole! Ha! It may be I goe under that title, because I am merrie: yea but so I am apt to do my selfe wrong; I am not so reputed, it is the bafe (though bitter) disposicion of Beatrice, that putt's the world into her person, and so guiles me out: well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Enter the Prince.

Pedro. Now Signior, where's the Count, did you see him?
Much ado about Nothing.

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 forlorn, or to bind him a rod, as be-
ing worthy to be whipe.

Pedro. To be what, what's his fault?
Bene. The flat transfiguration of a Schoole-boy, who
being over-joyed with finding a birds nest, threws it his
company, and he steals it.

Pedro. Will thou make a toil, a transfiguration? the
transfiguration is in the schooler.
Bene. Yet it had not beene amisse the rod had beene
made, and the garland too, for the garland he might have
worne himselfe, and the rod hee might have laid upon
you, who so as I take it, have stolne his birds nest.

Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them
to the owner.
Bene. If their singing an user your saying, by my faith
you shall have them.

Pedro. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you, the
Gentleman that daunght with her, told her fines is much
dread by you.
Bene. O the misrule I putt the indurance of a bloud:
an oake but with one greene leaf on it, would have an-
swered her: my very visor begin to affume life, and flied
with her: shee told me, not thinking I had beene my
selfe, that I was the Princes lefther, and that I was dulier
then a great thaw, blouding tell upon self, with such im-
possible concourse upon me, that I found like a man in a
marke, with a whole army howling at me: shee speaks
poynard, and every word stabbes: if her breath were
as terrible as termination, there were no living neere
her, shee would infect to the north starre: I would not
marry her, though shee were endowed with all that
Adam had left him before he transfigred, shee would have
made Hercules have turnd spit, ye, and have cleat his club to
make the fire too: come, talk not of her, you shall finde
her the infirmall Ate in good apparell. I would to God
some scholler would confute her, for certainly while she
is heere, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a santuary,
and people saine upon purpose, because they would goo
thither, lo indeed all disquiet, horror, and perturbation
follows her.

Enter Claudio and Beatrice, Leonato, Hero.

Pedro. Look heere she comes.
Bene. Will your Grace command mee any servitue
to the worlds end? I will goe on the flightell arrand now
to the Antypodes that you can deuils to fende me on: I
will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the furthest inch
of Africa: bring you the length of Prefered Iohns foot, fetch
you a hayre off the great lambs beard: do you any em-
ballage to the Pigemies, rather then hould three words
conference, with this fhraple: you have no employment
for me?

Pedro. None, but to defer your good company.
Bene. O God sir, heere a dith I loue not, I cannot in-
dure this Lady tongue.

Pedro. Come Lady, come, you have loist the heart of
Signior Benedick.

Bene. Indeed my Lord, hee lent it me a while, and I
gave him vfe for it, a double heart for a single one, marry
once before he wonne it of me, with false dice, therefore
your Grace may well say I haue loist it,

Pedro. You haue put him downe Lady, you haue put
him downe,

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my Lord, let
I should prooue the mother of foole: I haue brought
Count Claudio, whom you fent me to fekte.

Pedro. Why how now Count, wherfore are you fad?
Claud. Not fad my Lord.

Pedro. How then? fickel?
Claud. Neither, my Lord,
Beat. The Count is neither fad, nor fickel, nor merry,
not well: but ciuit Count, ciuit as an Orange, and some-
thing of a tæloous complexion.

Pedro. I saith Lady, I thinke your blace to be true,
though he be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false:
here Claudio, I haue woed 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 dace thee
joy.

Leon. Count, take of me thy daughter, and with her
fortunes: his grace hath made the match, & all grace
fay, Amen to it.

Beat. Speake Count, is thy Qu.
Claud. Silence is the perfeft effeat of joy, I were
but little happy if I could fay, how much? Lady, as you
are mine, I am yours, I guee away my felle for you, and
dost upon the exchange.

Beat. Speake co(m), or (if you cannot) flop his mouth
with a knife, and let not him fpeak neither.

Pedro. Inflicht Lady you have a merry heart.
Beat. Yeacc Lord, I thank it, poor fole it keeps
you on the windy side of Care, mine cooin tells him in his
eye that he is in my heart.

Claud. And to the doth coofin.
Beat. Good Lord for allaine: thus goes ever yone
to the world but, and am fun-burn'd, I may fit in a cor-
ner and cry, heigh ho for a husband.

Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of our fathers getting:
hath your Grace neere 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, vnlike I might have another for
working-daies, your Grace is too coldly to weare euerie
day: but I befeech your Grace pardon mee, I was borne
to speake all mirth, and no matter.

Prince. Your silence most offends me, and to be mer-
y, belt becomes you, for out of question, you were born
in a merry bowre.

Beat. No sure my Lord, my Mother cried, but then
there was a flare daunst, and vnder that was I borne: co-
fins God give you joy.

Leonato. Nece, will you looke to those things I told
you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy Vnle, by your Grace pardons.

Exit Beatrice.

Prince. By my troth a pleasant spirited Lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her
my Lord, she is neuer fad, but when shee sleepecs, and
not euer fad then: for I haue heard my daughter fay, she
hath often dreamt of unhappinesse, and waketh her felfe
with laughing.

Pedro. Shee cannot inure to heare tell of a husband.

Leonato. O, by no meanes, she mocks all her noodles out
of fute.

Prince. She were an excellent wife for Benedick,

Leonato. O Lord, my Lord, if they were but a week
married,
married, they would talk themselves mad.

Prince. Comme Claudio, when mean you to goe to Church?

Leont. To murther my Lord, Time goes on crutches, till Louis have all his rites.

Leont. Not till monday, my deare sonne, which is hence a tuft seuen night, and a time too brief too, to have all things ansuerd minde.

Prince. Come, you shake the head at so long a breas-thing, but I warrant thee Claudia, the time shall not goe dully by vs, I will in the interims, yndertake one of Her-coles labors, which is, to bring Signior Benedick the Lady Beatrice into a mountaine of affection, th'one with th'other, I would faine have it a match, and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minifter such affi-

Leont. My Lord, I am for you; though it cost mee

ten nights watchings.

Claud. And I my Lord.

Prin. And you to gentle Hero?

Hero. I will doe any modest office, my Lord, to helpe my com to a good husband.

Prin. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know: thus farre can I praise him, hee is of a noble straine, of approved vauour, and confidned honesty, I will teach you how to humour your cofin, that free shall fall in love with Benedick, and I, with your two helpers, will so praffice on Benedick, that in deight of his quicke wit, and his quefte flomacke, hee shall fall in love with Beatrice: if wee can doe this, Cupid is no longer an Ar-

Iob. It is so, the Count Claudio shall marry the daugh-
ter of Leont.  

Bora. Ye a my Lord, but I can croffe it.

Iob. Any barre, any croffe, any impediment, will be medicinable to me, I am fickle in displeasure to him, and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges eveny-

Bor. Not honestly my Lord, but so courtely, that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

Iob. Shew me breefely how.

Bor. I think I told your Lordship a yeere since, how much I am in the fauour of Margaret, the waiting gentle-

Iob. I remember.

Bor. I can at any unfeconable instan of the night, appoint her to look out at her Ladies chamber window.

Iob. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bor. The poyson of that lies in you to temper, goe you to the Prince your brother, spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his Honor in marrying the renowned Claudio, whole effimation do you mightily hold vp, to a contaminted flate, such a one as Hero.

Iob. What proofs shal I make of that?

Bor. Proof enough, to misufe the Prince, to vexe Claudio, to wedde Hero, and kill Leont, looke you for a-

Iob. Oney to disfcape them, I will endeavoure any thing.

Bor. Goe then, finde me a meete howre, to draw on Pedro and the Count Claudi alone, tell them that you know that Hero loves me, intend a kinde of zæale both to the Prince and Claudio (as a loue of your brothers

honor who hath made this match) and his friends reputa-

tion, who is thus like to be cozen'd with the semblance

of a maid, that you have discouerd this: then will scare-

ly becelce this without trial: offer them influences which shal bear no lefe likelihood, than to see mee at her chamber window, heare me call Margaret, Hero; heare Margaret terme me Claudio, and bring them to see this the very night before the intended weding, for in the mean time, I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be abroad, and there shall appere such seeming truths of Heroes disloyaltie, that is sloufie shall be call'd affurance, and all the preparation ouerbrown.

John. Grow this to what aduerce issue it can, I will put it in praffice: be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bor. Bethos confute in the accuation, and my cunning shall not shaine me.

Iob. I will prencife thee goe leame their day of marri-

age.


to

Enter Benedick alone.

Bene. Boy.

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber window lies a booke, bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. 'I am heere already sir.

Bene. I know that, but I would have thee hence, and heere againe. I doe much wonder, that one man seeing how much another man is a fool, when he dedicateth his

behaviours to loue, will after hee hath laught at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his owne fcorne, by falling in loue, & such a man is Claudio, I haue knowne when there was no musique with him but the drum and the fife, and now had hee rather haue the taber and the pipe: I haue knowne when he would haue walked ten mile afoot, to see a good armor, and now will he lie ten nights awake caring the fashion of a new cublet; he was wont to speake plaine, & to the purpose (like an honest man & a souldier) and now is he tur'd orthog-

ography, his words are a very fantasticall ballante, luff so many strangedifles: may I be so connected, & fee with these eyes? I cannot tell, I thinke not: I will not bee sworne, but loue may transforme me to an oyster, but lye take my oath on it, till hee haue made an oyster of me, hee shall never make me fuch a fool: one woman is faire, yet I am well: another is wife, yet I am well: another ver-

ous, yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace: rich thee shal be,that's certaine: wife, or Ile none: veruouis, or Ile ne-

never cheper her: faire, or Ile never loue on her: milde, or come not neere me: Noble, or not for an Angell: of good discouerce: an excellent Mufitian, and her haire shall be of what colour it please God, hah! the Prince and Monfer Loun, I will hide me in the Arbor.

Enter Prince, Leonata, Claudio, and Jacke Willon.

Prin. Come, shall we here this musique?

Claud. Yea my good Lord; how still the evening is, As hauft on purpose to grace harmonie.

Prin. See you where Benedick hath hid himselfe?

Claud. O very well my Lord; the musique ended, We'll fit the kid-fox with a penny word.

Prince. Come Balthasar, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. O good my Lord, take not so bad a voyce, To flander musique any more then once.

Prin. It is the witnesse full of excellency,
To Flander Musicke any more then once.

**Prince.** It is the winnowfull fill of excellency, To put a strange face on his owne perfection, I pray thee fing, and let me wee no more.

**Balb.** Because you take of wooing, I will sing.

Since many a woore doth commence his fate, To her he thinkes not worthy, yet he woes, Yet will he swear he loves.

**Prince.** Nay pray thee come, Or if thou wilt hold longer argument, Doe it in notes.

**Balb.** Note this before my notes, Theres not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

**Prince.** Why these are very crotchetts that he speaks, Note notes forsooth, and nothing.

**Bene.** Now divine aire, now is his foule rauishd, is it not strange that theepeus guts shoule hafe foules out of mens bodies? well, a horse for my money when all's done.

The Song.

Sing no more Ladess, sing no more,
Men were deemesers ever,
One foote in Sea, and one on shore,
No one thing can all ways goe,
Then sing no more, but let them goe,
And keeke thy knells and bowies,
Converting all your soundes of woe,
Into thy many nows.

Sing no more ditties, sing no more,
Of dumps so dull and beany,
The frend of men were ever so,
Since summer first was leany,
Then sing no more, &c.

**Prince.** By my troth a good song.

**Balb.** And all my finger, my Lord.

**Prince.** Hapno, no faith, thou singst well enough for a flite.

**Bene.** And he had been a dog that should haue howled thus, they would have hang'd him, and I pray God his bad voyce bode no mischilde, I had as like haue heard the night-rauen, come what plague could haue come after it.

**Prince.** Yes marry, doft thou hearse Babfasar? I pray thee get vs some excellent musick: for to morrow night we haue it at the Lady Heroes chamber window. 

**Balb.** The best I can, my Lord. **Exit Babfasar.**

**Prince.** Do fo, farewell. Come hither Leonato, what was it you told me of to day, that your Niece Beatrice was in love with signior Benedick?

**Cla.** O I, itake on, flanke on, the foule fits. I did never thinke that Lady shoule haue lound any man.

**Leon.** No nor I neither, but most wonderful, that she should doe on Signior Benedick, whom shee hath in all outward behauiaux feemeuuer to abhorre.

**Bene.** Is it possible? is this the winde in that corner?

**Leo.** By my troth my Lord, I cannot tell what to think of it, but that shee loves him with an infraged faction, it is pait the infinite of thought.

**Prince.** May be she doth but counterfeit.

**Claud.** Faith like enough.

**Leon.** O God! counterfeit? there was never counterfeit of passion, came so neere the life of passion as shee discovers it.

**Prince.** Why what effects of passion shewes she?

**Claud.** Bait the hooke well, this fish will bite.

**Leon.** What effects my Lord? shee will fit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

**Claud.** She did indeed.

**Prin.** How, how I pray you? amaze me, I would have thought her spirit had beene inuccinable against all assaults of affection.

**Leon.** I would have sworn it had my Lord, e specially against Benedick.

**Bene.** I shoule think this be a gull, but that the white bearded fellow speakes it: knavery cannot sure hide himselfe in such refuerence.

**Claud.** He hath taie thine affection, hold it vp.

**Prince.** Hath shee made her affection known to Ben edick? 

**Leonato.** No, and swears she neuer will, that's her torment.

**Claud.** This true indeed, so your daughter faies: shall I, faies she, that have so often encountered with scorne, write to him that I love him?

**Leon.** This faies shee now when shee is beginning to write to him, for shee will be vp twenty times a night, and this will fit in her smocks, till shee haue written a sheet of paper, what will your daughter tells us all.

**Claud.** Now you take of a sheeet of paper, I remember a pretty isl your daughter told vs of.

**Leon.** O when she had writ it, & was reading it ouer, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheeets.

**Claud.** That.

**Leon.** O thes the letter into a thousand halfe once, ralld by her self, that she should be so immodest to write, to one that shee knew would flout her: I measure it, faies she, by her owne skrine, for I shoule flout him if shee write to me, yeas though I love him, I shoule.

**Claud.** Then downe upon her knees she flails, weepes, fobs, beats her heart, teares her hayre, prays, curset, O sweet Benedick, God give me patience.

**Leon.** Shee dothindee, my daughter faies fo, and the exatase hath so much ouerborne her, that my daughter is fometime scarde shee 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.** Then what shall shee do, he would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor Lady worse.

**Prin.** And he shoulde, if it were an almes to hang him, shes an excellent sweet Lady, and (out of all satisfaction,) she is vertuous.

**Claud.** And she is exceeding wise.

**Prince.** In every thing, but in loving Benedick.

**Leon.** O my Lord, wifidome and bloud combating in so tender a body, we haue ten proofes to one, that bloud hath the victory, I am sorry for her, as I have iut caufe, being her Nucle, and her Guardian.

**Prince.** I would shee had befflowed this dotage on mee, I would haue daft all other refpeets, and made her halfe my selfe: I pray you tell Benedick of it, and heare what he will say.

**Leon.** Were it good think you?

**Claud.** Hero thinks surely she wil die, for she faies she will die, if shee looke her not, and shee will die ere shee make her loue knowne, and shee will die if shee woot her, rather then shee will bate one breath of her accustomed croftenece.

**Prin.** She doth well, if she should make tender of her loue,
Much ado about Nothing.

Clu. He is a very proper man.

Prin. He hath indeed a good outward happiness.

Clu. For God, and in my minde very wise.

Prin. And he doth indeed shew some sparkes that are like wit.

Lea. Nay, that is impossible, she may wear her heart out first.

Prin. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter, let it coole the while, I loue Benedick well, and I could wish he would modestly examine himselfe, to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a Lady.

Lea. My Lord, will you walke? dinner is ready.

Clu. If he do not doe on her upon this, I wil never trust my expectation.

Prin. Let there be the faire Net spread for her, and that myf your daughter and her gentlewoman carry: the sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of anoth- ers doation, and no such matter, that's the Scene that I would see, which will be merily a dumbfe show: let vs send her to call him into dinner.

Bene. This can beno tricke, the conference was falsly boghte, they have the truth of this from Hero, they feeme to pittie the Lady; it feeme her affections have the full bent: loue me? why it must be requited, I hear how I am contemned, they say I will beare my felfe proudly, if I perceiue the loue come from her: they fay too, that the will rather die than give any figne of affeftion. I did never thinke to marry, I must not feme proud, happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending: they fay the Lady is faire, 'tis a truth, I can beare them witneffe: and vertuous, fio, I cannot reprooue 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 chance have some odde quarkes and reminders of wittte broken on me, because I haue raif'd fo long against marriage: but doth not the appetit alter's man loues the meat in his yOUTH, that he cannot indure in his age. Shall qualnpe and fentences, and these paper bullers of the braine as a man from the careesse of his humour? No, the world must be peopled. When I faid I would die a bacheler, I did not think I shou'd live till I were married, here comes Beatrice: by this day, fhee's a faire Lady, I doe fie some marke of loue in her.

Beatrice. Faire Beatrice, I thank you for your paines.

Bene. Against my will I am fent to bid you come in to dinner.

Beatrice. Faire Beatrice, I thank you for your paines.
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Beatrice. Why did you so, doth not the gentleman
Censure as full as fortunate a bed,
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

Hero. O God of love! I know he doth esteem,
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But nature never framed a woman's heart,
Of power sufficient that of Beatrice;
Dilatant and scornful sparkling in her eyes,
Mis-prizing what they look on, and her wit
Values it feele so highly; that to her
All matter else seemes weakes she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so feele indeared.

Beatrice. Sure I think so,
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, left the sport at it.

Hero. Why you speak so true, I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, how how rarely teard.
But the would yield her back ward: if faire fac'd,
She would ware the gentleman should be her fitter:
If blacke, why Nature drawing of an antick,
Made a foule blot of all, a blanch ill headed:
If low, an agot very vildiche ear:
If speaking; why a vaine blowne with all winde:
If silent, why a blacke mouse without none.
So turns the every man the wrong side out,
And never guises to Truth and Verity, that
Which himselfe benefit and merc purchaseth.

Beatrice. Sure, free, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No, not to be so odd, and from all fashions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable,
But who dare tell her so? if I should speak:
She would mocke me into ayre, O the would laugh me
Out of my fells, preffe me to death with wit,
Therefore let Benedick like covered fire,
Confume away in fmites, waste inwardly:
It were a better death, to die with mocks,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Beatrice. Yet tell her of it here what thee will say.

Hero. No, rather I will goe to Benedick,
And connuile him to fight against his passion,
And truly lie confesse some honest flanders,
To inflame my cofin with, one doth not know,
How much an ill word may imponon liking.

Beatrice. O doe not do your cofin such a wrong,
She cannot be so much without true judgement,
Hauing too trust and excellent a wit
Which piffle to haue, as to refuse
So rare a Gentleman as Signior Benedick.

Hero. He is the onely man of Italy,
Always excepted, my deare Claudio.

Beatrice. I pray you be not angry with me Madame,
Speaking my fancy; Signior Benedick,
For shape; for bearing argument and valour,
Goes forsooth in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed he hath an excellent good name.

Beatrice. His excellence did erate it ere he had it:
When are you married Madame?

Hero. Why curie day to morrow; come goe in,
Ile shew thee thine attires, and hauie thy counsell,
Which is the belt to furnish me to morrow.

Beatrice. Shee's tane I warrant you,
We haue caught her Madame?

Hero. Tis the proue so, then louing goes by haps,

Some Cupid kills with arrowes;some with traps. Exit.

Beatrice. What fire is in mine eares; can this be true?
Stand I condemnd for pride and scorn so much;
Contempt, farewell, and maiden pride, adieu,
No glory lustes behinde the backe of such.
And Benedick, love on, I will requite thee,
Taming my wilde heart to thy louing hand:
If thou dost love, my kindenece shall incite thee
To binde our lutes vp in a holy band.
For others say thou dost defeure, and I
Believe it better then reportingly.

Exit.

Enter Prince, Claudio, Benedick, and Leonato.

Prince. I doe but stay till your marriage be comsumate,
and then go I toward Arragon.

Claud. Ile bring you thither my Lord, if you vouchsafe me.

Prim. Nay, that would be as great a foyle in the new
glove of your marriage, as to thank a childe his new cost
and forbid him to weare it, I will one bee bold with
Benedick for his company, for from the crownes of his head,
to the fole of his foot, he is all mirch, he hath twice
or thrice cut Cupids bow-string, and the little hang,
man dare not shoot at him, he hath a heart as found as a bell,
and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinkes,
his tongue speakes.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I haue bin.

Leon. So say I, methinks you are fadder.

Claud. I hope he be in love.

Prim. Hang him truant, there's no true drop of blood
in him, he is truly toucht with love, if he be said, he wants money.

Bene. I hate the tooth-ach,

Prim. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it.

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.


Leon. Where is but a humour or a worme.

Bene. Well, every one cannot matter a griefe, but hee
that has it.

Claud. Yet say he, is he in louse.

Prim. There is no appearance of sicue in him, ynnlee;
ife be a fancy that he hath to strange disgueses, as to bee a
Dutchman to day, a Frenchean to morrow: ynnlee hee
hauz a fantasy to this foolery, as it appears he hath; hee
is no foole for fancy, as you would haue to appeare he is.

Claud. The he not in louse wiv some wooman, there
is no beleuiring old signes, a bruthres his hat a mornings,
What shuld that bode?

Prim. Hath any man feene him at the Barberes?

Claud. No, but the Barberes man hauz beene seen with
him, and the olde ornament of his chineke hath alreade
fluffe tennis ball.

Leon. Indeed he looke ys younger than hee did, by
the lose of a beard.

Prim. Nay aubs himselfe with Guire, can you smell
him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to say, the sweet youths in louse.

Prim. The greatest note of is it his melancholy.

Claud. And when weas he wont to vwhs his face?

Prim. Yes, or to paint himselfe? for which I heare
what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his lefitting spirit, yvhich is now crete
into a lute-figint, and now govern'd by hops.
Much ado about Nothing.

Enter the Baffard.

Baf. My Lord and brother, God save you.

Prin. Good den brother.

Baf. If you take leisure, sir, I would speak with you.

Prin. In private?

Baf. If it please you, yet Count Claudio may hear, for what I would speak of, concerns him.

Prin. What's the matter?

Baf. Means he your Lordship to be married to morrow?

Prin. You know he does.

Baf. I know not that when he knows what I know.

Clau. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

Baf. You may think I love you not, that I appear hereafter, and use you better by that I now speak mildly, for my brother (I think, he holds you well, and in descrence of heart) hath holpe to effect your ensuing marriage: surely fust ill spent, and labour ill bestowed.

Prin. Why, what's the matter?

Baffard. I came hither to tell you, and circumstances shortened, (for she hath beene too long a talking of) the Lady is dioloyall.


Clau. Disloyall?

Baf. The word is too good to paint out her wickednesse, I could say the worse were, thanke you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it: wonder not till further warrant goe but with me to night, you shall see her chamber window entred, even the night before her wedding day, if you love her, then to morrow wed her: But it would better fit your honour to change your minde.

Claud. May this be so?

Prin. I will not think it.

Baf. If you dare not truth that you see, confess not that you know: if you will follow me, I will shew you enough, and when you have seen more, & hear more, proceed accordingly.

Clau. 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 shame her.

Prin. And as I woode for thee to obtaine her, I will joyn with thee to disgrace her.

Baf. I will disparage her no further, till you are my witnesse, beare it coldly but till night, and let the issue shew itself.

Prin. O day unowardly turned!

Claud. Omichiele strangelie thwarting!

Baffard. O plague right well prevented! so will you say, when you have seen the sequel.

Enter Dogbur and his companion with the watch.

Dog. Are you good men and true?

Ver. Yes, or else it were pity but they should suffer salutation body and soul.

Dog. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the Princes watch.

Ver. Well, giue them their charge, neighbour Dogbur.

Dog. First, who think you the most dearteless man to be Conftable?

Watch. Hugh Ote-cake sir, or George Sea-coale, for they can write and read.

Dog. Come hither neighbour Sea-coale, God hath blest you with a good name: to be a well-fauoured man, is the gift of Fortune, but to write and reade, comes by Nature.

Watch 2. Both which Master Conftable.

Dog. You have: I knew it would be your answer: well, for your favour fit, why give God thankes, & make no boast of it, and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity, you are thought here to be the most finflleffe and fit man for the Conftable of the watch: therefore beare you the lanthorne: 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 it will stand?

Dog. Why then take no note of him, but let him go, and presently call the rest of the Watch together, and thanke God you are ridde of a knave.

Watch. He will not stand when he is bidden, hee is none of the Princes subiects.

Dog. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Princes subiects: you shall also make no noise in the streets: for, for the Watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable, and not to be induced.

Watch. We will rather flepe than talke, we know what belongs to a Watch.

Dog. Why you speake like an ancient; and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only have a care that your bills be not holne: well, you are to call at all the Alehoues, and bid them that are drunken get them to bed.

Watch. How if they will not?

Dog. Why then let them alone till they are sober, if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

Watch. Well sir.

Dog. If you meet a theft, you may suspect him, by vertue of your office, to be no true man: and for such kinde of men, the lefse you meddle or make with them, why the more is for your honelie.

Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall wee not lay hands on him?

Dog. 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 theft, is, to let him shew himselfe what he is, and faze out of your company.

Ver. You have bin alwaies cal'd a mercifull man partner.

Dog. Truly I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath ane honelie in him.
Enter. 

Verger. 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 wakher with crying, for the eve that will not hear her Lambe when it baes, will never answer a call when he bleates.

Verger. Tis verie true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge: you constable are to present the Princes owne person, if you meete the Prince in the night, you may slue him.

Verger. Nay birladie that I thinke a cannot.

Dog. True, birladie to one that hath with a man that knowes the statute, he may slue him, manne not without the prince be willing, fo for indeed the words ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to slue a man against his will.

Verger. Birladie I thinke it be so.

Dog. Ha, ha, well matters good night, and there be anie matter of weight chanes, call vp me, keep your fellows constables, and your owne, and good night, come neighbour.

Watch. Well matters, we hear your charge, let vs go sit here uppon the Church bench till two, and then all to bed.

Watch. I one word more, honnest neighbour. I pray you watch about signior Leonato's door, for the wedding being there to morrow, there is a great coyle to night, adieu, be vigilant I believe you.

Exit.

Enter Bernardo and Conrade.

Bor. What, Conrade?

Con. Peace, Sir, not.

Bor. Conrade! Say.

Con. Here man, I am at thy elbow.

Bor. Mas and my elbow is, I thought there would a feble fellow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that, and, now forward with thy tale.

Bor. Stand thee close then under this penthouse, for it drieth rain, and I will, like a true drunkard, vert all to thee.

Watch. Some treason matters, yet stand close.

Bor. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand Ducates.

Con. Is it possible that anie villanie should be so deare?

Bor. Thou shouldest rather ask if it were possible anie villanie should be so rich for when rich villains have neede of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bor. That heves thou art vnconfirm'd, thou knowest not that the fashions of a doubter, or a hatter, or a closeke, is nothing in a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparell.

Bor. I mean the fashions.

Con. Yes the fashions is the fashions.

Bor. Tafhi, I may as well say the fowle's the fowle, but seest thou not what a deformed thee; this fashions is?

Watch. I know that deformed, a has bin a vile thefe, this vii. yeares, a goes vp and downe like a gentle man: I remember his name.

Bor. Did'st thou not hear some bodie?

Con. No, I was the vame on the house.

Bor. Seekest thou not (I say) what a deformed chiefe this fashions is, how giddily a turns about all the Hot.

bloud, betweene, fourteene & fife & thirtie, sometimes fashoning them like Pharaos souldiers in the reche painting, sometime like god Bels priests in the old Church window, sometime like the shaven Hercules in the smirch worm eaten tapefrice, where his god-peece, (termes as master his club.

Con. All this I see, and see that the fashions weares out more appertall then the man; but are not thou thy selfe giddie with the fashions too that thou haft shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashions?

Bor. Not so neither, but know that I have to night woode Margret the Lady Hero's gentle woman, by the name of Hero, the leanes me out at her millias chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night. I tell thee this tale wildly. I should first tell thee how the Prince Claudius and my Master planted, and placed, and possess'd by my Master Don John, saw a far off in the Orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought thy Margret was Hero?

Bor. Two of them did, the Prince and Claudius, but the diewell my Master knew the was Margret and partly by his oathes, which firft posseth them, partly by the darke night which did deceive them, but chiefly, by my villain, which did confirme any flander that Don John had made, away vpon Claudius enraged, a swore hee would meeke her as he was appoynted next morning at the Temple, and there before the whole congregation shame her with what he faw o're night, and fend her home againe vwitho a husband.

Watch. 1. We charge you in the Princess name stand.

Watch. 2. Call vp the night master Constable, we have here recouerde the most dangerous piece of lechery, that ever was knowne in the Common-wealth.

Watch. 1. And one Deformed is one of them, I know him, a yeares a loke.

Con. Masters, masters.

Watch. 2. Youle be made bring deformed forth I warrant you.

Con. Masters, neuer spake, ye charge you, let vs o bey you goe vvithe vs.

Bor. We are like to prove a goodly commoditie, being taken vp of these mens bills.

Con. A commoditie in question I warrant you, come vveele obey you.

Exit.

Enter Hero, and Margaret, and Orsula.

Hero. Good Orsula wake my cousin Beatrice, and de-

fire her to rise.

Orsula. I will Lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Ors. Well.

Mar. Too thikke I thinke thy other rebato were better.

Bor. No, shee a better Meg, I wearse this.

Mar. By my gowns not so good, and I warrant your cousin will say so.

Boro. My cousin's foole, and thou art another, ill wearence but this.

Mar. I like the new tire vvithe excellent, if the hairre were a thought browner, and your gowns a most rare fashions yatwe, I saw the Dutchelle of Millaines goone that they praie to.

Boro. O that exceedes they say.

Mar. By my throt's but a night-gowne in respect of yours, clowt a gold and cut, and laced with luer, stre with pearls, downe fleeces, fold fleeces, and skirt, round vnder born with a blewifh tine, but for a fine quene grace- full and excellent fashion yours is worse then on't.
Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Good morrow, Coze.

Her. Good morrow sweet Beat.

Beat. Why how now? do you speake in the nick time?

Hero. I am out of all other time, me thinks.

Mar. Clips into Light a loue, (that goes without a burden,) do you sing it and I'll dance it.

Beat. Ye Light alone with your heeles, then if your husband have staile enough, you'll looke he shall lacke no bernes.

Mar. O illegitimate construccion I scorn that with my heeles.

Beat. Tis almost fine a clocke cofin, 'tis time you were ready, by my troth I am exceeding ill, hey ho.

Mar. For a horse? for a horse? a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Mar. Well, and you be not the Turk, there's no more tayling by the farre.

Beat. What meanes the foole howe?

Hero. Nothing I, but God send every one their barts defire.

Her. These gloyes the Count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. 'Tis almost fine a clocke cofin, I cannot smell.

Mar. A maid and stuff! there's goodness catching of colde.

Beat. O God helpe me, God help me, how long have you profet apprehension?

Mar. Ever since you left it, doth not your wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seene enough, you should weare it in your cap, by my troth I am sicke.

Mar. Get you some of this diffill'd cardama benedictus and lay it to your heart, it is the onely thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou procifher with a thiffell.

Beat. Benedictus, why benedictus? you have some morall in this benedictus.

Mar. Marall? no by my troth, I have no morall meaning, I meant plainely holy thiffell, you may thinken per chance that I thinke you are in loue, may becloud I am not such a foolke to thinken what I lift, nor I lift not to thinken what I can, nor indeed? I cannot thinke, if I would thinke my heart out of thinking, that you are in loue, or that you will be in loue, or that you can be in loue: yet benedictus was such another, and now is he become a man he swore he would never marry, and yet now in despit of his heart he eates his meat without grudging, and how you may be converted I know not, but me thinkest you looke with your eies as other women doe.

Beat. What pece is this that thy tongue keepes.

Mar. Not a false gallop.

Enter Vrfula.

Vrfula. Madam, withdraw the Prince, the Count, Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the towne are come to fetch you to Church.

Hero. Help to derefe mee good coze, good Cog, good Vrfula.

Leon. Enter Leonato, and the Conable, and the Headborough.

Leon. What would you with mee, honest neighbour?

Con. Dog. Mary sir I would have some confidence with you, that decrees you nearly.

Leon. Briefe I pray you, for you see it is a busie time with me.

Con. Dog. Mary this it is fir,

Head. Yes in truth it is fir.

Leon. What is it my good friends?

Con. Do. Goodman Varges sir speaks a little of the matter, an old man sir, and his wife are not fo blunte, as God helpe I would defire they were, but infaith honnest as the skin betweene his browes.

Head. Yes I thank God, I am as honnest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honester then I.

Con. Dog. Compasions are odorous, palabras, neighbour Varges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedium.

Con. Dog. It plazes your worship to say so, but we are the poore Dukes officers, but truly for mine owne part, if I were as tedious as a King I could finde in my heart to belon it all of your worship.

Leon. All thytediousnesse on me, ah?

Con. Dog. Yes, and twere a thousand times more than this, for I have as good exclamation on your Worship as of any man in the Citie, and though I bee but a poore man, I am glad to heare it.

Head. And so am I.

Leon. I would faine know what you have to say.

Head. Marry sir our watch to night, excepting your worships presence, have take a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Lucchi.

Con. Dog. A good old man, sir, he will be talking as they saye when the age is in the wit is out, God helpe vs, it is a world to see: well laid yfaith neighbour Varges, well, God's a good man, and two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind, an honsete foule yfaith fit, by my troth he is, as euer broke bread, but God is to bee worshiped, all men are not alike, alas good neighbour.

Leon. Indeed neighbour he comes too short of you.

Con. Do. Gifts that God giues.

Leon. I must leave you.

Con. Dog. One word sir, our watch sir have indeed comprendened two slipitious persons, & we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourselef, and bring it me, I am now in great haste, as may appeare vnto you.

Con. If it shall be suffigence.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you goe: fare you well, Mousinger. My Lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. Ie wait upon them, I am ready.

Dog. Go good partner, goe get you to Frances Sageode, bid him bring his pen and ink holder to the Gaole: we are now to examine those men.

Varges. And we must doe it wisely.

Dog. Wee will spare for no witte I warrant you.

K
Enter Prince, Beallard, Leonato, Friar, Claudia, Benedick, Hero, and Beatrice.

Leonato. Come Friar Francis, be briefe, onely to the plaine forme of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my Lord, to marry this Lady, Leon. No.

Leo. To be married to her: Friar, you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this Count.

Hero. I doe.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be consented, I charge you on your soules to vetter it.

Clau. Know you anie, Hero.

Hero. None my Lord.

Friar. Know you anie, Count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, None.


Bene. How now! interieions? why then, some be of laughing, as ha, ha, he.

Clau. Stand thee by Friar, father, by your leaue,

Will you with free and unconstrained soule
Give me this maid your daughter?

Leon. As freely done as God did give her me.

Clau. And what have I to give you back, whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

Friar. Nothing, vnlesse you render her againe.

Clau. Sweet Prince, you learn me able thankfulnes:
There Leonato, take her backe againe.

Give not this rotten Orange to your friend,
She's but the signe and semblance of her honour:
Behold how like a mild she blushes here!
O what authority and force of truth
Can cunning time counter it felle withall!

Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,
To winne the simple Venere? would you not vsare
All you that see her, that the were aaside,
By these exterior flowers? But she is none:
She knowes the heat of a luxurious bed:
Her blushing is guiltinesse, not modellifie.

Leonato. What do you meane, my Lord?

Clau. Not to be married,
Not to knit my soule to an approv'd wanton.

Leon. Deere my Lord, if you in your owne proofe,
Have vanquish the restance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginitie,

Clau. I know what you would say: if I haue knowne
You will say, she did imbrace me as a husband,
And jo excessuate the forehand finne: No Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large,
But as a brother to his fitter, fliwed
Bafflinglun fncrtnific and comely loue.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Clau. Out on thee seeeing, I will write against it,
You seeme to me as Done in her Omb.
As chaffe as is the budde ere it be blowne,
But you are more intemperate in your blood,
Than Venus, or those pampered animals,
That rage in fause fenialtie.

Hero. Is my Lord well, that he doth speake so wide?
Leon. Sweete Prince, why speake you not you?

Friar. What should I speake I

I stand dishonour'd that have gone about,
To linke my desire friend to a common flate.

Leon. Are these things spoken, or doe I but dreame?

Baff. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Bene. This lookes not like a nuptiall.

Hero. True, O God!

Clau. Leonato, stand I here?

Is this the Prince? is this the Prince's brother?
Is this face Heroes? are our eies our owne?

Leon. All this is so, but what of this my Lord?

Clau. Let me but moue one question to your daught
And by that fatherly and kindly power,
That you haue in her, bid her answer truly.

Leo. I charge thee doe, as thou art my childe.

Hero. O God defend me how am I bettred,
What kinde of careching call you this?

Clau. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not Hero? who can blot that name.
With any iutl reproach?

Clau. marry that can Hero.

Hero it selfe can blot out Honour venere.

What man was he,talkt with you yefternight,
Our at your window betwixt twelve and one?

Now if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talkt with no man that at howre my Lord.

Prince. Why then you are no maiden. Leonato,
I am forry you muft heare: vpon mine honor,
My selfe, my brother, and this griev'd Count
Did see her, heare her, at that howre laft night,
Talkt with a ruffian at her chamber window,
Who hath indeed molt like a liberal villaine.
Confell the vie encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

John. Fie fie, they are not to be named my Lord,
Not to be spoken of,
There is not chaflifie enough in language,
Without effect to better them: this pretty Lady
I am forry for thy much misgovernment.

Clau. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou beene
Ifhathly outward graces had beene placed
About thy thoughts and counsailies of thy heart?
But fare thee well,moit foule,moit faire, farewell
Thou pure impety, and impious puritie,
For thee Ie locke vp all the gates of Love,
And on my eie-lids shall Gracie sure hang,
To turne all beauty into thoughts of harme,
And neuer shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no mans dagger here a point for me?

Baff. Why how now cofin,wherefor fink you down?

Baff. Come, let vs go:thee these come thus to light,
Smother her spirit vs.

Bene. How doth the Lady?

Baff. Dead I thinke, helpe vnde,

Hero. why Hero, Vnde, Signor Benedikt, Friar, Leonato. O Fae take not away thy heavy hand,
Death is the fairest courer for her thame
That may be wifte for.
thought, cry, chide, but, and, vale, wing, hath, and, long, who, which, again, ft in the blood, if this, then, might prove, let his, mine, fome, lar, and, not, liue, did, and, frier, lex, confirm'd, confirm'd, O that is stronger made, which was before bar'd, with ribs of iron.

would the princes lie, and claudio lie, who loud her, that, speaking of her, foultre, was't, with tears? hence from her, let her die.

fri. heare me a little, for I have onely bene silent so long, and guen way vnto this course of fortune, by noting of the lady, I have markt.

A thouand blushing apparitions, to flart into her face, a thouand innocent flames, in Angel white, in efte of her life, and in her eie there hath appeare'd a fire to burne the errors that thefe princes hold against her maiden truth. Call me foole, truf't not my reading, nor my obseruations, which with experimental shee doth warrant the tenure of my booke: truft not my age, my reuerence, calling, nor diuinity, if this sweet lady lye not guiltleffe here, vnder fome biting error.

fri. friar, it cannot be: thou feft that all the grace that the hath left, is, that the will not adde to her damnation, a finne of perjury, the not denies it: why seek'ft thou then to couer with excufe, that which appears in proper nakedneffe?

fri. lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?

here. they know that do accuse me, I know none: if I know none of any man aile, then that which maiden modifie doth warrant, let all my innerlacke mercy. O my father, prove you that any man with me conuerst, at hours vnnece, or that I yel1enight maintaining the change of words with any creature, refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

fri. there is some strange misprision in the princes, ben. two of them have the verie bent of honor, and if their wifedomes be mifled in this: the praife of it liues in loue the baftrd, whose spirits toile in frame of villanies.

leo. I know not: if they feake but truth of her, these hands shall reare her: if they wrong her honouur, the profound of them shall we haire of it, time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine, nor age fo eate vp my invention, nor fortune made this haueock of my meanes, nor my bad life reft me so much of friends, but they shall finde, awak'd in such a kinde, both strength of limb, and policie of minde, ability in meanes, and choise of friends, to quit me of them throughly.

fri. paule a while:

and let my counfell flye you in this cafe, your daughter haere the prince (left for dead) let her a while be fecretly kept in, and publish it, that she is dead indeed: maintaine a mourning obseruation,

and on your: families old monument, hug mournfull Epitaphes, and do all rites, that appertaine vuo a burial.

leo. what shall become of this? what will this do?

fri. marry this well cartied, flall on her behalfe, change flander to remorse, that is some good, but not for that dreams I on this strange course, but on this trauaille looke for greater birth: she dyng, as it must be fo maintaine'd, vpon the iftant that she was accus'd, shall be lamented, pittied, and excuss'd of every hearer: for it so falls out, that what we haue, we prize not to the worth, whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and loft, why then we tacle the value, then we finde the vrcue that poftelion would not shew vs, whiles it was ours, for will it fare with claudio? when he shall haere the dyed upon his words, th'l ide of her life shall sweetly creepe into his fludy of imagination.

and everly loutely organ of her life, shall come apparel'd in more precious habite: more mouing delicate, and ful of life, into the eye and prospect of his foule.

then when she liu'd indeed: then shal he moune, if euer loue had interett in his liuer, and with he had not so accus'd her: no, though he thought his accuation true: let this be so, and doubt not but successe will faifie the event in better shape, then I can lay it downe in likelihood, but if all ame but this be leuell falle, the suppotation of the ladies death, will quench the wonder of her famne. and if it fort not well, you may conceale her, as bell befits her wounded reputation, in some recule and religious life, for of all eyes, tongues, minde and injuries.

ben. signior leonato, let the frier aduise you, and though you know my inwardness and loue is very much into the prince and claudio.
Yet, by mine honor, I will deal in this,
As secretly and sullenly, as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grecce,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well contented, presently away,
For to strange lost, strangely they straine the cure.
Come Lady, die to liue, this wedding day
Perhaps is but prolong'd, have patience & endure. Exit.

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?
Beat. Yes, and I will wepe a while longer.
Bene. I will not define that.
Beat. You have no reason, I do it freely.
Bene. Surelie I do beleue your fair coas is wrong'd.
Beat. Ah, how much might the man defuere of mee
that would right him!
Bene. Is there any way to shew such friendship?
Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.
Bene. May a man doe it?
Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.
Bene. I doe loue nothing in the world so well as you,
is it not that strange?
Beat. As strange as the thing I know not, it was as
possible for me to say, I loued nothing so well as you, but
beleeue me not, and yet I lie not, I confesse nothing, nor
I deny nothing, I am forry for my cousin.
Bene. A vainly sorrow Beatrice thou loue't me.
Beat. Doo not believe by it, and eate.
Bene. I will believe by it that you loue mee, and I will
make him eat it that fayes I loue not you.
Beat. Will you not eat your word?
Bene. With no fawece that can be deal'd to it, I pro
test I loue thee.

Beat. Why then God forgive me.
Bene. What offence sweet Beatrice?
Beat. You have slay'd me in a happy howre, I was a
bout to profest I loued you.
Bene. And doe it with all thy heart.
Beat. I love you with too much of my heart, that none
is left to profest.
Bene. Come, bid me doe any thing for thee.
Beat. Kill Claudio.
Bene. He's not for the wide world.
Beat. You kill me to deny, farewell.
Bene. Tattie sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am heere, there is no loue
in you, nay I pray you let me goe.

Bene. Beatrice.
Beat. Infaith I will goe.
Bene. We'll be friends first.
Beat. You dare easer be friends with mee, than fight
with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemie?

Beat. Is not approved in the height a villain, that
hath flander'd, scorn'd, dishonoured my kin:woma? O
that I were a man! what, bear heర in hand vntil they
come to take hands, and then with publike accuation
vncouverd flander, vmmiutated rancour? O God that I
were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.
Bene. Hear me Beatrice.
Beat. Talk with a man out at a window, a proper
saying.
Bene. Nay but Beatrice,
Beat. Sweet Hero, the is wrong'd, shee is flandered,
she is vndone.
Bene. Beat?"
Would give precept all medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a faken thread,
Charm the ache with ayre, and agony with words,
No, no, 'tis all men's office, to speak patience.
To those that write, under the load of forrow: But no mans vertue nor sufficiency.
To be fo morall, when he hall endure
The like himelfe: therefore give me no counsaile,
My griefs cry lower then advertisement.

Broth. Thereon do men from children nothing differ.

Leonato. I pray thee peace, I will be feast and bloud,
For there was never yet philosopher,
That could endure the tooth-ake patiently,
How euer they have writ the stile of gods,
And made a paffy at chance and suffereance,
Brother, Yet bend not all the harme upon thy selfe,
Make thole that doe offend you, suffer too.

Leon. These thou speake it reason, may I will doe fo,
My foule doth tell me, Hero is belied,
And that hall Claudio know, to shall the Prince,
And all of them that thus dishounour her.

Enter Prince and Claudio.

Brot. Here comes the Prince and Claudio haftily.

Prim. Good den, good den.

Clau. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Have you my Lords?

Prim. We haue some halte Leonato.

Leon. Some halfe my Lordsl well,scryouwel my Lord,
Are you fo hastly now? well, all is one.

Prim. Nay, do not quarrell with vs, good old man.

Brot. Ifhe could rife himselfe with quarrelling,
Some of vs would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Messy doft wrong me, thou diffembler, thou,
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword,
I feare thee not.

Claud. Marry behoever my hand,
If it should give your age iuch cause of feare,
Intaith my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leonato. Tush, tush, man, never thee and let at me,
I speake not like a dovett, nor a tounie,
As under prouieledge of age to bragge,
What i have done being young, or what would doe,
Were I not old, knew Claudio to thy head,
Thou haft so wrong'd my innocent child, and me,
That I am forced to lay my reverence by,
And with grey haires and bruite of many daies,
Doe challenge thee to triall of a man,
I say thou haft belied mine innocent child.
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And the lie buried with her ancestors:
O in a toome where newes (callaney fleet,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villaine.

Claud. My villany?

Leonato. Thine Claudio, thinke I say.

Prim. You say not right old man.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord,
He prove it on his body if he dare,
Delight his nice fenced, and his active prudence:
His Maie of youth, and bloome of lusthooke.

Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Cant thou do nae methuon hast kill my child,
If thou kill me, boy, thou that kill a man.

Bro. He shal kill two of vs, and men indeed,
But that's no matter, let him kill one first.
Win me and weare me, let him anwære me,
Come follow me boy, come sir boy, come follow me
Sir boy, ile whip you from your May-yng fence,
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother.
Brut. Content your self, God knows I low’d my neece,
And he is dead, flander’d to death by villaines,
That dare as well anwære a man indeede,
As I do take a ferpente by the tongue.

Boy. Master, weare, braggets, laces, milke-lop’s.

Leon. Brother Anthony.
Brut. Hold you content, what man? I know them, yea
And what they weigh, even to the wroth feruplie,
Scambling, out-facing, fathan-mongyny boyes,
That ly, and cog, and flour, degrade, and flander,
Gradually, and throw outward hideoufnefe,
And speake of halte a dozen dangrous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durft.

And this is all.

Leon. But brother Anthony.
Ant. Come, ’tis no matter,
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

Pri. Gentlemen both, we will not wait your patience
My heart is sorry for your daughters death :
But on your honour the was charg’d with nothing
But what was true, and very ful of proofe.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord,

Pri. I will not hear you.

Enter Benedick.

Leo. No come brother, away, I will be heard.

Exeunt ambo.

Bra. And shall, or some of vs will smite for it.

Pri. See, see, here comes the man we went to seeke.

Clau. Now signior, what newes?

Ben. Good day my Lord.

Brat. Welcome signior, you are almost come to part
almost a fray.

Clau. Wee had likt to have had our two noes snapt
off with two old men without teeth.

Pri. Leonato and his brother, what think’st thou had
were fought, I doubt we should have beene too yong for
them.

Ben. In a falle quarrel there is no true valour, I came
to seeke you both.

Clau. We have bene vp and downe to seeke thee, for
we are high provee melancholy, and would faigne haue it
beaten away, wit thou wile thy wit?

Ben. It is in my cabberd, I shall draw it

Prin. Doest thou wite thy wit by thy fide?

Clau. Neuer any did fo, though vere many have been
befide their wit, I will bid thee drawe, as we do the min-
ftrels, draw to pleasure vs.

Pri. As I am an honett man he looks pale, art thou
fick, or angrie?

Clau. What, a courage man: what though care kil’d a
cat, thou haft mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Ben. Sir, I shall meere your wit in the carcer, and
you charge it against me, I pray you chase another sub-
fected.

Clau. Nay then give him another faffe, this laft was
broke crofte.

Pri. By this light, he changes more and more, I thinke
he be angrie indeede.

Ben. If he be, he knows how to turne his girdle.

Clau. Shall I speake a word in your care?

Ben. God bleffe me from a challenge.

Ben. You are a villain, I lett not, I will make it good
how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare:
do me right, or I will proceft your cowardise: you have
kill’d a sweete Ladie, and her death shall fall heauie on
you, let me heare from you.

Clau. Well, I will meete you, so I may have good
chere.

Pri. What, a feast, a feast?

Clau. I faith I hanke him, he hath bid me to a calves
head and a Capon, the which if I do not caste moff co-
ously, say my knife’s naught, shall I not finde a wood-
cocke too?

Ben. Sir, your wit ambles well, it goes easily.

Pri. He tell thee how Beattie praid thy wit the oth-
ther day: I said thou had’t a fine wittifh faires fie, a fine
little one: I said, I, a great wit: right faiies fie, a great
groffe one: nay said I, a good wit: I faid, the hurt no
body: nay said I, the gentleman is wife: certain faid she,
A wife gentleman: nay said I, he hath the tongue:
that I beleue faid fie, for he fwore a thing to me on
munday night, which he forfwore on tuesday morning:
there’s a double tongue, there’s two tongues: thus did
fhee an howre together tranf-shape thy particular ver-
tus, yet at laft she concluded with a fhigh, thou waft
the propref man in Italie.

Clau. For the which the wept heartly, and faid fhee
card’not.

Pri. Yes that fhe did, but yet for all that, and if fhee
did not hate him deadly, fhee would lone him dearely,
the old mens daughter told vs all.

Clau. All, all, and moreover, God saw him when he
was hid in the garden.

Pri. But when shall we fet the faugue Bills horns on
the fenfible Benedick head?

Clau. Yes and text vnder-neath, hecere dwells Bene-
dick the married man.

Ben. Fare you well, Boy, you know my mind, I will
leauie you now to your godly-like humor, you breake
left as braggards doe their blades, which God be thank-
ed hurt not: my Lord, for your nanie courtesies I thank
you, I must difcontinue your company, your brother the
Baffard is fled from Meflina: you have among you,
kill’d a sweet and innocent Ladie: for my Lord Lacke-
heard there, he and I shall meece, and till then peace be
with him.

Pri. He is in earneft.

Clau. In most profound earneft, and Ile warrant you,
for the loue of Beattie.

Pri. And hath challeng’d thee.

Clau. Moll sincerely.

Pri. What a prettie thing man is, when he goes in his
doubler and hoffe, and leaues off his wit.

Enter Conflable, Courade, and Borachio.

Clau. He is then a Giant to an Ape, but then is an Ape
a Doctor to fuch a man.

Pri. But foft you, let me be, plucke vp my heart, and
be fad, did he not fay my brother was fied?

Confl. Come you fir, if Juflice cannot take you, flee
shall neer weigh more reafons in her balance, nay, and
you be a curing hypocrite once, you muft be looke.

Pri. How now, two of my brothers men bound? Bo-
raclio one.

Clau. Harken after their offence my Lord.

Pri. Officer, what offence have these men done?

Cor. Mariue
Enter Leonato.

Leon. Which is the villain? let me see his eyes, that when I note another man like him, I may avoid him; which of these is he?

Bor. If you would know your wronger, looke on me.

Leon. Art thou thou the face that with thy breath hast killed mine innocent child?

Bor. Yes, even I alone.

Leo. No, not so villain, thou believest thy selfe.

Here stand a pair of honourable men;
A third is fled that had a hand in it:
I thank you Princes for your daughters death,
Record it with your high and worthy deeds,
Twas bravely done if you be think of it.

Clau. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I must speak, choose your revenge your selfe,
Impose me to what penance your intention,
Cansay upon my fines, I sawn'd I not.
But in mistaking fault I pray you forgive.

Leon. I would bend under ane heauie wyght,
That heele enmyze me to.

Leo. I cannot bid you bid my daughter lye,
That were impossible, but I pray you both,
Proffifie the people in Aegina here,
How innocent she died, and if your lene,
Can labour swft in sad invention.

Hang her an epitaph vpon her toomb,
And sing it to her bones, sing it to night:
To morrow morning come you to my house,
And since you could not be my fonne in law,
Be yet my Nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almoft the copie of my childes that's dead,
Thee alone is heire to both of vs,
Gie me that right you should have gain'd her cofin,
And so dies me revenge.

Clau. Q noble fir!
Your ouerkindnesse doth wring teares from me,
I doe embrace your offer, and disporte
For hencforth of poore Claudia.

Leon. To morrow then I will expect your comming,
To night I take my leave, this nightes man,
shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who I believe may speake all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.

Bor. No by my foule she was not,
Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me,
But always hath bin jud and vertuous,
In anie thing that I do know by her.

Clau. Moreouer fir, which indeede is not vnder white
And black, this plaintiffe here, the offender did call me afe,
I feeche you let it be remembred in his punituell,
And alfo the vatch heard them talke of vs.
Dismissed, they say he weares a keyn in his eare and a lock hanging
by it, and borrows monie in Gods name, the which
he hathd's fo long, and never paied, that now men grow
hard-harted and will lend nothing for Gods sake; praise
you examine him upon that point.

Clau. I thanke thee for thy care and honest pains.

Clau. Your worship speaks like a most thankfull
and reverend youth, and I praife God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Clau. God faue the foundation.

Leon. One, I discharge thee of thy prizoner, and I thanke thee.

Clau. I leuse an arrant knawe with your worship,
which I feeche your worship to correct your selfe, for
the example of others: God keep's your worship, I
wish your worship well, God restore you to health,
I humble you leave to depart, and if a merrie meeting may be wilfe, God prohibite it: some neighbour

Leon. Untill to morrow morning, Lords, farewell.

Leon. Farewell my Lords, we looke for you to morrow.

Prin. We will not faile.

Leon. To night lie mountune with Her.

Bor. Bring you thesse fellows on, we shall takke with Margaret how her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

Leon. Untill to morrow morning, Lords, farewell.

Enter Benedick and Margaret.

Bor. Praise thee sueete Mistris Margaret, deterre
vswell at my hands, by helping me to the speech of Hen.

Clau. Why, Will.
Much ado about Nothing

Mar. Will you then write me a Sonnet in praise of my beautie?

Ben. In so high a title, Margaret, that no man living shall come ouer it, for in most comely truth thou deferuest it.

Mar. To haue no man come ouer me, why, shall I alwayes keepe below faires?

Ben. Thy wit is as quickke as the grey-hounds mouth, it catches;

Mar. And yours, as blunt as the Fencers foiles, which hit, but hurt not.

Ben. A most manfully wit Margaret, it will not hurt a woman; and lo I pray thee call Beatrice, I giue thee the bucklers.

Mar. Gie vs the swords, we haue bucklers of our owne.

Ben. If you use them Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for Maides.

Mar. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I thinke hath legges.

Exit Margaret.

Ben. And therefore will come, The God of loue that sitts aboue, and knowes me, and knowes me, how pitiful I defende. I meane infiguing, but in louing. Lean the good swimmer, Troilus the first imploier of pandars, and a whole bookke full of those quondam carcer-mongers, whose name yet remaine finnously in the euens roade of a blanke verfe, why they were never to truefully turned ouer and ouer as my poore selfe in loue: matrie I cannot fhev it rime, I haue tried, I can find out no time to Ladié but babie, an innocent time: for focrne, horrie, a hard time: for schoole foole, a babbling time: verie ominus ending, no, I was not borne under a riyng Plannet, for I cannot wooe in fettelliall tearmes: Enter Beatrice.

sweete Beatrice wouldst thou come when I cal'd thee?

Beat. Ye came, and depart when you bid me.

Ben. O stay but till then.

Beat. 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 betweene you and Claudio,

Ben. Oney foule words, and thereupon I will kisse thee.

Beat. Foule words is but foule wind, and foule wind is but foule breath; and foule breath is noisome, therefore I will depart vnkind.

Ben. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right fence to forcible is thwy wit, but I must tell thee plainely, Claudio undergoes my challenge, and either I must shortly haste from him, or I will subscribe him a coward, and I pray thee now tell me, for which of my bad parts diu'd thou first fall in loue with me?

Beat. For them all together, which maintain'd so politiqué a state of euill, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them: but for which of my good parts didst thou first fall in loue with me?

Ben. Suffer loue! a good episthile, I do suffer loue in deed, for I hope thee against my will.

Beat. In sight of thy heart, I think, alas sore heart, if you spight it for my fake, I will spight it for yours, for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Beat. Thou and I are your wife to woe peacable:

Ben. It apprizes not in this confession, there's not one wife man among twentie that will praise himselfe.

Ben. An old, anold inchant Beatrixe, that ly'd in the time of good neighbours, if a man do not creft in this age his owne tombe ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monuments, then the Belsings & the Widdow weepes.

Beat. And how long is that thinkst thou?

Ben. Question, why an hower in clamour and a quart in thievish, therefore is it most expedient for the wife, if Don warne (his confience) finde no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his owne vertues, as I am to my selfe so much for praising my selfe, who I my selfe will beare witnesse is praiseworthy, and now tell me, how doth your cofin?

Beat. Verie ill.

Ben. And how doe you?

Beat. Verie ill too.

Enter Ursula.

Ben. Serue God, loue me, and mend, there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Vrs. Madam, you must come to your Viacle, yonder old coile at home, it is proued my Lady Heere hath bin faffile accuide, the Prince and Claudio mightlie abuside, and Don John is the author of all, who is fied and gone: will you come presentlie?

Beat. Will you goe heare this newes Signior?

Ben. I will lue in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy ceyes; and moreover, I will goe with thee to thy Viacles.

Exit.

Enter Claudio, Prince, and three or foure with Tapers.

Claun. Is this the monument of Leondro?

Lord. It is my Lord.

Episth. Don to death by landoros tongues,

Beat. Was the Hero that here lies:

Vndes. Death in gerdon of her wrongs,

Claun. Ginet her fame which were dies:

Claun. So he the life that dyed with fame,

Beat. Lines in death with glorious fame,

Claun. Hang those there open the tombe,

Claun. Praising her when I am done.

Claun. Now mullick sound & sing your solemn hymne

Song.

Pardon godesse of the night,

Claun. Those that flew by virgin knight,

For which with songs of woe,

Claun. Rond about her tombe they goe:

Claun. Midnight afflit our moore, helpe us to light and grave.

Claun. Heartyly, beauty,

Claun. Grante yowe and yeitide your dead,

Claun. Till death be verted,

Claun. Eternally beverie.

(Exit Claudio, Prince, and three or foure with Tapers)

[Scene imitated from the twelfth night of Shakespeare's Twelfth Night]

Prin. Now night thy bones good night, yeerely will I do

Prin. Good morrow matters, put your Torses out,

Prin. The wolves haue proued, and looke the gentle day

Prin. Before the wheeles of Phebus round about

Prin. Dapples the drowse East with spots of greyn

Thanks to you all, and leave vs, fare you well.

Prin. Good morrow matters, each his several way

Prin. Come let vs hence, and put on other weedes.

And then to Leondro we will goe.

Claun. Good Hyamon now with luckier issue speeds

Then
Much ado about Nothing.

Then this for whom we rendred vp this woe. Exeunt.

Enter Leonato, Bene, Marg, Virgula, and friar. Frier, Hero. Frier. Did I not tell you she was innocenc? Leo. So are the Prince and Claudio what accou't her. Upon the errour: that you heard debared. But Marg are was in sometauce for this. Although against her will as it appears, In the true course of all the question. Old. Well, I am glad that all this is go't so well. Bene. And so am I, being e're at last enforce'd To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it. Leo. Well daughter, and you Gentlewomen all, Withdraw into a chamber by your selves. When I lend for you, you'll neither mask'd: The Prince and Claudio promis'd by this houre To visit you, you know your office Brother, You must be father to your brothers daughter, And give her to young Claudio. Exeunt Ladies. Old. Which I will doe with confin'd cointidence. Bene. Frier, I must intercet your paines, I think, Frier. To doe what Signior? Bene. To binde me, or wende me, one of them: Signior Leonato, truth it is good Signior, Your neesee regards me with an eye of favour. Leo. That eye my daughter lent her, 'tis most true. Bene. And I doe with an eye of loue require her. Leo. The flight whereof I think you had from me, From Claudio, and the Prince, but what's your will? Bene. Your Answer sir is Enigmatical, But for my will, my will is, your good will May stand with ours, this day to be conioun'd, In the state of two monarchs marriage, In which (good Friar) I shall defire your helpe. Leo. My heart is with your likings, Frier. And my helpe. Enter Prince and Claudio, with attendants. Prin. Good morrow to this faire assembly. Leo. Good morrow Prince, good morrow Claudio: We heere attend you, you are yet determin'd, To day to marry with your brothers daughter. Claudio. Hee hold my minde were the an Ethnape. Leo. Call her forth brother, here's the Friers ready. Prin. Good morrow Benedick, why what's the matter? That you have such a February face, So full of froth, of thorne, and coldwinetike. Claudio. I think he thinkes you upon the saugage bull: Tull, fear not man, we'll tip thy homes with gold, And all Europashall rejoice at thee, As once Europa did at luffe Ione, When he would play the noble beast in love. Bene. Bull forst, had an amiable, low, And some such strange bull marriage your fathers Cow, A got a Calfe in that fame nobic fear, Much like to you, for you have left his blate. Enter brother, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, & frieda. Clia. For this I owe you there some other recknings, Which is the Lady I must feize upon? Leo. This name is fide, and I doe give you her. Clia. Why then she's mine, sweet let me see your face. Leon. No that you shall not, till you take her hand, Before this Friar, and Iware to marry her. Clia. Give me your hand before this holy Frier, I am your husband if you like of me. Hero. And when I say'd I was your other wife, And when you lou'd, you were my other husband. Clia. Another Hero?
Enter Ferdinand, King of Navarre, Beroume, Longanill, and Dumace.

Ferdinand.

Ferd. That fame, that all hunt after in their liues, Luie regitred vpon our brazen Tonibes, And then grace vs in the disgrace of death, When spight of cormorant dewouring Time,

Therefore brave Conquerours, for so you are, That warre against your owne affections, And the huge Armie of the worlds desires, Our late edict shall strongly stand in force, Navar shall be the wonder of the world.

Our Court shall be a little Aehademe, Still and contemplative in living Art.

You three, Beroume, Dumace, and Longanill, Have sworn for three yeares term, to live with me: My fellow Schollers, and to keepe those statutes That are recorded in this feedule heere.

Your ethes are past, and now subscribe your names: That his owne hand may strike his honour downe, That violates the smallest branch heerein;

If you are arm'd to doe, as sworn to do, Subscribe to your deepe oaths, and keep it to.

Longanill, I am resolu'd, 'tis but a three yeares faile:
The minde shall banquet, though the body pine, Fat puaches have lease pates: and dainty bits, Make rich the ribs, but bankerot the wits.

Dumace. My loving Lord, Dumace is mortified,
The grostter manner of these worlds delights, He throwes vpon the groste worlds safer flauces: To love, to wealth, to pompe, I pine and die, With all these living in Philosophie.

Beroume. I can but say their profession ouer, So much, dear Liege, I have already sworn, That is, to love and study heere three yeeres.

But there are other stricth observerences: As not to fee a woman in that terme, Which I hope well is not enrolled there, And one day in a weeke to touch no foode: And but one meal on every day before: The which I hope is not enrolled there.

And then to sleepe but three hours in the night, And not to be seene to winke 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 barren tasks, too hard to keepe,
Not to see Ladies, study, fast, not sleepe.

Ferd. Your oath is past, so passe away from these.

Beroume. Let me say no, no Ledge, and if you please, I onely swore to study with your grace, And stay heere in your Court for three yeeres space.

Longanill. You swore to that Beroume, and to the left.

Beroume. By yea and nay fir, than I swore in left.

What is the end of study, let me know?

Ferd. Why that to know which else wee should not know.

Beroume. Things hid & bard (you meane) is column sanct.

Ferd. I, that is studies good-like recompence.

Beroume. Come on then, I will sweare to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus, to study where I well may dine,
When I to fast expressly am forbid.

So study where to meet some Mistrefse fine,
When Mistrefses from common senes are hid.

Or having sworn one hard a keeping oath,
Study to breake it, and not breake my truth.

If studies gaine be thus, and this be so,
Study knowes that which yet it doth not know,
Swear me to this, and I will threefay no.

Ferd. These be the flops that hinder study quite,
And traine our intellects to vaine delight.

Ber. Why? all delights are vaine, and that most vaine
Which with paine purchas'd, doth inherit paine,
As painfully to poare vpon a booke,
To lecke the light of truth, while truth the while
Doth falsely blinde the eye: light of his looke:
Light feeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So ere you finde where light in darkenes lies,
Your light growes dark by loosing of your eyes.

Study me how to please the eye indeed,
By fixing it vpon a faire eye,
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And glue him light that it was blinded by.

Study is like the heauen glorious Sunne,
That will not be deeps search'd with sawye looke:
Small haue continuall plodders ever women,
Sawe base authoritie from others booke.

These earthly Godfatheres of heauens lights,
That give a name to everie fixed Starre,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,
Then that which walke and wot what they are.

Too much to know, is to know nought but fame:
And every Godfather can give a name.

Ferd. How well bee's read, to reason against reading.

Dum.
Enter a Confable with Coftard and a Letter.

Conf. Which is the Dukes owne perfon.
Ber. This fellow, What would it?
Con. I my selfe reprehend his owne person, for I am his grace Thatquhoule: But I would see his owne person in fleth and blood.
Ber. This is he.
Con. Signor Arme, Arme commends you:
Ther's villainie abroad, this letter will tell you more.
Clow. Sir the Contempts thereof are as touching,
Ber. A letter from the magnificent Armado.
Ber. How low louter the matter, I hope in God for high words.
Lon. A high hope for a low heauen, God grant vs patience.
Ber. To heare, or forbear hearing.
Lon. To heare meekly sir, and to laugh moderately, or to forbear both.
Ber. Well sir, be it as the noble Gentleman was vs cause to come in the meetenesse.
Clo. The manner is to me sir, as concerning Inquest.
The manner of it, I was taken with the manner.
Ber. In what manner?
Clo. In manner and forme following sir all those three.
I was seene with her in the Mannor 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 sit for the manner; it is the manner of a man to speake to a woman, for the forme in some forme.
Ber. For the following sir.
Clo. As it shall follow in my correction, and God defend the right.
Ber. Will you heare this Letter with attention?
Ber. As we would heare an Oracle.
Clo. Such is the simplicitie of man to haken after the feth.
Great Depute, the Welkins Viceroy, and sole domi-
nator of Naur, my foolish earths God, and bodies fo-
str"em patrons.

G

Ferdinand.

Then Eceleis quicke. Exit.

Ferd. So it is.

Ferd. It may be so; but if he say it, he is in telling
true but so.

Ferd. Peace.

Ferd. Becaume, and every man that dares not fight.

Ferd. No words.

Clown. Other mens secrets I believe you.

Ferd. So it is degusted with sole coloured melancholy, I
did command the bloud suppressing humour to the most whole-
some Phisick of his health-begging aye: And as I am a Gen-
tleman, because myself to walk the time when about the
sixt house, when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and man
fit downe to that nourishment which is called supper: So much
for the time Whom, Now for the ground Which? which I
mean I walk upon, it is yelded, I spy Parnes. Then for the
place Where? Where I mean I do encounter that obfence and
most proferyment that draweth from my now-white pen
the colooured base, which bereft of all order, beholde,
formays, or fefts. But to the place Where? It is hath
North North-northeast, and by East from the west corner of thy
curious Lytton garden; There I see that thy regarda-
ted Spare, this base Minute of thy myth (Clown Mer) that
vndertert small knowing folks, (Clown Me) that shallow
walk (Clown Still mer) which as I remember, hight Co-
illard, (Clown O me) sorted and conferred contrary to thy
established proclaimed Edull and Constart, Cannon: Which
with, smith, but with this I raification to say wherewith.

With a Wench.

Ferd. With a child of our Grandmother Eve, a female;
or for thy more sweet understanding a woman, him, (as my
er expected due priceth me on) have sent to thee, to receive
the need of punishment by thy sweet Graces Officer Anthony
Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, & disposition.

Aub. May I not think yours? I am Anthony Dull.

Ferd. For Iacquenetta (so is the weaker velfet called)
which I apprehended with the aforesaid Smile, I keepeth her
as a wealfet of thy Lawes ferue, and shall at the least of thy
sweet noise, bring her to trull. Three in all complements of
devout and heart-burning heat of dutie.

Don Adriana de Armado.

Ber. This is not so well I looked for, but the best
that ever I heared.

Ferd. I he best, for the worst. But sirra, What say you
to this?

Clo. Sir I confess the Wench.

Ferd. Did you hear the Proclamation?

Clo. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little
of the marking of it.

Ferd. It was proclaimed a yeeres impriment to bee
taken with a Wench.

Clo. I was taken with none first, I was taken with a
Damofell.

Ferd. Well, it was proclaimed Damofell.

Clo. This was no Damofell neyther sir, shee was a
Virgin.

Ferd. It is so varried for, it was proclaimed Virgin.

Clo. If it were, I deman her Virginitie: I was taken
with a Maide.

Ferd. This Maid will not serve your turne sir.

Clo. This Maid will serve my turne sir.
Boy. A most fine Figure.

Boy. To prove you a Cypher.

Boy. I will hereupon confesse I am in loute: and as it is base for a Souldier to loute; so am I in loute with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection, should deliver me from the repugnate thought of it, I would take Defire prisoner, and rafomme him to any French Courtier for a new deuis'd curstie, I think from eto figh, methinks I shoulde out-sweate Cupid, Comfort me Boy, What great men have beene in loute?

Boy. Hercules Master.

Boy. Most sweate Hercules: more authority dearer Boy, name more; and sweet my child let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Boy. Sampson Master, he be a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he earned the Towne-gates on his backe like a Porter and he was in loute.

Boy. O well-knit Sampson, strong imployed Sampson; I doe excell thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst mee in carrying gates. I am in loute too. Who was Sampson loute my deare Meth? Boy. A Woman, Master.

Boy. Of what complexion? Boy. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.


Boy. Is that one of the four complexions? Boy. As I have read fir, and the benefit of them too.

Boy. Greene indeed is the colour of Lovers; but to have a Loute of that colour, methinks Sampson had small reason for it. He furily affeeted her for her wit.

Boy. It was for, for she had a Greene wit.

Boy. My Loute is most immaculate white and red. Boy. Most immaculate thoughts Master, are mask'd under such colours.

Boy. Define define, well educated infant.

Boy. My fathers witte, and my mothers tongue afft mee.

Boy. Sweet inoculation of a child, most pretty and phatick.

Boy. If thee be made of white and red, her faults will nere be knowne: For blush-in cheeks by faults are bred, and fears by pale white snowne: Then if the fear, or be to blame, By this you shall not know, For full her cheeks possesse the fame, Which natue the doth owe: A dangerous rime master against the reason of white and redde.

Boy. Is there not a ballet Boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Boy. The world was very guilty of such a Ballet some three ages since, but I think now 'tis not to be found: or if it were, it would neither ferue for the writing, nor the tune.

Boy. I will hau that subiecte newly writt o're, that I may example my digression by some mighty president.

Boy. I doe love that Country girl that I took in the Parke with the rationall binde. Co'sard: she deferves well.

Boy. To bee whip'd: and yet a better lothe then my Master.

Boy. Sing Boy, my spirit grows heauy in loute.

Boy. And that's great maruell, loving a light wench.

Boy. I say fung.

Boy. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter Clowne, Constable, and Wench.

Const. Sir, the Dukes pleasure, is that you keepe Co'sard safe, and you must let him take no delight, nor no pance, but he must fall three daies a weeke: for this Damself, I must keepe her at the Parke, there is slowd for the Day-woman. Fare you well.

Boy. I do betray my felte with blushing: Maide.

Const. Master.

Boy. I will visit thee at the Lodge.

Const. That's shere by.

Boy. I know where it is situate.

Const. Lord how wise you are!

Boy. I will tell thee wonders.

Const. With what face?

Boy. I love thee.

Const. So I heard you say.

Boy. And so farewell.

Const. Fare weather after thee.

Clo. Come Iapocetia, away.

Exeunt.

Boy. Villaine, thou shalt fall for thy offences: thou be pardoned.

Clo. Well sir, I hope when I doe it, I shall doe it on a full tomace.

Boy. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Clo. I am more bound to you then your fellowes, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Clo. Take away this Villaine, shut him vp.

Boy. Come you tranigrelling fiue, away.

Clo. Let mee not bee pent vp fir, I will fast being loose.

Boy. No sir, that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

Clo. Well, if ever I doe the merry days of defolation that I have gene, some shall fee.

Boy. What shall come fee?

Clo. Nay nothing, Master Math, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be free in their words, and therefore I will say nothing. I thank God, I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet.

Boy. I doe affect the very ground (which is base) where her shoe (which is base) guided by her foote (which is base) doth tread. I shall forbear (which is a great argument of falshood) if I loute. And how can that be true loute, which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar, Love is a Diuell. There is no enim Angell but Love, yet Sampson was so tempt, and he had an excellent strength: Yet was Salomon so seduced, and hee had a very good witte. Cupid's Blushes is too hard for Hercules Clubbe, and therefore too much odes for a Spaniards Rapier: The first and second caste will not ferue my turne: the Paffado he respects not, the Duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called Boy, but his glory is to subdue men. Adue Valour, tuff Rapier, bee still Drum, for your manager is in loute; yea hee loveth. Affift me some extemporal god of Rime, for I am sure I shall turne Sonnet. Deuise Wit, write Pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio.

Exit.
Enter the Prince of France, with three attending Ladies, and three Lords.

Bocet. Now Madam summon up your dearest spirits,
Confide we the King your father sends:
To whom he sends, and what's his Embassie.
Your felle, held precious in the worlds esteem,
To parea with the sole inheritor
Of all perfection that a man may owe,
Matchlesse Nauarre, the plea of no felle weight
Then Aquaine, a Dowrie for a Queene,
Be now as prodigall of all deare grace,
As Nature was in making Graces desire,
When she did frame the generall world before,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Queene. Good L Bocet my beauty though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye
Not vttred by base fale of charmes tongues:
I am felle proud to heare you tell my worth,
Then you much wil to be counted wise,
In spending your wit in the praffe of mine,
But now to task the asker, good Bocet,

Prinf. You are not ignorant all-telling fame
Doth noyle abroad Nauar hath made a vow,
Tell painfull fludie shall out-stare three yeares,
No woman may approache his filent Court:
The fooner to's feemeth a needfull course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleafure, and in that behalfe
Bold of your worthinesse, we fingle you,
As our bell mouing faire folceter:
Tell him the daughter of the King of France,
On fereous business cauing quicke dispatch,
Infortune personal conference with his grace.
Harte, signific fo much while we attend,
Like humble wish'd luters his high will.

Bay. Proud of employment, willingly I goe.

End. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so:
Who are the Vivaries my loving Lords, that are vow-
fellowes with this vertuous Duke?

Lor. Longauill is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

1. Lady. I know him Madame at a marriage feast,
Between L Perigord and the beauteous beire
Of Tournes Fiacorbridge solenmiz'd.
In Narmande I saw this Longauill,
A man of fourseigne parts he is esteem'd:
Weltfitted in Arts, glorious in Armes:
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The onely keye of his faire vertues gloffe,
If vertues gloffe will flaime with any fole,
It is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a Will:
Whole edge hath power to cut whole will thall wills,
It should none sparee that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking Lord beleeke, ift fo?

2. Lad. They say fo moft, that moft his humors know,
Prin. Such short liu'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?

2. Lad. The yong Damsine, a well accomplisht youth,
Of all that Vertue loue, for Vertue loued.
Moff power to doe most harme, leaff knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill fhape good,
And fhape to win grace though she had no wit,
I faw him at the Duke Alaneus once,
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report to his great worthinesse.

Roffa. Another of thefe Students at that time,
Was there with him, as I haue heard a truth.

Beroome they call him, but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becomming mirth,
I never spent an houre falke withall.
His eye begets occasion for his wit,
For every obie& that the one dotach,
The other tunes to a mirth-mouing leaf.

Which his faire tongue (conceits exposer)
Delivers in fuch apt and gracios words,
That aged eares play treuant at his tales,
And yonger hearings are quite raifhfed.
So sweet and volubile is his difcourfe.

Trin. God bleffe my Ladies, are they all in loue,
That every one her owne hath garnisht,
With fuch bedecking ornements of praffe.

Mas. Heere comes Bocet.

Enter Bocet.

Prinf. Now, what admittance Lord?

Bocet. Nauar had notice of your faire approach;
And he and his competitors in oath,
Were all adrett to meeue you gentle Lady.
Before I came: Marrie thus much I haue learnt,
He that 
And roifies you in the field,
Like one that comes heere to befege his Court,
Then feeks a difpenfation for his oath:
To let you enter his vnpooleed house.

Enter Nauar, Longauill, Dumaine, and Beroome.

Heere comes Nauar.

Pan. Faire Princeffe, welcume to the Count of Nauar.

Prin. Faire I give you backe againe, and welcome I haue nay yet: the roofe of this Court is too hight to bee yours, and welcome to the wide fields, too bafe to bee mine.

Nauar. You shall be welcome Madam to my Court.

Prin. I will be welcome then, Conduct me thither.

Nauar. Heere my dear Lady, I haue sworn an oath.

Prin. Oart Lady help me my Lord, he'll be forworne.

Nauar. Not for the world faire Madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will thall break it will, and nothing els.

Nauar. Your Ladorship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my Lord so, his ignorance were wife,
Where nos't his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear your grace hath sworn out House keeping:
'Tis deadly fenne to keep that oath my Lord,
And fenne to brake it:
But pardon me, I am too sodaine bold,
To teach's Teacher ill beecometh me,
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my comming,
And sodainely refoluie me in my fuite.

Nauar. Madam, I will, if sodainly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner that I was away,
For you'll proue periur'd if you make me pay.

Beroome. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Roffa. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
Ber. I know you did.

Refa. How needful was it then to ask the question?

Ber. You must not be so quick.

Refa. 'Tis long of you toparseFloat with such questions.


Refa. Not till it leave the Rider in the mire.

Ber. What time a day?

Refa. The howe that foolies should ask.

Ber. Now faire befall your maske.

Refa. Faire tall the face, it overs, and send you many lourers.

Refa. Amen, so you be none.

Ber. Nay then will I be gone.

Kim. Madame, your father here doth intimate,
The payment of a hundred thousand Crownes,
Being but a'one halfe, of an entire summer,
Disbursted by my father in his warres,
But say that he, or we, as neither have
Receive'd that summe; yet there remaines unpaid
A hundred thousand more: in suety of the which,
One part of Aquitaine is bound to vs,
Although not valued to the moneys worth.
If then the King your father will restore
But that one halfe which is unvisited,
We will give vp our right in Aquitaine,
And hold faire friendship with his Majestie:
But that it leemes his little purpoole,
For here he doth demand to have repose,
An hundred thousand Crownes, and not demands
One payment of a hundred thousand Crownes,
To hate his title dane in Aquitaine.
Which we much rather had depart withall,
And have the money by our fathers lent,
Then Aquitaine, so guelde as it is.

Deare Princesse, were not his requests so faire
From reasons yeelding, your faire felie should make
A yeelding 'gainst some reason in my breas,
And goe well satisfied to France againe.

Prin. You doe the King my Father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In fo envenoming to confesse receypt
Of that which hath so faithfully beene paid.

Kim. I doe protest I never heard of it,
And if you proeu't, Ile repay it bache,
Or yeeld vp Aquitaine.

Prin. We arret your word:

Boyer, you can produce acquantances
For such a summe, from speaciall Officers,
Of Charles his Father.

Kim. Satisfie me so.

Boyer. So please you Grace, the packet is not come
Where that and other specialities are bound,
To morrow you shall have a fight of them.

Kim. It shall suffice me; at which interview,
All liberal reason would I yeeld vnto:
Meane time, receive fuch welcome at my hand,
As Honour, without breach of Honour may
Make tender of, to thy true worthineffe.
You may not come faire Princesse in my gates,
But here without you shall I be receu'd,
As you shall deeme your felle lodg'd in my heart,
Though so den'd I father harbour in my house:
Your owne good thoughts excute me, and farewell,
To morrow we shall visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health & faire define confort your grace.

Kim. Thys own wifht with thef in every place.

Boy. Lady, I will commend you to my owne heart.

La.Ro. Pray you doe my commendations,
I would be glad to fee it.

Boy. I would you heard it grone.

La.Ro. Is the foule fiche ?

Boy. Siche at the heart.

La.Ro. Alack, jet it bloud.

Boy. Would that doe it good ?

La.Ro. My Phifique faines I.

Boy. Will you prickt with your eye.

La.Ro. Ne payn, with my knife,

Boy. Now God faue thy life.

La.Ro. And yours from long luing.

Ber. I cannot stay thankfull-guing.

Exit.

Enter Dunaie.

Dun. Sir, I pray you a word: What Lady is that faire?

Boy. The heare of Alawfon,Rosaliun her name.

Dun. A gallant Lady, Mounifter fare you well.

Long. I befeech you a word: what is she in the white?

Boy. A woman somtimes, if you saw her in the light.

Long. Perchance light in the light: I desiere her name.

Boy. Shee shee hath but one for her selfe,
To desiere that were a shame,

Long. Pray you sir, whole daughter?

Boy. Her Mothers, I haue heard.

Long. Gods blesing a your beard.

Boy. Good fir be not offended,
Shee is an heyes of Faulconbridge,

Long. Nay, my choller is ended:
Shee is a moft sweete Lady.

Boy. Not unlike fir, that may be.

Exit Long.

Enter Beronce.

Ber. What's her name in the cap.

Boy. Katherine by good hap.

Ber. Is she married, or no.

Boy. To her will fir, or fo,

Ber. You are welcome fir, adrew.

Boy. Fare well to me fir, and welcome to you. Exit.

Kim. That is Beronce, the very mad-cap Lord.

Boy. A word with him, but a left.

And every left but a word,

Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his word.

Boy. I was as willing to grapple,as he was to board.

La. Ma. Two hot Sheepes marie:

And wherefore not Ships ?

(lips.

Boy. No Sheepes (sweet Lamb) vnlesse we fee on your
La. You Sheep & I pasture; shall that finish the left?
Boy. So you grant pasture for me.
La. Not so gentle bess.

Boyer I am no Common, though yeueral they be.

Ber. Belonging to whom?

La. To my fortunes and me,

Prin. Good wits will be angling, but gentle agree.

This ciuill warre of wies were much better vfed
On Natur and his booke men,for heere 'tis abus'd.

Bo. If my obfervation (which very feldome lies
By the hearts full retorickke,defcloed with eyes)
Deceiv me not now, Natur is infected,

Prin. With what?

Be. With that which we Jowers intitle affected,

Prin. Your reaon.

Be. Why all his behauiours doe make their retire,
To the count of his eye, peeping thorough defire.

His hart like an Agot with your print impressed,
But have you forgot your Loue?

Brad. A lmoof I had.

Boy. Negligent student, learne her by heart.

Brad. By heart, and in heart Boy.

Boy. And out of heart Mafter: all thofe three I will prove.

Brad. What wilt thou prove?

Boy. A man, if I live (and this) by, in, and without, as

on the intant: by heart you love her, because your heart

cannot come by her: in heart you love her, because your

heart is in love with her: and out of heart you love her,

being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Brad. I am all thofe three.

Boy. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at

all.

Brad. Fetch hither the Swaine, he must carry mee a

letter.

Boy. A meffage well fmpathis'd, a Horfe to be em-

baffled for an Affe.

Brad. Ha, ha, What fainefh thou?

Boy. Marrie sir, you muft fende the Affe vpon the

Horse for he is vell fowed gated: but I goe.

Boy. The way is but florrie, away.

Boy. As fwit as Lead fir.

Boy. Thy meaning prettie ingenious, is not Lead a

mattaill heatie, dull, and flow?

Boy. Minnifme honett Mafter, or rather Mafter no.

Brad. I fay Lead is flow.

Boy. You are too fwit fir to fay fo.

Boy. Is that Lead flow which is fir'd from a Gunne?

Brad. Sweete joke of Rhetorike,

He rephes me a Cannon, and the Bullet that's he:

I fhoot thee at the Swaine.

Boy. Thunp then, and I flie.

Boy. A moft acure Furnall, volveable and free of grace,

By thy faucie fweet Welkin, I muft figh in thy face.

Moft rude melancholy, Valour gives thee place.

My Heralds is return'd.

Enter Page and Clamour.

Pag. A wonder Mafter, here's a Cofigard brokyn in a

fchin.

Ar. Some enigma, fome riddle, come, thy Lenway

begin.

Cfo. No einga, no riddle, no lenway, no falue, in thee

male fir.

Orris, Plantan, a plaime Plantan: no lenway, no

lenway, no Salte fir, but a Planfan.

Ar. By verse thou infolvent laughter, thy fillie

thought, my fliene, the hearing of my lunges provokes

me to rediculous finging: O pardon me my flars, doth

the infconfedate take falue for lenway, and the word len-

way for a falue?

Pag. Doe the wife thinke them other, is not lenway

a falue?

(plain.

Ar. No Pag, it is an epifogue or difcource to make

some obscure preceedence that hath before bin faine.

Now will I begin your mottall, and do you follow with

my lenway.

The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,

Were full at oddes, being but three.

Arm. Vntill the Goffe came out of doore,

Staying the oddes by adding foure.

Pag. A good Lenway, ending in the Goffe: would you
defire more?

Cfo. The Boy hath fold him a bargaine, a Goffe, that's

flat
Sir, your penny-worth is good, and your Goose be fat.
To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fat and loose.
Let me see a fat Leeny, that's a fat Goose.

Are. Come hither, come hither:
How did this argument begin?

Boy. By saying that a Coflard was broken in a thin.
Then calld out for the Leeny.

Clow. True, and I for a Planman.
Thus came you in your argument:
Then the Boys set Leeny, the Goose that you bought,
And he ended the market.

Are. But tell me: How was there a Coflard broken in a thin?

Pag. I will tell you tenely.

Clow. Thou hast no feeling of it, Mair.
I will speak that Leeny,

Coflard running out, that was safely within,
Fell out the threshold, and broke my thin.

Arm. We will take no more of this matter.

Clow. Till there be more matter in the thin.

Arm. Sirra Coflard, I will infranchifie thee.

Clow. O, marry me to one Frances, I sell some Leemy,

Some Goose in this:

Arm. By your sweete soole, I mean, setting thee a liberal.
Enfreedoming thy person:
that were emured,
refrained, captivated, bound.

Clow. True, true, and now you will be my purgation,
and let me leefe.

Arm. I give thee thy liberite, free thee from durance,
and in lieu thereof, on impofe on thee nothing but this:
Bears this significant to the country Maid: Inappetita:
there is remuneration, for the best ward of mine honours
is rewarding my dependants. More follow.

Pag. Like the sequeill.

Signeur Coflard adieu.

Enter Browne.

Ber. O my good knaue Coflard, exceedingly well met.
Clow. Pray you sir, How much Samarion Ribbon may

a man buy for a remuneration?

Ber. What is a remuneration?

Caff. Marrie sir, halfie pennie farthing.

Ber. O, why then threetharthings wenth of Sike.

Caff. I thank you worship, God be with you.

Ber. O flay flaye, I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knaue,
Do one thing for me that I shall intreate.

Clow. When would you haue it done sir?

Ber. O this after-noone.

Clo. Well, I will doe it sir: Fare you well.

Ber. O thou knoweft not what it is.

Clo. I shall know it sir, when I have done it.

Ber. Why villaine thou must know it.

Clo. I will come to your worship to morrow morning.

Ber. It must be done this after-noone,

Harke flaye, it is but this:

The Princeoffe comes to hunt here in the Parke,

And in her traine there is a gentle Lady:

When tongues speake (sweetly) then they name her name,

And Reajline they call her, ask for her:

And to her white hand see thoe do commend

This feast'd vp counfable.

Thy sweetier gardon: goce.

Clo. Garden, O sweete gardon, better then remuneration,

a leuence, farthing better: most sweete gardon.

I will doe it sir in print: gardon, remuneration.

Exit.

Ber. O, and I forsooth in loue,
I that haue behance loues whip?

A verie Beadle to a lunemouse fight: A Criticke,

Nay, a night-watch Conftable.

A domineering pedant ote the Boy,

Then whom no mortall so magnificent.

This winkled, whyning, purblinde wayward Boy,

This signorie is ansty great drawle, don Cupid,

Regent of Loue-rimes, Lord of folded arms,

The annointed fouereigne of sighes and greates:

Liedge of all lveteres and male contents:

Dread Prince of Places, King of Cooppecees.

Sole Emperator and great generall

Of rotary Parraters (O my little heart;) And

I to be a Corporall of his field,

And weare his colours like a Tumblers hoopoe.

What? I love, I sue, I seek a wife,

A woman that is like a Germane Cloake,

Still a reparion: euer out of frame,

And never going a right, being a Watch:

But being watcht, that it may till goe right.

Nay, to be periusre, which is worst of all;

And among thre, to love the worst of all,

A whitye wanton, with a velvet brow.

With two pitch bals incluce in her face for eyes.

I stand by heauen, one that will doe the deed;

Though Arge were her Eunuch and her care.

And I do sigh for her, so watch for her,

To pray for her, go to: it is a plague

That Cupid will impose for my neglect

Of his allmighty dreadfull little might:

Well, I will lone, will write, sigh, pray, true-gone,

Some men muste lone my Lady, and some lone.

A His Quartus.

Enter the Princeoffe, a Forreffer, her Ladies, and her Lords.

Qu. Was that the King that spurd his horse so hard,

Against the steepe uprizing of the hill?

Boy. I know not, but I thinke it was not he.

Qu. Who ere was a, a shee'd a mounting mind:

Well Lords, to day we shall have our dispatch,

On Saterday we will returne to France.

Then Forreffer my friend, Where is the Buffe

That we must stand and play the murtherer in?

For. Hereby upon the edge of yonder Coppice,

A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.

Qu. I thank my beautye, I am faine that shooe,

And thereupon thou speakeft the fairest shoote.

For. Pardon me Madam, for I meant not so.

Qu. What, what? First praise me, & then again say no.


For. Yes.
Loves Labour's lost.

For. Yes Madam faire.

Qu. Nay,never paint me now,
Where faire is not,praise cannot mend the brow.

Here (good my glaffe) take this for telling true:
Faire payment or foule words, is more then due.

For. Nothing but faire is that which you inherit.

Qu. See, fee,my beautie will be saud by merit,
O herefe in faire, fit for these dayes,
A giuing hand,though foule,shall have faire praise.

But come, the Bow : Now Mercie goes to kill,
And shining well is then account'd ill:
Thus will I saue my credit in the flooore,
That more I praiie, then purpose meant to kill.

And out of question, so it is sometimes:
Glory grows guility of detestible crimes,
When for Fames sake,for praiie an outward part,
We bend to that, the working of the hart.

As I for praiie alone now seek to find
The poore Deedes blood, that my heart means no ill.

Boy. Do not curft wises hold that selfe-souenaigne
Onely for praiie sake, when they strive to bee
Lords or theirs Lords?

Qu. Onely for praiie, and praiie we may afford,
To any Lady that subdewes a Lord.

Enter Clowne.

Boy. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.

Clo. God dig-you-den all,pray you which is the head
Lady?

Qu. Thou shalt know her fellow, by the reft that have
no heads.

Clo. Which is the greatest Lady, the highest
Qu. The thickest, and the tallest.

Clo. Which the thickest & the tallest: it is for truth is truth.

And your waite Misstress, were as flenell as my wit,
One a thefe Maides giveth for your waite should be fit.

Are not you the chiefe woma? You are the thickest here?

Qu. What's your will fit? What's your will?

Clo. I have a Letter from Moufier Berewne,
To one Lady Rafalwe.

Qu. O thy letter,thy letter:He's a good friend of mine.
Stand a side good bearer.

Boyet,you can cause,
Break vp this Capon.

Boyet. I am bound to ferve.

This Letter is mitlooke : it importeth none here:
It is writ to Eugueniaa.

Qua. We will reade it. I weare.

Break the necke of the Waxe, and every one giue eare.

Boyet reader.

By heaven, that thou art faire, is most infallible: true
that thou art beauteous, truth it felle: that thou art lovelie: more faire then faire, beautefull then beauteous:
true, then truth it felle: have comiferation on thy heroic call Valaff. The magnificent and most iluiftrate King
Capetian sete eie upon the perrishous and indubitable Beggr.
Zencephon: and he it was that might rightly say, Veni, vidi, vici: Which to annonathize in the vulgar, O base and obfcurc vulgar: with defets: He came, See, and overcame: hee came one: fee, two: coursethree: Who came? the King. Why did he come? to fee. Why
did he fee? to overcome. To whom eame? to the Beggr. What faw he? the Beggr. Who overcame he? the Beggr. The conclusion is victorie: On whole fide? the King: the captuie is in fide: On whose fide? the Beggers. The catapulte is a Nuphiaill: on whole fide? the King's no, on both in one, or in both. I am the King (for to stand the comparifon) thou the Beggr, for to wifneft thy lowlinefsc. Shall I command thy loute? I may. Shall I enforce thy loute? I could. Shall Tentreate thy loute? I will. What, fhall thou exchange for ragges, roabes: for tittles tides, for thy felfe mee. Thus expelizing thy reply, I prophanee my lips on thy foore, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy euerie part.

Thine in the darrest deigne of induftrie.

Don Adries de Armatho.

Thus doft thou heare the Nemean Lion roar,
Gainsf thee thou Lambe, that flandeaft as his pray:
Submit finall his princely fteete before,
And he from forrage wil incline to play.
But if thou friere (poore foule) what art thou then?
Foehe for his rage, repulfure for his den.

Qu. What plume of feathers is hee that indisted this
ever hear better?

Boy. I am much deceived, but I remember the file.

Qu. Else your memorie is bad, going ore it crewhile.

Boy. This Armeade is a Spaniard that keeps here in court
A Plantagenet, a Monarch, and one that makes sport
To the Prince and his Book-sextes.

Qu. Thou fellow, a word.

Who gave thee this Letter?

Clo. I told you, my Lord.

Qu. To whom should't thou giue it?

Clo. From ray Lord to my Lady.

Qu. From which Lord, to which Lady?

Clo. From my Lord Berowe, a good matter of mine.

To a Lady of France, that he call'd Rafaline.

Qu. Thou haft mitlaken his letter. Come Lords away.

Here write, put vp this, 't will be thine another day.

Exeunt.

Boy. Who is the shooer? Who is the shooer?

Rafa. Shall I teach you to know.

Boy. I my continent of beautie.

Rafa. Why the that beares the Bow. Finely put of.

Boy. My Lady goes to kill hones, but if thou marrie,
Hang me by the necke, if hones that yearse maircarie.

Finely put on.

Boy. Well then, I am the shooer.

Boy. And who is your Dearte?

Rafa. If we choose by the hones, your selfe come not near.

Finely put on indeede.

Maria. You fell wrangle with her Boyet, and face

Boyet. But the her felse is hit lower:

Hau I hit her now.

Rafa. Shall I come upon thee with an old taying, that
was a man when King Pippin of France was a little boy, as
touching the hit it.

Boyet. So I may anwer thee with one as old that

was a woman when Queene Gionuue of Brittain was a little
wench, as touching the hit it.

Rafa. Thou
Loves Labour's lost.

Refa. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it, hit it, hit it, hit it, hit it, hit it, hit it, hit it, hit it, hit it, hit it, hit it, hit it.

Boy. I cannot, cannot, cannot.

And I cannot, another can.

Exeunt.

Cla. By my troth most pleasant, how both did fit it.

Mar. A mark marveilous well fhot, for they both did hit.

Boy. A mark, O mark but that mark: a marke saies

my Lady.

Let the mark have a pricke in't, to meet at, if it may be.

Mar. Wifde 'th bow hand, y'faith your hand it out.

Cla. Indecde a must shoot nearer, or heele ne'er hit the clout.

Boy. And if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

Cla. Then will ftre get the ypshoot by cleaning the is.

Mar. Come, come, you take greatly, your lips grow foule.

Cla. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir challenge her to boule.

Boy. I fare too much rubbing: good night my good Oule.

Cla. By my soule a Swaine, a moft simple Clowne.

Lord, Lord, how the Ladies and I have put him downe.

O my troth most sweete icts, moft incomne vulgar wit.

When it comes so smoothely off, so obfuscely, as it were, so fit.

Armin on'th art to the side, a moft dainty man.

To fee him walk before a Lady, and to bear her Fan.

To see him kiffe his hand, and how most sweetly a will swere:

And his Page another side, that handfull of wit,

Ah heaven, it is moft pathetickall hit.

Sowla, sowla.

Exeunt.

Enter Dull, Holofenes, the Pedant and Nathaniel.

Nat. Very recurent sport truly, and done in the fimi-

mony of a good confefence.

Fed. The Deare was (as you know) fanguis in blod,

ripe as a Pommerac, who now hangeth like a lewll in the
care of Cela the fife, the welken the heaven, and a
non fallethe like a Crab on the face of Terra, the foyle, the
land, the earth.

Curat. Nath. Truely, M. Holofenes, the epitheticks are
sweetly varied like a scholler at the leat: but Sir I affure
ye, it was a Bucke of the firft head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, hand crede.

Dull. 'Twas not a hand crede, 'twas a Pricket.

Hol. Moft barbarous intimation: yet a kind of infi-
nation, as it were in via, in way of explication facere: as
it were replication, or rather annotare, to shew as it were
his inclination after his vndreffed, vnpolifhed, vneduca-
ted, vnpruned, vntrained, or rather vnlettered, or rather-
refit unconfirmed fation, to infringe against my hand crede
for a Deare.

Dull. I faid the Deare was not a hand crede, 'twas a
Pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicitie, bis cellus, O thou mon-
ster Ignorance, how deformd doft thou looke.

Nat. Sir hee hath never fed of the dainties that are
bred in a booke.

He hath not eate paper as it were:

He hath not drunk inке.

His intellect is not replenifhed, he is one ly an animal,
onely fensible in the duller parts: and fuch barren plants
are fet before vs, that we thinkill fhould be: which we
taffe and feeling, are for thofe parts that doe frutifce
in vs more then he.

For as it would ill become me to be raine, indifcret, or
a fool:

So were there a patch fet on Learning, to fee him in a
Schoole.

But omne bene fay, being of an old Fathers minde,
Many can brooke the weather, that lose not the winde.

Dull. You two are booke-men: Can you tell by your
wit, What was a month old at Cains birth, that's not five
weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dillifems goodman Dull, dilifems goodman

Dull.

Dull. What is dilifems?

Natb. A title to Phoke, to Luna, to the Moone.

Hol. The Moone was a month old when Adam was
no more.

And wrought not to five-weekes when he came to five-
Thallufion holds in the Exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true indeede, the Collusion holds in the
Exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity, I fay th'allufion holds
in the Exchange.

Dull. And I fay the polufion holds in the Exchange:

for the Moone is never but a month old: and I fay be-
side that, 'twas a Pricket that the Princefle kill'd.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you beare an extemporal
Epyph on the death of the Deare, and to humour the ignorant call'd the Love, the Princefle kill'd a

Pricket.

Natb. Perge, good M. Holofernes, perge, for it shall
pleafe you to abrogate scrutillitie.

Hol. I will something affect the letter, for it argues
facilitie.

The prayfull Princefle peearth and prickey a
prettie pleasing Pricket,

Some fay a Sore but not a fore,

till now made fore with flooting.

The Dogges did obey, but to sore,

then Sorell unony from thickett:

Or Pricket fore, or elfe Sorell,

the people fall a howing.

If Sore be fore then elli to Sore,

makes fiffe foret O forell:

Of one sore I am hundred made

by adding but one more L.

Natb. A rare talent.

Dull. If a talent be a claw, looke how he clawes him
with a talent.

Natb. This is a gift that I have simple: simple, a foo-
lift extragant spiritt,full of formes, figures, shapes, ob-
jects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions. Thcfe
are begon in the venticule of memory, nourishd in the
womb of primater, and deliered upon the mellowing of
occasion: but the gift is good in thoefe in whom it is
acute, and I am thankful for it.

Hol. Sir, I prifte the Lord for you, and so may my
patrifhocrat, for their Sonnes are well tutor'd by you,
and their Daughters profit very greatly under you: you
are a good member of the common-wealth.

Natb. No beare, if their Sonnes be ingenuous, they
shall
g销售收入之日，其父与子将之视为一体，故凡涉及钱财之事，必与我一同处理。而予所作之文，皆系我二人之共同创作，故予之姓名亦应在其中。
Loves Labour's lost.

But do not lose thy life, then thou wilt keep
My tears for glassess, and full make me weep.
O Queene of Queences, how faste dost thou excell,
No thought can smite, nor tongue of mortal tell.
How shall she know my griefes? Ile drop the paper.
Sweet leaves in hand fally, Who is he comes here?

Enter Longueul.  The King steps aside.

What Longueul! and reading: listen here.

Ber. Now in thy likeness, one more foolce appear.

Long. Ay me, I am for worne.

Ber. Why he comes in like a periure, wearing papers.

Long. In love I hope, sweet tell me in thame.

Ber. One drunkard loues another of the name.

Long. Am I the frift I have been perjur'd fo? (know,

Ber. I could put them in comfort, not by two that I

Thou makest the triumphery, the corner cap of faction,
The shape of Louis Tubare, that hangs vp simplitie.

Long. I feare these rubben lines lack power to move.

O sweet Maria. Empress of my Loue.

These numbers will I leare, and write in proie.

Ber. O Rimes are gards on wanton Capi'd hole,

Disfigure not his Shop.

Long. This name shall goe, Here reades the Souet.

Did not the heavenly Ethereal of shone eye,
Gainst whom she would cannot hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this falsie person?

Vowes for thee break-into forent not punishment,
A Woman I forswore, but I will prove,
Thou being a Goddesse, I forswore no more.

My Pow was earthy, than abowntly Loue.
Thy grace being gain'd, cars all difference in me.

Vowes are but breath, and breath a voyeur.

Then thou faire Sun, break on my earth daylie shone,
Exhorte this super mortar, in to thee as it is;
If breake thou, it is no fault of cause:
If by me break, What fault is not to wife,
To lose an oath, to win a Paradise?

Ber. This is the furer veine, which makes fichs a deify.

A greene Goofe, a Goddesse, pure and Idolatry.

God amend vs, God amend, we are much out o'th'way.

Enter Duname.  

Long. By whom shall I fend this (company?) stays?

Bero. All bid, all bid, all an old infants play.
Like a demie God, here fit in the skie,
And wretched fools srectets headfully o'nce-eyes.

More Sacks to the myll. O heauen I have my wish,
Dunametranstor'd, fourre Woodcock in a dish.

Dum. O moff diuine Kate.
Bero. O moff propaine coxcombe.

Dum. By heaven the wonder of a mortall eye.

Dum. By earth thee is not, corporall, there you lyce.

Dum. Her Amber hautes for tole hath amber coted.

Bero. An Amber coloured Rauen was well noted.

Dum. A spright the Cedar.

Dum. Stooppe I say her shoulder is with-child.

Dum. As faire as day.

Bero. I as some daies, but then no funne must shine.

Dum. O that I had my wish?

Long. And I had mine.

Kin. And mine too good Lord.

Bero. Amen,fo I had mine: Is not that a good word?

Dum. I would forget her, but a Feuer fell.

Raignes in my bloud, and will remembred be.

Bero. A Feuer in your bloud, why then iniction

Would let her out in Sawcers, sweet misprision.

Dum. Once more Ile read the Ode that I have writ.

Bero. Once more Ile marke how Loue can vary Wit.

Dumame reades his Souet.

On a day, alack the day:

Loue, whose Month is every May,
Spired a blogme prouising faire,
Playing in the wansom ayre:

Threnbs thet elate, feares the wound,
All unfore, can a glasse finde,

This the Louer, false to death,
With blisheffe the heauen break.

Ayre (quoth he) thy clohes may blowe,
Ayre, would I might triumph.

But alack my hand is sicorne,
Nere to placke thee from thy three:

Vow alacke for youth unmeet,
False so apt to placke a false.

Doe not call it fience in me,
That I am forsworne for thee,

That for whom Loue would fwere,

Into but an Aschow were,

And deme himselfe for Loue.

Turning mortall for thy Loue.

This will I fend, and something else more plaine.
Thall espresse my true-loues telling paine,
O would the King, Bereome and Longueul,
Were Louers too, til to example till.
Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note:
For none other, where the blissfull doe.

Loue. Duname, thy Loue is faire from chastity,
That in Loues griefe deftinct faction.

You may look pale, but I should blush I know,
I to be one-eyed, and taken napping to.

Kin. Come sir, you blash as his, your cafe is fuch,
You chide at him, offering twice as much.
You do not loue Maria? Longueul,
Did neuer Sonnet for her take compile;
Nor never lay his wretched armes awhart

His loving before, to keep downe his heart.

He have beene cloesly sixwaded in this buss,
And marks you both, and you for both did blush.
I heard your guilty Rimes, obeir'd your fashions:
Saw fighes reek from you, noted well your passion.

Aye me, layes one? O loue, the other cries

On her haires were Gold. Chippal the others eyes.
You would for Paradice breake Faith and troth,

And loue for your Loue would infringe an oath.

What will Bereome lay when that he shall hear
Faith infringed, which fuch zeale did invest.

How will he come? how will he spend his war?
How will he triumph, leape, and laugh at it?

For all the wealth that euer I did fee,

I would not huse him know so much by me,

Bero. Now step Iforoth to whip hypocriste.

Ah good my Ledge, I pray thee pardon me.

Good heart, what grace half thou thus to prece,

These wormes for loyning, that art moist in lone?

Your eyes doe make no couches in your teares,

There is noe certaine Princesse thiat appeares,

You'll not be periurd, tis a hateful thing:

Tushe none but Minifrels like of Sonnetting,

But are you no affand'd? nay, are you not.

M All
All three of you, to be thus much ore. What?  
You found his Moth, the King your Moth did see:  
But I, the Beame doe find in each of three,  
O what a Scene of fool'y haue I feene,  
of fighes, of grones, of sorrow, and of teene:  
O me, with what thrist patience haue I fat,  
To see a King transformed to a Gnat?  
To see great Heracles whipping a Gigge,  
And profound Salamoun tuning a lygge,  
And Neflor play at plufs-pin with the boyes,  
And Critticky Tyron laugh at idle coyces.  
Where lyes thy griefe? O tell me good Damante;  
And gentle Longaria, where lyes thy paine?  
And where my Ledges? all about the breft:  
A Candle hou!  
Kw. Too bitter is thy leaft.  
Are we betrayed thus to thy ouer-view?  
Ber. Not you by me, but I betrayed to you.  
I that am honest, I that hold it finne  
To breake the vowe I am ingaged in,  
I am betrayed by keeping company  
With men, like men of incolludance.  
When fhall you fee me write a thing in time?  
Or gone for faue? or fpeed a minutes time.  
In pruining mee, when fhall you heare that I will praife  
a hand, a foot, a face, an eye: a gate, a ftrate, a browne, a breft,  
a waife, a legge, a limme.  
Kin. Soft, Whither a way so faft?  
A true man, or a thefle, that gallops fo.  
Ber. I post from Loue, good Louer let me go.  

Enter Lajuneta and Clowne.  

Laj. God bleffe the King.  
Kin. What Prefent haft thou there?  
Cla. Some certaines treafon.  
Kin. What makes treafon heere?  
Cla. Nay it makes nothing fir.  
Kin. If it make nothing neither,  
The treafon and you goe in peace away togeth.  
Laj. I blefe the King; let thif Letter be read,  
Our perfon mid-doubts it: it was treafon he faid.  
Kin. Berowne read it over.  
It reads the Letter.  
Kin. Where hadd thif thou?  
Laj. Of Cofayr.  
Kin. Where had you thif?  
Cla. Of Don Abramado, Don Abramado.  
Kin. How now, what is in you? why doft thou teare it?  
Ber. A toy my Ledge, a toy: your grace needs not  
frear it.  
Long. It did move him to paffion, and therefore let's  
hear it.  
Don. It is Berowne writing, and heere is his name.  
Ber. Ah you whoreon loggerhead, you were borne  
to doe me thame.  
Gulity my Lord, guilty: I confesse, I confesse.  
Kin. What?  
Ber. That you three foolees, lackt mee toole, to make  
up the meffe.  
He,he, and you: and you my Ledge, and I.  
Are picke-purces in Loue, and we deferue to die,  
O difmisfe this audience, and I fball tell you more.  
Don. Now the number is euuen.  
Berowne True trut, we are foweire: will thee Turtles  
be gone?  
Kw. Hence  
Cla. Walk aside the true folke, & let the traytours flay,  

Ber. Sweet Lords: fweet Louers, O let vs imbrace,  
As true we are as fea and bloud can be,  
The Sea will ebb and flow, heauen will fwee his face:  
Young bloud doth not obey an old decreed.  
We cannot croffe the caufe why we are borne:  
Therefore of all hands muft we be forworne.  
King. What, did thefe rent times fiewe fome love of thine?  

(Refalme.)  
Ber. Did they, quoth you? who fees the heavenly  
That (like a rude and favage man of Inde,)  
At the firft opening of the gorgeous Eart,  
Bowes not his vaffall head, and ftrouken blinde,  
Kiffes the bafe ground with obedient breaft?  
What peremptary Eagle-fighted eye  
Dares looke upon the heauen of her brow,  
That is not blinded by her maifie?  
Kin. What zeale, what furie, hath inpird thee now?  
My Loue(her Miftres) is a gracious Moore,  
Sche (an attending Stare) faece fees a light.  
Ber. My eyes are not thene eyes, nor I Berowne.  
O, but for my Loue, day would turne to night,  
Of all confusions the cul'd foveraigne,  
Doe meet as at a faire in her faire cheeke,  
Where feuerall Worlde make one dignity,  
Where nothing wants, that wanteth fee doth feeke,  
Lend me the fourfih of all gentle tongues,  
Fie painted Rethoricke, O feeue needes it not,  
To things of fake, a fellers praife belongs:  
She paffes pratyke, then pratyke too short doth blot.  
A withered Hermite, fufecewors worn,  
Might flake off frite, looking in her eye:  
Beauty doth varnish Age, as if new borne,  
And gius the Crutch the Cranfles inanciae.  
O 'tis the Sunne that makes all things thine.  
King. By heauen,thy Loue is blacke as Ebonie.  
Berow. Is Ebonie like her? O word duiue!  
A wife of luchwood were felicite.  
O who can give an oth? Where is a booke?  
That I may live in Beauty doth beauty lacke,  
If thy beaute, beaute, and thy eye be louke:  
No face is faire that is not full to blacke.  
Kin. O paradoxe, Blacke is the badge of hell,  
The huch of dungeons, and the Schoole ol night:  
And beauties creft becomes the heavens well.  
Ber. Duels foonest tempt refembling spirits of light.  
O if in blakke my Ladies browes be decks,  
It mouners, that painting vfurping haire  
Should rauih doters with a fufe aspec:  
And therefore is the borne to make blacke, faire,  
Her favour turns the fashion of the dayes,  
For nitue bloud is counted painting now:  
And therefore red that would avoyd difpraise,  
Paints it felle blacke, to imitate her brow.  
Don. To look like her are Chimny-fwipers blacke.  
Lou. And fince her time, are Colliers counted bright.  
King. And Artiopos of their sweet compexion make.  
Don. Darke needs no Candles now, for darke is light.  
Ber. Your miffraffes dare never come in raine,  
For dear their colours should be wafted away.  
Kin. Twere good yours did for to tell you pleaine  
Ie finde a fairer face nor wafted to day.  
Ber. Ie proue her faire, or talke till dooms-day here.  
Kin. No Diuell will fright thee then so much as thee.  
Don. I never knew man hold wise fluffe fo deere.  
Lou. Louke, her's thy loue, my foot and her face fee.  
Ber. O if the streets were paued with thine eyes,
As bright Apollo's Lute, strung with his hair.
And when Loue speaks, the voice of all the Gods,
Make heaven drowsie with the harmony.
Neuer durft Poet touch a pen to write,
Vntill his Inke were tempred with Loues lignes:
O then his lines would rauih faulteORAGE, 
And plant in Tyrrants milde humilitie.
From womens eyes this doctrine I derive.
They sparcle till the night promethean fire,
They are the Bookes, the Arts, the Achaedemes,
That shew, containe, and nourish all the world.
Elfe none at all in ought proues excellent.
Then foole you were these women to forsware:
Or keeping what is sworne, you will proue foules,
For Witches false, a word that all men loue:
Or for Loues fake, a word that loues all men.
Or for Mens sakes, the author of these Women:
Or Womenes fake, by whom we men are Men.
Let's once loose our oaths to finde our felues,
Or else we loose our felues, to keepe our oaths:
It is religion to be thus forsworne.
For Charity itse fulfills the Law:
And who can feuer loue from Charity.

**Actus Quartus.**

**Enter the Pedant, Curate and dull.**

**Pedant.** Satio quid sufficit.

**Curat.** I praife God for you sir, your reasons at dinner have bene sharpe, but not so unpleasaunt without scrunity; witty with your affection, audacious without impiety, learned with opinion, and fraste without herefe: I did conceive this quandam day with a companion of the Kings, who is intincted, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armatob.

**Ped.** Nevi hominum squamante, His humour is lofty, his discourse peremiporia: his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gate majesticall, and his generall behauiall, our vaine, ridiculous, and charsonical. He is too pickled, too spruce, too affected, too oddle, as it were, too perigrinate, as I may call it.


Curat. A most singular and choise Epithet, Draw out his Table-bookes.

Peda. He draweth out the thred of his verbosity, finer then the staple of his argument. I labor such phantastical phantasms, such incoyble and poynit deuile companions, such rackets of ortographie, as to speake doute fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he shold pronounce debte & det, not deste dethen a Calfe, Caufe; halfe, halfbe, neighbour vacature, nebeurigh neighbour abreviated n: this is abominable, which he would call abominable: it infinitureth me of famie: we intellige domine, to make frantick, lunastick?

Curat. Lent de dune, bene intellige.

Peda. Home bone for bone preffion, a little scratchs, will serve.

Enter Bragart, Boy.

Peda. Videt ne quis venit?

Brag. Vide, or gundo.

Peda. Quare Chirra, not Sirra?

Brag. Men of peace well incounted.

Peda. Most militarie fit salvation.

Boy. They have been at a great feall of Languages, and flone the scraps.

Clow. O they have li’d long on the almes-baker of words. I manuelli thy M., hath not eaten thee for a word, for thou art not so long by the head as honorificibilibi dinitatibus: Thou art easer fullwallowed then a flapdragon.

Page. Peace, the pesle begins.

Brag. Maunser, are you not letted?

Page. Yes, yes, he reaches boyes the Horne-bookes: What is Ab field backward with the horn on his head?

Peda. Bajurvecia with a horn added.

Brag. A bone feilly Sheepe, with a horn: you heare his learning.

Peda. Ques quis, thou Confontant?

Page. The lait of the flue Vovels If You repeat them, or the fit if I.

Peda. I will repeat them: a e i.

Page. The Sheepe, the other two concludes it o.

Brag. Now by the salt wave of the mediocrity, a sweet tooth, a quene vene of wit, imp imp, quick & home, it recoyce my intellie, true wit.

Page. Offered by a childo to an olde man: which is wit-old.

Peda. What is the figure? What is the figure?

Page. Hornes.

Peda. Thou dippes like an Infant: goc whip thy Gigge.

Page. Lend me your Horne to make one, and I will whip about your Inname conuissca a gigge of a Cuckold home.

Clow. And I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst hate it to buy Ginger bread. Hold, there is the very Remuration I had of thy Maister, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou Pidgeon-egg of diuersion. O & the heauens were so pleased, that thou went but my Baitard; What a joyfull father wouldst thou make mee? Go to, thou hast it ab dungif, at the fingers ends, as they say.

Peda. Oh I smell false Lirine, dungifel for ungum.

Brag. Artis-man preanubulat, we will bee sifled from the barbarous: Do you not educate youth at the Chargehouse on the top of the Mountain?

Peda. Or Most the hill.

Brag. At your sweet pleasure, for the Mountain.

Peda. I doe faint question.

Era. Sir, it is the Kings most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the Princesse or her Paution, in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the after-noone.

Peda. The posterior of the day, most generous fit, is liable, congruit, and measurable for the after-noone: the word is well cull, choie, sweeet, and apt I doe affure you fit, I doe affure.

Brag. Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my familiar, I doe affure ye very good friend: for what is inward between vs, let it passe. I doe befeech thee remember thy curtse. I befeech thee apparel thy head: and among other importunate & most ferious designs, and of great imporr indeed too: but let that passe, for I must telle thee it will plese his Grace (by the world) sometim to leane upon my poor shoulder, and with his royall finger thus dallie with my excremment, with my mufferatio: but sweet heart let that passe. by the world I recont no fable, Some certaine silecious honours it pleaseth his greatnesse to impart to Armanda a Souldier, a man of trauell, that hath seene the world: but let that passe: the very all of all is: but sweet heart, I do implore fuchesse, that the King would have mee present the Princesse (sweet chuccke) with some delightfull offentation, or show, or pageant, or antickes, or fire-works: Now, understanding that the Curate and you sweet self are good at such evocations, and fomaine breaking out of mych as it were) I have acquainted you withall, to the end to crave your assisstance.

Peda. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. Sir, Holofcrees, as concerning some entertainment of times, same shew in the posterior of this day, to bee renderd by our undisants the Kings command: and this most gallant, illustrate and learned Gentleman, before the Princesse: I say none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies.

Curat. Where will you finde men worthy enough to present them?

Peda. Iofan, your selfe:my selfe, and this gallant gentleman Indas Muthabem; this Swaine (because of his great limme or ioyant) shall passe Pompey the great, the Page Heronelles.

Brag. Pardon sir, error: He is not quantitie enough for that Worthes thumbe, he is not so big at the end of his Club.

Peda. Shall I have audience? he shall present Heronelles in minority: his enter and exit shall bee strangling a Snake; and I will have an Apology for that purpose.

Page. An excellent deuice: so if any of the audience hifice, you may cry, Well done Heronelles, now thou cruft the Snake; that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few haue the grace to doe it.

Brag. For the rest of the Worthies?

Peda. I will play three my selfe.

Page. Thrice worthy Gentleman.

Brag. Shall I tell you a thing?

Peda. We attend.

Brag. We will haue, if this fadge nor, an Antique. I befeech you follow.

Page. Via good-man Doll, thou haft spoken no word all this while.

Doll. Nor underfoot none neither sir.

Page. Alone, we will employ thee.

Doll. Ile make one in a dance, or so: or I will play
Loves Labour's lost.

Enter Ladies.

Qu. Sweet hearts we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully.

A Lady walt's with Diamonds: Look you, what I have from the cueing King.

Rof. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Qu. Nothing but this: yes as much love in Rime, As would be cram'd up in a sheet of paper

Write on both sides the leaf, margent and all,
That he was faine to seal on Cupid's name.

Rof. That was the way to make his god-head wax:

For he hath beene free thousand yeares a Boy.

Kat. I, and a thread unappy gallows too.

Rof. You'll more be friends with him, a kild your litter.

Kat. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy, and so the deed: had the beene Light like you, of such a merrie nimble stirring spirit, she might a bin a Grandam ere the deed. And so may you: For a light heart has long.

Rof. What's your darke meaning mouse, of this light word?

Kat. A light condition in a beauty darke.

Rof. We need more light to finde your meaning out.

Kat. You'll marre the light by taking it in snuffe: Therefore Ie darkely end the argument.

Rof. Look what you doe, you doe it full i'th darke.

Kat. So do not you, for you are a light Wench.

Rof. Indeed I waight not you, and therefore light.

Kat. You waight me not, O that's you care not for me.

Rof. Great reason: for past care is still past care.

Qu. Well bandied both, a fet of Wit well played.

But Rafalne, you have a favour too?

Who am I? and what is it?

Raf. I would you knew.

And if my face were but a faire as yours,

My Favours were as great, be witness this.

Nay, have Vertes too, I thanke Berowne,

The numbers true, and were the numbering too.

I were the fairest goddeffe on the ground.

I am compar'd to two thousand fairies.

O he hath drawne my picture in his letter.

Qu. Any thing like?

Raf. Much in the letters, nothing in the praze.

Qu. Beauteous as Ince: a good conclusion.

Kat. Faire as a text B. in a Coppye booke.

Raf. Ware penfals, How? Let me not die your debtor,

My sad Dominick, my golden letter.

O that your face were full of Oes.

Qu. A Pox of that left, and I beffrew all Sowes:

But Katherine, what was sent to you.

From faire Damaine?

Kat. Madame, this Glouce.

Qu. Did he not lend you two Pericles?

Kat. Yes Madame, and moneys more.

Some thousand Vessels of a faithful Louers,

A huge translation of hypocrisy,

Vilely compiled, profound impudence.

Mar. This, and these Pericles, to me lesse Langage.

The Letter is too long by half a line.

Qu. I think no leffe: Dost thou with in heart

The Chaine were longer, and the Letter short.

Mar. I, or I would their hands might never part.

Qu. We are wite girls to macke our Louers so.

Raf. They are worse fools to procure our macking so.

That fame Berowne he torture ere I goe.

O that I knew he were but in by th'weeks,

How I would make him fawne, and begge, and seeke,

And wait the seafon, and obferve the tines,

And spend his prodigall wits in booecees tines,

And frame his feruite wholly to my deuice,

And make him proud to make me proud that lefts.

So pertain like would I refay his flute,

That he foild be my foole, and I his face.

Qu. None are so freely caught, when they are catcht,

As Wit turn'd foole, follic in Wifedome hatch'd:

Hath wifedoms warranys, and the helpe of Schoole,

And Wits own graece to grace a learned foole?

Raf. The blood of youth is once in haste with such exceffe,

As grantsies resolv to wantons be.

Mar. Follie in Fokes leaves not so strong a note,

As foolery in the Wife, when Wit doth dose:

Since all the power thereof it doth apply,

To proue by Wit, worth in simplicitie.

Enter Doyes.

Qu. Herec comes Doyers, and mirth in his face.

Boy. O I am full'd with laughter, Where's her Grace?

Qu. Thy newes Doyes?

Boy. Prepare Madame, prepare.

Arne Wenchers arme, in encounters mounted are,

Against your Peace, Loue doth approach, dignis'd.

Amed in arguments, you'll be surpriz d.

Muter your Wits, stand in your owne defence,

Or hide your heads like Cawards, and flie hence.

Qu. Saint Demis to S. Cypis: What are they,

That charge their breath against vs? Say Loue lay.

Boy. Vnder the coele Shade of a Siccamore,

I thought to clofe our eyes some halfe an houre:

When lo to interrupt my purpoy'd ref,

Toward that thale I might behold address,

The King and his companions: warchly

I ftrole into a neighbour thicket by,

And over-heard, what you shall over-heare:

That by and by dignis'd they will be here.

Their Herald is a pretty knowlsh Page;

That well by heart had caus'd his embassage,

A shon and accent did they teach him there,

Thus mift thou speake, and thus thy body beare.

And ever anon they made a doubt,

Prefence miftifcall would put him out:

For quoth the King, an Angel thine thou see;

Yet fear not thou, but speake audaciously.

The Boy reply'd, An Angel is not euil:

I should have fear'd her, had she beene a duell.

With all that laugh'd, and clap'd him on the shoulder,

Making the bold wagg by their praifes bolder.

One rub'd his elbow thus, and frendly, and i'more,

A better speech was never spoke before.

Another with his finger and his thumb,

Cry'd wise, we will not, come what will come.

The third he caper'd and esied, All goes well.

The fourth turn'd on the toe, and downs he fell:

With that they all did tumble on the ground,

With such a zelous laughter to profound,

That is this pleene ridiculous apparell,

To check their folly passions solenne tears.

Qu. But what, but what, come they to visit vs?

Boy. They do, they do, and are apparel'd thus,

Like biforners, or Raffian's, as I geffe.

Their purpose is to parle, to cour, and dance,
And every one his Loues-feat will advance,
Vnto his general Mistriss: which they'll know
By fauours feuerall, which they did beforw.
Queen. And will they for the Gallants shall be taskt:
For Ladies they will every one be maskt,
And not a man of them shall haue the grace
Defight of lure, to ice a Ladies face.
Hold Refaille, this Faour thou shalt weare,
And then the King will court thee for his Desire:
Hold, take thou this my favr, and give me thine,
So shall Become take me for Refaille.
And change your Faoures too,so shall your Loues
Woo contrary, decei'd by these remoues.
Refa. Come on then, weare the faoures most in sight.
Kath. But in this changing, What is your intent?
Queen. The effect of my intent is to croffe thes:
They doe it but in mocking merriment,
And mocke for mcke is onely my intent.
Their feuerall countels they vnboome shall,
To Loues miltooke, and to be mockt withall.
Upon the next occasiion that we meece,
With Vitages displaied to talke and greeete.
Refa. But shall we dance, if they defire vs not?
Qwne. No, to the death we will not moue a foot,
Nor to their pen'd speech render we no grace:
But while 'tis spoke, each turne away his face.
Boy. Why that contempt will kill the keepers heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.
Bec. Therefore I doe it, and I make no doubt,
The ref't will ere come in, it he be out.
Theres no such sport, as sport by sport othertrowne:
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne.
So shall we flay mocking enternted game,
And they well mockt, depart away with shame. Sound.
Boy. The Trompet sounds, be mockt, the maskers come.

Enter Black morres with musicke, the 'Boy with a speach,
and the ref't of the Lord diguised.

Page. All haste, the richest Beauties on the ebord.
Ber. Beauties no richer then rich Taffetas.
Pag. A boly parcel of the fairest dames that ever turn'd
their backs to mortall viewers.
The Ladies turne their backs to him.
Ber. Their eyes vallize, their eyes.
Pag. That enter turn'd their eyes to mortall viewers.
Out.

Boy. True, out indeed.
Pag. Out of your favours heavenly spirits vouche safe
Not to behold.
Ber. Once to behold, rogue.
Pag. Once to behold, with your Sunne beamed eyes,
With your Sunne beamed eyes.
Boy. They will not answer to that Ephythe,
You were best call it Daughter beamed eyes.
Pag. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.
Ber. Is this your perfeche? be gon you rogue.
Refa. What would these strangers?
Know their minds Befier.
If they doe speake our language, 'tis our will
That some plaine man recount their purpofes.
Know what they would?
Boy. What would you with the Princes?
Ber. Nothing but peace, and gentle vifitation.
Ref. What shall they, say they?
Enter the King and the rest.

King. Faire sir, God save you. Whet's the Princefes?
Boy. Gone to her Tent.

Please if your Matieellie command me any struke to her? King. That the vouchefafe me audience for one word. Boy. I will, and to will fie, I know my Lord. Exit.
Ber. This fellow pickes wp wit as Pigeons peafe, and writes it againe, when Luke doth pleafe.

He is Wits Peeler, and retales his Wares,
At Wakes, and Waffels, Meetings, Markets, Fairies.
And we that fell by groffe, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such fhow.
This Gallant puts the Wrenches on his fleue.

Had he bin an Adore, he had temptet Em.
He can carue too, and Iaife: Why is this he,
That kifit away his hand in courteif.
This is the Ape of Forme, Monfieur the nice,
That when he plases at Tables, chides the Dice
In honorable teares: Nay he can finge
A meane moft mealy, and in Whering
Mend him who can: the Ladies call him sweete.
The fairest as he treads on them kiffe his fecte.
This is the flower that smiles on euerie one,
To fwoe his teethes as white as Whales bone.
And confonences that wil not die in debt,
Pay him the dutie of honie-tongued Boyet.

King. A blilter on his sweete tongue with my hart,
That put Armathoes Page out of his part.

Enter the Ladies.

Ter. See where it comes. Behauiour what we'r thou,
Till this madam fhew thee? And what art thou now?
King. All baffe sweet Madame, and faire time of day.

Boy. Faire in all Haile is foule, as I conceive.

King. Conftirue my speeches better, if you may.

Qu. Then withf me better, I will giue you leave.

King. We came to vifi you, and purpose now
To leade you to our Court, vouchsafe it then.

Qu. This field fhall hold me, and fo hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delights in perfid' men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you prouoke:

The
The virtues of your eye must break my oath.

Q. You nickname virtue: vice you should have spoke?

For virtues office never breaks men's troth,
Now by my maiden honor, yet as pure
As the v支柱 Lilli, I protest,
A world of terms though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house guest:
So much I hate a breaking cask to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

Kin. You have but't in desolation here,

Vesey, unsubscript, much to our shame.

Qu. Not in my Lord, it is not to I swear,
We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game,
A melle of Ruslins lets vs but of late,

Kin. How Madam? Rulfians?

Qu. In truth, my Lord,

Trim gallants, full of Courtship and of state,

Refa. Madam spake true. It is not to my Lord:
My Lady (to the manner of the dates)
In curtice gives vnderying praise.

We four indeed confronted wreath with wreath
In Rulfia habic: Here he they lay'd an honour,
And talk'd space: and in that honour (my Lord)
They did not bleffe vs with one happy word.

But I dare not call them foolis; but this I think,
When they are thrist, thefoe would fame bate drink.

The breath is confestion,
Were you not here but euen now, disguis'd?

Qu. Madam, I was.

Qu. And were you well advis'd?

Refa. I was fair Madam.

Qu. When you then were heere,

What did you whisper in your Ladies care?

King. That more then all the world I did respect her,

Qu. When thoe shall challenge this, you will reject her

King. Upon mine Honor no.

Qu. Peace, peace, forbear:
your oath once broke, you forfeit not to forswear.

King. Despite me when I break this oath of mine.

Qu. I will, and therefore keep it. Refafr

What did the Ruffian whisper in your care?

Refa. Madam, he swore that he did hold me deare

As precious eye-light, and did value me
About this World: adding thereto moreover,
That he would Wed me, or elle die my Louer,

Qu. God give thee joy of him: the Noble Lord

Moth honorably dath uphold his word.

King. What meane you Madame?

By my life, my troth,

I never swore this Lady such a troth;

Refa. By heaven you did; and to conform it plaine,
you gave me this: but take it for againe

King. My faith and this, the Princefle I did give,

I knew her by this jewel on her fleecne.

Qu. Pardon me sir, this jewel did the ware,

And Lord Borne (I thank him) is my deare.

What? Will you have me, or your Pearl againe?

Ber. Neither of either, I remit both twaine.

I see the tricke on't: Heere was a content,

Knowing aforesaid of our errament,
To dash it like a Christmas Comedie,
Some carex-tale, some pleasa-man, some flight Zanie,
Some mumble-newes, some trencer-knight, join Dick
Thats smiles his cheske in yeares: and knowes the trick
to make my Lady laugh, when she's disposed.

Told
Told our intents before: which once disclosed,
The Ladies did change Favours, and then we
Following the signs, wou'd but the signe of the
Now to our perieture, to add more terror,
We are againe forsworne in will and error.
Much upon this stis: and might nor you
Foretell our sport, to make vs thus victorie?
Do not you know my Ladies foot by th' lover?
And laugh upon the apple of her eie?
And stand between her face and the fire,
Holding a trentcher, telling merrie?
You put our Page out: go, you are slowd.
Die when you will, a limpe shall be your sword.
You leere wpon me, do you? There's an eie
Wounds like a Leaders sword.
Boy. Full merrie hath this bravene manager, this careere bene run.
Ber. Lo. he is tilting straight. Peace, I haue don.

Enter Cluseon.

Welcome pure wet then part it a faire fray.
Clo. O Lord sir, they would kno,
Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.
Ber. What, are there but three?
Clo. No sir, but it is vary fine,
For cuerie one peruts three.
Ber. And three times thirne is nine.
Clo. Not so sir, vnder correection sir, I hope it is not so.
You cannot weep sir, I can assure you sir, we know what we know: I hope sir three times thirce sir.
Ber. Is not nine.
Clo. Vnder coression sir, wee know where-until it doth amount.
Ber. By loue, I alwayes took three threes for nine.
Clo. O Lord sir, it were pitie you should get your luying by reckning.
Ber. How much is it?
Clo. O Lord sir, the parties themselfes, the actors sir will shew where-until it doth amount: for mine owne part, I am (as they say, but to perfect one man in one poor man) Pompey the great sir.
Ber. Art thou one of the Worthies?
Clo. It pleased them to shike me worthie of Pompey the great: for mine owne part, I know not the degree of the Worthie, but I am to hand for him.
Ber. Go, bid them prepare.

Exit.

Clo. We will turn it finely off sir, we will take some care.
King. Berowne, they will shame us:
Let them not approach.
Ber. We are shame-proof my Lord: and thys some police, to have one fiew worre then the Kings and his companie.
King. I say they shall not come.
Qu. Nay my good Lord, let me ore-rule you now;
That sport beft pleases, that doth least know how.
Where Zeale strives to content, and the content
Dies in the Zeale of that which it pretents:
Their forme confounded, makes most forme in mirth,
When great things labouring perish in their birth.
Ber. A right description of our sport my Lord,

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Anointed, I implore to much expence of thy

royall sweet breath, as will wetr a brace of words.
Qu. Doth this man ferve God?
Ber. Why ask you?
Qu. He speake's not like a man of God's making.
Brag. That's all one my faire sweet honie Monk.
For I protest, the Schoolmaister is exceeding fantastical:
Too too vaine, too too vaine. But we will put it (as they say) to Fortune deliure.
I wish you the peace of minde most royl suppement.
King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthises;
He pretends Helen of Troy, the Swaine Pompey the great,
the Parifh Curate Alexander, Aranadoer Page Hercules,
The Pedant Inda Machabben: And if thefe foure Worthies in their first flew thrive, thefe fowre will change habites, and prefent the other fiew.
Ber. There is fume in the fift fiew.
Kin. You are decleued, tis not fo.
Ber. The Pedant the Braggart, the Hedge-Priest, the Poole, and the Boy,
Abate throw at Novum, and the whole world againe,
Cannot pricke out fume fuch, take each one in's vaine.
Kin. The ship is vnder falle, and here thee commes.

Enter Pompey.

Clo. I Pompey am.
Ber. You lie, you are not he.
Clo. I Pompey am.
Boy. With Lubbards head on knee.
Ber. Well faid old moeker,
I must needs be friends with thee.
Clo. I Pompey am Pompey famous the big.
Du. The great.
Clo. Tis great sir: Pompey famous the great:
That oft in field, with Targe and Shield,
did make my fowt to sweat:
And running along this coast, I hear am come by chance,
And lay my Armes before the legs of this fume Laffe of
France.
If your Ladifhip would fay thankes Pompey, I had done.
La. Great thankes great Pompey.
Clo. Tis not for much worth: but I hope I was perfec.
I made a little fault in great.
Ber. My hat to a halfe-penie, Pompey prooues the ift Worthie.

Enter Curate for Alexander.

Curat. Whan in the world I luede, I was the worldes Com-
mander:
By East, Wect, North, & South, I fered my conquering might
My Scythian plane declares that I am Alexander.
Bozet. Your nofe faies no, you are not:
For it lends too right.
Ber. Your nofe smels no, in this moft tender fmel-
ing Knights.
Qu. The Conqueror is difmaid:
Proceede good Alexander.
Cur. When in the world I luede, I was the worldes Com-
mander.
Bozet. Mof true, its right: you were fo Alexander.
Ber. Pompey the great.
Clo. Your leuant and Colfard.
Ber. Take away the Conqueror, take away Alexander.
Clo. O sir, you have overthrown Alexander the con-
queror: you will be stap'd out of the painted cloth for this.
Enter Pedant for Indus, and the Boy for Hercules.

Ped. Great Hercules is prefent by this Impe, Whose Club kill'd Cebes in that three-headed Cacus. And when he was a babe, a child, a shrinpe, Thus did he flrange Serpents in his Manus: Ergo, he fleece them in minoriti, Ero, I come with this Apologie.

Keep the flate in the exit, and vanish. Exit Boy

Ped. Judas I am.

Dum. A Judas?

Ped. Not I prefer fr.


Ped. Indus I am.

Dum. The more fame for you Indus, Ped. What mean you for?

Ber. To make Indus hang himselfe.

Ped. Begin sir, you are my elder.

Ber. Well follow'd, Indus was hang'd on an Elder. Ped. I will not be put out of countenance.

Ber. Because thou haft no face.

Ped. What is this?

Ber. A Citicrinal head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Ber. A death's face in aring.

Low. The face of an old Roman come, fearsome face.

Ber. The pummell of Caesar's haunches.

Dum. The car'd-bone face on a Flaxen.

Ber. S. George's half check'd in a brooch.

Dum. I, and in a brooch of Lead.

Ber. I, and worn in the cap of a Tooth-drawer.

And now forward, for we have put thee in countenance.

Ped. You haue put me out of countenance.

Ber. Falfe, we haue given thee faces.

Ped. But you have out-face'd them all.

Ber. And thou wilt a Lion, we would do so.

Boy. Therefore as he is an Aife, let him go:

And so adieu sweet Iuda. Nay, why deff thou tlay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Ber. For the Afe to the Iuda's give it him. Iuda is a way.

Ped. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boy. A light for monfieur Iuda, it grows darke, he may flumble.

Que. As poore Machabeus, how hath he beene baited.

Enter Braggart.

Ber. Hide thy head Achilles, here comes Hecstor in Armes.

Dum. Though my moeks come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. Hecstor was but a Trojan in respect of this.

Boy. But is this Hecstor?

Kim. I thinke Hecstor was not so eane timber'd.

Lon. His legge is too big for Hecstor.

Dum. More Calfe certaine.

Ber. No, he is best indued in the small.

Boy. This cannot be Hecstor.

Dum. He's a God or a Painter, for he makes faces.

Brag. The Arminpent Mares of Launces the almighty, gave Hecstor a gift.


Ber. A Lemmon.

Lon. Stucke with Clouses.

Dum. No clouen.

Brag. The Arminpent Mares of Launces the almighty, gave Hecstor a gift, the heir of Illion; A man so breath'd, that certaine he would fight: ye whom a newt till night, out of his Pavilion.

I am that Flower.

Dum. That Mint.

Long. That Cullamine.

Brag. Sweet Lord Longanimil reigneth tongue.

Lon. I must rather giue it the reine: for it runnes agaist Hecstor.

Dum. I and Hecstor's a Grey-hound.

Brag. The sweet War-man is dead and rotten, Sweet chuckes, beat not the bones of the buried: But I will forward with my deuice;

Sweet Royaltie bellow on me the fente of hearing.

Berenice flippers for th's.

Que. Speake braue Hecstor, we are much delighted.

Brag. I do adore thy sweet Graces flippers.

Boy. Loues her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Brag. This Hecstor forrt surrounde Hamsball. The partis is gone.

Clo. Fellow Hecstor, she is gone; she is two moons on her way.

Brag. What meanest thou?

Clo. Faith vinlefe you play the honell Trojan, the poore Wench is caft away: she's quick, the child brags her belly asreade: tis yours.

Brag. Doft thou inflamine me among Poreatrases? Thou shalt die.

Clo. Then shall Hecstor be whipt for Launcettata that is quick by him, and hang'd for Pompey, that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey.

Ber. Renowned Pompey.

Ber. Greater then great, great, great, great Pompey:

Pompey the huge.

Dum. Hecstor trembles.

Ber. Pompey is mowed, more Aces more Aces stirs them, or stirs them on.

Dum. Hecstor will challenge him.

Ber. I, if's haue no more mans blood in's belly, then will flap a Flea.

Brag. By the North-pole I do challenge thee.

Clo. I will not fight with a pole like a Northern man; Ile flash, Ile do it by the sword: I praie you let me borrow my Armes againe.

Dum. Roomes for the incensate Worthies.

Clo. Ile do it in my firt.

Dum. Most reluate Pompey.

Page. Matter, let me take you a button hole lower: Do you not see Pompey is vacal for the combat, what mean
mean you? you will lose your reputation.

Brag. Gentlemen and Soldiers pardon me, I will not combat in my shirt.

Du. You may not denie it, Pampy hath made the challenge.

Brag. Sweet bloods, I both may, and will.

Be. What reason have you for't?

Brag. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt, I go woolward for penance.

Be. True, and it was joyned him in Rome for want of Linnen: since when, he love to wear none, but a discholutely, Inquietaus, and that hee weares next his heart for a favour.

Enter a Messanger, Monsieur Marcade.

Mar. God save you Madame.

Qu. Welcome Marcade, but that thou interruptest our Merriment.

Marc. I am for'tie Madam, for the news I bring is heavie in my tongue. The King your father

Qu. Died for my life.

Mar. Even so: my tale is told.

Brer. Worthes away, the Scene begins to cloud.

Brag. For mine owne part, I breake free breath: I have feete the day of wrong, through the little hole of diuersion, and I will right my selfe like a Soullier.

Exeunt Worbesi

Kim. How farc's your Maiestie?

Qu. Boyet prepare, I will awaie to night.

Kim. Madame not so, I do beseech you stay.

Qu. Prepare I say. I thank you gracious Lords

For all your faire endeavours and entereres:

Of our a newe fad-foulc, that you vouchsafe,

In your rich wedome to excuse, or hide,

The liberal opposition of our spirits,

If our boldly we have borne our felues,

In the conserue of breath (your gentlenesse

Was guiltie of it). Farewell worshipful Lords;

A heauenly heart beares not a humble tongue:

Excuse me fo, comming so short of thanks,

For my great faute, fo easilly offended.

Kim. The extreme parts of time, extremelie forms

All cautes to the purpose of his speech:

And often at his verie looke decides

That, which long proccede could not arbitrare.

And though the mourning brow of progenie

Forbid the smiling corse of Loue:

The holy suit which faire it would convince,

Yet faire loues argument was first on foote,

Let not the cloud of sorrow iuffle it

From what it purposed: since to waile friends loof,

Is not much fo whoseome profitable,

As to repoyse at friends but newly found.

Qu. I understand you not, my greefes are double.

Be. Honofi plain words, beft pierce the ears of griefe

And by these badges understand the King,

For your faire-fakes have we neglected time,

Plain fole play with our eaths: your beautie Ladies

Hath much deformed vs, fathioning our honors

Euen to the oppoied end of our intents.

And what in vs hath seemed ridiculous:

As Loue is full of vanfifling staines,

All wanter as a child, skipping and vaine.

Form'd by the eie, and therefore like the eie.

Full of ftraying shapes, of habits, and of forms

Vorying in subiects as the eie doth roule,

To exercise varied obiect in his glance:

Which partie-coated preffence of loofe loue

Put on by vs, if your heauenly eies,

Have misbecom'd our eathes and graveness.

Tho(e heauenlie eies that looke into these faults,

Suggested vs to make: therefore Ladies

Our loue being yours, the error that Loue makes

Is likewise yours. We to our felues proue faffe,

By being once faffe, for euer to be true

To thofe that make vs both, faire Ladyes you.

And even that failhood in it faffe a finne,

Thus purifies it faffe, and turns to grace.

Qu. We have receiued your Letters, full of Loue:

Your Fanours, the Ambassadors of Loue.

And in our maiden countenaunt rated them.

At courtship, pleasant left, and curefie,

As bumball and as lyming to the time:

But more devoue then these are our respects

Have we not bene, and therefore met your loues

In their owne fashion, like a Merriment.

Du. Our letters Madam, she'ud much more then left.

Lou. So did our lookes.

Refa. We did not cost them to.

Kim. Now at the laftest minute of the hour,

Grant vs your loues.

Qu. A time me thinkes too short,

To make a world-without-end bargain in;

No, no my Lord, your Grace is perius'd much,

Full of deare guiltiness, and therefore this:

If for my Loue (as there is no such cause)

You will do ought, this I shall you do for me.

Your oth I will not truft: but go with speed

To some fororome and naked Hermitage,

Remote from all the pleasures of the world:

There race, vntill the twelue Celestiall Signes

Have brought about their anuall reckoning:

If this suffere incable life,

Change not your offer made in heare of blood;

If frouls, and fafts, hard lodging, and dino weeds

Nip not the gaudie blossomes of your Loue,

But that it beare this trial, and last loue:

Then at the expiration of the yeare,

Come challenge me, challenge me by these defiers,

And by this Virgin palme, now kiffin thinge,

I will be thine: and till that infante but

My wofull felie vp in a mourning house,

Raining the teares of lamentation,

For the remembrance of my Fathers death.

If this thou do denie, let our hands part,

Neither intituled in the others hart.

Kim. If this, or more then this, I would denie,

To flattar vp these powers of mine with reft,

The fadaine hand of death clofe vp mine eie.

Hence euer then, my heart is in thy breaf.

Be. And what to me my Loue? and what to me?

Refa. You must be purged too, your sins are rack'd, you

Are attaint with faults and perdition:

Therefore if you my favor meanes to get,

A tweluemonth shall you spend, and neuer reft,

But feete the weati beds of people ficke.

Du. But what to me my loue? but what to me?

Kat. A wife? a beard, faire health, and honestie,

With three-fold loue, I wish you all these three.

Du. O shall I say, I thank you gentile wife?

Kat. Not so my Lord, a tweluemonth and a day,
Enter all.

This side is 

The Song.

When Daffies pied, and Violets blew,
And Cuckow-buds of yellow hue:
And Ladies-smoke all silvers white,
Do paint the Medowes with delight.

The Cuckow then on euerie tree,
Mockes married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckow.

Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of fear,
Vnpleasing to a married eare.

When Shepherds pipe on Osten straues,
And merrie Lasses are Ploughmen's clockes:
When Turtles tread, and Rookes and Dawes,
And Maidens bleach their summer smockes:

The Cuckow then on euerie tree
Mockes married men; for thus singes he,
Cuckow.

Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of fear,
Vnpleasing to a married eare.

Winter.

When Iciles hang by the wall,
And Dicke the Shepheard blows his naile;
And Tom bears Logges into the hall,
And Milke comes frozen home in pale:

When blood is npte, and waies be fowle,
The nightely fings the flaring Owle.

Tu-whit to-who:
A merrie note,
While greasse lone doth keele the pot.

When all aloud the winde doth blow,
And coffing drownes the Parsons law:
And birds fit brooding in the snow,
And Marrians note lookes red and raw:

When roasted Crab shiffes in the bowle,
Then nightely fings the flaring Owle,
Tu-whit to who:
A merrie note,
While greasse lone doth keele the pot.

Bras. The Words of Mercurie,
Are harfth after the songs of Apollo:
You that way; we this way.

Exeunt omnes.
A MIDSOMMER Nights Dreame.

Ad:us primus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, with others.

Theseus.

Or faire Hippolita, our nuptiall houre
Drawes on apiece: foure happy daies bring in
Another Moones but oue thankes, how flows
This old Moon wanes: She lingers my desires
Like to a Step-dame, or a Dowager,
Long withering out a yong mans reuenue.
Hipp. Foure daies wil quickly fleep themelles in nights
Foure nights wil quickly dreame away the time:
And then the Moon, like to a filuer bow,
Now bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

Thee: Go Philocrate,
Stirre vp the Athenian youth to merriments,
Awake the pere and nimbler spirit of mirth,
Tune melancholy forth to Funerals:
The pale companion is not for our pompe,
Hippolita, I woulde thee with my sword,
And wennde thy lute, doing thee injuries:
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pompe, with triumph, and with rewelling.

Enter Eges and his daughter Hermia, Lyfander, and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned Duke.
These. Thanks good Eges: what's the news with thee?
Ege. Full of vexation, come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.

Stand forth Demetrius,
My Noble Lord,
This man hath my consent to marrie her.
Stand forth Lyfander.

And my gracious Duke,
This man hath wish'd the bosome of my childe:
Thou, thou Lyfander, thou hast gien her rimes,
And interchang'd love tokens with my childe:
Thou hast by Moone-light at her window sung,
With faining voice, verset of faining lour,
And rolle the impression of her fantastic
With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceits,
Knacks, triffles, Noe-gies, sweetnesses (mesllengers
Of strong preuailment in unhardned youth)

With cunning haft thou fuch'd my daughters heart,
Turn'd her obedience (which is due to me).
To flubborne harshneste. And my gracious Duke,
Be it to thee wil not here before your Grace,
Content to marrige with Demetrius.
I beg the ancient prouilidge of Athens;
As Isis mine, I may dispose of her;
Which shall be either to this Gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our Law,
Immediately pronounced in that cafe.
Thee. What say you Hermia? be advis'd faire Maid.
To you your Father should be a God;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea and one
To whom you are but as a forme in wase
By him imprinted: and within his power,
To leave the figure, or disfigure it:

Demetrius a worthy Gentleman.

Her. Sois Lyfander.

These. In himselfe he is.
But in this kinde, wanting your fathers voyce.
The other must be held the worther.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

These. Rather your eyes must with his judgment looke.

Her. I do entreat your Grace to pardon me,
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concerne my modelest
In such a presence heere to pleade my thoughts:
But I beseech your Grace, that I may know
The worst that may befal me in this cafe,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

These. Either to dye the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore faire Hermia question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether (if you yeeld not to your fathers choice)
You can endure the liberty of a Nunne,
For aye to be in fludly Cloister new'd,
To live a barren life all your life,
Chanting fain hymnes to the cold fruitleffe Moone,
Thrice blefled they themafter to their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage,
But earthier happie is the Rose diffild,
Then that which withering on the virgin thorne,
Growes,liues, and dies, in sngle blefcedneffe.

N
Swift as a shadow, short as any dreame,
Briefe as the lightning in the collied night,
That (in a spleene) vnsfells both heaven and earth;
And ere a man hath power to say, behold,
The Iawes of darknesse do devoure it yp:
So quicke bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true Louers have bene euer crost,
It stands as an edict in definition:
Then let vs teach our triall patience,
Because it is a customearie crost,
As due to loue, as though, and dreams, and sighes,
Wishes and tears; poore Fanckies followers.

Lys. A good perversion; therefore heare me Hermia,
I have a Widow Aunt, a dowager,
Of great reuenuem, and the hath no childe,
From Athens is her house remond'feuen leagues,
And the respects me, as her onely sonne:
There gentle Hermia, may I marie thee,
And to that place, the sharpe Athenien Law
Cannot pursue vs. If thou loue me, then
Sceale forth thy fathers house to morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the towne,
(Where I did meete thee once with Helena,
To do obseruance for a morne of May)
There will I lay for thee.

Her. My good Lysander,
I beseche thee, by Cupids strongest bow,
By his long arrow with the golden head,
By the similitud of Venus Doues,
By that which kniouched foules, and/profes loue,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage Queen,
When the faire Troyan tender fadie was seen,
By all the vowe that euer men haue broke,
(In number more then euer women spoke)
In that same place thou haue appoin'ted me,
To morrow truly will I come with thee.

Lys. Keep eare prouide love: looke here comes Helena.

Enter Helena.

Her. God speed the faire Helena, whither away?

Hel. Cal you me fairest that faire againe unlay,

Demetrius loues you faire: O happie faire!
Your eyes are loaden: and your tongue sweete sprey
More tuneable then Lanke to the shepheardes ear,
When wherest is greene, when hauhorne buds appeare,
Sicknesse is catching; O were fauor sa,
Your words I catch, faire Hermia ere I go,
My eare should catch your voise, my eye, your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue sweete melodie,
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The refi I gue to be to you translated.
O teach me how you looke, and with what art
You way the motion of Demetrius hart,

Her. I frowne upon him, yet he loues me still.

Hel. O that your frownes would teach my smiles
such a kil.

Her. I heare him cufes, yet he gueses me loue.

Hel. O that my prayers could such afection moose.

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folye Helena is none of mine.

Hel. None but your beauty, vold that fault wer mine.

Her. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face,

Lysander and my selfe will take this place,
Before the time I did Lysander see,

Seem'd Athens like a Paradise to me.
O then, what graces in my Loue do dwell,
That heath thine du de a heaven into hell.

Lyf. Helen, so you our minds we will unfold,
To morrow night, when Phoebe doth behold
Her sister visage, in the watry glasse,
Decking with liquid pearle, the bladed grasse
(A time that Louers flights doth still conceal.)
Through Athens gates, haue we desis'd to haste.
Her. And in the wood, where often you and I,
Upon fain Primrose beds, were wont to lye,
Emptying our bosomes, of their counsell vield
There my Lyfander, and my felle fhall meete,
And thence from Athens return toward our eyes
To feke new friends and fhange companions,
Farrell sweet play-fellow, pray thou for vs,
And good lucke grant thee thy Demetrius.
Keep word Lyfander we must fluite our fight,
From lovers foode, till morrow deepc midnight.

Exit Hermione.

Lyf. I will my Hermia. Helens anicu,
As you on him, Demetrius dotes on you. Exit Lyfander.

Hele. How happy some, ore other some can be?
Through Athens I am thought as faire as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so:
He will not know, what all, but he doth know,
And as hee errors, doting on Hermia eyes;
So 1, admiring of his qualities;
Things bale and wilde, holding no quanty,
Louve can transport to form and digny,
Louve looks not with the eyes, but with the minde,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blinde,
Nor hath loues minde of any judgement safe;
Wings and no eyes, figure, whynyfaytly.
And therefore is Loue fai to be a child.
Because in choife he is often beguiled,
As warriage boyes in game themselves forswear;
So the boy Lonne is perierd euery where.
For ere Demetrius looks on Hermia, yeve,
He haif dohne oaths that he was onely mine.
And when this Halfe some heat from Hermia felt,
So he difflou'd, and showrues of oathes did melt,
I'ill goe tell him of faire Hermia flight:
Then to the wood he'll, to morrow night
Purifie; and for his intelligence,
If I haue thankes, it is a decere expence:
But herein meane I to enrich my paine,
To haue his fight thitber, and backe againe.

Exit.

Enter Quince the Carpenter, Snug the Joiner, Bottom the Weaver, Flute the bellows-mender, Samson the Tinker, and Starveling the Tailor.

Quin. Is all our company here?
Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrup.
Qui. Here is the scrivile of every mans name, which is thought fit through all Athens, to play in our Enterelude before the Duke and the Dutches, on his wedding day at night.
Bot. Faith, good Peter Quine, say what the play treats on: then read the names of the Actors: and so grow on to a point.

Quine. Marry our play is the most lamentable Comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisbe.
Bot. A very good piece of worke I assure you, and a merry. Now good Peter Quine, call forth your Actors by the scrivile, Masters spread your felouses.

Quine. Anfwere as I call you. Nick Bottom the Weaver.
Bottom. Ready; name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quine. You Nick Bottom are set downe for Pyramus.
Bot. What is Pyramus, a louer, or a tyrant?

Quin. A Louer that kills himfelfe most gallanty for loue.

Bot. That will aske some teares in the true performing of this: I do it, let the audience lookke to their eyes: I will moue flornes; I will condole in some mafsure.
To the rest yet, my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could play Theseus hardly, or a part to teace a Ca'cin, to make all split the raging Rocks; and fliruering flocks shall break the locks of prion gates, and Phoebus care shall fline from farre, and make and marre the foolish Fates. This was lofie. Now name the ref of the Players. This is Theseus vaine, a tyrants vaine: a louer is more condoing.

Quin. Francis Flute the Bellowes-mender.
Bot. Heere Peter Quine.

Quine. You must take Theseus on you.
Bot. But, what is Theseus, a wandring Knight?

Quine. It is the Lady that Pyramus muft loue.
Bot. Nay faith, let not mee play a woman, I haue a beard comming.

Quin. That's all one, you shall play it in a Maske, and you may speak as small as you will.
Bot. And I may hide my face, let me play Theseus too: I speake in a monftrous little voyce; That's, Theseus, ah Pyramus my louer deare, thy Theseus deare, and Lady deare.

Quin. No no, you must play Pyramus, and Flute, you Thybey.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Staruelng the Taylor.
Bot. Heere Peter Quine.

Quine. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisbes mother.

Tom Snare, the Tinker.

Snare. Heere Peter Quine.

Quine. You, Pyramus father; my self, Theseus father;
Sungry the leguer, you the Lyons part: and I hope there is a play fitten.

Snare. Have you the Lions part written? pray you if be give it me, for moe is fhuow'd.

Quine. You may doe it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the Lyon too, I will roare that I will doe any mans heart good to hear me. I will roare, that I will make the Duke fay, Let him roare againe, let him roare again.

Quine. If you should doe it too terribly, you would fright the Dutchefe and the Ladies, that they would flinke, and that were enough to hang vs all.

All. That would hang vs euery mothers forme.

Bot. I grant you friends, if that you should fright the Ladies out of their Wifes, they would have no more difcretion but to hang vs: but I will agracce my voyce so, that I will roare you as gently as any fucken Doue; I will roare and t'were any Nightingale.

Quine. You can play no part but Pyramus, for Pyra

N. 2
Enter a Fairie at one door, and Robin good fellow at another.  

Rob. How now spirit, whether wander you?  

Quin. Ouer hit, Ouer dale, through buff, through brait,  

Ouer parke, ouer pale, through flood, through fire,  

I do wander euery where, twister then Moons sphere;  

And I ferue the Fairy Queene, to drow her orbs upon the  

Cowflips rall, her perfoners bee, (green)  

In their gold coats, fro their favours,  

Theire be Rubies, Fairie favours,  

In those freckles, like there favours,  

I must go freke some dew drops here,  

And hang a pearle in euery cowflips ear, Farewell thou Lob of spirits, lie be gon,  

Our Queene and all her Elues come heere anon.  

Rob. The King doth keep his Revelles heere to night,  

Take heed the Queene come not within his sight,  

For Oberon is pasing fell and wrath,  

Because that he, as her attendant, hath  

A lonly boy flome from an Indian King,  

She never had to sweet a changeling,  

And jealous Oberon would have the childe  

Knight of his traine, to trace the Forrefts wilde.  

But she (perforce) with the loud boy,  

Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her joy.  

And now they never meete in grove, or greene,  

By fountain cleere, or spangled star light sheene,  

But they do square, that all their Elues for faire  

Crepe into Acorne cups and hide them there.  

Fair. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,  

Or else you are that shrow'd and knaife spirit  

Cal'd Robin Good-fellow. Are you not he,  

That frights the maidens of the Villagrear,  

Skim mille, and sometimes labour in the quene,  

And boastfull make the brethlesse huinte cherne,  

And sometyme make the drinke to beare no brame,

Mistleade night-wanderers, laughing at there harme,  

Thohe that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Pucke,  

You do there worke, and they shall have good lucke.  

Are not you he?  

Rob. Thou speakest aright;  

I am that merrie wanderer of the night:  

I left to Oberon, and make him smile,  

When I a fast and beaue-fed horse beguile,  

Neiging in likenesse of a fally foeze,  

And sometyme lurke I in a Gosips bole,  

In very likenesse of a roafted crab,  

And when the drunke, against her lips I bob,  

And on her withered dwell poure the Ale.  

The wiseft Aunt telling the faddled tale,  

Sometime for three-foot floole, mistake me,  

Then flip I from her bum, downe topples she,  

And tailour cries, and falls into a coffe,  

And then the whole quite hold their hips, and loffe,  

And waxen in their mirth, and nesse, and sweare,  

A merrier hour was never wallfed there.  

But roomie Fairie, heere comes Oberon.  

Fair. And heere my Midris:  

Would that he vvere gone. 

Enter the King of Fairies at one doore with his traine,  

and the Queene at another with hers.  

Ob. Ill met by Moone-light,  

Proud Tytania,  

Quin. What, jealous Oberon? Fairy skip hence.  

I have forworne his bed and companie.  

Ob. Terrieft Wanton: am I not thy Lord?  

Quin. Then I must be thy Lady: but I know  

When thou waeft holme away from Fairy Land,  

And in the shape of Carin, save all day,  

Playing on pipes of Comne, and verling loue  

To amorous Phistia. Why art thou heere  

Come from the farthest lpeepe of India?  

But that forfooth the bounding Amazons  

Your buskin'd Milkresse, and your Warrior loue,  

To Thesmus must be Wedded; and you come,  

To give their bed joy and prosperite.  

Ob. How canst thou thus for shame Tytania,  

Glance at my crede, with Hippolites?  

Knowing I know thy loue to Thesmus?  

Dilst thou not leade him through the glimmetering night  

From Persegenia, whom he raffaht?  

And make him with faire Eagles break his faith  

With Arraide, and Asispa?  

Quin. These are the forgetties of icaleoue,  

And neuer since the middle Summers spring  

Met we on hill, in dale, forrest, or mead,  

By paued founataine, or by ruffie brooke,  

Or in the beached margant of the sea,  

To dance out ringlets to the whispering Winde,  

But with thy braules thou haft disturb'd our sport,  

Therefore the Winde, piping to vs in vaine,  

As in reuge, haue stung'd vpon thee  

Constrous foggys: Which falling in the Land,  

Hath eerie petty Ruer made fo proud,  

That they have over-borne their Continents.  

The Oxe hath therefore feteth' his yoke in vaine,  

The Ploughman loft his Sveret, and the greene Comne  

Hath rotted, ere his youth aratta'd a beard:  

The fold stands empy in the drowned field,  

And Crowes are fatted vvvith the murition flocke,

The
The nine mens Morris is fled vp with a mad
And the quaint Mazes in the wanton green.
For lack of tread are vanishingfulile.
The humane mortals want their Winter here;
No night is now with hymne or caroll bleft;
Therefore the Moone (the gouenette of Floods)
Pale in her anger, walshes all the aire;
That rheumaticke discaises doe abound.
And through this dingtemperace, we see
The feasons alter; hoarded beathed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson Rose,
And an old Pyran: chime and ice crowne,
An odorous Chaplet of sweet Sommer buds
Is as in mockery set. The Spring, the Sommer,
The chirlding Autumne, angry Winter change.
Their wanted Liueres, and the mazed world,
By their increafe, now knowes out which is which:
And this fame progeny of cuills,
Comes from our debate, from our dissention,
We are their parents and originall.

Ober. Do you attend it? there it lies in you,
Why should Titania croffe her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changing boy,
To be my Henchman.

Qu. Set your heart at rest,
The Fairy land buyes not the child of me,
His mother was a Vortess of my Order,
And in the spiced Indian aire, by night
Full often hath the gollipe by my sides,
And for with me on Neptune's yellow lands,
Marking th'embarke'd traders on the flood,
When we have taught to see the failes concieve,
And grow big bellied with the wanton winde:
Which the with pretty and with swimming gate,
Following (her wonbe then rich with my yong fquire)
Would imitate, and faile upon the Land,
To fetch me trifles, and returne againe,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
But the being mortall, of that boy did die,
And for her sake I desire vp her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.

Ober. How long within this wood intend you stay?
Qu. Perchance till after The fheu wedding day.
If you will patientlye dance in our Round,
And fee our Moone-light ruffling, goe with vs;
I joy, shew me and I will spare your haunts.

Ober. Give me that boy, and I will goe with thee.
Qu. Not for thy Fairy kindome. Faines away:
We shall chide down right, til longer stay.
Exeunt.

Ober. We go thay way: stay that not from this grove,
Till I remembrance for this injury.
My gentle Pucke come hither: thou remembrest
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a Mere-maiden on a Dolphins backe,
Vitering such dulcet and his monious breath,
That the rude feez grew cawll at her fong,
And certaine flares that madly from their Spheres,
To heare the Sea-maids musicke.

Pucke. I remember.

Ober. That very time I sate (but thou couldst not)
Flying betwixt the cold Moone and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd; a certaine ayme he take.
At a faire Versall, throned by the Wealt,
And loo'd his love-phaet fiercely from his bow;
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might see young Cupid fiery shaft

Quench in the chaste beams of the wattery Moone;
And the imperialis Vortess paffed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet mark, I where the bolt of Cupid fell,
It fell upon a little wefteme flower;
Before, milke-white; now purple with loues wound,
And maidens call it, Love muffe.

Fetch me that flowers; the hearb I shew'd thee once,
The iuyce of it, on sleepinge eye-beds laid.
Will make or man or woman madly done
Upon the next fume creature that it feeth.
Fetch me this hearbe, and be thou heare againe,
Erere the Lionaian can swim a league.

Pucke. He put a girdle about the earth, in forty minutes.

Ober. Having once this iuyce,
I watch Titania, when she is asleep
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing when the waking looks upon,
(Be it on Lyon, Bear, or Wolfe, or Bull,
On melding Monkey, or on buifie Ape)
Shee shall pursuie, with the soule of lone.
And ere I take this charme off from her sight,
(A s she can take it with another hearbe)
He make her reader vp her Page to me,
But who comes here? I am wonderable,
And I will euer-heare their conference.

Enter Demetrieus, Helena following him.

Demet. I love thee not; therefore pursuie me not,
Where is Lysander, and faire Hermia?
The one he sate, the other playeth me,
Thou toldst me they were fliene into this wood;
And heere am I, and wood within this wood,
Because I cannot mee thyt Hermia.
Hence, get them gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard hearted Adaman,
But yet you draw not Iren, for my heart
Is true as filee. Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Demet. Do you entice you? do you speake you faires?
Or rather doe I not in plainest truth,
Tell you I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that doe I love thee the more;
I am your spainell, and Demetrieus;
The more you beat me, I will fawe on you,
Vie me but as your ipanell; spare me, strike me,
Neglet me, love me; only give me leave
(With worthy as I am) to follow you,
What worfer place can I beg in your lour,
(And yet a place of high respect with me)
Then ro be vied as you doe your dogge.

Demet. Tempe too much the hatred of my spirit,
For I am sickke when I do looke on thee.

Hel. And I am sickke when I looke not on you.

Demet. You doe impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the City, and commit your felle
Into the hands of one that loues you not,
To truft the opportunity of night,
And the ill countell of a defert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your vertue is my prouisledge: for that
It is not night when I doe see your face,
Therefore I thinke I am not in the night,
Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company.
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Sing in your lullaby, Lullaby.
Lull, lull, lullaby, lull, lull, lullaby.
Never harm me, nor sift, nor charme me,
Come our lovely Lady bye,
So good night with Lullaby.

2. Fairy. Woeing Spiders come not hither,
Hence you long leg'd Spiders, hence:
Reelers blacke approach nor ever,
Wormes nor Single doe no offence.
Philomel with melody, &c.

1. Fairy. Hence away, now all is well;
One aloof, fland Centinell. She sleepe.

Enter Oberon.

Ober. What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Doe it for thy true Loute take.
Loute and languishe for his sake.
Be it Ounce, or Catte, or Beare,
Pard, or Boare with bristled hairre,
In thy eye that shall appeare,
When thou wak'st, it is thy desire,
Wake when some vile thing is near.

Enter Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. Faire loue, you faint with wandering in your woods,
And to speaketh truth I have forgot our way:
We'll reft vs Hermia, if you thinke it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it to Lysander; finde you out a bed,
For I vpon this banke will rest my head.

Lys. One turlie shall ferue as pillow for vs both,
One heart, one bed, two bofomes, and one trotch.

Her. Nay good Lysander, for my sake my deare
Lie further off ye, doe not lie to neither.

Lys. O take the fence sweet, of my innocence,
Loute takes the meaning, in loute conferenc,
I meant that my heart into yours is knit,
So that but one heart can you make of it.

Two bofomes interchanged with an oath,
So then two bofomes, and aingle trotch.
Then by your side, no bed-roome me deny,
For lying so, Hermia, I do not lye.

Her. Lysander riddles very prettly,
Now much befrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lied.
But gentle friend, for loute and courtisie
Lie further off, in humane modestly,
Such separation, as may well be said,
Becomes a vertuous batchelour, and a maide,
So farre be diffant, and good night sweet friend;
Thy love here alter, till thy sweet life end.

Lys. Amen, amen, to that faire prayer, say I,
And then end life, when I end loyalty:
Here is my bed, sleepe gie thee all his rest.

Her. With halfe that with, the withers eyes be prett;

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the Forrest have I gone,
But Athenian finde I none,
One whose eyes I might approue
This flowers force in stiring loue.

Night and silence: who is heere?

Weedes of Athens he dothe weare:
This is he (my master said)
Despised the Athenian maide:

And heere the maiden sleepeing sound,
Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.
De. I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Hel. O wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.
De. Stay on thy peril, I alone will goe.

Exit Demetrius.

Hel. If I am out of breath, in this fond chace,
The more my prayer, the lesse is my grace,
Happy is Hermia, wherefore she lies;
For the hath blest and attracteth true eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears.
If so, my eyes are often washed in her's.
No, no, I am as gley as a Bear;
For beafts that meete me, runne away for feare,
Therefore no maruaile, though Demetrius
Doe as a monster, file my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glaffe of mine,
Made me compare with Hermia's pherye cyne?
But who is here? Lyfander on the ground;
Deade or asleep? I see no blowd, no wound,
Lyfander, if you live, good Sir awake.
Lyf. And run through fire I will for thy sweet fake.
Transiprant Helena, nature her fiewes art,
That through thy bofome this feeze hee thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? oh how fit a word
Is that vile name, to perill on my sword?
Hel. Do not say to Lyfander, say not so:
What though he love you? Hermia? Lord, what though?
Yet Hermia still loves you; then be content.
Lyf. Content with Hermia? No, I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her haue spent.
Not Hermia, but Helena now I love;
Who will not change a Raunen for a Dowe?
The will of man is by his reafon swa'd:
And reafon fayes you are the worther Maid.
Things growing are not ripe untill their feaon;
So I being yong, till now ripe not to reafon,
And touching now the point of humane skill,
Reason becomes the Marshall to my will,
And leads me to thy eyes, where I orelooke
Loves stories, written in Loves richelt booke.
Hel. Wherefore was I to this scene mockery borne?
When at thy hands did I deferue this feeme?
If not enough, if not enough, yong man,
That I did never, no nor never can,
Defere a sweete looke from Demetrius eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good trouth you do me wrong (good-footh you do)
In such disdainfull manner, me to woole.
But fare you well; perfore I must confesse,
I thought you Lord of more true gentlenesse.
Oh, that a Lady of one man refud,
Should of another therefore be abus'd.
Lyf. She fees not Hermia: Hermia sleepe thou there,
And neuer misfligh thee come Lyfander neere;

For as a sullie of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the flamacke brings:
Or as the hereies that men do leaque,
Are based most of those that did deceive:
So thou, my sufferit, and my herefe,
Of all be hater; but the moft of me;
And all my powers addresse your loue and might,
To honour Helena, and to be her Knight.
Exit.
Lyf. Help me Lyfander, help me; do thy best
To plucke this crawling serpent from my bref.
Aye me, for pity, what a dreame was here?
Lyfander looke, how I do quake with feare,
Me-thoughte a serpent eat my heart away,
And yet fat feamling at his cruell prey.
Lyfander, what remou'd? Lyfander, Lord,
What, out of this thing? gone? No found, no word?
Alack where are you? Speake and if you heare?
Speake of all loues; I found almost with feare.
No, then I well perceiue you are not nye,
Either death or you Ile finde immediately.

Exit.

Enter the Clowrs.

Bot. Are we all met?
Quin. Pat, pat, and here is a marasuisous convenient place for our rehearfl. This greene plot shall be our stage, this hauethone brake our yong house, and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke.
Bot. Peter quince?
Peter. What wilt thou, bully Bottom?
Bot. There are some thoughts in his Comedy of Piramus and Thibby, that will never please. First, Piramus must draw a sword to kill himselfe; which the Ladies cannot abide.
How anwerst thou that?
Snout. Berlaken, a parlous feare.
Star. I beleue we must leave the killing out, when all is done.
Bot. Not a whit, I have a device to make all well.
Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue seeme to say, we will do no harme with our swords, and that Piramus is not kill'd indeede: and for the more better assurance, tell them, that I Piramus am not Piramus, but Bottom the Weaver; this will put them out of feare.
Quin. Well, we will have such a Prologue, and it shall be written in eight and fixe.
Bot. No, make it two more, let it be written in eight and eight.
Quin. Will not the Ladies be afeard of the Lyon?
Star. I feare it, I promife you.
Bot. Matters, you ought to consider with your selues, to bring in (God shield vs) a Lyon among Ladies, is a most dreadful thing. For there is not a more fairefull wilde foule then your Lyon living: and wee ought to looke to it.
Snout. Therefore another Prologue must tell he is not a Lyon.
Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and make his face must be seen through the Lyons necke, and he himselfe must speake through, saying thus, or to the same defect; Ladies, or faire Ladies, I would with you, or I would request
request you, or I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a Lyon, it were 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 hee is Smug the joyner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the Moone-light into a chamber: for you know, Piramus and Thisby meete by Moone-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 Puck.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why then, may you loose a cement of the great chamber window (where we play) open, and the Moone may shine in at the casement.

Quin. I, or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorne, and say he comes to disguise, or to present the person of Moone-shine. Then there is a other thing, we must have a wall in the great Chamber; for Piramus and Thisby (ties the story) did talke through the chinke of a wall.

Sn. You can never bring in a wall. What say you Botomme?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall, and let him haue some Platter, or some Lome, or some rough cast about him, to signifie wall; or let him hold his fingers thus; and through that cranny, shall Piramus and Thisby whiper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, set downe every mothers sonne, and releashe your parts. Piramus you beginning: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that Brake, and so come every according to his cue.

Enter Robin.

Rob. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here.

So neere the Cradle of the Faerie Queene? What, a Play toward? Ile be an auditor, and an Actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Spyke Piramus: Thisby stand forth.

Pir. Thisby, the flowers of odious fawors sweete.

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pir. Odours fawors sweete, So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby deare.

But harke, a voyce: say thou but here a while, and by and by I will to thee appear.

Exit Pir. and Thisby.

Puck. A strange Piramus, then ere plaid here.

Thy. Muft I speake now?

Pir. I marry muft you. For you must understand he goes but to see a noyse that he heard, and is come againe.

Thy. Most radiant Piramus, most Lilly white of hue, Most briske Lunenall, and eke most lovely liew, As true as truest horse, that yet would never tyre, Ile meete thee Piramus, at Nymes toombe.

Pet. Nimus toombe man: why, you must noe speake that yet; that you anfwere to Piramus: you speake all your part at once, cues and all. Piramus enter, your cue is paft; it is never tyre.

Thy. O, as true as truest horse, that yet would never tyde.
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Dem. Stand close, this is the same Athenians.

Rob. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O why rebuke you him that loves you so?

Lay: breath to better on your bittier face.

Her. Now but close, but should see the worse.

For thou (I see) hast given me cause to curse,

If thou haft (call) Lyfander in his sleep,

Being ore shoise in blood, plunge in the deepes, and kill me too:

The Sunne was not so true unto the day,

As he to me. Would he haue stolen away,

From sleeping, Herminia? I be beleue as soone

This whole earth may be bourd, and that the Moone

May through the Center crepe, and do displeafe

Her brothers none side, with th Antipodes,

It cannot be but thou haft murdered him,

So should a murderer looke, so dead, forgrim.

Dem. So should the murderer looke, and so should I,

Pierfl through the heart with your feame cruelty:

Yet you the murderer looks as bright as cleare,

As youder Venus in her glimmering Pheare.

Her. What's this to my Lyfander? where is he?

Al good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I'de rather give his carke off to my hendes.

Hers, out dog, out cur, thou drufile me past the bounds

Of maidens patience. Had thou slaine him then?

Henceforth be never numbered among men.

Oh, once tell true, even for my sake,

Durst thou a looke upon him, being awake?

And halt thou kill'd him sleeping? O brasse tutch:

Could not a worse, an Adder do so much?

An Adder did it: for with doubler tongue

Then chine (thou serpent) nether Adder flung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood,

I am not guiht of Lyfander blood:

Nor is he dead for ought that I can tell.

Her. I praye thee tell me then that he is well.

Dem. And if I could, what should I get thereafter?

Her. A priulidge, neuer to see me more;

And from thy hated presence part; I seeme no more

Whether he be dead or no.

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vain,

Here therefore for a while I will remaine.

So sorrowes heauenless doth heauier grow:

For debts that bankrout flat doth sorrow over,

Which now in some flight measure it will pay,
Can you not hate me, as I know you doe,  
But you must ioyne in foules to mocke me to?  
If you are men, as men you are in fhow,  
You would not vfe a gentle Lady fo;  
To vow, and fware, and superfatie my parts,  
When I am fure you hate me with your hearts.  
You both are Riuals, and loue Hermia;  
And now both Riuals to mocke Helena.  
A trim exploit, a manly enterprize.  
To confufe teares vp in a poore maid's eyes,  
With your defircon; none of noble fort,  
Would fo offend a Virgin, and extort  
A poore foules patience, all to make you fport.  

Lyfa.  
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 loue I yield you vp my part;  
And yours of Helena, to me bequeath,  
Whom I do loue and will do to my death.  
Hel.Neuer did mockers waft more idle breth.  
Dem. Lyfander, keep thy Hermia, I will none:  
Ifere I lou'd her, all that loue is gone.  
My heart to her, but as guelt-wife foould'rd,  
And now to Helim it is home return'd,  
There to remaine,  
Lyf. It is not fo.  
De.Difparage not the faith thou doft not know,  
Left to thy prell thou abide it deare,  
Looke where thy Loue comes, yonder is thy deare.  

Enter Hermia.  

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,  
The ear more quicke of apprehension makes,  
Wherein it doth impair thefeeling fene,  
Ir paies the hearing double recompence.  
Thou art not by mine eye, Lyfander found,  
Mine care (I thanke it) brought me to that found,  
But why vnkindly did thou leaue me fo? (to go)  
Lyfan. Why should hee flye whom Loue doth preffe  
Her. What loue could preffe Lyfander from my fide?  
Lyf. Lyfander loue (that would not let him bide)  
Faire Helena; who more engiold the night,  
Then all you fierie oes, and eies of light.  
Why feek'lt thou me? Could not this make thee know,  
The third I bare thee, made me leaue thee fo?  
Her. You speak not as you thinke it; it cannot be.  
Hel. Loe, the is one of this confederacy,  
Now I perceiue they have conteyn'd all three,  
To fatisfi this fai'd sport in flight of me.  
Inuirious Hermia, noll vngratefull maid,  
Hauce you confir'd, have you with these contriu'd  
To bate me, with this foule derifion?  
Is all the counsell that we two haue fhall'd,  
The fifters vowes, the hours that we haue spent,  
When wee haue chid the hafty footed time,  
For parting vs; O, is all forgot?  
All schoolemaie friendfhip, child-hood innocence  
We Hermia, like two Artificiall gods,  
Hauce with our needles,created both one flower,  
Both on one sampler,fitting on one cuffion,  
Both warbling of one fong,both in one key;  
As if our hands,our fides, voices, and minde  
Hadd beene incorpore. So we grew together,  
Like to a double cherry, feeming parted,  
But yet a vmiorn in partition.
Hate me, wherefore? O me, what newes my Loeue? 

Am not I Hermia? are not you Lyfander? 

I am as faire now, as I was ere while. 

Since night you lou'd me, yet since night you left me, 

Why then you left me? (O the gods forbid 

In earthes, shall I say? 

Lyf. by my life; 

And never did desire to see thee more. 

Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt; 

He certain, noth ing rue tis no left, 

That I doe hate thee, and loue Helena. 

Hor. O me, you rugler, you canker blossome, 

You theeles of love; What, haue you come by night, 

And Rolme my loues heart from him? 

Hel. Fine yfaith; 

Haue you no modesty, no maiden shame, 

No touch of bafhfullness? What, will you teare 

Impatient anwser from my gentle tongue? 

Fie, fie, you countrifte, you puppet, you. 

Her. Puppet? why fo? I that way goes the game. 

Now I perceive that she hath made compare 

Between our furies, the fash vag'd her height, 

And with her peripage her tall peripage, 

Her height (torifhou) the bath prentid with him. 

And are you grown to high in his efime, 

Because I am to dwarf, and to low; 

How low am I, thout painted May-pole? Speake, 

How low am I? I am not yet to low, 

But that my nailes can reach unto chine eyes. 

Hel. I pray you though you mocke me, gentlemen, 

Let her not hurt me; I was never curf: 

Thau no gift at all is faire withinfe; 

I am a right maide for my cowardize; 

Let her not strike me: you perhaps may think, 

Because she is something lower then my felle, 

That I can match her. 

Her. Lower? lirke againe. 

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be to bitter with me, 

I evermore did louse you Hermia, 

Did ever you couneft, never wronged you, 

Save in a line or two Demetrius, 

I told him of your fheath vnto this wood. 

He followed you, for I love I followed him, 

But he hath clid me hence, and threatened me 

To strike me, I rumpe me, nay to kill me too; 

And now,fo you will let me quiet go, 

To Achilles will I beare my folly backe, 

And follow you no further. Let me go, 

You fee how empyle, and how fund I am. 

Her. Why get you gone; who fit that hinderes you? 

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave herte behinde. 

Her. What, with Lyfander? 

Hel. With Demetrius. 

Lyf. Be not afraid, the flall not harme thee Helena. 

Dem. No firl, the flall not, though you take her part. 

Hel. O when she's angry she is keene and threwd, 

She was a vixen when she went to schoole, 

And though she be but little, she is fierce. 

Her. Little againe? Nothing but low and little? 

Whay will you fuller her to flout me thus? 

Let me come to her. 

Lyf. Get you gone you dwarfe, 

You minimus, oh hindsing knot-graffe made, 

You head, you acorne. 

Dem. You are too officious, 

In her behalfe that scornes her seruices.
Let her alone, speak not of Helena.

Take not part. For if thou dost intend
Never to little shew of love to her,
Thou shalt abide it.

If you please, now I hold me not.
Now follow thou daft to try wholesome right.
Or else thinke or moist in Helena.

Dem. Follow: Nay, I will go with thee chekke by jowle.

Exeunt Lyfander and Demetrius.

Her. You Miftis, all this coyle is long of you.

Nay, goe not backke.

Hel. I will not trust you I,

Nor longer stay in your curtie companie.

Your hands then mine, are quicker for a fray,

My legs are longer though to runne away,

Enter Oberon and Puck.

Ob. This is thy negligence, still thou mistak't,

Or else commit it thy knowers willingly.

Puck. Beleeue me, King of Shadowes, mistooke,

Did not you tell me, I should know the man,

By the Athenian garments he hath on,

And so farre blancliffe proutes my enterprize,

That I have painted an Athenian eie,

And so farre am I glad, so did tort,

As this their tangeling I esteeme a sport.

Ob. Thou fealt thefe Louers secke a place to fight,

Hie therefore Robin, queree the night,

The starie Wclkin euer thou anou,

With drooping fogge as blacke as Acheron,

And lead thefe saltie Riuals so sthiey,

As one come not within another way.

Like to Lyfander, sometime frame thy tongue,

Then firrue Demetrius vp with bitter worse,

And sometime raile thou like Demetrius;

And from each other looke thou leade them thus,

Till one their brows, death counterfeiting sleepe

With leaden legs, and Battle-wings doth recee;

Then eurth this hebre in to Lyfanders eie,

Whose liquor hath this vertuous propertie,

To take from thence all error, with his might,

And make his eie-balls role with wonde fight.

When they next wake, all this dersion

Shall seeme a dreame, and fruitlese vision,

And backe to Athene shall the Louers wend

With league, whose eie and death shall never end.

While I in this affaire do thee imply,

Ie to my Queene, and beg her Indian Boy;

And then I will her charmed eie releaie

From monstres vyew, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My Fairie Lord, this must be done with haste,

For night-swift Dragons cut the Clouds full fast,

And yonder thines Auroræ harbingere

At whose approach Ghefs wanding here and there,

Troope home to Church-yards; damned spirits all,

That in cragge-wazes and sounds true burial,

Aready to their wormie beds are gone;

For feare leaft day youlde looke their frames upon,

They willfully themselues exile from light.

And mutter for ages comfort with blacke browd night.

Ob. But we are spirits of another sort:

I, with the mony Loue have oft made sport,

And like a Potreller the groves may tread,

Even till the Esternere gate all firee red,

Opening on Nepenthe, with faire blested beams,

Turnes into yellow gold, his falk greene dreams.

But norwithstanding haffe, make no delay:

We may effect this business, yet ere day.

Puck. Vp and downe, vp and downe, I will leade

Them vp and downe: I am feard in field and towne.

Goldin, lead them vp and downe: here comes one.

Enter Lyfander.

Lyf. Where art thou, proud Demetrius?

Speak thou now.

Rob. Here villain, drawne & readie. Where art thou?

Lyf. I will be with thee straight.

Rob. Follow me then to plainter ground.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. Lyfander, speake againe;

Thou runnaway, thou coward, art thou fled?

Speak in some bushe: Where doth thou hide thy head?

Rob. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,

Telling the buffet that thou look'ft for wars,

And wilt not come? Come recreant, come thou childe,

Thee whipe thee with a rod. He is defill'd

That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yes, art thou there?

Rob. Follow my voice, we'll try no manhood here.

Lyf. He goes before me, and still dares me on,

When I come where he eats, then he's gone.

The villain is much lighter heed then I:

I followed fast, but falter he did flye; rising places.

That fallen am I in darker weane way,

And here will rest me. Come thou gentle day:

Set down. If for but once thou shew me thy gray light.

Lyf. I finde Demetrius, and euninge this light.

Enter Robin and Demetrius.

Rob. Ho, ho, ho, coward, why com'ft thou not?

Dem. Abide me, thou darst. For well I wot,

Thou runft before me, shifting every place,

And darst it not stand, nor looke me in the face.

Where art thou?

Rob. Come hither, I am here.

Dem. Nay then thou mock't me; thou shalt buy this deere,

If enter thy face by day-light see.

Now goe thy way: fantastie constrained me,

To measure out my length on this cold bed,

By dries approache looked to be visitted.

Enter Helena.

Hel. O wearey night, O long and tedious night,

Abate thy houres, shew comfortes from the East,

That I may backe to Athens by day-light.

From these that my peace companie destre.

And sleepe that sometime flutes vp for owes eie,

Srecle me a while from mine owne companie.

Sleep.

Rob. Yet but three? Come one more,

Two of both kindes makes vp foure.

Here he comes, curt and fad.

Cupid is a valiant lad.

Enter Hermia.

Thus to make poore females mad.

Her. Neues so wearey, neuer so in woc,

Bedabbled with the dew, and torne with briers,

I can no further crahle, no further goe;

My legs can kepe no pace with my defires.

Here will I rest me till the break of day.

Heauens shiled Lyfander, if they meane a fray.

Rob. On the ground sleepe sound

He apply your eie gentle loyer, remedy,

When thou wak'st thou can't.

True delight in the sight of thy former Ladies eye.
Enter Queen of Fairies, and Clowne, and Fairies, and the King behind them.

Tita. Come, fit thee downe upon this flowry bed, while I thy amiable cheeks eke coy, and flince thy muske roles in thy fleete smoothe head, and kisse thy faire large ears, my gentle joy. Clowne. Where's Pease blossome? Peas. Ready. Clowne. Mounfieur Cobweb, good Mounfieur get your weapons in your hand, & kill me a red hipt humble-bee, on the top of a thistle; and good Mounfieur bring me the honey bag. Doe not fret your selfe too much in the aotion, Mounfieur; and good Mounfieur have a care the honey bag brake not, I would be loth to have you over-flowne with a honey-bag signiour, Where's Mounfieur Musardseed? Mus. Ready. Clowne. Give me your neafe, Mounfieur Musardseed, pray you leave your courtesie good Mounfieur. Mus. What's your will? Clowne. Nothing but good Mounfieur, but to help Caulyre Cobweb to scratch. I must to the Barbers Mounfieur, for me-thinkes I am marcellous hairy about the face. And I am such a tender sife, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou heare some musick, my sweet love. Clowne. I have a reasonable good care in musick. Let vs have the tongs and the bones. 

Musick. Tong, Round Musick. 

Tita. Or say sweete Loue, what thou desireft to eat. Clowne. Truly a pecke of Provedender; I could munch your good dry Oates. Me-thinkes I have a great desire to a bottle of hay, good hay, sweete hay hath no felow.

Tita. I have a venorous Fairy, That shall secke the Squirrels hoard, And fetch thee new Nuts. Clowne. Had rather have a handfull or two of dried pease. But I pray you leere none of your people firrme me, I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will winde thee in my arms, Fairies be gone, and be always away. So doth the woodbine, the sweet Honifuckle, Gently entwist y the female Iuy so Enrings the barking fingers of the Elime.

O how I love thee! how I doate on thee! 

Enter Robin goodfellow and Oberon.

Ob. Welcome good Robin: Seeft thou this sweet fight? Her dotage now I doe begin to pity, For meeting her of late behind the wood. Seeking sweet favours for this hatefull fool, I did vpbrand her, and fall out with her. For she his hairy temple then had rounded, With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers, And that same dew which fontime on the buds, Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls; Stood now within the pretty flowerets eyes, Like teares that did the owne disgrace bewail, When I had at my pleasure tauntet her, And the inmidle terms beg'd my patience, I then did aske of her, her changeling child, Which straight she gave me, and her Fairy fent To beare him to my Bower in Fairy Land. And now I have the Boy, I will vndoe This hatefull imperfection of her eyes. And gentle Pease take this transformed scalpe, From off the head of this Athenian twaine; That he awaking when the other doe, May all to Athenes backe againe repair, And think no more of these nights accidents, But as the fierce vexation of a dreame. But fuit I will release the Fairy Queen.

Be thou as thou wouldst wont to be; 
See as thou wouldst wont to see; 
Dissolve, or Cupide flower, 
Hath such force and blessed power.

Now my Titania wakke you my sweet Queene. 

Tita. My Oberon, what villains have I seene! Me-thought I was enamourd of an Asse. Ob. There lies your loue. Tita. How came these things to passe? Ob. How mine eyes doth lost this village now! Ob. Silence a while, Robin take off his head; Titania musick call, and strike more dead Then common sleepe; of all these, fine the fene. Tita. Musick, he musick, such as charmed sleepe. Musick still. 

Rob. When thou wak'st, with thine owne fooles eter peep. 

Ob. Sound musick; come my Queene, take hands with And rooke the ground whereon thesef fletes be. Now thou and I are new in amity, And will to morrow midnight, solemnly Dance in Duke Beaufort houfe triumphantly, And blesse it to all faire posterity. There shall the paires of fastfull Lovers be Wedded, with Thees, all in iollity. 

Rob. Faire King attend, and marke, I doe heare the morning Larke. Ob. Then my Queene in silence sad, Trip we after the nights shade; We the Globe can compasse soone, Swifter then the wandering Moone. Tita. Come my Lord, and in our flight, Tell me how it came this night, That I sleeping here was found, 

Sleepers Lyes still.

O With
With these mortals on the ground.

_Exit._

_Wind Hornes._

_Enter the Forest, Ecce, Hippolyta and all his traine._

_Thes._ Come one of you, finde out the Forrester,

For now our observation is perform'd;

And since we have the wayward of the day,

My Love shall have the outlack of my hounds.

Vncouple in the Welftere valley, let them goe;

Dispart I say, and finde the Forrester.

We will faire Queene, vp to the Mountains top.

And make the musicall confusion

Of hounds and echo in confusion.

_Hip._ I was with Hermod, and Cadmus once;

When in a wood of Cretae they bayed the Bear.

With hounds of Sparta, never did I hear

Such gallant chiding. For besides the groves,

The skyes, the fountain, querry regione, nere,

Seeme all one mutuall cry. I never heard

So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

_Thes._ My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,

So flew'd, so fanned, and their heads are hung

With ears that sweepe away the morning dew,

Crooke kneed, and dew-lapp'd, like Thyestesus Bulls,

Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bels,

Each vnder each. A cry more tunable

Was never hallowed to, nor cheer'd with horse;

In Cretae, in Sparta, nor in Thermis.

Judge when you heare. But loth, what nympha are these?

_Enjoy._ My Lord, this is my daughter heere asleepe,

And this Lysander, this Demetrius,

This Helena, oldes Neptus Helena,

I wonder of this being heere together.

_The._ No doubt they roe vp early, to obtaine

The night of Morn; and hearing our intent,

Come heere in grace of our solemnity.

But speake Enjoy, is not this the heay?

_Thes._ That Herma should give any choice or her choice?

Enjoy. It is my Lord.

_Thes._ Hoe bid the huntmen wake them with their horns.

_Hornes and they wake._

_Shoote within, they all stand vp._

_Thes._ Good morrow friends: Saint Valentine is past,

Begin the wood birds but to couple now?

_Lys._ Pardon my Lord.

_Thes._ I pray you all stand vp.

I know you two are Russall enemies.

How comes this gentle concord in the world,

That hatred is to faire than uncloude,

To fleece by hate, and scarce enoumity

_Lys._ My Lord, I shall replye amaz'd,

Hilfe fleece, halfe waking. But as yet, I sweare,

I cannot truly say how I came heere.

But as I thinke (for truly would I speake)

And now I doe bethink me, for it is;

I came with Herma hither. Our intent

Was to be gone from Athens, where we might be

Without the peril of the Athenian Law,

_Ecc._ Enough, enough, my Lord: you haue enough;

I beg the Law, the Law, upon your head:

They would have stole away, they would Demetrius,

Thereby to have defeated you and me:

You of your wife, and me of my content;

Of my content, that she should be your wife.

_Dem._ My Lord, faire Helen told me of their health,

Of this their purpose hither, to this wood,

And I in furie bother followed them;

Faire Helena, in fancy followed me.

But my good Lord, I wot not but what power,

(But by some power it is) my louse

To Herma (melted as the snow)

Seems to me now as the remembrance of an idle guide,

Which in my childhood I did dost vpon;

And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,

The oblic and the pleasure of mine eye,

Is solely Helena. To her, my Lord,

Was I berev't and ere I see Herma,

But like a fickeneff did I loath this food,

But as in health, come to my natural yste,

Now doe I will it, love it, long for it,

And will for cuemore be true to it.

_Thes._ Fairer Louers, you are fortunate met;

Of this differtyle we shall haere more anon.

_Enjoy._ I will out-beare your will;

For in the Temple, by and by with vs.

These couples shall eternally be knit.

And to the morning now is something worne,

Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.

Away, with vs to Athens: three and three,

Wc shall hold a feast in great solemnitie.

_Come supplices._

_Exit_ Duke and Lords.

_Dem._ These things seeme small & vnthingingfulable,

Like farre off mountaines turned into Clouds.

_Her._ Me-thinks I see those things with parted eye,

When evey thing seemes double.

_Hel._ So me-thinks;

And I have found Demetrius, like a Jewell

Mine owne, and not mine owne.

_Dem._ It cleaues to me,

That yet we sleepe, we sleepe, we dreame. Do you nor think,

The Duke was heere, and bid vs follow him?

_Her.,_ Yea, and my Father,

_Dem._ And Hippolyta

_Lys._ And he bid vs to follow to the Temple.

_Dem._ Why then we are sleepe; lets follow him, and

by the way let vs recount our dreams.

_Exit._

_Clo._ When my cue comes, call me, and I will answere.

My next is, most faire Pindaros. Hly hbo.

_Peter Quince._ Pindaros the belowes mender? Spoke the inker? Stare

ning? Gods my life! Stole hence, and left me asleep: I

haue had a most rare vision. I had a dream, past the

wit of man, to say, what dreame it was. Man is but an Affe,

if he goe about to expound this dreame. I thought I

was, there is no man can tell what. Me thought I was,

and me thought I had. But man is but a patch'd foole,

if he will offer to say, what me thought I had. The eye of

man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, mans

hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conduce, nor his

heart to report, what my dreame was. I will get

Peter Quince to write a ballet of this dreame, it shall be
called Bottomes Dreame, because it hath no bottome: and I will

sing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke.

Pere

adventure, to make it more gracious, I will sing it at

her death,

_Exit._

_Enter Quince, Exit. Thrice, Snout, Starveling._

_Snout._ Have you sent to Bottomes house? Is he come home yet?

_Star._ He cannot be heard of, Out of doubt he is transpported.
Enter Siuan the lover.

Snug. Masteres, the Duke is comming from the Temple, and there is two or three Lords & Ladies more maried; if our sport had gone forward, we had all bin made men.

Ths. Of sweet bully Bottome: thus hath he left suspense a day, during his life he could not have spent six suspense a day. And the Duke had not given him suspense a day for playing Piramus, Ille hang'd. He would have defrueed it. Sixpence a day in Piramus: or nothing.

Enter Bottome.

Bot. Where are these Lads? Where are these hearts? Quin. Bottome, o most couragious day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Mafter, I am to discomfe wonders; but ask me not what. For if tell you, I am no true Athenian, I will tell you every thing as it fell out.

Oly. Let vs hear, sweet Bottome.

Bot. Not a word of none: all that I will tell you, is, that the Duke hath din'd. Get your apparel together, good fitings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps, meete prettily at the Palace, evey man looke ore his part: for the short and the long, our play is preferred: In any cafe let Thysby have cleane linen: and let not him that plays the Lion, pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the Lions claws. And most deare Actors, este no Oniones, nor Gatlicke: for wee are to vter breath, and I do not doubt but to heare them say, it is a sweet Comedie. No more words: away, go away.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Thesues, Hippolita, Egeus and his Lords.

Ege. This strange my Thesues; these lovers speake of. Ths. More strange than true. I never may beleue These amoueable fables, nor thee Fairy toyes, Lovers and mad men have such feething braines, Such shaply phantasies, that apprehend more Then coole reason ever comprehends. The Lunaticke, the Lover, and the Poet, Are of imagination all compact. One lees more dicing than vallie hell can hold; That is the mad man. The Lover, all as frantick, See Helens beauty in a browe of Egypt. The Poets eye in a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance From heavens to earthly, from earth to heavens. And as imagination bodies forth the forms of things Unknowne: the Poets pen turns them to phantes, And givs to sire nothing, a locall habitation, And a name. Such tricks hath strong imagination, That if it would but apprehend some joy, It comprehends some bringer of that joy. Or in the night, imagining some fere, How exile is a bath Suppos'd a Beast? Hip. But all the florie of the night told ouer, And all their minds transfigurd to together, More wondrful than fancys images, And grovses to something of great confections, But howsoever, strange, and admirable.

Enter lovers, Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helens.

Ths. Heere come the lovers, full of joy and mirth: Joy, gentle friends, joy and freshe days Of love accompany your hearts.

Lys. More then to vs, wait in your royall walkes, your board, your bed.

Ths. Come now, what maskes, what dances shall we have, To were away this long age of three houres. Between our alter supper, and bed-time? Where is our visual manager of mirth? What Reeds are in hand? Is there no play, To ease the anguish of a torturing houre?

Call Egeus.

Ege. Heere mighty Thesues.

Ths. Say, what abridgement have you for this evening?

What maskes? What mufick? How shall we beguile The lazie time, if not with some delight?

Ege. There is a breefe how many Sports are ripe: Make choise of which your Highness will ike first.

Lys. The battell with the Centaurs to be fung.

By an Athenian Elanch, to the Harps.

Ths. Wee none of that. That hawe I told my Loue In glory of my kinman Hercules.

Lys. The riot of the upbe Bachanal,

Tusting the Thracian finge, in their rage?

Ths. That is an old occurence, and it was plaide When Ifrom Thesues came left a Conqueror.

Lys. The thricre three Muses, mourning for the death of learning, late deceas'd in beggarie.

Ths. That is none Satire keen and critical,

Not forting with a nuptiall ceremony.

Lys. A tedious breefe Scene of yong Piramus,

And his love Thysby; very tragicall mirth.

Ths. Merry and tragedall? Tedium, and brieve? That is, hot ice, and wondrouse strange snow. How shall vse finde the concord of this discord?

Ege. A play there is, my Lord, some ten words long, Which is as breefe, as I have knowen a play; But by ten words, my Lord, it is too long; Which makes it tedious. For in all the play, There is not one word apt, one Player fitted, And tragicall my noble Lord it is for Piramus.

Therein doth kill himfelfe. Which when I saw Rehearsall, I most confesse, made mine eyes water: But more merrie teares, the passion of loud laughter Never shed.

Ths. What are they that do play it?

Ege. Hard handed men, that worke in Athens heere, Which never laboured in their mindest till now; And now have toyled their unbretathd memories With this same play, against your nuptiall.

Ths. And we will heare it.
Enter the Prologue. Quince.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will. 
That you should think, we come not to offend, 
But with good will. To be in our simple skill, 
That is the true beginning of our end. 
Consider then, we come but in delight. 
We do not come, as minding to content you: 
Our true intent is, All for your delight. 
We are not here. That you should here repent you, 
The Actors are at hand; and by their show, 
You shall know all, that you are like to know. 
Thes. This fellow doth not stand upon points. 
Lys. He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Colt: he knows not the flop. A good morall my Lord. It is not enough to speake, but to speake true. 
Hip. Indeed he hath laid on his Prologue, like a child on a Recorder, a found, but not in government. 
Thes. His speech was like a rangled chaine: nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next? 

Taurus with a Trumpet before them. 

Enter Piramus and Thisby, Wall, Moonshine and Lyon. 

Pro. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this shew, 
But wonder on, till truth make all things plaine. 
This man is Piramus, if you would know; 
This beauteous Lady, Thisby is certaine. 
This man, with lyme and rough-call, doth present 
Wall, that vile wall, which did these lovers funder: 
And through walls chink (poor foules) they are content 
To whisper. At the whicke, let no man wonder. 
This man, with Lanthorne, dog, and bushe of thorne, 
Pretenteth moone-shine. For if you will know, 
By moone-shine did these Louers thinke no foone. 
To meet at Nine to moone, there to woode: 
This grisly beast (which Lyon night by name) 
The truly Thisby, comming first by night, 
Did feare away, or rather did affright: 
And as she fled, her mantle she did fall; 
Which Lyon vile with bloody mouth did flaine. 
Anon comes Piramus, sweet youth and tall, 
And finds his Thisby Mantle flaine; 
Whereas, with bloody blade, with bloody blamemfull blade, 
He brauely broocht his boiling bloody breath, 
And Thisby, tarrying in Mulberry flade, 
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest, 
Let Lyon, Moonshine, Wall, and Louers swaine, 
At large disouere, while here they doe remaine. 
Exit all but Wall. 
Thes. I wonder if the Lion be to speake. 
Deme. No wonder, my Lord: one Lion may, when many Affes doe.

Exit Lyon, Thisby, and Moonshine.

Wall. In this game Interlude, it doth befall, 
That I, one Swain (by name) present a wall: 
And fuch a wall, as I would have you chinke, 
That had in it a crannied hole or chinke: 
Through which the Louers, Piramus and Thisby 
Did whisper often, very secretly, 
This loame, this rough call, and this flone doth fwell, 
That I am that fame Wall: the truth is so, 
And this the cranny is, right and similler, 
Through which the fearefull Louers are to whisper. 
Thes. Would you desire Lime and Haire to speake better? 

Deme. It is the vitieft part, that euer I heard discoure, my Lord.

Thes. Piramus draws near the Wall, silence. 

Enter Piramus. 

Pir. O grim look night, the night with hue so blacke, 
O night, which euer art, when day is not: 
O night, night, alacke, alacke, alacke, 
I feare my Thisbies promife is forgot. 
And thou o vall, thou sweet and louely vall, 
That fands betweene her fathers ground and mine, 
Thou vall, o vall, & sweet and louely vall, 
Shew me thy chinke, to blanke through with mine eire. 
Thankes courteous vall. Love shielde thee vall for this, 
But what vfe? No Thisbie do I fee. 
O wicked vall, through whom I fee no bliffe, 
Carft be thy flones for thus deceuice mee. 
Thes. The vall me-thinks being fensible, should curle againe. 
Pir. No in truth fir, he should not. Deceiuice me, 
Is Thisbies cue; the irst enter, and I am to speake 
Her through the vall. You shall fee it vall fall. 

Enter Thisbie. 

Pat as I told you! yonder they come.

Thes. O vall, full often haft thou heard my mones, 
For parting my faire Piramus, and me, 
My cherry lips haue oftent kill thy flones; 
Thy flones with Lime and Haire knit vp in thee. 
Pyra. I fea a voyce; now will I to the chinke, 
To spy and I can fea my Thisbies face. Thisbie? 
Thes. My Loue thou art, my Loue I thinke. 
Pir. Thine chinke what thou vvit, Im thy Louers grace, 
And like Linderam or I trutty full. 
Thes. And like Helen till the Fates me kill. 
Pir. Not Shabfains to Procrus, was so true, 
Thes. As Shabfains to Procrus, to you. 

Pir.
Pir. O kife me through the hole of this vile wall.
Thesf. I kife the walls, not your lips at all.
Pir. Wilt thou at Nimmie tomb bere me light way?
Thesf. Tide life, ride death, I come without delay.
Walt. Thus haste I Walt, my part discharged for;
And being done, thus Walt away doth go. Exit clown.
Du. Now is the morall downe betweene the two
Neighbors.
Dem. No remede my Lord, when Wals are so wil-
full, to hear without warning.
Du. This is the fiftie flute that ere I heard.
Du. The flut in this kind are but shadowes, and the
woft are no worfe, if imagination amend them.
Du. It must be your imagination then, & not theirs.
Du. If we imagine no worfe of them then they of
themselves, they may paffe for excellent men. Here come
two noble beales, in a man and a Lion.

Enter Lyon and Moone shine.

Lyon. You Ladys, you (whofe gentle hartes do fare
The smallcfeefroutifh mouitie that creepes on floore)
May now perchance, both quake and tremble here.
W hen Lyon tough in wildfeedeegt dou. right.
Then know that I, one Swit the loyners am
A Lion fell, or else no Lions dam:
For if I should as Lyon come in thrife
Into this place, were piff lie of my life.
Du. A verie gentle beale, and of a good conſcience.
Dem. The verie beale at a beale, my Lord, yere I law.
Lif. This Lyon is a verie Fox for his valor.
Du. True, and a Goole for his diference.
Dem. Not to my Lord: for his valor cannot carriage
his diference, and the Fox carries the Goole.
Du. His diference I am fure cannot carriage his valor:
for the Goole carries not the Fox, It is well; leave it to
his diference, and let vs hearken to the Moone.

Moone. This Lanthorne doth the horned Moone pre-
ven. 3
Du. He should haufe wonne the hornes on his head,
Du. Heere is no crefcent, and his hornes are invisible,
inly the circumference.

Moone. This lanthorne doth the horned Moone pre-
ven: My felfe, the man i th Moone doth feme to be.
Du. This is the greates error of all the reft; the man
should be put into the Lanthorne. How is it els the man
i th Moone?
Dem. He dare not come there for the candle.
For you fee, it is already in flource.
Du. I am ware of this Moone; would he would
change.
Du. It appeares by his fmall light of diference, that he
is in the wane: but yet in courteſie, in all reſſon, we
must flay the time.
Lif. Proceed Moore.

Moone. All that I have to fay, is to tell you, that the
Lanthorne is the Moone; I, the man in the Moone, this
thorn buſh, my thorne buſh; and this dog, my dog.
Dem. Why all these fhoal be in the Lanthorne: for
they are in the Moone: But flence, here comes Thiby.

Enter Thiby.

Thiby. This is thold Ones's time: where is my love?
Lyon. Oh.
The Lion roars, Thiby runs off.

Dem. Well roard Lion.

Du. Well run Thiby.
Du. Well thone Moone.

Truly the Moone fhines with a good grace.
Du. We'll make'd Lion,
Dem. And then came Piramus.

Lif. And so the Lion raught.

Enter Piramus,

Pyr. Sweet Moone, I thank thee for thy funny beames,
I thank thee Moone, for shining now to bright;
For thy gracious, golden, glittering beames,
I truſt to taste of true Thibes fight.
But fly: O fplitude! but marke, poore Knight,
What dreadful dole is here?
Eyes do you see! How can it be:
O dancy Duke: O Deere!
Thy manlie good; what fhaint with blood!
Approch you Fairies fell:
O Faries! come, come: Cut thred and thrum,
Quite, crufh, conclude, and quell.
Du. This passion, and the death of a deare friend,
Would go neere to make a man looke fad:
Du. Before my heart, but I pittie the man.

Pir. O wherefore Nature, did't thou Lions fame?
Since Lyon vilde hath heere deflou'd my deere:
Which is: no, no, which was the faireſt Dame
That thou'd, that thou'd, that look'd with cheer, cheere.
Come teares, 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 flied, my foule is in the sky,
Tongue lofs thy light, Moone take thy flight,
Now dye, dye, feye, dyed, dye.

Dem. No Dye, but an ace for him; for he is but one.
Lif. Let he then an ace man. For he is dead, he is no-
thing.
Du. With the helpe of a Surgeon, he might yet reco-
urer, and prove an Aife.
Du. How chance Moone-fhine is gone before?
Thiby comes backe, and findes her Lour.

Enter Thiby.

Duke. She will finde him by fтарre light.
Here the fhe comes, and her paſfion ends the play.
Du. Me thinkes fhee fhould not ve another one for
fuch a Piramus: I hope fhe will be breafe.

Dem. A Mofh will turne the ballance, which Piramus
which Thiby is the better.
Lif. She hath fpyed him already, with thole swete.
Dem. And thus she meanes treathles.
Thib. Afterſee my Lour? What, dead my Doue?
O Piramus arife:
Speake, Speake, Quite dume? Dead, dead? A tome
Mulf couer thy sweet eyes.
These! Litty Lips, this cherry nofe,
The yellow Cowflinr checks
Are gone, are gone: Lourers make mon:
His eyes were greene as Lecees.
O fifters three, come, come to mee,
With hands as pale as Milke,
Lay them in gore, since you have fhone
With theeles, his thred of falfe.
Tongue not a word: Come trufly fword:
Come blade, my bref impostru.
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And for well friends, thus Thisbe ends;
Adieu, adieu, adieu,

Thisbe. Moon-shine & Lion are left to burie the dead.

Deme. 1, and Wall too.

But. No, I assure you, the wall is downe, that parted
their Fathers. Will it please you to see the Epilogue, or
to heare a bergomask dance, betweene two of our company?

Duke. No Epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs
no excuse. Neuer excuse; for when the players are all
dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if hee that
writ it had plaid 

Thisbe

garter, it would have bene a finne Tragedy: and so it is
truly, and very notably discharg'd. But come, your
Burgomase; let your Epilogue alone.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.
Lovers to bed, 'tis almost Fairy time.
I see we shall out-sleepe the comming morn
As much as we this night have ouer-vatcht.
This palpable grooseplay hath well beguil'd
The heavy gate of night, Sweet friends to bed.
A fortnight hold we this solemnity
In nightly Reuels: and new solitie.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Now the hungry Lyons rores,
And the Wolfe beholds the Moone:
Whilest the heavy ploughman inores,
All with weary taskre for-done.
Now the wafted brands doe glow,
Whilest the scritch-owl, scritching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a thowrd.
Now it is the time of night,
That the grases, all gaping wide,
Every one let forth his spight,
In the Church-way pathes to glide.
And we Fairies, that do runne,
By the triple Herace teame,
From the presence of the Sunne,
Following daunefull like a dreame,
Now are frolickce; not a Moufe
Shall disturbe this hallowd house.
I am sent with broome before,
To sweep the dust behinde the doore.

Enter King and Queene of Fairies, with their trains.

Ob. Through the house gliure glimmering light,

By the dead and drowst feter,
Euerie Elle and Fairie spight,
Hop as light as bird from brier,
And this Drity after me, sing and dance it trippinglie.

Tuba. Fift rehearse this song by roate,
To each word a warbling note,
Hand in hand, with Fairie graces,
Will we sing and bleffe this place.

The Song.

Now untill the break of day,
Through the house each Fairy stray.
To the soft Bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be:
And the issue there create,
Euer shall be fortunate:
So shall all the couples three,
Euer true in loving be:
And the bliss of Natures hand,
Shall not in their issue stand.
Noe more barelip, nor scarce,
Nor marke prodigies, such as are
Despised in Naiturist,
Shall open their children be.
With this field dem confecrate
Every Fairy take his gate,
And each general chamber bleffe,
Through this Palaise with sweet peace,
Euer shall in safety reft,
And the owner of it bleffe.
Trip away, make no stay
Meet me all by breakes of day.

Robin. If we shadoows have offended,
Thinke but this (and all is mended)
That you have but blumred here,
While these visions did appeare.
And this weake and idle thame,
No more yeelding but a dreame,
Centes, doe not reprehend.
If you pardon, we will mend.
And as I am an honest Pucke,
If we have vneared lucke,
Now to scape the Serpents tongue,
We will make amends ere long:
Elle the Puckes a lye shall
So good night vnto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.

FINIS.
The Merchant of Venice.

Actus primus.

Enter Antonio, Salanio, and Solanio.

Antonio.

N looth I know so why I am so sad,
It wearies me: you say it wearies you,
but how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What flute'tis made of, whereof it is borne,
I am to learn: and such a Want-wit sadneste makes of me,
That I have much ado to know my selfe.
Sala. Your minde is tossing on the Ocean,
There where your Argoes with portly sail
Like Signiors and rich Burgers on the flood,
As or were the Pagants of the seas,
Do over-peer the petite Trafiquers
That curtie to them, do them reverence
As they flye by them with their woen wings.
Sala. Beleeue 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 grasse to know where fits the winde,
Peering in Maps for ports, and peers, and roads
And every object that might make me feare
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.
Sala. My winde cooling my broth:,
Would blow me to an Ague, when I thought
What harme a winde too great might doe at seas,
I should not see the fandie hourre-gisse runne,
But I should thinke of shallows, and of flas:
And see my wealthy Andrew docks in sand,
Vailing her high top lower then her ribs
To kisse her burial: should I goe to Church
And see the holy edifice of Home,
And not bethinke me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle Vefels side
Would scatter all her spices on the threame,
Enrobe the roging waters with her lifkes,
And in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I haue the thought
To thinke on this, and shall I lacke the thought
That such a thing becaunc'd would make me sad?
But tell not me, I know Antonio
Is sad to thinke vpon his merchandize.
Ant. Beleeue me no, I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottome trusted,
Not to one place; nor is my whole effate

Upon the fortune of this present yere:
Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.
Sala. Why then you are in love.
Ant. Fie, fie.
Sala. Not in love neither: then let vs say you are sad
Because you are not merry; and I ware a cesse
For you to laugh and leape, and say you are merry
Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed Lamus,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellowes in her time:
Some that will euermore peape through their eyes,
And laugh like Parras at a bag-piper.
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not shew their teeth in way of smife,
Though Neflor swear he the left be laughable.

Enter Baffanio, Lorento, and Gratiano.

Sala. Here comes Baffanio,
Your most noble Kinman,
Gratiano, and Lorento. Faryewell,
We leave you now with better company.
Sala. I would have faid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.
Ant. Your worth is very deere in my regard.
I take it in your owne business calls on you,
And you embrace this occasion to depart.
Sala. Good morrow my good Lords.
Bass. Good signiors both, when we all laugh?say,
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?
Sala. We'll make our leaves to attend on yours,
Except Salanio, and Solanio.
Loe. My Lord Baffanio, since you have found Antonio
We two will leave you, but at dinner time
I pray you haue in minde where we must meeet,
Bass. I will not faile you.
Grat. You look not well signior Antonio,
You haue too much respect upon the world:
They looke it that doe buy it with much cost,
Beleeue me you are maruellously chang'd.
Ant. I hold the world but as the world Gratiano,
A Stage, where ever man muth play a part,
And mine a sad one.
Grat. Let me play the fooler,
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my Litter rather heate with wine,
Then my heart coole with mortifying groenes.
Why should a man whose bloud is warme within,
Sit like his Grandfire, cut in Alabaffter?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the Juandies

By
By being peevish? I tell thee what Anthony, I love thee, and it is my love that spokes: There are a fort of men, whose visages Do creame and mantle like a standing pond, And do a willfull fhineffe enteraine, With purpose to be dreft in an opinion Of wildefome, gravity, profound conceit, As who fhould say, I am an Oracle, And when I ope my lips, let no dogge barke. O my Anthony, I know of thefe That therefore onely are reputed wife, For saying nothing; when I am verie foure If they shoulpeake, would almoft dam thofe cares Which hearing them would call their brothers fools: Ile tell thee more of this another time. But fithe not with this melancholy baite For this foule Gudgin, this opinion: Come good Lorenzo, fayre well a white, Ile end my exhortation after dinner. Ver. Well, we will write you then till dinner time. I maie be one of thefe fame dwithe wife men, For Gratiano never let's me speake. Grat. Well, keep me company but two yeares moe, Thou shalt not know the found of thine owne tongue. Anthony. Far you well, Ile grow a talker for this geare. Grat. Thanks, faith, for silence is only commenda In a nests tongue din'd, and a maid not vendible. Exit. Anthony. It is that any thing now. Gratiano. Speakes an infinite deal of nothing, more then any man in all Venice, his reasons are two grains of wheate hid in two buhel of chaffe: thou fhall feke all day ere you finde them, & when you have them they are not worth the search. Anthony. Well: tel me now, what Lady is the fame To whom you fware a secret Pilgrimage That you to day promis'd to tel me of? Gratiano. This nothknewne to you Anthony How much I have disabled mine eftate, By something flewing a more dwelling post Then my fain, gues I fhall doe: Now I now make mone to be abridg'd From fuch a noble care, but my cheele care Is to come fairely off from the great debts Wherein my time fomething too prodigall Hath left me gag'd: to you Anthony I owe the moft in money, and in loue, And from your loue I have a warrant To unburchen all my plots and purfuits, How to get cleere of all the debts I owe. Anthony. I pray you good Gratiano let me know it, And if it fland as you you felle full do, Within the eye of honour, be afraid My purfe, my perion, my extreamest means Lye all unluck'd to your occasions. Gratiano. In my fchoole days, when I had loft one shaft I flot his fellow of the felfeame flight The felfeame way, with more admiff watch To finde the other forth, and by adventuring both, I oft found both. I wrge this child-hode proofe, Because what followes is pure innocence. I love you much, and like a willful youth, That which I owe is loft: but if you pleafe To flote another arrow that felfe way Which you did flote the light, I do not doubt, As I will watch the ayme: Or to finde both, Or bring you latter hazard backe againe, And thankfully rep debter for the fift. Anthony. You know me well, and herein spend but time To wingle about my loue with circumfrance, And out of doubt you doe more wrong In making queftion of my vettermoft Then if you had made wafte of all I haue: Then doe but fay to me what I fhould doe That in your knowledge may by me be done, And I am prefent into it therefore speake. Buff. In Belmont is a Lady richly left, And she is faire, and faire: then that word, Of wondorous vertues, sometines from her eyes I did receive faire specheiffe meffages: Her name is Portia, nothing vndervalued To Cato's daughter, Brunia Portia, Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth, For the four winds blow in from every coeft Renowned tutors, and her funny locks Hang on her temples like a golden fleace, Which makes her feat of Belmont choites frond, And many Infano come in love of her. O my Anthony, had I but thee the means To hold a riual place with one of them, I have a minde prefages me fuch thrifts, That I fhould questionnelle be fortunate. Anthony. Thou knowft that all my fortunes are at sea, Neither have I money, nor commodity To raife a prefent fumme, therefore goe forth Try what my credit can in Venice doe, That shall be rack'd even to the vettermoft, To furnishe thee to Belmont to faire Portia. Goe presently enquire, and so will I Where money is, and I no queftion make To hauie it of my truft, or for my fake. Exeunt. Enter Portia with her waiting woman Nerissa. Portia. By my troth Nerissa, my little body is a weare of this great world. Nerissa. You would be fleete Madam, if your miferies were in the fame abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet for ought I see, they are as feke that furfeit with too much, as they that feme with nothing; it is no final happinesse therefore to bee feste in the meaner, superfluce comes sooner by white haires, but competencie liues longer. Portia. Good sentences, and well pronounc'd. Nerissa. They would be better if well followed. Portia. If to doe were as easy as to know what were good to doe, Chappels had beene Churches, and poore mens cottage. Princes Palaces is a good Diuine that follows his owne inftructions: I can easier 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 leares ore a cold decrees, fuch a hare is madneffe the youth, to skip oer the mefhes of good counfaile the cripple; but this reafon is not in fashion to choose me a husband: O mee, the world chooies, I may neither chooie whom I would, nor refufe whom I likke, for is the wil of a fluing daughtar curb'd by the will of a dead father: it is not hard Nerissa, that I cannot chooie one,nor refufe none. Nerissa. Your father was ever verituous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations, therefore the loftertie that bee hath deuised in thefe three cheffes of gold, fluer, and leade, whereof who chooies his meaning, chooies
chooses you, will no doubt never be chosen by any right-ly, but one who you fhall rightly love; but what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these Princes, but that is already come?

Per. I pray thee over-name them, and as thou namest them, I will describe them, and according to my description, tell me how far they may be said to have an affection.

Ner. First there is the Neapolitan Prince.

Per. That's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horfe, and he makes it a great appro- priation to his own good parts that he can flioo him him- self: I am much afraid my Lady his mother plafs fail with a Smyth.

Ner. Than is there the Countie Palentine.

Per. He doth nothing but frowne (as who should cry, and you will not have me, choose: he hears merry tales and smiles not, I fear he will prove the weeping Phefophifer when he grows old, being fo full of vn- mannerly fadneffe in his youth.) I had rather to be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, then to ei- ther of these: God defend me from these two.

Ner. How fay you by the French Lord, Mounfer Le Bouaue?

Per. God made him, and therefore let him paife for a man, in truth, I know it is a finte to be a moeker, but he, who by his harfe horfe better then the Neapolitans, a bet- ter bad habit of frowning then the Countie Palente, he is every man in no man, if a Tralflent fing, he fays Straight a capring, he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands: if hee would dislike me, I would forgive him, for if he love me to madneffe, I shou'd never requir him.

Ner. What fay you then to Fauconbridge, the young Baron of England?

Per. You know I fay nothing to him, for hee under- fands none, nor him: he hath neither Latine, French, nor Italian, and you will come into the Court & weare that I have a poore penny worth in the English: he is a proper mans picture, but alas who can contente with a dumbe show? how odly he is fuitd, I think he bought his doubler in Anfie, his round hufe in France, his bonnet in Germayne, and his behaviour euery where.

Ner. What think you of the other Lord his neigh- bour?

Per. That he hath a neighbours charitie in him, for he borrowed a boxe of the care of the Englishmen, and I fware he would pay him againe when he was able: I think the Frenchmen became his furette, and feald vnder for another.

Ner. How like you the young Germaine, the Duke of Saxony's Nephew?

Per. Very wilfully in the morning when hee is sober; and moft wilfully in the afternoone when hee is drunke: when he is beft, he is a little worfe then a man, and when he is worfe, he is little better then a beaffe: and the worfe fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shu to goe with- out him.

Ner. If he should offer to choofe, and choose the right Casket, you fhould refufe to performe your Fathers will, if you fhould refufe to accept him.

Per. Therefore for fear of the worfe, I pray thee fet a deephe glaffe of Reinfh-wine on the contrarie Casket, for if the diuell be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choofe it. I will doe any thing Nerissa ere I will be married to a sponge.

Ner. You neede not feare Lady the hauing any of

these Lords, they have acquainted me with their deter- minations, which is indeede to returne to their home, and to trouble you with no more fuicte, vnhle you may be won by some other fort then your Fathers impoli- tion, depending on the Caskets.

Per. If I live to be as olde as Sibilla, I will dye as chaite as Diana: vnhle I be obtained by the manner of my Fathers will: I am glad this parcel of woers are fo reasoneable, for there is not one among them but I doate on his vere abfence: and I will them a faire depar- ture.

Ner. Doe you not remember Ladie in your Far- thers time, a Venecian, a Scholler and a Souldiour that came hither in companie of the Marquiff of Montef- ferrat?

Per. Yes yes, it was Baffiano, as I thinke, so was hee call'd.

Ner. True Madam, hee of all the men that euer my foolifh eyes look'd upon, was the beft deferving a faire Lady.

Per. I remember him well, and I remember him wor- thy of thy praffe.

Enter a Seruingman.

Ser. The foure Strangers feke you Madam to take them leave: and there is a ftrete runner come from a fife, the Prince of Maroec, who brings word the Prince his Mafter will be here to night.

Per. If I could bid the fift welcome with fo good heart as I can bid the other foure farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a Saint, and the complection of a diuell, I had rather hee fhould thrive me then wine me. Come Neriffa, fir's go before; whiles wee fhut the gate vpon you woord, another knockes at the door.

Exeunt.

Enter Baffiano with Shylock the Jew.

Shy. Three thousand ducats, well.

Baff. I fir, for three months.

Shy. For three months, well.

Baff. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound,

Shy. Antonio shall become bound, well.

Baff. May you fed me? Will you pleafure me?

Shall I know your anfwer.

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.

Baff. Your anfwer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Baff. Have you heard any imputation to the con- trary.

Shy. His name no no, no: my meaning in faying he is a good man, is to have you understand me that he is suffi- cient, yet his means are in fuppofition: he hath an Argo- fic bond to Tripolis, another to the Indies, I under- stand moreover upon thefylaisa, he hath a third at Mex-ico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath squanded abroad; but ships are but boards, Saylers but men, there be land rats, and water rats, water thees, and land thees, I mean Pyrats, and then there is the perrill of waters, windes, and rocks: the man is not with- standing sufficient, three thousand ducats, I think I may take his bond.

Baff. Be affurred you may.
The Merchant of Venice.

Enter, I will be affured I may: and that I may be assured, I will bethink me, may I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with vs.

Ivan. Yes, to fmall port, to eate of the habitation which your Prophet the Nazerite conuried the diuell into. I will buy you, fell with you, talke with you, walke with you, and so following: but I will not eate with you, drinke with you, nor pray with you. What newes on the Ryalta, who is he comes here?

Enter Antonio.

Bass. This is Signior Antonio.

Iv. How like a fawning publican he looke.

I hate him for he is a Chrisitan:
But more, for that in low simplicitie
He lends out money gratis, and brings downe
The rate of vance here with vs in Venice.

If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feede fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred Nation, and he raiseth
Even there where Merchants most doe congregate
On me, my bargains, and my well-worne thrift,
Which he calls interest: Curfed be my Trybe
If I forayne him.

Bass. Skylocke, doe you heare.

Sky. I am debating of my prefent flore,
And by the neere geffe of my memorie
I cannot inafually raise vp the groffe
Of full three thousand ducats: what of that?

Is hold a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe
Will furnifh mebut soft, how many months
Do you defire? feft you faire good fignior,
Your worfhip was the left man in our mouthes.

Ant. Skylocke, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
By taking, nor by gifting, or excffe,
Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
Ile breake a cuffome: is he yet poftife
How much he would?

Sky. I, I purchafe all three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Sky. I had forgot, three months, you told me so.

Well then, your bond: and let me fee, but here you are,
Me thoughtes you faid, you neither lend nor borrow
Upon aduantage.

Ant. I doe never ve it.

Sky. When Jacob graz'd his Uncle Laban's flocke,
This Jacob from our holy Abram was (As his wife mother wrought in his behalfe)
The third poftife; he, the third was the third.

Ant. And what of him, did he take interest?

Sky. No, not take interest, not as you would
Directly interest, make what Jacob did,
When Laban and himfelfe were compremy'd
That all the cattells which were fekeft and pined
Should fall as Jacob's, the Ewes being rancke,
In end of Autumnne turned to the Rooms,
And when the worke of generation was
Betweene thofe woollly breeders in the fift,
The skilful fhepherd pild me certaine wandes,
And in the doeing of the deed of kinde,
He flooke them vp before the fullome Ewes,
Who then conceauing, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and thofe were Jacob's.

This was a way to throu, and he was bleff;

And thrift is bleffing if men feale it not.

Ant. This was a venture fir that Iacobs build'd for,
A thing not in his power to bring to poaffe,
But by his and faithion'd by the hand of heaven.
Was this inferted to make interfet good?
Or is your gold and fluer Ewes and Rams?

Sky. I cannot tell, I make it breede as faft,
But more I me fior.

Ant. Make you this Bassanie,
The diuell can cite Scripture for his purpofe,
An euill foule producing holy witneffe,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheeke,
A goodly apperent at the heart.

O what a goodly outside falfehood hath.

Sky. Three thousand ducats, it's a good round sum.

Three months from twelue, then let me fee the rate.

Ant. Well Skylocke, shall we be beholding to you?

Sky. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Ryalta you have rard me
About my monies and my vances?

Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
(For suffrance is the badge of all our Tribe.)
You call me misbelieuer, cut-throat dog,
And fpet upon my lefih gaberdine,
And all for vie of that which is mine owne.

Well then, it now appears you neede my helpe:
Goe to then, you come to me, and you fay,
Skylocke we would have moneyes, you fay fo:
You that did voide your rume upon my beard,
And foote me as you fpurne a strangt currre
Ouer your throld, moneyes is your fuitte.

What fhould I fay to you? Should I not fay,
Hath a dog money? Is it poiffible
A currre fhould lend three thousand ducats or
Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key
With breath, and whifpering humbleniffe,
Say this: Faire fir, you fpent on me on Wednesday laft;
You furn'd me fuch a day, another time
You calle me dog: and for these curfities
Ile lend you thus much moneyes,

Ant. I am as like to call thee fo againe,
To fpet on thee againe, to fpurne thee too.

If thou wilt lend this money lend it not
As to thy friends, for when did frindhip take
A breed of barmaine mettall of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemie,
Who if he breake, thou maint with better face
Exact the penalties.

Sky. Why looke you how you florme,
I would be friends with you, and have your loue,
Forget the fhames that you have flaind me with,
Supplie your prefent want, and take no doite
Of vance for my moneyes, and youl not hear me,
This is kinde I offer.

Bass. This were kindneffe.

Sky. This kindneffe will I fhowe,
Goe with me to a Notarie, feale me there
Your fingle bond, and in a merrie foot:
If you repaire me not on fuch a day,
In fuch a place, fuch fum or fums as are
Express in the condition, let the forfeite
Be nomimated for an equall pound
Of your faire fleth, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your bodie it pleaseth me.

Ant. Content infaith, Ile feale to fuch a bond,
And fay there is much kindneffe in the Jew.
Bag. You shall not scale to touch a bond for me, 
Ux teres dwell in my necessitie,

Ant. Why fear not man, I will not forsake it. 
Within these two months, that’s a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return.
Of three times three the valew of this bond.

Shy. Of father Abroad, what these Christians are, 
Whole owne hard dealings teach them such exc.
The thoughts of others: Pray you tell me this,
If he should break his date, what should I game.
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man flesh taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitble neither.
As fifth of Mottun, Beetes, or Goates, I say.

To buy his faunc, I extend this friend ship,
If he will take it, I would not advise,
And for my love I praise you wrong me not.

Ant. Yet Skylark, I will slide unto this bond.
Shy. Then ince me with forth at the Notaries, 
Give him direction for this merrie bond, 
And I will goe and pulse the ductats store.
See to my house left in the carefull gard.

Of vanitrious kine: and presentie
Hebe with you. Exit.

Ant. Hee theft gentle Lew. This Hebrew will turne
Christian, he grows kinde. 

Bus. I like not faire remeas, and a villaines minde.

Ant. Come on, in this there can be no difne.
My Shippes come home a month before the date.
Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Morbenus a rannie Moore all in white, and three or 
fourf followers accordingly, with Portia, 
Nerissa, and their traine.
Fla. Cornets.

Morf. Mislike me not for my complexion, 
The shadowed luicie of the burnish’d fume, 
To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred.
Bring me the faireft creature Northward borne, 
Where Phobus fire scarce shawes the yfficles, 
And let vs make emission for your love, 
To prove whole blood is redderf, his or mine, 
I tell thee Ladie this aspect of mine
Hath feard the valiant, (by my lefte I fwear).
The bell regardt Virgins of our Clynne
Haufl loued it to: I would not change this hne, 
Except to steale your thoughts my gentle Queene.

Por. I in teems of choife I am not folicied 
By nice direction of a maidenies: 
Besides, the loiterie of my defire: 
Bass me the right of voluntarie chooing: 
But if my Father had not fcented me, 
And hedged me by his wit to yeilde my felle 
His wife, who wins me by that means I told you, 
Your felle (renowned Prince) than fhood as faire
As any commer I have look’d on ye. 
For my affection: 

Mor. Even for that I thank you. 
Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets 
To trie my fortune: By this Symitare 

This flew the Sophie, and a Persian Prince.
That was thee fields of Sultan Soliman, 
I would ore-ferre the femele fies that looke: 
Out-brave the heart moft daring on the earth.
Plucke the yong fucking Cubes from the fire Beare. 
Yea, mocke the Lion when he rores for pray. 
To win the Ladie. But alas, the while.
If Hercules and Lychant plase at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw.
May turne by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Aclides beaten by his rage,
And lo the blind fortune leading me
Miffle which that one unworthier may attaine, 
And die with grieing.

Port. You must take your chance, 
And either not attempt to choose at all, 
Or ifcure before you choose, if you choose wrong.
Never to speak to Ladie afterward.

In way of marrieage, therefore be advis’d.

Mor. Not yet, nor, come bring me unto my chance.

Por. First forward to the temple, after dinner.

Your hazard shall be made.

Morf. Good fortune then, 

To make me bleff or curfed fl among men. 

Enter the Clowne alone.

Clo. Certainly, my confidence will ferue me to run
from this Lew my Maifer: the fiend is at mine elbow, 
and tempts me, saying to me, lebbe, launcelet lebbe, good 
launcelet, on good lebbe, or good launcelet lebbe, 
vs your legs, take the flart, run awake: my confidence fies 
na; take heed honelf launcelet, take heed honelf lebbe, 
or as afore faid honelf launcelet lebbe, doe not runne, 
for me running with thy heele; well, the moft coragi-
fous fiend bids me packe, do faies the fiend, away faies 
the fiend, for the heauens roufe vp a brave minde faies 
the fiend, and run; well, my confidence hanging about
the necke of my heart, fies very wisely to me: my hon-
elf friend launcelet, being an honeft mans lime, or rath-
er an honeft womans lime, forinde my Father did 
something (mack) something grow too; they had a kind of 
taffle; well, my confidence fies launcelet, boye not, boge 
sies the fiend, bouge not fies myconfidence, confidence 
say I you confaiife well, fiend say I you confaiife well, 
to be rul’d by my confidence I shoulde faie with the lew 
my Maifer, (who God bleffe the marke) is a kind of eu-
well; and to run away from the lew I shoulde be ruled by 
the fiend, who faying your reuerence is the diuell bini-
felle: certainly the lew is the verie diuell incarnation, 
and in my confidence, my confidence is a kind of har 
confidence, to offer to confaiife me to fiay with the lew; 
the fiend giues the more friendly confaiife: I will runne 
fiend, my heele are at your commandement, I will runne.

Enter old Gobbe with a Basket.

Gob. Maifer yong-man, you I praiye you, which is the 
waie to Maifer lewes?

Lew. O heauens, this is my true begotten Father, who 
bring more then fand-blinde, high graucel, blinde 
knows me not, I will trie confusions with him.

Gob. Maifer yong Gentleman, I praiye you which is 
the waie to Maifer lewes.

Lew. Turne upon your right hand at the next turning
ning, but at the next turning of all on your left; marry as the verie next turning, none of no hand, but turn down irdicelle to the houses.

Gob. Be Gods fontie t'will be a hard wate to hit, can you tell me whether one Launcelot that dwells with him, dwell with him or no.

Lau. Talk you of young Master Launcelot, make me now, will I raise the waters; talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. No Master fir, but a poore mans sonne, his Father though I sayt is an honest exceeding poore man, and God be thankfull well to him.

Lau. Well, let his Father be what a will, wee take of young Master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worships friend and Launcelot.

Lau. But I praise you erold man, ergo I befeech you, take you of young Master Launcelot.

Gob. Of Launcelot and please your master ship.

Lau. Ergo Master Launcelot, take not of master Lance-

Father, for the youn gentle man according to fates and definities, and such odde faying, the fitters three, & such branches of learning, is indeed deceafed, or as you would fay in plaine taremens gone to heaven.

Gob. Marrie God forbid, the boy was the verie faffe of my age, my verie prop.

Lau. Do I look like a cudgel or a hollin-polift, a flaffe or a prop; doe you know me Father.

Gob. Alacke the day, I know not young Gentle-

man, but I praise you tell me, is my boy reft his foule alue or dead.

Lau. Doe you not know me Father.

Gob. Alacke sir I am blinde, I know you not.

Lau. Nay,indeede if you had your cies you might fee of the knowing me, it is a wife Father that knowes his owne childe. Well,old man, I will tell you news of your son, give me your bleeding, truth will come to light, murder cannot be hid long, a mans fonne may, but in the end truth will out.

Gob. Praise you sir fland vp, I am sure you are not Lanecelot my boy.

Lau. Praise you let's have no more fooling about it, but give mee your bleeding: I am Launcelot your boy that was, your fonne that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my fonne.

Lau. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot the love man, and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margerieindeed, Ile be sworn if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine owne flfhe and blood: Lord wishfip might he be, what a heard haft thou got: thou haft got more haire on thy chin, then Dobbin my philfer is at ondes face.

Lau. It should seeme then that Dobbins tale growse backward. I am sure he had more haire of his tale then I have of my face when I loft Saw him.

Gob. Lord how arf thou chang'd: how doff thou and thy Master agree, I have brought him a present, how gree you now?

Lau. Well,well, but for mine owne part, as I haue fet vp my ref trair awaie, fo I will not ref till I haue run some ground; my Master's a verie love, give him a pre-

sent, give him a halter, I am famifht in his feruice. You may tell werie fingers I have with my ribs: Father I am glad you are come, give me your prent to one Master Baffio, whoindeed gies rare new Luiories, if I ferue

not him, I will run as far as God has anie ground: O rare fortune, her comes the man, 'to him Father,' for I am a New if I ferue the New anie longer.

Enter Baffio. with a follower or two.

Baff. You may doe fo, but let it be so hafted that supper be ready at the fairehe by fute of the clocke: see thee Letters delivered, and make the 'merie' to mak-

ing, and defire Gratiana to come anone to my lodg-

ing.

Lau. To him Father.

Gob. God bleffe your worfhip.

Baff. Gramerie, would 'twould outhe with me.

Gob. Here's my fonne fir, a poore boy.

Lau. Not a poore boy fir, but the rich New man that would fir as my Father fhall specific.

Gob. He hath a great infecfion fir, as one would fay to feue.

Lau. Indeed the short and the long is, I ferue the New, and have a defire as my Father fhall specific.

Gob. His Maifler and he(auing your worfhips rein-

ference) are scarce careneous.

Lau. To be breife, the verie truth is, that the New haung done me wrong, doth caufe me as my Father be-

ing I hope an old man fhall fruitue you.

Gob. I have here a diff of Doues that I would betowe upon your worfhip, and my ferue the 'merie' to make, the fute is imperfect to my felfe, as your worfhip fhall know by this honest old man, and though I sayt, it is, though old man yet poore man my Father.

Baff. One speake for both, what would you?

Lau. Serue you fir.

Gob. That is the verie defect of the matter fir,

Baff. I know thee well, thou haft obtain'd thy fuite, 

Stylocke thy Master fpoke with me this day, 

And hath prefent'd thee, if be prefentent 

To leue a rich New ferusice to become 

The follower of fo poore a Gentleman.

Cla. The old provirbe is verie well parted betweene my Master Stylocke and you fir, you have the grace of God fir, and he hath enough.

Baff. I will speake it well; goe Father with thy Son, Take leave of thy old Maifler, and enquire 

My lodging out, give him a letter. More garded then his fellows: fee it done.

Cla. Father in, I cannot get a feruice, so, I have here a Letter in my head, well, if anie man in Italy have a fairer table which doth offer to ferve upon a booke, I shall have good fortune goe too, here's a fimple line of life, here's a small triuie of witnes, alas,fifteene wifes is nothing; a leuen widowes and nine maides is a fimple comming in for one man, and then to feape drowning thricce, and to be inperill of my life with the edge of a featherbed, here are fimple feapes: well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gere; Father come, Ile take my leue of the New in the twilking.

Exit Clowne.

Baff. I praise thee good Leonardo think on this, These things being bought and orderly belowed Returne in halfe, for I doe feaft to night.

My beft eftem and acquaintance, thee goe.

Leon. My beft endeavours shall be done herein, Exits. 

Enter Gratiana,

Gra. Where's your Maifler.

Leon. Yonder.
Scene I.

Leas. Young sir, in he walks.

Gra. Signior Battista.

Bar. Battista.

Gra. I have a sure to you.

Bar. You have obtained it.

Gra. You must not deny me, I must go with you to Belmont.

Bar. Why, then you must; but hear me. Graziante, Thou art to walk tread, and bold of voice; Parts that become thee happily enough. And in such eyes as yours appear not fault; But where they are not knowne, why there they show savage, and as furious as the eagle. Thy skipping spirit, left through thy wilde behauiour, be misconfident in the place I go to.

And looke of my hopes.

Gra. Signior Battista, hear me, If I do not put on a sober habite, Talk with respect, and swear by what and than, Wear prayer books in my pocket, looke demurely, Nay more, while grace is paying hood mine eyes Thus will I my hat, and figh, and say Amen: Vife all the obserbance of civilitie. Like one well fluided in a sad oport Unpleasing his Grandam, tunes trist me more.

Bar. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay but I bare to night, you shall not gage me By what we doe to night.

Bar. No that were pittie, I would intreate you rather to put on Your boldest face of mirth, for we have friends That purpose merriment: but far you well, I have some businesse.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest, But we will vifite you at supper time. Exeunt.

Enter Juffica and the Clowne.

Jef. I am sorry thou will let me leave my Father so, Our house is hell, and thou a merrie dweller Didst rob it of some taste of edification; But far thee well, there is a ducat for thee, And Lorenzo, loone at supper shall thou see Lorenzo, who is thy new Masters guest, Give him this Letter, doe it secretly, And so farwell I would not have my Father See me talke with thee.

Clo. A ducateears exhibit my tongue, most beautiful Pagan, most sweete jew, if a Christian do not play the knave and get thee, I am much deuced: but adue, these footilsh drops doe somewhat drown my manly spirit: adue.

Jef. Farewell good Lancet.

Alack, what hainous finnes is it in me To be ashamed to be my Fathers child, But though I am a daughter to his blood, I am not to his manners: O Lorenzo, If thou keepe promisse I shall end this strife, Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. Exit.

Enter Grattano, Lorenzo, Stafano, and Salamun.

Lor. Nay, we will drinke away in supper time. Diriguel vs at my lodging, and returne all in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Sal. We have not spoke vs yet of Torch-bearers.

Sal. This vile vnlagle it may be quaintly ordered, And better in my minde not vnderstooke.

Lor. This now but fourte of clock, we have two houres To furnish you, and friend Lancet: what's the newses.

Enter Lancet and a Letter.

Lor. And it shall please you to break vp this, shall it seeme to signifie.

Lor. I know the hand, in faith 'tis a faire hand And whiter then the paper it were on, I the faire hand that write.

Gra. Loue newes in faith.

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 Juffica I will not faile her, speake it privately: Go Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this Maske to night,

I am prouded of a Torch-bearer. Exit Clowne.

Sal. I many, fie be gone about it straight.

Sal. And so will I.

Lor. Meete me and Grattano at Grattanos lodging Some hour or two.

Sal. Tis good we do so.

Lor. Was not that Letter from faire Juffica?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all, she hath directed How I shall take her from her fathers house, What gold and jewells the is furnisht with, What Pages use the bath in readie;

If the Jew her father come to heaven, It will be for his gentles daughters sake: And indeeder though unfortunite croffe her fortune, Valethe she doe it under this excuse, That she is in love to a faithfull Jew.

Come goe with me, percie this as thou goest, Faire Juffica shall be my Torch-bearer. Exit.

Enter Juffica, and his man that was the Clowne.

Jef. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge, The difference of old Skylocke and Battista; What Juffica, thou shalt not garuamanize At thou half done with me: what Juffica? And fleene, and more, and rend apparel out.

Why Juffica I say.

Clo. Why Juffica.


Clo. Your worship was wont to tell me I could doe nothing without bidding.

Enter Juffica.

Jef. Call you? what is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supre Juffica, There are my Keyes: but wherefore should I goe? I am not bid for lote, they flatter me, But yet I goe in hate, to mede vpon The prodigall Christian. Juffica my girlie, Looke to my house, I am right loath to goe, There is some ill a bruing towards my ret, For I did drame of money bags to night.

Clo. I befooch you sir goe, my yong Master Doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I this.

Clo. And they have conspired to gether, I will not say you shall see a Maske, but if you doe, then it was not for nothing that my noit fell a bleeding on blacke monady
The Merchant of Venice.

Here dwells my father Jew. Hoa, who's within?

**Ieffica.**

**Ieff.** Who are you till me for more certainty, albeit I see thee that I do know thy tongue. **Lor.** Lorenzo, and thy Loue. **Ieff.** Lorenzo certaine, and my loue indeed, for who loue I so much? and now who knows but you Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

**Lor.** Heauen and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.

**Ieff.** Here, catch this casket, it is worth the paines, I am glad 'tis night, you do not looke on me, For I am much ashamed of my exchange: But loue is blinde, and louers cannot see The pretty follies that themselves commit, For if they could, Capac himselfe would blufh To see me thus transformed to a boy. **Lor.** Defend, for you must be my torch-bearer. **Ieff.** What, muft I hold a Candle to thy flames? They in themselves good dooth are too too light. Why, 'tis an office of discovery Loue, And I should be obfurd.

**Lor.** So you are sweet, Even in the louely garnish of a boy: but come at once, For the close night doth play the run-away, And we are flaid for at Baffanio's feast.

**Ieff.** I will make fast the doores and guard my felfe With more some duces, and be with you straight. **Gra.** Now by my hood, a gentle, and no Jew. **Lor.** Behold me but I loue her heartily, For she is wife, if I can judge of her, And faire fhe is, if that mine eyes be true, And true fhe is, as fhe hath prou'd her felfe: And therefore like her felfe, wife, faire, and true, Shall fhe be placed in my contant soule.

**Enter Ieffica.**

**Gra.** What, art thou come? on gentlemen, away, Our masking mates by this time for vs stay. **Exit.**

**Enter Antonio.**

**Ant.** Who's there?

**Gra.** Signior Antonio?

**Ant.** Sit, sit, Gratiano, where are all the rest?

Tis nine a clocke, our friends all flay for you, No maske to night, the winde is come about, Baffanio prefently will goe aboard, I have fent twenty out to flcke for you. **Gra.** I am glad on't, I defire no more delight Then to be vnder fale, and gone to night. **Exit.**

**Enter Portia with Moroxos, and both their trays.**

**Por.** Go, draw aside the curtaines, and discouer The feueral Caskettes to this noble Prince: Now make your choyfe.

**Mor.** The fift of gold, who this infcription beares, Who choofeth me, I shall gave what men defire, The second flitter, which this promife carres, Who choofeth me, I shall get as much as he defires. This third dull lead, with warning all as blunt, Who choofeth me, muft give and hazard all he hath, How shall I know if I doe choofe the right? **Por.** The.
Thus the said Gilders, and the horrid lead, hazard all the bath. Multi grace for what? for lead, hazard for lead? This casket threatens men that hazard all. Doe it in hope of faire advantages:
A golden mindo foosters not to showes of drudg:
He then nor grace nor hazard ought for lead:
What faies the Sylver with her virgin hue?
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he defenct:
As much as he defenct, pufe there More,co,
And weigh thy values with an even hand,
If thou beest rated by thy estimation.
Thou dost deftence enough, and yet enough
May not extend to faire as to the Lady:
And yet be faire of my defterning,
Were but a weake disabling of my life,
As much as I defenct, why then this Lady,
I doe in birth defenct her, and in forceres,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;
But more then thefe, in love I doe defenct,
What if I raffe no further, but choole her?
Let’s fee once more this fathing gould in gold.
Who chooseth me shall gaine what men desire:
Why that is this the Lady, all the word defenct her:
From the foure corners of the earth they come to
To kiff this flaring, this mortal breathing Saint.
The Hiercian deferters, and the valle wildes
Of wide Arabia are as throughfors now:
For Princes to come view faire Portia.
The water Kingdonde, whose ambitious head,
Spets in the face of heauen, is no baffe
To stop the soyre spirits, but they come:
As one brooke to see faire Portia.
One of thefe three contains her heavenly picture.
Tis like that Lead contains here too damnation:
To thinke to bafe a thought, it were too grofe:
To rife her ftreeloath in the obfure graue:
Or shall I thinke in Sylver he’s immured.
Being ten times undervalued to tride gold;
O fiind, thought, never to rich a fam.
Was fet in worde therold? they have in England:
A cayne that bears the figure of an Angell
Stampd in gold, but that’s infueft upon:
But here an Angell in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliver me the key:
Here doe I choofe, and thrive as I may.

Por. There take it Prince, and if my forme lye there
Then am I yours.
Mor. O hell! what have we here, a carrow death,
Within whose empyre eye there is a written lrcoule;
I lea the writing.

All that gliflers is not gold,
Often have you heard that soold;
Many a man his life hath sold
But my entrile to behold:
Guided thunder doth wormes confold.
Had you beene as wife as bold,
Eggs in buses, in indurend old,
Your affuered nath be nece inferold.
Fareyouwell, your feite is cold,

Mor. Cold adeque, and labour loft,
Then farewell heate, and welcome cleft.
Portia adew, I haue too grieu’d a heart.
To take a tedious leave: thus foolees part.

Por. A gentle riddance: draw the curtains go,
Let all of his complexion choo[e me so.

Enter Salario and Solanio.

Flor. Comerees.

Sal. Why man I saw Baffiano under fayles,
With him is Gratiano gone along.
And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not.
Sal. The villaine rve with enticries raid the Duke.
Who went with him to search Baffiano fhip.
Sal. He comes too late, the ship was vnderfalle;
But there the Duke was guen to vnderland
That in a Gondio were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jrilcal.
Befides, Anthonio certifie the Duke.
They were not with Baffiano in his fhip.
Sal. I never heard a passion so confulf,
So fling two flranges that are in vntariffable.
As the dogge len did viter in the streets.
My daughter, my daughter, my daughter,
Fled with a Christian, my Christian ducats;
Judge, the law, my ducats, and my daughter;
A filled bag, two filled bages of ducats,
Of double ducats,ctoine from me by my daughter,
And liefels, two ftones, two rich and precious ftones;
Stoine by my daughter;juftice, finde the girl.
She hath the flones upon her, and the ducats.
Sal. Why all the boyes in Venice follow him,
Crying his ftone, his daughter, and his ducats.
Sal. Let good Anthonio looke he keeps his day
Or he shall pay for this.

Sal. Marly well remembered,
I reason’d with a Frenchman yesterdays,
Who told me, in the narrow feas that part
The French and English, there miscomend.
A veell of our countrey richely fraught:
I thought upon Anthonio when he told me,
And with my flrong foole I endeavoured.

Sal. Ye were brat to call Anthonio what you heare.
Yet do not fuddainly, for it may grieve him.
Sal. A kinder Gentleman treates not the earth,
I saw Baffiano and Anthonio part.
Baffiano told him he would make some speeche
Of his returne: he answered, doe not fo,
Slubber not bufineffe for my fake Baffiano,
But lay the very riping of the time,
And for the lower bond which he bath of me,
Let it not enter in your minde of love:
Be merry, and imploy your chiefeft thoughts
To courtthip, and such faire oftents of love.
As flank conveniently become you there;
And even there his eye being big with teares,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous fenible
He wrung Baffiano hand, and to they parted.

Sal. I thinke he onely loves the world for him,
I pray thee let us goe and finde him out
And quicke his embraced beauineffe.
With fome delight or other.

Sal. Doe we fo.

Enter Nerolesale and a Scrutineer.

Ner. Quick, quick I pray thee, draw the curtain afsrt,

P.2 The
Enter Arragon, his train, and Portia.

**Exeunt**.

Well, I must go, and presenting myself to your grace, I must be gone hence immediately.

**Ar.** I am employed by oath to observe three things; first, not to unfold to any one which casket I chose. But if thou faile, without more speech my Lord, thou must be gone from hence immediately.

**Per.** To these interruptions every one doth swear.

That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

**Ar.** And so have I addressed you, fortune now to my heart's hopes: gold, silver, and base lead. Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath. You shall know better ere I give or hazard, what fairs the golden chest, ha, let me see; who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire: what many men desire, that many may be meant by the foule multitude that choose by show, not learning more then the fond eye doth teach. Which prises not to thinstriuer, but like the Marvelle built in the weathre on the outward wall; Euen in the force and rode of casualtie. I will not choose what many men desire, because I will not impose with common spirits, and ranke me with the barbarous multitudes. Why then to thee thou Silly creature houfe, Tell me once more, what title thou dost bear; who chooseth me shall get as much as he desires: and well said too; for who shall goe about to cozen Fortune, and be honourable. Without the flame of merit, let none presume to weare an undeserved dignitie: or that elates, degrees, and offices, were not dein'd corruptly, and that cleare honour were purchall by the merit of the weate; how many then should couer that flond bare? how many be commanded that command? how much low pleasantness would then be gleaned from the true seedle of honor? and how much honor piket from the chaffe and ruin of the times, to be new varnish'd: Weell, but to my choice. Who chooseth me shall get as much as he desere. I will assurne defect: give 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 blinking idiot Preventing me a feedule, I will reade it: how much unlike are thou to Portia? how much unlike are my hopes and my deferuing? who chooseth me, shall have as much as he desere. Did I desere no more then a fooles head, Is that my prize, are my defects no better?

**Per.** To offend and jude are distinct offices, And of opsposed natures.

**Ar.** What is here?

The seven times tried this.
Sal. I would it might prove the end of his looses.
Syl. Let me say Amen betimes, let the duller cradle my prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew. How now Sylphock, what news among the Merchants? 

Enter Sylphock.

Shy. You knew none so well, none so well as you, of my daughters flights.
Sal. That's certaine, I for my part knew the Tailor that made the winges of the feue withall.
Syl. And Sylphock for his own part knew the bird was fledg'd, and then is the complection of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is dam'd for it.
Sal. That's ceretaine, if the duller may be her judge.
Syl. My owne flesh and blood to rebell.
Sal. Out upon it old carrion, rebels it at these yeares.
Syl. I say my daughter is my flesh and blood.
Sal. There is more difference between my flesh and hers, then betweene let and I: more betweene your bloods, then there is betweene red wine and reynolds: but tell vs, doe you hear whether Antonio haue had mine looses or no?
Shy. There I have another bad match, a bankrupt, a prodigall, who dare fearce flie his head on the Yatle, a begger that was vld to come so longe upon the Mart: let him look to his bond, he was wont to call me Vurer, let him looke to his bond, he was wont to lend money for a Christian currie, let him looke to his bond.
Sal. Why I am lorde if he forfaithe, thou wilt not take his flesh, what's that good for?
Shy. To baite fishe withall, if it will feede nothing else, it will feede my reuenge; he hath disgrac'd me, and hindered me half a million, laugh at my looses, mock at my gains, scorned my Nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies, and what's the reaason? I am a Jew: Hath not a few eyes? hath not a few hands, organs, dementions, fences, infections, passions, fed with the fame fooode, hurt with the fame weapons, suftected to the same diseases, healed by the same waters, warmed and cooled by the same Winter and Summer? as a Christian is: If you pricke vs do we not bleed? if you tickle vs, doe we not laugh? if you proude vs do we not die? and if you wrong vs shall we not reuenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will reeble you in that. It's a few wrong a Christian, what is his humility, reuenge? If a Christian wrong a few, what should his fuf- fereance be by Christian example, why reuenge? The vil- lanie you teach me I will execute, and it shall goe hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a man from Antonio.

Gentlemen, my maker Antonio is at his house, and desires to speake with you both.
Sal. We have been vp and downe to seeke him, 

Enter Tuball.
Sal. Here comes another of the Tribe, a strider cannot be matche, vislifie the duller himsellfe to the few.

Exeunt Gentlemen.

Shy. How now Tuball, what newes from Genewa? that thou found my daughter?

Tab. I often came where I did heare of her, but cannot finde her.

Shy. Why, there, there, there, there, a diamond gone eft from two thousand ducats in Francford, the curfe ne- uer fell upon our Nation till now. I never felt it till now, two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, prece-
Baff. Let me choose,  
For as I am, I live upon the racke.

Por. Upon the racke Baffano, then confesse  
What treason there is mingled with your loue.

Baff. None but that which the treason of mistrust,  
Which makes me feare the enjoying of my loue:  
There may as well be amite and life,  
Tweenee nowe and fire, as treason and my loue.

Por. 1, but I fear you speake vpon the racke,  
Where men enforced doth speake any thing.

Baff. Promise me life, and ile confesse the truth.

Por. Well then, confesse and live.

Baff. Confesse and loue.

Had beene the very fault of my confession:  
Ohappie torment, when my tormentor  
Doth teach me answers for delinquence:  
But let me to my fortune and the caskettes.

Por. Away then, I am lockt in one of them,  
If you doe loue me, you will finde me out.

Nerissia and the rest, stand all aloofe,  
Let muffcicke found while he doth make his choye,  
Then if he looke he makes a Swain-like end,  
Fading in mufficke. That the comparison  
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the fireane  
And watre destruction-bed for him: he may win,  
And what is musict in? Than musiquez  
Even as the flourith, when true fabres is bothe.

To a newe crowned Monarch: Such it is,  
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,  
That creete into the dreaming bride-groomes ear,  
And confirm him to marriage. Now he goes  
With no leffe preface, but with much more loue  
Then young Alcides, when he did redeem  
The virgin tribute, paied by howling Troy  
To the Sea-monfter: I fland for sacrifice,  
The left aloofe are the Dardanian winces:  
With bleared vilages come forth to review  
The issue of this exploit: Goe Hercules,  
Luste thou, live with much more dismay  
I view the fight, then thou that mak'st the fray.

Here Musick.

A Song the whilst Baffanio comments on the  
Curtains to himself.

Tell me where is fancie bred,  
Or in the heart, or in the head:

How begot, how unnourish'd?  
It is engendred in the eyes,  
With gazing fed, and fancie dyes,  
In the cradle; where it lies:  
Let us all grette fancie dyes:

Ding dongs dells.

Baff. So may the outward flowers be leafes themselves  
The world is still decieved with ornament.

In Law, what Plea foranted and corrupt,  
But being forated with a gracious voice,  
Obscures the show of witt? In Religion,  
What damned error, but some sober brow  
Will cleare it, and approve it with a text,  
Hiding the grovendeuse with faire ornament:  
There is no voice so simple, but affurnes  
Some mark of vertue on his outward parts:

How manie cowards, whose hearts are all as false  
As flayers of fand, weepe yet upon their chins.

The beards of Hercules and crowning Mars,  
Who inward searcht, haue lyuers white as milke,  
And these aemente but valours excentremat,  
To render them redoubled. Looke on beautie,  
And you hall fee 'tis purchasht by the weight,  
Which therein works a miracle in nature,  
Making them lightef that were most eft:  
So are these crispfled snakie golden locks  
Which makes such wanton gambols with the winde.

Vpon suppos'd fairenese, often knowne  
To be the dowrie of a second head,  
The foul that bred them in the Sepulcher.  
This ornament is but the guiled thore  
To a most dangerous feat: the beautious featre  
Vailing an Indian beaute: In a word,  
The seeming truth which cunning times put on  
To intrap the wise. Therefore then thou gaudie gold,  
Hard food for Mada, I will none of thee,  
Nor none of thee thou pale and common drudge  
Tweene man and man: but thou, thou meager lead  
Which rather threatnest then doft promise ought,  
Thy palenese moues me more then eloquence,  
And here choife I joye be the consequent.

Por. How all the other paffions fleet to ayre,  
As doubtfull thoughts, and rash imbrac'd defpaire:  
And fluddring fear, and greene-eyed zealoufie.

O loue be moderate, alwaye excepte,  
Inmeasure raine thy joye, lant this exccffe,  
I felle too much thy bleying, make it leffe,  
For feare I forrie.

Baff. What finde I here?  
Faire Portia counteuen. What demie God  
Hath consented creatie? moue these diez?  
Or whether, fiding on the balls of mine  
Seeme they in motion? Here I would have  
Paied with furer breath, to sweet a bare  
Should funder fuch fweet friends: here in her haires  
The Painter plakes the Spider, and hath woven  
A golden mouf to intrap the hearts of men  
Foller then graetz in cobwebes: but her eies,  
How could he be to doe them? having made one,  
Me thinkes it should haue power to fiale both his  
And leave it felfe unfurnifht: Yet looke how farre  
The lubtance of my praffe doth wrong this shadow  
In vnderprizing it, to farre this shadow  
Doth limpe behind the subltance. Here's the froule,  
The continent, and summarie of my fortune.

Ten that choife not by the view  
Chance as faire, and choife as true:  
Since this fortune fell to you,  
Be content, and fayke no more.  
If you bene well pleade with this,  
And hold your fortune for your glorie.  
Turne you where your Lady is,  
And claime her with a leaving kiffe.

Baff. A gentle froule: Faire Lady, by your leave,  
I come by note to glie, and to receiue,  
Like one of two contending in a prizze  
That thinkes he hath done well in peoplees eies;  
Hearing applaufe and vniterfall thout,  
Giddie in spirit, ftil gazing in a double  
Whether those peales of praffe be his or no.
The Merchant of Venice. 175

So thrice fair Lady stand I even so,
As doubtfull whether what I see be true,
Vntil confirm'd, sign'd, seal'd, ratified by you.

Par. You see 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 trebled twenty times my selfe,
A thousand times more faire, ten thousand times
More rich, that only to stand high in your account,
I might in verrues, beauties, living, friends,

Exceed account; but the full summe of me
Is sum of nothing: which to term in groves,
Is an vnlettersd girl, vnchold'd, vnpractiz'd,
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn, happier then this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn; Happyest of all, is that her gentle spirit,
Commits it selfe to yours to be directed,
As from her Lord, her Gouernour, her King.
My selfe, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now committed. But now I was the Lord
Of this faire manision, master of my servants,
Queene ore my selfe: and even now, but now.
This house, these servants, and this fame my selfe
Are yours; my Lord, I glue them with this ring,
Which when you part from, loose, or give away,
Let it preface the rume of your lour,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Onely my blood speakes to you in my vaine,
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As after some oration fairely spoke
By a beloned Prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing placted multitude,
Where every thing being blent together,
Turnes to a whole of nothing, taine of voy
Express, and not express: but when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence,
O then be bold to lay Bassian's dead.

Ner. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time
That have flood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry good voy, good voy my Lord and Lady.

Ors. My Lord Bassanio, and my gentle Lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish:
For I am sure you can with none from me:
And when your Honours meane to somalize,
The bargain of your faith: doe becheef you
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, tho' thou canst not get a wife.

Gra. I thank your Lordship, you gave me one.
My eyes my Lord can look as twint as yours:
You saw the milites, I behold the maid.
You loud, I lood for intermision,
No more perserme to me my Lord then you;
Your fortune flood upon the caskets there,
And doo mine too, as the matter falls:
For woone heere untill I live againe,
And fwarening till my very roughe was dry
With osthes of loue, at last, it promife last;
I got a promife of this faire one heere.
To hauue her love: promis'd that your fortune
Attich'd her milftone.

Per. Is this true Nerissa?

Ner. Madam it is so, to you stand please withall.

Bass. And doe you Gratiano meane good faith?
This is the fool that lends out money gratis,
Taylor, look to him.

Ant. Heare me yet good Shylock.

Iew. Ihe 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 cuate,
But since I am a dog, beware my phangs,
The Duke shall grant me iustice, I do wonder
Thou naughty Taylor, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee hear me speake.

Iew. I he have my bond, I will not heare the speake,
I have my bond, and therefore speake no more.
Ie ne be not made a foft and dull ey'd foole,
To fkahe the head, relent, and figh, and yeed
To Christian interceffors: follow not,
I he have no speaking, I will have my bond. Exit Iew.

Sal. It is the most impenetrable cure
Thatuer kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone,
Ile follow him no more with booteffe prayers:
He feeks my life, his reafon well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made me to,
Therefore he hates me.

Sal. I he, the Duke will never grant
This forfeiture to hold.

An. The Duke cannot deny the courfe of law:
For the counter moditie that strangers haue
With vs in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the iustice of the State,
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Confifteth of all Nations. Therefore goe,
These greeves and lefsethe have to bate mee,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of fleth
To morrow, to my bloudy Creditor.
Well Taylor, on, pray God Baffano come
To fee me pay his debt, and then I care not.

Exeunt.

Enter fortis, Neriffa, Lorenzo, Ieffica, and a man of
Portia.

Lor. Madam, although I speake it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conuit
Of god-like finity, which appers most strongly
In being thus the absence of thy Lord.
But if you knew to whom you have this honour,
How true a Gentleman you fend releafe,
How deere a lover of my Lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the worke
Then cumentary bounty can enforce you,

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do conuerfe and waffe the time together,
Whoe foules doe beare an egale yoke of loue,
There mutt be needs a like proportion
Of lynaments, of manners, and of spiritt;
Which makes me thinke that this Anthomio
Being the boforme louver of my Lord,
Mutt needs be like my Lord. I fife be so,
How little is the cost I have beftow'd
In purcashing the femblance of my foule;
From out the flate of hellifh crueltie,
This comes too neere the praiing of my felie,
Therefore no more of it. Here other things
Lorrefs I commit into your hands,
Enter Clowne and Ilsent.

Clow. Yes truly; for looke you, the finnes of the Fa-ther are to be laid upon the children, therefore I promise you, I fore you, I was alwaies plaine with you, and to now I speake my aigration of the matter; therefore be of good cheere, for truly I think you are damned, ther is but one hope in it that can doe you site good, and that is but a kinde of bastard hope neither.

Ilsent. And what hope is that I pray thee?

Clow. Marrie you may partie hope that your father got you not, that you are not the fewes daugther.

Ilsent. That were a kinde of bastard hope indeed, for the fins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Clow. Truly then I feare you are damned both by fa-ther and mother: thus when I fluen Stella your father, I fall into Cherubido your mother: well, you are gone both waies.

Ilsent. I shall be faul'ly by my husband, Ie haue made me a Christian.

Clow. Truly the more to blame he, we were Christians know before, one as many as could well line one by another: this making of Christians will raise the price of Hogs, if we grew all to be pocke-eaters, wee shall not florish here a higher upon the coales for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Ilsent. If I tell my husband Lorenzo what you say, heere he comes.

Loren. I shall grow insolous of you shortly Lorenzo, if you thus get my wife into corners?

Ilsent. Nay, you need not feare us Lorenzo, Lorenzo and I are out, he tells me flatly there is no money for me in heauen, because I am a leues daugther: an thee feares you are no good member of the common wealthe, for in converting leues to Christians, you raise the price of Porce.

Loren. I shall answere that better to the Common-wealthe, than you can the getting vp of the Negroes beli-ke: the Moore is with childe by you Lancolet?

Clow. It is much that the Moore should be more then realion: but if the be leften then an honest woman, hee is indeed more then I tookee her for.

Loren. Have earlie foole can play upon the word, I think the best grace of this will shortly turne into flin-ence, and dillecore grow commendable in none onely but Larrie: goe in firra, bid them prepare for dinner?

Clow. That is done fir, they have all thomacks.

Loren. Goodly Lord, what a witting piper are you, then bid them prepare dinner.

Clow. That is done to fir, onely couer is the words.

Loren. Will you couer the fir?

Clow. Nor for neither, I know my dutie.

Loren. Yet more quarrelling with occasion, wilt thou shew the whole wealth of thy wit in an intant: I pray thee vnderland a plaine man in his plaine meaning: goe to thy fellows, bid them cove the table, ferue in the meate, and we will come in to dinner.

Clow. For the table fir, it shall be feru'd in, for the meat fir, it shall bee couered, for your comming in to dinner fir, why let it be as humors and conceits shall go-ueine.

Exeunt.

Loren. O deare discretion, how his words are futed.

The foolu hath planted in his memory
An Armie of good words, and I doe know
A many foolies that fland in better place,
Garnishe like him, that for a trickesse word
Defe the matter; how cheere'f thou Ilsent, And now good sweet say thy opinion,
Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Antonio, Bassanio, and Gratiano.

Duke. What, is Antonio here?
Ant. Ready, to please your grace.
Duke. I am lory for thee, thou art come to answer A home adverseary, an inhuman wretch, Uncapecible of pitty, voyd, and empty From any dram of mercie.
Ant. I haue heard Your Grace hath taken great pains to qualifie His rigorous course: but since he stands obdurate, And that no lawfull means can carrie me Out of his enemies reach, I doe oppose My patience to his fury, and an arm'd To suffer with a quiescent of spirit, The very titauny and rage of his.
Du. Go one and call the Jew into the Court.
Sal. He is ready at the doore, he comes my Lord.

Enter Shylock.
Shylock. Make roome, and let him stand before our face. Shylock the world thanks, and I thinke fo to That thou but leadest this fashion of thy malicie To the last houre of it, and then 'tis thought Thou liest thy mercy and remoife more strange Than is thy strange apparent crueltie; And where thou now exact it the penalty, Which is a pound of his poore Merchants fleth, Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture, But touch'd with humane gentlenesse and love: Forgive a maytie of the principall, Glancing an eye of pity on his losses, That hate of late so hudled on his backe, Enow to preface a royall Merchant downe; And plucke commination of his state From bristile boomes, and rough hearts of dints, From stubborne Turkes and Tatters never train'd To offices of tender curtesie,
We all expect a gentle answer Jew?
Iew. I haue pooffey your grace of what I purpose,
And by our holy Sabbath hane I sworne
To haue the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your Charter, and your Cities freedeme,
You'll ask me why I rather choose to haue
A weight of carition flesh, then to receive
Three thousand Ducates? Ile not answer that:
But say it is my humor; Is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a Rat,
And I be pleas'd to glie ten thousand Ducates
To haue it bain'd? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are loue not a gaping Pigge:
Some that are mad, if they behold a Cat: And others, when the bag-pipe sings I think, Cannot containe their Virne for affection.
Of matters of passion fwayes it to the moode Of what it likes or loaths, now for your answer: As there is no firme reason to be entend Why he cannot abide a gaping Pigge? Why be a harmelsse necellary Cat? Why be a woollen bag-pipe: But of force, Muff yeeld to such ineuctable shame, As to offend himselfe being offended:
So can I giue no reason, nor I will not,
More then a lodg'd hate, and a certaine loathing I beare Antonio, that I follow thus A looing suite against him? Are you answer'd?
Baff. This is no answer thou veulesman, To excue the currant of thy crueltie.
Iew. I am not bound to pleae 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. Eruice offence is not a hate at first.
Iew. What wouldst thou have a Serpent fling thee twice?
Ant. I pray you thinke you question with the Iew.
You may as well gofland upon the beach, And bid the mane flood baile his wimble height, Or ere you aske the question with the Wolfe, The Eve bileate for the Lambes:
You may as well forbid the Monsaines Pines To wagge their high tops, and to make no noise When they are treted with the gusts of heaven: You may as well do any thing mof hard, As fecke to soften that, then which what harder? His lewth flick heart. Therefore I do bеeche you Make no more offers, vfe no farther meanes, But with all briefe and plaine conueniencie Let me haue judgement, and the Jew his will.
Baff. For thy three thousand Ducates heereis fix.
Iew. If euerie Ducate in five thound Ducates Were in fixe parts, and every part a Ducate, I would not draw them, I would haue my bond?
Du. How shall thou hope for mercie, rendring none?
Iew. What judgement shall I dread doing wrong?
You have among you many a purchast flame, Which like your Affes, and your Dogs and Mules, You vfe in abiet and in flask parts, Because you bought them. Shall I say to you, Let them be freie, marie them to your heires? Why sparest they vnder burthen? Let their beds Be made as soft as yours: and let their paltats Be reason'd with such Viands: you will answer The
Duke. You hear the learned Bellario what he writes, and here (t) is the Doctor come. Give me your hand: Come you from old Bellario? 
Por. I did my Lord. 
Duke. You are welcome: take your place; Are you acquainted with the difference That holds this present question in the Court, Por. I am enforced throughly of the cause. Which is the Merchant heere? and which the Jew? 
Duke. Antonio and old Shylocke, both stand forth. 
Por. Is your name Shylocke? 
Iew. 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. 
Ych stand within his danger, do you not? 
Ant. I, so he fays. 
Por. Do you confess the bond? 
Ant. I do. 
Por. Then must the Jew be mercifull. 
Iew. On what compulfion muft I? Tell me that. 
Por. The quality of mercy is not strained, 
It dropeth as the gentle rain from heaven, 
Vpon the place beneath. It is twice bleffe, 
It bleffe him: that gues, and him that takes, 
'Tis mightieft in the mightieft, it becomes 
The throned Monarch better then his Crown. 
His Scepter fliues the force of temporal power, 
The attribute to awe and Maieffe, 
Wherein both fit the dread and fear of Kings; 
But mercy is aboue this prefcribed fway, 
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings, 
It is an attribute to God himfelfe; 
And earthly power doth then fliue likeft Gods 
When mercie feafons Iuflice. Therefore Jew, 
Though Iuften be thy plea, confider this, 
That in the courfe of Iuftice, none of vs 
Should fee falution; we do pray for mercie, 
And that fame prayer, doth teach vs all to render 
The deeds of mercie. I hauke spake thus much 
To mitigette the iuflice of thy plea: 
Which it thou follow, this stricte courfe of Venice 
Mufte neutres gue fentence againft the Merchant there. 
Shy. My deeds upon my head, I craue the Law, 
The penallie and forfeitie of my bond, 
Por. Is he not able to discharge the money? 
Bef. Yes, heere I tender it for him in the Court, 
Yea, twice the summe, if that will not suffice, 
I will be bound to pay it ten times ore, 
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart: 
If this will not suffice, it muft appeare 
That malice bears downe truthe. And I becheue 
Well once the Law to your authority, 
To do a great right, do a little wrong, 
And curb this cruell diuell of his will. 
Por. It muft not be, there is no power in Venice 
Can alter a decree establihed: 
'Twill be recorded for a President,
Which is as deere to me as life it selfe,  
But life it selfe, my wife, and all the world,  
Are not with me often'd above thy life.  
I would loose all, I sacrificethem all  
Here is my deuill, to deliver you.  
Par. Your wife would give you little thanks for that  
If she were by to heare you make the offer.  
Gra. I have a wife whom I proset I love,  
I would the were in heaven, so she could  
Interest some power to change this currish Jew.  

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back,  
The wish would make else an vnquiet house.  
(ter  
Iew. Thebe the Christian husbands I have a daugh.  
Would any of the flacks of Barabas  
Had been her husband, rather then a Christian.  
We trifle time, I pray thee pursuе sentence.  
Par. A pound of that fame marchants flesh is thine,  
The Court awards it, and the law doth give it.  
Iew. Moft rightfull Judge.  
Par. And you mull cut this flesh from off his breeft,  
The Law allows it, and the Court awards it.  
Iew. Moft learned Judge, a sentence, come prepare.  
Par. Tarry a little, there is something else,  
This bond doth giue thee hereon not a jot of blond,  
The words exprest are a pound of flesh:  
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh,  
But in the cutting it, if thou doft flie  
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods  
Are by the Laws of Venice conficrate.  

Vnlo the flate of Venice.  
Gra. O upright Judge,  
Mark Iew. ofleamed Judge.  
Shy. Is that the law?  
Par. Thy selfe shalt feet the Aft:  
For as thou weft just ice, be aflured  
Thou shalt haue just ice more then thou desireft.  
Gra. O learned Judge, mark Iew. a learned Judge.  
Iew. I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice,  
And let the Christian goe.  
Baff. Here is the money,  
Par. Soft, the Iew. shall haue all just ice, soft, no baffe,  
He shall haue nothing but the penalty.  
Gra. O Iew. an upright Judge, a learned Judge.  
Par. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh,  
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou lefe nor more  
But in a pound of flesh: if thou tak'ft no more  
Or lefe then a just pound, be it so much  
As makes it light or heavy in the fulftance,  
Or the deuision of the twentieth part  
Of one poore scruple, nay if the scale doe turne  
But in the effimation of a lyre,  
Thou dieft, and all thy goods are confiscate.  
Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel Iew,  
Now infedell I haue thee on the hip.  
Par. Why doth the Iew. paufe, take thy forseiture,  
Shy. Give me my principal, and let me goe.  
Baff. I haue it ready for thee, here the tis it.  
Par. He hath refus'd it in the open Court,  
He shall haue merly just ice and his bond.  
Gra. A Daniel Iffl fay 1. a second Daniel,  
I thanke thee Iew. for teaching me that word,  
Shy. Shall I not haue barely my princiall?  
Par. Thou haue nothing but the forseiture,  
To be taken fo at thy perill Iew.  
Shy. Why then the Deuill give him good of it:  
Let no longer question.  
Par. Tary
The Merchant of Venice

Par. Tarry ew,
The Law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the Laws of Venice,
Ifst be proved against an Alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts
He seeketh the life of any Citizen,
The party gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize one half his goods, the other half
Comes to the private coffers of the State,
And the offenders life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, gainst all other voice.
In which predication I say thou standst:
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou haft contended against the very life
Of the defendant: and thou haft incurred
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
Dowre therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

Gra. Beg that thou maist haue leave to hang thy selfe,
And yet thy wealth being forfeit to the flate,
Thou haft not left the value of a cord,
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the flates charge.

Duk. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou askst:
For half thy wealth, it is Antiunio's,
The other ha'è comes to the general flate,
Which humblyflee may drive vs a fine.

Per. 1 for the flate, not for Antiunio.

Sly. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that,
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house: you take my life
When you doe take the means whereby I live.

Per. What mercy can you render him Antiunio?

Gra. A halter gratis, nothing else for Gods sake.

Ant. So plesse my Lord the Duke, and all the Court
To quit the fine for one halfe of his goods,
I am content: so he will let me have
The other halfe in vfe, to render it
Upon his death, vnto the Gentleman
That lately floe his daughter,
Two things provid'd more, that for this favour
He presently become a Christian:
The other, that he doe record a gift
Here in the Court of all he dies possesse
Vnto his sometime Lorenzo, and his daughter.

Duk. He shall doe this, or else I doe recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Per. Art thou contented? what doft thou say?

Sly. I am content.

Per. Clarke, draw a deed of gift.

Sly. I pray you give me leave to goe from hence,
I am not well, the deed after me,
And I will signe it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but doe it.

Gra. In christening thou shalt have two godfathers,
Had I been Jude, thou shouldn't hace had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not to the font?

Exi. Duk. Sir I intreat you with me home to dinner,
And thou haft defire of thy Grace of pardon,
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meere I presently see forth.

Duk. I am sorry that your forefure serveth you not:

Antiunio, gratefully this gentleman,
For in my mind, you are much bound to him.

Exi. Duke and bystanders.

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend

Have by your wife done beene this day acquitted
Of greevous penaltyes, in lieu whereof,
Three thousand Dukats due vnto the Jew
We freely cove your curteous paines withall.

An. And stand indebted ever and above
In love and feruice to you evermore.

Per. He is well paid that is well satisfyed,
And I delivering you, am satisfyed,
And therein doe account my felie well paid,
My minde was neuer yet more mercifull.
I pray you know me when we meete again,
I wish you well, and I take my leave.

Bass. Deere sir, of force I must attempt you further,
Take some remembrance of vs as a tribute,
Not as fee: grant me two things, I pray you
Not to denie me, and to pardon me.

Per. You plight mee faire, and therefore I will yeeld,
Give me your gloues, Ile weare them for your sake,
And for your love Ile take this ring from you,
Doe not draw backe your hand, Ile take eno more,
And you in love shall not deny me this?

Bass. This ring good sir, alas it is a trifle,
I will not blame my selfe to give you this.

Per. I will have nothing else but onely this,
And now methinks I have a minde to it.

Bass. There's more depends on this then on the valew,
The desreet ring in Venice will I give you,
And finde it out by proclamation,
Onely for this I pray you pardon me.

Per. I see fye you are liberal in offers,
You taught me first to beg, and now me thinkes
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd,

Bass. Good fye, this ring was given me by my wife,
And when he put it on, fle made me vow
That I should neither fell,nor give, nor lose it.

Per. That feifie fernes many men to faue their gifts,
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,
Sliue would not hold out enemy for ever
For giving it to me: well, peace be with you.

Exi. Ant. My L.Baffiano, let him have the ring,
Let his deferuings and my love withall
Be valued against your wives commandement.

Bass. Goe Gratiano, run and ouer-take him,
Give him the ring, and bring him if thou canst
Vnto Antonio's house, awake,make halfe.

Exi Gratiano.

Come, you and I will thinner pretently,
And in the morning early will we both
Flie toward Belmont, come Antiunio.

Exi.

Enter Portia and Nerissa:

Per. Enquire the Leues house out, give him this deed,
And let him signe it, wee'11 away to night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Faire sir,you are well or-tune:
My L.Baffiano upon more advice,
Hath sent you heere this ring, and doth intreat
Your company at dinner,

Per. 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 Styfleches house.

Gra. That will I doe.

Nor. Sir, I would speake with you:
The Merchant of Venice.

Enter Lorenzo and Ieffica.

Lor. The moon's thines bright. In such a night as this, When the sweete sunne did gently kille the trees, And they did make no mynd. In such a night Troylus me thinkes mounted the Trojan walls, And fight'd his foule toward the Grecian tents Where Cressida lay that night.

Ieff. In such a night Did Thabis tearfully one trip the dewe, And saw the Lyons shadow ere haued her, And ranne diemayed away.

Loren. In such a night Stood Diego with a Willow in her hand Upon the wide sea bankes, and wait her Loue To come againe to Cathage.

Ieff. In such a night Medea gathered the enchanted hearbs That did renew old Efon.

Loren. In such a night Did Ieffica haste from the wealthy Gowe, And with an Unchift Loue did runne from Venice, As farre as Belmont.

Ieff. In such a night Did young Lorenzo swear he loud her well, Stealing her soule with many vowes of faith, And were a true one.

Loren. In such a night Did pretty Ieffica (like a little flow) Slender her Loue, and he forgave her her.

Ieff. I would out-night you did no body date: But harke, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Messinger.

Lor. Who comes so soft in silence of the night?

Mess. A friend.

Loren. A friend, what friend? your name I pray you

Mess. Stephe is my name, and I bring word My Miftrille will before the breake of day Be here at Belmont, she doth stray about By holy crosses where the knees and prays For happy wedlocke houres.

Lore. Who comes with her?

Mess. None but a holy Hermite and her maid: I pray you it my Master yestymu'd?

Loren. He is not, nor we have not heard from him, But goe we in I pray thee Ieffica, And ceremoniously let vs vs prepare Some welcome for the Miftrille of the house.

Enter Cloisse.

Clo. Sola, sola: we ha ho, sola, sola.
When neither is attended: and I think
The Nightingale if she should sing by day
When every Goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a Minstrel then the Wren?
How many things by season, season’d are
To their right place, and true perfection:
Peace, how the Moon sleeps with Endimion,
And would not be awak’d.

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv’d of Portia.
Por. He knows me as the blinde man knows the
Cuckow by the bad voice?
Lor. Deere Lady welcome home?
Per. We haue bene praying for our husbands welfare
Which speed we hope the better for our words,
Are they return’d?
Lor. Madam, they are not yet:
But there is come a Messenger before
To signifie their comming.
Por. Go in Nerrifia,
Give order to my tenants, that they take
No note at all of our being abroad hence; Not you Lorenzo, Juffice not you.
A Tucket founds.
Lor. Your husband is at hand, I hear his Trumpet,
We are no tell-tales Madam, fare you not.
Por. This night meaneakes is but the daylight fiske,
It lookes a little paler, ’tis a day,
Such as the day is, when the Sun is hid.

Enter Baffiano, Antonio, Gratiano, and their
Followers.

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in abience of the Sunne.
Por. Let me guie light, but let me not be light,
For a light wife doth make a heauie husband,
And never be Baffiano so for me,
But God for all: you are welcome home my Lord.
Bass. I thank you Madam, guie welcom to my friend
This is the man, this is the Baffiano,
To whom I am to infinitely bound.
Por. You should in all fence be much bound to him,
For as Iheare he was much bound for you.

Antonio. No more then I am wel acquieted of.
Por. Sir, you are verie welcome to our house:
It must appeare in other waies then words,
Therefore I teant this breathing courteous.

Gra. By yonder Moon I swear you do me wrong,
Infaith I guie it to the Judges Cleark,
Would he were gelt that had it for my part,
Since you do take it Looke so much at hart.
Por. A quarrel how alreadie, what’s the matter?
Gra. About a hoop of Gold, a pauly Ring
That she did give me, whose Poeticke was
For all the world like Cutlers Poetry
Upon a knife; Love mee, and leave mee not.

Ner. What talkes you of the Poeticke or the value:
You swor to me when I did giue it you,
That you would warrate it till the hour of death,
And that it should lye with you in your grave,
Though not for me, yet for your vchnement oaths,
You shoule haue bence respectual and haue kept it.
Gave it a Judges Cleark: but weel I know
The Cleark wil nere were haire on his face that had it.

Gra. He wil, and if the live to be a man,
Nerrifia, I, if a Woman live to be a man.
Gra. Now by this hand I guie it to a youth,
A kinde of boy, a little scrubbed boy.
No higher then thy selfe, the Judges Cleark,
A prating boy that begg’d it as a Fee,
I could not for my heart deny it him.
Por. You were too blamme, I must be plaine with you,
To part so sightly with your wifes first gift,
A thing flocke on with oathes upon your finger,
And so iuncted with faith vnto your teeth,
I gave my Loue a Ring, and made him swere
Neuer to part with it, and here he stands:
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leaue it,
Nor plucke it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world matters. Now in faith Gratiano,
You giue your wife too unkinde a cauice of greefe,
And were to me I should be mad at it.

Bass. Why I were belfe to cut my left hand off,
And swere I left the Ring defending it.
Gra. My Lord Bassiano gave his Ring away
Vnto the Judge that begg’d it, and indeed
Defend’d it too: and then the Boy his Cleark
That took some pains in writing, he begg’d nine,
And neither man nor matter would take ought
But the two Rings.

Por. What Ring gave you my Lord?
Not that I hope which you receiued of me,
Bass. If I could addle a lie vnto a fault,
I would deny it: but you see my finger
Hath not the Ring vpon it, it is gone.
Por. Even so voide is your false heart of truth.
By heauen I wil nere come in your bed
Vntil I see the Ring.

Ner. Nor I by yours, till I againe see mine,
Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the Ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the Ring,
And would conceime for what I gave the Ring,
And how unwillingly I left the Ring,
When nought would be acceptet but the Ring,
You would bate the length of your displeasure?
Por. If you had known the verity of the Ring,
Or halfe her worthinesse that gave 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 vnresolvable,
If you had pleas’d to have defended it
With any terms of Zeele: wanted the modest e
To vrg the thing held as a ceremonie:
Nerrifia teache me what to beleue,
Ile die for’t, but some Woman had the Ring?
Bass. No by mine honor Madam, by my loue
No Woman had it, but a ciall Doctor,
Which did refere three thousand Documents of me,
And begg’d the Rings: the which I did deme him,
And suffer’d him to go displease’d away:
Even he that had held vp the verie life
Of my deere friend. What should I say sweete Lady?
I was forborne to fend it after him;
I was before with flame and curst file,
My honor would not let ingratitude
So much beeare it. Pardon me good Lady,
And by thet blessed Candles of the night,
Had you bene there, I thinke you would haue begg’d
The Ring of me, to giue the worthie Doctor?

Q. 2 Por.
**The Merchant of Venice**

**Por.** Let not that Doctor ere come near my house, since he hath got the jewell that I loued, and that which you did swear to keep for me, I will become as liberall as you, Ie not deny him any thing I have, No, not my body, nor my husbands bed: Know him I shall, I am well sure of it. Lie not a night from home. Watch me like Argot, If you doe not, if I be left alon, Now by nine honour which is yet mine owne, Ile haue the Doctor for my bedfellow.

**Nerissa.** And I his Clarke: therefore be well advis'd How you doe leave me to mine owne protection.

**Gra.** Well, doe you so: let not me take him then, For if I doe, ile mar the yong Clarks pen.

**Ant.** I am thın unhappy of these quarrels.

**Por.** Sir, grieve not you, You are welcome notwithstanding.

**Bass.** Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong, And in the hearing of these manie friends I sweare to thee, even by thine owne faire eyes Wherein I fee my felic.

**Por.** Marke you but that?

In both my eyes he doubly fees himselfe: In each eye one, sweare by your double selfe, And there's an oath of credit.

**Bass.** Nay, but heare me.

Pardon this fault, and by my foule I sweare I never more will breake an oath with thee.

**Ant.** I once did lend my bodie for thy wealth, Which but for him that had your husbands ring had quite miscarried. I dare be bound againe, My foule upon the forfeit, that your Lord Will never more breake faith adusedly.

**Por.** Then you shall be his furietie: gue him this, And bid him keepe it better then the other.

**Ant.** Heere Lord Bassano, sweare to keep this ring.

**Bass.** By heauen it is the same I gave the Doctor.

**Por.** I had it of him: pardon Bassano,

For by this ring the Doctor lay with me.

**Ner.** And pardon me my gentle Gratiano, For that same scrubbed boy the Doctors Clarke In liue of this, last night did lye with me.

**Gra.** Why this is like the mending of high waies In Sommer, where the waies are faire enough: What, are we Cuckolds ere we haue defer'd it.

**Por.** Speake not so groosely, you are all amaz'd: Here is a letter, reade it at your leyfure,

It comes from Padua from Bellario,

There you shall finde that Portia was the Doctor, Nerissa there her Clarke. Lorenzo heere Shall witnesse I fer forth as loose as you,

And but eu' now return'd; I haue not yet

Entred my houfe. *Antonia you are welcome,* And I haue better newes in store for you Then you expect: vnfeale this letter foone, There you shall finde three of your Argosies Are richly come to harbour sodainlie. You shall not know by what strange accident I chanced on this letter.

**Antbo.** I am dumbe.

**Bass.** Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?

**Gra.** Were you the Clark that is to make me cuckold,

**Ner.** But the Clark that neuer means to doe it,

Vnfeale he lie vntill he be a man.

**Bass.** (Sweet Doctor) you shall be my bedfellow,

When I am abfent, then lie with my wife,

**Ant.** (Sweet Lady) you have given me life & liuing; For heere I reade for certaine that my ships Are faile to come to Rode.

**Por.** How now Lorenzo?

My Clarke hath some good comforts to for you.

**Ner.** And Ile gue him without a fee.

There doe I gue to you and effectes

From the rich Iewe, a speciall deed of gift

After his death, of all he dies possed of.

**Loren.** Faire Ladies you drop Manna in the way Of farued people.

**Por.** It is almoft morning,

And yet I am sure you are not fatisfaed Of these euentts at full. Let vs goe in,

And charge vs there upon intergatories, And we will answer all things faithfully.

**Gra.** Let it be fo, the firft intergatory That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,

Whether till the next night the had rather fly,

Or goe to bed, now being two houres to day,

But were the day come, I shou'd with it darke,

Till I were couching with the Doctors Clarke.

Well, while I live, Ie feare no other thing So farre, as keeping fafe Nerissas ring.

**Exit.**

**FINIS.**
As you Like it.

Adm. primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orlando. S. I remember Adam, it was upon this fashioned bequeathed me by will, but poore a thousand Crownes, and as thou failest, charged my brother on his blessing to breed mee well: and there begins my fadnesse: My brother Iago, he keepes at school, and report speakes goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keepes me ruthfally at home, or (to speak more properly) haires me here at home vnkept: for call yee that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the falling of an Ox: his horses are bred better, for befides that they are faire with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end Riders dearly hir'd: but I (his brother) game nothing vnder 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 femees to take from mee: hee lets mee feede with his Hinde, barres mee the place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mines my gentility my education. This is it Adam that grieues me, and the spirit of my Father, which I thinketh is within mee, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Enter Oliver.

Adam. Yonder comes my Master, your brother.

Oliver. Go away, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will make me vp.

Orlando. Now S., what make you here?

Oliver. Nothing; I am not taught to make any thing.

Orlando. What make you then sir?

Oliver. Sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poore vnworthy brother of yours with fadeness.

Oliver. Sir, be better employed, and be naught a while.

Oliver. Shall I keepe your hogs, and eat huskies with them? what prodigious portion have I spent that should come to such penuity?

Orlando. Know you where you are sir?

Oliver. I am very well here in your Orchard.

Orlando. Know you before whom sir?

Orlando. Better then him I am before knowes mee: I know you are my eldest brother, and in the gentle condition of bloud you should loo me; the curteousness 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 us: I hate as much of my father in mee, as you, albeit I confess your comming before me is nearer to his euereuice.

Oliver. What say you?

Oliver. Come, come elder brother, you are too young in Olitz. Wilt thou lay hands on me villain?

Oliver. I am no villain: I am the younger sonne of Sir Eylandt de Boyes, he was my father, and he is thine villain: allways that first a father begot villains: yet thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pull'd out thy tongue for laying so, thou haft rais'd on thy selfe.

Adam. Sweet Masters bee patient, for your Fathers re-embraunce, be at accord.

Oliver. Let me goe I say.

Oliver. I will not till I plese: you shall have none: my father charg'd you in his will to give me good education, you haue train'd me like a peacon, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father growes strong in mee, and I will no longer endure it: therfore doe I such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give mee the poore alottery my father left me by testament, with that I will goe buy my fortunes.

Oliver. And what wilt thou doe? beg when that is spent? Well sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will, I pray you leave mee.

Oliver. I will no further offend you, then becomes mee for my good.

Oliver. Get you with him, you olde dogge.

Adam. Is old dogge my reward: most true, I have loo'd in your servitude: God be with my olde master, he would not have spake such a word. Ex. Oliver. Add. Is it eno to, begin you to grow vp vnme? I will phisick your raunckenesse, and yet give you thundr crounnes neyther: holla Dennis.

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oliver. Was not Charles the Dukes Wrasfler here to speake with me?

Den. So pleases you, he is here at the door, and importunes accesse to you.

Oliver. Call him in: I will be a good way: and to morrow the wrasfling is.

Enter Charles.

Charles. Good morrow to your worship.

Oliver. Good Mounfier Charles: what's the newes at the new Court?

Charles. There's no newes at the Court Sir, but the olde newes: that is, the olde Duke is banished by his younger brother the new Duke, and three or four lauing Q.3
As you like it.

Lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oth. Can you tell if Rosalind the Duke's daughter be banished with her Father?

Cha. No: for the Duke's daughter her Cofen doth love her, being ever from their Cradles bred together, that hee would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her; she is at the Court, and no leafe beloved of her Vnclc, then his owne daughter, and never two Ladies loued as they doe.

Oth. Where will the old Duke live?

Cha. They say hee is already in the Forrest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they liue like the old Robin Hood of England; they say many young Gentleman flocke to him euer day, and fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world.

Oth. What, you wrastle to morrow before the new Duke.

Cha. Marry doe I fir: and I came to acquaint you with a matter: I am gien fie secretly to vnderstand, that your yonger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against mee to try a fall: to morrow I wraselle for my credit, and hee that escapers me without some broken limb, shall acquitt him well: your brother is but young and tender, and for your loue I would bee both to joyle him, as I must for my owne honour if hee come in: therefore out of my loue to you, I came hither to acquittance withall, that either you might lay him from his intention, or brooke such disgrace well as he shall runne into in that it is a thine of his owne seach, and altogether against my will.

Oth. Charles, I thank thee for thy loue to mee, which thou hast finde I will most kindly requite: I had my selfe notice of my Brothers purpose herein, and hase by vnder-hand meanes laboured to diffwade him from it; but he is resolute. He tell thee Charles, it is the Hubborne yong fellow of France, full of ambition, an envious emulator of euerie mans good parts, a secret & villanous contriver against mee his natural brother: therefore vse thy discretion, I had as leefe thou didst break his necke as his finger. And thou wert best looke to; for if thou dost him any flight disgrace, or if hee do not mightie grace himiselfe on thee, hee will prachifie against thee by poysion, ernrap thee by some treacherous deuile, and neuer leaue thee till he hath tane thy life by some indirect meanes or other: for I sweare thee, (and almost with tears I speake it) there is not one so young, and so villanous this day huing. I speake but brotherly of him, but shoul I anthonimaze him to thee, as hee is, I muft bluse, and wepe, and thou must looke pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: if hee come to morrow, hee gue him his payment: if euere hee goe alone againe, I leene wraselle for prizize more: and so God kepe your worship.

Exit.

As you like it.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Rosalind, and Celia.

Cel. I pray thee Rosalind, sweet my Coze, be merry, Ref. Deere Celia; I shew no more mirth then I am mi
treffle of, and would you yet were merrier: vntil you could teach me to forget a banished father, you muft not leare mee how to remember any extraordinary ple
sure.

Cel. Herein I see thou lou'st mee not with the full vght that I loue thee, if my Vnde thy banished father had banished thy Vnclc the Duke my Father, so thou hadst bene still with mee, I could have taught my loue to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy loue to me were to righteously temper'd, as mine is to thee.

Ref. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to retioyce in yours.

Cel. You know my Father hath no child, but I, nor any is like to haue; and truely when he die, thou shalt be his heire; for what hee hath taken away from thy father performe, I will render thee againe in affectioun: by mine honor I will, and when I breake that oath, let mee tume monafter therefore my sweet Refe, my deere Rosalind be merry.

Ref. From henceforth I will Coze, and deuise spors to let mee see, what thinkes ye of falling in Loue?

Cel. Marry I prethee dooe, to make sport withall: but lets no man in good earne, nor no further in spors neyther, then with safety of a pure blinds, thou maist in hono
or come off again.

Ref. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let vs see and mooke the good howeswife For
time from her wheele, that her gifts may henceforth bee beloweledge equaly.

Ref. I would wee could doe so: for her benefits are mightily misplace, and the bountifull blinde woman doth moit mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true, for those that she makes faire, the feare makes honest, & those that she makes honest, the feare very illusouredly.

Ref. Nay now thou goest from Fortunes office to Na
tures; Fortune reignes in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter Clowne.

Cl. No; when Nature hath made a faire creature, may the not by Fortune fall into the fire & though Nature hath gien vs wheat to flour at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this foole to cut off the argument?

Ref. Indeed there is fortune too hard for nature, when fortune makes natures natural, the cutter off of natures witte.

Cel. Peradventure this is not Fortunes work neither, but Nature, who perceivd our natural witts too dull to reacon of such good actions, hath sent this Naturall for our whetstone, for alwaies the dullesse of the foole, is the whetstone of the witts, How now Witte, whether wander you?

Clow. Mistreffe, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the mellenger?

Cl. No by mine honor, but I was bid to come for you
Ref. Where learned you that oath foole?

Clo. Of a certaine Knight, that swore by his Honour they were good Pan-caakes, and swore by his Honour the Mulbard was naught; Now he band to it, the Pancakes were naught, and the Mulbard was good, and yet was not the Knight forsworne.

Cel. How prove you that in the great heape of your knowledge?

Ref. I marry, now nmuzzle your wifedome.

Clo. Stand you both forth now: Stroke your chinar, and swear by our beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards (if we had them) thou art. Clo. By my knauerie (if I had it) then I were: but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight swearing by his Honour, for he never had ame; or if he had, he had forsworn it away, before ever he faw those Pancakes, or that Mulbard.

Cel. Prethee, who is't that thou mean'st?

Clo. One that old Fredericke your Father loues.

Ref. My Fathers loue is enought to honor him enough; speake no more of him, you'll be whipt for taxation one of these dais.

Cel. The more pitie that foole may not speake wise-
y, what Wifemen do foolishly.

Clo. By my troth thou faist true: For since the little wit that foole haue was silenced, the little foolerie that wise men haue makes a great fhow; Heere comes Mon-
sieur the Beau.

Enter le Beau.

Ref. With his mouth full of newes.

Cel. Which he will put on vs, as Pigeons feed their young.

Ref. Then shall we be newes-cram'd.

Cel. All the better: we shall be the more Marketable.

Boon-throw Monsieur le Beau, what's the newest?

LeBeu. Faire Princeffe, you have loft much good sport.

Cel. Sport of what colour?

Le Beu. What colour Madame? How shall I answer you?

Ref. Wit and fortune will.

Cel. Or as the deities decrees.

Cel. Well saide, that was laid on with a towrell.

Clo. Nay, if I keepe not my rankes,

Ref. Thou lookest thy old smell.

Le Beu. You amaze me Ladies: I would have told you of good wrasfling, which you have loft the sight of.

Ref. Yet tell vs the manner of the Wrasfling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning: and if it please your Ladiships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to doe, and here where you are, they are coming to performe it.

Cel. Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man, and his three sons.

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and pretence.

Ref. With bilts on their neckes: Be it knoen to\nall men by these pretens.

Le Beau. The eldest of the three, wasfled with Charles the Dukes Wrasfler, which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribbes; that there is little hope of life in him: So the fere'd the second, and so the third: yonder they lie, the poore old man their Fathers, making such pitifull doe over them, that all the behol-
ders take his part with weeping.

Ref. Alas.

Cel. But what is the sport Monsieur, that the Ladies have loft?

Le Beau. Why this that I speake of.

Clo. Thus men may grow wiser every day. It is the first time that euer I heard breaking of ribbes was sport for Ladies.

Cel. Of I, I promife thee.

Ref. But is there any elie long to see this broken Muchtie in his fides? Is there yet another doates upon rib-breakeing? Shall we see this wrasfling Cofin?

Le Beau. You must if you fay here, for heere is the place appointed for the wrasfling, and they are ready to performe it.

Cel. Yon lerare they are comming. Let vs now flay and fee it.

Florence. Enter Duke, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.

Duke. Come on, since the youth will not be intreated His owne prizl on his forwardneffe.

Ref. Is wonder the man?

Le Beu. Even he, Madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

Dn. How now daughter, and Cousin:

Are you eperhit hither to fee the wrasfling?

Ref. I my Liege, so please you youe vs leave.

Dn. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you there is such oddes in the Man: In pitie of the challen-
gers youth, I would faire diswade him, but he will not be entreated. Spegke to him Ladies, see it you can moue him.

Cel. Call him hether good Monsieur Le Beau.

Dkgs. Do fo: I henot be.

Le Beau. Monsieur the Challenger, the Princeffe call

for you.

OrL. I attend them with all respect and dutie.

Ref. Young man, haue you challenged Charles the Wrasfler?

Orl. No: I haue Princeffe: he is the general challenger, I come but in as others do, to try with him the strenth of my youth.

Cel. Yong Gentlemen, your spirits are too bold for your yeres: you have seene cruel proofs of this mans strenth, if you faw your felle with your eies, or knew your felle with your jugiment, the fear of your adven-
ture would counten you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you for your owne sake to embrace your owne fiate-
tie, and gius ouer this attempt.

Ref. Do your Sir, your reputacion shall not therefore be misprifed: we will make it our finte to the Duke, that the wrasfling might not go forward.

OrL. I beleech you, punish me not with your hardh thoughts, wherein I confesse me much guiute to deny so faire and excellent Ladies anie thing. But let your faire eies, and gentle wifhes go with me to my trial; wherein if I bee foilld, there is but one tham't that was never gracious: if I'd, but one dead that is willing to be fo: I shall do my frendes no wrong, for I have none to lament the world no inure, for in it I have nothing: onely in the world I fill vp a place, which may bee better supplied, when I have made it emprise.

Ref. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel.
Ces. And mine to eke out hers.
Ref. Fare you well, praise heaven I be deceiv'd in you.
Ces. Your hearts desires be with you.
Char. Come, where is this yong gallant, that is so defirous to lie with his mother earth?
Orol. Readie Sir, but his will hath in it a more modest working.
Duke. You shall trie but one fall.
Char. No, I warrant your Grace you shall not entreat him to second, that haue to mightlie perwaded him from a firft.
Orol. You meane to mocke me after : you should not have mockt me before : but come your waies.
Ref. Now Hercules, be thy speede yong man.
Ces. I would I were invisibl, to catch the strong fellow by the gge.
Ref. Oh excellent yong man,
Ces. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eie, I can tell who should downe.
Duke. No more, no more.
Orol. Yes I beeche your Grace', I am not yet well breath'd.
Duke. How doest thou Charles?
Le Ben. He cannot speake my Lord.
Duke. Bear him sweate:
What is thy name yong man?
Orol. Orlando my Liege, the yongest sonne of Sir Roland de Boys.
Duke. I would thou hadst beene son to some man else,
The world effect'd thy father honourable,
But I did finde him full mine enemy:
Thou shouldest have better pleas'd me with this deede,
Hath thou defended from another house:
But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth,
I would thou hadst told me of another Father.
Exit Duke.
Ces. Were I my Father (Coze) would I do this?
Orol. I am more proud to be Sir Roland's sonne,
His yongest sonne, and would not change that calling To be adopted here to Frederick.
Ref. My Father lou'd Sir Roland as his foule,
And all the world was of my Fathers minde,
Had I before knowne this yong man his sonne,
I should haue given him teares vnto entreaties,
Ere he should thus haue ventur'd.
Ces. Gentle Cofen,
Let vs goe thank him, and encourage him:
My Fathers rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart: Sir, you haue well deserv'd,
If you doe keepe your promises in love;
But luffy as you have exceeded all promisse,
Your Mistresses shall be happie.
Ref. Gentleman,
Weare this for me: one out of suites with fortune
That could gieue more, but that her hand lacks meane.
Shall we goe Coze?
Ces. If youre you well faire Gentleman.
Ref. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all throwen downe, and that which here flandes vp
Is but a quintine, an unere liueselle bloque.
Ref. He calls vs back: my pride fel with my fortunes,
Ile ask him what he would: Did you call Sir?
Ces. You haue wrasftled well, and ouerthrowne
More then your enemies.
Ces. Will you goe Coze?
Ref. Haue with you: fare you well.
Orol. What passion hangs thase weighty vpo my tooong?
I cannot speake to her, yet the vrg'd conference.

Enter Le Beau.
O poore Orlande! thou art ouerthrown.
Orl. Charles, or something weaker matters thee.
Le Ben. Good Sir, I do in friendship counsale you
To leave this place; albeit you haue derf'd
High commendation, true applause, and love;
Yet such is now the Dukes condition,
That he miscontrasts all that you have done:
The Duke is humorous, what he is indeed.
More fits in Duke, you conceiu'd, then I to speake of.
Orol. 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 Ben. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners,
But yet indeede the taller is his daughter.
The other is daughter to the banished Duke,
And here daintie by her vpsering Vnkle
To kepe his daughter companie, whose loues
Are deerer then the natural bond of Sitters;
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
Hath tane dilipleasure 'gainst his gentle Niecee,
Grounded vpon no other argument,
But that the people prais'd her for her vertues,
And pittie her, for her good Fathers sake;
And on my life his malice 'gainst the Lady
Will sodainly breake forth: Sir, fare you well,
Hereafter in a better world then this,
I shall defire more loue and knowledge of you.
Orol. I ref't much bounden to you: fare you well.
Thus must I from the smoake into the smoother,
From tyrant Duke, unto a tyrant Brother.
But heavenlyy Orlande.
Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Celsa and Orlande.
Ces. Why Cofen, why Orlande: Cupid haue mercie,
Not a word?
Ref. Not one to throw at a dog.
Ces. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away
Upon curs, throw some of them at me; some lame men with reasons.
Ref. Then there were two Cofens laid vp, when the one should be lam'd with reasons, and the other mad without any.
Ces. But is all this for thy Father?
Ref. No, some of it is for my childe Father: Oh how full of briers is this working day world.
Ces. They are but burs, Cofen, throwne vpon thee in holiday foolerie, if we walke not in the straddled paths our very petticoates will catch them.
Ref. I could shake them off my coate, these burs are in my heart.
Ces. Hem them awaie.
Ref. I would try if I could cry hem, and haue him.
Ces. Come, come, wrastle with thy affections.
Ref. O they take the part of a better wrasfler: then my selfe.
Ces. O, a good with vpon you: you will trie in time
in digliph of a fall: but turning shee(ts out of seruice, 
let vs talke in good earneft: is it possible on such a fo-
\begin{verbatim}
daine, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir
\end{verbatim}
\begin{verbatim}
Remondard's yonge Lorne?
\end{verbatim}
Ref. The Duke my Father lou'd his Father decerele.
•\[\text{Duke doth therefore enure that you should lose his}
\begin{verbatim}
Sonne deerele? By this kinde of chafe, I should hate him,
\end{verbatim}
\begin{verbatim}
for my Father hated his father decereley; yet I hate not
\end{verbatim}
\begin{verbatim}
Orlando.
\end{verbatim}
Ref. No faith, hate him not for my fake.
Cel. Why should I not doth he not deserve well?

Enter Duke with Lords.

Ref. Let me alone him for that, and do you love him
Because I doe. Look, here comes the Duke,

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Duke. Misrepris dispatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our Court.

Ref. Me Vnle.

Duke. You Cofen,
Within thee ten dais if that thou beeft found
So neere our publique Court as twentie miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ref. I doe before my Grace
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear me with:
If with my felle I holde intellige,\begin{verbatim}
Or haue aneautice with mine owne desires,
\end{verbatim}
\begin{verbatim}
If that I doe not dreame, or be not frantick,
\end{verbatim}
\begin{verbatim}
(As I doe truth I am not) then deere Vnle,
\end{verbatim}
\begin{verbatim}
Neuer fo much as in a thought vnborne,
\end{verbatim}
\begin{verbatim}
Did offend you highmiffe.
\end{verbatim}

Duke. Thus doe all Traitors,
If then purgation did somift in words,
They are as innocens as grace it felle;
\begin{verbatim}
Let it suffice thee that I truft thee not.
\end{verbatim}

Ref. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a Traitor
Tell me whereon the likelihoods depends?

Duke. Thou art thy Fathers daughter, there's enough.

Ref. So was I when your highties took his Duke's,
So was I when your highnesse banift him;
Trefon is not inherited my Lord,
Or if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me, my Father was no Traitor,
Then good my Leige, mistake me not fo much,
To think me pouerite is treacherous.

Cel. Deere Soueraigne heare me speake.

Duke. I Cela, we haide her for your fake,
Elle had the with her Father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then intreat to haue her flay,
It was your pleasure, and your owne remote,
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her: if she be a Traitor,
Why so am I: we still have slept together,
Role at an instant, learn'd, plaid, cate together,
And wherefore we went, like inner Swans,
Still we went coupled and inepersable.

Duke. She is too subtile for thee, and her smoothies;
Her verie flentence, and per patience,
Speake to the people, and they pitiche her:
Thou art a foole, therobs thee of thy name,
And thou wilt shew more bright, & seem more vextuous
When she is gone: then open not thy lips
Firme, and irreducable is my doome,
Which I haue past vppon her, she is banifh'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me my Leige,
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke. You are a foole; you Neice prouide your selfe,
If you out-flay the rime, vpon mine honor,
And in the gremesse of my word you die.

Exit Duke &c.

Cel. O my poore Rofaline, whether wilt thou goe?
Wilt thou change Fathers? I will giue thee mine:
I charge thee be not thou more giue'd then I am.

Ref. I have more caufe.

Cel. Thou haft not Cofen,
Prethee be Therfeul; know'ft thou not the Duke
Hath banifh'd me his daughter?

Ref. That he hath not.

Cel. No, hath not? Rofaline lacks then the loue
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one,
Shall we be funder? Shall we part sweete giles?
No, let my Father fecke another heire:
Therefore deuise with me how we may flie
Whether to goe, and what to beare with vs,
And doe not fecke to take your change vpon you,
To beare your griefes your selfe, and leave me out:
For by this heaven, now at our forrowes pales;
Say what thou canst, I goe along with thee.

Ref. Why, whether shall we goe?

Cel. To fecke my Vnle in the Forrest of Arden.

Ref. Alas, what danger will it be to vs,
(Maides as we are) to trauell forth fo farre?
Beautie pronoketh theues sooner then gold.

Cel. Ile put my felle in poore and meane attire,
And with a kind of vmbre fiirch my face,
The like doe you, to all we paffe along,
And neuer thet affilants.

Ref. Were it not better,
Because that I am more then common tall,
That I did fuite me all points like a man,
A gallant curtrelax upon my thigh,
A bare-feare in my hand, and inmy heart,
Lye there what hidden womans fete there will,
Weele have a wafting and a marshall outride,
As manie other mannifh crouds haue,
That doe oufate it with their remblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

Ref. I haue no worse a name then then Iones owne Page,
And therefore looke you call me Gavrioted.

But what will you by call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my flate:
No longer Celia, but Alinda.

Ref. But Cofen, what if we affild to fielde
The clownifi Poole out of your Fathers Court
Would he not be a confort to our trauaile?

Cel. Heele goe along ore the wide world with me,
Leave me alone to owe him; Let's away
And get our Jewels and our wealth together,
Deuile the fitteft time, and failest way.
To lide vs from purifie that will be made
After my flight now goe in we content
To libertie, and not to banifhment.

Exeunt.

Aesopus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke Senior: Amyens, and two or three Lords
like Forreffer ratings.

Duke Sen. Now my Coo-mates, and brothers in exile:
Hath noe old custome made this life more sweete.

Then
Then that of painted pome? Are not these woods
More free from peril then the envious Court?
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam,
The seashions difference, as the Ice change
And churlishly chiding of the winters winde,
Which when it bites and blowes vp my body
Even till I shrinke with cold, I smile, and say
This is no flattery: these are counselors
That feelingly perfwade me what I am:
Sweet are the vies of aduerfie
Which like the toad, ougly and venemous,
Were yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life exempt from publike haunt,
Findes tongues in trees, bookes in the running brookes,
Sermons in stones, and good in euery thing.

_Amien. I would not change it, happy is your Grace
That can translate the flubbormelle of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a file.
_Du Sen._ Come, hall we goe and kill vs venion?
And yet it irks me the poore dappled foole
Being native Burgers of this deecf City,
Should intrehe owne confines with forfed heads
Hauie their round hanches goard.

1._Lord._ Indeed my Lord
The melancholy _Laguer_ grieues at that,
And in that kinde _Laguer_ you doe more vfitre
Then doth your brother that hath bartheid'd you:
To day my Lord of _Amien_, and my selfe,
Did fsalee behind him as he lay along
Vnder an oase, whose antick reoeepe peeps out
Vpon the brooke that brawles along this wood,
To the which place a poore lequeftrid Stag
That from the Hunters aimer has tane a hurt,
Did come to languish: and indeed my Lord
The wretched aminal head's forth ficch groanes
That their discharge did fretch their leathern coat
Almost to biffling, and the big round teares
Cours'd one another downe his innocent noe
In pittoce chafe: and thus the hairie foole,
Much marked of the melancholy _Laguer_,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brooke,
Augmenting it with teares.

_Du Sen._ But what said _Laguer_,
Did he not moralize this featlece?

1._Lord._ O yes, into a thousand familie.
First, for his weeping into the needleffe thrame;
Poore _Dece_ quoth he, thou mak'ft a testament
As worldlings doe, giving thir fune of more
To that which had too musht: then being there alone,
Left and abandoned of his virtu friend;
'Tis right quoth he, thus miferie doth part
The Fluex of compaine: anon a carefree Heard
Full of the paffure, jumps along by him
And never stables to greet him: I quoth _Laguer_,
Sweep ye upon you fat and greadzie Citizens,
'Tis lust the fashion: wherefore do you looke
Vpon that poore and broken bankrupt there?
Thus moft inquietly be perceth through
The body of Countrie, Citie, Cour, Yes, and of this our life, I weare that we
Are menre vfluer, tyrants, and whates worse
To fright the Animalles, and to kill them vp
In their offluegd and native dwelling place.

_Du Sen._ And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2._Lord._ We did my Lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the foibing _Dece._
He will have other means to cut you off;
I overheard him: and his practises:
This is no place, this house is but a butcherie;
Abhorre it, fear it, do not enter it.
Ad. Why whither Adam wouldst thou have me go?
Ad. No matter whither, so you come not here.
Orl. What wouldst thou have me go & beg my food,
or with a bale and boistrous Sword enforce
A theemth tuition 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 subfect me to the maleice
Of a diuered blood, and bloudie brother.
Ad. But do not so: I have fiane hundred Crownes,
The thifttie hire I faued under your Father,
Which I did foregoing to be my foster Nurse,
When service fhould in my old lams lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners throwne,
Take that, and he that doth the Rauens feede,
Yes prouidently cares for the Sparrow,
Be comfort to my age: there is the gold,
All this I give you, let me be your servant,
Though I looke old, yet I am strong and little;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot, and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with vastfull fore head Woe,
The meanings of weaknife and debilitie,
Therefore my age is as a little winter,
Frostie, but kindly; let me goe with you,
I doe the service of a younger man
In all your bunifie and necessitie.
Orl. Oh good old man, how well in thee appears
The conftant service of the antique world,
When service fierce for duty, not for meddle:
Then art not for the fashion of their times,
Where none will waste, but for promotion
And hauing that do shcheke their service 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 bloffome yeede,
In lies of all thy painses and husbandrie,
But comy thy wais, weege goe along together,
And ere we have thy youthfull wages spent,
Weege light vpon some fettled low content.
Ad. Matter goe on, and I will follow thee
To the last gaffe with truth and loyalties,
From feuentie yeeres, till now almost foure-score
Here haued I, but now linke here no more
At feuentie yeeres, many their fortunes tecke
But at foureen, it is too late a weeke,
Yet fortune cannot rempence me better
Then to die well, and not my Malters debters.

As you like it.

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Scena Quarta.

Enter Rofaline for Ganined, Celia for Aliena, and
Clowne, alias Touchstone.

Ref. O Jupiter, how merry are my spirits?
Clos. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.
Ref. I could find in my heart to displace my mans apparrell, and to cry like a woman: but I must comfort
the weaker vellell, as doublet and hose ought to flow it
felie coragious to petty-coate; therefore courage, good
Aliena.

Clos. I pray you beware with me, I cannot goe no further.

Clos. For my part, I had rather beare with you, then
beware you: yet I should have no crose if I did beware
you, for I think you have no money in your purse.

Ref. Well, this is the Forrest of Arden.
Clos. 1, now am in Arden, the more fooloe I, when
I was at home I was in a better place, but Travellers must
be content.

Enter Corin and Silvia.

Ref. I bemso good Touchstone: Look you, who comes
here, a young man and an old in solome talk.
Cor. That is the way to make her scarce you shall.
Sil. Oh Corin, that thou knowest how I doe love her,
Cor. I partly guesse: for I have loud ere now.
Sil. No Corin, being old, thou canst not guesse,
Though in thy youth thou wert as true a lover
As ever gide'd upon a midnight pillow: But if thy love were euer like to mine,
As sure I thinke did never man loue so:
How many actions most ridiculous,
Haft thou beene drawn to by thy fantasie?
Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.
Sil. Oh thou didst thenne loue so hartely,
If thou remembrest not the flighte leftolly,
That euer loue did make thee run into,
Theat not hartely.
Or if thou haft not yet as I doe now,
Wearing thy heart in thy Misfitis praffe,
Thou haft not loue.
Or if thou haft not broke from companie,
Abruptly as my passion now makes me,
Thou haft not loue.

O Phoebe, Phoebe, Phoebe.

Ref. Alias poore Shepherds searching of they would,
I haue by hard adventure found mine owne.
Clos. And I mine: I remember when I was in loue, I
broke my word upon a stone, and bid him take that for
consuming a night to late Soule, and I remember the kif-
ning of her buiter, and the Cowes dugs that her prettie
chopt hands had milk'd; and I remember the wooing
of a peacode instead of her, from whom I tooke two
cods, and giving her them againe, said with weeping
reares, ware thee for my sake: wee that are true
lovers, runne into strange capers; but as is mortall in
nature, so is all nature in loue, mortall in folly.
Ref. Thou speakes wifer than thou art ware of.
Clos. Nay, I shall here be ware of mine owne wit, till
I breake my thing against it.
Sil. Late, late, this Shepherds passion,
Is much upon my passion.
Clos. And mine, but it growes something stale with
me.

Clos. I pray you, one of you question you'd man,
If the for gold will give vs any food,
I faint almoast to death.
Clos. Holla, you Clowne,
Ref. Peace, fool: he's not thy kindman.
Cor. Who calls?
Ref. Your betters Sir, .
Cor. 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 Shepherd, if that loue or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring vs where we may rett our felues, and feed:
Here's a yong maid with trunche much oppressed,
And faints for succour.
Cor. Fair Sir, I prithee,
And with for her fake more then for mine owne,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her:
But I am feerheard to another man,
And do not there the Fleece that I graze:
My matter is of curthil disposition,
And little wreakes to finde the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitaltie.
Besides his Coat, his Flocke, and bounds of feede
Are now on sale, and at our sheepe-cost now
By reason of his absence there is nothing
That you will feed on: but whatis, come fee,
And in my voice most welcome shal you be.

Ref. What is he that shall buy his flocke and pasture?
Cor. That yong Swaine that you saw heere but eere-while,
That little cases for buying any thing:
Ref. I pray theeall stand with benefite,
Buy thou the Cottage, pasture, and the Flocke,
And thou shalt haue to pay for it of vs.
Cel. And we will mend thy wages:
I like this place, and willingly could
Waste my time in it.
Cor. Affuredly the thing is to be sold:
Go with me, if you like upon report,
The foile, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithfull Feeder be,
And buy it with your Gold right sodisly.

Scene Quinta.

Enter, Amynus, Jaques, & other.

Song.
Under the greene wood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And turne his merry Note,
unto the sweet Birds throte:
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall be foe no enemies,
But Winter and rough Weather.

Amy. More, more, I prethee more.

Amy. It will make you melancholyly Monsieur Jaques.

Amy. I thanke it: More, I prethee more,
I can tucke melancholy out of a fong,
As a Weazel tucks eggs: More, I prethee more.

Amy. My voice is ragged, I know I cannot please you.

Amy. I do not desyre you to please me,
I do desire you to fing:
Come, more, another flanzo: Cal you'em flanzo's?

Amy. What you will Monsieur Jaques.

Amy. Nay, I care not for their names, they owe me nothing.

Amy. More at your request, then to please myself.

Amy. Well then, if ever I thanke any man, I he thanke

Scena Sexta.

Enter Orlando, & Adam.

Adam. Deere Master, I can go no further:
O I die for food. Heere lie I downe,
And measure out my graue. Farewel kinde master.

Orl. Why how now Adam? No greater heart in thee:
Liu a little, comfort a little, cheere thy selfe a little.
If this vncoth Forrest yeeld any thing faisage,
I wil either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee:
Thy conceite is nearer death, then thy powers.
For my sake be comfortable, hold death a while
At the armes end: I wil heere be with thee pretyly,
And if I bring thee not someting to eate,
I wil giue thee leaue to die: but if thou dieft
Before I come, thou art a macker of my labor.
Wel said, thou lookst cheereely,
And Ie be with thee quickly: yet thou liest
In the blasey sires. Come, I wil beare thee
To some shelter, and thou shalt not die
For lacke of a dinner,
If there liue any thing in this Deserte.
Cheereely good Adam.
Enter Duke Sen. & Lord, like Our-laws.

Du. Sen. I think he be transform'd into a beast,
For I can no where finde him, like a man.

1. Lord. My Lord, he is but even now gone hence,
Here was he metry, hearing of a Song.

Du. Sen. If he compact of iarres, grow Musically,
We shall have shortly discord in the Sphearers:
Go seek him, tell him I would speake with him.

Enter Iago,

1. Lord. He vances my labor by his owne approach.

Du. Sen. Why how now Monsieur, what a life is this
That your poore friends must vow your company,
What, you looke metry.

Iag. A motley, a fool: I met a fool: th' Fortes:
A motley Fool (a miserable world:)
As I do live by foode, I met a fool,
Who laid him downe, and bask'd him in the Sun,
And rai'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good fet terms, and yet a motley foole.
Good morrow foole (quoth he:) no Sir, quoth he
Calme not foole, till heaven hath sent me fortune,
And then he drew a diall from his poake,
And looking on it, with lacke-lustre eye
Says, very wisely, it is ten a clocke:
Thus we may fee (quoth he) how the world waggis:
Tis but an houre agoe, since it was nine,
And after one houre more, 'twill be eleuen,
And fo from houre to houre, we rippe, and rippe,
And then from houre to houre, we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did heare
The motley Foolus, thus morsall on the time,
My Lungs began to crow like Chanticlere,
That Foolus shoule be to deepe contemptuatis:
And I did laugh, fans intermission
An houre by his diall. Oh noble foole,
A worthy fool: Motley: the only weare.

Du. Sen. What foole is this?

Iag. O worthy Fool: One that hath bin a Courtier
And says, if Ladies be but young, and faire,
They haue the gift to know it: and in his braine,
Which is as dricke as the remainder biscket
After a voyaage: He hath strange places cram'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.

Iag. It is my only fuite,
Prouided that you wed your better judgements
Of all opinion that grows vaine in them,
That I am wise. I must have libertie
Withal, as large a Charter as the winde,
To blow on whom I please, for fo foolees haue:
And they that are most guile with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why shoule they so?
The why is plane, as way to Parish Church:
Hec. that a Fool doth very wisely his,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart
Seem eeneelesse of the bob. If not,
The Wife-man folly is anathemiz'd
Even by the guantling glances of the fool.

Invent me in my motley: Gise me leave
To speake my minde, and I will through and through
Cleane the foule bodie of this infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.


Iag. What, for a Counter, would I do, but good;
Du. Sen. Most mischievous foule fin, in chiding fin:
For thou thy selfe haft bene a Libertine,
As fencill as the brutifh flinge it selfe.
And all themboffed fores, and headed eulks,
That thou with licence of free foot haft caugh't,
Would'nt thou disgorge into the generall world.

Iag. Why who cries out on pride,
That can therein taxe any private party:
Doth it not flow as hugely as the Sea,
Till that the weather very means doe ebb.
What woman in the Citie do I name,
Whom that I say the City woman bears
The cote of Princes on vnworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say that I meanet her,
When such a one as faire, such is her neighbor?
Or what is he of basest function,
That saies his brauisse is not on my coft,
Thinking that I meaned him, but therein futes
His folly to the metre of my speech,
There then, how then, what then, let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: I fay do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himselfe: if he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild-goofoe flies
Vulnerable of any. man But who come here?

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Forbeare, and ease no more,

Iag. Why I haue eate none yet.

Orl. Nor that not, nor till necessefy be seru'd.

Iag. Of what kinde should this Cockey come of?

Du. Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd man by thy diffire?
Or else a rude defpier of good manners,
That in cuality thou seem'tt it to emptie?

Orl. You touch'd my vaine at first, the thornty point
Of bare diffire, hath tame from me the flew
Of smooth cuality: yet am I in-land bred,
And know some nourture: But forbeare, I say,
He dies that touches any of this fruite,
Till I, and my affaires are answer'd.

Iag. And you will not be answer'd with reason,
I must dye.

Du. Sen. What would you haue?
Your gentlenesse shall force, more then your force
Move vs to gentlenesse.

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me haine it.

Du. Sen. Sit downe and feed, & welcom to our table

Orl. Speake you so gently? Pardon me I pray you,
I thought that all things had bin savage here,
And therfore put me on the counternance
Of Iferne command ment. But what ere you are
That in this defect inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughes,
Loose, and negleect the creeping hours of time:
If eyere haue look'd on beter days:
If ever scene where be haue knoll'd to Church:
If eyere faye at any good mans feit:
If eyere from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pithrie, and be pittied:
Let gentlenesse my strong enforcement be,
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my Sword.

R2
As you like it.

Du. Sen. True is it, that we have seen better days, and hast with holy bell bin knowld to Church, and fast at good mens feasts, and wip'd our eies of drops, that sacred pity hath engendered, and therefore fit you downe in gentlenesse, and take upon command, what helps we have that to your wanting may be ministred.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while: whiles (like a Doe) I go to finde my Fawne, and give it food. There is an old poore man, who after me, hath many a weary steppe. Limp in pure loue: till he be first suffic'd, Oppriff with two weake euis, age, and hunger, I will not a turn.  

Duke Sen. Go finde him out, and will nothing waite till you returne.

Orl. I thanke ye, and be bleft for your good comfort.

Du. Sen. Thou teext we are not alone vnhappy: This wide and wonderfull Theater presents more woufull Pageants then the Scene Wherein we play in. All the world's a stage, and all the men and women, meereely Players: They have their Exits and their Entrance, and one man in his time plays many parts, His AEs being leen ages. At first the Infant, Mewling, and puking in the Nurset ames: Then, the whining Schoole-boy with his Satchell, And finning morning face, creeping like snake Vnwillingly to school. And then the Louer, Sighing like Furnace, with a woufull ballad Made to his Mistrefye eye-brow. Then, a Soldier, Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the Pard, Jealous in honor, fademan, and quicken in quarrell, Seeking the bubble Repuration Euen in the Canons mouth: And then, the Jutfice, In faire round belly, with good Capon lid, With eyes feeter, and beard of formal cut, Full of wife fawes, and modeme infances, And to he plays his part. The first age shuits Into the teene and flippard Pantaloone, With speckles on noile, and poch on fide, His youthfull hole well fad, a world too wide, For his shrinke, flanke, and his bigemanly voice, Turning againe towards childifhe treble pipes, And whistles in his found. Last Scene of all, That ends this strange opulent full historie, Second childifhness, and more oblivion, Sans teeth, fans eyes, fans taste, fans every thing.

Enter Orlando with Adam.

Du Sen. Welcome: set downe your venerable burden, and let him seeede.

Orl. I thanke you moft for him.

Ad. So had you neede,

I scarce can speake to thanke you for my selfe.

Du. Sen. Welcome, fall too: I will not trouble you, as yet to question you about your fortunes: Give vs some Muske, and good Cozen, sing.

Song:

Blow, blow, those winter winds,
Those are not so unkinde, as mans ingratitude
Thy tooth is not so keen, because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Duke Sen. If that you were the good Sir Rowlands son, As you haue whisper'd faithfully you were, And as mine eye doth his effigies witness, Most truly limed, and liuing in your face, Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke That you'd your Father, the residue of your fortune, Go to my Cauze, and tell mee. Good old man, Thou art right welcome, as thy matters is: Support him by the arm: give me your hand, And let me all your fortunes understand.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Lords, & Oliver.

Du. Not see him since? Sir, for, that cannot be: But were I not the better part made mercie, I should not seeke an absente argument:

Of my reuenge, thou pretend: but looke to it, Finde out thy brother wheroere he is, Seek with Candle: bring him dead, or liuing Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more To seeke a liuing in our Territorie. Thy Lands and all things that thou dost call thine, Worth fizer, do we feize into our hands, Till thou canst quit thee by thy fathers mouth, Of what we chink against thee.

Ol. Oh that your Highness knew my heart in this: I neuer lou'd my brother in my life.

Duke. More villainous thou, Weli push him out of dores And let my officers of such a nature Make an extant upon his houfe and Lands: Do this expeditiously, and turne him going.  

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Hang there my verse, in winestre of my loue, And thou thrice crowned Queene of night furvey With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphare above Thy Hunteffe name, that my full life doth sway.

Olafold, these Trees shall be my Bookes, And in their barkes my thoughts Ile charrate, That euerie eye, which in this Forrest lookes, Shall fee thy vertue winestre every where. Run, run Orlando, rage on every Tree, The faire, the chaste, and vnexpressive face.

Exit.

Enter Corin & Clowne.

Co. And how like you this shephers life Mr Touchstone? Clo,
Scena Septima.

Du.Sen. I think he be transform’d into a beast, for I can no where finde him, like a man.
1 Lord. My Lord, he is but even now gone hence, Heere was he mett, hearing of a Song.
Du.Sen. The compact of lasses, grow Musickal, We shall have shortly discord in the Spheres:
Go seek him, tell him I would speak with him.

Enter Iago.
1 Lord. He Gues my labor by his owne approach.
Du.Sen. Why now how Monfaure, what a life is this That your poore friends must woe your companion, What, you looke merrily.
Iago. A Foole, a foole: I met a foole th’ Gorre, A motley Foole (a mirable world):
As I do live by foode, I met a foole, Who laid him downe, and bask’d him in the Sun, And rall’d on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good sect terms, and yet a motley foole,
Good morrow foole (quoth I): no Sir, quoth he, Call me not foole, till heauen hath sente me fortune, And then he drew a dial from his poake, And looking on it, with lacke-lutre eye,
Sayes, very wilyly, it is ten a clocke:
Thus we may see (quoth he) how the world wagges: ’Tis but an houre agoe, since it was nine, And after one houre more, ’twill be eleue,
And so from houre to houre, was pipe, and pipe, And then from houre to houre, we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did see the motley Foole, thus morall on the time, My Lungs began to crow like Chanticlear, That Foole should be so deep in contemplation: And I did laugh, fans intermission
An houre by his diall. On noble foole, A worthy foole: Motley’s the only weare.
Du.Sen. What foole is this?
Iago. O worthie Foole: One that hath bin a Courtier And sayes, if Ladies be but yong, and faire, They haue the gift to know it: and in his braue, Which is as diners the remainder basket
After a voyage: He hath strange places cram’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.
Iago. It is my onely suit, Prouided that you woot your better judgements Of all opinion that growes ranke in them, That I am wife, I must have liberty
Withall, as large a Chafter as the winde, To blow on whom I please, for so foole haue: And they that are most gauled with my folly, They must muf suit: And why fit must they so? The why is plain, as way to Parith Church;
Hee, that a Foole doth very wilyly hit, Doth very foolishly, although he liart Scene lenesterl of the bob. If not, The Wife-man’s folly is anathemes’d
Even by the audaciously places of the foole.

Inueft me in my motley: Give me leave To speake my minde, and I will through and through Cleanse the foule bodie of this infected world, If they will patience receive my medicine.
Iago. What, for a Counter, would I do, but good? Du.Sen. Most mischevous foule fin, in chiming fin:
For shou’d thy selue haft bene a Liberaire,
As finfull as the brutish thing it selfe,
And all th’inboffed fores, and headed cuils,
That thou with licence of free foot haft caught, Would’st thou difigorge into the generall world.
Iago. Why who cries out on pride,
That can therein take any private party:
Dost it not flow as hugely as the Sea,
Till that the weares verie means do eebb:
What woman in the Cisse do I name,
When that I say the City woman beares
The coff of Princes on unworthy shoulders? Who can come in, and say that I meane her, When shuch a one as she, such is her neighbor? Or what is he of base feit function,
That lies his brauerie is not on my coft,
Thinking that I meane him, but therein futures His folly to the merrie of my speech,
There then, when that then, let me see wherein My tongue hath wrong’d him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong’d himselfe: if he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies
Vilclaim’d of any. man But who come here?

Enter Orlando.
Orl. Forbear, and ears no more.
Iago. Why I haue ease none yet.
Orl. Nor fhall not, till necessity be fent’d.
Iago. Of what kinde fhould this Coke come of? Du.Sen. Art thou thus bolden’d man by thy disfere? Or crie a rude despifir of good manners, That in ciuity thou feem’d to.empire?,
Orl. You touch’d my veine at firft, the thorny point Of bare difteffe, hath tane from me the shew Of inouer ciuity: yet am I in-land bred,
And know some nourire But forbear, I say, He dies that touches any of this fruite,
Till I, and my affairs are anwtered.
Iago. And you will not be answer’d with reason,
I must dye.
Du.Sen. What would you have? Your gentleman’s halfe force, more then your force Move vs to gentlenesse.
Orl. I almoost die for food, and let me haue it.
Du.Sen. Sit downe and feed, & welcome to our table Orl. Speake you so gently? Pardon me I pray you, I thought that all things had bin usage here, And therefore put i on the countenance Of steene commendament. But what ere you are That in this dietr inaccetable
Vnder the shade of melancholly boughes, Looe, and neglec’t the creeping hours of time: If euer you haue look’d on better days: If euer beene where bels haue knoll’d to Church If euer fae at any good mans feast: If euer from your eyes whip’d a teare, And know what, ’is to pitie, and be pitied?
Let gentlenesse my strong enforcement be,
In the which hope, I bluifie, and hide my Sword.

Duke
As you like it.

Du Sen. True is it, that we have scene better days, And hate with holy bell bin knowid to Church, And far at good men seafits, and wip'd our eies Of drops, that faced pity hath engendred: And therefore fit you downe in gentlefell, And take vpon command, what helpe we have That to your wanting may be miniftrid.
Ori. Then but forbear your food a little while: Whiles (like a Doe) I go to finde my Fawne, And giue it food. There is an old poore man, Who after me, hath many a wearty fleppe Limpit in pure loue: till he be friff suffic'd, Oppref with two weake euis, age, and hunger, I will not touch a bit.
Du Sen. Go finde him out, And we will nothing waffe till you returne.
Ori. I thanke ye, and be biff for your good comfort.
Du Sen. Thou feftles, we are not all alone vnhappy.
This wide and wintherall Theater Prefer with a wooffull Pageants then the Scene Wherein we play in.

Ia. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women, mereely Players;
They haue their Exits and their Entrances,
And one man in his time playes many parts,
His Acts being feuen ages. At first the Infant,
Mewling, and puking in the Nurles armes
Then, the whining Schoole-boy with his Satchell
And louting morning face, creeping like a snail
Vnwillingly to schoolde. And then the Lourer,
Sighing like Furnace, with a wooffull ballad
Made to his Miftrissey-eaye-brow. Then, a Soldier,
Full of strange ages, and bearded like the Pard,
Jealous in honor, fonde, and quicke in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble Reputacion
Even in the Canons mouth: And then, the Ioffice;
In faire round belt, with good Capon lird,
With eyes levee, and bearded of formall cut,
Full of wife faws, and modern eflances,
And in he playes his part. The first age Shifts
Into the lean and fipper'd Pantaloune,
With speccles on nofe, and pocke on side,
His youthfull hode well faud, a world too wide,
For his shrunke Thanke, and his bigge manly voice,
Turning against to childish trible pipes,
And whiffls in his found. Left Scene of all,
That ends this strange euenfull historie,
Is second childishnesse, and meree oblivion,
Sans teeth, fans eyes, fans taile, fans evey thing.

Enter Orlando with Adam.

Du Sen. Welcome: set downe your venerable burthen, and let him feeede.
Ori. I thanke you mofft for him.
Ad. So had you neede,
I scarce can speake to thanke you for my felle.
Du Sen. Welcome, fall too: I will not trouble you,
As yet to question you about your fortunes:
Give vs some Musick, and good Cozen, fing.

Song.

Blow, blow, howl winter wins,
Those are not so subkind, as manes ingrateude
Tby touthe is not so sense, because they are not seen,
Although they breathe rude.

Heigh ho, sing heigh ho, unto the greene holly,
Most friendship is saying, most loving, meere selfy:
The heigh ho, the holly,
This Life is meere selfy.

Freize, freize, thon bitter skite that doth not bight so nigh
as benefits forget:
Though thou the waters warpe, thy thing is not so sharpe,
as friend remember not.
Heigh ho, sing, &c.

Duke Sen. If that you were the good Sir Rowlands Son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness,
Most truly limn'd, and luing in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke
That loud your Father, the residue of your fortune,
Go to my Cauze, and tell mee. Good old man,
Thou art right welome, as thy masters is:
Support him by the arme: giue me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes vnderstand,
Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Lords, &c. Oliver.

Du. Not fee him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercie,
I should not feeke an abfent argument
Of my reuenge, thou prefent: but looke to it,
Find out thy brother wherefoere he is,
Seek him with Candle: bring him dead, or living
Within this tweluemonth, or turne thou no more
To feeke a living in our Territorie.
Thy Lands and all things that thou doft call thine,
Worth feizure, do we feize into our hands,
Till thou canft not make thee by thy brothers mouth,
Of what we thinken against thee.
Ol. Oh that thy Highnes knew my heart in this:
I never lou'd my brethe in my life.
Duke. More villaine thou. Well pull him out of dores
And let my officers of fuch a nature
Make an extent vpon his house and Lands;
Do this expeditly, and turne him going.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Orlando.

Ori. Hang there my yeare, in witneffe of my loue,
And thou thrice crowned Queene of night Survey
With thy chaffe yeare, from thy pale fphere abowre
Thy Huntrefle name, that my full life doth lawe.
O Radcliffe, these Trees shall be my Bookes,
And in their barren my thoughts Ile character;
That curteye eye, which in this Forrest lookes,
Shall fee thy vertue winneth euery where.
Run, run Orlando, carue on every Tree,
The faire, the chaffe, and vaunpreffure thee.
Exit

Enter Corin & Clowne.

Co. And how like you this shepherd's life? Mr Touchstone?

Clo.
As you like it.

Clov. Truly Shepheard, in respect of it selfe, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepheards life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it verie well: but in respect that it is quiet, it is a very wild life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth mee 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 plenty in it, it goes much against my Romacke, Has't any Philoſophie in thee Shepheard?  

Cor. No more, but that I know the more one sicken, the worſe at cafe he is: and that hee that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends. That the propriety of raines is to wet, and fire to burne: That poore pilfure makes fast thepeepe: and that a great caufe of the night, is lacking of the ſunne: That hee that hath learned no wit by Nature, nor Art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Clo. Such a one is a natural Philoſopher.

Was't ever in Court, Shepheard?

Cor. No truly.

Clo. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Clo. Truly thou art damn'd, like an ill roasted Egge, all on one side.

Cor. Why for not being at Court? your reaſon.

Clo. Why, if thou never wast a Court, thou never faw'ft good manners: if thou never faw'ft good manners, then thy manners must be wicked, and wickednes is fin, and finne is damnation: Thou art in a parlous State shepheard.

Cor. Not a whit Touchſtone, thoſe that are good manners at the Court, are as ridiculous in the Country, as the behaviour of the Countrie is most mockable at the Court. You told me, you faie not at the Court, but you kill your hands: that courteſie would be unclaeneſſe if Courtiers were shepheards.

Clo. Inſtant, briefly: come, inſtant.

Cor. Why are we ſtill handling our Ewes, and their Fews you know are graffe.

Clo. Why do not your Courtiers hands butcher? and is not the graffe of a Mustron, as wholesome as the graffe of a man? Shallow, shallow: A better inſtant I say: Come.

Cor. Better, our hands are hard.

Clo. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow againe: a more fondle inſtant, come.

Cor. And they are often sar'd ouer, with the ſurgery of our sheepe: and would you have vs kiffe Tarte? The Courtiers hands are perfum'd with Ciet.

Clo. Most shallow man: Thou wormes meat in reſpect of a good piece of ſheep in deed: learne of the wife and peripend: Ciet is of a bafer birth then Tarte, the verie uncleanly fluxe of a Cat. Mend the inſtant Shepheard.

Cor. You have too Courtyly a wit, for me, Ill reſt.

Clo. Wilt thou reſt damn'd & God help thee shallow man: God make incision in thee, thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true Labourer, I earne that I eat get that I ware: owe no man hate, enemie no mans happiſhee: glad of other mens good content with my hartes: and the greatest of my pride, is to fee my Ewes graze: & my Lambes fuckle.

Clo. That is another ſimple ſinne in you, to bring the Ewes and the Rammes together, and to offer to get your living, by the copulation of Cattle, to be bawd to a Belweather, and to betray a shee-Lambe of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated olde Cuckoldly Ramme, out of all reasonable match. If thou bec'ft not damn'd for this, the diuell himselfe will have no shepherds, I cannot fee elle how thou shouldeſt ſcape.

Cor. Heere comes yong ba Gaunted, my new Mis린ces Brother.

Enter Rosalind.

Ref. From the east to weſtern Iude, no jew el is like Rosalind. Her worth being mounted on the winde, through all the world leaves Rosalind. All the pillares faireſt Iude, are but blacke to Rosalind: Let no face bekept in wonder, but the face of Rosalind.

Clo. Ierime youſo, eight yeares together; dinners, and fupperes, and feeping hours excepted: it is the right Butter-women backe to Market.

Ref. Our Foole.

Clo. For a tale,  
If a Hart doe locke a Hinde,  
Let him feeke out Rosalind:  
If the Cat will after Kinde,  
So be sure will Rosalind:  
Wintred garments must be Iude,  
So must tenant Rosalind:  
They that reap muſt bafe and bind,  
to cart with Rosalind.  
Sweetefl nay, bafe loweft ynde,  
such a nay is Rosalind.  
He that faireſteſe ſoſſe will find,  
muſt ſuide Loven pricks, & Rosalind.

This is the verie faire gallop of Verſes, why doe you infect your felle with them?

Ref. Peace you dull foole, I found them on a tree.

Clo. Truly the tree yeilds bad fruit.

Ref. 1le graffe it with you, and then I ſhall graffe it with a Medler: then it will be the carrieſt fruit in the countrey: for you be rotten ere you bee haftie ripe, and that's the right verſe of the Medler.

Clo. You haue fayd: but whether wiſely or no, let the Forreſt judge.

Enter Celia with a writing.

Ref. Peace, here comes my litter reading, stand aside.

cel. Why shoulde the Deferre bee,  
for it is unpoppleed? Note:  
Tonges Hee hang on enerſe tree,  
that shall euen ſayings ſhee.  
Some, how briefe the Life of man  
rans his erring pilgrimage,  
That the hatching of a ſpan,  
buckles in his ſumme of age.  
Some of violent comers,  
twist the ſouled of friend, and friends  
But open the faireſte bowre,  
or at enerſe ſentence end;  
Will I Rosalind write,  
teaching all that reade, to know  
The quinteſſence of enerſe froſte,  
branſon would in little bowe.  
Therefore heere Nature chary,  
that one booke shoulde be fill'd  
With all Grace wide entyr'd,  
nature perfectly diffil'd.
Ref. O most gentle Jupiter, what tedious homily of Loue have you warned your parsoners withall, and neuer cri'd, hauing patience good people.

Cel. How now backe friends: Shepheard, go off a little: go with him tirrah.

Cel. Come Shepheard, let vs make an honorable retreat, though not with bagge and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

Ref. Didst thou heare these verses?

Ref. O yes, I heard them all, and more too, for some of them had in them more seete then the Verseis would beare.

Ref. That no matter: the feet might beare these verses.

Ref. I, but the feet were lame, and could not beare themselves without the vere, and therefore stood lamely in the vere.

Ref. But didst thou heare without wondering, how thy name should be hang'd and caried upon these trees?

Ref. I was feuen of the nine days out of the wonder, before you came: for looke heere what I found on a Palm tree; I was neuer so beriem d since Pythgoras time that I was an Irish Rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Troo you, who hath done this?

Ref. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chaine that you once wore about his neck; change you colour?

Ref. I pre'thee who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meeete; but Mountains may bee remou'd with Earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ref. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it poible?

Ref. Nay, I pre'thee now, with most perscription ver-hemen, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderfull, wonderfull, and moft wonderfull wonderfull, and yet againe wonderfull, and after that out of all hooping.

Ref. Good my compleccion, doft thou think though I am caparison'd like a man, I haue a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more, is a South-fea of difcouerie. I pre'thee tell me, who is it quickly, and speake space: I would thou couldft flamme, that thou might'ft powre this conceale'd man out of thy mouth, as Wine comes out of a narrow-mouthd bottle: either too much at once, or none at all. I pre'thee take the Corke out of thy mouth, that I may drinke thy rydings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ref. Is he of Gods making? What manner of man?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ref. Why God will lend more, if the man will bee thankful: let me lay the growth of his beard, if thou delaye me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando; that rest vp the Wraflers heele, and your heart, both in an infant.

Ref. Nay, but the diuell take mocking: speake sadde brow, and true maid.

Cel. I faith(Coz) tis he.

Ref. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ref. Alas the day, what shall I do with my doublet & hose? What did he when thou saw'st him? What sayde he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he heere? Did he ask for me? Where remaines he? How parted he with thee? And when after thou seest him again? Answre me in one word.

Ref. You must borrow me Gargantua mouth first: 'tis a Word too great for any mouth of this Ages size, to say I and no, to these particulars, is more then to answer in a Catechisme.

Ref. But doth he know that I am in this Forrest, and in mans apparel? Looks he as freuly, as he did the day he Wraffled?

Ref. It is as safe to count Atomies as to resolve the propositions of a Louer: but take a tale of my finding him, and rellifie it with good obseruance. I found him under a tree like a drop'd Acone.

Ref. It may vveel be said loues tree, when it droppes forth fruit.

Ref. Give me audience, good Madam.

Ref. Proceed.

Cel. There lay hee stretch'd along like a Wounded knight.

Ref. Though it be pittie to see such a fight, it vveel becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry holla, to the tongue, I prethee it curvettes vnderfainfully. He was furnisht like a Hunter.

Ref. O aminous, he comes to kill my Hart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burthen, thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ref. Do you not know I am a woman, when I thinke, I must speake sweet, fay on.

Enter Orlando & Jaques.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft, comest he not here?

Ref. 'Tis he, flike by, and more his.

Cel. I thank you for your company, but good faith I had as lief he have beene my felfe alone.

Orl. And so had I: but yet for fashon sake I thank you too, for your societie.

Jaq. God buy you, let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do define we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you marre no more trees with Writing Loues fongs in their barkes.

Orl. I pray you marre no more of my verses with reeding them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Refallinde is your loues name? Orl. Yes, Juft.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

Jaq. What figure is she of?

Orl. Juft as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pifty answeres haue you not bin acquainted with goldsmiths wines, &c &c and the out of tings.

Orl. Not lo: but I answer'd you right painted close, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit: I thinke 'twas made of Attalana's heele, Will you bite downe with me, and wee two, will rule against our Miftis the world, and all our matter,

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but my selfe against
against whom I know most faults.

149. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Orl. Tis a fault I will not change, for your best virtue: I am wearis of you.

149. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool, when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brooke, looke but in, and you shall see him.

149. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cipher.

149. I care no longer with you, farewell good friend Loue.

Orl. I am glad of your departure: Adieu good Monsieur Melanchole.

Ref. I will speak to him like a fawcie. Lucky, and under that habit play the knave with him, do you hear Forre.

Orl. Verie well, what would you? (rcler.)

Ref. I pray you, what's t'ail a clocke?

Orl. You should ask me what time o'day: there's no clocke in the Forrest.

Ref. Then there is no true Louer in the Forrest, else fishing euerie minute, and groaning euerie houre would detect the lazie 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 Sir; Time travels in divers paces, with divers persons: I tell you who Time ambles withall, who Time trots withall, who Time gallops withall, and who he stands still withall.

Orl. I preche, who doth he trot withall?

Ref. Marry he trots hard with a yong maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemniz'd; if the interim be but a feemingly, Times pace is so hard, that it seems the length of seuen yeaire.

Orl. Who ambles Time withall?

Ref. With a Priest that lacks Latine, and a rich man that hath not the Gowes: for the one sleepe easly because he cannot study, and the other lues merrily, because he feeleth no paine: the one lacking the burthen of Jeane and wafteful Learning he other knowing no burthen of haue tedious penurie. Thse Time ambles withall.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withall?

Ref. With a theefe to the gallowes: for though hee go as loafly as foot can fall, he thinkes himselfe too soon there.

Orl. Who flistes it still withall?

Ref. With Lawyers in the vocation: for they sleepe between Termes and Termes, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwel you prettie youth?

Ref. With this Shephearde sur my filfer: here in the skirts of the Forrest, like fringe upon a petticost.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ref. As the Conie that you see dwell where shee is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer, then you could purchase in so remote a dwelling.

Ref. I have bin told so of many: but indeed, an olde religious Vnkle of mine taught me to speake, who was in his youth an inland man, one that knew Courtship too well: for there hee fell in love, I haue heard him read many Lection against it, and I thank God, I am a Woman to be touchd with so many giddie offences as hee hath generally taxd their whole sex withall.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal errors, that he laid to the charge of women?

Ref. There were none principal, they were all like one another, as halfe pence are, euery one fault seeming monftrous, till his fellow fault came to match it:

Orl. I preche recount some of them.

Ref. No: I wil not cast away my phylfic, but on those that are sicke. There is a man haunts the Forrest, that buriebulles our yong plants with caruing Rofalind on their barkes; hangs Odes vpon Hawthornes, and Elegies on bramble: all (farfooth) defying the name of Rofalind. If I could meet that Fancie-monther, I would give him some good counsell, for he seems to haue the Quotidian of Loue vpon him.

Orl. I am he that is so Loue-shak'd, I pray you tel me your remedie.

Ref. There is none of my Vnckles marks vpon you: he taught me how to know a man in loose: in which cage of rathes, I am sure you art not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ref. A leane cheeke, which you have not: a blew eie and tunke, which you have not: an unquellable spirit, which you have not: (but I pardon you for that, for simpilly your haung in bearding, is a yonger brothers revengew) then your hole should be ungarterd, your bonnet wbandebd, your fleec vbutton'd, your fhow vntilde, and euerie thing about you, demonstrating a carrefull deitation but you are no fuch man, you are rather point deive in your accouements, as Loue your selfe, then freming the Louer of any other. (Loue.)

Orl. Faire youth, I would I could mache thee beleue

Ref. Me beleue it? You may affioone make her that you Loue beleue it, which I warrant thee is apter to do, then to confede the dy's: that is one of the points, in the which women fill give the lie to their confidences. But in good sooth, are you he that hangs the veres on the Trees, wherein Rofalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee youth, by the white hand of Rofalind, I am that he, that unfortunite he.

Ref. But are you so much in loose, as your rimes speak?

Orl. Neither rime nor reanon can expresse how much.

Ref. Loue is meereely a maineifie, and I tel you, defernes as wel a darkie house, and a whip, as madmen do: and the reason why they are not do punnithd and cured, is that the Lunacie is so ordain'd, that the whippers are in loose too: yet I proclifie curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ref. Yes one, and in this manner: Hee was to imagine him his Loue, his Madriss: and I let him euerie day to wone me At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grece, he emaninate, changeable, longing, and liking, proud, fantasical, apish, fhyen, unconfant, full of tears, full of finnes; for euerie passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boyes and women are for the most part, by the colour of this colour: would now like him, now loath him: then entertaine him, then forsweare him: now wepe for him, then spire at him; that I dawe my Swor from his mad humor of loose, to a luing humor of madness. He was to forsweare the full stream of ye world, and to lie in a noble meery Monastick: and thus I cur'd him, and this way will I take upon mee to wash your Liuer as cleane as a found heepes heart, that there shall not be one foot of Loue in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ref. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rofalind, and come euerie day to my Cost, and woe me,
As you like it.

Ofrun. Now by the faith of my love, I will; Tel me where it is.

Ref. Go with me to it, and Ile shew it you: and by the way, you shall tell me, where in the Forrest you live: Wil you go?

Ofr. With all my heart, good youth.

Ref. Nay, you must call mee Refolind: Come sifter, will you go?

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clowne, Audrey, & Inques.

Clon. Come apace good Audrey, I will fetch vp your Goates, Audrey: and how Audrey and the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features, I ord warrant ysv what features?

Clon. I am heere with thee, and thy Goates, as the most capricious Poet beneff Ovid was among the Gothes.

Inq. O knowledge ill inhabited, worse then loue in a hatch'd houfe.

Clon. When a manss verses cannot be vnderflood, nor a mans good wit seconded with the forward childe, underflanding; it strikes a man more dead then a great reckoning in a little room: truly, I would the Gods hadde made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what Poetical is: is it honest in deed and word: is it a true thing?

Clon. No true: for the true poetrie is the most faining, and Lovers are given to Poetrie: and what they sweare in Poetrie, may be said as Lovers, they do feigne.

Aud. Do you with then that the Gods had made me poetical?

Clon. I do truly: for thou sweare to me thou art honest. Now if thou were a Poet, I might have some hope thou didst feigne.

Aud. Would you not haue me honest?

Clon. No truly, vntill thou were that hastour'd: for honesty coupled to beaute, is to haue thine awne to Suger.

Inq. A materiall foole.

Aud. Well, I am not faire, and therefore I pray the Gods make me honest.

Clon. Truly, and to call away honesty vppon a foule flat, were to put good meate into an uncleane dish.

Aud. I am not a flat, though I thank the Gods I am foule.

Clon. Well,praised be the Gods, for thy foulenesse; that thyselfe may come hereafter. But be it, as it may bee, I will marry thee: and to that end, I have bin with Sir Oliver, the Vicar of the next village, who hath promised to mee in this place of the Forrest, and to couple vs.

Inq. I would faine see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the Gods giue us joy.

Clon. Aven. A man may if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt: for heere we have no Temple but the wood, no assembly but horse-beasts. But what though? Courage. As horsemen are odious, they are necessarie. It is laid, many a man knows no end of his goods; right: Many a man has good Horse, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowrie of his wife, 'tis none of his owne getting; hones, even so poore men alone.

No, no, the nobleste Deere hath them as huge as the Raff- call: is the single man therefore blessed? No, a wall'd Towne is more worthier then a village, so is the fore- head of a married man, more honourable then the bare brow of a Batcheller: and by how much defence is bet- ter then no skill, by so much is a horse more precious then to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Hecce comes Sir Oliver: Sir Oliver Mar-text you are well met. Will you dispatch wherevnder this tree, or shall we go with you to your Chappell?

Ol. Is there none heere to giue the woman?

Clon. I will not take her on gui of any man.

Ol. Truly the muft be giuen, or the marriage is not lawfull.

Inq. Proceed, proceed: Ile giue her.

Clon. Good even good Mr what ye call: how do you Sir, you are vere well met: goddick you for your left company, I am vere glad to see you, even a toy in hand heere Sir: Nay, pray be couer'd.

Inq. Will you be married, Motley?

Clon. As the Ox he hath his bow fur, the horfe his curb, and the Falcon her bels, so man hath his desires, and as Pigeons bill, so wedlocke would be nibling.

Inq. And will you (being a man of your breeding) be married vnder a bush like a begger? Get you to church, and have a good Priest that can tel you what marriage is, this fellow will but toyne you together, as they toyne Wainooc, then one of you will proue a thrinke pannell, and like Greene timber, warpe,warpe.

Clon. I am not in the mind, but I were better to bee married of him then of another, for he is not like to mar- rie me well: and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me heereafter, to leave my wife.

Inq. Goethe with mee, And let me counsel thee.

Ol. Come sweete Audrey, We must be married, or we must flue in bands: Farewel good Mr Oliver: Not O sweet Oliver, O brave Oliver leave me not behind thee: But wandre away, bee gone I say, I will not to wedding with thee.

Ol. 'Tis no matter; Ne're a fantastical knave of them all shal floute me out of my calling.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Refolind & Celia.

Ref. Neuer talk to me, I wil wepe.

Cel. Do I prethee, but yet haue the grace to consider, that teares do not become a man.

Ref. But haue I not caute to wepe?

Cel. As good caute as one would desire, Therefore wepe.

Ref. His very kaise Is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner then Judaffes: Marrie his kisss are Judaffes owne children.

Ref. His heaire is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: Your Chaffenut was ever the onely colour: And his kisss is as ful of fanclitie, As the touch of holy bread.
Col. Hee hath bought a pair of caft lips of Diana: a Nun of winter's afterhood kissest not: more religiouse, the very eye of chastity is therein.

Refa. But why did hee swear hee would come this morning, and come not?

Col. Nay, certainly there is no truth in him.

Ref. Do you think so?

Col. Yes, I think he is not a picke surfe, nor a horse-feater; but for his verity in loose, I doe think he as conteaue as a couered goblet, or a Worne-eaten nut.

Ref. Not true in loose?

Col. Yes, when he is in, but I think he is not in.

Ref. You have heard him sweare downright he was.

Col. Was, is not is: besides, the oath of Louer is no stronger then the word of a Tapfer, they are both the confirmator of false reckoning, he attends here in the forest on the Duke your father.

Ref. I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question with him: he asks me of what parentage I was; I told him of as good as he, so he laug'd and let mee goe.

But what talkе wee of Fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Col. O that's a brave man, hee writes brave verfes, speaks brave words, sweares brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite transeat about the heart of his loyer, as a pufty Tilter, ¥ spurs his horfe but on one fide, breaks his faffe like a noble goole: but alls brave that youth mounts, and folly guides: who comes heere?

Enter Corin.

Corin. Mistrefse and Matfer, you have oft enquired After the Shepheard that complained of Loue, Who you law fitting by me on the Turph, Praifing the proud disdainfull Shepheardesse That was his Mistrefse.

Col. Well: and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly plaied Between the pale complection of true Loue, And the red glowe of forrne and proud disdainne, Goe hence a little, and I shall conduct you If you will marke it.

Ref. O come, let vs remove,
The flight of Louers feedeth toffe in loue: Bring vs to this flight, and you shall say Ile prove a bufie actor in their play.

Enter Corin.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Sil. Sweet Phebe do not fcorne me, do not Phæbe Say that you love me not, but say not so In bitterness; the common executioner Whose heart he swould'd fight of death makes hard Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck, But ftiff bega pardon: will you ferne me Then he that dies and liues by bloody drops?

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner, I Iyne thee, for I would not iniure thee: Thou tell me there is murder in mine eye, Tis prettie sure, and very probable,

That eyes that are the fraileft, and for feeft things, Who fhut their coward gates on teeme eyes, Should be called tyrants, butchers, murdifferes.

Now I doe frowne on thee with all my heart, And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:

Now counterfeit to fwind, why now fall downe, Or if thou canst not, oh for shame, for fame, Lye not, to fay mine eyes are murtherers:

Now fhew the wound mine eye hath made in thee,

Scrath thee but with a pin, and there remains

Some fcare of it: Leane upon a rugh

The Cicatrice and capable impressure

Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine eyes

Which I have darrt at thee, hurt thee not,

Nor I am sure there is no force in ye

That can doe hurt.

Sil. O deere Phebe,

If ever (as that ever may be neere)

You meet in fome freth cheque the power of fance,

Then fhall you know the wounds infinnible

That Loues keene arrowes make.

Phe. But till that time

Come not thou near me: and when that time comes,

Aff! & me with thy moakes, pity me not,

As till that time I fhall not pitty thee.

Ref. And why I pray you? who might be your mother

That you infult, 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 daie to bed:

Mufet you be therefore prov'd and priddleffe

Why what means this? why do you looke on me?

I fee no more in you then in the ordinary

Of Natures fate-worker 'ods my little life,

I thinke the means to tangle my eyes too:

No faith proud Mistrefse, hope not after it,

Tis not your inkie browes your blacke likke hair,

Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheeks of creame

That can ename my spirits to your worship:

You foolish Shepheard, wherefore do you follow her

Like foggy South, putting with winde and raine,

You are a thoufand times a proper man

Then fince a woman, 'Tis fuch foules as you

That makes the world full of ill-fawnd children:

'Tis not her glaffe, but you that flatters her,

And out of you flie lees her felte more proper

Then any of her lineaments can throw her:

But Milfris, know your felte downe on your knees

And thanke heaven, falling, for a good mans love;

For I muft tell you friendly in your ear,

Sell when you can, you are not for all markets:

Cry the man mercy, loue him, t'ake his offer,

Foule is most foule, being foule to be a scoffer.

So take her to the Shepheard, fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a yeare together, I had rather here you chide then this man wove.

Ros. Hees faire in loue with your fhourelle, & thee fell in loue with my anger. Ift be fo, as fall As the answere thee with frowning looks,기에 fable Her with bitter words; why looke you to ypon me?

Phe. For no all will I bare you.

Ref. I pray you do not fall in loue with mee,

For I am faler then vows made in wine:

Befides, I like you not: if you will know my house, 'Tis at the tufft of Oflunes, here hard by:

Will you goe Stifer? Shepheardly her hard:

Come
Come Sister: Shepheardesse, looke on him better
And be not proud, though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in fight as she.
Come, to our flocke,

Phe. Dead Shepheard, now I find thy faw of might,
Who euer lov'd that loud not at first fight?
Sil. Sweet Phebe.
Phe. How? what faith thou Silvius?
Sil. Sweet Phebe pitty me.
Phe. Why I am sorry for thee gentle Silvius.
Sil. Where euer sorrow is, reliefe would be:
If you do sorrow at my grief in loue,
By guing loue your sorrow, and my grief
Were both exterm'd.
Phe. Thou hast my loue, is not that neighbourly?
Sil. I would have you.
Phe. Why that were conteouneffe? Silvius;
The time was that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I beare thee lone,
But since that thou canst talke of loue so well,
Thy company, which ere was likeable to me
I will endure; and Ile employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompmence
Then thine owne gladneffe, that thou art employed.
Sil. So holy, and so perfect is my loue,
And in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall thinke it a most pleasant crop
To gleane the broken cares after the man
That the maine haurefte rapese looke now and then
A scattered smile, and that Ile live upon.

Phe. Knowst thou the youth that Spoke to mee yere-
Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft,
And he hath bought the Cottage and the bounds
That the old Carlot once was Master of.
Phe. Thinke not I love him, though I ask for him,
'Tis but a peneuish boy, yet he talkes well,
But what care I for words? yet words do well
When he that spake them pleaseth thoe that hear:
It is a pretty youth, not very prettie,
But sure hee's proud, and yet his pride becomes him;
He'll make a proper man: the belt thing in him
Is his complexion; and fatter then his tongue
Did make offence; his eye did haile it vp:
He is not very tall, yet for his yeeres he's tall:
His leg is but so fo, and yet his well:
There was a pretty reddineffe in his lip,
A little riper, and more lustie red
Then that mixt in his cheekes: twas just the difference
Betwixt the conflant red, and mingled Damask.
There be some women Silvius, had they markt him
In parcell as I did, would have gone nere
To loue in loue with him: but for my part
I love him not, nor hate him not: and yet
Have more caufe to hate him then to loue him.
For what had he to doe to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black, and my hair blanke,
And now I am remember'd, com't at me:
I maruell why I answer'd not againe,
But that's all one: omittance is no quittance;
Ile write to him a very tainting Letter,
And thou shalt bear it, wilt thou Silvius?
Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.
Phe. Ile write it strait:
The matter's in my head, and in my heart,
I will be bitter with him, and passing short;
Goe with me Silvius. [Exit.]
Ofr. Verue is no home-maker: and my Rofalind is veruous.

Oft. And I am your Rofalind.

Curt. It pleases him to call you so: but he hath a Rofalind of a better leer than you.

Ofr. Come, woe me, woe 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 wife, vere Rofalind?

Oft. I would kiffe before I spoke.

Oft. Nay, you were better speake first, and when you were grauel'd, for lacke of matter, you might take occasion to kiffe: vere good Orators when they are out, they will spit, and for louers, lacking (God warne vs) matter, the cleanest flit is to kiffe.

Oft. How if the kiffe be denide?

Oft. Then she puts you to entretie, and there begins new matter.

Ofr. Who could be out, being before his beloved Miftris?

Ofr. Marrie that should you if I were your Miftris, orl. should think my honesty ranker then my wit.

Ofl. What, of my fuite?

Oft. Not out of your apparral, and yet out of your fuite:

Am not I your Rofalind?

Ofr. I take some joy to fay you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ofl. Well, in her perfon, fay I will not haue you, Ofl. Then in mine owne perfon, I die.

Oft. No fadie, die by Attorney: the poore world is almost fit thousand yeares old, and in all this time there was not anie man died in his owne perfon (uidilice) in a loue caufe: Troilus had his braines dash'd out with a Grecian club, yet he what hee could to die before, and he is one of the patternes of loue. Leander, he would haue li'd manie a faire yeere though Hero had turn'd Nun; if it had not bin for a hot Midfomer-night, for (good youth) he went but forth to waft him in the Hellespont, and being taken with the crampes, was drown'd, and the foolish Chroniclers of that age, found it was Hero of Cefos. But there are all lies, men haue died from time to time, and wromses haue eaten them, but not for loue.

Ofr. I wou'd not haue my right Rofalind of this mind, for I proftel her frownie might kill me.

Ofl. By this hand, it will not kill a flie: but come, now I will be your Rofalind in a more comming-on disposition: and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Ofr. Then loue me Rofalind.

Ost. Yet faith will I, friadies and saterdaries, and all.

Ofl. And wilt thou haue me?

Ofr. I, and twenty suie,

Ofl. What fairest thou?

Ofr. Are you not good?

Ofl. I hope fo.

Rofalind, Why then, can one defire too much of a good thing: Come flitler, you shall be the Prieff, and marriuer: give me your hand Orlando: What doe you say fitter?

Ofr. Pray thee marrie vs.

Ofl. I cannot fay the words.

Ofr. You must begin, will you Orlando?

Ofr. Go too: will you Orlando, have to wife this Rofalind?

Ofl. I will.

Ofl. But when?

Ofr. Why now, as faft as she can marrie vs.

Ofr. Then you must fay, I take thee Rofalind for wife.

Ofl. I take thee Rofalind for wife.

Ofl. I might ask you for your Commifion,

But I do take thee Orlando for my husband: there's a girl goes before the Prieff, and certainly a Womans thought runs before her actions.

Ofl. So do all thoughts, they are wing'd.

Ofr. Now tell me how long you would have her, after you have poiffed her?

Ofl. For ever, and a day.

Ofr. Say a day, without the euer: no, no Orlando, men are April when they were, December when they wed: Maides are May when they are maides, but the sky changes when they are wives: I will be more ierous of thee, then a Barbary cocke-pidgeon over thy han, more clamorous then a Parrot against raife, more streg, and flange1: then an ape, more giddy in my desires, than a monkey: I will wepe for nothing, like Diana in the Fountain, & I will do that when you are dispos'd to be merry: I will laugh like a Hyen, and that thou art inclin'd to sleepe.

Ofl. But will my Rofalind doe so?

Ofr. By my life, she will doe as I doe.

Ofl. O but she is wife.

Orl. Or elf fhee could not have the wit to doe this: the wifer, the wayward: make the dooies vs to a womans wit, and it will out at the calement: butt that, and 'twill out at the key-hole: stop that, 'twill flie with the smoake out at the chimney.

Ofr. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might fay, wit whether will?

Ofr. Nay, you might kepe that checke forst, till you met your wives wit going to your neighbours bed.

Ofl. And what will you could have, to exeute that?

Orl. Marry to fay, the came to feeke you there: you shall never take her without her anwer, unlike, she takes her without her tongue: o that woman that cannot make her fault her husbands occasion, let her never nurfe her childe her felle, for the will breed it like a fool.

Orl. For these two houres Rofalinde, I will leaue thee.

Ofr. Als, decrease, I cannot lacke thee two houres.

Ofr. I must attend the Duke at dinner, by two a clock.

I will be with thee again.

Ofr. 1, goe your waies, goe your waies: I knew what you would prooue, my friends told me as much, and I thought no leffe: that flattering tongue of yours wonne me: tis but one call away, and to come death: two o' clock is your houre.

Orl. I, love Rofalind.

Orl. By my troth, and in good earnest, and to God mend me, and by all pretty oaths there are not dangerous, if you breake one lot of your promife, or come one minute behind you houre, I will thinke you the moft patherically breake-promifie, and the moft hollow lorer, and the moft unworthy of her you call Rofalinde, that may bee choen out of the grolfe band of the vsith-full: therefore beware my cenfrue, and keep your promife.

Orl. With no leffe religion, then if thou wert indeed my Rofalind: fo adieu.

Ofl. Well, Time is the oldle Juffice that examines all such offenders, and let time try: adieu.

Exit,

Ofr. You have simply misus'd our fexe in your low-prate:
prate: we must have your doublet and hose pluck over 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 didn't know how many fathom deep I am in love: but it cannot bee founded: my affection hath an unknowne bottom, like the Bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather bottomlefe, that as fast as you poure affection in, in runs out.

Ref. No, that name wicked Bastard of Venice, that was begot of thought, concei'd of spleene, and borne of madamelle, that blinde rascally boy, that abuseth every ones eyes, because his owne are out, let him bee judge, how deep I am in love: I'll tell thee Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll goe finde a shadow, and sigh till I come.

Cel. And I'll sleepe.

Scene Secunda.

Enter Iago, and Lords, Forresters.

Iag. Which is he that killed the Deare?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Iag. Let's present him to the Duke like a Roman Conqueror, and it would doe well to let the Deares horns upon his head, for a branch of victory; have you no fong Forrester for this purpose?

Lord. Yes Sir.

Iag. Singing: 'tis no matter how it bee in tune, so it make noyle enough.

Musick, Song.

What shall he borne that held the Deare?

His Leaether skin, and hores to weare:

Then sing he borne, the rest shall bear this burnrow;

Take this or Sore to weare the borne,

It was a creft, ere thou wast borne;

 Thy fathers father were it,

And thy father bore it,

The borne, the borne, the lusty borne,

Is not a thing to laugh to Sore. Exeunt.

Scene Tertia.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ref. How say you now, is it not past two a clock?

And here much Orlando.

Cel. I warrant you, with pure loue, & troubled brain.

Enter Silvia.

He hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth

To sleepe: looke who comes here.

Sil. My errand is to you, faire youth.

My gentle Phoebe did me give you this:

I know not the contents, but as I gueffe

By the fresne brow, and waspish action

Which she did vse, as she was writing of it,

It beateth an angry tenure: pardon me,

I am but a guilliffle messenger.

Ref. Patience, or felle would startle at this letter,

And play the swaggerer, bear this, here all:

Shew faire I am not faire, that I lacke manners,

She calls me proud, and that she could not loue me

Were man as rare as Phenix: 'od's my will,

Her loue is not the Hare that I doe hunt,

Why writes she so to me? well Shepheard, well,

This is a Letter of your owne devise.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents,

Phoebe did write it.

Ref. Come, come, you are a foole,

And turn'd into the extremity of loue.

I saw her hand, she has a leathern hand,

A frecklen coloured hand: I verily did thinke

That her old gloves were on, but twas her hands:

She has a hulsie hand, but that's no matter:

I say the new did inuent this letter,

This is a mans invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure it is hert.

Ref. Why, tis a boyferous and cruell file,

A file for challengers: why, she defies me,

Like Turk to Christian; womens gentle braine

Could not drop forth such giant rude invention,

Such Ethipo words, blacker in their effect

Then in their countenance: will you heare the letter?

Sil. So please you, I neuer heard it yet;

Yet heard too much of I' hebes crueltie.

Ref. She Phoebes me: marke how the tyrant writtes.

Read, Art thou god, to Shepheard surfad?

That a maiden's heart hath burn'd.

Can a vwoman raile thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ref. Read. Why, thy godhead laid a part,

Was it shown with a woman's heart?

Did you ever heare such railing?

Whilest the eye of man did vowe me,

That could not veangeance in me.

Meaneing a beast.

If the feme of your bright eane

Shame power to raise false love ou wine,

Alaske, in me, what strange effect

Would they worke in milde aspect?

Whereas you clid me, I did done,

How then might your prayers moue

He that brings this love to thee,

Little knowes this Love in me:

And by him foole up thy minde,

Whether that thy youth and finte

Will the faithfull offer take

Of me, and all that I can make,

Or else by him my loue denie,

And then I'll finde how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas poore Shepheard.

Ref. Doe you pitty him? No, he defenses no pitty:

Wilt thou love fuch a woman? that to make thee an in

strumen, and play false traines vpon thee not to bee en

dur'd. Well, goe your way to her: (for I see Loue hath

made thee a tame (nake) and say this to her; That is the

loue me, I charge her to loue thee: if the will not, I will

never haue her, y'lleffe thou intrest for her: if you bee a

true louer hence, and not a word: for heere comes more

company.

Exit Sil.

Enter Oliver.

Olia. Good morrow, faire ones: pray you, (if you

Where in the Purlews of this Forreel, stands

A
When from the first to last betwixt vs two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that Defert place.
I brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me freshy aray, and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brothers love,
Who led me inflantly unto his Caue,
There slip't himselfe, and here upon his arme
The Lyonneffe had borne some fresh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cri'd in fainting upon Rafalinde.
Briefe, I recover'd him, bound vp his wound,
And after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am
To tell this flory, that you might excuse
His broken promife, and to give this napkin
Died in this bloud, vnto the Shepherds youth,
That he in sport doth call his Rafalinde.

Col. Why how now Ganmed, sweet Ganimed.
Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on bloud.
Col. There is more in it; Cofen Ganimed.
Oli. Look, he recouers.
Ref. I would I were at home.
Col. We'll lead you thither:
I pray you will you take him by the arme.
Oli. Be of good cheere youth: you a man?
You lacke a mans heart.
Ref. I doe so, I confesse it.
Ah, Sirra, a body would think this was well counterfei-
ed, I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfei-
ted: heigh-bo.
Oli. This was not counterfeit, there is too great te-

Enter Clowne and Andrie.

Clowne. We shall finde a time Andrie, patience gen-
tle Andrie.

Andrie. Faith the Priest was good enough, for all the old gentlemen saying.

Clowne. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Andrie, a most vile

Enter Willym.

Clowne. It is meat and drinke to me to see a Clowne, by
my thrift, we that have good wits, have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good eu'n Andry.

And. God ye good eu'n William.

Will. And good eu'n to you Sir;

Clo. Good eu'n gentle friend. Couter thy head, couter thy head: Nay prethee bee eouer'd. How olde are you Friend?

Will. Finoe and twente Sir.

Orl. A ripe age: Is thy name William?

Clo. William, sir.

Clo. A faire name. Wa's borne i' th Forrest here?

Will. I ftr, I thank God.

Clo. Thanke God: A good answer.

Art rich?

Will. *Faith sir, so so.

Clo. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good: and yet it is not, it is but so so, so:

Art thou wife?

Will. I ftr, I have a prettie wif.

Clo. Why, thou fayst well. I do now remember a faying: the Foleo doth think he is wife, but the wifeman knowes himselfe to be a Foleo. The Heathen Philo
eropher, when he had a defire to eate a Grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning thereby, that Grapes were made to eate, and lippes to open.

You do loue this maid?

Will. I do fit.

Clo. Give me your hand: Art thou Learned?

Will. No ftr.

Clo. Then learne this of me, To haue, is to haue. For it is a figure in Rhetoricke, that drink being power'd out of a cup into a glaffe, by filling the one, doth emptie the other. For all your Writers do confess, that re is hee: now you are not re, for I am he.

Will. Which he ftr?

Clo. He ftr, that muft marrie this woman: Therefore you Cloone, abandon: which is in the vulgar, leave the focietie: which in the boorish, is companie, of this female: which in the common, is woman: which together, is, abandon the focietie of this Female, or Cloone thou presidest: or to thy better understanding, depart: or (to Witt) I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy libertie into bondage: I will deal in boy
fon with thee, or in baslindo, or in frede: I will bandy with thee in fation, I will ore-run thee with policie; I will kill thee a hundred and fisty ways, therefore tremble and depart.

And. Do good William.

Will. God ref throutymer ftr. Exit

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our Mafter and Mitrefse feeke you: come a-way, a-way.

Clo. Trip Andry, trip Andry, I attend,

Enter Orlando & Oliuer.

Orl. It is poiffible, that o/n little acqunaintance you shoule like her? that, but feeing, you shoule love her? And louing woo? and wooing, the shoule graunt? And you perfeuer to enjoy her?

Orl. Neither call the giddineffe of it in question; the pouerffe of her, the small acquaintance, my fadoine woo
ing, not fadoine confenting: but fay with me, I loue Aliena: fay with her, that the loues mee; content with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good: for my fathers house, and all the returne new, that was old Sir Rowlands will I eflate vpon you, and heere live and die a Shepherd.

Enter Rosalind.

Orl. You have my content. Let your Wedding be to morrow: thisher will I intuite the Duke, and all's contented followers: Go you, and prepare Aliena; for looke you, Heree comes my Rosalind.

Ros. God fame you brother.

Orl. And you faire fitter.

Ros. O, in my deere Orlando, how it greeues me to fee theye weare thy heart in a farce.

Orl. It is my arme.

Ros. I thought that thy heart had beene wounded with the clawses of a Lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a Lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you he counterleyed to found, when he shew'd me your handkercher?

Orl. I, and greater wonders then that.

Ros. O, I know where you are: nay, tis true: there was never any thing to fadoine, but the flight of two Rammes, and Cefar Trafoniall bragge of I came, faw, and overcome. For your brother, and my fitter, no fooner met, but they look'd: no fooner look'd, but they lou'd: no fooner lou'd, but they figh'd: no fooner figh'd but they ask'd one another the reafon: no fooner knew the reafon, but they fought the remedie: and in thes degrees, haue they made a pair of faires to marriage, which they will clime inconfent, or elle be inconfent before marriage; they are in the verie wrath of lone, and they will together. Clubbes cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to morrow: and I will bid the Duke to the Neeftall. But O, how biter a thing it is, to looke into hapiness through another mans eies: by so much the more flall I to morrow be at the height of heare beaswineffe. by how much I fliue think my brother happie, in hauing what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then to morrow, I cannot ferue your turne for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will wearable you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then (for now I speake to some purpofe) that I know you are a Gentleman of good conceit: I speake not this, that you shoule beare a good opinion of my knowledge so nimouch (I fay) I know you are neither do I labor for a greater eiteeme then may in some little meafure draw a beliefe from you, to do your felfe good, and not to grace me. Beleeue then, if you pleafe, that I can do strange things: I have since I was three years old conuers with a Magitian, moft profound in his Art, and yet not damnable. If you do loue Rosalind to neere the hard, as your gesture eries it out: when your brother marrie Aliena, shull you marrie her, I know in to what ftrights of Fortune she is driven: and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you,
As you like it.

When from the swift to laft beswift vs two,
Teares our recountments had moft kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that Defert place.
I brieue, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me freth aray, and entertainment,
Committing me to my brothers love,
Who led me infinitely into his Caue,
There fift himfelfe, and heere upon his arme.
The Lyonneffe had borne fome fhefts away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cried in faining vpon Rajalinde.
Brieue, I recover'd him, bound vp his wound,
And after fome fmall space, being ftrong at heart,
He fent me hither, stranger as I am
To tell this flory, that you might excuse
His broken promife, and to give this napkin
Died in this bloud, vnto the Shepheard youth,
That he in fport doth call his Rajalinde.

Cel. Why how now Ganimed, sweet Ganimed.

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on bloud.

Cel. There is more in it; Cofen Ganimed.

Oli. Looke, he recouer's.

Ref. I would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither:

I pray you will you take him by the arm.

Oli. Be of good cheere youth: you a man?

You lacke a mans heart.

Ref. I doe fo, I confesse it;
Ah! Sirra, a body would thinke this was well counterfei-
ted, I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfei-
ted: heigh-ho.

Oli. This was not counterfeit, there is too great f emo-
fliny in your composition, that it was a paffion of ear-
neft.

Ref. Counterfeites, I affure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to
be a man.

Ref. So I doe: but yfaith, I should have beene a wo-
man by right.

Cel. Come, you looke paler and paler: pray you draw
homewards: good Sir, goe with vs.

Oli. That will I: for I must beare anfwere backe
How you excefe my brother, Rajalinde.

Ref. I fhall define something: but I pray you com-
mand my counterfeit ing to him: will you goe?

Exeunt.

Atius Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clowne and Andrie.

Clow. We shall finde a time Andrie, paience gentle
Andrie.

And. Faith the Prieff was good enough, for all the
olde gentlemen faying.

Clow. A moft wicked Sir Olivier, Andrie, a moft vile

Mar. But Andrie, there is a youth here in the
Forrest layes claim to you.

And. I know who 'tis: he hath no intereft in mee
in the world: here comes the man you meant.

Enter William.

Clow. It is meat and drinke to me to fee a Clowne, by

my
my troth, we that haue good wits, haue much to answer for: we shall be flouting: we cannot hold.

And. Good eu'n Andrew.

Cly. Good eu'n gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head: Nay pretthee be couer'd. How olde are you Friend?

Wil. Fift and twentie Sir.

Cly. A ripe age: Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Cly. A faire name. Was't borne i'th Forrest here?

Wil. Sir, I thank you God.

Cly. Thanke God: A good answer:

Art rich?

Wilt. Faith sir, so, so.

Cly. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good: and yet it is not, it is but so, so: Art thou wife?

Will. Sir, I haue a prettie witt.

Cly. Why, thou art well, I do now remember a saying: The Fowle doth thinke he is wife, but the willow knowes himselfe to be a Fowle. The Heathen Philosopher, when he had a desire to caste a Gape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth, sneezing thereby, that Grapes were made to caste, and lippes to open.

You do luste this maid?

Wil. I do luste.

Cly. Give me your hand: Art thou Learned?

Will. No sir.

Cly. Then leaue this of me, To have, is to have. For it is a figure in Rhetorick, that drink being poued out of a cup into a glasse, by filling the one, doth empty the other. For all your Writers do contenit, that this is the case: now you are not into, for I am lice.

Wil. What, he is rich?

Cly. He is rich, that must marrie this woman: Therefore you Clowns, abandone: which is in the vulgar, leave the societie: which in the boorish, is companie, of this female: which in the common, is woman: which together, is, abandon the societie of this Female, or Clowns thou peregrinar: or to thy better understanding, dye'st? or (to will) I kill thee, make thee way, translate thy life into death, thy liberie into bondage: I will destine in poynson with thee, or in battelhand, or in fleeces: I will bindy with thee in faction, I will over-run thee with policie: I will kill thee a hundred and fifty wayes, therefore tremble and depart.

And. Do good William.

Wil. God rest you merry sir. Exit

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our Master and Mistris sekes you: come away, away.

Cly. Trip Andrew, trip Andrew, I attend, I attend.

Enter Orlando & Oliver.

Orl. Ist possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her?

And lousing wo? and wooing, she should graunt? And will you perseuer to enjoy her?

Orl. Neither call the giddiness of it in question: the pueritie of her, the small acquaintance, my sodaine woeing, nor sodaine confenteing: but say with mee, I loue Alsema: say with her, that the loues mee; conente with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good: for my fathers house, and all the reuenue, that was old Sir Rowland: will I extensive upon you, and here live and die a Shepherd.

Enter Refalinde.

Orl. You have my content.

Let your Wedding be to morrow: this then will I

Invite the Duke, and all the contented followers:

Go you, and prepare Alsema: for looke you,

Here comes my Refalinde.

Ref. God haue you brothers.

Orl. And you faire sifter.

Ref. Oh my deere Orlando, how it greeues me to fee,

Thee weare thy heart in a scarfe.

Orl. This is my arm.

Ref. I thought thy heart had bene wounded with the flaws of a Lion.

Orl. Whose, for he is it, but with the eyes of a Lady.

Ref. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to found, when he shew'd me your handkercher?

Orl. I, and greater wonders thereto.

Ref. O, I know where you are: nay, it is true: there was never any thing so sodaine, but the flight of two Rammes, and Gefor Spinthaloncall bragge of I came, law, and overcame. For your brother, and my sifter, no sooner met, but they look'd: no sooner look'd: but they look'd: no sooner look'd: but they looked: no sooner look'd: but they look'd: but they ask'd: another one, another one: no sooner knew the reason, no sooner knew the reason, but they fought the remedies: and in these degrees, have they made a pair ofフラis to marriage, which they will climb inconvenient, or else bee inconvenient, before marriage; they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together. Clubbes cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to morrow: and I will invite the Duke to the Nuptiall. But O! how better a thing it is, to locke into happiness through another innocents eyes: for by much the more I shall to morrow be at the height of heart heautie, and so much: how much I yet thinke my brother happie, in hauing what he wishes for.

Ref. Why then to morrow, I cannot leave your turne for Refalinde?

Orl. I can lie no longer by thinking.

Ref. I will wearie you then no longer with idle talkling. Know of me then: for now I speake to some purpose: that I know you are a Gentleman of good conceits: I speake not this, that you should bee a good opinion of my knowledge: in informacion (I say) I know you are neither the one of these, nor the other: I labor for a greater effecte then may in some little measure draw a beleefe from you, to do your selfe good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I haue since I was three year old concert with a Magitian, most profound in his Art, and yet not damnable. If you do loue Refalinde to necesse the last, as your gellige cries it out: when your brother marries Alsema, shall you marrie her? I know into what straights of Fortune their driven, and it is not impossible to me, if it appeare not inconvenient to you, to
to fetch before your eyes to morrow, humane as she is, and without any danger.

Ori. Speak it thou in sober meaning?

Ref. By my life I do, which I tender dearly, though I say I am a Magician: Therefore put you in your best array, bid your friends: for if you will be married to morrow, you shall; and is Ref. I hold if you will.

Enter Silius & Phoebe.

Look here comes a bustle of nine, and a fenter of hers. Phoe. To thee, you have done me much vigils and noile, To shew the letters that I write to you. Ref. I care not if I have set my fiddle to see in this fudden your face, you are there followed by a faithful shepherd. Look up to him, for him, he worships you.

Phoe. Good morrow, tell this youth what 'tis to love. Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears, And so am I for Phoebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Ori. And so I for Refalad.

Ref. And so I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service, And so am I for Phoebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Ori. And so I for Refalad.

Ref. And so I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fancies, All made of passion, and all made of wishes, All adoration, duty, and obsequence, All humbleness, all patience, and impatience, All purity, all trial, all obsequence, And so am I for Phoebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Ori. And so I for Refalad.

Ref. And so I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you? Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you? Ori. If this be so, why blame you me to love you? Ref. Why do you speak too, Why blame you me to love you. Ori. To her, that is not here, nor doth not here. Ref. Pray you no more of this, 'tis like the howling of Irish Wolves; squint the Moone: I will help you if I can: I would love you if I could: To morrow meet me altogether: I will marry you, if ever I marry Woman, and be married to morrow: I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfy you, and you shall be married to morrow. I will content you, if what pleasures you contents you, and you shall be married to morrow: As you love Refalad meet, as you love Phoebe meet, and as I love no woman, I shall meet: so fare you well: I have left you commands.

Sil. I love not aile, if Ilieue.

Phe. Nor I.

Ori. Nor I.


Here come two of the banish'd Duke's Pages.

Enter two Pages.

1. Pa. Wel met honest Gentleman.

Cle. By my troth your will meet come, sir, fit, and a long.

2. Pa. We are for you, fit for middle.

1. Pa. Shall we clap into roundly, without hauing, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the onely prologues to a bad voice.

2. Pa. I faith, if any. and bungling a tune like two dignities on a horse, and a wriggly. Song.

It was a Lovers, and his lady, With a boy, and a bo, and a bo noone; That is the greenes coarse field did pause, In the spring time, the only pretty young time. When Birds do song, and lying singing, Sing. Sweet Lovers under the spring, And therefore take the present time, With a boy, and a bo, and a boy noone, For love is crowned with the peace, In spring time, &c.

Between the acres of the Roc, With a boy, and a bo, and a boy noone; The pretty Country folks would like, In spring time, &c.

This Cardo Eres, and that house, With a boy, and a bo, and a boy noone: How that sky, &c. &c. &c.

Enter Duke Senior, Amronics, Jago, Orlando, Oliver, Celia.

Duke. Sen. Doit thou beleue Orlando, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promis'd?

Ori. I sometymes do beleue, and sometymes do not, As thou that feare they hope, and know they feare.

Enter Refalad, Silius, & Phoebe.

Ref. Patience out more, whiles our Cepaet is vog'd: You say, if I bring in your Refalada, You will heare her on Orlando here? Duke. Sen. That would I had I kingdoms to give with hir. Ref. And you say you will hauie her, when I bring hir? Ori. That would I, were I of all kindegomes King. Ref. You say, you'll marie me, if I be willing. Phe. That will I, should I die the houre after.

Ref. But if you do refuse to marry me, You'll give your selfe to this most faithfull Shepherd. Phoe. So is the bargain.

Ref. You say that you'll hauie Phoebe if she will.

Sil. Though to have her and death, were both one thing. S. Ref.
Ref. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.

Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter,
You yours Orlando, to receive his daughter:
Keep you your word Shaks, that you'll marrie me,
Or else refusing me to wed this speech:
Keep your word Shaks, that you'll marrie her
If he refuse me, and from hence I go.
To make these doubts all even. Exit Ref. and Celia.

Dn. Sen. I do remember in this speech by

Some lightly touches of my daughters favour.

Orl. My Lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Me thought he was a brother to your daughter:
But my good Lord, this Boy is Forreft borne,
And hath bin tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies, by his vnrckle,
Whom he reports to be a great Magician.
Enter Clowne and Andre.

Obscured in the circle of this Forreft.

Iag. There is sure another blood toward, and these

Couples are comming to the Arke. Here comes a payre of
Very strange beasts, which in all tongues, are call'd

Foes.

Cla. Salutation and greeting to you all.

Iag. Good my Lord, bid him welcome. This is the

Morley-minded Gentleman, that I have so often met in the
Forreft; he hath bin a Courtier he swears.

Cla. If any man doubt that, let him put mee to my

Purgation; I have trod a measur, I have flatted a Lady,
I haue bin politick with my friend, fannock with mine
Enemie, I haue vndertaken three Tailors, I haue haue
Quarrells, and like to haue fought one.

And how was that tyme vp?

Cla. Faith we met, and found the quarrell was upon

The feuenteen caufe.

Iag. How feuenteen caufe? Good my Lord, like this

Fellow.

Dn. Sk. I like him very well.

Cla. God'll you sir, I declare you of the like: I preffe
In heere sir, amongst the rest of the Country copulatis
to swears, and to forswears, according as marrie binds
and blood breaks: a poore virgin sir, an il-favour'd thing
sir, but mine owne, a poore humour of mine sir, to take
That that no man els will: rich honettie dwells like a mi-
liner sir, in a poore house, as your Pearl in your foule
Oyster.

Dn. Sk. By my faith, he is very swift, and sententious
Cla. According to the foolees bolt sir, and such dulces
Diseases.

Iag. But for the feuenteen caufe. How did you finde

This quarrell on the feuenteen caufe?

Cla. Vpon a lye, feuen times remov'd: (bear your
Body more feeming Andre,) as thus sir: I did dislike the
cut of a certaine Couriers heard: he sent me word, if
I said his heard was not cut well, he was in the minde it
was: this is call'd the retort courteous. If I sent him
word againe, it was not well cut, he wold send me word
he cut it to please himselfe: this is call'd the quaip model.
If againe, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment:
this is called, the reply churlish: If againe it was not well
cut, he wold answer I spake not true: this is call'd the
Reproofe unlucky. If againe, it was not well cut, he wold
say, I lie: this is call'd the counter-checke quarrelsome
and foro lyce circumstantial, and the lye direct.

Iag. And how oft did you say his heard was not well
cut?

Cla. I duft go no further then the lyce circumstantial:

not he duft not give me the lye direct: and fo we meas-
ured swords, and parted.

Iag. Can you nominate in order now, the degrees of the

lye.

Cla. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the booke: you haue
booke for good manneres: I will name you the degrees.
The first, the Retort courteous: the seconf, the
Quip-model: the third, the reply Churlish: the fouth,
The Reprooef unlucky: the fift, the Countercheck quar-
relsome: the sixt, the lyce with circunstance: the fe-
uenfe, the lye direct: all these you may assy, but the
Lye direct: and you may advise that too, with all If.
I knew when feuen Juiftices could not take vp a Quarrell,
but when the parties were met themeslues, one of them
thought but of an If: as if you saye fo, then I saye fo:
and they throwe hands, and swore brothers. Your If, is
the onely peace-maker: much vrate in it.

Iag. Is not this a rare fellow my Lord? He's as good
at any thing, and yet a foole.

Dn. Sk. He vies his folly like a flaking-horse, and un-
der the pretention of that he shoots his wit.

Enter Hymen, Rofalind, and Celia.

Still Mufick.

Hymen. Then is there might in heaven,
When earthly things make euen,

Atone together.

Good Duke receive thy daughter,

Hymen from Heaven brought her,

Tea brought her better.

That thou mayest joyn his hand with his,

Wife heart within his bosom is.

Ref. To you I give my felie, for I am yours.

To you I give my felie, for I am yours.

Dn. Sk. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rofalind.
Phe. Hiphig & shape be true, why then my loue aigue

Ref. I haue no Father, if you be not he:

I he haue no Husband, if you be not he:
Not ne'er wed woman, if you be not free.

Hy. Peace hoa: I barre confusion,

'Tis I must make conclusion.

Of these moft strange events:

Here's eight that must take hands,

To joyn in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contentes,

You and you, no croffe shall part;

You and you, are hart in hart:

You, to his loue maft accord,

Or haue a Woman to your Lord,

You and you, are sure together,

As the Winter to fowle Weather:

Whiles a Wedlock Hymen we sing,

Feede your felues with questioning:

That reason, wonder may diminsh

How thus we met, and these things finish.

Song.

Wedding in great Tones crownes,

O blessed bond of board and bed;

'Twas Hymen peoples euerie towns,

High wedlock then be honored:

Honor, high honour and renowne

To Hymen, God of euerie Towne.

Dn. Sk. O my deere Necce, welcome thou art to me,

Euen daughter welcome, in no leff degree.
As you like it.

Phe. I will not case my word, now thou art mine,
Thy faith, my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter Second Brother.

2.Bro. Let me have audience for a word or two:
I am the second sonne of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this faite assemblie.
Duke Frederick hearing how that euerie day,
Men of great worth reforted to this forret,
Addrest a mightie power, which were on foot:
In his owne conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword:
And to the skitts of this wilde Wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old Religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world:
His crowne bequesting to his bannish'd Brother,
And all their Lands retor'd to him againe
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke. Welcome yongman:
Thou offer'st fairely to thy brothers wedding:
To one his lands with-hold, and to the other
A land it fells at large, a potent Duke's dome.
First, in this Fortess, let's do thosse ends
That here wee well begun, and well begot:
And after, euyry of this happy number
That haue endur'd shrew'd daies, and nights with vs,
Shall share the good of our retumed fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meane time, forget this new-faine dignitie,
And fall into our Rusticke Reuelrie:
Play Muficke, and you Brides and Bride-gromes all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to th Meaures fall.

Jay. Sit, by your patience: if I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a Religious life,
And throwne into neglect the pompos Court.

2.Bro. He hath.

Jay. To him will I out of these controversies,
There is much matter to be heard, and learn'd:
you to your former Honor, I bequeath
your patience, and your vertue, well deserves it.
you to a loue, that your true faith doth merit:
you to your land, and loue, and great allies:
you to a long, and well defersed bed:
And you to wrangling, for thy loving voyage
Is but for two moneths victorious: So to your pleasures,
I am for other, then for dancing meaures.


Jay. To see no patime, I: what you would have,
I'll lay to know, at your abandon'd case.

Duke. Proceed, proceed: we'll begin these rights,
As we do trull, they 1 end in true delights.

Ref. It is not the fashion to see the Lady the Epilogue: but it is no more unhandsome, then to see the Lord the Prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true, that a good play needs no Epilogue.
Yet to good wine they do vse good bushes: and good plays prove the better by the helpe of good Epilogues:
What a base am i in then, that am neither a good Epilogue, nor can infinuate with you in the behalfe of a good play? I am not furnished like a Begger, therefore
to begge will not become mee: My way is to conjure you, and I'll begin with the Women. I charge you (O women) for the love you beare to men, to like as much of this Play, as pleases you: And I charge you (O men) for the love you beare to women (as I perceive by your hardening, none of you hates them) that beetweene you, and the women, the play may please. If I were a Woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complusions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defi do not: And I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will for my kind offer, when I make curt're, bid me farewell.

Exit.

FINIS.

S 2
THE
Taming of the Shrew.

Actus primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Beggar and Hosts, Christopher Sf.

Beggar: Le pheees you intouch.

Host. A pair of fleeces you rogue.

Beg. Yare a baggage, the Sires are no Rogues. Look in the Chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror; therefore Pane-
cas pelliebris, let the world flide: Stella.

Host. You will not pay for the glassful you have burnt?

Beg. No, not a deniere: go by S. Jeromes, go to thy cold bed, and warme thee.

Host. I know my remedy, I must go fetch the Head-

bourned.

"Beg. Third, or fourth, or fitg Borough, Ie anwered

him by Law. He not budge an inch boy. Let him come,

and kindly.

Fulles asleep.

Wilde horees. Enter a Lord from hunting with his traines.

Lo. Huntsman I charge thee, render wel my hounds,

Brach Merriman, the poor Cure is immobi,

Aid couple Clowder with the deepe-mouth'd brach,

Saw't thou not boy how SIluer made it good

At the hedge corner, in the cold leaf fall,

I would not loole for the dogge for twentie pound.

Hunt. Why Belman is as good as he my Lord,

He cned upon it at the mearell Loife,

And twice to day picked out the dullest feet,

Truff me, I take him for the better dogge.

Lord. Thou art a Fool, if Ecces were as fteele,

I would suffer him worth a dozen fuchs:

But sup them well, and looke vnto them all,

To morrow I intend to hunt againe.

Hunt. I will my Lord.

Lord. What's here? One dead, or drunk? See doe

d he breath?

2. Huin. He breath's my Lord. Were he not warm'd
with Ale, this were a bed but cold to sleep fo foundly.

Lord. Oh monstrous beast, how like a fwine he lyes.

Grim death, how foule and loathsome is thine image:

Sirs, I will pratiice on this drunken lye.

What thinke you, if he were couney'd to bed,

Wrapd in sweete cloathes? Rings put upon his fingers:

A most delicious banquet by his bed,

And brave attendants nearre him when he wakes,

Would not the beggar then forget himself?


2. H. It would seem strange unto him when he waked

Lord. Even as a flat'ring dreame, or worthlesse fancie.

Then take him vp, and manage well the left:

Carrie him gently to my fairest Chamber,

And hang it round with all my vvanion pictures:

Balm his foule head in warme distilled waters,

And burne sweet Wood to make the Lodging sweeter.

Procure me Musicke ready, when he wakes,

To make a duet and a heauenly found?

And if he chance to speake, be ready straight

(And with a lowe submissive reverence)

Say, what is it your Honor will command.

Let one attend him with a fitter Bason

Full of Rose-water, and beatrew'd with Flowers,

Another bære the Ewer: the third a Diaper,

And say will plese your Lordship coude your hands,

Some one be ready with a coffly suite,

And ask him what apparel he will weare:

Another tell him of his Hounds and Horfe,

And that his Ladie meunres at his dispose,

Perfuede him that he hath bin Lusatice,

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 palette painting excellent,

If he be married with maldefition.

1. Honour. My Lord I warrant you we will play our part

As he shall thinke by our true diligence.

He is no lefe then what we fay he is.

Lord. Take him vp gently, and to bed with him,

And each one to his office when he wakes.

Sound trumpets.

Sirrah, go fee what Trumpet tis that founds,

Belike fome Noble Genteman that means

(Travailing fome journey) to repole him heere.

Enter Seruingman.

How now? who is it?

Ser. An't please your Honor, Players.

That offer feruice to your Lordship.

Enter Players.

Lord. Bid them come neere.

Now fellowes, you are welcome.

Players. We thank ye your Honor.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to night?

2. Player. So please your Lordshippe to accept our

dutie.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,

Since once he plai'd a Farmers eldfe fonne,

"Twas where you woo'd the Gentlewoman fo well:

I haue forgot your name: but sure that part
The Taming of the Shrew.

Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

Suddenly, I think 'twas Sack that your honor means.

Lord, 'tis very true, thou dost it excellent:

Well you are come to me in happy time.

So I rather for I have some sport in hand,

Wherein your cunning can assist me much.

There is a Lord will hear you play to night;

But I am doubfull of your modesties,

Left (out-eying ophis oddde behaviour,

For yet his honor neuer heard a play).

You break into some metric psallion,

And fo offend him: for I tell you, Sirra,

If you should smile, he growse impatient.

 Fluent. Fear not my Lord, we can contain our felues,

We're he the vertef antick in the world.

Lord. Go sirra, take them to the Butterie,

And give them friendly welcome everytime one,

Let them want nothing that my house affordes.

Exit one with the Players.

Sirra go you to Bartholmew my Page,

And fee him dréet in all fates like a Ladie:

That done, conduct him to the drunkards chamber,

And call him Madam, dohim obeisance;

Tell him from me (as he will win my loue)

He bearshimself with honourable action,

Such as he hath obser'd in noble Ladies

Vnto their Lords, by them accomplisht,

Such dutie to the drunkard let him do:

With soft loue tongue, and lowly curtsefe,

And say: What is't your Honor will command,

Wherein your Ladie, and your humble wife,

May know her dutie, and maake knowne her loue.

And thence with kind embracements, temptings kisfe,

And wish declining head into his bosome

Bid him fhand teares, as being over joyed

To see her noble Lord reform'd to health,

Who for this feauen yeares hath Oftentimes him

No better then a poore and lowdome beggar:

And if the boy have not a womanes guift
To raine a shower of commended teares,

An Onion will do well for such a thing.

Which in a Naphin (being close couer'd)

Shall in delight enforce a waretie eoe:

See this dispatch'd with all the haft thou can,

Anon Ill give thee more instructions.

Exit a seruingman.

I know the boy will wel fpurte the grace,

Voice, gate, and action of a Gentlewoman:

I long to heare him call the drunkard husband,

And how my men will fly themselves from laughter,

When they do homage to this simple pestilent,

Ile in to counfell them: halpy my presence

May well abate the ouer-metric sIFence,

Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

Enter allel the drunckard with attendants, some with apparel,

Befon and Emer of the ap vapeontes. Lord.

Beg. For Gods sake take 4 pot of small Ale.

1 Ser. Will please your Lord drink a cup of sacke?

2 Ser. Will please your Honor taste of these Conferces?

3 Ser. What aiment wilt your honor have to day.

Beg. I am Christopher Sire, call not mee Honour nor

Lordship: I ne'er drank sackle in my life: and if you give me any Conferences, giue me confines of Beesfe: here ask me what aiment I leere, for I have no more doub-

lets then backes: no more skoekings then legges: for

no more sfokees then feet, no sometime more fete then

sackes, or sackeys as my toes looke through the o-

uer leathers.

Lord. Heauen cese this idle humor in your Honor.

Oh that a mighty man of such difter,

Of such paffionall and so high effectual

Should be infallled with fowl a spirit.

Beg. What would you make me mad? Am not I Chris-

opher Sire, old Sires of some of Burton Heath; by birth a

Pedler, by education a Cardmaker, by transmutation a

Bare-heard, and now by present profession a Tinker.

Aske Marrian Hacket the fat Alewife of Wincer, if she

knowe me not: if she say I am not xiii. d. on the score for

thiere Ale, forore me vp for the lyfing knaue in Chriftie
dome. What I am not bestraffed: here's——

3. Alan. Oh this is it that makes your Ladie mourne.

2 Mair. Oh this is it that makes your fermenp drop.

Lord. Hence comes it, that your kindred shuus your

As beaten heare by your strange Lamacie, (hough

Oh Noble Lord, bethinke thee of thy birth;

Call forth thy ancient thoughts from bannishment,

And banish forth these abject lowlie dreams:

Look how thy fermenp do attend on thee,

Each in his office readie at thy be-charge.

Wilt thou haue Muffike? Harke Apollo plies, Mufick.

And twentie caged Nightingales do fong:

Or wilt thou sleepe? We'll have thee to a Couch,

Softer and sweeter then the luffeffull bed.

On purpose trim'd vp for Seminaries.

Say thou wilt walke: we will beftrow the ground.

Or wilt thou ride? Thy hores shall be trap'd,

Their harnesse fludled all with Gold and Pearle.

Doft thou not want to goke? Thou halft hawkes will soare

About the morning. Ladie. Or will thou hunt,

Thy hounds shall make the Welkin anfwer them

And fetch flirell echos from the hollow earth.

1 Mair. Say thou wilt courfe; thy graye houndes are as

As breathed Stage: I fleeter then the Roe.

(whit 2 Mair. Doft thou love pictures we will fetch thee strait

Adenis painted by a running brooke,

And Cibereum all in tedgesHis,

Which to move and wantone with her breath,

Even as the waunting fanges play with winde.

Lord. We'll then those las as she was a Maid,

And how she was beguiled and fuperfued,

As liellie painted, as the deede was done.

5. Mair. Or Daphne coming through thornyew wood,

Scratching her legs, that one fialt were the bleedes,

And at that fight fell Apelle weepes,

So workmanlie the blood and teares are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a Lord, and nothing but a Lord:

Thou haft a Ladie faire more Beatiffull,

Then any woman in this waining age.

1 Mair. And till the teares that she hath fird for thee,

Like eniumus honds ore-ran her lovely face,

She was the fairest creature in the world,

And yet thee is inferior to none.

Beg. Am I a Lord, and haue I such a Ladie?

Or do I dreame? O hau I dream'd till now?

I do not fleep. Ye fie, I heare, I fpake:

I fmeel sweete soures, and I felle fent things:

Vpon my life I am a Lord indeed,

And not a Tinker, nor Christopher Sire.

Well, bring out Ladie hither to our fight,

And once again a pot or thic smalllef Ale.

S 3

2 Man.
Enter Lady with Attendants.

Beg. I thank thee, thou shalt not bowe by it.

Lady. How fares my noble Lord?

Beg. Marcia I fare well, for here be cheere enough.

Where is my wife?

La. Heere noble Lord, what is thy will with her?

Beg. Are you my wife, and will not come husband?

My lady should call me Lord, I am your good-man.

La. My husband and my Lord, my Lord and husband I am your wife in all obedience.

Beg. I know it well, what must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Beg. Alo Madam, or love Madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else, 'tis Lords cal Ladies.

Beg. Madame wife, they say just I have dreamt d',

And slept above some fifteen yeares or more.

Lady. I, and the time青ene's thirty unto me,

Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Beg. 'Tis much, servants leave me and her alone:

Madam vnderse you, and come now to bed.

La. Thrice noble Lord, let me meatar of you

To pardon me yet for a night or two:

Or if not so, victall the Sun be let.

For your Phisitians have expressely charg'd,

In peril to insure your former malady,

That I should yet abstain from your bed:

I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Beg. It stands so far I may hardly tarry so long:

But I would be loth to fall into my dreams againe:

I will therefore trouble in delight of the flesh & the blood.

Enter a Messenger.

Mrs. Your Honors Players hearing your amendment,

Are come to play a pleasant Comedie,

For so your doctours hold it very meete,

Seeing too much fatigue hath concealeth your blood,

And melancholy is the Nurse of frenzie.

Therefore they thought it good you heare a play,

And frame your minde to mirth and merriment,

Which barres a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Beg. Marrie I will let them play, its not a Comon-
The Taming of the Shrew.

Because I know you well, and loue you well,
Looke shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Grev. To carrie her rather. She's so rough for me,

There, there Hortensio, will you any Wife?

Kate. I pray you sir, is it your will
To make a little of me amongst these maids?

Her. Mates maid, how meane you this?

No mates for you,

Vnleffe you were of gentler milder mould.

Kate. If faith sir, you shall never neede to feare,
L-is it is not halfe wyte to her heart.

But if it were, doubt not, her care should be,
To comb your head with a three-leg'd doole,
And paint your face, and vise you like a foole.

Her. From all such doole, good Lord Ldelier vs.

Grev. And me too, good Lord.

Luce. But in the others silence do I see,
Maidis milde bchaouir and fubtieue.

Peace Tranio.

Luce. Tranio, well said Mr. mutt, and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may foone make good
What I have said, Bianca get you in,

And let it not displease thee good Bianca,
For I will loue thee more the leffe my girle.

Kate. A pretty peacee, it is bell put finger in the eye,
And the knew why.

Bian. Sifter content you, in my diconent,
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe;
My bookes and instruments shall be my companie,
On them to looke, and prattiue by my felte.

Luce. Harke Tranio, thou maist heare Minnena speke.

Hort. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange,
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Biancas greene.

Grev. Why will you mew her vp
(Signior Baptista) for this fiend of bell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue.

Bap. Gentlemen content ye : I am relouiud.

Go in Tranio.

And for I know the taketh most delight
In Muifiek, Infriments, and Poetry,
Schoolomaiters will I keepe within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you Hortensio,
Or signior Greemo you know any fuch,
Preferre them hither: for to cunning men,
I will be very kinde and liberal,
To mine owne children, in good bringing vp,
And so farre well : Katharine you may flay,
For I have more to commune with Bianca. Exe.

Kate. Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not?

What shall I be appointed hours, as though
(Belike) I knew not what to take,
And what to leave? Ha.

Grev. You may go to the diuels dam: your gifts are
So good heere's none will holde you: Their love is not
So great Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together,
And fah it fairely out. Our cakes dough on both sides.
Farewell: yet for the loue I beare my sweet Bianca, if
I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that
wherein he delights, I will with him to her father.

Her. So will I signior Greemo: but a word I pray:
Though the nature of our quarrel yet neuer brook'd
parie, know now vpon advice, it toucheth vs both:that
we may yet againe have accessse to our faire Maltris, and
be happier riualls in Bianca's loue, to labour and effect
one thing specially.

Grev. What's that I pray?

Her. Marrie fir to get a husband for her Sifter.


Her. I say a husband.

Grev. I say, a duell: Think'st thou Hortensio, though
her father be verie rich, any man is to verie a foole to be
married to hell?

Her. Tuff Greemo: though it passe your patience &
mine to endure her lovd amours, why man there bee
good felowes in the world, and a man could light on
them, would take her with all her faults, and many enough.

Grev. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowrie
with this condition: To be whipt at the bire croufe every
morning.

Her. Faith (as you say) there's small choise in rotten
aples: but come, since this bar in law makes vs friends,
it shall be so faire forthe friendly maintain'd, till by helping
Baptista a eldser daughter to a husband, we fet his
yongest free for a husband, and then have too satisfie.
Sweet Bianca, happy man be his dole: be that runnes
caitif, get the King: How say you signior Greemo?

Grev. I am agreed, and would I had given him the
belfe horse in Padua to begin his woing that would thoroouly
wore he, wed her, and bed her, and ridde the house of.
Come on.

Exeunt ambo. Minet Tranio, and Lucentio.

Tra. I pray in telling, it is poorly told.

That loue thould of a foaine take such hold.

Luc. Oh Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible or likely.

But see, while idely I flood locking on,
I found the effect of Loue in idlenesse,
And now in pleasantze do confesse to theth
That art to me as secret and as deere
As Annato the Queene of Carthage was:

Tranio I burne, I pine, I perish Tranio,
If I achieve not this yong modest gyze:
Commaile me Tranio, for I know thou canst
Affill me Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now,
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If loue haue touch'd you, naught remains but so,
Redemtecaptam quamarea minima.

Luce. Graneries lid : Go forward, this contents,
The reft will comfort, for thy counells found.

Tranio, master you look'd so longely on the maide,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luce. Ohyes, I saw sweet beautie in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agnora had,
That made great Loue to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kis the Cretan sittond.

Tra. Saw you no more? Mark'd you not how her sifter
Began to feeld, and rafe vp such a storne,
That mortal cares might hardly indure the din.

Luc. Tranio, I saw her corrill lips to moue,
And with her breath the did perfume the ayre,
Sacrde and sweet was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then 'tis time to firre him frô his trance:
I pray awake fir: if you love the Maide,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:
Her elder sifter is so curst and threw'd,
That til the Father rid his hands of her,
Master, your Loue must like a maide at home,
And therefore he has clesely meud' her vp,

Because
The Taming of the Shrew.

Because she will not be annoy'd with futes.
Luc. Ah Tranio, what a cruel Father he is; But ask not too much, he ilkove some ease To get her cunning Schoolmaims to instruct her. Tran. I marry am I fir, and now 's plotted, Luc. I have it Tranio. Tran. Mifler, for my hand, Both our intentions met, and junkee in one. Luc. Tell me thine first. Tran. You will be fchole-mifer, And undertake the teaching of the maid: That's your device. Luc. It is: May it be done? Tran. Not possible: for who shall bear your part, And be in Padua here Vincenzo's Sonne, Kepe he house, and ply his booke, welcome his friends, Vifit his Countrirmen, and banquet them? Luc. Bajza, content thee: for I have it full. We have not yet bin feene in any house, Nor can we be differing'd by our faces, For man or manner: then it follows thus: Thou shalt be mifer, Tranio in my bed: Kepe he house, and post, and leuarens, as I should, I will some other be, Some Florentine, Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Fiji: 'Tis harch'd, and shall be fo: Tranio as once Vncafe thee: take my Conlard hat and cloak, When Biondelle comes, he waites on thee, But I will charge him first to kepe his tongue. Tran. So had you neede: In breafe Sir, find it your pleasure is, And I am tyed to be obedient, For so your father charg'd me at our parting: Be (runcciones to my fonne (quoth he) Although I thinke 'twas in another fence, I am content to bee Lucentio, Because so well I loue Lucentio. Luc. Tranio be fo, because Lucentio loves, And let me bee a faue, that chichie rht maidie, Whose Soleaine fight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.

Here comes the roguie. Sirra, where have you bin? Bion. Where have I beene? Nay how now, where are you? Mafter, he's my fellow Tranio flone your cloathes, or you flone his, or both? Pray what's the newest? Luc. Sirra come hither, 'tis no time to left, And therefore frame your manners to the time Your fellow Tranio here to fave my life, Puts my apparel, and my countenance on, And I for my escape have put on his: For in a quarrell since I came a shore, I kill'd a man, and fear I was defeated: Write you on him, I charge you, as becomes: While I make way from hence to fave my life: You underfand me? Bion. If, Sir, we're a whit. Luc. And not a word of Tranio in your mouth, Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio. Bion. The better for him, would I were so too. Tran. So could I faith boy, to have the next with after, that Lucentio indeede had Baptife younges daughter. But first, nor for my fake, but your meaners, I advise you vfe your manners discreetly in all kind of companies: When I am alone, why then I am Tranio: but in all places else, you mafter Lucentio. Luc. Tranio let's go: One thing more reflts, that thy felfe execute, To make one among these woors: if thou ask me why, Sufficeth my reafons are both good and weighty. Exeunt. The Pretenders above fedges. 1. Mam. My Lord you nod, you do not minde the play. Berg. Yes by Saint: Anne do I, a goood matter furely: Comes there any more of it? Lady My Lord, 'tis but begun. Berg. 'Tis a verie excellent piece of worke, Madam Ladie: would 'twere done. They fit and marke.

Enter Petruchio, and his man Grumio.

Petr. Verona, for a while I take my leave, To see my friends in Padua, but of all My beft belonved and approved friend Hortensio: & I trow this is his house: Here Sirra Grumio, knocke I say. Grum. Knocke fir? whom should I knocke? Is there any man's hebus'd your worship? Petr. Villaine I say, knocke me heere founfly. Grum. Knocke you heere fir? Why fir, what am I fir, that I should knocke you heere fir? Petr. Villaine I say, knocke me at this gate, And rap me well, or I'll knocke your knaves pate. Grum. My Mr is growne quarrelome: I should knocke you fir, and then I know after who comes by the weste. Petr. Will it not be? 'Faith Sirrah, and you'll not knocke, let ring it, It te re you how you can Sal,Ea, and fing it. Having him by the ears Grum. Help me miftre helpe, my matter is mad. Petr. Now knocke when I bid you: Sirrah villaine. Enter Hortensio.

Hor. How now, what's the matter? My olde friend Grumio, and my good friend Petruchio? How do you all at Verona? Petr. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray? Contuitioere bene trobbata, may I fay.

Hor. Ahi noftra cara bene venite multis bonarab signis, or maii petruchio. Rife Grumio tille, we will compound this quarrell.

Grum. Nay 'tis no matter fir, what he leges in Lazine. If this be nor a lawfull caufe for me to loose his feruice, looke you fir: He bid me knocke him, & rap him founly fir. Well, was it fit for a fentuau to rive his matter fo, being perhaps (for ought I fee) two and thirth, a peep out? Whom would to God I had well knockt at firft, then had not Grumio come by the worke. Petr. A fenecelle villaine: good Hortensio, I bad the raffcall knocke upon your gate, And could not get him for my heart to do it. Grum. Knocke at the gate! O heavens: speake you not these words plaine? Sirra, Knocke me here: rappe me heere: knocke me well, and knocke me founly? And come you now with knockeing at the gate? Petr. Sirra be gone, or tale not I advisse you. Hor. Petruchio patiencce, I am Grumio's pledge: Why this a heauie chance twarr him and you, Your ancient truffle pleafant seruant Grumio: And tell me now (sweet friend) what happie gale Blowes you to Padua heere, from old Verona? Petr. Such wind as scatters yongmen through by world, To
To feke their fortunese farther then at home,
Where small experience growses but in a few,
Signor Hortensio, thus it stands with mee,
Antonio my father is deceas,
And I haue thrust my selfe into this maze,
Happily to wite and trieke, as beft I may!
Crownes in my purle I haue, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And with thee to a throv'ill-faunter' wife ?
Theu'd thank me here a little for my counsel:
And yet Ie promise the ye shall be rich,
Verie rich: but that'a too much of my mind,
And Ie not with thee to here.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, twixt such friends as wee,
Few words insinuate and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife: (As wealth is burthen of the woning dace)
Be the as foule as was Fordentia Loue,
As old as Sikel, and as curt and throw'd
As Socrate Zentopp, or a worse: She mouses me not, or not removes at least
Affections edge in me. Were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriaticke seas,
I come to wite it wealthily in Padua: If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay looke you sir, her tells you flatly what his minde is: why give him Gold enough, and marrie him to a Puppet or an Aglet babie, or an old troth with nee tooth in her head, though the haue as mane diseases as two and fiftie hostes. Why nothing comes amiss, fo monke comes without.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are sekt thus faire in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jeft,
I can Petruchio helpe thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and yong and beautious,
Brought vp as beft becomes a Gentlewoman.
Her onely fault, and that is faults enough,
Is, that she is intolerable curtey,
And throw'd, and froward, fo beyond all measur.
That were my state fafte worre therin then it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of Gold.

Petr. Hortensio peace; thou knowst not golds effect:
Tell me her fathers name, and 'tis enough:
For I will boord her, though the chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in Autumnne cracke.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous Gentleman,
Her name is Katherine Minola,
Renowned in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her,
And he knew my deceased father well:
I will not speke Hortensio, I see her,
And therefore let me be as bold with you,
To giue you out at this first encounter,
Vnleast ye will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you Sir, let him go while the humor lasts.
A my word, and the knew him as well as I do, she would think of scolding would doe little good upon him. She may perhaps call him halfe a score carenes, or so: Why that's nothing; and he begin once, he'd raffe in his tope trickes. Ite tell you what hit, and the flanth him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and to disfigure it with it, that shee that have no more: eyes to see withall then a Cat: you know him not far.

Hor. Tarte Petruchio, I must go with thee,
To whom my father is not all vnkowne,  
And were his daughter fater the fift is,  
She may more furors have, and me for one,  
Faire Ladder daughter had a thousand wowers,  
Then well one more may faire Bianca hau.  
And so fhe thall: Lucentio thall make one,  
Though Paris came, in hope to speeke alone.  

Gre. What, this Gentleman will out-talke vs all.  
Lyc. Sir, Sir, he is a man of fame.  
Petr. Lucentio, Sir, will you haue all these things?  
Hor. Sir, let me be bold as ask ye,  
Did you yet ever fee Baptifta daughter?  

Tra. No sir, but hear I do thathath two:  
The one, as famous for a scolding tongue,  
As is the other, for beauteous modesty.
Freely giue into this yong Schaller, that hath beene long studying at Rhemes, as cunning in Greekke, Latine, and other Languages.

As the other in Musicke and Mathematickes:

His name is Cambio: pray accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks signior Gremio.

Welcome good Cambio. But gentle sir,

Me thinkes you walke like a stranger,

May I be bold, to know the cause of your comming?

Tra. Pardon me sir, the boldnesse is mine owne,

That being a stranger in this Citie here,

Do make my selfe a tutor to your daughter,

Vnto Bianca, faire and vertuous:

Nor is your resolue unknowne to me,

In the pretrement of the eldely father.

This liberty is all that I request,

That vpon knowledge of my Parentage,

I may have welcome amongst the rest that you,

And free access and favour at the rest.

And toward the education of your daughter:

I herebefore a simple instrument,

And this small packet of Greekke and Latine Booke:

If you accept them, then their worth is great:

Bap. Lucerio is your name, of whose I pray.

Tra. Of Pisa's, fornome to Vincentio.

Bap. A mightie man of Pisa by report,

I know him well: you are welcome sir:

Take you the Lute, and you the set of booke,

You shall goe fee your Pupils presently.

Holla, within.

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead thes gentlemen
to my daughters, and tell them both
these are their Tutors, bid them vfe them well,
we will goe walkes a little in the Orchard,
and then to dinner: you are passing welcome,
and I pray you all to thinke your felowes,

Pet. Signior Baptifia, my buttnesse asketh haft,
and euerie day I cannot see the wo,

You knew my father well, and in him me,
left follicere to all his Lands and goods,
which I have bettered rather then decreas,
then tell me, if I get your daughters loue,

What dowrie shall I haue with her to wife,

Bap. After my death, the one halfe of my Lands,
and in possfession twentie thousand Crownes,

Pet. And for that dowrie, Ile suffrue her of
her widdow-hood, be it in the fharrue me
In all my Lands and Leafe whatfoever,
Let specialties be therefore drawne betweene vs,

That couenants may be kept on either hand,

Bap. I, when the special thing is well obtaiued,
that is her loue: for that is all in all.

Pet. Why that is nothing: for I tell you father,
I am as preeminiatiue as the proud minded:
and where two raging fires meete together,

They do commune the thing that feeds their furie.

Though little fire growes great with little winde,
yet extreme giuds will blow out fire and all:

So I to her, and to the yeade to:

For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. We'll maie thou woo, and happy be thy speed.

But be thou arm'd for some unhappie words.

Pet. I to the proçee, as Mountains are for winde,

That flashes not, though they blow perpetually.

Enter Hortensio with his head broke.
Bap. How now my friend, why dost thou looke so pale?

Hor. For ease I promise you, if it looke pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good Mustri-

Hor. I think she'll soon prove a souldier, 

Bap. Why then she canst not break her to the Lure?

Hor. Why no, for she hath broke the Lure to me:

I did but tell her she mislookte her frend, 

And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,

When (with a mofi impatiant duellish spirit)

Frets call you thefe? (quoth the) Ile fume with them:

And with that word the flroke me on the head,

And through the instrument my pate made way,

And there I flould amaz'd for a while,

As on a Pillorie, looking through the Lure,

While fhe did call me Rafele, Fidler, 

And twangling flacke, with twente fuch vilde tearmes, 

As had the fludhed to mislive me fo.

Pet. Now by the world, it is a fufle Wench,

I love her tentures more then efe I did,

Oh how long to have some ches with her.

Bap. We'll go with thee, and be not fo difconcerted.

Proceed in practive with my younger daughter,

She's fp to learn, and thankful for good tunes:

Signior Pietrochio, will you go with vs,

Or fhall I fend my daughter Kate to you.

Exit. Monit Pietrochio.

Pet. I pray you do it. Ile attend her heere.

And woo her with some spirit when the comes,

Say that the fale, why then he tell her plaine,

She fings as fweetely a f Nightingale:

Say that the frowne, Ile fay she looke as cleere

As morning Roses newly wafted with dew:

Say the beame, and will not fpeak a word,

Then Ile commend her volubility,

And fay the white-ether piercing eloquence:

If she do bid me packe, Ile give her thankes,

As though the fide me flay her by a wecke:

If the deny to weod, Ile creafe the day:

When I fhall aske the banes, and when be married,

But heere the comes, and now Pietrochio fpeake.

Enter Kate.

Good morrow Kate, for thats your name I hear.

Kate. Well hate you heard, but fomething hard of 

hearing:

They call me Kate, that do talk of me,

Pet. You lye infuch, for you are call d plain Kate,

And bony Kate, and fometimes Kate the curft:

But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Curbittendome,

Kate of Kate, hallo my fuper-dainty Kate,

For daintyes are all Kate, and therefore Kate

Take this of me, Kate of my conflation,

Hearing thy mildneffe praid in fociety Towne,

Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty founded,

Yet not fo deeply as to thee belongs,

My felfe am mou'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kate. Mou'd, in good time, let him that mou'd you hether

Remoue you hence: I knew you at the firft

You were a mousable,

Pet. Why, what's a mousable?

Kate. A loy'd flpote.

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 Jade as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas good Kate, I will not burn the thee, 

For knowing thee to be but yong and light.

Kate. Too light for fuch a fware as you to catch,

And yet as fweet as my weight should be.

Pet. Shoul'd he, I should buzz.

Kate. Well tane, and like a buzzard.

Pet. Oh flow-wind'd Turtle, sha't a buzzard take thee?

Kate. If fora Turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come you Wafe, y'fhith you are too 

angrie.

Kate. If I be wafipifh, beat beware my fling.

Pet. My remedy is then to pluck it out.

Kate. I, if the foole could finde it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a Wafe does wear 

his fling? In his tail.

Kate. In his tongue.

Pet. Whafe tongue.

Kate. Yours if you talk of tales, and fo farewell.

Pet. What with my tongue in your tale.

Nay, come againe, good Kate, I am a Gentleman,

That Ie trie.

Pet. I fware I leffe you, if you flrike againe.

Kate. So may you loose your arms,

If you flrike me, you are no Gentleman,

And no Gentleman, why then no arms.

Pet. A Herald Kate! Oh put me in thy booke.

Kate. What is your Creft, a Cocke? a Coxeamb?

Pet. A combeffe Cocke, fo Kate will be my Hen.

Kate. No Cocke of mine, you crow too like a eaven.

Pet. Nay come Kate, entice: you mean't not looke to 

lowe.

Kate. It is my fducation when I see a Craf.

Pet. Why here's no ebr, and therefore looke not 

lowe.

Kate. There is, there is.

Pet. Then fhew it me.

Kate. Had I glaffe, I would.

Pet. What, you mean your face.

Kate. Well 'ym'd of such 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. Infood you fcape not fo.

Kate. I chaffe you if it fervice. Let me go.

Pet. No, no a whit, I finde you paffing gentle:

'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and fullen,

And now I finde report a very liar:

For thou art pleafant, gamelome, paffing courteous,

But flow in speech: yet sweet as spring-time flowers.

Thou canft not frowne, thou canft not looke a fomce,

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,

Not haft thou pleafure to be croafe in tale:

But thou with mildneffe entertain't thy wooers,

With gentle conference, soft, and affable.

Why does the world report that Kate dothlimpe?

Oh fland'rous world: Kate like the hazel twig

Is ftrait, and slender, and st brownie in hufc

As hazel nuts, and sweeter then the kernels:

Oh let me fee thee walke: thou doft not halt.

Kate. Go foole, and whom you keep it command.

Pet. Did euer Dian fo become a Grouse

As Kate this chamber with her princely gate:

O be thou Dian, and let her be Kate.
The Taming of the Shrew.

And then let Kate be chaste, and Diana (soft-fell.)
Kate. Where did you study all this goodly speech?
Pet. It is extempore, from my mother wit.
Kate. A witty mother, with equal fielde else her fortune.
Pet. Am I not wife?
Kate. Yes, keep you warme.
Pet. Mary so I mean sweet Katherine in thy bed:
And therefore setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plaine terms: your father hath confeend
That you shall be my wife; you dourly dread 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 see thy beauty,
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me,

Enter Baptist, Greius, Trayan.

For I am he borne to tame you Kate,
And bring you from a wilde Kate to a Kate
Conformable as other house hold Kate:
Heere comes your father, neuer make designe,
I will, and haue Katherine to my wife. (daughter.)
Bap. Now Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my
Pet. How but well firhow but well?
It were impossible I should speeke amisse. (dumps)
Bap. Why how now daughter Katherine, in your
Kate. Call you me daughter? now I promise you
You have shewed a render fartherly regard,
To with me wed to one halie Luniketick,
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jacke,
That thinkes with oaths to face the matter out.
Pet. Father, 'tis thus, your felle and all the world
That call'd of her, haue talk'd amisse of her:
If he be curte, it is for politie,
For she's not froward, but meafur'd as the Doe,
Slee is not hot, but temperate as the morn,
For patience shee will proove a second Griffell,
And Romanee Lucrece for her charitee:
And to conclude, we have greed so well together,
That upon fonday is the wedding day.
Kate. Ile see thee hang'd on sondays firft. (first.)
Gre. Harck Petruchio, the faire face'll see thee hang'd
Tra. 'Tis thy speeding? say the godnight our part.
Pet. Be patient gentlemen, I choose her for my felle,
If he and he be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd twixt vs twaine being alone,
That the shall fill be courty in company.
I tell you 'tis incredible to beleue
How much shee loues me: oh the kind of Kate,
Shee hung about my necke, and kisse on kisse.
Shee v'd so falt, protestinge oath on oath,
That in a twinkling she wonne to her lone.
Oh you are notices, 'tis a world to fee
How tame when men and women are alone,
A meacoke wretche can make the curfet feel goe:
Give me thy hand Kate, I will unto Venice.
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding day;
Provide the feast f Geh, and bid the guestes,
I will be sure my Katherine shall be fine.
Bap. I know not what to fay, but give me your hands,
God fend you joy, Petruchio, 'tis a match.
Gre. Tra. Amen say we, we will be witneddes.
Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen adieu,
I will to Venice, fonday comes space,
We will have rings, and things, and fine array,

And kisse me Kate, we will be married a fonday,
Gre. Petruchio and Katherine.

Gre. Was euer match clapt vp fo sodainly?
Bap. Fifth Gentlemen now I play a marchants part,
And vnture madly on a desperate Mart.
Tra. This was a commoditie lay fretting by you;
Twill bring you gaine, or perfift on the feas.
Bap. The gaine I feake, is quiet me the match,
Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch:
But now Bapifhe, to your younger daughter,
Now is the day we long haue look'd for,
I am your neighbour, and was furer firft.

Tra. And I am one that loue Biancamore
Then words can vormeles, or your thoughts can gueffe.
Gre. Yongling thou canft not loue fo deare as I.
Tra. Grey-besell thy loue doth freeze.
Gre. But thee doth frie,
Skipper fland backe, 'tis age that nouis fheth.

Bap. Content you gentlemen, I wil confound this firffe
'Tis deeds must win the prize, and he of both
That can affure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall haue my Biancas loue.

Say signor or Greius, what can you affure her?
Gre. Firft, as you know, my house within the City
Is richly furnifhed with plate and gold,
Bafons and ewers to have dainty hands:
My hangings all of tiriue tapeftry:
In lucy cofers I have flau'd my crownes:
In Cypres chefts my arras counterpoints,
Cotthy apparell, tens, and Canopies,
Fine Linnen, Turky cufhions boylt with perle,
Valens of Venice gold, in needle worke;
Pepper and brasse, and all things that belongs
To house or house-keeping; then at my farme
I have a hundred mith-chynne to the pale,
Sise fcore fat Oxen flanding in my ftailes,
And all things anfwerable to this portion.
My felte am brooke in yeeres I muft confede,
And if I die to morrow this is hers,
If whilt I live shee will be onely mine.

Tra. That only came well in: fir, lift to me,
I am my fathers heyre and onely fonne,
If may have your daughter to my wife,
Ile leave her houes three or foure as good
Within rich Plai walls, as any one
Old Signior Greius has in Padua,
Befides, two thouond Duckets by the yeere
Of fruitfull land, all which shall be her joyneter.
What, haue I pinch't you Signior Greius?
Gre. Two thousand Duckets by the yeere of land,
My Land amounts not to fo much in all:
That shee shall haue, besides an Argosie
That now is lying in Marcellus roade:
What, haue I choaked you with an Argosie?

Tra. Greius, 'tis knowne my father hath no leffe
Then three great Argosies, befoide two Galliasles
And tuecete Galleys, thefe I will affure her,
And twice as much what er thou offireft next.
Gre. Nay, I have offirest all, I haue no more,
And shee can haue no more then all I have,
If you like me, the shall haue me and mine.

Tra. Why then the maid is mine from all the world
By your firme pronounce, Greius is out-vied.
Bap. I muft confede your offer is the beft,
And let your father make her the affurance,

T
Shee
Shee is your owne, elfe you must pardon me:
If you shoulde die before him, where is her dower?

Tr. That's but a caull: he is olde, I young,

Gre. And may not your men die as well as old?

Bap. Well gentlemen, I am thus retaul'd,

On fonday next, you know

My daughter Katherine is to be married:
Now on the fonday following, shall Bianca

Be Bride to you, if you make this allurance:

If not, to Signor Gremio,

And so I take my leave, and thank you both. Exit.

Grea. Adieu good neighbour: now I see thee not:

Sirra, young gallanter, your father was a foolo

To give thee all, and in his wayning age

Set foot vnder thy table: tut, a toy

To an olde Italian fsexe is not to kinde my boy. Exit.

Tr. A vengeance on your crafty withered hide,

Yet I have faied it with a card of ten:

'Tis in my head to doe my matter good:

I see no reason but Ippos o Lucetio

Must get a father, call'd Ippos o Lucetio,

And that's a wonder: fathers commonly

Doe get their children: but in this cafe of woing,

A childe shall get a fire; if I faile not of my cunning. Exit.

Aclus Tertia.

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.

Luc. Fuller for beare you grow too forward Sir,

Have you so foone forgot the entertainment

Her fitter Katherine welcome you withall.

Hort. But wrangling pedant, this is

The patrones of heaueny harmony:

Then give me leave to haue preogative,

And when in Musick we haue spent an hoore,

Your Lecture shall haue leurre for as much.

Luc. Preposterous Aife that never read to fare:

To know the caufe why musick was ordain'd:

Was it not to refcrch the minde of man

After his fludies, or his vifual paine?

Then give me leave to read Philofophy,

And while I pante,tere in your harmonie.

Hort. Sirra, I will not bearre their braues of thine.

Bian. Why gentlemen, you doe me double wrong,

To thrie for that which refcheth in my choife:

I am no breaching Scholler in the schooles,

He not to bee tied to howres, nor pointed tymes,

But learne my Leffions as I pleafe my felfe,

And to cut off all filte: heere fit we downe,

Take you your instrument, play you the whites,

His Lecture will be done ere you haue tund.

Hort. You'le haue his Lecture when I am in tune?

Luc. That will be noere, tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we left?

Luc. Hecce Madam: Hic hit Simois, hic eff Sigreia
tellus, hic ieterat Pramni regia Celsa fone.

Bian. Confet them.

Luc. Hic Ito, as told you before, Simois, I am Lu-
centio, hic eff, fonne vnto Vincentio of Pita, Sigereia
tellus, difguised thus to get your love, hic ieterat, and that

Lucentio that comes a wooning, primi, is my man Tra-

nio, regia, bearing my port, celsa fone that we might be-
gide the old Pantalone.

Hort. Madam, my Instrument's in tune.

Bian. Let's heare, oh fie, the treble iaires.

Luc. Spit in the hole man, and tune againe.

Bian. Now let me fee if I can confir it. Hic hit Sig-

mio, I know you not, hic eff, Sigereia tellus, I truft you not,

Hic ieterat primi, take beede he heare vs not, regia pri-

mente not, Celsa fone, depaire not.

Hort. Madam, his now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hort. The base is right, 'tis the base knaue that lies.

Luc. How fiery and forward our Pedants,

Now for your life the knaue doth count my lour,

Pauaet, I watch you better yet:

In time I may beleue, yet I misftirr.

Bian. Misftirr it not, for fure Lucidus

Was Aue cal'd fo from his grandfather.

Hort. I must beleue my master, elfe I promife you,

I should be arguing fill vpon that doubt,

But let it refl, now Lilio to you:

Good master take it not vnkindly pray

That I have beene thus pleafant with you both.

Hort. You may goe walk, and give me leaue a while,

My Leffons make no Musick in three partes.

Luc. Are you to formall fit, well I must waite

And watch withall, for but I be deceu'd,

Our fine Multian growth 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 gamorth in a brieffe fort,

More pleafant, pithy, and effectually,

Then hath beene taught by any of my trade,

And there it is in writing fairely drawne.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamouth long agoe,

Hort. Yet read the gamouth of Hortensio.

Bian. Gamouth I am, the ground of all accord:

Are, to plead Hortenio's passion:

Bienne, bianca take him for thy Lord

Cfart, that loves with all aftection:

Djor, one Chiff, two notes have I,

Elami, bow pitty or I die,

Call you this gamouth? rust I like it not,

Old fashions please me beft, I am not fo nice

To charge true rules for old inuentions.

Enter a Messenger.

Nic. Misftirre, your father prayes you leave your

And helpe to dreffe your fitters chamber vp, (books,

You know to maoure is the weding day

Bian. Farewell sweet masters both, I must be gone.

Luc. Faith Misftirre then I haue no caufe to fay.

Her. But I haue caufe to pry into this pedant,

Methinks he looks as though he were in love;

Yet if thy thoughts Bianca be fo humble

To caft thy wandring eys on evry flaie:

Seize thee that Lift, if once I finde thee ranging,

Hortenio will be quit with thee by changing. Exit.

Enter Baptifia, Gremio, Tranio, Katherine, Bianca, and others, attendants.

Bap. Signior Lucentio, this is the pointed day

That Katherine and Petrucho should be married,

And yet we heare not of our fonne in Law:

What will be told, what mockery will it be?

To want the Bride-groome when the Prieft attends

To speake the ceremonall rites of marriage?

What faires Lucentio to this fame of ours?
KATE. No shame but mine, I must forbear to forbear
To grieve my hand oppos'd against my heart
Vnto a mad-braine rudebsy, full of spleene,
Who wou'd in hate, and meanes to wed at leyure :
I told you I, he was a frantick toole,
Hiding his bitter leafs in blunt behaviour,
And to be noted for a merry man ;
He'v woll on a thousand, point the day of marriage,
Make friends, imitate, and proclaime the baces,
Yet newe meanes to wed where he wath wou'd :
Now wu'ult the word point at poore Katherine :
And say, Joe, is that Petruchio's wife
I'v would please him come and marry her.

BAP. Patience good Katherine and repair'st too,
Vpon my life Petruchio means but well,
What euer fortune flayes him from his word,
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wife,
Though he be marry, yet with all he's honest.

KATE. Would Katherine had never seen him though.

Exit Bionello.

BAP. Goe girle, I cannot blame thee now to weepe,
For such an injury would vexe a very saint,
Much more a sheele of impatient humour.

Enter Bionello.

BAP. Matter, matter, newes, and such newes as you
never heard of,
BAP. Is it new and olde too? how may that be?
BION. Why, is 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 here?
BION. When he flands 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 ierkin, a pair of olde breeches thriceturn'd; a pair of bootes that have beene candle-canes, one buckled, another laced: an olde rusty sword tane out of the Towne Armory, with a broken hill, and chapelleflet with two broken points: his horse hip'd with an olde mothy saddlle, & fitroops of no kindred: besides poefitt with the glanders, and like to move in the chine, troubled with the Lampaffe, infected with the fahnions, full of Windegalls, ipped with Spanis, raised with the Yellowes, past cure of the Fiues, flarte spoyld with the staggers, begrinawe with the Bois, Waid in the backe, and shouder-shorten, neere leg'd before, and with a halfe-ckht Bitre, & headball of sheepe leather, which being refrain'd to keepe him from flumbling, hath beene often burst, and now repaired with knots: one girch five times pect'd, and a womans Crupper of vellure, which have twoloexers for her name, fairely fet down in fluds, and heece and there pect'd with packthd.

BAP. Who comes with him?
BION. Oh fir, his Lackey, for all the world Caparion'd like the horse: with a linnen flock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, garter'd with a red and blew liftian old hat, & the humor of forty fanciese prickt in't for a feather: a monifter, a very monifter in apparell, & not like a Christian foot-boy, or a gentlemen Lacky.

TRA. Tis some od humor pricks him to this fashion yet: of ten times he goes but meane apparell'd.
BAP. I am glad he's come, howfoere he comes.
BION. Why fir, he comes not.
BAP. Didst thou not say hee comes?

BAP. Who, that Petruchio came?
BAP. I, that Petruchio came.
BAP. No fir, I say his horse comes with him on his
BAP. Why that's all one.
BAP. Nay by S'anns, I hold you a penny, a horse and
a man is more then one, and yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

PET. Come, where be these gallants? who's at home?
BAP. You are welcome fir.
PET. And yet I come not well.
BAP. And yet you hate not.
TRA. Not so well apparell'd as I with you were.
PET. Were it better I should ruff in thus:
But where is Kate? where is my loukye Bride?
How does my father gentles methinks you sworne,
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some Commet, or vnmutial prodigie?
BAP. Why fir, you know this is your wedding day?
First we were fed, fearing you would not come,
Now ladder that you come so unprovided:
Fie, deft this habit, shame to your elate,
An eye-fore to our sollemne festfalli.

TRA. And tell us what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither to unlike your selfe?
PET. I tolde them it were to tell, and hart to heart,
Sufficeth I am come to kepe my word,
Though in some part inforted to digreffe,
Which at more leyure I will so excuse,
As you shall well be satisfied with all.
But where is Kate? I say too long from her,
The morning wearest, 'tis time we were at Church.
TRA. See not your Bride in these vnneuerent robes,
Goe to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.
PET. Not I, believe me, thus Ile vist her.
BAP. But thus I trust you will not marry her. (words,
PET. Good tooth even thus: therefore ha done with
To me she's married not vnto my clothes:
Could I repair what she will weare in me,
As I can change thesee poore accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for my selfe,
But what a foolie am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good morrow to my Bride?

TRA. He hath some meaning in his mad attir,
We will perswade him be it possible,
To put on better ere he goe to Church.
BAP. Ile after him, and fee the event of this,
TRA. But fir, Loue concemeth vs to adde
Her fathers liking, which to bring to passe
As before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man what ere he be,
It skills not much, weele fit him to our turne,
And he shal be VNewton of Pifia,
And make assurance heere in Padna.

Of greater furnish then I have promised,
So shal you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with content.

LUC. Were it not that my fellow schoolemaeter
Doth watch Bianca's steps to narrowly:
'Twere good me-thinkes to stale our marriage,
Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,
I keepe mine owne despire of all the world.
TRA. That by degrees we meant to looke into,
And watch our vantage in this businesse,
We'll out-reach the grey-beard Grumio,
Then narrow prying father Misola,
The quaint Musician, amorous Licio,
All for my Masters take Lucentio.

Enter Grumio.

Signior Grumio, came you from the Church?
Grum. As willingly as ere I came from schoole.

Tra. And is the Bride & Bridegroom coming home?
Grum. A bridegroom say you? 'tis a groome indeed,
A grumling groome, and that the girl shall finde.

Tra. Carter then why 'tis impossible.
Grum. Why he's a deaull, a deuill, a very fiend.

Tra. Why she's a deaull, a deuill, the deus is damme.

Grum. Tut, she's a Lambe, a Doue, a foole to him:
He tell you fit Lucentio; when the Prief!
And if she was Katherine should be his wife,
I, by goggs wooes quoth he, and swore so loud,
That all amaz'd the Priest let fall the booke,
And as he stoop'd againe to take it vp,
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuffe,
That downe fell Priest and booke, and booke and Priest,
Now, take them, vp quoth he, if any lift.

Tra. What said the wench when he rose againe?
Grum. Trembled and inooke: for why, he was't and swore,
as if the Viuer meant to cozen him; but after many ceremonies done, hee calls for wine, a health quoth he, as if he had beene aboute carousing to his Mates after a florne, quaff off the Mulcadell, and threw the flops all in the Sextons face: haung no other reason, but that his beard grew thyme and hungerly, and fennent to ask him flops as hee was drinking: This done, hee tooke the Bride about the necke, and kill her lips with such a clamorous smacke, that at the parting all the Church did ceccho: and seeing this, came thence for very shame, and after mee I know the rout is coming, such a mad marriage neuer was before: barke, barke, I heare the minfrels play.
Musicke players.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Bianca, Hartenfo, Baptista.

Petr. Gentlemen & friends, I thank you for your pains, I know you take to dine with me to day, And haue prepar'd great store of wedding cheere, But so it is, my haffa doth call me hence, And therefore hear I meane to take my leave.
Bap. Is't 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 intreat me rather goe then stay: And honest company, I thank you all, That haue beheld me glowe away my selfe, To this most patient, sweet, and vertuous wife, Drink with my Father, drink to health to me, I call me hence, and farewell to you all,

Tra. Let vs intreat you stay till after dinner.
Petr. It may not be.

Grum. Let me intreat you,
Petr. It cannot be.
Kat. Let me intreat 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. Grumio, my horfe.

Grum. I trie, they be reade, the Oates have eaten the hores.

Kat. Nay then,
Doe what thou canst, I will not goe to day,
No, nor to morrow, not till I please my selfe, The dore is open fir, there lies your way, You may be logging whiles your bootes are greene: For me, I thee not gone till I please my selfe, 'Tis like you'll prove a jolly furly groome,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Petr. O Kate content thee, prethee be not angry.
Kat. I will be angry, what haft thou to doe?
Father be quiet, he shall play my leuire.
Grum. I marrie for, now it beginnit to work.
Kat. Gentleman, forward to the bridal dinner, I see a woman may be made a foole If she had not a spirit to refift.

Petr. They shall goe forward Kate at thy command, Obey the Bride you that attend on her, Go to the feast, recuell and domimeere, Carouse full meaure to her maiden-head, Be modde and merry, or goe hang your fulces: But for my bonny Kate, the mufh with me:

Kat. Nay, looke not big nor flanne, nor flare, nor frett, I will be master of what is mine owne, Shee is my goods, my challets, she is my howse, My household-fluffe, my field, my barne, My horfe, my ox, my affe, my any thing, And heere the hands, touch her who euer dare, Ile bring mine action on the proufede he

That flops my way in Padua: Grumio
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beeit with the noes, Rescue the smitt, fie thou be a man:
Petr. If you will not wear they shall not touch thee Kate,
Ile buckler thee against a Million, Exeunt. P. Kat.

Bap. Nay, let them goe, a couple of quiet ones. (ing.

Grum. Were they not quickly, I should die with laughe:
Tra. Of all mad matches neuer was the like.

Luc. Miitrefte, what's your opinion of your fitter?
Biau. That being mad her selfe, she's madly mated.
Grum. I warrant him Petruchio is Kazed.

Bap. Neighbour and friends, though Bride & Bride-
For to supply the places at the table, (groom wants You know there wants some juxets at the feast:
Lucentio, you shall supply the Bridegrommes place, And let Bianca take her fitters roome.

Bap. Shall sweet Bianca prafite how to bride it?
Bap. She shall Lucentio, come gentillmen lets goe.

Enter Grumio.

Exeunt.

Grum. Fie, fie on all tred Iades, on all mad Mafter, and all foule waiues: was euer man so beaten? was euer man so raide? was euer man so weary? I am fent before to make a fire, and they are comming after to warme them: now were not I a little pot, & foune hot; my very lippes might freeze to my teeth,  my tongue to the roofe of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I coulde come by a fire to thaw mee, but I with blowing the fire shall warme my selfe: for considering the weather, a taller man then I will take cold: Holla, hoa Curtis.

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?

Grum. A piece of Ice: if thou doubt it, thou maift slide from my shoulder to my heele, with no greater
The Taming of the Shrew.

greater a run but my head and my necke. A fire good

Curt. Is my master and his wife comming Grumio?

Grum. Oh I Curtiss, and therefore fire, fire, cast on no

water.

Curt. Is the fhoat a throw as she's reported.

Grum. She was good Curtiss before this frowit; but thou

know'st it winter tames man, woman, and beast: for it

hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistres, and my

felfe fellow Curtiss.

Grum. Away you three inch fooke, I am no beat.

Curt. Am I but three inches? Why thy horfe is a foot

and fo long I am the beat. But wilt thou make a fire, or

shall I complain on thee to our mistres, whose hand

(hfe being now at hand) thou fhalt foone fee, to thy

cold comfort, for being flow in thy hot office.

Curt. I prethee good Grumio, tell me, how goes the

world?

Grum. A cold world Curtiss in every office but thine, &

therefore fire: do thy duty, and have thy dute, for my

Master and mistres are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire readie, and therefore good Grumio

thenews.

Grum. Why Jacke boy, ho boy, and as much newes as

wilt thou.

Curt. Come, you are fo full of comicatching.

Grum. Why therefore fire, for I haue cauf'd extreme

cold. Where's the Cooke, is fupper ready, the houfe

trim'd, ruthes ftrud, cobwebes swept, the fermenings

in their newf from thee, the falt thockings, and every offi-
cer her wedding garment on? Be the laches faire within,

in the Gils faire without, the Cartpess laide, and euery

ing in order?

Curt. All readie; and therefore I pray thenews.

Grum. First know my horfe is tired, my master & mistres

faine out. Curt. How?

Grum. Out of their saddles into the durt, and thereby

hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha' good Grumio,

Grum. Lend thine care.

Curt. Heere.

Grum. There.

Curt. This'tis to feele a tale, not to hear a tale.

Grum. And therefore 'tis cauf'd a fensible tale: and this

Cuffe was but to knocke at your ear, and becfeth lift-

thing; now I begin, Imprimis wee came downe a fowle

hill, my Master riding behind me Myftris.

Curt. Both of one horfe?

Grum. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why a horfe.

Grum. Tell thou the tale: but hadst thou not craft me,
thou fhouldft have heard how her horfe fell, and the

under her horfe: thou fhouldft have heard in how merry a

place, how the was bemoul'd, how hee lee her with the

horfe upon her, how hee beat me because her horfe thum-

bled, how she waded through the durt to plucke him off

me: how he frowe, how hee praid it, that neuer praid be-

fore: how I cried, how the horfes ranne away, how her

briddle was burnt: how I loft my crupper, with manie

things of worthy memorie, which now fhall in oblivion,

and thou returne not percieved of thy grave.

Curt. By this reckning he is more throwed by fire.

Grum. I, and that thou and the proudflet of you all fhall

find me when he comes home. But what tale I of this?

Call forth Nathanial, Joseph, Nichole, Philip, winter Su-

grefp and the right: let their heads bee flickely comb'd,

their blow coats bruif'd, and their garters of an indiff-
nent knire, let them curtie with their left legges, and not

preume to touch a hair of my Masters horfe-taille, till

they kife their hands. Are they all readie?

Curt. They are.

Grum. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you heare ho? you must meete my maifter

to conuenance my mistres.

Grum. Why the hath a face of her owne.

Curt. Who knowes not that?

Grum. Thou itteemes, that calls for company to con-

tenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter fomew or fine yermine.

Grum. Why she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Nat. Welcome home Grumio.

Phal. How now Grumio.

Isf. What Grumio.

Nell. Fellow Grumio.

Nat. How now old lad.

Grum. Welcome you: how now you: what you: fel-

low you: and thus much for greeting. Now my frue

companions, is all readie, and all things neate?

Nat. All things is readie, how neere is our master?

Gre. Nearest hand, alighted by this: and therefore be

not—— Cockes passion, flence, I hear me my master.

Enter Petruchio and Kate.

Pet. Where be thefe knaues? What no man at doore

To hold my ftripp, nes to take my horfe?

Where is Nathanial, Gregory, Philip.

All. Sir. Heere heere heere heere Sir.


You logger-headed and vnpolitit grommes:

What no attendance? no regard? no dutie?

Where is the fufficient knave I tent before?

Grum. Heere Sir, as foolifh as I was before.

Pet. You peazant, twain, you horfion malter-horfe drugd

Did I not bid thee meete me in the Park,

And bring along these rafcal knaues with thees?

Grumio. Nathanials coate Sir was not fully made,

And Gabrels puppens were all vnpintk i'th heele:

There was no Linke to colour Peters har,

And Walters dagger was not come from fethering:

There were none fine, but Adams, Koufe, and Gregory,

The refi were raggd, old, and beggerly,

Yet as they are, heere they are come to meete you.


Where is the life thafs late I led?

Where are thofe? Sit downe Kate,

And welcomme. Soul, loud, fouse, loud.

Enter fomew with fupper.

Why when I lay Nay good fweete Kate be merrie.

Of whifh my boots, you rogue: you villaines, when?

It was the frer of Orfers gray,

As he forth walk'd on his way.

Out you rogue: you plucke my foote awiere,

Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.

Be merrie Kate? Some water heere: what hon.

Enter one with water.

Where's my Spaniel Trullis? Siree, get you hence,

And bid my cozen Ferdinand come hither:

One Kate that you muft kiffe, and be acquainted with.

Where are my Slippers? Shall I have some water?

Come Kate and wath & welcome hearilly:

you horfion villaine, will you let it fall?
Kate. Patience I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling.
Pet. A horiton beetle-headed flapeayed knave:
Come Kate sit downe, I know you have a flamacke,
Will you Clarke thankes, fweete Kate, or eellaille I?
What's this, Mutton?
1. Ser. I.
Pet. Who brought it?
Pet. Tis burnt, and so is all the meats.
What dogges are thees? Where is the techall Cooke?
How doo you villaines bring it from the dreyfer
And ferue it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
You needlesse left heads, and vannerol'd flues.
What, do you grumble? Ile be with you straight,
Kate. I pray you husband be not fo disquiet,
The meat was well, if you were contented.
Pet. I tell thee Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away,
And I expressly am forbid to touch it:
For it engenders choller, planteched anger,
And better twere that both of vs did fast,
Since of our feines, our feines are chollerick,
Then feede it with fuch ouc roller'd fleth:
Be patient, to morrow's thall be mended,
And for this night we fall for companion.
Comyn I will bring thee to thy Bridall chamber. Exeunt.
Nath. Peter didd'nt ever see the like.
Peter. He kils her in her owne humor.
Gramio. Where is he?
Enter Corpus a Servant.
Cor. In her chamber, making a fermon of continencie to her, and railes, and sweares, and races, that fhee (poore foule) knowes not which way to stand, to looke, to speake, and firs as one new rifen from a dreame. Away, away, for he is comming hither.
Enter Petrucho.
Pet. Thus have I politickely begun my reigne, and 'tis my hope to end successfull:
My Faucon now is sharpe, and paling emptie,
And till the floope, the muff not be full gorg'd,
For then the neuer looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to marn my Haggard,
To make her come, and know her Keepers call:
Thatis, to watch her, as we watch thefle Kites, That is, to watch her, as we watch thefle Kites, That baite, and beate, and will not be obedient she extro meate to day, nor none fhall eate.
Laft night she flept not, nor to night she fhall not:
As with the meate, some vndecrefed fruit
He finde about the making of the bed,
And heere Ile fling the pillow, there the boulter,
This way the Couerlet, another way the fheets:
I, and amid this hurrie I inted,
That all is done in sounder cae e of her,
And in conclusion, the fiall watch all night,
And if the chance to nod, Ile raile and brawle, and with the chamor keep her fill awake: This is a way to kil a Wife with kindneffe, and thus Ile curbe her mad and headstrong humor: He that knowes better how to tame a fhew,
Now let him speake, 'tis charity to fhew.

Exit
Enter Tranio and Hortensio.
Tran. Is't poiffible friend Loife, that Miftri Philipines
Both fante any other but Lucien,
I tel you Sir, the bears me fure in hand.
Luc. Sir, to fatisfie you in what I have faid,
Stand by, and marke the manner of his teaching.
Enter Lucien.
Hor. Now Miftri Philipines, profit you in what you reade?
Bian. What Mafter reade you fhift, refolue me that.
Hor. I reade, that I proffe the Art to loue.
Bian. And may you proue fift Mafter of your Art.
Luc. While you fweet deere proue Miffreffe of my heart.
Hor. Queike procedes marry, now tel me I pray,
you that durft fweare that your miftri Philipines Lou'd me in the World fo well as Lucien.
Tran. Oh defpightfull Loue, vnconftant womankind,
I tel thee Loife this is wonderfull.
Hor. Mifftake no more, I am not Loife,
Nor a Mufitan if I feeme to bee,
But one that scorn to live in this difguife,
For fuch a one as leues a Gentleman,
And makes a God of fuch a Cullion;
Know fir, that I am call'd Hortensio,
Tran. Signior Hortensio, I have ofteen heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca,
And fince mine eyes are witneffe of her lightneffe,
I will with you, if you be fo contented,
Forw hairte Bianca, and her love for euer.
Hor. See how they kiffe and court: Signior Lucien,
Here is my hand, and heere I firly vow
Never ro woo her more, but do forw hairte her
As one vnothor all the former favers
That I have fondly flatterd' thern withall.
Tran. And heere I take the like vfolained oath,
Neuer to marry with her, though she would intreate,
Ie on her, fee how beaftly fhe doth curt him
Hor. Would all the world but he had quite forforn
For me, that I may surely keepe mine oathe.
I will be married to a weffhly Widdow,
Ere three dayes paffe, which hath as long lou'd me,
As I have lou'd this proud defdainfull Haggard,
And fo farewell Signior Lucien,
Kindneffe in women, not ther beauteous looks
Shal win my love, and fo I take my leaue,
In refolution, as I fware before.
Tran. Miftri Bianca, biefe you with vuch grace,
As longe hi to Louers biefled cafe:
Nay, I have tane you napping gentle Loue,
And hauie forworne you with lertienie.
Bian. Tranio you left, but hauie you both forworne me.
Tran. Miftri we haue,
Luc. Then we are rid of Life.
Tran. I faith he'le haue a luftie Widdow now,
That shalt be wo'd, and wedded in a day.
Bian. God guie him joy.
Tran. Bianca, I he'le tarme her.
Bian. He fayes to Tranio.
Tran. Faith he is gone iuto the taming fchoole.
Bian. The taming fchoole: what is there fuch a place?
Tran. I Miftri, and Petrucho is the matter,
That teacheth tricks eleuen and twentiye long,
To tame a fhew, and charme her chaftitie tongue.
Enter Biondello.
Bian. Oh Maffier, maffier I haue watcht fo long,
That I am dogge-wearie, but at last I spied
An ancient Angel comming downe the hill,
Will feue the tune.
Tran. What is he Biondello?
Bian. Maffier, a Marcantant, or a pedantr,
I know not what, but formall in apparell,
In gate and countenance likeely like a Father,
And what of him Tranio?

The be credulous, and truft my tale,
I make him glad to leaue Venice,
And give assurance to Baptista Minelli,
As the wretch, the sighing Tranio.

Take you my house, and then let me alone.

Ped. God save you sir.

And you sir, you are welcome,
Trausely you sarte on, or are you at the farthe?
Ped. Sir at the farthe for a weeke or two,
But then vp farther, and as farre as Rome,
And to Tripole, if God lend me life.

What Countreymen I pray?

Of Mantua.

Of Mantua Sir, marrige God forbid,
And come to Padua carefree of your life.

My life first how I pray for that goes hard.

Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua, know you not the cause?
Your ships are flait at Venice, and the Duke
For private quarrell twixt your Duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaimed it openly:
'Tis meritaile, but that you are but newly come,
you might have heard it else proclaimed about.

Alas sir, it is worse for me then fo,
For I haue bills for monie by exchange.
From Florence, and muft here deliuier them.

Wel sir, do you certeserve,
This will I do, and this I will aduise you,
First tell me, haue you euere beene at Pia?
Ped. I sir, in Pifa haue I often bin,
Pisa renouned for gracie Citizens.

Among them know you one Vincentio?

I know him not, but I haue heard of him:
A Merchant of incomparable wealth.

He is my father sir, and footh to say,
In countenance somewhat doth refulbe you,
Beau. As much as an apple doth an oyster, & all one.

To faze your life in this extremity,
This favor will I do you for his sake,
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to Sir Vincentio,
His name and credit thay you vndertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd,
Looke that you take vpon you as you should,
you vnderstand me sir: fo flatly you flay
Til you haue done your businesse in the Citie:
If this be court'sie sir, accept of it.

Oh sir I do, and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and libertie.

Then go with me, to make the matter good,
This by the way I let you understand,
My father is here look'd for euery day,
To passe affuranc of a dowre in marriage.
Twist me, and one Baptista daughter here:
In all these circumstances he instruct you
Go with me to cleare you becomes you.

Exeunt.

Enter Katharine and Grumio.

Grum. No, no forsooth I dare not for my life,
Ka. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears,
What, did he marrie me to famifie me?
Beggars that come into my fathers doore,
Vpon intrestie have a present almes,
Nor else where they meeze with charitable:
But I, who never knew how to intrest,
Nor never needed that I should intreate,
Am flau'd for meate, giddie for lacke of sleepe;
With osthes kept waking, and with brawling fed,
And that which spight me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect loue:
As who should say, if I shoulde sleepe or eate
'Twere deadly knacks, or else preuious death.
I prethee go, and get me some repast,
I care not what, so it be hollesome foode.

Grum. What fay you to a Neats foot?
Kate. 'Tis paling good, I prethee let me haue it.
Grum. I haue it is too choilericke a meate.

How fay you to a fat Tripe finely brod?'
Kate. I like it well, good Grumio fetch it me.
Grum. I cannot tell, I haue 's choilericke,
What fay you to a piece of Beetle and Mustard?
Kate. A dift that I do loue to feede upon.

But the Mustard is too hot a little.
Kate. Why then the Beetle, and let the Mustard reft.
Grum. Nay then I will not, you shall haue the Mustard
Or else you get no beefe of Grumio.
Kate. Then both or one, or any thing thou wilt.
Grum. Why then the Mustard without the beeze.
Kate. Go get thee gone, thou false deluding flaye,
Bears him.

That feed him with the verie name of meate.
Sorrow on thee, and all the packe of you.
That triumph thus upon my misery:
Go get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio, and Hortensio with meate.

Pet. How fayes my Kate, what sweeting all a-mor't?
Hor. Miftis, what cheere?
Kate. Faith as cold as howe be.
Pet. Plucke vp thy spirites,locke cheerfully upon me.
Here Lour, thou fealth how diligent I am,
To drefle thy meate my felle, and bring it thee.
I am sure sweet Kate, this kindneffe merites thankes,
What, not a word? Nay then, thou lou'ft it not:
And all my paines is forsooth to no proffe,
Here take away this dift.
Kate. I pray you let it fland.
Pet. The poorest furvice is repaid with thankes,
And foo thine mine before you touch the meate.
Kate. I thank you Sir.
Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie you are too blame:
Comme Miftis Kate, Ile beare you companie.

Pet. Kate it vp all! Hortensio, if thou loueft mee
Much good do it vnto thy gentle heart:
Kate cate space; and now my home Lour,
Will werereturne vnto thy Fathers houfe,
And reuell it as bravely as the belt,
With filken coats and caps, and golden Rings,
With Ruffet and Cuffes, and Fadingales, and things,
With Scarfes, and Braceletes, & double change of brauty,
With Amber Braceletes, Beades, and all this know'y
What haft thou dind't? The Tailor fayes thy leature,
To decke thy bodie with his Stuffling creature.

Enter Tailor.
Come Tailor, let us view these ornaments.

Enter Halvardo.

Lay forth the gowne. What newses with you sir?

Pet. Here be the cap your Worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why this was moulded on a porrenger,
A Velvet dight: Feifie, "tis lewd and filthy,
Why "tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knache, a toy, a tricker; a babies cap:
Away with it, come let me have a bigger.
Kate. I have no bigger, this doth fit the time,
And Gentlewomen were uch caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have out too,
And not till then.

Her. That will not be in haste.

Kate. Why sir? I trust I may have leave to speake,
And speake I will. I am no childe, no babe,
Your betters have inured "tis in your minde,
And If you cannot, blend you your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or else my heart concealing it will breake,
And rather then it shall, I will be free,
Euen to the uttermost as I pleaase in words.

Pet. Why thou failest true, it is palticke cap,
A cuffard coffen, a bauble, a fllicken pie,
I love thee well in that thou lik'st it not.

Kate. Loue me, or loue me not, I like the cap,
And it I have, or I will have none.

Oh merrie God, what masking stuffe is here?
What this? a fleecer? "tis like demi cannon,
What, vp and downe card'd like an Apple Tart?
Heers srip, and nip, and cut, and flith and flith,
Like to a Cenfor in a barbers shoppe:

Why what a deuils name Tailor call this thou this?...-

Her. I see thee like to have neither cap nor gowne.

Tail. You bid me make it orderlie and well,
According to the fashion and the tymes mind,
And if I may and did: but if ye be remembred,
I did not bid you marre it to the time.
Go hop me ouer euery kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custome sir:
Ile none of it; hence, make your beft of it.

Kate. I never saw a better fashion'd gowne,
More quaint, more pleaing, nor more commendable:
Belike you meane to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why true, he meane to make a puppet of thee.

Tail. She faies your Worship meane to make a puppet of her.

Pet. Oh monstrous arrogance:
Thou yelde, thou thred, thou thumble,
Thou yard three quarters, halfe yard, quarter, naile,
Thou Flea, thou Nif, thou winter cricket thou;
Brut'd in mine owne house with a skinne of thred:
Away thou Ragge, thou quantite, thou remnant,
Or I shall so be meteth thee with thy yard,
As thou finke thinke on prating whil "tis thou liu'st:
I tell thee I, thou shouldst not lend her gowne.

Pet. Your worship is deceiued, the gowne is made
Iuft as my master had direction:

Groomes gaue order how it shou'd be done.

Gru. I gaue him no order, I gaue him the stuffe.

Tail. But how did you defire it shou'd be made?

Gru. Marrie fit with needle and thred.

Tail. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou baith fac'd many things,
Tail. I haue.

Gru. Face not mee: thou haft brau'd manie men
Braue not me; I will neither bee fac'd nor brau'd.
If I fau thee, I bid thy Master cut out the gowne, but I did
Not bid him cut it to pieces. Ergo thou haft.

Tail. Why here is the note of the fashion to testify,

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in the threat: if he say I faid fo,

Tail. Imprimis, a loofe bodied gowne.

Gru. Master, if ever I said loofe-bodied gowne, low,
Me in the skirts of it, and best me to death with a bottom
Of brownes thred: I faid a gowne.


Tail. With a small compafs cape.

Gru. I confelle the cape.

Tail. With a trunke fleecer.

Gru. I confelle two fleeces.

Tail. The fleeces curiously cut,

Pet. There's the villanie.

Gru. Error 'tis bill firs, error 'tis bill?
I commanded the fleeces should be cut out, and low'd vp againe,
And that Ile prove upon thee, though thine little finger be ar
Med in a thimble.

Tail. This is true that I say, and I had thee in place
Where thou shoul'dt know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, giue
Me thy meat-yard, and spare not me.

Her. God-a-mercie Grumio, then hee shall have no

Pet. Well fir in brewe the gowne is not for me.

Gru. You are't right fir, 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go take it vp vnto thy matters vfe.

Gru. Villaine, not for thy life: Take vp my Miftris
gowne for thy masters vfe.

Pet. Why fir, what's thy conceit in that?

Gru. Oh fir, the conceit is deeper then you think for;
Take vp my Miftris gowne to his masters vfe.

Oh fie, fie, fie.

Pet. Hurtens, say thou wilt see the Tailor paide;
Go take it hence, be gone, and say no more.

Her. Tailor, Ile pay thee for thy gowne to morrow,
Take no wikkendreffe of his haffe words:
Away I say, commend me to thy master.

Exit Tail.

Pet. Well, come my Kate, we will vnto your fathers,

Even in these honest meant habilitments:
Our purfes shall be proud, our garments poore:
For 'tis the minde that makes the bodie rich.
And as the Sunne breaks through the darkest cloudes,
So honor peereeth in the meanest habit.

What is the hay more precious then the Laske?
Because his feathers are more beaufull.

Or is the Adder better then the Elec,
Because his painted skin contains the eye,
Oh no good Kate nor other art thou the worse.

For this poore furniture, and meane array,
If thou accountest it shame, lay it on me,
And another frolickc, we will hence forthwith,
To feaft and sport vs at thy fathers house.

Go call my men, and let vs straight to him,
And bring our horses into Long-lane end,
There will we mount, and thence we walke on foot,

Let's see, I thinke 'tis now some feuen a clocke,

And we may come there by dinner time.

Kate. I dare affure you sir, 'tis almoft wo.

And will be supper time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seuen ere I goe horse:

Looke what I speake, or do, or thinke to doe,
You are still crossing it, first let's alone,
I will not go to-day, and ere I do,
It shall be what a clock I say it is.

Her. Why to this gallant will command the funne.

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant deck'd like Vincentio.

Tra. Sirs, this is the house, please it you that I call.

Ped. I what elle; and but I be deceiued,
Signior Baptista may remember me.

Neere twentyears agoe in Genoa.

Tra. Where we were lodgers, at the Pegafus,
This well, and hold your owne in any cafe
With such auteritic as longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you; but sir here comes your boy;
Twere good he were schools'd.

Tra. Fear you not him; fara Biondello,
Now doe your dutie throughly I advice you:
Imagine you the right Vincentio.

Biond. Tut, fear not me.

Tra. But haft thou done thy errand to Baptista?
Biond. I told him that your father was at Venice,
And that you look't for him this day in Padua,
That's a tall fellow, hold thee that to drinke,
Here comes Baptista; see your countenance sir.

Enter Baptista and Lucentio: Pedant hasted
and bare headed.

Tra. Signior Baptista you are happilie met?
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of,
I pray you stand good father come now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Softly sir, by your leave, having com to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love betwixt your daughter and himselfe:
And for the good report I hear of you,
And for the love he bareth to your daughter,
And the to him: to lay him not too long,
I content in a good fathers care
To haue him match'd, and if you please to like
No worse then Lypon some agreement
Me shall you finde ready and willing
With one consent to haue her so bestowed:
For curious I cannot be with you
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I haue to say,
Your plaineness and your shortness please me well:
Right true it is your fonne Lucentio here
Doth loue my daughter, and the loueth 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 paifie my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done,
Your fonne shall haue my daughter with consent.

Biond. I thank you sir, where then doe you know best
We be afflied and such affurance tane,
as shall with either parts agreement stand.

Bap. Not in my house Lucentio, for you know
Pitchers haue cares, and I haue manie servants,
Behifes old Gremio is harkning still,
And happilie we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, and it like you,
There doth my father lie; and there this night

Weste passe the businesse privately and well:
Send for your daughter by your servant here,
My Boy shall fetch the Scriuener presentlie,
The worst is this that at so flender warning,
You are like to have a thin and flender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well:
Cambo bie you home, and bid Bianca make her readie straight:
And if you will tell what hath hapned,
Lucentio Father is arriued in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio wife.

Biond. I praise the gods she may withall my heart.

End.

Tra. Dullie not with the gods, but get thee gone.

Enter Peter.

Signior Baptista, shall I leade the way,
We come, one meffe is like to be your chere,
Come sir, we will better it in Pif.

Bap. I follow you.

End.

Enter Lucentio and Biondello.

Bion. Cambo.

Luc. What saith thou Biondello.

Biond. You saw my Master winke and laugh upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Biond. Faith nothing: but has left mee here behinde
To expound the meaning or morsall of his signes and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee moralize them.

Biond. Then thus: Baptista is safe talking with the deceiving father of a deceitfull fome.

Luc. And what of him?

Biond. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then.

Dis. The old Prieft at Saint Lukes Church is at your command at all heures.

Luc. And what of all this.

Bion. I cannot tell, expect they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her, cum prestigio ad Imprimendum solva, to th' Church take the Prieft, Clarke, and some sufficient honest witnesse:
If this be not that you looke for, I have no more to say,
But bid Bianca tary well for ever and a day.

Luc. Hearst thou Biondello.

Biond. I cannot tarry; I knew a wench maried in an afternoono as she went to the Garden for Parsley to stuff a Rabin, and so may you sir: and so adew sir, my Master hath appointed me to goe to Saint Lukes to bid the Prieft be ready to come against you come with your appendix.

End.

Luc. I may and will, if she be so contented:
She will be pleased, then wherefore should I doubt:
Hap what hap may, I roundly goe about her:
It shall goe hard if Cambo goe without her.

End.

Enter Petrucho, Kate, Hortensio.

Petr. Come on a Gods name, once more toward our fathers:
Good Lord how bright and godly shines the Moone.

Kate. The Moone, the Sunne: it is not Moonelight now.

Petr. I say it is the Moone that shines so bright.

Kate. I know it is the Sunne that shines so bright.

Petr. Now by my mothers fonne, and that's my selle,
Enter the stage. Petr. Kate, goe on, and fetch our horses backe againe, Euen more croft and croft, nothing but croft.

Hort. Say as he faites, or we shall never goe.

Kate. Forward I pray, since we haue come so farre, And be it moone, or sunne, or what you please: And if you pleafe to call it a ruff Candle, Henceforth I vow it shall be for me.

Petr. I say it is the Moone.

Kate. I know it is the Moone.

Petr. Nay then you lye: it is the blessed Sunne.

Kate. Then God be blest, it in the blest fun.

But funne it is not, when you say it is not.

And the Moone changes even as your minde:
What you will have it nam'd, even that is it,
And so it shall be so for Katherine.

Hort. Petruchio, goe thy waies, the field is won.

Petr. Well, forward, forward, thus the bowle should And not unluckily against the Bias: (run, But softs, Company is comming here:

Enter Vincentio.

Good morrow gentle Mistriss, where away:
Tell me sweete Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hafli thou befaide a frether Gentlewoman:
Such warre of white and red within her cheeks:
What stars do fangle heauen with fuch beautie,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?
Faire louly Maidie, once more good day to thee:
Sweete Kate embrace her, for her beauties fake.

Hort. A will make the man mad to make the woman of him.

Kate. Yong budding Virgin,faire, and frefh, & sweett,
Whether away, or whether is thy abode?
Happy the Parents of fо faire a childe;
Happier the man whom favourable fars
A lots thee for his lonely bedfellow.

Petr. Why how now Kate, I hope thou art not mad,
This is a man old, wrinkleed, faded, withered,
And not a Maiden, as thou faidst he is.

Kate. Pardon old father my mistaking eies,
That haue bin fo bedazled with the funne,
That every thing I looke on seemeth greene:
Now I perceiue thou art a reuerent Father:
Pardon I pray thee for my mad miftaking.

Petr. Do good old grandsire, & withall make known
Which way thou traveall, if along with vs,
We shall be joyfull of thy company.

Vin. Faire Sir, and you my merry Mistriss,
That wish your strange encounter much amaze me:
My name is call'd Lucentio, my dwelling Pisa,
And bound I am to Padua, there to visite
A fonne of mine, which long I haue not seene.

Petr. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio gentle fir.

Petr. Happily met, the happier for thy fonne:
And now by Law, as well as reuerent age,
I may intitle thee my loving Father,
The fitter to my wife, this Gentlewoman,
Thy Sonne by this hath married: wonder not,
Nor be not grieved, she is of good efteeem.
Her dowrie wealthie, and of worthie birth:
Befide, fo qualified, as may befeeme.
The Spouffe of any noble Gentleman:
Let me embrace with old Vincentio,

And wander we to see thy hones fonne,
Who will of thy arrivall be full ioyous.

Vinc. But is this true, or is it elle your pleasure,
Like pleasantruailors to breake a left
Upon the company you owntake?

Hort. Do not affure thee father so it is.

Petr. Come goe slege, and fee the truth hereof,
For our first meeting hath made thee laesious. Exeunt.

Hort. Well Petruchio, this hath put me in heart;
Haue to my Widdow, and if th'forward,
Then haue thou taught Hortensio to be wontward. Exit.

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca, Gentio
is out before.

Biond. Softly and swiftly fit, for the Priet is ready.

Luc. I lie Biondello; but they may chance to neede thee at home,therefore leaue vs.

Exit. Bion. Nay faith, I lese the Church a your backe,
and then come backe to my mistris as soon as I can.

Gre. I maruaile Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Vincentio, Gentio with Attendants.

Petr. Sir hertes the door, this is Lucentiro houre,
My Fathers beares more toward the Market-place,
Thither now I, and here I leaue you fir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drinke before you goe,
I thinke I shall command and your welcome here;
And by all likelihood some cheere is toward.

Knock. Gent. They be susie withing, you were beft knocke lower.

Pedant looks out of the window.

Ped. What's he that knockes as he would beat downe the gate?

Vin. Is Signior Lucentio within fir?

Ped. He's within fir, but not to be spoken withall.

Vinc. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or twome to make merrie withall.

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to your selfe, he shall neede none so long as I live.

Petr. Nay, I told you your fonne was well beloved in Padua: doe you heare fir, to leaue fruelous circumftances,
I pray you tell signior Lucentio that his Father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speake with him.

Petr. Thou liest his Father is come from Padua, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. I fay, fo his mother fayes; if I may beleue her.

Petr. Why how now gentlemam: why this is flat knawerie to take upon you another mans name.

Peda. Lay hands on the villain, I beleue a meanes to cofen some bodie in this Citie vnder my countenance.

Enter Biondello.

Bian. I have feene them in the Church together, God fend'em good hopping: but who is here? mine old Mafter Vincentio: now wee are made and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither cracktumpe.

Bian. I hope I may chosen Sir.

Vin. Come hither you rogue, what have you forgot me?

Biond. Forgot you no fir: ly could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never fee thy Mistris fathers, Vincentio?

Bian. What
Enter Petruccio, Vincentio, Gemini, the Pedant, Lucentio, and Bianca. Tranio, Biondello, Gemini, and Widow. The Servants new with Tranio bringing in a Banquet.

Lucentio. At last, though long, our iarring notes agree, And time it is when raging warre is come, To smile at feas and perils overblowne; My faire Bianca bid my father welcome, While I wish selfe fance kindnesse welcome thine. Brother Petruchio, sister Katerina, And thou Hortensio with thy louing Widow; Feast with the best, and welcome to my house, My Banket is to close our fomakes vp Aft our great good cheere: praise you fit downe, For now we fit to chat as well as eate. Petruchio. Nothing but fit and fine, and ease and eate. Tranio. Padna affords this kindnesse, fomne Petruchio. Padna. Petruchio affords nothing but what is kind. Exeunt. For both our fakes I would that word were true. Petruchio. Now for my life Hortensio fears his Widow, Yet never trust me if I be affard. Petruchio. You are very fensible, and yet you mist my fence: I mean Hortensio is afraid of you.
The Taming of the Shrew.

Bian. Igoe.

Exit.

Bap. Sonne, Ile be your halfe, Bianca comes.

Luc. Ile haue no halues: Ile beare it all my selfe.

Enter Bianculla.

How now, what newes?  

Bia. Sir, my Miltris sends you word
That she is busie, and she cannot come.

Pet. How? She's busie, and she cannot come: is that an answer?

Gra. I, and a kinde one too:

Prai God, sir, your wife send you not a worfe.

Pet. I hope better,

Hor. Sirra Bianculla, goe and intreate my wife to come to me forthwith.

Exit. Bianculla.

Pet. Oh ho, intreate her, nay then shee must needs come.

Hor. I am affaid sir, doe what you can

Enter Bianculla.

Yours will not be entreated; now, where's my wife?

Bia. She faires you have some goodly left in hand, she will not come: the bids you come to her.

Pet. Worfe and worfe, she will not come:

Oh wilde, intolerable, not to be induerd:

Sirra Gremio, goe to your Miltris,
Say I command her come to me.

Exit. Bianculla.

Hor. I know her answere.

Pet. What?

Her. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter Katerina.

Bap. Now by my hollidam here comes Katerina.

Kat. What is your will sir, that you send for me?

Pet. Where is your fitter, and Hortensias wife?

Kat. They fit conferrynge by the Pafler fire.

Pet. Goe fetch them hither, if they denie to come,

Swinge me them soundly forth vnto their husbands:

Away I say, and bring them hither straight.

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talke of a wonder.

Her. And do otis: I wonder what it beods.

Pet. Marrie peace it beods, and loue, and quiet life,

An awful rule, and right supelmic:

And to be short, what not, that's sweete and hapпи:

Bap. Now faire belfast thee good Petrachio;

The wager thou haft won, and I will addde

Vnto their loffes twente thousand crownes,

Another dowrie to another daughter,

For she is changd as she had neuer bin.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,

And how more signe of her obedience,

Her new built vteune and obedience,

Enter Kate, Bianca, and Widoow.

See where she comes, and brings your froward Wifes

As prifoners to her womanlie perision:

Katerina, that Cap of yours becomes you not,

Off with that bable, throw it vnderfoote.

Wid. Lord let me never haue a caufe to sight,

Till I be brought to such a fillie pass.

Biaen. Fiw what a foolish dutie call you this?

Luc. I would your dutie were as foolish too:

The wisdom of your dutie faire Bianca,

Hath cost me five hundred crownes since supper time.

Bian. The more foole you for laying on my dutie.

Pet. Katherine I charge thee tell shee head-strong

women what dutie they doe owe their Lords and hul-

bands.

wid. Come,
And come, come, your mocking: we will have no telling.

Pet. Come on I say, and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say the hall, and first begin with her.

Kate. Fie, fie, vnknit that threatning vnkinde brow,
And dart not scornfull glances from thofe eyes,
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Gouernour.
It blots thy beautie, as frofts doe bite the Meads,
Confounds thy fame, as whirlewinds shake faire buds,
And in no fence is meere or amiable,
A woman mou'd, is like a fountaine troubled,
Muddie, ill seeming, thickes, Bereft of beautie,
And while it is fo, none fo dry or shirifie
Will daigneto fip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy Lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy foueraigne; One that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance, Commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land;
To watch the night in fioner, the day in cold,
Whilft thou ly't warme at home, secure and safe,
And caueth no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, faire looks, and true obedience;
Too little payment for fo great a debate.
Such dutie as the fubieft owes the Prince,
Euen fuch a woman oweth to her husband:
And when she is froward, pecuife, fullen, fowre,
And not obedient to his hoffeft will,
What is the but a foute contending Rebell,
And gracieffe Traitor to her loving Lord?
I am ashamed that women are fo fimple,

To offer warre, where they fhould kneele for peace;
Or feeke for rule, supremacy, and fway,
When they are bound to feare, loue, and obay.
Why are our bodies fofe, and weake, and smooth,
Vnap to toyle and trouble in the world,
But that our foft conditions, and our harts.
Should well agree with our extemal parts?
Come, come, you froward and vnable wormes,
My minde hath bin as bigge as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reafon happlier more,
To bandie word for word, and frowne for frowne;
But now I fee our Louances are but frawes:
Our strength as weake, our weakenelle paft compare,
That feeeming to be moft, which we indeed leaff are.
Then vale your ftockmaces, for it is no boote,
And place your hands below your husbands ffooe:
In token of which dutie, if he pleafe,
My hand is ready, may it do him eafe.

Pet. Why there's a wench: Come on, and kiffe mee

Kate.

Luc. Well go thy waies olde Lad for thou haft ha't.

Pet. Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a hardy hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come Kate, we fete 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 Petruchius

Horten. Now goethe waies, thou haft tam'd a curfi Shrow.

Luc. Tis a wonder, by your leave, she wil be tam'd fo.
ALL'S
Well, that Ends Well.

Actus primus. Scena Prima.

Enter young Bertram Count of Rossilion, his Mother, and Helena, Lord Lafew, all in black.

Mother.

Delivering my home from me, I bury a second husband.

Ref. And I am going Madam, weep over my brothers death anew; but I must attend his majesties command, to whom I am now in Ward, even more in jubete.

Laf. You shall find of the King a husband Madame, you for a father. He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his vesture to you, whose worthiness would fit it up where it wanted rather than lack it where there is itch abundance.

Mo. What hope is there of his Majesties amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his Pensions, madam, under whose providence he hath perfecuted time with hope, and.finds no other advantage in the proceed, but only the loosing of hope by time.

Mo. This young Gentlewoman had a father, O that had, how had a passage tis, whose skill was almost as great as his honofie, had it stretched so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of worke. Would for the Kings sake here were living, I think it would be the death of the Kings disfate.

Laf. How shall you the man you speake of Madam?

Mo. He was famous sir in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Norbon.

Laf. He was so excellent indeed Madam, the King very late theke his admiringly, and mourningly: he was skillful enough to have lusts full of knowledge could be fet vp against mortallity.

Ref. What is it (my good Lord) the King languishes of?

Laf. A Fiffula my Lord.

Ref. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this Gentlewoman the Daughter of Gerard de Norbon?

Mo. His foil child my Lord, and blest to my outer looking. I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises her dispositions shee inherits, which makes faire gifts fater: for where an uncleane mind carrie virtuous qualities, their commendations go with anty, they are vertues and traits too: in her they are the better for their implemenc: she deriues her honofie, and attcheues her goodnesse.

Lafew. Your commendations Madam get from her teares.

Mo. Tis the best brine a Maiden can season her prattle in. Thro her remembrance of her father newer approaches her heart, but the terrany of her forefathers, takes all livelihood from her cheekes. No more of this Helena, goe too, no more laff it be rather thought you affect a forrow, then to hate.

Hel. I doe affect a forrow indeed, but I hate it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive griefe the enemie to the liuing.

Mo. If the liuing be enemie to the grefe, the excelfe makes it boone mostall.

Ref. Madam I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Mo. Be thou blest Bertram, and succeed thy father in manners as in shape: thy blood and vertue Contend for Empire in thee, and thy goodness Share with thy birth-right. Lone all, tryst a few, Doe wrong to none: be able for thine enemie Rather in power then vfe: and keep thy friend Under thy owne lifes key. Be checkt for silence, But never ta'ed for speech. What heaven more will, That thee may furnish, and my prayses plucke downe, Fall on thy head. Farwell my Lord, 'Tis an imitation Courtier, good my Lord Adulce him.

Laf. He cannot want the beft
That shall attend his loue.

Mo. Heaven blest him: Farwell Bertram.

Re. The best wishes that can be forg'd in your thoughts be seruants to you: be comfortable to my mother, your Miftis, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell prettie Lady, you must hold the credit of your father.

Hell. O were that all, I think not on my father, And these great teares grace his remembrance more Then those I shed for him. What was he like? I have forgot him. My imagination Carries no faviour in't but Bertram's,

I am vndone, there is no liuing, none, If Bertram be away. 'Twere all one, That I should loue a bright particular starre,
And think to wed it, he is so aboue me
In his bright radience and colaterallight.
Mult I be comforted, not in his sphere;
The ambition in my love thus plagues it selfe:
The hind that would be mated by the Lion
Mult die for love. 'Twas prettie, though a plague
To see him courteous. There was made
His arched brows, his hawkings eie, his curles
In our hearts table: heart too capable
Of everie line and tracke of his sweet favour.
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancie
Mult fanatise his Reliques. Who comes heere.

Enter Parrois.

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake,
And yet I know him a notorious Liar,
Think him a great way foole, folie a coward,
Yet the first eies fit to fit in him,
That they take place, when Vertues freely bones
Lookes bleake in cold wind: withall, full ofte we see
Cold wisdome weighing on liplessful folle.

Par. Saue you faire Queene.

Hel. And you Monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginitie?

If you have some staie of fouldier in you: Let
me ask you a question. Man is eneui to virginitie,
how may we barracado it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he affails, and our virginitie though valiant,
in the defence yet is weak: vnfold to vs some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none: Man setting downe before you,
will vndermine you, and blow you vp.

Hel. Blewe our poore Virginity from vnderminers
and blowers vp. Is there no Military policy how
Virgin might blow vp men?

Par. Virginity being blowne downe, Man will quicker be blowne vp: marry in burning him downe againe, with the breach your felues made, you lose your City. It is not politicke, in the Common-wealth of Nature, to preferue virginitie. Looff of Virginitie, is rationall encreafe, and there was never Virginitie till virginitie was fritt loff. That you were made of that metal to make Virgin. Virginity, by being once loff, may be ten times found: by being evere kept, it is evere loff: 'tis too cold a companion: Away with it.

I will stand for't: little, though: therefore I die a Virgin.

Par. There's little can bee faide in't, 'tis against the rule of Nature. To speake on the past of virginitie, is to accuse your Mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himfelfe is a Virgin: Virginitie muilthers it selfe, and should be buried in highways out of all fancied limit, as a deparate Offendrefre against Nature. Virginitie breeds mites, much like a Cheefe, consumes it selfe to the very paying, and do dies with feeding his own homake: Besides, Virginitie is pensifull, proud, ydele, made of felfe-loue, which is the moft inhibited time in the Cannon. Keep it not, you cannot choose but lose by it. Out without: within ten yeares it will make it felfe two, which is a goodly increafe, and the principal part it felfe not much the worse.
Away with it.

Hel. How might one do fir, to lose it to her owne liking?

Par. Let mee fee. Marty ill; to like him that no re
likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gleffe with lying:
The longer kept, the leffe worth: Off with't while 'tis vendible.
Answer the time of request, Virginitie like an old Courtier, we are cap out of fashion, richly futed, but vnformeable, but like the brooch & the toothpick, which were not now: you: Dace is better in your Pye and your Porridge, then in your cheekes: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wichterd peares, it looks ill, it cattily dirty, marly 'tis a wichterd peare: it was formerly better, marly yet 'tis a whicher'd peare: Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.

Par. There fhall your Maillar have a thousand loues,
A Mother, and a Miftrife, and a firend,
A Phens, Captaine, and an eneny,
A guide, a Godeffe, and a Soueraigne,
A Comellor: That traitorffe, and a Deare:
His humble ambition, proud humilitie:
His aring, concord: and his difcord, dulcet:
His faith, his fale disater: with a world
Of prettie fond adopitious shiftenomes
That blinking Cupid godfips. Now fhall he:
I know not what he fhall, God fend him well,
The Courts a learning place, and he is offe.

Par. What one faith?

Hel. That I fhlall well, 'tis pitty.

Par. What a pitty?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt, that we the poorer borne,
Whose faile fharles do fhoue vs vp in wishife,
Might wiith effects of them follow our friends,
And fhoue what we alone muft thinkke, which neuver
Returns vs thankes.

Enter Page.

Page. Monfieur Parrois,
My Lord calls for you.

Par. Little Helen farewel, if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at Court.

Hel. Monfieur Parrois, you were borne under a charitable barre.

Par. vnder Mars I.

Hel. I specially thinkke, vnder Mars.

Par. Why vnder Mars?

Hel. The warres hath fo kept you vnder, that you muft needs be borne vnder Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde I thinkke rather.

Par. Why thinkke you so?

Hel. You go fo much back ward when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away,
When feare proffes the faticie:
But the composition that your valour and feare makes in you, is a vertue of a good wing, and like the weare well.

Parol. I am fo full of businesse, I cannot answere thee accutely: I will returne perfect Courtier, in the which my instruction fallinge to naturalize thee, lo thou wilt be capable of a Courriers counsell, and underfand what advices shall thront upon thee: eie thou diest in thine vnthankfulnes, and thine ignorance makes thee away, farewel. When thou haft lefure, say thy prayers: when thou haft none, remember thy firends:
Get thee a good husband, and thy name as he viles thee: so farewell.

Hel. Our remedies oft in our feules do lye, Which we ascribe to heauen: the fated skye Gives vs free scope, oynly doth backward pull Our flow delines, when we our feules are dull. What power is it, which mounts my lofe to lye, That makes me fee, and cannot feede mine eye? The mightieft fpace in fortune, Nature brings To joyne like, likes, and knight like nature things. Impossible be strange attempts to hope. That weighe their pains in fince, and dofuppose What hath beene, cannot be. Who euer frowe To fhew her merit, that did mife her love? (The Kings difafe) my project may decoy me, But my intents are first, and will not leave me. Exit

Flourish Cornets,

Enter the King of France with Letters, and divers Attendants.

King. The Florentines and Senegs are by th'ears, Have fought with equall fortune, and continue A brauing warre.

1. Lo. G. So tis reported fir.

King. Nay tis moft credible, we heere receive it. A certaintie vouch'd from our Cofin Anjiks, With caution, that the Florentine will move us For speedie ayde: wherein our deereft friend Predicts the buffenie, and would feme To have vs make denial, to have vs make denial.

1. Lo. G. His loue and wifedome Approved do to your Maiſty, may pleade For ampleft credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer, And Florence is denif'e before he comes: Yet for our Gentlemen that meane to fee The Tuscan feruice, freely have they leave To f tand on either part.

2. Lo. E. It well may ferue A nurferie to our Gentrie, who are fickle For breathing, and exploit.

King. What's he comes here.

Enter Bertram, Lafeus, and Parolles,

1. Lo. G. It is the Count Reynold my good Lord, Yong Bertram.

King. Youth, thou beart thy Fathers face, Franke Nature rather curious then in haft Hath well compos'd thee: Thy Fathers morall parts Maffit thou inherit too: Welcome to Paris!

Ber. My thankes and duty are your Maiſties.

Kim. I would I had that corporall boundneffe now, As when thy father, and my felle, in friendfhip First trie out our fouldiership: I did looke faire Into the feruice of the time, and was Discrep of the braueft. He laffed long, But on vs both did haggy Age itale on, And wore us out of act: It much repaires me; To take of thy good father; in his youth He had the wit, which I can well obferue To day in your yong Lords: but they may left Till their owne feorne returne to them vnnoted Ere they can hide their leuite in honour: So I like a Courtier, contemn not bitmeffe

Were in his pride, or fharpeffe; if they were, His equall had awak'd them, and his honour Clocke to it felfe, knew the true minute when Exception bid him speake: and at this time His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him, He vs'd as creatures of another place, And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks, Making them proud of his humilitie, In their poore praise 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 fit Lies richer in your thoughts, then on his tombe: So in approoſe lyes not his Epiftaph, As in your royall speech.

Kim. Would I were with him he would alwaies fay, (Me thinks I heare him now) his plauiue words He fatter'd not in eares, but graffed them To grow there and to beare: Let me not liue, This his good melancholy oft began On the Cataftraph and heele of paftime. When it was out: Let me not liue (quoth hee) After my flame lacks oyle, to be the finne Of yonger spirits, whose apprehenfie fentes All but new things difdaife; whose judgement are Meere fathers of their garments: whose confidencies Expire before their fiftions: this he lufhd'd. I after him, do after him with too: Since I nor was nor bonie can bring home, I quickly were disfolue from my liue To give fome Labourers roome.

L. 3. E. You're loued Sir, They that leflt lend it you, shall lacke you first.

Kim. I fill a place I know'st how long ift Count Since the phyfician at your fathers death? He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some fice months since my Lord.

Kim. If he were living, I would try him yet.

Lend me an arme: the reft have worne me out With feverall applications: Nature and fickneffe Debate it at their leisure. Welcome Count, My lonne's no deere.

Ber. Thanke your Maiſty.

Exit

Flourish.

Enter Comptoes, Steward, and Cloures.

Com. I will now heare, what fay you of this gentlewoman.

Ste. Maddam the care I haue had to euen your content, I with might be found in the Kalender of my past endeavours, for then we wound our Modeſtie, and make foule the clearneſse of our deferings, when of our felues we publish them.

Com. What does this knaue heare? Get you gone firra: the complaints I haue heard of you I do not all beleue, 'tis my fownneffe that I do not: For I know you lacke not folly to commit them, & haue ability enouſh to make fuch knaueses yours.

Cfp. 'Tis not unknown to you Maddam, I am a poore fellow.

Com. Well Sir.

Cloures. No madam,

'Tis not so well that I am poore; though many
of the rich are damn'd, but if I may haue your Ladies good will to goe to the world, I beseech the woman and w will doe as we may.

Con. Wilt thou needs be a begger?

Clo. I doe beg your good will in this cafe.

Con. In what cafe?

Clo. In Ishet's cafe and mine owne: seruice is no herit age, and I thinke I shall never haue the bleffing of God, till I haue ifcu a my bodie: for they lay barnes are bleffings.

Con. Tell me thy reafon why thou wilt marrie?

Clo. My poore bodie Madam requires it, I am driven only by the fleth, and hee muft needs goe that the diuell driues.

Con. Is this all your worships reafon?

Clo. Faith Madam I haue other holie reafons, such as they are.

Con. May the world know them?

Clo. I haue beene Madam a wicked creature, as you and all fleth and blood are, and indeede I doe marrie that I may repent.

Con. Thy marriage sooner then thy wickedneffe.

Clo. I am out a friends Madam, and I hope to haue friends for my wines fake.

Con. Such friends are chine enemies knaue.

Clo. Ye're shallow Madam in great friends, for the knaues come to doe that for me which I am a weary of: he that eares my Land, spares my leaue, and gives mee leave to lend the crop: if he be his cuckold he's my drudge; he that deftours my wife, is the cherisher of my fleth and blood; hee that cherisht my fleth and blood; he that loues my fleth and blood is my friendere he that kills my wife is my friend if men could be contented to be what they are, there were no feare in marriage, for young Charbon the Puritan, and old Paffam the Papift, how fome of their hearts are feare'd in Religion, their heads are both one, they may loue horns together like any Deare i'th' Herd.

Con. Wilt thou ene be a foule mouth'd and calaminous knaue?

Clo. A Prophef I Madam, and I speake the truth the next waie, for I the Ballad will repeate, which men full true full shall finde, your marriage comes by deftination, your Cuckow hings by kinde.

Con. Get you gone Sir, Ile talke with you more anon.

Siew. May it please you Madam, that hee bid Helen come to you, of her I am to speake.

Sew. Sirra tell my gentlewoman I would speake with her, Helen I mean'te.

Clo. Was this faire face the caufe, quoth the, Why the Grecians facked Troy, Fond done, done, fond was this King Prisms joy, With that she fled as the flood, his and gaue this sention then, among nine bad if one be good, among nine bad if one be good, there's yet one good in ten.

Clo. What,one good in tenne? you corrupt the fong sirra.

Clo. One good woman in ten Madam, which is a purifying aft' fong; would God would ferve the world fo all the yeere, weede finde no fault with the tithen woman if I were the Parfon, one in ten quoth fhe and wee might haue a good woman borne but one euertie blazing farrie, or at an earthquake, twould mend the. Letters well, a man may draw his heart out ere a plucke one.

Clo. Youe begun for knaue, and doe as I command you.

Clo. That man thould be at woman command, and yet no hurt done, though honeftie be no Puritan, yet it will doe no hurt, it will weare the Surplis of humblest over the blacke-Gowne of a bigge heart: I am going forth, the businesse is for Helen to come hither.

Exit.

Con. Well now.

Siew. I know Madam you loue your Gentlewoman intirely,

Con. Faith I doe: her Father bequeath'd her to mee, and the felle without other advantage, may lawfull he make title to a much loue as thee fides, there is none owning her then is paid, and more shall be paid her then fheele demand.

Siew. Madam, I was verie late more neere her then I thinke thee wift me, alone thee was, and did communicat to her felle her owne words to her owne eares, fethought, I dare vowe for her, they tooch not ane stranger fenge, her matter was, fhee loved your Soone, Fortune fhee faid was no goddes, that had put fuch difference betwixt their two citates: Loue no god, that would not extend his might onelie, where qualities were leuell, Queene of Vir gins, that would fuffer her poore Knight surpris'd without refuge in the firft assault or ranfonme after ward: This ftree deliver'd in the moff bitter touch of forrow that ere I heard Virgin exclame in, which I held my duie speedily to acquaint you withall, fithence in the loffe that may happen, it concurres you fomething to know it.

Con. You haue discharged'd this honeftie, keepe it to your selfe, marie likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hugg for toetting in the ballace, that I could neither beleue nor midoubt: praise you leave mee, iflat this in your bosome, and I thank you for your honeft care: I will speake with you further anon.

Exit Sieward.

Enter Helen.

Old Con. Even so it was wvith me when I was yong:
If euer weare natures, theire are ours, this thone
Doth to our Roie of youth rightlie belong
Our blood to vs, this to our blood is borne,
It is the how, and fcale of natures truth,
Where loues profound passion is imprift in youth,
By our remembrances of daies forgon,
Such were our faults, or then we thought them none,
Her eies is fickes on't, I obferue her now.

Hell. What is your pleasure Madam?

Ol.Con. You know Helen I am a mother to you.

Hell. Mine honorable Miftre.

O.l.Con. Nay a mother, why not a mother? when I fed a mother
Me thought you faw a ferpent, what's in mother,
That you flat as it? I fay I am your mother,
And put you in the Cataloge of thole
That were enwombed mine, tis ofte fene
Adoption ftirres with nature, and choife breedes
A native fip to vs from foraine feedes:
You were oppriffed with a mother groane,
Yet I exprefse to you a mothers care,
(Gods mercy maiden) do it curdy blood
To fay I am thy mother? what's the matter,
That this diftemperd messenger of wet?
All's Well that ends Well.

The manie colour'd Iris rounds thine eye?

Tell me, that you are my daughter?

Tell me what thou dost look so sad:

Thy words, that are so pitiful:

The Count Rosalian cannot be my brother:

I am from humble, to the honored name:

No note upon my Parents, his all noble,

My Master, my dear Lord, he is there.

His instant love, and will his valiant die:

He must not be my brother.

Old Cou. Not I your Mother.

Hel. You are my mother Madam, would you were

So that my Lord your fonne were not my brother,

Indeed my mother, or were you both our mothers,

I care no more for, then do for heaven,

So I were not his father, can no other,

But I your daughter, he must be your brother.

Old Cou. Yes Helens, you might be my daughter in law,

God shield you meanes it not, daughter and mother

So true upon your pulleys what pale agent?

My fear hath catch'd your kindneffe, no I see

The mirth of your kindneffe, and finde

Your face teares head, now to all face its grasse.

You lose your fonne, intention is a sham'd

Against the proclamation of thy passion

To say thou dost not: therefore tell me true,

But tell me then 'tis so, for looke, thy cheeks:

Confesse it 'tongue to thother, and thin cies

See it so freely howne in thy behaviours,

That in their kinde they speake it, onely fine

And hellish, of financie thy tongue

That truth should be (suffix, speake, fit so?)

If it be so, you have wound a goodly elewe.

If it be not, forsee where I charge thee,

As heaven shall work in me for thine saile

to tell me true.

Hel. Good Madam pardon me,

Cou. Do you love my Sonne?

Hel. Your parden noble Miftris.

Cou. Love you my Sonne?

Hel. Do not you love him Madam?

Cou. Go not about my love hath in't a bond

Whereof the world takes note: Come, come, disclose:

The rate of your affection, for your passions

Have to the full approacht;

Hel. Then I confess:

Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,

That before you, and next into high heaven, I love your Sonne:

My friends were poore but honest, so's my loue:

Be not offended, for it hurts not him

That he is loud of me; I follow him not

By any token of presumtuous suitte

Nor would I have him, till I doe deferme him,

Yet never know how that defier should be:

I know I love in vaine, truse against hope:

Yet in this captious, and intemible Sue,

I still pour in the waters of my loue

And lacke not to boose all; thus Indian like

Religious in mine errors, I adore

The Sunne that looks upon his worhipper,

But knowes of him no more. My deare Madam,

Let not your hate encounter with my loue,

For loving where you doe; but if your felice,

Whole aged honor cites a vertuous youth,

Did euer, in to true a flame of liking,

With chaftly, and love dazely, that your Dian

Was both her Selfe and loue, O then guie pittie,

To her whole fate is such, that cannot choose

But lend and guie where she is sure to loole;

That seeke not to finde that, her search implies,

But riddle like, liues sweetely where she dies.

Cou. Had you not lately an intent, speake struely,

To goe to Paris?

Hel. Madam I had,

Cou. Wherefore tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth; by grace it Selfe I Swear.

You know my Father left me some prephones

Of rare and proue effects, such as his reading

And manifelt experience, had collected

For general loue signifie: and that he wil'd me

In headefull it reversion to bellow them,

As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,

More then they were in notes, Amongt the rest,

There is a remedie, approve, set downe,

To cure the depretate languishings whereof

The King is render'd loath.

Cou. This was your motuie for Paris, was it speake?

Hel. My Lord, your fonne made me to think of this;

Ellie Paris, and the medicine, and the King,

Hadh from the conversation of my thoughts,

Haply by heene abient then.

Cou. But think you Helens,

If you should tender your supporp indicted,

He would rescue it? He and his Phisitions

Are of a minde, he, that they cannot help him:

They, that they cannot heape, how shall they credit

A poore unlearned Virgin, when the Schooles

Embowld of their doctrine, have left off

The danger to it selfe.

Hel. There's something in't

More than my Fathers skill, which was the greatst

Of his profession, that his good receipt,

Shall for my legacie be sanctified

Bye luckely tears in heauen, and would your honor

But give me leave to trie successe, I'de venture

The well loft life of mine, on his Graces cure,

By faith a day an hour.

Cou. Doost thou beleue't?

Hel. I madam knowingly.

Cou. Why Helens shoulthall have my leave and loue,

Meanes and attendants, and my lowing greetings

To those of mine in Court, lle stse at home

And prais Gods blesting into thy attemps:

Began to morrow, and be sure of this,

What I can help thee to, shoulthall not misse. - Exeunt.
And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why do the she: my Lord, there's one arriv'd,
If you will see her: now by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may confay my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one, that in her face, her yeeres, profession,
Wifedom and constancy, hath amaz'd me more
Then I dare blame my weakness: will you see her?
For that is her demand, and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now good Lafe.

Bring in the admiutation, that we with theee
My spend our wonder too, or take off thine
By wondering how the yit is left off it.

Laf. Nay, Ile fit you.
And not be all day neither.

King. Thus he his speciall nothing curer prologues.

Laf. Nay, come your waies.

Enter Helio.

King. This halfe hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your waies,
This is his Mollifie, say your minde to him,
A Traitour you doe lookie like, but such traitours
His Mollifie fellome feres, I am Crofledes Vnle,
That dare leaue two together, far you well.
Exit.

King. Now faire one, do's your busines follow vs?

Hel. I my good Lord,

Girard de Narhow was my father,
In what he did profesafe, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praiies towards him,
Knowing him is enough: one's bed of death,
Many recites he gave me, chiefly one,
Which as the dearest iffue of his practice
And of his olde experience, thonie darling,
He bad me flore vp, as a triple eye,
Safer then mine owne two: more deare I have fo,
And hearing your high Mollifie is toucht
With that maligne cause, wherein the honour
Of my deare fathers gift, stands cheefe in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleaffe.

King. We thanke you maiden,
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned Doctours leaue vs, and
The congregated Collidge had concluded,
That labouring Arick can never rannie nature
From her inaydible effaie: I say we must not
So staine our judgiment, or corrupt our hope,
To proffitute our path-cure maladie
To empericks, or to difficult fo
Our great felle and our credit, to eftceme
A fenceliffe help, when helpe path fencce we decree.

Hel. My
All's Well that ends Well.

Hell. My duty then shall pay me for my pains: I will no more enforce mine office on you, Humbly intreating from your royall thoughts, A modest one to bear me back againe.

King. I cannot give thee leave to be cal'd grateful: Thou thoughtst to helpe me, and such thanks I give, As one neere death to those that with him live: But what at full I know, thou knowill no part, I knowing all my peril, thou no Art.

Hell. What I can doe, can doe no hurt to try, Since you set vp your self gainst remembre: He that of greatest works is finisher, Oft does them by the weakest ministir: So holy Writ, in babes hath judgement flowne, When Judgess had no babes; great flouds hauie flowne From simple sources; and great Seas haue dried When Miracles hauie by the great'li beene denied. Oft expectation fail'd, and most oft there, Where most it promises: and oft it hits, Where hope is coldeft, and defaie most shiftts.

King. I must not heare thee, fare thee wel kind made, Thy pains not vs'd, must by thy selfe be paid, Profers not tooke, resep thanks for their reward.

Hell. Inspired Merit so by breath is baird, It is not so with him that all things knowes 
As 'tis with vs, that square our gusee by showes: But most it is presumption in vs, when The help of heauen we count the act of men.

Deare fir, to my endeavours gaine content, Of heauen, not me, make an experiment. I am not an Impoffure, that proclaime My selfe againft the lawfull of mine aine, But know I think, and think I know most sure, My Art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? Within what space Hop it thou my cure?

Hell. The greatest grace lending grace, Ere twice the hores of the innam flall bring Their fiery torcher his diurnall ring, Ere twice in murke and accidantl dampe Most Hearenow bath quench'd her sleepie Lampe: Or foure and twenty times the Pylots glifie Hath told the trencht minutes, how they passe: What is insifme, from your found parts flall flie, Health flall live free, and sickenelle freely dye.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence, What darft thou venter?

Hell. Taxe of impudence, A trumpets boldnesse, a divulged shame Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maidens name Scared otherwise, ne worste of worste extended With vildft torture, let my life be ended.

Kim. Methinks in thee some bleffed spirit doth speak His powerfull found, within an organ weake: And what impossibility would lyfe In common fience, fience faues another way: Thy life is deere, for all that life can rate Worth name of life, in thee hath effifmation: Youth, beauty, womanly, courage, all That happines and proume, can happy call: Thou this to hand, needs muft intimate Skill infinite, or monftrous desperate, Sweet prefrater, thy Physicke Iuell try, That minifters thine owne death if I die,

Hell. If I brake signe, or slanch in property Of what I spoke, vnpittied let me die,

And well defer'd: not helping, death's my fee, But if I helpe, what doe you promise me.

Kim. Make thy demand.

Hell. But will you make it even?

Kim. By my Scepter, and my hopes of helpe.

Hell. Then faile thou gie me with thy kingly hand What husband in thy power I will command: Exempted be from me the arroganee To chose from forth the royall bloud of France, My low and humble name to propagate With any branch or image of thy face: But such a one thy vassall, whom I know Is free for me to ask, thee to bellow.

Kim. Heere is my hand, the premises obser'd, Thy will by my performance flall be fer'd: So make the choice of thy owne time: for I Thy resolv'd Patient, on thee still rely: More should I question thee, and more I muft, Though more to know, could not be more to trufT: From whence thou canst, how tended on, but reft Yonquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest, Gieve me some helpe heere hea, if thou proceed, As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

Enter Countesse and Clowne.

Lady. Come on fir, I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clown. I will shew my selfe highly red, and lowly taught, I know my businesse is but to the Court.

Lady. To the Court, why what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt, but to the Court?

Clou. Truly Madam, if God haue lent a man any manner, he may eafe me put it at Court: hee that cannot make a legge, put of his cap, kisse his hand, and say nothing, hath neither legge, hands, lippe, nor cap; and in deed such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the Court, But for me, I have an answere will ferue all men.

Lady. Marry that's a bountifull answere that fits all questions.

Clou. It is like a Barbers chaire that fits all buttockes, the pin buttocke, the quatch-buttocke, the browne buttocke, or any buttocke.

Clou. Will your answere ferue fit to all questions?

Clou. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an Attornay, as your French Crowne for your taffety punke, as Tibes rulth for Tems fore-finger, as a panace for Shore-tuesday, a Morris for May-day, as the taelie to his hole, the Cuckold to his home, as a scolding queane to a wrangling knave, as the Nuns lip to the Friers mouth, nay as the pudding to his skin.

Lady. Have you, I say, an answere of such finetee for all questions?

Clou. From below your Duke, to beneath your Conftable, it will fit any question.

Lady. I must be an answere of most monftrous size, that muft fit all demands.

Clou. But a triftele neither in good faith, if the learned should speake truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't, Aske mee if I am a Couritier, it shall doe you no harme to learne.

Lady. To be young againe if we could: I will be a foole in question, hoping to bee the wise by your answere.

Lady.
All's Well that ends Well.

La. I pray you sir, are you a Courtier?

Clo. O Lord sir, there is a simple putting off: more, more, a hundred of them.

La. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord sir, thickest, thickest, spare not me.

La. I think sir, you can eat none of this homely measure.

Clo. O Lord sir, may put me too, I warrant you.

La. You were lately with Sir as I think.

Clo. O Lord sir, spare not me.

La. Do you crie O Lord sir at your whipping, and spare not me? Indeed you O Lord sir, is very frequent to your whipping: you would ani were very well to a whipping if you were but bound too.

Clo. There had worse luck in my life in my O Lord sir: I see things may ferue long, but not ferue ever.

La. I play the noble husband with the patience, to entertain it with merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord sir, why there's ferues well a gen.

La. And end sir to your buffetings: give Helen this, and urge her to a present answer backe.

Commend me to my kindnesse, and my sonsse, this is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

La. Not much imployment for you, you understand me.

Clo. Most fruitfully, I am there, before my legs.

La. Haft you a gen.

Enter Count, Lafan, and Parolles.

OlLaf. They say miracles are past, and we have our Philosophical persons, to make modest and familiar things supernaturall and saufete, Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrous, enforcing our selues into seeing knowledge, when we should submit our selues to an unknowne faire.

Par. Why tis the rarest argument of wonders, that hath shot out in our latter times.

Taf. And fo tis.

OlLaf. To be relinquish't of the Artists.

Par. I say, I say? Calan and Paracelsus.

OlLaf. Of all the learned and authentick fellows.

Par. Right so I say.

OlLaf. That gave him incurable.

Par. Why there tis, to say too.

OlLaf. Not to be help'd.

Par. Right, as twere a man afflu'd of a
taf.


Par. Tuf, you say well: so would I have said.

OlLaf. I may truly say, it is a nooetie to the world.

Par. It is indeede if you will have it in the viewing, you shall read it in what do ye call there.


Par. That's it, I would have said, the verie fame.

OlLaf. Why your Dolphin is not hither: fore me I speak in respect.

Par. Nay tirang'st, tis very trangus, that is the breefe and the tedious of it, and he's of a most facetious spirit, that will not acknowledge it be the
taf.

OlLaf. Very hand of heauen.

Par. I do say.

OlLaf. In a most weak

Par. And defile minute: great power: great transcendece, which should indeede give vs a further vie to be made, then alone the recouery of the king, as to be

OldLaf. Generally thankfull.

Par. Enter King, Helen, and attendants.

Par. I would haue faid it, you say well: hence comes the King.

OlLaf. Luftique, as the Dutchman faies: he like a maidt the better whilt it I have a tooth in my head, why he's able to lead he Carranto.

Par. More du vinager, is not this Helen?

OlLaf. Fore God I think so.

King. Go call before mee all the Lords in Court, sit my preferer by thy patients side, and with this healthfull hand whole banifh'd fence, Thou haft repeals'd, a second time receeuie The confirmation of my promis'd guilt,

Which but attends thy naming.

Enter 3 or 4 Lords.

Faire Maide send forth thine eye, this youthful parcell Of Noble Batchellers, stand at my bethowing, Ore whom both Soueraigne power, and fathers voice I haue to wit, why frankie election make, Thou haft power to chooie, and they none to forfake.

Hel. To each of you, one faire and verryr Missiris Fall when loue pleafe, marry to each but one.

OldLaf. I'd give bay currall, and his furniture My mouth no more were broken then the gentle boyes, And write as little beard.

King. Peruse them well:

Not one of thesse, but had a Noble father.

She addresses her to a Lord.

Hel. Gentlemen, heaven hath through me, retor'd the king to health.

All. We understand it, and thank beuens for you.

Hel. I am a simple Maide, and therein wealthieheft That I protest, I finplly am a Maide:

Please it your Maiestie, I have done already: The blusses in my cheeks thus whisper mee,

We blush that you shouldl chooie, but be refuced; Let the white death sit on thy cheeks for ever, We'll never come there again.

King. Make choice and fee,

Who fums thy loue, fums all his loue in mee,

Hel. Now Dian from thy Alar do I fly,

And to imperialis loue, that God maft high,

Do my sightes freame: Sir, will you hear my suite?

1. Lo. And grant it.

Hel. Thanks sir, all the rest is mue.

OldLaf. I had rater be in this choiehe, then thow Ames ace for my life.

Hel. The honor fir that flames in your faire eyes,

Before I speake too trucklingly replies: Love make your fortunes twenty times above Her that so vishes, and her humble loue.

Do my sightes freame: Sir, will you hear my suite?

1. Lo. No better if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,

Which great loue grant, and fo I take my leave.

OlLaf. Do all they denie hot? And they were sons of mine, I'd haue them whip'd, or I would send them to th Turk to make Ennnaches of.

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand should take, Ie never do you wrong for your owne fake:

Bleffing vpon your vowes, and in your bed Finde fairer fortune, if you ever wed.

OldLaf. These boyes are boyes of Jee, they be none

haug
Shall weigh thee to the beams: That wilt not know, It is in us to plant thine Honour, where We please to have it grow. Checke thy contempt: Obey Our will, which travaileth in thy good: Beleeue not thy disdain, but pretentlie Do thine owne fortunes that obedient right Which both thy dutie owes, and Our power claims, Or I will throw thee from my care for ever Into the flaggers, and the careless lapie Of youth and ignorance: both my reuenge and hate Looking upon thee, in the name of justice, Without all terms of pitie. Speake, thine answer.

Berr. Pardon my gracious Lord; for I submit My service to thy eyes, when I consider What great creation, and what dole of honour Flies where thou bid it: I finde that she which late Was in my noble thoughts, most base: is now The prais'd of the King, who so ennobled, Is as terme borne for.

King. Take her by the hand, And tell her I am thine: to whom I promise A counterpoize: If not to thy estate, A balein more resemble.

Berr. I take her hand.

Kins. Good fortune, and the favour of the King
Smile upon this Contract: whose Ceremonie Shall feeme experience on the now borne briefe, And be performed to night: the solemn Fealt Shall more attend upon the coming space, Expeeting absent friends. As thou loue'th her, Thy loue's to me Religious: else, do's erre. Exeunt

Parlors and Lavenfay behind, commen-
ting of this wedding.

Laf. Do you heare Monficur? A word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir.

Laf. Your Lord and Master did well to make his re-
cantation.

Par. Recantation! My Lord? my Master? 

Laf. Is it not a Language I speak?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to bee vnderfloode without bloudie faceeceeding. My Master? 

Laf. Are you Companion to the Count Refidion? 

Par. To any Count, to all Counts: to what is man.

Laf. To what is Counts man: Counts maister is of another file.

Par. You are too old sir: Let it satisfie you, you are too old.

Laf. I must telle thee sirrah, I write Man: to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did thinke thee for two ordinaries: to bee a prettie wife fellow, thou didst make tolerable vent of thy trauell, it might passe: yet the fearfes and the ban-
eres about thee, did manifoldie diffwade me from be-
leeuing thee a vellie of too great a burthen. I haue now found thee, when I looke thee againe, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking vp, and that thou scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the priviledge of Antiquity up-
on thee?

Laf. Do not plunde thy selfe to farre in angers, lest thou hasten thy trial: which if, Lord save me ete thee for a hen, to my good window of Lestiche fare thee well, thy clemence I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My Lord, you give me most egregious indignity.
of his kickie wickie heart at home, Spending his mailie marow in her arms Which should suffaine the bound and highe curvets Of Mares fereie frith: to other Regions, France is a fable, wase that dwell in't Iades, Therefore too't ware.

Ref: It shall be so, Ile send her to my house, Acquaint my mother with my hate to her, And wherefore I am fled: Write to the King That which I durst not speake. His present gift Shall furnishe me to those Italian fields Where noble fellows strike: Warres is no friste To the darke house, and the detected wife. Par. Will this Caprichio hold in thee, art sure? Ref: Go with me to my chamber, and advise me. Ile send her straight away: To morrow, Ile to the warres, fite to her fingle forrow. Par. Why these bals bound, ther's noife in it. Tis hard Ayong man married, is a man that's mard: Ttherefore away, and leave her bravely: go, The King ha's done you wrong: but hast tis fo. Exit

Enter Helena and Clowne.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly, is she well? Cle. 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 i'th world: but yet she is not well. Hel. If the be verie wel, what do's the syle,that she's not verie well? Cle. Truly she's very well indeed, but for two things Hel. What two things? Cle. One,that she's not in heauen, whether God fend her quickly: the other, that she's in earth, from whence God fend her quickly. Exit

Enter Parallel.

Par. Bleffe you my fortunate Ladie, Hel. I hope for I have your good will to have mine owne good fortune. Par. You had my prayers to leade them on, and to keepe them on, haue them still. O my knaue, how do's my old Ladie? Cle. So that you had her wrinkle, and I her money, I would she did as you say. Par. Why I say nothing. Cle. Marry you are the wifer man: for many a mans tongue fleske out his masters vndoing: to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to haue nothing, is to be a great part of your title, which is within a vere little of nothing. Par. Away th'art a knaue. Cle. You should have said fir before a knaue, thar: a knaue, that's before me thar a knaue: this had beene true fir. Par. Go too, thou art a wittie foole, I haue found thee. Cle. Did you finde me in your selle fir, or were you taught to finde me? Cle. The search fir was profitable, and much Foole may you find in you,even to the worlds pleasure, and the encrease of laugher. Par. A good knaue ifisfaith, and well fed. Madam, my Lord will go awaie to night,
All's Well that ends Well.

A verie ferrous businesse call's on him: The great prerogatiue and rite of loue, Which as your due time claimes, he do's acknowledge, But puts it off to a compell'd refraint: Whose want, and whole delay, is (true'd with sweets Which they distill now in the curved time, To make the coming house overflow with joy, And pleasure drowne the brim. 

Hel. What's this will else? Par. That you will take your infant left a' th' king, And make this haft as your owne good proceeding, Strengthen'd with what Apologies you thinke May make it probable neede. 

Hel. What more commands hee? Par. That hauing this obtain'd, you prefentie Attend his further pleasure. 

Hel. In every thing I vait upon his will. Par. I shall report it fo. Exit Par. 

Hel. I pray you come again. Exit

Enter Lafeur and Bertram. 

Laf. But I hope your Lordshipp thinkes not him a fouldeier. 

Brr. Yes my Lord and of verie valiant approove. 

Laf. You haue it from his owne deluerance. 

Brr. And by other warrantd testimonie. 

Laf. Then my Diall does not true, I touke this Lake for a bunting. 

Brr. If I doe affure you my Lord he is verie great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant. 

Laf. I haue then found against his experience, and transcendent against his valour, and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent: Heere he comes, I pray you make vs friends, I will pursue the amitie.

Enter Parleue. 

Par. These things shall be done sir. 

Laf. Pray you sir who is his Tailor? 

Par Sir? 

Laf. O I know him well, I sig, hee sirs a good worke-man, a verie good Tailor. 

Brr. Is thence gone to the king? 

Par. Shee's. 

Brr. Will thence away to night? 

Par. At you haue here. 

Brr. I haue written my letters, caskett my treasure, Given order for our horses, and to night, When I should take poffefion of the Bride, And ere I doe begin. 

Laf. A good Travailer is something at the latter end of a dinner, but on that lies three thirds, and vies a known truth to passe a thousand nothings with, should bee once hard, and thrice beaten. Good saue you Captaine. 

Brr. Is there any vnskynness betweene my Lord and you Monfieur? 

Par. I know not how I haue deferred to run into my Lords displeasure. 

Laf. You haue made shift to run into't, bootes and spurres and all: like him that leapt into the Cuttard, and out of it you'll reme againe, rather then suffer question for your residence. 

Brr. It may bee you haue mistaken him my Lord. 

Laf. And shall doe so ever, though I took him at's prayers. Fare you well my Lord, and belewe this of me, there can be no kernell in this light Nut: the soule of this man is his cloathes: Tru't him not in matter of heuse course: I haue kept of them same, & know their natures. Farewell Monfieur, I haue spoken better of you, then you haue or will to deferue at my hand, but we must do good against euill.

Par. An idle Lord, I sweare, 

Ber. I think ye. 

Par. Why do you not know him? 

Brr. Yes, I do know him well, and common speech Giveth him a worthy passe. Here comes my clog.

Enter Helena. 

Hel. I haue fis as I was commanded from you Spoke with the King, and have procur'd his leave For present parting, onely he desires Some private speech with you. 

Brr. I shall obey his will. 

You must not merusile Helene at my cours, Which holds not colour with the time, nor does The ministration, and required office On my particular, Prepar'd I was not For such a butinese, therefore am I found So much unfeate: This drives me to intreate you, That presently you take your way for home, And rather mule then take why I intreate you, For my respects are better then they feme, And my appointments haue in them a neede Greater then fbewes it felle at the first view, To you that know them not. This to my mother, Twill be two daies ere I shall fee you, to I leave you to your wifedome. 

Hel. Sir, I am nothing say, But that I am your most obedient fervant. 

Brr. Come, come, no more of that, 

Hel. And ever fhall 

With true obseruance fecke to ecke out that Wherein toward me my homely flarres have faild To equal my great fortune. 

Brr. Let that goe: my haft is verie great. Farwell: His home. 

Hel. Pray fit your pardon. 

Brr. Well, what would you say? 

Hel. I am not worthie of the wealth I owe, Nor dare I say'tis mine: and yet it is, But like a timorous theefe, most faire would steale What law does vouche mine owne. 

Brr. What would you have? 

Hel. Something, and fearse so much: nothing indeed, I would not tell you what I would my Lord: Faith yes, Strangers and foes do funder, and not kiffe. 

Brr. I pray you stay not, but in haft to horfe. 

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my Lord: Where are my other men? Monfieur, farwell. 

Exit Brr. Go thou toward home, where I will never come, Whilft I can shake my sword, or heare the drumme: A way, and for our flight. 

Par. Brauely, Coragio. 


Antes Tertiua. 


Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, the two Frenchmen, with a troop of Soldier. 

Duke So that from point to point, now have ye heard: 

The
The fundamental reasons of this warre,
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth
And more threats after.

1. Lord. Holy feemes the quarrell
Vpon your Grace parts: blacke and fearfull
On the opponer.

Duke. Therefore we merasile much our Cousin France
Would I so juit a businesse, fhut his boifome
Against our borrowing prayers.

French E. Good my Lord,
The reasons of our fiate I cannot yeeldce,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a Countes face frames,
By felfe vyable motion, therefore dare not
Say what I thinke of it, since I haue found
My felfe in my incertaine grounds to faile
As often as I gueue.

Duke. But his pleasure.

French G. But I am fure the yonger of your naturr,
That difter on their eafe, will day by day
Come heere for Phyficke.

Duke. Welcome hall they bee:
And all the honors that can flye from vs,
Shall on them fettle: you know your places well,
When better fall, for your auiatles they fell,
To morrow to th' field.

Enter Courteiff e and Clowns.

Clown. It hath happend all, as I would haue had it, fave
that he comes not along with her.

Clu. By my troth I take my young Lord to be a verie
melancholy man.

Clown. By what obfervation I pray you.

Clu. Why he will looke uppon his boote, and fong:
Mend the Ruffe and fong, finge and fong, pick up
his teeth, and fong: I know a man that had this tricke of
melancholy hold a goodly Manor for a fong.

Lad. Let me fee what he writes, and when he meanes
to come.

Clu. I have no minde to Isbell since I was at Court.
Our old Lings, and our Isbells a'th Country, are nothing
like your old Lings and your Isbells a'th Court, the brains
of my Cupid's knock'd out, and I beginne to loue, as an
old man loues money, with no flomace.

Lad. What haue we heere?

Clu. In that you haue there.

A Letter. I haue feent you a daughter in Love, an hole haruer recovered the
King, and undone me: I haue wedded her, not bedded her,
and fume to make the yet ever mall. Touch bate I am
swen away, know it before the reparts come. If there bee
breath enough in the world, I will hold a long daufe.
Your unfortunate fone.

Bertram.

This is not well faph and unbridled boy,
To flye the favours of fo good a King,
To plucke his indignation on thy head,
By the misprifing of a Maid too vertuous
For the contempt of Empire.

Enter Clowns.

Clu. O Madam, yonder is bauifh newes within be-
tweene two fouldiers, and my yong Ladi.

La. What is the matter.

Clu. Nay there is some comfort in themewes, some
comfort, your fone will not be kild to foonr as I thocht
he would.

La. Why fhould he be kill'd?

Clu. So faie I Madam, if he runne away, as I heare he
does, the danger is in standing too', that's the loffe of
men, thought he be the getting of children. Herehe
come will tell you more. For my part I loneely hear your
fone was run away.

Enter Helien and two Gentlemen.

French E. Saw you good Madam,

Hel. Madam, my Lord is gone, for ever gone.

French G. Do not fay fo.

La. Take unke upon patience, pray you Gentlemen,
I haue feen to many quirkes of joy and greefe,
That the first face of neither on the flare
Can woman me vntoo't. Where is my fone I pray you?

Fren. G. Madam he's gone to fette the Duke of Flo-
rence.

We met him thitherward, for thence we came:
And after fome dispach in hand at Court,
Thither we bend againe.

Hel. Looke on his Letter Madam, here's my Paffport.

When thou canst get the King upon thy finger, which neuer
Shall come off, and faw me a child begetten of thy body,
That I am father too then call me husband: but in such a (then)
I write a Nether.

This is a dreadfull fentence.

La. Brought you this Letter Gentlemen?
1 e. I Madam, and for the Contentes fake are forrie
for our paines.

Old La. I præche Ladie haue a better cheere,
If thou engroffe, all the greeses are thine,
Thou robb all of a moity: He was my fone,
But I do waft 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 fouldier,

Fren. G. Such is his noble purpofe, and beleue't
The Duke will lay vpon him all the honor
That good conuenency claims.

La. Returne you thither.

Fren. E. I Madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. Till I haue no wife, I haue nothing in France,
'Tis biffer.

La. Finde you that there?

Hel. I Madam.

Fren. E. 'Tis but the boldneffe of his hand haply, which
his heart was not confenting too.

Lad. Nothing in France, untill he haue no wife:
There's nothing here that is too good for him
But onely the, and the deferves a Lord
That twenty such rude boyes might tend vpon,
And call her bountly Miftris, Who was with him?

Fren. E. A fervant onely, and a Gentleman: which I
haue sometime knowne.

La. Paroles was it not?

Fren. E. I my good Ladie, hee.

La. A verie tainted fellow, and full of wickedneffe,
My fone corrupts a well deritie nature
With his inducement.

Fren. E. Indeed good Ladie the fellow has a deal of
that, too much, which holds him much to haue.

La. Yare welcome Gentlemen, I will intreate you
When you fee my fone, to tell him that his word can
never winne the honors that he looef: more he intreate

you written to bear along.

**From G.** We see you Madam in that and all your worthiest affairs.

**La.** Not so, but as we change our courtesies,

Will you draw near?

**Hel.** Till I have no wife I have nothing in France.

Nothing in France until he has no wife.

Thou shalt have none Religion, none in France. Then hail thou all again; poor Lord, is't I That chafe thee from thy Countrie, and expost

Thee tender limbs of thine, to the extent

Of the none-sparing warre? And is it f

That drive thee from the sportive Court, where thou Wast vot at with faire eyes, to be the marke

Of mysoke Muskes? O thou leaden messengers,

That ride upon the violent speede of fire. Fly with faire syme, move the fill-peerings site

That fongs with piercing, do not touch the Lord;

Who ever shott at him, I let him there.

Whoe ever charges on his forward prett

I am the Cattifhe that do hold him too's,

And though I kill him not, I am the cause

His death was so effected: Better twere

I met the raine Lyon when he roard

With sharpe coast-ain of hunger: better twere,

That all the mittries which nature owes

Were mine at once. No come thou home Religion,

Whence honor but of danger winnes a face,

As oft it looles all, I will be gone;

My being here it is, that holds thee hence,

Shall I stay here to doot? No, no, although

The aye of Paradise did fan the houfe,

And Angles off id all: I will be gone,

That picturefull rumour may report my flight

To confolat thine eare. Come night, end day,

For with the dark (poore thefe) I stite ay, Exit.

**Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Religion, drum and trumpets, soldiers, Parrotet.**

**Duke.** The Generall of our horse thou art, and we

Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence

Upon thy promissing fortune.

**Ber.** Sit it is

A charge too heay for my strength, but yet

Wee tritate to bearce it for your worthy sake,

To the extreme edge of hazard.

**Duke.** Then go thou forth,

And fortune play upon thy proparous helme

As thy auspicious misfit.

**Ber.** This very day

Great Mars I put my selfe into thy file,

Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall proue

A dote of thy drumme, hater of loue. Exit From above.

Enter Countesse & Steward.

**La.** Alas! and would you take the letter of her:

Might you not know she would do, as she has done,

By lending me a Letter. Reade it again.

**Letter.**

I am S. James Pilgrim, thicker gone:

Ambitious love hath so in me offended,

That bare-footed I the cold ground upon

With painted vow my faults to have amended.

Write, write, that from the bloody court of warre, My deerest Mother, or deare some, may hit,

Blesse him at home in peace. Whilft I from farre,

His name with zealous fervant suiteth:

His taken labours bid me impos syre;

I his deisightfull I wound him forth,

From Countree friends, istic Camping most to live

Where death and danger doth the beales of worth;

He is too good and far for death, and more,

Whom I my selfe embrasse, to let him free.

Ah what sharpe turn, are in her mildest words?

Rynaldo, you did neuer take advice so much,

As letting her paff : had I spoke with her,

I could have well diverted her intents,

Which thus she hath prevented.

**St.** Pardon me Madam,

If I had guen you that at over-night,

She might have beene once-tane: and yet the writer

Purpofte would be baine.

**La.** What Angel shall

Bleste this vnworthy husband, he cannot thrive,

Vnfee her prayers, born heauen delights to here

And loues to grant, prece from the wrath

Of greatest Justice. Write, write Rynaldo,

To this vnworthy band of his wife,

Let euerie word with bannie her worth,

That he does weigh so light: my greatest greets,

Though little he doele it, set downe sharply.

Dispatch the most convenient messenger,

When haply he shall see that she is gone,

He will returne, and ope I may that thee

Hearing so much, w specede her foot againe,

Lod hither by pure lye: which of them both

Is deereft to me, I have no skill in fence

To make distinction provide this Messanger:

My heart is heauie, did mine age is weak,

Greene would hauieres, and sorrow bids me speake.

Exit.

**A T ket faire off.**

**Enter old Widdow, Florence, her daughter, Violante and Marianna, with other Citizens.**

**Widdow.** Nay con,

For if they do approch the City,

We shall loose all the fight.

**Diana.** They say the French Count has done

Most honourable service.

**Wid.** It is reported,

That he has taken th' greatt Commander,

And that with his owne hand he slew

The Dukes brother: he have lost our labour,

They are gone a conter wise ways harte,

you may know by the Trumpets.

**Marina.** Come le returne againe,

And suffice our felue with the report of it.

Well Diana, take he lof this French Estaty.

The honor of a Maie is her name,

And no Legacie is fo ch.

Ah honestie,

**Widdow.** I have to my neibour

How you have beene slicited by a Gentleman

His Companion,
Mar. I know that knaue, hang him, one Parrold, a bafy Officer heis in thofe fuggifions for the young Eafe, beware of them Diana: their promifes, entitlements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of loft, are not the things they go vnder: many a maide hath beene seduced by them, and the militer is example, that to terrible fhews in the wracke of maidenhood, cannot for all that diftinde fucceffion, but that they are lined with the twigges that threatens them. I hope I need not aduife you further, but I hope your owne grace will keepe you where you are, though there were no further danger knowne, but the modifie which is fo loft.

Diu. You fhall not neede to fear me.

Enter Helen.

wid. I hope to : bookie here comes a pilgrim, I know she will lee at my house, thither they fend one another, Ile queftion her. God fave you pilgrim, whether are bound?

Hel. To S. Loues la grand. Where do the Palmers lodge, I do befeech you?

wid. At the S. Francis here beside the Port.

Hel. Is this the way? 

wid. 1 marry if. Harke you, they come this way: if you will tarrie holy Pilgrime till the troopes come by, I will conduct you where you fhall be lodgd, the rather for I think I know your hoffelfe as ample as my felfe.

Hel. Is it your felfe ?

wid. If you fhall please fo Pilgrime, Hel. I thanke you, and will fay vpon your leisure. If you came I thinke from France ?

Hel. I did fo.

wid. Here you fhall fee a Countrman of yours. That has done worthy fervice, Hel. His name Ipray you?

Diu. The Count Roffifion : know you fuch a one?

Hel. But by the care that heares molt nobly of him: His face I know not.

Diu. What fometime he is Hel. He bravelly taken here. He ftole from France as it is reported: for the King had married him against his liking. Thanke you it is fo ?

Hel. I furely meere the truth, I know his Lady. Div. There is a Gentilman that fernes the Count, reports but courtefy of her.

Hel. What's his name ?

Diu. Monfieur Parrold.

Hel. Oh I beleue you, in argument of praffe or, or to the worth of the great Count himfelfe, he is too meane To.hiue her name repeated, all her deferving Is a referved honefitye, and that Ihauue not heard examin'd.

Diu. Alas poore Lady, To a hard bondage to become the wife Of a detefting Lord.

wid. I write good creature, wherefouer she is, Her heart waifes fadly: this yong maid might do her A good turne if the pleas'd: Hel. How do you meane ? May be the amorous Count felicitats her In the unlawful purpofe.

wid. He doth indeede, And brookes with all that can in such a suites

Corrupt the tender honour of a Maide:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard In honeftie defence.

Drumme and Colours.

Enter Count Roffifion, Parrold, and the whole Armie.

Mar. The goddes forbide els.

wid. So, now they come: That is Anthony the Dukelelder tonne, That Efcalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman ?

Diu. He, That with the plume, 'tis a moft gallant fellow, I would lou'd his wife : if he were honefter He were much goodlier. Is't not a handfom Gentleman Hel. I like him well.

Diu. 'Tis pitty he is not honefthyonds that fame knaue That leads him to thefe places : were this Ladie, I would poeton that vile Rafeall.

Hel. Which is he ?

Diu. That lacke an-apes with scarfed. Why is he melancholly?

Hel. Perchance he s hurt ith battaile.

Tar. Loofe our drum? Well.

Mar. He's threadly vext at something. Looke he has fpyed vs.

wid. Marre hang you.

Mar. And your curtesie, for a ring-carrier. Exit. Wid. The troope is past : Come pilgrim, I will bring you, Where you fhall holt: Of injoynd penitents There's four or fie, to great S. Loues bound, Alreadie at my houfe.

Hel. I humbly thank you: Pleafce it this Matron, and this gentle Maid To eat with vs to night, the charge and thanking Shall be for me, and to requite you further, I will beftow fome precepts of this Virgin, Worthy the note.

Both. Wee'ltake your offer kindly, Exeunt.

Enter Count Roffifion and the Frenchmen, as at Fyrst.

Cap.E. Nay good my Lord put him too't: let him have his way.

Cap.G. If you Lordhippe finde him not a Hilding, hold me no more in your refpeft.


Ber. Do you think I am fo fare Deceived in him.

Cap.E. Beleeue it my Lord, in mine owne direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speake of him as my kinman, hee's a moft notable Coward, an infinite and endlefe Lyr, an hourly promife-breaker, the owner of no one good qualitie, worthy your Lordhiphs entertainment.

Cap.G. It were fit you knew him, least reproing too fare in his vertue which he hath not, he might at some great and truftie businesse, in a maine daunger, fayle you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

Cap. G. None better then to let him fetch off his drumme, which you hear him so confidently vnder-take to do.

C.E. 1 with a troop of Florentines wil soydainly fur-
prize him; such I will have whom I am sure he knows
not from the enemy: we will bind and hoodwink
him so, that he shall suppose no other; but that he is
ca\nried into the Leager of the adueraries, when we bring
him to our owne tents: be but your Lordship pres\nt
at his examination, if he do not for the promise of his
life, and in the highest complusion of base fear, offer
to betray you, and declare all the intelligence in his power
against you, and that with the divine forfeite of his
sole upon oath, never trust my judgement in an\tie.

Cap.G. O for the loue of laugher, let him fetch his
drumme, he fayes he has a stratagem for: when your
Lordship fees the bottome of this successfull, and to
what mettale this counterfeite hump of ours will be mel\ted, if you give him not John drummes entertainment,
your inclining cannot be remoued. Herce he comes.

Enter Parolles.

Cap.E. O for the loue of laugher hinder not the ho\nor
of his defigne, let him fetch off his drumme in any
hand.

Ber. How now Monsieur? This drumme ficks fore\ly in your disposition.

Cap.G. A pox on't, let it go, 'tis but a drumme.

Par. But a drumme: lift but a drumme? A drum to lo\ft. There was excellent command, to charge in with
ours horse upon ours owne wings, and to rend our owne
fouldiers.

Cap.G. That was not to be blam'd in the command of
the seruice: it was a disaffter of warre that Caesar him
selfe could not haue prevented, if he had beene there to
command.

Ber. Well, wee cannot greatly condemne our suc\celle: some difhonor wee had in the losse of that drum,
but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have beeuen recovered,

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered, but that the merit of ser\uice is fildome attributed to the true and exact perfec\tor, I would haue that drumme or another, or he in\cet.

Ber. Why if you have a stomacke, don't Monsieur: if
you thinke your mysterie in farstagem, can bring this
infrument of honour againe into his nature quarter, be
magnanimous in the enterprise and go on, I will grace
the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speede well in
it, the Duke shall both speake of it, and extend to you
what further becomes his greatnesse, even to the vertue
fyllable of your worthinesse.

Par. By the hand of a fouldier I will vndertake it.

Ber. But you must not now flanke it in.

Par. Ibe about it this evening, and I will prefantly
pen downe my dilemmas, encourage my felle in my
certaintie, put my felle into my mortal preparation:
and by midnight looke to hearre further from me.

Ber. May I bee bold to acquaint his grace you are
gone about it.

Par. I know not what the succellle will be my Lord,
but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know th'art valiant,
And to the possibility of thy foudaries,
Will subscribe for thee: Farewell.

Par. I loue not many words.

Cap.E. No more then firth loues water. Is nothis
a strange fellow my Lord, that so confidencely seemes to
vndertake this businesse, which he knowes not to be
done, damnes himselfe to do, & dares better be damnd
then to do't.

Cap.G. You do not know him my Lord as we doe,
certaine it is that he will ftrike himselfe into a mans fis\ent,
and for a wecke escape a great deal of discov\ery,
but when you finde him out, you haue him ever\after.

Ber. Why do you thinke he will make no deede at
all of this that so seriuellie he doeth addresse himselfe
vato?

Cap.E. None in the world, but returne with an in\vention, and clap vpon you two or three probablelifts: but we have almoft imbost him, you shall see his fall\night; for indeede he is not for your Lordshippes re\spect.

Cap.G. Weele make you some sport with the For\ere we cale him. He was first smok'd by the old Lord
Lafew, when his disguife and he is parted, tell me what
a sprat you shall finde him, which you shall see this ve\rie night.

Cap.E. I must go looke my twiggles,
He shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother he shall go along with me.

Cap.G. As please your Lordship, Ile leave you.

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and shew you
the Laife I spoke of.

Cap.E. But you say he's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault: If, joke with hir but once,
And found her wondrous cold, I but lent to her
By this same Coxcombe that we haue i'th winde
Tokens and Letters, which she did refend,
And this is all I have done: She's a faire creature,
Will you go see her?

Cap.E. With all my heart my Lord.

Enter Hel. and Widdow.

Hel. If you mioldoute me that I am not frite,
I know not how I shall affure you further,
But I shall lose the grounds I worke vp on.

Wid. Though my effate be false, I was well borne,
Nothing acquainted with these businesyes,
And would not put my reputation now
in any fhaling ac.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First give me trueth, the Count he is my husband,
And what to your fworne counfale I have spoken,
Is fo from word to word; and then you cannot
By the good ayde that I of you fhall borrow,
Erric in beftowing it.

Wid. I should beleue you,
For you have shew'd me that which well approches
Y're great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purs of Gold,
And let me buy your friendly helpe thus farre,
Which I will ouer-pay, and pay againe
When I haue found it. The Count he woes your
daughter,
Layes downe his wanten fledge before her beautie,
Resolue to carrie her: let her in fine content
As weel direct her how 'tis best to beare it
Now his important blood will naught deny,
That theell demand: a ring the Countie weares,
That downward hath succeded in his house
From some to some, to one课文 of five consonants. 
Since the first voice were it. This Ring he holds. 
In the most rich choice; yet in his idle fire, 
To buy his will, it would not seem too deere, 
How ere repented after. 

 wid. Now I set the bottome of your purpose. 
 Hel. You see is lawfull then, it is no more, 
But that your daughter were the feme as wome, 
Defire this Ring; appoints him an encounter. 
In fine, deliver me to fill the time, 
Her self most chiefly absent; after 
To marry her, I see three thousand Crownes. 
To what is pass already. 

 wid. Thus ye yielded. 

Instruct my daughter how the shall perfect, 
That time and place with this ease to lawfull 
May prove coherent. Every night he comes! 
With Muske of all sorts, and longs compos'd. 
To her unworthiness; Nothing needs vs 
To chide him from our eues, for he perfils 
As if his life lay on. 

Hel. Why then to night 
Let vs affray our plot, which if it speed, 
Is wicked meaning in a lawfull deed; 
And lawfull meaning in a lawfull act, 
Where both not fine, and yet a sinfull fact. 
But let’s about it.

Actus Quartus.

Enter one of the Frenchmen, with five or six other soldiers in ambush. 

1. Lord E. He can come no other way but by this hedge corner: when you fallie upon him, speake what terrible Language you will: though you understond it not your felues, no matter; for we must not seeme to understond him, violfe some one among vs, whom wee must produce for an Interpreter. 

1. Sol. Good Captaine, let me be th’ Interpreter. 

Lo. E. Art not acquainted with him? knowes he not thy voice? 


Lo. E. But what linsie wolffy haft thou to speake to vs againe. 

1. Sol. En such as you speake to me. 

Lo. E. He must think vs some band of strangers, I th’ adversaries entertainment. Now he hath a smake of all neighboring Languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his owne fancies, not to know what we speake to another; so we semee to know, is to know straight our purpose: Choughs language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you Interpreter, you must seem very politickey. But couch hea, heere hee comes, to beguile two hours in a sleepe, and then to returne & iwear the lies he forges.

Enter Parrotis. 

Par. Ten elocks: Within these three hours ‘twill be time enough to goe home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very pleasant intention that carries it. They beginne to smoke me, and disgraces have of late, knock’d too often at my doore: I finde my tongue is too foole-hardie, but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue. 

Le. E. This is the first truth that ere thine own tongue was guiltie of. 

Par. What the devil should move mee to vndertake the recovery of this drumme, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give my selfe some humts, and lay I got them in exploit: yet fiftig ones will not carrie it. They will say, came you off with so little? And great ones I dare not give, wherfore what’s the infiniteness. Tongue, I must put you into a butter-womans mouth, and buy my selfe another of Banancks Mule, if you prattle mee into these perillers. 

Le. E. Is it possible he should know what hee is, and be that he is. 

Par. I would the cutting of my garments wood ferue the turne, or the breaking of my Spanish sword. 

Le. E. We cannot afford you fo. 

Par. Or the baring of my beard, and to say it was in fratsagem. 

Le. E. ‘Twould not do. 

Par. Or to drowne my clothes, and say I was stript, 

Le. E. Hardly ferue. 

Par. Though I wore I leapt from the window of the Citadell. 

Le. E. How depe & 

Par. Thirty fadome. 

Le. E. Three great oaths would scarce make that be beleued, 

Par. I would I had any drumme of the enemies, I would sweare I recovered it. 

Le. E. You shall hear one anon. 

Par. A drumme now of the enemies. 

Alarum within. 

Le. E. Thro’a mouonsea, cargo, cargo, cargo. 

All. Cargo, cargo, cargo, villandia par corbo, cargo. 

Par. O ranome, ranome, 

Do not hide mine eyes. 

Inter. Boskes thromulda boskes. 

Par. I know you are the Monkes Regiment, 

And I shall loose my life for want or language. If there be here German or Dane, I ow Dutch, Italian, or French, let him speake to me, 

Ie discoer that, which shall vnde the Florentine. 

Inter. Boske vndercade, I understond thee, & can speake thy tongue: Bereij bene be, bereke thee to thy faith, for these tene ponards are at thy boftome. 

Par. Oh. 

Inter. Oh pray, pray, pray, 

Monkeys name duke. 

Le. E. Of forbodechels volwures. 

Int. The General is content to spare thee yet, and hoodwinkes as thou art, will leade thee on 

To gather from thee. Haply thou mayst informe 

Something to faue thy life. 

Par. O let me live, 

And all the secrets of our campe Ie fhow, 

Their force, their purposes: Nay, Ile speake that, 

Which you will wonder at. 

Inter. But wilt thou faithfully? 

Par. If I do not, damme me. 

Inter. Acerd o linta. 

Come on, thou are granted space.

A short Alarum within. 

Lo. E
Enter Bertram and the Maid called Diana.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontybell.
Dis. No my good Lord, Diana.

Ber. Tis God se, and worth it with addition: but faire fole,
In your ftreight frame hath love no qualitie?
If the quicke fire of youth light not your minde,
You are no Maidien but a monument
When you are dead you fould be fuch a one
As you are now: for you are cold and iferone,
And now you should be as your mother was
When your sweetft ftill is got.
Dis. She then was honest,
Ber. So fhould you be.

Dis. No,
My mother did but dutie, fuch (my Lord)
As you owe to your wife.
Ber. No more a that:
I prethee do not flirce againft my voyes:
I was compell'd to her, but I love thee
By loyes owne fweet contraint, and will for euer
Do thee all rights of tenure.
Dis. To your verrs
Till we ftrong you, when vou have our Roes,
You barely leave our thrones to p take our thrones,
And moche vs with our bairnelfe.
Ber. How ftrong a favorne.

Dis. In not the many oathes that makes the truth,
But the plaine fingle vow, that is vow'd true:
What is not holie, that we fwear not by,
But take the hight fit to winne: then pray you tell me.
If I fould fwear by Knes great attrIBUTES,
I fould you deeply, would you beleue my oathes,
When I did lone you? This shas no holding
To fwear by who I promifed to love
That I will workke againft him. Therefore your oathes
Are words and poore conditions, but unless'd
At left in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it:
Be not fo holy cruell. Loue is holie,
And my integritie I'me know the crafts
That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,
But give thy felfe vnoy my ficke defines,
Who then recoires. Say thou art mine, and euer
My love as he begines, shall fo perfuer.
Dis. I fee that men take rope's in fuch a scare
That we'll forake our felues. Give me that Ring.
Ber. He lend it thee my deere; but have no power
To give it from me.
Dis. Will you not my Lord?
Ber. It is an honoure longing to our house,
Bequeath'd downe from many Ancestors,
Which were the gratest oblique rith world,
In mee to loose. This your owne proper wifedom
Brings in the Champion honor on my part,
Against your vain allure.

Ber. Here, take my Ring.
My houfe, mine honor, yea my life be thine,
And I be bid by thee.

Dis. When midnight come, knocke at my chamber window:
Ile order take, my mother fshall not here.
Now will I charge you in the band of truthe,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden-bed,
Remaine there but an houre, nor speake to mee:
My reafons are mofl strong, and you fhall know them,
When backe againe this Ring, fhall be deliver'd:
And on your finge in the night, Ile put
Another Ring, that what in time proceeds,
May token to the future, our paft deeds.
Adieu till then, then faila not: you have wonne
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heauen on earth I have won by wooing thee,
Dis. For which, Ione long to thank both heaven & me,
You may fo in the end.
My mother told me that he would woo,
As if the fate in his heart. She fayes, all men
Have the like oathes: He had fsworne to marrie me
When his wife's dead: therefore Ile lie with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are fo braide,
Marry that will, I live and dye a Maid:
Onely in this di Qui, I think not no inne,
To cofen him that would vnfully winne.

Enter the two french Captaines, and some two or three Sidonauts.

Cap. G. You have not given him his mothers letter.
Cap. E. I have deliver'd it an houre afore, there is fome thing in't that flings his natur: for on the reading it,
he chang'd almoft into another man.

Cap. G. He has much worthy blamet laid upon him,
for ftaking off fo good a wife, and fo fweet a Lady.

Cap. E. Efpicilly, he hath incurfed the everlafting difpieture of the King, who had even tuned his bounty
To finge happineffe to him, I will tell you a thing, but
you fhall let it dwell darkly with you.

Cap. G. When you have spoken it 'tis dead, and I am the graue of it.

Cap. E. Hee hath peruvserd a young Gentlewoman heere in Florence, of a mofl chaffe renown, & this night
he flefts his will in the fpoiie of her honour: hee hath
given her his monumentall Ring, and thinkes himfelfe
made in the vnchaffe composition.

Cap. G. Now God delay our rebellion as we are our felues,
what things are we.

Cap. E. Merely our owne traitours. And as in
the common course of all treasons, we ftil leem them reafone
themfelves, till they attaine to their abbore ends: fo
he that in this action continues againft his owne Nobilit
in his proper fireame, ore-flowers himfelfe.

Cap. G. Is it not meane remarkable, to be Trumpeters of our unlawfull intents? We fhall not then have
his company to night?

Cap. E. Not till after midnight: for hee is diered to his houere.

Cap. G. That approaches space: I would gladly have
him fee his company anathemiz'd, that hee might take

All's Well that ends Well.
Our Portartor of a... the good day, and deceiu'd the... for, and the second... Will he trouble higher, or returne againe into France?... I perceive by this demand, you are not alter-... of his counsell. Cap. E. Let it be forbid sir, so should I bee a great... daughter. Cap. G. Sir, his wife some two months since fledde from his house, her presence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le grand; which holy undertaking, with most un-... &... Cap. G. Hath the Count all this intelligence?... I, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verite. Cap. E. I am heartily fortie that hee shall be gladde of this... Cap. G. How mightily sometimes, we make vs comforts of our offees. Cap. E. And how mightily some other times, wee drawne our gaine in teares, the great dignitie that his valour hath here acquird for him, shall at home be en-... Cap. G. The weble of our life is of a mingled yarne, good and ill together: our vertues would bee proved, if our faults whip them not, and our crimes would dis-... or we were not cherish'd by our vertues.

Enter a messenger. How now! Where's your master? Ser. He met the Duke in the street sir, of whom he hath taken a false name; his Lordship will next morning for France. The Duke hath offered him Letters of commendations to the King.

Cap. E. They shall bee no more then needfull there, if they were more then they can commend.

Enter Count Ruffilian. Ber. They cannot be too sweete for the Kings tart-... Cap. E. I have to night dispatch d sixteene busyness, a months length a piecee, by an abstracet of busynesse: I have conuied with the Duke, done my aduice with his necerly, buried a wife, moun'd for her, writ to my La-... but the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

Cap. E. If the busynesse bee of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haff of your Lordship.

Ber. I mean the busynesse is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter: but shall we have this dialogue between the Poole and the Soldiour. Come, bring forth this counterfeit module, ha a decein'd mee, like a double-meaning Prophetier.

Cap. E. Bring him forth, he's fat eith foakes all night poore gallant knave, Ber. No matter, his heelles hate deffer'd it, in vthur-... Cap. E. I have told your Lordship alreadie: The foakes carrie him. Butte anfwer you as you would be underftood, hee wepees like a wench that had fided her milke, he hath confelt himfelfe to Morgan, whom hee supposse to be a Friar, fio the time of his remembrance to this very iniant defafter of his feting ith foakes: and what thinke you he hath confelt?

Ber. Nothing of me, ha's? Cap. E. His confeflion is taken, and it shall bee read to his face, if your Lordship be in't, as I beleue you are, you must have the patience to heare it.

Enter Parrelles with his Interpreter. Ber. A plague upon him, muffelf he can say nothing of me: hith, hith.

Cap. G. Hooldmman comes: Portarctariffa. Int. He calleth for the tortures, which will you without en... Par. I will confetle what I know without constraint, if I printh mee as a Pally, I can say no more.

Int. Bejke Chimnachis. Cap. Babbledando chiscumrunc. Int. You are a mercifull Generall: Our Generall bids you anfwer to what I shall aske you out of a Note. Par. And truly, as I hope to live. Jut. First demand of him, how many horfe the Duke is Strong. What fay you to that?

Par. Five or fix thousand, but very weake and un-... Par. Do, he take the Sacrament on'th, & which way you will: all's one to him. Ber. What a pale-faing lane is this?

Cap. G. Y'are deceit't my Lord, this is Mounfeir Parrelles the gallant mulitriff, that was his owne phraze that had the whole theoretic of warre in the know of this fcarf, and the praftife in the chape of his dagger.

Cap. E. I will never traut a man againe, for keeping his fword cleane, nor beleue he can have euerie thing in him, by weareing his apparel neatly.

Int. Well, that's fet done.

Par. Five or fix thousand horfe I fed, I will fay true, or thereabouts fett done, for he fpeake true. Cap. G. He's very neere the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poore rogues, I pray you fay, Int. Well, that's fett done.

Par. I humbly thank you sir, a truth's a truth, the Rogues are muzulous poore.

Intem. Dehiaud of him of what strength they are a foot. What fay you to that?

Par. By my troth sir, if I were to live this prentic... hours, I will tell true. Let me fe, Spurio a hundred &
Bere. He shall be whipp'd through the Army with this time in his forehead.

Cap. F. This is your devoted friend sir, the manifold Linguitit, and the army-potent foeldier.

Bere. I could endure any thing before but a Cat, and now he's a Cat to me.

Int. I perceive by sir your Generals lookes, we shall be faine to hang you.

Par. My life sir in any case: Not that I am afraid to dye, but that my officers being many, I would repeat out the remainder of Nature. Let me live Sir in a dangerous, 1'th flocks, or any where, so I may live.

Int. We'll see what may be done, so you confesse freely; therefore once more to this Capaine Domaine: you have answered to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour. What is his honfifie?

Par. He will fcale Sir an Egge out of a Cloifier: for rapes and raifiments he parfals Neffis. He profefles not keeping of oaths, in breaking em he is stronger then Hercules. He will lyre Sir, with fuch volubilitie, that you would think truth were a foole: drunkenffe is his beft vertue, for he will be wine-drinke, and in his sleepy he does little harme, faue to his bed-cloathes about him: but they know his conditions, and lay him in Straw. I haue but little more to fay Sir of his honefth, he ha's cure thing that an honeft man fhould not haue; what an honeft man should haue, he has nothing.

Cap. G. I begin to loue him for this.

Bere. For this description of thine honefth? A pox upon him forme, he's more and more a Cat.

Int. What fay you to his experffenffe in warre?

Par. Faith Sir, he's led the drumme before the English Tragedians to belye him I will not, and more of his fudleerhip I know not, except in that Country, he had the honour to be the Officer at a place there called Melleend, to instruct for the doubling of fidges. I would doe the man what honourn I can, but of this I am not certaine.

Cap. G. He hath out-villain'd villainie fo farre, that the rarite redeemes him.

Bere. A pox on him, he's a Cat fill.

Int. His qualities being at this poore price, I neede not to fay you, if Gold will corrupt him to reuolts.

Par. Sir, for a Cardece he will fell the fee-fimpl of his filation, the inheritance of it, and cut th'imtale from all remains, and a perpetuall fuccifion for it perpetually.

Int. What's his Brother, the other Capaine Domaine?

Cap. E. Why do's he ask him of me?

Int. What's he?

Par. Etho a Crow a'th fame neft: not altogether fo great as the first in goodniffe, but greater a great deal in euill. He excuses his Brother for a coward, yet his Brother is reputed one of the beft that is. In a recreate bee out-rumes any Lackey; marry in comming on, he he's the Graunge.

Int. If your life be fued, will you undertake to betray the Florence.

Par. I, and the Capaine of his horse, Count Raffilion.

Int. He whisper with the Generall, and knowes his pleafure.

Par. He no more drumming, a plague of all drummers, onely to feeme to deliberate well, and to beguile the suppo-

Int. Let. When he swears oaths, but him drop gold, and takes it:

After he fecret, he never pays the fcore: He felf wen is match well made match and well make it,
He never pays after debts, take it before,
And fay a fouldier (Dian) told thee this:
Men are so well with, boyes are not to kis.
fition of that lascivious yong boy the Count, haue I run
into this danger: yet who would haue supped an ambu-
hush where I was taken?

Int. There is no remedy fir, but you must dye: the
Generall says, you that haue so traitorously discovered
the secrets of your army, and made such peffiffors re-
ports of men very nobly held, can ferue the world for
no honefi vie: therefore you must dye. Come headfi-
man, off with his head.

Par. O Lord fir letme live, or let me see my death.

Int. That thall you, and take your leave of all your
friends: So, looke about you, know you any heere?

Cost. Good morrow noble Capitaine.

La.E. God bleffe you Captaine Parallel.

Cap. G. God fave you noble Capitaine.

La.E. Captaine, what greeting will you to my Lord
Lafen? I am for France.

Cap. G. Good Capitaine will you give me a Copy of
the fommet you write to Diana in behalf of the Count
Roffilflen, and I were not a Vere Coward, I'de compel-
it of you, but far you well. Extent.

Int. You are vndone Capitaine all but your fearfi,
that has a knoe on yet.

Par. Who cannot be cruft'd with a plot?

Inter. If you could finde out a Courtie where but
women were that had receiued to much fame, you
might begin an impudent Nation. Fare ye well fir, I
am for France too, I fhall speake of you there. Exie
Per. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great
Twould burn at this: Captaine Ibe no more,
But I will eat, and drink, and fleep as soft
As Captaine fhall. Simply the thing I am
Shall make me lie: who knowes himselfe a braggart.
Let him fear this: for it will come to paffe,
That every braggart fhall be found an As.
Ruff sword, coole blufhes, and Parallel lieu
Safeft in fhamé: being too'd, by fool're thrie; That
there's place and meanes for every man alio. Ile after them. Exit.

Enter Hellen, widow, and Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceiue I haue not
wrong'd you,
One of the greateft in the Christian world
Shall be my furietié: for whofe right 'tis needfull
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneele.
Time was, I did him a defired office
Deere amhoft as his life, which gratitude
Through flintie Tartars boffome would pepe forth,
And anfwer thankes. I duly am inform'd,
His grace is at Marcella, to which place
We haue conformity conouy: you must know
I am suppozed dead, the Army breaking,
My husband hies him home, where heauen sayding,
And by the leau of my good Lord the King,
We'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle Madam,
You neuer had a fervant to whofe truth
Your bufines was more welcome.

Hel. Nor your Misfitris
Euer a friend, whofe thoughts more truly labour
To recompen your love: Doubt not but heauen
Hath brought me vp to be your daughters dower,
As it hath fated her to be my moitive

And helper to a husband. But O strange men,
That can fhuch sweet vie: make of what they hate,
When favourable truf ting of the confent thoughts
Defiles the pitchey night, fo luft doth play
With what it loathes, for that which is away,
But more of this hereafter: you Diana,
Vnder my poore inftructions yet muft suffer
Something in my behalfe,

Duf. Let death and honefie
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Vpon your will touffer,

Hel. Yet I pray you:
But with the world the time will bring on summer,
When Briars fhall have leaves as well as thornes,
And be as sweet as flante: we muft away,
Our Wagon is prepar'd, and time reuiues vs,
All's well that ends well, still the fines the Crowne;
What ere the courfe, the end is the renowne. Extent.

Exeunt.

Laf. No, no, no, your fonne was milled with a fnaip
taffats fellow thre, whole vilious faffion would haue
made all the vub'd and dowy youth of a nation in his
colour: your daughter in law had beene alive at this
houre, and your fotine here at home, more aduanct by
the King, then by that red-taill'd humble Bee I fpeak of

Laf. I would I had not knowne him, it was the death of
the moft vertuous gentlewoman, that ever Naure
had prafs for creating. If she had per taken of my fhets
and cloth mee the deereft groanes of a mother, I could
not have owed her a more rooted loue.

Laf. Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady. Wee
may picke a thound fallets ere wee light on fuch
other heart.

Clo. Indeed fir the was the fweete Margerom of the
fallet, or rather the heartes of grace.

Laf. They are not heartes you knowe, they are no
heares.

Clo. I am no great Nabuchadnezzar fir, I haue not
much skill in grace.

Laf. Whether doeft thou profess thy felfe, a knave
or a fool?

Clo. A fool fir at a womans fervice, and a knave at a
mans.

Laf. Your distinction.

Clo. I would oufent the man of his wife, and do his
fervice.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service indeed.

Clo. And I would giue his wife my bauble fir to doe
her fervice.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave
andfoole.

Clo. At your fervice.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why fir, if I cannot ferue you, I can ferue as
great a prince as you are.

Laf. Whole that, a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith fir a has an English maine, but his figno-
mie is more hotter in France then there.

Laf. What prince is this?

Clo. The blacke prince fir, alias the prince of darke-
neffe, alias the duell.

Laf. Hold thee there's my purfe, I giue thee not this
to luggeft thee from thine master thou talk't off, ferue
him full,
Cle. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that alwaies loued a great fire, and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire, but sence he is the Prince of the world, let his Nobility remaine in his Court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pompe to enter: some that humble themselues may, but the nature will be too chill and tender, and theye bee for the flowre way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Lof. Go thy wayes, I begin to bee a wearey of thee, and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy wayes, let my horses be wel look'd too, without any tricks.

Cle. If I put any tricks upon em for, they shall bee, or I shall, as ladies tricks, which are their owne right by the law of Nature.

Lof. A fireweld knasse and an unhappey.

Lady. So aye. My Lord that's gone made himselfe much sorte out of him, by his authoriteit hee remaines here, which he thinkes is a patten for his favoure, and in deed he has no pace, but runnes where he will.

Lof. I like him well, 'tis not amiss: and I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good Ladie death, and that my Lord your fonne was vpon his return home. I moued the King my master to speake in the behalf of my daughter, which in the minoritie of them both, his Maiestie out of a selfe-gracious remembrance did first propose, his Highnesse hath promis'd me to doe it, and to loope vp the displeasure he hath concerned against your sonne, there is no fitter matter. How do your Ladyship like it?

La. With verie much content my Lord, and I wish it happily effect.

Lof. His Highnesse comes post from Marcellus, of as able bodie as when he number'd thirty, a will bee to mee now, or I am deceiv'd by him that in such intelligence hath feldome fal'd.

La. I rejoicys me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that your sonne will bee heere to night: I shall beeleece your Lord shipp to remaine with mee, till they meeet together.

Lof. Madam, I was thinking with what manner I might safely be admitted.

La. You neede but please your honourable privyledge.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter, but I thank my God, it holds yet.

Enter Clowne.

Cle. O Madam, yonders my Lord your sonne with a patch of veluet on his face, whether there bee a scarnder or no, the Veluet knowes, but 'tis a goodly patch of Veluet, his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is wore bare.

Laf. A scarre nobly got, or an able scarse, is a good liu'rie of honor, so belike is that.

Cle. But it is your caubinado'd face.

Laf. Let vs go see your sonne I pray you. I long to talke with the yong noble houndier.

Clowne. "Faith there's a dozen of em, with delicate fine hatts, and molt courteous featheres, which bow the head, and nod at cuerie man."

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Exeunt.
Par. Pray you fir deliver me this paper.

Cla. Foh, prethief stand away; a paper from fortunes clofe, to give to a Nobleman. Look here he comes himself.

Enter Lafon.

Cla. Heere is a purre of Fortunes fir, or of Fortunes Care, but not a Mafcat, that he's fall into the vncheane fish-pond of her displeasure, and as he fayes is muddied whithall. Pray you, Sir, the Carpe as you may, for he lookes like a poore decayed, ingenuous, foolish, racall 

Laf. I doe pittie his diftreffe in my smilkes of comfort, and leave him to your Lordship.

Par. My Lord I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly 

Cla. And what would you haue me to doe? 'Tis too late to paire her nailes now. Wherein haue you played the fawne with fortune that she fould scratch you, who of her felie is a good Lady, and would not haue knaues thrive long? There is a Cardewc for you: Let the fuites make you and fortune friends; I am for other businesse.

Par. I befeech you honour to heare me one single word, haue, your worke.

Par. My name my good Lord is Paroles.

Laf. You beget more then word then. Cox my patron, give me your hand: How does your drumme?

Par. Oony good Lord, you were the firft that found me.

Laf. Was I infoothing? And I was the firft that looke thee. Par. It lies in you my Lord to bring me in some grace for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee knaue, doe thou put upon mee at once both the office of God and the Duke 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 talk of you last night, though you are a fool and a knaue, you shal cease, goe too, follow. Par. I praffe God for you.

(Enter King, old Lady, Paroles, the two French Lords, and attendants.

Kim. We left a Jew well of her, and our ejectee

Cla. Was made much poorer by it: but your fonne,

As mad in folly, lackt the fence to know

Kim. Her estimation home, Old La. 'Tis past my Liege,

And I befeech your Maiestie to make it

Naturall rebellion, done it without your leave,

Kim. Of my honour'd Lady, I have forgiven and forgotten all,

Though my euences were high bent upon him,

And watch'd the time to choose.

Laf. This I must say,

But firft I begge my pardon: the yong Lord

Did to his Maiestie, his Mother, and his Ladie,

Kim. Offence of mighty note; but to him selfe

The greatest wrong of all. He left a wife,

Whate beauty did affluence the fortune

Kim. Their faire eyes; whose words all cares tooke captiue,

Kim. Whole deere perfection, hearts that scorn'd to issue,

Humbly call'd Misfris.

Kim. Praising what is loft,

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Par. Pray you Sir deliver me this paper.
That the may quickly come. By my old beard. And e'ter hair that's on't, 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.

Bey, Hers it was not.

King. Now pray you let me see it. For mine eye, While I was speaking, of was fallen to too: This ring was mine, and when I gave it Helen, I bad her if her fortunes euer floode Necessitated to help, that by this token I would release her. Had you that craft to reseach her Of what should read her moth?

Bey. My gracious Soueraigne, How ere it pleases you to take it fo, The ring was never hers.

Old La. Sonne, on my life I have seene her wear it, and she reckn'd it At her looks rate.

Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it.

Bey. You are deecmtary Lord, the neuer saw it.

In Florence it was from a cememt throwne mee, Wrath'd in a paper, which contain'd the name Other that threw it: Noble she was, and thought I stood ingag'd, but when I had subter'd To mine owne fortune, and inform'd her fully, I could not anwer in that course of Honour As she had made the outerc, the ccaft In heauie satisfac'lion, and would neuer Receive the Ring again.

Kim. Plashes himselfe, That knowes the time and multiplying med'cine, Hath not in natures mysterie more scenere, Then I haue in this Ring. Twas mine, twas Helen, Whose euer gaue it you: then if you know That you are well acquainted with your selfe, Confesse twas hers, and by whatough enforcement You got it from her. She call'd the Saints to fertie, That she would neuer put it from her finger, Vnlesse she gaue it to your selfe in bed, Where you have neuer come: or lent it vs Upon her great disaffter.

Bey. She never saw it.

Kim. Thou speak'st it falsely: as I love mine Honor, And mak'st connex'small errors to come into me, Which I would faine put oft, if it should prove That thou art so inhumane, I will not prove so: And yet I know not, thou didn't hafe her deadly, And she is dead, which nothing but to clofe Her eyes my felle, could win me to beleue, More then to see this Ring. Take him away, My fore-paff proofs, how e're the matter fall Shall taze my fantes of little vanitie, Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him, We'll fit this matter further.

Bey. If you shall proue This Ring was euer hers, you shall as esfe Proue that I haued her bed in Florence, Where yet the euer was.

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrap'd in diff'mal thinkings.

Gen. Gracious Soueraigne, Whether I have beene too blame or no, I know not, Here's a petition from a Floroentine, Who hath for foure or fite remours come short, To tender it her selle. I under'tookee it,

Vanquis'd thereto by the faire grace and speech Of the poore suppliant, who by this I know Is heere attending: her bunifelle lookes in her With an importing visage, and the told me In a sweet verbal brefe, it did concern

Your Highneffe with her selle.

A Letter.

Upon his many protestations to marri mee when his wife was dead, I flipt to fay it, he wou'd mee. Now is the Conne Refi'll to widowe, his owen are fortifie'd to mee, and my honors pay'd thee: Thus from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his Countrie for influc: Grant it me, O King, in you it beft lies, otherwise a f genom fliuet, and a poore Madam's-endene.

Diana Capilet.

Laf. I will buy me a fonne in Law in a faire, and roule for this. It neone of him.

Kim. The heauens have thought well on thee Laffe, To bring forth this diff'mer, feeke these futors: Go speedily, and bring againe the Count.

Enter Berranm.

I am a-feard the life of Helen (Lodic) Was fowly snatcht.

Old La. Now juftice on the doors.

King. I wonder fir, fir, wiuues are monfters to you, And that you flye them as you swearre them Lordhip, Yet you define to marry. What woman's that?

Enter Widdow, Diana, and Parroles.

Dian. I am my Lord a retouched Florentine, Derived from the ancient Capilet, My face as I do understand you know, And therefore know how faire I may be pittted.

Wid. I another Mother fir, whose age and honour Both suffer under this complaint we bring, And both shall ceafe, without your remedie.

King. Come hether Count, do you know these Wo- men?

Bey. My Lord, I neither can nor will deigne, But that I know them, do they charge me further ?

Dey. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

Bey. She's none of mine my Lord.

Dey. If you shall marrie You give away this hand, and that is mine, You give away heauens vows, and thonne are mine: You give away my selle, which is knowne mine: For I by vow am so emboided yours, That the which marries you, must marrie me, Either both or none.

Laf. your reputation comes too short for my daughter, you are no husband for her.

Bey. My Lord, this is a fond and deep rate creature, Whom fonie time I have laugh'd with. Let your highnes Lay a more noble thought upon mine honours, Then for to thinke that I would finke it heere.

Kim. Sir for my thoughts, you have them it friend, Till your deeds gains them fairer: prove you honor, Then in my thought it lies.

Dian. Good my Lord, Ask him upon his oath, if hee do's thinke He had not my virginity.

Kim. What fai't thou to her?

Bey. She's impudent my Lord, And was a common gamefter to the Campe.

Dian. He do's me wrong my Lord: If we were fo, He might have bought me at a common price.

Do
Did not believe him. O behold this Ring,
Whose high respect and rich validity
Did lack a Parallel: yet for all that
He gave it to a Commoner a' th' Campe
If I be one,
Com. He blushes, and this hit:
Of late proceeding Antecedors, that remme
Corrected by remonstrance to their frequent issue
Hath it beene owed and worn. This is his wife,
That Ring's a thousand proofs.
King. I thought you false
You saw one here in Court could witness it.
Dias. I did my Lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an ingredient, his names Paroles.
Laf. I saw the man to day, if man he be,
Kin. Finde him, and bring him hither.
Ref. What of him?
He's quoted for a moft pe fidulous flave
With all the spots a' th' world, taxe and debosh'd,
Whose nature theens: but to speake a truth,
Am I, or that or this for what he'll voter,
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 boorded hir's that winon way of yesth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my estorne with her refrains,
As all impediments in fancies coule
Are motuies of more fancy, and in fine,
Her infinite comming with her moderne grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate, she got the Ring,
And I had that which any inferior might:
At Market price hau' bought.
Dias. I must be patient:
You that hau't turn'd o' a first so noble wife,
May usefully dyet me. I pray you yet.
(Shine you lacke vertue, I wil lose a husband)
Send for your Ring, I will retourn it home,
And giv me mine again.
Ref. I haue it not.
Kin. What Ring was yours I pray you?
Dias. Sir much like the fame upon your finger.
Kin. Know you this Ring, this Ring was his of late.
Dias. And this was it I gaue him being a bed.
Kin. The story then goes falle, you threw it him
Out of a Cafement.
Dias. I haue spoke the truth.
Ent Paroles.
Ref. My Lord, I do conteffe the ring was hers.
Kin. You boggie firely, every feather starts you:
Is this the man you speake of?
Dias. I, my Lord.
Kin. Tell me firrath, but tell me true I charge you,
Not fearing the displease of your mater:
Which on your luff proceeding, lie keepe off,
By him and by this woman heere, what know you?
Par. So please your Maiesty, my mater hath bin an
honorable Gentleman. Trickey hee hath had in him, which Gentlemen have.
Kin. Come, come, to th' purpose: Did hee love this
woman?
Par. Faith fir he did loue her, but bow.
Kin. How I pray you?
Par. He did loue her fir, as a Gent. loues 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-
Alls Well, that Ends Well.

'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, there is your King,
And looke you, heeres your letter: this it sayer,
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 love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appeare not plaine, and prove satrue,
Deadly divorce step betweene me and you.
O my deere mother do I fee you living?

Laf. Mine eyes smell Onions, I shall wepe anon:
Good Tom Drumme lend me a handkercher.
So I thanke thee, waite on me home, Ile make sport with thee:
Let thy curtises alone, they are scurvy ones.

King Let vs from point to point this storie know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow:
If thou beeft yet a fresh uncroppped flower,
Choose thou thy husband, and Ile pay thy dower.
For I can guess, that by thy honeft ayde,
Thou kepeft a wife her selfe, thy ielfe a Maide.
Of that and all the progress more and felfe,
Refoldueuly more fature shall exprefte:
All yet seemes well, and if it end fo meete,
The bitter past, more welcome is the fweet.

Flourifh.

T He Kings a Beggar, now the Play is done,
All is well ended, if this suite be wonne,
That you exprefte Content: which we will pay,
With ftrife to please you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts,
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts. Exeunt omi

FINIS.
Twelfth Night, Or what you will.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter Orsino Duke of Illyria, Curio, and other Lords.

Duke.

If Musick be the food of Love, play on,
Gieue me exerxe of it; that infenfing
The appetit may ficken, and fo dye.
That trains again, it had a dying fale.

O, if it come in my care, like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a baneke of Violetts;
Quelling, and giving Odour. Enough, no more,
'Tis not fo sweet now, as it was before.

O spirit of Love, how quieke and irefull art thou,
That notwithstanding thy capacite,
Receiveth as the Sea. Nought enters there,
Of what validity, and pitch fo ere,
But fallets into abatement, and low price
Even in a minute; so full of shapes is fancies,
That is alone, is high fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt my Lord?

Du. Why fo do, the Noblest that I have:
O when mine eyes did fee Olima fhew,
Me thought the purdt the eye of perficition;
That infall was I turn'd into a Hart,
And my desires like fell and cruel hounds,
Ere fince pursueth me. How now what newes from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So pleafe my Lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this antever:
The Element it felle, till feven yeares heate,
Shall not behold her face at ample view,
But like a Clowdefhe fhew will vailed walkte,
And water once a day her Chamber round
With eye-offending brine; all this to feation
A brothers dead loue, which shee would keep frefh
And lafting, in her fad remembrance.

Du. O the, if that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of loue but to a brother,
How felle the loue, when the rich golden fhift
Hath fill'd the flocke of all affections eile
That live in her. When Litter, Brainfe, and Heart,
These foueraines thrones, are all supply'd and fill'd
Her sweete perfections with one felle king:
Away before me, to sweet beds off Flowers,
Louve-thoughts lye rich, when canopy'd with bowres,

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Viola, a Captaine, and Sallors.

Viola. What Country (Friends) is this?

Cap. This is Illyria Ladie.

Viola. And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elizium,
Perchance he is not drownd' d: What thinke you saylers?

Viola. O my poor brother, and to perchance may he be.

Cap. True Madam, and to comfort you with chance,
Affure your felle, after our ship did flipt,
When you, and those poor number falted with you,
Hang on our driving boate: I faw your brother
Most prudent in peril, binde himfelfe,
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practife)
To a ftrong Maftre, that list'd upon the fea:
Where he like Olima on the Dolphins backe,
I faw him hold acquaintaine with the waues,
So long as I could fee.

Viola. For saying fo, there's Gold:
Mine owne escape unfouldeth to my hope,
Whereaso thy fpeech ferves for authoritie
The like of him. Know it then this Countrey?

Cap. I Madam well, for I was bred and borne
Not three hours traualle from this very place;
Viola. Who gouernes heere?

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 Bartcheller then.

Cap. And fo is now, or was fo very late:
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then twas frefh in murmur (as you know
What great ones do, the leffe will prattle of,)
That he did fecke the loue of faire Olima.

Viola. What's thence?

Cap. A veftsuous maid, the daughter of a Count
That did some twelvemonth fince, then leaving her
In the protection of his fonne, her brother,
Who shortly alio did: for whole deere loue
(They lay) the hath abjurd't the light
And company of men.

Viola. O that I fend't at Lady,
And might not be deliverd to the world

Y a.
Till I had made mine owne occasion mellow
What my estate is.

Cap. That were hard to compass,
Because the will admit no kinds of suite,
No, not the Dukes.

Vio. There is a faire behaviour in thee Captain,
And though that nature, with a beautious wall
Doth oft clothe in pollution yet of thee
I believe thou hast a minde that fuiteth
With this thy faire and outward character.
I prethee (and Ie pay thee bounteously)
Conceale me what I am, and be my syde,
For such disigne as happily shall become
The forme of my intent. I leue this Duke,
Thou shalt present me as an Eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains: for I can finge,
And speake to him in many sorts of Muficke,
That will shew me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit,
Onely fluse thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his Eunuch, and your Miste ryle bee,
When my tongue blattis, then let mine eyes not fe.

Vio. I thank thee: Lead me on.

Exeunt

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.

Sir To. What a plague means my Neece to take
The death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth sir Toby, you must come in earlier
a nights : your Cofin, my Lady, takes great exceptions
to your ill hours.

Sir. Why let her except, before excepted.

Mar. I, but you quiet confine your toile within the
modest limits of order.

Sir. Confiue Ile confine my selfe no finer then I am :
these cloathes are good enough to drink in, and fo bee
thee boots too: and they be not, let them hang them-
selfes in their owne strapps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will endoe you: I
heard my Lady talke of it yesterdays : and of a foolish
knight that you brought in one night here, to be hur weir
To. Who, Sir Andrew Ague-blooke?

Mar. The.

To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to th'purpose?

To. Why he's three thousand ducates a yeare.

Mar. I, but hee I haue but a yeare in all these ducates :
He's a very foole, and a prodigall.

To. Lie, that you I say fo: he playes o'th Viol-de-ga-
boys, and speaks three or four languages word for wor
without book, & hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath indeed, almost natural: for besides that
he's a foole, he's a gentle quarreler and but that hee hath
the gift of a Coward, to allay the guff he hath in quarrel-
ing, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly
have the gift of a graue.

To. By this hand they are foundres and subfira-
tors that say fo of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add to more, hee's drunken nightly
in your company.

To. With drinking healthes to my Neece: Ie drinke
to her as long as there is a pasaffe in my throat, & drink
in Illyria: he's a Coward and a Goyfrilli that will no
drink to my Neece till his braines turne o'th toe, like

Enter Sir Andrew.

And. Sir Toby Beleb. How now sir Toby Beleb?
To. Sweet sir Andrew.

And. Bless you, faire Shrew.

Mar. And you too sir.

To. Accoft Sir Andrew, accost.

And. What's that?

To. My Neeces Chamber-maid.

Mar. Good Misfirs accost, I defire better acquainctance.

Sir. My name is Mary sir.

And. Good misfirs Mary, accost.

To. You mistake knight: Accost, is front her, boorde
her, wore her, payshle her.

And. By my troth I would not undersake her in this
company. Is that the meaning of Accost?

Mar. Far you well Gentlemen.

To. And you let part to Sir Andrew, would thou
mightst never draw two word agen.

And. And you part to misfirs, I would I might never
draw two word agen: Faire Lady, doe you think you have
fooles in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by th'hand.

And. Marry but you shall haue, and herres my hand.

Mar. Now sir, thought is free: I pray you bring your
hand to th' Buttery barre, and let it drinke.

And. Wherefore (sweet-heart?) What's your Metaphor?

Mar. It's dry sir.

And. Why I think fo: I am not such an sife, but I
can keep my hand dry. But what's your left?

Mar. A dry left sir.

And. Are you full of them?

Mar. I. Sir, I have them at my fingers ends: marry now
I let go your hand, I am barren.

Exit Mar

To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of Canary: when did
I fee thee to put downe?

An. Neuer in your life I thinkke, vnlesse you see Can-
ary put me downe: mee thinkes sometimes I haue no
more water then a Christian, or an ordinary man ha's: but I
am a great eater of beefe, and I beleue that does harne
to my wife.

To. No question.

An. And I thought that, I d'ye soareit, Ie ride
home to morrow for Toby.

To. Pur-gays my deere knight?

An. What is purgays! Do, or do not do? I would I had
beastoed that time in the tongve, that I haue in fencing
dancing, and beare-baying: O had I but followed the
Arts.

To. Then haft thou had an excellent head of haire.

An. Why, would that haue stended my haire?

To. Paft question, for thou feelst it will not coole my

An. But it becomes we well enough, doft not? (nature
To. Excellent at hanges like flux on a distaff: & I hope
to see a halfe take thee between her leggs, & spin it off.

An. Thus Ile home to morrow for Toby, your niece will
not be seen, or if she be it's four to one, she knowes of me:
the Count humfelle here hard by, woots her.

To. Sheer none o'th Count, she not match above hir
degree, neither in efface, tears, nor wit: I haue heard her
sweet. Tho there's life in't man.

And.
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

I. And, lie stay a moneth longer. I am a fellow o' th' trangled in'th' world: I delight in Masks and Revels. Sometimes altogether.

To. Art thou good at these kick-cawfuls Knight?
And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my better, & yet I will not compare with an old man.

To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

To. And I can cut the Mintron too.

And. And I think he have the backe-tricke, supply as strong as any man in Illyria.

To. Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore have these gifts a Curstane before 'em? Are they like to take delight, like mirth is Madam picture? Why dost thou not go to Church in a Galliard, and come home in a Caranto?

My voice walke should be a bigge: I would not so much as make water but in a Sinke-a-space: What doest thou meane? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think by the excellent constitution of thy legge, it was form'd under the flare of a Galliard.

And, I, 'tis strong, and it doest indifferent well in a dam'd colour'd floke. Shall we fit about some Reuels?

To. What shall we do else, were we not borne vnder Taurus?

And. Taurus? That sides and heart.

To. No fix, it is legs and thighs: let me see thee caper. Ha, higher: ha, ha, excellent.

For they shall yet be thy happy yeere's,

That say thou art a man: Dianna lip

Is not more smooth, and rubious: thy small pipe

Is as the maidens organ, shrill, and found,

And all is semblation a woman part.

I know thy constellation is right apt

For this affect: some fowre or fliue attend him.

All if you will: for I say feene am belte

When leaft in compaine: prosper well in this,

And thou shalt hue as freely as thy Lord,

To call his fortunes shyn.

Dio. He do my belte.

To vowe your Lady: yet a barrefull flite,

Who ere I wore, my bele would be his wife. Exeunt.

Scene Quinta.

Enter Maria, and Cleon.

Ma. Nay, either tell me where thou halft bin, or I will not open my lippes so wide as a brisille may enter, in way of thy excuse: my Lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Cle. Let her hang me: she is that is well hang'd in this world, needs to fear no colours.

Ma. Make that good.

Cle. He shall see none to fear.

Ma. A good lento answer: I can tell thee where thy saying was borne, off I fear no colours.

Cle. Where good mirth is Mary?

Ma. In the wars, & that may you be bold to say in your foolerie.

Cle. Well, God give them wedesome that have it: & those that are fools, let them vse their talents.

Ma. Yet you will be hang'd for being to long absent, or to return'd away: is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Cle. Many a good hanging, prevents a bad marriage: and for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Ma. You are refolued then?

Cle. Not so neither, but I am resolued on two points.

Ma. That if one break, the other will hold: or if both break, your gaskins fall.

Cle. Ipt in good faith, very apt: well go thy way, if thy Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Euer cloth, as any in Illyria.

Ma. Peace you rogue, no more o' that: here comes my Lady: make your excuse wisely, you were belte.

Enter Lady Olina, with Malvolio.

Cle. Wit, and be thy will, put me into good fooling: those wits that think they have thee, doe very oft prove foole.

Ma. Peace you rogue, no more o' that: here comes my Lady: make your excuse wisely, you were belte.

Cle. & repeat the latter, & one of them...

Ol. Take the fool away.

Cle. Do you not hear fellows, take away the Lady.

Ol. Go too, you are a dry fool: Ile no more of you: besides you grow-dis-honeit.

Cle. Two faults Mailons, that drinke & good counsell will amend: for give the drye foole drink, then is the foole not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself, he mends, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the Botcher mend him: any thing that's mended, is but patch'd: twas that transfigur'd, is but patcht with finne, and fin that amends, is but patcht with virtue. If that this simple Sillogism'll serue, so: if it will not, what remedy? Y 3
Twelve Night, or What you will.

As there is no true Cuckold but calamity, no beauties at flower: The Lady bad take away the foole, therefore I'll say amaze, take her away.

Ol. Sir, I bid them take away you.

Clo. Multiplication in the highest degree, Lady, cannot now fear nothing: that's much to say, as I were not money in my brain: good Madam, give mee leave to prove you a fool.

Ol. Can you do't?

Clo. Dexteriously, good Madona.

Ol. Make your proof.

Clo. I mutt catechize you for it Madona; Good my Mouse of vectir answer thee.

Ol. Well is, for want of other idle nesses, be side your proof.

Clo. Good Madona, why mournst thou?

Ol. Good foole, for my brother death.

Clo. I think his foole is in hell, Madona.

Ol. I know his foole is in heaven, foole.

Clo. The more foole (Madona) to mounce for your Brothers foole, being in heaven. Take away the foole, Gentleman.

Ol. What thinke you of this foole? Maketho, doth he not need?

Mus. Yes, and shall do, till the pangs of death flake him: Infirmity that destoy the wile, doth ever make the better foole.

Clo. God send you fir, a specifick Infirmity, for the better increasing your folly: Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no Fox, but he will note his word for two pence that you are no foole.

Ol. How say you to that Atholos?

Mus. I muttualy your Ladyship takes delight in such a barren rate: I saw him put down the other day, with an ordinary foole, that has no more braine then a citter. Looke you now, he's out of his yard already: see if you laugh and minifie occasion to him, he will say I protest I take thee Wiltemen, that crow is not the least kind of foole, no better then the women Zanys.

Ol. O you are fike of the line honse Maltrinos, and crius, with a distempered appetite. To be generous, quickfille, and of free disposition, is to take those things for hind-bolts, that you deeme Common bulllets. There is no flander in an allowe foole, though he do nothing but rayle, nor no railing, in a Hereon, duellfoole, though hee do nothing but reprose.

Clo. Now Mercury intende thee with leasling, for thou speakst well of foole.

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate, a young Gentleman, much defirous to speake with you.

Ol. From the Count Orsino, is it?

Mus. I know not (Madam) 'tis a faite young man, and well attended.

Ol. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mus. Sir Toby Madam, your Kirrman.

Ol. Fetch him off I pray you, he speakes nothing but madman; Fit on him. Go you Maltrino: I fift be a fit from the Count, I am fickle, nor at home. What you will, to entice it.

Exeunt Maria.

Now you see fir, how your fooling groves old, & people dislike him.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for vs (Madona) as if thy eldest fenne should be a foole who feell, love crambe with brains, for beer he comes. Enter Sir Toby. One of thy kin, ha a mouf wheke Pieter.

Mus. By mine honor helpe buke. What is this as the gate Cofin? I must away. M. Good morrow, Sir Toby, good morrow.

Ol. A Gentleman?

Clo. A Gentleman? What Gentleman?

Clo. To a Gentleman beere. A Plague of these pikelike hurrings. How now Sori.

Clo. Good Sir Toby.

Ol. Cofin, Cofin, how have you come so early, by this Lethargie?

To. Letcherie, I defe Letchery there's one at the gate.

Ol. I marry, what is he?

To. Let him be the duell and he will, I care not who he is but I will, it's all one. Exit.

Ol. What's a drunken man like, foole?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a foole, and a madde man: One drught above heare, makes him a fool, the second maddes him, and a third drownes him.

Ol. Go thou and seekke the Crownere, and let him hitte o'my Coze. I he's in the third degree of drunken: he's drown'd: go looke after him.

Clo. He is burn'd yet Madona, and the foole shall looke to the madman.

Enter Maltrino.

Mus. Madam, yond young fellow (avery he will speake with you. I told him you were sickke, he takes on himself to understand so much, and therefore comes to speake with you: I told him you were asleep, he seems to have a fore knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speake with you. What is to be said to him Ladie, he's fortifed against any denial.

Ol. Tell him, he shall not speake with me.

Mus. He's heene told for: and hee sayes hee I stand at your doore like a Sheriffes post, and be the supporter to a bench, but hee I speake with you.

Ol. What kindes of man is he?

Mus. Why of mankinde.

Ol. What a manner of man?

Mus. Of verie ill maner: hee I speake with you will you, or no.

Mus. Of what personage, and yceres is he?

Mus. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy, as a freshet, is before tis a period, or a Coeling when tis almost an Apple: Ies with him in flaming water, betweene boy and man. He is verie well-tauord, and he speakes very fairely: One would think his mothers milke were scarce out of him.

Mus. Let him approach: Call in my Gentlewoman.

Mus. Gentlewoman, my Lady calleth.

Exeunt Maria.

Mus. Giveme my raile: I come throw it o're my face, We'll once more heare Orsino Embaflifie.

Enter Violenta.

Vio. The honorable Ladie of the house, which is she?

Ol. Speake to me, I shall answer for her, you wall.

Mus. Most radiant, exquisit, and unmatchable beautie. I pray you tell me if this bee the Lady of the house, for I never saw her. I would be loath to cast away my speeche: for besides that it is excellently well pend, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let mee facline no Iorne: I am very comptible, even to the leaft finifter face.

Mus. What scarce you fir?

Vio. I can say little more then I have studied, & that question's out of my part. Good gentil one, give mee modest assurande, if you be the Ladie of the house, that
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

Of. I see you what you are, you are too proud:
But if you were the duell, you are faire.

My Lord, and matter loves you: O! think long
Could be but recomposed, though you were crown'd
The non-pareil of beauty.

Of. How does he love me?

Vio. With a donation: fervent tears,
With groans that thunder lone, with sobs of fire.

Of. Your Lord does know my mind, I cannot love him.
Yet I suppose he’s virtuous, know him noble,
In hopes well father’d, free, learned, and valiant:
And in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person; But yet I cannot love him.

He might have took his answer longer, aye.

Vio. If he did love you in any matters else,
With such a sufficiency, such a deadly life,
In your denial, I would find occasion,
I would not wonder in it.

Of. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow Cabinet at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house.

Write joyal Cantons of commendation love,
And sing them low even in the dead of night:
Hallow your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the balding God of the air;
Cry out Olimas: O you should not rest
Betwixt the elements of joye, and earth,
But you should praise me.

Of. You might do much:

What is your Parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my face is well:
I am a Gentleman.

Of. Get you to your Lord:

I cannot love him: let him fend no more,
Vio(cle) perchance you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it: fear you well,
I thank you for your pains: speak this for me.

Vio. I am no feeble point, Lady, keep your pulse,
My Master, not my self; lackless accompaniment.

Love not his heart of flint, that you find none,
And let your tongue not like my masters be,
Rudely contempt: farewell fierce cruelty.

Exit.

Of. What is your Parentage?

About my fortunes, yet my face is well:
I am a Gentleman. He be twenty year old,
The tongue, the face, the limbs, the actions, and grace,
Dogs are fierce: the face is not too soft: soft, soft,
Valle the Master are the man. How now?

Even it quickly may one catch the plague?

Methodis I feel this youth’s perfection
With unifiable, and tunible health.
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.

Exit.

What ho, Malvolio.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here Madam, at your service.

Of. Run after that came peevish Metfenger
The Courtes! man: he left this Ring behind him
Would I, or not: tell him, I am none of it.

Defire him not to flatter with his Lord
Nor hold him up with hopes, I am not for him
If that the youth will come this way to Morrow,
He give him reasons for’t: hie thee Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will.

Of. I do I know not what, and fear to finde
Might eye too great a flatterer for my munde.
Enter Antonio & Sebastian.

Ant. Will you stay no longer: nor will you not that I go with you.

Seb. By your patience, no: my father shine darkly over me; the malignancie of my late, might perhaps disfemper 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, whether you are bound.

Seb. No oath: for my determinate voyage is mere extravagant. But I perceiue in you, an excellent touch of modelice, that you will not extort from me, what I am willing to keep in: therefore it charges me in manners, the rather to express my felle: you must know of mee, then Antonio, my name is Sebastian (which I call'd Rodrigo) my father was that Sebastian Malvasio, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him, my felle, and a fitter, both borne in an house: the Henness had been pleased, would we had found'd: But you fitt, al- ter'd that, for some time before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my fitter drown'd.

Ant. Alas the day.

Seb. A Lady fitt, though it was fait free much refom- bled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but though I could not with such libelam be wonder, nor fare be- lieue that, yet thus faire I will boldly publish her. Fite bore a minde that envy could not but call faire: She is drown'd already frit with fair water, though I fene to drowne her remembrance againe with more.

Ant. Pardon me fitt, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murther me for your love, let mee be your feruante.

Seb. If you will not vnde what you have done, that is kill hym, whom you have recover'd, deffe it not. Fare ye well: at once, my bosome is full of kindnese, and I am yet fo neere the manners of my mother, that upon the leafe occation more, mine eyes will tell tales of me: I am bound to the Count Orlando's Court, farewell.

Exit Amt. The gentlenesse of all the gods go with thee: I have many enemies in Orlando's Court, Else would I very thoruly fee thee there: But come what may, I do adore thee soe, That danger shall feme sport, and I will go. Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Violante & Malvolio, at several doors.

Mal. Were not you eu'n now, with the Countesse O- linia?

Vin. Even now fitt, on a moderate pace, I have since a- rived but hither.

Mal. She returns this Ring to you (fir) you might have faured mee my paines, to have taken it away your selfe. She adds moreouers, that you should put your Lord into a desperate assurance, she will none of him. And one thing more, that you be neuer so hardie to come againe in his affairs, unlefe it bee to report your Lords taking of this: receive it fo.

Vin. She tooke the Ring of me, Ile none of it.

Mal. Come fitt, you peeculiously threw it to her: and her will, it should be fo return'd: If it bee worth stee- ping for, there it lies, in your eye: if not, bee it his that finds it. Exit.

Vin. I left no Ring with her: what means this Lady? Fortune forbid my out-fide haue not charmed her: She made good view of me, indeed fo much, That me thought her eyes had loft her tongue, For she did speake in starts distractly. She loues me sure, the cunning of her passion Inuiites me in this chirrul meffenger: None of my Lords Ring? Why he sent her none; I am the man, if it be fo, astis, Poor Lady, fie were better loue a dreame: Difguife, fie thou art a wicked neffe, Wherein the pregnant enemie does much, How easie is it, for the proper taille In womens waxen hearts to set their forms: Alas, O frauite is the caufe, not we. For such as we are made, if such we bee: How will this fadge? My master loues her delyer, And if (poore moniter) fone affmuch on him: And fie (mifkeen) feme to doe on me: What will become of this? As I am man, My fiate is desperate for my maiflers loue: As I am woman (now alas the day) What thristles fighes shall poore Olivia breath? O time, thou muft varitangle this, not I, It is too hard a knot for mee to try.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

To. Approach Sir Andrew: not to bee a bedder after midnight, is to bee vp betimes, and Delicate forgere, thou knowe it.

And. Nay by my troth I know not: but I know, to bee vp late, is to bee vp late.

To. A fable conclufion: I hate it as an unfaue Canne. To bee vp after midnight, and to goe to bed then is early, fo that to goe to bed after midnight, is to goe to bed bet- times. Does not our lines confist of the foure Ele- ments?

And. Faith fo they fay, but I thinke it rather confists of eating and drinking.

To. Th'art a fchooller; let vs therefore eate and drinke. Marian I fay, a froope of wine.

Enter clowne.

And. Here comes the foole yfaith.

Clo. How now my hartes: Did you never fee the Pic- ture of we three?

To. Welcome affe, now let's haue a catch.

And. By my troth the foole has an excellent brefte. I had rather then forty thilings I had luth a legge, and to fweet a breath to finge, as the foole has. Insooth I was in very gracious fooling laft night, when thou spokeft of Figogramitus, of the Opiions paling the Equinoctial of Lunebus: twas very good yfaith: I lent thee five pence for
for thy Lemon, hadst it?
Clo. I did impetuously thy gratification; for Malachios noble is no Whip-Booke. My Lady has a white hand, and the Merediths are no bottle-ale houres.
An. Excellent: Why this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now a song.
To. Come on, there is fine pence for you. Let have a song.
An. There's a teatril of me too: if one knight give a Clo. Would you have a louse-song, or a song of good life?
To. A louse song, a louse song.
Clo. What is love, in war beerafter,
Pretend worth, hath pretend laughter:
What's to come, is still worse.
In delay there thee no pleasure,
Then come kiss me sweet and twentie;
Touche a skin't, will not endure.
An. A melifollous voyce, as I true knight.
To. A contagious breath.
An. Very sweet, and contagious is right.
To. To hear by the nope, it slackle in contagion.
But, shall we make the Welfkin dance indeed? Shall wee rowze the night-Ovale in a Catch, that will dravec three foules out of one Wener? Shall we do that?
And, and you louce me, let's do't: I dammegge at a Catch.
Clo. By lady's firs, and some dogs will catch well.
To. Flal certes: Let our Catch be, Than Knave.
Clo. Hold thy peace, than Knave knight. I shall be constrain'd in't, to call thee knave, Knight.
An. Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin foole: it begins, Hold thy peace.
Clo. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.
An. Good isright: Come begin.
Clo. Catch finge Enter Maria.

Maria. What a catterwalling do you keep here? If my Lady bate not call'd up her Steward Malolois, and bid him turne you out of doores, neere-truife me.
To. My Lady's Catayan, we are politicians, Malolois a Pep-a-ramifie, and Three merry men be wee. Am not I confangunious? Am I not of her bode: tyly wally. Lady, There dwelleth a man in Teddylon, Lady, Lady.
Clo. Behove me, the knight in admirable fooling.
An. I, he do's well enough if he be disposed, and to do i too : he does it with a better grace, but I do it more naturally.
To. O the twelfth day of December.

Mar. For the Loue o' God peace.
Enter Malolois.

Mal. My masters are you not? Or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like Tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an Ale-house of my Ladies house, that ye squeak out you Costiers Catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

To. We did keepe time fir in our Catchet, Sneeke,vp.
Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My Lady bad me tell you, that though the harbores you as her kinfman, she's nothing al ley'd to your disorder. If you can separate your felle and your misdemeanors, you are welcometo the house: if not, and it would pleece you to take leave o'her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.
To. Farewell deere heart, fince I must needs be gone.
Mar. Nay good Sir Toby.
Clo. His eyes do shew his dayes are almout done.
Mal. Is't even to?
To. But I will never dye.
Clo. Sir Toby there you lye, Mal. This is much credit to you.
To. Shall I bid him go.
Clo. What and if you do?
To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?
Clo. O no, no, no, you dare not.
To. Out o'tune fir, ye lye: Are any more then a Steward? Doft thou thinke because thou art vertuous, there shall be more Cakes and Ale?
Clo. Yeby S. Anne, and Ginger shall bee hotte y muth too.

To. That's'th right. Goe fir, rub your Chaine with crumbs. A slope of Wine Maria.

Mal. Mrs. Mary, if you priz'd my Ladies fanour at any thing more then contempt, you would not give me names for this victuall rule; she shall know it of this hand.

Mar. Go make your ears.

To. There is a good a deede as to drink when a man a hungerie, to challenge him the field, and then to brake promife with him, and make a fool of him.

To. Doo'at knight, he write thee a Challenge: or Ie deluer thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby be patient for to night: Since the youth of the Counts was to day with a Lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monfieur Malolois: I let me alone with him: If I do not guil him into an awyence, and make him a common recreation, do not thinke I have witte enough to lye straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

To. Possesse vs, possesse vs, tell vs something of him,

Mar. Maitris fir, sometimes he is a kinde of Puritane.

An. O, if I thought that, Ie beate him like a dogge.

To. What for being a Puritan, thy exquissite reason, decke knight.

An. I have no exquissite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The diu'll a Puritane that he is, or any thing constantely but a time-pleaer, an affation'd Alle, that cons State without bookes, and vtes it by great fwarths.
The belt perfuaded of himfelfe: to cram'd (as he thunke) with excelencies, that it is his grounds of faith, that all that looke on him, loue him: and on that vice in him, will my reuenge finde notable caufe to work.

To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epiftiles of love, wherein by the colour of his beard, the shape of his legge, the manner of his gate, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall finde himfelfe moft pleasingly perforned. I can write very like my Lady your niece, on a for gotten matter wee can hardly make definition of our hands.

To. Excellent, I finell a deuece.

An. That's in my nofe too.

To. He shall think by the Letters that thou wilt drop that
that they come from my Neice, and that she’s in love with him.

Omar. My purpose is indeed a horfe of that colour.

An. And your horse now would make him an Alfie.

Omar. Alfie, I doubt not.

An. O twill be admirable.

Omar. Sport royall I warrant you: I know my Phyliscke will worke with him, I will plant two, and let the Fool make a third, where he shall finde the Letter: obserue his construccion oft: For this night to bed, and dreame on the event: Farewell. Exit

To. Good night Ponthilife.

An. Before me she’s a good wench.

To. She’s a beagre true bred, and one that adores me: what o’lait?

An. I was ador’d once too.

To. Let’s to bed knight: Thou hadst neede (end for more money.

An. If I cannot recover your Neice, I am a foule way out.

To. Send for money knight, if thou haft her not ith end, call me Cut.

An. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

To. Come, come, Ile go burne some Sacke, tis too late to go to bed now: Come knight, come knight. Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curis, and others.

Du. Glie me some Munick; Now good morow friends; Now good Cesario, but that piece of song; That old and Antick fong we heard last night; Methought it did releue my passion much, More then light ayres, and recollected termes

Of thefe mott briskes and giddily-paced times.

Come, but on e vere.

Cur. He is not here (to pleafe your Lordship) that should finge it?

Du. Who was it?

Cur. Feste the lefter my Lord, a foole, that the Ladie

Oliment Father tooke much delight in. He is about the house.

Du. Seeke him out, and play the tyme the while.

Duke. Could fings. A

Come hither Boy, if ever thou fhalt love

In the sweet pangs of it, remember me:

Foftuch as I am, all true Louers are:

Veil’d and skirted in all motions else,

Save in the confent image of the creature

That is belon’d. How doft thou like this tyme?

Viola. It giues a vere echo to the fewe

Where loue is thron’d.

Du. Thou doft ipeake matterly,

My life vpon’t, yong though thou art, shine eYe

Hath fliad vpon some favaour that it loues:

Hath it not boy?

Viola. A little, by your favour.

Du. What kindes of woman if?

Viola. Of your compleffion.

Du. She is not worth thee then. What yeares is faith?

Viola. About your yeares my Lord.

Du. Too old by heaven: Let fill the woman take

An elder then her felfe, to weares fothe to him;

So fways the levell in her husbands heart:

For boy, however we do praife our felues,

Our fancies are more giddie and vnforme,

More longing, wauering, sooner loft and worn, Then women are.

Oue. I think it well my Lord.

Du. Then let thy Loue be yonger then thy felfe, Or thy fentence cannot hold the bent:

For women are as Rothes, whose faire flowre

Being once diplaid, doth fall that verie bowre.

Viola. And fo they are, alas, that they are so:

To die, even when they to perfection grow. Enter Curis & Cloute.

Du. O fellow come, the song we had last night:

Markit Cesario, it is old and plaine;

The Spiniflers and the Knitters in the Sun,

And the free maides that weave their thread with bones,

Do vfe to chant it: it is filly footh,

And daliies with the innocence of loue,

Like the old age,

Cloute. Are you ready Sir?

Duke. I prethee fing.


The Song.

Come away, come away death,
And in fea effept let me be lefte.
Eye away, fea away breath,
I am finne by a faire cruel mindes

My forrow of white fluck all with Ew O prepare it,
My part of death no one fo true did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower fairest
On my blacke coffin, let there be fire and:

Not a friend, not a friend great
My poor corpes, where my bones shall be thrown:

A thousand thousand fifters to fame, lay me o where

Sad true lover never find my grave, too wepe there.

Du. There’s for thy paines.

Cloute. No paines Sir, I take pleafeure in finging it.

Du. Ile pay thy pleafeure then.

Cloute. Truly Sir, and pleafeure will be paide one time, or another.

Du. Glie me now leve, to leve thee.

Cloute. Now the melancholy God proftect thee, and the Tailor make thoy doubte of changeable Taffata, for thy minde is a very Opall. I would have men of fuch confantinie put to Sea, that their buiffineffe might be every thing, and their intent euere where, for that’s it, that always makes a good voyadge of nothing. Farewell. Exit

Du. Let all the red glue place; Once more Cesario,

Get thee to yond fame foueraigne crueltee:

Tell her my loue, more noble then the world

Prizes nor quantitie of dirtie lands,

The parts that fortune hath beftow’d vpon her:

Tell her I hold as giddily as Fortune:

But ‘tis that miracle, and Queene of Emes

That nature pranks her in, attacts my foule.

Viola. But if she cannot love you sir.

Du. It cannot be fo anwer’d.

Viola. Sooth but you must.

Say that some Lady, as perhappes there is,

Hath for your loue as great a pang of heart

As you have for Olina: you cannot loue her:

You tel her fo: Must the not then be anwer’d?

Du. There is no womens fides
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

Can bide the beating of so strong a passion, as love doth give my heart: no woman's heart can bide, to hold so much, they lacke retention. All, their love may be call'd appetite, no motion of the Litter, but the Pallat, that suffer surfe, cloment, and revolt. But mine is all as hungry as the Sea, and can digest as much, make no compare. Betweene that love a woman can bear me, and that I owe Ollivia. But I but know. What doth thou know? Too well what lust some women to men may owe: In faith they are as true of heart, as we. My father had a daughter loud'd a man, as it might be perhaps, were it woman. I should your Lordship. And what's her history? A blanke my Lord: she never told her love, but let concealement like a worme. Supe on her damaske cheeke: the pin'd in thought, and with a greenne and yellow melancholly, she fete like Patience on a Monument, smiling at Greene. Was not this love indeede? We men may more, sweare more, but indeed Our thewes are more then will: for full we proye much in our vowes, but little in our love. But did she thy selfer of her love my Boy? I am all the daughters of my fathers house, and all the brethren too: and ye know not. Sir, shall I to this Lady? That's the Theame. To her in hand: give her this Dewell: say, My love can give no place, bide no densy.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

To. O for a fone-bow to hit him in the eye. Mal. Calling my Officers about me, in my branch'd Velvet gowne: having come from a day beside, where I have left Ollivia leaping. To. Fire and Strumflinge. O peace, peace, peace. Mal. And then to have the humor of state: and after a demure traulle of regard: telling them I knew my place, as I would they should doe theirs: to ask for my kinfman Toby. To. Bolles and flackles. O peace, peace, peace, now, now. Mal. Seagren of my people with an obedient start, make out for him: I frowne the while, and perchance winde vp my watch, or play with my some rich Jewell: Toby approaches; curties therto to me. To. Shall this fellow live? Though our silence be drawn from vs with care, yet peace. Mal. I extend my hand to him thus: quenching my familiar smile with an augerete regard of control. To. And do's not Toby take you a blow o'the lippes, then? Mal. Saying, Cofine Toby, my Fortunes having call me on your Niece, give me this prerogatoo of speech. To. What, what? Mal. You must amend your drunkenesse. To. Out f cab. To. Nay patience, or we brake the fineowes 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 thys for, many do call mee foole. Mal. What employment have we heere? To. Now is the Woodcocke noere the gin. To. Oh peace, and the spirit of humors intimate reading aloud to him. Mal. By your life this is my Ladies hand: these bee her very Ct', her Us', and her Ts', and thus makes shew great Pr's. It is in contempt of question her hand. An. Her Ct, her Us, and her Ts: why that? Mal. To the unknowne beholde of this, and my good Wifhes: Her very Phrases: By your leaste wax. Soft, and the impreallse her Lucrece, with which she vies to feste: tis my Lady: To whom should this be? Fab. This wins me, Litter and all.
Mal. Love knows I love, but who, Lys do not moone, no man must know. No man must know. What follows? The numbers alter: No man must know, If this should be thee, Malathia? To. Marrie hang thee brooke.

Mal. I may command where I adore, but silence like a Levite; With bloodstained frocks, my heart darh gate; M. O. A. I. dath for my life.

Fa. A fathian riddle.

To. Excellent Wench, say I.

Mal. M. O. A. I. doth I away my life. Nay but first let me fee, let me see, let me fee.

Fab. What dish a poiyon has the drast him? To. And with what wing the flalion checks at it? Mal. I may command, where I adore: Why flie may command me: I ferue her, she is my Ladie. Why this is evident to any formal capacitie. There is no obftruction in this, and the end: What should that Alphabetical position portend, if I could make that refemble something in me? Softly, M. O. A. I.

To O I, make vp that, he is now at a cold fent.

Fab. Sower will cry vpnot for all this, though it bee as ranke as a Fox.

Mal. M. Malathia, M. why that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say he would work it out, the Curre is excellent at faules.

Mal. But then there is no confonancy in the sequell that fuffers under probation: A. should follow, but O does.

Fa. And O shall end, I hope.

To I, or he cudgell him, and make him cry O.

Mal. And then L comes behind.

Fa. I, and you had any eye behind you, you might see more deftraction at your heeles, then Fortunes before you.

Mal. M. O. A. I. This fimulation is not as the former: and yet to crueh this a little, it would bow to mee, for e-very one of these Letters are in my name. Soft, here folowes profe: If this fall into thy hand, revalue. In my fars I am about thee, but be no: afraid of greaneffe: Some be become great, some atteuches greeneffe, and some have greaneffe thorouppon cm. Thy fates open by theyr hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them, and to in-cre thy felfe to what thou art like to: caft thy humble fhrouid, and appeare fresh. Be opposite with a kinman, furly with feruants: Let thy tongue teang arguments of flace; put thy felfe into the trickc of irregullitie. Shee thus aduises thee, that fighes for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and will'd to fee thee ear croffe garter'd: I fay remember, goe too, thou art made if thou defir'd it to be fo: If not, let me fee thee a feward full, the fellow of feruants, and not woorthie to touch. Fortunes fengers. Farewell. Shee that would alter ferenitie with thee, the fortunate unhappy daylight and champan difcours not more: This is open, I will bee proud, I will teade politticke Authours, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will warne off croffe acquireance, I will be point dense, the very man. I do nor now foole my felfe, to let imagination iade me mee; for every reafon exciteth to this, that my Ladie loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of lase, thee did praise my legge being croffe-garter'd, and in this thee manifestes thy felfe to my love, &c.

Ae. Thine imagination drives mee to thee habites of her liking. I thank my flarres, I am happy: I will bee strange, liuet, in yellow stockings, and croffe Garter'd, even with the swiftneffe of putting on. Ioue, and my flarres be praiied. Herec is yet a poftcript. Thou canft not choose but know who I am. If thou enterain's my love, let it appeare in thy smiling, thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my prefence still smile, deere my sweete, I prettie. Ioue I thanke thee, I will smile, I will do every thing that thou wilt have me.

Exit Fab. I will not gue my part of this sport for a penif- on of thousands to be paid from the Sopny. To. I could marry this wenche for this device.

An. So could I too.

Ae. And aske no other dowry with her, but fuch an-other left.

Enter Maria.

An. Nor I neither.

Fab. Heree comes my noble gull catcher.

To. Wilt thou fet thy foots o' my necke.

An. Or o'mine either?

To. Shall I play my freedom at tral-tray, and bome thy bondlaue?

An. If faith, or I either.

Fab. Why, thou haft put him in fuch a dreame, that when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Ma. Nay but fay true, do's it worke vpon him?

To. Like Aqua vite with a Midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his firft approack before my Lady: hee will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour the abhorres, and croffe garter'd, a fashion free detels: and hee will smile vpon her, which will now be fo unfaireable to her dispo-fition, being addicted to a melancholly, as fhee is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it follow me.

To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent diuell of wit.

And. Ile make one too.

Exit.

Finis Actus secundus.

Actus Tertius, Scena prima.

Enter Viole and Clowe.

Vio. Saue thee Friend and thy Muffick: doft thou lye by thy Tabor?

Clow. No fir, I liue by the Church.

Vio. Art thou a Churchman?

Clow. No fuch matter fir, I do liue by the Church: For, I do liue at my howse, and my howse dooth stand by the Church.

Vio. So thou maist say the King's lyers by a begger, it's beggers dwell neer him: or the Church stands by thy Ta-bor, if thy Tabor (and by the Church).

Clow. You have saide fir; To see this age: A fentence is but a cheuell glouce to a good withee, how quickly the wrong fide may be turn'd outward.

Vio. Nay that's certaine: they that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clow. I would therefore my fitter had had no name Sir.

Vio. Why man?

Clow. Why fir, her names a word, and to dally with that word, might make my fitter wanton: But indeed, words are very Rafcals, fine bonds disguiz'd them.

Vio. Thy reafon man?
Troth Sir, I can yeold you none without wores, and wordes are growne so falle, I am loath to proue, rea-
son with them.
Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and can't for
nothing.
Clo. Not so Sir, I do care for something; but in my con-
science Sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for no-
thing Sir, I wold it would make you insufible.
Vio. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?
Clo. No indeed Sir, the Lady Olivia has no folly, thee
will keep noe foolie, till the be married, and foolies are
as like husbands, as Pilchers are to Herrings, the Huf-
bands the bigger, I am indeed not her foolie, but his cor-
ruptor of words.
Vio. I saw thee late at the Count Orson's.
Clo. Foolery Sir, does walk about the Orbe like the
Sun, it shines everywhere. I would be forry Sir, but the
Foolie should be as oft with your Master, as with my Mis-
tris: I think I saw your wife done there.
Vio. Nay, and thou passe upon me, Ie no more with thee:
Hold there's excences for thee.
Clo. Now loine in his next commodity of hayre, send
thee a beard.
Vio. By my troth Ile tell thee, I am almost sick for one,
though I would not have it grow on my chine. Is thy
Lady within?
Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred Sir?
Vio. Yes being kept together, and put to life.
Clo. I would play Lord Pandarum of Phrygia Sir, to bring
a credito to this Troylus.
Vio. I understand you Sir, tis well begg'd.
Clo. The matter I hope is not great Sir, begging, but a
begger: credito was a begger. My Lady is within Sir. I
will confide to them whence you come, who you are,
and what you are out of my welkin, I might say Ele-
ment, but the word is out-worne.
Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the foolish,
and to do that well, causes a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he lefts,
The quality of persons, and the time:
And like the Haggard, checke at every Feather
That comes before his eye. This is practice,
As full of labour as a Wife-man. Art:
For folly that he wilcly flewe, is fit,
but wifemen folly false, quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir Toby and Andrew.
To. Save you Gentleman.
Vio. And you Sir.

And. Do you not guard Musiel.
Clo. Et vous, offres votre furniture.
An. I hope Sir, you are, and I am yours,
To. Will you encounter the house, my Neece is defi-
rous you should enter, if your trade be to her.
Vio. I am bound to your Neece Sir, I meane the is the
lift of my voyage,
To. Tafle your legges Sir, put them to motion.
Vio. My legges do better understand me Sir, then I un-
derstand what you mean by bidding me tafe my leggs.
To. I meane to go Sir, to enter.
Vio. I will answer you with gate and entrance, but we
are prevented.

Enter Olivia, and Gentlemewan.
Most excellent accomplisht Lady, the heauens raine O-
dours on you.
And. That youth's a rare Courtier, raiseth odours, wel.
Vio. My matter hath no voice Lady, but to your own
most pregnant and vouchsafed care.
And. O'dours, pregnant, and vouchsafed; I get'em
all three already.
Ol. Let the Garden doore be shut, and Iesse mee to
my hearing. Give me your hand Sir.
Clo. My dutie Madam, and most humble service.
Ol. What is your name?
Vio. Cefario is your feruants name, faire Princeffe.
Ol. My feruant Sir? I was never merry world,
Since lowely feigning was call'd complement:
Y are feruants to the Count Orsina youth.
Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours;
your feruants feruant, is your seruant Madam.
Ol. For him, I thinkke not on him; for his thoughts,
Would they were blankes, rather then fill'd with me.
Vio. Madam, I came to wieke your gentle thoughts
On his behalfe.
Ol. O by your leaue I pray you.
I had you not speake againe of him;
Let would you undertake another suite
I had rather heare you, to follicit that,
Then Muffcke from the sphæres.
Vio. Deere Lady.
Ol. Give me the leaue, beefee you? I did fend,
After the laf enchantment you did heare,
A Ring in chace of you. So did I abufe
My felle, my feruant, and I feare me you:
Vider your hard construction mutt i fit,
To force that on you in a shamfullly cunning
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?
Have you not set mine Honor at the flake,
And baided it with all th'enmuzled thoughts.
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiwing
Enough is thewne, a Cipreffe, a bozome,
Hides my heart: to let me heare you speake,
Vio. I pity you.
Ol. That's a degree to loue,
Vio. No not a grize; for is a vulgar proofs
That vertue eft we pitty enemie.
Ol. Why then me thinkes 'ts time to smile agen:
O world, how apt the poore are to be proud?
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the Lion, then the Wolfe?
Clockes strike,
The clocke wpbraides me with the waste of time:
Be not affhrid good youth, I will not have you,
And yet when wit and youth is come to haruest,
your wife is like to reape a proper man:
There lies your way, due West,
Vio. Then westward how:
Grace and good disposition attend your Ladyship:
you're nothing Madam to my Lord, by me:
Ol. Stay: I prethiee tell me what thou thinkest of me?
Vio. Thys you do thinkes you are not what you are.
Ol. If it thinkes so, I thinke the fame of you.
Vio. Then thinke you right: I am not what I am.
Ol. If I would you were, as would I have you be.
Vio. Would it be better Madam, then I am?
I with it might, for now I am your foole.
Ol. O what a deal of sorne, lookes beautifull?
In the contempt and anger of this slip,
A murdorous guile thieves not it stole more soone,
Then loue that would seeme hid: Loues night is noone.
Cefario, by the Rofes of the Spring,
By maid-hood, honor, truth, and every thing,
I loue thee fo, that maugre all thy pride,
Scena Secunda.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

And. No faith, Ile not stay a lot longer:
To. Thy reason doth prove him villain.
Fab. You must needs yield to your reason, Sir Andrew.

And. Marry I saw your niece do more favour to the Cuns Serving-man then cers the fellow'd upon me: I faw'th Orchard.
To. Did the ffer the white, old boy, tell me that.
Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

And. Slight: will you make an Affe o'me.
Fab. I will prove it legitimate fit, upon the Oathes of judgement, and reason.

And. And they have beene grand Iurie men, since before Noob was a Saylor.
Fab. Shee did then favour to the youth in your sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormoufe valour, to put fire in your Heart, and brimstone in your Luer: you should then have accofted her, and with some excellent fiefs, ftre-nouf from the mint, you should have bangled the youth into dumbeffe: this was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulk; the double gift of this oppor- tunity you let time walk off, and you are now fayld into the North of my Ladies opinion, where you will hang like a fickle on a Dutchmans beard, vnleffe you do redeem it, by some laudable attempt, either of valour or policie.

And. And'st be any way, it must be with Valour, for policie I hate: I had as like be a Brownift, as a Politician.

To. Why then build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the Counts youth to fight with him hurt him in eleuen places, my Neece fhall take note of it, and affure thy felfe, there is no lout-Broker in the world, can more prwaile in mans commendation with woman, then report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this fit Andrew.

An. Will either of you beare me a challenge to him?
To. Go, write it in a martial hand, be curt and briefe: it is no matter how witty, fo it bee eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the licent of Inke: if thou thouft it none thine, It fhall not be amisse, and as ma- ny Lyes, as will lye in thy f niece of paper, although the niece were bigge enough for the bedde of were in Eng- land, let 'em downe, go about it. Let there bee gauile e- nough in thy Inke, though thou write with a Goole-pen, no matter: about it.

And. Where fhall I finde you?
To. We'll call thee at the Cubiculo: Go.

Exit Sir Andrew.

Fa. This is a deere Manskin to you Sir Toby.
To. I have beene deere to him lad, some two thousand strong, or fo.

Fa. We fhall have a rare Letter from him: but you'll not deliver it.
To. Neuer trust me then: and by all meane thirre on the youth to an anwer. I thinke Oxen and waine-ropes cannot hale them togethor. For Andrew if he were open'd and you finde so much blood in his Luer, as will clog the foore of a flea, Ile eate the reft of th'anatomy.

Fab. And his opposit the youth beares in his vifage no great prelage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

To. Looke where the youngeft Wren of mine comes.

Mar. If you defire the spleene, and will laugh your felues into fitches, follow me; yond gull Malatio is turn'd Heathen, a verie Renegado; for there is no chriellant that means to be faued by believing rightly, can ever beleue fuch imconfible pallifges of groffene. He's in yellow flockings.

To. And croffe gater'd?

Mar. Moft villanoufly: like a Pedant that keeps a Schoole i'th Church: I have dogg'd him like his murtherer. He does obey every point of the Letter that I dropt, to betray him: He does smile his face into more lynes, then is in the new Maps, with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as this: I can hardly forbear huring things at him, I know my Ladie will strike him: if thee doe, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

To. Come bring vs, bring vs where he is.

Fab. And croffe gater'd?

Enter Sebastian and Antonio.

Sab. I would not by my will have troubled you, But since you make your pleasure of your paines, I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you: my desire (More harpe then filed fleee) did spurre me forth, And not all louse to fee you (though to much As might have drawne one to a longer voyage) But lealoufie, what might befal your trauell, Being skilfe in thefe parts: which to a stranger, Vnguided, and unfriend, often proue Rough, and vnhospitable. My willing lour, The rather by thefe arguments of feere Set forth in your purfuite.

Sab. My kinde Antonio, I can no other anfwre make, but thankes, And thankes: and ever of good tunes, Are fluefl'd off with fuch vncurrant pay: But were my worth, as is my confidence firmes,
You should find better dealing; what’s to do?
Shall we go see the relics of this Towne?

**Act.** Tomorrow sir, bezt first go see your Lodging.

**Seb.** I am not busy, and ‘tis long to night
I pray youlet vs satisfe our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame
That do renowne this City.

**Act.** Would youl’d pardon me,
I do not without danger walk these streets.
Once in a few fight’s gainst the Count his gallies,
I did some service, of such note indeed,
That were I tane here, it would scare be answer’d.

**Seb.** Belike you flew great number of his people.

**Act.** Th’offence is not of such a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrell
Might well have guen vs bloody argument:
It might have since been answer’d in repaying
What we took from them, which for Trafaliges fake
Most of our City did. Onely my selle flood our,
For which if I be laped in this place
I shall pay deere.

**Seb.** Do not then walk too open.

**Act.** It doth not fit me; hold sir, here’s my purse,
In the South Suburbs at the Elephant
Is best to lodge: I will bespoke our eyes,
Whereas you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the Towne, there shall you have me.

**Seb.** Why your purse?

**Act.** Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase: and your floor
I think is not for idle Marketes, sir.

**Seb.** He by your purse-bearer, and leave you
For an houre.

**Act.** To th’Elephant.

**Seb.** I do remember.

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**Scena Quarta.**

**Enter Olimia and Maria.**

**Ol.** I have sent after him, he fayes hee come:
How shall I feath him? What behof him of?
For youth is bought more oft, then beggd’d, or borrow’d.
I speake too loud: Where’s Malalio, he is fad, and cliuill,
And futes well for a fervant with my fortunes,
Where is Malalio?

**Mar.** He’s comming Madame:
But in very strange manner. He is fure poofef Madam:
**Ol.** Why what’s the matter, does he raie?

**Mar.** No Madam, he does nothing but smile: your Ladyhip were beft to haue some guart about you, if hee come, for sure the man is tainted in’s wits,

**Ol.** Go call him hither.

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**Enter Malalio.**

I am as made as hee,
If fad and merity nae nadenee equal bee.
How now Malalio?

**Mal.** Sweet Lady, hee, ho,
Smil if thou? I fent for thee vpon a sad occasion.

**Mal.** Sad Lady, I could be fad:
This does make some obtruction in the blood:
This croffe-guttering, but what of that?

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If pleafe the eye of one, it is with me as the ve.
Sonnetis: Pleafe one, and pleafe all.

**Ol.** Why doeft thou man?
What is the matter with thee?

**Mal.** Not blacke in my mindel, though yellow in my legges; I did come to his hands, and Commandes shall be executed, I thinke we do know the sweet Romane hand.

**Ol.** Wilt thou go to bed Malalio?

**Mal.** To bed? I fweet heart, and Ile come to thee.

**Ol.** God comfort thee. Why doft thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

**Mar.** How do you Malalio?

**Malalio.** As your requget:
Yes Nightingales anfwer Dawses.

**Mar.** Why appeare you with this ridiculous boldnesse before my Lady.

**Mal.** Be not afraid of greatnesse, ‘twas well writ,

**Ol.** What meanes thou by that Malalio?

**Mal.** Some are borne great.

**Ol.** Ha?

**Mal.** Some atcheue greatnesse.

**Ol.** What fayft thou?

**Mal.** And someth have greatnesse thurf vpon them.

**Ol.** Heauen reforme thee.

**Mal.** Remember who commended thy yellow flockings.

**Ol.** Thy yellow flockings?

**Mal.** And with’d to fee thee croffe garter’d.

**Ol.** Croffe garter’d?

**Mal.** Go too, thou art made, if thou defir’d to be fo.

**Ol.** Am I made?

**Mal.** If not, let me fee thee a fentuall fill:

**Ol.** Why this is very Misdemmer madness.

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**Enter Sermant.**

ser. Madame, the young Gentleman of the Count
Orfino’s is return’d, I can hardly entreat him backe: he attends your Ladyhipps pleasure.

**Ol.** He come to him.

Good Marie, let this fellow be lookd too. Where’s my Cofine Toby, let some of my people have a special care of him, I would not have him unfortune for the halfe of my Doory.

**Mal.** Oh ho, do you come neere me now: no worfe man then he Toby to looke to me. This concures directly with the Letter, the fends him on purpose, that I may appeare stubborne to him: for he incites me to that in the Letter. Caft thy humble bloufe fayes he: be oppofite with a Kinman, furiou with fervants, let thy tongue langer with arguments of fate, put thy felfe into the tricke of fingularitie: and consequently letts downe the manner how: as a fad face, a reuered carriage, a flow tongue, in the habitle of fome Sir of note, and fo forth,
I have mynde her, but it is Ioue doing, and Ioue make me thankfull. And when she went away now, let this Fellow be lookd too: Fellow not Malalio, not after my degree, but Fellow. Why every thing adheres together, that no dramme of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obfolute, no incredulous or vnfafe circumftance: What can be inude? Nothing that can be, can come betweene me, and the full proffect of my hopes. Well loue, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

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**Enter Toby, Fabian, and Maria.**

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**Z.2 To.**
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

To. Which way is hee in the name of sanctity. If all the duels of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himselfe poffefst him, yet Ile speake to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is: how ift with you sir?

How ift with you man?

Mar. Go off, I dirdard you: let me enjoy my private: go off.

Mar. Low, how hollow the fiend speakes within him; did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my Lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mar. Ah ha, does he so?

To. Go too, go too: peace, peace, wee must deale gently with him: Let me alone. How doe Malvolio? How ift with you? What man, deifie the duell: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mar. Do you know what you say?

Fab. Lay you, and you speake ill of the duell, how he takis 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 him for more then ille say.

Mar. How now misfri?

Mar. Oh Lord.

To. Pray hold thy peace, this is not the way: Doe you not fee you more him? Let me alone with him.

Fa. No way but gentility, gently, gently; the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly vs'd.

To. Why how now my bawcock? how doft you chack?

Mar. Sir, I am biddy, come with me. What man, 'tis not for gruity to play at cherie-pit with fathan Hang him fould Collar.

Mar. Get him to play his prayers, good sir Toby gette him to pray.

Mar. My prayers Minx.

Mar. No I warrant you, he will not heare of godly-

Mar. Go hang your felues all: you are ydile shallow things, I am not of your element, you shall knowe more hereafter. Exit

To. Ift possible?

Fa. If this were plaide vpon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device man.

Mar. Nay pursue him now, left the device take ayre, and taint.

Fa. Why we shall make him mad indeede.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

To. Come, we'll have him in a darke room & bound.

My Neece is already in the beleefe that he's mad: we may carry it thus for our pleasure, and his pennisance, till our ye-

ry paftime yired out of breath, prompt vs to have mercy on him: at which time, we will bring the device to the bar and crownes 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, reade it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepperin't.

Feb. Ilke to laycy?

And. I, I! I warrant him: do but read.

To. Give me.

'Fauly, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a servay fellow.

Fa. Good, and valiant.

To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy minde: why I do call this, for I will shew thee no reason for't.

(Law

Fa. A good note, that keeps you from the blow of y

To. Thou comp't to the Lady Olina, and in my fight for then: was easily, but thou foyst in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee fur.

Fa. Very brefs, and to exceeding good fience-leffe.

To. I will way lay thee going home, where if thebe thy chance to kill me.

Fa. Good.

To. Thou kill me like a rogue and a villain.


To. Fierceful, and God banewerse upon one of our fouls. He may have mercy upon mine, but my hope is, and be loves to thy self. Thy friend as these vifit him, & thy founre enemy, Andew Ague-checke.

To. If this Letter mou hauen, his legges cannot: ile gu'thim.

Mar. You may have vere fit occasion fort: he is now in some commerce with my Ladie, and will by and by depart.

To. Go sir Andrew: fent mee for him at the corner of the Orchard like a bum-Baylie: for noones as ever thou feell him, draw, and as thou drawf, fierce horrible: for it comes to pass off, that a terrible oath, with a swagge-

ring accent harplye twang'd off, guies mankinde more approbation, then euer proofe to felle would have earn'd him. Away.

And. Nay let me done for sweating. Exit

To. Now will not I delier his Letter for the beha-

viours of the yong Gentleman, guies him out to be of good capacity, and breeding: his employment betweene his Lord and my Neece, confirmes no lesse. Therefore, this Letter bearing fo excellently ignnorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will finde it comes from a Cledde-pole. But fit, I will delier his Challenge by word of mouth; fet vpon Ague-checke a notable report of valor, and driue the Gentleman (as I know his youth will splye receiue it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, furi, and impetuouitie. This will fo fright then both, that they will kill one another by the looke, like Cockatrices.

Enter Olimis and Drau.

Fab. Here he comes with your Neece, guie them way till he take leaue, and prefently after him.

I will meditate the while vpon feme horrid message for a Challenge.

Oli. I have laid too much into a barts of stone, And laid mine honour too vnchary on't.

There's fomething in me that reproves my fault:

But fuch a head-flinging potent fault it is,

That it but mackes reproofe.

Vio. With the fame hauhor that your passion bexerts,
 Goes on my Mafers greeres.

Oli. Here's, wear this Jewell for me, tis my picture: Refute it not, it hath no tongue, to vex you; And I befech you come againe to morrow.

What shall you aske of me that ile deny, That honour (faud) may vpon asking giue.

Vio. Nothing but this, your true loue for my master.

Oli. How with mine honor may I giue him that, Which I have gluen to you.

Vio. I will acquitt you.

Oli. Well, come againe to morrow: far-thee-well,
 A Fiend like thee might bear my foule to hell.

Enter Toby and Fabian.

To. Gentleman, God save thee,
Vio. And you fir.

To. That defence thou haft, betake the too't: of what nature the wounds are thou haft done him, I knowe not: but th' interpreter full of delight, bloody as the Hunter, attends thee at the Orchard end: dimtmount thy tackle, be yarne in thy preparation, for thy assaillant is quick, skillful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake me I am sure, no man hath any quarrell to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

To. You' find it otherwise I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your gard: for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withall.

Vio. I pray you for what is he?

To. He is knight dub'd with valencié Rapier, and on carpet consideration, but he is a duell in private brawl, soules and bodies hath he dunned three, and his incendiment at this moment is so intractable, that satisfaction can be none, but by pangs of death and sepulcher: Hob, nob, is his word: guite or take't.

Vio. I will returne againe into the house, and define some conduct of the Lady. I am no firger, I have heard of some kinds of men, that put quarrell purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.

To. Sir, no: his indignation deriues itself out of a very computer injurie, therefore get you on, and give him his desire. Backe you shall not to the house, vnsleepe you undertake that with me, which with as much infortoe you might answer him: therefore on, or strippe your sword stark naked: for meddle you must that's certain, or forswear to wearre iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivill as strange. I beseech you doe me this courteous office, as to know of the Knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

To. I will doe so. Signior Fabian, stay you this Gentleman, till my returne.

Exit Toby.

Vio. I pray you fir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incontinent against you, even to a mortall arbitrement, but nothing of the circumstancemore.

Vio. I beseech you what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderfull promis to read him by his forme, as you are like to find him in the proofe of his valour. He is inended for the most skillful, bloudy, & fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in one part of Illyria: will you walkke 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 goe with sir Frieff, then sir knights: I care not who knowes so much of my mettle.

Exit Toby and Andrew.

To. Why man hee is a verie duellist, I have not seen such a frago: I had a paffe with him, rapier, scabberd, and all: and he gives me the flucke in with such a mortall motion that it is inqueitable: and on the answer, he payses you as freely, as your fette hits the ground they step on. They say, he has bin Fencer to the Sophy.

And. Poxx on't! Hee not meddle with him.

To. But he will not nowe be pacified, Fabian can scares hold him yonder.

Plague on't, and I thought he had beene valiant, and so cunning in Fience, I d'haue fene him shamed ere I d'haue chaleng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and Ile give him my horfe, gray Capilet.

To. Hee make the motion; and heere, make a good shew on't, this shall end without the perdicion of soules, marry I ride your horfe as well as I ride you.

Enter Fabian and Viola.

I have his horse to take vp the quarrel, I have pervasid him the youths a duell.

Fa. He is as hideously conceited of him: and pants, & looks pale, as if a Burre were at his heales.

To. There's no remedie fir, he will fight with you for your oath fakke: marrie hee hath better be think'd of him with his quarrel, and she finds that now scarce to bee worth talcing at: therefore draw for the supportation of his vows, he professes he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me: a little thing would make me tell them how much I lacke of a man.

Fab. Glue ground if you thee him furious.

To. Come sir Andrew, there's no remedie, the Gentleman will for his honors fake have one bow with you: he cannot by the Duelle avoide it: but hee has promised mee, as he is a Gentleman and a Soldiour, he will not hurt you. Come on too',

And. Pray God he keepes his oath.

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I do assure you this against my will.

Ant. Put vp your sword: it is this yong Gentleman Have done offence, I take the fault on me: If you offend him, I for him delibe you,

To. You fir? What, what are you?

Ant. One fir, that for his loves darts yet do more Then you have heard him brag to you he will,

To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you,

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good sir Toby hold: here come the Officers,

To. Ile be with you anon.

Vio. Pray Sir, put your sword vp if you please.

And. Marsy will I fir: and for that I promis'd you Ile be as good as my word. Here will beare you easily, and raines well.

1 Off. This is the man, do thy Office.

2 Off. Antonio, I arret thee at the fait of Count Osino.

Ant. You do mistakke me sir.

1 Off. No fir, no iort: I know your favour well: Though now you have no fae-cap on your head: Take him away, he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey. This comes with fearking you: But there's no remedie, I shall answer it: What will you do: now my necessitie

Makes me to sake you for my purse. It greest mee Much more, fot what I cannot do for you, Then what befals my selfe: you stand amaz'd, But be of comfort.

2 Off. Come fir away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money sir?

For the frayse kindesse you have shew'd me heree, And pate being promised by your present trouble, Out of my leane and low abillity I lese you something: my having is not much, Ile make division of my present with you;

Hold, there's halfe my Coffer.

Ant. Will you deuy me now, If possible that my deferts to you Can lacke perivalation. Do not tempt my misery, I deuit that it make me so unfound a man As to wipravt you with these kindnesses

Tha
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

That I have done for you,

Yes. I am well contented.

Nor know I you by your name, or any feature:

I hate ingratitude more in a man,

Then lying, vainness, babbling, drunkennesse,

Of any taint of vice, whose strong corruption

Inhabits our faire blood.

Enter Exeunt

Ant. O heavens themselves.

2 Off. Come, sir, I pray you go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see

I match'd one half out of the jaws of death, (heere,

Relent'd him with such sanctity 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 vile an idol prove this God:

That hast Sebastian done good feature, shame,

In Nature, there's no blemish but the mind: -

None can be call'd deform'd, but that the kind:

Vertue is beauty, but the beauteous evil

Are empty trumblers, or, I'll scriff'd by the devil.

1 Off. The man grows mad, way with him:

Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on.

Vio. Me thinkes his words do from such passion flye

That he believes himselfe, to do not so:

Proue true imagination, oh prove true,

That I declare, brother, be now tane for you.

To. Come hither knight, come hither Fabian: Weel

whisper one a complex or two of misty fawes.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian: I my brother know

Yet huing in my glasse: even such, and to

In fauour was my Brother, and he went

Still in this tiffin, colour, ornament,

For him I imitate: Oh if it prove,

TEMPETES are kinde, and fait wanes fresh in bowe.

To. A very dishonore paltry boy, and more a coward

then a Harry, his dishonesty appears, in leaving his friend

here in necessitie, and denying him: and for his coward-

ship ask Fabian.

Fab. A Coward, a most-devout Coward, religious in it.

And. Shall he after him againe, and bestre him,

To. Do, enquire him fully, but never draw thy sword

And. And I do not.

Fab. Come, lets see the end.

To. I dare lay any money, twill be nothing yet.

Exit

Attus Quartus, Scena prima.

Enter Sebastian and Clowne.

Clo. Will you make me beleue, that I am not fent for you?

Seb. Go we, go we, thou art a foolish fellow,

Let me be cleere of thee.

Clo. Well held out faith: No, I do not know you,

nor I am not sent to you by my Lady, to bid you come

spake with her: nor your name is not Master Cefario,

nor this is not my nose neither: Nothing that is so, is so.

Seb. I promise you, tho' folly some where elze, thou

know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some

great man, and now applies it to a fool, Vent my fol-

ly: I am afraid this great lubber the World will prove a

Cockney: I prethee now vizard thy stragences, and tell me

what I shall vent to my Lady? Shall I vent to hit that

thouart comming?

Seb. I prethee foolish grecke depart from me, there's,

money for thee, if you tarry longer, I shall give worti

pataint.

Clo. By my troth thou haft an open hand: these Wife-

men that give foolees money, get themselves a good re-

port, after fourteen yeares purchase.

Enter Andrew, Toby, and Fabian.

And. Now sir, haue I met you again? ther's for you.

Seb. Why there's for thee, and there, and there.

Are all the people mad?

To Hold sir, or I he throw your daggar or the house.

Clo. This will I tell my Lady straight, I would not be

in some of your coasts for two pence.

To. Come on sir, hold.

Am. Nay let him alone, Ie go another way to worke

with him. Ie have an echon of Battery against him, if

there be any law in Illyria though I broke him first,

yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

To. Come sir, I will not let you go. Come my yong

fouldier put vp your yron: you are well felled: Come

on,

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?

If thou darst tempt me further, draw thy sword.

To. What, what? Nay then I must have an Ounce or

two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter Olina.

Ol. Hold Toby, on thy life I charge thee hold.

To. Madam.

Ol. Will it be euer thus? Vngracious wretch,

Fit for the Mountaines, and the barbarous Caues,

Where manners were more prevalent then my fight.

Not offended, deere Cefario:

Rudesby be gone, I prethee gentle friend,

Let thy layre wisedome, not thy passion sway

In this vncivil, and wittout extent

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,

And here thou there how many fruitlese pranks

This Ruffian batch botch'd vp, that thou thereby

Mayst imitate this: Thou shalt not choose but goe:

Do not denie, beforw his soule for mee.

He started one poore heart of mine, in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? How runs the fireame?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dreame:

Let fante fill my fantas in Lthe steep.

If it be thus to dreame, still let me steep.

Ol. Nay come I prethee, wouldst thou be tuld by me

Seb. Madam, I will.

Ol. O say lo, and so be.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Maria and Clowne.

Mar. Nay, I prethee put on this gown, & this beard,

make him beely thou art for Topar the Curate, doe it

quickly. Ie call for Toby the whiffl.

Clo. Well, Ile put it on, and I will dissemble my fel-

liss, and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in

such
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

in such a gowne, I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to bee thought a good student: but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairly, as to say, a careful man, & a great scholar. The Competitors enter.

Enter Toby.

To. Ioue blest thee M. Parson.

Clo. Bowes dies for Toby: for as the old hermit of Prage that never saw pen and ink, very wittyly layed to a Neice of King Gorbothead, that that is, to being M. Parson, am I M. Parson; for what is that, but that is, but is?

To. To him for Topas.

Clown. Whatsoa, I say, Petee in this prison.

To. The knave counterfeit well: a good knave.

Mal. Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas the Curate, who comes to visit Malcio the Lunaticke.

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas, good sir Topas goe to my Lady.

Clo. Out hyperbolical fiend, how vexest thou this man? Talketh thou nothing but Ladies?

Tob. Well said M. Parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged, good sir Topas do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fye, thou dishonest fathan: I call thee by the most modest terms, for I am one of these gentle ones, that shall vie the dull and himselfe with curricle: fay thou that house is darke.

Mal. As hell for Topas.

Clo. Why it hath bay Windowes transparent as bars, and the floores toward the South north, are as luminous as Ebony: and yet complainest thou of obscurity?

Mal. I am not mad for Topas, I say to you this house is darke.

Mal. Madman thou ereest: I say there is no darkenes but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzeld then the Egyptians in their fagge.

Mal. I say this house is as darke as ignorance, thogh ignorance were as darke as hell: and I say there was never man thus abused, I am no more madde then you are, make the triall of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning Wilde Foule?

Mal. That the foule of our grandam, might happily inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkst thou of his opinion?

Mal. I thinke nobly of the foule, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: remaine thou fullin darke ende, thou shalt be in opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wit, and fare to kill a Woulscoate, left thou dost profane the foule of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas.

Tob. My moist exquisite sir Topas.

Clo. Nay I am for all waters.

Mspeaker. Thou mightst have done this without thy bire and gowne, he fees thee not.

To. To him in thing owne voyce, and bring me word how thou findst him: I would we were well ridde of this knavy. If he may bee conveniently refrued, I would he were, for I am now so farre in offence with my Niece, that I cannot profite with any safety this sport the vppenfoot. Comme by and by to my Chamber.

Exit Toby.

Clo. Hey Robin, 1olly Robin, tell me how thy Lady does.

Mal. Foole.

Clo. My Lady is unkind, perdie.

Mal. Foole.

Clo. Alas why is she so?

Mal. Foole, I say.

Clo. She loves another. Who calleth, ha?

Mal. Good foole, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, helpe me to a Candle, and pen, inke, and paper: as I am a Gentleman, I will sue to bee thankesfull to thee for.

Clo. M. Malvolio?

Mal. I good Foole.

Clo. Alas sir, how fell you besides your fine wittes?

Mal. Foole, there was never man so notorious a busied: I am as well in my wits (foole) as thou art.

Clo. But as well: then you are mad indeede, if you be no better in your wits then a foole.

Mal. They have heere proporded me: keepe mee in darkness, send Minillers to mee, Afies, and doe all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Adio you what you say: the Miniller is heere.

Mal. Foole, thy wittes heaue reformed: deavour thy selfe to sleepe, and leve thy vaine babble.

Mal. Sir Topas.

Clo. Maintain no words with this good fellow.

Who I sir, nor I, God buy you good sir Topas: Marty Amen, I will sir, I will.

Mal. Foole, foole, foole I say.

Clo. Alas sir, be patient. What say you sir, I am fient for speaking to you.

Mal. Good foole, helpe me to some light, and some paper, I tell thee I am as well in my wittes, as any man in lylyria.

Clo. Welladay, that you were sir.

By this hand I am: good foole, some inke, paper, and light; and conny what I will let downe to my Lady: it shall advantage thee more: then over the bearing of letter did.

Mal. I will help you too. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit.

Clo. Believe me I am not, I tell thee true.

Mal. Nay, heere believe a madman till I see his braines: I will fetch you lights, and paper, and inke.

Mal. Foole, he required in the light 8 degree.

Tobias be gone.

Clo. I am gone sir, and anon sir,

He bee with you againe.

In a trice, like to the old vice,
your needet oobtain.

Who with daggar of lifth, in his rarc and his wrath,
cries this his, to the dulcet:
Like a mad lad, pare thy nayles dad,
Adieu good man die ill.

Exit Toby.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sebastian.

This is the ayre, that is the glorious Sunne,
This peale he gane me, I do feel, and teete,
And though his wonder that envraps me thus,
Yet is not madneffe. Where's Antonio then, I could not finde him at the Elephant, Yet there he was, and there I found this credite, That he did range the towne to seeke me out, His counsell now might do me golden trence, For though my soule disputes well with my fence, That this may be some error, but no madneffe, Yet doth this accident and flood of Fortune, So farre exceed all intance, all discourse, That I am ready to distruft mine eyes, And wrangle with my reason that per-suades me To any other trust, but that I am mad, Or else the Ladies mad; yet if't were so, She could not sway her house, command her followers, Take, and glue backe affayres, and their dispatch, With such a smooth, differet, and stable bearing As I perceive she do's: there's something in't That is deceivable. But heere the Lady comes.

Enter Olivia, and Priest.
Ol. Blame not this bitte of mine: if you meane well Now go with me, and with this holy man Into the Chantry by: there before him, And vnderneath that consecrated roome, Plight me the full assurance of your faith, That my most f mellion, and too doubtfull sole May live at peace. He shall conceale it, Whilst you are willing it shall come to note, What time we will our celebration kepe According to my burch, what do you say? Scl. He follow this good man, and go with you, And haung sworn truth, ever will be true. Ol. Then lead the way good father, & heauen do vntine That they may fairely note this acte of mine. Exeunt. Fina Actus Quartus.

Athus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Cloane and Fabric. Fab. Now as thou count'lt me, let me see his Letter. Cla. Good Mr. Fabric, grant me another requeste. Fab. Any thing. Cla. Do not desire to see this Letter. Fab. This is to giue a dogge, and in rempnce desire my dogge againe.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Lords. Duke. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends? Cla. Sir, we are some of her tripping.
Duke. I know thee well: how dost thou my good Fellow?
Cla. Truly sir, the better for my foes, and the worfe for my friends.
Duke. Intit the contrary: the better for thy friends.
Cla. No sir, the worfe.
Duke. How can that be?
Cla. Marry sir, they praise me, and make an sifie of me, now my foes tell me plainly, I am an Asse: so that by my foes sir, I profite in the knowledge of my selfe, and by my friends I am abus'd: so that conclusions to be as kifles, if your foure negatives make you two affirmations, why then the worfe for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why is this excellent.
Cla. By my teeth sir, no: though it please you to be one of my friends.
Duke. Thou shalt not be the worfe for me, there's gold.
Cla. But that it would be double dealing sir, I would you could make it another.
Duke. O you give me ill counsell.
Cla. Put your grace in your pocket sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.
Duke. Well, I will be so much ainner to be a double dealer: there's another.

Cla. Prima, secundo, tertiio, is a good play, and the olde saying is, the third payes for all: the triplex sir, is a good tripping measure, or the belles of S. Bemus sir, may put you in minde, one, two, three.
Duke. You can foule no money out of mee at this throw: if you will let my Lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Cla. Marry sir, lullaby to your bountie till I come a-gen, I go sir, but I would not have you to thinke, that my deare of hauming is the name of rouettoueffe: but as you say sir, let your bounty take a nappe, I will awake it anon.

Exit

Enter Antonio and Officers.
Ves. Here comes the man sir, that did rescue mee.
Duke. That face of his I do remember well, yet when I saw it last, it was befecnd As blacke as Vulcan, in the fnoake of warre: A bawbling Veffell was he Captain of, or shallow draught and bulke vnprizable, With which such fruitfull grapple did he make, With the most noble batonie of our Flette, That very eny, and the tongue of loffe
Crite fame and honor on him: What's the matter?
Offi. This is that Antonio That tooke the Phoenix, and her fraught from Candy, And this is he that did the Tiger boord, When your yong Nephew Timo loft his legge; Heere in the streets, desperate of fame and flaire, In private brabble did we apprehend him.
Offi. He did me kindeff sir, Drew on my side, But in conclusion put thrainge speech upon me, I know not what twas, but distraction.
Duke. Notable Pyrate, thou fals-water Thesef. What foolish boldneffe brought thee to their mercies, Whom thou in termes so bloudie, and so deere Haft made thine enemies?
Offi. Noble sir, Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give mee: Antonio never yet was Thesef, or Pyrate, Though I confesse, on base and ground enough Orsos' enemies, A witchcraft drew me hither: That most ingratefull boy there by your side, From the rude feas enraged and foamy mouth Did I redeem: a wrake past hope he was: His life I gave him, and did thentoc ade My loue without retentions, or refraint, All his in dediction, For his eyes, Did I exposte my selfe (pure for his loue) Into the danger of this dauntles Towne, Drew to defend him, when he was beft: Where being apprehended, his false cunning (Not meaning to partake with me in danger) Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,

And
And grew a twentie yeares removed thing
While one would winke: denide me mine owne purses,
Which I had recommended to his vie,
Not halfe an house before.
Vin. How can this be?
Du. When came he to this Towne?
Aunt. To day my Lord: and for three months before,
No intent, but a minutes vacancie,
Both day and night did we keepe companie.
Enter Olivia and Attendants.
Du. Heere comes the Counteell, now heauen walks among earth.
But for these fellows, fellowthy words are madness,
Three moneths this youth hath tended vpon mee,
But more of that anon. Take him aside.
Ol. What would my Lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Oliviast may seeme feasible?
Cefario, you do not keepe promise with me,
Vin. Madam:
Du. Gracious Oliva.
Ol. What do you say Cefario? Good my Lord.
Vin. My Lord would speake, my dutie huzzes me.
Ol. If it be ought to the old tune my Lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after Mufcicke.
Du. Still so cruel?
Ol. Still so confant Lord.
Du. What to peruerfed you you vncivull Ladie
To whose ingrate, and wafpicous Aetas,
My foule the faithfuls fit offerings haue breath'd out
That ere devotion tender'd. What shall I do?
Ol. Even what it please my Lord, that shall become him
Du. Why should I not, (had the heart to do it)
Like to the Egyptian theeke; at point of death
Kill what I loue: (a sauge easoultie,
That sometime favour nobly) but hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance call my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That cherewes me from my true place in your favour:
Lie you the Marble brefted Tirant still,
But this your Minion, whom I know you loue,
And whom, by heauen I sweare, I tender deerely,
Him will I sweare out of that cruell eye,
Where he sits crowned in his matters spight.
Come boye with me, my thoughts are ripe in misciefne:
Ile sacrifice the Lambeth I do loue,
To spight a Rusens heart within a Doue.

Vin. And I mistro,incount, ap, and willinglie,
To you ref, a thousand deaths would dye,
Ol. Where goes Cefario?
Vin. After him I loue.
More then I loue these eyes, more then my life,
More by all more, then ere I shall loue wife.
If I do feigne, you witnesse aboue
Punish my life, for tainting of my loue.
Ol. Aye me detest, how am I beguil'd?
Vin. Who does beguil you? who does do you wrong?
Ol. Haft you thoght thy felie & is it so long?
Call forth the holy Father,
Du. Come, away,
Ol. Whether my Lord? Cefario, Husband, flay,
Du. Husband?
Ol. I Husband, Can he that deny
Du. Her husband, sirrah?
Vin. No my Lord, not I.
Ol. Alias, it is the balenette of thy feare,
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

Ol. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry, Madam, I have hurt your kindman: But had it beene the brother of my blood, I must have done no lesse with wit and safety. You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that I do perceive it hath offended you: Pardon me (sweet she) even for the vowes We made each other, but so late ago. 

Du. One fact, one voice, one habit, and two persons, A natural perspective, that is, and is not. 

Seb. Anthony: O my deere Anthony, How have the hours rack'd, and tortur'd me, Since I have lost thee? 

Ant. Sebastian are you? 

Seb. Fear'st thou that Anthony? 

Ant. How have you made diuision of your selfe, An apple cleft in two, is not more twin Then these two creatures. Which is Sebastian? 

Ol. Moot wonderfull.

Seb. 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 Forbes haue deuou'd: Of charity, what kinne are you to me? 

What Countryman? What name? What Parentage? 

Vio. Of Steffaine: Sebastian was my Father, Such a Sebastian was my brother too: Now when he tur'd to his mystery twise: If yours can affiance both ourme and suite, You come to fight vs.

Seb. A Spirit I am indeed, But iam in that dimension groffely clad,
Which from the wombe I did participate. 

Were you a woman, as the reft goes euem, I should my teares let fall vpon your cheekes, And frye, thirce welcome drew newt Viola. 

Vio. My father had a moane up his brow. 

Seb. And so had mine. 

Vio. And dide that day when Viola from her birth Had numbered thirteen yeares.

Seb. O that record is lively in my soule, He finisht indeed his marcell acte. 

That day that made my fitter thirteen yeares. 

Vio. If nothing less to make vs happie both, But this my masouine virup d attay: Do not embrace me, till each circumstanc, Of place, time, fortune, do co-here and rumpe That I am Viola, which to confirme, Ie bring you to a Captaine in this Towne, Where lyke my maiden wees: by whole gentle helpe, I was prefer'd to serve this Noble Count: 

All the occurrence of my fortune since 

Hath beene betweene this Lady, and this Lord, 

Seb. So comes it Lady, you have beene miflooke: But Nature to her bias drew in that. 

You would have bin contrac't to a Maid, Nor are you therein (by my life) deceit'd, You are brothre't both to a maid and man. 

Du. Be not anaz'd, right noble is his blood: if this be so, as yet the glasse seeemes true, I shall have share in this most happy wacke, boy, thou haile faide to me a thouand times, Thou never shoul'dt lour woman like to me. 

Vio. And all those sayings, will I utter sweare, And all those sweartings keepe as true in soule, As doth that Orbed Continent, the fire, That feuers day from night. 

Du. Give me thy hand, 

And let me see thee in thy womans weedes. 

Vio. The Captaine that did bring me first on thore 

Hath my Maides garments: he vpon some Action 

Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suite, 

A Gentleman, and followor of my Ladies. 

Ol. He shall inlarge him: fetch Malvolio hither, 

And yet alas, now I remember me, They say poore Gentleman, he's much distraught. 

Enter Cloves with a Letter, and Fabian. 

A most extracfling frendie of mine owne 

From my remembrance, clearly banish't his, How does he firi? 

Ol. Truly Madam, he holds Belzebub at the flues end as well as a man in his cafe may do: has heere writ a letter to you, I should have giuen't you to day morning. But as a madmans Epistles are no Gospels, so it skilles not much when they are deliner'd. 

Ol. Open't, and read it. 

Clo. Look to then to be well edified, when the Foulke deluers the Madman. By the Lord Madam. 

Ol. How now, art thou mad? 

Clo. No Madam, I do but reade madness: and your Ladyship will have it as it ought to bee, you must allow Vox. 

Ol. Prethee reade it by right wits. 

Clo. So do Madama: but to reade his right wits, is to read thus: therefore, prepare my Princelie, and gie care. 

Ol. Read it you, Sirrah. 

Fab. Rep'd. By the Lord Madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: Though you have put me into darkness, and giuen your drunken Calfine rule over me, yet haue I the benefit of my senes as well as your Ladiearth. I haue your owne letter, that induced mee to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not, but to do my selfe much right, or you much shame: think me of you please, I haue my duty a little vithought of, and speake out of my injury. The madly v'd Malvolio. 

Ol. Did he write this? 

Clo. I Madame. 

Du. This favours not much of dissraction. 

Ol. See him delier'd Fabian, bring him hither: My Lord, so please you, these things further thought on, To think me as well a fitter, as a wife, 

One day shal crowne thalliance on't, to please you, 

Heere at my house, and at my proper cost. 

Du. Madam, I am most apt't embracce your offer: 

Your Master quitts you: and for your service done him, 

So much against the metre of your sex, 

So farre beneath your soft and tender breeding, 

And since you call'd me Master, for so long: 

Heere is my hand, you shall from this time bee 

Your Masters Mistris. 

Ol. A sister, you are fite. 

Enter Malvolio. 

Du. Is this the Madman? 

Ol. I my Lord, this fame: How now Malvolio? 

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong, Notorious wrong. 

Ol. Have I Malvolio? No. 

Mal. Lady you have, pray you peruse that Letter. 

You must not now denie it is your hand, 

Write from it if you can, in hand, or phrasis,
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

Ofsay, tis not your feale, not your invention:
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,
And tell me in the modestie of honor,
Why you have given me such cleare lights of favour,
Bad me come saluting, and crooke-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to browne
Vpon Sir Toby, and the lighter people:
And ading this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
kept in a darke house, visited by the Priest,
And made the most notorious gecke and gull,
That ere invention plaid on? Tell me why?
Ol, Alas Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though I confess much like the Character:
But out of question, tis Marius hand.
And now I do bethinke me, it was shee
First told me thou waft mad; then canst in smiling,
And in such formes, which here were prefigur'd
Vpon thee in the Letter: prethee be content,
This practice hath most fiercelyly past vpon thee:
But when we know the grounds, and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the Plaintiff and the Judge
Of thine owne cause.

Fab. Good Madam hear me speake,
And let no quarrell, nor no braule to come,
Taint the condition of this present house,
Which I have wondred at: In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess my selfe, and Toby
Set this devise against Malvolio heere,
Vpon some lubborne and uncourteous parts
We had concei'd against him. Maria wrt.
The Letter, at fir Toby's great importance,
In recompence whereof, he hath married her:
How with a sportfull malice it was follow'd,
May rather plucke on laughter then reuenge,
If that the injuries be iutilly weight'd,
That haue on both sides past.

Ol. Alas poore Foolo, how haue they baffe'ld thee?
Ch. Why lome are borne great, some archieue great-
neffe, and some haue greatneffe throwne vpon them. I
was one fir, in this Enterlude, one fir Topas fir, but that's

all one: By the Lord Fools, I am not mad: but do you re-
member, Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascall,
and you smile not he's gag'd: and thus the whistlegigge
of time, brings in his revenge.

Mal. Ile be reueu'd on the whole packe of you?
Ol. He hath bene moft notoriously abus'd.
Du. Purifie him, and entreate him to a peace:
He hath not told vs of the Captaine yet,
When that is knowne, and golden time conuents
A solome Combination shall be made
Of our dere foules. Meane time sweet sitter,
We will not part from hence. Cefaro come
(For so you shall be while you are a man:)
But when in other habites you are seene,
Orsino's Miltris, and his fancies Queene.

Exeunt

Clowne singes.

When that I was and a little time boy,
With hey bo, the winde and the raine:
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the raine it raineth every day.

But when I came to mans estate,
With hey bo, &c.
Gainst Knave and Theues men shut their gate,
For the raine, &c.

But when I came alas to wine,
With hey bo, &c.
By force going could I never thrive,
For the raine, &c.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey bo, &c.
With softnesse still had drunken beades,
For the raine, &c.

A great while agoe the world began,
Hey bo, &c.
But that's all one, our Play is done,
And we'll sone to please you every day.

FINIS.
Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

Arch. If you shall chance (Camillo) to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my seruices are now on-foot, you shall see (as I have said) great difference betwixt our Bohemia, and your Sicilia.

Camillo. I thank you, this coming Summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the Visitation, which he is fully ow'd.

Arch. Wherein our Entertainment shall frame vs: we will be jollied in our Loues: for indeed--

Camillo. Beseech you--

Arch. Verily I speake it in the freedome of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence-- in so rare--I know not what to say--- Wee will give you sleepey Drinks, that your Senses (vn-intelligent of our insufficiency) may, though they cannot praye vs, as little accuse vs.

Camillo. You pay a great deal to deare, for what's giuen freely.

Arch. Beseech me, I speake as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honestie puts it to vs'trance.

Camillo. Sicilia cannot thus shew herselfe over-kind to Bohemia: They were trayned together in their Child-hoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot chuse but branc'new now. Since their more mature Dignities, and Royall Necessities, made separation of their Societies, their Encounters (though not Personall) hath been Royally attamed with enter-change of Gifts, Letters, joying Embassies, that they have seem'd to be together, though absent: throwke hands, as over a Vault; and embrac'd as if were from the ends of oppo'd Winds. The Heaufns continue their Loues.

Arch. I think there is not in the World, either Malice or Matter, to alter it. You have an unspikeable comfort of your young Prince Mamillius: it is a Gentleman of the greatest Promisse, that ever came into my Note.

Camillo. I verily 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 content to die?

Camillo. Yes: if there were no other excuse, why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the King had no Sonne, they would desire to live on Crutches till he had one.

Scene's Secunda.

Enter Leonides, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, Camillo.

Pol. Nine Changes of the Wary Starre hath been

The Shepheards Note, since we have left our Throne
Without a Burthen; Time as long againe
Would be fill'd vp (my Brother) with our Thanks,
And yet we should, for perpetuatie,
Goe hence in debt: And therefore, like a Cypher
(Yet standing in rich place) I multiply
With one we thank you, many thousands moe,
Thar goe before it.

Leo. Stay your Thanks a while,

And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to morrow:

I am question'd by my feares, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence, that may blow
No sleepeing Winds at home, to make vs fly,
This is put forth too truly: besides, I haue fly'd
To tyr'e your Royaltie.

Leo. We are tougher (Brother)

Then you can put vs to't.

Pol. No longer fray,

Leo. One Seue'night longer.

Pol. Very tooth, to morrow.

Leo. We'll past the time betweene's them: and in that
He no gaine-laying.

Pol. P'teele me not (beseech you) so:

There is no Tongue that moues; none, none of'th World
So soone as yours, could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessitie in your request, although
I were needful I deny'd it. My Affairs
Doe even drag me home-ward: which to hinder,
Were (in your Loue) a Whipp to me: my flay,
To you a Charge, and Trouble: to faue both,
Farewell (our Brother.)

Leo. Tongue-ty'd our Queene? speake you.

Her. I had thought (Sir) to have held my peace, untill
You had drawne Oathes from him, not to slay: you (Sir)
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure
All in Bohemia's well; this satisfaccion,
The by-gone-day procla'myd, say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.

Leo. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his Sonne, were strong;
But let him say so then, and let him goe;
Burr let him sweare so, and he shall not stay,
We'll thwack him hence with Diffaffes.
Yet of your Royall presence, I dare adventure
The borrow of a Weeke. When at Bohemia
You take my Lord, Ile glue him my Commission,
To let him there a Moneth, behind the Gait
Pre_fd for our paring: yet (good-deed) Leonides,
I love thee not a Larce o'th Clock, behind

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The Winter's Tale.

What Lady is her Lord. You'll stay?

Pol. No, Madame.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not verely.

Her. Verely?

You put me off with dibble Vowes: but I,
Though you would feek'tv'nefphere the Stars with Oaths,
Should yet fay, Sir, no going: Verely
You shall not goe; a Ladies Verely's is
As potent as a Lords. Will you goe yet?

Force me to keepe you as a Prisoner,
Not like a Guest: so you shall pay your Fees
When you depart, and fave your Thanks. How fay 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, lefle cafe to commit,
Then you to punifh.

Her. Not your Gaoler then,
But your kind Hostiff. Come, He queffion you
Of my Lords Tricks, and yours, when you were Boyes:
You were pretty Lording then?

Pol. We were (fake Queen).

Two Lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But fuch a day to morrow, as to day,
And he Boy eternal.

Her. Was not my Lord
The veryer Wag ot the two?

Pol. We were at wyn'd Lamba, that did firk it in Sun,
And bleat the one at the other what we chang'd,
Was innocencc, for innocencc: we knew not
The Doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did: Had we pursu'd that life,
And our weake Spirits ne're been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have anwer'd Heaven
Boldly, not guilty; the Impofition clear'd,
Hereditarie ours.

Her. By this we gather
You haue tript fince.

Pol. O my moft feared Lady,
Temptations haue fince then been borne to's: for
In thafe vnfeigned days, was my Wife a Gifle;
Your precious felfe had then not crof'd the eyes
Of my young Play fellow.

Her. Grace to booke,
Of my maie conftitution, leaff you fay
Your Queenne and I are Drunks: yet goe on,
Th'ooffences we haue made you doe, we'ee answere,
If you fift fin'd with vs: and that with vs
You did continuefaults: and that you flipt not
With any; but with vs.

Leo. Is he woon yet?
Her. Hee'll fay (my Lord.)
Leo. At my requiret he would not:
 homework (my dearft) thou never speak'd
To better purpofe.

Her. Neuer?
Leo. Neuer, but once.

Her. What? have I twice faid well? when was before?
I prethee tell me: cram's with pratele, and make's
As far as taine things: One good deed, dyling tongueeleffe,
Slaughters a thoufand, wayting upon that.
Our prateles are our Wages. You may ride's
With one for: Kiffe a thoufand Furlongs, ere
With Spur we heat an Acte. But to th' Gasle:

My left good deed, was to entreat his fay.
What was my fift? he's an elder Sister,
Or I miifeake you: O, would her Name were Grace.
But once before I spoke to th' purpofe? when?
Nay let me haue: I long.

Leo. Why, that was when
Three crabb'd Monarch, had fowr'd themfelues to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white Hand:
A clap thy felfe my Love; then didft thou vifter,
I am yours for euer.

Her. 'Tis Grace indeed,
Why lo-you now, I haue spoke to th' purpofe twice:
The one, for euer canti'd a Royall Husband;
Th'other, for fome while a Friend.

Leo. Too hot, too hot:
To mingle friendship farre, is mingling bloods.
I haue Tremor Cerdis on me: my heart daunces,
But not for ioy; not ioy. This Entertainment
May a free face put on: derue a Libertie
From Heartmuffle, from Bountie, fertile Bofome,
And we'll become the Agents: may I graunt:
But to be padling Palmes, and pinching Fingers,
As now they are, and making practis'd Smiles
As in a Looking-Gaffe; and then to figh, as 'twere
The Norfolk o' th' Deere: oh, that is entertainment
My Boy like fome not, nor my Bowers, Mamillius,
Art thou my Boy?

Mam. I, my good Lord,
Leo. Pefcaks:
Why that's my Bawcock: what's has't smirch'd thy Noiz?
They fay't is a Copp'y out of mine. Come Captaine,
We muft be neat; not neat, but cleanly, Captaine.
And yet the Steere, the Heycer, and the Calfe,
Are all call'd Neat. Still Virginaling
Upon his Palme: How now (you want Calfe)
Art thou my Calfe?

Mam. Yes, if you will (my Lord.)
Leo. Thou want't a rough path, & the hoots that I haue
To be full, like me; yet they fay we are
Almost as like as Eagles; Women fay fe,
(That will fay any thing.) But were they falle
As o're dy'd Blacks, as Wind, as Waters; falle
As Dice are to be with'd, by one that fixes
No boorne't with his and mine; yet were it true,
To fay this Boy were like me. Come (Sit Page)
Look on me with your Wift eye: fweet Villaine,
Moft dear't, my Collo: Can thy Dam, may be't
Affection? thy Intention flabs the Center,
Thou don't make possible things not fo held,
Communicat with Dreams (how can this bet)
With what's vnreal: thou coaflctive,
And fellow'd nothing. Then 'tis very credent
Thou mayt co-joiny with something, and thou don't,
(And that beyond Commination) and I find it,
(And that to the infection of my Brains,
And hardning of my Browes.)

Pol. What means Sicilia?
Her. He something femees vnfecked.
Pol. How? my Lord?
Leo. What cheere? how is it with you, belf Brother?
Her. You look as if you held a Brow of much diffraction
Are you mour'd (my Lord?)
Leo. No, in good earneft.

How fomtimes Nature will betray it's folly?
It's tendemeffe? and make it felfe a Paffame
To harder bofomes? Looking on the Lynes
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Of my Boyes face, my thoughts I did recollect
Twentie three yeares, and saw my selfe vn-breech'd,
In my green Vulture Coat; my Dagger muzzelled,
Least it should bite it's Master, and fo prove
(As Ornaments oft do's) too dangerous:
How like a man hath his thoughts, was to this Kernels,
This Swift, this Gentleman, Mine honest Friend,
Will you take Egges for Money?

Men. No (my Lord) I'll fight.

Leo. You will why happy man be's done. My Brother
Are you fond of your young Prince, as we;
Doe seeme to be of ours?

Pol. If at home (Sir)
Hes all my Exercise, my Mirth, my Matter;
Now my sworne Friend, and then mine Enemy;
My Paradoke, my Souldier, State-man; all;
He makes a Juykes day, short as December,
And with his varying charms, cure in me
Thoughts, that would thick my Blood.

Leo. So hands this Squire
Ofh'd with me: We two will walke (my Lord)
And leave you to your greater steps. Hermione,
How thou love'st them, when our mothers welcome;
Let what is cleate in Sicily, be cleate;
Next to thy felie, and my young Rouer, he's
Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you would feike vs,
We are yours rth' Garden: shall'st you attend you there?
Leo. To your owne bents dispoze you; you'll be found,
Be you nathelesse the Sky: I am angling now,
(Though you perceive me not how I glie Lyne)
Goe too, goe too,
How this holds vp the Nebe the Byll to him?
And arnes her with the boldness of a Wite
To her allowing Husband. Gone already,
Ync-thick, knee-deepore head and eares a fork'd one.
Goe play (Boy) play: thy Mother plays, and I
Play too; but to digorate a part, whose issue
Will hifle me to my Graves Contempt and Clamor
Will be my Knell. Goe play (Boy) play, there have been
(Or I am much deceu'd) Cockolds ere now,
And many a man there is (even at this present),
Now while I speake this holds his Wife by th'Arm,
That little thinkes she's beene flyd vp in's absence,
And his Pond fish'd by his next Neighbor (by
Sir Smile, his Neighbor) nay, there's comfort in,
Whiles other men haue Gates, and those Gates open'd,
(As mine) against their will. Should all despair
That haue reuelled Wiles, the tenth of Mankind
Would hang themselfs. Phyllicr for's, there's none:
It is a bawdy Planet, that will strike
Where its predominant, and its powerfull: think it:
From East, West, North, and South, be it concluded,
No Barriado for a Felly. Know'st,
It will let in and out the Enemy;
With bag and baggage, many thousand on's
Hate the Diffece and feel'st not. How now Boy?

Men. I am like you say.

Leo. Why, that's some content.
What? Camillo there?

Leo. He would not stay at your Petitions, made
His Bufineffe more material.
Leo. Didst perceive it?
They're here with me already; whisp'ring, rouding:
Stilcia is a fo-thorth: tis fare gone,
When I first felt it left. How cam's (Camillus)
That he did fly?

Leo. At the good Queenes entretie.

Leo. At the Queenes bed: Good should be persittent,
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding Pate but chine?
For thy Conceit is foaking, will draw in
More then the common Blocks. Not noted, is't,
But of the finer Nature? by some Searealls
Of Head-peece extraordinarie. Lower Meffes
Perchance are to this Bufineffe purblind? say.

Camil. Bufineffe, my Lord? I think no other
Vnderstand.

Leo. Camillus, you are more here longer.
Leo. Stayes here longer.
Leo. I, but why?

Cam. To fastifie your Highness, and the Entreties
Of our mothers Moistrefse.

Leo. Satisfe?
Th'entreties of your Mistrefse? Satisfe?
Let that suffice. I have trauelt thee
With all the neerest things to my heart, as well
My Chamber-Counsells, wherein (Priest-like) thou
Hast cleans'd my Bofome; I, from thee departed
Thy Penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceu'd in thy Ingratitude, deceit'd
In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid (my Lord.)
Leo. To bide vp'ths thou art not honest;
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a Coward,
Which boxes honsetie behind, refraining
From Course requir'd: or else thou must be counted
A Servant,graffed in my ferious Truf,
And therein negligen't: or else a Fools,
That feeff a Game play'd home, the rich Stake drawn, and
Tak it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious Lord,
I may be negligen't, foolifh, and fatedfull,
In every one of their, no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, feare,
Among the infinite doings of the World,
Sometime puts forth in your affairs (my Lord.)
If ever I were wilfull-negligen't,
It was my folly: if inditurnifly
I play'd the Fools, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end: if ever fearefull
To do a thing, where I the ifue doubted,
Whereof the Execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, twas a feare
Which of its effects the withe, the (my Lord)
Are such allow'd Infirmities, that honestie
Is never free of. But befeeth your Grace
Be planer with me, let me know my Trespas
By it's owne visage; if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Ha! not you seene Camillo?
(But that's past doubt, you haue, or your eye-glasse
Is thicker then a Cuckolds Horne) or heard?
(For to a Vision fo apperant Rumor
Cannot be mure) or thought? or Cogitation
Refides not in that man, that do's not thinke)
With the union, or would I change? 

To win or lose, to be or not to be, 

That is the question:

:\n
As an answer to that, there is: 

Before the trumpet, the pen to the sword, 

But not to lose the sword, that to lose the sword, 

For man without a sword, is but a man.

My solemnity's closed, to believe my hearts of loyalty.
Camilla,
Pleaze you Cam.
I must be aw'd. Do it thou hear Camillo,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which Honor do's acknowledge, whereof the least
Is not this Suit of mine, that thou declare
What incendiary thou don't gheffe of harme
Is creeping toward me; how farre off, how near,
Which way to be present'd, if to be:
If not, how beft to beare it.
Cam. Sir, I will tell you,
Since I am charg'd in Honor, and by him
That I think honorable: therefore mark my counsaila,
Which must be eu'n as twifliy followed, as
I mean't to vter it; or both your felle, and me,
Cry loft, and fe good night.
Pol. Oh then, my bell blood tune
To an infected Gelly, and my Name
By ye'&d with his, that did betray the Beft:
Tune then your freifht Reputation to
A fauour, that may strike the duldef Nothwell
Where I arrive, and my approch be fhun'd,
Nay hated too, worfe then the great'ft Infection
That ere was heard, or read.
Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular Starre in Heauen, and
By all their Influences; you may as well,
Forbid the Sea for to obey the Moone,
As (or by Oath) remove, (or Counsaila) shake
The Fabrick of his Folly, whose foundation
If piy'd upon his Faith, and will continue
The fhanding of his Body.
Pol. How should this grow?
Cam. I know not: but I am fure 'tis safer to
Avoid what's growne, then question how 'tis borne.
If therefore you dare truft my honeftie,
That lyes enclosed in this Trunke, which you
Shall bear along impawd, away to Night,
Your Followers I will whifper to the Bufineffe,
And will by twos, and threes, at feuerall Poffernes,
Cleare them o'th' Citie: For my felle, Ile put
My fortunes to your fervice (which are here
By this dicovery loft.) Be not uncertaine,
For by the honor of my Parents, I
Haue verted Truth: which if you feake to prove,
I dare not ifand by; nor shall you be safer,
Then one condemned by the Kings owne mouth:
Theireon his Execution swore.

Pol. I doe beleue thee:
I swa' the heart in his face. Give me thy hand,
Be Pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My Ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days agoe. This Isaloufie
Is for a precious Creature: as fhee's rare,
Muf't it be great; and, as his Perfon's mightie,
Muf't it be violent: and, as he do's conceit,
He is dishonor'd by a man, which ever
Profes'd to do him: why his Reuenges muft
In that be made more bitter. Feare one-shades me:
Good Expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious Queen, part of his Theme: but nothing
Of his ill-tane Edification. Come Camillo,
I will repreffe thee as a Father, if
Thou bear'ft my life off, hence: Let vs auidoat.
Cam. It is in mine Authoritie to command
The Keys of all the Poffernes: Please your Highneffe
To take the vrgent hoare, Come Sir, away. 

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Hermione, Mamillia, Ladies: Leutes, Antigonus, Lords.

Her. Take the Boy to you: he fo troubles me,
Tis past enduring,
Lady. Come (my graceful Lord)
Shall I be your play-fellow?
Mam. No, Ile none of you.

Lady. Why (my sweet Lord?)
Mam. You'le kiffe me hard, and speake to me, as if
I were a Baby still. I love you better,

Lady. And why so (my Lord?)
Mam. Not for because
Your Brows are blacker (yet black-brows they say
Become some Women beit, so there be not
Too much laire there, but in a Cenricile,
Or a halfe-Moone,made with a Pen,) 2.
Lady. Who taught this?
Mam. I learn'd it out of Womens faces: pray now,
What colour are your eye-browes?

Lady. Blew (my Lord.)
Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a Ladies Nofe
That has beene blew, but not her eye-browes.

Lady. Harke ye,
The Queen (your Mother) rounds apace: we shall
Prefent our Seruices to a fine new Prince
One of thefe dayes, and then you'd wanton with vs,
If we would haue you.

Lady. She's spread of late
Into a goodly Bulke (good time encounter her.)
Her. What wildome flirs amongst you? Come Sir, now
I am for you againe: Pray you fit by vs,
And tell's a Tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, that's be
Her. As merry as you will.
Mam. A sad Tale's beft for Winter:
I haue one of Sprights, and Goblins.

Her. Let's hauewhat (good Sir.)
Come-on, fit downe, come-on, and doe your beft,
To fright me with your Sprights: you're pow'rful full at it.
The Winter's Tale.

Mam. There was a man.

Her. Nay, come fit downe: then on.

Mam. Dwell by a Church-yard: I will tell it softly.

You Crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on then, and giue me in mine care.

Leon. Was shee met there? his Traite? Camillo with him?

Lord. Behind the ruff of Pines I met them, neuer
Saw I men fowre fo on their way: I eyed them
Even to their Ships.

Leon. How blest am I
In my lastCnure? in my true Opinion?
Alack, for lefser knowledge, how accurs'd,
In being fo blest? There may be in the Cap
A Spider steep'd, and one may drink; depart;
And yet parteake no venom: (for his knowledge
Is not infeñte) but if one prefent
Th' abhor'd ingredient to his eye, make knowne
How he hath drunke, he cracks his gurge, his fides
With violent Heues: I haue drunke, and leene the Spider.
Camillo was his helpe in this, his Pandar:
There is a Plot against my Life, my Crown:
All's true that is misfrusted: that faile Villaine,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He's fadifcer'd my Defigne, and I:
Remaine a pind'rd Thing; yea, a very Trick
For them to play at will: how came the Posternes
So easily open?

Lord. By his great authority,
Which often hath no leffe preual d, then fo,
On your command.

Leon. I know't too well.
Give me the Boy, I am glad you did not ferue him:
Though he do's bear some signes of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? Sport?

Leon. Bear the Boy hence, he shall not come about her;
Away with him, and let her fpoil her felfe
With that fhee's big-with, for'tis Pelixenes
H's made thee swell thus.

Her. But it'd fay he had not;
And Ile be Frank you would beleeue my faying,
How e're you leaue to the'Nayward,
Looke on her, mark her well: be but about
To fy the is a goodly Lady, and
The luifice of your hearts will thereto adde
'Tis pitty fhee's not honer: Honorable;
Prayfe he but for this her without-dore-Forme,
(Which on my faith deferves high speech) and ftraight;
The Shing, the Hum, or Ha, thefle Petty-brands
That Calumnie doth vfe; Oh, I am out,
That Mercy do's, for Calumnie will leeare
Vertue is felle, thefle Shrugs, thefle Hum's, and Ha's,
When you haue faid fhee's goodly, come beewene,
Ere you can fay thee's honeft: But he knowne
(From him that ha's moft caufe to grieve it should be)
She's an Adultrefe.

Her. Should a Villaine fay fo,
(The most replenifhed Villaine in the World)
He were as much more Villaine: you (my Lord)
Doe but mistake.

Leon. You have mislookt (my Lady)
Pelixenes for Leon: O thou Thing,
(Which He not call a Creature of thy place,
Least Barbarifte (making me the preceedent)

Should a like Language vie to all degrees,
And mannerly diftinguifhment leave out,
Betwixt the Prince and Beggar:) I haue faid
She's an Adultrefe, I haue faid with whom:
More, there's a Traitor, and Camillo is
A Federarie with her, and one that knows
What shee should frame to know her felle,
But with her moft vild Principall: that fhee's
A Bed-fwaruer, even as bad as thofe
That Vagars glue boldift Titles; and priuy
To this their late escape.

Her. No (by my life)
Pruiy to none of this: how will this grieve you,
When you'll come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus haue publi'sd me? Gentle my Lord,
You feare can right me throughly, then, to fay
You did mitake.

Leo. No: if I mitake
In thofe Foundations which I build upon
The Centre is not bigge enough to beare
A Schoole-Boyes Top, Away with her, to Prifon:
He who shall fpeak for her's a fære: off guiltie,
But that he speaks.
What is this plot to done ill Planet raigntes:
I must be patient, till the Heauens looke
With an aspec more fauerable. Good my Lords,
I am not prone to weeping (as our Sex
Commonly are) the want of which vaine dew
Perchance shall dry your pitties: but I haue
That honorable Griee feldg'd here, which buries
Worf of Teares drown'd: befeech you all (my Lords)
With thoughts so qualified, as your Charities
Shall beft inftruct you, measure me; and fo
The Kings will be perform'd.

Leo. Shall I be heard?

Her. Who is't that goes with me? befeech your Highnes
My Women may be with me, for yee fee
My plight requires it. Doe not weep (good Foolcs)
There is no caufe; When you shall know your Millis
Ha's defer'd Prifon, then abound in Teares,
As I come out; this Action I now go on,
Is for my better grace. Adieu (my Lord)
I never will'd to fee you forry, now
I leaue you (my Lady): my Women come, you haue leaue.
Leo. Go, doe our bidding; hence.

Lord. Befeech your Highnes call the Queene againe
Antig. Be ceraine what you do (Sir) leaft your vufhice
Proue violence, in the which three great ones fuffer,
Your Selfe, your Queene, your Sonne.

Lord. For her (my Lord).
I dare my life lay downe, and will do (Sir)
Please you accept it, that the Queene is spotleffe
I the eyes of Heaven, and to you (I meane
In this, which you accufe her.)

Antig. If it proue
Shee's other wife, Ile keepe my Stables where
I lodge my Wife, Ile goe in couplcs with her:
Then when I feele, and fee her, no farther trueth her.
For euery ync of Woman in the World,
I euer dram of Womans fleth is falfe,
If the be.

Leo. Hold your paces.

Lord. Good my Lord.

Antig. It is for you to speake, not for our felues:
You are abus'd, and by some puffer on:
That will be damn'd for: would I knew the Villaine,
I would
I would Land-damne him: be the honor flaw'd,  
I have three daughters: the eldest is eleuen;  
The second, and the third, nine; and the elde:  
If this prove true, they I pay for:  
"By mine Honor I'll gell'd em all: fourteen they shall not fee  
To bring false generations: they are co-heyes,  
And I had rather glib my fells, then they  
Should not produce faire fille.

Lea. Coafe, no more:  
You smell this busnife with a fence os cold  
As is a dead-mans nose: but I do fee't, and feel't,  
As you fee dole these: and fee withall  
The Instruments that feele.

Antq. If it be to,  
We neede no grate to burle honesty,  
There's not a graine of it, the face to sweeten  
Of the whole dunye-earth.

Leo. What? lacke I credit?  
Lord. I had rather you did lacke then I (say Lord)  
Upon this ground: and more it would content me  
To hue her Honor true, then your fulpition  
Be blam'd for how you might.

Leo. Why what neede we  
Commune with you of this? but rather follow  
Our forcefull infligation? Our prerogative  
Cals not your Count baiser, but our natural goodnesse  
Impars this: which, if you, or thumped,  
Or seem'dg, in skill, cannot, or will not  
Relie ane truth, like vs: informe your felues,  
We neede no more of your aduice: the matter,  
The loffe, the game, the ord'ting on't,  
It all properly ours.  
Antq. And I wish (my Liege)  
You had only in your silent judgement tride it,  
Without more outtere.

Leo. How could that be?  
Either thou art most ignorant by age,  
Or thou wer't borne a foolo: Camillo's flight  
Added to their Familiarity  
(Which was as gresse, as cuer touch'd conceiture,  
That lack'd flight onely, nought for approbation  
But onely being, all other circumstances  
Made vp to th deed) doth prufi on this proceeding,  
Yet, for a greater confirmation  
(For in an Ate of this importance, 'owre  
Most piteous to be wilde I have dispatch'd in post,  
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's Temple,  
Cleonimes and Dian, whom you know  
Of stuff'd-sufficiency: Now, from the Oracle  
They will bring all, whose spiritual counfaile had  
Shall ftop, or fpu're me. Haue I done well?  
Lord. Well done (my Lord,)  
Leo. Though I am fatifsife, and neede no more  
Then what I know, yet flall the Oracle  
Give reft to th'mides of others; such as he  
Whose ignorant credulite, will not  
Come vp to th truth. So haue we thought it good  
From our free perfon, the fhoue to confide,  
Left that the treachery of the tow, fled hence,  
Be left her to performe. Come follow vs,  
We are to speake in publique: for this busnife  
Will raife vs all.

Antq. To laughter, as I take it,  
If the good truick, were knowne.
Paul. Tell her (Emilia).

Emil. Now be you blest for it.

She to the Queene. I please you, come some nearer.

Que. Madam, 'tis please the Queene to send the babe, I know not what I shall incurre, to passe it, having no warrant.

Pan. You need not bear it (fur)

This Childe was prisoner to the wome, and is by Law and course of great Nature, hence free'd, and enfranchis'd, not a partie to the anger of the King, nor guilty of (If any be) the treaspsile of the Queene.

Que. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear: upon mine honor, I will stand between you, and danger. 

Exeunt

Scene Tertia.

Enter Lords, Servants, Paulina, Antigonus, and Lords.

Leo. Nor night, nor day, nor rest: it is but weaknesse to bear the matter thus; mere weaknesse, if The cause were not in being: part of the cause. She, 'th'Adulteresse: for the harlot-King is quite beyond mine Art, none of the blanke and amuell of my braine: plot-proof but shee, I can haooke to me: say that she were gone, Given to the fire, a moity of my selfe Might come to me againe. Whole there?

Ser. My Lord.

Leo. How do the boy?

Ser. He tooke good rest to night; 'tis hop'd his weaknesse is disposed.

Leo. To see his Noblenesse, Conceiving the dishonour of his Mother.

He straight declin'd, droop'd, tooke it deeply, Faffon'd, and fix'd the shame out in him selfe: threw-off his Spirit, his Appetite, his Sleepe, And down-right languish'd. Leave me loyly: goe, See how heeares: Fie, fie, no thought of him, The very thought of my Reuengers that way Recoloe upon me: in him selfe too mightie, And in his partie, his Alliance: Let him be, Vntill a time may fene. For prettie vengence Take it on hir Camille, and Felonies.

Laugh at me: make their pastime at my sorrow: They shou'd not laugh, if I could reach them, nor Shall she, within my powre.

Enter Paulina.

Lord. You must not enter.

Paul. Nay rather (good my Lords) be second to me: Fear ye his tyrannous passion more (alas) Then the Queenes life? A gracious innocent soule, More free, then he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

Ser. Madam; he hath not slept to night, commanded None should come at him.

Pan. Not so hot (good Sir) I come to bring him sleepe. 'Tis such as you

That creeps like shadowes by him, and doth fight At each his needlese heauings: such as you nourish the cause of his awaking; I do come with words, as medicinal, as true; (Honest, as eather,) to purge him of that humor, That presses him from sleepe.

Leo. Who noyfe there, he?

Pan. No noyfe (my Lord) but needfull conference. About some Gossips for your Highnesse.

Leo. How?

Away with that audacious Lady, Antigonus, I charg'd the like if she should not come about me, I knew she could. 

Ant. I told her so (my Lord).

On your displeasures perill, and on mine, She should not visit her.

Leo. What canst not rule her?

Pan. From all diononefie he can: in this (Vainely he take the course that you have done) Commit me, for committing honor, trust it.

He shall not rule me:

Ant. Lay you now, you heare, When the will take the raine, let her run, But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my Liege, I come: And I beleech you hear mee, who professe My felle your loyall Servant, your Physician, Your moost obedient Counseller: yet that dares Leefe appearre fo, in comforting your Emilles, Then such as moft feene yours. If I, I come From your good Queene.

Leo. Good Queene?

Paul. Good Queene (my Lord) good Queene, I say good Queene.

And would by combate, make her good doo, were I A man, the worst about you.

Leo. Force her hence.

Pan. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes First hand me: on mine owne accord, Ile off, But first, Ile do my errand. The good Queene (For she is good) hath brought you a forth a daughter, Here e'tis: Commends it to your blessing.


Paul. Not so:

I am as ignorant in that, as you, In fo entitling me: and no leffe honest Then you are mad, which is enough, Ile warrant (As this world goes) to passe for honest: Leo. Traitors: Will you not publish out? Give her the Bafard, Thou dotard, thou art woman-yrd: unroofed By thy dame Porter here, take vp the Bafard,Take e'p, I lay: give'thy to thy Groane.

Paul. For ever 

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou Tak'ft vp the Princeffe, by that forced baseness Which he ha's put, upon't.

Leo. He dreads his Wife.

Paul. So I would you did: then twere past all doubt You'd call your children, yours.

Leo. A neff of Traitors.

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Pan. Nor I nor any

But one that's heere: and that's himself: for he,

The
The sacred Honor of himselfe, his Queens, 
His hopeful Sonnes, his Babes,betrayes to Slauder, 
Whose thing is sharper then the Swords; and will not 
(For as the cafe now stands, it is a Curfe 
He cannot be compell'd too's) once remove 
The Root of his Opinion, which is roten, 
As weue Oakle, or Stone was found.

Leo. A Callar.
Of boundlefe tongue, who late hath beat her Husband, 
And now bysets me: This Brat is none of mine, 
It is the Iffue of Polixenes, 
Hence with it, and together with the Dam, 
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours: 
And might we lye th'old Prouerbe to your charge, 
So like you,'tis the worfe. Behold (my Lords) 
Although the Print be little, the whole Matter 
And Coppy of the Father: (Eye, Noie, Lippe, 
The trick of 's Browne, his Fore-head, nay, the Valley, 
The pretty d umples of his Chin, and Cheekke; his Smiles; 
The very Mould, and frame of Hand, Nayle, Finger.) 
And thou good Goddeffe Nature, which hath made it 
So like to him that got it; if thou haft 
The ordering of the Mind too longif: all Colours 
No Yellow in't, leaft the tulpes as, he do't, 
Her Children, nor her Husbands.

Leo. A groffe Hugge: 
And Loxzell, thou art worthy to be hang'd, 
That wilt not pay her Tongue, 
Antig. Hang all the Husbands 
That cannot doe that Fear, you'll leave your selfe 
Hardly one Subieft.

Leo. Once more take her hence. 
Paul. A mift vnworthy, and vnstatuarl Lord 
Can doe no more, 
Leo. Ile ha'the burt, 
Paul. I care not: 
It is an Herctique that makes the fire, 
Not the which burns in't. Ie not call you Tyrant: 
But this most cruell vfang of your Queene 
(Not able to produce more accuion 
Then your owne weake-hindg'd Fancy) somthing fuors 
Of Tyrannie, and will ignoble make you, 
Yes, scandalous to the World.

Antig. Of your Allegiance, 
Out of the Chamber with her. Were I a Tyrant, 
Where were her life? she durft not call me fo, 
If she did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you do not pull me, Ile be gone. 
Looke to your Babes (my Lord) tis yours: booke her 
A better guiding Spirit. What needs these hands? 
You that are thus fo tender of ye Follyes, 
Will neuer doe him good, not one of you, 
So fo: Farewell, we are gone.

Leo. Thou (Tryator) haft set on thy Wife to this, 
My Child? away with 8 enuen thou at that hait 
A heart to tender o're it, take it hence, 
And fee it instantly commiff'd with fire. 
Euen thou, and none but thou. Take it vp straights: 
Within this houre bring me word tis done, 
(And by good rethomie) or Ile feize thy life, 
With what thou elie call'st thine: if thou refuse, 
And wilt encounter with my Wrath, fay fo: 
The Baffard-braynes with these my proper hands 
Shall I daft out, Go, take it to the fire, 
For thou set'nt on thy Wife.

Antig. I did not, Sir: 
Thefe Lords,my Noble Fellowes,if they please, 
Can cleare me int. 
Lords. We can: my Royall Liege, 
He is not guilty of her comming hither. 
Leo. You're byers all, 
Lords. Befeech your Highneffe, give vs better credts 
We have alwayes alvays ferv'd you, and befeech' 
So to efeeme of vs: and on our knees we begge, 
(As recompence of our deare services 
Past, and to come) that you doe change this purpose, 
Which being fo horrifible,so bloody, mult 
Lead on to some foule Iffue. We all kneele.

Leo. I am a Feather for each Wind that blows: 
Shall I live on, to see this Baffard kneele, 
And call me Father? better burne it now, 
Then eufe it then. But be it: it live. 
It shall not neyther. You Sir,come you hither: 
You that have beene fo tenderly officious 
With Lady Margerie,your Mid. wife there, 
To faue this Baffards life, for 'tis a Baffard, 
So sure as this Beard's gray, What will you adventure, 
To faue this Brass life?

Antig. Any thing (my Lord) 
That my abilitie may undergoe, 
And Noblenesse impofe: at leaft thus much; 
He puitive the little blood which I haue left, 
To faue the Innocent: anuy thing possible.

Leo. It shall be possible: Sware by this Sword 
Thou wilt perfome my bidding.

Antig. I will (my Lord.) 
Leo. Marke, and perfome it: feete thoues for the faile 
Of any point in't, shall not onely be 
Death to thee felfe, but to thy lewd-tonguid Wife, 
(Whom for this time we pardon) We enoyme thee, 
As thou art Liege-man to vs, that thou cauty 
This female Baffard hence, and that thou beare it 
To some remote and defart place,quite out 
Of our Daminions; and that there thou leaue it 
(Without more mercy) to it owne protection, 
And favour of the Climate: as by strange fortune 
It came to vs, I doe in fuitche charge thee, 
On thy Soules peril, and thy Bodyes torture, 
That thou commend it strangely to some place, 
Where Chance may nurfe, or end it: take it vp.

Antig. I sware to doe this; though a preuent death 
Hade beene more mercifull. Come on (poore Babes) 
Some powerfull Spirit influft the Kyues and Rauen 
To be thy Nurfe. Wolues and Beares,they say, 
(Calling their fanagenesse aside) have done 
Like offices of Pitty. Sir,be prosperous 
In more then this deed do's require; and Bleffing 
Against this Crueltie, fight on thy fide 
(Poore Thing,condemn'd to loffe.) 

Leo. No: Ile not reare 
Another Iffue, Enter a Servant. 
Serv. Please your Highneffe, Poffis 
From thence you went to th' Oracle, are come 
An houre fince: Cleomines and Dion, 
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed, 
Hafing to th' Court. 
Lords. So please you (Sir)their spece 
Hath beene beyond accompl. 
Leo. Twentie three dayes 
They have bene abfent: tis good spece: fore-tells 
The great Apollo suddenly will haue
The truth of this appeare: Prepare you Lords, 
Summon a Session, that we may arraign 
Our most diuoyll' Lady: for as she hath 
Been publicly accus'd, so shall the hate 
A just and open Triall. While the liues, 
My heart will be a burshe then to me. Leave me, 
And think upon my bidding.   
  Exeunt.

Aiturus Teritus. Scena Prima.

Enter Cleomines and Dion.

Cleo. The Clymats delicate, the Ayre most sweet, 
Fertile the ilke, the Temple much surpising 
The common praty it beastes, 
Dion. I shall report, it shall appear 
For moit it caught me, the Celestiall Habits, 
(Methinks it should termine them) and the reverence 
Of the graue Weathers. O, the Sacrifice, 
How ceremonious, solemn, and vn-earthly 
It was i'th' Offring? 
Cleo. But of all, the bust 
And the care-deaf ning Voice o'th' Oracle, 
Kin to Iower Thunder, so surpriz'd my Sence, 
That I was nothing. 
Dio. If th'enlent o'th' Journey 
Prove as faceefull to the Queene (O be't so) 
As it hath beane to vs, rare, pleafant, speedie, 
The time is worth the vie on. 
Cleo. Great Apollo 
Turnall to th' belt: thefe Proclamations, 
So forcing faults upon Hermione, 
I little like. 
Dio. The violent carriage of it 
Will clear, or end the Bihoffre, when the Oracle 
(Thus by Apollo's great Divine fel'd up) 
Shall ye make others discover something rare 
Even then will ribe to knowledge. Go; forge Horfe, 
And gracious be the ifue.   
  Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Leonets, Lords, Officers: Hermione (as to her 
Thral) Ladies: Cleomines, Dion.

Leo. This Session to our great griefe we pronounce 
Even path's gain'ft our hearts. The partie try'd, 
The Daughters of a King, our Wife, and one 
Ov's too much beloved. Letvs be clear'd 
Of being tyrannous, since we fre-openly 
Proceed in Jutice, which shall have due courfe, 
Even to the Guilt, or the Purgation: 
Produce the Prifoner. 
Officers. It is his Highnes pleasure, that the Queene 
Appear in perfon, here in Court, 
  Silence. 
Leo. Rades the Indictments. 
Officers. Hermione, Queene to the worthy Leontes, King 
of Sicilia, thou art here accus'd and arraigned of High Treaf-
for, for committing Adultery with Polixenes King of Bohemia, 
and conspiring with Camillo to take away the Life of our Sone-
rage Lord, the King, by Royal Husband: the pretence whereof 
being by circumstances partly laid open, thou (Hermione) con-
trary to the Faith and Allegiance of a true Subjects doit coun-
saile and ayde them, for their better satisfaction, to fire away 
by Night. 
Her. Since what I am to fay, must be but that 
Which contradict my Accusation, and 
The testimonie on my part, no other 
But what comes from my selfe, it shall scarce boot me 
To fay, Not guiltie: mine Inege rite 
Being count'd Falsehood, shall (as I exprefs it) 
Be for receiued. But thus, if Powres Divine 
Behold our humane Actions (as they doe) 
I doubt not then, but Innocence shall make 
False Accusation blufh, and Tyrannie 
Tremble at Patience. You (my Lord) best know 
(Whom leal vll seeme to doe) to my past life 
Hath bee as continent, as chaste, as true, 
As I am now unhappye; which is more 
The mighty can paterne, though deuis'd, 
And play'd, to take Spectators. For behold me, 
A Fellow of the Royall Bed, which one 
A Moitie of the Throne: a great Kings Daughter, 
The Mother to a hopeful Prince, here Banding 
To prate and talke for Life, and Honor, 
Who pleafe to come, and heare, For Life, I prize it 
As I waight Griefe (which I would spare): For Honor, 
'Tis a derituation from me mine, 
And only that I stand for. I appeale 
To your owne Confeience (Sir) before Polixenes 
Came to your Court, how I was in your grace, 
How merited to be for: Since he came, 
With what encounter I vnderstand, I 
Have frrayn'tt appeare thus; if one iot beyond 
The bound of Honor, or in Act, or will 
That way encreasing, hardned be the hearts 
Of all that hear me, and my neer'lt of Kin 
Cry fie upon my Graue. 
Leo. I the'te heard yet, 
That any of thefe boldr Vices wanted 
Leefe Impudence to gain'en-fay what they did, 
Then to performe it first. 
Her. That's true enough, 
Though 'is a faying (Sir) not due to me. 
Leo. You will not owne it. 
Her. More then Miftreffe of, 
Which comes to me in name of Fault, I must not 
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes 
(With whom I am accus'd) I doe confess 
I lou'd him, as in Honor he requir'd: 
With such a kind of Loue, as might become 
A Lady like me; with a Louee, even fuch, 
So, and no other, as your felfe commanded: 
Which, not to have done, I thinkke had been in me 
Both Disobedience, and Ingratitude. 
To you, and toward your Friend, whole Loue had spoke, 
Even fince it could speake, from an Infant, freely, 
That it was yours. Now for Conspiracie, 
I know not how it taffes, though it be disfard'd 
For me to try how: All I know of it, 
Is, that Camillo was an honest man; 
And why he left your Court, the Gods themfelves 
(Worlking no more chen) I are ignorant. 
Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know 
What you have ventur'd me to doe in's abifenee,

Her. Sir,
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Her. Sir, You speak a Language that I understand not:
My Life stands in the leuell of your Dreams,
Which Ie lay downe.

Leo. Your Actions are my Dreams,
You had a Baffard by Polixenes,
And I but distrust it: As you were past all frame,
Those of your Fact are so) to pass all truth,
Which to deny, concerns more then susaies: for as
Thy Brat hath beene call out, like to it selfe,
No Father owning it (which is indeed
More criminally in thee, then it) to thou
Shalt feel our Iustice: in whole easifet passifie,
Looke for no leffe then death.

Her, Sir, spare your Threats:
The Buggage which you would fright me with, I fecke:
To me can Life be no commodity;
The crowne and comfort of my Life(your Fator)
I doe give loft, for I doe feele it gone,
But know not how it went. My second toy,
And first Fruits of my body, from his presence,
I am bat'd, like one infeccious. My third comfort
(Staid most vnluckily) is from my breast
(The innocent milke in it most innocent mouth
I hold out to murther. My selfe on every Post
Proclaim'd a Stranger: With immodeft hatred
The Child-bed prin'ledge denv'd, which longs
To Women of all fashion. Lately, hiried
Here, to this place, it's open ayre, before
I have got strength of limit. Now(my Liege)
Tell me what blessings I have here alue,
That I should feare to die? Therefore proceed:
But yet here see: miittke me not: no Life,
(L PRизe it not a straw) but for mine Honor,
Which I would free: if I shal be condemn'd
Vpon turmites (all proofs sleepeing elfe,
But what your Leallouies awake) I tell you
Tis Rigor, and not Law. Your Honors all,
I doe referre me to the Oracle:
Apollo be my ludge.

Lord. This your request
Is altogether unjust: therefore bring forth
(As in Apollo's Name) his Oracle.

Her. The Emperor of Ruffia was my Father
Oh that he were alue, and here beholding
His Daughters Tryall: that he did but fee
The flanke of my mistrie; yet with eyes
Of Pity, not Reuenge.

Officer. You here hiall sweare upon this Sword of Juflice,
That you (Cleomines and Dian) have
Been both at Delphos, and from thence haued brought
This seal'd-v Porce by the Hand deliuer'd
Of great Apollo's Priest; and that since then,
You have not dare't to break the holy Seale,
Nor read the Secrets in't.

Cleo Dio. All this we sweare.
Leo. Sweare vp the Seales, and read.

Officer. Hermione w chaff, Polixenes blimeleffe,Camillo
a true Swill'll, Leoncet a false Tyrant, his innocent Bab's
truly begotten, and the King shall find without an Hrere, if that
which is left, he not found.

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo.
Her. Praised.
Leo. Hast thou read truthe?
Office. I (my Lord) can go so as it is here fee downe.
Leo. There is no truth at all in't Oracle:

The Seelions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.
Ser. My Lord the King: the King?
Leo. What is the bunglifie?
Ser. O Sir, I shall be haued to report it.
The Prince your Sonne, with meere conceit, and feare
Of the Queenes speed, is gone.
Leo. How? gone?
Ser. Is dead,
Leo. Apollo's angry, and the Heauens them selves
Do flike at my Injustice. How now there?
Pau. This nevers is mortall to the Queene, look downe
And see what Death is doing.
Leo. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o're-charg'd: she will recover.
I have too much beleau'd mine owne supposition:
Belieue you tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. Apollo pardon
My great prophaneesse: gainst shirne Oracle,
Ile reconcile me to Polixenes,
New how my Queene, recall the good Camillo
(Whom I proclaime a man of Truth, of Mercy:)
For being transported by my Leallouies
To bloody thoughts, and to reuenge, I chose
Camillo for the minifter, to poylon
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tarded
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 fell'd with Honor) to my Kingly Gueft
Vncealp'd my prafitie, quit his fortunes here
(Which you new great) and to the hazard
Of all Incertainties,himself commended,
No richer then his Honor: How he glisters
Through my Ruff? and how his Piecie
Do's my deeds make the blacker?
Pau. Woe the while:
O cut my Lance, left my heart (cracking it)
Break too.

Lord. What sit this? good Lady?
Pau. What studed to me(Tyrant) hast for me ?
What Wheels? is Rack't? Fires? What flaying? boyl'ing?
In Leaders, or Oxen? With or never Torture
Muff I receiue whole every word dealeth
To taffle of thy most worth. Thy Tyranny
(Togethe working with thy Leallouies,
Fancies too weake for Roves, too greene and idle
For Girles of Nine) O thinke what they have done,
And then run mad in deed: starke-smud: for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betrayd't Polixenes', i was nothing,
(That did but shew thee,of a Feole, inconftant,
And damnable ingratefull:) Nor was't much.
Thou would't haue poylon'd good Camillo's Honor,
To haue him kill a King: poore Trelafies,
More monstrouf handing by: whereof I reckon
The calling forth to Crowes, thy Baby-daughter,
To be or none, or little; though a Deuill
Would have shed water out of fire,ere don't:
Nor is't directly layd to thee, the death
Of the young Prince, whose honorable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one tender) left the heart
That could concerne a groffe and foullifh Site
Blemish'd his gracious Dam: this is not, no,
Lay'd to thy aniveres: but the left: O Lords,
When I have said,cry woe: the Queene, the Queene,
Scena Tertia.

Enter Antigonus, a Mariner, Babe, Shepeheard, and Clerke.

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath touch'd upon The Defarts of Bohemia.

Mar. I (my Lord) and fear.
We have Landed in ill time; the skies look grimly, And threaten present blusters. In my conference The heauens with that we have in hand, are angry, And frowne upon's.

Ant. Their fared will's be done; go get a boord, Look to thy barke, he not be long before

I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your beft haufe, and go not.
Too-farre'th Land: 'tis like to be lowd weather, Besides this place is famous for the Creatures Of prey, that keepe vpon's.

Ant. Go thou away, 
Hee follow infantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be to ridde o'th busineffe.

Exit.

Ant. Come, poore babe; I haue heard (but not beleued) the spirits o'th dead
May walke againe: iffuch thing be, thy Mother Appeare'd to me laft night: for she was dreame
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another,
I never saw a feeffe of like forrow
So fild' and so fecomming: in pure white Robes Like very fantfity she did approach
My Cabine where I lay: thence bowd' before me, And (gaping to begin some speech) her eyes
Became two spouts; the fife spent, anon
Did this break from her. Good Antigonus,
Since Fate (againsth thy better disposition)
Hath made thy perfon for the Thower-out
Of my poore babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep, and leaue it crying: and for the babe
Is counterd loof for euer, Perdita
I prethee call: For this vngene businesse
Put on thee, by my Lord, thou ne'er shalt fee
Thy Wife Perdita more: and so, with fhrines
She fent me into Ayre. Affrighted much,
I did in this collect my felfe, and thought
This was fo, and no flafe to the Dreames, are toys,
Yet for this once, yea superflitious,
I will be iquard by this. I do beleue
Hermione hath fuffer'd death, and that
Apollo would (this being indecde the ifue
Of King Polixenes) it should heere be laide
(Either for life, or death) vpon the earth
Of it's right Father. Blofsome, speed thee well,
There lye, and there thy charafter: there thefe,
Which may if Fortune pleade, both breed thee (pretty)
And fill reft thine. The flomes beginnes, poore wretched,
That for thy mothers fault, art thus expos'd
To loife, and what may follow. Wepe I cannot,
But my heart bleedes: and moft atcrut am I
To be by oth enioy'd to this. Farewell,
The day frownes more, and more: thou'rt like to have
A lullable too rough: I never faw
The heauens so dim, by day. A favage clamor
Well may I get a boord: This is the Chace,
I am gone for euer.

Exit pursued by a Bear.

Shep. I would there were no age betweene ten and three and twenty, or that youth would keep up the reft for there is nothing (in the betweene) but getting wench's with childe, wronging the Anciency, feeling, fighting, hearke you now: would any but these boydelbraines of ninetene, and two and twenty hunt this weather? They haue scar'd away two of my beft Sheepe, which I fcare the Woffe will sooner finde then the Mafter; if any where I haue chym, 'tis by thse fiafe, breezing of low. Good-lucke (and be thy will) what hau we here? Mercy ons, a Barne? A very pretty barne; a boy, or a Child I wonder? (A pretty one, a verie prettie one, sure fome Scapce; Though I am not bookifh, yet I can
Enter Clowne.

Clo. Hilloa, loa.

Sho. What? art so néece? If thou'lt see a thing to take on, when thou art dead and rotten, come hither: what say'lt thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such fights, by Sea & by Land: but I am not to say it is a Sea, for it is now the sky, between the Firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkins point.

Sho. Why Boyle, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but see how it chases, how it raging, how it takes vp the shore, but that's not to the point: Oh, the most piteous cry of the poor foules, sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: Now the Shippe hoaring the Moone with her maine Maff, and anon swallowed with yealt and teath, as you'd thrust a Coke into a hogshead. And then for the Land-seruice, to see how the Beare tore out his should: how he crieth to me for helpe, and said his name was Antigone, A Nobleman: But to make an end of the Ship, to see how the Sea slipdragon'd it: but first, how the poor foules roared, and the sea mock'd the man: how the poor Gentleman roared, and the Beare mock'd him, both roaring louder then the sea, or weather.

Sho. Name of mercy, when was this boy?

Clo. Now, now: I have not wint'd since I saw these fights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the Beare halfe dind't on the Gentleman: he's at it now.

Sho. Would I had bin by, to have help'd the olde man.

Clo. I would you had beene by the ship side, to have help'd herethe your charity would have lack'd footing.

Sho. Heavy matters, heavy matters: but look thee heere boy. Now blest be thyselfe: thou met't with things dying, I wish things new borne: Here's a fight for thee: Look thee there, a bearing-clash for a Squires child: looke thee heere, take vp, take vp (Boy): open it: so, let's see: so as it was told me I should be rich by the Fairies. This is some Changeling: what's what's within, boy?

Clo. You're a mad old man: If the flames of your yowth are forgotten you, you're well to live. Good, all.

Sho. This is Fairly Gold boy, and twill please for vp with't: keep it close: home, home, the next way. We are lucky (boy) and to bee and till require nothing but serrecie: Let my sleepe go: Come (good boy) the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your Findings, Ile go see if the Beare bee gone from the Gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, Ile bury it.

Sho. That's a good deed: if thou mayest discern by that which is left of him, what he is, let thee me to th'fight of him.

Clowne. 'Marry will I: and you shall helpe to put him th'ground.

Sho. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and wee'll do good deeds on't. Exeunt.
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of that penitent (as thou call'st him) and reconciled King (my brother, whose love of his most precious Queene & Children, are even now to be a-sore lamented. Say to me, when saw'th thou the Prince Florizell my son? Kings are no lefte unhappy, their issue, nor being gracious, then they are in loosing them, when they have apprised their Vertues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the Prince; what his happier affairs may be, are to me unknowne: but I have (misfally noted) he is of late much retir'd from Court, and is leste frequent to his Princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have consider'd so much (Camilla) and with some care, so faire, that I have eyes under my servite, which looke upon his removednesse; from whom I have this Intelligence, that he is feldome from the house of a most homely fhepheard: a man (they lay) that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors, is growne into an unspeakable eflate.

Cam. I have heard (Sir) of such a man, who hath a daughter of no small note: the report of her is extended more, then can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's like-wise part of my Intelligence: but I fear the Angle that pleaches our some thither. Thou shalt accompany vs to the place, where we will (not appearing what we are) have some question with the fhepherd; from whose simplicity, I think he not vnacle to get the cause of my fomnes relart other. Prhebe he my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camilla, we must disguise our felvses. Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Autolycus singing.

When Difficulties begin to pierce,
With that the Day over the kile,
Why then comes in the sweet the year,
For the red blood vraging in my winters pai

The white fleete bloasing on the henge,
With hey the sweet birds, O how they fly,
Dob'f let my prying tooth an edge,
For a quart of Ale is a draf for a King.

The Lark that tirra Lyra chantas,
With night, the Thrush and the Lay;
Are Summer songs for me and my Aunts
While me they trembling in the bay.

I have farn'd Princce Florizell, and in my time wore three pile, but now I am out of service.

But flall I go mourn full for that (my deere)
The pale Moone blimes by night:
And when I wander here and there
I then do mofi go right.
If Thingers may have leave to line,
And bearre the Swa-skin Bootes,
Then my account I well may give,
In the Stockes a-washen-it.

My Traffick is therees: when the Kite builds, looke to lette Linen. My Father nam'd me Autolycus, who be-

ing (as I am) lytter'd vnder Mercurie, was likewise a
shaper-yf of unconsidered triffes: With Dye and drab,
I purchased this Caption, and my Reuenue is the sily
Cheese, Gallows, and Knocks, are too powerfull on
the Highway: Being and hanging are terrors to mee;
For the life to come, I sleepe out the thought of it.
A prize, a prize.

Enter Clowne.

Cl. Let me fee, every Leaun-weather toddes, every
tod yeezles pound and odde fludding: fifteen hundred
floune, what comes the wooll too?

Aunt. If the springde hold, the Cocke's mine.

Cl. I cannot do without Compers. Let me fee,
what am I to buy for our Sheepe-fleering-Feast? Three
pound of Sugar, five pound of Currance, Rice;
What will this fifter of mine do with Rice? But my father
hath made her Miftis of the Ffealt, and the layes it on.
She hath made-me four and twenty Nofe-gaiyes for the fleers
(three-man fong-men, all, and very good ones) but
they are most of them Meanes and Baile; but one Purin
amongst them, and he fings Plaines to home-pipes, I must hate
Saffron to colour the Warden Pies, Mace;
Dares, none: that's out of my note: Natmegges, feuen;
A rice or two of Ginger, but that I may begge: Four
pound of Prestyns, and as many of Reyon's on Sun.

Aunt. Oh, that even I was borne.

Cl. I think'se of me.

Aunt. On help me, help me: plucke but off these
ragges: and then death, death.

Cl. Alacke poure soule, thou haft need of more rags
to lay on thee, rather then haue thefe.

Aunt. Oh fir, the loathfomneffe of them offend mee,
more then the stripes I have receuved, which are mightie
ones and millions.

Cl. Alas poore man, a million of beating may come
to a great matter,

Aunt. I am rob'd fir, and beaten: my money, and ap-
parel I take from me, and these derecktable things put on
me.

Cl. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aunt. A footman (sweet fir) a footman.

Cl. Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments
he's left with thee: if this bee a horsemen Coare, he
hath feene very hot reme. Lend me thy hand, Ile help thee.
Come, lend me thy hand.

Aunt. Oh good fir, tenderly, oh.

Cl. Alas poore Coule.

Aunt. Oh good fir, softly, good fir: I feare (fir) my
shoalde-blade is out.

Cl. How now? Canst fland?

Aunt. Softly, deere fir: good fir, softly: you ha done
me a charitable office.

Cl. Doff not lacke any mony? I have a little mony for
thee.

Aunt. No, good sweet sir: no, I beseech you first I have
a Kinman not paff three quarters of a mile hence, vno
where I was going: I shall there haue money, or anie
thing I want: Offer me no money I pray you, that kills
my heart.

Clow. What manner of Fellow was hee that robb'd
you?

Aunt. A fellow (fr) that I have knowne to goe about
to groove my-dames: I knew him once a servant of
the Prince: I cannot tell good fir, for which of his Ver-
tues it was, but hee was certainly Whipt out of the
Court.

Cl.
His vices you would say; there's no virtue whipt out of the Court; they cherish it to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Vices I would say (Sir.) I know this man well, he hath bene since an Ape-Beater, then a Profligate (a Bayliffe) then hee composed a Motion of the Prodigall, love, and married a Tinkers wife, within a Mile where my Land and Liuing lye; and (hauing Fowne over many knauff professions) he fortified onely in Rogue: some call him Antiloco.

Our upon him: Prig, for my life Prigghe haunts Wakes, Faires, and Beare-baitings.

Very true sir: he's heere; that's the Rogue that put me into this apparrrell.

Not a more cowardly Rogue in all Bohemia; If you had but look'd bigge, and spied at him, he'd have runne.

I must confess to you (Sir) I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way, & that he knew I warrant him.

How do you now?

Sweet sir, much better then I was: I can stand, and walk: I will even take my leave of you, & pace softly towards my Kinman.

Shall I bring thee on the way?

No, no, good Sir'd I'dt, no sweet sir.

Then tartheweell, I must go buy Spices for our sheepe-shearing. Exit.

Prosper you sweet sir. Your purde is not e-nough to purchase your Spice: He be with you at your sheepe-shearing too: If I make not this Chat bring out another, and the sheerers prove sheele, let me be vnred, and my name put in the booke of Virtue.

Song. Joy, joy, Joy on, the foot path way,
And merry be the Stile a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Tenn stile-yes in a Male a.

Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Feste, Perdita, Shepherd, Clowne, Polliences, Cajmilia, Megs, Dorcas, Servants, Antiloco.

Thyse thyfesuflull weedes, to each part of you Do's give a life: no Shepheardesse, but Fowre Peering in April's front. This your sheepe-shearing, Is as a meeting of the petty Gods,
And you the Queene on't.

Sir. my gracious Lord,
To chide at your extreme, it not becomes me: (Oh pardon, that I name them:) your high selfe The gracious marke o'the Land, you have obforde With a Swaines wearing: and me (poore lowly Maid) Moft Goddesse-like prink'd wp. But that our Feasts In every Meffe have folly: and the Feeders Diggast with a Culfome. I should blust For to see you stature d: I sworne I thinke, To shew my selfe a glasse.

I bleffe the time.

When my good Falcon, made her flight a-cross: Thy Fathers ground.

Now loue affoord you caufe: To me the difference forges dread (your Greatnesse

Hath not beenes t' to feare:) even now I tremble To think my Father, by some accident Should paffe this way, as you did: Oh the Fates, How would he looke, to see his worke, fo noble, Valdey bound vp? What would he say? Or how Should I (in thee my borrowed Flanews) behold The forme of his presence?

Apprehend Nothing but illolity: the Goddes themselfes (Hun biling their Deities to love) have taken The shapes of Beasts upon them. Jupiter, Became a Bull, and bellow'd: the greene Neptune A Ram, and bleated: and the Fire-roab'd-God Golden Apollo, a poore humble Swaine, As I feene now. Their transformations, Were neuer for a peace of beauty, raceer, Nor in a way so chalke: since my desires Run not before mine honor: nor my Lufts' Burne hotter then my Faith.

Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis Oppos'd (as it must be) by th' pover of the King: One of these two must be necessities, Which then will speake, that you must change this pur, Or my life.

Thou deare O Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts, I prethee darken not The Mish t' o' th' Fesit: Or He be thine (my Faire) Or not my Fathers. For I cannot be Mine owne, nor any thing to any, if I be not thine. To this I am most confiant, Though definy fay no. Be merry (Gentle) Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing That you behold the white. Your guests are comming Lift up your countenance, as it were the day Of celebration of that nuptiall, which We two have sworne thall come.

O Lady Fortune, Stand you auspicious.

Set, your Guests approach, Address your selfe to entertaine them sprightly, And let's be red with mirth.

Sleep. Fy (daughters) when my old wife luid: upon This day, she was both Pantler, Butler, Cooke,
Both Dame and Servant: Welcome all: but when, Would sing her fong, and dance her turne: now heere At upper end o'the Table; now, ither middle: On his shoulder, and his her face of fire With labour, and the thing the rooke to quench it She would to each one sip: You are retayed, As if you were a feated one: and not

The Holfefes of the meeting: Pray you bid Those vnknowne friends to's welcome, for it's A way to make vs better friends, more knowne. Come, quench your blusses, and present your selfe That which you are, Mistress o'the Fesit. Come on. And bid vs welcome to your sheepe-shearing, As your good fiocke shall prosper.

Sir. welcome.

It is my Fathers will, I should take on mee The Holfeship o'the day: you're welcome sir.

Give me those Flowers there (Dorcas:) Remember Sirs, For you, there's Rosemary, and Rue, these keepe Seeming, and savour all the Winter long: Grace, and Remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our Shearing.
Do's change my disposition.

Flo. What you do,
Still better 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: so giue Almes, Pray fo: and for the ordring your Affayres, To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you A waste o'th Sea, that you might euer do Nothing but that: moue 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 Doricles, Your praires are too large: but that your youth And the true blood which pepces fairly through, Do plainly giue you out an unfaith'd Shepherd With wifdomne, I might feare (my Doricles) You wou'd me the false way.

Flo. I think you have As little skill to feare, as I have purpoze To put you to't. But come, our dance I pray, Your hand (my Perdicas) to Turtles paire That never meanes to part.

Perd. Ile sweare for'em. Pa. This is the prettiest Low-borne Laffe, that euer Ran on the greene-ford: Nothing the do's, or femees But fmakkes of something greater then her felfe, Too Noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something That makes her blood looke on't: Good footh she is The Queene of Curds and Creame.

Cla. Come on: firke vp. Dorcas. Moffa muft be your Misfirs: marry Gatlick to mend her kifing with. 

Mop. Now in good tyme.

Cla. Nor a word, a word, we stand vp on our manners, Come, firke up.

Here a Dance of Shepheardes and Shepheardes.

Pol. Pray good Shephard, what faire Swaine is this, Which dances with your daughter? 

Shep. They call him Doricles, and boasts himfelfe To have a worthy Feeding: but I have it Vpon his owne report, and I beleive it: He looks like footh: he fayes he loves my daughter, I thinke fo too; for newer gazed the Moone Vpon the water, as hee'f hand and reade At were my daughters eyes: and to be plaine, I thinke there is not halfe a kiffe to chooze Who loves another bele.

Pol. She dances fealty.

Shep. So fhe do's any thing, though I report it That should be filent: If yong Doricles Do light vp her, he fhall bring him that Which he not dreames of. 

Enter Samu'ell. 

Cla. A Mofter: if you did but hear the Pedler at the door, you would neuer dance againe after a Tabor and Pipe: no, the Bag-pipe could not moue you: hee finges feverall Tunes, fafter then you'f tell money: hee weares them as he had eaten ballads, and all mens ears grew to his Tunes.

Cla. He could never come better: hee shall come in: I loue a ballad but euen too well, if it be dolfull matter merily let downe: or a very pleasant thing indeede, and fung lamentably.
Ser. He hath songs for man, or woman, of all sizes: No Milliner can so fit his customers with Glouses; he has the prettiest Lout-songs for Maids, so without bawdry (which is strange,) with such delicate burthen's of Dido's and Fadings: Jump her, and her bump, and where some stretch-mouth'd Rascal, would (as it were) mean mischief, and break a foolish gap into the Matter, he makes the maid to answer, 'Whop, do I me no harme good man; put's him off,_Draw his, with Whop, do I me no harme good man.

Pet. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Beleece mee, thou talkst of an admirable conceited fellow, have you any unbraded Wares?

Ser. Hee hath Ribbons of all the colours ith Raining bow; Points, more then all the Lawyers in Bohemia; can learnedly handle, though they come to him by th' grove: Inclies, Cheelyes, Cambrickeyes, Lawnes; why he fings over as they were Gods, or Goddye's if you would thinke a Smock were a free. Angell, he so chanteys to the fleune-hand, and the works about the figure on't.

Clo. Prethee bring him in, and let him approach sing.

Perc. Forewarns him, that he vfe no furious words in his tunes.

Clow. You have of these Pedlers, that hav'e more in them, then you'd think (Sister.)

Perc. I, a good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolycus singing.

Loue me as white as driven Snow,
Opresse blacke as ere was Crow,
Glouses as sweete as Damaskke Rose,
Makest for faces, and for meate:
Dingle-bracket, Nettke lace Amber,
Perfumes for a Ladies Chamber:
Golden Quetty, and Stemmers
For my Lads, to give their dears:
Pins, and poulche sticks of false.
What shall maid's luck from head to heele:
Come buy of me, comecome buy come buy,
Buy Lads, or else your Lasses cry: Come buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mops, thon shouldn't take no money of me, but being entha'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certaine Ribbons and Glouses.

Mops. I was promist'd them against the Peale, but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more then that; or there be byars.

Mops. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: May be he has paid you more, which will framme you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? Will they wear their placketts, where they should be their faces? Is there not milking-time? When you are going to bed? Or kill-hole? To whistle of these lecherous, but you must be little-tatling, before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whisp'ring:clamor your tongues, and not a word more.

Mops. I have done; Come you promis'd me a cawdrylace, and a paire of sweet Glouses.

Clo. Haue I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money.

Aut. And indeed Sir, there are Cozeners abroad, therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou man, thou shalt lose nothing here

Aut. I hope so, for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What haft here? Ballads?

Mops. Pray now buy some: I loue a baller in print, a life, for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one, to a very dolefull tune, how a Viuerman was brought to bed of twenty money bagga at a bown, and bow the long'd to eate Adders heads, and Toads carbondado'd.

Mops. Is it true, thinke you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old,

Dor. Belffe me from marrying a Viuerman.

Aut. Here's the Midwives name to't: one Mist. Tale.

Porter, and five or fix honest Wines, that were present. Why should I carry eyes abroad?

Mops. Pray you now buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by; and let's first see mone Ballads: We'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad of a Fife, that appeared upon the coast, on wednesday the fairest of April, for thousand fadon above water, & fung this ballad against the hard hear't of maids: it was thought the wae was a Woman, and was turn'd into a cold fife, for the wold not exchang'fleath with one that lou'd her: The Ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, thinke you.

Autol. Five Lutitches hands at it, and witnesse more then my packe will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too; another

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mops. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why this is a paffing merry one, and goes to the tune of two maids vrooing a man: there's female a Maide weftward but the fings it: 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mops. We can both fing it: if thou beares a part, thou shalt hear, 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't, a month agoe.

Aut. I can bear my part, you must know 'tis my occupation: Have at it with you.

Song. Get you hence for I most goe

Aut. Where it fits not you to know.

Dor. Whether?

Mops. O whether?

Dor. Whether?

Mops. It becomes thy oath full well,

Thou to me they fecrets tell.

Dor. Why do we goether?

Mops. Or thought to where Grange, or Milk.

Dor. If then either thou leeff, it.

Aut. Neither.

Dor. What neither?

Aut. Neither.

Dor. Then leeff for mine Lame to be.

Mops. Then leeff for we are more to mee.

Thou whether goe? Say whether?

Clo. We'll have this from our anon by our selues: My Father, and the Gent are in fadke, & we'll not trouble them: Come bring away thy packe after me Wenches 11e buy for you both: Pedlers let's have the first choice; follow me girtles. And you shall pay well for 'em.

Song. Will you buy any Tape, or Lance for your Crps.

- My dainty Drees, my as -

Any Silke, any Thred, any Toyes for your head
Of the nee't, and fins: finn't warne't.

Come to the Pedler, Mancy's a medler,
That dath utter all mens were but.

Exi.

Serv. Maylver, there is three Carrers, three Shep.

herds, three Nest-herds, three Wine-herds haye mad.

Bb
The Winters' Tale.

Theyselfes all men of bairne, they call thesefles Saltiers, and they have a Dance, which the Wenches play is a gallantly-mauffrey of Gambols, because they are not in't: but they themfelves are oth minde (if it be not too rough for fome, that know little but bowling), it will pleafe plentifully.

Pol. Take hands, a bargain; And friends vnknowne, you fhall hear witneffe to't: I give my daughter to him, and will make Her Portion, equal his.

Flo. O, that muft bee

Th' Virtue of your daughter: One being dead, I fhall have more then you can dreame of yet, Enough then for your wonder: but come-on, Contract vs for thofe Witneffes.

Pol. Come, your hand:

And daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft-Swaine a while, befeech you, Have you a Father?

Flo. I haue: but what of him?

Pol. Knowes he of this?

Flo. He neithers do's, nor feall,

Pol. Me-thinks a Father,

Is at the Nuptiall of his fonne, a guest

That bleft becomes the Table: Pray you once more

Is not your Father groome incapable

Of reafonable affayres? Is he not froid

With Age, and altring Rheumes? Can lie fpeak? hear

Know man, from man? Dispute his owne eftate ?

Lies he not bed-rid? And againe, do's nothing

But what he did, being childifh?

Flo. No good Sir:

He hath his health, and ampler Strength indeed.

Then moft haue of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,

You offer him (of this befo) a wrong

Something vnftilliall: Reafon my fonne

Should choyce himfelfe a wife, but at good reafon

The Father (all whose joy is nothing elfe

But faire poffere) fhould hold fome counsaille

In fuch a bufinffe.

Flo. I yeald all this:

But for fome other reafons (my graue Sir)

Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaynt

My Father of this bufinffe,

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He fhall not.


Flo No, he muft not.

Step. Let him (my fonne) he fhall not need to greue

At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he muft not :

Marke our Contract.

Pol. Marke your divorce (young fit)

What fome I dare not call: Thou art too base

To be acknowledged. Thou a Scepters heire,

That thus affeals a fheepe-hooke: Thou, old Traiter,

I am forry, that by hanging thee, I can

But shorten thy life one weake. And thou, fresh piece

Of excellent Witchcraft, whom of force muft know

The roayl Fole thou coape't with.

Step. Oh my heart.

Pol. Ile haue thy beauty scratcht with briers & made

More homely then thy flate. For thee (fond boy)

If I may euer know thou doft but figure,

That thou no more fhalt never fee this knack(as nearer

I meane thou fhalt) we'll barre thee from fucceffion,

Not hold thee of our blood, no not our Kin,

Farre then 'Denunclion off: (marke thou my words)

Follow vs to the Court. Thou Churte, for this time

(Though full of our displeafure) yet we free thee

From the dead blow of it. And you Enchantment,
Worthy enough a Heardsman: yes him too,
That makes himselfe (but for our Honor therein)
Vnworthy thee. If ever henceforth, thou
These rurall Latches, to his entrance open,
Or hope his body more, with thy embraces,
I will deuise a death, as cruell for thee
As thou art tender to't.

Euen. Euen heere vndone:
I was not much a-fear'd: for once, or twice
I was about to speake, and tell him plainly,
The selfe same Sun, that shines upon his Court,
Hides not his vilage from our Cottage, but
Lookes on alike. Will please you (Sir) one?
I told you what would come of this: Beefteech you
Of your owne faire take care: This dreame of mine
Being now awaue, ile Queene it no itch farther,
But milke my Ewes, and weepe.

Cam. Why how now Father,
Speake ere thou dyest.

Shew. I cannot speake, nor think, not
Dare to know, that which I know: O Sir,
You have vndone a man of fourecore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet: yea,
To dye upon the bed my father dy'de,
To ley clofe by his honett bones; but now
Some Hangman mutt put on my thraowd, and lay me
Where no Priefh foules in duft. Oh cursed wretch,
That knew'd this was the Prince, and wouldst adventure
To mingle faith with him. Vndone, vndone:
If I might dye within this house, I hate li'd
To die when I defire.

Flo. Why looke you fo upon me?
I am but forry, not affaier'd a deal, but
nothing alised: What I was, I am:
More straining on, for plucking backe; not following
My lefte: vnwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my Lord,
You know my Fathers temper: at this time
He will allow no speech: (which I do gheffe
You do not purpofe to him,) and as hardy
Will he endure your fight, as yet I fear;
Then till the fury of his Highneffe fettle
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpofe it:
I think Camilla.

Cam. Euen he, my Lord.
Per. How often haue I told you two? would be thus?
How often faid my dignify would laft
But t'other knowne?

Flo. It cannot faile, but by
The violation of my faith, and then
Let Nature crush the fides o'th eath together,
And marre the seeds within. Lift vp thy looke:
From my feceffion wipe me (Father)!

Alymeyre to my affection.

Cam. Be auid's.

Flo. I am: and by my fauce, if my Reason
Will thereto be obedient: I have reafon:
If not, my fences better pleasa'd with madness,
Do but it welcome.

Cam. This is deperate (Sir.)

Flo. So call it: but it do's fulfill my vow:
I needs muft think it honeftly. Camilla,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pompes that may
Be thereat gleaned: for all the Sun fees, or
The clofe eath worms, or the profound feas, hides

In vnknowne fadomes, will I breake 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 muft me, as (in faith I meane not
To fee him any more) caft your good counfailes
Upon his passifion: Let my felfe, and Fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And fo deliver, I am put to Sea
With her, who heere I cannot hold on fhore:
And moit opportunite to her neede, I haue
A Veffell 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 safer for advice,
Or stronger for your neede.

Flo. Hearde Perduia,
Ile hearde you by and by.

Cam. Hee's irremoueable,
Refolu'd for flight: Now were I happy if
His going, I could frame to ferue my turne,
Sau'e him from danger, do him loute and honor,
Purchase the fight againe of deere Sicillia,
And that vnhappy King, my Master, whom
I fo much thirft to fee.

Flo. Now good Camilla,
I am fo fraught with curious busineffe, that
I leaue out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I thinke
You haue heard of my poore seruices, i'th loue
That I haue borne your Father?

Flo. Very nobly
Haue you deferra'd: It is my Fathers Muficke
To speake your deeds: not little of his care
To haue them recommence'd, as thought on.

Cam. Well (my Lord)
If you may please to think I loue the King,
And through him, what's neerest to him, which is
Your gracious felle: embrace but my direcHon,
If your more ponderous and fetled proiect
May fuffer alteration. On mine honor,
Ie point you where you shall haue fuch receiuing
As shall become your Highneffe, where you may
Enjoy your Miniftis; from the whom, I see
There's no diffinction to be made, but by
(As heavens forefend) your roine: Marry her,
And with my beft endeavours, in your abfence,
Your difcontenting Father, friue to quallifie
And bring him vp to liking.

Flo. How Camilla
May this (almost a miracle) be done?
That I may call thee something more then man,
And after that truft to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereeto you go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as th'vnthought-on accident is guiltie
To what we wildeely do, fo we profeffe
Our felues to be the flues of chance, and flyes
Of every winde that blowes.

Cam. Then lift to me:
This followes, if you will not change your purpose
But vndergo this flight; make for Sicillia,
And there present your felfe, and your fayre Princeffe,
(For to I see the must be) Yore Lewentes.
The Winters Tale.

She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your Bed. Methinks I see
Lovers opening his free Arms, and weeping
His Welcome forths; ask thee there Sonne forgiveneffe,
As I were'd Fathers peril; kisses the hands
Of your freth Prince; e're and ore duehides him,
Twixt his vnikinette, and his kindinette: this one
He clides to Hell, and bids the other grow
Father of Men; Thought, or Time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my Visitation, shall I
Hold vp before him?

Cam. Sent by the King your Father
To greet him, and to give him consorts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you (as from your Father) shall deliver,
Things knowne betwixt vs three, Ile write you downe,
The which shall point you forth at every fitting
What you must say; that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your Fathers Bosome there,
And speak his very Heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some sappe in this.

Cam. A Course more promising,
Then a wild dedication of your felves
To vnpathy'd Waters, vndream'd Shoers; most certaine,
To Milenies enough: no hope to help you,
But as you shall off, to take another.
Nothing to certaine, as your Anchors, who
Doe their bel of office, if they can but lay you,
Where you'l be both to be: besides you know,
Profperities, the very bond of Louis,
Wholes fresh complexion, and whole heart together,
Affliction alters.

Perd. One of these is true:
I thinke Affliction may subdue the Chekke,
But not take in the Mind.

Cam. Yes? say you so?
There shall not, at your Fathers House, these feuen yeeres
Be borne another fuch.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She's as forward, of her breeding, as
She is i'th' reare of our Birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks instructions, for the femees a Mistrefle
To moath that teach.

Perd. Your pardon Sir, for this,
I bleff you, Thanks.

Flo. My prettie Perdita,
But O, the Thorns we stand upon: (Camillo)
Prenter of my Father, now of me,
The Medicine of our House: how shall we doe?
We are not furnished like Bemhema's Sonne,
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

Cam. My Lord,
Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes
Doe all lye there: it shall be to my care,
To have you royally appointed, as if
The Scene you play, were mine; For instance Sir,
That you may know you shall not want one word.

Enter Autolicus.

Ant. Ha, ha, what a Poole Honestie is? and Truth (his
sworne brother) a very ample Gentleman. I have fold
all my Tromperie: not a counterfeite Stone, not a Ribbon,
Glasse, Pomander, Brooch, Table-booke, Ballad, Knife,
Tape, Gloane, Shoee-tye, Bracelet, Horne-Ring, to kepe
my Pack from saffing: they throng who should buy first,
as if my Trinkets had beene hallowed, and brought a be-
ediction to the buyer: by which meanes, I faw whole
Purse was belt in Picture; and what I saw, to my good
vie, I remembered. My Cloewe (who wants but some-
thing to be a reaasonable man) grew fo in love with the
Weatches Song, that hee would not thrice his Petty-toes,
till he had both Tune and Words, which to drew the eff
of the Heard to me, that all their other Sentences flucke in
Eares; you might have pinch'd a Placket, it was fence-
lesse; 'twas nothing to guald a Cod-peece of a Purfe: I
would have fill'd Keyes of that hug in Chaynes: no
hearing, no feeling, but my Sirs Song, and admiring the
Nothing of it. So that in this time of Letherage, I pick
and cut most of their Fettual Purfes: And had not the
old-man come in with a Whoob-bag against his Daugh-
ter, and the Kings Sonne, and fea'd my Chowges from the
Chaffe, I had not left a Purfe alie in the whole
Army.

Cam. Nay, but my Letters by this meanes being there
So loone as you arriue, shall close that doubt.

Flo. And those that you procure from King Lcestres:
Cam. Shall satisfye your Father.

Perd. Happy be you:
All that you speake, femeves faire.

Cam. Who haue we here?
We're make an Instrument of this: omit
Nothing may gaine us side.

Ant. If they have out-heard me now: why hanging.
Cam. How now (good Fellow)
Why flak't thou fo? Fear not (man)
Here's no harne intended to thee.

Ant. I am a poore Fellow, Sir,
Cam. Why, be fo still: here's ano body will fexe that
from thee: yet for the out-side of thy pourette, we must
make an exchange; therefore dif-fafe thee iniuntingly (thou
muit think there's necefitie in it) and change Garments
with this Gentleman: Though the penny-worth (on his side)
be the worst, yet hold thee, there's tome boot.

Ant. I am a poore Fellow, Sir: (I know ye well
enough.)

Cam. Nay prethee dispatch: the Gentleman is halfe
fled already.

Ant. Are you in earnest, Sir? (I finall the trick on't.)
Flo. I dispatch, I prethee.
Ant. Indeed I haue had Earnell, but I cannot with
conience take it.

Cam. Vnbuckle, vnbuckle.
Fortunate Maffre (let me prophecy
Come home to you: you must retire your selfe
Into some Courts: take your sweet-hearts Hat
And pluck it o're your Browes, muffle your face,
Dif-mantle you, and (as you can) dislik
The truth of your owne feeming, that you may
(For I doe feare eyes over) to Ship-bood
Get vndecry'd.

Perd. I fee the Play fo lyes,
That I must beare a part.

Cam. No remedy:
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my Father,
He would not call me Sonne.

Cam. Nay, you shall haue no Hat:
Come Lady, come: Farewell (my friend.)

Ant. Adieu Sir,
Flo. O Perdita: what haue we twaine forgot?
Pray you a word.

Cloe. Your Worship had like to have given vs one, if you had not taken your selfe with the manner.

Shep. Are you a Courtier, and like you Sir?

Ant. Whether it like me, or no, I am a Courtier, Seeft thou not the ayre of the Court, in thee enfoldings? Hath not thy gate in it, the measure of the Court? Receivest not thy Nofle Court-Odour from me? Reflect I not on thy Bafenelle, Court-Comtepr? Think'st thou, for that I intimate, at toaze from the thy Bifinelle, I am therefore no Courtier? I am Courtier Cap-a-je; and one that will cythere push-on, or pluck-back, thy Bifinelle there; wherupon command thee to open thy Affaire.

Shep. My Bifinelle, Sir, is to the King.

Ant. What Advocate ha'th thou to him?

Cloe. I know not (and't like you.)

Shep. Advoca'te's the Court-word for a Pheazants say you have none.

Shep. None, Sir: I have no Pheazant Cock nor Hen.

Ant. How blest are we, that are not simple men? Yet Nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I will not disdaine.

Cloe. This cannot be but a great Courtier.

Shep. His Garments are rich, but he wears them not handomely.

Ant. He seems to be the more Noble, in being fantacst - A great man, Ie warrant; I know by the picking of his Teeth.

Ant. The Farthell there? What's i'th' Farthell? Wherefore that Box?

Shep. Sir, there lyes such Secrets in this Farthell and Box, which none must know but the King, and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to'th' speech of him.

Ant. Age, thou hast loft thy Labour.

Shep. Why Sir?

Ant. The King is not at the Pallace, he is gone abroad.

Shep. A new Ship, to purge Melancholy, and ayre himselfe: for if thou bee't capab of things serius, thou must know the King is full of griefe.

Shep. So 'tis said (Sir) a bout his Sonne, that should have married a Shepheard's Daughter.

Ant. If that Shepheard be not in hand-fat, let him flyes, the Curves he shall hau'e, the Tortures he shall feel, will break the back of Man, the heart of Monnster.

Cloe. Thinke you, Sir?

Ant. Not hee alone shall suffer what Wit can make heanie, and Vengeance bitter, but those that are termine to him (though remou'd fiftie times) shall all come vnder the Hang-man: which, though it be great pitty, yet is necessarie. An old Steepel-whiffling Rogue, a Ram-tenant, to offer to haue his Daughter come into grace? Some say hee shall be floud, but that death is too loft for him (say I) Draw our Throne into a Sheep-Cot? all deaths are too few, the sharpest too saie.

Ant. He's the old-man er a Sonne Sir (do you heare) and't like you, Sir?

Ant. He ha's a Sonne; who shall be flayed alive, then 'noynted out with Honey, set on the head of a Wapies Neft, then fland till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recouer'd againe with Aquavite, or some other hot Infussion: then, raw as he is (and in the hotte day Progno-fication proclaymer) shall he be fet against a Brick-wall, (the Sonne) looking with a South-ward eye vpon him, where he is to behold him, with Flyes blown to death.) But what talke we of these Traitorly-Racals whose miferies are to be smil'd at, their offences being to captivity, the
Tell me (for you seem to be honest plaine men) what you have to the King; being something gently consider'd, I'll bring you where he is aboard, to tender your person to his presence, whisper him in your behalfe; and if it be in man, besides the King, to effect your Suites, he is man shall do the like.

Clow. He seems to be of great authoritie close with him, give him Gold: and though Authoritie be a suborne Bear, yet hee is oft led by the Norge with Gold: they in the inside of your Purse to the out-side of his hand, and no more adoe. Remember fion'd, and play'd alio.

Shy. And please you (Sir) to undertake the Buffene for vs, here is that Gold I have: I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawning, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shy. Sir.

Aut. Well, give me the Moiety: Are you partie in this Buffene?

Clow. In some part, Sir; but though my cafe be a pitifull one, I hope I shall not be play'd out of it.

Aut. Oh, that's the cafe of the Shepherds Sonne: hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clow. Comfort, good comfort. We must to the King, and doe it.

Aut. Oh, that's the cafe of the Shepherds Sonne: hang him, he'll be made an example.

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Aut. Oh, that's the cafe of the Shepherds Sonne: hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clow. Comfort, good comfort. We must to the King, and doe it.

Actus Quintus, Scena Prima.

Enter Leonatus, Cleominus, Dion, Paulina, Servants.

Florizel, Perdita.

Clow. Sirs, 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 trepass: At the last Done, as the Heavens have done; forget your cull, Wash them, for give your selfe.

Leo. Whilest I remember Her, and her Verites, I cannot forget

My blemishes in them: and so still think of The wrong I did my selfe: which was so much That Heire-lesse it hath made my Kingdome, and Detroy'd the sweet'ft Companions, that ere man Broke his hopes out of true.

Paul. Too true (my Lord) If one day you wedded all the World, Or from the All that are, tooke something good, To make a perfect Woman; she you kill'd, Would be imparallell'd.

Leo. I think so, Kill'd? She I kill'd? I did fo: but thou strik't me Soarely, to say I did: it is as bitter Upon thy Tongue, as in my Thought. Now, good now, Say fo but feldome.

Clow. Not at all, good Lady: You might have spoken a thousand things, that would Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd Your kindneffe better.

Paul. You are one of those Would have him wed again.

Dio. If you would not fo, You pitty not the State, nor the Remembrance Of his most Soueraigne Name: Consider little, What Dangers, by his Highnesse fate of Ifue, May drop upon his Kingdome, and deoue In certaine lookers-on. What were more holy, Then to reioyce the former Queene is well? What bolyer, then for Royalties repaire, For present comfort, and for future good, To bleffe the Bed of Maiftie again With a sweet Fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy, (Repeating her that's gone) besides the Gods Will have fulfill'd their secret purpos' For he's not the Divine Apollo said, 'Tis not the tenor of his Oracle, That King Leonatus shall have an Heire, Till his left Child be found? Which, that it shall, Is all as monitour to our humane resoun, As my Antiquitia to break his Graue, And come againe to me: who, on my life, Did pefnith with the Infant. 'Tis your counsell, My Lord thou to the Heavens be contrary, Oppose against their wills. Care not for little, The Crowne will find an Heire. Great Alexander Let his to the Worth'ft: to his Successor Was like to be the bed.

Leo. Good Paulina, Who haft the memorie of Hermione I know in honor: O, that eye'd Had iheard me to thy counsell: then, eu'n now, I might have look'd upon my Queens full eyes, Have taken Treasure from her Lippes. Paul. And left them.

More rich, for what they yielded, Leo. Thou speakest it truth:
No more such Wives; therefore no Wife: one worse, And better vs'd, would make her Sainted Spirit, Against poffesse her Corps: and on this Stage, (Where we Offenders now appeare) Soules yeast, And begin, why to me?

Paul. Had the fuch power, She had suff fuch caufe.

Leo. She had, and would incentifie me To murther he'f I married.
Enter a Servant.

Serp. One that gives out him for Prince Florizell, Sonne of Polixenes, with his Princecelf (the Fairer I haue yet beheld) defines aceffe, To your high perfection.

Leo. What with him? he comes not Like to his Fathers Greatnessse: his approach (So out of circumstance, and faddaine) tells vs, Tis not a Visitatiun fram'd, but forc'd By need, and accident. What Trayne?

Serp. But few, And though but meanse.

Leo. His Princecelf (fay you) with him? Serp. 1: the most peerlesspece of Earth, I thinke, That ere the Sunne shone bright on.

Paul. Oh Hermione, As ever present Time doth boall it selfe Above a better, gone; so must thy Graue Givne way to what's feene now. Sir, you your selfe Haue faid, and writ so; but your writing now Is colder then that Theame: she had not beene, Nor was not to be equal'd, thus your Verie Flow'd with her. Beautie once: tis frewdly ebb'd, To say you haue seen a better.

Serp. Pardon, Madame: The one, I have almost forgot (your pardon.) The other, when she's obcerv'd your Eye, Will have your Tongue too. This is a Creature, Would she begin a Scoft, might quench the reale Of all Professors else; make Proflcytes Of who the but bid follow.

Paul. How? not women?

Serp. Women will love her; that she is a Woman More worth then any Man: Men, that she is The rareft of all Women.

Leo. Goe Clemines, Your fellee (affilfet with your honor'd Friends)

Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange, He thus should fteale vpon vs. 

Paul. Had our Prince (Jewell of Children) seen his hour, he had paff'd Well with this Lord; there was not full a month Betweene their births.

Leo. 'Prethee no more; ceafe; thou know'st He dyes to me againe, when talk'd of: sure When I fhall fee this Gentleman, thy fpeeches Will bring me to consider that, which may Unfurnifh me of Reason. They are come, Enter Florizell, Perdita, Clemines, and others. Your Mother was most true to Wedlock, Prince, For she did print your Royall Father off, Conceiving you. Were I but twentie one, Your Fathers image is so hit in you, (His very yeare) that I should call you Brother, As I did him, and speak of something wildly By vs perfom'd before. Moll dearly welcome, And your faire Princecelf (Goddeffe) oh alas, I loft a couple, that swift Heaven and Earth Might thus have ftood, berefting wonder, as You (gracious Couple) doe: and then I loft (All mine owne Folly) the Societie, Amity too of your brave Father whom (Though bearing Miferie) I defire my life Once more to looke on him.

Flo. By his command Have I here touch'd Stilicho, and from him Givne you all greetings, that a King (at friend) Can fend his Brother: and but Infirmitie (Which waits vpon worsne times) hath something feiz'd His with'd Abilitie, he had himfelfe The Lands and Watera, twixt your Throne and his, Meafur'd, to looke vpon you, whom he loues (He bad me fay fo) more then all the Specters, And thofe that doe them, juicing.

Leo. Oh my Brother, (Good Gentleman,) the wronges I have done ther,e flirre Afreth within me: and thefe thy offices (So rarely kind) are as Interpreters Of my behind-hand flacknefe. Welcome hither, As is the Spring to th'Earth, And hath he too Expos'd this Paragon to th'forfeul Vifage (At leaft vngente) of the dreadful Neptune, To greet a man, not worth her paines; much leffe, Th'adventure of her perfon?

Flo. Good my Lord,

She came from Libia.

Leo. Where the Warlike Smaltes, That Noble honor'd Lord, is fhead, and lou'd?

Flo. Moft Royall Sir,

From thence: from him, whose Daughter His Teares proclam'd his parting with her: thence (A prospereous South-wind friendly) we have croff'd, To execute the Charge my Father gave me, For visiting your Highnesse: My beft Tran} Infe} I haue from your Sicilian Shores difmis'd; Who for Bademis bent, to signifie Not only my fucceffe in Libia (Sir) But my arriual, and my Wifes, in Latiefe Here, where we are.

Leo. The bleffed Gods

Purge all Infec}on from our Ayre, whilef you Doc Clymace here: you have a holy Father, A gracefull Gentleman, against whose perfon
Fore your Queene dy'd, she was more worth such gazes,
Then what you looke on now.
Leo. I thought of her,
Euen in thefe Lookes I made. But your Petition
Is yet vn-answer'd: I will to your Father:
Your Honor not to re-throwne by your delires,
I am friend to them, and you: When which Errand
I now goe toward him: therefore follow me,
And mark what way I make: Come good my Lord.

Excunt.

Scene Seconda.

Enter Antonio, and a Gentleman.

Ant. Befeech you (Sir) were you present at this Relation?

Gent. 1. I was by at the opening of the Farthe l, heard the old Shepherd delier the manner how he found it: Whereupon (after a little amazement) we were all commanded out of the Chamber: oneiy this (me thought) I heard the Shepherd say, he found the Child.

Ant. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

Gent. 2. I make a broken deliuerie of the Businesse; but the changes I perceived in the King, and Camillo, were very Neres of admiration: they seem'd almost, with flaring one another, to cease the Caes of their Eyes. There was speech in their dumbnesse, Language in their very guffure: they look'd as they had heard of a World rancom'd, or one destroy'd: a notable passion of Wonder appeared in them: but the wilfe beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if in't importance were Joy, or Sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a Gentleman, that happily knowes more: The Newes, Rogero.

Gent. 2. Nothing but Bon-fires; the Oracle is fulfill'd: the Kings Daughter is found: such a deale of wonder is broken out within this houre, that Balfed-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady Pandini's Steward, hee can deliever you more. How goes it now (Sir.) This Newes (which is call'd true) is so like an old Tale, that the verite of it is in strong sufficion: He's the King found his Heire?

Gent. 3. Moft true, if euer Truth were pregnant by Circumstance: That which you hear, you'll scarce hear, there is such vnitie in the proffes. The Mantle of Queene Hermione; her Jewell about the Neck of it: the Letters of Antig qua found with it, which they know to be his Character: the Maiestie of the Creature, in re- semblance of the Mother: the Afsfection of Noblenesse, which Nature freswes above her Breeding, and many other Evidences, proclaime her, with all certaintie, to be the Kings Daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two Kings?

Gent. 2. No.

Gent. 3. Then have you lost a Sight which was to bee, feene, cannot bee spoken of. There might you haue be held one joyful crown another, ifo and in such manner, that it seem'd Sorrow was 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 distraction, that they were to be knowne by Garment, not by Faour.

Our
Our King being ready to leape out of himselfe, for joy of his found Daughter; as if that Joy were now become a Loffe, eyes, Oh, thy Mother, thy Mother: then asks Balthasar forgivenesse, then embraces his Sonne-in-Law: then againe worries he his Daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old Shephard (which stands by, like a Weather-bitten Conduit, of many Kings Reignes.) I never heard of such another Encounter; which James Report to follow it, and ynde's description to doe it.

Gent. 2. What, 'pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the Child? 

Gent. 3. Like an old Tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though Credit be asleep, and not an ear open; he was borne to pieces with a Beare: This aunouches the Shepheards Sonne; who ha's not only his Innocence (which seemes much) to filleth him, but a Hand-kerchief and Rings of his, that Paulina knows.

Gent. 1. What became of his Darke, and his Followers?

Gent. 3. Wrackes the same instant of their Mafiers death, and in the view of the Shephard: so that all the Instrument which such to espoce the Child, were even then lost, when it was found. But the Noble Combat, that twixt Joy and Sorrow was fought in Paulina. Shee had one Eye declin'd for the losse of her Husband, another elevated, that the Oracle was fulfill'd: She lifted the Princeoff from the Earth, and fou' its how in embracing, as if shee would pur her to her heart, that shee might no more be in danger of losing.

Gent. 1. The Dignitie of this Aft was worth the audience of Kings and Princes, for by such was it acted.

Gent. 3. One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which ang'd for mine Eyes (caught the Water, though not the Fig) was, when at the Relation of the Queenes death (with the manner how shee came to't brauely con-fes'd, and lamented by the King) how attentionenelle wounded his Daughter, till (from one signe of dolore to another) free diald (with an Auspice) I would faine say, bleed tears; for I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most Marable, there changed colour: some fowned, all sorrow'd: if all the World could have heen't, the Woe had beene vnuells.

Gent. 1. Are they returned to the Court?

Gent. 3. No: The Princeoff hearing of her Mothers Statue (which is in the keeping of Paulina) a Peecce many yeeres in doing, and now newly perform'd, by that rare Italian Mafier, Julio Romano, who (had he himelife Eternitie, and could put Breath into his Worke) would beigne Nature of his Cuitome, to perfectly he is her Ape: He so neere to Hermione, hath done Hermione, that they fay one would speake to her, and stand in hope of answeer, Thither (with all greenesse of affection) are they gone, and there they intend to Sup.

Gent. 2. I thought he had some great matter there in hand, for three hath privilacy, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that remoued Houfe, Shall wee thither, and with our companie pece the Rejoyning?

Geni. 1. Who would be thence, that he's the benefit of Accesse? every wink of an Eye, some new Grace will be borne: our Abstinence makes vs vnhospital to our Knowledge, Let's along.

Exit.

Ant. Now (had I not the dailie of my former life in me) would I preferent step on my head. I brought the old man and his Sonne aboard the Prince; told him, I heard them talke of a Farthell, and I know not what: but he at that time over-fond of the Shepheards Daughter, (he then took her to be) who began to be much Sea-fick, and himelfe little better, extremitie of Weather continu-ning, this Mytery remained vndiscover'd. But 'tis all one to me: for had I bene the finder-out of this Secret, it would not have reliefs'd among my other discredits.

Enter Shephard, and Clone. Here come those I have done good to against my will, and alreadie appearing in the blossomes of their Fortune.

Shop. Come Boy, I am paft noe Children: but thy Sonnes and Daughters will be all Gentlemen borne.

Clow. You are well me (Sir) you deny'd to fight with me this other day, because I was no Gentleman borne, See you thefe Clothes? say you fee them not, and thinke me ifill no Gentleman borne: You were beft fay thefe Robes are not Gentlemen borne. Give me the Eye: doe: and try whether I am not now a Gentleman borne.

Ant. I know you are now (Sir) a Gentleman borne.

Clow. I, and have been to any time thefe four hours.

Shop. And I haue 1, 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 Princeoff (my Sister) call'd my Father, Father; and I was wept: and there was the first Gentleman-like tears that euer we shed.

Shop. We may line (Sonne) to flend many more.

Clow. I or else 'tware hard luck, being in fo preposterous elate as we are.

Ant. I humbly beseech you (Sir) to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your Worship, and to give me your good report to the Prince my Master.

Shop. 'Prethee Sonne doe: for we must be gentle, now we are Gentlemen.

Clow. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Ant. I, and it like your good Worship.

Clow. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the Prince, thou art as honest a true Fellow as any is in Balmia.

Shop. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clow. Not swear it, now I am a Gentleman? Let Boreses and Franckins swear it, Ile swear it.

Shop. How it be false (sonne?)

Clow. If he be ne're so false, a true Gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his Friend: And Ile swear to the Prince, thou art a tall Fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunke: but I know thou art no tall Fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunke: but Ile swear it, and I would thou woul'dt be a tall Fellow of thy hands.

Ant. I will prove so (Sir) to my power.

Clow. I, by any means prove a tall Fellow: if I do not wonder, how thou darl'rt venure to be drunke, not being a tall Fellow, trust me not. Hark, the Kings and the Princes (our Kindred) are going to fee the Queenes Picture. Come, follow vs: we'll be thy good Maffers. Exeunt.
The Winters Tale.

Paul. What (Soueraigne Sir)
I did not well, I meant well: all my Services
You have pay'd home. But that you have vouche'd
(With your Crowne'd Brother, and these your contracted
Heires of your Kingdomes) my poore Houfe to vift;
It is a fuperfus of your Grace, which neuer
My life may laft to anfwere,
Leo. O Paulina,
We honor you with trouble; but we came
To fee the Statue of our Queene. Your Gallerie
Hau we paid through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we law not
That which my Daughter came to looke vpon,
The Statue of her Mother.
Paul. As the lit'd percelle,
So her deed likenes i'th doe well beleue
Excell what ever yet you look'd vpon,
Or hand of Man hath done: therefore I kepe it
Lonely, apart, but here it is : prepare
To fee the Life as hauely mock'd, as ever
Still Sleepe mock'd Death: behold, and say tis well
I like your silence, it the more fweres-off
Your wonder: but yet speake, first you (my Liege)
Comes it not fomething were ?
Leo. Her naturall Pointure,
Chide me (deare Stone) that I may fay indeed
Thou art Heroines; or rather, thou art fee,
In thy not chiding: for thefe was as tender
As Infance, and Grace. But yet (Paulina)
Heroines was not too much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as thisieron.
Pol. Oh, not by much.
Paul. So much the more our Carriers excellence,
Which lets goe by some fiteene yeres, and makes her
As the lit'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 Rood,
Euen with fuch Life of Majeftie(warme Life,--
As now it coldly hands) when first I woo'd her,
I am aftam'd: Do's not the Stone rebuke me,
For being more Stone then it? Oh Royall Pece:
There's Magick in thy Majeftie, which he's
My Fulls conrur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring Daughter tooke the Spirits,
Standing like Sone with thee.
Perd. And guefe me leaue,
And doe not fay 'tis Superfition, that
I kneele, and then implore her Blefing, Lady,
Deere Queene, that ended when I but began,
Guefe 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 fore lay'd on,
Which fiteene Winters cannot blow away,
So many Summers dry: scarce any joy
Did euer fofong luce; no Sorrow,
But kill'd it felle much sooner.
Pol. Deere my Brother,
Let him, that was the caufe of this, haue powre
To take-off To much griefe from you, as he
Will peacee vp in himelfe.
Paul. Indeed my Lord,
If I had thought the fight of my poore Image
Would thus haue wrought you (for the Stone is mine)
I'd not haue fhew'd it.
Leo. Doe not draw the Curtain,
Paul. No longer fhall you gaze on't, leat your Fancie
May think ane, it moutes,
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 thofe veins
Did verily bear blood?
Pol. Matterly done.
The very Life feemes warme vpon her Lippe.
Leo. The figure of her Eye ha's motion in it,
As we are mock'd with Art.
Paul. Ie draw the Curtain:
My Lord's almost fo faire transported, that
He'll think ane it lines.
Leo. Oh sweet Paulina,
Make to me think of twentie yeeres together:
No settled Sences of the World can match
The pleure of that madneffe. Let alone.
Paul. I am forry (Sir) I haue thus farre fli'd you: but
I could affift you farther,
Leo. Doe Paulina:
For this Affiction ha's a taste as sweet
As any Cordiall comfort. Still me thinkes
There is an ayre comes from her, What fine Chizzell
Could euer yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiffe her,
Paul. Good my Lord, forbears:
The ruddinelle vpon her Lippe is wet:
You'll make it if you kiffe it; flayne your owne
With Ouly Painting: fhall I draw the Curtain.
Leo. No: not thofte twentie yeeres,
Perd. So long could I
Stand-by, a looker-on.
Paul. Either forbears,
Quit preffently the Chappell, or refolve you
For more amenitie: if you can behold it,
Ie make the Statue move indeed; defend,
And take you by the hand: but then you'll think
(Which I protet against) I am affifted
By wicked Powres.
Leo. What you can make her doe,
I am content to looke on: what to speake,
I am content to heare: for tis as eafe
To make her speake, as moue.
Paul. It is requir'd
You doe awake your Faith: then, all stand still:
On: thofe that thinke it is unlawful Business
I am about, let them depart,
Leo. Proceed.
No foot fhall flire.
Paul. Mufick; awake her: Strike:
'Tis time: defend: be Stone no more: approach:
Strike all that looke vpon with meruialle: Come:
Ie fill your Graue vp: flire: nay, come away:
Bequest to Death your namefe: (for from him,
Deere Life redeemes you) you perceive the flirees:
Start not: her Actions shall be holy, as
You hear my Spell is lawful: doe not fhun her,
Vntill you fee her dye againe: for then
You kill her doubles: Nay, prefernt your Hand:
When the was young, you wo'd her: now, in age,
Is she become the Suitor?
Leo. Oh she's warme:
If this be Magick, let it be an Art
Law
The Winters Tale.

Lawfull as Eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Camil. She hangs about his necke, if she pertaine to life, let her speake too.

Pol. 1, and make it manifest where she ha's liu'd, or how holme from the dead?

Paul. That she is living, were it but told you, should he be hooped at. Like an old Tale: but it appeares the lines, though yet she speake not. Make a little while: please you to intropsel (faire Madam) knecle, and prays your mothers blessing: tunne good lady; our Perdita is found.

Her. You gods looke downe, and from your sacred Viols pourre your graces: vpon my daughters head: tell me (mine owne) where haft thou bin preferu'd? Where liu'd? How found thy fathers Court: for thou shalt heare that I knowing by Paulina, that the Oracle Gaue hope thou waft in being, have preferu'd my selfe, to see the yssue.

Paul. There's terme enough for that, let they defire (upon this pult) to trouble your inyes, with like relation. Go together you precious winners all: your exultation.

Partake to every one: I (an old Turtle) will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there my mate (that's neuer to be found again) lament, till I am loft.

Leo. O pence Paulina: thou shouldst a husband take by my content, as I by thine: wife. This is a match, and made betwene's by Vowes. Thou haft found mine. But how, is to be question'd: for I saw her (as I thought) dead: and haue (in Vaine) said many a prayer vpon her grave. Ie not seekes farre: (For him, I partly know his minde) to finde thee an honourable husband. Come Camilla, and take her by the hand: whose worth, and honesty is richly noted: and here indifin'd by vs, a pair of Kings. Let's from this place. What? looke vpon my Brother: both your pardons, that ere I put betweene your holy looks; my ill suspicion: This your Son-in-law, and Sonne vnto the Kings, whom heauens directing is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina, leade vs from hence, where we may leuytrally each one demand, and answere to his part: perform'd in this wide gap of Time, since first we were diuicuer'd: hastily lead away.

The Names of the Actors.

Emilia, a Lady.

Polixena, King of Bohemia.

Floriszell, Prince of Bohemia.

Old Shephard, reputed Father of Perdita.

Clowne, his Sonne.

Antolius, a Rogue.

Archidamus, a Lord of Bohemia.

Other Lords, and Gentlemen, and Servants.

Shepheards, and Shepheardesses.

FINIS.
The life and death of King John.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, and Salisbury, with the Chartist of France.

King John.

Ou say Chartillon, what would France with vs? 

Chat. Thus (free greeting) spake the King of France.

In my behauiour to the Maiesty,
The borrowed Maiesty of England here.

Elen. A strange beginning; borrowed Maiesty?

K. John. Silence (good mother) here is the Embassie.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother, Geffreyes fone, 

Arthur Plantagenet, laste molt lawfull claimer
To his faire land, and the Territories:

To Ireland, Flanders, Aquitaine, Toulouse, Maine,

Defining thee to take by force the sword
Which owes warpingly thee seuerall titles,

And put the same into thyng Arthur's hand,

Thy Nephew, and right royall Sovereigne.

K. John. What followe we if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud controle of fierce and bloody warre,

To enforce these rightes, so forcibly with-hold,

K. John. Heere haue we war for war, & bloud for bloud,

Controlement for controlement: to answer France.

Chat. Then take my Kings defiance from my mouth,

The farthest limit of my Embassie:

K. John. Beare mine to him, and to depart in peace.

Be thou as lightning in the eies of France;

For ere thou canst report, I will be there:

The thunder of my Cannon shall be heard.

So hence the thou the trumpet of our wrath,

And fullen preage of your owne decay:

An honourable conduct let him haue,

Pembroke looke too: farewell Chartillon.

K. John. Our strong pooffition, and our right for vs.

Elis. Your strong pooffition much more then your right,

Or else it must go wrong with you and me,

So much my conscience whispers in your ear.

Which none but heauen, and you, and I, shall heare.

Enter a Sheriff.

Essex. My Liege, here is the strangest controvertie,

Come from the Country to be judg'd by you.

That ere I heard: shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach.

Our Abbies and our Priesies shall pay

This expeditious charge: what men are you?

Enter Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip.

Philip. Your faithful subiect, a gentleman,

Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest fone

As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,

A Souldier by the Honour-giving-hand

Of Cordelions, Knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Robert. The son and heire to that same Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heyre?

You came not of one mother then it feme.

Philip. Moft certein of one mother, mighty King,

That is well knowne, and as I think one father:

But for the certain knowledge of that truth,

I put you for to heauen, and to my mother;

Of that I doubt, as all men children may.

Elen. Out on thee rude man, I doff blame thy mother,

And wound her honor with this dillidence.

Phil. I Madam? No, I have no reason for it,

That is my brothers plea, and none of mine,

The which if he can proue, a pops me out,

At leaft from faire fuce hundred pound a yere:

Heauen guard my mothers honor, and my Land.

K. John. A good blunt fellow: why being yonger born

Dost he lay clame to chine inheritance?

Thib. I know not why, except to get the land:

But once he fandel me with buffardly:

But where I be as true begot or no,

That fell I lay upon my mothers head,

But that I am as well begot my Liege

(Faire fall the bones that tooke the pains for me)

Compare our faces, and be judge your sefe

If old Sir Robert did beget vs both,

And were our father, and this fone like him:

O old Sir Robert Father, on my knee

I giue heaven thanks I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why what a mad-cap hath heauen lent vs here?

Elen. He hath a tricke of Cordelions face,

The accent of his tongue affecteth him:

Doe you not read some tokens of my fone

In the large composition of this man?
The life and death of King John.

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And findeth them perfect Richard; sir, speak.
What doth move you to claim your brothers land?
Phil. Because he hath a half-face like my father.
With half that face would he have all my land,
A half-face'd great, five hundred pound a year?
Rob. My gracious Liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much.
Phil. Well sir, by this you cannot get my land,
Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.
Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an Embassie
To Germany, there with the Emperor
To treat of high affairs touching that time:
Th'advantage of his absence took the King,
And in the mean time foioun'd at my fathers;
Where how he did preuail, I thame to speak:
But truth is truth, large lengths of less and shoes
Betweene my father, and my mother.
As his next heir my father spoke himself.
When this fame lusty gentleman was got;
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me, and took it on his death
That this my mothers sonne was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteene weekes before the course of time:
Thau good my Lidge let hauye what is mine,
My fathers land, as was my fathers will.
K. John. Sirs, your brother is Legitiemate,
Your fathers wife did after wedlocke beare him:
And if she did play false, the fault was hers,
Which fault eyes on the hazards of all husbands.
That marry wives: tell me, how if my brother
Who as you say, rooke paies to get this sonne,
Had of your father claim'd this sonne for his;
Infoften, good friend, your father might have kept
This Calfe, bred from his Cow from all the world:
Infoften he might: then if he were my brother,
My brother might not claim him, nor your father
As his next heir, refiue him: this concludes,
My mothers sonne did get your fathers brye,
Your fathers brye, must hauye your fathers land.
Rob. Shal then my fathers Will be of no force,
To dispoffe the estate which is not his.
Phil. Of no more force to dispoffe me fir,
Then was his will to get me, as I think.
Eliz. Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulcenbridge,
And like thy brother to enjoy thy land:
Or the reputed sonne of Cordelion,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside.
Baff. Madam, if my brother had my shape
And I had his, sir Roberts his like him,
And if my legs were two fuch riding rods,
My armes, fuch eele skins fluff, my face so thin,
That in mine care I durft not flicke a rofe,
Left men should say, looke where three fartings goes,
And to his shape were brye to all this land,
Would I might never flirc from off this place,
I would giue my brye to have his face,
It would not be fcribbled in any cafe.
Elinor. I like thee well witt thou forfake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a Souldier, and now bound to France.
Baff. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance;
Your face hath got fice hundred pound a yeare,
Yet fell your face for fice pence and 'tis dece:
Malam, I'll follow you into the death.

Elinor. Nay, I would have you go before me therin.
Baff. Our Country manners giue our betters way.
K. John. What is thy name?
Baff. Philip my Liege, so is my name begun,
Philip, good old Sir Roberts wives eldest sonne.
K. John. From henceforth beare his name.
What forme thou bearest:
Kneele thou downe Philip, but rise more great,
Arise Sir Richard, and Plantagenet.
Baff. Brother by thy mothers side, giue me thy hand,
My father gave me honor, yours gaye land:
Now blessed be the hour by night or day
When I was got, Sir Robert was away.
E. The very spirit of Plantagenet:
I am thy grandame Richard, call me so.
Baff. Madam by chance, but not by truth, what theo:
Something about a little from the right,
In at the window, or else out the hatch:
Who dares not three by day, must walke by night,
And haue is hate, how ever men doe catch.
Neeve or farrt off well wome is still well frot,
And I am how ere I was begot.
K. John. Goethe Faulcenbridge, now haft thou thy desire,
A landlesse Knight, makes thee a landed Squire:
Come Madam, and come Richard, we must speed
For France, for France, for it is more then need.
Baff. Brother adieu, good fortune come to thee,
For thou walt goith way of honesty.

Exeunt all but baffard.

Baff. A foot of Honor better then I was,
But many a many foot of Land the worfe.
Well, now can I make any Loan a Lady,
Good den Sir Richard, Godamercy fellow,
And if his name be George, Ile call him Peter;
For new made honor doth forget mens names:
'Tis two respective, and too sociable
For your conuerion, now your traveller,
Hee and his tooth-pick at my worshipes meffe,
And when my knightly imace is faithED,
Why then I luke my teeth, and careles.
My picked man of Countries: my deare fir,
Thus leaning on my elbow I begin,
I shall befeche you that is question now,
And then comes anwer like an Able booke:
Or fife, fayes anwer, at your left command,
At your employment, at your feruice fir:
No fir, fife question, I sweet fir at yours,
And fowe anwer knows what question would,
Suing in Dialogue of Complement,
And talking of the Alpse and Appenines,
The Permerian and the river Pot,
It draws toward fupper in conclusion so:
But this is worthifull full Society,
And fits the mounting spirit like my fiel,
For he is but a baffard to the time
That doth not smake of obleration,
And so am I whether to haue no or no:
And not alone in habit and desvise,
Exterior forme, outward accourement;
But from the inward motion to delire
Sweet, sweet, sweet poftyon for the ages tooth,
Which though I will not praftice to deceiue,
Yet to avoid deceit I meant to leare;
For is shall frow the footstepes of my rising;
But who comes in fuch haftp in riding robes?

What
What woman post is this? hath the no husband
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?
O me, 'tis my mother: how now good Lady,
What brings you hence to Court so hastily?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.

Lady. Where is that slave thy brother? where is he?
That holds in chase mine honour vp and downe.

Baf. My brother Robert, old Sir Roberts sonne:
Colbran and the Gyanth, that same mighty man,
Is it Sir Roberts sonne that you seek fo?

Lady. Sir Roberts sonne, I thouunceuered boy,
Sir Roberts sonne? why scorn't thou at Sir Robert?
He is Sir Roberts sonne, and so art thou.

Baf. Philip, I sparrow, James,
There's toyes abroad, anon I'll tell thee more.

Exit James.

Madam, I was not old Sir Roberts sonne,
Sir Robert might have eat him vnto ine.
Upon good Friday, and mene broke his fast:
Sir Robert could doe well, marrie to confesse
Could get me Sir Roberts could not doe it;
We know his handy-werke, therefore good mother
To whom am I beholding for these limes?
Sir Robert soever holpe to make this legge.

Lady. Haft thou confipied with thy brother too,
That for thine owne gaine fhou couldnt defend mine honor?
What means this scare, thou moff unto ward knaue?

Baf. Knight, knight good mother, Balfilico-like:
What, am I dud'ha, I have it on my shoulde:
But mother, I am not Sir Roberts sonne,
I haue declaund 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. Haft thou denied thy selfe a Faulconbridge?

Baf. As faithfully as I denie the deuil.

Lady. King Richard Cordelion was thy father,
By long and vehement fuit I was confed;
To make some for him in my huz bands bed:
Heauen lay not my transgession to my charge,
That art the issue of my deere offence
Which was so strongly vrg'd paft my defence.

Baf. Now by this light were I to get againe,
Madam I would not with a better father:
Some finnes doe bear his pruillidge on earth,
And so doth yours: your fault, was not your folle:
Needs must you lay your heart at his dipose,
Subjected tribute to commanding louse,
Against whose furie and wimatched force,
The sweefe Lion could not waghe the fight,
Nor keepe his Princes heart from Richard's hand:
He that perfere robs Lions of their hearts,
May easily winne a woman: seye my mother,
With all my heart I thanke thee for my father:
Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well
When I was get. He lend his foule to hell.

Come Lady I will show thee to my kinne,
And they shall say, when Richard me begu'd,
If thou had abused him now, it had beene finnest.
Who sayes it was, helles, I say evaine.

[Enter London before Angiers, Philip King of France, Lewis, Faulconbridge, and James Gurney.]

Scena Secunda.

Lewis. Before Angiers: well met brace Austria,
Arthur that great fore-runner of thy bloud,
Richard that rob'd the Lion of his heart,
And fought the holy Warres in Palestyne,
By this brave Duke came early to his grace:
And for amends to his polterrie,
At our importance heither is he come,
To spread his colours boy, in thy behalfe,
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy vnnatural Uncle, English John,
Embrace him, love him, giue him welcome heither.

Artb. God shall forgive you Cordelions death
The rather, that you give us off-spring life,
Shadowing that thrye under your wings of warre:
I giue you welcome with a powerlesse hand,
But with a heart full of vnflaind love.
Welcome before the gates of Angiers Duke.

Lewis. A noble boy, who would not doe thee right?

Artb. Upon thy checke lay I this zelous kisse,
As seale to this indintence of my loue:
That to my home I will no more returne
Till Angiers, and the right thou haft in France,
Together with that pale, that white face'd shore,
Whose foot spurreth backe the Ocean roaming tides,
And coopes from other lands her landers,
Even till that England he'd in with the maine,
That Water-walled Bulwarke, still secure
And confident from forreine purposes,
Even till that vtnoot corner of the West
Salute thee for her King, till then faire boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow Armes.

Conf. O take his mothers thanks, a widows thanks,
Till your strong hand shall helpe to give him strenght,
To make a man requital to your loue.

Artb. The peace of heauen is theirs lyft their swords
In such a tuft and charitable warre.

King. Well, then to worke our Cannon shall be sent
Against the browes of this resting towne,
Call for our cheefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages:
We'll lay before this towne our Royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in French-mens bloud,
But we will make it subiect to this boy.

Con. Stay for an answer to your Embaffe,
Left vnaudies do you plaine your swords with bloud,
My Lord Chastilion may from England bring
That right in peace which heere we vrg in warre,
And then we shall repeat each drop of bloud,
That hot rath haft to indirectly shede.

Enter Chastilion.

King. A wonder Lady: lo upon thy wish,
Our Mesenger Chastilion is arriv'd,
What England liest, say bretele gentile Lord,
We coldly pause for these, Chastilion speaks,

Chast. The tyrant our forces from this paltry siege,
And flire them vp against a mightier task.
England impatience of your tuft demands,
Hath put himselfe in Armes, the duasie winde.
The life and death of King John.

Whose leisure I have laid, have given him time
To land his Legions all as soon as:}
His marches are expeditious to this towne,
His forces strong, his Souldiers confident:
With him alonge will come the Mother: Queene,
And Armourers to boil and streifte
With her Niece, the Lady Blanch of Spaine,
With them a Battarid of the Kings decepts,
And all unended humorous of the Land,
Raf, incollaterate, fiery voluntaries,
With Ladies faces, and fierce Dragons spleenes,
Haue fold their fortunes at their native houses,
Bearing their birth-rights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes heere:
In briefe, a brauer choyse of dauntleffe spirits.
Then now the English bottomes have waft o're,
Did never flote upon the swelling tide,
To doe offence and feaste in Christendome:
The interruption of their churliff drums
Cuts off more circumcitan, they are at hand,
Drum beate.

To parle or to fight, therefore prepare.

Kyn. How much vnlook'd for, is this expidition.
Auff. By how much vnrespected, by so much
We must awake indevor for defence,
For courage mounteth with occasion,
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Enter K. of England, Baffeard, Queene, Blanche, Pembroke, and others.

K. John. Peace be to France: If France in peace permit
Our lust and lineal entrance to our owne;
If not, bleede France, and peace ascend to heaven,
While we God wrathfull agent doe correct
Their proud contempt that beets his peace to heaven,
France. Peace be to England, if that warre returne
From France to England, there to live in peace:
England we love, and for that Englands sake,
With burden of our armor heere we swears:
This toyle of ours should be a worke of thine;
But thou from loving England as to farre,
That thou hast vidder-wrought his lawfull King,
Cut off the sequence of politerity,
Out-faced Infant State, and done a rape
Upon the maiden vertue of the Crowne:
Looke heere vpon thy brother Geoffrey face,
These eyes, these browes, were moulde out of his;
This little abstrait doth containe that large
Which died in Georgia and the band of time,
Shall draw this brieve 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 liuing blood doth in these temple beat
Whose the crowne, that thou once-mattereft?
K. John. From whom hast thou this great commision
To draw my answer from thy Articles? (France,
Fra. Frat that imperiall judge that flits good thoughts
In any beat of strong authoritie,
To looke into the blots and frames of right,
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy,
Vnder whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whose helpe I meant to chastise it.

France. Excuse it is to beat viurping downe.
Queen. Who is it thou dost call viurper France?
Conf. Let me make answer: thy viurping sonne.
Queen. Out infolent, thy baffeard shal be King,
That shou'd be a Queene, and checke the world.
Conf. My bed was true to thy sonne as true
As thine was to thy husband, and his boy
Liker in feature to his father Geoffrey
Then thou and John, in manners being as like,
As raise to water, or dewill to his damme;
My boy a baffeard: by my soule I think
His father neuer was fo true bogge,
It cannot be, and if thou wert his mother.
(ther
Queen. Theres a good mother boy, that blots thy fa.
Conf. There's a good grandame boy
That would blot thee.
Auff. Peace.
Baff. Heare the Cryer.
Auff. What the deuil art thou?
Baff. One that will play the deuill fir with you,
And a may catch your hide and you alone:
You are the Hare of whom the Proverb goes
Whose valour plucks dead Lyons by the beard,
Ile imvoke your skin-coat and I catch you right,
Sire looke to't, yfaith I will, yfaith.
Blast. O well did he become that Lyons robe,
That did difrobe the Lion of that robe.
Baff. It lies as fightly on the backe of him
As great Aedric shooes vpon an Affe.
But Affe, Ile take that burthen from your backe,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders cracke.
Auff. What cracker is this fame that deaft us eares
With this abundance of superfluous breath?
King Lewis, determine what we shall doe faire.
Lew. Women & foolers, brake off your conference.
King John, this is the very summe of all:
England and Ireland, Angiers, Tournai, Maine,
In right of Arthur doe I claime of thee:
Wilt thou renigne them, and lay downe thy Armes?
John. My life as soone: I doe defea thee France,
Arthur of Britaine, yeld thee to my hand,
And out of my deere loue Ile give thee more,
Then ere the coward hand of France can win;
Submit thee boy.
Queen. Come to thy grandame child.
Conf. Doe childe, goe to thy grandame childe,
Give grandame kingdom, and it grandame will
Give yt a plum, a cherry, and a faggis,
There's a good grandame.
Arthur. Good my mother peace,
I would that I were low laid in my grave,
I am not worth this crosse that's made for me, (weepes.
Qu. Mo. His mother shames him so, poore boy hee.
Con. Now shame upon you where she doe or no,
His grandames wrongs, and not his mothers shames
Drawes those heaven-mowing pearls fro his poor eies,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee:
I, with these Christall beads heaven shall be bibr'd
To doe him Jutifie, and revenge on you.
Qu. Thou monstrus slanderer of heauen and earth.
Con. Thou monstrus inurer of heauen and earth,
Call not me slanderer, thou and shinte viurpe
The Dominations, Royalties, and rights
Of this oppressed boy; this is thy eldeft sonnes fonne,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:
And King ere him, and all that he enioyes:
For this donne-troden equity, we tread
In warlike march, these greene before your Towne,
Being no further enemy to you.
Then the contraint of hospitable receafe,
In the releefe of this opprreffed childo,
Religiously provoke, 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 swelled Beare
Sace in apace, hath all offence feel d vp:
Our Cannons make vainly fhall be fpent
Against th' invincible clouds of heauen,
And with a bleeding and an uflur'd yeare,
With vnblack'd words, and Helmets all vnbruid,
We will beare home that lutfie blood again,
Which here we came to fput out against your Towne,
And lefte your children, wives, and you in peace.
But if you fonely paffe our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the rounder of your old-fac'd walleter.
Can hide you from our meffengers of Warre,
Though all thefe English, and their discipline
Were harboured in their rude circumference:
Then tell us, Shall your City call vs Lord,
In that behalf which we have challed it? Or
Shall we give the signall to our rage.
And falke in blood to our defeition.

Cit. In briefe, we are the King of English subjects
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 proves the King,
To him will we prove loyall, till that time.
Hauwe we ramm'd vp our gates against the world.

John. Doth not the Crowne of England, produe the King?
And if not that, I bring you Witness
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of Englands breed.

Baff. Baffards and cife.

John. To verifie our title with their flues.

Fra. As many as and well-borne bloods as thofe.

Baff. Some Baffards too.

Fra. To him we'll prove loyall, till that time.

John. We for the worthifte hold the right from both.

Fra. Then God foruje the fame of all thofe foules,
That to their everlafting refidence.
Before the dew of eternitie, shall fleeting
In dreadfull triall of our kingdome King.

Fra. Amen, Amen, mount Cheuallars to Armes.

Baff. Saint George that twindg'd the Dragon,
And ere fince fix'd on his horfbacke at mine Hoftefe dore
Teitch vs one fence. Sirrah, were I at home.
At your benn forraal, with your Lionne,
I would tranf Oxe-head to your Lyons jude.
And make a monifter of you.

Augl. Peace, no mone.

Baff. Or femble: for you the Lyon rore.

John. Vp lift at the plaine, where we'll fet forth
In beft appointment all our Regimentes.

Baff. Speed them then to take advantage of the field,

Fra. It fhall be fo, and at the other hill
Command the refte to ftrand, God and our right.

Exeunt.

Herbes after execution, Enter the Heralds of France
with Trumpets to the gates.

F. Her. You men of Anglers open wide your gates;
And let yong Arthur Duke of Britaine in,
Who by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons and lie scattered on the bleeding ground:
Many a widower and childless lies,
Coldly embracing the discoloured earth,
And victorie with little loffe doth play.
Upon the dancing bannets of the French,
Who are at hand triumphantly displayed
To enter Conquerors, and to proclaim
*Arthur of Britaine, Englands King, and yours.*

Enter English Heralds with trumpets.

_E.Har._ Reloyce you men of Angiers, ring your bells,
King *John*, your King and Englands, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day,
Their Armours that march'd hice to sliere bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmens blood:
There fluke no plume in any English Creft,
That is remoyd by a plaffe of France.
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth:
And like a solly troop of Hunsmen come
Our lustie English, all with purpled hands,
Dide in the dying laughter of their foes,
Open your gates, and gue the Victors way.

_Huber._Heralds, from off our towres we might behold
From first to laft, the on-set and retyre:
Of both your Armies, whole equality
By our best eyes cannot be cenfured:
Blood hath bought blood, and blowes have answerd
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power.
Both are alike, and both alike we like:
One must prove greatest. While they weigh so even,
We hold our Towne for neither: yet for both.

Enter the two Kings with their powers,
at several dores.

**John.** France, haft thou yet more blood to call away?
Say, shall the currant of our right come on,
Whose passage with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and eke-swell
with course disturb'd eveynt by confining shoers:
Vntele thou let his silver Water, keep
A peacefull progresse to the Ocean.

_Fra._ England thou hast not faud one drop of blood
Inthis hot triall more then we of France,
Rather loft more. And by this hand I sweare
That sweares the earth this Climate over-lookes,
Before we will lay downe our luffe-borne Armes,
We'l put thee downe, 'gainst whom thee Armest wee
Or add a roylal number to the dead,
_liearse_,
Gracing the fpoule that tels of this warres loffe,
Which slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

_Baff._ Ha Maiestie: how high thy glory towres,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire:
Oh now doth death line his dead chaps with fleete,
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his phange,
And with the blood the flesh of men
In undefined differences of kings.
Why stand their royall fronts amazed thus?
Cry haunce kings, backe to the flaine field
You equal Potens, fiecie kindled spirits,
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The others peace: till then, blowes, blood, and death.

_John._ Whose party do the Townemen yet admit?
The life and death of King John.

In titles, honors, and promotions,
As in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any P inesse of the world.

Fra. What fait thou boy? looke in the Ladies face.

Del. I do my Lord, and in her eie I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of my selfe form'd in her eye,
Which being but the shadow of your sone,

Baf. Drawne in the flattering table of her eie.

Thy Lordships face.

Abof. Drawne in the flattering table of her eie,

Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow,
And quarter'd in her heart, hee cloth efpie

Himselfe loues traytor, this is pittie now;

That hang'd, and drawne, and quarter'd there should be
In such a loue, fo vile a Lout as he,

Bls: My vnklees will in this respect be mine,

If she feee out in you that makes him like,

That any thing he fee's which moves his liking,

I can with eafe tranflate it to my will;

Or if you will, to speake more properly,

I will enforce it call to my loue.

Further I will not flatter you, my Lord,
That all I fee in you is worthie loue,

Then this, that nothing do I fee in you,

Though churlifh thoughts themselves should bee your

Jude.

That I can finde, should merit any hate.

John. What fai'd thefe yong ones? What fay you my

Neece?

Blan. That fhew is bound in honor ftil to do

What you in wifedom still vouchsafe to fay.

John. Speake then Prince Dolphin, can you loue this

Ladie?

Del. Nay take me if I can refraine from loue,

For I do loue her moft vnfeinly,

John. Then do I guie Dolgynne, Tercyne, Maine,

Paltyers, and Adamio, thefe foure Provinces

With her to thee, and this addition more,

Full thirtie thoufand Markes of English coyne:

Philip of France, if thou be pleaf'd withall,

Command thy Sone and daughter to boyn hands.

Fra. It likés vs well young Princes: clofe your hands

Aofs: And your lippes too, for I am well aftir'd,

That I did do when I was first aftir'd.

Fra. Now Citizens of Angiers ope your gates,

Let in that amitie which you hauve made,

For at Saint Maries Chappell prefently,

The rights of marriage thalbe solemniz'd,

Is not the Lady Conflance in this troope?

I know she is not for this match made vp,

Her prefence would have interrupted much,

Where is she and her sone, tell me, who knows?

Del. She is faid and passionat at your highnes Tent.

Fra. And by my faith, this league that we haue made

Will give her faimifie very little cure:

Brother of England, how may we conceit

This widdow Lady? In her right we came,

Which we God knowes, hau'e turn'd another way,

To oure owne vantage.

John. We will haue vp all,

For we'll create yong Arthur Duke of Britain

And Earle of Richmond, and this rich faire Towne
The life and death of King John.

We make him Lord of, Call the Lady Constance.  
Some speedy Mennonster bid her repaire.  
To our solemnity I trust she shall,  
(If not the measure of her will.)  
Yet in some measure satisfies her,  
That we shall fop her exclamation.  
Go we as well as Half will suffer us,  
To this vnlook'd for vnprepared pompe.  
Exeunt.  

Exeunt.  

John to fop Arthur's title in the whole,  
Hath willingly departed with a part.  
And France, whose amorous Conscience buckled on,  
Whom you see and charitie brought to the field,  
As Gods own fouldier, sounded in the care,  
With that fame purpose-changer, that flye duel,  
That Broker, that fll breaks the pate of faith,  
That dayly breaks-voy, he that wins, of all,  
Of kings, of beggars, old men, yong men, maidens,  
Who have no extenl thing to looke,  
But the word Maid, chcia the poore Maid of that,  
That smooth-faced Gentleman, tickling commodiety,  
Commodiety, the byas of the world,  
The worldly, who of it felle is peyed well,  
Made to it, and fays it is a thing without end,  
Till this advance, this vile drawing bys,  
This fwayne of motion, this commodiety,  
Makes it take head from all indifference,  
From all direction, purpose, courfe, intent,  
And this fame byas, this Commodiety,  
This Bawd, this Broker, this all-changing-words,  
Clap'd on the outward eye of fickle France,  
Hath drawne him from his own determin'd end,  
And from a refolu'd and honourable warre,  
To a moft bafe and vile-concluded peace,  
And why fay I on this Commodiety?  
But for becaufe he hath not wofcd me yet,  
Not that I hate the power to chutch my hand,  
When his, fayre Angels would fante my prine,  
But for my hand, as vnattempted yet,  
Like a poore begger, tileth on the rich.  
Well, whiles I am a begger, I will fayre,  
And fay there is no fuch an one to be rich.  
And being rich, what then fhall be,  
To fay there is no vice, but beggerlie;  
Sine Kings break faith upon commodiety,  
Gaine he my Lord, for I will worship thee.  

Exit.

A Hus Successor.

Enter Constance, Arthur, and Satisfy.

Con. Gonen to be married? Goncn to iwearc a peace?  
Falls blood to falle blood join'd. Goncn to be friends?  
Shall Lewis have Blanche, and Blanche theo Prouinces?  
It is not fo, thou hadst mifpofe, ill heard,  
Be well adul't, tell one thoye againe.  
It cannot be, thou do it but fay'st fo.  
I truft I may not truft thee, for thy word  
Is but the change breath of a commended,  
Believe me, or I beleue the more.  
I have a Kings oath to the contrary,  
Thou that's out out forth this frightening me,  
For I am fike, and capable of terror,  
Opprett with wrongs, and therefore full of ferce,  
A widower, husbandles, fubjeft to fears,  
A woman no naturall borne to fears;  
And though thou now confed the fhe did hurt  
With fheere fubiections, I cannot take a Truce,  
But they will quake and tremble all this day,  
What doft thou mean by making of thy head?  
What doft thou looke fo badly on my forne?  
What means that hand upon that breach of thine?  
Why holds thine chieft that lamentable chrewe?  
Like a proud riuer peering ore his bounds,  
Bethefe fad fignes confirmers of thy wordes?  
Then fpoke againe, not all thy former tale,  
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.  

Sol. As true as I believe you thinke them falle,  
That give you caufe to prove my faying true,  
Con. Oh if thou teach me to beleue this forrow,  
Teach thou this forrow, how to make me dye,  
And let; beleefe, and life encounter fo,  
As doth the furie of two desperate men,  
Which in the very meeting fall, and dye.  
Lowe's marry Blanche? O boy, then where art thou?  
France with England, what comes of me?  
Fellow be gone. It cannot brooke thy fought,  
This news hath made thee a moif ugly man.  

Sol. What other harace have I good Lady done,  
But fpake the harme, that is by others done?  

Con. Which harme within it felfe fo heynous is,  
As it makes harmefull all that fpake of it.  

Ar. I do behecfe you Madam be content.  

Con. If thou that bidst me be content, were gwom  
Vgly, and flandrous to thy Mothers wosome,  
Full of vnpleasing blotis, and lightellef faines,  
Lame, foolifie, crooked, fwar, prodigious,  
Parch'd with foule Moles, and eye-offending marks,  
I would not care, I then would be content,  
For then I should not loue thee no, not thou,  
Become thy great birth, nor defcende a Crowne,  
But thou art faire, and atly birth (deere boy)  
Nature and Fortune leuyd to make thee great.  
Of Naures guifes, thou may't with Lilies boath,  
And with a fadsely brawn and fouldier bawd,  
But Fortune, oh, She is corrupted, chang'd, and wonne from thee,  
Sh'aduerates hourly with thine Vnkle John,  
And with her golden hand hath pluckd on France  
To tread downe faire reft of Soueraignty,  
And made his Mafie the bawd to theirs,  
France is a Bawd to Fortune, and king John,  
That huffpet Fortune, that usurping John:  
Tell me thou fellow, is not France fort worn?  
Eu venom him with words, or get thee gone,  
And leave thofc woes alone, which I alone  
Am bound to vnder-heres.  

Sol. Pardon me Madam,  
I may not goe without you to the kings.  

Con. Thou maif, thou shalt, I will not goe with thee,  
I will infruct my bowrewes to bee proud,  
For greafe is proud, and makes his own floepe,  
To me and in the flate of my great greace,  
Leef kings affemblt, for my greafe is too great,  
That no fupports, but the huge arms earth,  
Can hold it up, here I and forrowes fit,  
Here is my Throne, but kings come bow to its.
Enter King John, France, Dalbini, Blanch, Edwinor, Philip, Anfria, Confluence.

Fra. "This true (fare daughter) and this blesse day, Euer in France (shall be kepe festval : To folemnize this day the glorious funne Stayes in his course, and plays the Alchymift,Turning with splendor of his precious eye The meager cloody earth to glittering gold : The yearly course that brings this day about, Shall never see it, but a holy day.

Conf. A wicked day, and not a holy day. What hath this day delier'd? what hath is done, That in golden letters should be set Among the high tides in the Kalender? Nay, rather turne this day out of the weeke, This day of shame, be expected with grief: Of trump and stand still, let vs rise with childe Pray that their burthens may not fall this day, Left that their hopes prodigiously be croft: But (on this day) let Sea-men fear no wracke, No bargains breake that are not this day made: This day all things begun, come to ill end, Yea, fith it felle to hollow faldhood chance.

Fra. By heauen Lady, you shall have no caufe To curfe the faire proceedings of this day: Have I not pownd to you my Maiefly? Conf. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit Refembling Maiefly, which being touch'd & ride, Proud's valueless: you are forworne, forworne, You came in Armes to fplion mine enemies bloody, But now in Armes, you strengthen it with yours. The grapling vigor, and rough frowne of Warre Is cold in amitie, and painted peace, And our oppiffion hath made vp this league: Arme, arme, you heavens, against the perius' Kings, A widow foes, the husband (by fides) Let not the bowres of this vnoody day Wear out the daies in Peace; but ere Sun-fet, Set armed discourse 'twixt thefe perius' Kings, Hear me, Oh, hear me.

Anf: Lady Confluence, peace.

Conf. War, war, no peace, peace is to me a warre: O Lymoges, O Anfria, thou dost fhame That bloody fpoyle: thou flaine, thou wretch, ly coward, Thou little valiant, great in villainie, Thou euer strong upon the stronger fide; Thou Fortunes Champion, that doth never finge But when her humourous Ladifhip is by To teach thee fafety: thou art perius' doo too, And footh it vp greatniffe. What a foule art thou, A ramping foon, to brag, and flamp, and fwear, Upon my partie: thou cold bloody flaine, Haft thou not fpoke like thunder on my fide? Beene (worne my Souluder, bidding me dedpend Upon thy flarres, thy fortune, and thy ftrength; And doth them now fal euere to my foes? Thou wearie a Lyes hide, doft it for shame, And hang a Calues skin on thofe recrante limbs.

Anf: O that a man should fpake these words to me. Phil. And hang a Calues skin on thofe recrante limbs Anf: Thou dar not fpay to villaine for thy life.

Phil. And hang a Calues skin on thofe recrante limbs. John. We like not this, thou doft forget thy felfe. Enter Pardulpus.

Fra. Heere comes the holy Legas of the Pope. Pan. Hail ye you annointed deputies of heauen; To thelie King John my holy errand is: Pardulpus, of faire Milane Cardinall, And from Pope Innocent the Legate heere, Doe in his name religiously demand Why thou against the Church, our holy Mother, So wilfully doft purue; and force perforce Keepe Stephen Langton chosen Arcbifhop Of Canterbury from that holy Sea: This in our forefaid holy Fathers name Pope Innocent, I doe demand of thee.

John. What earthie name to Interrogatories Can talft the free breath of a sacred King? Thou canft not (Cardinall) deuife a name So flight, unworthy, and ridiculous To charge me to an anwere, as the Pope: Tell him this tale, and that of the cloth of England, And dde thus much more, that no Italian Prieff Shall tythe or toll in our dominions: But as we, vnder heauen, are supreme head, So vnder him that great supremacy Where we doe regne, we will alone vphold Without th' affifiance of a mortall hand: So tell the Pope, all reuerence set apart To him and his viford authority.

Fra. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this. John. Though you, and all the Kings of Christendom Are led to groffely by this medling Prieff, Dreading the curfe that money may buy out, And by the meris of vilde gold, droffe, dulf, Purchafe corrupted pardon of a man, Who in that fale feld pardon from himfelle: Though you, and al the fef to groffely led, This fuling witchcraft with renownne cherifh, Yet I alone, lone doe me oppofe Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. This is, and be the lawfull power that I have, Thou shalt fland curf, and excommunicate, And bleffed fhall he be that doth revoult From his Alleggance to an heretic, And meritorious fhall this hand be call'd, Canonized and worhipp'd as a Saint, That takes away by any secret course Thy hatefull life.

Con. O lawfull let it be That I have roome with Rome to curfe a while, Good Father Cardinall, cry thou Amen To my keene curfes; for without my wrong There is no tongue hath power to curfe him right.

Pan. There's Law and Warrant (Lady) for my curfe. Conf. And for mine too, when Law can do no right. Let it be lawfull, that Law barre no wrong: Law cannot give my childe his kingdome heere; For he that holds his Kingdome, holds the Law: Therefore since Law it felle is perfect wrong, How can the Law forbid my tongue to curfe? Pand. Phil of France, on perill of a curfe, Let goe the hand of that Arch-heretique, And raife the power of France vpon his head, Vnleefe he doe fubmit himfelle to Rome.

Ecul. Look'ft thou pale France? do not let go thy hand, Con. Look to that Deuill, left that France repent, And
And by disloyning hands hell lose a soule.

_Auf._ King Philip, listen to the Cardinal.

_Baft._ And hang a Calues-skin on his recreant limbs.

_Auf._ Well rathern, I must pocket vp thee wrongs,

_Baft._ Your breeches best may carry them.

_John._ Philip, what fault thou to the Cardinal?

_Con._ What should he say, but as the Cardinal?

_Dolph._ Bethinke you father, for the difference

Is purchase of a heauy curse from _Rome_,

Or the light lost of _England_, for a friend;

Forgoe the cafer.

_bla._ That the curse of _Rome_.

_Con._ Of _Levis_, hand fast, the deuill tempes thee here.

_In likeness of a new vntrimm'd Bride._

_bla._ The Lady Confuence speaks not from her faith,

But from her need.

_Con._ Oh, if thou grant my need,

Which onely lines but by the death of faith,

That need, mutt needs inferre this principle,

That faith would live againe by death of need.

_O then tread downe my need, and faith mounts vp,

Keep my need vp, and faith is trodden downe.

_Auf._ The king is moud, and antwrs not to this.

_Con._ O be remov'd from him, and anfwere well.

_Baft._ Doe so king _Philip_, hang no more in doubt.

_Baft._ Hang nothing but a Calues skin most sweet lour.

_Fra._ I am perplex, and know not what to say.

_Pau._ What canst thou say, but wil perplex thee more?

If thou fland excommunicate, and curf?

_Fra._ Good reuenter father, make my perfon yours,

And tell me how you would beflow your selfe?

This roayl hand and mine are newly knit,

And the conjuction of our inward soules

_Married in league, coupled, and link'd together

With all religiou[s] strength of sacred vows,

The latest breath that gau the found of words.

Was decee-fwoare faith, peace, amity, true lour

_Betwene our kingdomes and our roayl felues,

And even before this truce, but new before,

No longer then we well could waft our hands,

To clap this roayl bargain vp of peace,

_Heauen knows they were beinvariables and over-faind

With flauthers pencille; where reuenge did paint

The fearfull difference of incendiary kings:

And allall these hands is lately purgd of blood?

_Some newly toy'd in loue? to strong in both,

Vnyoke this feafure, and this kinde regrette?

Play fast and loose with faith? to let with heauen.

Make such vnoconfant children of oure felues.

As now againe to snuffe our palme from palme:

Vn-swoare faith fwoare, and on the marriage bed

Ofsmilling peace to march a bloody hooft,

_Auf._ And make a ruyt on the gentle brow

Of true sinceritie? O holy Sir

My reuenter father, let it not be so;

_Out of your grace, deuise, ordaine, impose

Some gentile order, and then we shall be blest

To doe your pleasure, and continue friends.

_Pau._ All forme is formelesse, Order ordereless,

Sawe what is opposite to _Englands_ loue.

Therefore to Armes, be Champion of our Church,
On let the Church our mother breathe her curse,
A mothers curse, on her reuolting lonne:

_Franse_, thou maist hold a serpents by the tongue,

A cafed Lion by the mortall paw,

_Auf._ A falling Tyger later by the tooth,

Then keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

_Fra._ I may disloyne my hand, but not my faith.

_Pau._ So mak't thou faith an enemy to faith,
And like a ciuill warre leftest oaths in theoth.

_Thy tongue against thy tongue. O let thy yow
First made to heauen, first be to heauen perform'd,
That is, to be the Champion of our Church,

What once thou woulst, is sworn against thy selfe,

And may not be performed by thy selfe,

For which thou haft sworn to doe amisse,

Is not amisse when it is truly done:

And being not done, where doing tends to ill,

The truth is then most done not doing it.

The better A[c]t of purpos[e]s miftook,

Is to mislike again, though indirec't,

Yet indirection thereby growes direc't,

And falphood, falphhood cures, as fire cooles fire

Within the forched veines of one new bourn'd;

It is religion that doth make vows kept,

But thou haft sworn against religion:

By what thou sweare't against the thing thou sweare't,

And mak'ft an oath the louterie for thy truth,

A proof that thou haft sworn against the truth,

To sweare, sweares only not to be forsworne,

Elfe what a moekerie should it be to sweare?

But thou doft sweare, onely to be forsworne,

And most forsworne, to kepe what thou doft sweare,

Therefore thy later vowes, against thy first,

In thy felse rebellion to thy selfe:

And better conquest neuer canst thou make,

Then arme thy constant and thy nobler parts,

Against these giddy loose suggeftions:

_Vpon which better part, our prayrs come in,

If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know

The perill of our curfes light on thee

So heauy, as thou shalt not make them off

But in delpraine, dye vnder their blacke weight.

_Auf._ Rebellion, flat rebellion.

_Baft._ Will not be?

Will not a Calues-skin flop that mouth of rhine?

_Dau._ Father, to Armes.

_Blanck._ Vpon thy wedding day?

_Auf._ Against the blood that thou haft married?

_What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?
Shall our victorie trumpets, and lead churcheff drums

_Clamors of hell, be measures to our pomp?

_O husband heare me; aye, slacker, how new

Is husband in my mouth? even for that name

Which till this time my tongue did here pronounce;

_Vpon my knee I beg, goe not to Armes
Against mine Vnde.

_Conf._ O, _vpon my knee made hard with kneeling,

I doe pray to thee, thou vertuous _Dauiphin_,

Aler not the doome fore-thought by heauen.

_Blan._ Now shall I see thy lour, what motrice may

Be stronger with thee, then the name of wife?

_Con._ That which _vpholdeth him, that thee _vpholdeth_,

His Honor, _Oh thine Honor, _Levis_ thine Honor.

_Dauph._ I mufe your Majesty doth seeme so cold,

_When such profound respects doe pull you on?

_Pau._ I will denounce a curse vpon his head.

_Fra._ Thou shalt not need. _England_, I will fall fro thee.

_Conf._ Of faire returne of banish'd _Maieffie_.

_Ele._ Of foute revolt of French inconfancy.

_Eng. France, _Shalt rue this hour within this hour.

_Baft._
Scena Secunda.

Allarums, Excursions: Enter Baftard and with Austria's head.

Baft. Now by my life, this day grows wondrous hot, some slyer Densil hours in the skie, And pou's downe mischief. Austria's head lies there, Enter John, Arthur, Hubert.

While Philip breathes. John. Hubert, keep this boy: Philip make vp, My Mother is affayled in our Tent, And tane I fear.
  Baft. My Lord I rescued her, Her Highness is in safety, leare you not: But on my Life, for very little pames Will bring this labor to an happy end. Exit.

Allarums, Excursions, Retreat. Enter John, Eleanor, Arburt, Baftard, Hubert, Lords.

John. So shall it be: your Grace shall stay behind So strongly guarded: Cofen, looke not sad, Thy Grandame loves thee, and thy Vnkle will As deere be to thee, as thy father was.
Arth. O this will make my mother die with griefe. John. Cofen away for England, haste before, And ere our comming fee throake the bags Of hoarding Abbots, imprisoned angels Set at libertie: the fat ribs of peace Must by the hungry now be fed upon: Vie our Commission in his utmost force. Baft. Bell, Book, & Candle, shall not drive me back, When gold and fluer beakes me to come on. I leave your highmene: Grandame, I will pray, (If ever I remember to be holy) For your faire safety: so I kiffe your hand.
Ele. Farewell gentle Cozen.
Enter France, Dolphin, Pandolpho, Attendants.

Fra. So by a roaring Tempell on the flood,
A whole Artindo of committed faile
Is scattered and dissoyn'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort, all shall yet goe well.

Fra. What can goe well, when we have runne fo ill?

Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur take prisoner? diters deere friends slaine?
And bloody England into England gone,
Ore-bearing interruption [ight of France?

Del. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So thou speeke, with such advice dispoy'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a course,
Doth want example: who hath read, or heared
Of any kindred-action like to this?

Fra. Well could I beare that England had this praise,
So we could find some patterne of our shame:
Enter Confidence.

Looke who comes here? a graue unto a foule,
Holding theerennall spint against her will,
In the vile prison of afflictid breath:
I prethee Lady goe away with me.

Con. Lo! now: now see the sufie of your peace.

Fra. Patience good Lady, comfort gentle Confidence.

Con. No, I defie all Counsell, all redress,
But that which ends all counsell, true Redresse:
Death, death, O amiable, lovely death,
Thou othaturing flench: bound rottenesse,
Arise forth from the couch of lafing night,
Thou hast and terror to prosperity,
And I will wake thy dreary bones,
And put my eye-balls in thy vaultrc crowes,
And ring these fingers with thy household wornes,
And drop this gyp of breath with full som duft,
And be a Cartron Monster like thy selfe;
Come grin on me, and I will think thou finift,
And bulle thee as thy wife: Miseries Loue,
O come to me.

Fra. O faire affliction, peace.

Con. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:
O that my tongue were in the thunders mouth,
Then with a passion would I shake the world,
And rowze from sleep that fell Anatomy
Which cannot hear a Ladies feeble voyce,
Which fconces a moderne Inovation.

Pand. Lady, you viter madnesse, and not forrow.

Con. Thou art holy to belefe me fo,
I am not mad: this haire I teare is mine,
My name is Confidence, I was Cofters wife,
Young Arthur is my fonne, and he is lost:
I am not mad, I would to heauen I were,
For then'tis like I Should forget my felfe;
O, if I could, what grieve should I forget?
Preach none Philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be Canoinz'd(dCardinall,)
For, being not mad, but fenible of greene,
My reansonable part produces reason
How I may be deliuer'd of the, weare,
And teaches mee to kill or hang my felfe:
If I were mad, I should forget my fonne,

Or madly think a babie of clowes were he:
I am not mad: too well, too well I feele.
The different plaque of each calamity.

Fra. Binde vp those treffes: O what a loue I note
In the faire multitude of those her haires;
Where but by chance a flucer drop hath fallen,
Euen to that drop ten thousand wiery fiends.
Doe glew themfellues in fociable grieve,
Like true, infeparable, faithfull loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Con. To England, if you will.

Fra. Binde vp your haires.

Con. Yes that I will: and wherfore will I doe:
I tore them from their bonds, and crude aground,
O, that these hands could so redeem my fonne,
As they have given these heares their libertie:
But now I enioie at their libertie.
And will againe commit them to their bonds,
Because my poore childle is a prisoner.
And Father Cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall fee and know our friends in heauen:
If that be true, I shall see my boy againe;
For since the birth of Caine, the first male-child
To him that did but yesterdy suphie,
There was not such a greacie creature borne:
But now will Canker-lorow eat my bud,
And chafe the nature beauty from his cheeke,
And he will looke as hollow as a Ghost,
As dim and meager as an Agues fitte,
And so he'll dye: and riving so againe,
When I shall meet him in the Court of heauen.
I shall not know him: therefore neuer, neuer
Mull I beholde my prettie Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heynous a respect of greene.

Conf. He talks to me, that neuer had a fonne.

Fra. You are as fond of greene, as of your childle.

Con. Greene fills the room vp of my absent childle:
Lies in his bed, walks vp and downe with me,
Puts on his prettie lookes, repeats his words,
Remembrets me of all his gracios parts,
Stuffes out his vacant garments with his fonne;
Then haue I reason to be fond of greene?

Fareyouwell: had you such a losse as I,
I could gie better comfort then you doe.
I will not keepe this forme vpon my head,
When there is such 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 sorrowes cure.

Exit.

Fra. I feare some out-rage, and I feele her.

Exk. There's nothing in this world can make me joy,
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ease of a drowzie man;
And bitter shame hath spoyld the sweet words taste,
That it yeelds naught but shame and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong diifease,
Even in the inftant of repaire and health.
The fit is strongest: Eeuks that take leaque
On their departure, most of all shew euail:
What haue you loft by losing of this day?

Del. All daies of glory, joy, and happinesse.

Pau. If you had won it, certainly you had.

No, no: when Fortune meanes to men most good,
Shee lookes vpon them with a threatening eye:
'Tis strange to thinke how much King John hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly wonne.
The life and death of King John.

Enter Hubers and Exequinters.

Hub. Hearst/he thefle Irone hot, and looke thou fand
Within the Arres: when I strike my foot
Upon the bofome of the ground, ruft forth
And biade the boy, which you fhall finde with me
Fall to the chaire: be heedfull: hence, and watch.

Exe. I hope your warrant will beare out the deed.

Hub. Vnclefsly treufles fear not you: looke too't.

Yong Lad come forth; I haue to fay with you.

Enter Arthur.

Ar. Good morrow Hubery.

Hub. Good morrow, little Prince.

Ar. As little Prince, having fo great a Title
To bemoore Prince, as may be: you are ad.

Hub. Indeed I have been merrier.

Ar. 'Mercie on me.'

Me thinkes no body fhould be sad but I:
Yet I remember, when I was in France,
Yong Gentlemen would be as sad as night.

Orly for wantonneffe: by my Chrifteendome,
So I were out of prifon, and kept Sheepe;
I fhould be as merry as the day is long:
And lo I would be here, but that I doubt
My Vnkle practises more harme to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:

Is it my faulc, that I was Goffe eye fonne?
No in deede I: and I would to heauen
I were your fonne, fo you would love me: Huberte.

Hub. If I talke to him, with his innocent tate
He will awakern my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be fonde, and difpatch.

Ar. Are you fickle Hubert? you looke pale to day,
In forth I would you were a little fickle,
That I might fit all night, and watch with you.
I warrant I love you more then you do me.

Hub. His words do take poffeffion of my bofome,
Reade here yong Arthur. How now folemn thcune?
Turning diptious torture out of doore?
I muft be brefe, leafe resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womannifh teares.
Can you not reade it? is it not faire wirt?

Ar. Too fairely Hubers, for to foule effect,
Muft you with hot Irons, burne out both mine eyes?

Hub. Yong Boy, I muft.

Ar. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Ar. Haue you the heart? When you head did but skie,
I knitt my hand kercher about your browes
(The bell I had, a Princesse brought it me)
And I did never ask it you againe:
And with my hand, at midnight held your head;
And like the watchfull minutes, to the hour,
Still and anon cheerr'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 have lyen still,
And nere haue spoke a lowing word to you:
But you, at your fikes fentuce had a Prince:
Nay, you may thinke my loue was crafitie lone,
And call it cunning. Do, and if you will,
The life and death of King John.

All things that you should vie to do me wrong
Deny their office: only you do lacke
That meric, which fierce fire, and Iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy, lacking vies.

Hub. Well, fee to live: I will not touch thine eye,
For all the Treasure that thine Eucne owes,
Yet am I thorne, and I did purpose, Boy,
With this fame very Iron, to burne them out.

Art. O now you looke like Hubert. All this while
You were disguist'd.

Hub. Peace: no more. Aicue,
Your Vncke must not know but you are dead.
Ile fill thes dogged Spies with False reports:
And, pretty childe, sleepe doubleflee, and secure,
That Hubert for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Art. O heaven! I thank you Hubert.
Hub. Silence, no more; go closely in with mee,
Much danger do I undertake for thee.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter John, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lords.

John. Heere once againe we sit: once against crowne
And look'd upon, I hope, with chearfull eyes.

Pem. This once again (but that your Highnes please'd)
Was once superfluous: you were Crown'd before,
And that high Royalty was mere pluck'd off:
The faiths of men, nere blain'd with revent:
Freshe expectation troubled not the Land.
With any long'rd-for-change, or better State.

Sal. Therefore, to be pos'd with double pomp,
To guard a Title, that was rich before;
To guilde refined Gold, to paint the Lilly;
To throw a perfume on the Violet,
To smooth the yse, or adde another hew
Vnto the Raine-bow; or with Taper-light
To fecke the beautous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridicules excexe.

Pem. But that your Royall pleasure must be done,
This state, is as an ancient tale new told,
And, in the laft repeating, troublome,
Being vrged at a time unpleasable.

Sal. In this the Anticke, and well noted face
Of plaine old forme, is much disfigured,
And like a shifed windowe vnto a false.
It makes the couces of thoughts to fetch about,
Sturtles, and frights consideration.
Makes found opinion fike, and truth suspect,
For putting on fo new a fashion'd robe.

Pem. When Workemen situe to do better then wel,
They do confound their skill in courteouflee,
And oftentimes excusing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worse by the execuc:
As patches feet upon a little breach,
Discreete more in hiding of the fault,
Then did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new crown'd
We breath'd our Counsell: but it pleas'd your Highnes
To ouer-beare it, and we are all well pleas'd,
Since all, and every part of what we would
Doth make a stand, at what your Highnesse will.

John.
The life and death of King John.

I prefume to think, and to make thee strong,
And more, more strong, then let my fear
I shall induce you with: Meane time, but aske
What you would have reform'd, that is not well,
And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both heare, and grant you your request.

Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these
To found the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for my fel, and them: but chief of all
Your safety: for the which, my life and them
Kindled, and broken, his brief studies, heartily request
Th'infranchifement of Arthur, whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent.
To breake into this dangerous argument.
If in what ref you have, in right you hold,
Why then your fears, which (as they say) attend
The Stephens of wrong, should move you to me w v p
Your tender kinman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercifc,
That the times enemies may not have this
To grace occasions: let it be our suite,
That you have bid us his libertie,
Which for our goods, we do no further ask,
Then, whereupon our weale on you depending,
Counts it your weale: the haue his libertie.

John. Let it be so: I do commit his youth
To your direction: Hubert, what newes with you?

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed:
He knew'd his warrant to a friend of mine,
The image of a wicked heyous fault,
Lies in his eye: that clofe speig of his,
Do flew the mood of a much troubled breft,
And I do fearfully beleue tis done,
What we do fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the King doth come, and go
Betweene his purpose and his confience,
Like Heralds twixt two dreadful battallces set:
His passion is fiope, it needs mutt breake.

Pem. And when it breakes, I fear will fuffe thence
The foule corruption of a sweet childes death.

John. We cannot hold mortallities strong hand.
Good Lords, although my will to gine, is living,
The foul of this vch you demand is gone, and dead.
He tells us Arthur is deced'd to night.

Sal. Indeed we fear'd his ficknesse was past cure.

Pem. Indeed we heard how neere his death he was,
Before the child himfelfe felt he was sick:
This must be answer'd either here, or hence.

John. Why do you bend fuch folemn brewes on me?
Think you I earne the Sheeres of deftiny?
Have I commandement on the pufse of life?

Sal. It is apparent foule-play, and tis shame
That Greatnesse should do golofly offer it;
So thrifie it in your game, and to farewell.

Pem. Stay yet (Lord Salisbury) Ile go with thee,
And finde th' inheritance of this poor childle,
His little kindome of a forced graue.
That blood which ow'd the breadth of all this Ile,
Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while;
This must not be thus borne, this will breake out
To all our forefawes, and yet long, I doubt.

Enter. Towne. They burn in indignation: I repeat:

There is no fue foundation set on blood
No certaine life atchieu'd by others death:
A fearfull eye thou haft. Where is that blood,
That I haue feene inhabite in those cheakes?
So foule a skie, clerces not without a formc,
Poure downe thy weather: how goes all in France?

Mef. From France to England, neuer such a powere
For any foraigne preparation,
Was leuell 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 tydings comes, that they are all arriu'd.

John. Oh where hath our Intelligence bin drunke?
Where hath it Dept? Where is my Mothers care?
That such an Army could be drawne in France,
And she not heare of it?

Mef. My Liege, her care
Is ftope with duft: the first of April di'de
Your noble mother; and as I heare, my Lord,
The Lady Conforme in a frenzie di'de
Three days before: but this from Rumors tongue
I lidly heard: if true, or falle I know not.

John. With-hold thy fpeed, dreadful Occaion:
O make a league with me, till I haue pleat'd
My diſconneffed Peers. What? Mother dead?
How wildly then walkes my Eftate in France?
Vnder whole conduct came those powres of France,
That thou for truth gi't out are landed here?

Mef. Vnder the Dolphin.

Enter Bafard and Peter of Perme:"a.

John. Thou haft made me giddy
With these ill tydings: Now? What fayes the world
To your proceeding? Do not feeke to fluffe
My head with more ill newes: for it is full.

Baf. But if you be a-feard to hear the worfe
Then let the worft vn-heard, fall on your head.

John. Beare with me Cofen, for I was amaz'd
Vnder the tide; but now I breath again
Aloft the flood, and can giue audience
To any tongue, fpake it of what it will.

Baf. How I haue fpeed among the Clergy m's,
The tummes I haue collected fhall expreff:
But as I traff'd hither through the land,
I finde the people strangely fantasied,
Poffef with rumors, full of idle dreames,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.
And here's a Prophet that I brought with me.
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds reading on his heecles:
To whom he sung in rude harth flounding rimer,
That ere the next Afcension day at noone,
Your Highnes fhould deliuer vp your Crowne.

John. Thou idle Dreameer, wherefore didft thou so?

Pet. Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out fo.

John. Hubert, away with him: impriion him,
And on that day at noone, whereon he fayes
I fhall yeeld vp my Crowne, let him be hang'd.
Deliuer him to safety, and returne,
For I must trie thee. O my gentle Cofen,
Hear it thou the newes abroad, who are arriu'd?

Baf. The French (my Lord) make mouths are full of it:
Before I met Lord Bige, and Lord Salisbury
With eyes as red as new enkindled fire,
And others more, going to fteke the graue
Of Arthur, whom they fay is kill'd to night, on your

John. Gentle kinman, go (luggation.
And thraft thy felfe into their Companies,
The life and death of King John.

I have a way to winne their loves againe,
Bring them before me.

Enter. I will seeke them out.

Nay, but make haste: the better foote before.
O, let me hate no doublet enemies,
When aduerse Potreymer allighe my Townes
With dreddfull pompe of flour munition,
Be Mercure, let feathers to thy heele,
And flye (like thought) from them, to me againe.

The spirit of the time shall teach me speed. Exit

Spoke like a highfull Noble Gentleman.
Go after him: for he perhaps shall need
Some Meffenger betwixt me, and the Peeres,
And be thou here.

With all my heart, my Liege.

My mother dead?

Enter Hubert.

My Lord, they say fine Moones were feene to
Foure fixed, and the fift did whirle about.

The other foure, in wondrous motion.

This hand of mine
Is a maiden, and an innocent hand.

Nay, in the body of this fleshly Land,
This kingdom, this Confine of blood, and breathe
Hoffilite, and ciuil tumult reignes
Betweene my confence, and my Colins death.

Arms you against your other enemies:
Ile make peace betweene your foule, and you.

This is the cause of mine
This hand of mine

Enter Arthur on the wailes.

The Wall is high, and yet will I leape downe
Good ground be pitfull, and hurt me not;
There's few or none do know me, if they did,
This Ship-boyes famblance hath disguised me quite,
I am afeard, and yet Ile venture it.

If I get downe, and do not breake my limbs,
Ile finde a thousand shotts to get away;
As good to dye, and go, as dye, and fly.

If I get downe, and do not breake my limbs,
Ile finde a thousand shotts to get away;
As good to dye, and go, as dye, and fly.

Oh me, my Vnckles spiritt is in these hones,
Heauen take my foule, and England keep mine bones.

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, or Bigot.

It is our faerie, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Who brough it? that Letter from the Cardinall?

The Count Melone, a Noble Lord of France,
Whose private with me of the Dolphines loue,
It much more generally, then these lines import,

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, or Bigot.

Said. Lords, I will meet him at S. Edmendsbury.

It is our faerie, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Who brough it? that Letter from the Cardinall?

The Count Melone, a Noble Lord of France,
Whose private with me of the Dolphines loue,
It much more generally, then these lines import,
The life and death of King John.

Big. To morrow morning let vs meete him then.

Sal. Or rather thene fee forward, for 'twill be
Two long dayes journey (Lords) or ere we meete,

Enter Baffard.

Baff. Once more to day well met, dispenser Lords,
The King by me requests your presence straight.

Sal. The king hath dispoled himselfe of vs,
We will not lyne his thin-befrayed cloake
With our pure Honors: nor attend the fonce;
That leaves the print of blood where e re it walke.
Returne, and tell him fo: we know the worth.

Big. What eat ye think: good words I thinke
were beft.

Sal. Our greates, and not our manners resenow.

Big. But there is little reason in your greace.
Therefore 'tis reafon you had manners now.

Pem. Sir, sir, impaience hath his prifon.

Big. 'Tis true to butt his matter, no mans elfe.

Sal. This is the prison: What is he eyes here?

P. Oh death made prouct with pure & princely beuty,
The earth had not a hole to hide his deede.

Sal. Marcher, as hating what himfelfe hath done,
Doth lay it open to vstinence on revenge.

Big. Or when he dom'd this Beatitie to a grave,
Found it too precious Princely, for a grave.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you thereon you have beheld,
Or have you reed, or heard, or could you thinks?
Or do you think: although you see,
That you do see? Could thought, without this objeckt
Forne fuch another? This is the very teps,
The heighth, the Creft: or Creft unto the Creft
Of murthers Armes: This is the bloođdie flame,
The wildeft Sanguery, the wildeft brooke
That euer wall-e'yle wrath, or flaring rage
Preserued to the cares of lost remem.ire.

Pem. AImurthers paft, do stand excus'd in this.
And this fole fo, and fo unmatchable,
Shall give a lincelle, a puritie,
To the yet vnbegotten faine of times;
And prowe a deadly blood-bleed, but a left,
Exampled by this heynous fpectacle.

Baff. It is a damn'd, and bloody worke,
The graffeafle edion of a heavy band,
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 enfe:
It is the famefull worke of Huberts hand,
The practise, and the purpofe of the king,
From whose obedience I forbid my fould,
Kneeling before this crimson of fweete life,
And breathing to his breathleffe Excellence
The Incence of a Vow, a holy Vow:
Never to raffe the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor committ with Eafe, and linden-effe,
Till I have an glory to this hand,
By giving it the worchip of Renenge.

Pem. Big. Our foules religiouly confine thy word.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lord, I am bowe with hate, in seeking you,
Arthur deoth live, the king hath fent for you!

Sal. Oh he beft, and blamnes not at death,
Antant that full withal, get thee gone? (the Law)

Hu. I am no victime.

Sal. Must I rob

Baff. Your favors are bright fr, put it vp againe.

Sal. Not till I yeareth in sunderturees skill,
The life and death of King John.

How came doth thou take all England vp,
From forth this mortell of dead Royaltie?
The life, the rights, and truth of all this Realme
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left.
To tug and scramble, and to part by th' teeth.
The vile-owed interest of proud swelling State:
Now for the bare-pick bone of Manifie,
Doth droppèd ware bristle his angry creft,
And fardell in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now POWERS from home, and discontentes at home.
Meet in one line: and vast confusion waivers
As doth a Rauen on a fickle-false beam,
The imminent decay of wretched pompe.
Now happy he, whole cloake and center can hold out this tempett, Brave away that child,
And follow me with speed: I Ie to the King:
A thousand bufineses are briefe in hand,
And heauen it felfe doth frowne vpnon the Land. Exit.

Aithus Quartus, Scena prima.

Enter King John and Randolph, attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yield'd vp into your hand
The Circle of my glory.
Pan. Take againe
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope
Your Souersigne greatnesse and authoritie.
John. Now keep your holy word, go meet the French,
And from his hoftile vie all your power
To stop their marches 'fore we are enflam'd:
Our discontented Countres doe revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience,
Swearing Allogiance, and the loue of fonic
To stranger-bloud, to foreign Royalty;
This inundation of mitamped humor,
Reft by you only to be qualified.
Then paufe not: for the present time's fo fickle,
That prefent medenc must be minifred,
Or overthow increasable enthusias.
Pan. It was my breath that blew this Tempeft vp,
Upon your friend's vifage of the Pope:
But since you are a gentle committer,
My tongue shall hauie againe this fmoke of warre,
And make faire weather in your bluftring land:
On this Affencion day, remember well,
Upon your oath of feruce to the Pope,
Goe I to make the French lay downe their Armes. Exit.
John. Is this this Affencion day did not the Prophet
Say, that before Affencion day at noon.
My Crowne I should glue off? even so I hauie:
I did fuppofe it should be on contraint,
But heau'n be thank'd? it is but voluntary.

Enter Baffard.

Baff. All Kent hath yeelded: nothing there holds out
But Dooner Castle: London hath receiv'd
Like a kindle Hoft, the Dolphin and his powers.
Your Nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer feruce to your enemy.
And wilde amazement hurries vp and downe.
The little number of your doubtfull friends.
John. Would not my Lords returne to me againe
After they heard yong Arthur was alue?
By making many: Oh it grieves my soule,
That I must draw this mote from my side
To be a widdow-maker: oh, and there
Where honourable refuge, and defence
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury.
But such is the infection of the time,
That for the health and safety of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of her Injustice, and confined wrong:
And is not pitie, (oh my grieved friends)
That we, the fonnies and children of this life,
Was borne to fee no fad an hour as this,
Wherein we step after a stranger, march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill vp
Her Enemies ranker? I must withdraw, and weape
Upon the spot of this inforced cause.
To grace the Jenny of a Land remote,
And fellow vanquished colours here:
What here? O Nation that thou couldst remove,
That Neptunes Armes who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thy selfe,
And crapple thee unto a Paget shore,
Where these two Christian Armies might combine
The blood of malice, in a vaine of league,
And not to spend it fo vn-neighbourly.

Dolph, A noble temper doll thou know in this,
And great affections wrangling in thy bosome
Doth make an earth-quake of Nobility:
Oh, what a noble combat hath fought
Between compulsion, and a braue respect:
Let me wipe off this honourable dice,
That flutely doth progress on thy cheekeys:
My heart hath melted at a Ladies teares,
Being an ordinary luttudation;
But this effusion of fo many drops,
This fnowre, blowne vp by tempest of the foule,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Then had I feene the vanitie top of heauen
Figur'd quite ore with burning Meteores,
Lift vp thy brow (renowned Salisbury)
And with a great heart hauce away this fnowre:
Commend these waters to thofe baby-eyes
That never saw the giant-world enrag'd,
Nor met with Fortune, other then at feats,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gloffipping:
Come, come: for thou fhalt thruy thy hand as deepe
Into the purfe of rich prouinciety
As Lewis himselfe: fo (Nobles) hall you all,
That knit your finewes to the strength of mine.
Enter Pandulph.

And even there, methinks an Angell spake,
Looke where the holy Legat comes space,
To give vs warrant from the hand of heauen,
And on our actions the name of right
With holy breath.

Pand. Haile noble Prince of France:
The next is this: King Iohn hath reconcil'd
Himfelfe to Rome, his spirit is come in,
That foold out against the holy Church,
The great Metropolitan and Sea of Rome:
Therefore thy threatening Colours now winde vp,
And tame the fauage spirit of wilde warre,
That like a Lion fotted vp at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmfull then in fiewe.

Dol. Your Grace shall pardon me, I will not backe:

I am too high-borne to be proportioned
To be a secondary at control,
Or veful furting-man, and Infrument
To any Soueraigne State throughout the world,
Your breath first kindled the dead coale of warres,
Betweene this chaflis'd kingdome and my felfe,
And brought in matter that fould feed this fire;
And now this farre too hugue 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 intereft to this Land,
Yea, thruft this enterprize into my heart,
And come ye now to tell me Iohn hath made
His peace with Rome: what is that peace to me?
I (by the honour of my marriage bed)
After yong Arthur, clame this Land for mine,
And now it is halfe conquer'd, muff I backe,
Because that Iohn hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's flaue? What penny hath Rome borne?
What men provifed? What munition fent
To vnder-prop this Action? It's not I
That vnder-go this charge? Who elfe but I,
And fuch as to my claine are liable,
Sweat in this businesse, and maintain this warre:
Hue I not heard these Ilanders fhout out
Vine le Roy, as I have baid their Townes?
Hue I not heere the bell Cards for the game
To winne this easie match, plaid for a Crowne?
And fhall I know gire o the yeelded Set?
No, no, on my fouldier it neuer fhall be faid,
Pand. You looke but on the out-fide of this worke.
Dol. Out-fide or in-fide, I will not returne
Till my attemp't fo much be glorified,
As to my ample hope was praifed,
Before I drew this gallant head of warre,
And cuff'd thofe fiery spirits from the world
To out looke Conquett, and to winne renowne
Even in the iaws of danger, and of death:
What lofty Trumpet thus doth fummon vs?
Enter Baffard.

Baft. According to the faire-play of the world,
Let me haue audience: I am fent to speake:
My holy Lord of Millane, from the King
I come to learn how you haue dealt for him:
And, as you answer, I doe know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dolphinis too willfull oppofite
And will not temporize with my iurticacies:
He flately fates, hee I not lay dawnes his Armes.

Baft. By all the blood that euer fury breath'd,
The youthes fayes well. Now haue our English King,
For thus his Royals doth speake in me:
He is prepar'd, and reafon to be fhould,
This fpifh and vnmannerly approach
This harnefs'd Maufe, and vnpadua'd Reuell,
This vnheard fawcinette and boyish Troopes,
The King doth fmile at, and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarffe warre, this Pigmy Armes
From out the circle of his Territories.
That hand which had the strength, even at your dores,
To cudgell you, and make you take the hatch,
To due like Buckets in concealed Welles,
To crowne in litter of your flable planks,
To lye like pawns, lock'd vp in cheffes and trunks,
To hug with fwine, to feeke sweet safety out
In vaults and prirons, and to thrill and flake,

Euen.
The life and death of King John.

Even at the crying of your Nations crow,
Thinking this voice ye an armed Englishman,
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your Chambers gave you chastisement?
No: know the gallant Monarch is in Armés,
And like an Eagle, o'er his sayer towres,
To sovile annoyance that comes neere his Neft;
And you degenerate, you ingrate Reulls,
you bloody Nero's, tipp'ng vp the wome
Of your deere Mother-Englishe: blash for thame:
For your owne Ladies, and pale-vilag'd Maides,
Like Amours, come tripping after drummes :
Their thinlunes armed Captains cleft, their Neel's yo Lancers, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.
Tell, there end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace,
We grant thou camst out-scold vs; Far thee well,
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a bratler.

Pet. Give me leave to speake.

Barf. No, I will speake.

Dol. We will attend to meythor:
Strike vp the drummets, and let the tongue of warre
Plase-for our intercez, and our being here.

Barf. Indeedye your drums being besten, will cry out;
And so fhal you, being besten: Do but flare
An echo with the clamour of thy drumme,
And even at hand, a drummee is readie brea'd,
That shall rederbatter all, as lowd as thome.
Sound but anther, and another shall
(As lowd as thome) tattle the Wkelkins care,
And mocke the deep mou'd Thunder: for at hand
(Not trufl't agai this halting Legate heere,
Whom he had I'd rafter for sport, then neede;) Is warlike John; and in his fore-head his
A bare-rib'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole the land's of the French.

Dol. Strike vp our drummets, to finde this danger out.

Barf. And thou shalt finde it (Dolphin) do not doubt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.

Sal. Did not thinke the King (lo fher d with friends,
Bio. Vp once again a perspit in the French,
If they mistarFY; we mistarFY thing.

Sal. That misbegotten dwel Felbridge,
In fight of spight, alone vpholds the day.

Per. They say King John fore sick, hath left the field,
Enter Meloun wounded.

Meth. Lead me to the Reulls of England heere.

Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.

Per. It is the Count Meloun.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Meth. Fly Noble English, you are bought and sold,
Vnhred the rude eye of Rebellion,
And welcome home againe discarded faith,
Seeke out King John, and fall before his feet:
For if the French be Lords of this loud day,
He meanes to recompence the poynes you take,
By cutting off your heads; Thus hath he sworne,
And I with him, and many mee with mee,
Vpon the Altar at St. Edmondsbury,
Even on that Altar, where we fwoore to you
Deere Amity, and eternall love.

Sal. May this be possible? May this be true?

Mel. Hau'e I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quanitty of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a forme of waxe
Refolout'h from his figure 'gainst the fire?

What in the world should make me now decreace,
Since I must loofe the vfe of all decraces?

Why shoud I then be false, since it is true
That I must dye here, and fine hence, by Truth?

I fay againe, if Lewis do win the day,
He is foriworne, if ere those eyes of yours
Echold another day breake in the East:
But even this night, whose blacke contagious breath
Already fmeakes about the burning Creet
Of the old, feble, and day-wearyed Sunne,
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
Paying the fine of rated Treachery,
Even with a treacherous fire of all your lives:
If Lewis, by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your King;
The loue of him, and this respeft belothes
(For that my Grandfire was an Englishman)
Awakes my Conscience to confess all this,
In lieu whereof, I pray you bear me hence
From forth the noife and rumour of the Field;
Where I may think the reman of my thoughts
In peace: and part this bodie and my soule
With contemplation, and devout desires.

Sal. We do beleue thee, and befriend our foule,
But I do loue the fauour, and the forme
Of this most faire occasion, by the which
We will vntread the steps of damned flight,
And like a bared and retired flood,
Leauing ourRanknefe and irregular course,
Stoope lowe within those bounds we have o're look'd
And calmly run on in obedience
Euen to our Ocean, to our great King John.

My arme shal giue thee helpe to bear thee hence,
Scene Quinta.

Enter Dolphin, and his Train.

Dol. The Sun of heaven (me thought) was lost to set; But fail'd, and made the Western Welch a blush, When English measure backward their own ground
In fruit! Retire: Oh bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our seccedle shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid good night,
And wond're what't colours brightly up,
Last in the field, and almost Lords of it.
Enter a Missinger.

Mef. Where is my Prince, the Dolphin?

Dol. Heere: what news?

Mef. The Count Nashville is thaine: Th' English Lords
By his pervisation, are againse false off,
And your supply, which you haue with'd so long,
Are cast away, and funk on Goodwin sands.

Dol. Ah fowle, shrew'd news, bellesh thy very
I did not think to be lo fad to night
(hart:)
As this hath made me. Who was he that said
King John did flie an hour or two before
The thumbling night did part our wearie powres?

Mef. Who euer spoke it, it is true my Lord.

Dol. Well: keep good quarter, & good care to night,
The day shall not be vp fo foode as I,
To trye the faire adventure of to morrow.

Scene Sexta.

Enter Baftard and Hubert, generally.

Hub. Whose there? speake ho, speake quickly, or I shoue.

Baft. A friend! What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Baft. Whether doest thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee?

Why may not I demand of thine affairs,
As well as thou of mine?

Baft. Hubert, I thinke.

Hub. Thou haft a perfect thought:
I will upon all hazards well belewe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well
Who art thou?

Baft. Who thou wilt: and if thou pleafe
Thou maft be frind me so much, as to thinke
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Vnkinde remembrance: thou, & cendles night,
Have done me fraine: Brave Soldier, pardon me
That any accent breaking from thy tongue,
Should eape the true acquaintance of mine care.

Baft. Come, come: fans compleat, Whar newes abroad is

Hub. Why heere walke I, in the black brow of night
To finde you out.

Baft. Breefe then: and what's the newes?

Hub. O my sweet fr, newes fitting to the night,
Blare, farefull, comfortfull, & horrible.

Baft. Show me the very wound of this ill newes,
I am no woman, Ile not twound at it.

Hub. The King I fear is poynon'd by a Monk,
I left him almoft speechlesse, & broke out
To acquaint you with this oull, that you might
The better arm te you to the sodaine time,
Then if you had at leisure knowne of this.

Baft. How did he take it? Who did taffe to him?

Hub. A Monk I tell you, a resolued valliance
Whose Bowels odiausly burst out: The King
Yet speakes, and peraduenture may recover.

Baft. Who shal I leve to tend his Maiestye?

Hub. Why know you not? The Lords are all come backe,
And broug't Prince Henry in their companie,
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his Maiestye.

Baft. With-hold thine indignation, mighty heauen
And tempt vs not to beare about our power.
Ile tell thee Hubert, haife my power this night,
Pasing th'fe Flats, are taken by the Tide,
These Lincolne-Wafhes have deuoured them,
My telle: well mounted, hardly haue elapo'd
Away before: Conduct me to the king,
I doubt he will be dead, or ere I come.

Scene Septima.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury, and Bigot.

Hor. It is too late, the life of all his blood
Is touch'd, corruptibly: and his pure braine
(Which some suppute the foules fraile dwelling house)
Doth by the idle Comments that it makes,
Fore-tell the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pemb. His Highnesse yet dooth speake, & holds beleve,
That being brought into the open ayre,
It would ally the burning qualitie
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

Her. Let him be brought into the Orchard heere:
Doth he still rage?

Pemb. He is more patient
Then when you left him: euen now he sung.

Her. Oh vanity of fastnesse: fierce extremes
In their continuance, will not sewe themselues.
Death having pride upon the outward parts
Leaves them invisibll, and his feige is now
Against the winde, the which he prickes and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which in their strength, and preffe to that last hold,
Counfound themelues. "Th' strange ye death fhold fing:
I am the Symet to this pale faint Swan,
Who chaunts a dolefull hymne to his owne death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailttee fings
His foule and body to their lafting refl.

Sal. Be of good comfort (Prince) for you are borne
To fer: a forme upon that indiglet
Which he hath left fo flapelefe, & so rude.

John brought in.

John. I marrie, now my foule hath elbow roome,
The life and death of King John.

It would not out at windowes, nor at doores, 
There is no hot summer in my boforme, 
That all my bowles stumble vp to duff: 
I am a scribled forme drawnie with a pen 
Upon a Parchment, and against this fire 
Do I thinke vp.

Hen. How fares your Maiestie ?

Lab. Poyson'd, ill fare: dead, forsooke, cast off, 
And none of you will bid the winter come 
To thorue his ycie fingers in my moue; 
Nor let my kingdomes Rivers take their course 
Through my burn'd boforme: nor intrest the North 
To make his bleake windes kisse my parched lips, 
And comfort me with cold. I do not ask ye much, 
I begge cold comfort: and you are so strait 
And so ingratefull, you deny me that.

Hen. Oh that there were some vertue in my teares, 
That might releave you.

John. The salt in them is hot, 
Within me is a hell, and there the poyson 
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize, 
On unrepresuable condemned blood.

Enter Bajfard.

Baj. Oh, I am scaled with my violent motion 
And pleanse of speede, to fee your Maiestie.

John. Oh Cozen, thou art come to let mine eye: 
The tackle of my heart, is crack'd and burn't, 
And all the shrowds wherewith my life should faile, 
Are turned to one thred, one little hair: 
My heart hath one poore string to flay it by, 
Which holds but still thy newes be vtered, 
And then all this thou feest, is but a clod, 
And module of confounded royalty.

Baj. The Dolphin is preparing bither-ward, 
Where heaven ne knowes how we shall answere him, 
For in a night the best part of my powre, 
As I vpon advantage did remove, 
Were in the Wolfes all unwarily, 
Destructed by the vnexpected flood.

Sal. You breath these dead newes in as dead an eare 
My Liege, my Lord: but now a King, now thus.

Hen. Even fo must I run on, and even fo flay. 
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay, 
When this was now a King, and now is clay? 

Baj. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behinde, 
To do the office for thee, of reuenge, 
And then my foule shall waite on thee to heauen,

As it on earth hath bene thy servant stille, 
Now, now the Starres, that move in your right spheres, 
Where be your powres? Shew now your mended faiths, 
And infantly returne with me againe.

To push destruction, and perpetuall shame 
Out of the weake doore of our fainting Land: 
Straight let vs fexe, or straight we shall be fought, 
The Dolphine rages at our verie hecles.

Sal. It seems you know not then so much as we; 
The Cardinal Pandulph is within at reft, 
Who halfe an houre since came from the Dolphine, 
And brings from him fuch offers of our peace, 
As we with honor and respect may take, 
With purpose prefently to laue this warre. 

Baj. He will the rather do it, when he sees 
Our felues well finew'd to our defence.

Sal. Nay, 'tis in a manner done already, 
For many carriages hee hath dispatch'd 
To the fide, and put his caufe and quarrell 
To the difpofing of the Cardinal, 
With whom your felues, my felues, and other Lords, 
If you think meete, this afternoon he will poft, 
To confummate this bufinesse happily.

Baj. Let it be fo, and you my noble Prince, 
With other Princes that may beft be foard, 
Shall waite vpon your Fathers Funeral.

Hen. At Worfter muft his bodie be inter'd, 
For fo he will it.

Baj. Thither shall it then, 
And happily may your sweet selfe put on 
The lineall state, and glory of the Land, 
To whom with all submisson on my knee, 
I do bequeath my faithfull fauenties, 
And true submiffion everlaftingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our loue wee make 
To reft without a spot for evermore.

Hen. I have a kinde foule, that would giue thakers, 
And knowes not how to do it, but with teares.

Baj. Oh let vs pay the time: but needfull were, 
Since it hath bene before hand with our greefes, 
This England neuer did, nor neuer shall 
Lyte at the proud fooe of a Conqueror. 
But when it firft did helpe to wound it felfe, 
Now, thefe her Princes are come home againe, 
Come the three corners of the world in Armes, 
And we shall shocke them: Naught shall make vs true, 
If England to 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.

Le Lord of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,
Haft thou according to thy oath and band
Brought hither Henry Herford thy bold son;
Here to make good thy boistrous late appeals,
Which then our levyure would not let vs hear;
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?
Gaunt. I have my Liege.
King. Tell me moreover, haft thou founded him,
If he appeale the Duke on ancient malice,
Or wothily as a good subject shold
On some knowne ground of treacherie in him.
Gaunt. As mee as I could fit him on that argument,
On some apparant danger scene in him,
Aym'd at your Highness, no inmeterate malice.
King. Then call them to our presence face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, our felues will hear
Th' accuseur, and the accuse'd, freely speake;
High thomack d' are they both, and full of ire,
In rage, deafe as the seas; haftie as fire.

Enter Burtonbridge and Mowbray.

Bur. Many yeares of happy dayes befall
My gracious Soveraigne, my most loving Liege.
Mow. Each day still better others happen'll,
Vntill the heavens enuying earths good hap,
Add to an immortal title to your Crowne.
King. We thank you both; yet one but flatters vs,
As wele appeareth by the ease you come,
Namely, to appeale each other of high treafon.
Coofin of Hereford, what doft thou object?
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?
Bur. First, heaven be the record to my speech;
In the devotion of a fatherly love,
Tendering the precious fafhion of my Prince;
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appealant to this Princeely presence.
Now Thomas Mowbray do I turne to thee,
And makke my gretting well: for what I speake,
My body shall make good vpon this earth,
Or my divine soule answer it in heaven.
Thowards a Traitor, and a Mifeent,
Too good to be fo, and too bad to live.
Since the more faire and chriftall is the skies,
The vglier feeme the clouds that in it flye;
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a soule Traitors name fluffe I thy throte,
And wifs (if you pleafe my Soveraigne) ere I more,
What my song speakes, my right drawn fword may prove.
Mow. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeale:
Tis not the triall of a Womans warre,
The bitter clamoure of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt vs twaine.
The blood is hot that muft be coold for this,
Yet can I not of fuch lame patience boast,
As to be haftie, and nought at all to fay.
First the faire appearance of your Highnesse curbes mee,
From giving reines and intrefe to my free speach,
Which elle would fplendor, vntil it had return'd
These tearmes of treafon, doubly downe his throat.
Setting aside his high bloods Royalty,
And let him be no Kinfman to my Liege,
I do defte him, and I fpit at him,
Call him a Landerous Coward, and a Villaine:
Which to maintaine, I would allow him odders,
And meete him, were I tide to rumne afoote,
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where euer Englishman durft set his foot.
Mowe time, let this defend my Loyalty,
By all my hopes moft fally doth he lie.
Bur. Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my gage,
Difclaiming heere the kindred of a King,
And lay aside my high bloods Royalty,
Which feare, not reuerence makes thee to except,
If guilty dread hath left thee to much ftrength,
As to take vp mine Honors pawne, then floope.
By that, and all the rites of Knight-hood elle,
Will I make good against thee arme to arme,
What I have fpoken, or thou canft defiufe.
Mow. I take it vp, and by that fword I foresee,
Which gently laid my Knight-hood on my shoulder,
Ie answer thee in any faire degree,
Or Chualrous defigne of knightly triall:
And when I mount, alue may I not light,
If I be Traitor, or vnioutly fght,
King. What doth our Cofin lay to Mowbrays charge?
It muft be great that can inherit vs,
So much as of a thought of ill in him.
Bur. Look what I faid, my life shall proue it true,
That Mowbray hath receiued eight thouand Nobles,
The life and death of Richard the Second.

In name of lendings for your Highness Soldiers,
The which he hath deigned for freed employment,
Like a false Traitor, and inutious Villain.
Besides I say, and will in battle prone,
Or heere, or elsewhere to the furtherst Viage.
That euer was deare by English eye.
And that the Treasons for these eighteene yeres
Compleated, and contrived in this Land.
Pitch'd from false Abbe, their first head and piping.
Further I say, and further will maintains.
Vpon his bad life, to make all this good.
That he did platt the Duke of Glousters death,
Sugget his loome becomine aduenaries,
And consequently, like a Traitor to Cowan,
Slew out his innocent soule through triangles of blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing Abe's cries,
(Even from the tooongleseye causers of the earth)
To me for justice, and rough chastisement:
And by the glorious worth of my discent,
This armes shall do it, or this life be spent.
King. How high a pitch his revolution foares:
Thomas of Norfolk, what sayest thou to this?
Mon. Oh let my Souraigne turne away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf.
Till I haue told this flander of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate to foule a lyar.
King. Monobryz, impartiall are our eyes and ears,
Were he my brother, nay our kingdomes heyre,
As he is but my fathers brothers soune;
Now by my Scepters weare, I make a vow,
Such neighbour-neereneece to our fairest blood,
Should nothning priviledge him, nor partizall.
The en-roouing firmenece of my vright soule.
He is our father, Monobryz, to thee thou,
Free speech, and fearelesse, I thee allow.
Mon. Then Bleeding, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false pallage of thy throes; thou lyest:
Three parts of that receipt I had for Callicle,
Disburft 1 to his Highness faudiers;
The other part refer'd by content,
For that my Souraigne Liege was in my debts,
Vpon remainder of a deere Accompst,
Since last I went to France to fetch his Queene:
Now swallowne downe that Lye. For Glousters death,
I fliw him not; but (to my owne disgrace)
Neglected my sworne duty in that case:
For you my noble Lord of Lancast.
The honourable Father to my foe,
Once I did lay an ambush for thy life,
A treastile that doth vex my greuced soule:
But e'er I laft receiv'd the Sacrament,
I did confesse it, and exactly begg'd
Your Graces pardon, and I hope I had it,
This is my fault: as for the reft appeald,
It stifles from the rancour of a Villain,
A recrunt, and most degenerate Traitor,
Which in my selfe I boldely will defend,
And interchangably hurle downe my gage
Vpon this ouer-weening Traitors fote.
To prove my felle a loyall Gentleman,
Even in the best blood chamber in his boosome;
In hafte whereof, most heartily I pray
Your Highnesse to assigne out Triall day.
King. Wrath-kindred Gentlemen be rul'd by me:
Let's purge this choller without letting blood;
This we preferbe, though no Phyffien,
But since correction leyth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put our quarrel to the will of heaven,
Who when they see the hours ripe on earth,
Will requite hot vengeance on offenders heads.

But finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spurre?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?

Enter Marjoll, and Anmerle.

Marj. My L. Anmerle, is Harry Herford arm'd.

Anm. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.

Marj. The Duke of Norfolk, spightfully and bold,
Stays but the summons of the Appellants Trumpet,
Anm. Why then the Champions, are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing but his Maistries approach.

Flourish.

Enter King, Gaunt, Basy, Bogot, Greene, & others: Then Mowbray in Armors, and Harold.

Rich. Marshall, demand of yonder Champion
The caufe of his arrivial here in Armes,
Aske him his name, and orderly proceed
Toeware him in the issue of his caufe.

Marj. In Gods name, and the Kings say who y'art,
And why thou com'lt thus knightsly clad in Armes?
A gaunt what man thou com'lt, and what's thy quarrel,
Speake truly on thy knighthood, and thine oath,
As to defend thee heauen, and thine valour.

Anm. My name is The, Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
Who hither comes engaged by my oath
(Which heauen defend a knight shoulde violate)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my King, and his succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of Herford, that appeales me:
And by the grace of God, and this same Arme,
To prove him (in defending of my selle)
A Traitor to my God, my King, and me,
And as I truly fight, defend mee heauen.

Tucket. Enter Herford, and Harold.

Rich. Marshall: Ask yeonder Knight in Armes,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither,
Thus placed in habiliments of warre:
And for myly according to our Law,
Depose him in the inliffe of his caufe.

Anm. What is thy name? and wherfore com'lt hither
Before King Richard in his Royall Lift?
Against whom com'lt thou? and what's thy quarrell?
Speake like a true Knight, so defend thee heauen.

Bus. Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Am I who ready heere do stand in Armes,
To prove by heauens grace, and my bodies valour,
In Lifts, 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 mee heauen.

Mar. On paine of death, no person be fo bold,
Of daring hardie as to touch the Lifts,
Except the Marshall, and such Officers
Appointed to direct these faire designes.

Bus. Lord Marshall, let me kiffe my Soueraigns hand,
And bow my knee before his Maistrie:
For Mowbray and my selfe are like two men,
That vow a long and wearey pilgrimage,
Then let vs take a ceremonious leave
And louing farwell of our feuerall friends.

_**Mar.**_ The Appellant in all duty greets your Highnes,
And cranes to kiffe your hand, and take his leave.

_**Rich.**_ We will defend, and fold him in our arms.

Cofin of Herford, as thy caufe is iuft,
So be thy fortune in this Royall fight :
Farewell, my blood, which fift to day thou head,
Lament me not, but reuenge thee dead.

Let no noble eye propheze a teare
For me, if he go with _**Monbray speare**_: At confident, as is the Falcons flight
Against a bird, do I with _**Monbray**_ fight.

My louing Lord, I take my leaue of you,
Of you (my Noble Cofin) _**Lord Annercle**_;
Not ficke, although I hau eue no leaue to do with death,
But lufte, yong, and cheerefully drawing breath.

Loe, as at English Feals, fo I regrete
The dauntles flate, to make the end moft sweet.
Oh thou the earthy author of my blood,
Whose youthfull spirit in me regenrate,
Doth with a two-fold rigor lift mee vp
To reach at victory aboue my head,
Add profe unto mine Armour with thy prayses,
And with thy blessings flycle my Lances point,
That it may enter _**Monbray**_ wasn Coate,
And fainfih new the name of _**John a Cann**_,
Even in the lufy hauour of his fonne.

Bull. Oh let no noble eye propheze a teare
Be swift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the Caske
Of thy amaz'd pernicious enemy.

Rouze vp thy youthfull blood, be valiant, and liue.

_Bull._ Mine innocence, and _**S. George**_ to thrive.

_**Mon.**_ How euer heauen or fortune caft my lot,
There lues, or dies, true to Kings _**Richards**_ Throne,
A loyall, iuft, and vpright Gentleman:
Neuer did Captive with a freer heart,
Cafi off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden vncontroll'd enfranchize,
More then my dancing foule doth celebrate
This Fealt of 3actell, with mine Aduerfaries.
Molt mighty Liege, and my companion Peeres,
Take from my mouth, the wish of happy yeares,
As gentille, and as icond, as to left,
Go I to fentence: Truth hath a quiet breft.

_Rich._ Farewell, my Lord, securely I epy
Venge with Vengeance, couched in thine eye:
Order the triall Marshall, and begin.

_**Mar.**_ Let us beare thie Lance to _**Thomas D. of Norfolke**_.
_1. Har._ _**Henry of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby**_.

_2. Har._ _**Herford, Lancaster, and Derby**_.

On paine to be found lorde, and recreant,
To prove the Duke of Norfolke, _**Thomas Monbray**_,
A Traitor to his God, his King, and him,
And dares him to fet forwards to the fight:

_2. Har._ Here flande thie _**Monbray Duke of Norfolke**_.

On paine to be found lorde, and recreant,
Both to defend himfelfe, and to approue
_Henry of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby_,
To God, his Soveraigne, and to him difloyall:
Couragiously, and with a free defire

_**Mar.**_ Sound Trumpets, and let forward Commandant.

Stay, the King hath throwne his Warder downe.

_Rich._ Let them lay by their Helmets & their Speare
And both returne backe to their Chaires againe:
Withdraw with vs, and let the Trumpets found,
While we returne thie Duces what we decree.

_A long Flourish._

Draw neere and lift
What with thine Councell we have done.
For that our kinde Comone exarit should not be foyld
With that deere blood which it hath fostere,
And for our eyes do hate the dire apect
Of cuuall wounds plowd'h vp with neigbours swords,
Which fo reu'd vp with boyfiftous vam't drummes,
With harf refounding Trumpets dreddful fray,
And grating fchocke of wrathfull yron Armes.
Might from our quiet Confuses fright faire peace,
And make vs waade euin in our kindreds blood:
Therefore, we banifh you our Territories.
You Cofin Herford, upon paine of death,
Till twice fume Summers haue enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regrreet our faire dominions,
But tredre the franger pathes of banifhment.

_Bull._ Your will be done: This mutt my comfort be,
That Sun that wannes you heere, shall shine on me:
And thofe his golden beams to you heere lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banifhment.

_Rich._ Norfolke: for thee remaynes a heauer dame,
Which I with fonme vnwillingneffe prouncifie,
_The fye flow houres shall not determine
The dateleffe limit of thy deere exile: _

_The hopefelle word, of Neuer to returne,
Breath I againf thee, vpon paine of life._

_**Mon.**_ A heuy fentence, my molt Soveraigne Liege
And all vnlook'd for from your Highneffe mouth:

A deecer merit, not fo deepe a maine,
As to be caft forth in the common ayre
Hau e defeured at your Highneffe hands.

The Language I haue learn'd thee for yeares
_My natue English_ now I must forgo,
And now my tongues vie is to me no more,
Then an unfringed Vyall, or a Harpe,
Or like a cunning Instrument ca'd vp,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knowes no touch to tune the harmany.
Within my mouth you haue engag'd my tongue,

_Doubly percullift with my teeth and lippes,
And dull, vnteding, barren ignorance,
Is made my Gaoler to attend on me;_

_I am too old to fawne vpon a Nurse,
Too farre in yeeres to be a pupill now;
What is thy fentence then, but speechleffe death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath? _

_Rich._ It boost thee not to be compeation,
After our fentence, plaineing comes too late.

_**Mon.**_ Then thius I turne rite from my countries ligh
To dwell in Iolemn frades of endleffe night.

_Returne againe, and take an oath with thee,
Lay on our Royall fword, your banifht hands;_
_Swear by the dutie that you owe to heauen (Our part therein we baniff with your felues). _
_To keepe the Oath that we adminifter;_
_You yeuer shall (to heepe you Truth, and Heauen) _
_EMBRACE EACH OTHERS LOVE IN BANIFHMENT, _
_Nor euer looke vpon each others face, _
The life and death of Richard the second.

Nore. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongues office should be prodigall,
To breath th'abundant doleour of the heart.

Aum. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

Bull. Thy joy abient, grieve is preient for that time.

Gant. What is fixe Winters, they are quickly gone?

Bull. To men in joy, but greate makes one houre ten,

Gant. Call it a trauell that thou tak'lt for pleasure.

Bull. My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,
Which finde it an inforced Pilgrimage.

Gant. The fullen pallage of thy weary Reppes
Esteeme a foyle, whetien thou art to fer
The precious jewell of thy home return.

Bull. Oh who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frofte & cauceus?

Or cloy the hungry edge of appete,
By bare imaginacion of a Fealt?

Or Wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantastick flames heate?

Oh no, the appreheension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worfe.

Fell forrowes tooth, doth ever ranckle more
Then when it bites, but lancketh not the fore.

Gant. Come, come, (my fen) Ile bring thee on thy way
Had I thy youth, and caufe, I would not stay.

Bull. Then England's ground farewell, sweet soile a dicie,
My Mother, and my Nurse, which beares meyet:
Where ever I wandrer, boast of this I can,
Though banifh'd, yet a true-borne Englishman.

Scena Quarta.

Enter King, Aumerle, Greene, and Bagot.

Rich. We did observe. Cofine Aumerle,
How farre brought you high Herford on his way?

Aum. I brought high Herford (if you call him so)
but to the next high way, and there I left him.

Rich. And say, what faire of parting tears were shed?

Aum. Faith none for me: except the Northeast wind
Which then grew bitterly against our face,
A wak'd the fleecie rheume, and fo by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.

Rich. What said our Cofin when you parted with him?

Aum. Farewell: and from my hart disdained my tongue
Should to prophan the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppreッション of such greefe,
That word item'd buried in my forrowes graue,
Marry, would the word Fawrel, haue lengthen'd hours,
And added yeeres to his short banishment,
He should haue had a volume of Fawrels,
but since it would not, he had none of me.

Rich. He is our Cofin (Cofin) but 'sis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinfman come to see his friends,
Our felle, and Wolfe : here Bagot and Greene
Obferue'd his Courtship to the common people:
How he did feeme to dye into their hearts,
With humble, and famillie courtesse,
What reuerence he did throw away on fluates,
Wooing poore Craffet-men, with the craft of foules,
And patienct vnber-bearing of his Fortune,
As 'twee were to banifh their affeets with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an Oylient-wench,
The life and death of Richard the second.

A brace of Dey-men bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With thanks for my Countrimen, my loving friends,
As were our English in resolution his,
And he our subdus next degree in hope.

Gr. Well, he is gone, & with him go these thoughts:
Now for the Rebels, which stand out in Ireland,
Expedient manage must be made my Liege
Ere further leasure, yield them further means
For their advantage, and your Highness's lost.

Re. We will our selses in person to this warre,
And for our Coffers, with too great a Court,
And liberalLarge, are growne somewhat light,
We are incour'd to flame our royal Realme,
The Reuennew whereof still furnishes us
For our sffayres in hand: if that come short
Our Substitutes at home shal haue Blanke-charters:
Whereo, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large summes of Gold,
And lend them after to supply our wants:
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter Baffy.

Baffy, what news?

Bu. Old John of Gaunt is verie sicke my Lord,
Sodainly taken, and hath sent post haste
To entreat your Maiestie to visit him.

Re. Where lyes he?

Bu. At Ely house.

Re. Now put it (heauen) in his Phisitians minde,
To helpe him to his grue immediately:
The lining of his coffers shal make Coates
To decke our Loudiers for these Irish warres:
Come Gentlemen, let's all goe visit him:
Pray heauen we may make halfe, and come too late. Exit.

Athus Secondus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gaunt, sick with York.

Gau. Will the King come, that I may breath my last
In wholesome counsell to his visitad youth?

Tor. Ver nor your sels, nor thine but with your birth,
For all in vaine comes counsell to his care.

Gau. Oh but (they say) the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention like a deep harmony;
Where words are scarce, they are feldome spent in vaine,
For they breath truth, that breath their words in paine.
He that no more must say, is listend more,
Then they whom youth and eafe have taught to glose,
More are mens ends mask'd, then their lives before,
The fecting Sun, and Mufick is the clofe
As the last taffe of sweetnes, is sweetefl laft,
Writ in remembrance, more then things long past;
Though Richard my luies counsell would not heare,
My deathes fait tale, may yet endeafe his eare.

Tor. No, it is hope with other flatt ring founds
As praiers of his flate: then there are found
Lafeinous Meeters, to whose venom found
The open case of youth doth alwaies liyen,
Report of fiftions in proud Italy,
Whose manneres still our tardie aphi Nation
Limpes after in base imitation.

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
So it be new, there's no respect how vile,
That is not quickly buzd into his cases?
That all too late comes counsell to be heard,
Where will dotimunity with wise regard:
Direct not him, whoe way himselfe will chooie,
This way thou lackeft, and that breath wilt thou looke.

Gau. Me thinks I am a Prophet new inspir'd,
And thus expiring, do foretell of him,
His rash fierce blaze of Ryot cannot laft,
For violent fires soon burne out their embers,
Small showres last long, but fiding flomeres are short,
He thres besomes, that (purts too falt besimes;)
With eager feeding, food doth choake the feeder:
Light vanity, infatiate corromant,
Consuming means foon preyes upon it selle,
This royal Throne of Kings, this sceptred life,
This earth of Maiesty, this fafe of Mars,
This other Eden, demy paradise,
This Fortreff built by Nature for her selle,
Against infection, and the hand of warre:
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone, fett in the filler fea,
Which ferues it in the office of a wall,
Or as a Moate defence to a houfe,
Against the enuy of leffe happier Lands,
This bleffed plot, this earth, this Realme, this England,
This Nucle, fuch a thering wome of Royall Kings,
Fare'd by their breed, and famous for their birth,
Renowned for their deeds, as fame from home,
For Chrifitian service, and true Chriftian;
As is the feputcher in fhurborne fome
Of the Worlds rafome, bleffed Annies Sonne.
This Land of fuch deere foules, this deere-deere Land,
Deere for her reputation through the world,
Is now Lea'd out (I dye pronouncing it)
Like to a Tenement of pelfing Farne.
England bound in with the triumphant fea,
Whore rocky fhore beats backe the eneous fledge
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with fame,
With Inky blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds.
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a famefull conquest of it felle.
Alh will the fecond vanity with my life,
How happy then were my enuing death?

Enter King, Queene, Aumerle, Baffy, Greene,
Bagot, Roi, and Willoughby.

Tor. The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,
For young hot Colts, being rad, do rage the more.

Qu. How fares our noble and Valuable Lancaster?

Re. What comfort man? How it with aged Gaunt?

Gau. Oh how that name befits my composition
Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being eled:
Within me greefe hath kept a tedious falt
And who abataynes from meac, that is not gaunt:
For sleeping England long time have I watch't,
Watching breeds leauefe, leauefe is all gaunt.
The pleafure that foome Fathers feeue upon,
Is my frail foat, I meane my Children lookees,
And therein failing, haft thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the graue, gaunt as a graue,
Whose hollow wombes inherit naught but bones.

Re. Can fiche men play so nicely with their names?

Gau. No, misery makes fｐoｒｅ to mocks it felle:
Since thou doft seek to kill my name in mee,
The life and death of Richard the second.

In the time of the fairest and most beautiful weather, in the month of May, made in the forest of Beech, in the diocese of Lincoln, I mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee.

Rich. Should dying men flatter those that live?

Gau. No, no, men living flatter those that dye.

Rich. Thou now a dying, saith thou flatterst me.

Gau. Oh no, thou dyest, though I the sicker be.

Rich. I am in health, I breathe, I see thee ill.

Gau. Now he that made me knowes I see thee ill:

Thy death-bed is no lefler then the Land;

Wherein thou art in reputation fiket,

And thou too care-leffe patient as chort,

Committ'st thy soul to the body of

Theoel Phyfhians, that first wounded thee.

A thousand flatterers fit within thy Crowne,

Whose compaflle is no bigger then thy head,

And yet incaged in so finall a Verge,

The waffe is no white lefleth then thy Land:

Oh had thy Grandire with a prophets eye,

Scene how his fonnes fonne, should destroy his sones,

From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,

Deposing thee before thou were poiffet,

Which art poiffet now to depoife thy leffe.

Why (Coffin) were thou Regent of the world,

It were a shame to let his Land by lea:

But for thy world enjoying but this Land,

is it not more then fame, to flame itto?

Landlord of England art thou, and not King;

Thy fate of Law, is bandlne to the law,

And-

Roch. And thou, a lustriale leanne-witted poole,

Presuming on an Ager prudelige,

Darst with thy frozen admiration

Make pale our checke, chafing the Royall blood

With fury, from his natuue referuice?

Now by my Seaters right Roy I Maiestie,

Wert thou not brother to great Edwards fonne,

This tongue that runs lo roundly in thy head,

Should run thy head from thy vnreuerent shoulders.

Gau. Oh spare me not, my brothers Edwards sonne,

For that I was his Father Edwards sonne;

That blood already (like the Pelican)

Thou hast captuat, and drunkenly carow'd.

My brother Gloucester, plaice well meaning feauie

(Whom faire heart in heaven's mouth happy ioyes)

May be prefuuer, and witnesse good,

That thou respeept'll not pilling Edwards blood:

Joyne with the prouest fikefle the I bue,

And thy vnkindnesse be like crooked age,

To croat at once a tooe-longer wister flower,

Lye in thy shame, but dye not shame with thee.

Thefe words hereafter, thy tormentors bee.

Conuay me to my bed, then to my grace,

Loute they to lute, that loute and honor hau.

Exit Roch.

And let them dye, that age and fullens hau,

For both haft thou, and both become the grace.

Ter. I do beleeche your Maiestie impuse his words

To wayward ficklneffe, and age in him:

He loners you on my life, and holds you deere

As Harry Duke of Herford, were he heere.

Roch. Right, you say true: as Herfords loute, so his;

Asheirs, to mine: and all be as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

Ner. My Liege, old Gaunt commands him to your Maiestie.
The life and death of Richard the second.

What will enflue hereof, there's none can tell,
But by bad cou ses may be underlied,
That their events can never fall out good.

Exit.

There, Ga. Before to the Earl of Wiltshire the eight,
Bid him repair to vs to Ely boule,
To see this businesse : to morrow next.
We will for Ireland, and tis time, I rowe:
And we create in ableness of our selue
Our Uncle Yorke, Lord Gourner of England:
For he is sull, and always loud's well.
Come on our Queene, to morrow mufet we part,
Be merry, for our time of flay is short.

Nor. Well Lords, the Duke of Laneflate is dead.

Ref. And living too, for now his fonne is Duke.

Wil. Barely in title, not in rueruenew.

Nor. Richly in both, if(uitue had her right.

Ref. My heart is great : but it muft break with silence,
Er't be disburthen'd with a liberall tongue.

Nor. Nay speake thy mind: & let him ne'speake more.
That speakes thy words againe to do the harme.

Wil. Tends that thou'd speake to th'th.Duke of Hereford.
Wilt be fo, our wit boldly man,
Quicke is mine care to heare of good towards him.

Ref. No good at all, that I can doo for him,
Volelye you call it good to pictirr him,
Bereft ann gelded of his patrimonie.

Nor. Now afore heaven, 'tis shame such wrongs are borne,
In him a rocall Prince, and many moe
Of noble blood in this declining Land:
The King is not hisfclfe, but basely led
By Flatterers, and what they will informe
Merecly in hate 'gainst any of vs all,
That will the King feverely prosecute
'Gainst vs, our liues, our children, and our herites.

Ref. The Common hath his pld with greuous taxes
And quite loft their hearts: the Nobles hath he finde
For ancient quarrells, and quite loft their hearts.

Wil. And daily new excotions are deu'd,
As blanke benevolences, and I wrought not what:
But what o Gods name doth become of this?

Nor. Wars hath not waitted it, for war'd he hath not.
But basely yeelded upon composiue,
That which his Anceflors achieved with bleue:
More hart he spent in peace, then they in wares.

Ref. The Earle of Wiltshire hath the reale in Farme.

Htd. The Kings grove bankrupt like a broken man.

Nor. Reproach and diuolution hanger over him.

Ref. He hath not monie for thefe Irish wares:
(His bheritheous taxations notwithstanding)
But by the robbing of the bannish'd Duke.

Nor. His noble Kinman, m-fit degenerate King:
But Lords, we heare this fearfull temptfull finge,
Yet fecke no fheeter to cloud the flome:
We fee the winde fit firoe upon our callisses,
And yet we strike not, but leisurely penfih.

Ref. We fee the very wracke that we muft suffer,
And vnaugoyed is the danger now
For sufferings to the coates of our wracke.

Nor. Not fo: even though the hollow eyes of death,
1 pike life peering: but I dare not fay
How nere the thdings of our comfort is.

Wil. Nay let vs share thy thoughts, as thou doft ours
Ref. Be confident to speake Northumberland,
We three, are but thy felle, and speaking fo,

Thy words are bnt as thoughts, therefore be bold.

Nor. Then thus: I haue from Portle bland,
A Day in Britaine, receiued intelligence,
That Harry Duke of Herfard, Ronald Lord Cobham,
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,
His brother Atchilhup, lare of Canterbury
Sir Thomas Erpinghame, Sir John Raufion,
Sir John Northerie, Sir Robert Waterton, & Francis Quaint
All thefe well furnifhed by the Duke of Britaine,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of warre
Are making bither with all due expedience,
And shortly meine to touch our Northernne shore:
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they fry
The first departing of the King for Ireland.
If then we fhall flake off our fluish yoake,
Impe out our drooping Countries broken wing.
Redeeme from broaking pawne the blemish'd Crowne,
Wipe off the dust that hides our Scepters gult,
And make high Maiellie look like it selfe,
Away with me in poffe to Remebury b,
But if yo fainet, as fearing to do fo,
Stay, and be secret, and my felle will go.

Ref. To horie, to horie, urge doubts to them fere.
Wil. Hold out my horie, and I will firft be there.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Queene, Elaby, and Paget.

Elaby. Madam, your Maiellie is too much fad,
You promis'd when you parted with the King,
To lay aside felfe-harming heauinette,
And entertain a cheerfull diuifion,

Qu. To pleafe the King, I did : to pleafe my felle
I cannot do it: yet I know no caufe
Why I fhould welcome fuch a guest as greffe,
Sawe bidding farewell to fo sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard: yet againe me thinkes
Some vnborne forrow, sipe in fortunes wonde
Is comming toward me, and my inward foule
With many terrors, as something it greues,
More then with parting from my Lord the King.

Elaby. Each fubftance of a greffe hath twenty shadow
Which fhewes like greffe it selfe, but is not fo:
For forrowes eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Duisides one thing intire, to many obiects
Like perjeuience, which rigltye gaz'd upon
Shew nothing but confusion, ey'd away,
Differingh in forme: fo your sweet Maiellie
Looking away vpon your Lords departure,
Fipel fhipes of greffe, more then himfelfe to waile,
Which look'd on as it is, is naight but furdowes
Of what it is not: then trace gracious Queene,
More then your Lords departure weep not, more's not
Or if it be, 'tis with falle forrowes eie,
Which for things true, wepe things imaginy.

Qu. It may befo: but yet my inward loule
Perwaues me it is otherwife: how ere it be,
I cannot but be fad: fo beauy fad,
As though on thinking on no thought I thinkes,
Makes me with beauy nothing faint and fhrink.

Elaby. 'Tis nothing but conceit (my gracious Lady.)
Enter Greene.  

Gree.  Heauen fare youe Maiestie, and wel met Gentle.  

I hope the King is not yet thipt for Ireland.  

-men.  

Q.  Why hop'lt thou for?  Thi better hope is he:  

For his deglises cause haft, his haft good hope,  

Then wherefore dost thou hope pe is not thipt?  

Gre.  That the our hope, might have retyr'd this power,  

And druen into dispaire an enemies hope,  

Who strongly hath fet footing in this Land.  

The barm'd Bulbrooke repeales himselfe,  

And with vy-lifted Armes is safe arr'nd  

At Rausburn.  

Q.  Now God in heauen forbid.  

Gr.  O Madam, this is too true and that is worse,  

The L. Northumberland, his young fonne Floris Verecit,  

The Lords of Roffe, Beaumond, and Wollegby,  

With all their powerfull friends are fled to him.  

Bulu.  Why have you yet proclamation Northumberland  

And the rest of the refoluted faction, Traitors?  

Gre.  We haue: whereupon the Earl of Worcefler  

Hath broke his haft, refign'd his Stewardship,  

And at the houefhold tenants-fled with him to Bulbrook.  

Qn.  So Greene, thou art the midwife of my woe,  

And Bulbrooke my ofrrowes diftmall hryre:  

Now hath my foule brought forth her prolegie,  

And I a gasping new delivered mother,  

Hauue woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow joynd.  

Bulu.  Dispaire not Madam.  

Qn.  Who shall hinder me?  

I will dispaire, and be at enmity  

With couzening hope; he is a Flatterer,  

A Parasite, a keeper backe of death,  

Who gently would disfluence the bands of life,  

Which fable hopes linger in extremity.  

Enter Torke.  

Gr.  Heere come, the Duke of Yorke,  

Qn.  With signes of warre about his aged necke,  

Oh full of carefull businesse are his looke:  

Uncle, for heauens fake speake comfortable wordes:  

Tor.  Comfort's in heauen, and we are on the earth,  

Where nothing lies but croffes, care and greffe:  

Your husband he is gone to face faire off,  

Whilft others come to make him loafe at home:  

Here am I left to vnder-prop his Land,  

Who weake with age, cannot support my felle:  

Now cometh the fickle house that his furede made,  

Now shall he try his friends that flattered him.  

Enter a sword.  

Ser.  My Lord, your fonne was gone before I came.  

Tor.  He was: why go: to go all which way it will:  

The Nobler they are fl'd, the Commons they are cold,  

And will I fear reuolt on Herfords side.  

Sirra, get thee to Phlthie to my fitter Glofter,  

But her fend me pretently a thousand pound,  

Hold, take my King.  

Ser.  My Lord, I had forgot  

To tell you your lordship, today I came by, and call'd there,  

But I shd. uttence you to report the reft.  

Tor.  What is knaue?  

Scena Tertia.  

Enter the Duke of Herefford, and Northumberland.  

Bulu.  How farre is it my Lord to Berkley now?  

Nor.  Bleeue me noble Lord,  

I am a stranger here in Gloufherie,  

These hight wildes hilles, and rough ynceuent waies,  

Drawes out our miles, and makes them wearisome;  

And yet our faire discourse hath beene as luger,  

Mak
The life and death of Richard the second.

Making the hard way sweet and delectable:
But I bethinke me, what a weary way
From Rauenpurgh to Cuthfield will be found,
In Rojs and Willoughby, wanting your company,
Which I protesteth very much beguiled
The tedious path, and process of my trauell;
But there is seuerely with the hope to have
The present benefit that I poisse:
And hope to joy, is little leste in joy,
Then hope enjoy'd: By this the weary Lords
Shall make their way seem shorter, as much hast done,
By fight of what I have, your Noble Company.

Ball. Of much leste value is my Company,
Then your good words: but who comes here?

Enter H. Percy.

North. It is my Sonne, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my Brother Worscester: Whence souereign,
Harry, how fares your Vinkle?" Pervce. I had thought, my Lord, to have learn'd my hearth of you.

North. Why, is he not with the Queene? Pervce. No, my good Lord, he hath fortooke the Court,
Broken his Staffe of Office, and differrt
The Householde of the King.

North. What was his reason?

Pere. He meant still to poynte when we left spake together.

North. But hee, my Lord, it is gone to Rauenpurgh,
To offer surrense to the Duke of Hereford,
And sent me ouer by Barkley, to discouer
What power the Duke of Yorke had leiu'd there,
Then with direction to repaire to Rauenpurgh.

North. Have you not the Duke of Hereford's Boy?

Pere. No, my good Lord; for that is not forgot
Which we're I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did looke on him.

North. Then learn to know him now: this is the Duke.

Percie. My gracious Lord, I tender you my servise,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder dayes shall ripen, and confirme
To more approved surrense, and dert.

Ball. I thankke thee gentle Perece, and be sure
I count my selle in nothing else so happy,
As in a Sole remem'ring my good Friends:
But then, my Fortune in my hope doth one,
It shall be full thy true Lones recompence,
My Heart this Covenant makes, my Hand thus fets it.

North. How faire is it to Barkley? and what faire
Keeps good old Yorke there, with his Men of Warre?

Pere. There stands the Castle, by youd treet of Trees,
Many'd with three hundred men, as I have hearde,
And in it are the Lords of Yorke, Barkley, and Semyon,
None clite of Name, and noble effimate.

Enter Rojs and Willoughby.

North. Here come the Lords of Rojs and Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, Fire red with hate.

Ball. Welcome my Lords, I wrot your lose pursues
A banish't Traytor: All my Treasure,
Is yet but voilef thanks, which more enrich'd,
Shall by your love, and labours recompence.

Rojs. Your pretence makes vs rich, most Noble Lord,
With. And farre fromours our labour to attaine it.

Ball. Euermore thanks, the Exchequer of the poore,
Which till my infant-fortune comes to yeares,
Stands for my bountye: but who comes here?

Enter Barkley.

North. It is my Lord of Barkley, as I three.

Bark. My Lord of Hereford, my Messinge is to you.

Ball. My Lord, my Answere is to Lancaster.

North. And I am come to seek that Name in England,
And must finde that Title in your Tongue,
Before I make reply to such you saye.

Bark. Mistake me not, my Lord, his not my meaning
To raise one Title of your Honour out.

To you, my Lord, I come (what Lord you will)
From the most glorious of this Land,
The Duke of Yorke, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time,
And fright our Nature Peace with selfe-borne Armes.

Enter York.

Ball. I shall not need transport my words by you,
Here comes his Grace in Perfon. My Noble Vinkle,

York. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose dutie is decencable, and stille.

Ball. My gracious Vinkle.

York. Trust, grace me no grace nor Vinkle me,
I am no Traytors Vinkle; and that word Grace,
In an vngracious mouths but prophane.
Why haue these banish'd and toppled legges,
Dare once to touch a Duke of England's Ground?
But then there why haue they daild to march
So many miles upon her peacefull Belome,
Frighting her pale-fac'd Village's with Warre,
And offentation of despited Armes?
Com't thou because th's aneoyted King is hence?
Why foolish Boy, the King is left behind,
And in my lowell Bosome ies his power,
Were I but now the Lord of such hot youth,
As when brave Gaunt, thy Father, and my selfe
Rescued the Black Prince, that yong Mars of men,
From forth the Rances of many thousand French:
Oh then, how quickly should this Arme of mine,
Now Prisoner to the Public, chaffe thee,
And minifter correction to thy Fault.

Ball. My gracious Vinkle, let me know my Faults,
On what Condition stands it, and wherein?

York. Even in Condition of the worst degree,
In groffe Rebellion, and detested Treason:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come
Before the exshuption of thy点评:
In brooke, and in the Bank thy Souveraine.

Ball. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford,
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.

And Noble Vinkle, I desire thy Grace
Looke on my Wongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my Father, for me thinkes in you
I see old Gaunt alive. Oh then my Father,
Will you permit, that I shall found confound'd
A wandring vagabond; my Rights and Royalties
Pluckt from my armes recompence, and gwen away
To upp't Vnchrisies? Wherefore was I borne?
If that my Cousin King, be King of England,
It must be grawn, I am Duke of Lancaster.
You have a Sonne, Aumerle, my Noble Kinaman,
Had you first die, and he beene thus trod downe,
He should have found his Vinkle Gaunt a Father.

To regow his Wongs, and chuse them to the day.
I am denide to se my Lucrie here,
And yet my Letters Parents give me leave.
My Fathers goods are all diffreyed, and fold,
And they, and all, are all affract employd.
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 pernicious I lay my claim
To my Inheritance of free Descendants.
North. The Noble Duke hath been too much abuse'd,
Roff. It stands your Grace upon, to do him right.
Wife. Bafte men by his endowments are made great.
Tork. My Lords of England, let me tell you this,
I have had feeling of my Cozens Wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right:
But in this kind, to come in brauing Armes,
Be his owne Careuer, and cut out his way,
To find our Right with Wrongs, it may not be;
And you that doe abett in this kind,
Cherish Rebellion, and are Rebels all.
North. The Noble Duke hath sworne his comming is
But for his owne; and for the right of that,
We see all hau's strongly sworne to guine him ayd,
And let him ne'er see joy, that breaks that Oath.
Tork. Well, well, I see the issue of the Armes,
I cannot mend it, I must needs confesse,
Because my power is weeke, and all ill: I:
But if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you foope
Vnto the Soueraigne Mercy of the King.
But since I cannot, be it knowne to you,
I doe remaine as Neuter. So fare you well,
Vnlreste you please to enter in the Challe,
And there repose you for this Night.

Bull. An offer Vnckle, that wee will accept:
But wee must winne your Grace to goe with vs
To Brichtow Challe, which they say is held
By Bobtie, Boyet, and their Complices,
The Caterpillers of the Commonwealth,
Which I haue sworne to weede, and plucke away.
Tork. It may be I will goe with you: but yet ile pawse,
For I am loth to breake our Countrie Lawes:
Nor Friends, nor Foes, to me welcome you are,
Things past redireffe, are now with me past care. Exeunt.

Enter Salisbury, and a Captaine.

Capt. My Lord of Salisbury, we have flayed ten dayes,
And hardly kept our Countrymen together,
And yet we heare no tidings from the King;
Therefore we will dispere our felues: farewell.
Sal. Stay yet another day, thou truffie Welchman,
The King repofeth all his confidence in thee,
Capt. 'Tis thought the King is dead, we will not stay
The Bay-treees in our Countrie all are wither'd,
And Meteor's fright the fixed Starres of Heaven;
The pale-bed Moore looks bloody on the Earth,
And leaves-lok'd Prophets whisser faintfull change;
Rich men looke sad, and Ruffians dance and leap,
The one in scare, to loose what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by Rage, and Ware;
These signes fore-run the death of Kings,
Farewell, our Countrymen are gone and fled;
As well affur'd Richard their King is dead. Exit.

Sal. Ah Richard, with eyes of heausie mind,
I see thy Glory, like a shooting Starre,
Fall to the base Earth, from the Firmament:
Thy Sunne sets weeping in the lowly Weft,
Witnessing Stormes to come, Woe, and Vntrea;
Thy Friends are fled, to wait vpon thy Foes,
And crostly to thy good, all fortune goes. Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Bulkingbrooke, Torkes, Northumberland,
Roffe, Percie, Willoughby, with Bulske
and Greene Prizers.

Bull. Bring forth these men:
Bulske and Greene, I will not vex your foules,
(Since presently your foules must part your bodys)
With too much urging your pernicious lies,
For twene no Chariote: yet to wash your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men,
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
You have mis-led a Prince, a Royall King,
A happie Gentleman in Blood, and Lineaments,
By you unhappie, and disfigur'd cleane;
You have in maner with your foulfull hours
Made a Disourse between his Queene and him,
Broke the poftension of a Royall tied,
And payn'd the beautie of a faire Queenes Cheekes,
With teares drawn fro her eyes, with your foule wrongs.
My felie 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 floopt my neck vnder youtinjuries,
And figt'd my English breath in sorraine Clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment;
While you have fed upon my Seignories,
Dif-park'd my Parkes, and feld my Forrest Woods;
From mine owne Windows torne my Houfhold Coat,
Raz'd out my Imprefle, leauing me no figne,
Sawte mens opinions, and my living blood,
To fhw the World I am a Gentleman.
This, and much more, much more then twice all this,
Condemnes you to the death: see them durable out,
To execution, and the hand of death,
Bulske. More welcome is the froke of death to me,
Then Bulkingbrooke to England.

Green. My comfort is, that Heauen will take our soules,
And plague Inuifices with the paines of Hell.
Bull. My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'd:
Vnckle, you say the Queene is at your Houfe,
For Heauens fake fairely let her be entreated,
Tell her I fend to her my kind commendes,
Take specciall care my Greetings be delin'd,
Tork. A Gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
With Letters of your love, to her at large.

Bull. Thanks gentle Vnckle: some Lords away,
To fight with Glendowe, and his Complices
A while to worke, and after holldays. Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, and a Captaine.

Capt. My Lord of Salisbury, we have flayed ten dayes,
And hardly kept our Countrymen together,
And yet we heare no tidings from the King;
Therefore we will dispere our felues: farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou truffie Welchman,
The King repofeth all his confidence in thee,

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The Bay-treees in our Countrie all are wither'd,
And Meteor's fright the fixed Starres of Heaven;
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Fall to the base Earth, from the Firmament:
Thy Sunne sets weeping in the lowly Weft,
Witnessing Stormes to come, Woe, and Vntrea;
Thy Friends are fled, to wait vpon thy Foes,
And crostly to thy good, all fortune goes. Exit.
**Scena Secunda.**

**Drums:** Flower'd, and Colours.

**Enter Richard, Anmore, Carlisle, and Souliers.**

**Rich.** Barkightly Cattle call you this at hand?
**Aur. Yea, my Lord; how brooks your Grace the ayre, After your late toffing on the breaking Seas?
**Rich.** Needs must I like it well: I wepe for joy To stand upon my Kingdom once againe, Deere Earth, I doe salute thee with my hand, Though Rebels wound thee with their Hotves hooves: As a long past Mother with her Child, Plays fondly with her teares, and finlles in meeting; So weeping, finding, gree I thee my Earth, And doe thee favor with my Royall hands. Feel not thy Soueraignes Foe, my gentle Earth, Nor with thy Sweeter, comfort his Rauent fence: But let thy Spiders, that stick vp thy Veneam, And heave-gated Toades lye in their way, Doing annoyance to the trecherous fete, Which with viupping flaps doe trample lice. Yeeld fingling Nature to mine Enemies, And when they from thy before plac a Flower, Guard it I prethee with a Jurking Alder, Whose double tongue may with a morall touch Throw death upon thy Soueraignes Enemies. Mock not my fenceleffe Contussion, Lords; This Earth shall have a feeling, and thefe Stones Proud armed Souliers, ere her Natue King Shall falter under foule Rebellious Armes.

**Can.** Fear not my Lord, that Power that made you King Hath power to keepe you King, in sight of all.

**Aum.** He meanes, my Lord, that we are too remiffie, Whileft Bullingbrookes through our securite, Growes strong and great, in Subijance and in friends.

**Rich.** Discomforstable Cowin, know well thou not, That when the searching Eye of Heauen is hid Behind the Globe, that lights the lower World, Then Theeues and Robbers range abroad ev'nere, In Murthers and in Out-rage bloody here: But when from vnder this Treacherfull Ball He fire the pyr'd tops of the Eastern Pines, And darts his Lightning through euer guilty hole, Then Murthers, Treafons, and detefed sines

(The Cloake of Night being plac'd from off their backs) Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselues, So when this Theeue, this Traitor Bullingbrooks, Who all this white hath reuell'd in the Night, Shall see ris'ing in our Thone, the Earl, His Treafons will fit blushing in his face, Not able to endure the flight of Day; But selfe-affrighted, tremble at his sines. Not all the Water in the roughe Sea Can waft the Balme from an anonymous King; The breath of worldly men cannot depo? The Depute elec'd by the Lord: For every man that Bullingbrooks hath preft, To lift threwd Steele against our Golden Crowne, Heauen for his Richard hath in heauenly pay

A glorious Angel: then if Angels fight, Weak men must fall; for Heauen still guards the right.

**Enter Salisbury.**

Welcome my Lord, how farre off lyes your Power? Salisbury. Nor neere, nor farther off, my gracious Lord, Then this weake arme; difcomfort guides my tongue, And bids me speake of nothing but despair: One day too late, I fear (my Noble Lord) Hath clouded all thy happy dayes earth: Oh call backe Yesterday, bid Time returne, And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men: To day, to day, vnhappy day too late.

Orethrowes thy Loyes, Friends, Fortune, and thy State; For all the Wielchen hearing thou werd great, Are gone to Bullingbrookes, difperst, and fled.

**Aum.** Comfort my Liege, why lookes your Grace so pale?

**Rich.** But now the blood of twentie thousand men Did triumph in my face, and they are fled, And till so much blood chister come againe, Have I not reason to looke pale, and dead? All Soules that will be safe, flye from my side, For Time hath fet a blot upon my pride,

**Aum.** Comfort my Liege, remember who you are.

**Rich.** I had forgot my selfe. Am I not King?

Awake thou fuggard Maietie, thou fleepell: Is not the Kings Name fole and thundr Names? Arme, arme my Name: a pinnie fubfeft hythes As they doe great glory. Looke round, to the ground, Ye Favorites of a King: are wee not hight?

High be our thoughts: I know my Vincible

Hain Power enough to ferue our turne,

But who comes here? **Enter Serrove.**

**Strove.** More health and hapineffe betide my Liege, Then can my care-ten'd tongue deliver him.

**Rich.** Mine care is open, and my heart prepar'd: The word is wholly loffe, thou canst vnfole:

Say, is my Kingdom lost? why 'twas my Care: And what loffe is it to be rid of Care?

Struies Bullingbrookes to be as Great as wee? Greater he shall not be: If hee ferue God, Wee'll ferue him too, and be his Fellow fo. Reuolt our Subiects? That we cannot mend, They breake their Faith to God, as well as vs: Cry Woe, Defraction, Ruine, Loffe, Decay, The world is Deteath, and Death will have his day.

**Strove.** Glad am I, that your Highnesse is so arm'd To bear the tidings of Calamitie. Like an unfeasible: Lombard day.

Which make the Silver Rivers drownne their Shores, As if the World were all diffolvd to teares: So high, above his Limits, swells the Rage

Of Bullingbrooks, couering your fearfull Land With hard bright Steele, and hearts harder then Steele: White Beares have arm'd thir thin and haireless Scalps; Against thy Maietie, and Boyes with Womnes Voyces, Striae to speake bigge, and clap their feame siones; In fifts vnweld the Armes; against thy Crowne, Thy very Bead-men learne to bend their Bowes Of double farall Eagh: against thy State

Yea Ditaffe; Womans mainger ruffe Bills; Against thy Seat both young and old rebel, And all goes worse then I have power to tell.

**Rich.** Too well, too well thou tell'st it, a Tale to ill.

Where is the Earle of Wiltshire, where is Bagot? What is become of Balfure, where is Green?
The life and death of Richard the second.

That they have let the dangerous Enemie
Measure our Confiines with such peacefull steps?
If we presume, their heads shall pay for it,
I warrant they have made peace with Bullyingbrooke.

Scroope. Peace have they made with him indeede (my Lord.)

Rich. Oh Villains, Vipers, damn'd without redemption,
Doggies, woon to fawne on any man,
Snakes in my heart blood warm'd, that fling my heart,
Three Judases, each one throuch worse then Judas.
Would they make peace? terrible Hell make warre
Upon their Spotted Soules for this Offence.

Scroope. Sweet Loue! (I see) changing his propriety,
Turnes to the lowest, and most deadly hate:
Again vncurse their Soules; their peace is made
With Heeds, and not with Hands: choic whom you curse
Have felt the worst of Deaths destroying hand,
And lye full low, graud in the hollow ground.

Ann. Is Boothe, Greene, and the Earl of Wiltshire dead?

Scroope. Yes, all of them at Briflow loft their heads.

Ann. Where is the Duke my Father with his Power?

Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man speake:
That let's of Graue, of Wormes, and Epitaphs
Make Duff our Paper, and with Raynie eyes
Write Sorrow on the Bofome of the Earth.
That chuse Executors, and take of Wills:
And yet not so; for what can we bequeath,
Saue our depofed bodys to the ground?
Our Lands, our Lives, and all are Bullyingbrookes,
And nothing can we call our owne, but Death,
And that small Modell of the barren Earth,
Which fereus as Paffc, and Couer to our Bones:
For Haueems take let vs fit upon the ground,
And tell fad stories of the death of Kings:
How fome have beene depo'd, fome flaine in warre,
Some haunted by the Ghosts they have depo'd,
Some payl'd by their Wines, fome fleeping kill'd,
All mother'd. For within the hollow Crown
That rounds the mortall Temples of a King,
Keepes Death his Court, and there the Antique fits
Scorifying his State, and grinning at his Pompe,
Allowing him a breath, a little Scene,
To Monarchize, be fain'd, and kill with lookes.
Infusing him with felle and vaine concert,
As if this flefh, which walls about our Life,
Were Baffe impregnable: and humor'd thus,
Comes at the laft, and with a little Pinne
Borens through his Caffe Walls, and farwell King,
Cover you heads, and mock not flefh and blood
With Iolene Reuencen: throw away Reuenc,
Tradition, Forme, and Ceremonious dute,
For you have but mislooked me all this while:
Live with Bread like you, feele Want,
Taffe Griefe, need Friends: lubie'd thus,
How can you fay to me, I am a King?

Carl. My Lord, wife men's e're waile their present worfe,
But pretextly prevent the wailes to waile.
To fear the Efe, since feare oppreftethe streng'th,
Glues in your weakeffe, streng'th into your Efe;
Fear, and be flaine, no worfe can come to fight,
And fight and die, is death destroying death?
Where fearing, dying, pays death terrifie breath.

Ann. My Father hath a Power, enquire of him,
And learn to make a Body of a Limbe.

Rich. Thou child'll me well: proud Bullyingbrooke I come
To change Blowes with thee, for our day of Doome:
This arie fit of State is ouer-Blowne,
An exile raseke it is to winne our owne.

Say Scroope, where lies our Vnkle with his Power?
Speake sweetly man, although thy lookes be fower.

Scroope. Men judge by the compexion of the Skie
The farte and inclination of the day.
So may you by my dull and haueie Eye:
My Tongue hath but a heatier Tale to fay:
I play the Torturer, by small and small
To lengthen out the worfe, that mutt be spoken.
Your Vnkle Yorky is ioyn'd with Bullyingbrooke,
And all your Northerne Caffles yielded vp,
And all your Southern Gentleman in Armes
Upon his Feeition.

Rich. Thou shalt fay enough,
Befrew thee Cousin, which didn't lead me forth
Of that sweet way I was in, to defpair:
What fay you now? What comfort haue we now?
By Haueen Ile hate him euerlaftingly,
That bids me be of co[n]fort any more.
Goe to Flint Caffle, there Ile pine away,
A King, Woes flaine, fhall Kingly Woe obey;
That Power I haue, discharge, and let 'em goe
To eare the Land, that hath fome hope to grow,
For I haue none. Let no man fpeake againe
To alter this, for confaiufe is but vain.

Ann. My Liege, one word.

Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue,
Ditcharge my followers: let them hence away,
From Richards Night, to Bullyingbrookes faire Day.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Bullyingbrooke,

Torky, Northumberland, Attendants.

Bull. So that by this intelligence we leare
The Welchmen are dippers'd, and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
With some few private friends, upon this Coft.

North. The newes is very faire and good, my Lord,
Richards, not faire from hence, hath hid his head.

Torky. It would before the Lord Northumberland,
To fay King Richard: allack the haueie day,
When such a farsed King shou'd hide his head.

North. Your Grace mistakes: onely to be briefe,
Left I his Title out.

Torky. The time hath bee, Would you have beene fo briefe with him, he would
Have bee in briefe with you, to shorten you,
For taking the Head, your whole heapes length.

Bull. Mistake not (Vnkle) farther then you should.

Torky. Take not (good Cousin) farther then you should,
Least you mistake the Haueans are ore your head.

Bull. I know it (Vnkle) and oppose not my felle
Against their will, but who comes here?

Enter Pierce.

Welcome Harry: what, will not this Caffe yield?
Per. The Caffe royally is main'd: my Lord,
Against thy entrance.

Bull. Roy-
The life and death of Richard the second.

Bull. Royally? Why, it contains no King?
Per. Yes (my good Lord)
It doth contain a King: King Richard lys
Within the limits of yond Lime and Stone,
And with him the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroope, befaides a Clogie man
Of holy reverence; who, I cannot jeerne.
North. Oh, believe it is the Bishop of Carlile.
Bull. Noble Lord,
Goe to the rude Ribbs of that ancient Castle,
Through Brazen Trumpet send the breath of Parle
Into his ruin'd Eares, and thus deliver: Henry Bullingbrooke, vpon his faies, and kiffe
King Richard's hand, and fends his allegence
And true faith of heart to his Royall Person; hither come Euen at his feet, to lay my Armes and Power,
Provided, that my Banishment rep'red,
And Lands reftor'd againe, be freely granted:
If not, Ile vse th'advantage of my Power,
And lay the Summers duff with flowers of blood,
Rayn'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen;
The which, how farre off from the mind of Bullingbrooke
It is, such Cunomi Tempre fould bedrench
The freth greene Lap of faire King Richard's Land,
My flooping dute tenderly shall flew.
Goe signifie as much, while here we march
Vpon the Grasfe Carpet of this Plaine:
That l'march without the noyse of threatening Drum,
That from this Castles ratt'd Battlements
Our faire Appointments may be well perus'd,
Me thinks King Richard and my telle Should meet
With no lefle terror then the Elements
Of Fire and Water, when their thundering smake
At more access, dear and cloudie Cherekes of Heauen:
Be the fire, Ile be the yielding Water,
The Rage be his, while on the Earth l raine
My Waters on the Earth, and not on him.
March on, and marke King Richard how he lookes,
Parle without, and anfweare within: then a Flourish,
Enter on the Walls, Richard, Carlile, Aumerle, Scroop, Salisbury.
See, fee, King Richard doth himfelle appeare
As doth the bluffling disconforted Sunne,
From out the fierie Portall of the Eait,
When he perceives the emulous Clouds are bent
To dimme his glory, and to flaine the tract
Of his bright paffage to the Occident.
Tark. Yet lookes he like a King: behold his Eye
(As bright as is the Eagles) lightens forth
Controlling Matelie: black, black for woe,
That any harme should flaine fo faire a fwe.
Rich. We are amaz'd, and thus long have we froid
To watch the fearfull bending of thy knee,
Because we thought your felie thy lawfull King:
And if we be, how dare thy loyalts forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, fhev vs the Hand of God,
That hath difmifs'd us from our Stewardfhip,
For well we know, no Hand of Blood and Bone
Can gripe the fared Handle of our Scepter,
Vailie he doe prophan, fleale, or viurpe.
And though you think, that all, as you have done,
Haue torn their Soules, by turning them from vs,
And we are barren, and beat of Friends:
Yet know, my Matter, God Omiuopotent,
Is mutting in his Clouds, on our behalfe,
Armies of Pefilence, and they shall strike,
Your Children yet vnborne, and vnbegot,
That lift your VaSall Hands against my Head,
And threat the Glory of my precious Crowne.
Tell Bullingbrooke, for yond me thinkes he is,
That every fride he makes vpon my Land,
Is dangerous Treafon: He is come to ope
The purple Teftament of bleeding Warre;
But ere the Crowne he lookes for, live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crownes of Mothers Sonnes
Shall ill become the flower of Englands face,
Change the complexion of her Maid-pale Peace
To Scarcle Indignation, and bede,
Her Patfers Graffe with fainf English Blood.
North. The King of Heaven forbid our Lord the King
Should fo with cuitill and vncaull Armes
Be rufid vpon: Thry thrace-noble Cousin,
Harry Bulingbrooke, doth humbly kiffe thy hand,
And by the Honorable Tombe he sweares,
That hands vpon your Royall Grandfies Bones,
And by the Royalties of both your Bloods,
(Currents that spring from one moft gracious Head)
And by the buried Hand of Warlike Gaunt,
And by the Worth and Honor of himfelfe,
Cormprising all that may be fwayne, or faid,
His comming hither hath no further scope,
Then for his Lineall Royalties, and to begge
Infrachement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy Royall partie graunted once,
His glitttering Armes he will commend to Ruft,
His barred Steedes to Stable, and his heart
To faithfull fervice of your Matelie?
This fervice as he is a Prince, is loot,
And as I am a Gentleman.
Rich. Northumberland, say thus: The King returns,
His Noble Cousin is right welcome ladyes,
And all the number of his faire demands
Shall be accomplifled without contradiction:
With all the gracious vterror thou haft,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commands,
We doe debate our felie (Cousin,) doe we not,
To looke fo poorly, and to speake fo faire?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and fend
Defiance to the Traytor, and to die?
Ann. 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 layd the Sentence of dread Bafliment
On yond proved man, it should be cast againe
With words of footh: Oh that I were as great
As is my Grief, or leffet then my Name,
Or that I could forget what I have beene,
Or not remember what I must be now:
Swell'th proud wroug heart? Ile give thee fcope to beat,
Since Foes have scope to beat both thee and me.
Ann. Northumberland comes backe from Bullingbrooke.
Rich. What muft the King doe now? what muft he submit?
The King (hall doe it: Muff he deposite? The King (hall be contended: Muff he loofe
The Name of King? o Gods Name let it goe.
Ile give my Jewels for a fettle of Beades,
My gorgeous Pallece, for a Hermityge,
My gay Apparrell, for an Almes-mans Gowne,
My figure Goblets, for a Dith of Wood,
My Scepter, for a Palmers walking Staffe,
My Subject, for a payre of caus'd Saints,
And my large Kingdom, for a little Graue,
A little little Graue, an obscure Graue.
Oh he be buried in the Kings high-way,
Some way of common Trade, where Subject's feet
May howrily trample on their Sovereigns Head:
For on my heart they tread now, while I live;
And buried once, why not upon my Head?

We'll make foule Weather with defpi'd Teares;
Our fighter, and they, shall lodge the summer Corn,
And make a Dearth in this reuolting Land.
Or shall we play the Vasons with our Woes,
And make some prettie Match, with shedding Teares?
As thus: to drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted vs a payre of Graues,
Within the Earth: and therein ly'd their eyes
Two Kinfin'd, digg'd their Graues with weeping Eyes?
Would not this ill, doe we well? Well, well, I see
I talke but silly, and you nook at mee.

Most mightie Prince, my Lord Northumberland,
What fayes King Bullingbrook? Will his Maiestie
Give Richard leave to loo, till Richard die?
You make a Legge, and Bullingbrooke fayes I.

North, My Lord, in the firs't Court he doth attend
To speake with you, may it please you to come downe,
Rich. Downe, downe I come, like glitt'ring Phanton,
Wanting the manage of vnruely Ladies.
In the bafe Court? bafe Court, where Kings growe base,
To come at Trayors Calls, and doe them Grace.
In the bafe Court come down: down Court, down King,
For myg Owls flinke, where morting Larks should sing.

What fayes his Maiestie?
North. Sorrow, and griefe of heart.
Makes him speake fondly, like a frantic man:
Yet he is come.

Bull. Stand all apart,
And shew faire dutie to his Maiestie.
My gracious Lord.
Rich. Faire Cousin, You deba your Princely Kneel,
To make the bafe Earth proud with kisning it.
Me rather had, my Heart might feel your Loute,
Then my vnpleas'd Eye fee your Courtesie.
Vp Cousin, vp, your Heart is vp I know,
Thus high at least, although your Knee be low.

Bull. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine owne.
Rich. Your owne is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Bull. So faire be mine, my most redoubted Lord,
As my true seruice shall deferue your love.
Rich. Well you defcr'd:
They well deferue to haue,
That know the strength, and fairest way to get.
Vnickle give me your Hand: may, drine your Eyes,
Teares swew their Loute, but want their Remedies.
Cousin, I am too young to be your Father,
Though you are old enough to be my Heire.
What you will haue, Ile giue, and willing to,
For doe we mutt, what force will haue va doe.
Set on towards London:
Cousin, is it so?

Bull. Yes, my good Lord.
Rich. Then I must not say, no.
Flourish. Exeunt.

Bullinbrooke, Call forth Bager.

Now Bager, freely spake thy minde, What thou do'nt know of Noble Glosurers death: Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd The bloody Office of his Timelesse end. 

Bag. Then fet before my face, the Lord Amerure. Bul. Cofin, stand forth, and looke upon that man. Bag. My Lord Amerure, I know your daring tongue Scornes to vnSay, what it hath once deliver'd. In that dayd time, when Glosurers death was plotted, I hard you say. If not my arm of lenger, That shouldst streight from the refuell English Court As farre as Callis, to my Ynder-hand. Amongst much other tale, that very time, I heard you say, that you had rather refuse The offer of an hundred thousand Crownes, Then Bullingbrooke returne to England; adding withall, How blest this Land would be, in this your Cosins death. 

Amer. Princes, and Noble Lords: What answer shal I make to this base man? Shall I so much dishonor my face Stares, On equal terrains to giue him chasticement? Either I must, or have mine honor luel'd With th'Attendant of his flandous Lippes. There is my Gage, the manuall Seale of death That markes thee out for Hell. Thou lyeft, And will maintaine what thou luff said, is fife, Thy thy henn blood, though being all too base To make the temper of my Kingly Sword. 

Bul. Bagots torbeare, thus shal not take it vp. Amer. Excepting one, I would he were the bell In all this preffence, that hast made me so. For if that thy valour fland on sympathize: There is my Gage, Amerure, in Gage to thine: By that faire Sunne, this shewes me where thou fland'st, I heard thee say (and raunyngh thou spak't it) That thou wert cause of Noble Glosurers death. If thou demist it, twentie times thou lyest, And I will turne thy fallhood to thy hart, Where it was forg'd with my Rapiers point. 

Amer. Thou dar'st not (Coward) line to fee the day. 

Fitz. Now by my Soule, I would it were this hour. 

Amer. Fitzwater thou art damn'd to hell for this. 

Per. Amerure, thou lye'st this Honor is a true In this Appulse, as thou art all vnuit: And that thou art so, there I throw my Gage To prove it on thee, to the extremest point Of mortall breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'st. 

Amer. And if I do not, may my handes rot off, And never brandish more reuengfull Steele, Ouer the glittering Helmet of my Foe. 

Surrey. My Lord Fitz-water: I do remember well, the very time 

Amerur, and you did take. 

Fitz. My Lord, 'Tis very true; You were in preference then, And you can witnesse with me, this is true. 

Surrey. As false, by heauen, As Heauen it selfe is true. 

Fitz. Surrey, thou Lyest. 

Surrey. Dishonourable Boy; That Lyce, shall liee so heavy on my Sword, That it shall render Vengeance, and Reueng, Till thou the Lyce-guer, and that Lyce, doe lyce In earth as quiet, as thy Fathers Scull. In proofe whereof, there is mine Honors pawne, Engeage it to the Triall, if thou dar'st.
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future Ages groan for his foule Act.
Peace shall goe sleepe with Turkes and Infidels,
And in this Seat of Peace, tumultuous Warses
Shall Kinne with Kinne, and Kinde with Kinde confound,
Diforder, Horror, Poe, and Mutine
Shall here inhabit, and this Land be call'd
The Held of Golgotha, and dead mens Sculls.
Oh, if you reare this Houfe, against this Houfe
It will the wofufull Diuision prove,
That erer fell upon this cursed Earth.
Preuent it, refit it, and let it not be fo,
Leaff Child, Children Children cry againft you, Woe.

North. Well haue you argu'd Sir: and for your paines,
Of Captall Treaon we arreft you here,
My Lord of Welmimifer, be it your charge,
To keppe him fafely, till his day of Tryall.
May it pleafe you, Lords, to grant the Commons Suit?
But, fuch his Richard, that in common view
He may furrender: fo we shall proccede
Without fuppition.

Terke. I will be his Conduct.

But, Lords, you that here are vnder our Arreft,
Procure your Sureties for your Dayes of Answere;
Little are we beholding to your Love,
And little look'd for at your helping Hands.

Enter Richard and Terke.

Rich. Alack, why am I fent for to a King's
Before I haue thooke off the Regall thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd: I hardly yet have learn'd
To infinuate, flatter, bowe, and bend my Knee,
Gife Sorrow leave a while, to tume me
To this fulmination, Yet I well remember
The favours of those men: were they not mine?
Did they not Sometime cry, All hayle to me?
So Indiia did to Chrifl: but he in twelue,
Found truth in all, but one: I in twelve thousand none.
God fue the King: will no man fay, Amen?
Am I both Priet, and Clarket? well then, Amen.
God fue the King, although I be not hee:
And yet Amen, if Heauen doe thinke him mee.
To doe what fervices, am I fent for hither?

Terke. To doe that office of shyne owne good will,
Which tyred Maichefie did make thee offer:
The Re-fignation of thy State and Crowne
To Henry Buckingham.

Rich. Gife me the Crowne.Here Cousin, feize f Crown:
Here Cousin, on this fide my Hand, on that fide thine.
Now is this Golden Crowne like a deeppe Well,
That owes two Buckets, filling one another,
The emptier ever dancing in the ayre,
The other downe, willing, and full of Water:
That Backet downe, and full of Teares am I,
Drinking my Griefes, whilft you mount vp on high;
But, I thought you had been willing to refigne.

Rich. My Crowne I am, but fill my Griefes are mine:
You may my Glories and my State depofe,
But not my Griefes still am I King of those.

But, of your Cares you give me with your Crowne.

Rich. Your Cares let vp, do not pluck my Cares 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 have, though given away,
They 'tend the Crowne, yet full with me they flay:

But, are you contented to refigne the Crowne?
Rich. No; no; I: for I must nothing see:
Therefore no, no, for I refigne to thee.
Now, make me how I will yndoe my felfe.
I giue this heauie Weight from off my Head,
And this vnkind Scepter from my Hand,
The pride of Kingly sway from out my Heart,
With mine owne Teares I waih away my Bame,
With mine owne Hands I giue away my Crowne,
With mine owne Tongue denie my Sacred State,
With mine owne Breath releafe all dautious Oatthes;
All Pompe and Maiestie I doe forftware:
My Manors, Rents, Revenues, I forgoe;
My Acts, Decrees, and Statutes I denie:
God pardon all Oatthes that are broke to mee,
God keepe all Vowes vnbroke are made to thee.
Make me, that nothing hau, with nothing grieu'd,
And thow with all ples'sd, that haft all ached'un.
Long may't thou live in Richards Seat to fit,
And Joone Iye Richard in an Earthie Pit.
God true King Henry, in-King'd Richard fayes,
And fend him many yeezes of Sanne-fhine dayes.
What more remaines?
North. No more: but that you reade
These Accusatons, and these grievous Crynes,
Committed by your Perfons, and your followers;
Against the State, and Profit of this Land:
That by confefting them, the Soules of men
May deene, that you are worthily depo'd.
Rich. Muft I doe so? and muft I rauell out
My weau'd-vp follyes? Gentle Northumberland,
If'ty Offences were upon Record,
Would it not frame thee, in fo faire a troupe,
To reade a Lecture of them? If thou would'st it,
There should't thou finde one heynous Article,
Conftamyng the defenting of a King,
And cracking the strong Warrant of an Oath,
Mark'd with a Blot, damn'd in the Booke of Heauen,
Nay,all of you, that fhall fhade, and looke upon me,
Whilft that my wreathed defh doth bite my felfe,
Though fome of you, with Pidate, washe your hands,
Shewing an outward piritue: yet you Pidates
Have here dwelt, that you in my owne Croffe,
And Water cannot wash away your fime.
North. My Lord dispatch, reade o're these Articles.
Rich. Mine Eyes are full of Teares, I cannot fee:
And yet fay. Water blindest them not fo much,
But they can fee a fort of Traytors here.
Nay, if I turne mine Eyes upon my felfe,
I finde my felfe a Traytor with the rest:
For I have hau'd here my Soules content,
Twendeck the pompos Body of a King;
Made Glory bale: a Soueraigne, a Slace;
Proud Maiestie, a Subject; State, a Peacant.
North. My Lord.
Rich. No Lord of thine, thou haught-infulting man;
Not no mans Lord: I haue no Name, no Title;
No, not that Name was giuen me at the Font,
But 'tis wiupt: the heauen daye,
That I have wone to many Winters out,
And know not how, what Name to call my felfe.
Oh, that I were a Mockerie, King of Snow,
Standing before the Whore of Billingbrookes.
To melt my felle away in Water-dropes,
Good King, great King, and yet not greatly good,
And if my word be Sterling yet in England,
Let it command a Mirror hitherto straight,
That it may fhow me what a Face I haue,
Since it is Bankrupt of his Maiestie.
Bull. Go to fome of you, and fetch a Looking-Glaffe,
Nerb. Read o're this Paper, while I Glaffe doth come.
Rich. Fien'd, thou torments me, ere I come to Hell,
Bull. Virge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.
North. The Commons will not then be fatisf'd.
Rich. They fhall be fatisf'd: I lea reade enough,
When I doe fee the very Booke indeede,
Where all my fannes are write, and that's my felfe.
Enter one with a Glaffe.
Give me that Glaffe, and therein will I reade,
No deeper wrinkles yet? hath Sorrow bruakke
So many Blowes vp this Face of mine,
And made no deeper Wounds? Oh flat'tring Glaffe,
Like to my followers in prosperitie,
Thou do'lt beguile me, Was this Face, the Face
That every day, under his Houfe-hold Rope,
Did keene ten thousand men? Was this the Face,
That like the Sunne, did make beholders winkes?
Is this the Face, which face'd fo many follyes,
That was at left out-fac'd by Bullingbrookes?
A brittle Glory fineth in this Face,
As brittle as the Glory, is the Face,
For theer it is, crackt in an hundred fliuers,
Marke flient King, the Morall of this fport,
And foone my Sorrow hath deftoy'd my Face.
Bull. The fhadow of your Sorrow hath deftoy'd,
The fhadow of your Face.
Rich. Say that again.
The fhadow of my Sorrow: a jet's feer,
'Tis very true, my Griefe lyeth all within,
And thes externall manner of Lamentis,
Are meerely fhadowes, to the vifenee Griefe,
That fwell with silence in the tortur'd Soule.
There fyes the fubfiances: and I thank thee King
For thy great bounty, that not only girt
Me caufe to wylie, but teache me the way
How to lament the caufe, I begge one Boone,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtrine it?
Bull. Name it, faire Counfel.
Rich. Faire Counfel? I am greater then a King:
For when I was a King, my flatterers
Were then but fubjectes; being now a fubject,
I haue a King here to try my flatterer:
Being fo great, I haue no neede to begge,
Bull. Yet ask.
Rich. And shal I haue?
Bull. You fhall.
Rich. Then giue me leave to goe.
Bull. Whither?
Rich. Whither you will, fo I were from your fights.
Bull. Go to fome of you, conveyme to the Tower,
Rich. Oh good; conveyme; Condeyme you are all,
That rife thus nimly by a true Kings fall.
Bull. On Wedyesday next, we folemnyly fet downe
Our Coronation: Lords, prepare you felues;
Exempt, A mount. A widow at present have we here beheld.
Carl. The Woes to come, the Children yet vnborne,
Shall feel this day as sharpe to them as Thorne.
Ann. You fohly Clerge-men, is there no Plot
to rid the Realm of this perficuous Blot.
Abb. Before I freely speake my minde herein,
You fhall not onely take the Sacrament,
To bure mine intents, but alfo to effect.
What ever I shall happen to denote.
I see your Brows are full of Discontent,
Your Heart of Sorrow, and your Eyes of Teares.
Come home with me to Supper, He lay a Plot
Shall thou on a merry day.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Queene, and Ladies.

Qu. This way the King will come; this is the way
To Sclauens Ceafars ill-created Tower:
To whole first Bofoine, my condemned Lord
Is drown'd a Prisoner, by proue Bullingbrookes:
Here let vs refi, if this rebellious Earth
Have any refting for her true Kings Queene.
Enter Richard, and Guard.

But soft, but fee, or rather doe not see,
My faire Rous, wether yet looke vp; behold,
That you in pittie may diffuine to dew,
And wash him fresh againe with true-lone Teares.
As hough the Modell where old Troy did fiand,
Thou Mappe of Honor, thou King Richard Tombe,
And not King Richard; thou most beauteous Iune,
Why should hard-fauor'd Griefe be lodg'd in thee,
When Triumph is become an Ale-house Gueft.

Rich. Ioyne not with griefe, faire Woman, do not fo,
To make my end too sudden: feaue good Soule,
To thinke our former State a happie Dreame,
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are,
Shewes vs but this. I am sworne Brother(Sweet)
To grie mee Necesfitie; and hee and I
Will keepe a League till Death. High thee to France,
And Clyofer thee in some Religious House:
Our holy lues must winne a new Worlds Crowne,
Which our prophane houses here have stricken downe.

Qu. What, is my Richard both in shape and minde
Transform'd, and weaken'd? Hath Bullingbrooke
Depos'd thine Intelliget? hath he beeone in thy Heart?
The Lion dyng, thrufteth forth his Paw,
And wounds the Earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'er-pow'd: and wilt thou, Pupill-like,
Take thy Correction mildly, kiffe the Roderde,
And fawne on Rage with bafe Humilitie,
Which ar a Lyon, and a King of Beasts?

Rich. A King of Beasts indeed: if aught but Beasts,
Had bene yet a happy King of Men,
Good(sometime Queene) prepare thee hence for France:
Think I am dead, and that even here thou tak'st,
As from my Death-bed, my lifit lying leaue.
In Winters tedious Nightes fit by the Fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee Tales
Of wofull Ages, long agoe betide:
And er thou bid good-night, to quit their griefe,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their Bed:
For why, the feneclfe Brands will sympathize
The beaute accent of thy mouing Tongue,
And in compassion, wepe the fire our:
And some will mourne in siffes, some costle-black,
For the depoing of a nightfull King.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Lord, the mind of Bullingbrookes is chang'd,

You must to Pomfret, not onto the Tower.
And Madame, then a order tane for you:
With all swift speed, you must away to France,
Rich. Northumberland, thou Ladder where withall
The mounting Bullingbrooke ascends my Throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age,
More then it is, ere foule since, gathering head,
Shall breake into corruption; thou shalt thinke,
Though he divide the Realme, and giue thee halfe,
It is too little, helping him to all:
He shall thinke, that thou which know'st the way
To plant vnrightful Kings, wilt know againe,
Being ne're fo little vrg'd another way,
To pluck him headlong from the vnpard Throne.
The Loue of wicked friends connectts to Feare;
That Feare, to Hate; and Hate turns one,or both,
To wortheie Danger, and despered Death,

North. My guilt be on my Head, and there an end:
Take leave, and part, for you must part forthwith.

Rich. Doubly doue'st d( bad men) ye violate
A two-fold Marriage; twixt my Crowne, and me,
And then betwixt me and my married Wife.

Let me vn-kiffe the Oath "twixt thee, and me;
And yet not fo, for with a Kife" twas made,
Part vs, Northumberiand: I towards the North,
Where stifuer Cold and Sickness plines the Cyme:
My Queene to France: from whence, fet forth in pome,
She came adornd hither like sweet May;
Sent back like Hallowmas or shorte't of day.

Qu. And must we be dismied? must we part?
Rich. I, hand from hand(my Loue) and heart fr heart.
Qu. Banift vs both, and lend the King with me,
North. That were some Loue, but little Pollicy,

Qu. Then whither he goes, thither let me goe.

Rich. So two together weeping make one Woe.
Wepe thou for me in France; I, for thee heere:
Better farre off, then neere, be ne're the neere.
Goe, count thy Way with Sighs; I, mine with Groanes.

Qu. So longest Way shall haue the longest Moanes.
Rich. Twice for one step Ie groane: Way being short,
And pece the Way out with a heauie heart.
Come, come, in wooing Sommrow let's be briefe,
Since wedding it, there is fuch length in Griefe:
One Kife shall flap our mouthes, and dumely part;
Thus gine I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

Qu. Give me mine owne against; were no good part,
To take on me to keepe, and kill thy heart.
So now I have mine owne againe, be gone,
That I may frise to kill it with a groane.

Rich. We make Woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more adieu; the reft, let Sorrow say.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Torcke, and his Duchess.

Duch. My Lord, you told me you would tell the reft,
When weeping made you break the story off,
Of our two Cousins comming into London.

Torcke. Where did I doe e?

Duch. At that lid Hoppe, my Lord,
Where rude mil. gouern'd hands, from Windowes tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richards head,

Rich. Then
Enter Bullingbrook, Percivall, and other Lords.

But. Can no man tell of my vnthriftie Somme?
Tis full three months since I did see him last.
If any plague hang ouer vs, 'tis he,
I would to heauen( my Lords)he might be found:
Enquire at London, mongst the Tavernes there:
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

For there they lay he dayly doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose Companions,
Even such (they say) as stand in narrow Lanes,
And rob out Watch, and beat our passengers,
Which he, young wanton, and effeminate Boy
Takes on the point of Honor, to support
So doth their 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: I would vnto the Steves,
And from the common streete placke a Gloune
And wear it at a favour, and with that
He would enforce the lufliest Challenger.

But. As doth a fire as desperate, yet through both,
I see some sparkes of better hope; which elder days
May happily bring forth. But who cometh here?

Enter Autrieve.

Aum. Where is the King?

But. What meanes our Cope, that hee flares
And looke so wildly?

Aum. God save your Grace, I do beseech your Maiesty
To have some conference with your Grace alone.

But. Withdraw your felues, and leave us here alone:
What is the matter with our Cope now?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleaze to my roome within my mouth,
Vnleffe a Pardon, ere I rise, or speake.

But. Intended, or committed was this fault?
If on the firth, how heynously euer it bee,
To win thy after lour, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leaue, that I may turne the key,
This word is given, till my tale be done.

But. Hauy be your face.

Tor. My Liege beware, looke to thy felfe,
Thou haft a Traitor in thy presence there.

But. Villaine, Ile make thee safe.

Aum. Stay thy reuengefull hand, thou haft no cause
to feare.

Tor. Open the doore, secure foole-hardy King;
Shall I for loute speake treffon to thy face?
Open the doore, or I will breake it open.

Enter Torke.

But. What is the matter (Vnleffe) speake, recouer breath,
Tell vs how nere is danger,
That we may arme vs to encounter it.

Tor. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The reason that my bofte forbids me flow.

Aum. Remember as thou readst, thy promise past:
I do repent me, reade not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

Tor. It was (villaine) ere thy hand.
I tore it from the Traitors before, King,
Fear not, and not Loue, beget his penitence;
Forget to pity him, leaft thy pity prove
A Seruant, that will fling thee to the heart.

But. Oh heinous, strong, and bold Conspiracie,
O Loyal Father of a treacherous Sonne:
Thou seeke, inmature, and fatter fountaine,
From whence this phantom, through muddy paffages
 Hath his current, and cleft thine hifelfe.
Thy owne flow of good, converts to bad,
And thy abundant goodness fhall excufe
This deadly blot, in thy digreffing fonne.

Torke. So hall my Vrue be his Vices bawd,
And he shall spend mine Honour, with his Shame.

As chriftielle Sonnes, their flraping Fathers Gold
Mine honoure lues, when his difhonor dies,
Or my fhan'd life, in his difhonor lie:
Thou kill'ft me in his life, giving him breath,
The Traitor lues, the true man's put to death.

Enter Dutchefse within.

Dutch. What hope (my Liege) for hearnefs sake let me in.

But. What thrall-voide Suppliant, makes this eager cry?

Dutch. A woman, and thine Aunt (great King) tis I.

But. Speake with me, pitty me, open the dore,
A Begger begs, that neuer beggs before.

Dutch. Our Scene is alter'd from a ferious thing,
And now changing to the Begger, and the King.

But. My dangerous Cope, let your Mother in,
I know she's come, to pray for your foule fin.

Torke. If thou do pardon, who beiouer pray,
More fames for this frownderneffe, proper may.
This feller'd thyoul cut off, the reft reft found,
This let alone, will all the reft confound.

Enter Dutchefse.

Dutch. O King, beleue not this hard-hearted man,
Lone, loning not it felfe, none other can.

Tor. Thou sfranckie woman, what doth slo make here,
Shall thy old dugs, once more a Traitor reape?

Dutch. Sweet Yorke be patient, hear me, gentle Liege.

But. Rife vp good Aunt.

Dutch. Not yet, I thee beseeche.

But. For ever will I kneele uppon my knees,
And never fee day, that the happy fees,
Till thou give joy; vntill thou bid me joy.
And pardonning Rutland, my tranfgrefion Begging.

Aum. Vnto my mothers prayers, I bend my knee.

Torke. A Traitor it is both, in thy true love benede be.

Dutch. Pleades he in earneffe? Looko vpou his Face,
His eyes do drop no teares: his pryases are in tiez:
His words come from his mouth, ours from our bref.
He prays but faintly, and would be demide,
Wepray with heart, and fone, and all befide;
His weary pryazes would gladly rife, I know,
Our knees shall kneele, till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of fappe hypocrite,
Ours of true zeale, and deep integritie:
Our pryases do out-pray his, then let them haue
That mercy, which true pryases ought to haue.

But. Good Aunt stand vp.

Dutch. Nay, do not fay stand vp,
But Pardon first, and afterwards stand vp.
And if I were thy Nurfe, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon should be the firft word of thy prace.
I neuer long'd to heare a word till now:
Say Pardon (King), let pitty teehe thee how.
The word is short: but not fo short as sweet,
No word like Pardon, for Kings mouth's to meet.

Torke. Speake it in French (King), say Pardon &c may.

Dutch. Doth thou tach pardon, Pardon to destroy? 
Ah my foure husband, my hard-hearted Lord,
That fet the word it felfe, againft the word.
Speake Pardon as thine currant in our Land,
The chopping French we do not vnderfand.
The(e eye begins to speake, fet thy tongue there,
Or in thy pitifou heart, plant thou thine care,
That hearing how our plaints and pryazes do prace,
Pitty may moue thee, Pardon to reheare.

But. Good Aunt, stand vp.

Dutch. I do not fite to fand,
Pardon is all the tuie I haue in hand.
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

Enter Exton and Servants.

Exeunt.

Enter Richard, Gaw. Haile Royall Prince.

Rich. Thankes Noble Peere, The cheespell of vs, is ten greatest too deere,

Gaw. Where no man ever comes, but that fis dogge

Rich. That brings me food, to make misfortune liee?

Gaw. I was a poore Groome of thy Stable (King)

Rich. When thou wert King, who travelling towards Yorke, With much ado, at length haue gotten lease

To looke upon my (sometimes Royall) masters face.

O how it yern't my heart, when I beheld

In London streets, that Coronation day,

When Bulingbrooke rode on Rome Barbery,

That borse, that thou so often bafhefrid,

That borse, that I so carefully haue dreft.

Rich. Rede he on Barbery? Tell me gentle Friend,

How went he vnder him?

Gaw. So prideously, as he had dins't in the ground.

Rich. So prou'd, that Bulingbrooke was on his backe;

That Iade hath eate bread from my Royall hand.

This hand hath made him proud with slipping him.

Would he not stumble? Would he not fall downe

(Since Pride must haue a fall) and breake the necke

Of that proud man, that did vnappe his backe?

Forguenesse horse: Why do I rule on thee,

Since thou creasted to be aw'd by man

Was't borne to bee? I was not made a horfe,
And yet I bear a burthen like an Aife,
Spur-gall'd, and tyed by taunting Bullyingbrook.
Keep. Fellow, guelplace, here is no longer stye.
Reli. If thou love me, be thou mine thou wert a way.
Grow. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say.

Keep. My Lord, wilt please you to fall too?
Reli. Tattle of it first, as thou wert wont to do.

Keep. My Lord I die not: Sir Pierce of Exton,
Who lately came from the King, commands the contrary.
Reli. The diuell take Hiere of Lancaster, and thee;
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.
Keep. Help, helpe, helpe.

Enter Exton and Servants.
Rel. How now? what means Death in this rule affait?
Villain, shine owne hand yeelds thy deaths instrumen,
Go thou and fill another roome in hell.

Exton strikes him downe.
That hand shall burne in neuer-quenching fire,
That fagger's thus my person. Exton, thy fierce hand,
Hast with the Kings blood, flain'd the Kings own land.
Mount, mount my foonle, thy feast is vp on high,
Whil't my groffe fheaf finkes downward, here to dye.

Exton. As full of Valor, as of Royall blood,
Both have I spilt: Oh would the deed were good.

Says, that this deed,dc is chronicled in hell,
This dead King to the living King I heare,
Take hence the reft, and give them burialle. Exit.

Scena Quinta.

Flourish. Enter Bullingbrooke, York, with other Lords & attendants.

But. Kindle Vakle Yorke, the latest newes we heare,
Is that the Rebels have confum'd with fire
Our Towne of Ciciar in Gloucestershire,
But whether they be tame or slaine, we heare not.
Enter Northumberland.
Welcome my Lord: What is the newes?
Nor. First to thy Sacred State, with I all happinesse:
The next newes is, I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent:

The manner of their taking may appeare
At large discoursed in this paper here.

But. We thank thee gentle Percy for thy paines,
And to thy worth will adder right worthy gains,

Enter Fitz-writers.

Fitz. My Lord, I haue from Oxford sent to London,
The heads of Breston, and Sir Bennett Stely,
Two of the dangerous comforted Traitors,
That fought at Oxford, thy dre overthrow.

But. Thy names Fitz-writers shall not be forgot,
Right Noble is thy merit, well I wot.
Enter Percy and Carisli.

Per. The grand Conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,
With eflg of Conscience, and lowre Melancholly,
Hath yeelded vp his body to the grave:
But here is Carisli, huing to abide
Thy Kindly doome, and sentence of his pride.

But. Carisli, this is your doome:
Choose out some secret place, some ruerdnd roome
More then thou haft, and with it joy thy life:
So as thou liv'dst in peace, dye free from fints:
For though mine enemy, thou haft ever benne,
High spakies of Honor in thee haue I irene.

Enter Exton with a Coffin.

Exton. Great King, within this Coffin I present
Thy buried leare. Herein all breathleffe lies
The mightiefl of thy greafl enemies
For rich of Bordeaux, by me bither brought.

But. Exton, I thanke thee not, for thou haft wrought
Adeede of Slaughter, with thy fardall hand,
Vpon my head, and all this famous Land.

Ex. From your owne mouth my Lord, did I this deed.

But. They lose not poynon, that do poynon neede,
Nor do I thee: though I did with him dead,
I hate the Murtherer, lone him murthered.
The guilt of confience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor Princely favour,
With Caine go wander through the shades of night,
And never faw my head by day, nor light.

Lords, I protest my foule is full of woe,
That blood should prinkle me, to make me grow.

Come mourn with me, for that I do lament,
And put on fullen Blanke incontinent:
Ile make a voyage to the Holy-land,
To waft this blood off from my guilty hand.
March sadlie after, grace my mourning heere,
In weeping after this vnitely Beere.

FINIS.
The First Part of Henry the Fourth, with the Life and Death of HENRY Sirnamed HOT-SPVRE.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, Lord John of Lancaster, Earle of Worcester, and others.

King. Of shaken as we are, so wan with care, line was a time for frighted Peace to pant, and breath short-winded accents of new broils to be commended in Stronds a-farre remote: No more the fast fly entrance of this Soile, Shall daube her lippes with her owne children blood: No more shall trenching Warre chamell her fields, Nor bruife her Flowers with the Armed hooves Of hoftile paces. Those oppo'd eyes, Which like the Meters of a troubled Heauen, All of one Nature, of one Substance bred, Did lateely meet in the intente shocke, And furious close of civil Butchery, Shall now in mutuell well-befeeing rankes March all one way, and be no more oppos'd Against Acquaintance, Kindred, and Allies. The edge of Warre, like an ill-shap'ted knife, No more shall cut his Master. Therefore Friends, As farre as to the Sepulcher of Christ, Whose Soulls ye now vnder whose blesst Crosse We are impressed and ingag'd to fight, Forthwith a power of English shall we leue, Whole armes were moulded in their Mothers wombe, To chace those Pagans in those holy Fields, Our whose Acres walk'd those blesst feere Which fourtee vn hundred yeares ago were nail'd For our advantage on the bitter Crosse, But thís our purpose is a weleuen month old, And bootlesse 'is to tell you we will go: Therefore we meete not now. Then let me hear Of you my gentle Cousin Worcester, What yeffernight our Counsell did decree, In forwarding this deede expedience, \( \text{\textit{Weft. My Liege: This haste was hot in question,}} \)
And many limits of the Charge set downe: But yeffernight: when all stiethar there came A Pott from Wales, loaded with heavy News; Whose worth it was, that the Noble Mortimer, Leading the man of Herefordshire to fight Against the irregular and wilde Glendower, Was by the rude bands of that Welshman taken, And a thousand of his people butchered:

Vpon whose dead corpes there was such miluite, Such beasfly, shamelesse transformation, By those Welshwomen done, as may not be (Without much shame) re-told or spoken of. King. It feemes then, that the tidings of this brolse, Brake off our bufinesse for the Holy land. \( \text{\textit{Weft. This marcht with other like, my gracious Lord,}} \)
Fare more vneuen and vnuwelcome Newes Came from the North, and thus it did report: On Holy-rome day, the gallant Holy \( \text{\textit{Weft}} \) there, Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald, That ever-valliant and approv'd Scot, At Holmedon the time, where they did spend A lad and bloody hours: As by discharge of their Artilliere, And shape of likely-hood the newes was told: For he that brought them, in the very heate And pride of their contention, did take horse, Vncertaine of the issue any way.

King. Here is a deere and true iidustious friend, Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his Horfe, Strain'd with the variation of each foyle, Betwixt that Holmedon, and this Seat of ours: And he hath brought vs smooth and welcomes newes. The Earl of Douglas is discomfited, Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty Knights Balk'd in their owne blood did Sir Walter lee On Holmedon Plains. Of Prisoners, Heffe tooke Mordake Earle of Pife, and eledlef fonne To beaten Douglas, and the Earl of Atholl, Of Marray, Angus, and Menteith. And is not this an honourable spoyle? A gallant prize? Ha Cofin, is it not? Infaith it is. \( \text{\textit{Weft. A Conquest for a Prince to boast of.}} \)
King. Yes, there thou mak'lt me glad, & mak'lt me fip, In enuy, that my Lord Northumberland Should be the Father of fo blest a Sonne: A Sonne, who is the Theme of Honors tongue; Amongst a Groue, the very straightest Plant, Who is sweet Fortunes Minion, and her Pride: Whill I by looking on the prais of him, See Ryot and Dishonor flaine the brow Of my yong Harry. O that it could be proud, That some Night-tripping-Fairey, had exchang'd In Cradle-clothes, our Children where they lay, And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagent:
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine:  
But let it speak out from my thoughts: What think you Coxe?  
Of this young Perceis pride? The Prisoners  
Which he in this adventure hath surpriz'd,  
To his owne vfe he keeps, and sends me word  
I shall have none but Mordake Earle of Fife.  

Prift. This is his Vnckles teaching. This is Worcelter  
Malevolent to you in all Aspects:  
Which makes him prime himselfe, and bristle vp  
The creft of Youth against your Dignity.  
King. But I have sent for him to answer this:  
And for this caufe a while we must neglect  
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.  
Cofin, on Wednesday next, our Counsell we will hold.  
At Windsor, and to informe the Lords:  
But come your selfe with speed to vs againe,  
For more is to be said, and to be done,  
Then out of anger can be vstered.  

\textit{Wclt. I will my Liege.}  

\textit{Scena Secunda.}\n
\textbf{Enter Henry Prince of Wales, Sir John Falstaff, and Poince.}\n
Fal. Now Hal, what time of day is it Lad?  
Prince Thou hast to fast-witted with drinking of olde  
Sacke, and vnbuttoning thee after Supper, and sleeping  
upon Benches in the afternoon, that thou hast forgotten  
to demand that truely, which thou wouldest truly know.  
What a distil hast thou to do with the time of the day?  
Vnesse hours were cups of Sacke, and minutes Capons,  
And clocks the tongues of Brdes, and dialls the figures  
of Leaping-houses, and the blessed Sunne his selfe a fair  
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 moree me now Hal, for we that  
take Purits go by the Moone and leen Stares, and not  
by Phoebe hee, that wandring Knight to faire. And I  
pray thee sweet Wagge, when thou art King as God faie  
thy Grace, Mailey I should say, for Grace thou wilt have  
none.  
Prift. What, none?  
Fal. No, not so much as will serve to be Prologue to  
an Ege and Batter.  
Prift. Well, how then? Come roundly, roundly.  
Fal. Marry then, sweet Wagge, when thou art King,  
let not vs that are Squires of the Nights bodie, bee call'd  
Theaues of the Dayes beaute. Let vs be Diuerse Forre-  
fera, Gentlemen of the Shake, Minions of the Moone;  
and let men say, be we men of good Gouernment, being  
governed as the Sea is, by our noble and chaft mistris the  
Moone, vnder whose countenance we fleiue.  
Prift. Thou sayft well, and it holds well too: for the  
fortune of vs that are the Moones men, doth ebe and  
flow like the Sea, being governed as the Seas is, by the  
Moone: as for proofe. Now a Purit of Gold most rela-  
tely finch'd on Monday night, and most diffolutely  
spend on Tuesday Morning get with sweeting, Lay by:  
and spent with crying. Bring in now, in a low an ebe  
as the foot of the Ladder, and by and by in high a flow  
as the ridge of the Hallowes.  

Fal. Thou sayft true Lad: and is not my Hififie of  
The Taweme a moft sweet Wench?  
Prift. As is the hony, my old Lad of the Casile: and is  
not a Buffe Jerkin a moft sweet robe of durence?  
Fal. How now? how how mad Wagge? What in thy  
quiqs and thy quiddities? What a plague have I doe  
with a Buffe Jerkin?  
Prift. Why what a poxe haue I to doe with my Ho-  
ifie of the Taweme?  
Fal. Well, thou haft call'd her to a reckning many a  
time and off.  
Prift. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?  
Fal. No, Ile give thee thy due, thou hast paid al there.  
Prift. Yes and elsewhere, so farre as my Coine would  
stretch, and where it would not, I haue vs'd my credit.  
Fal. Yes, and so vs'd it, that were it here apparent,  
that thou art Heire apparent. But I prythee sweet Wag,  
Shall there be Gallowes standing in England when thou  
art King? and resolution thus sub'd as it is, with the ru-  
fic curbe of old Father Anticke the Law? Doe not thou  
when thou art a King hang a Theefe.  
Prift. No, thou shalt.  
Fal. Shall I? O rare! Ile be a braue Judge.  
Prift. Thou judgeth false already. I meane, thou shalt  
have the hanging of the Theeues, and to become a rare  
Hangman.  
Fal. Well Hal, well: and in some sort it lumps with my  
humour, as well as sitting in the Court, I can tell you.  
Prift. For obtaining of suits?  
Fal. Yes, for obtaining of suits, whereof the Hang-  
man hath to leane Wardrobe. I am as Melanchollie as a  
Gybe-Cat, or a lupp'd Beare.  
Prift. Or an old Lyon, or a Louters Lute.  
Fal. Yes, or the Drone of a Lincolnshire Bagpipe.  
Prift. What say'st thou to a Hare, or the Melanchollie  
of Moote Ditch?  
Fal. Thou haft the most vnsavoury smiles, and art in-  
deed the moft comparative rascalli sweet yong Prince.  
But Hal, I prythee trouble me no more with vacancy, I wol  
thou and I knew, where a Commodity of good names  
were to be bought: an olde Lord of the Counsell rated  
me the other day in the street about you for; but I mark'd  
him not, and yet hee talk'd very wilily, but I regarded  
him not, and yet he talkt wilily, and in the street too.  
Prift. Thou diest well for no man regards it.  
Fal. O, thou haft a damnable iteration, and art indeed  
able to corrupt a Saint. Thou haft done much harme vn-  
to me Hal, God forgive thee for. Before I knew thee  
Hal, I knew nothing: and now I am if a man shold speake  
truly little better then one of the wicked. I must give ot-  
er this life, and I will giue it ouer: and I do not, I am  
Villaine, Ile be dam'd for never a Kings sonne in Chri-  
tendome.  
Prift. Where shall we take a purtie to morrow, Jacke?  
Fal. Where thou wilt lad, Ile make one: and I doe  
not, call me Villaine, and bafille me.  
Prift. I see a good amendment of life in thee: From  
Praying, to Purie-taking.  
Fal. Why Hal, is thy Vocation Hal: 'Tis no sin for a  
man to labour in his Vocation.  
Poince. Now shall we know if Gods hill have set a  
Watch. Or, if men were to be faied by men, what hole  
in Hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omni-  
poerant Villaine, that euer cryed, stand, to a true man.  
Prift. Good morrow Ned.
Points. Good morrow sweet Hal, What sakes Mon- 

fieur Remorse? What laves Sir John Sacke and Sugar: 

lacke? How agrees the Duell and thee about thyly 

Soule, that thou soldeft him on Good-Friday last, for a Cup of 

Madera, and a cold Capons Legge? 

Prim. Sir John stands to the word, the duell shall 

have his basurige, for he was never yet a Breaker of Proverbs: 

He will give the duell his due. 

Prim. Then art thou damnd for keeping thy word with 

the duell. 

Prim. Else he had damnd for cozening the duell. 

Poy. But my Lands, my Lands, to morrow morning, by 

four a clocke early at Gads hill, there are Pilgrimes go- 

ting to Canterbury with rich Offers, and Traders rid- 

ing to London with fat Purves. I have vizards for you 

all; you have horses for your selues: Gads-hill lyes to 

night in Rochestre, I have bespoke Supper to morrow in 

Eastcheape; we may dect it secure as sleepe; if you will 

go, I will duffle your Purves full of Crowness: if you will 

not, tarry at home and be hanged. 

Fal. Heare ye Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not, 

Ile hang you for going. 

Poy. You will shops. 

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one? 


Prim. There's other honesty, manhood, nor good fel- 

owchip in thee, nor thou cam't not of the blood-royall, 

if thou darst not stand for ten shillings. 

Prim. Well then, once in my dayes Ile be a mad-cap. 

Fal. Why, that's well said. 

Prim. Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home, 

FAL. Ile be a Traitor then, when thou art King, 

Prim. I care not. 

Poyn. Sir John, I pray thee leave the Prince & me alone, 

I will lay him downe such reasons for this adventure, that 

he shall go. 

Fal. Well, maist thou haue the Spirit of persuation; 

and he the cares of prefting, that what thou speakest, 

may move; and what he heares may be beleued, that the 

true Prince, may,(for recreation fake) preue a faire theefe; 

for the poore abusles of the time, want countenance. Far- 

well, you shall finde me in Eastcheape. 

Prim. Farwell the latter Spring. Farwell Alhollow Summer. 

Poy. Now, my good sweet Heny Lord, ride with vs 

to morrow. I haue left to execute, that I cannot man- 

age alone. Falstaff, Hawney, Rofflell, and Gads-hill, 

shall robbe the men that wee haue already way-layde, 

our felie and I, will not be there: and when they haue the 

boote, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my 

shoulders. 

Prim. But how shall we part with them in letting forth? 

Poy. Why, we will fet forth before or after them, and 

appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our 

pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure uppon the 

exploit themselves, which they shall haue no sooner archie- 

ued, but wee'l set upon them. 

Prim. I, but us like that they will know vs by our 

horses,by our habits, and by euery other appointment to 

be our selues. 

Poy. But our horses they shall not see, Ile tye them in 

the wood, our vizards wee will change after wee leave 

them: and firrall, I haue Cafes of Buckram for the nonce, 

to immaske our noted outward garments. 

Prim. But I doubt they will be too hard for vs. 

Poy. Well,for two of them, I know them to bee as 

true bred Cowards as ever turn'd backe and for the third 

if he fight longer then he fees reson, Ile forswear Armes. 

The vertue of this left will be, the incomprehensible lyes 

that this fat Rogue will tell vs, when we meete at Supper: 

how thirty at least he fought with, what Wardes, what 

bassow, what extremities he endured; and in the reproofe 

of this, lyes the left. 

Prim. Well, Ile goe with thee, prouide vs all things 

necessary, and meete me to morrow night in Eastcheape, 

there Ile sup. Farewell. 

Poyn. Farewell, my Lord. 

Exit Points. 

Prim. I know you all, and will a-while vphold 

The vynsok'd humour of your idlefesse; 

Yetherein will I imitate the Sunne, 

Who doth permit the bate contagious coudes 

To smother vp his Beaty from the world, 

That when he pleafe againe to be himfelfe, 

Being wanted,he may be more wondred at, 

By breaking through the foule and vgy muffes 

Of vapours, that did feeme to strangle him. 

If all the yere were playing holidays, 

To sport, would be as tedious as to workes; 

But when they feldome come, they willife-for come, 

And nothing pleafeft but rare accidents. 

So when this loofe behauiour I throw off, 

And pay the debte I never promised. 

By how much better then my word, I am, 

By so much shall I falsifie mens hopes, 

And like bright Metall on a fullen ground: 

My reformation glittering o'the fault, 

Shall fliew more goodly, and attrach more eyes, 

Then that which hath no foyle to fee it off. 

Ile fo offend, to make offence a skill, 

Redecming time, when men think leaft I will. 

Scene Tertia. 

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worceslter, Hooipare, 
Sir Walter Blunt, and others. 

King. My blood hath beene too cold and temperate, 

Vnapt to flire at these indigines, 

And you haue found me; for accordingly, 

You tread vppon my patience: But be sure, 

I will from henceforth rather be my Selfe, 

Mighty, and to be fcar'd, then my condition 

Which hath beene smooth as Oyle, fof as yong Downe, 

And therefore loft that Title of repect, 

Which the proud foule me'ne payes, but to the proud, 

War. Our house (my Soueraigne Liege) little defires 

The scourge of greatness to be vied on it, 

And that fame greatness too, which our owne hands 

Have holpe to make fo portly. 

Nor. My Lord. 

King. Worceslter gethe thee gone: for I do fee 

Danger and disobedience in thine eye. 

O fit, your presence is too bold and peremptory, 

And Maifeifie might never yet endure 

The moody Frontier of a fentent brow, 

You have good leaue to leaue vs. When we need 

Your whe and counsell, we shall fend for you. 

You were about to speake. 

North. Yes, my good Lord. 

Those
Thofe Prisoners in your Highneffe demanded,  
Which Herry Percy here at Holmedon tooke,  
Were (as he fays) not with fuch strength denied  
As was delivered to your Majefly:  
Who either through envy or malprifon,  
Was guilty of this fault; and not my Sonne.  

**Hot.** My Liege, I did deny no Prisoners.  
But, I remember, when the fight was done,  
When I was dry with Rage, and extreme Toyle,  
Breathe, and Pint, leaning upon my Sword,  
Came there a certifie Lord, not and trimly drest;  
Fresh as a Bride-groom, and his Chiefe new rapt,  
Shed like a fubtle Land, Harueil home.  
He was perfum'd like a Milliner,  
And twist his Finger and his Thumbe, he held  
A Pouncet-box: which enter and anon  
He gave his Nose, and took away againe;  
Who there with angry, when it next came there,  
Tooke it in Suctoe. And think him fimm'd and talk'd:  
And as the Souldiers bare dead bodies by,  
He call'd them untaught Knaues, Vanity,  
To bring a flouery unhandsome Coarfe  
Betwixt the Windle, and his Nobility.  

With many Holiday and Lady trame  
His question'd me: Among the reft, demanded  
My Prisoners, in your Majefl's behalfe.  
I then, all-fmarling, with my wounds being cold,  
(To be fo prefer'd with a Papinge)  
Out of my Grete, and my Impatience,  
Answer'd (negligently) I know not what;  
He fhou'd, or should not: For he made me mad,  
To fee him shine to brisk, and liue to fweet,  
And talk fo like a Waiting-Gentle woman,  
Of Guns &Drum, and Wounds; God faue the maftie,  
And telling me, the Soueraigne thing on earth  
Was Parmacece, for an inward bruife:  
And that it was great pity, fo it was,  
That villainous Salt-pepper should be digg'd;  
Out of the Bowels of the harmefle Earth,  
Which many a good Tall Fellow had deftoy'd  
So Cowardly. And but for these vile Gunnes,  
He would himfelf have beene a Souldier.  
This bald, vnjoy'd Chat of his (my Lord)  
Made me to anfwert indirectly (as I faid,)  
And I beleefe you, let not this report  
Come currant for an Accufation,  
Betwixt my Lone, and your high Maieity.  

**Eliza.** The circumstance consider'd, good my Lord,  
What euer Harry Percy then had faid,  
To fuch a person, and in fuch a place.  
At fuch a time, with all the reft retain'd,  
May reasonably dye, and newer rife  
To do him wrong, or any way impeach  
What then he faid, fo he vnaft it now,  
King. Why yet doth deny his Prisoners,  
But with Pronoun and Exception,  
That we at our owne charge, fhall rafoname straight  
His Brother-in-Law, the foolish Mortimer,  
Who (in my foule) hath wilfully betrayer  
The liues of thofe, that he did leade to Fight,  
Againft the great Magitian, damn'd Glendower:  
Whole daughter (as we hear) the Earle of March  
Hath lately married. Shall our Cofters then,  
Be emptied, to redeem a Traitor home?  
Shall we buy Treaion: and indent with Enemies,  
When they have loft and fofteyd themfelves.  

No: on the barren Mountain he let him ferue:  
For I fhall never hold that man my friend,  
Whole tongue fhall ask me for one peney coft  
To rafoname home ravoluted Mortimer.  

**Hot.** Revoluted Mortimer?  
He never did fall off, my Soueraigne Liege,  
But by the chance of Warre: to prove that true,  
Needs no more but one tongue. For all thofe Wounds,  
Thofe mouthed Wounds, which valiantly he tooke,  
When on the gentle Soueraigne flidgie banke,  
In fingle Oppofition and to hand;  
He did confound the beft part of an hour  
In changing bedlament with great Glendower:  
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink  
Upon agreement, of ifrift Soueraigne flood;  
Who then affrighted with their bloody lookers,  
Ran fearfully among the trembling Reeds,  
And bid his ripe-head in the hollow banke,  
Blood-fain'd with thofe valiant Combatants,  
Never did fold and roten Policy  
Colour her working with fuch deadly wounds;  
Nor never could the Noble Mortimer  
Receive fo many, and all willingly:  
Then let him not be flain'd red with Revolte.  

**King.** Thou do'ft bely him Percy, thou doft bely him,  
He never did encounter with Glendower?  
I tell thee, he durft as well have meet the dill alone,  
As Owen Glendower for an enemy,  
Art thou not afham'd? But Sirrah, henceforth  
Let me not hear you speake of Mortimer,  
Send me your Prisoners with the speedieft meanes,  
Or you fhall hear in fuch a kinde from me  
At will dipealse ye. My Lord Northwaterland,  
We License your departure with your fonne,  
Send vs your Prisoners, or you'll hear of it.  

**Exit King.**  
**Hot.** And if the duell come and roare for them  
I will not fend them. I will after right  
And tell him fo: for I will cafe my heart,  
Although it be with hazard of my head.  

**Nor.** What drunk with cholferfly & paufe awhile,  
Here comes your Vnkle.  

**Enter Worcefter.**  

**Hot.** Speake of Mortimer?  
Yes, I will speake of him, and let my foule  
Want mercy, if I do not myne with him,  
In his behalfe, Ile emply all thefe Veines,  
And fhad my deere blood drop by drop in the duft,  
But I will lift the downfall Mortimer  
As high as Ayre, as this unthankfull King,  
As this Ingrate and Canfired Bullingbrooke.  

**Nor.** Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad  
**War.** Who froke thif heart vp after I was gone?  
**Hot.** He will (forfoorth) hate all my Prisoners:  
And when I g'ld the rafonome againe  
Of my Wifes Brother, then his checks look'd pale,  
And on my face he turned an eye of death,  
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.  

**War.** I cannot blame him: was he not proclaim'd  
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?  
**Nor.** He was; I heard the Proclamation,  
And then it was, when the vnhappy King  
(Whose wrongs in vs God pardon) did fet forth  
Upon his Irish Expedition:  
From whence he intercepted, did returne  
To be depo'd, and shortly murthered.  

**War.** And for whose death, we in the worlds wide mouth  
Lie scandaliz'd, and fouly spoken of.
Hey to the Crowne?
Nor. He did, my selfe did heare it.
Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his Cousin King,
That with him on the barren Mountains stood,
But shall I be, that you that set the Crowne
Upon the head of this forgotfull man,
And for his sake, wore the defeted blot
Of murtherous fabomination? Shall it be,
That you a world of cutties undergoe,
Being the Agents, or baile fecond mens,
The Cordes, the Ladders, or the Hangman rather?
O pardon, if that I defend so low,
To shew the Line, and the Predicament
Wherein you range under this subtil King,
Shall it be shon, be spoken in these dayes,
Or fall vp Chronicles in time to come,
That men of your Nobility and Power,
Did gage them both in an vnintend behave
(As Both of you, God pardon it, have done)
To put downe Richard, that sweete lovely Roffe,
And plant this Thorne, this Canker Bulgingbrooks?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discredited, and fenced off
By him, for whom these shames ye underwent?
No: yet time fereus, wherein you may redeeme
Your banish'd Honors, and restore your felaces
Into the good Thoughts of the world againe,
Reuenge the gering and disdain'd contempte
Of this proud King, who vndeservedly
and night
To answer all the Debt he owes vnto you,
Euen with the bloody Payment of your deaths:
Therefore I say——-

War. Peace Cousin, say no more.
And now I will vnveil a Secret booke,
And to your quicke conceyning Discontents,
Ile read you Matte's, depe and dangerous,
As full of peril and adversitious Spirit,
Asto o're-walks a Current, roaring loud
On the vndiscredit footing of a speare.
Hot. If the fallen in good night, or fine or swimme:
Send danger from the East into the West,
So Honor croffe it from the North to South,
And let them grasppe: The blood more threses
Torowze a Lyon, then to start a Hare.
Nor. Imagination of some great exploit,
Drives him beyond the bounds of Patience.

Hot. By heauen, me thinke it were an easie leap,
Topluccke bright Honor from the pale-fac'd Moone,
Or diue into the bottome of the deepes,
Where Fadome-line could never touch the ground,
And pluckle vp drowned Honor by the Lockes:
So that he doth redeem her thence, might weare
Without Co. full, all her Dignities:
But out of this halfe-fac'd Fellow ship.

War. He apprehends a World of Figures here,
But not the forme of what he should attend:
Good Cousin give me audience for a while,
And lift to me——-

Hot. I cry you mercy.

War. Thofe fame Noble Scottes
That are your Prisoners.

Hot. Ile keepe them all.
By heauen, he shal not have a Scot of them:
No, if a Scot would face his Soule, he shal not.
Enter a Carrier with a Lantern in his hand.

1. Car. Heigh-ho, aine be not four the day, Ile be hang'd, Charles maine is ouer the new chimney, and yet our horfe not packt. What Ofleter ?

Oft. Anon, anon.

1. Car. I prethee Tom, bane Cuts Saddle, put a few Flockes in the poine: the poore Iade is wrung in the withers, out of all cesse.

Enter another Carrier.

2. Car. Peace and Beasnes are as danke here as a Dog, and this is the next way to giute poore Iades the Bottes: This house is turned upside downe since Robin the Olfer dyed.

1. Car. Poore fellow, neuer joyn'd since the price of oats rise, it was the death of him.

2. Car. I think this is the most villainous house in all London ree for Fleas: I am flung like a Trench:

1. Car. Like a Trench? There is ne'ere a King in Chi-rfendome, could be better bit, then I have bene since the first Cocke.

2. Car. Why, you will allow vs ne'ere a Jourden, and then we leave in your Chimney: and your Chamber-lye breeds Fleas like a Loach.

1. Car. What Olfer, come alonge, and be hang'd; come away.

2. Car. I have a Gammon of Bacon, and two raizes of Ginger, to be deluered as farre as Charing-croffe.

1. Car. The Turks in my Paanier are quite flurred. What Olfer? A plague on thee, halst thou neuer an eye in thy head? Can'tt heare? And 'twerne not as good a deed as drinke, to break the pate of thee, I am a very Villaine. Come and be hang'd, halst no faith in thee?

Gad. Good-morrow Carriers, What's a clocke?

Car. I thinke it be two a clocke.

Gad. I prethee lend me thy Lanthorne to see my Gel-
ding in the stable.


Gad. I prethee lend me thine.

2. Car. I, when, canst tell? Lend mee thy Lanthorne (quoth-a) marry I lea thee hang'd first.

Gad. Sirra Carrier: What time do you mean to come to London?

2. Car. Time enong to goe to bed with a Candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbour Muggs, we'll call vp the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they have great charge.

Exit.

Enter Chamberlaine.

Gad. What ho, Chamberlaine?

Cham. At hand quoth Pick-purse.

Gad. That's even as faire, as at hand quoth the Chamberlaine: For thou variest no more from picking of Purses, then giuing direction, doth from labours. Thou lay the plot, how.

Cham. Good morrow Master Gad-Hill, it holds certain that I told you yefternight. There's a Franklin in the wilde of Kent, hath brought three hundred Markes with him in Gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at Supper; a kind of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too (God knowes what) they are vp already, and call for Egges and Butter. They will away prenty.

Gad. Sirra, if they meete not with S.Nicholas Clarks, Ile giue thee this necke.

Cham. No, Ile none of it; I prethee keep that for the Hangman, for I know thou worshipst S.Nicholas as truely as a man of faldowsh may.

Gad. What talkest thou to me of the Hangman! If I hang, Ile make a fat payre of Gallows. For, if I hang, old Sir John hangs with mee, and thou know'st hee's no Sarueling. Tut, there are other Troians that I dreamt not of, the which (for sport sake) are content to doe the Pofleffion some grace; that would (if matters should bee look'd into) for their owne Credit sake, make all Whole. I am eyonned with no Foot-land-Rakers, no Long-flaft six-penny strikers, none of these mad Muthachio-purple ho'd Malworms, but with Nobility, and Tranquilitie; Bourgoumsfars, and great Oneyes, such as can holde in, dance of charge too; and ifekee sooner then speake; and speake sooner then drinke, and drinke sooner then pray: and yet Iye, for they pray continually unto their Saint the Common-wealth; or rather, not to pray to her, but pray on herfor they ride vp & downe on her, and make her Boots.

Cham. What, the Commonwealthe their Boots? Will she hold out water in foute way?

Gad. She will, she will; Iffice hath liquord her. We steale as in a Castle, cockfuse: we have the receit of Fern-feede, we walke inuiful.

Cham. Nay, I think rather, you are more beholding to the Night, then to the Fern-feede, for your walking inuiful.

Gad. Give me thy hand.

Thou shalt have a share in our purpose, As I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let mee have it, as you are a fals Thieve.

Gad. Go too: Homo is a common name to all men. Bid the Olfer bring the Gelding out of the stable, Farewell, ye muddy Knase.

End.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prince, Poyne, and Petre.

Poyne. Come shelter, shelter, I have removed Falsaff Horle, and he frett’s like a gym’d Velvet.

Petre. Stand close.

Falsaff. Enter Falsaff.

Poyne. Prince, Poyne, and be hang’d Poyne.


Falsaff. What Poyne, Hal.

Poyne. He is walk’d vp to the top of the hill, let I go seek him.

Falsaff. I am accurst to rob in that Theeue company: that Raffall hath removed my Horle, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four feet by the squire further a foot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to dye a faire death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that Rogue, I hate forsworn this company hourly any time this two and twenty years; & yet I am bewitch’d with the Rogue company. If the Raffall have not given me medicines to make me love him, I lie behang’d, I could not be efe; I hate drunke Medicines. Poyne, Hal, a Plague upon you both. Bardolph, Poyne: He flauce ere I rob a foote further. And ‘twere not so good a deed as to drinke, to turne True-man, and to leave thee Rouges. I am the veriest Varlet th’ater chewed with a Tooth. Eight yards of even ground, is threefere & ten miles afoot with me; and the flony-hearted Villanes know it well-enough. A plague vp’n; when Theeues cannot be true one to another. They whisme. Whew! a plague light upon you all. Give my Horle you Rouges: give me my Horle, and be hang’d.

Prince. Peace ye fat guttie, yke downe, lay thine eare close to the ground, and lift if thou canst here the tread of Travellers.

Falsaff. Haue you say Leaunters to lift me vp again being downe? I liet not beare mine owne flesh so far afoot again, for all the coine in thy Paters Exchequer. What a plague meane ye to colt me thus?

Prince. Thou lyf, thou art not colt’d, thou art uncolted.

Falsaff. I prethee good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good Kings be one.

Prince. Ought you Rouges, shall I be your Otter?

Falsaff. Go hang thy selfe in thine owne heire-apparent Garters: If I be tane, Ie peak for this: and I have not Ballads made on all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a Cup of Sacke be my poyson: when a left is so forward, & a foote too, I hate it.

Enter Gods-hill.

God’s-hill.

Falsaff. So do against my will.

Poyne. O’tis our Setter, I know his voice.

Bardolph, what newses?

Bar. Cafe ye, cafe ye: on with your Wizards, there’s many of the Kings comming downe the hill, ’tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

Falsaff. You lie your rogue, ’tis going to the Kings Tauer.

God. There’s enough to make vs all.

Falsaff. To he hang’d.

Prince. You torture shall front them in the narrow Lane; Ned and I, will walke lower; if they scape from your encounter, then they light on vs.

Poyne. But how many be of them?

God. Some eight or ten.

Falsaff. Will they not rob vs?

Prince. What, a Coward Sir John Paunch?

Falsaff. Indeed I am not John of Gaunts your Grandfather but yet no Coward, Hal.

Prince. We’ll leave that to the poore.

Poyne. Sirra Jacke, thy horses stands behind the hedge, when thon need it him, there thou shalt finde him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Falsaff. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang’d.

Poyne. Ned, where are our disguises?

Petre. Here hard by: Stand close.

Poyne. Now my Masters, happy man be his dole, say I every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

Trav. Come Neighbor: the boy shall leade our Horses downe the hill: We’ll walke a-foot a while, and case our Legges.

Trustees. Stay.

Trav. I tell thee be afffe.

Poyne. Strile down with them, cut the villains throats; a whorsion Caterpillars: Basou-fed knaues, they hate vs youth; downe with them, sleee them.

Trustees. O, we are vndone, both we and ours for euer.

Falsaff. Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are you vndone? No ye Fat Chuffes, I would your floure were here. On Bascons on, what ye knaues? Yong men muult liute, you are Grand turers, are ye? We llure ye icith, where they rob them and bindeth them.

Prince. The Theeues have bound the Trustees; now could thou and I rob the Theeues, and go merily to London, it would be argument for a Weeke, Laughers for a Moneth, and a good jest for euer.

Poyne. Stand close, I bear them comming.

Enter Theeues again.

Falsaff. Come my Masters, let vs share, and then to horse before day: and the Prince and Poynes bed not two stand Cowards, there’s no equity flirring, There’s no more valour in that Poynes, than in a wilde Ducke.

Poyne. Your money.

Poyne. Villains.

As they are shining the Prince and Poynes sit upon them. They all run away, leaving the boots behind them.

Prince. Got with much eafe. Now merry to Horle. The Theeues are featred, and poiffet with fear so strongly, that they dare not meet each other; each takes his fellow for an Officer. A way good Ned, Falsaffe sweates to death, and Lards the leane earth as he walke along without not for laughing; I should pity him.

Poyne. How the Rouge roard.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Hostesfawe fulse reading a Letter.

But for mine owne part, my Lord, I would be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.
Enter the 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 banih'd woman from my Harries bed? Tell me (sweet Lord) what is't that takes from thee Thy fomacke, pleafure, and thy golden fleep? Why doft thou bend thine eyes upon the earth? And fane fo often when thou feft it alone?

Why fuch? and wherefore?

And grant my recoveries and my rights of thee, To-thecy-ey'd maufing, and curf melancholy? In my faint-flammers, I by thee have watcht, And heard thee namaste cales of Iron Warres: Speakst earneft of manage to thy bounding Steed, Cry courage to the field. And thou haft talk'd Of Sallies, and Retires; Trenches, Tents, Of Palizadoes, Fronteras, Parapets, Of Bulifhines, of Canon, Culterin, Of Prifone's ranfome, and of Sou'diers flaine, And all the currents of a heady fight.

Thy spirit within thee hath become so at Warre, And thus hath feifi'd thee in thy fleepes, That beds of weare hath flood upon thy Brow, Like bubbles in a late-disturbed Streame; And in thy face strange motions have appear'd, Such as we fee when men refraine their breath On some great foadaine hate. O what portents are these? Some benviffled hath my Lord in hand, And I must know it: elfe he fhoule me not.

Hot. What ho? Is Giilliam with the Packer gone?

Ser. He is my Lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought thofe horses for the Sheriffe?

Ser. One horfe, my Lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What Horfe? A Roane, a crop care, is it not, Ser. It is my Lord.

Hot. That Roane fhall be my Throne. Well, I will backe him fraught. Efternaue, bid Butter lead him forth into the Parke.

La. But how, you my Lord.

Hot. What fayet thou my Lady?

La. What is it carrieth you away?

Hot. Why, my horfe (my Lord) my horfe.

La. Out you mad-headed Ape, a Weazell hath not such a deal of Spleene, as you are soft with. In foon he know your buifie Aarry, that I will. I feare my Brother Mortimer doth fioure about his Title, and hath fent for you to line his enterprize. But if you go——

Hot. So faire a foot, I fhall be weary, Loue.

La. Come, come, you Paraquito, anwer me directly into this queftion, that I fhall ask. Indeed I break thy little finger Aarry, if thou wilt not tel me true.

Hot. Away, away you trifleri: Loue, I loue thee not, I care not for thee Kate: this is no world To play with Marmaters, and to tilt with lips.

We muff have bloody Noifes, and crack'd Crownes, And paffe them cuvant too. Gods me, my horfe.

What fayet thou Kate what would thou have with me?

La. Do ye not love me? Do ye not indeed?

Well, do not then. For hence you love me not, I will not loue thy felte. Do you not loue me?

Nay, tell me if thou speak'st it in truth or no.

Hot. Come, will thou fie me ride?

And when I am a horfe-backe, I will fwear I loue thee infinitely. But heare you Kate, I muff not have you henceforth, queftion me, Whether I go: nor reafon whereabout.

Whether I muf't, I muf't: and to conclude,

This Evenung muff I leafe thee, gentle Kate.

I know you wife, but yet no further wife

Then Harry Percy's wife. Conflant you are,

But yet a woman: and for fercecles,

No Lady clofre. For I will beleue

Thou wilt not viter what thou doft not know,

And fo faire will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

La. How to fhare,

Hot. Not an inch further. But harke ye Kate, Whither I go, thisher fhall you go too:

To day will I fet forth, to morrow you.

Will this content you Kate?

La. It muff of force.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Prince and Pointes.

Prin. Ned, prethee come out of that fat roome, & lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Pointes. Where hail bene Hall?

Prin. With three or foure Logger-heads, amongst 3.

fourfoure Hogheads. I haue lound the verie baie string of humanity. Sira, I am sworn brother to a leath of Drawers, and can call them by their names, as Tom, Dick, and Frances, They take it already vpon their confidence, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet am I the King of Caturefale, and I am not afraid lack like Falstaff, but a Cramidon, a lad of merte, a good boy, and when I am King of England, I Shall command all the good Laddes in East-cheape. They call drinking deep, drying Scarlet; and when you breathe in your watercing, then they
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

... they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficent in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any Tinker in his owne Language during my life. I tell thee Ned, thou hast loth much honor, that thou wert not with me in this action: but sweet Ned, I do sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this penworth of Sugar, clap even now into my hand by an under Shinkler, one that neuer spoketh other English in his life, then with a yell saluting and pike peace, and, you are welcome; with this thril addition, Anon, Anon sir, Score a Pint of Baflard in the Half House, or to. But Ned, to drive away time till Falstaff come, I pray thee do thou stand in some by-roome, while I question my puny Drawer, to what end bee gave me the Sugar, and do neuer leasse calling Francis, that his Tale to mee may be nothing butt, Anon: step aside, and Ile shew thee a President.

**Points.**

**Pan.** Thou art perfect.

**Pan.** Francis. Enter Drawer.

**Fram.** Anon, anon sir; looke downe into the Pomgarnet, Kate.

**Prince.** Come hither Francis.

**Fram.** My Lord.

**Fram.** How long haft thou to seuer, Francis?

**Fram.** Foroofth flute yeares, and as much as to—

**Pan.** Francis.

**Fram.** Anon, anon sir.

**Pan.** Five yeares: Betady a long Leave for the clinking of Peate. But Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, & shew it a faire pairre of heele, and run from it?

**Fram.** O Lord sir, Ile be sworne upon all the Books in England, I could finde in my heart.

**Pan.** Francis.

**Fram.** Anon, anon sir.

**Pan.** How old art thou, Francis?

**Pan.** Let me fee, about Michaelmas next I shalbe—

**Pan.** Francis.

**Fram.** Anon sir, pray you slay a little, my Lord.

**Pan.** Nay but harke you Francis, for the Sugar thou gauest me, I was a penworth, was not?

**Fram.** O Lord sir, I would it had bene two.

**Pan.** I will giue thee for a thousand pound: Ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

**Pan.** Francis.

**Fram.** Anon, anon.

**Pan.** Francis? No Francis, but to thornow Francis: or Francis, on thurfsday: or indeed Francis when thou wilt. But Francis.

**Fram.** My Lord.

**Pan.** Wilt thou rob this Leathene Jerkin, Chriftall button, Not-paide, Agat ring, Puke flocking, Caddice garter, Smooth tongue, Spanish pouth.

**Fram.** O Lord sir, who do you mean?

**Pan.** Why then your browne Baflard is your onely drinker: for longe you Francis, your white Canaus dooble-let will fullly. In Barbary sir, it cannot come to so much.

**Fram.** What sir?

**Pan.** Francis.

**Pan.** Away you Rogue, doth thou heare them call? Here they both call him, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.

**Vint.** What, stand art thou still, and hearst such a cal-

...
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 drunken to day.

Prince. O Villaine, thy Lippes are scarce wip'd, since thou drunkest last.

Falstaff. All's one for that, he drinks.

A plague of all Cowards still, say I.

Prince. What's the matter?

Falstaff. What's the matter? here be four of us, hane <t:0>ane</t:0> a thousand pound this Morning.  

Prince. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Falstaff. Where is it? taken from vs, it is: a hundred upon fourr four of vs.  

Prince. What, a hundred, man?

Falstaff. I am a Rogue, if I were not at halfe Sword with <t:0>a dozen</t:0> of them two hours togeater. I have seaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the Dobler, fourr through the Hole, my Buckler cut through and through, my Sword hatch like a Hand-saw, eccs signum. I neuer dealt better since I was a man: all would not doe.  

A plague of all Cowards: let them speake; if they speake more or lees then truth, they are villains, and the lounes of darknesse.  

Prince. Speake first, how was it?

God. We foure let upon foure dozen.  

Falstaff. Sixtene, at leaft, my Lord.

God. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Falstaff. You Rogues, they were bound, every man of them, or I am a lew elfe, an Ebrew Iew.

God. As we were thating, some fie or euern fresth men set upon vs.

Falstaff. And inbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prince. What, fought ye with them all?

Falstaff. All? I know not what ye call all: but if I fought no with fifte of them, I am a bunch of Raphit: if there were not two or three and fifte upon poore olde Jack, then am I not two-legg'd a Creature.

Pate. Pray Heauen, you have not murthered some of them.

Falstaff. Nay, that's paft praying for, I have pepper'd two of them: Two I am sure I haue payed, two Rogues in Buckrom Sutes. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a Lye, spit in my face, call me Harfo: thou knowest my olde word: here I lay, and thus I bore my point; foure Rogues in Buckrom let drinke at me.

Prince. What foure thou sayd it but two, euery now.

Falstaff. Fourre Hal, I told thee foure.

Pate. I, he sayd foure.

Falstaff. Thir foure came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me: I made no more ado, but tooke all their feuen points in my Target, thus.

Prince. Seuen by whythere were but foure, euery now.

Falstaff. In Buckrom.

Pate. I, foure, in Buckrom Sutes.

Falstaff. Seuen, by thefe Hils, or I am a Villaine elfe.

Pate. Prethee let him alone, we shall haue more anon.

Falstaff. Doest thou heare me, Hal?

Pate. I'nd marke thee too, Jack.

Falstaff. Doe fo, for it is worth the lifting too: thefe nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Trin. So, two more alreadie.

Falstaff. Their Points being broken.

Pate. Downe fell his Hole.

Falstaff. Began to give me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand, and with a thought, fewne of the euemen I payd.

Prince. O monstrous! euemen Buckrom men grewne out of two?

Falstaff. But as the Deuill would haue it, three mid-be-gotten Knaues, in Kendall Greene, came at my Back, and let drinke at me; for it was so darke, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy Hand.

Prince. Thefe Lyes are like the Father that begers them, groffe as a Mountaine, open, palpable. Why thou Chay-bray'n d Guts, thou Knotty-pated Foole, thou Horfon ob-scene greffe 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 Hand? Come, tell vs thy reason: what sayst thou to this?

Pate. Come, your reasan Jack, your reason.

Falstaff. What, upon compulsion? No: were I at the Strappado, or all the Racks in the World, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion? It Restons were as plentie as Black-berries, I would give you a reason upon compulsion.

Prince. Ile be no longer guiltie of this faine. This fanguine Coward, this Bed-prefer, this Horf-back-breaker, this huge Hill of Fieflh.


Prince. Well, breath a-while, and then to take again; and when thou haft yr'd thy felie in base comparions, hear me speake but thus.

Pate. Mark the brand.

Pate. We two, saw you foure set on foure and bound them, and were Maffers of their Wealth: I mark now how a plaine Talfe shall put you downe. Then did we two, set on you foure, and with a word, outide you from your prize, and hauie it: yea, and can fine you in the Houfe. And if ye escape, you carred your Guts away as nimibly, with as quicke dexteritie, and rost for mercy, and still ranne and roat'd, as ever I heard Ball-Caffe. What a Slace art thou, to hacke thy Word as thou haft done, and then say it was in fight. What trick? what deceits? what flarting hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant flame?

Pate. Come, let's hear Jacke: What trickke haft thou now?

Falstaff. I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why heare ye my Maffers, was it for to make the Heure apparant? Should I turne upon the true Prince? Why, thou knowesti I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware Infinid, the Lion will not touch the true Prince: Infinid is a great matter. I was a Coward in Infinid: 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 hauie the Mony. Holleffe, clap to the doorest watch to night, pray to morrow. Gallants, Lads, Boys, Harts of Gold, all the good Titles of Fellowship came to you. What, shall we be merry? shall we have a Play expository.

Pate. Content, and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Falstaff. No more of that Hall, and thou loucest me,

Enter Holfclfe.

Holfclfe. My Lord, the Prince?
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Prin. How now my Lady the Hoiteff, what sayst thou to me?

Hoiteff. Marry, my Lord, there is a Noble man of the Court at doore would speake with you: hee fayes, he comes from your Father.

Prin. Give him as much as will make him a Royall man, and fend him backe againe to my Mother.

Falf. What manner of man is hee?

Hoiteff. An old man.

Falf. What thinkst thou Gratoul out of his Bed at Midnight?

Shall I guesse him his answer?

Prin. Preethee doe Jace.

Falf. Faith, and He fend him packeing. Exit.

Prince. Now Sirs: you fough't faire; fo did you Pete, fo did you Bardel: you are Lyon too, you rann away upon inffint: you will not touch the true Prince, no, fie.

Bard. Faith, I fann when I faw others runne.

Prin. Tell mee now in earneft, how came Falfaffes Sword fo hackt?

Pete. Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and faide, hee would fwear teefe truth out of England, but hee would make you beleefe it was done in fight, and perfwaded vs to doe the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our Nose with Spear-graff, to make them bleed, and then to belflubber our garments with it, and teefe it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this feuen yeeres before, I blifht to heare his monftrous deceits.

Prin. O Villaine, thoufalt left a Cup of Sack eigh teene yeeres a-go, and were taken with the manner, and euer fince thou haft bloft or contempt: thou haft tife and fword on thy fides, and yet thou ranft away; what infinf hadft thou for it?

Bard. My Lord, do you fee these Meteors? do you behold these Exhalations?

Prin. I doe.

Bard. What thinke you they porent?

Prin. Hot Liuers, and cold Purfes.

Bard. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, Halter.

Enter Falfaffes.

Here comes leane Jacke, here comes bare-bone. How now my sweet Creature of Bomball, how long is't agoe, Jacke, since thou fawf't thine own Knee?

Falf. My owne Knee? When I was about thy yeeres (Had) I was not an Eagles Talent in the Waffe, I could haue crepte into any Aldermans Thumbe-Ring; a plaghe of fighting and griefe, it blowes a man vp like a Bladder. There's villainous Newes abroad; heere was Sir John Birdy from your Father; you must goe to the Court in the Morning. The fame mad fellow of the North, Percy; and hee of Wales, that gate Amanon the Bafinado, and made Lucifer Cuckold, and swore the Deuil his true Liege-man upon the Croffe of a Welch-hooke; what a plaghe call you him?

Pain. O, Glemouwer.

Falf. Owen, Owen; the fame, and his Sonne in Law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and the sprightly Sco of Scots, Dowglas, that runnes a Horfe-backe vp a Hill perpendicular.

Prin. Hee that rides at high speede, and with a Piftole kills a Sparrow flying.

Falf. You have hit it.

Prin. So did he neuer the Sparrow.

Falf. Well, that Ralcol hath good mettall in him, hee will not runne.

Prin. Why, what a Ralcol art thou then, to praffe him so for running?

Falf. A Horfe-backe (ye Cuckoe) but a foothee will not budge a foot.

Prin. Yes Jacke, upon infinf.

Falf. I grant ye, upon infinf: Well, hee is there too, and one Chordake, and a thousand blow-Cappes more.

Worcefter is gone away by Night: thy Fathers Beard is turned white with the Newes; you may buy Land now as cheape as flinking Mascrell.

Prin. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sunne, and this ciuill buffeting hold, wee shall buy Maiden-heads as they buy Hob-nayles, by the Hundred.

Falf. By the Maffe Lad, thou fay'st true, it is like wee shall have good trading that way. But tell me Hal, art not thou horrible afraid? thou being Heire apparrant, could the Word picke thee out three such Enemies a-gaine, as that Fiend Dowglas, that Spirit Percy, and that Deuil Blackadder? Art not thou horrible afraid? Doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prin. Not a whit: I lacke some of thy infinf.

Falf. Well, thou wilt be horrible childe to morrow, when thou committ to thy Father: if thou doe loue me, practise answere.

Prin. Doe thou fland for my Father, and examine mee upon the particulars of my Life.

Falf. Shall I? content: This Chayre shall be my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cushion my Crowne, for a pittifull bad Crowne.

Prin. Thy State is taken for a Loyndl-Stooyle, thy Golden Scepter for a Leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crowne, for a pittifull bad Crowne.

Falf. Well, and the fire of Grace be not quite out of thee now: hee thou be moued. Give me a Cup of Sack to make mine eyes looke redder, that it may be thought I have wept, for I muft speake in passion, and I will doe it in King Cambyfes vaine.

Prin. Well, here is my Legge.

Falf. And here is my speech: stand aside Nobilitie, Falfaffes, This is excellent sport, yfath.

Falf. Weepe not, sweet Queene, for trickling tears are vaine.

Hoiteff. O the Father, how hee holds his countenance.

Falf. For Gods sake Lords, conuoy my truftfull Queene, For teares doe stop the fliuets-gates of her eyes.

Hoiteff. O rare, doth it do theit of one of the harlotry Players, as ever I fee.

Falf. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good Tickle-braine. Harry, I doe not only maruell where thou spendeft thy time; but alfo, how thou art accompanied: For though the Camomile, the more it is troden, the fatter it growes; yet Youte, the more it is wafted, the sooner it weares. Thou art my Sonne: I have partly thy Mothers Word, partly my Opinion; but chiefly, a villainous tricke of thine Eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether Lippe, that doth warrant me. If then thou be Sonne to mee, heere lyeth the point: why, being Sonne to mee, art thou so poyneted at? Shall the bleffed Sonne of Heauen proue a Gichter, and eate Black-berryes? a question not to bee askt. Shall the Sonne of England proue a Theefe, and take Purfes? a question to be askt. There is a thing, Harry, which thou haft often heard of, and it is knoune to many.
many in our Land, by the Name of Pitch: this Pitch (as ancient Writers doe report) doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for Harry, now I do not speak to thee in Drinke, but in Teares; not in Pleasure, but in Passion; not in Words only, but in Words also: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his Name.

Prince. What manner of man, and it like your Majestie?

Falstaff. A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a chearfull Lookes, a pleasing Eye, and a most noble Carriage, and as I thinkke, his age some fiftie, or (byrd byd) inclining to three score; and now I remember mee, his Name is Falstaff: if that man should be lawfully guen, hee deceives mee; for Harry, I see Virtue in his Lookes. If then the Tree may be knowne by the Fruit, as the Falstaff, then peremptorily I speake it, there is Virtue in that Falstaff: hee keeps with the reft banifh. And tell mee now, though naughte Varie, tell mee, where halfe thou beene this moneth?

Prince. Do'th thou speake like a King? doe thou stand for mee, and Ile play my Father.

Falstaff. Depose me: if thou do'lt halfe so gravely, so matterfully, both in word and matter, hang me vp by the heels for a Rabble-fucker, or a Poulterer Hare. Well, here I am fet.

Falstaff. And here I stand: I judge my Masters.

Prince. Now Harry, whence comest thou?


Prince. The complaints I heare of thee, are grievous.

Falstaff. Yfaith, my Lord, they are falle: Nay, Ile tackle ye for a young Prince.

Prince. Swarest thou, vngracious Boy? henceforth ne're looke on mee: thou art violently carried away from Grace; there is a Descuill haunts thee, in the likenes of a fat old Man; a Tunne of Man is thy Companion: Why do'st thou converse with that Trunk of Humors, that Bouling-Hutch of Beattinelle, that twlle Parell of Dropes, that huge Bombard of Sacke, that fift Cloake-bagge of Guns, that roapest Manning Tree Ox with the Pudding in his Belly, that reuerend Vice, that grey Iniquitie, that Father Ruffian, that Vanity in yearest where-in is he good, but to take Sacke, and drink it? wherein is he merry, and cleanly, but to cause a Canon, and eat it? wherein is he cunning, but in Craft? wherein Craftie, but in Villenie? wherein Villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Falstaff. I would your Grace would take mee with you: whom meanes your Grace?

Prince. That villanous abominable mis-leader of Youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Sathan.

Falstaff. My Lord, the man I know.

Prince. I knowe thou do'lt.

Falstaff. But to say, I know more harme in him then in my selfe, were to say more then I know. That hee is old (the more the pittie) his white hayres doe witness it: but that he is (faung your reverence) a Whore-maister, that I verily deny. If Sacke and Sugar bee a fault, Heaven helpe the Wicked: if to be old and merry, be a crime, then many an old Hoit that I know, is damn'd: if to be fat, to be beated, then Pharaoh leane Kins are to be loued. No my good Lord, banish Pete, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweete Jacke Falstaff, kindle Jacke Falstaff, true Jacke Falstaff, valiant Jacke Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being as hee is old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harryes companies, banish not him thy Harryes companies; banish plumpem Lacke, and banish all the World.

Prince. I doe, I will.

Enter Bardolph running.

Bard. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sherife, with a most most monstrous Watch, is at the doore.

Falstaff. Out you Rogues, play out the Play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Enter the Hoffestee.

Hoffestee. O, my Lord, my Lord.

Falstaff. Heigh, heigh, the Deuill rides upon a Fiddle-flicker: what's the matter?

Hoffestee. The Sherife and all the Watch are at the doore: they are come to search the House, shall I let them in?

Falstaff. Do'th thou heare Hal, never call a true prece of Goldia Countereffe: thou art effenially made, without seeming fo.

Prince. And thou a natural Coward, without inquietie.

Falstaff. I denote your Master: if you will deny the Sherife, so: if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: I hope I shall alone be strangled with a Halter, as another.

Prince. Go hide thee behind the Artes, the rest walke vp aboue. Now my Masters, for a true Face and good Confidence.

Falstaff. Both which I haue had: but their date is out, and therefore Ile hide me.

Prince. Call in the Sherife.

Enter Sherife and the Carrier.

Prince. Now Master Sherife, what is your Will with mee?

Sherife. Pardon me, my Lord. A Horse and Cry hath followed certaine men into this house.

Prince. What man?

Sherife. She. One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a groffe fat man.

Carrier. As fat as Butter.

Prince. The man, I doe asseure you, is not here, For my selfe at this time haue employ'd him: And Sherife, I will engage my word to thee, That I will by to morrow Dinner time, Send him to anfwere thee, or any man, For any thing he shall be charg'd withall: And fo let me entreat you, leave the house.

Sherife. I will, my Lord: there are two Gentlemen Haue in this Robberie lost three hundred Marks.

Prince. It may be so: if hee haue rob'd thele men, He shall be answerable: and so farewell.

Sherife. Good Night, my Noble Lord.

Prince. I think it is good Morrow, is it not?

Sherife. Indeeede, my Lord, I thinke it be two a Clocke, 

Prince. This only Rascal is knowne as well as Poules; goe call him forth, 

Pete. Falstaffe! faft asleepe behind the Artes, and snorting like a Horse.

Prince. Harke, how hard he fetches breath: search his Pockets.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Lord Mortimer, Owen Glendower.

Mort. These promises are faire, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hotsp. Lord Mortimer, and Cousin Glendower,
Will you fit downe?

And Vackle Worcester; a plague upon it,
I have forgot the Mappe.

Glend. No, here it is:

Six Cousin Percy, fit good Cousin Hotspur:
For by that Name, as oft as Lancashire doth speak of you,
His Checkes looke pale, and with a ruffing figh,
He witheth you in Heauen.

Hotsp. And you in Hell, as oft as he heares Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: At my Natuirtie,
The front of Heauen was full of fiere shapes,
Of burning Greffets: and at my Birth,
The frame and foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a Coward.

Hotsp. Why so it would have done at the same season,
if your Mothers Cat had but kitten'd, though your 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 suppoze, as fearing you, it shooke.

Glend. The Heauens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

Hotsp. Oh, then the Earth shooke
To see the Heauens on fire,
And not in feste of your Natuirtie,
 Diseased Nature oftentimes breaks forth
In frange eruption; and the teeming Earth
Is with a kinde of Collick pinchet and vex,
By the imprisoning of vntuly Winde
Within her Womb: which for enlargement frigtin,
Shakes the old Beldame Earth, and tumbles downe

Steeppes, and mossie-grownne Towers. At your Birtch,
Our Grandam Earth, haung this distemperature,
In passion shooke.

Glend. Cousin: of many men
I do not bate these Crowlings: Give me leave
To tell you once againe, that at my Birth
The front of Heauen was full of fiere shapes,
The Gostes came from the Mountains, and the Heards
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields:
These figures haue markt me extraordinary,
And all the courses of my Life doe fiew,
I am not in the Roll of common men.
Where is the Luing, clipt in with the Sea,
That chides the Bankes of England, Scotland, and Wales,
Which calls me Pupill, or hath read me to?
And bring him out, that is but Womans Sonne,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of Art,
And hold mepace in deep experiments.

Hotsp. I think there's no man speaks better Welsh
1le to Dinner.

Mort. Peace Cousin Percy, you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call Spirits from the vaffie Deeepe.

Hotsp. Why to can I, or so can any man:

But will they come, when you doe call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee, Cousin, to command the
Deuill.

Hotsp. And I can teach thee, Cousin, to frame the Deuill,
By telling truth. Tell truth, and frame the Deuill,
If thou haue power to rayfe him, bring him hither,
And Ile be sworn, I haue power to frame him hence.
Oh, while thou liue, tell truth, and frame the Deuill.

Mort. Come, come, no more of this unprofitable Chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bullingbrooke made head
Against my Power: thrice from the Banks of Wyre,
And fancy-bottom'd Seuerne, haue I hent him
Bootless home, and Weather-beaten backe,

Hotsp. Home without Bootes,
And in foule Weather too,
How feapes he Agues in the Deuill's name?

Glend. Come, here's the Mappe:
Shall wee diuide our Right,
According to our three-fold order tane?

Mort. The Arch-Deacon hath diuided it
Into three Limits, very equally:
England, from Trent, and Seuerne,bitherto,
By South and East, is to my part assigned.
All Westward, Wales, besides the Seuerne shore;
And all the fertile Land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower: And deare Couze, to you
The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent,
And our Indentures Tripartite are drawne:
Which being seal'd enterchangeably,
(A Businesse that this Night may execute)

To morrow, Cousin Percy, you and I,
And my good Lord of Worcester, will fet forth,
To meete your Father, and the Scottish Power,
As is appointed vs at Shrewsbour.

My Father Glendower is not readie yet,
Nor shal we see neede his helpe these foureteene days:
Within that space, you may haue drawne together
Your Tenants,Friends, and neibouring Gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, Lords:
From whom you now must steale, and take no leave,
For there will be a World of Water shed,
Vpon the parling of your Wines and you.
Hoit. I'm think my Mouty, from Burton here.
In quantit yequal not one of yours.
See, how this Rider comes, the swinging in.
And cour I from the hall, and Mouse in.
A huge balle Mouse, a magnificent Candelbeer.
He hau the Curtan in the place, dam'd so.
And here the smog and Slik Trent shall reume.
In a new Channel, faire and evenly.
It shall not winde with such a depe indent.
To rob me of so much better, wherefore.

Gled. Not winde? shall it, must, you feit doth.
Mort. Yes, but mark he hows his course barne.
And runnes me vp, with like a daurance on the other side,
Gelding the opposed Continent as much,
As on the other side it takes from you.

Worc. Yes, but a little Charge will trench him here,
And on this North side vpon this Cape of Land.
And then he runnes straight and even.

Hoit. Ile hau te, a little Charge will doe it.
Gled. Ile not hau it alter'd.
Hoit. Will not you?

Gled. No, nor you shall not.
Mort. Why, who shall say any?
Gled. Why, who shall say any?

Mort. Let me not understand you there, please it in Welly.
Gled. I can speake English, lord, as well as your.
For I was traued vp in the English Court.
Where, being but young, I framed to the Harpe
Many an English Ditty, louely well,
And gaue the Tongue a helpfull Ornament;
A Verse that was never feepe in you.

Hoit. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart,
I had rather be a Kitten, and cry new,
Then one of these fame Meeter Ballad-mongers:
I had rather heare a Brazen Candileth turn'd,
Or a dry Wheel grace on the Axle-tree,
And that would let my teeth nothing an edge,
Nothing so much, as mincing Poesie.
'Tis like the forer gate of a blushing Maggie.

Gled. Come, you shall hau Trent turn'd.

Hoit. I doe not care: Ile guue thrice too much Land.
To your defiring from your friend.
But in the way of Bargaine, make ye me,
Ile caull on the ninth part of a hayre.
Are the Indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

Gled. The Moone shines faire,
You may away by Night.
Ile hau the Writer, and withall,
Breake with your Wites, of your departace hence:
I am afraid my Daughter will runne madde,
So much fire doth on her Mortimer.

Mort. Fie, Cousin Percy, how you croffe my Father.

Hoit. I cannot chuse: sometime he angers me,
With telling me of the Modlearpe and the Ant,
Of the Dreamer Merlin, and his Prophesies.
And of a Dragon, and a fine-latte Fal.
A clip-wing'd Griffin, and a moultene Raven.
Aouching Lyon, and a ramping Cat.
And such a daule of Sable-samble Stuffe.
As puts me from my Path: I tell you what.
He held me last Night, at least nine houres.
In reckoning vp the Generall Deuils Names;
That were his Lacyques:

I cry'd hau, and well, goe too,
But mark'd him not a word. O, he is so tedious.
As a slyed Horie, a layling Wife,
Wroth then a flameke Horse. I had rather be
With Cheefc and Garlick in a Windsifl farre,
Then seele on Cates, and have him talkle, me,
In any Summer-Houfe in Christendome.

Mort. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman.
Exceeding well read, and profited,
In strange Concealements:
Valiant as a Lyon, and wondrous affable,
And as beautifull, as Mynees of India.
Shall I tell you, Cousin,
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And eues himfelfe, even of his natural scope.
When you doe croffe his humor: faith he does,
I warrant you, this man is not aline.
Might fo have tempred him, as you have done,
Without the taste of danger, and reprooue;
But doe not ye it of, let me entreat you.

Worc. 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 multeedes leaue Lord, to and this fadit.
Though some here, it is a ftrauall Courage, Blood,
And that's the deareft grace, it renders you.
Yet ofentimes it doth prefent hard Rage,
Defect of Manners, want of Government,
Prince, Haughtineffe, Opinion, and Difdain;
The leaft of which, haunting a Nobleman,
Lofeth mens hearts, and leaves behind a flayne
Vpon the beauty of all parts besides.
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hoit. Well, I am fchoold.
Good-manners be your speedce;
Here come your Wites, and let vs take our leave.

Enter Glendower, with the Ladie.

Mort. This is the deadly spight, that angers me,
My Wife can speake no English, I no Welly.
Gled. My Daughter weepes, they're not part with you,
She's to be a lady too, too, to be a lady.
Her name, Good Father tell her, that the and my Aunt Percy.
Shall follow in your Conduct speedily.

Glendower speaks to her in Welly, and the ans,
swers him in the same.

Gled. Shee is desperate here;
A preeuifles-ifel-wild Harlotty.
One that no persuafion can doe good vpon.

The Lady speakes in Welly.

Mort. I underfand thy Lookes: that pretty Welly
Which thou pow'rt dwell down from these swelling Heaulics,
I am too perfect in: and but for shame,
In such a parley Should I intrewe thee.

The Lady again in Welly.

Mort. I underfand thy Kiffes, and thon mine,
And that's a feeling disputation:
But I will never be a Truant, Lord.
Till I have learn'd thy Language, for thy tongue.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Makes Welsh as sweet as Dixtie highly pen'd, &c.
Sing by a faire Queene in a Summers Bowre, &c.
With raueing Diuision to her Lute.
Glad. Nay, if thou wilt, then will the running madd.

The Lady sings as in Welsh.

Mort. O, I am ignorance it selfe in this.
Glad. She bids you, &c.
On the wanton Ruffians lay you downe,
And reft your gentle Head upon her Lappe,
And she will sing the Song that pleaseth you,
And on your Eye lies Crowne the God of Sleepe,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
Making such difference betwixt Wake and Sleepe,
As is the difference betwixt Day and Night.
The houre before the Heauently Harris's Teeme
Begins his Golden Progresse in the East.
Mort. With all my heart He fit, and heare her sing:
By that time will our Bookes, &c.
Glad. Do so, &c.
And these Musitians that shall play to you,
Hang in the Aire a thousand Leagues from thence;
And straight they shall be here: fit, and attend.
Haff. Come Kate, thou art perfect in lying downe:
Come, quickie, quickie, that I may lay my Head in thy Lappe.
Lady. Go, ye giddy-Goose.

The Musitians play.

Haff. Now I perceive the Deuill understanding Welsh,
And 'ts no maruell he is so humorous:
By lady hee's a good Musitian.
Lady. Then would you be nothing but Musicall,
For you are altogether governed by Conscience;
Eye fill ye Theatres, and heare the Lady sing in Welsh.
Haff. I had rather hear (Lady) my Brach howle in Irish.

Lady. Would I hate thy Head broken?
Haff. No.
Lady. Then be still.
Haff. Neither, 'tis a Woman's fault.
Lady. Now God helpe thee.
Haff. To the Welsh Ladies Bed.
Lady. What's that?
Haff. Peace, these fongs.

The Lady sings a Welsh Song.

Haff. Come, I'll heare your Song too.
Lady. Not mine, in good ftooth.
Haff. Not yours, in good ftooth?
You sware as like a Coons-maker's Wife:
Not you, in good ftooth; and, as true as I live;
And, as God shall mend me; and, as sure as day:
And giuen such Sarcnet foretie for thy Oathes,
As if thou never walk'st further then Fuburbury.
Sware me, Kate, like a Lady, as thou art,
A good mouth, filling Oath, and false in ftooth,
And rich prett'c of Popper Ginger-breath,
To Vehicls, Guards, and Sundrie Citizens,
Come, sing.

Lady. I will not sing.
Haff. Tis the next way to urine Taylor, or be Red- clothed rea!er; and the indentures be drawne, &c. away

within these two howres: &c. to come in, &c.

Exit.

Glad. Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are as slow,
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to goe.
By this our Bookes is drawne: weete but felle,
And then to Horfie immediately.
Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter The King, Prince of Wales, and others.

King. Lords, giue vs leave:
The Prince of Wales, and I,
Must have some private conference:
But be neere at hand,
For wee shall presently have neede of you,

Exeunt Lords.

I know not whether Heaven will haue it fo,
For some displeasing seruice I haue done;
That in his secret Doome, out of my Blood,
Hee'll breed Reuengement, and a Scourge for me:
But thou don't in thy passages of Life,
Make me beleue, that thou art onely mark'd
For the hot vengance, and the Rod of Heaven
To punish my Mistreatings. Tell me, &c.
Could such inordinate and low defires,
Such poore, fuch bare, fuch lewd, fuch meane attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude societie,
As thou art match't withall, and graffed too,
Accompanie the greatneffe of thy Blood,
And hold their leuell with thy Primely heart?
Prince. So pleafe your Maiestie, I would I could
Quit all offences with a clear exculpe,
As well as I am doublette I can purge
My felle of many I am charg'd withall:
Yet such exenuation let me begge,
As in reproove of many Tales deu'd.
Which oft the Eare of Greanefte needs muft hear.
By fming Pick-thankes, and base Newes-mongers;
I may for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faultie wandred, and irregular,
Finde pardon on my true submiffion.
King. Heaven pardon thee:
Yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which doe hold a Wing,
Quite from the flight of all thy ancetors.
Thy place in Counsell thou haft rudely loft,
Which by thy younger Brother is supply'd for me,
And art almoft an alien to the hearts
Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the Soule of euery man
Prophecy's doe for-thinke the fall.
Had I so laufh of my presence beene,
So common hankerd in the eyes of men,
So ftole and cheape to vulgar Company;
Opinion, that did helpe me to the Crowne,
Had till kept Joysall to poftition,
And left me in reputelife banishment,
A fellow of no marke, nor likelyhood.
By being feldome fene, I could not flire,
But like a Comet, I was wondred at,
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

This Infant Warrior, in his Enterprises,
Discomfited great Douglas, and he him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep Defiance vp,
And make the peace and safety of our Throne,
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The Arch-bishops Grace of York, Douglas, Morison,
Capitulate and signit vs, and are vp,
But wherefore doe I tell thee Newes to thee?
Why, Harry, doe I tell thee of my Foes,
Which are my nearst and dearest Enemie?
Thou, that art like enough, through vaillant Feate,
Base Inclination, and the flart of Spelene,
To fight against me under Pericies pay,
To dogge his heels, and curstie at his frownes,
To shew how much thou art degenerate.

Prince. Do not thinke so, you shall not finde it so;
And Haueen forgive them, that so much haue sware d
Your Maiesties good thoughts away from me:
I will redeem all his on Pericies head,
And in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your Sonne,
When I will weare a Garment all of Blood,
And flaine my fauours in a bloody Maske:
Which wath away, shall fowrme my flame with it,
And that shal be the day, when ere it lightes,
That this same Child of Honor and Renowne,
This gallant Harry, this ill-prayed Knight,
And your wuthought-of Harry chance to meet:
For every Houn stitting on his Helme,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My fram es redoubled. For the time will come,
That I shall make this Northern Youth exchange
His glorious Deedes for my Indignities:
Percy is but my Father, good my Lord,
To engroffe vp glorious Deedes on my behalfe:
And I will call him to fo firit account,
That he shall render every Glory vp,
Yes, even the stlighgest worhip of his time,
Or I will terme the Reckoning from his Heart.
This, in the Name of Haueen, I promise here:
The which, if I performe, and doe furuite,
I doe beseech your Maiestie, may falue
The long-grown Wounds of my inretemperature:
If not, the end of Life cancels all Bands,
And I will dye a hundred thousand Deaths,
Ele breake the tinnest parcel of this Vow.

King. A hundred thousand Rebels dye in this:
Thou shalt have Charge, and foursaigne truft herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now good Blunt? thy Lookes are full of speed.
Blunt. So hath the Bafneffe that I come to speake of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,
That Douglas and the English Rebels meet
The eleuenth of this month, at Shrewbury:
A mightie and a fearfull Head they are,
(If Promisses be kept on euery hand)
As ever offered foile play in a State.

King. The Earl of Welfmerland set forth to day:
With him my sone, Lord John of Lancaster,
For this aduertement is five days old.
On Wednesday next, Harry thou shalt forwade:
On Thursday, wee our felues will march.
Our meeting is Bridgenorth; and Harry, you shall march

Through
Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Falstaff. Bardolph, am I not false away visibly, since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why my skinne hangs about me like an olde Ladies loofe Gowne: I am witherd like an olde Apple John. Well, 1le repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking: I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. And I have not forgoten what the in-side of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper-Corne, a Brewers Horse, the in-side of a Church. Company, villanous Company hath beene the spoyle of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so freftfull, you cannot live long.

Falstaff. Why there is it: Come, sing me a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as vertuously given, as a Gentleman need to be; vertuous enough, fware little, did not about foure times a weeke, went to a Bawdy-house not aboute once in a quarter of an hour, payd Money that I borrowed, three or foure times; liued well, and in good compass: and now I liue out of all order, out of compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass; out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Falstaff. Do thou amend thy Face, and 1le amend thy Life: Thou art our Admiral, thou bearest the Lantern in the Poole, but 'tis in the Nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the burning Lampe.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my Face does you no harme.

Falstaff. No, Ile be sworn: I make as good vie of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths-Head, or a Memento Mori. I never fee thy Face, but I thinke upon Heife fire, and Dives that liued in Purple; for there he is in his Robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way gien to vertue, I would swore by thy Face; my Oath shold be, By this Fire: But thou art altogether gien over; and were indeed, but for the Light in thy Face, the Sunne of 11eter Darke-neffe. When thou ran't vp Gaids-Hill in the Night, to catch my Horfe, if I did not thinke that thou hadst beene an Ignis fatnus, or a Ball of Wild fire, there's no Purchase in Money. O, thou art a perpetually Iump, an ever-laffing Bone-fire-Light: thou hast liued me a thousand Markes in Linke and Torchers, walking with thee in the Night betwixt Tauerne and Tauerne: But the Sack that thou liest drunk me, would have bought me Lights as good cheape, as the deareft Chandelers in Europe. I have maintaine'd that Salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeeres, Hesuuen reward me for it.

Bard. I would my Face were in your Belly.

Falstaff. So should I be sure to be heart-burnt.

Enter HoDelfce.

How now, Dame Portia the Hen, have you enquir'd yet who pick'd my Pocket?
Fal. Thou art the vnjust man in saying so; thou, or anie man knowes where to have me, thou knowest thee.

Prince. Thou sayst true, Ho!stelle, and he flanders thee most grofly.

Fal. So doth he you, my Lord, and saye this other day. Thou oughtest a thousand pound.

Prince. Sirr, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound Hal! A Million. Thy loue is worth a Million; thou ow'st me thy loue.

Fal. Nay my Lord, he calleth you Jact, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he sayd my King was Copper.

Prince. I say 'tis Copper. Dar'nt thou bee as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why Hal? thou know'st, as thou art but a man, I dare: but, as thou art a Prince, I feare thee, as I feare the roaring of the Lions Whelp.

Prince. And why not as the Lyon?

Fal. The King himselfe is to bee feared as the Lyon: Do'th thou think'st I'll fear thee, as I fear thy Father now if I do, let my Girde breake.

Prin. O, it should, how would thy guttes fall about thy knes. But sirr: There's no roome for Faith, Truth, nor Honestly, in this bosome of thine: it is all fill'd vpp with Guttes and Middibre. Charge an honest Woman with picking thy pocket? Why thou horison impudent unboth Rascal, if there were any thing in thy Pocket but

Tauerne Recknings, Memorandums of Bawdie-houses, and one poor peny-worth of Sugar-candie to make thee long-winded: if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but these, I am a Villaine: And yet you will stand to it, you will not Pocket vp wrong. Art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Do'th thou heare Hal? Thou know'st in the state of Innoceence, Adam fell: and what should it prove Jact? Falstaff do, in the daies of Villany? Thou seest, I have more fleath then another man, and therefore more frailly. You confesseth then you pick my Pocket?

Prin. It appeares so by the Story.

Fal. Ho!stelle, I forgue thee:

Go make ready Breakfast, louse thy Husband, Looke to thy Seruants, and cherish thy Guests: Thou shalt find me tractable to any honest request. Thou seest, I am pacified full. Nay, I pritch thee be gone.

Exit Ho!stelle.

Now Hal, to the newes at Court for the Robberty Lad? How is that answerd?

Prin. O my sweet Beefe:

I must flill be good Angell to thee. The Monie is paid backe againe.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying backe, 'tis a double Labour.

Prin. I am good Friends with my Father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou do'ft, and do it with unwash'd hands too.

Bard. Do my Lord.

Prin. I have procureth thee Jact, a Charge of Foot.

Fal. I would it had bene of Horfe. Where shall I finde one that can十条 well? O, for a fine theeke of two and twenty, or thereabout: I am hereby not prouided. Wcl God be thanked for these Rebels, they offend none but the Vertuous. I laud them, I praise them.

Prin. Bardolph.

Bard. My Lord.

Prin. Go beare this Letter to Lord John of Lancaster To my Brother John. This to my Lord of Welfmerland, Go Pete, to horse: for thou, and I, Have thirtie miles to ride yet ere dinner time.

Jact, meet me to morrow in the Temple Hall At two a clocke in the afternoone, There shall thou know thy Charge, and ther receive Money and Order for their Furniture. The Land is burning, Perzie hands on hye, And either they, or we must lower hye.

Fal. Rare words! brace wordes.

Ho!stelle, my breakfast, come:

Oh, I could wish this Tauerne were my drumme.

Exeunt omnes.
Meff. His Letters beares his minde, not I this minde, 
Wor. I prethee tell me, doth he keepe his Bed ?
Meff. He did, my Lord, fourte dayes ere I fet forth :
And at the time of my departure thence, 
He was much fear'd by his Physitian.
Wor. I would the state of time had first beene whole, 
Ere he by fickness had beene visitted :
His health was never better worth then now.
Hoff. Sick he now ? droope now ? this sicknes doth infect
The very Life-blood of our Enterprise,
Tis catching hither, even to our Campe.
He writes me here, that in ward sicknes, 
And that his friends by deputation
Could not so foon be drawne: nor did he thinke it meet,
To lay to dangerous and deare a truft
On any Soule remou'd, but on his owne.
Yet doth he glue vs bold adverfment,
That with our small comnication we should on,
To see how Fortune is disposed to vs :
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the King is certainly poufleft.
Of all our purpofes. What say you to it ?
Wor. Your Fathers ficknes is a mayne to vs :
Hoff. A perillous Gait, a very Limme loft off : 
And yet, in truth, it is not his prefent want
Scemes more then we shall find it. 
Were it good to fet the exact wealth of all our states
All at one Call ? To fet so Rich a mayne
On the nice hazard of one doubtfull houre,
It were not good : for therein should we reade
The very Bottom, and the Soule of Hope. 
The very Lif, the very vntoall Bound
Of all our fortunes.
Dong. Faith, and so wee fhould, 
Where now remains a sweet reuerion. 
We may boldly {send, upon the hope
Of what is to come in :
A comfort of retreynce lies in this.
Hoff. A Raneoudous, a Home to flie vnto,
If that the Deuil and Mifchance looke bigge
Upon the Maydenhead of our Affairs. 
Wor. But yet I would your Father had beene here:
The Qualitie and Heire of our Attempt
Brookes no diminution: it will be thought 
By some, that know not why he is away,
That weded, loyaltie, and metre dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence. 
And think, how fuch an appreachion
May runne the tyde of fearefull affion,
And breede a kinde of quefion in our caufe : 
For well you know, wee of the offering feide,
Muft keep aloofe from strict arbitrement, 
And ftop all sight-holes, euerie loope, from whence
The eye of reflation may pierc in vpon vs :
This abfence of your Father draws a Curtaine, 
That fhevews the ignorant a kinde of feare,
Before not dreamt of: 111
Hoff. You flayyne too farre, 
I rather of his abffence make this vfe :
It lends a Luftrine, and more great Opinion,
A larger Dare to your great Enterprize,
Then if the Earle were here : for men muft think, 
If we without his helpe, can make a Head
To paff against the Kingdome; with his helpe, 
We fhall o're-turne it topfe-curvy downe : 
Yet all goes well, yet all our joynts are whole.

Dong. As heart can thinke :
There is not such a word spoke of in Scotland,
At this Dreame of Fear.

Enter Sir Richard Vernom.
Hoff. My Cousin Vernom, welcome by my Soule.
Vern. Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord,
The Earle of Vetfterland, feuen thoufand strong,
Is marching hithe'rywards, with Prince John.
Hoff. No harme: what more ?
Vern. And further, I haue learn'd,
The King himfelfe in perfon hath fet forth,
Or hithe-wards intended speedily,
With strong and mightie preparation.
Hoff. He fhall be welcome too.
Where is his Sonne,
The nimble-footed Mad-Cap, Prince of Wales,
And his Cumrades, that daft the World aside,
And bid it paffe ?
Vern. All fureft, all in Armes,
All plumm'd like Etridres, that with the Winde
Bayred like Eagles, having lately bath'd,
Glimmering in Golden Coates, like images,
As full of spirit as the Moneth of May,
And gorgeous as the Sunne at Mid-Summer,
Wanton as youthful Goates, wilder as young Bulls.
I faw young Harry with his Beuer on,
His Cufhnes on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rife from the ground like feathered Mercury,
And volution with fuch eafe into his Scar,
As if an Angell dropt downe from the Clouds,
To turne and winde a firie Pegafus,
And with the World with Noblie Horfemanship.
Hoff. No more, no more,
Worfe then the Sunne in March:
This prayle doth nourifh Agues: let them come,
They come like Sacrifices in their trimme,
And to the fire'-ey'd Maid of simakie Warre,
All hot, and bleeding, will wee offer them :
The mayled altars fhall on his Altar fit
Vp to the eares in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich repriplall is no figh,
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my Horfe,
Who is to beare me like a Thunder-bolt,
Againft the bofome of the Prince of Wales.
Harry to Harry, fhall not Horfe to Horfe
Meete, and nece part, till one drop downe a Coarfe &
Oh, that Glendawer were come.
Vern. There is more newes :
I learned in Worcefter, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his Power this foureteene dayes.
Dong. That's the worth Tidings that I hear of yet.
Wor. I by my faith, that beares a froze found.
Hoff. What may the Kings whole Battale reach vnto ?
Vern. To thirty thoufand,
Hat. Forty let it be,
My Father and Glendawer being both away,
The poweres of vs, may ferue fo great a day.
Come, let vs take a mufter speedily:
Doomsday is neere; dye all, dye merrily.
Dong. Talk not of dying, I am out of feare
Of death, or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare.

Exemuses Omnem.
Scene.
Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Falstaff. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry, fill me a bottle of sack, our Soulilders shall march through; we'll to Sutton-cop-hill to Night.

Bard. Will you give me Money, Captain?

Falstaff. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This Bottle makes an Angel.

Falstaff. And if it do, take it for thy labour: and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answere the Coynage. Did my Lieutenant Petre meet me at the Townes end.

Bard. I will Captain: farewell. Exit.

Falstaff. If I be not sooner taken, I am a certain Gentleman; I have mis-'ud the Kings Prefte damably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fiftie Souldiers, three hundred and oddie Pounds. I presse me none but good House-holders, Yeomans Somnes: enquire me out contracted Batchelers, such as had beene ask'd twice on the Banes: such a Commodity of warme fluates, as had as little heare the Deuil, as a Drumme; such as feare the report of a Calister, worse then a strucke-foole, or a hurt wilde-Ducke. I presse me none but such Toastes and Butter, with Hearts in their Belyes no bigger then Princes heads, and they have bought: out their services: And now, my whole Charge confitts of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaves as ragged as Lasaw in the painted Cloth, where the Glut-tons Dogges licked his Sores; and such, as indeed were noare Souldiers, but dis-carded virtuell Servaungmen, yonger Somnes to younger Brothers, rewolted Tapisters and Oillers, Trade-faine, the Bankers of a calme Whole, and long Peace, some times more dis-honorable ragged, then old Ancients, and such have I to fill vp the roomes of them that have bought out their femines: that you would thinke, that I had a hundred and fiftie toter'd Prodigall, lately come from Swine-keeping, from eating Draffe and Huskes. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloosed all the Gibbes, and preft the dead bodies. No eye hath heene such skar-Crowes: Ie not march through Coventry with them, that's flat. Nay, and the Villaines march wide betweene the Legges, as if they had Gyuces on; for indecete, I had the moit of them out of Prioten. There's noe Shirt and a halfe in all my Company; and the halfe Shirt is two Napkins tuck together, and throwne over the shoulters like a Heralds Coat, without sleeve: and the Shirt, to say the truth, faine from my Hort of S. Albones, or the Red-Nele lane-keeper of Dauntney. But that's all on't, they finde Linnen enough on every Hedges.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Wesemlend.

Prince. How now bloome Jack, how now Quilt?

Falstaff. What Hal? How now mad Wag, what a Deuil don't thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of Wesemlend, I cry you mercy, I thought your Honour had already bene at Shrewsbury.

Weft. Faith, Sir John, tis more then time that I were there, and you too: but my Powers are there alreadie. The King I can tell you, lookes for all: we must a way all to Night.

Falstaff. But, never feare me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to fleale Creame.

Prince. I thinke to fleale Creame indeed, for thy theft hath alreadie made thee Butter: but tell me, Jack, whose fellows are thefe that come after?


Prince. I did never fee such pitifull Rascals.

Falstaff. Tut, tut, good enough to tolls: foooe for Powder, foooe for Powder; they'll fill a Pit, as well as better: tuff man, mortall men, mortall men.

Weft. I, but Sir John, me thinke they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggarly.

Falstaff. Faith, for their pourerite, I know not where they had that: and for their barenesse, I am sure they never learned that of me.

Prince. No, Ile be sworne, vnlefe you call three fingers on the Ribles bare. But firra, make halfe, Percy is already in the field.

Falstaff. What is the King encamp'd?

Weft. Hee is, Sir John, I feare wee shall stay too long.

Falstaff. Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feast, fits a dull fighter, and a keene Gueff.

Exeunt.

Enter Hotspur, Worscffer, Douglas, and Pernon.

Hotspur. Wee'le fight with him to Night.

Wor. It may not be.

Douglas. You give him then Advantage.

Verne. Not a whit.

Finch. Why is he so? lookes he not for supply?

Verne. So doe wee.

Hotspur. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

Wor. Good Cousin be advis'd, shirte not to night.

Verne. Doe not, my Lord.

Douglas. You do not confaile well:

You speake it out of feare, and cold heart.

Verne. Doe me no flander, 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 feare, As you, my Lord, or any Scot that this day lites. Let it be feene to morrow in the Battell, Which of vs feares.

Douglas. Yes, or to night.

Verne. Content.

Hotspur. To night, say I.

Verne. Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much, being me of such great leading as you are, That you fore-fee now what impediments

Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horse

Of my Cousin Vernen are not yet come vp,

Your Vnkle Worcesffer Horse came but to day,

And now their pride and mettall is aleepe,

Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,

That not a Horse is halfe the halfe of himselfe.

Hotspur. So are the Horses of the Enemie

In generall journeyes bated, and brought low:

The better part of ours are full of rest.

Scena Secunda.

Scena Tertia.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Wor. The number of the King exceedeth ours:
For Gods sake, Cousin, stay till all come in.

The Trumpet sounds a Parley. Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King,
If you would save me hearing, and respect.
Hoof. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt:
And would to God you were of our determination.
Some of us love you well: and even though some Emuye your great deturings, and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an Enemy.
Blunt. And Heaven defend, but still I should stand so,
So long as out of Limit, and true Rule,
You stand against anointed Mosaic.
But to my Charge.

The King hath lent to know
The nature of your Grieves, and whereupon
You coniure from the Breast of Culli Peace,
Such bold Holfitie, teaching his durious Land
Audacious Crueltie. If that the King
Have any want your good Deoffs forgot,
Which he confetteth to be manifold,
He bids you name your Grieves, and with all speed
You shall have your desires, with interest;
And Pardon absolute for your selfe, and these,
Herein mis-led, by your suggeltion.

Hoof. The King is kinde:—
And well we know, the King
Knowes at what time to promise, when to pay,
My Father, my Vnkle, and my selfe.
Did give him that fame Royaltie he weares;
And when he was not sife and twenties strong,
Sicke in the Worlds regard wretched, and low,
A poore unmind'd Out-law, faking home,
My Father gau'd him welcome to the shore:
And when he heard him sweare, and vow to God,
He came but to be Duke of Lancastler,
To fuse his Listerie, and begge his Peace,
With teares of Innocencie, and teares of Zeale;
My Father, in kinde heart and pitty mou'd,
Sware him affianse, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realme
Percei'd Northumberland did leane to him,
The more and leece came in with Cap and Knee,
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attended him on Bridges, flood in Lanes,
Layd Gifts before him, proffer'd him their Othes,
Gave him their Heires, as Pages followed him,
Even at the heales, in golden multitudes.
He pretently, as Greatest knows it fell
Steps me a little higher then his Vow
Made to my Father, while his blood was poore,
Upon the naked thore at Rauenburgh:
And now (farloth) sakes on him to reforme
Some certaine Edicts, and some fratic Decrees,
That lay too heauie on the Common-wealth;
Cryes out upon busses, bennets to weep
Over his Countries Wrongs: and by this Face,
This seeming Brow of Justice, did he winne
The hearts of all that hee did angre for.
Proceeded farther, cut me off the Heads
Of all the Faversites, that the absent King
In deputation left behind him here,
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earle of Westmead, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falkes. 

King. How bloody the Sunne begins to peere
Above your busie hill: the day lookes pale
At his disstempore.

Prim. The Southerne winde
Doth play the Trumpet to his purpos'es,
And by his hollow whiffing in the Lyes,
Forsetts a Tempeft, and a blift'ring day.

King. Then with the loftes let it sympathize,
For nothing can leeme foule to thole that win.

The Trumpet sounds.

Enter Worcester.

King. How now my Lord of Worcest?' Tis not well
That you and I should meet upon such tearmes,
As now we meet. You have decreed our truft,
And made vs doe our cafe Robes of Peace,
To cuthe our old limbs in tenent Steele:
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? Will you againe vnknit
This churche's knot of all-'shorred Wayes?
And move in that obedient Obie againe,
Where you did giue a faire and natural light,
And be no more an exahll'd Meteor,
A prodigie of Fears, and a Portent
Of broache'd Mischeife, to the unborne Times?

Wor. Hears me, my Liege:
For mine owne part, I could be well content
To entertaine the Lagge-end of my life
With quiet hours: For I do protest,
I have not tought the day of this dislice.

King. You have not tought it: how comes it then? 
Fau. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

Prim. Peace, Chewart, peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your Maiestie, to turne your looke
Of Fauour, from my Selfe, and all our House;
And yet I must remember youruy Lord,
We were the frist, and deseant of your Friends;
For you, my Faile of Office did I brake.
In Richard's time, and passed day and night
To meeete you on the way, and killle your hand,

When yet you were in peace, and in account
Nothing so fircnd and fortunate, as I;
It was my Selfe, my Brother, and his Some,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
The danger of the time. You swore to vs,
And you did teware that Oath at Doncafer,
That you did nothing of purpose gainst the State,
Nor claim no further, then your new-fntright,
The earp of Gramt, Duke of Lancaster,
To this, we swore our side: But in short space,
It rain'd downe Fortune frowning on your head,
And such a cloud of Greatness fell on you,
What with our helpe, what with the abtent King,
What with the injuries of wonton time,
The feeming falencies that you had borne,
And the continous Windes that held the King
So long in the vallicky Irish Warses,
That all in England did repute him dead:
And from this swarme of faire advantages,
You tooke occasion to be quickly woo'd,
To gire the generall way into your heart,
Forgt your Oath to vs at Doncafer,
And being fed by vs, you vs'd vs lo.
As that ingente gult the Cuckowes: Bird,
Vieth the Sparrow, did opprefse our Nett,
Grew by day: For to go great a bulke,
That even our Loue durt not come were your right
For fear of sllowling: But with nimble wing
We were forcer'd for safety sake, to flye,
Out of your fight, and raise this present Head,
Whereby we trie and oppofed by such meanes
As you your felle, haue forg'd against your felle,
By ynkinde vs'ge, dangerous contenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworne to vs in yonger enterprize.

Kim. Thefe things indeede you have articulat,
Proclaim'd at Market Croffes; read in Churches,
To face the Garment of Rebellion
With fome fine colour, that may pleafe the eye
Of fickle Changelings, and poffe Discontents,
Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the newes
Of hurly burly In匡uation:
And never yet did Infcription want
Such water-colours, to impair his caufe:
Nor muddy Beggers, to fave a time
Of pell-mell Confufe, and confufion.

Prim. In both our Armies, there is many a foule
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they loyne in triall. Tell your Nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth loyne with all the world
In praife of Henry Percy: By my Hopes,
This present enterprize let off his head,
I do not thinke a brauer Gentleman,
More afume, valiant, or more valiant yong,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive.
To grace this latter Age with Noble deeds.
For my part, I may speake it to my flame,
I have a Truant beene to Chalybr,
And fo I heare, he doth account me too:
Yet this before my Fathers Maiestie,
I am content that he shall take the oddes
Of his great name and efimation,
And will, to face the blood on either side,
Trye fortune with him, in a Single Fight.

King. And Prince of Wales, do dare we venter thee,
Albeit, confiderations infinite.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Do make against it: No good Worlter, no,
We lose our people well; even tho' we lose
That are milled upon your Cousins' part:
And will they take the offer of our Grace:
Both he, and they, and you; yea, every man
Shall be my Friend against, and Ile be his,
So tell your Cousin, and bring me word,
What be will do. But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dare correction wane on vs,
And they shall do their Office. So bee gone,
We will not now be troubled with reply,
We offer faire, take it aduitedly.

Exit Woerceftr.

Prim. It will not be accepted, on my life,
The Douglass and the Houstmarre both together,
Are confident against the world in Armes.
King. Hence therefore, every Leader to his charge,
For on their answer we will set on them;
And God befriend vs, as our cause is just.

Exeunt. Monet Prince and Fallaffe.

Fal. Hal, if thou fee me downe in the battell,
And bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.
Prim. Nothing but a Callofus can doe thee friendship
Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed time Hal, and all well,
Prim. Why, thou ow'st heauen a death.

Fall. 'Tis not due yet: I would be loth to pay him before his day.
What neede I bee so forward with him, that call's not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, Honor pricke me on. But how if Honour pricke me off when I come on? How then? Can Honour fet too logicke? No: or ane? No: Or take away the geeze of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in Surgerie, then? No. What is Honour? A word. What is that word? Honour? Ayre: A trim reckoning. Who hath it? He that dy'd a Wednesday,
Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it inessesthen yea, to the dead. But will it not liue with the liuing? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it, therefore he none of it. Honour is a meere Scutchon, and so ends my Catchesone.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Woerceftr, and Sir Richard Verrnon.

War. O no, my Nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
The liberal kind offer of the King.

Var. Twoere beff he did.

War. Then we are all vnadoe.

It is not possible, it cannot be,
The King would keepe his word in louing vs,
He will lope vs still, and finde a time
To punish this offence in others faults:
Suppofition, all our liues, shall be fuche full of eyes;
For Trafeon is but turfted like the Fexe,
Who ne'er so tame, so cherift, and lock'd vp,
Will have a wilde tricke of his Anceftors:
Looke how he can, or fad or merily,
Interpretation will mitique our lookes,
And we shall feede like Oxen at a tall,
The better cherift, theill the nearer death.
My Nephews trepaffe may be well forgot,
It hath the exclu of youth, and heate of blood,

And an adopted name of Ptiuledge,
A haire-brain'd Houstmarre, govern'd by a Spleene.
All his offences liue upon my head,
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tane from vs,
We as the Sping of all, shall pay for all;
Therefore good Cousin, let not Harry know
In any cafe, the offer of the King.

Ver. Deliver what you will, hee lay 'tis fo.
Here comes your Cousin.

Enter Houstmarre.

Hot. My Vnkle is return'd,
Deliver vp my Lord of Westmerland,
Vnkle, what newe-?

War. The King will do you battell presently,
Don. Defte him by the Lord of Westmerland.
Hot. Lord Douglass: Go you and tell him for
Don. Marry and shal, and verie willingly.

Exeunt.

War. There is no seeming mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you begge any? God forbid.

War. I told him gently of our greceuances,
Of His Oath-breaking: which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworne,
He calls vs Rebels, Traitors, and will charge
With haughty arnes, this hatefull name in vs.

Enter Douglass.

Don. Arme Gentlemen, to Armes, for I have thron a
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth:
And Westmerland that was engag'd did hear it,
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

War. The Prince of Wales ftpeth forth before the king,
And Nephew, challenge you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrell lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to day,
But I and Harry Monmouth, Tell me, tell mee,
How shew'd his Talking? Seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my Soule: I vente in my life
Did heare a Challenge verg'd more medallily,
Vnleffe a Brother should a Brother dare
To gentle exercice, and proofe of Armes.
He gueue you all the Duties of a Man,
Trim'd vp your praiies with a Princely tongue,
Spoke your deliberings like a Chronicler,
Making you euer better then his praiie,
By still dispraiing praiie, valew'd with you:
And which became him like a Prince indeed,
He made a blushing eaitall of himselfe,
And chid his Trewant youth with such a Grace,
As if he mafterd there a double spirit
Of teaching, and of learning infinitely:
There did he pause. But let me tell the World,
If he out-live the enui of this day,
England did neuer owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his Wantoneness.

Hot. Cousin, I think you are enamored
On his Follicies: neuer did I heare
Of any Prince fo wilde at Liberty.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme,
That he shall shrinke vnder my curstle.
Arme, arme with speed. And Fellow's, Soldiers, Friends,
Better consider what you have to do,
That I that haue not well the gift of Tongue,
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.  

Can lift your blood vp with perswation,  

Enter the Messinger.  

Mef. My Lord, here are Letters for you. 

Hot. I cannot reade them now. 

Gentlemen, the time of life is short;  

To spend that shortnesse bafely, were too long. 

If I did ride upon a Dials point, 

Still ending at the arrival of an hour, 

And if we live, we lose to tread this Kings; 

If we: brave death, when Princes dye with vs. 

Now for our Confiences, the Armes is faire, 

When the intent for bearing them is iut. 

Enter another Messinger. 

Mef. My Lord prepare, the King comes on space. 

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale: 

For I profess not talking: Onely this, 

Let each man do his best. And here I draw a Sword, 

Whose worthy temper I intend to flaine 

With the best blood that I can mete withall, 

In the adventure of this perillous day. 

Now Esperance Percy, and let on: 

Sound all the lofty Instruments of Warre, 

And by that Mufick, let vs all imbrace: 

For heaven to earth, some of vs neuer shall, 

A second time do such a curtefe. 

They embrace, the Trumpesters found, the King entereth 

with his power, alarum unto the battell. Then enter 

Douglas, and Sir Walter Blunt. 

Blunt. What is thy name, that in battell thus y'croffeft me? 

What honor doft thou seeke vpon my head? 

Dou. Know then my name is Douglas, 

And do haunt thee in the battell thus, 

Because some tell me, that thou art a King. 

Blunt. They tell thee true. 

Douglas. The Lord of Stafford deere to day hath bought 

Thy likenesse: for infeid of thee, King Harry, 

This Sword hath ended him, so shall it thee, 

Vnlesse thou yeeld thee as a Prifoner. 

Blunt. I was not borne to yeeld, thou haughty Scot, 

And thou shalt finde a King that will revenge 

Lords Staffords death. 

Exit. Blunt is slain, then enters Hotspur. 

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou sought at Holmedon thus 

I neuer had triumphed over a Scot. 

Dou. All's done, all's won, here breethles lies the king 

Hot. Where? 

Dou. Here. 

Hot. This Douglas? No, I know this face full well: 

A gallant Knight he was, his name was Blunt, 

Semblably furni'd like the King himeselfe, 

Dou. Ah fool: go with thy foule whether it goes, 

A borrowed title half thou bought too deere. 

Why didst thou tell me, that thou wert a King? 

Hot. The King hath many matching in his Costs. 

Dou. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coates, 

He murder all his Wardrobe peece by peece, 

Vntill the meet the King. 

Hot. Vp, and away, 

Our Souldiers stand full fairly for the day. 

Exit. Hotspur. 

Enter Douglas. 

Fal. Though I could scape shot-free at London, I fear 

the shot heere: here's no scoring, but upon the pate. 

Soft who are you? Sir Walter Blunt, there's Honour for you: 

Here's no vanity, I am as hot as molten Lead, and as hea- 

vy too; heauen keepe Lead out of mee. I neede no more 

weight then mine owne Bowelles. I have led my rag of 

Muffins where they are pepper'd: there's not three of my 

150. left aliue, and they for the Townes end, to beg du-

ring life. But who comes here? 

Enter the Prince. 

Prl. What, stand'th thou idle here? Lend me thy sword, 

Many a Nobleman likes stakke and thiffe 

Vnder the housees of vaunting enemies, 

Whole desthes are vineueng'd. Prethy lend me thy sword 

Fal. O Hal, I prethee guie me leave to breath awhile: 

Turke Gregory never did such deeds in Armes, as I have 

done this day, I have paid Percy, I have made him lute, 

Prl. He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee: 

I prethee lend me thy sword, 

Fal. Nay Hal, if Percy bee aliue, thou getst not my 

Sword; but take my Pittole if thou wilt. 

Prl. Give it me: What, is it in the Cafe? 

Fal. Hal, this hot: There's that will Sacke a City. 

The Prince draws out a Bottle of Sacke. 

Prl. What, is it a time to left and daily now. 

Exit. 

I leave it at him. 

Fal. If Percy be aliue, Ile pierce him: if he do come in 

my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his (willingly) let 

him make a Carbonado of me: I like not such grinning 

honour as Sir Walter hath: Give me life, which if I can 

fate, fo: if not, honour comes vnlook'd for, and ther's an 

end. 

Exit. 

Scena Tertia. 

Alarum excursions, enter the King the Prince, 

Lord John of Lancaster, and Earle 

of Wefternland. 

King. I prethee Harry withdraw thy selye, thou bleed- 

deft too much: Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him. 

P. Job. Not I, my Lord, vnlesse I did bleed too. 

Prl. I befeech your Majesty make vp, 

Lesift you retirement do amaze your friends. 

King. I will do so: 

My Lord of Wefternland leade him to his Tent. 

Weft. Come my Lord, I leade you to your Tent. 

Prl. Lead me 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 high'd Nobility lies troden on, 

And Rebels Armes triumph in màffacres. 

Job. We breath too long: Come cofin Wefternland, 

Our duty this way lies, for heauens fake come. 

Prl. By heauen thou hail deceit'd me Lancaster, 

I did not thinke thee Lord of such a spirit: 

Before, I lou'd thee as a Brother, Job; 

But now, I do respect thee as my Soule. 

King. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point, 

With laufher maintenence then I did looke for 

Of such an ungrowne Wariour. 

Prl. O this Boy, lends mettall to vs all. 

Exit. 

Enter Douglas. 

Dou. Another King? They grow like Hydra's heads: 

I am the Douglas, fatal to all thefe 

That wearè those colours on them. What art thou 

That counterfeit'st the person of a King? 

King. The King himselfe: who Douglas grievances at hart
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

So many of his shadowes thou haft met,
And not the very King. I haue two Boyes
Seeke Percie and thy letters about the Field :
But seeing thou fallt on me so luckily,
I will asay thee : so defend thy self.

Deu. I feare thou hast another counterfeit:
And yet infaith thou bearest the like a King;
But mine I am fore thee art, where thou Be,
And thus I win thee. They fight, the K. being in danger,

Enter Prince.

Prin. Hold vp thy head vile Scot, or thou art like
Neuer to hold it vp againe : the Spirits
Of valiant Serry, Stafford, Blunt, are in my Armes;
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,
Who neuer promiseth, but he means to paye.

They fight, Douglas fights.

Cheerefull My Lord: how fare's your Grace?
Sir Nicholas Gage my hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton : Ile to Clifton straight,
King. Stay, and breaste awhile.
Thou haft redeem'd thy lost opinion,
And shew'd thou maist some tender of my life
In this faire rescue thou haft brought to me,
Prin. O heaven, they did me too much injury,
That ever saied I heartened to your death.
Ifst were fo, I might have set along,
The infulting hand of Douglas over you,
Which would haue bene as speedy in your end,
As all the poysonous Potions in the world,
And fould the Treacherous labour of your Sonne.
K. Make vp to Clifton, Ile to Sir Nicholas Gage, Exit Enter Halsf. Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.
Prin. Thou speake'st as if' would deny my name.
Hot. My name is Harry Percy.
Prin. Why then I see a very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the Prince of Wales, and think not Percy,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two Stares keepe not their motion in one Sphere,
Nor can one England brooke a double reigne,
Of Harry Perce, and the Prince of Wales.
Hot. Not till it be Harry, for the houre is come
To end the one of vs, and would to heaven,
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.
Prin. He makes it greater, ere I part from thee,
And all the bussing Hearts on thy Ceth,
Ile crop, to make a Garland for my head.
Hot. I can no longer brooke thy Vanities. Fight. Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Well said Halton Hal. Nay you shall finde no
Boyess play heere. I can tell you. Enter Douglas be sith with Falstaff, who falls down at they were dead. The Prince killeth Percy.
Hot. Oh Harry thou haft rob'd me of my youth.
I better brooke the loss of bittlle life,
Then thothe proud Titles thou haft wone of me,
They wound my thoughtes worse, then the sword my flesh:
But thought's the flawe of Life, and Life, Times foole;

And Time, that takes suuerie of all the world,
Muth haue a stop. O, I could Prophesy,
But that the Earth, and the cold hand of death,
Lyes on my Tongue : No Percy, thou art duft
And food for——

Prin. For Wormes, braue Percy Farewell great heart:
Ill-wes'd Ambition, how much art thou thrutne?
When that this bodie did containe a spirit,

A Kingdome for it was too small a bound:
But now two pieces of the vilest Earth
Is roome enough. This Earth that beares the dead,
Bestres not alike so flout a Gentleman,
If thou wer't fensible of courtfe, I
I should not make fo great a fhew of Zeale,
But let my fauvors hide thy mangled face,
And even in thy behalfe, I thanke my felte
For doing these fayre Rites of Tendernesse.
Adieu, and take thy pruif with thee to heaven,
Thus I may flpeepe with thee in the grave,
But not rememderd in thy Epitaph.
What? Old Acquantance? Could not all this fhich
Keep in a little life? Poore Jacke farewell
I could have better sp' a'd a better man,
O, I should have a hewy mifie of thine,
If I were much in lorde with Vanity.
Death hath not flrike fo far a Dore to day,
Though many deare in this bloody Fray:
Imbowell'd will I fee thee by and by,
Till then in blood, by Noble Pereis lye.

Exeit. Falstaff retieth vp.

Falst. Imbowell'd! If thou imbowell met to day, I
give you leave to powder me, and eat me too to morrow.
I was time to counterfeit, or that hoste Termagant Scot,
had peace s cote and lot too. Counterfeit? I am no counterfeit;
for dy's, is to be a counterfeit, for'tells is but the counterfeit of a man,
who hath not the life of a man: But
to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby lieth, is to be no counterfeit,
but the true and perfect image of life indeed.
The better part of Valour, is Diſcretion; in the which better part,
I haue faved my life. I am afrade of this Gun-point this Percy though he be dead.
How if he fhould counterfeit too, and rife? I am afrade hee
would proue the better counterfeiter: therefore Ile make him liue;
yes, and Ile fware I kill'd him. Why may not hee rite as well as I:
Nothing confines me but eyes, and no-body fées me.Therefore liue,
with a new wound in thy thigh come you along me.

Takes Halsf høre on the boste.

Enter Prince and John of Lancaster.

Prin. Come Brother John, full brauely haft thou fleit
thy Maidue sword.
John. But foft, who haue we here?
Did you not tell me this Fat man was dead?
Prin. I did, I faw him dead,
Breathlefe, and bleeding on the ground; Art thou alue?
Or is it fantasie that plays upon your eye-ght?
I prethee fpake, we will not truft our eyes
Without our ears, Thou art not what thou feem't.
Ful. No, that's certaine: I am not a double man:
but if be not Jacke Falstaff, then am I a Jacke: There is Perce,
if your Father will do me any Honor, for; if not,let him kill the next Perce himſelf. I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can affure you.

Prin. Why, Percy I kill'd my felte, and faw thee dead.
Ful. Did'ft thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is given to Lying? I grant you I was downe, and out of Breath, and so was he; but we rofe both at an instant, and fought a long houre by Shrewsbure clocke. If it might be berefed,
of if, not,let them that should reward Valour, hearre the finne upon their owne heads. Ile take on my death.
I gave him this wound in the Thigh: if the man were liue, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

John. This is the strange Tale that e're I heard,
Prin. This is the strange Fellow.Brother John.

Come
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Come bring your luggage Nobly on your backe:
For my part, if a lyke may do thee grace,
He gild it with the happiest teares I haue.
A Retreat is founded.

The Trumpers found Retreat, the day is ours.
Come Brother, let's to the higheft of the field,
To fee what Friends are lining, who are dead. Exeunt

Fel. Ile follow as they say, for Reward. Hee that re-
wards mee, heaue reward him: If I do grow great again,
He grow litle: For Ie purge, and leave Sacke, and live
cleanly, as a Nobleman shoulde do. Exit.

Scena Quarta.

The Trumpers found.
Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
Earle of Westminster, with Worcester & Vernon Prisioners.

King. Thus ever did Rebellion finde Rebruke.
Ill-spirited Worcester, did we not send Grace,
Pardon, and tears of Looke to all of you?
And would'st thou turne our offers contrary?
Misufe the tenor of thy Kinsmans truthe?
Three Knights upon our parye flaine to day,
A Noble Earle, and many a creature else,
Had beene alive this houre,
If like a Christian thou had it truly borne
Between our Armies, true Intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to,

And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be annoy'd, it lies on mee.
King. Beare Worcester to death, and Vernon too:
Other Offenders we will pafs upon.

How goes the Field?

Prin. The Noble Scot Lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day, quite turn'd from him,
The Noble Percy flaine, and all his men,
Upon the foot of Serre, fled with the rest;
And falling from a hill, he was so bruiz'd
That the pursuers tooke him. At my Tent
The Douglas is, and I beseech your Grace,
I may dispose of him.

King. With all my heart,

Prin. Then Brother John of Lancaster,
To you this honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Vp to his pleasure, rancome liffe and free:
His Valour fhewne upon our Crefts to day,
Hath taught vs how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosome of our Adverfaries.

King. Then this remains: that we divide our Power.
You Sonne John, and my Cousin Westminster
Towards Yorke fhall bend you, with your deereft Speed
To meet Northumberland, and the Prelate Scoupe,
Who as we heare are busie in Armes,
My Selfe, and you Sonne Harry will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower, and the Earle of March,
Rebellion in this Land fhall lose his way,
Meeting the Checke of such another day:
And since this Bufineffe so faire it done,
Let vs not leave till all our owne be wonne. Exeunt.

FINIS.
The Second Part of Henry the Fourth, Containing his Death: and the Coronation of King Henry the Fift.

Actus Primus. Secna Prima.

**Induction.**

Enter Rumour.

Pen your Eares: For which of you will flop The vent of Hearing, when loud Rumour speaks? From the Orient, to the drooping West (Making the winde my Post horsie) Still unfold The Acts commenced on this Ball of Earth, Upon my Tongue, continuall Slanders ride, The which, in every Language, I pronounce, Stuffing the Eares of them with false Reports: I speak of Peace, while count Emnity (Vnder the simile of Safety) wounds the World: And who but Rumour, who but one ly Make feastfull Matters, and prepar'd Defence, Whilest the bigge yere, solewne with some other griefes, Is thoughts with childe, by the fierce Tyrant, Warre, And no such matter? Rumour, is a Pipe Blowne by Sutmers, solonies, Complices; And of so easie, and so pleasant a flop, That the blunt Moniter, with vncounted heads, The full discordant, warching Multitude, Can play upon it. But what in eede I thus My well knowne Body to Anathomize Among my household? Why is Rumour here? I run before King Harrys victorie, Who in a bloode field by Shrewsburg Hath beaten downe yong Harpur, and his Troopes, Quenching the flamme of bold Rebellion, Even with the Rebels blood. But what meane I To speake so true at first? My Office is To noisy abroad, that Harri Monmouth fell Under the Wrath of Noble Harpur Swood: And that the King, before the Tongue of Rage Stoop'd him Anointed head, as low as death. This hau I rumour'd through the peafout-Townes, Betweene the Royall Field of Shrewsburg, And this Worme-esten-Hole of ragged Stone, Where Harpur Father, old Northumberland, Lyes crafty sicke, The Poftes come tyng on, And not a man of them brings other newes Then they have learnt of me. From Rumours Tongues, They bring smooth-Comfons-salve, wotive then True-wrongs. Exit.

**Secna Secunda.**

Enter Lord Bardolfe, and the Porter.

L. Bar. Who keeps the Gate herehe hoy? Where is the Earle? Par. What shall I say you are? Bar. Tell thou the Earle That the Lord Bardolfe dath attend him here. Par. His Lordship is walk'd forth into the Orchard, Please it your Honor, knocke but at the Gate, And he himselfe will anwer.

Enter Northumberland.

L. Bar. Heere comes the Earle.

Nor. What newes Lord Bardolfe? Ev'ry minute now Should be the Father of some Stragglem The Times are wide: Contention (like a Horse Full of high Feeding) madly hath broke looie, And bears downe all before him. L. Bar. Noble Earle, I bring you certaine newses 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 Harrys faine out-right: and both the Blunts: Kill'd by the hand of Douglas, Yong Prince Iohn, And Westmoreland, and Stafford,flt the Field, And Harri Monmouths Brave (the Fulke Sir Iohn) Is prisoner to your Sonne. O, such a Day, (So fought, so follow'd, and so fiarly wonne) Came not, till now, to dignifie the Times Since Cefar Fortunes.

Nor. How is this dear'd? Saw you the Field? Came you from Shrewsbury? L. Bar. I spake with one (my L.) that came fr'o thence, A Gentleman well bred, and of good name, That freely tender'd me these newes for true. Nor. Howe, here comes my Servant Travers, whom I sent On Tuesday last, to listen after Newes.

Enter Travers.

L. Bar. My Lord, I ouer-rod him on the way, And he is furnished with no certainties, More then he (haply)may resolute from me. Nor. Now Travers, what good tidings comes fr'o you? Tra.,
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Tra. My Lord, Sir John Oldcastle turn'd me backe
With joyfull tyrings: and (being better hore h')
Out-rode me. After him, came i'purrting head
A Gentleman (almost fore-spent with speed)
That flopp'd by me, to breath his bloodied hore.
He ask'd the way to Chester: And of him
I did demand what Newses from Shrewsbury:
He told me, that Rebellion had ill lucke,
And that yong Harry Percy Spurre was cold.
With that he gave his able Horie the head,
And bending forwards strooke his able hecles
Against the panting sides of his poore Iade
Vp to the Rowell head, and starting fo,
He feem'd in running, to deourece the way,
Staying no longer question.

North. Has Againe:
Say he yong Harry Percy Spurre was cold?
(Of Hot-Spurre, cold-Spurred) that Rebellion,
Had met all lucke?
Therfore, my Lord: I tell you what,
If my yong Lord your Sonne, have not the day,
Vpon mine Honor, for a silken point
I geue my Barony. Neuer talke of it.

Nor. Why should the Gentleman that rode by Travers?
Gue then such infancies of Loffe &
L. Bar. Who, he?
He was some hielding Fellow, that had ftole
The Horie he rode on: and vpon my life
Speake at aduertise, Looke, here comes more News.

Enter Morton.

Nor. Yes, this mans brow, like to a Title-leafe,
Fore-tells the Nature of a Tragickie Volume:
So lookes the Strond, when the Imperious Flood
Hath left an unfeit Vpiaration.
Say Morton, did'thoun come from Shrewsbury?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury (my Noble Lord)
Where hatefull death put on his vglyflest Maske
To fright his party.

North. How douth thy Sonne, and Brother?
Thou trembl'st it; and the whiteneffe in thy Checke
Ais sperter then thy Tongue, to tell thy Errand,
Euen such a man, to faint, to spirit'elle,
So dull, fo dead in looke, fo weoe-be-gone,
Drew Prions Courraince, in the dead of night,
And would haue told him, Halfe his Troy was burn'd.
But Prions found the Fire, ere he the Tongue:
And I, my Percies death, ere thou report't it,
This, thou would'ft fay: You Sonne did thus, and thus:
Your Brother, thus. So fought the Noble Douglas,
Stopping my greedy eare, with their bold deeds.
But in the end (to flop mine Eare indeed)
Thou haft a Sigh, to blow away this Praise,
Ending with Brother, Sonne, and all are dead.

Mor. Douglas is huing, and your Brother,yet:
But for my Lord, your Sonne,
North. Why he is dead.
See what a ready tongue Salpition hath:
He that but feares the thing, he would not know,
Hath by Infinit, knowledge from others Eyes,
That what he feared, is chanc'd. Yet speakes
Tell thou thy Earle, his Dunation Lies,
And I will take it, as a sweet D'grace,
And make thee rich, for doing me such wrong.

Mor. You are too great, to be (by me) gainfida:

Your Spirit is too true, your Feares too certaine,
North. Yet for all this, say not that Percy dead.
I see a strange Confession in thine Eye:
Thou flak'st thy head, and hold'ft it Farea, or Sinne,
To speake a truth. Ibe flaine, fay 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 newe come Newes
Hath but a fooling Office: and his Tongue,
Sounds ever after as a fhullen Bell
Remembred, knolling a departing Friend.

L. Bar. I cannot thinke (my Lord) your Son is dead,
Mor. I am forry, I should force you to beleue
That, which I would to heauen, I had not feene.
But thefle mine eyes, faw him in bloody flate,
Rend'ring faint quittance (weary'd, and out-breath'd)
To Henry Monmouth, whole swift wrath beate downe
The neuer-wanting Percy to the earth.
From whence (with life) he neuer more fhong vp.
In few; his death (whole spirit Lent a fire,
Euen to the dullef Peazant in his Camp)
Being bruited once, tooke fire and heate awaie
From the beft temper'd Courage in his Troopers.
For from his Mettle, was his Party ftole'd;
Which once, in him abated, all the reft
Turn'd on themfelues, like dull and heauy Lead:
And as the Thing, that's heauy in it felfe,
Vpon enforcement, flyes with greateff speed.
So did our Men, heauy in Hotspurres loffe,
Lend to this weight, fuch lightneffe with their Feare,
That Arrores ftole not fwiwer toward their ayme.
Then did our Soldiers (favouring at their safety)
Fly from the field. Then was that Noble Worcefter
Too loohta'the prifoner: and that furious Scot,
(Th'bloody Douglas) whole well-labouring fword
Had three times slaine th'appearance of the King,
Gan vail his ftomack, and did grace the fame
Of thofe that durft a Percy to the earth:
And in his flight, Stumbling in Feare, was tooke.
The fame of all, Is, that the King hath wonne: and hath fent out
A speedy power, to encounter you my Lord,
Vnder the Conduct of your Lord Lancastre.
And Weftermear. This is the Newes at full.
North. For this, I shall haue time enough to mornre.
In Poyfon, there is Physike: and this newes
(Hauing beene well) that would haue made me fickle,
Being fickle, haue in some meafure, made me well.
And as the Wretch, whose Faeuer-weakned joyns,
Like strengthiffe Hindes, bucke under life,
Impatient of his Fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keepers armes : Euen fo, my Limbes
(Weak'ned with griefe) being now inrag'd with greefe,
Are thrice themefelves. Hence therefore thou nice crutch,
A fcalfe Gauntlet now, with joynts of Steele
Must gloue this hand, And hence thou fickly Quoife,
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which Princes, belf'd with Conquest, ayme to hit.
Now binde my Browes with Irie and approache
The ragged it houre, that Time and Spight dare bring
To frowne upon th'enrag'd Northumberland,
Let Heauen kiffe Earch: now let not Natures hand
Keepes the wilde Flood confin'd: Let Order dye,
And let the world no longer be a stage
To feede Contention in a ling'ring Act:
But let one spirit of the First-borne Caine
Reigne
braine of this foolifh compounded Clay-man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more then I invent, or is invented on me. I am not only witty in my self, but the cause that wit is in other men. I doe here walke before thee, like a Sow, that hath a rheum'd all her Litter, but one. If the Prince put thee into my Service for any other reason, then to fet mee off, why then I have no judgement. Thou hast some Meat, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, then to wait at my heels. I was never man that with an Agot till now: but I will fett thee nighty in Gold, not Silver, but in vilde apparel, and fend you backe againe to your Master, for a Jewell. The Herneall (the Prince your Master) whose Chin is not yet fledg'd, I will sooner have a beard growne in the Palme of my hand, then he shall get one on his checke: yet he will not fittle to fay, his Face is a Face-Royall. Heauen may finifh it when he will, it is not a laire amifle yet: he may keepe it ftil at a Face-Royall, for a Barber shall never eare finne pence out of it, and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man euery since his Father was a Bartelloure. He may keepe his owne Grace, but he is almooft out of mine, I can affhume it. What faid M. Dombledon, about the Satten for my short Cloake, and Slops?

Pag. He faid fir, you should procure him better Affurance, then Barlaffe: he wold not take his Bond & yours, he lik'd not the Security.

Fal. Let him bee damn'd like the Glutton, may his Tongue be hotter, a horfon Aschobook; a Rafeallye yeo-forooth-knaue, to bee a Gentleman in hand, and then fland upon Security? The horfon smooth-pates doe now wear notthing but high shoes, and bunches of Keyes at their girdles: and if a man is through with them in ho-nee Taking-vp, then they fland fland upon Security: as fayd as lieue they should have put Rats-bane in my mouth, as offer to floppe it with Security. I took'd hee should have fent me two and twenty yards of Satten (as I am true Knight) and he fends me Security. Well, he may fleep in Security, for he hath the horne of Abundance: and the lightneffe of his Wife fhiens through it, and yet cannot he fee, though he have his owne Lanthorne to light him. Where's Barlaffe?

Pag. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horfe.

Fal. I bought him in Pauers, and hee'ly buy me a horfe in Smithfield. If I could gete mee in the Streets, I were Mann'd, Hors'd, and Wi'd.

Enter Chiefse Iaffe, and Servants.

Pag. Sir, here comes the Nobleman that committed the Prince for flinking him, about Barlaffe.

Fal. Wait clofe, I will not fee him.

Ch. Infr. What's he that goes there?

Ser. Falaffe, and pleaze your Lordship.

Infr. He that was in question for the Robbery?

Ser. He my Lord, but he hath fince done good fervice at Shrewsbury: and (as I heare) is now going with fome Charge, to the Lord John of Lancesfer.

Infr. What to Yorke? Call him backe againe.

Ser. Sir John Falaffe.

Fal. Boy, tell him, I am deafe.

Pag. You must fpake lower, my Master is deafe.

Infr. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good.

Go pluck him by the Elbow, I must fpake with him.

Ser. Sir John.

Fal. Whate's yong knaue and beg? Is there not way? Is there not employment? Doth not the K. Jack fubiefts? Do not the Rebels want Soldiers? Though it be a shame to be
in any fide but one, it is worse fham to begge, then
to on the worth fide, were it worse then the name of Re-
bellion can tell how to make it.

Ser. You make me thin.

Fal. Why fmy? Did I fay you were an honeft man? Se-
ing my Knight-hood, and your Souldier-hood alfo, I had
yet my throat, if I had faid fo.

Ser. I pray you (Sir) then let your Knighthood and
your Souldier-hood alfo, and give mee leave to tell you,
you lye in your throat, if you fay I am any other then an
honaft man.

Fal. I glace thee leaue to tell me fo? I lay a fide that
which grows to me? I fhon get any affe of none, hang
me: if thou take'st shame, thou bett fer be hang'd, & you
Hunt-counter, hence: Auant.

Ser. Sir, my Lord would speake with you.

Inf. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good Lord: give your Lordfhip good time of
the day. I am glad to fee your Lordfhip abroad: I heard
your Lordfhip was fick, I hope your Lordfhip goes abroad
by aduife. Your Lordfhip (though not clean paft
your youth) hath yet some fack of age in you: your rel-
Lifh of the faintine of Time, and I moft hombfe fee
your Lordfhip, to have a reuerent care of your health.

Inf. Sir John, I fent you before your Expedition, to
shew you your duty.

Fal. But pleafe your Lordfhip, I heare his Majefle is
return'd with fome discomfort from Wales.

Inf. I take not of his Majefle: you would not come
when I fent for you?

Fal. And I heare moreover, his Highneffe is fälle into
this fame whorft of Apologie. (you).

Inf. Well, heauen mend him. I pray let me speake
Fal. This Apologie is (as take it) a kind of Lethe-
gie, a fleeping of the blood, a horion Tingling.

Inf. What tell you of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its originall from very greeffe; from fludy
and perturbation of the braine. I have reade the caufe
of his effects in Galen. It is a kind of deafeaffe.

Inf. I thinke you are fälle into the difeafe: For you
heare not what I fay to you.

Fal. Very well (my Lord) very well: rather an epleafe
you it is the difeafe of not Lifing, the mality of not
Marking, that I am troubled withal.

Inf. To punifh fuch an indifferencie, would amend the
attention of your eares, & I care not if be your Phyfician
Fal. I am as poor as (Sir John) my Lord; but not fo Patents:
your Lordfhip may minifter the Punition of imprisonment
me, in refpect of Pouerice: but how I fhould bee your
Patient, to follow your prefcriptions, the wife may make
fome draue of a feruple, or indeede, a feruple it ifelfe.

Inf. I fent for you (when there were matters against
you for your life) to come speake with me.

Fal. As I was then aduifed by my learned Counfel, in
the lawes of this Land-feruice, I did not come.

Inf. Wel, the truth is (Sir John) you live in great infamy
Fal. He that buckles him in his belt, cannot live in leffe.

Inf. Your Meanes is very flemder, and your waft great.

Fal. I would it were ofwife: I would my Meanes were
greater, and my wife fleender.

Inf. You have miffed the youngfull Prince.

Fal. The young Prince hath miffed mee. I am the Fel-
low with the great belly, and he my Drogge.

Inf. Well, I am loth to call a new-head wound: your
dates ferince to Shrewsbury, hath a little gilded over
your Nights exploit on Gods-hill. You may tranke the

vquiet time, for your quiet o're-poiting that Action.

Fal. My Lord?

Inf. But fince all is well, keep it fop: wake nota sleeping
Fal. To wake a Wholf, is as bad as to fwell a Fox.

Inf. What fhall we fay then, the better part of our
Fal. A Waffell-Candle, my Lord; all Tallow: if I did
fay of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Inf. There is not a white hair on your face, but hold
have his effect of gravity.

Inf. His effect of grany, grany, grany.

Inf. You follow the young Prince vp and downe, like
his cuill Angell.

Fal. Not fo (my Lord) your ill Angell is lighter: but I hope,
he that lookes upon mee, will take mee without,
weighing: and yet, in some reftes: I grant, I cannot go:
I cannot tell, Virtues is of to little regard in the Colo-
mongers, that true valor is turn'd Beare-head; Pregnan-
tie is made a Tapfer, and hath his quicks wit waffed in
quiet Recknings: all the other gifts appertainment to man
(as the malice of this Age shapes them) are not woorth a
Goofeberry. You that are old, confider not the capaci-
ties of vs that are yong: you mufte fee the heat of our
Liers, with the bitternes of your gales: & we that are in
the vaward of our youth, must confide, are waggis too.

Inf. Do you think me heere in the troubled youth,
that are written downe old, with all the Charac-
ters of age? Have you not a moift eye? a dry hand? a
yellow cheeke: a white head? a decreasing leg? an increa-
bly belly? Is not your voice broken? your wintes floppy
you wit finge? and every part about you biffled with Anti-
quity? and will you call your elta yong? By fl, fl, Sir

Inf. My Lord, I was borne with a white head, & fome-
thing a round belly. For my voice, I loose lot it with
baffing and singing of Anthenes. To approwe my youth
farther, I will not; the truth is, I am only olde in judg-
ment and underftanding: and he that will capper with mee
for a thousand Markes, let him lend me the mony, & have
him. For the boxe of the caufe that the Prince gave you,
he gave it like a rude Prince, and you took it like a fensi-
bile Lord. I haue cheked him for it, and the yong Lion
re-

Inf. Well, heauen fend the Prince a better companion.

Inf. Heauen fend the Companion a better Prince: I
cannot thinke of an indifferencie in the trouble of

Inf. Well, the King hath feuer'd you and Prince Bar-
ry, I heare you are going with Lord John of Lancaster, a-
against the Archifhip, and the Earle of Nordumberland.

Inf. Yes, I thank you your pretty sweet wit for it: but
fooke you pray, (all you that kill my Lady Peace, at
home) that our Armies joyn not in a hot day; for if I take
but two flirts out with me, and I meane not to sweat ex-
traordinarily: if bee a hot day, if I brandish any thing,
but my Bottle, would I might neuer fpit white againe
There is not a deangerous Action can peppe out his head,
but I am trust you with. Well, I cannot leauer.

Inf. Well, be honeft, be honeft, and heauen bleffe your
Expedition.

Inf. Will your Lordfhip lend mee a thoufand pound,
to furmiff me forth?

Inf. Not a peney, not a peney: you are too impatien
to bear croffe. Fare you well. Commend mee to my
Cofin Wetherclere.

Inf. If I do, fillope me with a three-man-Beetle. A man
can no more separate Age and Counoufleffe, then he can
part yong limbes and lechery: but the Gowt galles the
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

one, and the pox pinches the other; and both the Decrees prevent my curtes. Boy?

Page. Sir.

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats, and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this Consumption of the purse. Borrowing only lingers, and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster, this to the Prince, this to the Earl of Welfmerland, and this to old Miftra Orlula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry, since I perceive this feast white hair on my chin. About it you know where to finde me. A pos of this Gown, or a Gown of this Poxe: for the one or the other plays the rogue with my great toe: it is no matter, if I do halt, I hate the warres for my colour, and my Pension shall seeme the more reasonable. A good wit will make vie of any thing: I will turne diseases to commodity.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Archbishop, Hasting, Marbro, and Lord Bardolf.

Ar. Thus have you heard our causers. & know our Means: And my most noble Friends, I pray you all Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes, And first (Lord Marshall) what say you to it? 

Men. I well allow the occasion of our Armes, But gladly would be better satisfied, How (in our Meanes) we should advance our selves To looke with forhead bold and big enough Upon the Power and puissance of the King.

Haft. Our present Musters grow uppon the File To fue and twenty thousand men of choice: And our Supplies, live largely in the hope Of great Northumberland, whofe boome burns With an incendi Fire of Injuries.

L.Bar. The question then (Lord Hasting) landeth thus Whether our present feue and ten thoufand May hold vp-head, without Northumberland:

Haft. With him, I say.

L.Bar. I marry, there's the point: But if without him be thought to feble, My judgement is, we should not flp too faffe Till we had his Assistance by the hand.

For in Theame so bloody fact'd, as this,
Conicure, Expentation, and Surmise
Of Aydes incertaine, should not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true Lord Bardolf, for indeed It was your Hasting's cafe, at Shrewsbury.

L.Bar. It was (my Lord) who lin'd himselfe with hope, Eating the aye, on promis of Supply,

Flaft'ring himselfe with Protec of a power,

Much smaller, then the smallest of his Thoughts, And fo with great imagination

(Proper to mad men) led his Powers to death, And (winking) leap'd into defftruction.

Haft. But (by your leave) is never yet did hurt, To lay downe likely-hoods, and forms of hope.

L.Bar. Yes. if this present quality of warre,

Induced the intant action: a caufe on foot, Llues fo in hope: As in an early Spring, We fee th'appearing buds, which to prove fruite, Hope gues not to much warrant, as Difparate That Froths will bite them. When we mean to build, We flift survey the Pler, then draw the Modell,

And when we fee the figure of the house,

Then must we rate the cost of the erection,

Which if we finde out-weighes Ability,

What do we then, but draw a-new the Modell

In fewer offices? Or at leffe, defhit

To builde at all? Much more, in this great worke,

(Which is (almost) to plucke a Kingdome downe,

And set another vp) shou'd we suruey

The plot of Situation, and the Modell:

Content upon a pirc Foundation.

Question Surveyors, know our owne estate,

How able such a Worke to vndergo,

To weigh against his Opposite? Or else,

We forth in Paper, and in Figures,

Ving the Names of men, instead of men:

Like one, that draws the Modell of a houfe

Beyond his power to build it; who (alifie through)

Gues o're, and leaves his part-created Coft

A naked subject to the Weeping Clouds,

And waste, for churlifh Winters tyranny.

Haft. Grant that our hopes (yet likely of fire byrth)

Should be full-borne: and that we now posfit

The vtmoft man of expetation:

I thinke we are a Body strong enough

(Euen as we are) to equall with the King.

L.Bar. What is the King but fие & twenty thousand?

Haft. To vs no more: nay not so much Lord Bardolf,

For his duiions (as the Times do bраul)

Are in three Heads: one Power against the French,

And one against Glendower: Perfoce a third

Muft take vp vs: So is the unequall King

In three diuided: and his Coffers found

With hollow Poverty, and Empinfie.

Ar. That he should draw his generall strengthes togeth

And come against vs in full puifance

Need not be dreaded.

Haft. If the should do so,

He leaves his backe vnwar'd, the French, and Welch

Baying him at the heles: feuer feare that.

L.Bar. Who is it like should lead his Forces hituer?

Haft. The Duke of Lancaster, and Welfmerland:

Against the Welch himfelfe, and Harry Monmouth,

But who is substfuted 'gainst the French,

I have no certaine notice.

Arch. Let vs on:

And publisht the occasion of our Armes.

The Common-wealth is fiddle of their owne Choice,

Their outer-greedy loute hath furfefted:

An habitation giddy, and vufare

Hat he thace buildeth on the vulgar heart.

O thou fond Many, with what loud aplauufe

Did'ft thou beehe heaven with blefing Bulkingbrookes,

Before he was, what thou would he have him be?

And being now trimm'd in thine owne desires,

Thou (beaftly Feeder) art fo full of him,

That thou proue'ft thy felfe to call him vp.

So, fo, (thou common Dogge) did'ft thou digorge

Thy glutton-bofome of the Royal Richard,

And now thou would'ft eate thy dead vomit Bullingbrookes.

And bow it to finde it. What truft in thes Times?

They, that when Richard liu'd, would have him dye,

Are now become enamour'd on his graue.

Thou that threw'ft duft uppon his goodly head

When through proud London he came fighting on,

After th'admirèd hecles of Bulkingbrookes,

Cry'd now, O Earth, yeeld vs that King agine,

And
Enter Hoftsfe, with two Officers: Fang, and Snare.


Fang. Snare, we must Arrest Sir John Falstaff.

Hoftsfe. I good M. Snare, I have enter'd him; and all.

Sn. It may chance some of us our liues he will flay Hoftsfe. Alas the day: take heed of him: he stabb'd me in mine owne house, and that most beauly: he cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out. Here will foyne like any duell, he will spare neither man, woman, nor childe.

Fang. If I can clofe with him, I care not for his thrust, Hoftsfe. No, nor I neither: He beare at your elbow.

Fang. If I but fill him once: all he come but within my Vice.

Hoftsfe. I am vndone with his going: I warrant he is an infinite thing vpon my fcore. Good M. Fang hold him fure: good M. Snare let him not fcape, he comes continuantly to Py-Corner (suing your manhoods) to buy a faddle, and is intend to dinner to the Lubbards head in Lombardstreet, to M. Smoother the Silkmann. I praye, since my Exion is enter'd, and my Cafe to openly knowne thone world, let him be brought in to his answer: A too. Mairke is a long one, for a poore loue woman to bear: & I have borne, and borne, and borne, and have bin fub'doff, and fab'doff, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thoughton. There is no honestly in fuch dealing, vnes a woman should be made an Affe and a Beafe, to beare ev'ry Knaves wrong. Enter Falstaff, and Bardolfe.

Yonder he comes, and that arrant Malmeay-Nose Bardolfe with him, Do your Offices, do your offices: M. Fang, & M. Snare, do me, do me, do me your Offices.


Fal. Away Vaeltes, draw Bardolfe: Cut me off the Villaines heafe: throw the Queane in the Channel.

Hoftsfe. Throw me in the channel! He throw thee there. With thou wilt thou hast fadly rog. Murder, Murder, O thou Hony-fucklie villaine, wilt thou kill Gods officers, and the Kings? O thou hony-feed Rogue, thou art a howfled, a Man-queller, and a woman-queller.


Page. Away you Scullion, you Rampallian, you Fafilities: He tucke your Catastrophe. Enter, Ch. Injufice.

Inj. What's the matter? Keep the Peace here, hoa. Hoftsfe. Good my Lord be good to mee, I befeech you stand to me.

Ch. Inj. How now Sir John? What are you brauling here? Doth this become your place, your time, and busineffe? You should have bene well on your way to Yorke. Stand from him Fellow; wherefore hang't vpon him? Hoftsfe. Omy honf worthyfull Lord, and pleafe your Grace, I am a poore widow of Eaflecheape, and he is atreede at my fuit. Ch. Injufce. For what fumme? Hoftsfe. It is more then for fome (my Lord;) it is for all: I haue, he hath eaten me out of houfe and home; he hath put all my fubftance into that fat belly of his; but I will have fome of it out againe, or I wil ride thee o Nights, like the Mare.

Fal. I think I am like to ride the Mare, if I haue any vantage of ground, to get vp.

Ch. Injufce. How comes this, Sir John? By, what a man of good remper would endure this tempeft of exclamaation? Are you not afhamed to inforce a poore Widdowe to fo rough a courfe, to come by hir owne? Fal. What is the groffe fumme that I owe thee? Hoftsfe. Marry (if thou wert an honon man) thy felfe, & the mony too, Thou didst tauee to mee vpon a parcel gobe,fitting in my Dolphin-chamber at the round table, by a fea-cote fite, on Wednesday in Whifton week, when the Prince broke thy head for lik'ning him to a finging man of Windfoft; Thou didst tauee to mee then; (as I was waffling thy wound) to marry me, and make mee my Lady thy wife, Can't y deny it? Did not goodwife Kreech the Butchers wife come in then, and call me gosip Quicke, calling in to borrow a maffe of Vinegar telling vs, she had a good difh of Prawnes; whereby y did deifie to eat home: whereby I told thee they were ill for a greene wound? And did not thou (when the was gone downe faires)deifie me to bene no more familiar with fuch poore people, saying, that ere long they should calle me Madam? And did y not kiffe me, and bid mee fetch thee 30 s. I put thee now to thy book-oath, deny it if thou canst?

Fal. My Lord, this is a poore mad foulett and the fayes vp & downe the town, that her eldeft fon is like you. She hath bin in good cafe, & the truth is, poverty hath diftraighted her; that for thy foulife Officers, I befeech you, I may have redrife againft them.

Inj. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your maicer of wrenching the true caufe, the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throgn of words, that come with fuch (more then impudent)jawsines from you, can thru me from a leuell confideration, I know you ha prac'tis'd vpon the easie-yielding spirit of this woman.

Hoftsfe. Yes in troth my Lord.

Inj. Prethee peace pay her the debt you owe her, and vpay the villay you have done her: the one you maydo with fairely mony, & the other with currant repentance. Fal. My Lord, I will not vndergoe this fucopa without reply. You call honorable Boldnes,impudent Sawinesfe: It maun curtly lie, and fay nothing, he is verious: No, my Lord (your humble duty remembr'd) I will not be your tutor. I fay to you, I defire deliurie from thee Officers being vpon halfy employment in the Kings Affaires.

Inj. You lpeake, as hauing power to do wrong: But anffer in the effect of your Reputation, and fatisafe the poore woman.


Ch. Inj. Now Mafter Gawer. What newes? Gawer. The King (my Lord) and Henrie Prince of Wales are here at hand: The refi the Paper telles.


Fal. As I am a Gentleman, Come, no more words of it. Hoftsfe. By this Heavenly ground I tread on, I must be faine to pawe both my Plate, and the Tapifry of my dyng Chambers.
as to remember to wake a Composition.

Prince. Beike then, my Appetite was not Princely got: for (in truth) I do now remember the poore Creature, Small Beere. But indeed these humble confidertations make me out of love with my Wine. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? Or to know thy face to morrow? Or to take note how many pairs of Silk stockings hast (Viz. these, and the fett that were thy peach-coloured ones?) Or to hear the Inventory of thy shirts, as one for superfuous, and one other, for vfe. But that the Tennis-Court-keeper knowes better then I, for it is a low efe of Linnen with thee, when thou keft it not Racket there, as thou haft not done a great while, becaufe the refi of thy Low Countries, have made a flint to care vpe thy Holland.

Pain. How ill it followes, after you haue laboure'd so hard, you shall talk fo idly? Tell me how many good young Princes would do fo, their Fathers lying fo fickle, as yours is?

Prin. Shall I tell thee one thing, Pointz? Pain: Yes: and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prin. It fhall ferue among wittes of no higher breeding then thine.

Pain. Go to: I fland the pulls of your one thing; that you tell.

Prin. Why, I tell thee, it is not meet, that I fhould be fad now my Father is fickle; altho' I could tell thee (as to one it pleates me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be fad, and fad indeed too.

Pain. Very hardly, upon fuch a fubjeft.

Prin. Thou think it me; as fain in the Dinets Book, as thou, and Falstaff, for obduracy and perfiftence. Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my hart bleedeth inwardly, that my Father is fickle: and keeping fuch vill company as thou art, in fhare reafon taken from me, all moderation of forrow.

Pain. The reafon?

Prin. What would it thou think of me, if I fhill weep?

Pain. I would thinke thee a moft Princefully hypocrife.

Prin. It would be very rares thought: and thou art a bleffed Fellow, to thinke as every man thinke: newes a man thought in the world, keepe the Route-way better then thine: every man fhould thinke me an Hypocrite indeece. And what accesse thy moft worfulpilful thought to thinke to?

Pain. Why, because you have beene fo lewd, and fo much ingraffed to Falstaff.

Prin. And to thee.

Painz. Nay, I am well spoken of, I can hear it with mine owne eare: I thinke the world that they can fay of me is, that I am a fcoffing Brother, and that I am a proper Fellow of my hands: and those two things I confefle I can not help. Look, look, here comes Bardolf.

Prin. And the Boy that I gave Falstaffe, he had him from me Christian, and fee if the fat villain have not transform'd him Ape.

Enter Bardolf.

Bar. Save you Grace.

Prin. And yours, moft Noble Bardolf. Pain. Come you permiitious Asse, you fballfull Fool, muft you be blushing? Wherefore blushing now? what a Maidenly man at Armes are you become? Is it fuch a matter to get a Pottle-pots Maid-den head?

Page. He call'd me even now (my Lord) through red Lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window:
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Page. None my Lord, but old Mirthin Quickly, and M. Doll Tearsheet.

Prin. What Pagan may that be?

Page. A proper Gentlewoman, Sir, and a Kinwoman of my Master.

Prin. Even such Kin, as the Parish Heyfors are to the Towne-Ball?

Shall we steale upon them (Ned) at Supper?

Page. I am your fiddow, my Lord, lie follow you.

Prin. Sirrah, you boy, and Bardolph, no word to your Master that I am yet in Towne.

There's for your silence.

Bar. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine Sir, I will gouerne it.

Prin. Fare ye well: go.

This Doll Tearsheet should beome Rode.

Page. I warrant you, as common as the way between.

S. Albans, and London.

Prin. How might we fee Falstaff bellow himselfe to night, in his true colours, and not our felues be feene?

Page. Put on two Leather jerkins, and Aprons, and waite upon him at his abill, like Drawers.

Prin. From a God, to a skull! A heauie declamation: It was long agoe, from a Prince, to a Premier: a low traiell formation, that shall be mine; for in every thing, the purrpole must weares with the folly. Follow me Ned. 

Enter Scena Tertia.

North. I prechee loving Wife, and gentle Daughter, Gues an euen way unto my rough Affairs: Put not you on the vifage of the Times, And be like them to Percie, troublesome. Wife. I have gueen ouer, I will speake no more, Do what you will; your Wifedome, be your guide. North. Alas (sweet Wife) my Honor is at pace, And yours goe, nothing can redeme it.

La. Oh! yet, for heauen's fake, go not to these Wars; The Time was (Father) when you broke your word, When you were more entempe to it, than now, When your owne Percy, when my heart decreed, Harry, Threw many a Northward looke, to see his Father Bring vp his Powres: but he did long in vaine. Who then perfuaded you to stay at home? There were two Honors left; Yours, and your Sonnes. For Yours, may heauenly glory brighten it: For His, it flueke upon him, as the Sunne In the gray waulet of Hexeun: and by his Light Did all the Chemelure of England move To do brave Acts. He was (indeed) the Giaffe Wherein the Noble-Youth did drefs themselves. He had no Legges, that practic'd not his Gate: And speakinge thicke (which Nature made his blemish) Became the Accents of the Valiant. For those that could speake low, and tardily, Would turne their owne Perfection, to Abuse, To seeme like him. So that in Speech, in Gate, In Diet, in Affections of delight, In Militarie Rites, Humors of blood, 

He
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 five more Sir John: and, putting off his Hat, said, I will now take my leave of these fine drie, round, old-wither'd Knights. It angered him to the heart: but hee hath forgot that.

1. Drawer. Why then couer, and set them downe: and see if thou canst finde our Sneaker Noyle; Miltris Teare-fout would faine have some Musique.

2. Drawer. Sirrha, there will be the Prince, and Master Points, anon: and they will put on two of our Jerkins, and Aprons, and Sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

1. Drawer. Then here will be old Vitts: it will be an excellent stratagem.

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2. Drawer. If I see if I can finde our Sneaker. Exit.

Enter Hostes, and Dol.

Host. Sweet-heart, me thinkes now you are in an excellent good temperatilitie: your Puffidge beastes are extraordinaerly, as heart would deire; and your Colour (I warrant you) is as red as any Rose: But you have drunke too much Canterbury, and that's a maruellous feasting Wine; and it perfumes the blood, ere wee can say what's this. How doe you now?

Dol. Better then I was: Hem.

Host. Why that was well said: A good heart's worth Gold. Looke, here comes Sir John.

Enter Falstaff.

Falstaff. When Arthure first in Court:—(emptie the Iordan) and was a worthy King: How now Miltris Dol?

Host. Sick of a Calme: yea, good-footh.

Falstaff. So is all her Sett: if they be once in a Calme, they are sick.

Dol. You muddie Falstaff, is that all the comfort you giue me?

Falstaff. You make fat Falstaffs, Miltris Dol.

Dol. I make them? Gluttonie and Difeases make them, I make them not.

Falstaff. If the Cooke make the Gluttonie, you help to make the Difeases (Dol) we catch of you (Dol) we catch of you: Grant that, my poore Vertue, grant that.

Dol. I marry, our Chaynes, and our Jewels.

Falstaff. Your Brooches, Pearles, and Owches: For to ferue brauely, is to come hailing off: you know, to come off the Break, with his Pike bent brauely, and to Surgerie brauely; to venture upon the charg'd-Chambers brauely.

Host. Why this is the odie fashion: you two neuer meete, but you fall to some discoard: you are both (in good truth) as Rheumaticke as two draie Toffes, you cannot one beare with another Conformities. What the good-yere? One must beare, and that must bee you: you are the weaker Veffell; as they say, the emptier Veffell.

Dol. Can weake empie Vellie beare suche a huge full Hog-head? There's a whole Marcham's Venice of Bardeus-Stuffe in him: you have not feate a Hulke better stuffe in the Hold. Come, Ile be friends with thee.

Jake: Thou are going to the Warres, and whether I shall easier see thee againe, or no, there is no body cares.

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Sir, Ancient Puffall is below, and would speake with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering Falstaff, let him not come hither: it is the foule-mouth'd Roge in Engeland.

Host. If hee swagger, let him not come here: I must liue amongst my Neighbours, Ile no Swaggerers: I am in good name, and fame, with the very befit: shew the doore, there comes no Swaggerers here: I have not li'd all this while, to have swaggering now: shew the doore, I pray you.

Falstaff. Do't thou hearre, Hostest?

Host. Pray you pacifie your selle (Sir John) there comes no Swaggerers here.

Falstaff. Do't
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Fallst. Do'st thou hearst? It is mine Ancient.

Halst. Tilly-fally (Sir John) never tell me, your ancient

Swaggert comes not in my doores. I was before Master

Twitch, the Deputie, the other day: and as hee told me, it

was no longer agoe then Wednesday last: Neighbour

Quickly (fayes hee) Master Donne, our Mineriter, was by

then: Neighbour Quickly (fayes hee) receive those that are

Ciulli; for (fayth hee) you are in an ill Name: now hee

sai fado, I can tell whereupon: for (fayes hee) you are an

honest Woman, and well thought on: therefore take

heed what Guests you receive: Receive (fayes hee) no

swaggerring Companions. There comes none here. You

would beleeve you to hear what hee said. No, I hee no

Swaggerters.

Fallst. Hee's no Swaggertor (Hosieke) tame Cheater, hee:
you may fritshaw him as gently, as a Peggy Grey-
hound; hee will not swaggerr with a Barabaz Henne, if

her feathers turne backe in any shew of resistence. Call

him vp (Drauer).

Halst. Cheater, call you him? I will bare no honest

man my house, nor no Cheater: but I do not louse swag-

erring: I am the worse when one fayes, swaggerr: Fecle

Masters, how I shakke: looke you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you doe, Hosieke.

Halst. Doe I? yea, in very truth doe I, if it were an

Alpen Leafe: I cannot abside Swaggerters.

Enter Pifol, and Bardolph and his Boy.

Pifst. 'Saue you, Sir John.

Fallst. Welcome Ancient Pifol. Here (Pifol) I charge

you with a Cup of Sacke: doe you discharge vpon mine

Hosieke.

Pifst. I will discharge vpon her (Sir John) with two

Bullers.

Fallst. She is Pifol-proof (Sir) you shall hardly of-
fend her.

Halst. Come, Ile drinke no Proofes, nor no Bullers: I

will drinke no more then will doe me good, for no mans

plural, 1.

Pifst. Then to you (Mifris Dorsbin) I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me? I forume you (Feueric Companion)

what? you poore, bafe, raftally, cheating, lacke-Linen-

Mace: away you modiume Rogue, away: I am meat for

your Master.

Pifst. I know you, Mifris Dorsbin.

Dol. Away you Cut-paraile Rascal, you filthy Bung,

away: By this Wine, Ile throt my Knife in your mouldy

Chappes, if you play the saweile Cuttle with me. Away

you Bottle-Ale Rascal, you Basket-hift stale lugger, you.

Since when, I pray you, Sir? what, with two Points on

your shouder? mutch.

Pifst. I will murther your Ruffle, for this.

Dol. No good Captain Pifol: not here, sweete

Captain.

Fallst. Captain? thou abominable damnd Cheaters,

art thou not ashamed to be call'd Captain? If Captains

were of my minde, they would thrutchien you out, for tak-

ing their Names vpon you, before you have earn'd them.

You a Captain? you flae, for what? for tearing a poore

Whores Ruffle in a Bawdy-house? Hee a Captain? hang

him Rogue, hee lines vpon mouldy fllew'd-Prunies, and

diy'de Cakes. A Captain? These Villaines will make the

word Captain odious: Therefore Captains had neede looke

to it.

Bard. Pray thee goe downe, good Ancient.

Fallst. Hearke thee bither, Mifris Dol-

Pifst. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporall Bardolph, I

could tearre her: Ile be reeweng'd on her.

Page. 'Pray thee goe downe.

Pifst. Ile see her damn'd first: to Pluto's damn'd Lake,

to the Infernall Deepe, where Erbus and Tortures wilde

sa. Hold Hooke and Line, say I: Downe: downe

Dogges, downe Fates: haue wee not Huren here?

Halst. Good Captaine Pifol be quiet, it is very late:

I beseeke you now, aggruarte your Choler.

Pifst. Thefe be good Humors indeede. Shall Pack-

Hories, and hollow-pamper'd lades of Asia, which

cannot goe but thirtie miles a day, compare with Cefar,

and with Caunbells, and Trojan Greekes? nay, rather damne

them with king Cerberus, and let the Welkin roare; sall

wee fall foute for Toyes?

Halst. By my troth Captaine, these are very bitter

words.

Bard. Be gone, good Ancient: this will grow to a

Brawle anon.

Pifst. Die men,like Dogget: giue Crownes like Pinnes:

Haue we not Huren here?

Halst. On my word (Captaine) there's noge fuch here.

What the good-yeere, doe you think I would deny her?

I pray be quiet.

Pifst. Then feed, and be fat (my faire Calipolis) Come,

giue me some Sack, Si faire me tome temortice, ipectate me con-
tente. T rave wee broad-sides? No, let the fiend giue fre:

Giu me some Sack: and Sweet-heart lyse thou there:

Come wee to full Points here, and are et cetera's no-
thing?

Fal. Pifol, I would be quiet.

Pifst. Sweet Knight, I kille thy Nesst: what? wee haue

feene the feuen Serras.

Dol. Thruth him downe stayres, I cannot endure such

a Fustian Rascal.

Pifst. Thruth him downe stayres? know we not Gallo-

way Nages?

Fal. Quiet him downe (Bardolph) like a shoue, gross-

flailing: nay, if thee dooeth nott but speake nothing, thee

sall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you downe stayres.

Pifst. What? shall wee haue Incifion? shall wee em-

brow? then Death rocke me asleepe, abridge my doe full
dayes: why then let grievous, gally, gaping Wounds,

vaunt'nd the Sifters three: Come Agropes, I saie,

Halst. Here's good stiffe toward.

Fal. Giue me my Rapier, Boy.

Dol. I prethee backe, I prethee doe not draw.

Fal. Get you downe stayres.

Halst. Here's a goodly tumult: lle forscware keeping

house, before lle be in these tirrits, and frights. So: Mur-

ther I warrant now. Alas, alas, put vp your naked Wes-
pons, put vp your naked Weapons.

Dol. I prethee backe quiet, the Rascal is gone: ah,

you whores on little way, Villaine, you,

Halst. Are you not hurt it? Groyne? me thought hee

made a thredow Thrut at your Belly.

Fal. Have you turn'd him out of doores?

Bard. Yes Sir: the Rascal's drunke: you have hurt

him (Sir) in the shouder.

Fal. A Rascal to brawe me.

Dol. Ah, you sweet little Rogue, you: alas, poore Ape,

how thou sweat it? Come, let me wipe thy Face: Come

on, you whorson for Chops: Ah Rogue, I loue thee: Thou
Fal. A rascally Slave, I will to thee the Rogue in a Blanket.

Dol. Doe, if thou dar'st for thy heart: if thou dost, I'll carry thee between a pair of Sheeets.

Enter Musique.

Page. The Musique is come, Sir.

Fal. Let them play: play Sirs. Sit on my Knee, Dol. A Rascal, bragging Slave: the Rogue fled from me like Quick-flier.

Dol. And thou followedst him like a Church: thou whorson little tyde Sartholme Bore-pigge, when wilt thou leave fighting on dayes, and fancying on nights, and begin to patch vp thine old Body for Heaven?

Enter the Prince and Poines disguis'd.

Fal. Peace (good Dol) do not speak like a Deaths-head, doe not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirche, what honour is the Prince of? Fal. A good shalloon young fellow, hee would have made a good Pantler, hee would have chipp'd Bread well.

Dol. They say Poines hath a good Wit.

Fal. Hee a good Wit? hang him Baboon, his Wit is as thicke as Teak'sbone Mustard: there is no more conceit in him, then in a Mallet.

Dol. Why doth the Prince loue him so then?

Fal. Because their Legges are both of a bignesse: and hee plays at Qoirts well, and eats, Conger and Fennell, and drinks off Candles ends for Flap-dragons, and rides the wide-Mare with the Boy's, and jumps upon loy'd-floode, and sweares with a good grace, and weares his Boot very smooth, like unto the Signe of the Legge; and breeds no base with telling of differete stories: and such other Gamboll Faculties hee hath, that it may weake Minde, and an able Body, for the which the Prince admits him: for the Prince himselfe is such another: the weight of an hayre will turne the Scales betweene their Haber-de-pois.

Prince. Would not this Nae of a Wheel be have his Enter cut off?

Pain. Let vs beat him before his Whore.

Prince. Look, if the wiser'd Elders hath not his Poll claw'd like a Parrot.

Pain. Is it not strange, that Desire should so many yeres out-lute performance?

Fal. Kiss me Dol.

Prince. Saturne and Venus this yeere in Conjunction? What say's the Almanack to that?

Pain. And looke whether the feric Trigon, his Man, be not lipping to his Masters old Tables, his Note-Booke, his Counsell-keeper?

Fal. Thou don't give me flast'ring Buffles.

Dol. Nay truly, I kiss thee with a most confusion heart.

Fal. I am oldie, I am oldie.

Dol. I love thee better, then I love ere a furieously young Boy of them all.

Fal. What Stuffe wilt thou have a Kittle of? I shall receive Money on t'ursday: thou shalt have a Cappe to morrow. A merrie Song, come: it growes late, we will to Bed. Thou wilt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. Thou wilt let me a weeping, if thou say'st so: prove that ever I dress my selfe handsomely, till thy returne: well, hearken the end.


Fal. Ha? a Bastard Sonne of the Kings? And art not thou Poines, his Brother?

Prince. Why thou Globe of sinfull Continents, what a Life doth thou lead?

Fal. A better then thou: I am a Gentleman, thou art a Drawer.

Prince. Very true, Sir: and I come to draw you out by the Eares.

Hoost. Oh, the Lord preferre thy good Grace: Welcome to London. Now Hessen blash off sweete Face and thine: what, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whorson mad Compound of Maefieke: by this light Flehe, and corrupt Blood, thou art welcome.


Pain. My Lord, hee will drive you out of your reigne; and turne all to a merryment, if you take not the heat.

Prince. You whorson Candle--myne you, how wildly did you speake of me even now, before this honest, vertuous, civil Gentlewoman?

Hoost. Bleffing on your good heart, and so shee is by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou heare me?

Prince. Yes: and you knew me, as you did when you ranne away by Gods-hill: you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose, to trie my patience.

Fal. No, no: no: not so: I did not think, thou wiste within hearing.

Prince. I shall drive you then to confesse the willfull abufe, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abufe (Hal) on mine Honor, no abufe.

Prince. Not to dispraise me and call me Pantler, and Bread-chopper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abufe (Hal.)

Pain. No abufe?


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 Sibiecet, and thy Father is to give mee thanks for it. No abufe (Hal) none (Ned) none; no Boyes, none.

Prince. See now whether pure Feare, and entire Cowardise, doth not make thee wrong this vertuous Gentlewoman, to close with vs? Is thee of the Wicked? Is thine Hostelte here, of the Wicked? Or is the Boy of the Wicked? Or honest Bardolph (whose Zeale burns in his Nose) of the Wicked?

Pain. Anwere thou dear Elme, anwere, Fal. The Fiend hath prickt downe Bardolph irreconcilable; and his Face is Lucifer Priuy-Kitchen, where hee doth nothing but roft Mault-Wormes: for the Boy, there is a good Angell about him, but the Deuill out-bids him too.

Prince. Forthe Women?

Fal. For one of them, fiee is in Hell alreadie, and burns poore Soules: for the other, I owe her Money; and whether thee bee damn'd for that, I know not.

Hoost. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No,
The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

[Exeunt.]

*Enter Peto.*

**Peto.**


Peto. *The King, your Father, is at Westminster, and there are two newes brave and wearied Posts, come from the North: and as I came along, I met, and over-tooke a dozen Captains, bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the Tournaments, and asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.*

Prince. *By Heauen (Poiems) I feel me much to blame, so idly to prophane the precious time, when Tempell of Commotion, like the South, borne with black Vapour, doth begin to melt, and drop upon our bare vnarmed heads. Give me my Sword, and Cloake: Falstaff, good night.*

**Falstaff.**

*Exit. Falstaff.*

**Enter.**

**Bard.**

You must away to Court, Sir, presently, a dozen Captains stay for doore at you. Falstaff. *Pay the Musicians, Sirrah: farewell Hoftell, farewell Dol. You see (my good Wenches) how men of Merit are bought after: the vnderlever may sleepe, when the man of Action is call'd on. Farewell, good Wenches: if I be not sent away postes, I will see you againe, ere I goe.*

Dol. *I cannot speake: if my heart bee not ready to burst-- Well (sweete Jacky) have a care of thy selfe.*

**Falstaff.**

*Farewell, farewell.*

**Hof.**

*Well, fare thee well: I have knowne thee these twentie nine yeares, come Pecado-time: but an honefte man, and truer-hearted man-- Well, fare thee well.*

**Bard.**

*Mirths Teare-flleet.*

**Hof.**

*What's the matter?* 

**Bard.**

*Bardis Teare-flleet come to my Master.*

**Hof.**

*Oh runne Dol, runne: runne, good Dol.*

**Exeunt.**

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, with a Page.

King. *Goe, call the Earles of Surrey, and of Warwick: But ere they come, bid them re-read these Letters, and well consider of them: make good speed.*

*[Exit.]*

How many thousand of my poorest Subjects are at this howse asleep? O Sleepe, O gentle Sleepe, Nature loust Nurce, how hase I frighted thee, That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids downe, And sleepe my Sences in Forgetfulness? Why rather (Sleepe) yell thou in imoque Cribs, Vpon vnoesse Pallads stretching thee, And builyt with bulling Night, flies to thy slumber, Then in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great? Vnder the Canopies of softly State, and lull'd with founds of sweetest Melodie? O thou dull God, why yelst thou with the vilde, In loathsome Bed, and leaft the Kingly Couch, A Watch-cate, or a common Larum-Bell? Wilt thou, vpon the high and giddie Maft, Seale vp the Ship-bayes Eyes, and rock his Braines, In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge, And in the viftiration of the Windes, Who take the Russlian Billowes by the top, Curing their monstrous heads, and hanging them With deafning Clamors in the flipp'ry Clouds, That with the hurley, Death it selfe awakes? Canst thou (O partall Sleepe) give thy Repose To the wet Sea-Boy, in an house so rude: And in the calmest, and most sillilte Night, With all appliances, and means to boote, Deny it to a King? Then happy Lowe, lyd downe, Vnoesse lyes the Head, that wears 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 paft.*

King. *Why then good-morrow to you all (my Lords:) Have you reade o're the Letters that I sent you?* 

War. *We have (my Liege.)*

King. *Then you perceiue the Body of our Kingdome, How soule it is: what ranke Diffetes grow, And with what danger, neere the Heart of it?* 

War. *It is but as a Body, yet dismember'd, With good aduice, and little Medicine: My Lord Northumberland will loone be coold,*

King. *Oh Heauen, that one might read the Book of Fate, And see the resolution of the Times* 

Make Mountains leuell, and the Continent *(Wearie of solide firmenesse) melt it selfe* 

Into the Sea: and other: Times, to see *The bashcie Girdle of the Ocean* 

Too wide for Neptune hipples; how Chances mocks *And Changes fill the Cuppe of Alteration* 

With divers Liquors, *'Tis not tenne yeeres gone,* 

Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends, *Did feast together, and in two yeares after,* 

Were they at Warres. It is but eight yeeres since, *This Percy was the man, nearerft my Soule,* 

Who, like a Brother, coold in my Affairs, *And layd his Loue and Life vnder my foot:* *Yeas, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard* 

Gaue him defiance, but which of you was by *You Cousin Nell, as I may remember* 

When Richard, with his Eye, brim-full of Tears, *Then check'd, and rated by Northumberland.)* 

Did speake these words (now prou'd a Prophecie,) *Northumberland, chou Ladder, by the which*
My Cousin Bulling-brooke ascends my Throne: 
(Though then,Heauen knowes, I had no such intent, 
But that necessitie fo bow'd the State, 
That I Tand Greatnesse were compell'd to kisse:) 
The Time shal come (thus did he follow it) 
The Time will come, that toule Sinne gathering head, 
Shall breake into Corruption : so went on, 
Fore-telling this fame Times Condition, 
And the diuision of our Amities. 
War. There is a Histories in all mens Lyes, 
Figuring the nature of the Times decaed: 
The which obseru'd, a man may prophecie 
With a meer eyme,of the maine change of things, 
As yet not come to Life,which in their Stedes 
And weake beginnings lye entretained: 
Such things become the Hatch and Brood of Time; 
And by the necessitie forme of this, 
King Richard might create a perfect guesse, 
That great Northumberland, then false to him, 
Would of that Seed, grow to a greater fallenesse, 
Which should not finde a ground to roote vp on, 
Vnlesse on you. 
King. Are these things then Necessities ? 
Then let vs meete them like Necessities; 
And that fame word,even now cryes out on vs: 
They say, the Bishop and Northumberland 
Are five thousand strong. 
War. It cannot be (my Lord:) 
Rumor doth double,like the Voice, and Echoe. 
The numbers of the feared. Plesse it your Grace 
To goe to bed, vpon my Life (my Lord) 
The Pow'r of that you already haue sent forth, 
Shall bring this Prize in very easily. 
To comfort you the more, I have receu'd 
A certaine inflance,that Glendour is dead, 
Your Majesty hath benne this fort-nignt ill, 
And these vnlesse'nd bowres perfource must addde 
Vnite your Sickness. 
King. I will take your counsale : 
And were their inward Warres once out of hand, 
Wee would (desire Lords) vmo the Holy-Land, 
Execut.

Scena Secunda. 

Enter Shalloon and Silence: with Montlie,Shadow, 
Wart, Felbe,Bull-caffe. 
Shal. Come-on,come-on,come-on : giue mee your 
Hand,Sir; giue mee your Hand, Sir: an early flatter,by 
the Rood, And how doth my good Cousin Silence ? 
Sil. Good-morrow,good Cousin Shalloon. 
Shal. And how doth my Cousin, your Bed-fellow? 
and your fairest Daughter, and mine, my God-Daughter 
Elen? 
Sil. Also, a blacke Oxcel (Cousin Shalloon.) 
Shal. By yes and may, Sir, I dare say my Cousin William 
is become a good Scholler? hee is at Oxford still, is hee 
ot? 
Sil. Indeede Sir, to my cost. 
Shal. Hee muet then to the Innes of Court shortly : I 
was once of Clements Inne ; where (I thinke) they will 
talke of mad Shalloon yet. 

Sil. You were call'd laste Shalloon then (Cousin.) 
Shal. I was call'd any thing: and I would have done 
any thing indeece too,and roundly too. There was I, and 
little John Dost of Staffordshire, and blacke George Bard, 
and Francis Pick-bour, and Will Squale a Cot-fal-man, you 
had not foure such Swingde-bucklers in all the Innes of 
Court againe : And I may fay to you, wee knew where 
the Dona-Roba's were, and had the bett of them all at 
commandment. Then was Jacke Follaffe (now Sir John) 
a Boy, and Page to Thomas Mowbray,Duke of Nor-
folk. 

Sil. This Sir John (Cousin) that comes hither anoma-
ously. 
Shal. The fame Sir John, the very fame: I saw him 
brake Scroggen's Head at the Court-Gate, when hee was 
a Crash,not thus high : and the very fame day did I fight 
with one Sampson Stock-fish, a Fruterier, behind Greyes-
Inne. Oh the mad dayes that I haue spent! and to see 
how many of mine olde Acquaintance are dead. 
Sil. Wee shall all follow (Cousin.) 
Shal. Certaine: tis certaine: very sure, very sure: 
Death is certaine to all, all shall dye. How a good Yoke 
of Bullocks at Stamford Fayre? 
Sil. Truly Cousin, I was not there. 
Shal. Death is certaine. Is old Double of your Towne 
living yet? 
Sil. Dead, Sir. 
Shal. Dead? See, fee: hee drew a good Bow: and 
dead? hee shot a fine shot, John of Gant loued 
him well, and betted many Money on his head. Dead? 
hee would have clapt in the Clowt at Tewline-score, and 
carryed you a fore-hand Shaft at fourteen, and four-
tene and a halfe, that it would have done a mans 
heart good to see. How a score of Ewes now? 
Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good Ewes 
may be worth tenne pounds. 
Shal. And is olde Double dead? 

Enter Bardolph and his Boy. 

Sil. Heere come two of Sir John Faltstafe Men (as I 
thinke.) 
Shal. Good-morrow,faues Gentlemen. 
Bard. I befeech you,which is Justice Shalloon? 
Shal. I am Robert Shalloon(Sir) a poore Elitire of this 
Countie, and one of the Kings Juictices of the Peace: 
What is your good pleasure with me? 
Bard. My Captaine (Sir) commends him to you: 
my Captaine,Sir John Faltstafe : a call Gentleman, and a 
most gallant Leader. 
Shal. Hee greete me well: (Sir) I knew him a 
good Back-Sword-man. How doth the good Knight? 
may I aske,how my Lady his Wife doth? 
Bard. Sir,pardon : a Souldier is better accommoda-

ted,then with a Wife. 
Shal. It is well saide,Sir; and it is well saide, indeede, 
too: Better accommodated? it is good, yea indeede is it: 
good phraes are surely,andeuyry where very com-

demandable. Accommodated, it comes of Accommoda-

t very good, a good Phrae. 
Bard. Pardon, Sir, I have heard the word. Phrae 

call you it? by this Day, I know not the Phrae: but 
I will maintaine the Word with my Sword, to be a 
Souldier-like Word, and a Word of exceeding good 
Command. Accommodated: that is, when a man is 
(as they fay) accommodated: or, when a man is, being 
whereby
whereby he thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter Falstaff.

Shal. It is very infit: Look, here comes good Sir John. Give me your hand, give me your Worship's good hand: Trust me, you look well: and bear your years very well. Welcome, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good M. Robert Shallow: Master Surgeon, as I think?

Shal. No fit John, it is my Cozen Silence: in Commil- 

With me.

Fal. Good M. Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Shal. Sit. Your good Worship is welcome.

Fal. Fye, this is hot weather (Gentlemen) howe you provid'd me here half a dozen of sufficient men?

Shal. Mar'ty haue we fir: Will you fit?

Fal. Let me see them, I believe you.

Shal. Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see: fie, fie, fie, so: Yes marry Sir. Rephe Moulde: let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so: Let me see, Where's Moulde?

Moul. Here, if it please you.

Shal. What think you (Sir John) a good limb'd fellow: young, strong, and of good friends:

Fal. Is thy name Moulde?

Moul. Yes, if it please you.

Fal. Fis the more time thou wast vs'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, most excellent. Things that are moulde, lacke vie: very singular good. Well fame Sir John, very well said.

Fal. Prick him.

Moul. I was prick't well enough before, if you could have let me alone: my old Dame will be vn'done now, for one to doe her Husbandry, and her Drudgery; you need not to have prick't me, there are other men fitter to goe out, then I.

Fal. Go too: peace Moulde, you shall goe. Moulde: it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent?

Shallow. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: Know you where you are? For the other fit John: Let me see: Simon Shadow.

Fal. I marry, let me have him to fit vnder: he's like to be a cold fodder.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shal. Heere fir.

Fal. Shadow, whose fomne art thou?

Shal. My Mothers fomne, Sir.

Fal. Thy Mothers fomne: like enough, and thy Fa-

thers Shadow: fo the fomne of the Female, is the Shadow of the Male: it is often foil indeed, but not of the Fathers subfance.

Shal. Do you like him, sir John?

Fal. Shadow. Shall I pricke him downe,

Sir John?

Fal. It were superficial: for his apparel is built ypon his backe, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, you can do it fir: you can doe it: I commend you well.

Francis Fleebe.

Flee. Heere fir.

Shal. What Trade art thou Fleebe?

Fleebe. A Womans Taylor fir.

Shal. Shall I pricke him, sir?

Fal. You may:

But if he had bene a mans Taylor, he would have prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemies Batt-

tale, as thou haft done in a Womans petticoat?

Fleebe. I will doe my good will fir, you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good Womans Tailour: Well sayde Couragious Fleebe: thou wilt bee as valiant as the wrath-

dull Doue, or most magnamious Moufe. Prick the wom-

ans Taylour well Master Shallow, deepe Master Shal-

low.

Fleebe. I would Wart might have gone fir.

Fal. I would thou wert a mans Tailor, that you might do mend him, and make him fit to goe. I cannot put him to a priuate fouldier, that is the Leader of so many thon-

ds. Let that fuffice, most Forcible Fleebe.

Fleebe. It shall suffice.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Fleebe. Who is the next?

Shal. Peter Buncalf of the Greene.

Fal. Yea marry, let vs see Buncalf.

Bun. Heere fir.

Fal. Tru'th me, a likely Fellow. Come pricke me Bun-
calf till he roare againe.

Bun. Oh, good my Lord Captaine.

Fal. What do't thou roare before that art prickt,

Bun. Oh sir, I am a diseased man.

Bun. What disea'se haft thou?

Bun. A whorson cold fir, a cough fir, which I caught with Ringing in the Kings Affayres, vpon his Coronation day fir.

Fal. Come thou shalt go to the Warses in a Gowne: we will haue away thy Cold, and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is heere all?

Shal. There is two more called then your number: you must haue but foure heere fir: and so I pray you go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come. I will goe drinke with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you in good troth, Master Shallow.

Shal. Ote John, doe you remember since wee tey: all night in the WIndes mill and S. Georges Field.

Fallope. No more or that good Master Shallow: No more of that.

Shal. Ha! it was a merry night. And is there Nighth-

work alue?

Fal. She lives. M. Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never: she would alwayes say sife could not abide M. Shallow.

Shal. I could anger her to the heart: she was then a Bona-Roba. Both she hold her owne well.

Fal. Old, old, M. Shallow.

Shal. Nay, the miff be old; she cannot choose but be old.
Shal. Hee is not his Crafts-master, hee doth not doe it right. I remember at Mile-end-Green, when I lay at Clements Inne, I was then Sir Dagost in Arthurs Show: there was a little quier fellow, and hee would manage you his Piece thus: and hee would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: Rah, tah, tah, would hee say, Bownce would hee say, and away againe would hee goe, and againe would he come: I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will doe well, Master Shalow.

Shal. Sir John, Heauen blest you, and proffert your Affairs, and send vs Peace. As you returne, visit my house. Let our old acquaintance be renewed: peraduenture I will with you to the Court.

Fal. I would you would, Master Shalow.

Shal. Go to: I haue spoke at a word. Fare you well.

Exit.

Fal. Fare you well, gentle Gentlemans. On Bar- dolph, leade the men away. As I returne, I will fetch off these Iuftrices: I doe see the bottome of Iuftrice Shalow. How lubieett wee old men are to this vice of Lying: this fame fano'd Iuftrice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildeneffe of his Youth, and the Feates hee hath done about Turnball-street, and every third word a Lye, dier pay'd to the hearer, then the Turkes Tribunate. I doe remember him at Clements Inne, like a man made after Supper, of a Cheefe-paring. When hee was naked, hee was, for all the world, like a forked Radith, with a Head fantastically car'd upon it with a Knife. Hee was fo forlorn, that his Dimensiones (to any thicke fight) were inuincible. Hee was the very Genius of Famine: hee came eter in the rare-ward of the Fashon: And now is this Vices Dagger becomes Squire, and talkes as familiarly of John of Gunt, as if hee had beene fwoone Brother to him: and Ile be fwoone hee neuer faw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then hee burnt his Head, for crowding among the Marshalls men, I saw it, and told John of Gunt, hee beat his owne Name, for you might haue tru'd him and all his Apparrell into an Eele-skinne: the Cafe of a Treble Hob- boy was a Manfon for him: a Court: and now hath hee Land, and Beeues. 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 Baye for the old Pike, I see no reason, in the Law of Nature, but I may snap at him. Let time flape, and there an end.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Arch-bishop, Mowbray, Hastings, Wellemeland, Colenile.

Bibl. What is this Forrest call'd?

Haff. Tis Gualter Forest, and it shall please your Grace.

Bibl. Here fland (my Lords) and fend diffcourers forth, To know the numbers of our Enemies.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Hath. Wee haue tent forth alreadie.

Bibli. 'Tis well done.

My Friends, and Brethren (in the great Affaires) I must acquaint you, that I haue receiued
New-dated Letters from Northumberland:
Their cold intent, tenure, and substantie thus, Here doth hee with his Perfon, with such Powers As might hold forrante with his Qualitie, The which hee could not leue; whereupon Hee is retty'd to ripe his growing Fortunes, To Scotland; and concludes in heartie prayers, That your Attempts may ouer-lice the hazard, And fearfull meeting of their Opposite.

Now. Thus doe the hopes we haue in him, touch ground, And daft themelleves to pieces:

Enter a Messenger.

Hath. Now? what newes?

Mess. West of this Forrest, scarcely off a mile, In goody forme, comes on the Enemie: And by the ground they hide, I judge the number Upon, or neere, the rate of thirtie thousand.

Now. The just proportion that we gave them out. Let vs swayne-on, and face them in the field.

Enter Westmerland.

Bib. What well-appointed Leader fronts vs here?

Now. I think it is my Lord of Westmerland.


Bib. Say on (my Lord of Westmerland) in peace: What doth concern your comming?

West. Then (my Lord) Vnto your Grace doe I in chiefe adtreffe
The substance of my Speech. If that Rebellion Came like it felle, in bale and abiect Routs, Led on by bloody Youth, guarded with Rage, And countennanced by Boyes, and Beggerie: I say, if damnd Commotion fo appeare, In his true, natue, and most proper shape, You (Reuerend Father, and thetie Noble Lords) Had not bene here, to dreffe the ouerly forme
Of bale, and bloody Infurrection, With your faire Honors, You, Lord Arch-bishop, Whole Sea is by a Cuill Peace mainteind, Whole Beard, the Silver Hand of Peace hath toucht, Whole Learning, and good Letters, Peace hath turoed, Whole white Inuemenet figures Innocence, The Dune, and very bleffed Spirit of Peace.
Wherefore doe you ifl translate your felle, Out of the Speech of Peace, that bears such grace, Into the harth and boyfrous Tongue of Warre?

Turning your Books to Graues, your Inke to Blood, Your Pennes to Launces, and your Tongue diuine To a lowd Trumpet, and a Point of Warre.

Bib. Wherefore doe I this? to the Quelion stands.

Briefly to this end: Wee are all dide d, And with our fufpetting, and wanton houres, Haue brought our felues into a burning Feuer, And wee must bleede for it: of which Difeale, Our late King Richard (being incited) dy'd. But (my most Noble Lord of Westmerland) I take not on me here as a Physician, Nor doe I, as an Enemie to Peace,

Troope in the Thronges of Militarie men:
But rather threw a while like hearfull Warre, To dyet ranke Minde, fickle of happigne, And purge the obftructions, which begin to ftop Our very Veines of Life: heare me more plainly. I haue in equall ballance suffly weight'd,
What wrongs our Arms may do, what wrongs we suffer, And finde our Griefes heavier then our Offences.

West. That which wee through the frames of Time doth tune, And are enforc'd from our most quiet there, By the rough Torrent of Occasion, And haue the summarie of all our Griefes (When time shall ferue) to fhow in Articles; Which long ere this, wee offer'd to the King, And might, by no truing of our Audience, When wee are wrong'd, and would vnoold our Griefes, Wee are deny'd accessse into his Perfon, Even by those men, that most have done vs wrong.
The dangers of the daies but newly gone, Whose memorie is written on the Earth
With yet appearing blood; and the examples Of evrey Minutes inftance (present now)
Hath put vs in these ill-becoming Armes:
Not to breake Peace, or any Branch of it,
But to eftablish here a Peace indeede,
Concuring both in Name and Qualitie.

West. When euer yet was your Appellae deny'd?

Wherein haue you bene galled by the King?

West. What Peere hath bene luborn'd, to grate on you, That you should fcale this lawlesse bloody Book.

Of forg'd Rebellion, with a Scale divine?

Bib. My Brother generall, the Common-wealth,
I make my Quarrell, in particular.

West. There is no neede of any such reddife:
Or if there be, it not belonges to you.

Now. Why not to him in parts, and to vs all,
That feele the bruises of the daies before,
And suffer the Condition of these Times
To lay a heauie and vnoquaall Hand uppon our Honors?

West. O my good Lord, I moued,
Contrue the Times to their Necelisities,
And you shall fay (indeed) it is the Time,
And not the King, that doth you injuries.
Yet for your part, it not appears to me,
Either from the King, or in the present Time,
That you should have an ynch of any ground
To build a Griefe on: were you not refolt'd
To all the Duke of Norfolkes Seignories,
Your Noble, and right well-re membr'd Fathers?

Now. What thing, in Honor, had my Father loft,
That need to be resit'd, and bereath'd in me?
The King that lou'd him, as the State flood then,
Was for'd, performe compell'd to banih him:
And there, that Henry Ballingbrooke and hee,
Being mounted, and both towed in their Seates,
Their neighing Courfers daring of the Swayne,
Their armed Statues in charge, their Resuers downe,
Their eyes of fire, sparkling through fights of Steele,
The lowd Trumpet blowing them together:
Then, then, when there was nothing could haue fray'd
My Father from the Breaf of Ballingbrooke;
O, when the King did throw his Wader downe,
(Hee owne Life hang upon the Staffe hee threw)
Then threw hee downe hiselfe, and all their Lives,
That by Indictment, and by dint of Sword,
Haue since mis-carried under Ballingbrookes.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

If ye speak (Lord Monbray) now you know not what. The Earl of Hereford was reputed then In England the most valiant Gentleman. Who knowes, on whom Fortune would then have smiled? But if your Father had beene Victor there, Hee was borne out of Coventry. For all the Country, in a generall voyage, Cry'd hate uppon him: and all their prayers, and loutes, Were let on Hereford, whom they doted on, And blest, and graced, and did more then the King. But this is meer e digression from my purpose. Here come I from our Prince, To know your Grievces; to tell you, from his Grace; That hee will give you Audience: and wherein It shall appeare, that your demands are just, You shall enjoy them, every thing set off, That might so much as thinke you Enemies. 

Mow. But hee hath for'd us to compel this Offer, And it procedes from Pollicy, not Love. 

Mow. Monbray, you outer-wone to take it fo: This Offer comes from Mercy, not from Fear. For loe, within a Ken our Army lyes, Vpon mine Honor, all too confident To give admittance to a thought of fear. Our Battail is more full of Names then yours, Our Men more perfect in the Vice of Armes, Our Armor all as strong, our Cause the belt; Then Reason will, our hearts should be as good. Say you not then, our Offer is compell'd, Mow. Well, by my will, wee shall admit no Parley. 

Mow. That argues but the shame of your offence: A rotten Caefe abides no handings, In very ample virtue of his Fathers, To heare, and abolutely to determine Of what Conditions wee shall stand upon? 

Mow. That is intended in the Generals Name: I must you make to flight a Question. 

Bifh. Then take (my Lord of Welfterland) this Schedule, For this contains our generall Grievances: 

Exechequer Article herein redres'd, All members of our Caufe, both here, and hence, That are infrimnd to this Action, Acquited by a true substanntiall forme, And present execution of our wills, To vs, and to our purposes confin'd, Wee come within our awfull Banks againe, And knott our Powers to the Arme of Peace. 

Mow. This will I shew the Generall. Pleased you Lords, In flight of both our Battailies, we may meete At either end in peace: which Heauen so frame, Or to the place of difference call the Swords, Which must decide it. 

Bisb. My Lord, we will doe so, Mow. There is a thing within my Bosome tells me, That no Conditions of our Peace can stand. 

Halt. Feeare you not, that if wee can make our Peace Vpon such large terms, and so abfoluto, As our Conditions shall confit vpon, Our Peace shall stand as firme as Rocky Mountains. 

Mow. I, but our valuation shall be such, That every flight, and false-deived Cause, Yes, every idle, nice, and wanton Reason, Shall, to the King, taste of this Action: That were our Royall faiths, Martyrs in Loue, Wee shall be winnowed with so rough a winde,

That eu'n our Corne shall teeme as light as Chaffe, And good from bad finde no partition. 

Bisb. No, no (my Lord) note this: the King is ware Of dainty, and such picking Grievances: For hee hath found, to end one doubt by Death, Reunites two greater in the Heires of Life, And therefore will hee wipe his Tables clean, And keepe no Tell-tale to his Memorie, That may repeat, and Historie his loffe, To new remembrance. For full well hee knowes, Hee cannot to precisely weede this Land, As his mid-doubts present occasion; His are to eend to his friends, That plucking to exifie an Enemy, Hee doth unslain, and make a friend. So that this Land, like an offeane wife, That hath engag'd him on, to offer strokes, As hee is striking, holds his Infant vp, And hangs resolvd Correction in the Arme, That was vpret'd to execution. 

Halt. Belides, the King hath wastled all his Rods, On late Offenders, that he now doth lacke The very Infrumments of Chaficement: So that his power, like to a Fangle Lion May offer, but not hold, 

Bisb. This is very true: And therefore be affurd (my good Lord Marshal) If we do now make our attoneament well, Our Peace, will (like a broken Limbe united) Grow stronger, for the breaking. 

Mow. Be it so: Hete is return'd my good Lord of Welfterland. 

Halt. Enter Welfterland. 

Mow. The Prince is here at hand: pleaseth your Lordship To meet his Grace, is foot distance twenee our Armies? 

Mow. Your Grace of Yorke, in heauen's name then forward. 

Bisb. Before, and greet his Grace (my Lord) we come.

Enter Prince John. 

John, You are well encountered here (my cofin Monbray) Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbishoph; And so to you Lord Haftings, and to all. My Lord of Yorke, it better shew'd you with, When that your Flocke (assembl'd by the Bell) Encircle'd you, to hearre with reuerence Your exposition on the holy Text, Then now to see you here an Iron man Chearing a rowt of Rebels with your Drumme, Turning the Word, to Sword; and Life to death: That man that fits within a Monarches heart, And ripens in the Sunne-shine of his favor, Would hee abuse the Countenance of the King, Alack, what Mischiefs might hee yet abroach, In shadow of such Greatnesse? With you, Lord Bishop, It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken, How deepe you were within the Bookees of Heauen? To vs, the Speaker in his Parliament; To vs, th'inagine Voyce of Heauen is selfe: The very Opener, and Intelligencer, Between the Grace, the Sanctities of Heauen; And our dull workings. , who shall beleue, But you mis-vfe the reuerence of your Place, Employ the Countenance, and Grace of Heauen, As a false Favorite doth his Princes Name, In deeds dis-honorable? You have taken vp,
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Vnder the counterfeited Zeale of Heauen,
The Subjectes of Heauens Substituce, my Father,
And both against the Peace of Heauen, and him,
Hauе here vp-swarme them.

Bifh. Good my Lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your Fathers Peace:
But (as I told my Lord of Welfemland)
The Time (mid-ord’d) doth in common fence
Croud vp, and crudh vp, to this monftrous Forme,
To hold our fafetie vp. I fent your Grace
The parches, and particular of our Grieues,
The which hath been with fcorne frownd from the Court:
Whereon this Hydra-Sonne of Warre is borne,
Whose dangerous eyes may well be harm’d afleepe,
With graunt of our moft ift, and right defires;
And true Obedience, of this Madneffe cur’d,
Stoope tamely to the foot of Maifeifie,

Mom. If not, wee readie are to trye our fortunes,
To the left man.

Hau{. And though wee here falling downe,
Wee haue Supplyes, to fecdond our Attemp : If
They mi-carri, their fhall tecond them;
And fo,uccfeffe of Mifchigfe shall be borne,
And Heire from Heire fhall hold this Quarril vp,
Whiles England fhall have generation.

John. You are too shallow (Hauings)
Much too shallow,
To find the bottome of the after-Times.

Woff. Please thy Grace, to anwer them direcly,
How farre-forth you doe like their Articles,
John. I like them all, and doe allow them too well :
And I were here, by the honor of my blood,
My Fathers purpofes have beene mi[tutke,
And home, about him,have too lauffily
Wefted his meaning, and Authoritie.
My Lord, these Grieues fhall be with speed redrefl:
Vpon my Life, they fhall. If this may please you,
Discharge your Powers vnto their feuerall Countrys,
As wee will ours : and here, betweene the Armies,
Let’s drinke together friendly, and embrace,
That all their eyes may beare those Tokens home,
Of our restor’d Loue, and Amitie.

Bifh. I take your Princely word, for these redrefles.
John. I give it you, and will maintaine my word :
And thereupon I drinke vpnto your Grace.

Hau{. Goe Captain, and delinre to the Armie
This noxes of Peace; let them haue paye, and part ;
I know, it will well pleafe them.
High thee Captain.

Bifh. To you, my Noble Lord of Welfemland,
Weft. I pledge your Grace:

And if you knew what paines I have beflow’d,
To breede this prefent Peace,
You would drainke freely: but my loue to ye,
Shall fliew it felle more openly hereafter.
Bifh. I do not doubt you.
Weft. I am glad of it.

Health to my Lord, and gentle Cousin Monbrey.
Mom. You with me health in very happy feafon,
For I am, on the fadone, nothing ill.

Bifh. Againft ill Chances, men are ever merry,
But heinous free-rumnes the good event.

Therefore be merry (Chace)since fadone forrow
Shall haue no care, but fome good thing comes to morrow.
Bifh. Beloue me, I am paffing light in spirit.
Mom. So much the wole, if you owne Rule be true.

Iohn. The word of Peace is render’d: hearkne how they showe.

Mom. This had beene chearefull, after Victorie.

Bifh. A Peace is of the nature of a Conqueft:
For then both parties nobly are subdu’d,
And neither partie loofer.

Iohn. Goe (my Lord) And let our Army be difcharged too:
And good my Lord, (if pleafe you) let our Traitunes
March by vp, that wee may perifle the men
Exit. We fhould have cou’d without.

Bifh. Goe, good Lord Hauffings:
And ere they be difmi’d, let them march by,

Iohn. I trufl (Lords) we fhall lye to night together.

Exit Welfemland.

Now Cousin, wherefore fands our Army ftil?

Well. The Leaders hauing charge from you to fand,
Will not goe off, vntill they hear ye speake.

Iohn. They know their duties.

Well. Our Army is diplers’d.

Like you fhall Steers, vnyaok’d, they take their course
East, Well, North, Souther: or like a Schoole, broke vp,
Ech hurrues towards his home, and fpporting place,

Well. Good tidings (my Lord Hauffings) for the which,
I doe arreft the (Trayyor) of high Traffion:
And you Lord Arch-bifhop, and you Lord Menibray.

Of Captall Trafion, I attach you both.

Mom. Is this proceeding inft, and honorable ?

Weft. In your Affenblys to ?

Bifh. Will you thus break your faith ?

Iohn. I pauerd there none.

I promi’d you reddrefle of thefe fame Grievances
Whereof you did complaine; which, by mine Honor,
I will performe, with a moft Christian care.
But for you (Rebells) I look to take the due
Meet for Rebellion, and fuch Acts as yours.
Moff shallowly did you thefe Armes commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly fent hence.
Strike vp our Drummes, purfue the scattered fray,
Heauen, and not wee, have fafely fought to day,
Some guard thefe Traitors to the Block of Death,
Treations true Bed, and yeelder vp of breath.

Exeunt.

Enter Falstaffe and Colleuke.

Falstaff. 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 Colleuke of the Dale.

Falstaff. Well then, Colleuke is your Name, a Knight is your Degree, and your Place, the Dale. Colleuke shall fill be your Name, a Trayyor your Degree, and the Dungeo your Place, a place deepe enough: so shall you be fill Colleuke of the Dale.

Col. Are not you Sir Iohn Falstaffe ?

Falstaff. As good a man as hee fir, who ece I am: doe yee yeeldie fir, or shall I sweate for you? if I doe sweate, they are the drops of thy Lourers, and they weep for thy death, therefore rowe vp Pears and Trembling, and do obefer-
unce to my mercy.

Col. I thickne you are Sir Iohn Falstaffe, & in that thought yeeld me.

Fal. I have a whole Schoole of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a Tongue of them all, speakes an other word but my name: and I had but a belly of any indiffe-

tie, I were limply the moft actue fellow in Europe: my wone, my wome, my womevndoes mee. Heere comes our Generall.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Enter Prince John, and Westmoreland.

John. The heat is past, follow no farther now: Call in the Powers, good Cousin Westmoreland. Now Falstaff, where have you beene all this while? When every thing is ended, then you come. These tardie Tricks of yours will (on my life) One tune, or other, break some Gallowses back.

Falstaff. I would bee sorry (my Lord) but it should bee thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and checke was the reward of Valour. Doe you thinkke me a Swallow, an Arrow, or a Bullet? Have I, in my proude and old Motion, the expediotion of Thought? I have spaced hither with the very extremest ynde of possibilitie. I have foundred nine score and edde Poftes: and heere (trauelled-tainted as I am) haue, in my pure and immaculate Valour, taken Sir John Colentile of the Dale, a moft furious Knight, and valuable Enemy: But what of that? here faw mee, and yeeldted: that I may sufily lay with the hookes-no'd fellow of Romey, I came, faw, and ouer-came.

John. It was more of his Courtefie, then your defending.

Falstaff. I know not: heere hee is, and heere I yeeld him: and I beleefte your Grace, let it be book'd, with the rest of this dayes decedes; or I fware, I will haue it in a particular Ballad, with mine owne Pictures on the top of it (Colentile killing my fowre) To the which Courie, if I be stored, if you do not all flie like gilt two-pences to me; and in the cleafe Side of Fame, o're-thine you as much as the full Moonie doth the Cundres of the Elements (which flie like Pines-heads to her) beleeue not the Word of the Noble: therefore let mee have right, and let descre mounts.

John. Thine's too husie to mount.

Falstaff. Let it thine then.

John. Thine's too thick to shine.

Falstaff. Let it doe something (my good Lord) that may doe me good, and call it what you will.

John. Is thy Name Colentile?

Col. It is (my Lord.)

John. A famous Rebell art thou, Colentile.

Falstaff. And a famous true Subject tooke him.

Col. I am (my Lord) but as my Betters are,
That led me hither: had they beene rul'd by me,
You should have wonne them dracer then you haue.

Falstaff. I know not how they fold themselves, but thou like a kinde fellow, gaull thy leffe away; and I thank thee, for thee.

Enter Westmoreland.

John. Have you left pursuitt? 

West. Retract is made, and Execution stay'd.

John. Send Colentile, with his Confederates,
To Yorke, to prevent Execution.

Blunt, leade him hence, and fee you guard him sure.

Exit with Colentile.

And now dispatch we toward the Court (my Lords.)

I heare the King, my Father, is fore sicke.

Our News shall goe before vs to his Maiestie,
Which (Cousin) you shall heare, to comfort him;
And wee with tober speede will follow you.

Falstaff. My Lord, I beleefte you, give me leave to goe through Glouceftershife: and when you come to Court, fland my good Lord,pray, in your good report.

John. Fare you well, Falstaffe: I, in my condition, Shall better speake of you, then you defcribe. 

Exit.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

King. Humphrey (my Sonne of Gloucester) where is the Prince, your Brother?

Glo. I thinke hee's gone to hunt (my Lord) at Wind-les.

King. And how accompanied?

Glo. I do not know (my Lord.)

King. Is not his Brother, Thomas, of Clarence, with him?

Glo. No (my good Lord) hee is in presence here.

Clar. What would my Lord, and Father?

King. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.

Glo. What chance thou art not with the Prince, thy Brother?

Hee loyes thee, and thou do'ft neglect him (Thomas.)

Thee hast a better place in his Atention.

Then all thy Brothers: cherish it (my Boy).

And Noble Offices thou may'不易 effect

Of Medication (after I am dead)

Betweene his Greatness, and thy other Brethren:

Therefore omit him not: blunt not his Loue,

Nor loofe the good advantage of his Grace,

By seeming cold, or carelesse of his will.

For hee is gracious, if hee be observ'd:

Here hath a Care for Prince, and Hand

Open (as Day) for melting Charitee:

Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, hee's Flint,

As humours as Winter, and as sudden,

As Flavves congealed in the Spring of day,

His temper therefore must be well obser'd:

Chide him for faults, and doe it reverently,

When you perceive his blood enclin'd to mirth:

But being meode, gine him Line, and scope,

Till that his passions (like a Whale on ground)

Confound themselves with working. Learn this Thomas,

And thou shalt proove a shelter to thy friends,

A Hope of Gold, to binde thy Brothers in:

That the united Veil of their Blood

(Mingled with Veneome of Suggestion,

As force,performe, the Age will powre it in)

Shall never leake, though it doe workes as strong

As Ascomium, or Raffio Gum-powder.

Clar. I shall obserue him with all care, and love.

King. Why art thou not at Windor with him (Thomas?)

Clar. Hee is not there to day: hee dines in Lon-don.

King. And how accompanied? Cantst thou say that?

Clar. With Points, and other his continuall followers.

King. Mofu subiect is the fairest Soyle to Weedes:

And hee (the Noble Image of my Youth)

Is out-siped with them: therefore my griefe

Stretches it selfe beyond the howes of death.

The blood weeps from my heart, when I doe flape

(In formes imaginaries) the guided Dazyes,

And rotten Times, that you shall look upon,

When I am sleeping with my Auncelors.

For when his head-Stong Riot hath no Corbe,

When Rage and hot-Blood are his Counsellors,

When Meanes and lauff Manners meece together;

Oh, with what Wings shall his Affections fly

Towards fronting Perill, and oppos'd Decay?

War. My gracious Lord, you looke beyond him quiet:

The Prince but studys his Companions,

Like a strange Tongue: wherein, to gain the Language,

This needfull, that the most immodest word

Be look'd upon, and leart. which once attain'd,

Your Highness knowes, comes to no farther vie,

But to be knowne, and hated. So, like groffe termes,

The Prince will, in the perfecchne of time,

Cast off his followers: and their memorie

Shall as a Paternere, or a Measure, lure,

By which his Grace must mete the losses of others,

Turning past-euils to advantages.

King. Tis feldome, when the Bee doth leave her Combe

In the dead Catron.

Enter Wulfmerland.

Who's heere? Wulfmerland?

Wulf. Health to your Soveraigne, and new happinesse

Added to that, that I am to deliuer.

Prince Iohn, your Sonne, doth kill your Graces Hand:

Mowbray, the Bishop, Scrope, Hasting, and all,

Are brought to theCorrection of your Law.

There is not now a Rebels Sword vnhealth'd,

But Peace puts forth her Oline everywhere;

The manner how this Action hath beene borne,

Here (at more yeature) may your Highnesse reade:

With euer such a pattern in particular.

King. Wulfmerland, thou art a Summer Bird,

Which eer in the hauches of Winter flings

The lifting vp of day.

Enter Hancourt.

Looke, heere's more newes:

Harc. From Enemies, Heauen keepe your Maiestie:

And when they stand against you, may they fall,

As those that I am come to tell you of:

The Earle Northumberland, and the Lord Bardolf,

With a great Power of English, and of Scots,

Are by the Sherife of Yorkshire ouerhowne:

The manner, and true order of the fight,

This Packet (pleafe it you) contains at large.

King. And wherefore shou'd thefe good newes

Make me fickle?

Will Fortune newe come with both hands fulle,

But write her faire words still in foulett Letters?

Shee eyther giues a Stomack, and no Foode,

(Such are the poor, in health) out a Peafe,

And taketh away the Stomack (such are the Rich,

That have abundance, and enjoy it not.)

I should rejoice now, at this happy newes,

And now my Sight Fyles, and my Braines is giddie:

O me, come neere me, now I am much ill.

Glo. Comfort your Maiestie.

Cia. Oh, my Royall Father.

Wulf. My Soveraigne Lord, shewe vp your felle, looke

War. Be patient (Princes) you doe know, these Fits

Are with his Highnesse very ordinarie.

Stand from him, give him ayre:

Hee's straighte be well.

Clar. No, no, hee cannot long hold out: these pangs,

Trincefiant care, and labour of his Minde,

Hath wrought the Mure, that should confine it in,

So thine, that Life looks through, and will break out.

Glo. The people feare mee, for they doe obserue

Vnto the Heirs, and loathly Births of Nature:

The Seashons change their manners, as the Yeare

Had found some Moneths asleep, and leapt them out.

Clar. The Riuers hath thrice flow'd, no ebb bewteen:

And the old folke (Times dotting Chronicles)

Say it did so, a little time before:

That our great Grand-fire Edward sick'd, and dy'de.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

War. Speak, lower (Princes) for the King receiv'd his hurt.

Glo. This Apoplexy will (certaine) be his end.

King. I pray you take me vp, and bear me hence

Into some other Chamber : fastly pray

Let there be no noyse made (my gentle friends)

Voleffe some dall and fauourable hand

Will whisper Musick to my weary Spirit.

War. Call for the Musick in the other Roome.

King. Set me the Crowne upon my Pillow here.

Clar. His eye is hollow, and hee changes much.

War. Leave noyse, leave noyse.

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Hen. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

Clar. I am here (Brother) full of heauinesse.

P. Hen. How now? Raine within doores, and none abroad? How doth the king?

Glo. Exceeding ill.

P. Hen. Hearde is much upon the hearing it,

P. Hen. 'If hee be sicke with Lajo,

Hee's recover without Physicke.

War. Not so much noyse (my Lords)

Sweet Prince speake lowe,

The King and your Father, is dispos'd to sleepe.

Clar. Let vs with draw into the other Roome.

War. Will please your Grace to goe along with vs?

P. Hen. No: I will sit, and watch here, by the King.

Why doth the Crowne ly there, uppon his Pillow,

Being too troublesome a Bed-Fellow?

O ])ol'dn'd Perturbation! Golden Care!

That keep it the Ports of Slumber open wide,

To many a watchfull Night: sleepe with it now,

Yet not so found, and halfe so deeply sleepe;

As hee without Brow (with homely Biggon bound)

Snors out the Watch of Night. O Maiete!

When thou dost pinch thy Beater, thou dost fit

Like a rich Armor-worne (in respect of day)

That thy Head (like the Flowers) by his Gates of breath,

There lyes a dovelye feather, which flitures not.

Did hee fupining, that ligh'd and weight'd leve% doonle

Perforce must noyse. My gracious Lord, my Father,

This sleepe is found indeede: this is a sleepe,

That from this Golden Rigoll hath diuor'd

So many English Kings. Thy die, from me,

Is Tears, and Seete Sorrrowes of the Blood,

Which Nature, Loue, and fitall tenderness,

Shall (O dear Father) pay thee plentifully;

My die, from thee, is this Imperial Crowne,

Which (as immediate from thy Place and Blood)

Deneres it felie to me. Loe, here hee it fit,

Which Heavie shall guard:

And put the worlds whole strengt into one gyant Arm,

It shall not force this Lineall Honor from me.

This, from thee, will I to mine leaue,

As 'tis left to me.

Exit.

Enter Warwick, Gloucester, Clarencse.

King. Why did you leaue me here alone (my Lords)?

Clar. We left the Prince (my Brother) here (my Liege)

Who undertooke to sit and watch by you.

King. The Prince of Wales? where is hee? let mee see him.

War. This doore is open, hee is gone this way.

Glo. Hee came not through the Chamber where wee stayd.

King. Where is the Crowne? who tooke it from my Pillow?

War. When wee withdrew (my Liege) wee left it here.

King. The Prince hath ta'n it hence:

Goe seek he him out,

Is hee so halitie, that hee doth suffe

My sleepe, my death? Find him (my Lord of Warwick)

Chide him hither: this part of his coniogies

With my disafe, and helps to end me,

See Sonnes, what things you are:

How quickly Nature falls into resolue,

When Gold becomes her Osiect?

For this, the foolish over-carefull Fathers

Hauke broke their sleepe with thoughts,

Their brains with care, their bones with industrie.

For this, they have ingrossed and ple'd vp

The canker'd hespes of strange-achieued Gold:

For this, they have bene thoughtfull, to inuest

Their Sonnes with Arts, and Martiall Exerçces;

When, like the Bee, culling from every flower

The veruous Sweetes, our Thighes packt with War,

Our Moutches with Honey, wee bring to the Hถie;

And like the Bees, are murther'd for our paines.

This bitter taste yeelds his engroffements;

To the ending Father,

Enter Warwick.

Now, where is hee, that will not staye so long,

Till his Friend Sicknelle hath determ'd me?

War. My Lord, I found the Prince in the next Roome,

Walking with kindly Teares his gentle Cheekes,

With such a deepre demeanor, in great forrow

That Tyranny, which (thee it hath, but blood)

Would (by beholding him) haue wash'd this Knife

With gentle eye-drops. Hee is comming hither.

King. But wherefore did hee take away the Crowne?

Enter Prince Henry.

Loe, where hee comes. Come bitter to mee (Harry.)

Depart the Chamber, leave vs here alone.

Exeunt. P. Hen. I neuer thought to heare you speake again,

King. Thy whis was Father (Harry) to that thought:

I stay too long: by thee, I wearie thee.

Do it thou so hunger for my enemie Chayre,

That thou wilt needes inueit thee with mine Honores,

Before thy howre be riue. O foolish Youth!

Thou seekst the Greatnesse, that will over-whelme thee.

Stay but a little: for my Cloud of Dignitie

Is held from falling, with so weak a winde,

That it will quickly drop: my Day is dimme.

Thou haft done that, which after some few howres

Were thine, without offence: and at my death

Thou haft feall'd up my expectation.

Thy Life didst not tief, thou hast not dift me not,

And thou wilt haue me dye affaied of it.

Thou bidst a thouand Daggere in thy thoughts,

Which thou haft wharterd on thy fionie heart,

To flue at halfe an howre of my Life.

What canst thou not beares me halfe an howre?
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Let heaven, for ever, keepe it from my head, And make me, as the poorest Vassallie is, That doth with love, and terror kneele to it. 

King. O my Sonne! 
Heauen put it in thy minde to take it hence, That thou mightst't improve the more, thy Fathers lone, Pleading to wisely, in excufe of it. 

Come hither Horrie, fix thou by my bed, And heare (I thinke) the very IaffEu Council 
That euer I shall brooke: Heauen knowes, my Sonne) By what by-patheis, and indirec't crook'd-ways, Isett this Crownne: and I thinke I see know well 
How troublesome it fette vnpon my head, To thee, it shall defend with better Quiet, Better Opinion, betten Confirmation: 
For all the foyle of the Atteuement goes 
With me, into the Earth. It feem'd in me, But as an Honour match'd with boyfl rous hand, 
And I had many living, to vpprise 
My game of, by their Affiiances, Which daily grew to Quarrell, and to Bloodshed, Wouning impoffed Peace. 

All thefe bold Feares, Thou feest (with perill) I have answerted: For all my Reigne, both becon but as a Scene Anfwer that arguement. And saw my death Changes the Moods: For what in me, was purchas'd, Falles vnpon thee, in a more Fares'fort, 
So thou, the Garland weare'tt succelfully. Yet, though thou ftrand'ft more fure, then I could do, Thou art not firme enough, fince greeces are greene: And all thy Friends, with which thou muft make thy Friends 
Have but their fings, and teeth, newly tak'en out, 
By whoff fell working, I was first advance'd, 
And by whose power, I well might lodge a Fear 
To be againe plac'd. Which to auoy, I cut them ofl, and had a purpole now 
To leade out many to the Holy Land, Leafe ref, and lying hill, might make them locke 
Too neere vnto my State, Therefore (my Horrie) 
Be it thy courfe to bufte giddy Mindees 
With Forraigne Quarrels: that Aktion hence borne out, May wafte the memory of the former dayes. 
More would I, but my Lungs are wait'ted o, That strength of Speech is vsterly den'de mee. 
How I came by the Crowne, O heaven forfocie: And grant it may, with thee, in true peace live. 

Prince. My gracious Liege, You wonne it, wore it: kept it, gave it me, Then plaine and right muft my poffeffion be: Which I, with more, then with a Common paine, 
Gainft all the World, will rightfulluy maintaine.

Enter Lord John of Lancastre, and Wardranges.

King. Lookyes, lookyes,
Here comees my Lord John of Lancastre: 
John. Health, Peace, and Happinesse, 
To my Royall Father, 
King. Thou bring'st me happenes and Peace 
(Sonne John) 
But health (alacke) with youthfull wings is flowne. 
From this bare, wither'd Trumpe, Vpon thy fight. 
My worldly businesse makes a period.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Where is my Lord of Warwick? 
Trium. My Lord of Warwick.
King. Doth any name particular, belong
unto the Lodging, where I first did swoon'd?
War. Tis call'd Jerusalem, my Noble Lord.
King. Laud be to heaven:
Euen there my life must end.
It hath beene prophesi'd to me many yeres,
I should not dye, but in Jerusalem:
Which (vainly) I supposed the Holy-Land.
But bear me to that Chamber, there Ie lye:
In that Jerusalem, shall Harry dye.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Shallow, Silence, Falstaff, Bardolf, Page, and Davie.

Shal. By Cocke and Pye, you shall not away to night.

What Davy, I say?
Fal. You must excus'e me, M. Robert Shallow.
Shal. I will not excus'e you; you shall not be excus'd.
Excus'es shall not be admitted: there is no excus'e shall
serve; you shall not be excus'd.

Why Davie.

Davie. Hette sit.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, let me see (Davy) let me see:
William Cooke, bid him come hither. Sir John, you shall
not be excus'd.

Davy. Marry sit, thus: those Precepts cannot bee
fer'd, and againe sit, shall we sowe the head-land with
Wheatse?

Shal. With red Wheated Davy. But for William Cook:
are there no yong Pigeons?

Davy. Yes, Sir.
Here is now the Smithes note, for Shooping,
And Plough-irons.
Shal. Let it be cast: and payde: Sir John, you shall
not be excus'd.

Davy. Sir, a new linke to the Bucket must needs bee
had: And Sir, doe you meane to stoppe any of Williams
Wages, about the Sacke he loft the other day, at Shrewey?
Fayre? 

shal. He shall answer it:
Some Pigeons Davy, a couple of short-legg'd Hennes: a
joynt of Mutton, and any pretty little time Kickhawes,
tell William Cooke.

Davy. Doth the man of Warre, sit they all night sit?
Shal. Yes Davy:
I will vie him well. A Friend i' th' Court, is better then a
penny in purse. Vie his men well Davy, for they are ar-
rant Knaues, and will backe-bite.

Davy. No worfe then they are bitten; sir: For they
have maruellous foule linne.

Shallow. Well conceited Davy; about thy Business,
Davy.

Davy. I beseech you sir,
To counternose William Usifer of Woncote, against Cle-
ment Perket of the hill.
Shal. There are many Complaints Davy, against that
Usier: that Usier is an arrant Knaue, on my know-
ledge.

Davy. I grant your Worship, that he is a knaue Sir,
But yet heauen forbid Sir, but a Knaue should have some
Countenance, at his Friends request. An honest man sir,
is able to speake for himselfe, when a Knaue is not. I have
seru'd your Worshippe truly sir, these eight yeres and
if I cannot once or twice in a Quarter bear out a knaue,
against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with
your Worshippe. The Knaue is mine honest Friend Sir,
therefore I beexcuse your Worship, let him bee Counte-
nanc'd.

Shal. Go too,
I say he shall have no wrong: Looke about Davy,
Where are you Sir John? Come, off with your Boots.
Gie me your hand M. Bardolf.

Bard. I am glad to see your Worship.

Shal. I thank thee, with all my heart, kinde Master
Bardolf: and welcome my tall Fellow:

Come Sir John.

Falstaff. Ile follow you, good Master Robert Shallow,

Bardolf: looke to our Horses. If I were saw'd into
Quantities, I should make foure dozen of such bearded
Hermites flouses, as Master Shallow. It is a wonderful
thing to see the feamblable Coherence of his mens spirits,
and his: They, by obersuing of him, do bear themselfes
like foolish Jutters: Hee, by confuering with them, is
turn'd into a Jutter-like Scruingman. Their spirits are
so married in Communion, with the participation of So-
ciety, that they flocke together in confer, like so
many Wilde-Greefe. If I had a fluite to Mayster Shallow, I
would humour his men, with the imitation of being
nere their Mayster. If to his Men, I would currie with
Mayster Shallow, that no man could better command his
Servants. It is certaine, that either wife bearing, or igno-
norant Carriage is caught, as men take diceast, one of
another; therefore, let men take heed of their Compa-
nie. I will advise matter enough out of this Shallow, to
kepe Prince Harry in continual Laughters, the wearing
out of fixe Fasion (which is fourteemears)to two Ac-
tions, and he shall laugh with Internallums. It is much
that a Lye (with a flight Oath) and a left (with a fadd
brow) will doe, with a Fellow, that never had the Ache
in his shoulders. O you shall fee him laugh, till his Face
be like a wet Cloake, ill laid vp.

Shal. Sir Iobu,

Fal. I come Master Shallow, I come Master Shallow.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Earle of Warwicke, and the Lord Chief Justice.

Warwicke. How now, my Lord Chief Justice, whe-
ther away?

Ch.Iuj. How doth the King?

War. Exceeding well: his Cares

Are now, all ended.

Ch.Iuj. I hope, not dead.

War. Hee's walk'd the way of Nature,
And to our purposes, he liues no more.

Ch.Iuj. I would his Maiesty had call'd me with him,
The seruice, that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

War. Indeed I think the young King loves you not.
Ch. Inf. I know he doth not, and do scarce my selfe
To welcome the condition of the Time,
Which cannot looke more hideously upon me,
Then I have drawne it in my fancie.

Enter John of Lancaster, Gloucester, and Clarence.

War. Here comes the heavy sill of dead Harry:
O, that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three Gentlemen:
How many Nobles then, should hold their places,
That must strike faire, to Spirits of wilde force?
Ch. Inf. Alas, I fear all will be over-turn'd.
John. Good morrow Cofin Warwick, good morrow,
Giov. Cia. Good morrow, Cofin
John. We meet, likemen, that had forgot to speake.
War. We do remember: but our Argument
Is all too heauy, to admit much talle.
John. Well: Peace be with him, that hath made vs heauy.
Ch. Inf. Peace be with vs, let not we be heauier.
Giov. O, good my Lord, you have loft a friend indeed:
And I dare brave, you borrow not that face
Of coming forth, it is furie your owne.
John. Though no man be afford what grace to finde,
You stand in coldest expectation,
I am the forter, would teware otherwise.
Giov. We, you must now speake Sir John Faulkrite faire,
Which swimmes against your streame of Qualitie.
Ch. Inf. Sweet Princess: what I did, I did in Honor,
Led by th'Imperiall Conduct of my Soule,
And never shall you fee, that I will begge
A ragged, and fore-fall'd Remission.
If Troth, and uprigh Innocency styde me,
I'll to the King (my Matter) that is dead,
And tell him, who hath sent me after him.
War. Here comes the Prince.

Enter Prince Henry.

Ch. Inf. Good morrow: and heauen save your Maiely Prince.
This new, and gorgeous Garment, Maiely,
Sits not so ease on me, as you thinke.
Brothers, you needle your Sadness with some Fear:
This is the English, not the Turkish Court.
Not Amhurst, an Amurtus succeedeth.
But Harry, Harry: Yet be fad (good Brothers)
For to speake truthe it very well becomes you.
Sorrow, so Royally in you appeares,
That I well deeply put the Faslion on,
And were it in my heart. Why then be sad,
But entertaine no more of it (good Brothers).
Then a siont burchen, laid upon vs all.
For me, by Heauen (I bid you affurd')
Ill be your Father, and your Brother too:
Let me but bear your Loue, Ile bear your Cares;
But weep not that Horrie's dead, and doe will.
But Harry lives, that shall consumt those Teares
By number, into hours of Happinesse.
John. Sir. We hope no other from your Maiestie.
Prim. You all look strangeth on me: and you most,
You are (I thinke) afford, I love you not.
Ch. Inf. I am afford (If I be meanst'd rightly)
Your Maiestie hath no inst cause to hate me.
Pr. No? How might a Prince of my great hopes forget
So great Indignities you laid upon me?
What? Rate? Rebuke? and roughly tend to Prifon
Th' immediate Heere of England? Was this cattie?
May this be writt in Lette, and forgotten?
Ch. Inf. I then did vie the Perfom of your Father:
The Image of his power, lay then in me,
And in the Administration of his Laws.
Whiles I was busy for the Commonwealth,
Your Highness pleased to forget my place,
The Maiestie, and power of Law, and Justice,
The Image of the King, whom I preferred,
And stooke me in my very Seate 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, lest your Decrees at naught?
To plucke downe Justice from your sweafeull Bench?
To trip the course of Law, and blunt the Sword
That guards the peace, and safety of your Perion?
Nay more, to Iurne at your most Royall Image,
And mockee your workings, in a Second body?
Question your Royall Thoughts, make the cafe yours:
Be not the Father, and propole a Sonne:
 Hear ye own dignity so much prophane'd,
See your most divell Lawes, so losely flighted.
Behold your felie, by a Sonne disdained:
And then imagine me, taking you part,
And in your power, soft slanching your Sonne:
After this cold confidencour, sentence me;
And, as you are a King, speake in your State,
What I have done, that misbecame my place;
My perfom, or my Lieges Sovereignitie.

Prim. You are right Jusitce, and you weigh this well:
Therefore fell heare the Ballance, and the Sword:
And I do with your Honors may entere,
Till you do liue, to see a Sonne of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did,
So shall I liue, to speake my Fathers word:
Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do Justice, on my proper Sonne;
And no leffe happy, having such a Sonne,
That would deliver vp his Greatnesse to,
Into the hands of Justice, You did commit me:
For which, I do commend you to your Lord.
Th'afforded Sword that you have vs'd to beare it:
With this Remembrance; That you vfe the same
With the like bold, iust, and impartiall spirit
As you have done' gainst me. There is my hand,
You shall be as a Father, to my Youth:
My voice shall found, as you do prompt mine ears,
And I will soope, and humble my Intentis,
To your well-practis'd, wise Directions.
And Princes all, beleue me, I befeech you
My Father is gone wilde into his Graue,
(For in his Tombe, lyeth my Affections)
And with his Spirits, sadly I intreate,
To mocke the expectation of the World;
To frustrate Prophesies, and to race out
Rotten Opinion, who hach wrote me downe
After my seeming. The Tisde of Blood in me,
Hast prouedly flow'd in Vanity, till now.
Now doth in turne, and debe backe to the Sea,
Where it shall mingle with the flate of Floods,
And flowe forthwith in fulll Maiestie.
Now call we our High Court of Parliament,
And let vs choose such Limbes of Noble Counteis,
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

That the great Body of our State may go
In equal ranke, with the best govern'd Nation,
That Warre, or Peace, or both as once may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us,
In which you (Father) shall have formost hand.
Our Coronation done, we will accite
(As I before remembre'd) all our State,
And heauen (contriving to my good intents)
No Prince, nor Peer, shall haue that caufe to say,
Heauen shorten Harries happy life, one day.

Exeunt.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Bardolfe, Page, and Piffoll.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine Orchard: where, in an Arbor we will eate a late years Pippin of my owne grafting, with a dish of Carraways, and to forth (Come Canfin Silence, and then to bed.

Fal. You haue here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren: Beggers all, beggers all

Falst. This Dauce serves you for good viues: he is your Servaunget, and your Husband.


Sil. Ah firra (quoth-a) we shall doe nothing but eate, and make good cheere, and praife heauen for the merrie yeere: when flesh is cheape, and Females deete, and lustie Lads come here, and there: so merrily, and euer among so merrily.

Fal. There's a merrie heart, good M.Silence, Ite give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Good M.Bardolfe: some wine, Dauce.

Da. Sweet fis, fis: Ite be with you anon: most sweete fis, fis, Master Page, good M.Page, fis, fis: Proface. What you want in meate, we'll have in drinke: but you beare, the heart's all.

Fal. Be merrye M.Bardolfe, and my little Souldeiour there, be merrye.

Sil. Be merrye, be merrye, my wife ha's all:
For women are Shrewes, both short, and tall:
'Tis merrie in Hail, when Beards wagge all;
And welcome merrye Shroueteride. Be merrye, be merrye.

Fal. I did not thinke M.Silence had bin a man of this Muster.

Sil. Who 1? I haue beene merrye twice and once, ere now.

Daue. There is a dish of Lether-coats for you.

Shal. Dauce.

Dau. Your Worship: Ite be with you straight: A cup of Wine, fis?

Sil. A Cup of Wine, that's briske and fine, & drinke into the Leman mine: and a merrie heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said, M.Silence.

Sil. If we shall be merrye, now comes in the sweete of the night.


Sil. Fill the Cuppe, and let it come. Ite pledge you a mile to the bottome.

Shal. Honest Bardolfe, welcome: If thou want't any thing, and will not call, befreh thy heart. Welcome my little tyne theefe, and welcome indeed too: Ite drinkke to M.Bardolfe, and to all the Caulleroes about London.

Dau. I hope to fee London, once ere I die. 

Bar. If I might fee you there, Dauce.

Shal. You'll drack a quart togethers: Ha, will you not M.Bardolfe?

Barst. Thee, Sir, in a potte pot.

Shal. I thanke thee: the knave will flique by thee, I can afflute thee that. He will not out, he is true bred.

Bar. And He flique by him, fis.

Shal. Why there spoke a King: lack nothing, be merrye.

Looke, who's at doore there, ho: who knockes?

Fal. Why now you have done me right.

Sil. Do me right, and dub me Knight, Samingis. Is't not so?

Fal. Tis so.

Sil.Is't so? Why then say an old man can do somwhat.

Dau. If it please your Worshippe, there's one Piffoll come from the Count with newes.

Fal. From the Count? Let him come in.

Enter Piffoll.

How now Piffoll?

Piff. Sir John, I haue you fis.

Piff. What winde blew you hither, Piffoll?

Piff. Not the ill winde which blowes none to good, sweet Knight: Thou art now one of the greatest men in the Realme.

Sil. Indeed, I think he bee, but; Goodman Puffe of Barfon.


Fal. I prethee now deliter them, like a man of this World.

Piff. A foora for the World; and Worldlings base, I speake of Affrica, and Golden iyoes.

Fal. O base Affiryan Knight, what is thy newes ?

Let King Comita know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin-hood, Scarlet, and John.

Piff. Shall dunghill Curtes confront the Hellicons?

And shall newe newes be baffe'd?

Then Piffoll lay thy head in Furies lappe.

Sil. Holland Gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Piff. Why then Lament therefore.

Shal. Giv mee pardon, Sir.

If fis, you come with newes from the Court, I take it, there is but two ways, either to vetter them, or to conceal them. I am Sir, vnder the King, in some Authority.

Piff. Vnder which King?

Beconman, speake, or dye.

Shal. Vnder King Harry. 

Piff. Harry the Fourth? or Piff?

Shal. Harry the Fourth. 

Piff. A foora for chine Office.

Sir John, thy tender Lamb-kinne, now is King, Harry the Fift's the man, I speake the truth, When Piffoll lies, do this, and figne-me, like The bragging Spaniard,
**Scena Quinta.**

**Enter two Groomers.**

1. Groo. More Rushes, more Rushes.
2. Groo. The Trumpets have sounded twice.

**Enter Falsaffe, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolph, and Page.**

Falsaffe. Stand here by me, M. Robert Shallow, I will make the King do you Grace. I will leer upon him, as he comes by: and do but mark the countenance that hee will give me.

Pistol. Bleece thy Lunes good Knight.

Fals. Come heere Pistol, stand behind me. O if I had had time to have made new Linetiers, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But it is no matter, this poor sheew doth better; this doth inferre the zeale I had to see him.

Shal. It doth fo.

Fals. It sheewes my earnestnesse in affection.

Trif. It doth fo.

Fals. My devotion.

Pistol. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fals. As it were, to ride day and night.

Shal. And not to deliberate, not to remember.

Fals. Not to have patience to shift me.

Trif. It is most certaine.

Shal. But to stand staine with Trausile, and sweating with desire to see him, thinking of nothing else, putting all affairs in oblivion, as if there were nothing els to bee done, but to see him.

Pistol. 'Tis temper idem: let ciesque hoc nihil eff.' Tis all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis so indeed.

Pistol. My Knight, I will enfile thy Noble Lister, and make thee rage. Thy Def and Idees of thy noble thoughts is in base Durance, and contagious prizon; Hall'd thinner by moft Mechanicall and durtie hand. Rowe vpe Reuenge from Ebon den, with fell Alesto's Snake, for Dol is in, Pistol, speaks nought but croth. Fal. I will deliver her.

Pistol. There roard the Sea: and Trumpet Clangour sounds.

**The Trumpet sounded. Enter King Henry the Fourth.**

Fifh, Brothers, Lord Chief Justice.

Fals. Saucy Grace, King Hall, my Royall Hall.

Pistol. The heauntes thee guard, and keepe, most royall Impe of Fame.

Fals. 'Sauce thee my sweet Boy. King. My Lord Chief Justice, speake to that waine man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wis?

Know you what 'tis you speake?

Fals. My King, my loue; I speake to thee, my heart.

King. I know thee not, old man. Fall to thy prayers!

How ill white haires become a Foole, and lester?
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

I have long dream'd of such a kinde of man, 
So fierce-swell'd, so old, and so profane:
But being awake, I do despise my dreame.
Make lefte thy body (hence) and more thy Grace,
Leave gourmandizing; Know the Grase doth gapGE
For thee, thrice wider then for other men.
Reply not to me, with a Foose-borne left,
Prefume not, that I am the thing I was,
For heaven doth know (to shall the world perceive)
That I haue turn'd away my former Selfe,
So will I those that kept me Company.
When thou doft heare I am, as I haue bin,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou was't
The Tutor and the Feeder of my Riot:
Till then, I banish thee, on paine of death,
As I haue done the rest of my Misdreas,
Not to come neere our Person, by ten mile.
For competence of life, I will allow you,
That Iacke of meenes enforce you not to euill:
And as we heare you do reforme your felles,
We will according to your strength and qualities,
Give you aduancement. Be it your charge (my Lord)
To see perform'd the tenure of our word. Set on.

Exeunt.

Fal. Master Shalow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. I send Sir John, which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be. Master Shallow, do not you grieue at this: I shall be tent for in private to him. Looke you, he must sleeue thus to the world: fear not your aduancement: I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot well perceive how, unlefe you should give me your Doublet, and fluffe me outside Strow. I beseech you, good Sir John, let mee haue fave hundred of my thoustand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that you heard, was but a colour.

Shall. A colour I feare, that you will dye, in Sir John.

Fal. Feare no colours; go with me to dinner:
Come Lieutenant Piessel, come Bardolf.
I shall be fent to Soore at night.

Ch. Inf. Go carry Sir John Falstaffe to the Fleece,
Take all his Company along with him.

Fal. My Lord, my Lord.

Ch. Inf. I cannot now speake, I will heare you soone;
Take them away.

Ps. Sir, I consue me tormento, spera me contento.

Exit. 

Men. Lancaster and Chiefe Justice.

John. I like this faire proceeding of the Kings:
He hath intent his wonted Followers:
Shall all be very well provided for:
But all are bann'd, till their conuerfations
Appeare more wise, and modest to the world.

Ch. Inf. And so they are.

John. The King hath call'd his Parliament,
My Lord.

Ch. Inf. He hath.

John. I will lay oddes, that ere this yeere expire,
We beeare our Cuiill Swords, and Native fire
As farre as France. I heare a Bird so fling,
Whole Muicke (to my thinking) please the King.
Come, will you hence?

Exeunt.
EPiLOGVE.

First, my Fear: then, my Curst: last, my Speech. My Fear, is your Displeasure: My Curst, my Dutie: And my speech, to Begge your Pardons. If you looke for a good Speech now, you rendee me: For what I haue 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 heere in the end of a displeasing Play, to pray your Patience for it, and to promisse you a Better: I did meane (indeede) to pray you with this, which if (like an ill Venture) it come unluckily home, I breake, and you, my gentle Creditors love. Heere I promisse you I would be, and heere I committ my Body to your Mercies: Bate me some, and I will pay you some, and (as most Debtors do) promisse 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 Gentlewomen heere, haue forgiven me, if the Gentlemen will not, then the Gentlemen do not agree with the Gentlewomen, which was never seene before, in such an Assemble.

One word more, I be сфере you: if you be not too much cloud with Fat Meate, our humble Author will continue the Story (with Sir John in it) and make you merry, with faire Katherine of France: where (for any thing I know) Falstaffe shall dye of a sweat, unlese already he be kill'd with your hard Opinions: For Old-Castle dyed a Martyr, and this is not the man. My Tongue is wearies, when my Legs are too, I will bid you good night; and so kneele downe before you: But (indeed) to pray for the Queene.
THE ACTORS NAMES.

VMOVR the Prefentor.
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 Bifhop of Yorke.
Mowbray.
Hallings.
Lord Bardolf.
Trauers.
Morton.
Coeuile.
Warwicke.
Westmerland.
Surrey.
Gowie.
Harecourt.
Lord Chiefe Iftice.
Shallow. Both Country Silence. 3 Iftices.
Baille, Servant to Shallow.
Phang, and Snare, 2 Servicts.
Mouldic.
Shadow.
Wart.
Feeble.
Bullcalfe.

Oppofites againft King Henry the Fourth.

Of the Kings Partie.

Pointz.
Falaffe.
Bardolphe. Irregular;
Piffoll.
Humorifts.
Peto.
Page.

Northumbelands Wife.
Percies Widow.
Hofteffe Quickly.
Doll Teare-Theete.
Epilogue.

Drawers Beadles, Groomes
Country Soldiers
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Enter Prologue.

O

For a Manse of Fire, that would ascend
The brightest Heaven of Invention:
A Kingdom for a Stage, Princes to Act,
And Monarchs to behold the swelling Scene.
Then should the Warlike Harry, like his selfe,
Assume the Port of Mars, and at his heelles
Leave in, like Hounds) should Famine, Sword, and Fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, Gentles all:
The flat unwept Spirits, that hath dar'd,
On this unworthy Scaffold, to bring forth
So great an Object. Can this Cuck-Pit hold
The vaste fields of France? Or may we crammre
Within this Wooden O, the very Cakes
That did affright the Ayres at Agincourt?
O pardon: since a crowded Figure may
Attend in little place a Million,
And let us, Cyphers to this great Accomplis,
On your imaginatire Forces workes,
Suppose within the Girdle of these Walls
Are now confin'd two mightie Monarchies,
Whose high, op-reared, and outling Fronts,
The perilous narrow Ocean parts asunder.
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts:
Into a thousand parts divide one Man,
And make Magnanimous Puffance.

Thank when we talk of Horfes, that you see them,
Printing their proud Hoves 'tis receiving Earth;
For in your thoughts thus now must deck one King,
Carry them here and there: Jumping o're Times;
Turning the accomplishment of many yeares
Into an hour, Parks: for which supple,
Admit me Chorus 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 Canterburie and Ely.

Bisb. Cant.

My Lord, I teell you, that selfe Bill is wrig'd,
Which in the eleventh yere of his first Kings reign
Was like, and had indeed against vs paft,
But that the scambling and vnquiet time
Did put it out of farther question.

Bisb. Ely. But how say Lord shall we rebuff it now?

Bisb. Cant. It must be thought on if it passe against vs,
We leafe the better half of our Possession:
For all the Temporal Lands, which men deuide
By Téftament have gone to the Church,
Would they stirp from vs; being valu'd thus,
As much as would maintaine, to the Kings honor,
Full fiftene Earles, and fiftene hundred Knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good Efquires:
And to reliefe of Laxness, and weake age
Of indigent faint Soulers, past corporall toyle,
A hundred Almes-houses, right well supply'd:
And to the Cr-fer of the King beside,
A thousand pounds by the yere. Thus runs the Bill.

Bisb. Ely. This would drinke deeper.

Bisb. Cant. 'Twould drinke the Cup and all.

Bisb. Ely. But what prevenition?

Bisb. Cant. The King is full of grace, and faire re-}

Bisb. Ely. And a true lover of the holy Church.

Bisb. Cant. The courtes of his youth promis'd it not.

Bisb. Ely. The breath no sooner left his Fathers body,

Bisb. Cant. But that his wildnefe, morify'd in him,

Bisb. Ely. Seem'd to dye too: yea, at that very moment,

Bisb. Cant. Consideration like an Angel came,

Bisb. Ely. And whipt th'offending Adam out of him;

Bisb. Cant. Leaving his body as a Paradise,

Bisb. Ely. T'invupel and containe Celestiall Spirits.

Bisb. Cant. Neuer was such a fodaine Scholler made:

Bisb. Ely. Neuer came Reformation in a Flood,

Bisb. Cant. With such a heady currance fouling faults:

Bisb. Ely. Nor neuer Hidra-headed Wilfulness 

Bisb. Cant. So loone did loofe his Seat; and all at once;

Bisb. Ely. As in this King.

Bisb. Ely. We are bleffed in the Change.

Bisb. Cant. Hear him but reafon in Diunitie;

And all admiring, with an inward with

You would defire the King were made a Prelate:

Hear him debate of Common-wealth Affairs;

You would fay it hath been all in all his study:

Lift his discource of Warre; and you fhall hear
A fearefull Battle rendred you in Musique.

Turne
Turne him to any Cause of Pollicy,
The Gordian Knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his Gatter: that when he speaks,
The Ayre, a Charter'd Libertine, is still,
And the more Wonder lukeith in mens cares,
To seal his roots and holyd Sentences
So that the Art and Practise of Life,
MUST be the Milestone to this Touristone.
Which is a wonder how his Grace should gleane it,
Since his addition was to Courtes yaine,
His Companies vnlust'd, rude, and shawllow,
His Hours fill'd wp with Rytes, Banquets, Sports;
And never noted in him any studie,
Any retirement, any tequlification,
From open Haunts and Publick.
B. Ely. The Strawbery grows vnderneth the Nettle,
And holesome Berrys thrive and open best,
Neighbour'd by Fruit of bater qualite:
And to the Prince obfeur'd his Contemplation
Vnder the Vyle of Wildnife, which (no doubt)
Grew like the Summer Graffe, fastfull by Night,
Vneene, yet creffite in his facultie.
B. Cant. It must be so: for Miracles are craft:
And therefore we must needs admit the meanes,
How things are perfected.
B. Ely. But my good Lord,
How now for mitigation of this Bill,
Vrg'd by the Commons? doth his Maiftie
Incline to it, or no?
B. Cant. He feemes indifferent:
Or rather swaying more vpon our part,
Then cherifhing the'excitizens againft vs:
For I have made an offer to his Maiftie,
Vpon our Spirituall Convocation,
And in regard of Cau tes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching France, to give a greater Summe,
Then euer at one time the Clergie yet
Did to his Predecessors part withall.
B. Ely. How did this offer feeme receiv'd, my Lord?
B. Cant. With good acceptance of his Maiftie:
Sauze that there was not room enough to heare,
As I percei'd his Grace would faine have done,
The feueralls and vnlbidden passages
Of his true Titles to some ceraine Duke domes,
And Generall to the Crowne and Seate of France,
Deni'd from Edward, his great Grandfather.
B. Ely. What was this thimperament that broke this off?
B. Cant. The French Embaffador vpon that inftant
Crau'd audience: and the howre I thinkce is come,
To give him hearing: Is it foure a Clock?
B. Ely. It is.
B. Cant. Then goo we in, to know his Embaffie
Which I could with alreadie gueffe declare,
Before the Frenchman speake a word of it.
B. Ely. He wait vpon you, and I long to hear it.
Enter the King, Humfret, Bedford, Clarence,
Warwick, Westmon, and Exeter.
King. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?
Exeter. Not here in prentence.
King. Send for him, good Yackle.
Wpms. Shall we call in this Embaffador, my Liege?
King. Nor yet, my Confederas would be celo'ed,
Before we heare him of some things of weight.
That take our thoughts, concerning vs and France.

Enter two Bishops,
B. Caer. 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 howly and religiously unfold,
Why the Law Saife, that they hate in France,
Or should or should not barre vs in our Clayme:
And God forbid, my dear and faithfull Lord,
That you should fashion, wrfeft, or bow your reading
Or nicely charge your understanding Soule,
With opening Titles miscrate, whose right
Sutes not in nature colours with the truth;
For God doth know, how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reeceure shall incite vs to.
Therefore take heed how you impawne our Perfon,
How you awake our sleeping Sword of Warre;
We charge you in the Name of God take heed:
For never two such Kingdomes did contend,
Without much fall of blood, whose guitelesse drops
Are every one a Woe, for Complaint,
Grant him, whose wrongs giues edge unto the Swords,
That makes such waife in briefe mortallity.
Wright on my Contemplation, feake my Lord:
For we will heare, note, and bleadce in heart,
That what you speake, is in your Confequence wafted,
As pure as finne with Baptisme.
B. Caer. Then hear me gracious Sovereign, & you Peers,
That owe your felues, your liues, and seruices,
To this Imperiall Throne. There is no barre
To make against your Hightneffe Clayme to France,
But this which they produce from Pharamond,
In terram Salicam militiae ne succedant,
No Woman shall succeed in Safe Land:
Which Safe Land, the French vanitye gloze
To be the Realme of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this Law, and Female Barre.
Yet their owne Authors faithfully afferne,
That the Land Safe is in Germanie,
Between the Floods of Sa and of Elue:
Where Charles the Great having subdu'd the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certaine French:
Which in like manner did invade the German Women,
And some other faire manners of their life,
Etabliff'd them this Law: to wit, No Female
Should be inberetie in Safe Land:
Which Safe (as I said) twist Elue and Sand,
Is at this day in Germanie, call'd Mefien.
Then doth it well appeare, the Safe Law
Was not deuided for the Realme of France:
Nor did the French pooffice the Safe Land,
Vntill four hundred one and twenty yeeres
After definition of King Pharamond,
Icly suppos'd the founder of this Law,
Who died within the yeere of our Redemption,
Foure hundred twenty fix: and Charles the Great
Subdue the Saxons, and did fest the French
Beyond the River Sa, in the yeere
Eight hundred fixe, Besides, their Writers say,
King Pepin, which deplo'd Cloithers,
Did as Heire General, being defended
Of Bishop which was Daughter to King Cloithair,
Make Clayme and Title to the Crowne of France.
Hug Capet also, who vfurpt the Crowne.
Of Charles the Duke of Loraine, sole Heire male
Of the true Line and Stock of Charles the Great:
To find his Title with some fewier words of truth,
Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,
Convey'd himseflfe as th'Heire to th' Lady Lengarie,
Daughter to Charlotte, who was the Sonne.
To Langu and Langu, and Langu the Sonne
Of Charles the Great: also King Lower the Tenth,
Who was sole Heire to the Vtisper Capet,
Could not keep quiet in his confidence,
Wearing the Crowne of France, till satisfied,
That faire Queen Isabel, his Grandmother,
Was Lineall of the Lady Ermenare,
Daughter to Charles theefore Duke of Loraine:
By the which Marriages, the Lyne of Charles the Great
Was re-visit'd to the Crowne of France.
So, that as clear as is the Summers Sunne,
King Pepin Title, and Hugh Capets Claymore,
King Lower his satisfaction, all appeare
To hold in Right and Title of the Female:
So doe the Kings of France wrote on this day.
Howbeit, they would hold vp this Sage Law
To bare your Highness'sclayming from the Female,
And rather chuse to hide them in a Net,
Then amply to imbarre their crooked Titles,
Vnvuept from you and your Progenitors.

King. May I with right and conscience make this claim?
Bibb. Cant. The sinne upon your head, dread Sovereign:
For in the Booke of Numbers it is writ,
When the man dyes, let the Inheritance
Defend upon the Daughter. Gracious Lord,
Stand for your owne, vnwind your bloody Fлагge,
Looke back into your mightie Ancestors:
Go my dread Lord, to your great Grandfathers Tomb,
From whom you claime: invite his Warlike Spirit,
And your Great Vackles, Edward the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a Tragedie,
Making defeat on the full Power of France:
While his mightie Father on a Hill
Stood stamling to behold his Lyons Whelp.
Forrages in bold of French Nobility,
O Noble English, that could entertaine
With half their Forces, the full pride of France,
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of worke, and cold for action.

Bibb. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your poyntant Arme renew their Feasts;
You are their Heire, you sit upon your Throne;
The Blood and Courage that renowned them,
Rises in your Veines: and thryrse-poyntant Liege
Is in the very May-Morne of his Youth,
Ripe for Exploits and mightie Entrepries.

Exe. Your Brother Kings and Monarchs of the Earth
Do all expect, that you should rowie your selfe,
As did the former Lyons of your Blood.
(might,
Wifh. They know your Grace both cause, and means, and
So hath your Highness: never King of England
Had Nobles richer, and more loyal Subjects,
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,
And lyve pavillion'd in the fields of France.

Bibb. Caw. O let their bodies follow my deare Liege
With Bloods and Sword and Fire, to win your Right:
In syde whereof, we of the Spiritualitie
Will raise your Highness such a mightie Summe,
As never did the Clergie at one time
Bring to any of your Ancestors.
The Life of Henry the First.

The lad-ey'd Justice with his furly humme,
Delitering one to Executors pale
The lazie yawning Drone: I this inferre,
That many thing's hauing full reference
To one confeant, may worke contrariougly,
As many Arrowes looed feuerall ways
Come to one marke: as many wayes meet in one towne,
As many fresh streams meet in one fall sea;
As many Lyncs close in the Dials center:
Somay a thousand actions once a loote.
And in one purse, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my Liege,
Disuide your happy England into foure,
Whereof, take you one quarter into France,
And you withall shall make all Gallia shake.
If we with thriue such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our owne doores from the dogge,
Let vs be worrie'd, and our Nation lofe
The name of hardiheit and poltie.

King. Call in the Meffengers sent from the Dolphin.
Now are we well refold'd, and by Gods helpes
And yours, the noble properties of our power,
France be'ing ours, we will bend it to our Awe,
Or break it all to pieces. Or there we'll fer,
(Ruling in large and ample Emperie,
One France, and all her (almost) Kingly Duke'dommes)
Or by thefe bones in an unworthy Vine,
Tombifie, with no remembrance of them:
Either our History fhall with full mouth
Speak freely of our Acts, or else our grane
Like Turkish mute, fhall have a tongueleffe mouth,
Not worship with a waxe'n Epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our faire Cofin Dolphin: for we hearre,
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

Amb. May please your Maiiftie to give us leave,
Freely to render what we have in charge:
Or shall we sparingly fhew you fare off
The Dolphins meaning, and our Embaftie.

King. We are no Tyrant, but a Christian King,
Vnto whose grace our passion is as subjeft
As is our wretches ferrer in our prisones,
Therefore with franke and with uncured plaineffe,
Tell vs the Cafhions advis.

Amb. Thus than in few:
Your Highneffe lately sending into France,
Did claime some certaine Duke'dommes, 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 ought in France,
That can be with a nimble Galliard wonne:
You cannot rewil into Duke'dommes there,
He therefore fends you meeter for your spirit
This Tun of Treasure; and in lieu of this,
Defires you let the duke'dommes that you claime
Heare no more of you, This the Dolphin speaks.

King. What Trefaire Vnce?

Amb. Tennis ballses, my Liege.

King. We are glad the Dolphin is fo pleasant with vs,
His Preffent, and your pannes we thank you for.
When we haue matcht our Rackers to thefe Ballses,
We will in France (by Gods grace) play a set.
Shall flrike his fathers Crowne into the hazard,
Tell him, he hath made a match with such a Wrangler,

That all the Courts of France will be distur'd
With Chances. And we understand him well,
How he comes o're vs with our wilder dayes,
Not measuring what we made of them.
We neuer vaw'd this poor state of England,
And therefore liuing hence, did giue our felie
To barbarous license: As't tisuer common,
That men are merrifie, when they are from home.
But tell the Dolphin, I will keepe my State,
Be like a King, and shew my fayle of Greatneffe,
When I do rowse me in my Throne of France.
For that I haue layd by my Maiestie,
And plooded like a man for working dayes:
But I will rife there with fo full a glorie,
That I will daile all the eyes of France,
Yes flrike the Dolphin blinde to looke on vs,
And tell the pleafant Prince, this Mocke of his
Hath turn'd his ballses to Gun-stones, and his foule
Shall fland fore charged, for the watefull vengeance
That fhall flye with them: for many a thousand widows
Shall this his Mocke, mocke out of their dear husbands;
Mocke mothers from their foones, mock Callies downe:
And fome are yet vngotten and vnborne,
That fhall hate caufe to curfe the Dolphins home.
But this lies all within the wil of God,
To whom I do appeale, and in whole name
Tell you the Dolphin, I am comming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightfull hand in a wel-hallow'd caufe.
So get you hence in peace: And tell the Dolphin,
His right will fave all of shallow wit.
When thofand wippe more then did laugh at it.
Convey them with fate conduite. Fare you well.

Exeunt Ambassadors.

Exe. This was a merry Meffenge.

King. We hope to make the English bluſh at it:
Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy howres,
That may give furthrance to our Expedition:
For we haue now no thought in vs but France,
Save thoſe to God, that runne before our buſineſfe.
Therefore let our proportions for thefe Warres
Be foone collected, and all things thought upon,
That may with reasonable twifteſfe addie
More Feathers to our Wings: for God before,
We'le chide this Dolphin at his fathers doore.
Therefore let every man now task his thought,
That this faire Action may on foot be brought.

Exeunt.

Flourifh. Enter Chorus.

Now all the Youth of England are on fire,
And filken Dalliance in the Wardrobe eyes:
Now thrive the Armours, and Honours thought
Reignes soley in the beaſt of every man.
They fell the Paffure now, to buy the Horfe;
Following the Miroir of all Christian Kings,
With winged heeler, as English Mercuries.
For now fits Expectation in the Ayre.
And hides a Sword, from Hills into the Point,
With Crownes Imperial, Crownes and Coronets,
Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.
The French advis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadfull preparation,
Shake in their feare, and with pale Pollicy
Seek to diuert the English purposs.
O England: Modell to thy inward Greatneffe,
Like little Body with a mightie Heart:

What.
The Life of Henry the First.

What might thou do, that honour would thee do, Were all thy children kind and natural? But se, thy fault France hath in thee found, A net of hollow booms, which he fills With treacherous Crowns, and three corrupted men: One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second
Henry Lord Scrope of Malham, and the third
Thomas Grey Knight of Northumberland, Have for the Gilt of France (O guilt indeed) Confirmed a Conspiracy with treasurable France, And by their hands, this grace of Kings must dye. If Hell and Trafon hold their promises, Ere he take ship for France and in Southampton. Linger your patience on, and we'll digg The butcher of France, force to a play. The summe is paid, the Traitors are agreed, The King is set from London, and the Scene Is now transported (Gentles) to Southampton, There is the Play-house now, there must you sit, And thence to France shall we convey you safe, And bring you backe: Cherishing the narrow fees To give you gentle Passage for it we may, We'll not offend one gentlemen with our Play, But till the King come forth, and not till then, Vasto Southampton do we flint our Scene.

Enter Corporall Nym, and Lieutenant Bardolf.

Bar. Well met Corporall Nym.

Nym. Good morrow Lieutenant Bardolf.

Bar. What, are Ancient Pittell and you friends yet? Nym. For my part, I care not: I play little: but when time shall serue, there shall be smiles, but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will winke and hold out mine proat: it is a simple one, but what though? It will toffe Cheeke, and it will endure cold, as another mans word will: and there's an end.

Bar. I will belowe a breakfast to make you friends, and we'll bee all three towarde brothers to France: Let's be so good Corporall Nym.

Nym. Faith, I will be so long as I may, that's the extant of it: and when I cannot live any longer, I will doe as I may: That is my rest, that is the rethenesse of it.

Bar. It is certaine Corporall, that he is married to Neill Quickly, and certainly she did you wrong, for you were toth-pight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell. Things must be as they may: men may sleepe, and they may have their throats about them at that time, and losstay, knaves have edges: it must be as it may, though patience be a tyrde name, yet these will plodde, there must be Conclusions, well, I cannot tell.

Enter Pittell, & Quickly.

Bar. Here comes Ancient Pittell and his wife: good Corporall be patient here. How now mine Hoste Pittell?

Pittell. Barke Tyke, call it shoue mee Hoft, now by thist hand I swear I become the terme: nor shall my Ned keep Lodges.

Host. No by my troth, not long: For we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourtene Gentlewomen that lye honestly by the pricke of thir Needles, but it will be thought we keep a Bawdy-house thraught. O weelby Lady, if she be not heene nowe, we shall kee wilfull adultery and murther committed.

Bar. Good Lieutenant, good Corporall offer nothing here.

Nym. Pittell.


Host. Good Corporall Nym shew thoy valor, and put vp your sword.

Nym. Will you shogge off? I would have you folurs.

Pittell. Solus, egregious doge? O Viper vile; The solus in thy most meucious face, the solus in thy teeth, and in thy threse, and in thy hateful Lungs, yea in thy Maw perdy; and which is worse, within thy naffle mouth. I do retort the solus in thy bowells, for I can take, and Pittell cockle is vp, and flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbysen, you cannot conuire me: I have an honor to knocke you indifferently well: If you grow flawe with me Pittell, I will fcorue you with my Ripier, as I may, in faire termes. If you would walked off, I would pricce your guts a little in good termes, as I may, and that's the honor of it.

Pittell. O Braggard vile, and damned furious wight, The Graue doth gape, and dosing death is nere, Therefore exhale.

Bar. Here me, he are me what I say: Here that strikes the first stroke, He run him vp to the hiles, as I am a soldier.

Pittell. An oath of mickle might, and fary shall abate. Give me thy fift, thy fore-foorce to me glue: Thy spyrtes are moost tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throates one time or other in faire termes, that is the honor of it.

Pittell. Compe a gorge, that is the word. I defie thee a-game.O hound of Cree, think'th thou my house to get? No, to the spittle gore, and from the Parding tub of infamy, fetch forth the Lasar Kite of Crefdie kind, Doll Tresse-fleece, the by name, and her espouse. I have, and I will hold the Quondam Quackel for the onely face: and Pates, there's enoought to go to.

Enter the bay.

Boy. Mine Hoste Pittell, you must come to my May-fler, and your Hosteffe is very tike, & would to bed. Good Corporall, put thy face between his fheetes, and do the Office of a Warning-pan: Faith, he's very ill.

Bar. Away you runne.

Host. By my troth he' yeeld the Crow a pudding one of these dayses: the King has kild his heart. Good Husband come home prentely.

Exit Bar. Come, shall I make you two fride. Wee muft to France together: why the diesel should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pittell. Let floods ore-fyrell, and fride for food howle on.

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at Betting?

Pittell. Base is the State that pays.

Nym. That now I will have: that's the humor of it.

Pittell. As manhood that compound: pitches home. Drope Barde. By this sword, hee that makes the first thrall, Hee kill him: By this sword, I will.

Pit. Sword is an Oath, & Oaths must have their course Bar. Corporall Nym, & thou wilt be friends by friends, and thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me to prethee put vp.

Pittell. A Noble shall thou have, and prentest pay, and Liquor likewise I will glue to thee, and friendship shall combine, and brotherhood. I'll live by Nymme, & Nymme shall live by me, is not this iust? For I shall Sul-ter be vnto the Campes, and profits will accrue. Give mee thy hand.

h 3 Nym.
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

Nym. I shall have my Noble?

Pep. In craft, most subtly paid.

Nym. Well, then, that the humor of.

Enter Boisfe. 

Hos. As euer you come of women, come in quickly to the John: A poore heart, hee is so slack'd of a burning quorian Tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The King hath run bad humors on the Knight, that's the extent of it. Nym, thou hast spoke the right, his heart is fra- 

Nym. The King is a good King, but it must bee as it may: the pallet some humors, and careeres.

Pep. Let vs condole the Knight, for (Lambekins) we will live.

Enter Exeter, Bedforl, & Westons. 

Bed. Fore God his Grace is bold to trust these traitors. Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by. West. How smooth and even do they best themselves, As if allegiance in their broughte fate Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend, By interception, which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bed fellow, Whom he hath duff'd and clow'd with gracious favours; That he should for a foraigne purfe, to fell His Soueraigne life to death and treachery.

Swoon Trumpets.

Enter the King, Scroope, Cambridge, &c. 

King. Now fits the winde faire, and we will aboard.

My Lord of Cambridge, and my kinde Lord of Massau, And you my gentle Knight, give me your thoughts: Thinke you not that the powres we beseech with, Will cut their passage through the force of France? Doing the execution, and the sçte, For which we have in head assembled them.

Sero. No doubt my Liefe, if each man do his best.

King. I doubt not that, since we are well perwaded We carry not a heart with vs from hence, That grows not in a faire content with ours: Nor leasure not one behinde, that doth not with Successe and Conquest to attend on vs.

Cam. Neuer was Monarch better fear'd and lou'd, Than is your Maiestie; there is not I think a lubiect That fin in heart, greefe and vncaillifene

Vnder the sweet flade of your government. 

Ker. True; those that were your Fathers enemys, Have steep'd their gauls in hony, and do ferue you With hearts create of dury, and of zéale.

King. We therefore have great caule of thankfulness, And shall forge the office of our hand Sooner then quittance of defiers and merit, According to the weight and worthishine.

Sero. So service shall with steeled finewes toyle, And labour shall refining it selfe with hope To do your Grace incessant services.

King. We judge no leffe, Vinke of Exeter, Inlurge the man committed yesterday, That rayl'd against our perfom: We confider It was exceffe of Wine that fet him on, And on his more advice, We pardon him.

Sero. That's mercy, but too much security: I shal be punifh'd Soueraigne, leat example Bred (by his suffrance) more of such a kind.

King. Ol et vs yet be mercifull.

Cam. So may your Highness, and yet punifh too.

Gray. Sir, you shew great mercy if you give him life, After the taffe of much correction.

King. Alas, your too much loute and care of me, Are heauy Orions' gainst this poore wretch: 

If little faults proceeding on diltempere, Shall not be wink'd at, as how shall we stretch our eye When capital crimes, chew'd, swallowed, and digested, Appreare before vs? We'll yet inlarge that man, Though Cambridge, Scroope, and Gray, in their deere care And tender prefervation of our son, Wold have him punishe, And now to our French cauSES, Who are the late Commissioners ?

Cam. Ione my Lord, Your Highness bad me ask for it do day.

Sero. So did you memy Liege.

Gray. And I my Royall Soueraigne.

King. Then Richard Earl of Cambridge, there is yours: There yours Lord Scroope of Massau, and Sir Knight: Gray of Northumberland, this fame is yours: Reade them, and know I know your worthineffe.

My Lord of Westminster, and Vinke Exeter,

We will aboard to night, Why how now Gentlemen? What fee you in those papers, that you looke So much complexeion? Louke ye how they change? Their cheekes are paper, Why, what ye read there, That have so cowardly and chace'd your blood Out of appearance.

Cam. I don't confesse my fault,

And do submit me to your Highnesse mercy,

Gray. Sero. To which we are all appoynts.

King. The mercy that was quick in vs but late, By your owne comfitate is apprehend and kill'd:

You must not dare (for shame,) to take of mercy, For your owne reasons turned into your bonomes,

As dogs upon their maifters, worriting you: See you my Princes, and my Noble Peeres,

Their English monfters: My Lord of Cambridge heere, You know how apt our love was, to accord To furnifh with all apperiments Belonging to his honour, and this man, Hath for a few light Crownes, lightly conspir'd And swoone vnto the practifes of France

To kill vs heere in Hampton. To the which, This Knight no leffe for bounty bound to vs

Then Cambridge is, hath likewise swoone. But O,

What shall I say to thee Lord Scroope, thou cruel, Ingratefull, faue, and inhumane Creature?

Thou that didst bear the key of all my comfaiate, That knowst it the very bottome of my loue, That (almost) might I have copy'd mine into Golde, Wouldst thou have prai'd on me, for thy vie?

May it be possible, that foraigne hyer

Could out of thee extract one spark of euill

That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange, That though the truth of it stands off as groffe As blakke and white, my eye will severely fee it. Treaten, and murther, cure kept together,

As two yoake diuels sware to eyther purpose, Work'd so groffely in an natural cauSe,

That adoration did not hooppe at them. But thou (gainst all proportion) diu'd bring in Wonder to waite on treason, and on murther:

And whatsoever cunning fiend it was

That wrought upon thee so prepoterously, 

Hath got the voyce in hell for excellence:
The Life of Henry the Fift.

And other duties that fuggt by treafons, Do both and bungle vp damnation, With patches, colours, and with rorries being fettche From gillfing (femblances of pety): But he that temper'd thee, bad thee fland vp. Gave thee no inffance why thou shouldt do treafon, Vnleffe to dub thee with the name of Traitor. If that fame Dæmon that hath gull'd thee thus, Should with his Lyon-gate walke the whole world, He might returne to vefte Tartar backe, And tell the Legions, I can neuer win foule to easie as that Englishman, Oh, how halfe thou with realoufe infect'd! The sweenee of affinince! Shew men duttfall, Why fo didst thou: feeme they graue and learned? Why fo didst thou: Come they of Noble family? Why fo didft thou:See me they religious? Why fo didft thou. Or are they (pare in diet, Free from grosse passion, or of mirth, oranger, Conflant in spirit, not ierving with the blood, Garnifh'd and deck'd in modell complem, Not working with the eye, without the ear, And but in purged judgement trufting neither, Such and fo finely boudiet didst thou feeme; And thus thy fall hath left a kinde of blot, To make thee fall fraught man, and bell induced With some fufpicion, I will wepe for thee. For this reenchantment of mine, I thinkes is like Another fall of Man. Their faults are open, A refled to the anfwer of the Law, And God acquit them of their praifes.

Exe. I arrit thee of High Treafon, by the name of Richard Earle of Cambridge.
I arrit thee of High Treafon, by the name of Thomas Lord Scrape of Mortim,
I arrit thee of High Treafon, by the name of Thomas Grey, Knight of Northumberland.

See. Our purpofes, God willfully hath difcouer'd, And I repent my fault more then my death, Which I befreh my Highneffe to forgive;
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, the Gold of France did not fcede, Although I did admit it as a motinge, The fooner to effect what I intended: But God be thankful for prevention, Which in fufferance heartily will relie, Beneficing God, and you, to pardon mee.

Gray. Neuer did faithful fubject more relie At the difcovery of moft dangerous Treafon, Then I do at this hour toy ore my felfe, Prevented from a damn'd enterprize ; My fault, but not my body, pardon Soursaigne.

King. God quit you in your mercy: Hear your fentence You have confeft'd against Our Royall perfon, Joyn'd with an enemy proclain'd, and from his Coffers, Recey'd the Golden Earneft of Our death: Wherein you would have fold your King to flaugther, His Princes, and his Peeres to feruice,
His Subiefts to oppreffion, and contempt,
And his whole Kingdome into defolation: Touching our perfon, feeker we no revenge, But we our Kingdomes fafety will fo tender.
Whoer mine you fough't, that to her Lawes We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence, (Poore mufficable wretches)to your death: The taffe whereof, God of his mercy give

You patience to induce, and true Repentance Of all your deare offences. Beare them hence. Exit.

Now Lords for France: the enterprife 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 Treafon, lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now, But every Roubbe is smooth'd on our way.

Then forth, dear Conteemyen: Let vs deliver Our Puiffance into the hand of God, Putting it fright in expedition,
Cheerely to Sea, the figures of Warre advance, No King of England if not King of France. Flocketh.

Enter Fifhall, Nim, Bardolph, Boy, and Hueftaffe.

Hueftaffe. Title thee honey sweet Husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Fifhall. No: for my manly heart doth enrne. Bardolph, be blythe: Nim, rovve thy valung Veines: Boy, briffle thy Courage vp: for Fulpaffe hee is dead, and wee must erere therefore,

Bard. Would I were with him, wherefomere hee is, eyther in Heauen, or in Hell.

Hueftaffe. Nay, fure, he's not in Hell: he's in Arbors Bofome, if eu'er man went to Arbors Bofome: a made a finer end, and went away and it had beene any Chrifrome Child: a parted eu'n with betweene Tifchoe and Onequein at the turning the ouch Tyde: for after I saw him limbile with the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and faile under his finnes, I knew there was but one way: for his Name was as sharpe as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields. How now Sir John (quoth he) what man be a good cheare: fo cryed out, God, God, God, three or foure times: now I, to comfort him, bid him a should not thinke of God; I hop'd there was no need to trouble himfelle with any fuch thoughts yet: fo a bad me by more Clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the Bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any fhone: then I felt to his knees, and to vp-peer'd, and vpward, and all was as cold as any fhone.

Nim. They say he cry'd out of Sack, Hueftaffe. I, that a did.

Bard. And of Women.

Hueftaffe. Nay, that a did not.

Boy. Yes that a did, and faid they were Deules incarcer.

Woman. A could never abide Carnation, 'twas a Cou£our he never lik'd.

Boy. A said once, the Deule would have him about Women.

Hueftaffe. A did in some fort (indeed)handle Women: but then hee was rumatique, and talk'd of the Whoile of Babylion.

Boy. Doe you not remember a fawe a Flee ftickce upon Bardolphs Nofe, and a faid it was a blacke Soule buming in Hell,

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintain'd that fire: that's all the Riches I got in his fetcue.

Nim. Shall we thoght? the King will be gone from Southampton.

Pift. Come, let's away, My Lone, give me thy Lippes: Looke to my Chaffels, and my Mousables: Let Sences rule: The world is Pitch and pty, truf: none: for Oatfields are Strawes, mens Faihions Waver-Cake: and hold-fat: putting it fright in expedention.

Cheerely to Sea, the figures of Warre advance, No King of England if not King of France. Flocketh.

Enter Fifhall, Nim, Bardolph, Boy, and Hueftaffe.

Hueftaffe. Title thee honey sweet Husband, let me bring thee to Staines.
And he is bred out of that bloodie straine,
That haunteth vs in our familiar Pathes:
Wine but too much memorable flame,
Where Crely Barsett fatally was struck.
And all our Princes captiud, by the hand
Of that black Name, Edward, black Prince of Wales:
Whiles that his Mountain Sire, on Mountain Standing
Wp in the Ayre, crown'd with the Golden Sunne,
Saw his Heroicall Seed, and timid to see him
Mangle the Worke of Nature, and defece
The Patternes, that by God and by French Fathers
Had twentie yeeres beene made. This is a Stem
Of that Victorious Stock: and let vs feeare
The Natvre mightinesse and fate of him,
Enter a Messanger.

Moff. Embassadors from Harry King of England,
Doe craue admittance to your Mauefie.

King. Weele give them present audience,
Goe, and bring them.

You see this Chafe is hotly followed, friends.
Dolphin. Turne heare, and flipp pursuite for coward Dogs
Most spend their mouths, who what they seem to threaten,
And flipp their pursuite, and to the fore the same,
I saw the Golden Sunne, and let vs now know
Of what a Monarchie you are the Head:
Selfe-loure, my Liege, is not to vife a finne,
As selue-neglecting,
Enter Exeter.

King. From our Brother of England?
Exe. From him, and thus he greeteth your Mauefie:
He will you in the Name of God Almighty,
That you deuelt your felle and lay apart
The borrowed Glories, that by gift of Heauen,
By Law of Nature, and of Nations, longs
To him and to his Heires, namely, the Crowne,
And all wide-fretched Honours, that pertaine
By Custome, and the Ordinance of Times,
Vnto the Crowne of France: that you may know
'Tis no fin fler, nor no awk-ward Clayne,
Dealt from the wome-holes of long-vanish'd dayes,
Nor from the suit of old Olibion rale,
He sends you this most memorable Lyne,
In every Branch truly demonstrat,
Willing you outer-looke this Pedigree:
And when you find him euene deriud
From his most fam'd, of famous Ancestors,
Edward the third; he bids you thene refigne
Your Crowne and Kingsdom, indirectly held,
From him the Nature and true Challenger.

King. Or else what followes?
Exe. Bloody constraint: for if you hide the Crowne
Even in your hearts, there will be raine for it.
Therefore in fierce & Tempell is he comming,
In Thunder and in Earth-quake, like a loose:
That if requiring taile, he will compell.
And bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord,
Deliever vp the Crowne, and to take mericie
On the poor Soules, for whom this hungry Warre
Opens his vallie lawes: and on your head
Turning the Windowes Tears, the Orphans Cryes,
The dead-mens Blood, the privy Maidens Groanes,
Poor Husbands, Fathers, and betrayed Louers,
That shall be swallowed in this Contruefrice.
This is his Clayne, his Threatning, and my Meffage:
Valeffe 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, sleight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not mis-become
The mightie Sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus fayes my King; and if your Fathers Hightehee
Doe not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter Mock you sent his Maiestie;
Hheed you call to for hot an Answer of it,
That Caues and Wombie Vauliges of France
Shall chide your Trefpas, and returne your Mock
In second Accent of his Ordinance.

Dolph. Say: if my Father render faire returne,
It is against my will: for I desire
Nothing but Oddes with England,
To that end, as matching to his Youth and Vanitie,
I did present him with the Paris-Balls.

Exe. Here he make your Paris Louer sneke for it,
Were it the Mistresse Court of mightie Europe:
And be about, you'll find a differnce,
As we his Subjicts haue in wonder found,
Betweene the promise of his greener dayes,
And the he matters now: now he weighes Time
Even to the versus Graine: that you shall recee
In your owne Lofse, if he stay in France.

King. To morrow shall you know our mind at full.
Flourish.

Exe. Dispatch vs with all speed, leaft that our King
Come here himselfe to question our delay;
For he is fooled in this Land already.

King. You shall use dispatch, with faire conditions,
A Night is but small breathe, and little pale,
To answer matters of this conquence. Extent.

Actus Secundus.

Flourish. Enter Chorus,
Thus with imagin'd wing our swift Scene flies,
In motion of no leffe celeritate then that of Thought.
Suppose, that you have seene
The well-appointed King at Douer Peer,
Embarke his Royaltie: and his brave Fleet,
With filken Streamers, the young Pheonius faying;
Play with your Fancies: and in them behold,
Yourself Hempen Tackle, Ship-boyes climbing;
Heare the thrull Whistle, which doth order you.
To founds confus'd: behold the threaden Syllas,
Borne with inuifible and creeping Wind,
Draw the huge Bortomes through the surrowed Sea,
Brefting the Iffte Surge, O, das but think,
You stand ypon the Riotage, and behold
A Citie on th'inconfont Billowes dauncing:
For so appears this Fleet Maiestically,
Holding due course to Harflew. Follow, follow:
Grapple your minds to sterna of this Nanie,
And leave your England as dead Mid-night, fill,
Guarded with Grandires, Babyes, and old Women,
Eyther paft, or not ardu'd to pyth and puissance:
For who is he, whose Chin is but enricht
With one appearing Hayre, that will not follow
These cuff'd and chubby-drawne Cauillers to France?
Works, workes your Thoughts, and therein fee a Siege:
Behold the Ordinance on their Carriages.
With farall mouths gaping on girded Harflew,
Suppofe th'Embassador from the French comes back:
Tells Harry, That the King doth offer him
Katherine his Daughter, and with her to Dowrie,
Some pretty and vinprofitable Dukedomes,
The offer likes not: and the nimble Gunner
With Lynystock now the diuillish Cannon touches,
Alarms, and Chambers goe off.
And downe goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eeech out our performance with your mind. 'Exit.

Enter the King, Exeter, Bedford, and Gloucester:

Alarms: Sealing Ladders at Harflew.

King. Once more vnto the Breach,
Dear friends, one more;
Or else close 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 Ware blowes in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the Tygers;
Stiffen the fineEs, commune vp the blood,
Dilguise faire Nature with hard-favour'd Rage:
Then lend the Eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the posture of the Head,
Like the Braffe Cannon: let the Brow owrewhelme it,
As fearefully, as doth a galled Rocke.
O're-hang and lufty his confounded Bafe,
Swill'd with the wild and watfull Ocean.
Now fet the Teeth, and stretch the Nothirhill wide,
Hold hard the Breath, and bend vp every Spirit
To his full height. On, on, you Nobilius English,
Whole blood is fet from Fathers of Ware's prove:
Fathers, that like for many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from Monrie till Euen fought,
And sheath'd their Swords, for lack of argument.
Difhonour not your Mothers: now attie,
That chofe whom you call'd Fathers, did beget you,
Be Coppy now to me of groffer blood,
And teache them how to Ware, And you good Yeomen,
Whose Lynns were made in England; thew vs here
The mertell of your Paffenre: let vseware,
That you are worthy your breeding: which I doubt not:
For there is none of you so meane and base,
That hath not Noble lufter in your eyes.
I see you stand like Grey-hounds in the slips,
Straying vpon the Start. The Game's afoot:
Follow your Spirit; and vpon this Charge,
Alarms, and Chambers goe off.

Enter Nim, Bardolph, Pyfoll, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, to the breach, to the breach.

Nim. 'Pray thee Corporall stay, the Knocks are too hot:
And for mine owne part, I have not a Cafe of Lusters:
the humor of it is too hot, that is the very piana-Song of it.

Pif. The plaine-Song is molt iuft: for humors doe abound:
Knocks goe and come; Gods Vaffals drop and dye:
Sword and Shield, in bloody Field, doth winne immortal fame.

Boy. Would I were in an Ale-house in London, I
Would gue all my fame for a Pot of Ale, and fast belie.

Pif. And
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

Pist. And I: If wishes would preatywe with me, my purpose should not faile with me; but thither would I high.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly, as Bird doth sing on bough.

Enter Fluellen.

Flun. Up to the breach, you Dogges; assent you Cullions.


Nym. Thee be good humors: your Honor wins bad humors.

Boy. As young as I am, I have obierued these three Swashers: I am Boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would ferue me, could not be Man to me; for though such three such Antiques do not amount to a man: for Bardolph, he is white-livered, and red-faced; by the means whereof, a faces it out, but fights not: for Pistol, she hath a killing Tongue, and a quiet Sword; by the means whereof, a breaks Sword, and keeps whole Weapons; for Nym, she hath heard, that men of few Words are the best men, and therefore she fowmes to fay his Prayers, left a should be thought a Coward: but his few bad Words are matcht with as few good Deeds; for a newer broke any man Heads but his owne, and that was againft a Poll, when he was drunke. They will stale any thing, and call it Purchase, 'Bardolph fole a Lute-cafe, bore it twelve Leagues, and fold it for thrce helpeine. Nym and Bardolph are twaine Brothers in filching: and in Callice they fole a fire-fouet. I know by that piece of Seruice, the men would carry Catesles. They would have me as familiar with mens Pockets, as their Glouces or their Hand-kerccheres: which makes much against my Manhood, if I should take from anothers Pocket, to put into mine; for it is plaine pocketing vp of Wrongs. I must leave them, and feake some better Seruice: their Villany goes against my weake flombeke, and therefore I must call it vp.

Exit.

Enter Gower.

Gower. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the Mynes; the Duke of Gloucefter would speake with you.

Flun. 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 disciplines of the Warrtche conqunties of it is not sufficent: for looke you, th'atuer-farie, you may difcufe vnto the Duke, looke you, is digt himselle foure yard under the Countermines: by Chofen, I thinke a vil lowe vp all, if there is not better direc- tions.

Gower. The Duke of Gloucefter, to whom the Order of the Siege is gien, is altogether directed by an Irish man, a verily valiant Gentleman fayth.

Welch. It is Captain Mackmorriph, is it not?

Gower. I thinke it be.

Welch. By Chofen he is an Affe, as in the World, I will verifie as much in his Beard: he ha's no more directions in the true disciplines of the Warrs, looke you, of the Roman disciplines, then is a Puppy-dog.

Enter Mackmorriph, and Captaine Iamy.

Gower. Here a comes, and the Scots Captaine, Captaine Iamy, with him.

Welch. Captaine Iamy is a maruellous valorous Gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and know-

ledge in th'auchant Warrs, upon my particular knowlidge of his directions: by Chofen he will maintain his Argument as well as any Militarie man in the Worrld, in the disciplines of the Prifine Warrs of the Romans.

Scot. I say goodday, Captaine Fluellen.

Welch. Godden to your Worship, good Captaine Iamy.

Gower. How now Captaine Mackmorriph, have you quit the Mynes & haue the Pioners giuen o're?

Irfr. By Chofen Law tifh ill done: the Worne is fliue ouer, the Trompet found the Retreat, By my Hand fliue ouer, and my fathers Soule, the Worne ill done: it ill fliue ouer: I would haue blowed vp the Towne, so Chofen fawe me Law, in an house. O tiff ill done, tiff ill done: by my Hand tiff ill done.

Welch. Captaine Mackmorriph, I befeche you now, will you youtafe me, looke you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the Warr, the Roman Warrs, 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 Militarie dis- cipline, that is the Point.

Scot. It fall be very gud, gud feich, gaptens bath, and I fall quit you with gud leue, as I may pick occasion: that fall I many.

Irfr. It is no time to discoure, so Chofen fawe me: the day is hot, and the Weather, and the Warrs, and the King, and the Duke: it is no time to discoure, the Town is beeche'd: and the Trumpet call vs to the breethe, and we take, and be Chofen do nothing, its flame forvs all: it good fawe its flame to fland still, it is flame by my hand: and there is Threats to be cut, and Worke to be done, and there fliue nothing done, so Chofen tyme Law.

Scot. By the Mere, are theie eyes of mine take them- selves to flomber, ayle de gud fereuce, or lle ligtch' grund for it; ay, or goe to death: and lle pay'as vatou- rously as I may, that I fully do, that is the breff and the long: mary, I wad full faine hear some question twixt you way.

Welch. Captaine Mackmorriph, I thinkke, looke you, under your correction, there is not many of your Na- tion.


Welch. Looke you, if you take the matter otherwise then is meant, Captaine Mackmorriph, peraudente I shall thinke you do not wie me with that affabilitie, as in discretion you ought to vs me, looke you, being as good a man as your selfe, both in the disciplines of Warrs, and in the derivation of my Birth, and in other particu- larities.

Irfr. I do not know you so good a man as my selfe: so Chofen fawe me, I will cut off your Head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will mislake each other.

Scot. A, that's a foule fault.

A Parley.

Gower. The Towne founds a Parley.

Welch. Captaine Mackmorriph, when there is more better opportunity to be required, looke you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of Warr: and there is an end.

Exit.

Enter the King and all his Traine before the Gates.

King. How yet refoles the Gouernour of the Towne? This is the last Parle we will admis:

There.
Kath. De Hand, 
Alice. Ele doys. 
Kath. Le doys, ma fey Ie publie, e doys may, jo ses ownemeryr 
le doys se peuse quiz ils ont appelle de singers, on de singres. 
Alice. Le man of Hand, le doys le Flngres, je peuse que je 
suis le bon echeluer. 
Kath. Poy ganey deux mots d'Anglois viftement, comment 
appelle vous le angliys? 
Alice. Le sey, les appelons de Nayles. 
Kath. De Nayles esoute: dites mon, je se parle bien: de 
Hand, de Fingle, e de Nayles. 
Alice. C'eft bien diit Madame, il e fort bon Anglois. 
Kath. Dites moy l'Anglois pour la brat. 
Alice. De Armes, Madame. 
Kath. E de contes. 
Alice. D'Elyow. 
Kath. D'Elyow: Je men fey le repeticio de tous les mots 
que vous maveys, appris des a present. 
Alice. Il e trop diifficile Madame, comme le peuse. 
Kath. Excusen moy, Alice esoute, e Hand, de Fingle, de 
Nayles, e Armes, d'Elbow. 
Alice. D'Elyow, Madame, 
Kath. O Seigneur Diet, je meus oublie d'Elyow, contem ap- 
pelle vous le col. 
Alice. De Nick, Madame. 
Kath. De Nick, e le monent. 
Alice. De Chin. 
Alice. Ous. Saint oubre homme en vsste vos pronon- 
cies les mots aus droit, que le Naifs d'Angletreer. 
Kath. Je ne douce point d'apprendre par de grace de Diet, 
& en peu de temps. 
Alice. Nane vos e deblie oublie ce que je vous a enfin. 
Kath. Nume e recitera vous promptement, e Hand, de 
Fingle, de Maylees. 
Alice. De Nayles, Madame. 
Kath. De Nayles, de Armes, d'Elbow. 
Alice. Sans vosire bonnes d'Elyow. 
Kath. Ainsi de ie d'Elyow de Nick & de Sin: comen ap- 
pelle vos les pied & de robe. 
Alice. Le Foot Madame & de Con. 
Kath. Le Foot. le Con: Seigneur Diet, il faut le 
moys de vos monsors cornprisse grassey & empalique, & non 
pour les Danes de Houme a esiter: je ne voudrais prononcer ce 
moys demneste le France, pour la monde, se le Foot 
e le Con: neant moy, je recitera un autrefois ma locum 
ensembre, e Hand, de Fingle, de Nayles, de Armes, d'Elyow, de 
Nick, de Son, de Foot, le Con. 
Alice. Excellent, Madame. 
Kath. C'eft affiz pour vos voyes, alors nous a diner. 
Exit. 

Enter the King of France, the Dolphin, the 
Confable of France, and others. 

King. Tis certaine he hath paft the RuerSome, 
Couff. And if he be not fought withall, my Lord, 
let vs not hive in France: let us quit all, 
and give our Vineyards to barbarous People. 

Dolph. O Diem-voyant: Shall a few Sprays of vs, 
The emptying of our Fathers Luxuries, 
Our Syens, put in wilds and faufage Stock, 
Spirit veo suddently into the Clouds, 
And over-look their Graffiers. 

Brit. Normans, but barfard Normans, Norman barfards: 
Mort du mavis, if they march along. 
Vnsought withall, but I will sell my Duke dome,
To buy a slothy and a durtie Farme.
In that nooke-shotted Ile of Albion.
Conf. Does dom de Battails, where hau they this mettell?
Is not their Clymaites foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in delight, the Sonne looks pale,
Killing their Fuit with frowns. Can sodden Water,
A Drench for fur-reyn'd Iades, their Barly broth,
Deceit their cold blood to fuch valiant heat,
And shall our quick blood, spiritued with Wine,
Seeme froffite O, for honor of our Land,
Let us not hang like roping Stiles
Vpon our Houls Thatch, whiles a more froffite People
Sweat drops of gallant Youth in our rich fields:
Poor we call them, in their Nature Lords.

Dolphin. By Faith and Honor,
Our Madames mock at vs, and plainely lay,
Our Mettell is bred out, and they will guie
Their body to the light of English Yonne,
To new dore France with Ballard Warrior.

Brit. They bid vs to the English Dancing-Schooles,
And reach Lanade's high, and swift Currace's,
Saying, our Grace is onely in our Heele,
And that we are most loffe Run-aways.

King. Where is Montago the Heralds speed him hence,
Let him great England with our harpe defiance.
Vp Princes, and with spirit of Honor edged,
More sharper then your Sword,shigh to the field:
Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France,
You Dukes of Orleans, Burbon, and of Berry,
Alancon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgongie,
Inques Chastitation, Rambures, Vandemour,
Beaumont, Grand Pre, Rouff, and Fauconbridge,
Loys, Leffede, Bantineall, and Cheradesy,
High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Kings;
For your great Sears, now quitt you of your great Shames:
Barre Harry England, that sweeps through our Land
With Penons painted in the blood of his Pew:
Rath on his hoard as doth the meted Snow,
Vpon the Valleys,yelve low Vaillant Seat,
The Alpes doth fift, and void his rheumone vpon.
Goe downe vpon him, you haue power enoough,
And in a Captive Chariot, into Roan.
Bring him our Prisoner.

Cont. This becomes the Great,
Sorry am I his numbers are to few,
His Souldiers sick, and famith in their March;
For I am sure, when he shall fee our Arny,
Hee'll drop his heart into the fink of fear,
And for achievment, offer vs his Ranfome.

King. Therefore Lord Constable, haft on Montago,
And let him fay to England, that we fend,
To know what willing Ranfome he will give.
Prince Delphoin,you shall fay with vs in Roan.

Dolphin. Not I, doe beeche your Majestie.

King. Be patient, for you hall remaine with vs,
Now forth Lord Constable, and Princes all,
And quickly bring vs word of England fall.

Enter Captains, English ad Welch, Gower and Fluellen.

Gower. How now Captaine Fluellen, come you from
the Bridge?

Flu. I affure you, there is very excellent Service com-
mitted at the Bridge.

Gower. Is the Duke of Exeter faire?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magannous as Aga-

meman, and a man that I love and honour with my foule,
and my heart, and my dutie, and my life, and my lyming,
and my vtermost power. He is not, God be praied and
blessed, any hurt in the World, but keepes the Bridge
moft valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an aun-
chient Lieutenant there at the Pridge, I thinke in my very
conscience he is as valiant a man as SackeAnthony,
and hee is a man of no effimation in the World, but I did see
him doe as gallant seruice.

Gower. What doo you call him?

Flu. Hee is call'd auncient Pysoll.

Gower. I know him not.

Enter Fisuoll.

Flu. Here is the man.

Pysoll, Captaine, I thee beseeche to doe me fauvors; the
Duke of Exeter doth loue thee well.

Flu. I prayke God, and I haue merited some loue at
his hands.

Pysoll. Bardolph, a Souldier fume and found of heart,
and of buxome valour, hath by cruell Fate, and giddie
Fortunes furious fickle Wheel, that Gooddefe blind,that
flands vpon the rolling refittle Stone.

Flu. By your patience, auncient Pysoll: Fortune is
painted blinde, with a Mufeter afoire his eyes, to fignifie
to you, that Fortune is blinde: and thee is painted aile
with a Wheele, to fignifie to you, which is the Moral of
it, that thee is turning and incontinent, and mutabilite,
and variation: and her foot, looke you, is fixed vpon a
Spherical Stone, which royles, and rowles, and rowles:
in good truth, the Poet makes a moft excellent descrip-
tion of it: Fortune is an excellent Morall,

Pysoll. Fortune is Bardolphs foe, and frownes on him:
for he hath fholne a Paxe, and hanged mufet b a be;
A damned death: let Gallows gape for Dogge, let Man goe free,
and let not Hempe his Wind-pipe suffocate: but Exeter
hath given the doome of death, for Paxe of little price.
Therefore goe (speake, the Duke will haue thy voyce),
and let not Bardolph vallit-thred bee cut with edge of
Penny-Cord, and vile reproach. Speake Captaine for
his Life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Auncient Pysoll, I dare partly vnderstand your
meaning.

Pysoll. Why then reioyce therefore.

Flu. Certainly Auncient, it is not a thing to reioyce
at: for if looke you, heere my Brother, I would de-
fine the Duke to vse his good pleasure, and put him to execu-
tion; for discipline ought to be vfed.

Pysoll. Dye, and be dam'd, and Figre for thy friendship.

Flu. It is well.

Pysoll. The Figre of Spaine.

Exit.

Flu. Very good,

Gower. Why, this is an arrant counterfeitt Raffall, I
remember him now: a Bawd, a Cut-purse.

Flu. He affirue you, a verted as prauge words at the
Pridge, as you hall fee in a Summers day: but it is very
well, when he's spoke to me, that it is well I warrant you,
when time is fere.

Gower. Why 'tis a Guila, a Poole, a Rogue, that now
and then goes to the Warrers, to grace himselfe at his returne
into London, under the forme of a Souldier: and such
fellowes are perfit in the Great Commanders Names,and
they will leirne you by rote where Services were done;
and such and such a Sconce, or such a Breach, at such a Con-
toy: who came off braily, who was fleet, who dis-
graced, what termes the Enemy flood on; and this they
conne perfittly in the phrafe of Warte; which they tricke
Drum and colours. Enter the King and his poor Sentinels.

Fla. God please your Majesty.

King. How now Fluellen, canst thou from the Bridge?

Fla. I,Jo please your Majesty: The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintain'd the Bridge; but he is enforced to retire by the Duke of Exeter is Master of the Bridge: I can tell your Majesty, the Duke was a brave man.

King. What man have you lost, Fluellen?

Fla. The pretension of that kinsman hath been very great, resolute, great: marry for my part, I think the Duke hath lost neither man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a Church, one Bardolph, if your Majesty know the man: his face is all babbles and whishcles, and knobs, and flames a fire, and his lips blowes at his nose; and it is like a coale of fire, sometimes plow, and sometimes red, but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

King. Wee would have all such offenders so cut off; and we give express charge, that in our Marches through the Country, there be nothing compelt of the Villages; nothing taken, but pay'd for; none of the French vprayed or abused in indescrib'd Language; when Leutice and Crueltie play for a Kingdom, the greater Gamerel is the fouenle winner.

Tucket. Enter Mountain.

Mount. You know me by my habit.

King. Well then, I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

Mount. My Masters mind.

King. Vnfold it.

Mount. Thus says my King: Say thou to Harry of England, Though we seem'd dead, we did but sleep: Advantage is a better Souldier than raffhewe. Tell him, wee could have rebuk'd him at Harleswe, but that we thought not good to bruise an injurie, till it were full ripe. Now wee speake upon our O, and our voyage is imperail: England shall repent his folly, see his weake- neffe, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his ranckme, which mult proport the loffes we have borne, the subiects we have lost, the disgrace we have digg'd; which in weight to re-answer, his petty-neffe would bow vnder. For our loffes, his Exchequer is too poor: for the effusion of our blood, the Muster of his Kingdom too faint: a number: and for our disgrace, his owne person kneeling at our feet, but a weake and worth-leffe satisfaction. To this add defance: and tell him for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose con- demnation is pronounce: So farre my King and Masters, so much my Office.

King. What is thy name? I know thy qualitie.

Mount. Mountain.

King. Thou dost thy Office fairely, Turne thee back, and tell thy King, I doe not fecke him now, but could be willing to march on to Callies, Without impeachm. for to say the fool, Though's there is no wisdom to confede so much

Into an enemy of Craft and Vantage, My people are with fickenesse much enfeebled, My numbers leffend: and those few I have, Almost no better then so many French; Who when they were in health, I tell thee Herald, I thought, upon one payre of English Legges Did march three Frenchmen. Yet forgive me God, That I do bragge thus; this your ayre of France Hath blowne that vice in me. I must repent: Goe therefore tell thy Master, heere I am; My Rantone, is this fraille and worthlie Trunk: My Army, but a weake and sulkily Guard: Yet God before, tell him we will come on, Though France himselfe, and fuch another Neighbor Stand in our way. There's for thy labour Mountain, Goe bid thy Master well advance himselfe. If we may passe, we will: if we be hindred, We shall your tawnie ground with your red blood Discolour: and to Mountain, fare you well.

The summe of all our Answer is but this: We would not fecke a Battaille as we are, Nor as we are, we say we will not shue it: So tell your Master.

Mount. I shall deliver so: Thanks to your High- neffe.

Glute. I hope they will not come upon vs now.

King. We are 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. Exit.

Enter the Confulable of France, the Lord Rambures,

Orelance, Dolphin, with others.

Conf. Tut, I have the beft Armour of the World: would it were our own.

Orelance. You have an excellent Armour: but let my Horie have his due.

Conf. It is the beft Horie of Europe.

Orelance. Will it never be Morning?

Dolph. My Lord of Orelance, and my Lord High Con- fible, you talk of Horse and Armour?

Orelance. You are as well provided of both, as any Prince in the World.

Dolph. What a long Night is this? I will not change my Horie with any that treades but on foure postures; ch'ha: he bounds from the Earth, as if his entrayles were hayres: le Chemel volans, the Pegastus, ch'tis marines de feet. When I bestie doth him, I fors, I am a Hawke: he tros the ayre: the Earth rings, when he touches it; the basfe horn of his hooves, is more Mufcall then the Pipe of Hermes.

Orelance. Hee's of the colour of the Natume.

Dolph. And of the heat of the Ginger. It is a Beall for Perfumes: hee is pure Ayre and Fire; and the cell Elemen'ts of Earth and Water never appearte in him but only in patient Fillinesse while his Rider mounts him: hee isindeed a Horie; and all other ladys you may call Beasts.
The Life of Henry the First.

Conf. Indeed my Lord, it is a most absolute and excellent Horse.

Dolph. It is the Prince of Palfreyes, his Neigh is like the bidding of a Monarch, and his countenance enforces Homage.

Orleance. No more Cousin.

Dolph. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot from the rising of the Larke to the lodging of the Lambe, varye deferred praye on my Palfay: it is a Thanece as fluent as the Sea: Tune the Sands into eloquent tongues, and my Horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subject for a Soueraigne to reason on, and for a Soueraigne Soueraigne to ride on: And for the World, familiar to vs, and unknowne, to lay apart their particular Functions, and wonder at him, I once write a Sonnet in his praye, and began thus, Wonder of Nature.

Orleance. I have heard a Sonnet begin so to one Miftreffe.

Dolph. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my Cousin, for my Horse is my Miftreffe.

Orleance. Your Miftreffe bears well.

Dolph. Me well, which is the præcipit praye and perfection of a good and particular Miftreffe.

Conf. Nay, for my thought yesterday your Miftreffe firewdly thooke your back.

Dolph. So perhaps did yours.

Conf. Mine was not bridled.

Dolph. O then belike the was old and gentle, and you rode like a Xene of Ireland, your French Hose off, and in your fyrac Strrollers.

Conf. You have good judgement in Horfeman

ship.

Dolph. Be wasn't by me then: they that ride fo, and ride not waryly, fall into foule Boggs: I had rather have my Horfe to my Miftreffe.

Conf. I had as lite have my Miftreffe a Lad, Dolph. I tell thee Comptible, my Miftreffe weares his owne hayre.

Conf. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a Sow to my Miftreffe.

Dolph. Le chien est retourne a son propre vomissement est le coeurn a son bourreau: thou'lt wil of anything.

Conf. Yet doe I not like my Horfe for my Miftreffe, or anytech Prouerbe, so little kin to the purpose.

Ramb. My Lord Comptible, the Armour that I saw in your Tent to night, are those Starees or Sunnes upon it.

Conf. Starees 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 superfluously, and were more honor fome were away.

Conf. Even as your Horfe beares your prayeys, who would trot as well, were some of your bragges dismounted.

Dolph. Would I were able to load him with his des"fert. Will it neuer be day? I will trot to Morrow a mile, and my way shall be paused with English Faces.

Conf. I will not say fo, for seere I should be face out of my way: but I would it were morning, for I would faine be about the cares of the English.

Ramb. Who will goe to Hazard with me for twenty Prisoners?

Conf. You must first goe your selfe to hazard, ere you have them.

Dolph. This Mid-night, hex eye aem my selfe. Exit.

Orleance. The Dolphin longs for morning.

Ramb. He longs to eate the English.

Conf. I think he will eate all he kills.

Orleance. By the white hand of my Laday, he's a gal"lant Prince.

Conf. Sware by her Foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orleance. He is simplly the most actiue Gentleman of France.

Conf. Doing is actiuitic, and he will still be doing.

Orleance. He never did harme, that I heard of.

Conf. Nor will doe none to morrow: hee will keepe that good name still.

Orleance. I know him to be valiant.

Conf. I was told that, by one that knows him better then you.

Orleance. What's hee?

Conf. Marry hee told me so himselfe, and hee sayd hee card not who knew it.

Orleance. Hee needs not, it is no hidden vertue in him.

Conf. By my faith Sir, but it is: neuer any body saw it, but his Lacquey: 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appears, it will bate.

Orleance. Ill will never sayd well.

Conf. I will cap that Prouerbe with, there is flatterie in friendship.

Orleance. And I will take vp that with, Give the Deuill his due,

Conf. Well place: there stands your friend for the Deuill: have at the very eye of that Prouerbe with, A Fox of the Deuill.

Orleance. You are the better at Prouerbs, by how much a Fooles Bolt is foone flote.

Conf. You have flote ouer.

Orleance. 'Tis not the first time you were ouer-flote.

Enter a Messenger.

Meff. My Lord high Comptible, the English lye within fivehundred paces of your Tents.

Conf. Who hath measur'd the ground?

Meff. The Lord Grandpre.

Conf. A valiant and most expert Gentleman. Would it were day? Alas poore Harry of England: hee longe for the Downings, as wee doe.

Orleance. What a wretched and peeuifh fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers to fare out of his knowledge.

Conf. If the English had any apprethension, they would runne away.

Orleance. That they lack: for if their heads had any in"tellectuall Armour, they could neuer weare such heautic Head-pieces.

Ramb. That Iland of England breedes very valiant Creatures: their Maffiffes are of unmatchable courage.

Orleance. Foolifh Curres, that runne winking into the mouth of a Rouffian Bear, and have their heads crufht like rosten Apples: you may as well say, that is a valiant Flea, that dare eate his breakesfaft on the Lippé of a Lyon.

Conf. Iuf't, iuf't: and the men doe sympathize with the Maffiffes, in robusious 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 Wolues, and fight like Deuils.

Orleance. I,
The Life of Henry the First.

Orleance. 1, but these English are shrowdy out of Beefe.

Conf. Then shall we finde to morrow, they have only stomackes to eate, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm: come, shall we about it?

Orleance. It is now two Clock: but let me see, by ten Wee shall have each a hundred English men. Exeunt.

Aetius Tertius.

Chorus.

Now entertain conscience of a time,
When creeping Munromore and the poring Darke
Fills the wide Westfall of the Vnveere.
From Camp to Camp, through the foul Womb of Night
The Humme of eyther Army silyly founds;
That the swift Centurys almost receive
The secret Whispers of each others Watch,
Fire anwers fire, and through their paly flames
Each Battalee fees the others vnderd face.

The Armuyers accomplishing the Knights,
With busie Hammers closing Riuets vp,
Great dreadfull note of preparation.
The Courtyre Cocks doe crow, the Cocks doe towele;
And the third houraye of drowzy Morning man'd,
Proow of their Numbers, and secure in sole.
The confident and out-sweeter French,
Doe the low rated English play at Dice;
And chide the crepety-cardy-gated Night.
Who like a foule and ouglt Witch doth limpe
So seducingly away. The poor condemned English,
Like Sacrifices, by their watchfull Fries
Sit patienty, and only ruminate.
The Mornings danger: and their gefure fade,
Insetting lanke-Jeane Cheekeis, and Ware-worne Coats,
Prefented them into the gazing Moone.
So many horde 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 cry, Prayie and Glory on his head:
For forth he goes, and vixitt all his Hoast,
Bids them good morrow with a medelt Smyre,
And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Countreymen.
When his Royall Face there is no note,
How dread ay the Army hath entranced him;
Nor doth he dedicate one iot of Colour
Vto the weare and all-watchted Night;
But freably lookes, and ouer-beares Attaint,
With chearfull resemblance, and sweet Maffetie.
That every Wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his Lookes,
A Largefe vnuerfall, like the Sunne,
His liberal Eye doth give to every one,
Thaving cold fear, that meane and gentlly all
Behold, is may vnworthinesse define.
A little touch of Harrie in the Night,
And so our Scene mutt to the Battale flye:
Where, O fin pitty, we fhall much disgrace,
With four or five moft vile and ragged toyles,
(Right ill disposed, in bramble ridiculous)

The Name of Agincourt: Yet fit and fee,
Minding true things, by what their Mock'ries bee.

Exit.

Enter the King, Bedford, and Gloucester.

King. Glofe, tis true that we are in great danger,
The greater therefore should our Courage be,
The good morrow Brother Bedford. God Almighty,
Thete is some foule of goodniffe in things cuill,
Would men obfervingly diffult it out,
For our bad Neighboor makes vs early firrers,
Which is both healthfull, and good husbandry,
Besides, they are our owne and Confidences,
And Preathers to vs all; admonifhing,
That we should dreffe vs fairly for our end,
Thus may we gather Honey from the Weed,
And make a Morall of the Duell himelfe.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good foif Pillow for that good white Head,
Were better then a churftill turfe of France.

Erping. Not So my Liege, this Lodging lipes me better,
Since I may say, now lye I like a King,

King. Tis good for men to loue their present priests,
Vpon example,fo the Spirit is eafed:
And when the Min. is quickned, out of doubt
The Organ, though defunct and dead before,
Broke vp their drowzy Grave, and newly mue
With calld fough, and freth legenerie.

Lend me thy Cloake Sir Thomas: Brothers both,
Command me to the Princes in our Camps,
Doe my good morrow to them, and anon
Defire them all to my Pavillion.

Glofe. We shall, my Liege.

Erping. Shall I attend your Grace?
King. No, my good Knight:
Goe with my Brothers to my Lords of England:
And my Bofome must debate a while,
And then I would no other company.

Erpingham. The Lord in Heauen blesse thee, Noble

Harry.

Exeunt.

Pift. Che vouz la?

King. A friend.

Pift. Difcrife vnto me, art thou Officer, or art thou
Balle, common, and popular?

King. I am a Gentleman of a Company.

Pift. Trayl'lt thou the purtiffant Pyke?

King. Even fo: what are you?

Pift. As good a Gentleman as the Emperor,
King. Then you are a better then the King.

Pift. The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold, a
Lad of Life, an Impe of Fame, of Parents good, of Fitt
most valiant: I kniffe his dutie Thooue, and from heart-
fitting I loue the loudly Bully. What is thy Name?

King. Harry le Roy.

Pift. Le Reyn a Cornishe Name; art thou of Cornishe Crew?
King. No, I am a Welchman.

Pift. Know fit thou Fluellen?
King. Yes.

Pift. Tell him Ile knock his Lecke about his Pate vpon
S. Danes day.

King. Do not you weare your Daggere in your Cappe
that day, let he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Enter Elnelle and Gower.

Gower. Captain Elnelle.

Flu. 'So, in the Name of Jefu Christ, fpeek fewer: it is the greateft admiration in the vniverfal World, when the true and auncient Prerogatifes and Lawes of the Wares is not kept: if you would take the paines but to examine the Wares of Pompey the Great, you fhall finde, I warrant you, that there is no ridele talle nor pibble bale in Pompeyes Campe: I warrant you, you fhall finde the Ceremonies of the Wares, and the Care of it, and the Formes of it, and the Subtletie of it, and the Modellie of it, to be otherwife.

Gower. Why the Enemie is lowd, you hear him all Night.

Flu. If the Enemie is an Affe and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe; it is meet, think you, that wee fhould also, looke you, be an Affe and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe, in your owne confience now?

Gow. I will fpeeke lower.

Flu. I pray you, and befeech you, that you will. Exit.

King. Though it appeares a little out of fashion, there is much care and valour in this Welchman.

Enter three Souldiers, John Bates, Alexander Courte, and Michael Williams.

Courte. Brother John Bates, is not that the Morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be; but wee have no great caufe to defire the approach of the day.

Williams. Wee fee yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we fhall never fee the end of it. Who goes there?

King. A Friend.

Williams. Whence fpeake you?

King. Vnder what Captain fprake you?


Williams. A good old Commander, and a moft kinde Gentleman: I pray you what thinkes he of our flate?

Elen. It is men wracke upon a Sand, that looke to be wafted off the next Tyde.

Bates. Heth hath not told this thought to the King.

King. No: nor it is not meere he fhoule: for though I fpeak it to you, I think the King is but a man, as I am: the Vnion ftoles to him, as it doth to me; the Element fhowes to him, as it doth to me; all his Sences hauue but humane Conditions: his Ceremonies layd by, in his Nakednffe he appeares but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted then ours, yet when they fhoule, they fhoule with the like wing: therefore, when he feez reafon of feares, as we do; he fcarce, out of doubt, be of the fame rilliiff as ours are: yet in reafon, no man fhould poiffe him with any appearance of feare: leaft hee, by fheuing it, fhould dis-heare his Army.

Bates. He may thew what outward courage he will be: but beleue, as cold a Night as this, hee could with him felfe in Thanes vp to the Neck; and if I would be were, and I by him, as all aduentures, fo we were quere here.

King. By my troth, I will fpeak my confience of the

King. I think hee would not with himfelfe any where, but where hee is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone: fo fhould he be more fure to be renomed, and a many poore mens lives faue.

King. I dare fay, if you love him noe fo ill, to go with him here alone: howioever you fpeak this to fee other mens minds, me thinks I could not dye any where so contented, as in the Kings company; his Caufe being iuft, and his Quarrell honorable.

Williams. That's more then we know.

Bates. Ior more then wee fhould fpeeke after; for wee know enough, if wee know wee are the Kings Subiects; if his Caufe be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the Cryme of it out of vs.

Williams. But if the Caufe be not good, the King himfelf hath a heaui Reckoning to make, when all those Legges, and Armes, and Heads, chop off in a Battaile, that noynt one together at the latter day, and erly, We dyed at fuch a place, some fwearinge, some croying for a Surgeon; some vpon their Wifes, left poor behind them; some vpon the Debts they owe, some vpon their Children made left. I am afcared, there are few dye well, that dye in a Battaile: for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when Blood is their argument? Now, if thofe men doe not dye well, it will be a black matter for the King, that led them to it: who to disobey, were againft all proportion of Subiection.

King. So, if a Sonne that is by his Father fent about Merchandize, doe finfully mifcarry upon the Seafe, the Imputation of his wickedneffe, by your rule, fhould be imputed vpon his Father that fhent him: or if a Servaunt, vnder his Masters command, transport a fumme of Money, be affayled by Robbers, and dye in many irreconcill Inquiries; you may call the bufinelle of the Master the author of the Servants damnation: but this is not so; The King is not bound to anwer the particular enddings of his Souldiers, the Father of his Sonne, nor the Master of his Servaunt; for they purpose not their death, when they purfue their services. Befides, there is no King, be his Caufe neuer fo fpoyled, if it come to the arbitrement of Swords, can trye it out with all unfpoited Souldiers: where they have the guilt of prefurmed and continued Murther; some of begiuing Virgins with the broken Scales of Perfidie; foone, making the Wares their Subwarke, that have before goyed the gentle Bofome of Peace with Paignge and Robbeffer. Now, if thofe men have defeated the Law, and outrage Naturall punishment; though they can out-arife them, they haue no wings to flye from God. Warre is his Beadle, Warre is his Vengeance: fo that here men are punift, for before breach of the Kings Lawes, in now the Kings Quarrell: where they feared the death, they haue borne life away; and where they would bee fate, they perifh. Then if they dye vnpronounced, no more is the King guilty of their damnation, then hee was before guiltie of thofe Imperties, for the which they are now visitated. Every Subiects Dutie is the Kings, but every Subiects Soule is his owne. Therefore fhould every Souldier in the Wares doe as euer fickle man in his Bed, woth every Mort out of his Conwife: and dying fo, Death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was bleffedely lof, wherein fuch preparation was payned: and in him that efcapes, it were not fime to thinke, that making God ffo free an offer, he let him outlie that day, to fee his Greatneffe, and to reach others how they should prepare.
The Life of Henry the First.

What drinkst thou oft, in stead of Homage sweet,
But poyson'd flatterie? O be sick, great Greatnesse,
And bid thy Ceremonie giue thee cure.
Thinks thou the fierie Feuer will goe out
With Titles blowne from Adulation?
Will it giue place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou commandst the beggers knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud Dreame,
That play'st so subtile with a Kings Repose.
I am a King that find thee: and I know,
'Tis not the Balme, the Scepter, and the Ball,
The Sword, the Mace, the Crowne Imperiall,
The enter-tiiffed Robe of Gold and Pearle,
The faried Title running fore the King,
The Throne he fists on: nor the Tyle of Pompe,
That bestes upon the high shire of this World;
Now, not all thefe, three-gorgeous Ceremonie:
Not all thefe, lay'd in Bed Mafticall,
Can sleepe so soundly, as the wretched Slave:
Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rei, cram'd with difcontented bread,
Neler fees horride Night, the Child of Hell:
But I like a Lacedey, from the Rife to Set,
Sweetes in the eye of Phobus: and all Night
Sleepes in Elysium: next day after dawne,
Doth rife and helpe Hyperion to his Horfe,
And followes so the ever-running yeere
With profitable Labour to his Gaine:
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 Slave, a Member of the Countreyes peace,
Enioyes it: but in groffe braine little wots,
What watch the King keeper, to maintaine the peace;
Whole howres, the Pefant belu advantages.

Enter Erpingham.

Erf. My Lord, your Nobles jealous of your absence,
Seeke through your Campe to find you.

King. Good old Knights, collect them all together
At my Tent: Ile be before thee.

Erf. I shall doe't, my Lord.

Exe. At King. O God of Battales, Steele my Souldiers hearts,
Possesse them not with feare: Take from them now
The fence of recketning 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 compalling the Crowne.
I Richards body have interred new,
And on it have beflowed more contrite tears,
Then from it issue forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poore I have in yeereely pay,
Who twice a day their withers hands hold vp
Toward Heauen, to pardon blood:
And I haue built two Chaunteries,
Where the sad and solemn Priefts sing still
For Richards Soule. More will I doe:
Though all that I can doe, is nothing worth;
Since that my Penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter Gloucester.

Glou. My Lige.

King. My Brother Gloucester voyce? I:
I know thy errand, I will goe with thee:
The day, my friend, and all things lay for me.

Exeunt.
Enter the Dolphin, Orleans, Rambur, and Beaumont.

Orleans. The Sunne doth gild our Armour vp, my Lords.


Orleans. Oh braue Spirit. 

Dolph. Via les vus & terre.

Orleans. Rien pas le hir & feu.

Dolph. Cousin Orleans. Enter Confable.

O. To Horfe you gallant Princes,straight to Horfe.

Doe but behold yond poore and flared Band,
And your faire fhand shall fwell away their Soules,
Leaving them but the flales and hueks of men,
There is not worke enough for all our hands,
Scarce blood enough in all their fickly Veines,
To give each naked Curtless a flayne,
That our French Gallants fhall to day draw our,
And fheat for lack of fpurt. Let vs but blow on them,
The apost of our Valour will ere-turn them.
’Tis politicke againft all exceptions, Lords,
That our superfuous Lacedeis, and our Peafants,
Who in vnneceffarie action fhame.
About our Squares of Battale, were enow
To purge this field of fuch a fhilling Foe;
Though we upon this Mountains Bafis by,
Tooke fand for idle fpeculation.
But that our Honours muft not, What’s to fay?
A very little little let vs doe,
And all is done: then let the Trumpets found
The Tucker Soniance, and the Note to mont:
For our approach fhall to much dare the field,
That England fhall couch downe in fcare, and yeeld.

Enter Grandpree.

Grandpree. Why do you fight fo long, my Lords of France?
Yond Iland Cartions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favoured become the Morning field:
Their ragged Curtaine poorly are let loofe,
And our Ayre flakes them paffing feornefully.
Bigge Mars leames banquette in their beggar’d Hoaf.
And faintly through auffle Bearer ppeeerer.
The Horfemen fit like fixed Candeljicks,
With Torch-flames in their hand: and their poore Iades
Lob downe their heads, dropping the hides and hips:
The gummmed downe cropping from their pale-dead eyes,
And in their pale dull mountes the lymold Bitt.
Lyes foule with chawd-graffe, still and motionlaffe,
And their executors, the knauffif Crowes,
Flye o’re them all, impatient for their howre.
Description cannot fute it felle in words,
To demoftrate the Life of such a Battale,
In life fo lifeless, as if they were it felfe.

Conf. They have faid their prayers,
And they fay for death.

Dolph. Shall we goe fend them Dinners, and fresh Sutes,
And give their faffing Horfes Prouender,
And after fight with them?

Conf. I fay but for my Guard: on
To the field, I will the Banner from a Trumpet take,
And vfe it for my hate. Come, come away,
The Sunne is high, and we out-weare the day. Exeunt.

Enter Gloucefl, Bedford, Exeter, Eppingham
with all his Hoaf: Salisbury, and
Westmead.

Glou. Where is the King?
Belf. The King himfelfe is rode to view their Battale.

1185. Of fighting men they have full threefcore one-
thousand.

Exe. There’s fhuie to one, besides they are freshs.
Saleb. Gods Arme fight with vs, its fcarfeull oddes,
Gods buy you Princes all: Ile to my Charge;
If we no more meet, till we meet in Heauen;
Then joyfully, my Noble Lord of Bedford,
My deare Lord Gloucelter, and my good Lord Exeter,
And my kind Kniffman, Warrifers all, adieu.
Belf. Farwell good Salisbury, & good luck go with thee;
And yet I doe thee wrong, to mord thee of it,
For thou art fram’d of the firmc truthe of valoure.
Exe. Farwell kind Lords: fight vaftly to day.
Belf. Heere is a full of Valours as of Kindnefe,
Priecly in both.

Enter the King.

1179. O that we met had here
But one ten thousand of these men in England,
That doe no worke to day,

King. What’s be that fhuies to?
My Cousin Westmead. No, my faire Cefian:
If we are mark’d to dye, we are enow
To doe our Country loffe: and if to live,
The fewer men, the grater fhare of Honour.
Gods will, I praife thee with not one man more.
By Love, I am not couteous for Gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my coft:
It yrtens me not, if men my Garments ware:
Such outward things dwell not in my desires.
But if it be a finne to cough Honor,
I am the moft offending Soule alio.

No faith, my Cousin, with not a man from England:
Gods peace, I would not looke fo great an Honor,
As one man more methinks would fhare from me,
For the beft hope I have. O, doe not with one more;
Rather proclaffe it (Westmead) through my Hoaf,
That he which hath no flamack to this fight,
Let him depart, his Palport fhall be made,
And Crownes for Canouy put into his Purfe:
We would not dye in that mans companie,
That fears his fellowship, to dye with vs.
This day is call’d the Feast of Criptian:
He hat our-lives this day, and comes fafe home,
Will fland a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rowfe him at the Name of Criptian.
He that fhall fee this day, and live old age,
Will yeereely on the Vigil feaft his neighbours,
And fay, to morrow is Saint Criptian.
Then will he flrip his fleece, and fhew his skartes:
Old men forget; yet all fhall be forgot:
But heere to remember, with advantages,
What feats he did that day. Then fhall our Names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words.
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter, Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester, Be in their flowing Cups freely remembered. This story shall the good man teach his fonne: And Crispine Crispian shall we goe by, From this day to the ending of the World, But we in it shall be remembered; We few, we happy few, we band of brothers: For he to day that sheds his blood with me, Shall be my brother; be he neere or vile, This day shall gentle his Condition, And Gentlemen in England, now a bed, Shall think the felues accurst they were not here; And hold their Manhoods cheap,wiles any speakes, That fought with vs upon Saint Crispine's day. Enter Salisbury.

Sal. My Soueraigne Lord, belowe your felle with speed, The French are bruely in their battailes set, And will with all experience charge on vs. King. All things are ready, if our minds be fo. Exeunt. Peruith the man, whose mind is backward now, King. Thou doft not with more helpe from England, Couz. Why now thou hast vs witch fiue thousand men: Which likes me better, then to with vs one. You know your places: God be with you all.

TUCKET. Enter Montaigne. Mont. Once more I come to know of the King Harry. If for thy Rancome thou wilt now compound, Before thy moft assured Ouerthrow: For certainly, thou art so neere the Gulph, Thou need'st must be englutted. Besides in mercy The Conftable defires thee, thou wilt mind Thy followers of Repentance: that their Soules May make a peacefull and a fueret retire From off this fielde; where(wretches) thy poor bodys Muft 1ye and felter. King. Who hath sent thee now? Mont. The Conftable of France. King. I pray thee bearre my former Answer back: Bid them achitceue me, and then fell my bones. Good God, why should they mock poor fellows thus? The man that once did fell the Lyons skin While the beast liu'd, was kill'd with hunting him. A many of our bodys shall no doubt Find Natirae Graues: upon the which, I truft Shall witnesse live in Braffe of this dayes worke, And those that leave their valiant bones in France, Dying like men, though buryed in your Dunghills, They shall be fam'd: for there the Sun shall greet them, And draw their honors reeping vp to Heauen. Leaving their earthy parts to choake your Clyme, The Snell whereof shall breed a Plague in France. Make then abounding valour in our English: That being dead, like to the Bullets crasing, Break out into a second course of michtie, Killing in relapse of Mortallity. Let me speake proudly: Tell the Conftable, We are but Warriors for the working day: Our Gynest and our Gilt are all befmye the With raynie Marching in the painfull field, There's not a piece of feather in our Hoist: Good argument (I hope) we will not flye:

And time hath wore vs into flouerie. But by the Maffe, our hearts are in the trim: And my poor Souldiers tell me, yet ere Night, They'le be in fresher Robes, or they will pluck The gay new Coats o're the French Souldiers heads, And turne them out of seruice. If they doe this, As if God pleafe, they shall; my Rancome then Will foone be leuyed. Herauld, faue thou thy labour: Come thou no more for Rancome, gentle Herauld, They shall have none, I aweare, but their myoynts: Which if they haue, as I will leave vm them, Shall yeeld them little, tell the Conftable.

Mont. I shall, King Harry. And fo fare thee well: Thou never shalt hear Herauld any more, Ext. King. I fear thou wilt once more come again for a Rancome. Enter York.


ALARUM. EXCURSIONS. Enter Piffall, French Soullidier, Boy.

Piff. Yeeld Courte, French. Je paffe que vous etes le Gentilhomme de ban quaite.

Piff. Qualitie calmie culture me. Art thou a Gentleman? What is thy Name? diccuffe.


French. O proues mifererande eye pites de moy.

Piff. May shall not fere, I will have fortie Moyes:for I will fetch thy pymme out at thy Throats, in droppes of Crimson blood.

French. Est il impossible d'echapper le force de ton bras,

Piff. Braffe, Curez foum daunted and luxurious Mountaine Goats, offre'me Braffe.

French. O perdaune moy.

Piff. Say't thou me so? is that a Tonne of Moyes? Come hither boy, ask me this flate in French what is his Name.

Boy. Estans commett after vous appelle.

French. Monsieur le Fer.

Boy. He fayes his Name is M.Fer.

Piff. M.Fer II le fer him, and firke him, and ferre him: diccuffe the fame in French vnto him.

Boy. I doe not know the French for fer, and ferrer, and firke.

Piff. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

French. Que diras tu Monsieur?

Boy. Il me commande a vous dire que vous faite vos projets, car ce field est desposer sous asure de couper oufere gorge.

Piff. Owy, cuppele gorge permafoye pefont; vnlesse thou gueve me Crownes, braue Crownessor mangled that thou be by this my Sword.

French. O le vos supplie pour l'amour de Dieu: mon par

downer, Je suis le Gentilhomme de bous maison, garde ma vie, et le vous donneray deux cent ecus.

Piff. What are his words?

Boy. He
Boy. He prays you to suee his life, he is a Gentleman of a good house, and for his ransom he will give you two hundred Crownes.

Pfiff. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I the Crownes willtake.

Frem. Petit Miserere que diisit
Boy. Encore quit te croute fail lentement, de pardonner au-
tence prisonnier; neant-moins pour les escrocs que vous avez pro-
mets; il est content a vous donner le librete lesqu'ellefoment.

Frem. Sur mes genoux je vous donne maus millis remerciement, et le mefmes hourex que le mions entre les mains, d'un Che-
valier le pense le plus brame valant et les define signeur
d'Angleterre.

Pfiff. Expound unto me boy.
Boy. He gives you upon his knees a thousand thanks, and he effreemes himself happy, that he hath faine into the hands of one (as he thinkes) the most brame, valorous and thice-worthy signeur of England.

Pfiff. As I flucke blood, I will some mercy flew. Follow me.

Boy. Save vous le grand Captaine?
I did neuer know to fay a voice fluke from to emipte a
hearts; but the luying is true, The empty vell fayes the
greatest found. Bercule and Nym had come times more
vaule, then this coaring diuel fallen othdplay, that any
one may payre his nyles with a woodden dagger, and
they are my haugd, and fo would this be, if she didt
feale: any thing aduenturous. I must flay with the
Lackies with the luggage of our camp, the French might
have a good praty of vs, if he knew of it, for there is none
to guard it but boyes. 

Exit. 

Enter Conftable, Orleane, Burbon, Delfin, and Rambars.

Con. O Diabe.
Orl. O signeur le tiers et perdus, conte et perde.
Delf. Alor Dieus mausie, all is confounded all,

Reproach, and enflaming fume
Sits mocking in our Plumes. A short Alarm.

O mis-chance fortune, do not rumme away.

Con. Why all our ranks are broke.

Delf. O perniable flame, let's think our felues:
Bet he the fir wrechtes that we plaid ar dice for?

Orl. Is this the King we fent too, for his ranfome?

Em. Shame, and eternall flame, nothing but flame,
Let vs dye in once more backe againe,
And he that will not follow Burbon now,
Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand
Like a baile Pandcr hold the Chamber doore,
Whilft a baile flafe, no gentler then my dogge,
His f careth daughter is contaminaded.

Con. Disorder that hath fpoyled vs, friend vs now,
Let vs on heapes go offer vp our fues,

Orl. We are now yet living in the field,
To imother vp the English in our throng,
If any order might be thought vpon.

Bur. The diuell take Order now, lle to the throng;
Let life be short, efie flambe will be too long. 

Exit. 

Alarms. Enter the King and his trages, with Prisoners.

King. Welle have we done, thrice-valiant Conntremen,
But I will not done, yet keepes the French the field. 

Con. The D. of York commendes him to your Majefly

King. Lives he good Vnkle: thrice within this houre
I saw him downe ; thrice vp againe, and fighting,
From Helmet to the fpurre, all blood he was.

See. In which array (brave Soldier) doth he lyke,
Larding the plaine: and by his bloody fide,
(Yoake fellow to his honour-ownings-wounds)
The Noble Earle of Suffolke alfo fye.

Suffolke first dyed, and Yoake all hagled our
Comes to him, where in gore he lay unfpefed,
And takes him by the Beard, kiffes the f Gaines
That bloodily did yawne upon his face.
He ceyes aloud; Tarry my Cofin Suffolke,
My foule fhall thine keep company to heaven:
Tary (sweet foulle) for mine, then flye a breff;
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our Chafline.
Upon thefe words I came, and cheer'd him vp,
He fmir'd me in the face, taught me his hand,
And with a feeble grip, fayes: Dere my Lord,
Command me your felice to my Soueraigne.
So did he tune, and out Suffolkes necke
He threw his wounded arm, and kill his lippes,
And to expoue to death, with blood he real'd
A Teftament of Noble-ending-love:
The prettiest and finners manner ef fere'd
Those waters from me, which I would have flop'd,
But I had not too much of man in me;
And all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me vp to tears.

King. I thame you not,
For hearing this, I must perfuede compound
With mining allues, or they will flue to.

Bur. Hauing, what new alamun is this fame?
The French lauer re-enforc'd their scattered men:
Then every fouldier kill his Prisoners,
Give the word through. 


Exit. 

Albus Quartus. 

Enter Fluenles and Gover.

Flu. Kill the poyes and the luggage, Thy especialiy against the Law of Armes, tis as arrat a piece of knaves

ary marke you now, as can bee offer in your Confencie now, is it not?

Gover. Tis ceraine, there's not a boy left alive, and the Cowardly Racles that ranne from the baile ha' done this slaughter: besides they have burned and carried away all that was in the Kings Tent, wherefore the King most worthily hath cas'd euery fouldier to cut his prisoners throats. O'tis a gallant King.

Flu. I hee was pore at Monmouth Captaine Gover:

What call you the Ponces name where Alexander the pig was borne?

Gover. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnamous, are all one reckonings, foue the phrase is a little va-

Gover. I thinkke Alexander the Great was borne in Macedonia, his Father was called Phillip of Macedon, as I

Flu. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is

borne,
The Life of Henry the Fift.

King. I tell thee truly Herald, I know not if the day be ours or no, For yet a many of your horsemens prære, And gallop o're the field.

Hir. The day is yours.

Kin. Pray God, ye have not our strength for it: What is this Castle call'd that stands hard by.

Hir. They call it Agincourt.

King. Then call we this the field of Agincourt, Fought on the day of Crispin Crisians.

Flu. Your Grandfather of famous memory (an't please your Maiesty) and your great Uncle Edward the Placke Prince of Wales, as I have read in the Chronicles, fought a most proue pacht here in France.

Kin. They did Fluellen.

Flu. Your Maiestie Fayes very true: If your Maiesties is remember'd of it, the Welchmen did good seruice in a Garden where Leekes did grow, wearing Leeke's in their Monmouth caps, which your Maiesty know to this houre is an honourable badge of the seruice: And I do beleue your Maiestie takes no scorne to weare the Leeke vpon S. Tauts day.

King. I wear it for a memorable honor.

For I am Welch you know good Countriman.

Flu. All the water in Wy, cannot wash your Maiesties Welsh blood out of your body, I can tell you that: God pleffe it, and preferre it, as long as it pleases his Grace, and his Maiesty too.

Kin. Thanks good my Countrimen.

Flu. By Jefhu, I am your Maiesties Countriman, I care not who know it: I will confesse it to all the Orld, I need not to be ashamed of your Maiestie, praised be God fo long as your Maiestie is an homel man.

King. Good keepe me fo.

Enter Williams.

Our Heralds go with him, Bring me iuft notice of the numbers dead On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither, Exc. Soulidier, you must come to the King, Kin. Soulidier, why wear'lt thou that Gloue in thy Cappe?

Well. And'please your Maiestie, tis the gage of one that I should fight withall, if he be alue.

Kin. An Englishman?

Well. And'please your Maiestie, a Rascal that swag-
g'd with me last night: who if alue, and ever dare to challenge this Gloue, I have sworne to take him a boxe a' th' eere; or if I can fee my Gloue in his cappe, which he swore as he was a Soulidier he would weare (if alue) I will strike it out foundly.

Kin. What thinke you Captain Fluellen, is it fit this fouldier keepe his oath.

Flu. Hee is a Crewne and a Villaine elfe, and'please your Maiestie in my conscience.

Kin. It may bee, his enemy is a Gentleman of great fort quite from the anfwer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a lenteeman as the diuel is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himefelfe, it is neceffary (lookte your Grace) that he keepte his vow and his oath: If hee bee perid (fee you now) his reputation is as arrant a villaine and a lacke fawce, as ever his blacie fhpo trodd uppon Gods ground, and his earth, in my conscience law.

King. Then keepe thy vow firth, when thou meet'th the fellow.

Wil. So, I wil my Liege, as I lye.

King. Who fere't thou wnder?
[Text from The Life of Henry the Fifth]

Will. Under Captain Gower, my Liege.

Flu. Gower is a good Captain, and is good knowledge and literature in the Wars.

King. Call him hither to me, Souldier.

Will. I will my Liege. Exit.

King. Here Fluellen, vearth this favour for me, and flieke it in thy Cappe: when Aislonan and my selfe were downe together, I pluckt this Gloue from his Helme: If any man challenge this, he is a friend to Aislonan, and an enemy to our Person; if thou encounter any fink, apprehend him, and thou dost me love.

Flu. Your Grace doo me as great Honors as can be deh'd in the hearts of his Subjects: I would faine fee the man, that he's but two legges, that shall find himselfe agreeed at this Gloue; that is all: but I would faine see it once, and please God of his grace that I might see.

King. Know it thou Gower?

Flu. He is my deare friend, and please you.

King. Pray thee goe seke him, and bring him to my Tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. Exit.

King. My Lord of Warwick, and my Brother Gower, Follow Fluellen closely at the heels.

The Gloue which I have given him for a favour, May haply purchase him a box thewre.

It is the Souldiers: I by bargaine should Wearre it my selfe, Follow good Cousin Warwick:

If that the Souldier strike him, as I judge

By his blunt beating, he will keepe his word;

Some ladaine milchifl may arise of it:

For I doe know Fluellen valiant,

And toucht with Choler, hot as Gunpowder,

And quickly will returne an inuiron.

Follow, and see there be no harme betweene them.

Give you with me, Vnckle of Exeter.

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to Knight you, Captain.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Gods will, and his pleasure, Captain, I beseech you now, come space to the King: there is more good toward you peraduenture, then is 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.

Strike him.

Flu. 'Sblnd, an arant Traytor as anyes in the Vuiuer-

and in France, or in Englands.

Gower. How now Sir you Villaine.

Will. Doe you think he be forsworne?

Flu. Stand away Captain Gower, I will guie Treacon

his payment into plowes, I warrant you.

Will. I am no Traytor.

Flu. That's a lyke in thy Throat. I charge you in his Maiesies Name apprehend him, he's a friend of the Duke Aislonan.

Enter Warwick and Gloucester.

Warn. How now, how now, what's the matter?

Will. My Lord of Warwick, here is prayd be God for it, most contagious Treacon come to light, looke you, as you shall defile in a Summers day, Here is his Maistrie.

Enter King and Exeter.

King. How now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Liege, here is a Villaine, and a Traytor, that looke your Grace, he's strooke the Gloue which

your Maistrie is take out of the Helmet of Aislonan.

Will. My Liege, this was my Gloue, here is the follow of it: and he that gae it to in change, promis'd to care it in his Cappe: I promis'd to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my Gloue in his Cappe, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your Maistrie heare now, fauing your Maistries Manhood, what an arrant rascally, beggerly, louse

Knaue it is: I hope your Maistrie is peace to testimony and witnesse, and will attouchment, that this is the Gloue of Aislonan, that your Maistrie is give me, in your Confi-

ence now.

King. Give me thy Gloue Souldier;

Look, here is the fellow of it:

Twas I indeed thould promised it to strike,

And thould gitten me most bitter remes.

Flu. And please your Maistrie, let his Neck answer for it, if there is any Marshall Law in the World.

King. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my Lord, come from the heart; ne-

uer came any from mune, that might offend your Ma-

istrie.

King. It was our selfe thou didst abuse.

Will. Your Maistrie came not like your selfe: you appear'd to me but as a common man; witness the Night, your Garments, your Lowlinse: and what your Hightnesse suffer'd vnder that shape, I beeke you take it for your owne fault, and not mine: for had you bene as I tookke you for, I made no offence; therefore I beeke your Hightnesse pardon me.

King. Here Vnckle Exeter, fill this Gloue with Crownes,

And give it to this fellow. Keep it fellow, and

Weare it for an Honor: in thy Cappe,

Till I doe challenge it. Give him the Crownes:

And Captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this Day and this Light, the fellow is mett-

tell enough in his belly: Hold, there is twelue-pence for you, and I prays you to ferue God, and keepe you out of pravels and peables, and quarrels and disstincions, and I warrant you it is the better for you.

Will. I will name of your Money.

Flu. It is with a good will: I can tell you it will sene you to mend your floyces: come, wherefore shoulde you be so paffifull, your floyces is not to good: 'tis a good filling I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter Herald.

King. Now Herald, are the dead numbered?

Herald. Here is the number of the slaught'red

French.

King. What Prisoners of good sort are taken, Vnckle?

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleans, Nephew to the King,

John Duke of Barbon, and Lord Basquemalo.

Other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires,

Full fiftene hundred, besides common men.

King. This Note doth tell me of ten thoufand French

That in the field lyne (flaine of Princes in this number,

And Nobles bearing Banners, there ey dead

One hundred twentie six: added to thefc,

Of Knights, Equeftrians, and gallant Gentlemen,

Eight thousand and foure hundred: of the which,

Fifty hundred were but yesterfal dubb'd Knights.

So that in thefe ten thoufand they haue lost,

There are but fiftene hundred Mercenaries:
The ref are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, Squires,
The Life of Henry the Fift.

And Gentlemen of blood and qualitie.
The Names of those that died dead:
Charles Delsart, High Constable of France, 
Jaques de Chatillon, Admiral of France,
The Matter of the Crofe-bowes, Lord Rambures,
Great Master of France, the braue Sir Guichard Dolphin,
John Duke of Alanson, Anthonius Duke of Brabant,
The Brother to the Duke of Burgundie,
And Edward Duke of Bari: of lustie Earles,
Grandpre and Ruffin, Forestriders and Foray,
Beaumont and Marie, Van демont and Lostrate.
Here was a Royall fellowship of death,
Where is the number of our English dead?
Edward the Duke of Yorke, the Earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly, Dany Gasp Elquiere;
None elie of name: and of all other men,
But nine and twenty.
O God, thy Arme was heere:
And not to us, but to thy Arme alone,
After we all: when, without stirragem,
But in plaine shock, and even play of Battallie,
Was ever knowne so great and little loss:
On one part, and on this other, take it God,
For it is none but thine.
Exeunt. 'Tis wonderfull.
King. Come, goe me in procession to the Village:
And be it death proclaimed through our Hoast,
To boast of this, or take that praytie from God,
Which is his onely.
Flu. Is it not lawfull and pleafe your Majestie, to tell
how many is kill'd?
King. Yes Captaine: but with this acknowledgemen,
That God fought for vs.
Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did vs great good,
King. Doe we all holy Rights:
Let there be hang Non nobis, and Te Deum.
The dead with charitie enclos'd in Clay:
And then to Callicide, and to England then,
Where hee's from France arriv'd more happy men.

Altes Quintus.

Enter Chorus.
Vouchsafe to those that have not read the Story,
That I may prompt them: and of such as have,
Humbly pray them to admit this execufe
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life,
Be here preterred. Now we beare the King
Toward Callicide: Grant him there: there feene,
Heane him away upon your winged thoughts,
About the Seas: Behold the English beach
Pales in the flood: with Men, Women, and Boys,
Whose Scars and claps out-voyce the deep-mouth'd Sea,
Which like a noytune Whiffler forceth the King,
Scene to prepare his waye: So let him land,
And solemnly see him set foot on London,
So swift a pace hath Thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon Black-Heat:
Where, that his Lords defire him, to have borne
His bruitell Helmet, and his bended Sword
Before him,through the Cate: he forbids it,
Being free from vaine-nifie, and false-glorious pride:
Guing full Trophere, Signall, and Offent,
Queere from himselfe, to God. But now behold,
In the quick Forge and working-house of Thought,
How London doth powre out her Citizens,
The Maier and all his Brethren in beft fter,
Like to the Senators of th'antique Rome,
With the Plebeians swarming at their heele,
Goe forth and fetch their Conqu'ring Cefar in:
As by a lower, but by losing likelyhood,
Were now the General of our gracious Emprefs,
As in good time he may, from Ireland comming,
Bringing Rebellion broachen on his Sword;
How many would the peacefull Catic quit,
To welcome him? much more, and much more caufe,
Did they this Harry. Now in London place him.
As yet the lamentation of the French
Inuytes the King of Englands play at home:
The Emperor's comming in behalfe of France,
To order and to manage:
All the occurrences, what ever chance,
Till Harrys backe returne againe to France:
There maff we bring him: and my felle haute play'd
The inter. by remembering you'tis paft.
Then brooke a bridge-ment, and your eyes advance,
After your thoughts, straighte backe againe to France.
Exit.

Enter Fluellen and Cower.
Cower. Nay, that's right: but why weare you your
Leeke to day? S. Daniel day is paft.
Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore
in all things: I will tell you affe my friend, Captaine
Cower: the rafelyly, foold, beggerly, lowifie praging
Knave Pittoll, which you and your felte, and all the World,
know to be no better then a fellow, looke you now, of no
meritor: bee is come to me, and pringes me pread and
fault yesterday, looke you, and bid me eate my Leeke: it
was in a place where I could not breed no contention
with him: but I will be so bold as to weare it in my Cap
till I see him once againe, and then I will tell him a little
piece of my defires.

Enter Pittoll.
Cower. Why here hee comes, swelling like a Turky-cock.
Flu. Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his Turky-cocks.
God pleffe you auncheft Pittoll, you fuerit lowifie
Knave, God pleffe you.
Pittoll. Ha, art thou bedlam? dost thou thift, base
Troyan, to haue me feld vp Parc Furall Wbb? Hence;
I am qualmieth at the smell of Leeke.
Flu. I pefche you heartyly, fuerit lowifie Knave, at
my defires, and my requets, and my petitions, to eate,
looke you, this Leeke; because, looke you, you doe not
loue it, nor your affections, and your appetites and your
digustations doos not agree with it, I would defire you
to eate it.
Pittoll. Not for Cadwaller and all his Goats.
Flu. There is one Goat for you. Strikes him.
Will you be so good, feaund Knave, as eate it?
Pittoll. Baue Troyan, thou falt dye.
Flu. You fay very true, feaund Knave, when Gods
will is: I will defire you to lue in the meane time, and
eate your Vichuas: come, there is fame for it. You
call'd me yeaterday Mountaine. Squire, but I will make

you
you to day a figure of low degree. I pray you fall too, if
you can mock a Lecke, you can eate a Lecke.
Gover. Enough Captain, you have astonish him.
Fla. I say, I will make him eate some part of my lecke,
or I will peste his pate foure dayes: bite I pray you, it is
good for your greene wound, and your ploodie Coxe-
combe.
Pi. Must I bite.
Fla. Yes certainly, and out of doubt and out of ques-
tion too, and ambiguities.
Pi. By this Lecke, I will most horribly reuenge I eate
and eate I liveare.
Fla. Eate I pray you, will you have some more sauce
to your Lecke: there is not enough Lecke to swere by.
Pi. Quer thy Cudgell, thou dost fee I eate.
Fla. Much good do you feald knave, heartily, Nay,
pray thou throw none away, the skinne is good for your
broken Coxcombe; when you take occasions to see
Leckes hereafter, I pray you mock at em, that is all.
Pi. Good.
Fla. 1, Leckes is good; hold you, there is a gost to
heale your pate.
Pi. Meg has got?
Fla. Yes verily, and in truth you shall take it, or I have
another Lecke in my pocket, which you shall eate.
Pi. I take thy gost in earnest of reuenge.
Fla. If I love you any thing, I will pay you in Cud-
gels, you shall be a Woodmonget, and buy nothing of
me but cudgels: God buy you, and keape you, & heale
your pate.
Exit.
Pi. All hell shall frite for this.
Gow. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly Knave,
will you mocke at an ancient Tradition began vpnon
honourable respect, and worn an memorable Trophee
ef predeceated valor, and dare not smutch in your deeds
any of your words. I have seene you glecking & galing
at this Gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because
he could not speake English in the native garb, he could
not therefore handle an English Cudgel: you find it ot
otherwise, and henceforward let a Welsh correction, teach
you a good English condition, fare ye well. Exit.
Pi. Doth fortune play the heawife with me now?
Newes have I that my Doll is dead th' first sight of a ma-
dly of France, and there my rendezvous is quite cut off:
Old I do wake, and from my weare limbs honour is
Cudgeld. Well, Bad ite turne, and sometime leave to
Cut-purse of quicks hand: To England will I freate, and
there I ftele:
And patches will I get into thesed cudgeld ictarets,
And I'vore I got them in the Gallat warris. Exit.

Enter at one doore, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwick,
and other Lords. At another, Queen Isabel,
the King, the Duke of Bourgogne, and
other French.

King. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met;
Vnto our brother France, and to our Sifer
Health and faire time of day: Joy and good wishes
To our most faire and Princely Oraine Katherines:
And as a branch and member of this Royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contrivd,
We do salute you Duke of Bourgogn,
And Princes French and Peeres health to you all.

Duc. Right joyful are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England, frankly met,
So are you Princes (English) every one.

Que. So happy be the Illue brother Ireland
Of this good day, and of this gratious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes,
Your eyes which hither have been so long,
In them against the French that merthem in their bent,
The faltall Balls of murthering Balsitakes;
The venome of such Lookes we fairly hope
Haue left their qualitie, and that this day
Shall change all griefes and quartels into loue.

Eng. To cry Amen to that, thus we appare.

Que. You English Princes all, I doe salute you.
Duc. My dutie to you both, on equal loute.

Great Kings of France and England: that I haue laboured
With all my wits, my paunes, and strong endevours,
To bring your most Imperial Maities
Vnsto this Barre, and Royall interview;
Your Mightineffe on both parts beft can witnesse,
Since then my Office hath so faire presyld,
That Face to Face, and Royall Eye to Eye,
You have contegted: let it not disgrace me,
If I demand before this Royall view,
What Rub, or what Impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poore, and mangled Peace,
Daue. None or Arts, Plentyes, and Sundry,
Should not in this bef Garden of the World,
Our fertile France, put vp her lovely Vifage?
Alas, she hath from France too long been chas'd,
And all her Husbandry doth lyse on heapes,
Corrupting in it owne fertilitie.
Her Vine, the merry cheerer of the heats,
Vapured, dyes: her Hedges euon pleach'd,
Like Prisoners wildly over-growne with hayre,
Put forth disorder'd Twigs: her follow Leas,
The Damell, Hennock, and ranke Fementary,
Doth root upon; while that the Culter ruffs,
That should decorame such Sausagery:
The cuen Meats, that erst brought sweetly forth
The feckled Cowflip, Butter, and greene Clouer,
Wanting the Sythe, and all uncorrected, rankes;
Concerned by idleness, and nothing treeemes,
But hateful Discs, rough Thistles, Kiclyes, Butres,
Looking both beaute and vtiltie;
And all our Vineyards, Fallowes, Meades, and Hedges,
Defraught, in their natures, grown to with hardic.
Even fo our Houses, and our fields, and Children,
Hau lost, or do not learn, for want of time,
The Sciences that should becom our Country;
But grow like Sausages, as Souldiers will,
That nothing doe, but meditate on Blood,
To Sweating, and shame Lookes, defi'd Astrye,
And every thing that feeemes vanitalie.

Which to reduce into our former fauour,
You are assembled: and my speech entreats,
That I may know the: Let why gentle Peace
Should not expell these inconuenienses,
And blesse vs with her former qualities.

Eng. If Duke of Burgonie, you would the Peace,
Whole want giues growth to th imperfections
Which you have cied; you must buy that Peace
With full accord to all our just demands,
Whole Tenures and particular effects
You have enchargdI briefly in your hands.

Duc. The King hath heard them: to the which, as yet
There is no Anwer made.

Eng. Well then: the Peace which you before fo vrg'd,
Ly's in his Anwer.
France. I have but with a curfetarie eye
Of-gance the Articles Pleafeth your Grace
To appont some of your Counsell prfently
To fit with vs once more, with better heed
To re-furye them; we will suddenly
Paffe our accept and peremptorise Anfwer.
England. Brother we fhall. Goe Vncker Exeter,
And Brother Clarence, and you Brother Gloucefter,
Warwick, and Huntington, goe with the King,
And take with you free power, to ratifie,
Augment, or alter, as your Wildomes ballt
Shall fee aduantageable for our Dignifie,
Any thing in or out of our Demands,
And wee configne thereto. Will you, faire Sifer,
Goe with the Princes or fay here with vs?
Que. Our gracious Brother, I will goe with theem:
Happily a Woman Voyce may doe some good,
When Articles too nicely vgr'd, be flood on.
England. Yet issue our Cousin Katherine here with vs,
She is our capifall Demand, compris'd
Within the fore-ranke of our Articles.
Que. Sacnath good leave. Excute amnes.

Matel King and Katherine.
King. Free Katherine, and molt faire,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a Souldier teares,
Sach as will enter at a Ladies eare,
And pleade his Lowne-fuit to her gentle heart.
Kath. Your Majefte fhall mock at me, I cannot speak
your England.
King. Of faire Katherine, if you will loue me soundly
with your French heart, I will be glad to have you confi-
ffe it brokenly with your English Tongue. Doe you like me, Kate?
Kath. Pardon amay, I cannot tell wat is like me.
King. An Angel is like you Kate, and you are like an
Angell.
Kath. Que dit il que fuis semblable a les Anges?
Lady. Ouy verfemen (faif vofre Grace) ain't dit sl,
King. I aid fo, deare Katherine, and I mútt not blufh
to affume it.
Kath. Ob bon Dieu, les langues des hommes font plein de
trumpetres.
King. What says he, faire one; that the tongues of men
are full of deceit?
Lady. Lady, de deengues de dmebas is be full of de-
deit, la dat de Princeffe.
King. The Princeffe is the better English-woman:
yfaif Kate, my vooing is fit for thy vnderstanding, I am
glad thou couft &speake no better English, for if thou coult,
thee would't finde me thine aplaine King, that
thowoultThinke, I had told my Farne to buy my
Crowne. I know none to muce it in loue, but
rightfully to fey, I loue you; then if you ifere me farther,
then to fey, Doe you in faith? I weare out my foute: Give
me your anfwer, yfaif doe, and fo clapp hands, and a bar-
gaine: how fay you, Lady?
Kath. Saif vofre honneur, me vnderfand well.
King. Marty, if you would put me to Verfes, or to
Dance for your fake, Kate, why you vudiant me; for the one
I have neither words nor murmure; and for the other,
I have no strenghe in meafure, yet a reafonable meafure in
Strength. If I coult winne a Lady at Leape-drogge,or by
vewing into my Wildhe, with my Armour emmye backe;
under the correftion of bragging be it spoken. I should
quickly leape moo a Wife: Or if I might bufte for my
Loue, or bound my Horfe for her taurous, I could lay on
like a Butcher, and fit like a Jack an Apes neuer off.
But before God Kate, I cannot looke greenely, nor gaspe out
my elocuence, nor I have no cunning in proflation;
oneley downe-right Oathes, which I never vse till vrg'd,
neor neuer break, for vrging. If thou coult loue a fellow
of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth Sunne-bur-
ing? that neuer loues in his Glaffe, for loue of any
thing he fees there? let thine Eye be thty Cooke. I speake
to thee plaine Souther: If thou coult loue me for this,
take me? if not to lay to thee that I shul dye, is true, but
for thy loue, by the L. No: yet I loue thee too. And
while thou huel, deare Kate, take a fellow of plane and
uncovered Conflancie, for be perfome muft do thee right,
because he hach not the gift towayne in other places: for
these fellows of infinl tongue, that can ryme themselves
into Ladies taturous, they doe always realion themselves
out againe. What? a speaker is but a priater, a Ryme
is but a Ballad; a good Legge will fall, a strat Backe will
foope, a blawe Beef will turne white, a cur'd plate will
grow balf, a faire Face will wither, a full Eye will wax
hollow: but a good Heart, Kate, is the Sunne and the
Moone, and rather the Sunne, and not the Moone: for it
shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course
truly. If thou would hach such a one, take me? and
take me; take a Souldier: take a Souldier, take a King.
And what fay If thou then to my Loue? speake my farte,
and fairely, I pray thee.
Kath. Is it poiffible dat I could loue de enemie of
France?
King. No, it is poiffible you should loue the En-
emie of France, Kate; but in louing me, you should loue
the Friend of France: for I loue France as well, that
I will not part with a Village of it; I will have it all mine:
and Kate when France is mine, and I am yours:then yours
is France, and you are mine.
Kath. I cannot tell wat is dat.
King. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, wich I am
fure will hang upon my tongue, like a new married Wife
about her Husbands Necke, hardly, to be fchoke off; le
grand sur le pofeflion de France, & quand vous etes le pof-
felion de moy. (Let mee fee, what then? Saint Dennis be
my piede) Done vofre off France, & vos effe miens.
It is as cafe for me, Kate, to conquer the Kingdome,as
to speake so much more French. I shall never moue thee
in French vnfre it be to laugh at me.
Kath. Sans vofre honneur, le francois que vos parlez, il
& meluez que je n'ay pas le qual de parle.
King. No fair not, Kate; but thy speaking of
my Tongue, and I thine, most truly failly, must
needs be grunted to be much at one. But Kate, doeft
thou vnderfand thus much English? Canst thou loue
me?
Kath. I cannot tell.
King. Can any of your Neighbours tell, Kate? Ie
ake them, Come, I know thou loueft me: and at night,
when you come into your Clofet, you'le quission this
Gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will
to her difparay those parte in me, that you loue with your
heart: but good Kate, mock me mercifully, the rather
gentle Princesse, because I louether cruely. If ever thou
beft mine, Kate, as I haue a faving Faith within mettells
me thou shalt: I get thee with fhanding, and thou
muit therefore needes prove a good Souldier-bredere;
Shall not thou and I, between Saint Dennis and Saint
George, compound a Buy, halfe French halfe English,
The Life and what and if en i French the fpoyle and fpeake and fpeake and fpeake and fpeake and fpeake and fpeake and fpeake and fpeake and fpeake and fpeake and fpeake and fpeake and fpeake and fpeake and fpeake and fpeake and fpeake and fpeake and fpeake and fpeake and fpeake and fpeake and fpeake and fpeake and fpeake and fpeake and fpeake and fpeake and fpeake and fpeake and fpeake and fpeake and fpeake and fpeake and fpeake and fpeake

Kath. Your Maiestie are faufte Frenche enough to dectuce de molt large Damoifell dot is en France.

King. Now fye vpon my faile French by mine Honor in true English, I loue thee Kate; by which Honor, I dare not fieve thou loath me, yet my Hebrew begins to flatter me, that thou doo it; notwithstanding the poore and vnpretending erencf of my Vrge. Now beholding my Fathers Ambition, hee was thinking of Ciuil Wars, when hee got me: therefore was I created with a fubbornne outside, with an angle of Iron, that when I come to wooe Ladies, I fright them: but in faith Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appeare. My comfort is, that Old Age, that all layer vp of Beautie, can doe no more fpoyle vpon my face. Thou haft me, if thou haft me, at the worft: and thou haft yeare me, if thou weare me, better and better: and therefore tell me, moft faire Katherine, will you haue me? Put off your Maiden Blufhes, aough the Thoughts of your Heart with the Lookes of an Emprefse, take me by the hand, and fay, Harry of England, I am thine: which Word thou haft not fooner bleffe mine Eare withall, but I will tell thee alow, 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 bell King, thou haft finde the bell King of Good-fellowes. Come your Anfwere in broken Mufick: for thy Voyce is Mufick, and thy English broken: Therefore Queene of all, Entrefce, breake thy minde to me in broken English; wilt thou haue me?

Kath. Dat is as it fall pleafe de Roy mon pere.

King. Nay, it will pleafe him well, Kate; it shall pleafe him, Kate.

Kath. Den it fallo content me.

King. Vpon that I fffe your Hand, and I call you my Queene.

Kath. Laiffe mon Seigneur, laiffe, laiffe, may fay: Je ne veux point que vous ebbafffe voivre graundeur, en laiffant le main d'une voiffre Seigneur indignez ferviteurs entrez moy, Je vous supplie mon tres-patient Seigneur.

King. Then I will kiffe your Lippes, Kate.

Kath. Let Damen & Damofels pour fexe baffe defont leur hoepfe il ne pas le coigne de France.

King. Madame, my Interpreter, what faies thee?

Lady. Dat is not be de fathom for the Ladies of France; I cannot tell war is buife en Angliſh.

King. To kiffe.

Lady. Your Maiestie entende beller que moy.

King. It is not a fashon for the Mafs in France to kiffe before they are married, would the fay?

Lady. Oy viargement.

King. O Kate, nice Cutfomes curtie to great Kings, Deare Kate, you and I cannot bee confin'd within the weake Lyft of a Countrieyes fashon: wree are the makers of Manners, Kate; and the libertie that follows our Places, floppes the mouth of all finde-faults, as I will doe yours, for vpholding the nice fashon of your Country, in denying me a Kiffe: therefore patienfly, and yelding. You haue Witch-craft in your Lippes, Kate: there is more eloquence in a Suge touch of them, then in the Tongues of the French Counsell; and they should fooner perwade Harry of England, then a generall Petition of Monarches. Here comes your Father.

Enter the French Power, and the English Lords.

Burg. God faue your Maiestie, my Royall Coun, teach you our Princeffe English?

King. I would have her learne, my faire Coun, how perfectly I loue her, and that is good English.

Burg. Is thee not apt?

King. Our Tongue is rough, Coze, and my Condi- tion is not smooth: fo that having neyther the Voyce nor the Heart of Flatterede about me, I cannot to conuere vp the Spirit of Loue in her, that hee will appare in his true likenefe.

Burg. Pardon the frankneffe of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conuere in her, you must make a Circle: if conuere vp Loue in her in his true likenefe, hee must appeare naked, and blinde. Can you blame her then, being a Maid, yet ro'd out her the Virgin Crimfon of Modelfie, if thee deny the appearance of a naked blinde Boy in her naked feing fell? It were (my Lord) a hard Condition for a Maid to configne to.

King. Yet they doe winke and yield, as Loue is blind and enforces.

Burg. They are then excuss'd, my Lord, when they see not what they doe.

King. Then good my Lord, teach your Coun to content winking.

Burg. I will winke on her to content, my Lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for Maises well Summer'd, and warme kept, 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 tyes me over to Time, and a hot Summer; and so I shall catch the Flye, your Confin, in the latter end, and thee muft be blinde to.

Burg. As Loue is my Lord,before it loues.

King. It is fo: and you may, thine, thou, Loue for my blindnesse, who cannot see many a faire French Citie for one faire French Maid that flands in my way.

French King. Yes my Lord, you see them perspec- tively: the Cities turn'd into a Maff; for they are all gyrdled with Maiden Walls, that Warre hath entred.

England. Shall Kate be my Wife?

France. So pleae you.

England. I am content, fo the Maiden Citie you talke of, may wait on her: fo the Maid that stand in the way for my Wife, shall shew me the way to my Will.

France. We haue consented to all teemes of rea- son.

England. Is't fo, my Lords of England?

Wife. The King hath graunted every Article: His Daughter first; and in fequene, all, According to their firme propos'd natures.
Exe. Onely he hath not yet subscribed this:
Where your Maiestie demands, That the King of France
having an occasion to write for matter of Graine, shall
name your Highnesse in this forme, and with this additi-
on, in French: *Notre trescher file. Henry Roy & Angleterre
Heretere de France: * and thus in Latine; * Proclamation
Filius nofuer leuicium Rex Anglia & Hert Franciac.
France. No thus I have not Brother so deny'd,
But your request shall make me let it passe.
England. I pray you then, in loue and dear almyance,
Let that one Article rankle with the rest,
And thereupon give me your Daughter.
France. Take her faire Soune, and from her blood rays vp
Issue to me, that the contending Kingdome
Of France and England, whose very pateces looke pale,
With envy of each others happinesse,
May cease their hatred; and this dear Coniunction
Plant: Neighbour-hood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet Boomes: that trueer Warre advance
His bleeding Sword twixt England and faire France.
Lords. Amen.
King. Now welcome Kate: and bear me witness all,
That here I kisse her as my Soueraigne Queene.
Flourish.
Queene. God, the beft 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 Kingdome such a Spoufall,
That neuer may ill Office, or fell Jealousie,
Which troubles oft the Bed of bleffed Marriages,
Thrust in betwene the Passion of these Kingdomes,
To make divorce of their incorporate League:
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other. God speakes this Amen.
Amen.
King. Prepare we for our Marriages: on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy we'll take your Oath
And all the Peeres, for suretie of our Leagues.
Then shall I sweare to Kate, and you to me,
And may our Oathes well kept and prosperous be,
Senet.
Exeunt.

Enter Chorus.
Thus fare with rough, and all-vnable Pen,
Our bending Author hath purf'd the Story,
In little roomes confining mightie men,
Mangling by flants the full course of their glory.
Small time: but in that small, most greatly lited
This Starre of England, Fortune made his Sword;
By which, the Worlds beft Garden he achieu'd:
And of it left his Soume Imperiall Lord.
King 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 loft France and made his England bleed;
Which oft our Stage hath shoune; and for their sake,
In your faire minds let this acceptance take.

FINIS.
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Dead March.

Enter the Funeral of King Henry the First, attended on by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke of Gloster, Protector; the Duke of Exeter, Warwick, the Bishop of Winchester, and the Duke of Somerset.

Bedford. Vng be8 beaues with black, yield day to night; Some's importing change of Times and States, brandish your crysall Treffes in the Skie, And with them scourge the bad revoluing Stars, That have contended with Henrys death:

King. Henry the First, too famous to live long, England ne're lost a King of so much worth.

Gloft. England ne're had a King vntill his time: Verue he had, desiring to command, His brandish'd Sword did blinde men with his beames, His Armes spred wider then a Dragons Wings: His sparkling Eyes, replent with wrathfull fire, More dazled and drove back his Enemies, Then mid-day Sunne, fierce bent against their faces, What Should I say? his Deeds exceed all speach:

He ne're lift vp his Hand, but conquered.

Exe. We mourne in black, why mourn we not in blood? Henry is dead, and neuer shall reniue:

Vpon a Wouden Coffin we attend;

And Death, dishonourable Visitie,
We with our stately presence glorifie,
Like Captives bound to a Triumphant Carre.

What? shall we curse the Planetes of Misfhop,
That plotted thus our Glories oterthrow.

Or shall we thinke the subtle-witted French,
Conurers and Sorcerers, that afraid of him,
By Magicke Verses hate contriud his end.

Witch. He was a King, chief of the King of Kings.

Vnto the French, the dreadful judgement-Day
So dreadful will not be, as was his fight,
The Batallies of the Lord of Hofs he fought:
The Churche Prayers made him fo prosperous.

Gloft. The Church? where is it?

Had not Church-men prays'd,

His thread of Life had not so soone decay'd.

None doo you like, but an effeminace Prince,
Whom like a Schoole-boy you may ouer-awe.

Humph. Gloster, what are we like, thou are Protector,
And look to command the Prince and Realm?

Thy Wife is proud, the holiest thee in awe,
More then God or Religious Church-men may.

Gloft. Name not Religion, for thou souâ£ the Flesh,
And ne're throughout the yeare to Church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease thes Faires, & reti your minds in peace.

Exe. Let's to the Altar: Heralds way on vs;

In stead of Gold, we'll offer vp our Armes,

Since Armes are lytle now that Henry's dead,

Poteliter await for wretched yeare,

When at their Mothers mollified eyes, Babes shall suck,

Our He be made a Nourish of such Tales,

And none but Women left to woe the dead,

Henry the First, thy Ghost I innocuate:

Proper this Realtie, keep it from Ciuill Broyles,

Combat with aduerse Planets in the Heavens,

A farre more glorious Starre thy Soule will make,

Then Indum Cesar, or bright——

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable Lords, health to you all:

Sad things bring to you out of France,

Of losse of Slaughter, and discomfture;

Guyen, Champagne, Rheims, Orleance,

Paris, Guyfors, Pouchers, are all quite lost.

Exe. What say'st thou man, before dead Henry's Coast?

Speake loyally, or the losse of those great Townes
Will make him burit his Lead, and rise from death.

Gloft. Is Paris lost? is Roan yeelded vp?

If Henry were recall'd to life again,

These news would caufe him once more yeeld the Ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? what treachery was vs'd of?

Mess. No treachery, but want of Men and Money.

Amogst the Souldiers this is murthered,
That here you maintain feuerall Factions:

And whil'st a Field should be dispatche and fought,

You are disputing of your Generals.

One would have lingring Warres, with little cost;

Another would flye swifit, but wanteth Wings:

A third thinkes, without expence at all,
By guilefull faire words, Peace may be obtaynd.'

Awake, awake, English Nobilitie,

Let not flougly dimme your Honors, new begot;

Cropst are the Flower-de-Luces in your Armes,

Of Englands Coast, one halfe is cut away.

Exe. Were our Teares wanting to thisFuneral,

Thes Tidings would call forth her flowing Tides.

Bed. Me they concernes, Regent I am of France:

Gue me my fleeced Coat, Ile fight for France.

Away with these disgracefull wayling Robes;

Wounds will I lend the French, in stead of Eyes,

To weep their intermiffne Miseries.
Enter to them another Messenger.

_Mess._ Lords view these Letters, full of bad mischance.

France is revolted from the English quit, 
Except some petty Townes, of no import. 

The Dolphin Charles is crowned King in Rheimes: 
The Batail of Orleanche with him is joynd: 

_Roy._ Duke of Amioun, doth take his part, 

_Exit._ 

The Duke of Alasfon flyeth to his side, 

_Exit._

The Dolphin crown'd King? all flye to him? 
O whether shall we flye from this reproach? 

_Glof._ We will not flye, but to our enemies throu. 

_Bed._, if thou bethacle, I will fight it out. 

_Sir._ Glof._, why doubtst thou of my forwardness? 

An Army have I muster'd in my thoughts, 
Wherewith already Franse is ouer-run, 

Enter another Messenger. 

_Mess._ My gracious Lords, to add to your laments, 
Whereby you now believe King Henriques heart, 
I must informe you of a dimall fight, 
Betwixt the flou Talbot, and the French. 

_What wherein Talbot overcame, is't so? _ 

_Mess._ O no: wherein Lord Talbot was outshrown: 

The Circumstance it tell you more at large. 

The tenth of August last, this dreadfull Lord, 
Reyerring from the Siege of Orleancse, 
Hauing full seare fix thousand in his troupe, 
By three and twenty thousand of the French 
Was round incompafted, and let vpon: 

No leyture had he to enmanc his men, 
He wanted Pikes to set before his Archers: 

In head whereof, sharpe Stakes plight out of Hedges 
They pitched in the ground contently, 

To keep the Hearfemen off, from breaking in, 
More then three hours the fight continued: 

Where valiant Talbot, about humane thought, 
Enacted wonders with his Sword and Lance. 

Hundredes he fente to Hell, and none durft stand him: 
Here, there, and euery where enrag'd, he flew. 

The French exlaym'd, the Deuill was in Arnes, 
All the whole Army food gaz'd on him. 

His Souldiers flaying his vndamned Spirit, 
_A Talbot: a Talbot, cry'd our aame, 

And rufht into the Bowels of the Batail. 
Here had the Conquest fully beene fel'd vp, 
If Sir John Falstaff had not play'd the Coward. 

He being in the Vauvard, pla't behind, 
With purpose to refuse and follow them, 
Cowardly fled, not haunging struck one ftrake. 

Hence grew the general wrack and massacre: 
Enclosed were they with their Enemies. 

A base Wallon, to win the Dolphins grace, 
Thrust Talbot with a Speare into the Back, 
Whom all France, with their chiefes assembl'd strength, 
Durft not prefume to looke once in the face. 

_Bed._ Is Talbot ille like then? I will fly my selfe, 
For lying ille here, in pompe and Cafe, 
Whill't such a worthy Leader, wanting ayd, 
Vnto his daftard foe-men is betray'd. 

_Mess._ On no, he liues, but is tooke Prisoner, 
And Lord Scater with him, and Lord Hangerford: 
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or tooke likewyte. 

_Bed._ His Ranfore there is none but I will pay, 
Ile hale the Dolphin headlong from his Throne, 
His Crowne shall be the Ranlove of my friend: 
Foure of their Lords Ile change for one of ours, 

Farwell my Masters, to my Taskie will I, 
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make, 
To keepe our great Saint George Feall withall. 
Ten thousand Souldiers with me I will take, 
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake. 

_Mess._ So you had need, for Orleancse is besie'd, 
The English Army is growne weake and faint: 
The Earl of Salisbury crueth supply, 
And hardly kepeth his men from mutiny, 
Since they lo few, watche such a multitude. 

_Exit._ Remember Lords your Oathes to Henry sworne: 
Eyster to queel the Dolphin vterely, 
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke. 

_Bed._ I doe remember it, and here take my leave, 
To goe about my preparation. 

_Exit Bedford. 

_Glof._ He to the Tower with all the hal t I can, 
To view th' Artilect and Munition, 
And then I will proclaim ye young Henry King, 

_Exit Glof._

_Exit._ To Elstam will I, where the young King is, 
Being ordain'd his specialle Gouernor, 
And for his factice there Ie best dense. 

_Witch._ Each hath his Place and Function to attend: 
I am left out; for me nothing remans: 
But long I will be Jack out of Office, 

The King from Eslam I intend to send, 
And fie at chiefest Sterne of publique Welse. 

_Exit._

_Sound a Flourish._

Enter Charles, Alasfon, and Reigneir, marching with Drums and Souldiers.

_Charles._ Mar, his true mouing, eu'n as in the Heavens, 
So in the Earth, to this day is not knowne, 
Late did he shine vpon the English side: 
Now we are Visitors, vpon vs he smyles. 
What Townes of any moment, but we haue? 
At pleasure here we lye, nere Orleancse: 
Otherwhiles, the famifie English, like pale Ghosts, 
Faintly befiege vs one houre in a moneth. 
_Alas._ They want their Porredge, & their fat Bul Becues: 
Eyster they must be dyeted like Mules, 
And have their Provender't do to their mouthes, 
Or piteous they will looke, like drowned Mice. 
_Reigneir._ Let's rafle the Siege: why lye we idly here? 
Talbot is taken, whom we want to feare: 
Remayneeth none but mad-braun'de Salisbury, 
And he may well in fretting fjend his gall, 
Nor men nor Money hach he to make Warr. 

_Charles._ Sound, sound Alarum, we will rufht on them. 
Now for the honour of the forlorn French: 
Him I forgive my death, that killeth me, 
When he fees me goe back one foot, or flye, 

_Extant._ 

_Here Alarum, they are beaten back, by the 
English, with great loffe._

Enter Charles, Alasfon, and Reigneir. 

_Charles._ Who euer saw the like? what men haue I? 
Dogges, Cowar'd, Daftards: I would we're haue fled, 
Btit that they left me midly my Enemies. 
_Reigneir._ Salisbury is a desperate Homicide, 
He fighteth as one weary of his life: 
The other Lords, like Lyons wanting food, 
Doe ruth vpon vs as they hungry prey. 

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_Alan._ Froy-
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

Alanfon. Frofward, a Countrcymau of ours, records, England all Olimes and Rowland's breed, During the time Edward the third did reign: More truly now may this be verified; For none but Subjons and GODiffeft It tendeth ferto to skirmith; one to tene? Leane saw-bond' Rafeals, who would e're suipofe, They had fuch courage and audacitie? Charles. Let's leave this Towne, For they are hayre-bray'd Slaves, And hunger will enforce them to more eager: Of old I know them; rather with their Teeth The Wails they teare downe, then forfake the Siege. Reigneir. I thinke by fome oddc Gimms or Deuce Their Arms are fet,like Clocks,still to strike on; Else ne're could they hold out fo as they doe: By my content, wee le eu en let them alone. Alanfon. Be it fo.

Enter the Baffard of Orleancse.


Dolph. Baffard of Orleancse, thrice welcome to vs. 

Eyll. Me thinks your looks are fat,your cheer appal'd. 

Hath the late overthrow brought this effence? 
Be not dinam't,for fucceur is at hand: 
A holy Maid higher with me I bring, 
Which by a Vifon fent to her from Heaven, 
Ordained is to rayfe this refulous Siege, 
And drue the English forth the bounds of France: 
The spirit of depe Prophetie the hath, 
Exceeding the nine Sibyle of old Rome: 
What's paff'd, and what's to come, the can defcry. 
Speake, hall I call her in? beleue my words, 
For they are certaine, and vnfallable. 
Dolph. Goe call her in: but fift, to try her skill, Reigneir Dand thou as Dolphin in my place; Quelton her prouddy, let thy Lookes be free, By this means hall we found what skill the hath.

Enter Ioane Puzel.

Reigneir. Fare Maid, it's thou wilt doe these wondrous feats? 
Puzel. Reigneir, is'fh thou that thinkeft to beguile me? Where is the Dolphin? Come, come from behind, I know thee weal, though neuer seen before. Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me; In priuate will I talk with thee apart: Stand back you Lords, and glue vs leaue a while. Reigneir. She takes upon her bravely at first daff. 
Puzel. Dolphin, I am by birth a Shepheards Daughter, My wic vntray'd in any kind of Art: Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd To fhine on my contemptible efface, Lo, whileft I wayted on my tender Lambes, And to Sunnes parcing heat display'd my cheekes, Gods Mother deigned to appeare to me, And in a Vifon full of Maiffe, Will'd me to leaue my bafe Vocation, And free my Countrey from Calamitie: Her ayde the promis'd, and after succeffe, In compleat Glory fhee teu'd her felfe: And whereas I was black and swat before, With thofe cleare Rayses, which fhee infused on me, That beautif am I bleat with, which you may fee. 

Aske me what queftion thou canft poifible, And I will anfwer vnpremeditated: 
My Courage trie by Combat, if thou dar'ft, And thou fhalt finde that I exceed my Sex. Refolue on this, thou fhalt be fortunate, If thou receuie me for thy Warlike Mate. 

Dolph. Thou haft alfoifhten me with thy high termes: Only this proufe Ile of thy Valour make, In fingle Combat thou fhalt buckle with me; And if thou vanquifheft, thy words are true, Otherwife I renounce all confidence. 
Puzel. I am prepar'd: here is my keen-edg'd Sword, Deckt with fine Flower-de-Luces on e'ch fide, The which at Touraine, in S. Katheries Church-yard, Out of a great deale of old Iron, I choft forth. 
Dolph. Then come a Gods name, I feare no woman, 
Puzel. And while I live, Ile ne're flye from a man, 
Here they fight, and Ioane de Puzel overcomes. 
Dolph. Stay, I'll lay thy hands, thou art an Amazon, 
And fightfull with the Sword of Debra. 
Puzel. Chrifs Mother helps me, elfe I were too weke.

Dolph. Who e're helps thee, tis thou that muft help me: 
I meanly I burne with thy defire, 
My heart and hands thou haft at once subdued. 
Excellent Puzel, if thy name be fo, 
Let me thy frendant, and not Soueraigne be, 
'Tis the French Dolphin fueth to thee twis. 
Puzel. I muft not yield to any rights of Loue, For my Profession's facred from aboue: 
When I have chafed all thy Foes from hence, Then will I thinke upon a recompence. 
Dolph. Meane time looke gracious on thy provifte Thrall. 

Reigneir. My Lord me thinkes is very long in talk. 
Alouis, Doubtleffe he frivies this woman to her knock, 
Elle ne're could he so long protract his speech. 
Reigneir. Shall wee dilurbe him, since hee keeps no meanes? 

Alan. He may meane more then we poor men do know, These women are firew'd tempters with their tongues. 
Reigneir. My Lord, where are you? what defire you on? Shall we give e're Orleancse, or no? 
Puzel. Why no, I say: disfruitfull Recreants, 
Fight till the laft gape: Ile be your guard. 
Dolph. What thefe fayes, Ile confume: wee're fight it out. 
Puzel. Asignd' am I to be the English Scourge, 
This night the Siege affuredly Ile rayfe: 
Expeç Saint Martins Summer, Halygons daies, 
Since I haue entred into thfe Wars. 
Glory is like a Circle in the Water, 
Which neuer ceafteth to enlargke it selfe, 
Till by broad spreading, it difperse to naught. 
With Henrys death, the English Circle ends, 
Dispersed are the glories it included: 
Now am I like that proud infulting Ship, 
Which Caffor and his fortune bare at once. 

Dolph. Was Maimers inspired with a Doute? 
Thou with an Eagle art infirpt then. 
Helen, the Mother of Great Conuemint, 
Nor yet S. Philip daughters were like thee. 
Bright Starre of Venus, faine downe on the Earth, 
How may I reuerently worchip thee enough? 

Alanfon. Leave off delays, and let vs rayfe the Siege.

Reigneir. Wo.
In sight of Pope, or dignities of Church,  
Here by the Cheeks I'd drach thee vp and downe.  
Winch. Gloffor, thou wilt anwre this before the Pope.  
Gloff. Winchestege Goose, I cry a Rope, a Rope.  
Now beat them hence, why doe you let them fly?  
The Ile chafe hence, thou Wolfe in Sheepes array.  
Our Tawnie-Coats, our Scarlet Hypocrite.

Here Gloffer men beat out the Cardinalls men,  
and enter in the burly-built the Mayor  
of London, and his Officers.

Mayor, Fye Lords, that you being supreme Magistrates,  
Thus contemnuously should break the Peace.  
Gloff. Peace Mayor, thou know a little of my wrongs:  
Here’s Stearnford, that regards not God nor King,  
Hach here diffayn’d the Tower to his vie.  
Winch. Here’s Gloffer, a Foe to Citizens,  
One that still motions Warre, and sever Peac,  
O’er-charging your free Purles with large Pines;  
That seekes to overthrow Religion,  
Because he is Protector of the Realme;  
And would have Armour here out of the Tower,  
To Crowne himselfe King, and supprese the Prince.  
Gloff. I will not answer thee with words, but blowes,  
Here they skewer’d again.

Mayor. Naught refts for me, in this tumultuous strife,  
But to make open Proclamation.  
Come Officer, as loud as e’er thou canst cry:  
All manner of men, assembled here in Armes this day,  
against Gods Peace and the Kings, wee charge and command you, in his Highhumble Name, to repaire to your several dwelling places, and not to expose, handle, or use any Sword, Weapon, or Dagger hence-forward, upon pain of death.  
Gloff. Cardinall, Ibe no breaker of the Law:  
But we shall meet, and breaks our minds at large.  
Winch. Gloffer, we'll meet to thy coff, be ture:  
Thy heart-bloed I will have for this dayes worke,  
Mayor. He call for Clubs, if you will not away:  
This Cardinall’s more haughtie then the Deutil.  
Gloff. Mayor farewell: thou doo’t but what thou may’st.  
Winch. Abominable Gloffor, guard thy Head,  
For I intend to have it ere long.  
Exeunt.  
Mayor. See the Cosft cleard, and then we will depart.  
Good God, these Nobles should such fiomacks heare,  
I my selfe fight not once in forte yeere,  
Exeunt.

Enter the Master Gunner of Orleance, and his Boy.

M. Gunner, Sirrah, thou know’st how Orleance is besieg’d,  
And how the English haue the Suburbs wone,  
Boy. Father I know, and oft haue shot at them,  
How e’re unfortunate, I mist’d my scyne.  
M. Gunner. But now thou shall not, Be thou tull’d by me:  
Chief Master Gunner am I of this Towne,  
Something I must doe to procure me grace:  
The Princes eypays have informed me,  
How the English, in the Suburbs close entrenched,  
Went through a secret Gate of Iron Barres,  
In yonder Tower, to ouer-pee the Cittie,  
And thence discouer, how with most advantage  
They may ves vs with Shot or with Affault,  
To intercept this inconuenience,  
A Pcece of Ornanice ‘gainst it I have pla’d,  

Enter Glosfer, with his Servant-men.

Gloff. I am come to suruey the Tower this day;  
Since Henries death, I hear there is Connucayn:  
Where be thefe Warders, that they wait not here?  
Open the Gates, its Gloffer that calls.  
1. Warder. Who’s there, that knocks so imperiously?  
2. Warder. Who er he be, you may not let in.  
1. Man. Villains, answer you to the Lord Protector?  
2. Warder. The Lord protect’th me, so answer we him,  
We doe no otherwise then wee are will d.  
Gloff. Who wield you or whose will stand but mine?  
There’s none Protector of the Realme, but 1:  
Break up the Gates, Ile be your warrantize;  
Shall I be flow’d thus by dunghill Groanes?  
Grogers men ruff at the Tower Gates, and Woodvile  
the Lieutenant speakes within.  
Woodvile. What noyse is this? what Traytors have we here?  
Gloff, Lieutenant, is it you whom voyce I heare?  
Open the Gates, here’s Gloffer that would enter.  
Woodvile. Have patience Noble Duke, I may not open,  
The Cardinall of Wincheste forbids:  
From him I have exprecele commandment,  
That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.  
Gloff. Faint-hearted Woodvile, prizeth him before me.  
Arrogant Winchefer, that haughtie Prelate,  
Whom Henries late Soueraigne we’re could brooke?  
Thou art no friend to God, or to the King:  
Open the Gates, or ile flint thee out shortly.  
Servant-men. Open the Gates unto the Lord Protector,  
Or we’ll brunt them open, till they come not quickly.

Enter to the Prisoner at the Tower Gates Wincheste  
and his men in Tawnie Coates.

Wincheste. How now ambitious Vmpheir, what means this?  
Gloff. Pild Prief, doo’t thou command me to be shut out?  
Winch. I doe, thou most vfurping Proctor,  
And not Protector of the King or Realme.  
Gloff. Stand back thou mannifelt Conspirator,  
That thou contrived it to murther our dead Lord,  
Thou that giu’st Whores Indulgences to finne,  
Ile canasu thee in thy broad Cardinalls Hat,  
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.  
Winch. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot:  
This be Damascus, be thou curted Case,  
To flay thy Brother Abel, if thou wilt.  
Gloff. I will not flay thee, but Ile drue thee back:  
Thy Scarlet Robes, as a Childs bearing Cloth,  
Ile vs, to carry thee out of this place.  
Winch. Doe what thou dar’st, I hear thee to thy face.  
Gloff. What am I dar’d, and bearded to my face?  
Draw men, for all this priviledged place,  
Blew Coats to Tawnie Coats Prief, beware your Beard,  
I mean to tjugge it, and to cuffle you soundly,  
Vnder my feet I flame thy Cardinalls Hat:  

Reynier. Woman, do what thou canst to laue our honours,  
Drive them from Orleance, and be immortal d.  
Dob. Prefently we’ll try, come, let’s away about it,  
No Prophet will I trust, if thee proote faile.  
Exeunt.
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

And even these three dayes haue I watcht, 
If I could see them. Now doe thou watch, 
For I can flay no longer. 
If thou speakest any, rumpe and bring me word, 
And thou shalt finde me at the Governors. Exit. Boy. Father, I warrant you, take you no care, 
I neuer trouble you, if I may fay so they. Exit.

Enter Salisbury and Talbot on the Turret, with others.

Salib. Talbot, my life, my joy, againe return'd? 
How went thou handled, being Prifoner? 
Or by what meanes got's thou to be releas'd? 
Discouer I prithee on this Turrets top. 
Talbot. The Earle of Bedford had a Prifoner, 
Call'd the brave Lord Pouen de Sensrjyte, 
For him was I exchang't, and ransom'd, 
But with a better man of Armes by farre.

Once in contempt they would haue barter'd me: 
Which I disdain'd, scorn'd, and caus'd death, 
Rather then I would beEvents left in: 
In fine, redeem'd I was as I defir'd. 
But O, the trecherous Talbiff holds my heart, 
Whom with my bare fifts I would execute, 
If I now had him brought into my power.

Salib. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou was entertain'd. 
Talb. With grofles and icornes, and contumacious tame, 
In open Market-place prod're they me, 
To be a publiqne speclad' to all: 
Here, sayd they, is the Terror of the French, 
The Sear-Crow that straitens our Children to. 
Then broke I from the Officers that led me, 
And with my nayts digg'd ftones out of the ground, 
To hurle at the beholders of my shame. 
My grilly countenance made others flye, 
None durft come neere, for feare of Judgaine death. 
In Iron Walls they deem'd me not secure: 
So great fear of my Name amongst they were spread, 
That supp'd I could rend Barres of Steele, 
And surne in pieces Posts of Adamin, 
Wherefore a guard of choien Shot I had, 
That walkt about me every Minute while: 
And if I did but firte out of my Bed, 
Ready they were to shot me to the heart. 

Enter the Boy with a Limbeck. 
Salib. I griev't to hear what torment's you endur'd, 
But we will be reueng'd sufficiently. 
Now it is Suppertime in Orleans: 
Here, through this Grate, I count each one, 
And view the Frenchmen how they forific: 
Let vs looke in, the fight will much delight thee; 
Six Thomas Gargrane, and Sir William Giansdale, 
Let me have your expresse opinions, 
Where is best place to make our Batt'ry next? 
Gargrane. I thinke at the North Gate, for there stand 
Lords. 
Giansdale. And I heare, at the Butwarker of the Bridge, 
Talb. For ought I see, this Citie must be famish't, 
Or with light Skirmishes encealed. 
Salib. O Lord haue mercy on vs, wretched finner. 
Gargrane. O Lord haue mercy on me, woeful man. 
Talb. What chance is this, that suddenly hath croft vs? 
Speake Salisbury; at leaft, if thou canst, speake: 

How far't thou, Mirror of all Martiail men? 
One of thy Eyes, and thy Cheekes fide struck off? 
Accur'd Tower, accur'd fatal Hand, 
That hath contriv'd this woeful Tragedie. 
In thirtenee Battales, Salisbury'c ecame: 
Henry the Fift he first fray'd to the Warres, 
Whilist any Trumpet did sound, or Drum struck vp, 
His Swords did neere leaue flirling in the field.

Yet li'th thou Salisbury? though thy fpeech doth fayle, 
One Eye thou haft to look to Heaven for grace. 
The Sunne with one Eye vieweth all the World, 
Heauen be thou gracious to none alioe, 
If Salisbury wants mercy at th.y hands. 
Bearz hence his Body, I will helpe to bury it. 
Six Thomas Gargrane, haft thou any life? 
Speake unto Talbot, nay, looke vp to him. 
Salisbury chearze thy Spirit with this comfort, 
Thou shalt not dye whilsts—— 
He beckens with his hand, and smiles on me: 
As who shoud flay, When I am dead and gone, 
Remember to auenge me on the French. 
Plantagenc I will, and like thee, 
Play on the Lute, beholding the Townes borne: 
Wretchen shall France be oneley in my Name. 
Here an Alarum, and it Thunder and Lightnes. 
What firte is this? what rumble? in the Heauens? 
Hence commeth this Alarum, and the noyse? 

Enter a Meflenger. 
Meff. My Lord, my Lord, the French haue gather'd head. 
The Dolphin, with one Joane de Puzel soy'd, 
A holy Prophete, new rifen vp, 
Is come with a great Power, to rayfe the Siege. 
Here Salisbury lifteth himselfe vp, and growes.

Talb. Heare, heare, how dying Salisbury doth groane, 
It irkes his heart he cannot be reueng'd. 
Frenchmen, Ile be a Salisbury to you. 
Puzel or Puffel, Dolphin or Dog-flyth, 
Your hearts Ie flampe out with my Horles hecles, 
And make a Quagmire of your mingled braines. 
Conuey me Salisbury into his Tent, 
And then wele try what these dastard Frenchmen dare. 
Alarum. Exeunt.

Here an Alarum againe, and Talbot pursueth the Dolphin, 
and driveth him: Then enter Joane de Puzel, 
driving Englishman before her. 
Then enter Talbot. 

Talb. Where is my strengthe, my valour, and my force? 
Our English Troupes retrey, I can not flay them, 
A Woman clad in Armour chaseth them. 

Enter Puzel. 
Here, here fere comes. Ile have a bowte with thee: 
Deuill, or Deuils Dam, Ile conuere thee: 
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a Witch, 
And straightforward giuie thy Soule to him thou fen'th, 
Puzel. Come, come, 'tis onely that must dis grace thee. 
Here they firte. 

Talb. Heauens, can you suffere Hell fo to preaucle? 
My brefl Ile burn with straining of my courage, 
And from my shoulers crack my Armes aunder, 
But I will chaffe this high-minded Strumpet, 
They fight againe.

Puzel. Talbot farrell, the hour is not yet come, 
I must goo Vizulall Orleance forthwith: 
A fort Alarum: then enter the Towne 
with Souldiers. 

O're-
O'take me if thou canst, I count thy strength,
Go, go, choose vp thy hungry-starved men,
Help Salisbury to make his Testament,
This Day is ours, as many more shall be,
Exit.

Talk. My thoughts are whirled like a Potter's Wheelie,
I know not where I am; nor what I do:
A Witch by force, or like Hannibal,
Drives back our trooper, and conquers as the lift:
So Bees with smoke, and Doves with noyseome stench,
Are from their Hyues and Houfes driven away.
They call'd vs, for our fierceesse, English Dogs,
Now like to Whelpes, we crying runne away,
A short Alarm,

 Hearke Countrymen, eyther renew the fight,
Or teare the Lyons out of England's Coat;
Renounce your Soyle, glue Sheepe in Lyons Head;
Sheepe run not halfe to trecherous from the Wolfe,
Or Horfe or Oxen from the Leopard,
As you flye from your off-laboured stances.

Exit. Here another Skirmish,
It will not be, retire your to your Trenches:
You all confented into Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge,
Perch is entr'd into Orleanse,
In spight of vs, or ought that we could doe.
O would I were to dye with Salisbury,
The shame hereof, will make me hide my head.
Exit Talbot.

A temper. Retreat, flourish.

Enter on the Walls, Puzel, Dolphin, Reiniger, 
Alanfon, and Soldiers.

Puzel. Advance our wauing Colours on the Walls,
Refused is Orleanse from the English.
Thus Ioane de Puzel hath perform'd her word.
Dolph. Distract Creature, Aftrea's Daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success?
Thy promisses are like Adam's Gardens,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitfull were the next.
France, triumph in thy glorious Prophetesse,
Recour'd is the Towne of Orleanse,
More bleffed hap did neer befall our State.
Reiniger. Why sing not out the Bells aloud,
Throughout the Towne?
Dolphin command the Citizens make Bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alias. All France will be replent with mirth and joy,
When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.
Dolph. Tis Ioane, not we, by whom the day is wonne:
For which, I will divide my Crown with her,
And all the Priests and Fryers in my Realme,
Shall in procession fing her etendelle praiy.
A statelie Pyramis to her I leare,
Then Prophets or Memphis enter was,
In memorie of her, when she is dead,
Her Athes, in an Vine more precious
Then the rich-jewell'd Coffet of Darim,
Transport'd, shall be at high Fieftivals
Before the Kings and Queenses of France,
No longer on Saint Dennis will we cry,
But Ioane de Puzel shall be France's Saint.
Come in, and let vs Banquet Royally,
After this Golden Day of Vitorie.
Flourish. Exeunt.

Allus Secundus. Scena Prima.

En vs a Sergeant of a Band, with two Sentinels.

Ser. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:
If any noyle or Souldeier you perceive
Neeere to the walkes, by some apperant signe
Let vs have knowledge at the Court of Guard.
Sent. Sergeant you shall.
Thus are poor Sentinels
(When others sleepe upon their quiet beds)
Contrain'd to watch in darkness, 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 approach, the Regions of Artois,
Wallon, and Picardy, are friends to vs:
This happy night, the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banquetted,
Embrace we then this opportunity,
As setting bitt to quittance their deceit.

Bed. Coward of France, how much he wrongs his fame,
Dispairing of his own armes fortitude,
To joyn with Witches, and the helpe of Hell.
Burr. Traitors have nouer other company,
But what's that Puziel whom they termne so pure?

Tal. A Maid, they say.

Bed. A Maid? And be fo mariell?
Burr. Pray God she prove not maliculce ere long:
If wepreasure the Standard of the French
She carry Armour, as she hath begun.
Tal. Well, let them prackifie and converse with spirits,
God is our Fortresse, in whose conquering name
Let vs continue to feale their flinty bulwarks.
Bed. Ascend braue Talbot, we will follow tisce.

Tal. Not altogether: Better fafe I gueffe,
That we do make our entrance faterall ways:
That if it chance the one of vs do faile,
The other yet may rife against their force:
Bed. Agreed; lie to yond corner.

Burr. And I to this.

Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his graue.
Now Salisbury, for thee and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appeare
How much in dury, I am bound to both.

Sent. Arme, arme, the enemy doth make assault.
Cry, S. George, A Talbot.

The French leve on the walls in their flirts.
Enter several ways, Buffard, Alanfon, Reiniger, 
half ready, and half unready.

Alan. How now my Lords? what all vnready so?
Burr. Vnready? I and glad we scap'd so well.
Reig. Twas time (I trow) to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing Alarums at our Chamber doors.

Alan. Of all exploits since first I follow'd Armes,
Nee heard I of a warlike enterprize

More
More venturous, or desperate then this.

Baff. I think this Talbot be a Friend of Hell.

Reig. If not of Hell, the Heavens sure favour him.

Aloof. Here commeth Charles, I marvel how he sped?

Enter Charles and Isoue.

Baff. Tut, holy Isoue was his defensive Guard.

Charl. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful Dame? Didst thou at first, to flatter vs withal,
Make vs partakers of a little gayne,
That now our loss might be set times so much?

Isoue. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?

Charl. If all times will you have me Power to take,
Sleeping or waking, must I still prevaricate,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?

[Enter the whole but the Watch kept,]

Imprudent Soul! nor had your Watch been good,
This sudden Mischief never could have fandle.

Charl. Duke of Alfonso, this was your default,
That being Captaine of the Watch to Night,
Did look no better to that weighty Charge.

Aloof. Had all your Quarters been as safely kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not beene thus shamefully surpris'd.

Baff. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my Lord.

Charl. And for my sake, molt part of all this Night
Within her Quarters, and mine owne Precinct,
I was employ'd in paffing to and fro,
About relieving of the Centinels,

Then how, or which way, should they first break in?

Isoue. Quellion (my Lords) no further of the cause,
How or which way; 'tis sure they found some place,
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made:
And now there reeds no other shift but this,
To gather our Souldiers, scatter'd and disperst,
And lay new Plaines to endanger them.

Exit.

Act I. Scene II.

Alarum. Enter a Souldier crying, a Talbot, a Talbot: they flaying their Cloathes abroad.

Sould. He be so bold to take what they have left:
The Cry of Talbot terris me for a Sword,
For I have loadeen me with many Spoyles,
Ving no other Weapon but his Name.

Exit Talbot, Bedford, Burgundie.

Baff. The Day begins to break, and Night is fled,
Whole pitchy Mantine over-yayl'd the Earth.
Here found Retreat, and ease our hot pursuit.
Retreat.

Talb. Bring forth the Body of old Salisbury,
And here a denouement in the Market Place.
The Middle Creature of this cursed Towne,
Now have I play'd my Vow unto his Soule:
For entry drop of blood was drawn from him,
That is at first first true Frenchmen dyed to night,
And that becast or get may behold
What paine happened in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest Temple, He erect
A Tombe, whereon his Corps shall be inter'd.

Vpon which, that every one may read,

Shall be engrav'd the sакe of Orleans,
The treacherous manner of his most cruel death,
And what a tyrant he had becom to France.

But Lords, all our bloody Massacre,
I mufte not with the Dolphins Grace,

His new-conme Champion, vertuous Isoue of Acre,
Nor any of his false Confederates.

Baff. 'Tis thought Lord Talbot, when the fight began,
Rows'd on the sudden from their drowzy Beds,
They did alongft the troupes of armed men,
Leape o'the Walls for refuge in the field.

Burg. My felfe, as farre as I could well defeene,
For smoke, and duchke vapours of the night,
Am sure I fear'd the Dolphine and his Trull,
When Arme in Arme they both came swiftly running,
Like to a payre of louinge Turtle-Doves,
That could not live a funder day or night,
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power we haue.

Enter a Messenger.

Meff. All halay, my Lords: which of this Princeely trayne
Call ye the Warlike Talbot now?

So much applauded through the Realm of France?

Talb. Here is the Talbot, who would speake with him?

Meff. The vertuous Lady Countess of Ourgue,
With modestie admiring thy Renowne,
By me entreates (great Lord) thou wouldst vouchsafe
To visit her poor Caille where the lys,
That she may boast the last beheld the man,
Whole glory fill the World with loud report.

Burg. Is it euen to? Nay, then I fee our Waries
Will come unto a peacefull Comicke sport,
When Ladies creature to be encounter'd with.

Yoou may not (my Lord) despite her gentle fuit.

Talb. Ne'er truft me then; for when a World of men
Could not prevarille with all their Orasone,
Yet hath a Womans kindnesse over-rul'd:
And therefore tell her, I returne great thankes,
And in fabmission will attend on her.

Will not your Honors beare me company?

Baff. No, truly, its more then manner will:
And I have heard it sayd: the Hidden Guards
Are often welcommet when they are gone,

Talb. Well then, alone (since there's no remedie)
I mean to prose this Ladys course.

Come hither Captaine, you perceiue my minde.

Whispers.

Capt. I dooy my Lord, and meane accordingly.

Exit Captaine.

Enter Countess.

Count. Porter, remember what I poone in charge,
And when you have done so, bring the Keyses to me.

Port. Madame, I will.

Exit.

Count. The Plot is layd, if all things fall right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit.

As Sycthian Tomprie by Cypru death,
Great is the rumour of this dreadful Knight,
And his achievementes of no leffe account:
Faine would mine eyes be witness with mine eyes,
To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and Talbot.

Meff. Madame, according as your Ladyship defir'd,
By Meffage crauid, in is Lord Talbot come.

Count. And he is welcome: what is this the mans?

Meff. Madame, it is.

Count. Is this the Scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fcar'd abroad?
That with his Name the Mothers fill their Babes?
I see Report is fabulous and false.
The first Part of Henry the Six.

I thought I should have seen some Herald,
A facred Bishop, for his grace's sake.
And large proportion of his strong knit Limbes,
A Child, a Sily Dwarf:
It cannot be, this weak and wretched Limpe
Should strike such terror to his Enemies.

Call. Madame, I have been bold to trouble you;
But since your Ladyship is not at Leisure,
I shall certify her Talbot's here.

Count. What means he now?
Goe ask him, whither he goes;
Meas. Say my Lord Talbot, for my Lady craves,
To know the cause of your abrupt Departure?

Call. Marry, for that thee's in a wrong beleefe,
I goe to certify her Talbot's here.

Enter Porter with Keyes.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou Prisoner.

Call. To me, blood-thriftie Lord;
And for that cause I tray'd thee to my House.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me;
For in my Gallery thy Picture hangs:
But now the substance shall endure the like,
And I will chaynne these Legges and Armes of thine,
That halfe by Tyrannie these many yeares
Wafted our Country, flame our Citizens,
And fent our Sonsnes and Husbandes captivate.

Call. Ha, ha, ha.

Count. Laugh'st thou Wretch?
Thy mirth shall turne to mourning,

Call. I laugh to fee your Ladyship so fond,
To thunke, that you haue ought but Talbots shadow,
Whereon to prachifie your feueritie.

Count. Why'st art not thou the man?

Call. I am indeeder.

Count. Then haue I substance too.

Call. No, no, I am but shadow of my felde:
You're decend'd, my substance is not here;
For what you fee, is but the smallest part,
And least proportion of Humanitie:
I tell you Madame, were the whole Frame here,
It is of such a sparcious loftie pitch,
Your Roofe were not sufficient to contain'yn.

Count. This is a Riddling Merchant for the nonce,
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarities agree?

Call. That will I shew you presently.

Words his Horne, Drummons strike up, a Peale
Of Ordinance: Enter Soliards.

How say you Madame? are you now perfwad
That Talbo is but shadow of himselfe?
These are his substance, fineves, armes, and strengthe,
Which with he yoaketh his rebellious Neckes,
Razeth your Cities, and subverters your Townes,
And in a moment makes them defolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot, pardon my abufe,
I finde thou art no leffe then Fame hath bruised,
And more then may be gathered by thy state,
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath,
For I am sorry, that with reverence
I did not entertaine thee as thou art.

Call. Be not disy, faire Lady, nor misconcer
The minde of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body,
What you have done, hath not offended me:
Nor other satisfaction doe I crave,
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Lawyer. Vntele my Studie and my Booke be falle,

The argument you hold, was wrong in you;

In figures whereof, I pluck a white Rose too.

Tyre. Now Somerset, where is your argument?

Som. Here in my Scabbd, meditating, that

Shall dye your white Rose in a bloody red.

Tyr. Mean time your cheeks do counterfeit our Roses:

For pale they looke with fear, as winnowing

The truth on our fide.

Som. No Plantesget.

'Tis not for fear, but anger, that thy cheeks

Blush for pure Crime, to counterfeit our Roses,

And yet thy tongue will not confesse thy error.

To ke. Hath not thy Rose a Canker, Somerset?

Som. Hath not thy Rose a Thorne, Plantesget?

Tyr. I shufe and piercing to maintain his truth,

Whiles continuing Canker eates his falsehood.

Som. Well, Ile find friends to weare my bleeding Roses,

That shall maintaine what I have said is true,

Where falle Plantesget dare not be scene.

Tyr. Now by this Maiden Bloome in my hand,

I shewe thee thy fashion poynte my Boy.

Suff. Turn not thy fcome this way, Plantesget.

Tyr. Dowed Poole, I will, and Borne both him and thee.

Suff. He turne my part thereo into thy throat,

Som. Aw, aw, aw, good William de la Poole,

We grace the Yeoman, by confounding with him.

War. Now by Gods will thou wrong'hill him, Somerset:

His Grandfather was Lyvel Duke of Clarence,

Third Sonne to the thrird Edward King of England:

Spring Crefilefe Yeomen from to deepe a Root?

Tyr. He bears him on the place, Prulledge,

Or durft not for his craun heart, fey thus.

Som. By him that made me, Ile maintaine my words

On any Pile of Ground in Chirldendale.

Was not thy Father, Richard, Duke of Cambridge,

For Trefon excuted in our late Kings dayes?

And by his Trefon, hand if not thou attained,

Corrupted, and exempt from ancient Gentry:

His Trefon yet leaves guiltie in thy blood,

And till the baffe doth, thou art a V crews.

My Father was attacted, not condemn'd,

Condemn'd to dye for Trefon, but no Traitor:

And that Ile prove on better men then Somerset,

Were growing time; once ripened to my will.

For your partake Poole, and you your felle,

Ile note you in my Booke of Memorie,

To scrutour you for this apprehension:

Looke to it well, and say you are well warnd.

Som. Ah, thou shalt finde vs ready for thee fell;

And know vs by thefe Colours for thy Poes,

For these, my friends in fpite of thee Shall weare.

Tyr. And by my Soule, this pale and angry Rope,

As Cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,

WILL I for euer, and myfaction weare,

Vntill it wither with me to my Grave,

Or Aoneth to the height of my Degree.

Suff. Go forward, and be cheaked with thy ambition;

And fo farwell, vntill I meet thee next.


Exit. Tyr. How I am brau'd, and must perficere endure it?

War. This btle that they obiect against your Houfe,

Shall be whipt out in the next Parliament,

Call'd for the Truce of Wincheffe and Cloucester:

And if thou be not then created Tyrke,

I will not live to be accounted Warwicke.

Meantime, in signall of my love to thee,

Against proud Somerset, and William Poole,

Will I vpon thy parte weare this Rose.

And here I prophesie; this braille to day,

Growne to this faction in the Temple Garden,

Shall fend between the Red-Rose and the White,

A thouand Soules to Death and deadly Night.

Tyrke. Good Mafter Vernes, I am bound to you,

That you on my behalfe flll pluck a Flower.

Ver. In your behalfe fill I will the fame.

Lawyer. And to will I.

Tyrke. Thakes gentle.

Come, let vs foure to Dinner: I dare fay,

This Quarell will drinke Blood another day.

Exeunt.

Enter Mortimer, brought in a Choyre,

and Laylers.

Mort. Kind Keepers of my weake decaying Age,

Let dying Mortimer here reft himfelze.

Even like a man new haled from the Wack,

So fare my Limbes with long Imprifonement;

And tiefε grey Locks, the Purtifiants of death,

Newly-like aged, in an Age of Care,

Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.

Tiefε Eyes, like Lamps, whose wafting Oyle is spent,

Waxe dimme,as drawing to their Exigent.

Weake Shoulders, ouer-born with burtthening Grieafe,

And pyth-leffe Armes,like to a withered Vine,

That groups his taffe-leffe Branche to the ground.

Yet are there Feet, whose strength-leffe flay is numme,

(Vnable to support this Lumper of Clay)

Swift-winge'd with defire to get a Graue,

As writing no other comfort haue.

But tell me, Keeper, will my Nephew come?

Keeper. Richard Plantagenet, my Lord will come;

We fea ito the Temple, into his Chamber,

And therein was return'd, that he will come.

Mort. Enough that my Nephew shall then be satisfied.

Poor Gentleman, his wrong doth euein mine,

Since Henry Maunoufth first began to reigne,

Before whose Glory I was great in Armes,

This lathome fequestration Ie I had;

And even since then, hath Richard beene obfur'd,

Depri'd of Honor and Inheritance.

But now, the Arbitrator of Depairtes,

Inft death, kinde Vmpire of mens miferies,

With sweet enlargement doth difmiffe me hence;

I would his troubles likewife were expir'd,

That fo he might recover what was loft.

Enter Richard.

Keeper. My Lord, your launging Nephew now is come,

Mort. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?

Rich. 1. Noble Vnkle, thus ignobly vs'd,

Your Nephew, late defpiff Richard, comes.

Mort. Direct mine Armes, I may embrace his Neck,

And in his Bosome Ipend my latter gape.

Oh tell me when my Lippers do touch his Cheeks,

That I may kindly give one fainting Kiff.

And now declare fweet Stern from Tyke great Stock,

Why did thou lay of late thou wer delphi'd?

Rich. First
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

Rich. First, I am thine aged Back against mine Arme, And in that case, he tell thee my Difearte, This day in argument upon a Cafe, Some words there grew twixt Sommer set and me: Among which carmes, he'd sa laurit tonge, And did qvapoyd me with my Fathers death; Which obloquit ter barres before my tonge, Elle with the like I had requited him. Therefore good Vuckle, for my Fathers sake, In honor of a true Plantagenet, And for Alliance fake, declare the cause My Father, Earle of Cambridge, loft his Head. Yet, that cause (faiire Nephew) that imprisond' me, And hath detayn'd me all my flowing Youth, Within a loathsome Dungeon, there to pyne, Was curf'd Instrument of his deceat. Rich. Discover more at large what cause that was, For I am ignorant, and cannot gueffe. Yet, I will, if that my fadning breach permit, And Death approach not, ere my Tale be done, Henry the Fourth, Grandfather to this King, Depo'd his Nephew Richard, Edwards Sonne, The first begotten, and the lawfull Heire Of Edward King, the Third of that Difcance. During whose Reign, the Peerers of the North, Finding his Vcription of little mind, Endeavour'd his advancement to the Throne. The realion most cfe that Warlike Lords to this, Was for that (young Richard thus remou'd, Leaving no Heire begotten of his Body) I was the next by Birth and Parentage: For by my Mother, I derived am From Lionel Duke of Clarence, third Sonne To King Edward the Third; whereas hee, From John of Gaunt doth bring his Pedigree, Being but fourth of that Herocic Lyre. But make's as in this haughtie great attempt, They laboured, to plant the rightfull Heire, I loft my Libertie, and this their Lives. Long after this, when Henry the Sift, (Succeeding his Father King of England) did reigne; Thy Father, Earle of Cambridge, then dier'd From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of York, Making my Sifter, and thy Mother was; Again, in pitty of my hard diffire. I leu'd an Army, weening to redeeme, And have infrad me in the Diadome: But as the reft, so fell that Noble Earle, And was bechaded. Thus the Mourners, In whom the Title rellet, were suppress. Rich. Of which, my Lord, your Honor is the left. Mort. True, and thou seest, that I no illue have, And that my干事 wonds doe warrant death: Thou art my Heire; the reft, I wile them gather: But yet be wary in thy judicious care. Rich. Thy grave admonishments press Unity with me: But yet methinks, my Fathers execution Was nothing like then bloody Tyrann. Mort. With silence, Nephew, be thou pollutick, Strong fix'd is the House of Lancifher, And like a Mountaine, not to be remou'd. Therefore my Vuckle is remaining hoare, As Princes doe their Courts, when they are cloy'd With long continuance in a settled place. Rich. Of Vuckle, would be no part of my young yeeres Might but redeeme the passage of your Age.

Mort. Thou do'lt then wrong me, as thou art doing thech, Which gieuch many Wounds, when one will kill. Morne not, except thou forrow for my good, Oneley glue order for my Funerall. And to farewell, and faire be all thy hopes, And prosperous be thy Life in Peace and Warre. Dyes. Rich. And Peace, no Warre, befall thy parting Soule. In Prison hath thou spent a Pilgrimage, And like a Hermite ouer-passt thy days. Well, I will locke his Counsell my Prefent, And what I doe imagine, let that rest. Keepers coney his him hence, and thy life Will see his Buriall better then his Life. Here dyes the dulle Torch of Mortimer, Choak't with Ambition of the meaner fort. And for those Wronges, those bitter Inuries, Which Somneres hath offer'd to my Houfe, I doubt not, but with Honor to redreffe. And therefore haste I to the Parliament, Byther to be reforted to my Blood, Or make my will th'advantage of my good.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Flourish. Enter King, Exeter, Gff'er, Winceby, Warwick, Somerfet, Suffolk, Richard Plantagenet. Gff'er offers to put up a bill. Winceby forbeares it, seares it.

Winceby. Com't thou with deepes premeditated Lines? With written Pamphlets, studiously deu'd?" The Only of Gff'er, if thou canst accuse, Or ought intend it to lay into my charge, Doe it without intention suddenly, As I wish fudden, and extemporal speech, To anfw'er what thou canst objeect.

Glo. Presumptuous Priest, this place commands my patiece, Or thou should'lt finde thou haft dis-honor'd me, Think'st, although in Writing I prefer'd The manner of thy vile outrageous Crymes, That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able To alter to reform the Method of my Penne. No Pretie, such is thy audacious wickedniffe, Thy liw'd, pelturous, and disfainfull pranks, As very infants prattle of thy pride. Thou art a man of no great repute. Before my nature, Enrife to Peace, Lasciwous, wanton, more then well beleeme A man of thy Profession, and Degree. And for thy Treurie, what's more manifest? In that thou lay'dst a Trap to take my Life, As well at London Bridge, as at the Tower. Before, I fcare me, if thy thoughts were fifted, The King, thy Soueraine, is not quite exempt From enious malice of thy swelling heart. Winceby. Gff'er, I doe defire thee, Lords vouchefafe To give me hearing what I shall reply. If we were courteous, ambitious, or cunferce, As he will have me: how am I to poorte? Or how haps it, I feake not to advance Or rayke my felie, but keep me my wundted Calling, And for Diffention, who preferreth Peace More then I doe? except I be prouoked. Be well my good Lords, it is not that offends, It is not that, that hath incest'd the Duke: It is because no one should way but hee, No one, but hee, should be about the King; And that engenders Thunder in his brest,
And makes him remorse these Accusations forth.
But he shall know I am as good.
Gloft. As good?
Thou BaJlard of my Grandfather.
Winch. 1. Lordly Sir: for what are you, I pray

But one impertinent in another's Throne?
Gloft. Am I not Protector, save Prieft?

Winch. And am not I a Prelate of the Church?
Gloft. Yes, as an Out-law in a Castle keeps,

And vouched, to patronage his Theif.
Winch. Vnresent turf Glofter,

Gloft. Thou art recuierent,

Touching thy Spiritual Function, nor thy Life.

Winch. Rome full vendicte this.

Warw. Romance then therer,

My Lord, it were your dutei to forbear.
Saw. I see the Bishop be not ouer-borne:

Methinks my Lord should be Religious,
And know the Office that belongs to fuch,

Warw. Me thinks his Lordship should be humber:
It fitte not a Prelate to pleased.

Saw. Yes, when his holy State is touch'd to necce.
Warw. State holy, or vnhalldowd, what of that?

Is not his Grace Protector to the King?
Riek. Ploutogcst the fea muft hold his tongue,
Leafe it be fad, Speake Siring when you shald.

Muf't your bould Verdicr enter tale with Lords?
Elfe would I have a fling at Winterfter.

King. Vnckles of Glofter, and of Wincler, the

The speciall Warclmen-of our English Wele,
I would pruifey, if Prayers might preuale,

To iyoye your hearts in love and amicie.
Oh, what a Scandal is it to our Crowne,

With two fuch Noble Peers: as ye shall have lare?
Believe me, Lords,my tender yeeres can tell,
Cunill diffention is a vipersor Weorne,

That gaves the Bowels of the Common-wealth.

A noye within, Downe with the

Tawny-Coats.

King. What tumult his this?

Warw. An Vprore, I dare warrant,

Begun throught malice of the Bishops men.

A noye again, Stone, Stonc.

Enter a. Major.

Major. Oh my good Lords, and vertuous Henry,

Pitty the Citie of London, pitty vs:
The Bishop, and the Duke of Glofiers men,

Forbidden late to carry any Weapon,
Hate fill'd their Pockets full of peeble stones:
And banding themselves in contrary parts,

Do pet to hat, one another's Pate,

That many hate their giddy braymes knockt out:
Our Windowes are broke downe in every Street,
And we, for feare, compell'd to flout our Shops.

Enter in skirmish with bloody Pates.

King. We charge you, on allegeance to our felfe,
To hold your flaggrant hands, and keepe the Peace:

Pray Vnckle Glofter mitigate this strife.

1. Servyng. Nay, if we be forbidden Stones, we'le fall
to it with our Teeth.

2. Servyng. Doe what ye dare, we are as refolute,

Skirmish again.

Gloft. You of my household, leaxe this pueeulh broyle,
And let this vaceccion'd flght aside.

3. Serv. My Lord, we know your Grace to be a man

Iuef, and vpright; and for your Roayl Birth,

Inferior to none, but to his Maiefte:

And ere that we will fuffer such a Prince,

So kinde a Father of the Common-wealth,

To be disgraced by an Inke-horne Mate,

Wee and our Wives and Children all will fight,

And have our bodies flaughter'd by thy foes.

1. Serv. I, and the very parings of our Nayles

Shall pitch a Field when we are dead.

Begin again.

Gloft. Stay, stay, I say:

And if thou loue me, as you say you do,

Let me periuate you to forbear a while.

King. Oh, how this discord doth afflict my Soule.

Can you, my Lord of Winchefier, behold

My fighes and teares, and will not once relent

Who should be pittifull, if you be not:

Or who should fudy to preferre a Peace,

If holy Church-men take deligte in broyles?

Warw. Yeeld my Lord Protecor, yeeld Wincler,

Except you mean with obfinate repulfe

To fly your Souerainge, and destroy the Realme.

You fea what Mifchief, and what Murder too,

Hath hencen enacled through your enmity,

Then be at peace, except ye thift for blood.

Winch. He shall submit, or I will never yeeld.

Gloft. Compliation on the King commands me floupe,

Or I would fee his heart out, ere the Prieft

Should euery get that pruifield of me.

Warw. Behold my Lord of Wincler, the Duke

Hath banifhed multitude dilacored fury,

As by his smoothd Bovyes it doth appeare;

Why looke you fill fo ilerne, and tragicall?

Gloft. Here Wincler, I offer thee my Hand,

King. Fie Vnckle Beauford, I have heard you preech,

That Mallice was a great and grievous faine:

And will not you maintaine the thing you teache?

But proue a chiefe affenidor in the fame,

Warw. Sweet Kings: the Bishop hath a kindly gyrd:

For fhame my Lord of Wincler releat

What,flall a Child infruct you what to doe?

Winch. Well, Duke of Glofter, I will yeeld to thee

Loue for thy Loue, and Hand for Hand I gyue.

Gloft. 1, but I feare me with a hollow Heart.

See here my Friends and young Countreymen,
This token ferueth for a Flagge of Truce,

Betwixt our felues, and all our followers:

So helpe me God, as I defheme not,

Winch. So helpe me God, as I intend it not.

King. Oh louing Vnckle, kinde Duke of Glofter,

How loyfull am I made by this Contrat,

Away my Masters, trouble vs no more,

But bynoye in friendfhip, as your Lords have done.

1. Serv. Complie to the Surgeant.

2. Serv. And to will.

3. Serv. And I will fee what Phyficke the Tauerne af-

forde.

Exeunt.

Warw. Accept this Scrowle, moft grauous Souerainge,

Which in the Right of Richard Plantagenet,

We doe exhibite to youf Maietie.

Gloft. Well, my Lord of Warwick; for beue me,

And if your Grace make every cirriculum,

You haue great reason to doe Richard right,

Especially for those occasions

At Eltam Place I told your Maietie,
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

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King. And those occasions, Vnkle, were of force:  
Therefore my loving Lords, our pleasure is,  
That Richard be retried to his Blood,  
War. Let Richard be retried to his Blood,  
So shall his Fathers wrongs be recompent.  
Winch. As will the rest, to will it the Winche foler.  
King. If Richard will be true, not that all alone,  
But all the whole Inheritance give,  
That doth belong vaine the House of York,  
From whence you spring, by Lineal Descent.  
Rich. Thy humble fervant vows obedience,  
And humble servise, till the point of death.  
King. Swope then, and set your Knee against my Foot,  
In regueroon of that duty done,  
I gyrt thee with the valiant Sword of York:  
Rife Richard, like a true Plantagenet,  
And rife created Princey Duke of York.  
Rich. And to shewe Richard, as thy foes may fall,  
And as my dutie spring, to perath they,  
That grudge one thought against your Maiesty.  
A1. Welcome high Prince, the mighty Duke of York.  
Glyft. Now will it beft assuage your Maiestye,  
To croke the Seas and to be Crown'd in France:  
The presence of a King engenders lyme  
Amongst his Subiects, and his loyaly Friends,  
As it defamines his Enemies,  
King. When Glyftter syes the word, King Henry goes,  
For friendly counterpart cutt off many Foes.  
Glyft. Your Ships already are in readinesse.  
Sem. Flourish, Exeunt.

Mant Exeunt.  
Exeunt. I, my we may march in England, or in France,  
Nett seeing what is likely to enue:  
This late ditraction gowne betwixt the Peers,  
Burees under faine alhes of forg'd loute,  
And will at last breake out into a flame,  
As ferefed members rot but by degree,  
Till bones and flesh and finewes fall away,  
So will this base and enuious discord breed.  
And now I feare that fatal Prophecy,  
Which in the time of Henry, nam'd the Fifth,  
Was in the mouth of every fucking Babe,  
That Henry borne at Monmouth should winne all,  
And Henry borne at Windsor, loofe all:  
Which is fo plaine, that Exeunt doth with,  
His dayes may finall, ere that haplesse time.  
Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Pucell disguis'd, with foure Souldiers with  
Sacks upon their backs.

Pucell. These are the Citie Gates, the Gates of Roan,  
Through which our Policie must make a breach.  
Take heed, be wary how you place your words,  
Talk like the vulgar fots of Market men,  
That come to gather Money for their Corne.  
If we have entrance, as I hope we shall,  
And that we finde the (houtfull Watch but wise,  
Ie by a signe giue notice to our friends,  
That Charles the Dolphin may encounter them.

Souldier. Our Sacks shall be a meane to sack the City,  
And we be Lords and Rulers over Roan,  
Therefore we'll knock.  
Knock.  
Watch. Ohe!  
Pucell. Pensans la pouve gens de France,  
Poore Market folkes that come to fell their Corne.  
Watch. Enter, goe in, the Market Bell is rung.  
Pucell. Now Roan, Ile shake thy Bulwarks to the ground,  
Exeunt.

Enter Charles, Bafbard, Alafon.  
Charles, Saint Dennis bleffe this happy Stratageme,  
And once againe we'll sleep secure in Roan.  
Bafard. Here entred Pucell, and her Pradisants:  
Now she is there, how will the specifics?  
Here is the best and faiest passage in,  
Reig. By thrufhing out a Torch from yonder Tower,  
Which once defeer'd, the wes that her meaning is,  
No way to that (for weaknesse) which the entred,  
Enter Pucell on the top, thrufhing out a  
Torch burning.

Pucell. Behold, this is the happy Wedding Torch,  
That layeth Roan into her COUNTRYmen,  
But burning faiest to the Tallonitors.  
Bafard. See Noble Charles the Beacon of our friend,  
The burning Torch in yonder Turret flonds,  
Charles. Now shine it like a Commet of renewe,  
A Prophet to the fall of all our Foes.  
Reig. Derrere no time delayes, have dangerous ends,  
Enter and cry, the Dolphin, prently,  
And then doe execution on the Watch.  
Alarum.

An Alarum. Talk on in an Excursion.  
Talk, France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,  
If Talbot but surfei thy Trecherie.  
Pucell that Witch, that damned Sorceresse,  
Hath wrought this Hellish Mischiefe vnares,  
That hardly we espeth the Pride of France.  
Exit.  
An Alarum: Excursions. Bedford brought  
in jacks in a Chayre.  

Enter Talbot and Burgonie without: within, Pucell,  
Charles, Bafard, and Reignier on the wall.  
Pucell. God morrow Gallants, want ye Corn for Bread?  
I think the Duke of Burgonie will fall,  
Before hee be buy againe at such a rate,  
'I was full of Darnell: do ye like the tafe?  
Burg. Scoffe on vile Fiend, and flamellous Curtizan,  
I trust ere long to choose thee with thine owne,  
And make thee curie the Haruest of that Corne.  
Charles. Your Grace may starue (perhaps) before that time.  
Bed. Oh let no words, but decrees, teuenge this Trea-  

Pucell. What will you doe, good grey-beard?  
Break a Launce, and unne a Tile at Death,  
Within a Chayre.  
Talk. Floue Fiend of France, and Hag of all despight,  
Incompas'd with thy luftfull Paramounts,  
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant Age,  
And witv with Cowardice a man halfe dead?  
Darnell, do ye have a bowe with you againe,  
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.  
Pucell. Are ye so hong Sir; yet Pucell hold thy peace,  
If Talbot doe but Thunder, Rane will follow.  
They whisht together as counsel.  
God Speed the Parliament: who shall be the Speaker?  

12 Talk. Date
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

Tab. Dare yee come forth, and meet vs in the field?
 Pcuell. Behike your Lordship takes vs then for fooles, To try if that our owne be ours, or no.

Tab. I speake not to that rayling Hecate, But vs to thee Alanfon, and the rest.

Will ye, like Soulndors, come and fight it out?

Alanfs. Seignior no.

Tab. Seignior hang us. Muleters of France, Like Peafan: loote-Bayes do the keepe the Walls, And raile not oute our Armes, like Gentlemen.

Pcuell. Away Captains, let vs get vs from the Walls,

For Talbot means no goodneffe by his Lookes, God by my Lord, we came but to tell you That vs are here. Exeunt vs from the Walls.

Tab. And there will we be too, ere it be long,

Or else reproach be Talbots greatest fame.

Vow Burgonie, by honor of thy Houfe, Prick on by publike Wongs fuftain'd in France,

Either to get the Towne againe, or dye,

And I as fure as English Henry liues, And as his Father here was Conqueror;

As fure as in this late betrayed Towne,

Great Cordeihearts Heart was buryed;

So fure I fware, to get the Towne, or dye.

Burg. My Voves are equall partners with thy Vowes.

Tab. But ere we goe, regard this dying Prince,
The valiant Duke of Bedford: Come my Lord, We will beftow you in fome better place,

Fitter for fickleffe, and for craffe age.

Bedf. Lord Talbot, doe not to diuifion me:

Here will I fte, before the Walls of Roan, And will be partner of your wefare or woe.

Burg. Courageous Bedford, let vs now perfwade you.

Bedf. Not to be gone from hence: for once I read,

That flout Pendance, in his Litter fick,

Came to the field, and vanquifhed his foes.

Me thinks I fould reuife the Soulndors hearts,

Because I never found them as my felfe.

Tab. Vanaunted spirit in a dying breach,

Then be it fo: Heaven's keep old Bedford fale.

And now no more adore, braue Burgonie,

But gather we our Forces out of hand, And let upon our boathing Enemy. Exit.

A Scenario: Excursions. Enter Sir John Falffe, and a Captaine.

Capt. Whither away Sir John Falffe, in fuch haffe?
Falffe. Whither away? to fave my felfe by flight,

We are like to have the overthrow againe.

Capt. What? will you flye, and leave Lord Talbot?
Falffe. I, all the Talbots in the World, to fave my life. Exit.

Capt. Cowardly Knight, ill fortune follow thee. Exit.


Bedf. Now quieter Soule, depart when Heauen pleafe,

For I have feene our Enemies overthrow.

What is the truft or strength of foolifh man?

They that of late were daring with their fooffes,

Are glad and fame by flight to fave themfelves.

Bedford dyes, and is carried in by two in his Chaire.

An Alarm. Enter Talbot, Burgonie, and the ref.

Tab. Loft, and recovered in a day againe,

This is a double Honor, Burgonie:

Yet Heauens hauе glory for this Victorie.

Burg. Warlike and Martiall Talbot, Burgonie Inhurnes thee in his heart, and there erects Thy noble Deeds, as Valors Monuments.

Tab. Thanks gentle Duke: but where is Pcuell now? I think her old Familiar is affiepe.

Now where's the Ballards braues, and Charles his giles?

What all amort? Roan hangs her head for griefe,

That fuch a valiant Company are fled.

Now will we take fome order in the Towne,

Placing therein fome expert Officers, And then departed to Paris, to the King,

For there young Henry with his Nobleslye.

Burg. What wills Lord Talbot, pleaseth Burgonie.

Tab. But yet before we goe, let's not forget

The Noble Duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,

But fee his Exequies fullifh'd in Roan.

A brauer Soulndier neuer couched Laurence,

A gentler Heart did neuer fway in Court.

But Kings and mightieft Potentates muft die,

For that's the end of humane miferie. Exeunt.

Scene Tertia.

Enter Charles, Bajlard, Alanfon, Pcuell.

Pcuell. Dismay not (Princes) at this accident,

Nor grieue that Roan is fo recovered,

Care is no cure, but rather correfolute,

For things that are not to be remedy'd,

Let smooth Talbot triumph for a while,

And like a Peacock sweepeth along his tayle,

Wee'll pull his Plumes, and take away his Trayne,

If Dolphin and the ref'll be but rul'd,

Charles. We have been guided by thee hitherto,

And of thy Cunnings had no difdifference,

One tuldent Foyle shall never breed difftrict.

Bajlard. Search out thy wit for fecret pollicies,

And we will make thee famous through the World.

Alanfon. We'll fe thy Statue in fome holy place,

And fuple thy reuerence like a bleffed Saint.

Employ thee then, sweet Virginius, for our good.

Pcuell. Then thoufand foldours, thy fonne true wine-

By faire perfwazions, mixt with fugged wordes,

We will enite the Duke of Burgonie,

To leave the Talbot, and to follow vs.

Charles. I marry Sweeting, if we could doe that,

France were no place for Henryes Worriours,

Nor should that Nation boffe it for with us,

But be extirpated from our Prouinces.

Alanfon. For euer fhould they be expul'd from France,

And not have Title of an Earledome here.

Pcuell. Your Honors fhall perceiue how I will worke,

To bring this matter to the wifhed end.

Dramme founds a fame off.

Hearke, by the found of Dramme you may perceiue

Their Powers are marching vnto Paris-ward.

Here found an English March.

There goes the Talbot with his Colours ipred,

And all the Troupes of English after him.

French
The First Part of Henry the Sixth.

French March.
Now in the Renierew 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. Speake Pucell, and enchaunt him with thy words.
Pucell. Braue Burgonie, undoubted hope of France,
Stay, let thy humble Hand-maid speake to thee.

Pucell. speake on, but be not over-tedious.
Pucell. Looke on thy Country, look on fertile France,
And see the Cities and the Townes deface,
By wasting Ruine of the cruell Foe,
As lookes the Mother on her lowly Babe,
When Death doth close his tender-dying Eyes.
See, see the pining Maladie of France:
Behold the Wounds, the most vnnatural Wounds,
Which thou thy selfe haft given her wofull Brit.
Oh turne thy edged Sword another way,
Strike thro's hone that hurt, and hurst not those that helpe:
One drop of Blood drawne from thy Countries Breaste,
Should grieve thee more then threames of foraine gore.
Returne thefel therefore with a flood of Teares,
And walsh away thy Countries flayned Spots.

Burg. Either the hath bewitch't me with her words,
or Nature makes me suddently relent.
Pucell. Besides, all French and France exclameth on thee,
Doubling thy Birth and lawfull Progenie,
Who say'ft thou with, but with a Lordly Nation,
That will not trueth thee, but for profits sake?
When Talbot hath fet footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that Instrument of Ill,
Who then, but English Henry, will be Lord,
And thou be trueth out, like a Fugittine?
Call we to minde, and make but this for proofe:
Was not the Duke of Orleans thy Foe?
And was he not in England Prisoner?
But when they heard he was shaine Enemie,
They set him free, without his Ransome pay'd,
In sight of Burgonie and all his friends.
See then, thou fight'st it against thy Countrymen,
And say'ft not with them be thy wittie-men.

Come, come, returne, returne thou wandering Lord,
Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

Burg. I am vanquished:
These haughtie wordes of hers
Haue batt'red me like roaring Cannon-shot,
And made me almost yeeld upon my knees.
Forgive me Countrype, and sweet Countrymen:
And Lords accept this heartie kind embrasse,
My Forces and my Power of Men are yours.
So farwell Talbot, Ile no longer trueth thee.
Pucell. Done like a Frenchman: turne and turne a-gaine.

Charles. Welcome brave Duke, thy friendship makes vs freth.

Bailard. And doth beget new Courage in our Brethren.

Alain. Pucell hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserve a Coronet of Gold.
For taken your perritious Passion, 
And ign'd with Charle's, the rightfull king of France. 
O monstrous Treachery: Can this be so? 
That in alliance, amity, and oaths, 
There should be found such false dissembling guile? 
King. What? doth my Vnkle Burgundy revolt? 
Glo. He doth my Lord, and is become your foe. 
King. Is that the worst this Letter doth containe? 
Glo. It is the worst, and all (my Lord) he writes. 
King. Why then Lord Tailbot there that talk with him, 
And give him chaffement for this abuse. 
How say you (my Lord) are you not content? 
Tal. Content, my Liege? Yes: But I am prevented, 
I should have begg'd I might have bene employed. 
King. Then gather strength, and march into him straight: 
Let him perceive how ill we broke his Treson, 
And what offence it is to flout his Friends, 
Tal. I go my Lord, in heart desiring all 
You may behold confusion of your foes. 
Enter Veron and Bisoffe.

Ver. Grant me the Combsate, gracious Soueraigne. 
Bis. And me (my Lord) grant me the Combate too. 
Ver. This is my Servant, heare him Noble Prince. 
Bis. And this is mine (sweet Henry) favour him. 
King. Bespatent Lords, and give them leaue to speake. 
Say Gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaine, 
And wherefore craue you? Combsate? Or with whom? 
Ver. With him (my Lord) for he hath done me wrong. 
Bis. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong. 
King. What is that wrong, whereof you both complain. 
Firt let me know, and then Ile answer you. 
Bis. Crolfing the Sea, from England into France. 
This Fellow heere with envious carpine tongue, 
Vpraised me about the Roft I weare, 
Saying, the languinge colour of the Leasues. 
Did represent my Masters blustering cheeks; 
When at homely 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 taleme, 
In contubution of which rude reproach, 
And in defence of my Lords worthinesse, 
I crave the beneffe of Lawe of Armes. 
Ver. And that is my petition (Noble Lord) 
For though he beome with forged quente conceite 
To fet a glosse upon his bold intente, 
Yet know (my Lord) I was prou'd by him, 
And heer firste tooke exceptions at this badge, 
 Pronouncing that the palnttele of this fower, 
Bewray'd the fainttele of my Masters heart. 
Ver. Will not this malice Somerset be left? 
Som. Your private grudge my Lord of Yorke, will out, 
Though hee'te so cunningly you smoother. 
King. Good Lord, what madneffe rules in braine-

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter King, Glocefler, Winchefter, York, Suffolk, Sonrefet, Warwicke, Tailbot, and Governor Exeter. 

Glo. Lord Bishop let the Crowne upon his head. 
Win. God fawe King Henry of that name the fixt. 
Glo. Now Governor of Paris take your oath, 
That you elect no other King but him; 
Eftione none Friends, but such as are his Friends, 
And none your Foes, but fuch as shall pretend 
Malignant praftices againft his State: 
This fhall ye do, fo help you righteouf God. 
Enter Eafteffe.

Efl. My gracious Soueraigne, as I rode from Calice, 
To haffe into your Coronation: 
A Letter was deliver'd to my bands, 
Writ to your Grace, from th' Duke of Burgundy. 

Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy, and thee: 
I vow'd (base Knight) when I did meete the next, 
To tear the Garter from thy Crafen leuge, 
Which I have done, because (immortall) 
Then was't infall'd in that High Degree. 
Pardon me Princely Henry, and the reft: 
This Daffard, at the battell of Peatlers, 
When (but in all) I 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 trullfe Squire, did run away, 
In which affault, we loft twelue hundred men. 
My felfe, and diuers Gentlemen beside, 
Were there surpriz'd, and taken prisoners. 
Then judg (great Lords) if I have done amile: 
Or whether that fuch Cowards ought to wear 
This Ornamente of Knightehood, yes or no? 
Glo. To fay the truth, this fact was infamous, 
And ill befeming any common man; 
Much more a Knight, a Captaine, and a Leader. 

Tal. When this Order was ordain'd my Lords, 
Knights of the Garter were of Noble birth; 
Valiant, and Vertuous, full of haughty Courage, 
Such as were growne to credit by the warres: 
Not fearing Death, nor shrinking for Diftreffe, 
But always refolving, in most extremes. 
He then, that is not furnifh'd in this fort, 
Doth but vnder the Sacred name of Knight, 
Prophaning this most Honourable Order, 
And should (if we were worthy to be judg) 
Be quite degrad'd, like a Hedge-borne Sware, 
That doth presume to boast of Gentile blood. 
K. Stainy to thy Countrymen, thou hear'st thy doom: 
Be paking therefore, thou that was't a knight; 
Henceforth we banish thee on paine of death. 
And now Lord Protector, view the Letter 
Sent from our Vnkle Duke of Burgundy. 

Glo. What means his Grace, that he hath chaung'd 
this Stile? 
No more but plaine and bluntly? (To the King.) 
Hath he forgot he is his Soueraigne? 
Or doth this churlif Superfetion 
Pretend some alteration in good will? 
What's heere? I have upon efeeciall cause, 
Madd with compaffion of my Countrics wroght, 
Together with the pitiful complaints, 
Of such as your oppression feedes upon.
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Bass. Confirme it fo, mine honourable Lord.  
Glo. Confirme it so? Confounded by your strive,  
And perish ye with your audacious pride,  
Prelumprous vailes, are you not asham'd  
With this immodeft clamorous outrage,  
To trouble and disturbe the King, and Vs?  
And you my Lords, me thinkes you do not well  
To bear with their peruerse Objections:  
Much lese to take occasion from their mouths,  
To raise a mutiny betwixt your seules.  
Let me perowe you take a better course.  
Exeunt.  
It greets you his Highnesse,  
Good my Lords, be Friends.  
King. Come hither you that would be Combatants  
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our fauour,  
Quite to forget this Quarrel, and the caufe.  
And you my Lords: Remember where we are,  
In France, amongst a sickle wauering Nation:  
If they perceyue disaffection in our looke,  
And that within our seules we disgree;  
How will their grudging flamacks be provoku'd  
To willfull Disobedience, and Rebell?  
Befide, what infany willst these ariue,  
When Foraigne Princes shall be certifie,  
That for a toy, a thing of no regard.  
King. Homer Peares, and comme Nobility,  
Destroy'd themselues, and lost the Realme of France?  
Oh thinke upon the Conquests of my Father,  
My tender yeares, and let vs not forgoe  
That for a trifle, that was bought with blood,  
Let me be Vmper in this doublfull strife:  
I fee no reason if I weare this Rofe,  
That any one shoule thereforbe be fufpicious  
I more incline to Somerset, than Yorke:  
Both are my kinmen, and I love them both.  
As well they may vpbray me with my Crowne,  
Because (ferfough) the King of Scots is Crown'd.  
But your defeotions breer can perowe,  
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 influte your Grace  
To be our Regent in these partes of France:  
And good my Lord of Somerset, vsole  
Your Troopes of horfemen, with his Bands of fooe,  
And like true Subieicts, sonses of your Progenitors,  
Go cheerfully together, and digete  
Your angry Choller on your Enemies.  
Our Selve, my Lord Protector, and the rest,  
After some repit, will returne to Calice;  
From thence to England, where I hope ere long  
To be presented by your Victories,  
With Charles, Alanfon, and that Traierous rout.  
Exeunt.  
War. My Lord of Yorke, I promisse you the King  
Pretilly (me thought) did play the Orator.  
Verue. And so he did, but yet I like it not,  
In that he weares the badge of Somerset.  
War. Truth, that was but his fancy, blade him not,  
I dare presume (sweet Prince) he thought no harme.  
Verue. And if he did, but let it rest,  
Other affaires must now be managed.  
Exeunt.  
Flower.  
Macon. Exeuter.  
Exeut. Well did thou Thiehard to suppress thys voice:  
For hath the passions of thy heart burst out,  
I feare we should have seen deceiver'd there  
More rancorous light, more furious raging broyles,  
Then yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd:  
But howforse, no simple man that fees  
This laring discord of Nobilitie,  
This thouldering of each other in the Court,  
This fauius bandying of their Favourites,  
But that it doth preage some ill event.  
'Tis much, when Scepters are in Childrens hands:  
But more, when Envy breeds withke devillion,  
There comes the ruine, there begins confition.  
Exeunt Talbot with Trumpet and Drumme,  
before Burdeaux."  
Tall. Go to the Gates of Burdeaux Trumpeter,  
Summon their Generall into the Wall.  
Souns,  
Enter Generall afts.  
English John Talbot (Captaines) call you forth;  
Seruant in Arms to Harry King of England,  
And thus he would. Open your Citie Gates,  
Be humble to vs, call my Sovereigne yours,  
And do him hommage as obedient Subjectes,  
And Ile withdrawe me, and my bloody power.  
But if you frowne upon this protector Peace,  
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,  
Leave Famine, quarreling Steele, and climbing Fire,  
Whd in a moment, eaten with the earth,  
Shall lay your flatly, and ayre-bruzing Towers,  
If you forfake the offer of their love.  
Cap. Thou ominous and fesrfull Owe 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 protest we are well fortified,  
And strong enough toifie out and fight.  
If thou retire, the Dolphin well appointed,  
Stands with the shores of Warre to tangle thee.  
On either hand thee, there are squadrons pitches,  
To wall thee from the liberty of Flight;  
And no way canst thou turne thee for redresse,  
But death doth from thee with apparant ioyse,  
And pale defruction meets thee in the face:  
Ten thouand French have tane the Sacrament,  
To yeue their dangerous Artillerie  
Vpon no Christian soule but English Talbot:  
Lor, there thou standst a breathing valiant man  
Of an incitabe unconquer'd spirit:  
This is the lattest Glorie of thy praise,  
That I thy enemy dwe thee withall:  
For ere the Glaffe that now begins to runne,  
Finnish the precess of his sandy hour,  
These eyes that fee thee now well colour'd,  
Shall fee thee withered, bloody, pale, and dead.  
Drum a farre off.  
Harke, harke, the Dolphins drumme, a warning bell,  
Sings heayu Musick to thy timorous foule,  
And mine shal ring thy die departure out.  
Exit  
Tal. He Fablest not, I hear the enemy:  
Out some light Horfemen, and peruse their Wings  
O negligent and heedleffe Discipines,  
How are we park'd and bounded in a pale?  
A little Heard of Englands timorous Deere,  
Maz'd with a yelping kennell of French Cutters,  
If we be English Deere, be then in blood,  
Not Rascal-like to fall downe with a pinch,  
But rather moody mad: And desperate Staggges,  
Turne
Enter a Messenger that meets York. Enter York with Trumpet, and many Soldiers.

Yorke. Are not the speedy scouts return’d againe, That dog’d the mighty Army of the Dolphin? 
Meff. They are return’d my Lord, and give it out, That he is march’d to Burdeau with his power 
To fight with Talbot as he march’d along, By your eliypsals were discourse
Two mightier Troopes then that the Dolphin led, Which joy’d with him, and made their march for
(Bardeaux)

Yorke, A plague vpon that Villaine Somerfet, That thus delays my promised supply Of holfemen, that were leuant for this siege. Retourned Talbot doth expend my ayde, And I am bowtow by a Traitor Villaine, And cannot help the noble Chevalier: God comfort him in this necessity: If the mifcary, farewell Warres in France.

Enter another Messenger.

2. Meff. Thou Princely Leader of our English strenght, Neuer so needfull on the earth of France, Spurre to the rescue of the Noble Talbot, Who now is girded with a waife of iron, And hem’d about with grim deftruction: To Burdeau warlike Duke, to Burdeau Yorke, Elle farwell Talbot, France, and Englands honor.

Yorke. O God, that Somerfet who in proud heart Doth stop my Cornets, were in Talbots place, So should wee faue a valiant Gentleman, By forrayting a Traitor, and a Coward: Mad ire, and wrathfull fury makes we wepe, That thus we dye, while remisse Traitors sleepe.

Meff. O fend some succour to the differt Lord. Yorke. He die, we looke; I breake my warlike word: We moune, France smiies: We looke, they daly get, All long of this vile Traitor Somerset.

Meff. Then God take mercy on brave Talbots soule, And on his Sonne young Iohn, who two houres since, I met in trauail toward his warlike Father; This felen yeares did not Talbot see his fonne, And now they meete where both their lines are done. Yorke. Alas, what joy shall noble Talbot have, To bid his yong fonne welcome to his Graue: Away, vexation almoast flasses my breath, That findred friends greete in the houre of death, Lucie farewell, no more my fortune can, But curse the caufe I cannot ayde the man.

Maine, Boys, Poitiers, and Tours, are wonne away, Long all of Somerfet, and his delay. Exit

Meff. Thus while the Vulture of fediton, Feedes in the bosome of such great Commanders, Sleeping negligion doth betray to loffe: The Conquest of our scorne-cold Conqueror, That ever-haught man of Memorie, Hurry the fitt: Whiles they each other croffe, Looke, Honours, Lands, and all, hurrie to loffe.

Enter Somersett with his Armys.

Som. It is too late, I cannot send them now: This expedition was by Yorke and Talbot, Too rashly plotted. All our generall force, Might with a fally of the very Towne. Be buckled with the oner-daring Talbot Hath fullill all his gloffe of former Honor By this vnheedfull, desperate, wild adventure: Yorke let him on to fight, and dye in flame, That Talbot dead, great Yorke might beare the name.

Cap. Here is Sir William Lucie, who with me Set from our ore-marcht forces forth for ayde. Som. How now Sir William, whether you sent? Lu. Whether my Lord, from bought & told L.Talbot, Who ring’d about with bold aduertifte, Cries out for noble Yorke and Somerfet, To beare sallyaying death from his weake Regions, And whiles the honourable Captaine there Drops bloody fwort from his warre-wareed limbes, In advantagge lingring looks for rescue, You his falie hopes, the trut of Englands honor. Keepes aloofe with wartheffle emulation: Let not your private difcord keepe away The lost succours that should lend him ayde, While he renowned Noble Gentleman Yield vp his life unto a world of oddes. Orlane the Basfard, Churles, Tarqut, Alans, Reingard, compaffe him about, And Talbot perifheth by your default.

Som. Yorke let him on, Yorke should have sent him ayde.

Luc. And Yorke as fall vp on your Grace exclaines, Swearing that you with-hold his leuied hoafe, Collected for this expedition. Som. Yorke lyes: He might have fent, & had the Horfe: I owe him little Dutie, and lesse Loue, And take foule score to fawne on him by fending.

Lu. The fraud of England, not the force of France, Hath now intrupt the Noble-minded Talbot: Neuer to England shall he bear his life, But dies betrayd to fortune by your hire.

Som. Come go, I will dispatch the Horfemen ftrait; Within fime houres, they will be at his ayde. Lu. Yorke. Too late comes rescue, he is fane or flaine, For flye he could not, if he would haue fied: And flye would Talbot never though he might. Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot then adieu. Lu. His Fame lives in the world. His Shame in you.

Exeunt.

Enter Talbot and his Sonne.

Tal. O yong Iohn Talbot. I did fend for thee. To tutor thee in ftratagems of Warre, That Talbot name might be in tine reuio’d, When fapleffe Age, and weake vnable limbes Should bring thy Father to his drooping Chaire. But O malignant and ill-boaing Starres, Now thou art come into a Peift of death, A terrible and vnauoyed danger: Therefore deere Boy, mount on my twisleft horfe, And Ie direct thee how thou fhalt escape By foidaine Right. Come, dally not, be gone. Iohn. Is my name Talbot? and am I your Sonne? Shall
And shall I flye? O, if you love my Mother,
Dishonor not her Honorable Name,
To make a Baffard, and a Scene of me:
The World will say, he is not Talbots blood,
That bafely fled, when Noble Talbot stood.

Talb. Flye, to reengage my death, if I be flaine.

John. He that flies so, will be returne againe.
Talb. If we both flay, we both are sure to dye.
John. Then let me flay, and Father doe you flay:
your lose is great, so your regard should be;
My worth unknowne, no force is knowne in me,
Upon my death, the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot flayne the Honor you have wonne,
But mine it will, that no Exploit have done.
You fled for Vantage, every one will sweare;
But if I bow, they flay it was for feare.
There is no hope that ever I will flay,
If the first howre I shrike and run away:
Here on my knee I begg Mortalitie,
Rather then Life, prefer'd with Infamie.

Talb. Shall all thy Mothers hope's lye in one Tome be?
John. Rather then live shame my Mothers Wombe.
Talb. Upon my Bleffing I command thee goe.
John. To fight: I will, but not to flye the Fire.
Talb. Part of thy Father may be fain in thee.
John. No part of him, but will be flame in mee.
Talb. Thou never hadst Renowne, nor canst not lose it,
John. Yes, your renowned Name: shall flight abuse it?
Talb. Thy Fathers charge that clear thee from thy Jaine.
John. You cannot witness for me, being flaine,
If Death be so apparent, then both fyfe.
Talb. And leave my followers here to fight and dye?
My Age was never taint'd with fuch shame.
John. And shall your Youth be guiltie of such blame?
No more can I be feuered from your side,
Then can your felle, your felle in twaine dividde:
Stay, goe, doe what you will, the like do I;
For I will not, if my Father dye.

Talb. Then here I take my leue of thee, faire Sonne,
Borne to eclipsie thy Life this afternoone:
Come, fide by fide, together live and dye,
And Soule with Soule from France to Heauen flye.

Alarms. Excurjions. Enter old Talbott led.

Talb. Where is my other Life? mine owne is gone.
O, where's your Talbot? where is valiant John?
Triumphant Death, with Captivitie,
Young Talbott Valour makes me smile at thee.
When he perceiv'd me flrinke, and on my Knee,
His bloody Sword he brandish'd ouer mee,
And like a hungry Lyon did commence
Rough deeds of Rage, and ferne Impatience:
But when my angry Guardant ftood alone,
Tending my ruine, and afay'd of none,
Dizzie-eye'd Furies, and great rage of Heart,
Suddenly made him from my fide to start
Into the cluftring Battallie of the French:
And in that Sea of Blood, my Boy did drench
His ouer-mounting Spirit; and there did
My Icarus, my Blossome in his pride.

Enter with John Talbott, borne.

Sern. O my deare Lord, Joe where your Sonne is borne,
Talb. Thou antique Death, which laugh'st here to ftoem,
Anon from thy inflating Tyrannie,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuitie,
Two Talbots winged through the lither Skie,
In thy despifte shall face Mortalitie.
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

O thou whose wounds become hard to endure,
Speake to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath,
Brave death by speaking, whiter he will or no:
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.
Poor Boy, he smiles, me thinks, as who should say,
Had Death benfe French, then Death had dyed to day.
Come, come, and lay him in his father’s armes,
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Souldiers seize, I hate what I would have,
Now my old armes are young Talbot’s grate.  

Enter Charles, Alanjon, Burgundie, Baffard,  
and Pucell.

Char. Had Yorke and Somerset brought refuge in,
We should have found a bloody day of this,

Baff. How the yong whelpes of Talbot raging woe,
Did flees his punju fantast in Frenchmen’s blood.

Puc. Once I encountered him, and thus I said:
Thou Maiden youth, be vanquish’d by a Maide.
But with a proud Maiestie high borne
He answer’d thus: Yong Talbot was not borne
To be the pillage of a Giglot Wench:
So rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bass. Doubtsthe he would have made a noble Knight?
See where he lies inord in the armes
Of the most bloody Nurfet of his harmes.

Baff. How them to peace, hack their bones affunder,
Whose life he end’s glory, Gallia’s wonder.
Char. Oh no forbear: For that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Herald, conduct me to the Dolphins Tent,
To know who hath obtain’d the glory of the day.

Char. On what submissu movage art thou sent?

Lucy. Submission Dolphin? Tis a mere French word:
We English Warriors wot not what it means,
I come to know what Prisoners thou hast tane,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners askst thou? Hail our prison is,
But tell me whom thou feellst?

Luc. But where’s the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant Lord Talbot Earle of Shrewsbury?
Created for his rare succeffe in Armes,
Great Earle of Walloforf, Waterford and Valence,
Lord Talbot of Cambri and York-field,
Lord Strange of Blackmore, Lord Verne of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Windfield, Lord Furmell of Shaffeld,
The thriche valourous Lord of Falconbridge,
Knight of the Noble Order of S. George,
Worthy S. Michael, and the Golden Fleece,
Great Marshall to Henry the fixt,
Of all his Warres within the Realmes of France,

Puc. Here’s a flily flateile filee indeede:
Therfore that two and fiftie Kingdomes hath,
Writes not fo tedious a Stile as this.

Him that thou magnifi with all these Titles,
Stinking and flye blownye eyes here at our feete.

Luc. Is Talbot slaine, the Frenchmen only Scoure,
Your Kingdomes terror, and blacke Nemopf?
Oh were mine eye-balles into Bullets turn’d,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces.
Oh, that I could but call these dead to life,
It were enough to fright the Realme of France.
Were but his Picture left among you here,

It would amaze the proud deft of you all.
Give me their Bodies, that I may beare them hence,
And give them Burial, as beforneen their worth.
Pucell. I think this vfitart is old Talbot’s Ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
For Gods sake let him have him, to keepe them here,
They would but flinke, and purifie the aye.
Char. Go take their bodies hence.
Lucy. He bestre them hence; but from their ashes shall be read.
A Phoenix that shall make all France asser’d.
Char. So we be rid of them, do with him what I wilt.
And now to Paris in this conquering vaine,
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot’s slaine.

Exit.

Scena secunda.

SENNET.

Enter King, Gloucester, and Exeter.

King. Have you perus’d the Letters from the Pope,
The Emperor, and the Earl of Arrinach?
Glo. I have my Lord, and their intent is this,
They humbly fete unto your Excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of,
Betweene the Realmes of England, and of France.

King. How doth your Grace affect their motion?
Glo. Well (my good Lord) and as the only means
To flop effusion of our Christian blood,
And stablish quietness on every side.

KIng. I marry Vnckle, for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural,
That such immaturity and bloody flite
Should reigne among Professors of one Faith.

Glo. Bind my Lord, the sooner to effect,
And fates binde this knot of amite,
The Earl of Arrinach neere knit to Charles,
A man of great Authoritie in France,
Profferts his only daughter to your Grace,
In marriage, with a large and forntous Dowrie.

King. Marriage Vnckle? Alas my yeares are yong.
And fitter is my studie, and my Bookes,
Than wanton dalliance with a Paramour.
Yet call th’ Embassadors, and as you pleas,
So let them have their anweres every one,
I shall be well content with any choyce,
Tends to Gods glory, and my Countries weale.

Enter Winchester, and three Embassadors.

Exct. What, is my Lord of Winchester install’d,
And call’d into a Cardinall degree?
Then I perceive, that will be verifie
Henry the Fift did sometime profeifie.
If once he come to be a Cardinall,
He’t make his cap coeaulle with the Crowne,
King. My Lords Embassadors, your severall suites
Have bin consider’d and debated on,
Your purpose is both good and reasonable:
And therefore are we certainly resolvd,
To draw conditions of a friendly peace,

Which
Scena Tertia.

Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alencon, Baffard, Reignier, and love.

Char. These news (my Lords) may cheere our drooping spirits:
Tis said, the stout Parifans do resolv,
And turne againe into the warlike French.

Alan. Then march to Paris Royall Charles of France,
And kepe not backe your powsers in dalliance.

Pucel. Peace be amongst them if they turne to vs,
Elfe ruine combarde with their Pallaces.

Enter Scou. 

Scou. Sucessfull to our valiant General,
And happinis to his accomplies.

Scou. The English Army that divided was
Into two partes, is now comny'nd in one,
And meanes to give you barell prefently.

Char. Somewhat too sodain this, the warning is,
But we will presently proue for them.

Bur. I trust the Ghost of Talbot is not there:
Now he is gone my Lord, you need not fear.

Pucel. Of all base paffions, Fears is most accurth.
Command the Conquett Charles, it shall be thine:
1st. Henry feet, and all the world repine.

Char. Then on my Lords, and France be fortunate,

Enter Louise de Pucell.

Pucel. The Regent conqueres, and the Frenchmen flye.
Now helpe ye charming Spelles and Periapses,
And ye choise spirits that aboundeth me,
And give meares of future accidents.

Thunder.

Vnder the Lordly Monarch of the North,
Appeare, and syde me in this enterprise.

Enter Pleads.

This speedy and quickke appearance argues prooue
Of your accou'tom'd diligence to me.
Now ye Familiar Spirits, that are call'd
Out of the powerful Regions under earth,
Helpes me this once, that France may get the field.

They make, and speak not.

Oh hold me no not with silence over long:
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
He lay a member off, and give it you,
In earnest of a further benefit:
So you do condiscend to helpe me now.

They hang their heads,
No hope to have redreste My body shall
Pay recompence, if you will graunt my suit.

They shak their heads,
Cannest my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Intreate you to your wounded furtheness:
Then take my foule; my body, fouls, and all,
Before that England give the French the foilde,

They depart.

See, they forfake me. Now the time is come,
That France mult vaine her lofty plumed Greff,
And let her head fall into Englands lappe.

My ancient Inchantations are too weake,
And hell too strong for me to bucke with:
Now France, thy glory drougthe to the dust.

Exeunt.

Scenarion. Tanyndrie and Yorkie fight hand to hand, French flye.

York. Damfell of France, I thinke I have you fall,
Vncheares your spirits now with spelling Charmes,
And try if they can gaine your liberty.

A goody prize, fit for the duels grace,
See how the ugly Witch doth bend her browes,
As if with Circe, she would change my shape.

Pucel. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.
Tor. Oh, Charles the Dolphin is a proper man,
No shape but his can please your dauntie eyre.

Pucel. A plaging mischeife light on Charles, and thee,
And may ye both be in doubly surpiz'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds.

York. Fell bann'ng Hagge, Incantatifs hold thy tongue.

Pucel. I prethee give me Leave to curse awhile.

York. Curse Miscreant, when thou comest to the face.

Exeunt. 

Alarum. Enter Suffolke with Margaret in his hand.

Suff. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

Gazes on her.

Oh Fairset Beautie, do not fear, nor flye:
For I will touch thee but with tendered hands,
I kisse these fingers for eternall peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou, say? that I may honor thee.

Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a King,
The King of Naples, who so ere thou art.

Suff. An Earle I am, and Suffolke am I call'd.

Be not offended Nature myracle,
Thou art alotted to be case by me:
So doth the Swan her downie Signets faue,

Oh say:
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Keeping them prisoner underneath his wings: Yet if this feruite vntage once offend, Go, and be free againe, as Suffolkes friend, She is going. Oh day! I have no power to let her passe, My hand shall wilde free her, but my heart fayes no, As plays the Sunne vpon the glasse fireplaces, Twinkling another counterfitted beame, So fernes this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes, Faine would I woe her, yet I dare not speake: Hee call for Pen and Inke, and write my minde:

Eye De Is Pelle, disable not thy felse: Hast not a Tongue? Is she not here? Wilt thou be daunted at a Womans fight? I: Beauties Princely Marfly is such, Confounds the tongue, and makes the fenes rough. Mar. Say Earle of Suffolke, if thine name be Io, What ranfome muft I pay before I fcape? For I perceive I am thy prifoner.

Suf. How canft thou tell she will not deny thy fcape, Before thou make a triall of her loute? M. Why speake'ft thou not? What ranfome muft I pay? Suf. She's beautifull; and therefore to be Wooded:
She is a Womane; therefore to be Wonne, Mar. Wilt thou accept of ranfome, yes or no? Suf. Fond man, remember that thou haft a wife, Then how can Margaret bee thy Paramour?
M. I were belft to leave him, for he will not heare.
Suf. There all is mard; there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talke at random: sure the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a difpenfation may bee had.
Mar. And yet I would that you would anfwer me:
Suf. He win this Lady Margarets. For whom? Why for my King! Tull, that's a woodden thing.
Mar. He talke of wood: It is fame Carpenter.
Suf. Yet to my fancy may be fatified, And peace ethifh'd betwene themfelves Realmes. But there remains a scruple in that too, For though her Father bee the King of Naples, Duke of Auinas and Mayna, yet is he poore, And our Nobility will fende the match.
Mar. Heartye Captaine? Are you not at leyfre?
Suf. It fhall be fo, fuppofe they were fo much:
Henry is youthfull, and will quickly yeeld.
Madam, I have a fecret to releeale.
Mar. What though I be inrall'd, he feems a knight And will not any way difhonour me.
Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to liken what I fay.
Mar. Perhaps I fhall be refud'd by the French, And then I need not craze his curteifie.
Suf. Sweet Madam, give me hearing in a caufe.
Mar. Tull, women have bene butchered ere now,
Suf. Lady, wherefore talke you so?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but quid for quid.
Suf. Say gentlie Princelle, would you not suppoze Your bondage happy, to be made a Queene?
Mar. To be a Queene in bondage, is more vile,
Than is a flaye, in fame feruitie:
For Princes fhould be free.
Suf. And to fhall you,
I happy Englands Royall King be free.
Mar. Why what concrees his freedom vnto mee?
Suf. Hee vntake to make thee Henrys Queene, To put a Golden Sceptre in thy hand, And let a precious Crowne vpon thy head, If thou wilt condifend to be my

Mar. What?

Suf. His lure.
Mar. I am vnworthy to bee Henrys wife.
Suf. No gentle Madam, I vnworthy am.
To woe to faie a Dame to be his wife,
And haue no portion in the choice my felfe.
How fay you Madam, are ye fo content?
Mar. And if my Father pleafe, I am content.
Suf. Then call our Captaines and our Colours forth,
And Madam, at your Fathers Caffle walle, Wee'rt craze a parley, to confer with him.
Sound. Enter Reignier on the walle.

See Reignier, my thy daughter prifoner.
Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. Suffolke, what remedy?
I am a Sauldier, and vnap to weepe,
Or to exclaime on Fortunes ficklenefe.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough my Lord,
Content, and for thy Honor give content,
Thy daughter fhall be wedded to my King,
Whom I with paine haue wooded and wonne thereto;
And this her fale held imprifonnement,
Hath gain'd thy daughter Princely libertie.
Reig. Speakes Suffolke as he thinkes?
Suf. Faire Margaret knowes,
That Suffolke doth not flatter, face, or faine.
Reig. Vpen thy Princely warrant, I defend,
To give thee answer of thy inſt demand.
Suf. And here I will expect thy comming.

Trumpets fount. Enter Reignier.

Reig. Welcome brave Earle into our Territories, Command in Auinas what your Honor pleates.
Suf. Thanke Regnier, happy for to vveet a Childe, Fit to be made companion with a King:
What anſwer makes your Grace unto my fayte?
Reig. Since thou doft defire to vveet her little worth, To be the Princely Bride of fuch a Lord:
Upon condition I may quiedy
Enjoy mine owne, the Country Maine and Auinas, Free from oppreffion, or the Stroke of Warre,
My Daughter will be Henrys, if he pleafe.
Suf. That is her ranfome, I deliver her,
And those two Counties I will vnderake
Your Grace fhall well and quietly enjoy.
Reig. And I amaine in Henrys Roall name, As Deputy vnto that gracious King,
Gave the her hand for figue of pليghfed faith.
Suf. Reignier of France, I giue thee Kingly thankes,
Because this is in Trafficke of a King,
And yet I thinkes I could be well content
To be mine owne Attaney in this cafe.
Ie out then to England with this newes,
And make this marriage to be leomnis'd:
So farewel Reignier, fet this Diamond fave
In Golden Pallaces as it becomes.
Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian Prince King Henry were he here.
Shall Farewell my Lord, good wifhes, graffe, & praferes,
Shall Suffolke ever haue of Margaret.
Sue is going.
Suf. Farewell sweet Madam: but hearke you Margaret,
No Princely commendations to my King?
Mar. SUCH commendations as becomes a Maffe,
A Virgin, and his Seruant, fay to him.
Suf. Words sweetly pla'd, and modelfle direted,
But
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

But Madame, I must trouble you againe,
Not losing Token to his Majestie?

Mar. Yes, my good Lord, a pure unportray heart,
Neer yet taint with loue, I send the King.

Suf: And this wishall.

Mar. That thy selfe, I will not so preume,
To send such peevish tokens to a King.

Suf. Oh were thou for my self: but Suchkis flay,
Thou mayest not wander in that Lbyrhin:
There Minotours and vgy Treasons lurke,
Solicite Henry with her wonderous praiE.
Bethinke thee on her Vertues that surmount,
Mad natural Graces that extinguiish Art,
Repeat their semblance often on the Seas,
That when thou comit to kneel at Henar's feete,
Thou mayest bereave him of his wis with wonder, Exit.

Enter York, Warwick, Shephard, Pucell.

Tax. Bring forth that Sorceresse condemn'd to burne.

Shep. Ah love, this kills thy Fathers hear right,
Have I sought every Country farre and neere,
And now it is my chance to finde thee out,
Muff I behold thy timeslesse cruel death:
Ah love, sweet daughter love, Ile die with thee.

Pucell. Drecrpt Miuer, base ignoble Wretch,
I am defented of a gentler blood.

Thou art no Father, nor no friend of mine.

Shep. Out, out: My Lords, and please you, 'tis not so
I did begetter, all the Parish knows:
Her Mother liueth yet, can testifie
She was the first fruite of my Bach let ship.

War. Gracefelle, wilt thou deny thy Parentage?

York. This argues what her kind of life hath beene,
Wicked and vile, and so her death concludes.

Shep. Fye love, that thou wilt be so obstinate:
God knowes, thou art a collap of my Beel.
And for thy false sake I haid many a tear.
Deny me not, I pritchet, gentle love.

Pucell. Peantuant. You have suborn'd this man
Of purpose, to obfuscure my Noble birth.

Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a Noble to the Priest,
The morne that I was weeded to her mother.
Kneele downe and take my blessing, good my Gyre.
Wilt thou not floope? Now curf'd be the time
Of thy naturall: I would the Mikel
Thy mother gave thee when thou suckt her brest,
Had bin a little Rats-bane for thy fake.
Or else, when thou didst keepe my Lambes a-field,
I wish some ravenous Wolfe had eaten thee,
Dost thou deny thy Father, curf'd Drab?
O burne her, burne her, hanging is too good.

Exit. York. Take her away, for the liath hid too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Pucell. First let me tell you whom you have condemnd;
Not me, begotten of a Shephard Swaine,
But ifd from the Pregeny of Kings.

Vertuous and Holy, choytch from above,
By inspiration of Celeftiall Grace,
To worke exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked Spirits.
But you that are polluted with your lustes,
Stein'd with the guiltiefe blood of Innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand Vices:
Because you want the grace that others haue,
You judge it astraight a thing impotable
To compass Wonders, but by helpe of duells.

No misconceyved, love of fite hath beene
A Virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste, and immaculate in very thought,
Whose Maiden-blood thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for Vengeance, at the Gates of Heauen.

York. I, I: away with her to execution,
War. And heare ye firs: because she is a Maide,
Spare for no Faggots, let there be crow.
Place barrells of pitch upon the fatal flake,
That so her torture may be shortned.

Pucell. Will nothing turne your vengelent hearts?
Then fome discount thine infinity,
That warranteth by Law, to be thy priuiledge.
I am with childe ye bloody Homicides:
Murther not then the Fruite within my Wombe,
Although ye hate me to a violent death,

York. Now heaven forfend, the holy Maid with child?
War. The greatest miracle that erl ye wrought.
Is all your friet preceifinefse come to this?

York. She and the Dolphin have bin tugling,
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. We'll go too, we'll have no Biffrards line,
Especially since Charles mutt Father it.

Pucell. You are deceyued, my childe is none of his,
It was Alfonf that inioy'd my love.

York. Alfonf that notorious Machetule?
It dyes, and if it had a thousand lues.

Pucell. Oh giue me leave, I have deluded you,
'Twas neyther Charles, nor yet the Duke I nam'd,
But Reignier King of Naples that presuy'd.

War. A married man, that's most intolerable.

Ter. Why here's a Cyrles: I think the knowes not wel
(There were fo many) whom he may accufe.

War. It's figne the hath beene liberal and free.

Ter. And yet forfooth the is a Virgin pure.

Strumpet, thy words condemn thy Brat, and thee.

Vie no irrestey, for it is in vaine.

Pucell. Then lead me hence: with whom I leave my curse.
May neuer glorious Sunne reffex his beams.

Upon the Country where you make abode:
But darkneffe, and the gloomy fhade of death
Induiron, till Mifcheffe and Difpaire,
Drive you to break your necks, or hang your fulces.

Exit Enter C cardinal.

York. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,
Thou fowle a scourfed minifter of Hell.

Car. Lord Regent, I do greeue your Excellence
With Letters of Commiffion from the King.
For know my Lords, the States of Chriftendome,
Mour'd with remorfe of thefe out-ragious broyles,
Have earneftly implor'd a general peace,
Betwixt our Nation, and the yfing French:
And heere at hand, the Dolphin and his Traine
Approcheth, to conferre about some matters.

York. Is all our trauell turn'd to this effect,
After the loffe of fo many Peeces,
So many Captains, Gentlemen, and Soldiers,
That in this quarrell have beene overthrownne,
And fold their bodies for their Countreys benefit,
Shall we at laft conclude effimative peace?
Have we not loft most part of all the Townes,
By Trefon, Fallhood, and by Tracherie,
Our great Progeniters had conquer'd:
Oh Warwick, Warwick, I forefee with greefe
The vert lollc of all the Realme of France.

War. Be patient Yorke, if we conclude a Peace
Enter Charles, Alan, Bostard, Raignier.

Ch. Since Lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peacefull truce shall be proclai'm'd in France,
We come to be informed by your felues,
What the conditions of that league must be:

Tolve. Speake Winclether, for boyling choller choakers
The hollow passage of my poyn'td voyce,
By light of thefe our basefull enemies.

Win. Charles, and the reft, it is enacted thus:
That in regard King Henry glues content,
Of meere compass, and of leniety,
To safe your Countrie of disfraptfull Warre,
And suffer you to breathe in ftrayfull peace,
You shall become true Liegemen to his Crown.
And Charles, upon condition thou wilt rescue
To pay him tributes, and submit thy felte,
Thou shalt be plac'd as Vicery under him,
And still enjoy thy Royall dignity.

Alan. Must he be then as shadow of himfelfe?
A dorne his Temples with a Coronet,
And yet in fubfance and authority,
Retaine but priuledge of a prince man?
This proffer is abufd, and reafonleffe.

Ch. Tis knowne already, that I am poiffed
With more then halfe the Gallif Territories,
And therein reuerenc'd for their lawfull King,
Shall I for lure of the reft vn-vanquifht,
Dreadly fo much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but Vicery of the whole?
No Lord Ambaffador, he rather keeps
That which I have, than counting for more
Be caft from poffibility of all.

Tolve. Infulting Charles, lift thou by secret meanes
With him fuch interceffion to obataine a league,
And now the matter grows to compromize,
Stand'th oulce upon Comparison.
Either accept the Title thou luf'th,
Of benefit proceeding from our King,
And not of any challenge of Defert,
Or we will plagued thee with ineffect Warres.

Reign. My Lord, you do not well in oblinity,
To caull in the courfe of this Contract:
Ifonce it be neglected, ten to one
We sha'll not finde like opportunity.

Alan. To fay the truth, it is your policie,
To loue your Subieèts from fuch malfare
And ruthless flaughteres as are dayly scene
By our proceeding in Holiuity,
And therefore take this compact of a Truce,
Although you brake it, when your pleasure firs,
War. How fayft thou Charles?
Shall our Condition stand?

Ch. It shall:
Onely refer'd, you claim no interet;
In any of our Towns of Garrifon.

Ter. Then I vnow Allegeance to his Maiety,
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 difmiffe your Army when ye please:
Hang yp your Ensignes, let your Drinmmes be still,
For here we entertaine a Solemn peace.

Ch. If they be with fuch strict and severe Covenants,
As little shall the Frenchmen gaine thereby.

Enter Suffolk in conference with the King, Gloucester, and Exeter.

King. Your wondrous rare description (noble Earl)
Of beauteous Margaret hath alfoin'd me:
Her vertues graced with external gifts,
Do breed Loues fetled passions in my heart,
And like as rigour of templefull gifts
Prouoketh the mightieft Halke against the side,
So am I driven by breath of her Renowne,
Either to fuffer Shipwracke, or arriue
Where I may have fruition of her Loue.

Suff. Thus to my good Lord, this superficiall tale,
Is but a preface of her worthy prafie,

The cheefe perfection of that loute Dame,
(If Had I sufficient skill to vsle them)
Would make a volume of inticing lines,
Able to raifi any dull conceit.
And which is more, she is not to Duelve,
So full replease with choice of all delights,
But with a humble lowliness of minde,
She is content to be at your command:
Command I meane, of Vertoshe chaffe intents,
To loue, and Honor Henry as her Lord.

King. And otherwife, will Henry neere presume:
Therefor my Lord Protector, give content,
That Margaret may be Englands Royall Queene.

Glo. So should I gie content to fatter line,
You know (my Lord) your Highneffe is betroath'd
Vnto another Lady of eifieeme,
How shall we then dispence with that contract,
And not defeare your Honor with reproof?

Suff. As doth a Ruler with vnwifull Oather,
On one that at a Triumph, hapy pow'r'd
To try his strength, forfake thy the Littes
By reafon of his Adueraries oddees.
A poore Earles daughter is unequall oddes,
And therefore may be broke without offence,

Gloucester. Why what (I pray) is Margaret more
then that?

Her Father is no better than an Earle,
Although in glorious Titles he excell,

Suff. Yes my Lord, her Father is a King,
The King of Naples, and Jerusalem,
And of fuch great Authoritie in France,
As his alliance will confirme our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in Allegeance.

Glo. And to the Earle of Arminacke may doe,
Because heis neere Kinman unto Charles.

Exeunt. Befide, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,
Where Reignier loowner will receyue, than gieue.

Suff. A Dower my Lords! Disgrace not to your King,
That he should be so abiect, base, and poore.
To choose for wealth, and not for perfeect Loue.

Henry is able to enrich his Queene,
And not to fecke a Queene to make him rich,
So worthifule Peazants bargain for their Wives,
As Marker men for Oxen, Sheene, or Horfe.
Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Then to be dealt in by Atturney-flip:
Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,
Must be companion of his Nuptiall bed.
And therefore Lords, since he affects her most,
Most of all these reasons bindeth vs,
In our opinions she should be preferre'd.
For what is midlocke forced but a Hell,
An Age of discord and continual strife,
Whereas the contrarie bringeth blisse,
And is a pattern of Celestiall peace.
Whom should we match with Henry being a King,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a King:
Her peerleffe feature, joyned with her birth,
Approveth her fit for none, but for a King.
Her valiant courage, and vndaunted spirit,
(More then in women commonly is seene)
Will answer our hope in issue of a King.
For Henry, sonne vnto a Conqueror,
Is likely to beget more Conquerors,
If with a Lady of fo high resolue,
(As is faire Margaret) he be link'd in love.
Then yeeld my Lords, and beere conclude with mee,
That Margaret shall be Queene, and none but shee.
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 affir'd,
I feele such sharpe dislention in my breast,
Such fierce alarms both of Hope and Feare,
As I am fickle with working of my thoughts,
Take therefore shipping, poffe my Lord to France,
Agree to any covenants, and procure
That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To croffe the Seas to England, and be crowned
King Henry's faithfull and annointed Queene.
For your expences and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather vp a tenth.
Be gone I say, for till you do returne,
I refp perplexed with a thoufand Care.
And you (good Vnckle) banifh all offence:
If you do cenfure me, by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This fodie execution of my will.
And fo conduct me, where from company,
I may resolue and ruminate my greefe.

Exit.

FINIS.
The second Part of Henry the Sixt, with the death of the Good Duke HVMFREY.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Flourish of Trumpets: Then Holloys.

Enter King, Duke Humphrey, Salisbury, Warwick, and Beauford on the one side.
The Queene, Suffolk, York, Somerset, and Buckingham, on the other.

Suffolk. By your high Imperiall Maiestie, 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, Towers, In presence of the Kings of France, and Sicill, The Dukes of Orleans, Calabar, Bratipients, and Alanfon, Seven Earles, twelve Barons, & twenty reuerend Bishops I have performed my Taske, and was eftouped; And humbly now upon my bended knee, In sight of England, and her Lordly Peeres, Deliver vp my Title in the Queene To your most gracious hands, that are the Subsance Of that great Shadow I did represide: The happiest Gift, that euer Marquesse gaue, The Fairest Queene, that euer King receiued.

King. Suffolk, arife. Welcome Queene Margaret, I can express no kinder figne of Loue. Then this kindle fliff: O Lord, that lends me life, Lend me a heart replette with thankfulnefe: For thou haft givn me in this beantrous face A world of earthly blessings to my soule, If sympathy of Loue write our thoughts.

Queene. Great King of England, & my gracious Lord, The mutuell conference that my minde hath had, By day, by night; walking, and in my drumes, In Courtly company, or at my Beades, With you mine ather beff Soueraigne, Makes me the bolder to falute my King, With rader termes, such as my wit affoords, And ouer joy of heart doth minifter.

King. Her flght did rauifh, but her grace in Speech, Her words yclad with wifedomes Maiesty, Makes me from Wondring, fall to Weeping joyes, Such is the Fulmeffe of my hearts content. Lords, with one cheerefull voice, Welcome my Loue. All kneel. Long live Qu. Margaret, Englands happiness, Queene. We thanke you all. Flourish

Suf. My Lord Protector, so it pleafe your Grace, Heere are the Articles of contracted peace, Betwene our Soueraigne, and the French King Charles, For eighntene moneths concluded by consent.

Clo. Read. Inprimis, It is agreed betweene the French K. Charles, and William de la Pole Marquesse of Suffolk, Ambaffador for Henry King of England, That the said Henry fliall affign the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Regent King of Naples, Sicill, and Jerufalam, and Crown the Queene of England, for the thirtyeth of May next ensuing, Item, That the Dutcheffe of Anjou, and the County of Maine, shall be releaved and delivered to the King her father; King. Vnkle, how now?

Clo. Pardon me gracious Lord, Some foudaine qualme hath flacke me at the heart, And dimd mine eyes, that I can reade no further. King, Vnkle of Wincheftere, I pray read on. Win. Item, It is further agreed betweene them, That the Dutcheffe of Anjou and Maine, shall be releaved and deludefed over to the King her father, and five feet over the King of Englands owne proper Com and Charges, without b sqling any Damme.

King. They please vs well. Lord Marques kneel down, We heere create the the first Duke of Suffolk, And girt thee with the Sword. Cofin of Yorke, We heere discharge your Grace from being Regent 1th parts of France, till terme of eighntene Moneths Be fully expired. Thanks Uncle Wincheftere, Glofter, Yorke, Buckingham, Somerset, Salisbury, and Warwicke. We thank you all for this great fanoor done, In entertainment to my Princele Queene. Come, let vs in, and with all speede prouide To fee her Coronation be performd.

Exit King, Queene, and Suffolk.

Muset the ref.

Clo. Brave Peeres of England, Pillars of the State, To you Duke Humphrey my dutie vouchs his greefe: Your greefe, the common greefe of all the Land. What did my brother Henry spend his youth, His valour, coin, and people in the warres? Did he often lodge in open field: In Winters cold, and Summers parching heat, To conquer France, his true inheritance? And did my brother Bedford toyle his wits,
To keepe by policy what Henry got:
Have you your felleus, Somerset, Buckingham, 
Braze York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
Receiv deepe praises in France and Normandie:
Or hath mine Vnckle Beauford, and my felle,
With all the Learned Counsell of the Realme,
Studied so long, in the Councell house,
Early and late, debating too and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,
And hath his Highnesse in his infancy,
Crowned in Paris in delight of foes,
And shal these Labours, and thes Honours dye?
Shall Henries Conquest, Bedfords vigilance,
Your Deeds of Warre, and all our Conuell dye?
O Peetes of England, thansfull is this League,
Paral this Marriage, cancelling your Fame,
Blocting your names from Books of memory,
Racing the Characters of your Renowne,
Defacing Monuments of Conquer'd France,
Finding all as all had sooner bin.
Car. Nephe, what means this passionate discourse?
This preration with such circumstance:
For France, tis ours; and we will keepe it still.
Glo. Vnckle, we will keepe it, if we can:
But now it is impossible we should.
Suffolke, the newe made Duke that rules the roft,
Hath gunen the Dutchy of Anion and Mayne,
Vnto the poore King Regnair, whose large style
Agrees not with the leamesse of his purfe.
Sal. Now by the death of him that dyed for all,
These Counties were the Keyes of Normandie:
But wherefore weepes Warwick, my valiant fonde?
War. For greefe that they are past recouerie.
For were there hope to conquer them againe,
My fword shou'd had hot blood, mine eyes no teares.
Anion and maine? My felle dide win them both.
These Provinces, thefe Armies of mine did conquer,
And are the Cities that I got with wounds,
Deluer'd vp againe with peacfull words?
Mort. Dian.
Tork. For Suffolke Duke, may he be fuffocation.
That dins the Honor of this Warlike life:
France shou'd have tborne and rent my very harte,
Before I would have yeeted to this League.
I neuer read but Englands Kings haue had
Large ammenes of Gold, and Dowries with their wives,
And our King Henry giveth away his owne,
To match with her that brings no vantages.
Hum. A proper left, and neuer heard before,
That Suffolke should demand a whole Fifteenth,
For Cofts and Charges in tranporting her:
She shou'd haue flaid in France, and flued in France.
Before
Car. My Lord of Glofeter, now ye growe too hot,
It was the pleurisy of my Lord the King.
Hum. My Lord of Windsor I know your minde.
Tis not my speeches that you do mislike:
But tis my presence that doth trouble ye,
Ranceour will out, proud Pride, in thy face,
I fee thy furie: If I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickertings:
Lordings farewell, and say when I am gone,
I prophesied, France will be lost ere long. Exit Humfrey.
Car. So, there goes out our Protector in a rage:
Tis knowne to you he is mine enemy:
Nay more, an enemy vnto you all,
And no great friend, I forte me to the King;
Consider Lords, he is the next of blood,
And heere apparant to the English Crowne:
Had Henrie got an Empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy Kingdomes of the West,
There's reafon he should be displeas'd at it:
Looke to it Lords, let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts, be wife and circumspect.
What though the common people fauour him,
Calling him, Humfrey the good Duke of Glofeter,
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voyce,
Ieftu maintaine your Royall Excellence,
With God preferre the good Duke Humfrey:
I fare me Lords, for this flattering glose,
He will be found a dangerous Protecor.
But. Why should he then protect our Soueraigne?
He being of age to governe of himselfe.
Cofin of Somerset, joyne you with me,
And al together with the Duke of Suffolke,
We'll quickly boyce Duke Humfrey from his feat.
Car. This weighty businesfe will not brooke delay,
Die to the Duke of Suffolke presently. Exit Cardinal.
Saw. Cofin of Buckingham, though Humfrey's pride
And greatneffe of his place be greffe to vs,
Yet let vs watch the haughty Cardinal,
His infolence is more intollerable
Then all the Princes in the Land beside,
If Glofeter be displac'd, he'll be Protecor.
But. Or thou, or I Somerset will be Protecors,
Despire Duke Humfrey, or the Cardinal.
Exit Buckingham, and Somerset.
Sal. Pride went before, Ambition follows him.
While thefe do labour for their owne preffernent,
Behooues it vs to labor for the Realme.
I neuer saw but Humfrey Duke of Glofeter,
Did bear him like a Noble Gentleman:
Off haue I seene the haughty Cardinal,
More like a Soldier then a man at Church,
As flout and proud as he were Lord of all,
So care he a Ruffian, and demean himfelfe
Unlike the Ruler of a Common-wealth.
Warwicke my fonde, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainsmeffe, and thy houfe-keeping,
Hath wonne the greatest fauour of the Commons,
Excepting none but good Duke Humfrey,
And Brother Yorke, thy A's in Ireland,
In bringing them to civil Discipline:
They late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert Regent for our Soueraigne,
Haste made thefear'd and honor'd of the people,
Joyne we together for the publike good,
In what we can, to bridle and suppreffe
The pride of Suffolke, and the Cardinal,
With Somelets and Buckingham's Ambition,
And as we may, cherish Duke Humbreys deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the Land.
War. So God helpe Warwicke, as he loves the Land,
And common profit of his Countrie.
Tor. And so fayes Yorke,
For he hath greatest caufe.
Salisbur. Then lets make haft away,
And looke vnto the maine.
Warwicke. Vnto the maine?
Oh Father, Maine is loft,
That Maine, which by maine force Warwicke did winne,
And would have kept, so long as breath did left.
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The second Part of Henr"y the Sixt.

Main-chance father you meant, but I meant Maine,
Which I will win from France, or else be slaine.
Exit William and Salisbury. Main Torke.

Yorkes, An}son and Maine are given to the French,
Part is lost, the state of Normandie
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
Suffolk concluded on the Articles,
The Peers agreed, and Henry was well pleased,
To change two Dukes for a Dukes faire daughter.
I cannot blame them all, what is to chmage
'Tis thine they give away, and not their owne.
Pirates may make cheape penworthes of their pillage,
And purchase Friends, and give to Curzeans.
Still reselling like Lords till all be gone,
While as the sly Owner of the goods
Weepes over them, and wrings his hapleste hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloofe,
While all is thar'd, and all is borne away,
Ready to ferre, and dare not touch his owne.

So Yorkes must fit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his owne Lands are bargain'd for, and told:
Me thinkes the Realmes of England, France, & Ireland,
Beare that proportion to my selfe and blood,
As did the fatal brand Adelith burnt,
Vnto the Princes heart of Cluden.
Anno and Maine both given vnto the French;
Coloures for me: For I had hope of France,
Euen as I have of fertile Englandes soil.

A day will come, when Yorkes shall claim his owne,
And therefore I will take the Neills parts,
And make a show of loue to proud Duke Humfrey,
And when I fpy advantage, claim the Crownes,
For that's the Golden marke I feele to hit:
Nor shall proud Lancaster vsrpe my right,
Nor hold the Scepter in his childish Fift,
Nor wære the Dadem upon his head,
Whole Church-like humors fitt not for a Crownes.
Then Yorkes be full a-while, till time do ferue:
Watch thou, and wake when others beasleepe,
To pric into the secrets of the State,
Till Henry surfeiting in joyes of loue,
With his new Bride, & Englands decee bought Queene,
And Humfrey with the Peers be fame at tavres:
Then will I glde afoit the Myle-white-Rofe:
With whole sweet finell the Ayle fhall be perfuind,
And in my hand hardye the Armes of Yorkes,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster,
And force perforce He make him yeld the Crowne,
Whose bookish Rule, hauk pull'd dare England downe.
Exit Yorkes.

Enter Duke Humfrey and his Wife Elianor.

Eli. Why droopees my Lord like owrt.ripn'd Corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres plenteous load?
Why doth the Great Duke Humfrey knit his browes,
As frowning at the Favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the fullen earth,
Gazing on that which seemes to dimme thy sight?
What leeft thou there? King Henrys Dadem,
Inche'd with all the Honors of the world?
If so, Gaze on, and groutell on thy face,
Untill thy head be circled with the fame,
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious Gold,
What, is't too thort? Ill lengthen it with mine,
And having both together head'd it vp,
Were I both together lift our heads to heauen,
And never more abate our fight fo low,
That shall make answer to such Questions,
As by your Grace shall be propounded to him.
Eliasun. It is enough, Ile thinkke upon the Questions:
When from Saint Albones we doe make returne,
We'll beethe these things effected to the full.
Here Humane, take this reward, make merry man
With thy Confederates in this weightie caufe.
Exit Eliasun.
Humane. Humane must make merry with the Duchesse Gold:
Marry and shal: but how now, Sir John Hume?
Scale vp your Lipps, and giue no words but Mums,
The buifinesse shal iachi fecrettie.
Dame Eliasun gues Gold, to bring the Witch:
Gold cannot come amiffe, were it a Deuill,
Yet Iaue it Gold flies from another Coaft:
I dare not fay, from the rich Cardinals,
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk;
Yet I doe fay it: fo to be plaine,
They, (knowing Dame Eliasun spiring humor)
Hate hyred me to vndermine the Duchesse,
And buzzfe thefe Conviurations in her brayne.
They fay, A craftie Knave do's need no Broker,
Yet am I Suffolkes and the Cardinalles Broker.
Humane, if you take not heed, you shall goe meer
To call them both a payre of craftie Knauces.
Well, fo it fland: and this I here at lafe.
Humane Knauere will be the Duchefle Wracke,
And her Attanture, will be Humphreyes fall:
Sort how it will, Ic halue Gold for all.
Exit.

Enter three or fome Petitioners, the Armors
Man being one.

1. Pet. My Masters, let's fland clofe, my Lord Prote-ctor will come this way by and by, and then wee may deliuer our Supplications in the Quill.

2. Pet. Marry the Lord protect him, for hee's a good man, Ielu bleed him.

Enter Suffolk, and Queene.

Peter. Here a comes me thinkes, and the Queene with him:
He be the firft face.

2. Pet. Come backe foole, this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my Lord Protector.

Suff. How now fellow, would't any thing with me?


Queene. To my Lord Protector: are your Supplications to his Lordship? Let me fee them: what is thine?

1. Pet. Mine is, and i pleafe your Grace, against John Goodman, my Lord Cardinals Man, for keeping my Houfe, and Land, and Wife and all, from me.

Suff. Thy Wife too? that's some Wrong indeede.

What's yours? What's her eare Against the Duke of Suffolk, for enclofing the Commons of Melforde.

How now, Sir Knaue?


Peter. Againft my Master Thomas Horner, for faying, That the Duke of Yorke was rightfull Heire to the Crowne.

Queene. What fay't thou? Did the Duke of Yorke fay, hee was rightfull Heire to the Crowne?

Peter. That my Mifrefee was? No footfor: my Master ad, That he was, and that the King was an Vfuper.

Suff. Who is there?

Enter Servant.

Take this fellow in, and fend for his Master with a Purfe-
want prefently: wee'll haue more of your matter before the King.

Queene. And as for you that loue to be protected
Under the Wings of our Protectors Grace,
Begin your Suits anew, and sue to him.

Teare the Supplication.
Away, base Callifions: Suffolk let them goe.

All. Come, let's be gone.

Queene. My Lord of Suffolke, fay, is this the guife?
Is this the Paffions in the Court of England?
Is this the Government of Britaines Ie?
And this the Royaltie of Albrons King?
What, hall King Henry be a Pupill flill,
Under the furyl Glidlers Governance?

Am I Queene in Title and in Siege,
And muft be made a Subiect to a Duke?

I tell thee Foolis, when in the Cutie Tour.

Thou can't a tilt in honor of my Loue,
And fliue away the Ladies hearts of France;
I thought King Henry had refembled thee,
In Courage, Courtship, and Proportion:
But all his minde is bent to Holneffe,
To number Access-Maries on his Besdes:
His Champions, are the Prophets and Apollines,
His Weapons, holy Saws of sacred Writ,
His Studie is his Tilt-yard, and his Loues
Are brazen Images of Canonical Saints,
I would the Colledge of the Cardinals
Would chufe him Pope, and carry him to Rome,
And let the Triple Crowne upon his Head;
That were a State fit for his Holneffe.

Suff. Madame be patient: as I was caue
Your Highneffe came to England, to will I
In England worke your Grace full content.

Queene. Befide the haughtie Protector, haue we Beaftord
The imperrious Churchman; Somerfe, Buckingham,
And grumbling Yorke: and not the leaft of these,
But can doe more in England then the King.

Suff. And he of these, that can doe most of all,
Cannot doe more in England then the Nevils: Salisbury and Warwick are no simple Peeces.

Queene. Not all these Lords do vexe me halfe, so much,
As that proud Dame, the Lord Protectors Wife:
She sweepes it through the Court with troupes of Ladies,
More like an Empefle, then Duke Humphreyes Wife:
Strangers in Court, doe take her for the Queene:
She beares a Dakes Reuenuues on her backes,
And in her hent flie scorne out Pouterie:
Shall I not like to be aung'd on her?
Contemptuous base-borne Callot as he is,
She waun't mouer her Minions tother day,
The very trayne of her worst wearing Gowne,
Was better worth then all my Fathers Lands,
Till Suffolk gaine two Dukedomes for his Daughter.

Suff. Madame, my felfe have lyn'd a Buth for her,
And plac'd a Quier of fuch enticing Birds,
That she will light to liften to the Layes,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So let her ref: and Madame lift to me,
For I am bold to counfale you in this;
Although we fance not the Cardinall,
Yet miit we loyne with him and with the Lords,
Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in dignace.
As for the Duke of York, this late Complaint
Will make but little for his benefit:
So one by one we'll weed them all at last,
And you your selfe shall fleer the happy Helme. Exit.

Enter a Servant.

Enter the King, Duke Humphrey, Cardinall, Bucking-
ham, Torke, Salisbury, Warwick, and the Dutchess.

King. For my part, Noble Lords, I care not which,
Or Somerfet, or Torke, all's one to me.

Torke. If Torke have ill demean'd himselfe in France,
Then let him be despatchd the Regent-Hip.
Som. If Somerfet be unworthy of the Place,
Let Torke be Regent, I will yield to him.  
Warw. Whether your Grace be worthy, yes or no,
Dispute not that, Torke is the worshiper.
Card. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speake.
Warw. The Cardinall's not my better in the field.
Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.
Warw. Warwick may live to be the best of all.
Salis. Peace Sonne, and shew some reason Buckingham.
Why Somerfet should be prefer'd in this?
Queene. Because the King forsooth will have it so.
Humph. Madame, the King is old enough himselfe
To give his Censure: There are no Womens matters.
Queene. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace
To be Proctor of his Excellence?
Humph. Madame, I am Proctor of the Realme,
And at his pleasure will reglifie my Place.
Suff. Regifie it then, and leave thine inoffence.
Since thou wast King, as who is king, but thou?
The Common-wealth hath dayly run to wrack,
The Dutchmann hath preyed upon the Sease,
And all the Peters and Nobles of the Realme
Hau e bene as Brand-men to thy Souveraigne.
Card. The Common haue thou track'd, the Clergies Bags
Are lane and lean with thy Extortions.
Salis. Thy famous Buildings, and thy Wiues Atryce
Hau e coeff a maske of publique Treasures.
Buck. Thy Cruelitie in execution
Vpon Offenders, hath exceeded Law,
And left thee to the mercy of the Law.
Queene. Thy sale of Offices and Townes in France,
If they were knowne, as the supficiet is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy Head.
Exit Humphrey.

Give me my Fanne: what, Myntion, can ye not?
She gives the Dutchesse a box on the ear.
I cry you mercy, Madame: was it you?
Duch. Was it? yes, it was, proud French-woman:
Could I come near your Beautie, with my Nayles,
I could let my ten Commandements in your face.
King. Sweet Anne be quiet, twas against her will.
Duch. Against her will, good King! looke to't in time,
She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a Baby:
Though in this place most Master were no Brechies,
She shall not strike Dame Eleanor vndercoud.
Exit Eleanor.

Buck. Lord Cardinall, I will follow Eleanor,
And litter after Humphrey, how he propcedes:
She's tickled now, her Fume needs no spurrees,
She'll gallop faster enough to her destruction.
Exit Buckingham.

Enter Humphrey.

Humph. Now Lords, my Choller being ouer-blowne,
With walking once about the Quadrangle,
I come to talk of Common-wealth Affrayes.
As for your frightfull false Objections,
Prove them, and I lyce open to the Law:
But God in mercie soe deale with my Soule,
As I in dutie love my King and Country,
To be to the matter that we have in hand:
I say, my Soueraigne, Torke is meetest man
To be your Regent in the Realme of France.
Suff. Before we make election, give me leave
To shew some reason, of no little force,
That Torke is most vnume of any man.
Torke. He tell thee, Suffrige, why I am vnume.
First, for I cannot blater thee in Pride;
Next, if I be appointed for the Place,
My Lord of Somerfet will keepe me here,
Without Discharge, Money, or Furniture.
Till France be wonne into the Dorphins hands:
Last time I dainte attendance on his will,
Till Paris was besieged, famish'd, and loft.
Warw. That can I witnesse, and a fouler fact
Did never Traytor in the Land commit.
Suff. Peace head-strong Warwick.
Warw. Image of Pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Armorer and his Man.

Suff. Because here is a man accueld of Treason,
Pray God the Duke of York excuse himselfe.
Torke. Doth any one accueld Torke for a Traytor?
King. What mean'th thou, Suffrige? tell me, what are
the Lords of Yorkes meanes?
Suff. Please it your Maiestie, this is the man
That doth accuse his Master of High Treason;
His words were these: That Richard, Duke of York,
Was eighteen Heere into the English Crowne,
And that your Maiestie was an Wumper.
King. Say man, were these thy words?
Armorer. And'thall please your Maiestie, I never sayd
not thought any such matter: God is my witnesse,
I am fully accus'd by the Villaine.
Peter. By these terme bones, my Lords, he did speake
them in the Garret one Night, as we were crowing
my Lord of Yorkes Armour.
Torke. Bafe Danghill Villaine, and Mechanicall,
He hau e my Head for this thy Traytors speach.
I doe beseech your Royall Maiestie,
Let him hau e all the roge of the Law.
Armorer. Alas, my Lord, hang me if ever I spake
the words: my accuser is my Prentise, and when I did corrob.
him for his fault the other day, he did vow vpon his
lives he could be even with me: I hau e good witnest
of this: therefore I beseech your Maiestie, doe not cast
away an honest man for a Villaines accusation.
King. Vuckle, what shal we say to this in law?
Humph. This doome, my Lord, if I may judge:
Let Somerfet be Regent o're the French,
Because in Torke this breeds supsition;
And let them haue a day appointed them.
Foringle Combat, in convenient place,
For he hath witnesse of his feruants malice:
This is the Law, and this Duke Humphrey doome.

Som. I
Enter the Witch, the two Priests, and Bullingbrooke.

Home. Come my Masters, the Dutchess I tell you expect performance of your promises.

Bulling. Masters, Home, we are therefore providèd: will her Ladyship behold and hear our Exorcisms?

Home. I, what elle? feare you not her courage.

Bulling. I have heard her reported to be a Woman of an insinuible spirit: but it shall be convenient, Masters, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below;

And to I pray you goe in Gods Name, and leave vs.

Exit Home.

Mother Jordan, be you proftrate, and groul on the Earth, John Southwell reade you, and let vs to our worke.

Enter Elizior aloft.

Elizior. Well said my Masters, and welcome all: To this greate the sooner the better.

Bulling. Patience, good Lady, Wizards know their times: Deepe Night, darke Night, the silent of the Night; The time of Night when Troy was set on fire, The time when Screech-owles cry, and Bandogs howle, And Spirits walke, and Ghosts break vp their Graves; That time best fits the worke we have in hand.

Madame, fit you, and feare not: whom wee rayle, Wee will make faft within a hallow'd Verge.

Here doe the Ceremonies belonging, and make the Circle, Bullingbrooke or Southwell reader, Coniuro etc, &c. It Thunder and Lightnings terribly: then the Spirit rifest.

Spirit. Ad sam. Witch. Ahamoth, by the eternal God, Whole name and power thou tremblest at, Anwere that I shall ask: for till thou speakest, Thou shalt not passe from hence.

Spirit. Ask you what thou wilt: that I had sayd, and done.

Bulling. First of the King: What shall of him becometh?


Bulling. What shall befal the Duke of Somerset?

Spirit. Let him bene Caffles, Safer shall be he upon the fudden Plaines, Then where Caffles mounted Stand.

Come, come, my Lords, Thefe Oracles are hardly attain'd, And hardly understood.

The King is now in pregresse towards Saint Albones, With him, the Husband of this lovely Lady: Thither goe these Newes, As fast as Hurte can carry them: A forry Breakfast for my Lord Protector.

Buckingh. Your Grace shall give me leave, my Lord of York, To be the Poite, in hope of his reward.

York. At your pleasure, my good Lord.

Who's within there, hoe?

Enter a Servingman.

Inuite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick To luppe with me to morrow Night. Away.

Enter the King, Queen, Protetor, Cardinal, and Suffolk, with Faulkners following.

Queen. Deleue me Lords, for flying at the Brooke, I saw no better sport these seven yeares day, Yet by your leave, the WInde was very high, And ten to one, old James had not gone out.

King. But what a point, my Lord, your Faulcon made, And what a pytch the flew about the refit: To see how God in all his Creatures workes, Yea Man and Birds areayne of climbing high.

Suff. No maruell, and it like your Maistrie, My Lord Protectors Hawkes doe towre so well, They know their Master loyous to be aloft, And bear's his thoughts about his Faulcons Pitch.

Giff. My Lord, tis a but a base and noble munde, That mountes no higher then a Bird can forc.
Enter the Diarie of Saint Alkemy, and his Brethren, bearing the man betweene two in a Chayre.

Card. Here comes the Towne-men, on Procussion, To present your Highness with the man, King. Great is his comfort in this Earthly Vale, Although by his sight his name be multiplied, Glof. Stand by, my Masters, bring him neere the King, His Highness pleasure is to take with him, King. Good fellow, tell vs here the circumstance, That we for thee may glorifie the Lord, What, hast thou beene long blinde, and now restor'd? Simpe. Born blinde, and't please your Grace. Wife. I indeede was he, Saff. What Woman is this? Wife. His Wife, and't like your Worship. Card. Whose thou be his Mother, thou could'?t have better told, King. Where went thou borne? Simpe. At Bark in the North, and't like your Grace. King. Poore Soule, Gods goodness hath beene great to thee, Let never Day nor Night unhallowed passe, But still remember what the Lord hath done. Queen. Tell me, good fellow, Can't thou here by Chance, or of Deuotion, To this holy Shrine? Simpe. God knowes of pure Devotion, Being call'd a hundred times, and ofter, In my fleape, by good Saint Alben: Who said, Simen, come; come offer at my Shrines, And I will helpe thee, Wife. Moit true, forsooth, And many time and oft my felle hue heard a Voyce, To call him so, Card. What, art thou lame? Simpe. 1 God Almighty he telleth me, Suff. How can't thou so? Simpe. A fall off of a Tree, Wife. A Plum-tree, Master, Glof. How long haft thou beene blinde? Simpe. O borne so, Master, Glof. What, and would it climb a Tree? Simpe. But that in all my life, when I was a youth, Wife. Too true, and bought his climbing very dear, Glof. 'Maffe, thou lou'dt Plumes well, that would'nt venture so. Simpe. Ais, good Master, my Wife deified some Damons, and made me climb, with danger of my Life. Glof. A subtill Knave, but yet it flall not ferue; Let me see thinke Eyes; winck now, now open them, In my opinion, yet thou feelest not well. Simpe. Yes Master, clear as day, I thanke God and Saint Albones. Glof. Say'st thou me so: what Colour is this Cloake of? Simpe. Red Master, Red as Blood, Glof. Why that's well said: What Colour is my Gowne of? Simpe. Black forsooth, Coale-Black, as let. King. Why then, thou know'st what Colour let is of? Suff. And yet I thinke, let did he never see. Glof. But
The Second Part of Henry the Sixth.

Gloft. But Cloakes and Gownes, before this day, a many.

Wife. Never before this day, in all his life, Gloft. Tell me Sirrah, what’s my Name?
Simc. Alas Mafter, I know not.

Gloft. What’s his Name?
Simc. I know not.
Gloft. Not his?
Simc. No indeede, Mafter.
Gloft. What’s thine owne Name?
Simc. Saunter Simpcox, and if it please you, Mafter.

Gloft. Then Saunter, sit there, the lying’t Knaue in Chriftendome. If thou hastt beene borne blinde, Thou might’t as well have knowne all our Names, As this to name the fueveral Colours we doe weare. Sight may dифtinguish of Colours: But suddenly to nominate them all, It is impossible.

My Lords, Saint Albone here hath done a Miracle: And would ye not thinke it, Cunning to be great, That could restore this Creple to his Legges againe.

Simc. O Mafter, that you could? Gloft. My Maffers of Saint Albones, Have you not. Beadles in your Towne, And Things call’d Whippes?

Morir. Yes, my Lord, if it please your Grace. Gloft. Then send for one presently.

Morir. Sirrhag, goe fetch the Beadle hither straight.

Exit.

Gloft. Now fetch me a Stoole hither by and by, Now Sirrha, if you mean to save your felle from Whipping, leape me ouer this Stoole, and runne away. Simc. Alas Mafter, I am not able to stand alone: You goe about to torture me in vain.

Enter a Beadle with Whippes.

Gloft. Well Sir, we must have you finde your Legges. Sirrha Beadle, whippe him till he leape ouer that fame Stoole.

Beadle. I will, my Lord.

Come on Sirrha, off with your Doublet, quickly.

Simc. Alas Mafter, what shall I doe? I am not able to stand,

After the Beadle hath his bun once, he leape ouer the Stoole, and runnes away: and they follow, and cry, A Miracle.

KIng. O God, feeth thou this, and bearest so long? Queene. It made me laugh, to see the Villaine runne, Gloft. Follow the Knaue, and take this Drab away, Wife. Alas Sir, we did it for pure need.
Gloft. Let the be whippe 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 flye away.
Gloft. But you have done more Miracles then I: You made in a day, my Lord, whole Townes to flye.

Enter Buckingham.

King. What Tidings with our Couin Buckingham?

Duck. Such as my heart doth tremble to vnfold: A Fort of naughtie persons, lewdly bent, Vnder the Countenance and Confederacie

Of Lady Elizabeth, the Protetors Wife,
The Ring-leader and Head of all this Rout, Haue practis’d dangerously against your State, Dealing with Witches and with Conunurers, Whom we have apprehended in the Facit, Raying vp deceased Writs from vnderhand, And Demanding of King Henry’s Life and Death, And other of your Highnesse Privie Council, As more at large your Grace shall vnderstand,

Card. And to my Lord Protector, by this means

Your Lady is forth-coming, yet at London,
This News I thinke hath turn’d your Weapons edge; Tis like, my Lord, you will not keep your house.

Gloft. Ambitious Churchman, leave to afflict my heart: Sorrow and griefe have vanquish’d all my powres; And vanquish as I am, I yeold to thee,

Or to the meanest Groome. King.

O God, what mischiefes work the wicked ones? Heaping confusion on their owne heads thereby, Queene. Gloster, see here the Tincture of thy Neft,
And looke thy felle be faultlesse, thou wert bett.
Gloft. Madame, for my felle, to Heaven I doe appeale,
How I have lou’d my King, and Common-weale:

And for my Wife, I know not, how it standes,
Sorry I am to hear what I have heare.
Noble thee is: but if thee have forgot Honor and Verue, and conquer’s fow with fuch,
As like to Pythch, delifie Nobilitie;

I banifie her my Bed, and Companie,
And give her as a Prey to Law and Shame,
That hath dis-honored Glosters honeft Name.

King. Well, for this Night we will repose vs here:
To morrow toward London, back againe,
To looke into this Butinette thoroughly,
And call these foule Offenders to their Answeres;
And pouye the Caufe in Justice equall Scales,
Whole Ekate stands sure, whose rightfull Caufe preuailes.

Flourish. Exeunt.

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.

Yorke. Now my good Lords of Salisbury & Warwick, Our fimple Sipper ended, give me leave,
In this clofe Walte, to fatisfie my felle,
In eaneing your opinion of my Title,
Which is infallible, to Englands Cowne.

Salis. My Lord, I long to hear it at full,
Warw. Sweete Yorkes begin: and fhy clayme be good,
The Nevells are thy Subjects to command.

York. Then thus:

Edward the third, my Lords, had feuen Sonnes:
The first, Edward the Black-Prince, Prince of Wales;
The second, William of Hatfield; and the third, Lionell, Duke of Clarence; next to whom, Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaste; The fift, was Edward Langley, Duke of Yorke; The fift, was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Glofter; William of Windsor was the feventh, and laft.
Edward the Black-Prince dyed before his Father, And left behind him Richard, his only Sonne,
Who after Edward the third’s death, raigned as King,
Till Henry Baltingbrooke, Duke of Lancalier,
The eldest Sonne and Heire of John of Gaunt, Crown’d by the Name of Henry the fourth,
Seiz’d on the Realme, depos’d the rightfull King,
Sent his poore Queene to France, from whence the came.

And
And him to Pumfret; where, as all you know, 
Harmille Richard was murdered traiterously.

Thus, the Duke of Lancaster and the Crown. 

And the Duke of York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right: 
For Richard, the first Sonnes Heire, being dead, 
And the Duke of York. Thus the next Sonne should have reigned.

Salish, but William of Hasted dyed without an Heire.

York. The third Sonne, Duke of Clarence, 
From whole Line I cryme the Crowne, 
Had Iffue Philip, a Daughter, 
Who married Edward Mortimer, Earl of March; 
Edward had Iffue, Roger, Earl of March; 
Roger had Iffue, Edward, Anne, and Elizabeth. 

Salish, this Edward, in the Reigne of Henry the third.

She was Heire to Roger, Earl of March, 
Who was the Sonne of Edward Mortimer, 
Who married Philip, Iole Daughter 
Vnto Lionel, Duke of Clarence.

So, if the Iffue of the elder Sonne, 
Succeed before the younger, I am King.

Warm. What plaine proceedings is more plain than this? 
Henry doth cryme the Crowne from John of Gaunt, 
The fourth Sonne, York claysme it from the third: 
Till Iffue of Iffue fayles his shoule not reigne. 
It fayles not yet, but flourishtes in thee, 
And in thy Sonnes, faire ilippes of suche a Stock, 
Then Father Salisbury, kneele we together, 
And in this private Plot be we the first, 
That shall aluate our rightfull Soueraigne 
With honor of his birth-right to the Crowne.

Thou. Long liue our Soueraigne Richard, England's King.

York. We thank you Lords; 
But I am not your King, till I be Crown'd, 
And that my Sword be flaynt; 
With heart-blood of the Houfe of Lancaster: 
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd, 
But with advice and silent secrece.

Doe you as I doe in these dangerous dayes, 
Winke at the Duke of Suffolkes inffece, 
At Beaufords Pride, at Somersetts Ambition, 
At Buckingham, and all the Crew of them, 
Till they haue in that the Shepheard of the Flock, 
That vertuous Prince, the good Duke Humphrey: 
That they seeke, and they, in seeking that, 
Shall finde their deaths, if York can prophesie. 

Salish, My Lord, breake we off; we know your minde 
at full.

Warm. My heart affurres me, that the Earl of Warwick 
Shall one day make the Duke of York a King. 

York. And now, this I doe affure my selfe, 
Richard shall liue to make the Earl of Warwick 
The greatest man in England, but the King.

Exeunt.
Enter at one Doore the Armorer and his Neighbours, drinking to him so much, that hee is drunk: and he enters with 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 Horner, 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-Berre Neighbour: drink, and fear not your Man.

Armorer. Let it come ylathe, and I'll pledge you all, and a figge for Peter.

1. Prent. Here Peter, I drink to thee, and be not afraid.

Prent. Be merry Peter, and fear not thy Master, Fight for credit of the Prentices.

Peter. I thank you all; drink, and pray for me, I pray you, for I think I have taken my leaf Draught in this World. Here Robin, and if I dr ye, I giue thee my Aporne; and I'll thou shalt haue my Hammer: and here Tom, take all the Money that I haue. O Lord bleffe me, I pray God, for I am never able to deal with my Master, hee hath learn'd to much fence all eazy.

Salub. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.

Sirths, what's thy Name?

Peter. Peter forsooth.

Salub. Peter! what more?

Peter. Tonom.

Salub. Tonom? Then see thou thumppe thy Master well.

Armorer. Masters, I am come hither as it were upon my Mans instigation, to prove him a Knaue, and my felte an honest man: and touching the Duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the King, nor the Queene: and therefore Peter haue at thee with a dowsne-right blow.

Torke. Disparsh, this Knaues tongue begins to double.

Sound Trumpets, Alarum to the Combatants.

They fight, and Peter strikes him downe.

Armorer. Hold Peter, hold, I confesse, I confesse Traction.

Torke. Take away his Weapon: Fellow thanke God, and the good Wine in thy Masters way.

Peter. O God, haue I overcome mine Enemies in this present? O Peter, thou haft presi'd in right.

King. Go, take hence that Traitor from our sight, For by his death we doe perceive his guilt, And God in Justice bath resueld to vs The truth and innocence of this poor fellow, Which hee had thought to have murther'd wrongfullie. Come fellow, follow vs for thy Reward, Sound a flourish. Exeunt.

Enter Duke Humfrey and his Men in Mourning Cloakes.

Gloft. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a Cloud: And after Summer, euermore succedde.

Barren Winter, with his wrestfull nipping Cold; So Cares and loyces abound, as Seasons fleet. Sirs, what's a Clock? 

Seru. Tenne, my Lord,

Gloft. Tenne is the house that was appointed me, To watch the coming of my punifhit Ducheffe: 

Vneath may fiee endure the Perfane Streets, To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.

Sweet Neill, I can thy Noble Minde abjooke The abject People, gazinge on thy face, With mutious Lockkes laughing at thy face, That oft did follow thy proud Chariot-Wheels, When thou diidst ride in triumph through the Streets. But for, I thinke thee comes, and Ile prepare My terse-fayn'd eyes, to see her Miferies.

Enter the Ducheffe in a white Sheet, and a Taper burning in her hand, with the Sheriffe and Officers.

Seru. So pleaze your Grace, we'll take her from the Sheriffe.

Gloft. No, flirre not for your lives, let her passe by.

Elianor. Come you, my Lord, to see my open flame? Now thou dost Penance too. Looke how they gaze, See how the giddy multitude doe point, And nodde their heads, and throw their eyes on thee. Ah Glorfe, hide thee from their hatefull lookees, And in thy Clofe pent vp, rve my shame, And banne thine Enemies, both mine and thine.

Gloft. Be patient, gentle Neill, forget this grieve.

Elianor. Ah Glorfe, teach me to forget my selfe: For while I thinke I am thy married Wife, And thou a Prince, Protector of this Land; Me thinke I should not thus be led along, May'st vp in flame, with Papers on my back, And follow'd with a Babbble, that remorse To fee my tears, and hear my deep-sighed groanes. The ruthless Flint did cut my tender feet, And when I start, the envious people laugh, And bid me be advis'd how I tread.

Ah Humfrey, can I bear this shamefull ycke? Trowest thou, that ere I looke upon the World, Or count them happy, that enoyes the Sunne? No: Darke shall be my Light, and Night my Day, To thynke upon my Pompe, shall be my Hell. Sometime Ile say, I am Duke Humfrey's Wife, And he a Prince, and Ruler of the Land: Yet so he ruled, and such a Prince he was, As hee ftood by, whilest I, his forlornne Ducheffe, Was made a wonder, and a pointing flock To every idle Raffall follower.

But be thou milde, and blith not at my shame, Nor blithe at nothing, till the Axe of Death Hang over thee, as lute it shortly will.

For Suffragie, hee that can doe all in all With her, that hateth thee and hates vs all, And Torke, and impious Beauford, that false Prieef, Have all mydse Bohses to betray thy Wings, And flye thou how thou can'st, they're tangle thee. But feare not thou, thou'dl foot bee fraine'd, Nor never feele prevention of thy foes.

Gloft. Ah Neill, enpresse: thou's mett all away, I must offend, befores must be accanted: And had I twentie times so many foes, And each of them had twentie times their power, All these could not procure me any seate, So long as I am loyall, true, and crimelesse.

Wouldst thou have me refuse thee from this reproach?
Why yet thy scandal were not wipet away,  
But I in danger for the breach of Law,  
Thy greatest helpe is quiet, gentle Nell;  
I pray thee for thy heart to patience,  
Thesefew days wonder will be quickly worn;  
Exit a Herald.

Her. I summon your Grace to his Majesties Parliament,  
Holden at Brut, the first of this next Month.

Gloft. And my consent ne're ask'd herein before?  
This is clofe dealing, Well, I will be there.  
My Nell, I take my leave: and Master Sheriff,  
Let not her Presence exceed the Kings Commission.

Stanly. And t'please your Grace, here my Commission stays:  
And Sir John Stanly is appointed now,  
To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

Gloft. Miff you, Sir John, protect my Lady here?  
Stanly. So am I given in charge, may't please your Grace.

Gloft. Entreat her not the worse in that I pray  
You for her well: the World may laugh againe,  
And I may live to do you kindniffe, if you doe it her.  
And so Sir John, farewell.

Eliaor. What, gone my Lord, and bid me not farewell?

Gloft. Wintime my tears, I cannot stay to speake.  
Exit Gloft.

Eliaor. Art thou gone to, for all comfort goe with thee,  
For none abides with me: my joy, is Death;  
Death, at whose Name I oft have beene afraid,  
Because I wish'd this Worlds extermine.

Stanley, I prethee goe, and take me hence,  
I care not whither, for I begge no favor;  
Onely cony me where thou art commanded.

Stanley. Why, Madame, that is to the Ille of Man,  
There to be vs'd according to your State.

Eliaor. That's bad enongh, for I am but reproach'd  
And shall I then be vs'd reproachfull?

Stanley. Like to a Duchess, and Duke Humphrey Lady,  
According to that State you shall be vs'd,  
Shriefe, farewell well, and better then I fare,  
Although thou hast beene Conduite of my flame,  
Shriefe. It is my Office, and Madame pardon me.

Eliaor. I, if, farewell, why Office is dischard'd:  
Come Stanley, shall we goe?

Stanley. Madame, your Penance done,  
Throw off this Sheet,  
And goe we to attayre you for our Journy.

Eliaor. My Name will not be thifhed with my Sheet:  
It no will hang upon my richeft Robes,  
And flie is felie, attayre me how I can.  
Goe, leade the way, I long to see my Prison,  
Exeunt

Sound a Scene. Enter King, Queene, Cardinal, Suffolk,  
Tork, Buckingham, Salisbury, and Warwick,  
to the Parliament.

King. I muite my Lord of Glofter is not come:  
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,  
What e'c occasion keeps him from vs now.

Queene. Can you not see? or will ye not observe  
The striangettie of his aile'd Countenance?

With what a Majestie he bears himselfe,  
How modest of what hee becomes,  
How proud, how perfentiorie, and unlike himselfe.

And if we did but glance a farre-off Looke,  
Immedeately he was vpon his Knees.

That all the Court admir'd him for submition.  
But meet him now, and be in the Morn,  
When every one will give the time of day,  
He knits his Brow, and thewes an angry Eye,  
And pafteth by with stifte unbow'd Knee,  
Disdaining durie that to vs belongs.

Small Curres are not regarded when they strive,  
But great men tremble when the Lyon rores,  
And Humphrey is no little Man in England,  
First note, that he is mere you in dilet,  
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.  
Me femeth thee, it is no Policie,  
Reflecting what a rancous minde he bears,  
And his adavantage following your decease,  
That he should come about your Royall Person,  
Or be admitted to your Highneffe Counsell.  
By flatterie he hame the Commons hearts:  
And when he please to make Commotion,  
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.

Now'tis the Spring, and Weeds are shalow-rooted.  
Suffer them now, and they'll be gone;  
And chooke the Herbes for want of Husbandry.  
The recuenent care I shall vs'to your Lord,  
Made me collect these dangers in the Duke,  
If it be fond, call it a Woman's feare:  
Which feare, if better Reasons can supplant,  
I will subscrib, and say I wrong'd the Duke,  
My Lord of Suffolk Backingham, and Yorkie,  
Reproue my allegation, if you can,  
Or else conclude my words effectuall.

suff. Well hale your Honour feene into this Duke;  
And had I first bene put to speake my minde,  
I think I should have told your Grace's Tale.  
The Duchesse, by his suboration,  
Vpon my life began her ducellish practises:  
Or if he were not prone to those Faults,  
Yet by repute of his high ditcet,  
As next the King, he was fuctceffue Haire,  
And fuch high haunta of his Nobilitie,  
Did inflaft the Bedlan blafe-nick Dachelle,  
By wicked meanes to frame our Souerainest fall.  
Smooth runnes the Water, where the Brooke is deepe,  
And in his ‘mple shew he harbours Trefon.  
The Fox barren be, when he would flale the Lambe.  
No no, my Souerain, Glofter is a man  
Unfound yet, and full of deep deceit.

Card. Did he not, contrary to forme of Law,  
Deifie strange deaths, for small offences done d  
Tork. And did he not, in his Protecrerfhip,  
Leue great fortunes of Money through the Realme,  
For Souldiers pay in France,  
And neuer tell it?  
By meanes whereof, the Townes every day revoked.

Buck. Tust, there are petty 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 move downe Thones that would annoy our Foot,  
Is worthy praye: but shull I speake my confidence,  
Our Kingman Glofter is an innocent,  
From meaning Trefon to our Royall Person,  
As is the fucking Lamb, or harmefle Dube:  
The Duke is vonrous, mild, and too well giuen,  
To dreame on euill, or to worke his downefall.  
Qu. Ah what's more dangerous, then this fond affiance?  
Seemes he a Dowt? his feathers are but borrow'd,  
For he's dispofted as the hatefull Rauen.  
Is he a Lambe? his Skinner is surely lentein,
The second Part of Henry the Sixth.

For hee's enclind as is the rauenous Wolves.
Who cannot fleale a shape, that meanes decei't
Take heed, my Lord, the welfare of vs all,
Hangs on the cutting shott that fraughtfull man.

Enter Somerset.
Sum. All health vnto my gracious Soueraigne.
King. Welcome Lord Somerset: What Newes from France?
Sum. That all your Intereft in those Territories,
Is vertely benefi't you: all is loft.
King. Cold Newes, Lord Somerset: but Gods will be done.
Turk. Cold Newes for me: for I had hope of France,
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my Bioflomes blasted in the Bud,
And Caterpillers eate my Lesuues away:
But I will remedie this geare ere long,
Or fell my Tidle for a glorious Grauc.

Enter Gloucester.
Glof. All happineffe vnto my Lord the King;
Pardon, my Liege, that I have fayd fo long.
Swif. Nay Glofier, know that thou art come too sooone,
Vnklefe thou were more loyal then thou art:
I doe assure thee of High Treafon here.
Glof. Well Swif:ke, thou shalt not fee me blueth,
Nor change my Countenance for this Arrift:
A Heart vpwithdoot, is not easily daunted.
The purel Spring is not fo free from mudd,
As I am cleare from Treafon to my Soueraigne,
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guiltie?
Turke. This thought, my Lord,
That you tooke Bribes of France,
And being Protector, fayd the Souderians pay,
By meane whereof, his Highneffe hath loft France.
Glof. Is it but thought fo?
What are they that thinke it?
I neuer rob'd the Souderians of their pay,
Nor euer had one penny Brie of France.
So helpe me Gods, I haue watcht the Night,
I Night by Night, in trydying good for England.
That Dayt that ere I wrested from the King,
Or any Groat I hoarded to my vte,
Be brought against me at my Tryall day.
No: many a Pound of mine owne proper ftoore,
Because I would not take the neede Commons,
Have I dis-purfed to the Garrions,
And never ask'd for refirution.
Card. It ferves you well, my Lord, to fay fo much.
Glof. I lay no more then truth, to helpe me God.
Turke. In your Protectorfhip, you did define
Strange Tortures for Offenders, never heerd of,
That England was defam'd by Tyranne.
Glof. Why is well known, that whiles I was Protector,
Pitie was all the fault that was in me:
For I thould melt at an Offenders tears,
And lowly words were Raniome for their fault:
Vnklefe it were a bloody Murtherer,
Or foule felonious Thieves, that fleet'd poore passengers,
I neuer gaueth them condign punishment.
Murder indeed, that bloody finne, I tortur'd
Aboue the Felon, or what Trepas eile,
Swif. My Lord, these faults are casser, quickly answer'd:
But mightier Crimes are lay'd vnto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge your felfe.

I doe assure you in his Highneffe Name,
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinal:
To keepe, untill your further time of Tryall.
King. My Lord of Glofier, tis my speciall hope,
That you will clear your felfe from all fenpence,
My Confiance tells me you are innocent.
Glof. Ah: gracious Lord, these days are dangerous:
Vertue is choa'kt with foule Ambition,
And Charitie cha'st hereby Rancour hand;
Foule Subornation is predominant,
And Equitie exil'd your Highneffe Land,
I know, their Complexor is to have my Life:
And if my death might make this Island happy,
And proute the Period of their Tyranne,
I would expend it with all willingnesse,
But mine is made the Prologue to their Play:
For thousands more, that yet fufpect no perill,
Will not conclude their plotted Tragedie.
Becaufes red sparking eyes blub his hearts mallice,
And Swif:folke cloudie Brow his tromie hate;
Sharpe Bickengham unburthens with his tongue,
The curious Lord that Iyes vpon his heart:
And dogged Turke, that reaches at the Moone,
Whole over-weetening Anne I haue plucke back,
By falle accuse doth leuell at my Life,
And you, my Soueraigne Lady, with the refl,
Canueltfe haue lay'd digraaces on my head,
And with your best endoure haue firft'd up
All of you have lay'd your heads together,
My felfes had notice of your Couuenticles,
And all to make away my goodfie Life.
I shall not want falle Witsefie, to condemn me,
Nor flore of Treafons, to augment my guilt:
The ancient Proverbe will be well effect:
A Staffe is quickly found to beat a Dogge.
Card. My Liege, his saying is intolerable.
If those that care to keepe your Royall Perion
From Treafons secret Knife, and Traytors Rage,
Be thus unprayed, chlid, and rased at,
And the Offender granted fcape of speech,
'Twill make them coole in zaze vnto your Grace.
Swif. Heth he not wit our Soueraigne Lady here
With ignominious words, though Clarklye coucht:
As if fhe had fabourned fome to fware
Falfe allegations, to o'rethrow his fate.
Qu. But I can give the lofer leave to chide.
Glof. Faire truer f poke then meant: I lofe indeede,
Befirew the winners, for they play'd me falle,
And weel fuch losers may have leave to speake.
Buck. He'lle wreft the fence, and hold vs here all day.
Lord Cardinal, he is your Prifoner.
Card. Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him sure.
Glof. Ah, thus King Henry throwes away his Crutch,
Before his Legges be firme to bear his Body,
Thus is the Shepheard beaten from thy fide,
And Wolves are garling, who fhall gaw thee firft.
Ah that my fear were falle, ah that it were;
For good King Henry, thy decay I feare.
Exit Glofier.
King. My Lords, what to your goodfome feemeth beft,
Doc, or vndoc, as if our felfe were here.
Queen. What, will your Highneffe leaue the Councell
King. I Margare, my heart is drown'd with griefe,
Whole floud begins to flowe with mine eyes:
My Body round enegy with miserie:

n 2
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

Queene. Thrice Noble Suffolke, tis resolutely spoke. Suff. Not resolutely, except so much were done,
For things are often spoke, and feldome meant,
But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preferre my Souersigne from his Foe,
Say but the word, and I will be his Prieft.
Card. But I would have him dead, my Lord of Suffolke,
Ere you can take due Orders for a Prieft;
Say you content, and eenuere well the deed,
And Ile prouide his Executioner,
I tender to the faetie of my Lige.
Suff. Here is my Hand, the deed is worthly doing.
Queene. And so say I.

Torke. And I: and now we three haue spoke it,
It skills not greatly who impugnes our doome.

Enter a Poste.

Post. Great Lords, from Ireland am I come againe,
To signifie, that Rebels there are vp,
And put the Englishmen unto the Sword.
Send Succours (Lords) and stop the Rage betwene,
Before the Wound doe grow vncurable;
For being Greene, there is great hope of helpe.
Card. A Breach that craves a quick expedient stoppe.
What counsaille gues you in this weightie caufe?
Torke. That Senterfer be sent as Regent thither:
'Tis meet that Jackle Ruler be imploy'd,
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.
Sow. If Torke, with all his farre-fet pollicie,
Had beene the Regent there, in head of me,
He neuer would have stay'd in France so long,
Torke. No, not to lose it all, as thou haft done,
I rather would have lost my life betwene,
Then bring a burthen of dis-honourable,
By stay'ing there so long, till all were lost,
Shew me one skarre, character'd on thy Skinner,
Mens freshest prefer'd so whole, doe feldome winne.
Que. Nay, then, this fsake will prowe a raging fire,
If Wind and Fuelle be brought, to feed it with:
No more, good Torke; sweet Senterfer be fill.
Thy fortune, Torke, hadst thou bene Regent there,
Might happily haue prou'd farre worse worse then his.
Torke. What, worse then naught? nay, then a shame take all.
Senterfer. And in the number thee, that withifh fame.
Card. My Lord of Yorke, trie what your fortune is:
Th'vnciull £emes of Ireland are in Armes,
And temper; Clay with blood of Englishmen.
To Ireland will you leade a Band of men,
Collected choyely, from each Countrie some,
And trim your hag against the Irishmen.
Torke, I will, my Lord, to plesse his Maiestie.
Suff. Why, our Autoritie is his content,
And what we doe eставlish, he confirme;
Then, Noble Torke, take thou this Taske in hand.
Torke. I am content; Provide me Souldiers, Lords,
While I take order for mine owne affairs.
Suff. A charge, Lord Torke, that I will see perform'd,
But now returne we to the salf Duke Humfray.
Card. No more of him: for I will deal with him,
That henceforth he shall trouble vs no more:
And so brake off, the day is almost spent,
Lord Suffolke, you and I must talk of that even.

Torke. My
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

Yorke. My Lord of Suffolke, within fourteene dayes
At Bristol I expect my Souldiers,
For there Ie shippe them all for Ireland
Suff. Ile see it truly done, my Lord of Yorke, Exeunt.
Mauet Yorke.
Yorke. Now Yorke, or never, feele thy fearfull thoughts,
And change mildoubt to resolution;
Be that thou holp't to be, or what thou art;
Regnifie to death, it is not worth th'envoying:
Let pale-fac't fear keep with the meanes-borne man,
And finde no harb'r in a Roving heart.
For the Spring-time howres, come thought on thegth,
And not a thought, but thinkes on Dignum.
My Bryme, more buffe then the laboring Spider,
Weaseces tedious Snares to trap mine Enemies.
Well Nobles, well; tis politicke done,
To send mee packing with an Host of men:
I feare me, you but warme the furled Snake,
Who clierish in your breasts, will fling your heares.
'Twas men I lackt, and you will give them me;
I take it kindly; yet be well assay'd,
You put sharpe Weapons in a mad-men hands.
While in Ierand nourish a mightie Band,
I will thre vs vp in England some black Storme,
Shall blowe ten thousand Souls to Heauen, or Hell;
And this fell Tempest shall not cease to rage,
Vnftill the Golden Circuit on my Head,
Like to the glorious Sunnes transparent Beames,
Doe caune the furie of this mad-bred Hawe.
And for a minuter of my intent,
I have fuced a head-strong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
To make Commotion, as full weel he can,
Vnder the Title of John Mortimer,
In Ireland haue I feene this hussborne Cade
Oppofe himfelfe againe a Troupe of Kernes,
And fough to long, till that his highnes with Darts
Were almoft lik a sharpe-guil'd Popperine:
And in the end being receaued, I have feene
Him capre vpright, like a wilde Morlice,
Shaking the bloody Darts, as he his Bells,
Full often, like a thag-hay'd craftie Kerne,
Hath he connuered with the Enemy,
And血管ur'd, come to me againe,
And giuen me notice of their Villanies,
This Dewill here shall be my Subltitude;
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gate, in speeche he doth reffemble,
By this, I hall perceuie the Commons minde,
How they affect the House and Clayme of Yorke
Say he be taken, rackt, and tortured;
I know, no paine they can inflict upon him,
Will make him fay, I mou'd him to thofe Armes.
Say that he thrive, as'tis great like he will,
Why then from Ierland come I with my strength,
And reape the Harrett that Raffeau found.
For Henfray; being dead, as he Shall be,
And Henfray put aparts: the next for me.
Exit.

Enter two or three running over the Stage, from the
Marcher of Duke Humfray.
1. Runne to my Lord of Suffolke: let him know
We have dispatcht the Duke, as he commanded.
2. Oh, that it were to doe: what have we done?
Did out ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter Suffolke.
1. Here comes my Lord.

Suff. Now Sirs, have you diaparcht this thing?
1. I, my good Lord, he's dead.
Suff. Why that's well faid. Go, get you to my Houfe,
I will reward you for this venturous deed:
The King and all the Peeres are here at hand.
Have you layd faire the Bed? Is all things well,
According as I gave directions?
1. Yes, my good Lord.
Suff. Away, be gone,
Exit.

Sound Trumpets. Enter the King, the Queene, Cardinall, Suffolke, Somerfit, with Attendants.

King. Go call our Vnkle to our prrefence ftraight:
Say, we intend to try his Grace to day,
If he be gultie, as 'tis publifhed.
Suff. Ie call him prefently, my Noble Lord. Exit.
King. Lords take your places: and I pray you all
Proceed no strainer gainst our Vnkle Giflower,
Then from true evidence, of good effeme,
He be approu'd in practive capable.
Queene God forbid any Malice should preuyle,
That faultleffe may condemne a Noble man:
Pray God he may acquit him of infipion.
King. I thanke thee Neil, thofe words content me much.

Enter Suffolke.

How now? why lookest thou pale? why trembleft thou?
Where is our Vnkle? what's the matter, Suffolke?
Suff. Deal in his Bed, my Lord. Giflower is dead.
Queene. Marry God forfend.
Card. Gods secret Judgement: I did dreame to Night,
The Duke was dauncd, and could not speake a word.
King. Sounds.

Qu. How farres my Lord? Helpe Lords, the King is dead.

Sam. Rere vp his Body, wring him by the Noe.
Qu. Runne, goe, helpe, helpe: Oh Henry ope thine eyes.
Suff. He doth renewe againe, Madame be patient.
King. Oh Heauently God.
Qu. How faires my gracious Lord?
Suff. Comfort my Soueraigne, gracious Henry comfor-

King. What, doth my Lord of Suffolke comfort me?
Come he right now to finge a Rauns Note,
Whole difmall tune bereft my Vitall powres:
And thinke, i.e. that the chirping of a Wren,
By crying confomt from a hallow brad,
Can chafe away the diff-conceuied sound?
Hide not thy poynet with fuch fuged words,
Lay not thy hands on me: forbeare I fay,
Their touch affrights me as a Serpents fling,
Thou bafefull Meflenger, out of my fight:
Vpon thy eye-balls, murderous Tyranie
Sits in grim Maiestie, to fright the World.
Looke not vpon me, for thine eyes are woundinge:
Yet doe not goe away: come Bifliifeke,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy fight:
For in the fahde of death, I fhall finde joy;
In life, but double death, now Giflower's dead.
Queene. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus?
Although the Duke was enemie to him,
Yet he moft Christian-like lamented his death:
And for my felle, Foe as he was to me,
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groanes,
Or blood-consuming fighes recall his Life.
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

I would be blinde with weeping, fike with grones, 
Looke pale as Prim-rofe with blood-drinking fighes, 
And all to haue the Noble Duke alive, 
What know I how the world may deeme of me? 
For it is knowne we were but hollow Friends: 
It may be iudge'd I made the Duke away, 
So shall my name with Slanders tongue be wounded, 
And Princes Courts be fill'd with my reproach: 
This get I by his death: Aye me vnhappy, 
To be a Queene, and Crown'd with infamie. 

King. Ah woe is me for Gloiter, wretched man.

Be woe for me, more wretched then he is, 
What? Dost thou turne away, and hide thy face? 
I am no losthone Leper, looke on me. 
What? Art thou like the Adder waxen deafe? 
Be poysonous too, and kill thy forlone Queene. 
Is all thy comfort fhit in Glosters Tombes? 
Why then Dame Eleanor was stcere thy joy. 
Erect his Statue, and worship it, 
And make my Image but an Ale-houre figne. 
Was I for this my wyne wrack'd upon the Sea, 
And twice by awkward winde from Englands banke 
Drote backe againe vnfo the Natue Chime. 
What boas'd this? but well fore-waring winde
Did feeme to fay, feke not a Scorpions Nefl, 
Nor let no footing on this vnknde Shore. 
What did I then? But curft the gentle guift, 
And he that loo'd them forth their Braunze Caues, 
And bid them blow towards Englands blefled fhore, 
Or turne our Stern on a dreadful Rocke: 
Yet /Eolus would not be a muther, 
But left that hateful office vnto thee. 
The pretty vaulting Sea refus'd to drowne me, 
Knowing that thou wouldest haue me drown'd on shore 
With tears as falt as Sea, through thy vnkindneffe, 
The flitting Rockes crow'd in the finking fands, 
And would not daff me with their ragged fides, 
Because thy flinty heart more hard then they, 
Might in thy Paffage, perifh Eleanor. 
As Eare as I could ken thy Chaky Cliffs, 
When from thy Shore, the Tempeft beate vs backe, 
I froid upon the Hatches in the storme: 
And when the duske sky, began to rob 
My earneft-goping-fight of thy Lands view, 
I tooke a coolly Jewell from my necke, 
A Harrit was bound in with Diamonds, 
And thred it toward thy Land: The Sea receu'd it, 
And fo I with'd thy body might: my Heart: 
And even with this, I loft faire Englands view, 
And bid mine eyes be packing with my Heart, 
And call'd them blinde and duske Spectacles, 
For loofing ken of Albions wish'd Coast. 
How often have I tempt'd Suffolkes tongue 
The agent of thy foule incomplainece, 
To fit and watch me as Alcataine did, 
When he to madding Dido would unfold 
His Fathers Ades, commend'd in burning Troy. 
Am I not witchte like her? Or thou not false like him? 
Aye me, I can no more: Dye Eleanor, 
For Henry weeps, that thou daff live fo long.

Noyfe and brio. Enter Warwick, and many Commons.

War. It is reported, mighty Soveraigne, 
That good Duke Humphrey Traiterously is murdred.

By Suffolke, and the Cardinal Beaufords meanes: 
The Commons like an angry Huye of Bees, 
That want their Leader, fatter vp and downe, 
And care nor who they fling in his reuenge. 
My felfe hau'e calmd their fpheenfull mutine, 
Vntil they heare the order of his death. 

King. That he is dead good Warwick, 'tis too true, 
But how he dyed, God knowes, nor Henry: 
Enter his Chamber, view his breathlefe Corps, 
And commend th'en vs his fadime death. 
War. That shall I do my Liege; Stay Salsburie 
With the rude multitude, till I return. 

King. O thou that iudgeft all things, fay my thoughts: 
My thoughts, that labour to perfiade my foule, 
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life: 
If my fucpeft be falfe, forgive me God, 
For judgement onely doth belong to thee. 
Faine would I go to chaffe his palie lips, 
With twenty thoufand knifes, and to drafne 
Vpon his face an Ocean of falt teares, 
To tell my lone vnto his dumbe deafe trunke, 
And with my fingers feel his hand, unfceiling: 
But all in vaine are these meanes Obiequies, 

And to furrey his dead and earthie Image: 
What were it but to make my sorrow greater? 

War. Come lither gracious Soveraigne, view this body. 

King. That is to fee how deepe my greue is made, 
For with his foule fled all my worldly folace: 
For feeing him, I fee my life and death. 

War. As forly as my foule intends to lue 
With that dread King that tooke our fate vpon him, 
To free vs from his Fathers wrathfull curfe, 
I do beleue that violent hands were laid 
Vpon the life of this thrice-famed Duke. 

Soft. A dreadful Oath, fsworne with a folemn tongue: 
What infiance gues Lord Warwicke for his vow. 

War. See how the blood is fettled in his face. 
Oft haue I feene a timely-paarked Ghoft, 
Of faby famblance, meager, pale, and bloodlefe, 
Being all defened to the labouring heart, 
Who in the Conflect that it holds with death, 
Attracts the fame for aydance gainft the enemy, 
Which with the heart there cooles, and re'turneth, 
To blufh and beautifie the Checke againe. 
But fee, his face is blacke, and full of blood: 
His eye-balles further out, than when he liued, 
Stearing full galyly, like a strangled man: 
His hayre vpread'd, his noftirls fretcheth with strugling: 
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grapt 
And rugg'd for Life, and was by fhrength fubdu'd, 
Look at the fheets his hair(e) (you fee) is flicking, 
His well proportion'd Beard, made ruffe and rugged, 
Like to the Summers Courte by Tempeft lodg'd: 
It cannot be but he was murdered here, 
The leafe of all these fignes were probable. 

Sof. Why Warwicke, who should do the D. to death? 
My felfe and Beauford had him in protection, 
And we hope for, are no murthers. 

War. But both of you were vowed D. Humfryes foes, 
And you (forfooth) had the good Duke to keepe: 
This like you would not feate him like a friend, 
And 'tis well fence, he found an enemy. 

Queen. Than you belike fucpeft thine Noblemen, 
As guilty of Duke Humfryes timeflife death.
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Warr. Who finds the Heyer dead, and bleeding freth, And fees falt-by, a Butcher with an Axe, But will sufpeet, was he that made the flaughter? Who finds the Partridge in the Puttacks Neft, But may imagine how the Bird was dead, Although the Kyte foare with unblouded Beake? Even fo tufpicious is this Tragedie, Qn. Are you the Butcher, Suffolk? where's your Knife? Is Beaftford teamd of a Kyte? where are his Talloons? Suff. I weare no Knife, to flughter fleeping men, But here's a Venefious Sword, rufl'd with exile, That fhall be coverd in his rancorous heart, That flanders me with Marthers Crifmon Badge Say, thou dafft prou'd Lord of Warwickshire, That I am faltie in Duke Humfreyes death. Warr. What does not Warwick, if falle Suffolk dare him? Qn. He dares not calme his contumelious Spirit, Nor caele to be an arrogant Controller, Though Suffolk dare him twentie thousand times. Warr. Madame be fyll, with reuerence may I fay, For every word you fpeak in his behalfe, Is flander to your Royall Dignitie, Suff. Blunt-witted Lord, ignoble in demeanor, If ever Lady wrong'd her Lord fo much, Thy Mother tooke into her blamefull Bed Some ftrange vntur'd Churl; and Noble Stock Was graff with Grab-tree flippe, whose fruit thou art, And never of the Ninele Noble Race. Warr. But that the gaft in her bucklers thee, And I fhould rob the Deaths-man of his Fee, Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand names, And that my Soueraignes prifence makes me mide, I would, falle morduous Caward, on thy Knee Make thee begge pardon for thy paffed speech, And fay, it was thy Mother that thou meant'st, That thou thy felle walk borne in Baffardie; And after all this fearefull Homage done, Gife thee thy hyre, and fend thy Soule to Hell, Pernicious blood-fucker of fleeping men. Suff. Thou fhalt be waking, while I flied thy blood, If from this prifence thou dafft goe with me. Warr. Away cuen now, or I will drage thee hence: Vnworthy though thou art, Ile cope with thee, And doe some fervice to Duke Humfreyes Ghoft. \(\text{Exeunt.}\)

King. What stronger Breft-plate then a heart untainted? Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his Quarrell iuft; And be but naked, though lock'd vp in Steele, Whose Confidence with Injuicce is corrupted, A noyle within, Quene. What noyfe is this? Enter Suffolk and Warwick, with their Weapons drawne.

King. Why how now Lords? Your wrathfull Weapons drawne, Here in our prifence? Date you be fo bold? Why what tumultuous clamor have we here? Suff. The tray'tous Warwick, with the men of Bury, Set all upon me, mightie Soueraigne.

Enter Salisbury.

Sally. Sirs stand apart, the King shall know your minde.

Dread Lord, the Commons fend you word by me, Vafeffe Lord Suffolke straight be done to death, Or banified faire Englands Territories, They will by violence teare him from your Palace, And tortured him with grievous lingring death. They fy, by him the good Duke Humfrey dy've: They fy, in him they fee're your Highnesse death; And mewe intillt of Loue and Loyaltie, Free from a flubborne opposite intent, As being thought to condicr his kyng, Makes them thus forward in his Banishment. They fay, in care of your most Royall Perfon, That if your Highnesse should intend to flepe, And charge, that no man fhould disturbe your rep, In paine of your dislike, or paine of death; Yet not witholding fuch a ftrait Edict, Were there a Serpent feene, with forked Tongue, That flyly glided towards your Majeltie, It were but neceffarie you were wak't: Leaft being fuffer'd in that harnefull flumber, The mortall Worne might make the flepe eternal, And therefore doe they cry, though you forbid, That they will guard you, where you will, or no, From fuch fell Serpents as falle Suffolke; With whole unmenomed and fatall thing, Your louing Vnkle, twentie times his Worth, They fay is shamefully bereft of life. Commons within. An anfwer from the King, my Lord of Salisbury. Suff. This like the Commons, rude vpolishe: Hudes, Could fend fuch Message to their Soueraigne; But you, my Lord, we're glad to impoy'd, To fhow how quent an Orator you are, But all the Honor Salisbury hath wonne, Is, that he was the Lord Embaffador, Sent from a fort of Tinkers to the King. Within. An anfwer from the King, or we will all breake in. King. Goe Salisbury, and tell them all from me, I thanke them for their tender louing care; And had I not beene cited fo by them, Yet did I purpofe as they doe entreat: For fure, my thoughts doe hourly prophecie, Mischance into my State by Suffolkes meane, And therefore by his Majeltie I feware, Whole farre-vnworthtie Depute I am, He fhall not breathe infection in this ayre, But three dayes longer, on the paine of death. But, Oh Henry, let me pleade for gentle Suffolk, King, Vengeant Queene, to call him gentle Suffolke, No more I fay: if thou dafft pleade for him, Thou wilt but add more eare into thy Wrath, Had I but fayd, I would have kept my Word; But when I fwear, it is irreccuible: If after three dayes space thou here bee'n found, On any ground that I am Ruler of, The World fhall not be Ransome for thy Life, Come Warwick, come good Warwick, goe with me, I have great matters to impart to thee. Exit. Qu. Mischance and Sorrow goe along with you, Hearts Discontent, and fowre Afflication, Be play-fellows to keep you companie: There's two of you, the Deull make a third, And three-fold Vengeance tend upon your steps. Suff. Cefse, gentle Queene, thefe Excreations, And let thy Suffolke take his heauie leaue.

Quene. Fye
Queen. Fye Coward woman, and soft harred wretch, 
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy. 
Suf. A plague vpon them : wherefore should I curse 
them? 
Would curses kill, as doth the Mandrakes grone, 
I would invent as bitter teaching terms, 
As cursed, as harped, and horribile to hear, 
Deluder strongly through my fixed teeth, 
With full as many signes of deadly hate, 
As leane-sac'd enuy in her loathsome came. 
My tongue should flame in mine ernest words, 
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten Flint, 
Mine hate be fixt an end, as one disstrate 
I, every insent should seeme to curse and ban, 
And even now my burning'd heart would break 
Should I not curse them. Poefon be their drinke. 
Gall, worne from Gall, the daintiest that they tale : 
Their sweetest shade, a grove of Cypryfe Trees: 
Their cheesest Plescept, murthering Basilisks: 
Then softest Touch, as finarne as Lyzards stinges: 
Their Muffike, frightfull as the Serpents hisle, 
And looking Screech-Owles, make the Comfort full. 
All the soule terrors in darke leated hell—
D. Enough sweet Suffolke, thou torment fit thy felye, 
And these dread curses like the Sunne 'gainst glaife, 
Or like an outer-charg'd Gum, recolose; 
And turnes the force of them vpon thy felye. 
Suf. You bad me ban, and will you bid me leave? 
Now by the ground that I am bann'd from, 
Well could I curse away a Winters night, 
Though standing naked on a Mountain top, 
Where byting cold would never let grasse grow, 
And drink it but a minute spat in sport.
Qu. Oh. let me intercet thee ceale, give me thy hand, 
That I may dew it with my mournefull tea et; 
Nor let the raine of heaven wet this place, 
To wash away my woefull Monuments, 
Oh, could this kiss be printted in thy hand, 
That thou might'nt thinke vpon thee by the Scale, 
Through whom a thousand signes are breeth'd for thee. 
So get thee gone, that I may know my greefe, 
This but surmind'd, whiles thou art standing by, 
As one that surfeis, thinking on a want: 
I will repeale thee, or be well affur'd, 
Advenre to be bannish my felye: 
And bannish I am, if but from thee. 
Go, spekke not to me; even now be gone, 
Oh go not yet. Even thus, two Friends condemn'd, 
Embrace, and fife, and take ten thoufand leaues, 
Loober a hundred times to part then dye; 
Yet now farewelle, and farewell Life with thee. 
Suf. Thus is poore Suffolke ten times bannish'd, 
Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee. 
This is not the Land I care for, we'th thou thence, 
A Wildernette is populous enough, 
So Suffolke had thy hevenely company: 
For where thou art, there is the world it selfe, 
With every feerfull pleasure in the World: 
And where thou art not, Defolation, 
I cannot live. Liue thou to joy thy life; 
My felye no lovm nought, but that thou livest.

Enter Vane.

Queen. Whether goes Vane so fast? What newes I 
prethee?
Combe downe his hair; look, look, it stands vp right,
Like Lime-twiggs fet to catch my winged soule:
Give me some drinke, and bid the Apothecarie
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

King. Oh thou eternall moner of the heavens,
Looke with a gentle eye upon this Wretch,
Oh beaute away the base medling Field,
That lies a longrie vowe to this wretched soule,
And from his boleme purge this blace dispair.

War. See how the pangs of death do make him grin,
Salt. Disturb him not, let him passe peaceably.

King. Peace to his soule, if Gods good pleasure be.
Lord Carduall, if thou thinke fit on heavens blisse,
Hold vp thy hand, make signall of thy hope,
He dies and makes no signe: Oh God forgiue him.

War. So bad a death, argues a monitrous life.
King. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all,
Close vp his eyes, and draw the Curtaine close,
And let vs all to Meditation.

Enter Lieutenant, Suffolk, and others.

Livy. The gaudy blabbling and remordefull day,
Is crept into the bottom of the Sea:
And now loud howling Wolves arouse the Iades
That drage the Tragicke melancholy night:
Who with their drowifie, low, and flagging wings
Close dead mens graves, and from their milly Iaves,
Breath foule contagious darknesse in the ayre:
Therefore bring forth the Souldiers of our prize,
For whilst our Pinnace Anchors in the Downes,
Heree shall they make their ransome on the rand,
Or with their blood staine this discolourd Shore,
Maitser, this Prisoner freely give I thee,
And thou that art his Mate, make booke of this:
The other Walter is but mine.

1. Gent. What is this ransome Matter, let me know,
Mr. a chandell Crownes, or else lay down your head.
Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

Lion. What think you much to pay 2000. Crownes,
And beare the name and port of Gentiemen?
Cut both the Villaines throats, for dy you hall:
The lines of those which we have left on flight,
Be counter-poes'd with such a partie tinnie.

2. Gent. Ile give it you, and therefore spare my life.

2. Gent. And so will I, and write home for it straight.
Whitem. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboord,
And therefore to renueget, that thou dye,
And do so thefe, if I might have my will.

Lion. Be not so rash, take renueget, let him live.

Sof. Looks on me. George, I am a Gentleman,
Rage meat what thou wilt, thou shalt be payed.

What. And so am I: my name is Walter Whitmore.

How now! why flartest thou? What doth death affright?

Sof. Thy name affrights me, in whose found is death:
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me that by Water I should dye:
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded,
Thy name is Gaultier, being rightly founded.

Whit. Gaultier or Walter, which it is I care not,
Never yeer did base dishonour blare our name,
But with our sword we wip'd away the blot:
Therefore, when Merchant-like I fell renueget,
Broke be my sword, my Armes torne and defaced,
And I proclom'd a Coward through the world.

Sof. Stay Whitmore, for thy Prisoner is a Prince,
The Duke of Suffolk, Philip de la Pole.

Whit. The Duke of Suffolk, muffled vp in rages?

Sof. I, but these rages are no part of the Duke.

Lion. But Iose was never flaine as thou shalt be,
Observe and lowifie Swaine, King Henrynes blood.

Sof. The honourable blood of Lancaster
Must not be fluid by such a taudi Croome:
Hast thou not kit thy hand, and held my firrop?
Bare-headed pladded by my footcloth Mule,
And thought thee happy when I shooke my head.
How often haft thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my Trencher, kneel'd downe at the boord,
When I have feasted with Queen Margaret?
Remember it, and let it make thee Creft-falne,
I, and alay this thy aboruitous Pride:
How in our voyding Lobby haft thou fould,
And dily wayed for my comming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalfe,
And therefore flall it charme thy rious tonge.

Whit. Speak Captaine, I shall I thall the forblom Swain.

Lion. First let me words flab him, as he hath me.

Sof. Bafe flame, thy words are blunt and fo art thou.

Lion. Comtey him hence, and on our longe boats fide,
Strike of his head. Sof. Thou darft not for thy owne.

Lion. Pole, Sir Pole, Lord.
I kennell, puddle, fince, whole fith and dirt
Troubles the flifer Spring, where England drinkes:
Now will I dam vp this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing the Treasure of the Realme.

Thy lips that kit the Queene, shall swepe the ground:
And thou that fmit at good Duke Henrynes death,
Against the fenfleffe windes shall goe in vaine,
Who in contempt shall hisfie at thee againe,
And wedded be thou to the Haggis of hell,
For daring to affye a mighty Lord
Vnto the daughter of a worthleffe King,
Hauing neyther Subject, Wealth, nor Diadem:
By dillellish policy art thou gowne great,
And like ambitious Sylla outer-gordd,
With gobbes of thy Mother-Bleding heart.
By thee Annon and Maine were fold to France.
The falle revolting Normans thorough thee,
Difdaine to call vs Lord, and Pecardes.
Hath blame his Governors, surpriz'd our Forts,
And fent the rugged Souldiers wounded home.
The Princeely Warwicke, and the Neuills all,
Whose dreadfull swords were never drawne in vaine,
As hating thee, and rifing vp in armes.
And now the Houfe of Yorke thrift from the Crowne,
By shamefull murther of a guildefle King,
And lofie proud incroaching tyrann,
Borne with reuenging fire, whose hopefull colours
A duance our haile-lad Sunne, ftrieing to shine;
Vnder the which is writ, Iuittus umbius.
The Commons heere in Kent are vp in armes,
And to conclude, Reproach and Beggarie,
Is crept into the Palle of our King,
And all by thee: away, conrey him hence.

Sof. O that I were a God, to fhoott forth Thunder
Vpon thefe paltry, feruile, abfcond Drudges.
Small things make baife men proud.
This Villaine heere,
Being Captaine of a Pinnace, threatens more
Then Zargulus the strong Illyrian Pyraze.
Drones fucke not Eagles blood, but rob Bee-quiues.
It is impossible that I shoule dye.
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

By such a lowly Vassall as thy selfe.

Thy words move Rage, and not remorse in me:
I go of Melfage from the Queene to France:
I charge thee wait me safely crosse the Channell.

Lien. Water: W. Come Suffolkke, I must wait thee

to thy death.

Suffolk. Pierre gelissus tenui occupat armus, it is thee I feare.

Wal. I hau that haue causse to feare before I leave thee.

What, are ye durned now! Now will ye flue, 


Suffolk. Suffolkke Impetall tongue is fertne and rough:

Ve'd to command, vnsought to pleaide for favoure.

Fare be it, we should honor such as these

With humble suite: no, rather let my head

Stoope to the blocke, then these knees bow to any,

Sauie to the God of heauen, and to my King:

And fooner dance upon a bloody pole,

Then fland vncouer'd to the Vulgar Groome.

True Nobility, is exempt from feare:

More can I beare, then you dare execute.

Lien. Hale him away, and let him talke no more:

Come Souldiers, shew what cruellie ye can.

Suffolk. That this my death may never be forget.

Great men oft dye by vilde Bezonions.

A Roman Sworder, and Bandetoo fblue

Murder'd sweet Thys. Brother Ballard hand

Stab'd Judith Cazer. Sausage Ilanders

Pompey the Great, and Suffolke dyes by Pyrast.

Exit Water with Suffolk.

Lien. And as for these whole ranfore we haue let,
It is our pleasure one of them depart:
Therefore come you with vs, and let him go.

Exit Lieutenant, and the rest.

1. Monet the first Gent. Enter Walter with the body.

Wul. There let his head, and nulesse bodie yee,

Vantill the Queene his Miffris bat it.

Exit Walter.

1. Gent. O barbarous and bloody spectacle,

His body will I bearne to the King:
If he renegue it not, yet will his Friends,
So will the Queene, that luing, held him dece.

Enter Benis, and Iohn Holland.

Benis. Come and get thee a sword, though made of a
Lath, they have bene vp these two dayes.

Hol. They have the more neede to fleape now then.

Benis. I tell thee, Jacke Cade the Glossther, meanes to
dreffe the Common-wealth and turne it, and fet a new
map upon it.

Hol. So he had neede, for tis thred-bare. Well, I say,
it was never merrie world in England, since Gentlemen
came vp.

Benis. O miserable Age: Vertue is not regarded in
Handy-crafts men.

Lien. The Nobilitie thinke feme to goe in Leather
Aprons.

Benis. Nay more, the Kings Councell are no good
Workemen.

Hol. True: and yet it is said, Labour in thy Vocation,

which is as much to say, as let the Magistratres be lab-
ouring men, and therefore shoue we be Magistratres.

Benis. Thou haft hit: for there's no better signe of a
brave minde, then a hard hand.

Hol. I fee them, I fee them: There's Beft Sonne, the

 Tanner of Wingham.

Benis. Hee shall haue the skines of our enemies, to

make Dogges Leather of.

Hol. And Dicke the Butcher.

Benis. Then is sin frutcke downe like an Ox, and ini-
quitie throwe cut like a Calfe.

Hol. And Smith the Weaver.

Ben. Argo, their third of life is spun.

Hol. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drumme. Enter Code, Dicke Butcher, Smith the Weaver,

and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.

Code. Wee Iohn Code, so teach'd of our supposed Fa-
ther.


Code. For our enemies shall faile before vs, inspired
with the spirit of putting down Kings and Princes. Com-
mand flience.

But. Silence.

Code. My Father was a Mortimer.

But. He was an honneft man, and a good Bricklayer.

Code. My mother a Planteergnet.

Note. I knew her well, the was a Midwife.

Code. My wife defendd of the Laces.

But. She was indeed a Pedlers daughter, & told many

Laces.

Win. But now of late, not able to truell with her

fierc' Packe, the washes buckes here at home.

Code. Therefore am I of an honorable house.

But. I by my faith, the field is honourable, and ther
was he borne, under a hedges: for his Father had never
a house but the Cage.

Code. Valiant I am.

Win. A dutt need, for beggary is valiant.

Code. I am able to endure much.

But. No question of that: for I have seene him whipt

three Market dayes together.

Code. I feare neither sword, nor fire.

Win. He neede not seare the sword, for his Coate is of

prooфе.

But. But me thinks he should fland in feare of fire, be-
ing burnt r't hand for fleating of Shepe.

Code. Be braue then, for your Captain is Brave, and

Vowes Reformation, There shall be in England, feuen
halfe peny Loues fold for a peny: the three hoop'd pot,
shall have ten hoopes, and I will make it Fellyn to drink
small Beere. All the Realme shall be in Common,and in

cheap'de shall my Palfrey goe to graffe: and when I am
King, as King I will be.

All. God save your Majestye.

Code. I thank you good people. There shall bee no mony,
shall all eate and drinke on my score, and I will
apparel them all in one Linery, that they may agree like
Brothers, and worship me their Lord.

But. The first thing we do, let's kill all the Lawyers.

Code. Nay, that I meanto to doe. Is not this a lamenta-
ble thing, that of the skin of an innocent Lambe should
be made Parchment; that Parchment being forbidded ote,
should vndoe a man. Some say the Be stain-thing, 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 a Cleark.

Weaneur. The Cleark of Chartes: hee can write and
reade, and call accepte.

Code. O moleflous.

Weaneur. We tooke him setting of boyes Copies.

Code.
Cade. Here's a Villaine.

Exeunt. for fake

Fellow-Kings, for

The Hang him and Doff

What aefire

Come hither sirrah, I must examine thee : What is thy name?

Clearky, Esmuell. But. They vse to writ it on the top of Letters: Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone : Doft thou vse to writ thy name? Or haft thou a marke to thy felle, like a honeft plain dealing man?

Cleark. Sir I thankke God, I have bin to well brought vp, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confeft a away with him: she's a Villaine and a Traitor.

Cade. Away with him I say : Hang him with his Pen and Inke-horne about his necke.

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where's our General?

Cade. Here I am a particulier fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the Kings Forces.

Cade. Stand villaine, I shall not be encountered with a man as good as himfelfe. He is but a Knight, is a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equall him I will make my felle a knight presently; Rife vp Sir John Mortimer. Now have at him.

Enter Sir Humphrey Stafford, and his Brother, with Drum and Soldiers.

Staff. Rebellious Hinds, the filth and Scum of Kent, Mark'd for the Gallows: Lay your Weapons downe, Home to your Cottages: forfake this Groome, The King is mercifull, if you reuolt.

Bro. But angry, wrathfull, and incit'd to blood, If you go forward: therefore yield, or dye.

Cade. As for thefe fillen-coated flaues: paufe not, It is to you good people, that I speake.

Our whom (in time to come) I hope to raigne: For I am rightfull heere vnto the Groome.

Staff. Villaine, thy Father was a Playftrer, And thou felle a Sheareman, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a Gardiner.

Bro. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this Edmund Mortimer Earl of March, married the Duke of Clarence daughter, did he not?

Staff. 1 fir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

Bro. That's faile.

Cade. I, there's the queftion ; But I faie, 'tis true: The elder of them being put to nurse, Was by a beggar-woman ftolen away, And ignorant of his birth and parentage, Became a Bricklayer, when he came to age. Him fome am I, denye it if you can.

Staff. Nay, 'tis too true, therefore lie fhall be King.

Wes. Sir, he made a Chimney in my Fathers house, & the brickes are alue at this day to setifie it : therefore deny it not.

Staff. And will you credit this base Drudges Wordes, that speaks he knows not what.

All. I marry will we: therefore get ye gone.

Bro. Iacke Cade, the Dow of York hath taught you this.

Cade. He lyes, for I inuered it my felle. Go too Sirrah, tell the King from me, that for his Fathers fake Henry the fift, (in whole time, boyes went to Span-couter for French Groomes) I am content he shall raigne, but ile be Prote& over him.

Butcher. And furthermore, we'll have the Lord Sayes head, for selling the Duke'some of Maine.

Cade And good reason: for thereby is England main'd And fiance to go with a Staffe, but that my puifhance holds it wp. Fellow-Kings, I tell you, that Lord Say hath gelded the Commonwealth, and made it an Fumich: & more then that, he can speake French, and therefore he is a Traitor.

Staff. O groffe and miserable ignorance.

Cade. Nay answer if you can: The Frenchmen are our enemies: go too then, I ask but this: Can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy, be a good Commonsflour, or no?

All. No, no, and therefore we'll have his head.

Bro. Well, feeing gentle words will not pretaule, Affallie them with the Army of the King?

Staff. Herald away, and throughout every Towne, Proclaim them Traitors that are vp with Cade, That thofe which flye before the battall ends, May even in their Wives and Childrens fight, Behang'd vp for example at their doores: And you that be the Kings Friends follow me.

Exit.

Cade. And you that love the Commons, follow me: Now shew your felues men, 'tis for Liberty. We will not leave one Lord, one Gentleman: Spare none, but fuch as go in clouted floozen, For they are threfy honeft men, and fuch As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

But. They are all in order, and march toward vs.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are moit out of order. Come, march forward.

Alarums to the sight, whereon both the Staffords are flaine.

Enter Cade and the rest.

Cade. Where's Dicke, the Butcher of Ashford?

But. Here he is.

Cade. They fell before the like Sheepe and Oxen, & thou behaued't thy felle, as if thou hadn't beene in thine owne Slaughter-house: Therefore thus will I reward thee, the Lent shall bee as longagaine as it is, And thou shalt have a Licence to kill for a hundred lacking one.

But. I defire no more.

Cade. And to speake truth, thou deferf'rt no leffe, This Monument of the victory will I beare, and the bodies shall be dragg'd at my horse heelles, till I do come to London, where we will haue the Maiors lward born before vs.

But. If we mean to thrive, and do good, break open the Gaoles, and let out the Prisoners.


Enter the King with a Supplication, and the Queene with Sulpholes head, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Say.

Queene. Oft haue I heard that greefe foften the mind, And
And makes it fearfull and degenerate,  
Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weare.  
But when you cease to weare, and looke on this,  
Here may his head lye on my thrubbing breaf:  
But where's the body that ! should imbrace?  

Buc. What antweer makes your Grace to the Rebels  
S upplication?  

King. Ile tend some holy Bishop to intreat:  
For God forbid, so many simple foules  
Should perfit by the Sword. And I my selfe,  
Rather then bloody Ware shall cut them short,  
Will pitly with Jacke Cade their Generall,  
But stay, Ile read it over once againe.  

Qu. Ah barbarous villains: Hath this lovely face,  
Rul'd like a wandering Planett over me,  
And could it not informe them to relent,  
That were unworthy to behold the fame.  

King, Lord Say, Jacke Cade hath sworn to huie thy head.  

Say. I, but I hope your Highnesse shall have his,  
King. How now Madam?  
Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolkes death?  
I feare me (Loue) if that I had beene dead,  
Thou woul'd not haue morn'd so much for me.  

Qu. No my Loue, I should not mornse, but dye for thee.  

Enter a Messenger.  

King. How now! What newes? Why com't thou in such haste?  

Mess. The Rebels are in Southwark: Fly my Lord:  
Jacke Cade proclaims himselfe Lord Mortimer,  
Defended from the Duke of Clarence house,  
And calles your Grace Visirer, openly,  
And vowes to Crowne himselfe in Westminder.  

His Army is a ragged multitude  
Of Hindees and Peazants, rude and mercifull:  
Sir Humphrey Stafford, and his Brothers death,  
Hath given them heart and courage to procede:  
All Schollers, Lawyers, Courtiers, Gentlemen,  
They call false Cartpellers, and intend their death.  

King. Oh gracefull men: they know not what they doe.  
But. My gracious Lord, retire to Kinningworth,  
Vntill a power be rais'd to put them downe.  

Qu. All were the Duke of Suff: like now alive,  
Theire Kentish Rebels would be done appeas'd.  
King. Lord Say, the Traitors hath thee,  
Therefore away with vs to Kinningworth.  

Say. So might your Grace perfun be in danger:  
The fight of me is odious in their eyes:  
And therefore in this City will I stay,  
And live alone as secret as I may.  

Enter another Messenger.  

Mess. Jacke Cade hath gotten London-bridge,  
The Citizen flye and forlake their houses:  
The Rascall people, thirsting after prey,  
Loyne with the Traitor, and they joyously wearce  
To spoyle the City, and your Royall Court.  
But. Then linger not my Lord, away, take horfe.  
King. Come Margaret, God our hope will succor vs.  
Qu. My hope is gone, now Suffolke is deceat.  
King. Farewell my Lord, trust not the Kentish Rebels  
But. Truft no body for fear ye be tradit.  
Say. The truft I haue, is in mine innocence,  

And therefore am I bold and resolute.  

Enter Lord Scales upon the Tower walking. Then enters two or three Gentlemen below.  

Scaules. How now? Is Jacke Cade slaine?  
1. Cit. No my Lord, nor likely to be slaine:  
For they haue wonne the Bridge,  
Killing all those that withfand them:  
The L. Major caues ayd of your Honor from the Tower  
To defend the City from the Rebels.  
Scaules. Such ayd as I can spare you shall command,  
But I am troubled heere with them my selfe,  
The Rebels haue assay'd to win the Tower,  
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,  
And thither I will send you Mathew Caffe.  
Fight for your King, your Countrie, and your Luyes,  
And so farwell, for I must hence againe.  

Enter Jacke Cade and the rest, and strikes his staffe on London stone.  

Cade. Now is Mortimer Lord of this City,  
And heere fiting upon London Stone,  
I charge and command, that of the Cities cost  
The pilling Conduit run nothing but Clarret Wine  
This fifty yeare of our raigne.  
And now henceforth ward it shall be Treson for any,  
That calles me other then Lord Mortimer.  

Enter a Souldier running.  

Soul. Jacke Cade, Jacke Cade.  
Cade. Knocke him downe there.  

But. If this Fellow be wife, hee'le never call yee Jacke  
Cade more, I thinke he hath a very faire warning,  
Dick. My Lord, there's an Army gathered together in Smithfield.  
Cade. Come, then let's goe fight with them:  
But if, goo and set London Bridge on fire,  
And if you can, burne downe the Tower too.  
Come, let's away.  

Enter a Messenger.  

Alarums. Mathew Caffe is slain, and all the rest.  
Then enter Jacke Cade, with his Company.  

Cade. So first: now goe some and pull down the Sauoy:  
Others to thine Inns of Court, downe with them all.  
But. I have a fuite vnto your Lordship.  
Cade. Bee is a Lordshippe, thou haue it for that word.  
But. Onely that the Lawes of England may come out of your mouth.  
John. Maske 'twill be faire Law then, for he was truft  
in the mouth with a Speare, and 'tis not whole yet.  
Smith. Nay John, it will be fincking Law, for his breath  
Flinckes with eating toasted cleece.  
Cade. I haue thought upon it, it shall bee so. Away,  
burne all the Records of the Realme, my mouth shall be  
John. Then we are like to haue bising Statutes  
Vnleffe his teeh be pull'd out.  
Cade. And hence-forward all things shall be in Common.  

Enter a Messenger.  

Mess. My Lord. a prize, a prize, heeres the Lord Say,  
which fold the Townes in France. He that made vs pay  
one and twenty Fifteenes, and one shilling to the pound,  
the last Subsidie.  

Enter.
Enter George, with the Lord Say.

_Cade._ Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times: Ah thou Say, thou Surgeon, say thou Buckram Lord, now art thou within point-blanke of our Jurisdiction Regall. What canst thou answer to my Maitie for, giving vp of Normandie unto Mountier Bayonmek, the Dolphin of France? Be it knowne to thee by thee presence, even the presence of Lord Martimer, that I am the Beefeone that must swepe the, the Court clean of such filth as thou art: Thou hast most traiterously corrupted the youth of the Realme, interecting a Grammar Schoole: and whereas before, our Fore-fathers had no other Books but the Score and the Tally, thou hast caused printing to be v'd, and contrary to the King, his Crowne, and Dignity, thou hast built a Paper-Mill. It will be prescou to thy Face, that thou hast men about thee, that vitally talke of a Nowone and a Verbe, and such abominable words, as no Christian ear can endure to heare. Thou hast appointed Justices of Peace, to call poore men before, about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison, and because they could not reader, thou hast hang'd them, when (indeed) only for that cause they have beene most worthy to lute. Thou dost ride ina foot-cloth, dost thou not?

_Say._ What of that?

_Cade._ Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy horfe weare a Cloake, when nonefer men then thou go in their Hooe and Doublets.

_Dick._ And worke in their shirt to, as myfelfe for example, that is a butcher.

_Say._ You men of Kent.

_Lit._ What say you of Kent.

_Say._ Nothing but this: 'Tis base to make gent.

_Cade._ Away with him, a way with him, he speaks Latin.

_Say._ Heare me but speake, and breace me where you will: Kent, in the Commentaries Essay, is termed the cuwel's place of all this life: Sweet is the Country, because full of Riches, The People Liberall, Valiant, &c. Wealthy, Which makes me hope you are not void of pitty. I told not Maine, I lost not Normandie, Yet to recover them would loose my life: Justice with fauour have I always done, Prayers and Tearing have mou'd me, Gifts could never, When have I ought executing at your hands? Kent to maintaine, the King, the Realme and you, Large gifts have I, as to you learned Clearkes, Because my Bookes prefer'd me to the King, And feing ignorance is the curfe of God, Knowledge the Wing where with we flye to heaven. Vnlesse you be posseffed with diuellish spirits, You cannot but forbear to murther me: This Tongue hath parted unto Foraigone Kings For your behoove.

_Cade._ Tur, when stouck't thou one blow in the field?

_Say._ Great men have reaching hands not haue I strucke Those that I mender faw, and struke them dead.

_Geo._ O monfrous Coward! What, to come behinde Folkes?

_Say._ These checkes are pale for watching for your good Cade: Gues he a baw'ch'ere, and that will make 'em red again.

_Say._ Long fittting to determine poore mens cautes, Hath made me full of sickneffe and diezales.

_Cade._ Ye shall have a hempen Candle then, & the help of harkeck.

_Dick._ Why doft thou quitter man?

_Say._ The Palfie, and not fteare pronokes me.

_Cade._ Nay; he noddes at v4, as who should faie, He be even with you. He fée if this head will flend feece on a pole, or no: Take him away, and behind him.

_Say._ Tell me, wherein haue I offended moft?

_Have I affected wealth, or honor? Speake.

_Are my Cheffs fill'd vp with extorted Gold?

_If it be Apparell fumpuous to behold?

_Whom haue I inuirt'd, that ye fecke my death?

_These hands are free from guiltlefe bloodfledding.

_This breath from harboures foule deceitfull thoughts.

_Let me live.

_Cade._ I feele remorse in my felle with his words: but hee brulle it: thee shall dye, and it bee but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him. he ha'ts a Familiar under his Tongue, he speaks not a Gods name. Goe, take him away I flye, and strike off his head presently, and then breake into his Sonne in Lawes house, Sir James Crosier, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

_And._ I shall be done.

_Say._ Ah Countrimen: if when you make your prair's, God should be to obdurate as your felues: How would it fare with your departed foules, And therefore yet relent, and faue my life.

_Cade._ Away with him, and do I command ye: the proudef Peere in the Realme, shall not weare a head on his shoulders, vnleff he pay me tribute: there shall not a maid be married, but the shall pay to me her Mayden-head ere they have it: Men shall hold of me in Capite. And we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can withe, or tongue can tell.

_Dick._ My Lord, When shall we go to Cheape-side, and take vp commodities upon our bills?

_Cade._ Marry presently.

_Alt._ O braue.

Enter one with the brads.

_Cade._ But is not this braueer:

_Let them kisse one another: For they lovd wel

_When they were alue. Now part them again,

_Least they consult about the gluing vp

_Of some more Townes in France. Soldiers,

_Deftere the spoile of the Citie untill night:

_For with thse borne before vp in speed of Maces,

_Will we ride through the streets, & at every Corner

_Have them kisse. Away.

Exit

_Alarum, and Retreat. Enter against Cade,

_and all his rabblement.

_Cade._ Vp Fift-streete, downe Saint Magnes corner,

_kill and knocke downe, throw them into Thames:

_Sound a parley.

What noife is this I hear:

Dare any be so bold to sound Retreat or Parley

When I command them kill.
Enter Buckingham, and Lord Clifford.

Buc. I heere they be, that dare and will disturb thee.

Know Cade, we come Ambassadors from the King,

Vnto the Commons, whom thou hast misled,

And here pronounce free pardon to them all,

That will for sake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye Courtrismen, will ye relent?

And yeeld to mercy, whil'st 'tis offered you,

Or let a rabble leade you to your deaths.

Who loues the King, and will embrace his pardon,

Plung vp his cap, and say, God faue his Maiestie,

Who hateth him, and honors not his Father,

Henry the fit, that made all France to quake,

Shake he his weapon at vs, and passe by.

All. God faue the King, God faue the King.

Cade. What Buckingham and Clifford are ye brave? And you base Peasants, do ye beleue 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-hears in Southwark.

I thought ye would never have given out these Armes til you had recovered your ancient Freedome. But you are all Recreants and Daftards, and delight to live in lauiterie to the Nobility. Let them break your backes with burthen, take your houses ouer your heads, ruith your Wives and Daughters before your faces. For me, I will make shift for one, and so Gods Cure light upon you all.

All Wee'll follow Cade.

Wee'll follow Cade.

Clif. Is Cade the fonne of Henry the fift, That thus do exclaim you'll go with him. Will he conduct you through the heart of France, And make the meanest of you Earles and Dukes?

Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly too: Not knowes he how to live, but by the ipollie,

Valleie by robbing of your Friends, and vs.

Wee're not a shame, that whilst you live at aitte,

The fearfull French, whom you are vanquished

Should make a fift more fles, and tranquill you?

Me thinkes alreadie in this ciuil broyle,

I see them Lording it in London streets,

Crying Village vnto all they meere.

Better ten thousand base-borne Cades miscarry,

Then you should floope vnto a Frenchmans mercy.

To France, to France, and get what you have loft.

Spare England, for it is your Natiue Coate.

Henry hath money, you are strong and manly:

God on our side, doubt not of Victoria.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford.

Wee'll follow the King, and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever Feather so lightly blowne too & fro, as this multitude? The name of Henry the fift, hales them to an hundred michtieies, and makes them leave mee de folate. I fee them lay their heads together to surprize me. My sword make way for me, for heere is no staving: in desrite of the dices and hell, hauue through the verie middlest of you: and heauens and honor be witnessse, that no want of revolution in mee, but only my Followers hate and ignominious treasons, makes me betake mee to my heres.

Buck. What, is he fled? Go some and follow him, And he that brings his head vnto the King,

Shall haue a thouand Crownes for his reward.

\[\text{Exeunt some of them.}\]

Follow me souldiers, wee'll denote a meane,
To reconcile you all vnto the King.

\[\text{Exeunt omnes.}\]

Sound Trumpets. Enter King, Queen, and

Somerset on the Turras.

King. Was ever King that joie don earthly Throne,

And coulde command no more content then? No sooner was I crept 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 a Subject.

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

Buc. Health and glad tydings to your Maiestie.

Kin. Why Buckingham, is the Traitor Cade surpris'd? Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter Multitudes with Haters about their Neckes.

Clif. He is fled my Lord, and all his powers do yeeld, And humbly thus with halters on their neckes, Expect your Highness doome of life, or death.

King. Then haue seene fit ope thys everlafting gates, To entertaine my owes of thankes and priasfe. Souldiers, this day haue you redeem'd your loues, And shew'd how well you love your Prince & Countrey: Continue still in this to good a minde, And Henry though he be infortunate, Affure your felies will never be vnkinde: And so with thankes, and pardon to you all, I do dismiife you to your feuerall Countries.

All. God save the King, God save the King.

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. Plesse it your Grace to be aduertized,
The Duke of Yorke is newly come from Ireland, And with a puffant and a mighty power Of Gallow-glassies and fome tokenes,

Is marching hitherward in proud array, And still proclameth as he comes along,

His Armes are onely to remove from thee

The Duke of Somerset, whom he termes a Traitor.

King. Thus stands my flate, twice Cade and Yorke diftrib,

Like to a Ship, that hauing feap'd a Tempest,

Is straight way come, and boarde with a Pyrate,

But now is Cade driven backe, his men difpirc'd,

And now is Yorke in Armes, to fecond him.

I pray thee Buckingham go and meeche him, And aske him what's the reason of these Armes: Tell him, He fends Duke Edmund to the Tower, And Somerset we will commit thee thither,

Vntill his Army be difmifed from him.

Somerset. My Lord, he yeelds my felle to prifon willingly,

Or vnto death, to do my Countrey good.

King. In any case, be not too rough in terms,
For he is fierce, and cannot brooke hard Language.

Buc. I will my Lord, and doubt not to doe, As all things shall redound vnto your good.

King. Come wife, let in, and leame to gouern better,

For yet may England curse my wretched raigne.

Flourish. 

\[\text{Exeunt.}\]
Enter Cade.

Cade. Eye on Ambitions: fie on my felfe, that hate a five, and yet am ready to famish. Thefe fute daies have I hid me in thefe Woods, and dafh not pepe out, for all the Country is laid for me: but now am I fo hungry, that if I might have a Leafe of my life for a thousand yeres, I could ftt no longer. Wherefore on a Brick wal have I climb'd into this Garden, to fee if I can eate Grave, or pick a Sallet; anther while, which is not amitt to Cooke a man fromake this hot weacher: and I think this word Sallet was borne to do me good. Many a time but for a Sallet, my braine-pan has bene beneft with a brown Bill, and many a time when I have beene dry, & brancly march, it hath fer'd me infteece of a quart pot to drink in: and now the word Sallet muft ferue me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

Iden. Lord, who would live untamoyd in the Courts, And may enioy faith quiet waktes as thefe? This small inheritance my Father left me, Comerth with me, and worth a Monarchie. I feeke not to waxe great by others varning, Or gather wealh I care not with what envy Sufficeth, that I haue maintaines my flate, And lends the poor weel pleas'd from my gate.

Cade. Hereis the Lord of the fole come to feize me for a fary, for entering his Fee-fimpe without leave. A Villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a 1000. Crownes of the King by carrying my head to him, but He make thee eate a Iron like an Oftridge, and swallow my Sword like a great pinere thee and I part.

Iden. Why rude Companion, whatfoere thou be, I know thee not, why shoul I betray thee? Is't not enough to breake into my Garden, And like a Thieve to come to rob my grounds: Climbing my walls infpite of me the Owner, But thou wilt braue me with thefe lawcie temes?

Cade. Brave thee I by the hot blood that euer was broth'd, and beat thee to. Looke on mee well, I haue eate no more thee fute daies, yet eare thou and thy fute men, and if I do not leaue you all as dead as a doole hale, I pray God I may neuer eate graffe more.

Iden. Nay, it shall bee eaid, while England stands, That Alexander eade an Engree of Kent, Tooked oddes to combate a poore faamifht man. Oppofe thy feldifh faying eyes to mine, See if thou canft out-face me with thy looke: Set limbe to limbe, and thou art farre the leffer: Thy hand is but a finger to my fitt, Thy legge a fickle compared with this Trunchecon, My foor falt with all the strenge thou haft, And if mine arm be heaued in the Ayre, Thy graue is digg'd alreadie in the earth: As for words, whose greatnefe anfwer words, Let this my word report what fpeech forbeares.

Cade. By my Valour: the moft compleat Champaigner that euer I heard. Steele, if thou turne the edg, or cut not out the bury boutd Clovynes in chines of Beeft, ere thou fleep in thy Sheath, I beeche thee oue on my knees thou mayft be turn'd to blobstones.

Here they fight.

I am flame, Famine and no other hath flame me, let ten thousand diuelles come against me, and give me but the ten meale I have loft, and I deie them all. Wither Garden, and be henceforth a burying place to all that do dwell in this house, becaufe the unconquefted fole of Cade is flid.

Iden. Is't Cade that I haue flain, that monftrous traitor? Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deade, And hang thee o're my Tombe, when I am dead, Ne'er flall this blood be wip'd from thy point, But thou that waste it as a Her全民健身, To embaze the Honor that thy Master got.

Cade. Iden farewell, and be proud of thy victoie: Tell Kent from me, fie hath loft her belt man, and excoure all the World to be Cowards: For I that never feared any, am vanquifhed by Famine, not by Valour.

Iden. How much thou wrong'd time, heaven be my judge; Die dammed Wretch, the curfe of her that bare thee: And I thott thy body in with my fward, So wish I, I might thrall thy foule to hell. Hence will I drage thee headlong by the heetes Vnto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave, And there cut off thy moft vngracious head, Which I will bear in triumph to the King, Leaving thy trunke for Crowes to feed vpon.

Enter York, and his Arny of Irles, with Drum and Colours.

Tor. From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right, And plucke the Crowne from feeble Henrys head. Ring Belles slowd, burne Bonfires cleare and bright To entertaine great England Lawfull King. Ah Santitie Manifels! who would not buy thee deare? Let them obey, that knowes not how to Rule. This hand was made to handle nought but Gold. I cannot give one action to my words, Except a Sword or Sceptre balance it, A Sceptre thall it have, have i a foule, On which lie rofhe the Fleur-de-Luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom haue we heere? Buckingham to disturb me? The king hath fent him sure I must difemble. 

Duc. Yorke, it thou meanes well, I greet thee well, 

Tor. Hismer of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting, 

Att thou a Meffinger, or come of pleasure. 

Duc. A Meffinger from Henry, our dear Liege, 

To know the reafon of these Armes in peace, 

Or why, thou being a Subiect, as I am, 

Against thy Oath, and true Allegance owne, 

Should raife fo great a power without his leave? 

Or dare to bring thy Force to neere the Court? 

Tor. Scarfe can I speake, my Chollar is to great. 

Oh I could howp Rockes, and fight with Flint, 

I am to angry at these debitt turnes, 

And now like Annos Talamonius, 

On Sheepe or Oxen could I spend my fisr, 

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 me more weake, and I more strong. 

Buckingham, I prethee pardon me, 

That I have given no anfwer all this while: 

My minde was troubled with deep Melancholly. 

The caufe why I haue brought this Armie hither,
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

To remove proud Somerset from the King.

Sedition to his Grace, and to the State.

But his Armes be not to other end.

The King hath yielded unto thy demand.

The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

So I will not have thee kneele! First let me ask thee, if they can broke I bow a knee to man:

That for my feme they will have me go to Ward,

I thanke thee, all that doth present himselfe unto your Highness.

And fight against that monitrous Rebel Cade,

Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter Queen and Somerset.

K. See Buckingham, Somerset comes with th' Queene,

Go bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.

Q. For thousand Yorkes he shall not hide his head,

But boldly stand, and front him to his face.

Tor. How now? Is Somerset at liberty?

Then Yorke vouch'd thy long imprisoned thoughts,

And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.

Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?

Falle King, why hast thou broken faith with me,

Knowing how hardly I can Brooke abroad?

King did I call thee? No; thou art not King:

Not fit to governe and rule multitudes,

Which darst not, nor canst not rule a traitor.

That Head of thine doth not become a Crowne:

Thy Hand is made to grasp a Palmers staffe,

And not to grace an awefull Princey scepter.

That Gold, must round engird the browes of mine,

Whose Smile and Frowne, like to a Master Specke

Isable with the change, to kill and cure.

Here is a hand to hold a Sceptre vp,

And with the same to acte controlling Lawes:

Gius place by heaven thou shalt rule no more

O'th' man, who heaven created for thy Ruler.

Som. O monstrous Traitor! I arrest thee Yorke

Of Capitall Treason'gainst the King and Crownes

Obey audacious Traitor, kneele for Grace.

York. Woldst haue me kneele! First let me ask thee,

If they can brooke I bow a knee to man:

Sirst, call in my fome to be my bale:

I know ere they will have me go to Ward,

They pawn their swords of my infanchement.

Q. Call hither Clifford, bid him come amaine,

To say, that the Baffard boyes of Yorke

Shall be the Surety for their Traitor Father.

York. O bloodie-bespotted Neopoliian,

On-call of Naples, Englandes bloody Scourge,

The fones of Yorke, thy better in their birth,

Shall be their Brothers bale, and bane to choie

That for my Surety will refuse the Boyes.

Enter Edward and Richard.

See where they come, let warrant they make it good,

Enter Clifford.

Q. And here comes Clifford to deny their baile.

Cliff. Heath, and all happinefse to my Lord the King.

Tor. I thanke thee Clifford: Say, what news with thee?

Nay, do not fright ym with an angry looke:

We are thy Soueraigne Clifford, kneele againe;

For thy mistakeing, we pardon thee.

Cliff. This is my King Yorke, I do not mislake,

But thou mistakest me much to thinke I do,

To Bedlem with him, is the man growe mad,

King. 1 Clifford, a Bedlem and ambitious humor

Makes him oppose himfelfe against his King.

Cliff. He is a Traitor, let him to the Tower,

And chop away that fictious pate of his.

Q. He is atremble, but will not obey:

His fomes (he fayes) shall give their words for him.

Tor. Will you not Sovers?

Edw. 1 Noble Father, if our words will ferve.

Rich. And if words will not, then our Weapons fhal,

Cliff. Why what a brood of Traitors have we here?

York. Looke in a Glaffe, and call thy Image fo.

I am thy King, and thou a faine-heart Traitor:

Call hither to the flake my two brave Beares,

That with the very balking of their Chaines,

They may aftonish thefe fell-lucking Curtes,

Bid Salisbury and Warwicke come to me.

Enter the Earles of Warwicke, and Salisbury.

Cliff. Are thefe thy Beares? Wee bate thy Beares to death,

And manage the Berard in their Chaines,

If thou dar'st bring them to the baying place.

Rich. Oft have I feene a hot ore-weiing Curte,

Run backe and bite, because he was with-hold,

Who being suffer'd with the Beares fell paw,

Hath clapt his taile, betweene his legges and cride,

And such a pecece of victuall you do,
If you oppose your felues to match Lord Warwick.

Clif. Hence heape of wrath, foule ingindered lumpse,
As crooked in thy manners, as thy face.

Tor. Nay we shall heare you thoroughly anon.

Clif. Take heede least by your heare you burne your felues.

King. Why Warwicke, hath thy knee forgot to bow?

Old Salisbury, shame to thy filuer hair.
Thou mad misleader of thy braine-ficke fomme,
What will thou on thy death-bed play the Ruffiane.
And feke for fortune with thy Spectacles.

Oh where is Faith? Oh where is Loyalty?
If it be batred from the frownd head,
Where shall it finde a harb’rour in the earth?
Wilt thou go digge a grave to finde out Warre,
And shame thine honourable Age with blood?
Why art thou old, and wanst experience?
Or wherefore doest thou abufe it, thou haft it?
For shame in duest bend thy knee to me,
That bowes vnto the grave with mickle age.

Sol. My Lord, I haue confidered with mine felie
The Tattle of this moft renowned Duke,
And in my confience, do repute his grace
The rightfull heyre to Englands Royall feast.

King. Halt thou not frome Allegeance vnto me?
Sol. I haue.

Tor. Canst thou dispence with heauen for such an oath?

Clif. It is great fate, to frearez vnto a fone:
But greater fate to keep a finfull oath:
Who can be bound by any folemne vow
To do a murde’rous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotlesse Vrgins Chriftitie,
To reaue the Orphan of his Patrimone,
To wring the Widdow from her cufodium right,
And haue no other reaon for this wrong,
But that he was bound by a folemne oath?

Bu. A subtile Traitor needs no Sophister.

King. Calc Buckingham, and bid him arme him-selfe.

Torke. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou haft,
I am refolvd for death and dignitie.

Old Clif. The firit I warrant thee, if dreams prove true

War. You were bell to go to bed, and dream again,
To keepe thee from the Tempell of the field.

Old Clif. I am refolvd to brace a greater fhorne,
Then they thou haft, and canst resolve up to day,
And that I will write vpon thy Burgonet.

Might I but know thee by thy hous’d Badge.

War. Now by my fathers badge, old nemis creft,
The rampant Beare chaine’d to the raged laffe,
This day Ie weare aloft my Burgonet,
As on a Mountaine top, the Cedar shevues,
That keepe his leaves infight of any fome,
Euen in affright thee with the view thereof.

Old Clif. And from thy Burgonet Ie rend thy Beare,
And tread it vnder foot with all contempt,
Delightfull the Bearward, that protects the Beare.

To Clif. And fo to Armes victorious Father,
To quell the Rebels, and their Complices.

Rabi. Fee, Chriftitie for shame, fie not in spight,
For you shall fip with lefe Chrifti to night.

To Clif. Foul dye mygmatice that’s more then thou canst tell.

Bu. Ifnot in heaven, you’l sicely sup in hell.

War. Clifford of Cumberlend, ’tis Warwicke calleth:
And if thou doft not hide thee from the Beare,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

Enter Richard, and Somerset to fight.

Rich. So lye thou there:
For underneath an Ale-house paltry signe,
The Castle in S. Albans, Somerset
Hath made the Wizard famous in his death:
Sword, hold thy temper; Heart, be wrathfull still:
Pray for enemies, but Princes kill.

Fight. Excursions.

Enter King, Queen, and others.

Qu. Away my Lord, you are low, for shame away.

King. Can we outrun the Heavens? Good Margaret
Stay.

Qu. What are you made of? You'll nor fight nor fly:
Now is it manhood, wifedome, and defence,
To give the enemy way, and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but flye.

If you be tame, we then should see the bottom
Of all our Fortunes: but if we happily escape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect)
We shall to London get, where you are loud,
And where this breach now in our Fortunes made
May readily be flopt.

Enter Clifford.

Clif. But that my hearts on future mischief seet,
I would speake blasphemy ere bid you flye:
But flye you must: Vncredible discomit
Reignes in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away for your releefe, and we will live
To see their day, and them our Fortune giue.
Away my Lord, away.

FINIS.
The third Part of Henry the Sixt, with the death of the Duke of Yorke.

Aetas Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Plantagenet Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Montague, Warwick, and Souldiers.

Warwick.

Wonder how the King escap'd our hands? Pl. While we putrid the Horror of y North, He fly'd hole away, and left his men: Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland, Whose Warlike cares could never brooke retreat, Cib' d vp the dropping Army, and himselfe, Lord Clifford and Lord Stafford all a-brief Charg'd our maine Battales Front: and breaking in, Were by the Swords of common Souldiers slain. Edw. Lord Staffords Father, Duke of Buckingham, Is either slain or wounded dangerous, I left his Beater with a down-right blow: That this is true (Father) behold his blood. 

Mount. And Brother, here's the Earl of Wiltshires Whom I encountred as the Battels ioynd, (blood), Rich. Spake thou for me, and tell them what I did. 

Plant. Richard hath beft defended of all my forces: But is your Grace dead, my Lord of Somerset? Nor. Such hope have all the line of Jefus of Great. Rich. Thus do I hope to finde King Henrys head. 

Warw. And to doe it, victorious Prince of York. Before I fee thee feated in that Throne, Which now the Houfe of Lancasters viptes, I vow by Heaven, thofe eyes fhall never clofe. This is the Pallace of the fearefull King, And this the Regall Seat: poffeffe it York, For this is thine, and not King Henrys Heires. 

Plant. Affift me then, sweet Warwick, and I will, For hither we haue broken in by force. 

Norf. We'll all affift you; he that flies, fhall dye: 

Plant. Thanks gentle Norfolk, stay by me my Lords, And Souldiers flay and lodge by me this Night. 

They goe vp.

Warw. And when the King comes, offer him no violence, Vnleffe he feekes to thrift you out perfecute. 

Plant. The Queene this day here holds her Parliament, But little thinkes we fhall be of her counfaile, By words or blowes here let vs winne our right. 

Rich. Arm'd as we arc, let's stay within this Houfe. 

Warw. The bloody Parliament fhall this be call'd, Vnleffe Plantagenet, Duke of Yorke, be King, And bafhfuld Henry depos'd, whose Cowarclize Hath made vs by-words to our enemies. 

Plant. Then leane me not, my Lords be refolue, I meane to take poftellion of my Right. 

Warw. Neither the King nor he that loves him well, The prouddefl mee that holds vp Lancasfer, Dares flire a Wing, if Warwick fhalke his Bells. He plant Plantagenet, root him vp who dares: Refolue thee Richard, clave all the English Crowne.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Westmerland, Exeter, and the rest.

Henry. My Lords, judge where the fludtie Rebell fits, Even in the Chayre of State: belike he meanes, Backt by the power of Warwick, that faile Peete, To auipe into the Crowne, and reigne as King, Earl of Northumberland, he flew thy Father, And thine, Lord Clifford & you both haue vow'd revenge On him, his fonnes, his fauories, and his friends. 

North. If I be not, Heaens be reueng'd on me. Clifford. The hope thereof, makes Clifford mourne in Steele. 

Wofim. What, shall we suffer this? let pluck him down, My heart for anger burnes, I cannot brooke it. 

Henry. Be patient, gentle Earl of Welfmerland, Clifford. Patience is for Poutrooones, such as he: He doth not fit there, had your Father liv'd. 

My gracious Lord, here in the Parliament 

Let us affaye the Family of Yorke. 

North. We haue loft thoy Spoken, Cousin be it so. 

Henry. Ah, know you not the Cuie favours them, And they haue troupe of Souldiers at their beck? 

Wofim. But when the Duke is flame, they're quickly flye. 

Henry. Farre be the thought of this from Henvrey heart, To make a Shamble of the Parliament Houfe, Cousin of Exeter, frownes, words, and threats, Shall be the Warre that Henvrey means to vie. Thou faticous Duke of Yorke, defend my Throne, And kneele for grace and mercie at my feet, I am thy Seueraigne. 

Yorke. I am thine. 

Exct. For faine come downe, he made thee Duke of Yorke. 

Exct. They.
The third Part of Henry the Sixt.

*Exeunt. Thy Father was a Traytor to the Crowne.*

*War. Exeunt thou art a Traytor to the Crowne.*

*In following this viruping Henry.*

*Cliff. Whom should hee follow, but his naturall King?*  


*Henry. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my Throne?*  

*York. It must and shall be, content thy selfe.*

*War. Be Duke of Lancaster, let him be King.*

*Westm. He is both King, and Duke of Lancaster,*  

*And that the Lord of Welfmerland shall maintaine.*

*War. And Warwick shall dilfprue it. You forget,*  

*That we are those which he’s from you the field,*  

*And flew your Fathers, and with Colours spread*  

*Marcht through the Citie to the Palace Gates.*

*Northumb. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grieve,*  

*And by his Soule, thou and thy Housle shal rue it.*

*Westm. Plantagente, of thee and these thy Sones,*  

*Thy Kinnsmen, and thy Friends, He have more lies*  

*Then drops of blood were in my Fathers Veines.*

*Cliff. Vege it no more, left that in deed of words,*  

*I flend thee, Warwick, such a Merchanger,*  

*As shall requite his wrath, before I flire.*

*War. Poor Clifford, how I feerne his worthlesse Threats.*

*Plant. Will you weifie our Title to the Crowne?*  

*If not, our Swords shall peace in the field.*

*Henry. What Title halft thou Traytor to the Crowne?*  

*My Father was at thou art, Duke of Yorke,*  

*Thy Grandfather Roger Mortimer, Earle of March,*  

*I am the Sonne of Henry the Fift,*  

*Who made the Dolphin and the French to floupe,*  

*And fciz’d upon their Townes and Countrees.*

*War. Talke not of France, fish them not haft loft it all.*

*Henry. The Lord Protector loft it, and not I ;*  

*When I was crown’d, I was but nine months old.*

*Rieb. You are old enough now,*  

*And yet me thinks you looke :*  

*Father teare the Crowne from the Slaves Heads.*

*Edward. Sweet Father doe to, let it on your Head.*

*Momt. Good Brother,*  

*As thou lou’st and honor’d Armes,*  

*Let’s fight it out, and not fland caulling thus.*

*Richard. Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and the King*  

*shall fity.*

*Plant. Sones peace.*

*Henry. Peace thou, and gue King Henry leave to speake.*

*War. Plantagente flial speake first: Hearer hee Lords,*  

*And be you silent and attendent too,*  

*For he that interrupts him, shall not live.*

*Hen. Think’t thou, that I will leave my Kingly Throne,*  

*Wherein my Grandfire and my Father sat:*  

*Nor shall Warre vpeople this my Realme ;*  

*I, and their Colours often borne in France,*  

*And now in England, to our hearts great sorrow,*  

*Shall be my Winding-sheet, Why faint you Lords ?*  

*My Title’s good, and better fate then his.*

*War. Prue it Henry, and thou shall be King.*

*Hen. Henry the Fourth by Conqueft got the Crowne.*

*Plant. ’Twas by Rebellion against his King.*

*Henry. I know not what to say, my Titles weake:*  

*Tell mee, may not a King adopt an Heire ?*  

*Plant. What then ?*  

*Henry. And if he may, then am I lawful King :*  

*For Richard, in the view of many Lords,*  

*Resign’d the Crowne to Henry the Fourth,*  

*Whose Heire my Father was, and I am his,*  

*Plant. Heire against him, being his Soueraigne,*  

*And made him to resign his Crowne perforce.*

*War. Suppose, my Lords, he did it wilfully, and*  

*Think you it were prejudicial to his Crowne?*  

*Exeunt. No: for he could not to resign his Crowne,*  

*But that the next Heire should succeed and reigne.*

*Henry. Art thou against vs, Duke of Exeter?*  

*Exer. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.*

*Plant. Why whisper you, my Lords, and answer not ?*  

*Exer. My Conscience tells me he is lawfull King.*

*Henry. All will resolt from me, and turne to him,*  

*Northumb. Plantagente, for all the Clayme thou lay’st,*  

*Think not that Henry shal be fo depos’d.*

*War. Depos’d he shall be, in delight of all,*  

*Northumb. Thou art deceu’d :*  

*I’tis not thy Southerne power*  

*Of Effer, Norfolk, Suffolke, nor of Kent,*  

*Which makes thee thus preumpuous and proud,*  

*Can for the Duke vp in delight of me,*  

*Clifford. King, Henry, be thy Title right or wrong,*  

*Lord Clifford vp in delight of thy defence,*  

*May that ground gape, and swallow me alane,*  

*Where I shall kneele to him that flew my Father.*

*Henry. Oh Clifford, how thy words resive my heart,*  

*Plant. Henry of Lancastre, resigne thy Crowne.*  

*What mutter you, or what confpire you Lords ?*  

*War. Doe right vp to this Princely Duke of Yorke,*  

*Or I will flit the Housle with armed men,*  

*And ouer the Chayre of State, where now he fitts,*  

*Write vp his Title with vlinning blood.*

*Cliff. As thou fumis with his foot, and the Souliers*  

*flow themselves.*

*Henry. My Lord of Warwick, hear but one word,*  

*Let me for this my life time reigne as King.*

*Plant. Confirmme the Crowne to me and to mine Heires,*  

*And thou shalt reigne in quiet while thou luf’t.*

*Henry. I am content: Richard Plantagente*  

*Enjoy the Kingdome after my deceafe.*

*Clifford. What wrong is this vnto the Prince, your Sonne?*  

*War. What good is this to England, and himselfe ?*  

*Westm. Safe, secure, and defpight not Henry.*

*Clifford. How haft thou inquir’d both thy felue and vs ?*  

*Westm. I cannot fay to heare these Articles.*

*Northumb. Not 1.*  

*Clifford. Come Counsil, let vs tell the Queene these Newes.*

*Weftm. Farwell faint-hearted and degenerate King,*  

*In whose cold blood no spark of Honor bides.*

*Northumb. Be thou a prey vnto the Housle of Yorkes,*  

*And dye in Bands, for this vmanfully deed.*

*Cliff. In dreadfull Warre may’st thou be overcome,*  

*Or lue in peace abando’d and defpis’d.*

*War. Turne this way Henry, and regard them not.*

*Exeter. They fecke revenge, and therefore will not yield.*

*Henry. Ah Exeter.*  

*War. Why should you figh, my Lord ?*  

*Henry. Not for my felle Lord Warwick, but my Sonne,*  

*Whom I vnnaturally shall dis-inherte.*  

*But be it as it may: I here entyse*  

*The Crowne to thee and to thine Heires for euer,*  

*Conditionally, that heere thou take an Oath,*  

*To cease this Ciuit Warre: and whilif I live, To*
To honor me as thy King, and Soueraigne:
And neyther by Treation nor Hostilitie,
To seeke to put me downe, and reigne thy selfe.
Plant. This Oath I willingly take, and will performe.
Henry. And long lye thou, and these thy forward Sonnes.
Plant. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.
Exct. Accurt be it that seeke to make them foes.
Sens. Here they come downe.
Plant. Farewell my gracious Lord, I go to my Caffle,
Warn. And Ile kepe London with my Souldiers.
Norf. And I to Norfolke with my follower.
Mount. And I vnto the Sea, from whence I came.
Henry. And I with griefe and sorrow to the Court.

Enter the Queene.
Exeter. Here comes the Queene,
Whose Lookes be wary her anger:
Ile staye awaie.
Henry. Exeter to will I.
Queene. Nay, goe not from me, I will follow thee.
Henry. Be patient gentle Queene, and I will stay.
Queene. Who can be patient in such extremities?
Ah wretched man, would I had dy'd a Maid?
And never seee thee, never borne thee Sonne,
Seeing thou hast proud'd so vnitally a Father,
Hath he defer'd to loose his Right birth thus?
Hadst thou but lou'd him half so well as I,
Or felt that paine which I did for him once,
Nor nourish'd him, as I did with my blood;
Then wouldest thou have seene his heart-blood there,
Rather then have made that suage Duke chine Heire,
And dis-inherited chine only Sonne.
Prince. Father, you cannot dis-inherite 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 enforce me.
Queene. Enforceth thee? Art thou King, and wilt be for't?
I theme to heare thee speake: ah timorous Wretch,
Thou hast undone thy selfe, thy Sonne, and me,
And giv'n vnto the House of York such head,
As thou shalt reigne but by their sufferance.
To estayle him and his Heire vnto the Crowne,
What is it, but to make thy Seulptur,
And creepe into it bare before thy time?
Warwick is Chancellor, and the Duke of Caliceh,
Sterne Falconbridge commands the Narrow Seas,
The Duke is made Protecor of the Realme,
And yet shal thou be safe? Such sластie finds
The trembling Lambe, inuironed with Wolves,
Had I beene there, which is a filly Woman,
The Souldiers should haue tost'd me on their Pikes,
Before I would haue granted to that Aeh.
But thou pretend'st thy life, before thine Honor.
And being thou do'st it, I here disoue my selfe,
Both from thy Table Henry, and thy Bed,
Vntill that Act of Parliament be repeal'd,
Whereby my Sonne is dis-inherited.
The Northern Lords, that haue forsworne thy Colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:
And spred they shall be, to thy foule disgrace,
And vitter ruine of the House of York.
Thus doe I leave thee: Come Sonne, let's away,
Our Army is ready; come, wee lea after them.

Henry. Stay gentle Margaret, and heare me speake,
Queene. Thou haft spoke too much already: get thee gone.
Henry. Gentle Sonne Edward, thou wilt stay me?
Queene. I, to be murther'd 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 linger thus,
Henry. Poore Queene,
How loute to me, and to her Sonue,
Hath made her breake out into termes of Rage.
Reueng'd may the be on that hatefull Duke,
Whose haughtie spirit, winged with defire,
Wilt enarme my Crowne, and like an emp'tie Eagle,
Dye on the flie of me, and of my Sonne.
The lofe of those three Lords terram's my heart;
Ile write vnto them, and entreat them faire;
Come Cousin, you shall be the Messenger.
Exct. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.
Exe.

Foulth. Enter Richard, Edward, and

to Norfolke.
Edward. No, I can better play the Orator.
Mount. But I have reasons strong and forceable.

Enter the Duke of York.

York. Why how now Sonnes, and Brother, at a sKitte?
What is your Quarrel? how began it first?
Edward. No, Quarrel but a flight Contention.
York. About what I. Rich About that which concerns your Grace and vs,
The Crowne of England, Father, which is yours.
York. Mine Boy! not till King Henry be dead.
Richard. Your Righte depend not on his life, or death.
Edward. Now you are Heire therefore enjoy it now;
By gining the House of Lancaster leaue to breathe,
It will ou'trunne you, Father, in the end.
York. I tooke an Oath, that shee should quieten reigne.
Edward. But for a Kindome any Oath may be broken;
I would break a thousand Oathes, to reigne one yeere.
Rich. No: God forbid your Grace should be for-sorne.
York. I shall bee, if I clayme by open Warre.
Richard. Ille proove the contrary, if you heare mee speake.
York. Thou canst not, Sonne: it is impossible.
Richard. An Oath is of no moment, being not tooke
Before a true and lawfull Magistrature,
That hath authoritie over him that swears.
Henry had none, but did vnap the place.
Then fering'twas he that made you to depose,
Your Oath, my Lord, is vaine and frivoulous.
Therefore to Armes: and Father doe but thinkke,
How sweet a thing it is to wear a Crowne,
Within whose Circuit is Eternitie.
And all that Peetes faine of Blisse and Joy.
Why doe we linger thus? I cannot reth,
Vntill the White Rose that I wear, bee dy'de
Even in the like-warme blood of Hearre heart.
York. Richard yonough: I will be King, or dye.
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And when on Warneke to this Enterprize,

Thou
Thou Richard shalt to the Duke of Norfolk,  
And tell him prudely of our intent.  
You Edward shall unto my Lord Cobham,  
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise.  
In them I trust: for they are Soullidors,  
Wittie, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.  
While you are thus employ'd, what refteth more?  
But that I feek occasion how to rise,  
And yet the King not proue to my Drift,  
Nor any of the House of Lancaster.

Enter Gabriel.

But say, what News? Why commit thou in such poftte?  
Gabriel. The Queen,  
With all the Northern Earles and Lords,  
Intend here to besiege you in your Caffe.  
She is hard by, with twentie thousand men;  
And therefore fortifie your Hold, my Lord.  
Tork. I, with my Sword,  
What think'th thou, that we feare them?  
Edward and Richard, you shall trye with me,  
My Brother Montague shall poftie to London.  
Let Noble Torke returne, and the rest,  
Whom we have left Protecor of the King,  
With powerfull Policie strength themselves,  
And trufl not simple Henry, nor his Outhes.  
Montague. Brother, I goe: Ie winne them, feare it not.  
And thus most humbly I do take my leave.  
Exit Montague.

Enter Mortimer, and his Brother.

Tork. Sir John, and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine Vnckles,  
You are come to Sandall in a happy houre.  
The Armie of the Queen mee anbesiege vs.  
John. Shee shall not neede, we'le meete her in the field.
Tork. What, with twentie thousand men?  
Richard. I, with one hundred, Father, for a neede.  
A Woman's generall: what should we feare?

A March of are off.

Edward. I hear th'flamne:
Let's set our men in order,  
And issue forth, and bid them Battle straight.  
Tork. Five men to twenty though the oddes be great,  
I do doubt, Vnckle, of your Victorie.  
Many a Battall have I wonne in France,  
When as the Enemie hath beene tooone to one;  
Why should I now have the like successe?  

Alarum. Exit.

Enter Rutland, and his Tutor.

Rutland. Ah whither shall I flye, to scape their hands?  
Ah Tutor, looke where bloody Clifford comes.

Enter Clifford.

Clifford. Chaplaine away, the Priesthood faues thy life.  
As for the Brat of this accursed Duke,  
Whose Father flew my Father, he shall dye.  
Tutor. And I, my Lord, will beare him company.  
Clifford. Soldiers, away with him.  
Tutor. Ah Clifford, murther not this innocent Child,  
Lest thou be hated both of God and Man.  

A: The third Part of Henry the Sixth.

Clifford. How now! is he dead already?  
Or is it feare, that makes him close his eyes?  
Ie open them.  
Rutland. So looks the pent-up Lyon over the Wretch,  
That trembles under his devouring Pawes:  
And fo he walks, infulting o're his Prey,  
And fo he comes, to rend his Limbes sunder.  
Ah gentile Clifford, kill me with thy Sword,  
And I am sure with such a cruel threathing LOOK.  
Sweet Clifford heare me speake: before I dye:  
I am too meane a flynde for thy Wrath,  
Be thou requeng'd on men, and let me live.  
Clifford. In vain thou speakest, poore Boy;  
My Fathers blood hath flipt the paffage  
Where thy words should enter.

Rutland. Then let my Fathers blood open it againe,  
He is a man, and Clifford copre with him.  
Clifford. Had I thy Brethren here, their limes and thine  
Were not requenge sufficient for me:  
No, if I digg'd vp thy fore-fathers Graves,  
And hung their rotten Coffins vp in Chaynes,  
It could not flake mine ire, nor eafe my heart.  
The fight of any of the House of Torkes,  
Is as a furie to torment my Soule:  
And till I root out their accursed Line,  
And leave not one alue, I live in Hell.  
Therefore--

Rutland. Oh let me pray, before I take my death:  
That I may visit Clifford pitty me.  
Clifford. Such pitty as my Repiorts poynt afforded.  
Rutland. I never did thee haine: why wilt thou flay me?

Clifford. Thy Father hath.  
Rutland. But twas ere I was borne,  
Thou haft one Sonne, for his fake pitty me,  
Least in requenge thereof, fifth God is iuft,  
He be as miserably slaine as I.  
Ah, let me live in Prifon all my dayes,  
And when I glue occasion of ofence,  
Then let me dye, for now thou haft no caufe.  
Clifford. No caufe? thy Father flew my Father therefore dye.  
Rutland. Dij facrificis undecus sumus: si statua.  
Clifford. Plantagenet, I come Plantagenet;  
And this thy Sonnes blood cleaing to my Blade,  
Shall ruft upon my Weapon, till thy blood  
Congel'd with this, doe make mee wipe off both.  

Exit.

Alarum. Enter Richard, Duke of Torks.

Torks. The Army of the Queen hath got the field:  
My Vnckles both are flaine, in requensing me;  
And all my followers, to the eager foc  
Tune back, and flye, like Ships before the Winde,  
Or Lambs purf'd by hunger-flamed Wolves.  
My Sonnes God knowes what hath bechanched them:  
But this I know, they have demean'd themselues  
Like men born to Renowne, by Life or Death.  
Three times did Richard make a Lane to me,  
And thrice cry'de, Courage Father, fight it out:  
And full as off came Edward to my side,  
With Purple Faulchion, painted to the Hilt,  
In blood of those that had encountered him:  
And when the hardyefi Warrors did retire,  
Richard cry'de, Charge, and glue no foot of ground,  
And cry'de, A Crowne, or else a glorious Tombe;
The third Part of Henry the Sixt.

A Scepter, or an Earthly Sepulchre.
With this we charg'd againe: but out alas,
We bodg'd againe, as I haue feene a Swan
With bootlefe labour twinne against the Tyde,
And spend her strength with out-matching Waues,
At full Altarum within.
Ah heare, the fatal followers doe pursue,
And I am faint, and cannot flye their fury.
And were I strong, I would not shunne their fury.
The Sands are numbred, that makes vp my Life,
Here muft I flay, and here my Life muft end.

Enter the Queene, Clifford, Northumberland,
The young Prince, and Souldiers.

Come bloody Clifford, tough Northumberland,
I dare your quenchellie furye to more rage,
I am your Butt, and I abide your Shot.

Northumb. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.
Clifford. I to such mercy, as his ruffhelle Arme
With downe-right payment, theyd vnto my Father.
Now Phanoro hath tumbled from his Carre,
And made an Evening at the Noone-tide Prik.

Torke. My allies, as the Phoenix may bring forth
A Bird, that will returne upon you all.
And in that hope, I throw mine eyes to Heaven,
Scorning what crye you can afflidg me with.

Why come you not? what, multitudes, and feare?
Cliff. So Cowards fight, when they can flye no further,
So Doues doe peck the Falcons piercing Tallyons,
So desperat Theefulles, all hopefull of their Liues,
Breathe out IneQuities gainst the Officers.

Torke. Oh Clifford, but bethink thee once againe,
And in thy thought ore-run my former time:
And if thou canst, for blufhing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue, that flanders him with Cowardice,
 Whole frown hath made thee faine and flye erce this,
Clifford. I will not bandie with thee word for word,
But buckler with theee blows twice two for one.

Queene. Hold valiant Clifford, for a thousand caues
I would prolong a while the Trayters Life:
With that makes him deafe, speake thou Northumberland.

Northumb. Hold Clifford, doe not honor him fo much,
To prick tly finger, though to wound his heart,
What valour were it, when a Curre doth grime,
For one to thrust his Hand betweene his Teeth,
When he might spurne him with his Foot away?
It is Warres prize, to take all Vantage,
And tenne to one, is no impeach of Valour.

Clifford. I, I, so struttes the Woodcocke with the Gynne
Northumb. So doth the Connie struggle in the Net.

Torke. So triumph Theefulles upon their conquer'd Booty,
So True men yeeld with Robbers, so o're-match.

Northumb. What would your Grace have done to him now?

Queene. Brave Warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come make him fland upon this Mole-hill here,
That raught at Mountains with out-stretched Armes,
Yet pasted but the shadow with his Hand.
What, was it you that would be Englands King?
Was't you that resceld in our Parliament,
And made a Preachement of your high Defcent?
Where are your Meffe of Sonnes, to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the Juflle George?

And where's that valiant Crook-back Prodigie,
Dickie, your Boy, that with his grumbling voyce
Was wont to cheare his Dad in Mutinies?
Or with the refi, where is your Darling, Rutland?
Looke Torke, I stay'd this Napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his Rapiers point,
Made offie from the Bofome of the Boy.
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I giue thee this to drie thy Cheekes withall.
Alas poor Torke, but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable fate.

I prathe grieve, to make me merry, Torke.
What, how thy firiere heart to pacht thine entraules?
That not a Tearre can fall, for Rutlands death?
What ar thou patient, man? thou shoul'dft not be mad:
And I, to make thee mad, doe mock thee thus.

Clifford. That is my Office, for my Fathers fake.

Queene. Nay flay, let's heare the Orizons hie makes.

Torke. Shee Wolfe of France,
While worfe then Wolues of France,
Whole Tongue more poynions then the Adders Tooth:
How ill-beeming is it in thy Sex,
To triumph like an Amazonian Trull,
Upon their Woe, whom Fortune captivates
But that thy Face is Vizard-like, unchangeing,
Made impudent with vie of euell deedes,
I would slay, proud Queene, to make thee blisht.
To tell thee whence thou canst't, of whom deeu'd,
Were shame enough, to shame thee,
Were thou not fiamuelle.

Thy Father beares the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem,
Yet not fo wealthie as an English Yeoman.
Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to intulf?
It needes not, nor it bootes thee not, proud Queene,
Vnfeele the Adage must be verifie'd,
That Beggers mounted, runne their Horfe to death,
'Tis Beautie that doth oft make Women prov'd,
But God he knowes, thy fiae there of is small.
'Tis Vertue, that doth make them moft admitt'd,
The contrary, doth make thee wonder'd at.
'Tis Government, that makes them feeme Divine,
The want thereof, makes thee abominable.
Thou art as opposite to every good,
As the Antipodes are vno vs,
Or as the South to the Septentrion.
Oh Tygres Heart, wrapp'd in a Womans Hide,
The third Part of Henry the Sixt.

How couldst thou drain the Life-blood of the Child, 
To bid the Father wipe his eyes withall, 
And yet be seen to bear a Woman's face? 

Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible; 
Thou, stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, and emulous. 
Biff thou me rage? why now thou hast thy will. 
Wouldst thou have me weep? why now thou hast thy will. 

For raging Wind blowes vp inceast showers, 
And when the Rage assales, the Raine begins, 
These Teares are my sweet Rutland Obsequies, 
And every drop cries vengeance for his death, 
'Gainst thee fell Clifford, and thee false French-woman, Northumb. B'strew me, but his passions moves me to, 
That hardly can I check my eyes from Teares, 
The hungry Caniballs would not have toucht, 
Would not have stay'd with blood: 
But you are more inhumane, more inexorable, 
Oh, seven times more then Tyrgers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthlesse Queen, an inlesse Fathers Teares:
This Cloth thou didst it in blood of my sweet Boy, 
And I with Teares Doe wast the blood away, 
Keep thee thou the Napkin, and goe boilst of this, 
And if thou tell it the heausie Stone right, 
Upon my Soule, the heers will shed Teares: 
Yea, even my Foes will shed fast-falling Teares, 
And, alas, it was a pittious deed. 
There, take the Crown, and with the Crowne, my Cuffe, 
And in thy need, such comfort come to thee, 
As now I reappe at thy too cruel hand. 

M. Clifford, take me from the World, 
My Soule to Heauen, my Blood upon your Heads.
Northumb. Had he been a slaughter-man to all my Kinne, 
I should not for my Life but weep with him, 
To see how inly Sorrow grasps his Soule. 
Queen. What, weeping ripe, my Lord Northumberland? 
Thinke but upon 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. 

Queen. And here's to right our gentle-hearted 
King. 

Torke. Open thy Gate of Mercy, gracious God, 
My Soule fytes through their wounds, to fecke out thee. 
Queen. Off with his Head, and set it on Yorke Gates, 
So Torke may over-look the Towne of Yorke. 
Flourish. Exit. 

A March. Enter Edward, Richard, 
and their power. 

Edward. I wonder how our Princesse Fater saip't: 
Or whether he be taip't away, or no, 
From Clifford and Northumberland pursuit? 
Had he beene ta'ne, we should haue heard the newes; 
Had he beene slaine, we should haue heard the newes: 
Or had he fap't, me thinks we should haue heard 
The happy tidings of his good escape. 
How faires my Brother? why is he so fad? 
Richard. I cannot joye, till I be retou'd 
Where our right valiant Father is become. 
I saw him in the Battallie range about, 
And watch'd him how he linged Clifford forth, 
Me thought he bore him in the thickest troopes, 
As doth a Lyon in a Heard of Neat, 
Or as a Bear encompass'd round with Dogges: 

Who havine pinch't a few, and made them cry, 
The left hand all aloofe, and barke 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 opens her golden Gates, 
And takes her farwell of the glorious Sonne, 
How well refembles it the proue of Youth, 
Trimm'd like a Yunker, prouning to his Love? 

Ed. Daze mine eyes, or doe I see three Sunnes? 

Rich. Three glorious Sunnes, each one a perfect Sunne, 
Not seperated with the racking Clouds, 
But feuer'd in a pale clear-shining Skye. 
See, see, they Ioyn, embrace, and seeme to kisse, 
As if they would some League inviolable, 
Now are they but one Lampe, one Light, one Sunne: 
In this, the Heauen figures some euent. 

Edward. 'Tis wondrous strange, 
The like yet never heard of. 

I think it ctes vs (Brother) so the field, 
That we, the Sonnes of brave Plantagenet, 
Each one alreadie blazing by our meedes, 
Should not withstanding Ioynge our Lights together, 
And out-shine the Earth, as this the World, 
What ere it bodes, hence-forward will I beare 
Upon my Target three faire shinning Sunnes. 
Richard. Nay bear the three Daughters: 
By your leave, I speake it, 
You loure the Breeder better then the Male. 

Enter one blowing. 

But what art thou, whole heautie Lookes fore-tell 
Some dreadfull story hanging on thy Tongue? 

Moff. Ah, one that was a woeful looker on, 
When as the Noble Duke of Yorke was slaine, 
Your Princely Father, and my loving Lord. 
Edward. Oh speake no more, for I haue heard too much. 

Richard. Say how he dyde, for I will haere it all. 
Moff. Enuioned he was with many foes, 
And flood against them, as the hope of Troy 
Against the Greekes, that would haue entred Troy. 
But Hercules himselfe muft yeald to oddes: 
And many throaker, though with a little Axe, 
Hewes downe and fells the hardest-tymber'd Oak. 
By many hands your Father was subd'd, 
But onely slu'tted red by the treffull Anne 
Of vn-re relenting Clifford, and the Queene: 
Who crownd the gracious Duke in high defpite, 
Laugh'd in his face: and when with griefe he wept, 
The ruthless Queene gave him, to dry his Cheakes, 
A Napkin, steeped in the namelesse blood 
Of sweet young Rutland, by tough Clifford slaine: 
And after many scorces, many foule taunts, 
They took his Head, and on the Gates of Yorke 
They fet the fame, and there it doth remaine, 
The faddet spectacle that ere I view'd. 

Edward. Sweet Duke of Yorke, our Prop to leane upon, 
Now thou art gone, wee haue no Stiffe, no Stay. 
Oh Clifford, boytous Clifford, thou hast slaine 
The flower of Europe, for his Chearslie, 
And trecherously haue thou vanquished him, 
For hand to hand he would haue vanquished thee. 
Now my Soules Pallace is become a Prison: 
Aly, would the breake from hence, that this my body
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth. 153

Might in the ground be cloath vp in reit: For neuer henceforth shall I joy again:
Neuer, oh neuer shall I see more joy.

Rich. I cannot weep: for all my bodies moysture
Scarce serues to quench my Furnace-burning hart: Nor can my tongue voide my hearts great burnthen, For selfe-fame windes that I should speak withall, Is kindling coales that fires all my brest, And burnes me vp with flames, that tears would quench, To weep, is to make laste the depth of griefe:
Tears then for Babes; Blows, and Reuenge for mee.

Richard, I bear my name, Ile venge thy death,
Or dye renowned by attempting it.

Ed. His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee:
His Duke-dome, and his Chaire with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that Princeely Eagles Bird,
Shew thy defcent by gazig 'gainst the Sunne:
For Chaire and Duke-dome, Throne and Kingdome say,
Either that is shine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter Warwick, war-queene Mountague, and their Army.

Warwick. How now faire Lords? What faire? What newes abroad?

Rich. Great Lord of Warwick, if we should teecompt
Our bailefull news, and at each words deliuerance
Grab Pontards in our flees, till all were told,
The words would add more anguells then the wounds.
O valiant Lord, the Duke of Yorke is slaine.

Edw. O Warwick, Warwick, that Plantagente
Which held thee dearely, as his Soules Redemption,
Is by the eterne Lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten daies agoe, I drown'd those newes in teares,
And now to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you thonghts then fifthen.
After the bloody Fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave Father breath'd his latest gaspe,
Tydings, as swiftly as the Poftes could runne,
Were brought me of your Loffe, and his Depart.
I then in London, keeper of the King,
Mutter'd my Soldiers, gathered Rockes of Friends,
March't toward S. Albuns, to intercept the Queene,
Bearing the King in my behaile along:
For by my Scout, I was adverfert
That she was comming with a full intent
To dash our late Dared in Daltine,
Toucing King Henrie Estates and your Succession:
Short'd I to make, weare S. Albuns met,
Our Batallies inoy'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
But whether twas the coldnede of the King,
Who look'd full genly on his warlike Queene,
That rob'd my Soldiers of their heated Spicene.
Or whether twas report of her succee,
Or more then common feare of Clifford Rigour,
Who thunders to his Captuues, Blood and Death,
I cannot judge: but to conclude with truth,
Their Weapons like to Lightning, came and went:
Our Souldiers like the Night, O wes Lazie flight,
Or like a Lazie Thresher with a Flaine,
Fell gently downe, as if they strucke their Friends,
I cheer'd them vp with luctice of our Cape,
With promise of high pay, and great Rewards:
But all in vaine, they had no heart to fight,
And we (in them) no hope to win the day,
So that we fled: the King into the Queene,
Lord George, your Brother, Norfolke, and my Selfe,
In halle, polt halle, are come to ioyne with you:
For in the Marches here we heard you were,
Making another Head, to fight againe,
Ed. Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?

War. Some 30 miles off the Duke is with the Soldiers,
And for your Brother he was lately feene,
From your kins Aunt Dartchele of Burgundie,
With ayde of Souldiers to this needfull Warre.

Rich. Twas oldes belike, when valiant Warwick fled;
Or hau I heard his praises in Pursuite,
But ne're till now, his Scandall of Retire.

War. Nor now my Scandall Richard, dost thou hate:
For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine,
Can plucke the Diadem from faire Henriques head,
And wring the awefull Scepter from his Fip.
We're he fam'd, and as bold in Warre,
As he is fam'd for, Mildhelle, Peace, and Prayer.

Rich. I know't it well Lord Warwick, blame not;
'Tis loue I bear thy glories make me speake:
But in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our Coates of Steele,
And wrap our bodies in blacke mourning Gownes?
Numb'ring our Aue-Marie with our Beads?
Or shall we on the Helmets of our Foes,
Tell our Devotion with reuengefull Armes?
If for the last, say I, and to it Lords,

War. Why therefore Warwick came to seek you out,
And therefore comes my Brother Mountague:
Attend me Lords, the proud infulting Queene,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,
And of their Feather, many mow proud Birds,
Hau'e wrought the cafe-melting King, like Wax.
He frowre consent to your Succesion,
His Oath enrolled in the Parliament,
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his Oath, and what before
May make against the houte of Lancaster,
Their power (I think) is thirty thousand strong:
Now, if the helpe of Norfolk, and my lefe,
With all the Friends that thou brave Earle of March,
Among the losyng Welshmen can't procure,
Will but amount to fute and twenty thousand.
Why Vio, to London will we march,
And once againe, belride our fouling Steeds,
And since againe to our late Darteck, in Warre,
But never once against turne backe and flye.

Rich. I, now me thinkes I heare great Warwick speake,
Ne're may he lute to see a Sun-shine day.
That cries Retire, if Warwick bid him slay.

Ed. Lord Warwick, on thy shouder will I haue,
And when thou fail' (as God forbid the houre)
Mull Edward fall, which perill heauen forefend.

War. No longer Earle of March, but Duke of Yorke:
The next degree, is Englands Royall Throne:
For King of England that thou be proclaim'd
In every Burrough as we passe along,
And he that throwes not vp his cap for joy,
Shall for the Fault make forfeit of his head.

King Edward, valiant Richard Mountague:
Stay we no longer, dreaming of Renowne,
But found the Trumpetes, and about our Taske.

Rich. Then Clifford, were thy heart as hard as Steele,
As thou haft the wire it flante by thy deed,
I come to pierce it, or to glue these mine.

Ed. Then strike vp Drums, God and S. George for vs.
Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? what newes?

Mcss. The Duke of Norfolkse sends you word by me, The Queene is comming with a puissant Hoast, And craves your company, for speedy counsell.

War. Why then it forts, braue Warriors, let's away.

Exeunt Omnes.

Flourish. Enter the King, the Queene, Clifford, Northum- and Yong Prince, with Drummes and Trumpettes.

Sie. Welcome my Lord, to this braue town of Yorke, Yonders the head of that Arch-enemy, That fought to be incompaft with your Crowne. Deth not the obiec't cheere your heart, my Lord, That as the rockes cheere them that feare their wrack, To fee this fight, it irks me very soule: With-hold revenge (deere God) 'tis not my fault, Nor willingly haue I infringing my Vow.

Clf. My gracious Lieve, this too much lenity And harmful pitty must be layd aside: To whom do Lyons caft their gentle Looks? Not to the Beast, that would vlupre their Den. Whofe hand is that the Forrest Bear doth lcke? Not his that spoyles her yong before her face. Who feaseth the lurking Serpens mortall fling? Not he that fets his foot upon her backe. The smallet Worre will turne, being toden on, And Doves will pecke in safegard of their Brood.

Ambitious Yorke, did leuell at thy Crowne, Thou smiling, while he knitt his angry browes. He but a Duke, would have his Sonne a King, And raife his ifue like a lousing Sire.

Thou being a King, bleft with a goodly fonne, Did't yeald content to dishinifer him: Which argued thee a molt vnloving Father, Unreasonable Creatures feed their young, And though mans face be fearefull to their eyes, Yet in protection of their tender ones, Who hath not feene them even with those wings, Which sometime they haue vs'd with fearefull flight, Make warre with him that climb'd into their neit, Offering theire owne lives in their yongs defence?

For shame, my Lieve, make them your President : Were it not pitty that this goodly Boy Should looke his Birth-right by his Fathers fault, And long hereafter fall into his childe, What my great Grandfather, and Grandfire got, My caufefulle Father fondly gave away.

Ah, what a shame were this? Looke on the Boy, And let his manly face, which promifeth Succeffefull Fortune ftele thy melting heart, To hold thine owne, and leave thine owne with him.

King. Full well hath Clifford plaid the Orator, Inferring arguments of mighty force : But Clifford tell me, did't thou never heare, That things ill got, had euer bad successe. And happy alwayes was it for that Sonne, Whose Father for his hoarding went to hell : He leave my Sonne my Vertuous deeds behinde, And would my Father had left me no more: For all the reft is held at such a Rate, As brings a thousand fold more care to kepe, Then in poftiffion any joy of pleasures.

Ah Cotin Yorke, would try best Friends did know,

How it doth Greene me that thy head is here.

Qu. My Lord cheere vp your spirits, our foes are nye, And this loft courage makes your Followers faint: Thou promises Knighthood to our forward fonne, Vnfeath your sword, and dub him prefently. Edward, kneele downe.

King. Edward Plantagenet, arise a Knight, And learn this Leifon; Draw thy Sword in right, Prim. My gracious Father, by your Kingly leaue, Ile draw it as Apparant to the Crowne, And in that quarrell, vfe it to the death.

Clf. Why that is spoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mcss. Royall Commanders, be in readinesse, For with a Band of thirty thouands men, Comes Warwicke backing of the Duke of Yorke, And in the Townes as they do march along, Proclaims him King, and many fly to him, Darraigne your barret, for they are at hand.

Clf. I would your Highness would depart the field, The Queene hath both successe when you are abfent.

Qu. I good my Lord, and leaue vs to your Fortune. King. Why, that's my fortune too, therefore Ile stay.

North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prim. My Royall Father, cheere thefe Noble Lords, And heerent thefe that fight in your defence: Vntil Iheath your Sword, good Father. Cry S. George.


Edw. Now periu'd Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace? And fett thy Diadem upon my head? Or bide the mortall Fortune of the field. 

Qu. Go rate thy Minions, proud influting Boy, Becomes it thee to be thus bold in termes, Before thy Soueraigne, and thy lawfull King?

Ed. I am his King, and he should bow his knee: I was adopted Heire by his content.

Cla. Since when, his Oath is broke: for as I heare, You that are King, though he do wear the Crowne, Haue caufe'd him by new Act of Parliament, To blot our me, and put his owne Sonne in.

Clf. And reason too, Who should succeede the Father, but the Sonne.


Clf. I Croke-back, here I stand to answer thee, Or any he, the proudef of thy fort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd yong Rutland, was it not?

Clf. I, and old Yorke, and yet not satisfie'd.

Rich. For Gods sake Lords give signal to the fight.

War. What fay'st thou Henry, 

Wilt thou yeeld the Crowne?

(You speake?)

Qu. Why how now long-tongu'd Warwicke, dare

When you and I, met at S.Abbot last,

Your legges did better fervice then your hands,

War. Then 'twas my turne to fly, and now 'tis thine: Clf. You said fo much before, and yet you fledd.

War. 'Twas not your valor Clifford drove me thence.

Nor, No, nor your manhood that durft make you fly.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently, Break off the parley, for I can refraine The execution of my big-twone heart.

Upon that Clifford, that cruel Child-killer.

Clf. If I flew thy Father, call'd thou him a Child?
Rich. I like a Daftard, and a treacherous Coward,
As thou didst kill our tender Brother Rutland,
But ere Sunfet, Ile make thee curse the deed.
King. Have done with words (my Lords) and hear me speak.
Qn. Defie them then, or else hold close thy lips.
Rich. I prythe thee give no limits to my Tongue,
I am a King, and pruined'd do speake,
Clif. My Liege, the wound that bred this meeting here,
Cannot be cur'd by Words, therefore be still.
Rich. Then Executioner vnsheath thy iwor: By him that made vs all, I am resolvd,
That Clifords Manhood, lyes vpon his tongue.
Ed. Say Henry, shall I have my right, or no: A thousand men have broke their Faits to day,
That ne're shall dine, unlesse thou yield the Crown, War. If then deny, their Blood vpon thy head,
For Yorkie in justice put's his Armour on.
Pr. Ed. If that be right, which Warwick says is right,
There is no wronng, but every thing is right.
War. Who euer got thee, there thy Mother stands,
For well I wot, thou haft thy Mothers tongue.
Qn. But thou art neyther like thy Sire nor Damme,
But like a foule infape Stigmaticke,
Mark'd by the Definities to be avoided,
As vnone Toades, or Lizards dreadfull Flings.
Rich. Iron ofNaples, hid with English gilt,
Whose Father beares the Title of a King,
(As if a Channell should be call'd the Sea)
Sham't thou nor, knowing whence thou art extrauagant,
To let thy tongue decreet thy base-born heart.
Ed. A Wispe of straw were worth a thousand Crowns,
To make this hauncelle Caillet know her felle:
Helen of Greece was faayer farre than thou,
Although thy Husband may be Menouen:
And ne'er was Ascanian, Brother wrong'd
By that falle Woman, as this King by thee,
His Father returel in the heart of France,
And tam'd the King, and made the Dolphin floope:
And he had match'd according to his State,
He might have kept that glory to this day,
But when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poore Sire with his Bridall day,
Euen then that Sun shine breat'd a fhowre for him,
That waffit his Fathers fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd a feation on his Crowne at home:
For what hath brood'h this tumult but thy Pride?
Had it thou bene mecke, our Title full had kept,
And we in pity of the Gentle King,
Had tupt our Claimes, vntill another Age.
Clu. But when we law, our Sunshine made thy Spring,
And that thy Summer bred vs no Increas,
We fer the Axe to thy surping Rooste:
And though the edge hath loathing hit our felues,
Yet know thou, since we have begun to fighter,
We'll neuer leave, till we have browned thee down,
or bath'd thy growing, with our hear'd bloods.
Edw. And in this revolution, I defiere,
Not willing any longer Conference,
Since thou denied't the gentle King to speake,
Sound Trumpets, let our bloody Colours warre,
And either Victorie, or else a Graue.
Qu. Stay Edward.
Ed. No wrangling Woman, we'll no longer stay,
Thee words will cost ten thousand lives this day. Exeunt omnes.

Alarum. Exeunt Servants. Enter Warwick.
War. Fore-spent with Toile, as Runners with a Race,
I lay me down a little while to breath:
For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong knit linevew of their strength,
And spight of spight, needs must I lea a-while.

Enter Edward running.
Ed. Smile gentle heauen, or fstrike vngentle death,
For this world frownes, and Edward's Sunne is clouded.
War. How now my Lord, what harme? what hope of good?

Enter Clarence.
Clu. Our heep is loffe, our hope but fad dispair,
Our ranks are broke, and nine follows vs,
What comfaines giue you? whether shall we flye?
Ed. Boordeles is flight, they follow vs with Wings,
And weake we are, and cannot flun purifie.

Enter Richard.
Rich. Ah Warwickie, why haftly withdrawn thy selfe?
The Brother blood the thristly earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the Steely point of Cliffsords Lance;
And in the very pangs of death, he cry'd,
Like to a dismall Clangor heard from farre,
Warwickie, reuenge; Brother, reuenge my death,
So vnderneath the belly of their Steeds,
That rain'd their Feetlocks in his smoaking blood,
The Noble Gentleman gave vp the ghost.
War. Then lefte the earth be drunken with our blood:
He kill my Horfe,because I will not flye:
Why fland we like soft-hearted women here,
Wayling our lofles, whiles the Foe doth rage,
And looke vp, as if the Tragedie,
Were plaid in left, by counterfeiting Actors,
Here on my knee, I vow to God above,
He neuer paffe againe, neuer fland full,
Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
Or Fortune guen me measure of Reuenge.
Ed. Oh Warwickie, I do bend my knee with thine,
And in this vow do chaine my foule to thine:
And ere my knee rise from the Earths cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou etter vp, and plucker downe of Kings:
Befeeching thee (if thy will it stands)
That to my Foes this must be prey,
Yet that thy brazen gates of heauen may ope,
And give sweet pasage to my finfull foule,
Now Lords, take leaue vntill we meete againe,
Where ere it be, in heauen, or in earth.
Rich. Brother,
Give me thy hand, and gentle Warwickie,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms;
I that did neuer wepe, now mee with wo,
That Winter should cut off our Spring-time.
War. Away, away:
Case more sweet Lords far well.
Clu. Yet lea us altogether to our Troopes,
And giue them leaue to flye, that will not flay:
And call them Pillars that will flande to vs:
And if we thrive, promife them such rewards
As Victors were at the Olympian Games.
This may plant courage in their quailing breats,
For yet is hope of Life and Victory:

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The third Part of King Henry the Sixt.

Foreflow no longer, make we hence amain.  

Exeunt.

EXECUTIONS. Enter Richard and Clifford.  

Rich. Now Clifford, I have figngled thee alone,  
Suppose this arnie is for the Duke of York,  
And this for Rutland, both bound to revenge,  
Wer's thou innocent with a reason wall.  

Clif. Now Richard, I am with thee here alone,  
This is the hand that flabbd' thy Father Yorke,  
And this the hand, that feaw thy Brother Rutland,  
And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death,  
And chear's these hand, that flew the Sire and Brother,  
To execute the like upon thy selfe,  
And to hate at thee.  

Thy fight Winwickes comes, Clifford sies.  

Rich. Nay Warwickicke, single out some other Chace,  
For I my felle will hunt this Wolfe to death.  

Exeunt.

ALARM. Enter King Henry alone.  

Here. This battell fares like to the morning Warre,  
When dying clouds contend, with growing ligh,  
What time the Sheperd's blowing of his nailes,  
Can neither call the perfec, day, nor night,  
Now waies it this way, like a Mighty Sea,  
For'd by the Tide, to combat with the Winde:  
Now waives it that way, like the felle-sane Sea,  
For'd to returne by furie of the Winde.  
Sometimes, the Flood preaulses; and than the Winde:  
Now, one the better: then, another bett;  
Both tugging to be Victors, brief to brief:  
Yet neither Conqueror, nor Conquered,  
So is the equal poise of this fell Warre.  
Here on this Mole-hill will I fit me downe,  
To whom God will, there be the Victorie:  
For Margaret my Queene, and Clifford too  
Haue chid me from the Battell: Swearing both,  
They proffer bett of all when I am thence.  
Would I were dead, if Gods good will were so;  
For what is in this world, but Grece and Woe,  
Oh God! I me thinkes it were a happy life,  
To be no better then a homely Swaine,  
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,  
To cure out Dials quiedy, point by point,  
Thereby to see the Mieces how they runne:  
How many makes the Houre full compleat,  
How many Houres brings about the Day,  
How many Days will finish vp the Yeares,  
How many Yeares, a Mortall man may live,  
When this is knowne, then to diuide the Times:  
So many Houres, must I tend my Fleece;  
So many Houres, must I take my Rest;  
So many Houres, must I Contemplate;  
So many Houres, must I Sports my felle:  
So many Days, my Ewes haue bene with vong;  
So many weekes, ere the poore Foolest Eane;  
So many yeares, ere I shall threcare the Fleece:  
So Minutes, Houres, Days, Months, and Yeares,  
Past ouer to the end they were created,  
Would bring white haires, vnto a Quiet grave.  
Ahi what a life was this? How fweete? how lovely?  
Gives not the Hawthorne buff a fweeter shade  
To Sheperds, looking on their fily Shete,  
Then doth a rich Inbroider'd Canopie  
To Kings, that fare their Subjects treacherie?  
Oh yes, it doth; a thousand and it doth.  
And to conclude, the Shepherds homely Cards,  
His cold thyme drinke out of his Leather Bottle,  
HIs wounted (leepe, under a fresh trees shade,  
All which secure, and sweerely he enjoyes,  
Is farre beyond a Princes Delicates:  
His Vnios sparkling in a Golden Cup,  
His bodie couched in a curious bed,  
When Care, Mistrouf, and Trefion waits on him.  

Alarm. Enter a Sonne that hath kill'd his Father, at one doore: and a Father that hath kill'd his Sonne at another doore.  

Saw. Ill blowes the winde that profits no body,  
This man whom hand to hand I flew in fight,  
May be posseified with some store of Crownes,  
And I that (haply) take them from him now,  
May yet (euenly) yeeld both my Life and them  
To some man elie, as this dead man dothe.  
Who's this? Oh God! It is my Fathers face,  
Whom in this Conflict, I (wvares) have kill'd:  
Oh heavy time! begeting such Events;  
From London, by the King was I stuff forth,  
My Father being the Earl of Warwicke's man,  
Came on the part of Yorke, prefet by his Master:  
And I, who at his hands recei'd my life,  
Haued by my hands, of Life bereaved him,  
Pardon me God, I knew not what I did:  
And pardon Father, for I knew not thee.  
My Teares shall wipe away these bloody marks:  
And no more words, till they have flow'd their fill.  
King. O piptous scheacl. O bloody Times!  
Whileys Lyons Warre, and battale for their Dennes,  
Poor earmfewe Lambes abide their cunning.  
Wewe wretched man: Ie aye dye the Teare for Teare,  
And let our hearts and eyes, like Civill Warre,  
Be blinde with teares, and break one chardg'd with grief;  
Enter Father, hearing of his Sonne.  

Fa. Thou that to so hauitely hast resifted me,  
Give me thy Gold, if thou hast any Gold:  
For I haue bought it with an hundred blowes.  
But let me see: Is this our Foot-mans face?  
Ah no, no, it is mine onely Sonne.  
Ah Boy, if any life be left in thee,  
Throw vp thine eye: see, see, what flwers sife,  
Blowsyne with the windie Tempeft of my heart,  
Vpon thy wounds, that kills mine Eye, and Heart,  
O pitty God, this miserable Age!  
What Stragemens! how fell? how Butcherly!  
Erroneous, mutinous, and vnaatural.  
This deadly quarrell daily doth beget,  
O Boy! thy Father gave thee life too soon,  
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.  
King. Who a bove woosgreefe, more the common greefe  
O that my death: would flay these ruthfull deeds:  
O pitty, pitty, gentle heauen pity:  
The Red Role and the White are on his face,  
The fatal Colours of our sluiting Houfes;  
The one, his purple Blood right well refembleth,  
The other his pale Checkes (me thinkes) precenteth:  
Whiter one Role, and let the other flourith:  
If you contend, a thoudand andes mutt wither.  
Saw. How will my Mother, for a Fathers death  
Take on with me, and ne're be satisfied?  
Fa. How will my Wife, for slaughter of my Sonne,  
Shed seas of Teares, and ne're be satisfied?  
King. How will the Country, for these woful chances,  
Mis-thinke
The third Part of King Henry the Sixt.

Mu-thinke the King, and not be fatisfied?
Son. Was euer tonne, so rev'd a Fathers death?
Fath. Was euer Father so bemoan'd his Sonne?
Hen. Was euer King so gree'd for Subi'ct's woe?
Much is your sorrow; Mine,t'en times so much.
Son. Ile bear thee hence, where I may wepe my fill.
Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding sheet:
My heart (sweet Boy) shall be thy Sepulcher,
For from my heart, thou Image ne'er shall go.
My fighting breth, shall be thy Funeral bell;
And so oblieuious wilt thy father be,
Men for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his Valiant Sonnes,
Ile bear thee hence, and let them fight that will,
For I have murthered where I should not kill.
Exit
Hen. Sad-hearted men, much ouergone with Care;
Here fits a King, more wofful then you are.

Alarms, Excessions. Enter the Queen, the Prince, and Exeter.

Priv. Fly Father, flye: for all your Friends are fled,
And Warwicke rages like a chaised Bull:
Away, for death doth hold vs in pursuite.
Qu. Mount you my Lord, towards Warwicke post a-
maine:
Edward and Richard like a brace of Grey-hounds,
Hunting the fearfull flying Harte in flight,
With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody fleete grapst in their yeildfull hands
Are at our backes, and therefore hence amaine.
Exit. Away: for vengeance comes along with them.
Nay, flay not to expolluate, make speed,
Or else come after, ile away before.
Hen. Nay take you with thee, good sweet Exeter:
Not that I fere to flay, but lone to go
Whether the Queene intends. Forward, away.

A loud alarme. Enter Clifford Wounded.

Clif. Here be burns my Candle out; I here it dies,
Which whiles it fald, gave King Henry light.
O Lancaster! I fere thy outthrow,
More then my Bodies parting with my Soule:
My Love and Peare, grieved many Friends to thee,
And now I fall. Thy tough Comminctures melts,
Imparting Henry, strengthing pitifourd Yorke;
And whether flye the Gnat's, but to the Sunne?
And who shines now, but Henry's Enemies?
O Phoebus! had't thou newe gien contest,
That Phaeton should checke thy fiery Steeds,
Thy burning Carre neuer had forch'd the earth.
And Henry, had't thou way'd as Kings should do,
Or as thy Father, and his Father did,
Guing no ground into the house of Yorke,
They never then had fpreng like Sommer Flies:
I, and ten thousand in this lackkefull Realme,
Hed left no mourning Widows for our death,
And thou this day, had'ft kept thy Chaire in peace.
For what doth cherriff Weeds, but gentle ayre?
And what makes Robbers bold, but too much lenity?
Bootleffe are Plains, and Cureleffe are my Wounds:
No way to flye, nor strength to hold our flight:
The Foe ismercifull, and will not pitty:
For at their hands I have defend'd no pitty,
The ayre hath got into my deadly Wounds,
And much effute of blood, doth make me faint:
Come York, and Richard, Warwicke, and the rest,
I flab'd your Fathers bofonnes; Split my braie.


Ed. Now breate we Lords, good fortune bids vs pauie,
And smooth the frowres of War, with peacefull lookes:
Some Troopes pursue the bloody-minded Queene,
That led calme Henry, though he were a King,
As doth a Saille, fill'd with a fretting Guff
Command an Argotie to remme the Waues,
But think you (Lords) that Clifford fled with them?
War. No, 'tis impossible he shou'd escape:
(For though before his face I speake the words)
Your Brother Rich'd marks him for the Graue,
And wherelse he is, he's furly dead. (Clifford grotes
Rich. What foule is that which takes him heavy leave?
A deadly grone, like life and deaths departing.
See who it is.
Ed. And now the Battales ended,
If Friend or Foe, let him be gently vied.
Rich. Renoke that doome of mercie, for 'tis Clifford,
Who not contented that he lop'd the Branch
In hewing Rutland, when he's leues put forth,
But let his murthering knife vno the Roote,
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,
I meane our Princely Father, Duke of Yorke.
War. From off the gates of Yorke, fetch down self,
Your Fathers head, which Clifford placed there;
In stead whereof, let thisupply the roome,
Mesure for mesure, must be answerd.
Ed. Bring forth that fatal Schreecchowle to our house,
That nothing fung but death, to vs and ours.
Now death shall stop his fimos threatening sound,
And his ill-boding tongue, no more fhall speake.
War. I think be vnderfanding is bereft:
Speak 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 fay.
Rich. O would he did, and fa (perhaps he doth,
Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid fuch bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gauce our Father,
Cla. If thou think a,
Vex him with eager Words.
Rich. Clifford, ask me mercie, and obain no grace.
Ed. Clifford, repent in boodolle of Yorke.
War. Clifford, deuice excuses for thy faults.
Cla. While we denie fell Toritures for thy faults.
Rich. Thou didst love Yorke, and I am fon to Yorke,
Edw. Thou pitied'ft Rutland, I will pitty thee;
Cla. Where's your Captaine Margaret, to fence you now?
War. They moack thee Clifford,
Sware as thou wou'dt want.
Ric. What, not an Oath! Nay then the world go's harrd
When Clifford cannot spare his Friends an oath:
I know by that he's dead, and by my Soule,
If this right hand would buy two houre's life,
That (in all deffighe) might rayle at him,
This hand shou'd chop it off: & with the influing Blood
Stiffle the Villaine, whose untanchted thift
Yorke, and your Rutland could not satifie
War. I, but he's dead. Of with the Traitors head,
And reare it in the place your Fathers hands,
And now to London with Triumphant March,
There to be crowned Englands Royall King:
From whence, shall Warwicke cut the sea to France,
And ask the Ladie Bos for thy Queene:
So shalt thou know both thee Lands together,
And having Francky Friend, thou shalt not dread
The scattered Fee, that hopes to rise again:
For though they cannot greatly fling to hurt,
Yet looke to have them buzz to offend thinne cares:
Furi, will I see the Coronation,
And then to Britanny Ile croffe the Sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my Lord.
Exeunt
Ed. Even as thou wilt sweet Warwicke, let it bee:
For in thy shoulder do I build my Seate;
And never will I undertake the thing
Wherein thy counsaile and content is wanting:
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloucefter,
And George of Clarence; Warwicke as our Selfe,
Shall do, and wnde as him pleaseth bell.
Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Glofter,
For Glosters Duke done is too omnious.
War. Tut, that's a foolish obfiction:
Richard, be Duke of Glofter: Now to London,
Twice these Honors in poftition.

Enter Sinks, and Hamper, with Grafte-bowes
in their hands.

Sink. Under this thicke gronove brake, weel throwed
For through this Land anon the Deere will come,
And in this court will we make our Stand,
Calling the principal of all the Deere.
Hmas. Ile fly about the hill, fo both may shoo.
Sink. That cannot bee, the noise of thy Grone-bow
Will fear the Heard, and to my shoot is left:
Heree fland we both, and syme we at the belt:
And for the time shall not (ee checum tedious,
Ile tell thee what befell me on a day,
In this fell-place, where now we meane to fland:
Sink. Heree comes a man, let's fly till he be past:
Enter the King with a prayer book.

Hows From Scotland am I thine even of pure love,
To greet my owne Land with my wifhfull figh:
No Harry, Harry, 'tis no Land of time,
Thy place is still, thy Scepter wrung from thee,
Thy Balmle walfe off, wherewith thou was Annointed:
No bending knee will call thee Cofa nowe,
No humble futers preftelo speake for right:
No, not a man comes for redrefle of thee:
For how can I holpe them, and not my felle?
Sink. I, here's a Deere, whose skin's a Keepers Fee:
This is the quondam King: Let's feize upon him.
Hes. Let me embrase the fowe: Adversaries,
For While men fay, it is the wifte coufe.
Hum. Why linger we? Let vs lay hands upon him,
Sink. Forbeare a while, we'll heare a little more.
Hows. My Queene and Sonne are gone to France foraid:
And (as I heare) the great Commanding Warwicke
It thither gone, to enflame the French Kings Sifter
To wife for. Edward. If this newes be true,
Pooore Queene, and Sonne, your labour is but left:
For Warwicke is a subtle Orator:
And Lewis a Prince feene wroght with wronge words:
By this accouer then, Margaret may winne him:
For fhe's a woman to be pitied much:
Her fighter will make a battre in his brell,
Her reares will pierce into a Marble heart.

The Tyger will be milde, whiles the doth mourn;
And Nerio will be taint with remoife,
To here and see her plaunts, her Brinith Teares.
I, but fheue's come to begge, Warwicke to guie:
Shee on his left fide, crying ayde for Henrue:
He on his right, asking a wife for Edward:
Shee Wepes, and fayes, her Henrue is depos'd:
He Smiles, and fayes, his Edward is infall'ul:
That fhe (poore Wretch) for greefe can speake no more:
Whiles Warwicke tells his Title, smooths the Wrong,
Inferruth arguments of mighty strength,
And in conclusion winnes the King from her,
With promife of his Sifter, and what elle,
To strengthen and support King Edward place,
O Margaret, thus 'twill bee, and thou (poore foule)
Art then forfaken, as thou wert fit forborne.
Hams. Say, what art thou talk't of Kings & Queens?
King. More then I fume, and lefte I was born to:
A man at leafe, for lefle I shou'd not be:
And men may talke of Kings, and why not i?
Hams. I, but thou talkt, as if thou were a King,
King. Why fo I am (in Minde) and that's enough.
Hams. But if thou be a King, where is thy Crowne?
King. My Crowne is in my heart, not on my head:
Not deck'd with Diamonds, and Indian ftones
Nor to be fene: my Crowne, is call'd Content,
A Crowne it is, that fildome Kings enjoy.
Hams. Well, if you be a King crownd with Content,
Your Crowne Content, and you, must be contented
To go along with vs. For (as we thinke)
You are the king King Edward hath depos'd:
And we his fubiects, Iworne in all Alleegance,
Will apprehend you, as his Enemy,
King. But did you never feare, and break an Oath,
Hams. Nooere such an Oath, nor will not now.
King. Where did you dwell when I was K.of England?
Hams. Heree in this Country, where we now remaine.
King. I was annointed King at nine months old,
My Father, and my Grandfather were Kings,
And I do trow, you are a true King to me:
And tell me then, have you not broke your Oathes?
Sink. No, for we were Subiects, but while you wer king
King. Why? Am I dead? Do I not breake a Man?
Ah fimple men, you know not what you ware:
Looke, as I blowe this feather from my Face,
And as the Ayre blowes it to me againe,
Obeying with my winde when I do blow,
And yelding to another, when it blowes,
Commanded alwayes by the greeter gulf:
Such is the lightneffe of you, common men.
But do not break your Oathes, for of that fume,
My milde intreatie shall not make you guilte.
Go where you will, the King shall be commanded,
And be you kings, command, and Ile obey.
Sink. We are true Subiects to the king,

King Edward.

King. So would you be againe to Henrue,
If he were feated as King Edward is.
Sink. We charge you in Gods name & the Kings,
To go with vs into the Officers.
King. In Gods name lead my Kings name be obeyd,
And what God will, that let your King perfome,
And what he will, I humbly yeld euiro.

Exeunt.

Enter K.Edward, Glofter, Clarence, Lady Grey.
King. Brother of Glofter, at S. Albans field.

This.
This Ladies Husband, Sir Richard Grey, was slain,
His Land then fell'd on by the Conqueror,
Her fuit is now, to repollifie those Lands,
Which wee in Justice cannot deny,
Because in Quarrel of the House of York,
The worthy Gentleman did lose his Life.
Rich. Your Highness shall doe well to grant her suit:
It was dishonor to deny it her.
King. It were no lefe, but yet Ile make a pacie.
Rich. Yes, it is so:
I fee the Lady hath a thing to graunt,
Before the King will grant her humble suit.
Clarence. Hee knowes the Game, how true hee keeps the
winds!
King. Widow, we will consider of your suit,
And come some other time to know your mind.
Rich. Right gracious Lord, I cannot brooke delay:
May it please your Highnesse to refolve me now,
And what your pleasure is, shall satisfie me.
Rich. I Widow? then Ile warrant you all your Lands,
And if what pleases him, shall you pleasure you:
Fight clofter, or good fpirit you'll catch a Blow.
Clarence. I feare her not, which flie the chance to fall.
Rich. Good forbid that,for hee'll take vantages.
King. How many Children haft thou, Widow? tell me.
Clarence. I thinke he meanes to begge a Child of her.
Rich. Nay then whip me: he'll rather graue her two,
Rich. Lords give vs leave, Ile trye this Widows wit.
Rich. I good leane haue you, for you will hauue leane,
Till Youth take leane, and leave you to the Crucht.
King. Now tell me, Madame, doe you love your
Children?
Rich. I full as dearly as I love my felfe.
King. And would you not doe much to doe them
good?
Rich. To doe them good, I would suftayne some
arme.
King. Then get your Husbands Lands, to doe them
good.
Rich. Therefore I came vnto your Maiestie.
King. Ile tell you how these Lands are to be got.
Rich. So fall' thy bind me to your Highnesse service,
King. What fervice wilt thou doe me, if I grant them?
Rich. What you command,that refits in me to doe,
King. But you will take exceptions to my Boone,
Rich. No, gracious Lord, except I cannot doe it.
Rich. I, but you cannot doe what I mean to ask.
Rich. Why then I will doe what your Grace comand.
Rich. She plays her hard, and much Raine weares the
Marbles.
Clar. As red as fire: may then, her was mist melt,
Rich. Why stoppes my Lord? shall I not heare my
Taskes?
King. An enuff Taskes, tis but to love a King.
Rich. That's done performd, because I am a Subject.
King. Why then, thy Husbands Lands I freely giue thee.
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

Rich. That would be tenne daies wonder at the least.
Clarence. That's a day longer then a Wonder lufs.
Rich. By so much is the Wonder in extremes.
King. Well,jeft on Brothers: I can tell you both,
Her fuit is graunted for her Husbands Lands.

Enter a Noble man.

Nob. My gracious Lord, Henry your Foe is taken,
And brought your Prisoner to your Palace Gate.
King. See that he be contey'd vntill the Tower:
And goe wee Brothers to the man that tooke him,
To queftion of his apprehension.
Widow goe you along: Lords vfe her honourable.

Mount Richard.

Rich. I, Edward will vfe Women honourably:
Would he were wafted, Marrow, Bones, and all,
That from his Loynes no hopefull Branch may spring,
To croffeeme from the Golden time I looke for:
And yet, betwixt my Soules desire, and me,
The fuffull Edwards Title bury'd,
Is Clarence, Henry and his Sonne young Edward,
And all the vnlook'd-for Issue of their Bodies,
To take their Roones, ere I can place my felfe:
A cold remedication for my purpose.
Why then I doe but dreame on Soueraignty,
Like one that flands vpon a Promontorie,
And vypes a farre-off shore, where hee would tread,
Withling his foot were equal with his eye,
And chides the Sea, that funderes him from thence,
Saying, hee'le fad it dry, to haue his way:
So doe I with the crowne, being fo farre off,
And fo I chide the means that keeps me from it,
And fo (I try) I eft the Cauces off,
Flattering me with impoffibilitie:
My Eyes too quicke, my Heart o're-weenes too much,
Vallefe my Hand and Strength could equal them.
Well, fay there is no Kingdome then for Richard:
What other Pleasure can the World afford?
Ie make my Heauen in a Ladies Lappe,
And decke my Body in gay Osmamets,
And 'wift sweet Ladies with my Words and Looke.
Oh miferable thought! and more unlike,
Then to accomplifh twentie Golden Crownes.
Why Loue vforr more eue in my Mothers Womb?
And for I should not deale in her loft Lawes,
Shee did corrupt frayle Nature with fome Bribe,
To shrinke mine Arme vp like a wifher'd Shrub,
To make an enuious Mountaine on my Back,
Where fits Deformite to mocke my Body;
To fipe my Legges of an inequality fire,
To dif-proportion me in every part:
Like to a Chaos, or an vn-flick'd Beare-whelle,
That carryes no impression like the Damme.
And am I then a man to be belou'd?
Oh monftrous fault, to harboure fuch a thought,
Then fince this Earth affords no Joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o're-beare fuch,
As are of better Perfon then my felfe:
Ie make my Heaven, to dreame vpon the Crowne,
And whiles I live', account this World but Hell,
Vtilly my mis-flop'd Tronke, that beares this Head,
Be round impaile with a glorious Crowne,
And yet I know not how to get the Crowne,
For many Lieues fland betwixt me and home:

And I, like one loft in a Thornie Wood,
That rents the Thores, and is rent with the Thores,
Seeking a way, and fraying from the way,
Not knowing how to finde the open Ajie,
But toying defperately to finde it out,
Torment my felfe, to catch the English Crowne:
And from that torment I will free my felfe,
Or hew my way out with a bloody Axe,
Why I can finile, and murther whiles I finile,
And cry, Content, to that which grieues my Heart,
And wet my Cheakes with arftificifl Teares,
And frame my Face to all occasions.
Ie drowned more Saylers then the Mermaid shall,
Ie flay more gazers then the Bafliks,
Ie play the Orator as well as Nefer,
Deceiue more lyftly then Pifles could,
And like a Synon,take another Troy,
I can add Colours to the Camelion,
Change ifapes with Printem, for advantages,
And let the murtherous Mafchelion to Schoole.
Can I doe this, and cannot get a Crowne?
Tirr, were it farther off, Ile plache it downe.

Exeunt.

Flourish.

Enter Lewis the French King, his Siller Bona, his
Admirall, call d 'Bowman: Prince Edward,
Queen Margaret, and the Earle of Oxford.
Lewis fis, and riffih vp againe.

Lewis, Faire Queene of England,worthy Margaret,
Sit downe with vs: it ill beft the State,
And Birth, that thou shoul'dft fland, while Lewis doth fit.
Marg. No, mightie King of France: now Margaret
Muft Afike her faile, and leaue a while to serue,
Where Kings command. I was (I muft confede)
Great Alibions Queene,in former Golden daies:
But now mischance hath trod my Title downe,
And with dif-honor layd me on the ground,
Where I muft take like Seat vnto my fortune,
And to my humile Seat conforming my felfe.
Lewis. Why fay, faire Queene, whence springs this
deede defpaire?
Marg. Fom fuch a caufe, as fills mine eyes withteares,
And flops my tongue,while heart is drown'd in cares.
Lewis. What er it be, be thou ftille lik thy felfe,
And for thee by our fide. Seats be by him,
Yeeld not thy necke to Fortunes yoke,
But lef thy dauntlefe minde still ride in triumph,
Ouer all mischance.
Be plaine, Queene Margaret, and tell thy griefe,
It shall be eaf'd, if France can yeeld reliefe.
Marg. Those gracious words
Revive my drooping thoughts,
And glue my tongue,tyd forrowes leaue to speake.
Now therefore be it knowne to Noble Lewis,
That Henry,folde poffefor of my Lour,
Is,of a King,become a banifht man,
And for'd to live in Scotland a forlorn;
While prov'd ambitious Edward,Duke of Yorke,
Vifurp the Regall Title, and the Seat
Of Englands true anoynted Lawfull King,
This is the caufe that I,poore Margaret,
With this my Sonne,Prince Edward, Henries Heire,
Am come to crue the javi and Lawfull ayde:
And if thou faiie vs, all our hope is done.
Scotland hath will to helpe, but cannot helpe:
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

Our People, and our Peers, are both mis-led, Our Treasure feiz'd, our Soulidors put to flight, And (as thou feest) our felues in heauie plight. 

Lewes. Renowned Queene, With patience callme the Storme, While we bethinke a meannes to breake it off. 

Marg. The more wee stay, the stronger growes our Foe. 

Lewes. The more I stay, the more Ile succour thee. 

Marg. O, but impatience waieth on true forrow, And eft where comes the breeder of my forrow. 

Enter Warwick. 

Lewes. What's hee approacheth boldly to our presence? 


Lewes. Welcome brave Warwick, what brings thee to France? Thee defends, Shee art as th' 

Marg. I now begins a second Storme to rife, For this is hee that moves both Winde and Tyde, 

Warm. From worthy Edward, King of Albion, My Lord and Soueraine, and thy vowed Friend, I come (in Kindnelle, and unfayned Loue) 

First, to doe greetings to thy Royall Person, And then to erase a League of Amiety: And lastly, to confirm that Amiety 

With Nutrical Knoll; if thou vouchsafe to graunt 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 Xings behalfe, 

I am commended, with your leve and favor, Humbly to kiffe your Hand, and with my Tongue To tell the paffion of my Soueraines Heart; Where Fame, last entering at his headfull Eares, Hath plac'd thy Beauties Image, and thy Vertue. 

Marg. King Lewis, and Lady Bona, heare me speake, Before you antwerp Warwick. His demand Spring's not from Edwards well-meant honest Loue, But from Deceit, bred by Necessity; For how can Tyrants safely governe home, Verte's abroad, they purchase great alliancye? To preue him Tyrant, this reason may suffice, That Henry lieth full: but were he dead, Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry Sonne. Lookes therefore Loue, that by this League and Marriage Thou draw not on thy Danger, and Dis-honor: For though Vntreas may rwy the rule a while, Yet Heaven's are inuf, and Time suppreffeth Wrongs, 

Warm. Inurious Margaret. 

Edw. And why not Queene? 

Warm. Because thy Father Henry did vnrpe, And thou no more art Prince, then thee is Queene. 

Oxf. Then Warwick disaffalls great John of Gaunt, Which did subdue the greatest part of Spaine; And after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth, Whole Wildome was a Mirror to the wifhef: And after that wise Prince, Henry the Fift, Who by his Prowesse conquered all France; From thence, our Henry linely descends, 

Warm. Oxford, how haps it in this smooth discourse, 

You told not, how Henry the Sixt had left All that which Henry the Fift had gotten: 

Me thinks these Peeres of France should smile at that, But for the rest: you tell a Pedegree 

Of threecore and two yeares, a silly time. 

To make prefscription for a Kingdomes worth, 

Oxf. Why Warwick, canst thou speake against thy Liege, Whom thou obey'dst thirtee and fix yeares, 

And not bewray thy Treason with a Blush? 

Warm. Can Oxford, that did euer fence the right, Now buckler Fafhhood with a Pedegree? 

For frame leue Henry, and call Edward King. 

Oxf. Call him my King, by whose iniouious doome, My elder Brother, the Lord Audrey are 

Was done to death? and more then to, my Father, Even in the downe-fall of his mellowd yeares, When Nature brought him to the doore of Death? 

No Warwick, no: while Life upholdeth this Arme, This Arme upholdeth the House of Lancaster. 

Warm. And I the Haue of Yorks. 

Lewes. Queene Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford, Vouchsafe at our request, to stand aside, While I vse further conference with Warwick. 

They stand aside. 

Marg. Heavens grant, that Warwick's wordes bewitch him not. 

Lew. Now Warwick, tell me euyn upon thy conscience Is Edward your true King? for I were loth 

To linke with him, that were not lawfull chosen, 

Warm. Thereon I pawnne my Credit, and mine Ho- 

Lewes. But is hee gracious in the Peoples eye? 

Warm. The more, that Henry was vnotune. 

Lewes. Then further: all dissembling fet aside, 

Tell me for truth, the measure of his Loue 

Vnto our Sifer Bona. 

Warm. Such it feemes, 

As may beleeue a Monarch like himselfe, 

My felte have often heard him say, and sweare, 

That this his Loue was an externall Plant, Whereof the Root was fixt in Vertues ground, 

The Leaues and Fruit maintaine'd with Beauties Sunne, 

Exempt from Envy, but not from Difdaine, 

Vnchee the Lady Bona quit his paine. 

Lew. Now Sifer, let vs haue your firme resolue. 

Bona. Your grante, or your deniyall, shall be mine. 

Yet I confesse, that often ere this day, 

Speaking to War. 

When I haue heard your Kings defert recount'd, 

Mine care hath tempered judgement to defect. 

Lewes. Then Warwick, this: 

Our Sifer shall be Edwards, 

And now forthwith all Articles be drawne, 

Touching the Joynerye that your King must make, 

Which with her Dowrie shall be counter-posites: 

Drawne bee, Queene Margaret, and be a wienesse, 

That Bona shall 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, Lewes was Henrys friend. 

Lewes. And allly is friend to him, and Margaret. 

But if your Title to the Crowne be weake, 

As may appear by Edwards good successe: 

Then his but reason, that I be releas'd 

From guding aye, which late I promised, 

Yet shall you have all kindneces at my hand, 

That your Estate requires, and mine can yeild. 

Warm. Henry now lutes in Scotland, at his eale;
Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for you your selfe (our quondam Queene)
You have a father able to maintaine you,
And better twere, you troubled him, then France
*After Peace impudent, and shamefull* Warwick.
Prood ferter vp, and puller downes of Kings,
I will not hence, till with my Talle and Teases
(Both full of Truth) I make King Lewis behold
Thy flye conueniency, and thy Lords sffe love,
*Exit* bolowing a horfe Within.
For both of you are Birds of selfe-same Feather.
Lewis, Warwick, this is some poole to vs, or thee.
Enter the Poole.
*Poole* My Lord Ambassadour,
These Letters are for you.
Sent from your Brother Marquesse Montague.
Thefe from our King vnto your Maiestie.
To Lewis.
And madam, thefe for you:
To Margaret.

From whom, I know not.

They all read their Letters.

Of. I like it well, that our faire Queene and Misiris
Smiles at her newses, while Warwick frownes at his.
*Prince Ed.* Nay marke how Lewis Rampes as he were
Neted. Hope, all's for the best.
Lewis, Warwick, what are thy Newses?
And yours, faire Queene.

Mar. Mine such as fill my heart with wchop'd joyes.
War. Mine full of sorrow, and hearts discontent.
Lewis. What hast thou your King married the Lady Gre"y?
And now to boot your Forgerie, and his,
Sends me a Paper to perlude me Patentce ?
Is this thy Alliance that he seekes with France?
Dare he purge his scorne in this manner ?
Mar. I told your Maiestie as much before.
This prosphc Edwards love, and Warwickes honesty.
War. King Lewis, I heere protest in sight of heaven,
That I am cleere from this misdeed of Edwards;
No more my King, for he dishonors me,
But most himselfe, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget, that by the House of Yorke
My father came vntimely to his death?
Did I let passe th'abufe done to my Neece ?
Did I impale him with the Regall Crowne?
Did I put Henry from his Native Right ?
And am I guardon'd at the iift, with Shame?
Shame on himselfe, for my Defer is Honor,
And to repair my honor for him, I heere renunce him, and returne to Henry.
My Noble Queene, let former grudges passe,
And henceforth, I am thy true Subruitor:
I will reuenge his wrong to Lady Bonde,
And replant Henry in his former iate.

Mar. Warwick,
Thises words haue turn'd my Hate, to Loue,
And I forgive, and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becom'st King Henry's Friend.
War. So much his Friend, th'his unfained Friend,
That if King Lewis vouchefare to furnish vs
With some few Bands of choien Soldivers,
Ile undertake to Land them on our Coft,
And force the Tyrant from his feat by Warre.
'Tis not his new-made Bride shall succour him,
And as for Clarence, as my Letters tell me,
He's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton Luif, then Honor,

Or then for strength and safety of our Country.
Bona. Deere Brother, how shall Bona be reuing'd,
But by thy helps to this distress'd Queene ?
Mar. Renowned Prince, how shall Poetic Henry liue,
Vnfeffe thou rescue him from sole diapaire?
Bona. My quarrel, and this English Queens, are one.
War. And mine faire Lady Bona, joynes with yours.
Lewis, And mine, with hers, and thine, and Margaretts.

Therefore, at luft, I firmely am resulf'd.
You shall haue as ye.
Mar. Let me gue humble thanks for all, as once,
Lewis. Then Englands Mellenger, returne in Poole,
And tell th'able Edward, thy suppos'd King,
That Lewis of France, is sending our Maskers To recrue it with him, and his new Bride.
Thou seest what's paft, go see re thy King withall.
Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prooue a widower shortly,
I ware the Willow Garland for his fake.
Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are layde aside,
And I am ready to put Armor on.
War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vs Crowne him, er' be long.
There's thy reward, be gone.

Leeward, But Warwick,
Thou and Oxford, with fute thousand men
Shall crosse the Seas, and bid faire Edward bataille:
And as occasion serues, this Noble Queen
And Prince, ill'll follow with a fresh Supply,
Yet ere thou go, but answere me one doubt:
What Pledge haue we of thy firme Loyaltie?
War. This shall assurre my confant Loyaltie,
That if our Queene, and this young Prince agree,
Ile Ioyne mine eldeft daughter, and my loy,
To him forthwith, in holy Wedlocke bands.

Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your Motion,
Some Edward, the is Faire and Vertuous,
Therefore delay not, giveth thy hand to Warwick,
And with thy hand, thy faith irreducible,
That sonely Warwickes daughter shall be thine.

*Prin.Ed.* Yes, I accept her, for the well deferues it,
And heere to pledge my Vow, I gie my hand.
He giveth his hand to Warw.

Lewis. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall beue,
And thou Lord Boubou, our High Admirall
Shall waft them out with our Royall Fleece.
I long till Edward fall by Warres mifchance,
For mocking Marriage with a Dame of France.

*Exeunt.* Manet Warwick.

War. I came from Edward as Ambassadour,
But I returne his sworne and mortall Foie :
Matter of Marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadfull Warre shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a Hiele but me ?
Then none but, I shall turne his left to Sorrow.
I was the Cheefe that rais'd him to the Crowne,
And Ile be Cheefe to bring him downe againe :
Not that I pitty Henry's misfortunes,
But fecke Reuenge on Edwards mockery.

Enter Richard, Clarence, Surniflet, and Montague.
How could he stay till Warwick made return?

Surn. My Lords, forbear this tale: here come the King.

Flourish.

Enter King Edward, Lady Grey, Penbrooke, Stafford, Hastings: four stand on one side, and four on the other.

Rich. And his well-chosen Bride.

Clarence. I minde to tell him plainly what I thinke, King. Now Brother of Clarence, how like you your Choice?

That you stand penfue, as halfe malecontent?

Clarence. As well as Lewis of France, or the Earl of Warwick, which are so weake of courage, and in judgement, that they take no offence at our abufe.

King. Suppose they take offence without a caufe: they are but Lewis and Warwick, I am Edward, your King, and Warwick, and must haue my will.

Rich. And shall have your will, because our King:

Yet halfe marriage feldome prooueth well.

King. Yea, Brother Richard, are you offended too?

Rich. Not 1: no:

God forbid, that I shoulde with them feeuer'd, whom God hath joyn'd together:

1, and twere pittie, to funder them, that yoke fo well together.

King. Setting your skornes, and your mislike aside, tell me some reason, why the Lady Grey should not become my Wife, and Englands Queene?

And she too, Somerset, and Montague, speake freely what you thinke.

Clarence. Then this is mine opinion:

That King Lewis becomes 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 appeas'd, by such inuation as I can deuife?

Mount. Yet, to have joyn'd with France in fuch alliance, would more haue strengthened this our Commonwealth 'gainft forraine Forms, then any home-bred Marriage.

Hal. Why, knowes not Montague, that of it felle, England is safe, if true within it felle?

Mount. But the fafer, when 'tis back'd with France.

Hal. 'Tis better vying France, then triumphing France:

Let vs be back'd with God, and with the Seas,

Which he hath giuen for fence impregnable,

And with their helpe, only defend our felves:

In them, and in our felves, our fatale lyes.

Clar. For this one speech, Lord Hastings well deserves

To have the Heire of the Lord Henric, or the Lord Somerset.

King. I,what of that? it was my will, and grant,

And for this once, my Will fhall ftand for Law.

Rich. And yet me thinks, your Grace hath not done well,
To giue the Heire and Daughter of Lord Scales

Vnto the Brother of your ouing Bride;

Shee better would have fited me, or Clarence:

But in your Bride you bare Brotherhood.

Clar. Or else you would not haue befaw'd the Heire of the Lord Bona, on your new Wifes Sonne,

And leave your Brothers to goe speede elsewhere.

King. Alas, poore Clarence: is it for a Wife

That thou art malecontent? I will provide thee.

Clarence. In chufing for your felle,

You flied your judgement:

Which being fliow, you fhall give 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 unto his Brothers will.

Lady Grey. My Lords, before it pleas'd his Maiestie

To rafle my State to Title of a Queene,

Doe me but right, and you muft all confife,

That I was not ignoble of Deffent,

And meaner then my felle haue had like fortune.

But as this Title honors me and mine,

So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleafing;

Doth cloud my ioyes with danger, and with forrow.

King. My Love, forbear to fawme upon your frownes:

What danger, or what forrow can befal thee,

So long as Edward is thy confant friend,

And their true Soueraigne, whom they muft obey?

Nay, whom they fhall obey, and loue thee too,

Vnfeele they feeke for hatred at my hands:

Which if they doe, yet will I keep thee fafe,

And they fhall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Rich. I heare, yet fay not much, but thinke the more.

Enter a Poffe.

King. Now Messenger, what Letters, or what Newes from France?

Poff. My Soueraigne Liege, no Letters, & few words, but such a one (without your speciall pardon) Dare not relate.

King. Goe too, wee pardon thee:

Therefore, in briefe, tell me their words,

As neere as thou canst gueffe them.

What anfwere makes King Lewis unto our Letters?

Poff. At my depart, these were his very words:

Goe tell falle Edward, the fuppofed King,

That Lewis of France is fending our Maskers,

To recall it with him, and his new Bride.

King. Is Lewis fo braue? bele he thinke me Henry,

But what faid Lady Bona to my Marriage?

Poff. Thefe were her words, vitred with mild difdaine:

Tell him, in hope hee'le prove a Widofer shortly, I'le waere the Willow Garland for his fake.

King. I blame not her; she could fay little leffe:

She had the wrong, But what faid Henries Queene?

For I have heard, that she was there in place.

Poff. Tell him (quoth hee)

My mourning Wreedes are done,

And I am ready to put Armour on.

King. Belife the minds to play the Amazon.

But what faid Warwick to these injuries?

Poff. He, more incen'd against your Maiesties,

Then all the rest, difcharg'd me with these words:

Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,

And therefore I vncrowne him, er't be long.

King. Had you the Tragoy breath out so proud words?

Well, I will arm mee, being thus fore-warn'd:

They fhall haue Wares, and pay for their premptution.

But fay, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

Poff. I, gracious Soueraigne,

They are fo link'd in friendffhip,

That yong Prince Edward marries Warwick; Daughter.

Clarence. Belike, the elder;

Clarence will have the younger.
Applaud the Name of Henry, with your Leaders.
They all cry, Henry,
Why then, let's on our way in silent most,
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 stand,
   The King by this, let him down to asleep.
2. Watch. What, will he not to Bed?

1. Watch. Why, no; for he hath made a solemn Vow,
   Ne'er to lye and take his natural Rest,
   Till Warwick, or himselfe, be quite suppfet.
2. Watch. To morrow then belike shall be the day,
   If Warwick be so neere as men report.
3. Watch. But say, I pray, what noble mans that,
   That with the King here refeth in his Tent?

1. Watch. 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the King's chiefest friend.
3. Watch. O, is it so? but why commands the King,
   That his chief follows lodge in Townes about him,
   While he himselfe keeps in the cold field?
2. Watch. 'Tis the more honourable more dange-
   ous.
3. Watch. I, but give me worship, and quietness,
   I like it better then a dangerous honor.
   If Warwick know in what estate he stands,
   Tis to be doubted he would wake him.
1. Watch. Valentine our Halberds did thrust vp his pas-
   sage.
2. Watch. I, wherefore else guard we his Royall Tent,
   But to defend his Person from Night-foes?

Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset, and French Souldiers, silent all.

War. This is his Tent and see where 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 dyest.
Warwick and the rest cry all, Warwick, Warwick, and set upon the Guard, who fy's, crying, Armes, Armes, Warwick and the rest following them.

The Drumme playing, and Trumpet sounding, Enter Warwick, Somerset, and the rest, bringing the King out in his Gowne, sitting in a Chaire: Richard and Hastings fled over the Stage.  

Sens. What are they that flye there?
War. Richard and Hastings: let them goe, here is the Duke.

K.Edw. The Duke?
Why Warwick, when wee parted,
Then call'd me King,

War. I, but the cafe is alter'd,
When you disagre'd me in my Embassade,
Then I degraded you from being King,
And come now to create you Duke of York:  
Alas, how should you govern any Kingdome,
That know not how to vse Embassadors,
Nor how to be contented with one Wife,
Nor how to vse your Brothers Brotherly,
Nor how to studie for the Peoples Welfare,
Nor how to throw your selfe from Enemies?

K.Edw. Yes,
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

K. Edw. Yes, Brother of Clarence,
Art thou here too?
Nay then I see, that Edward needs must downe.
Yet Warwicke, in delight of all mishance,
Of thee thy selfe, and all thy Complexes,
Edward will always bear him selfe as King:
Though Fortunes malice over throw my State,
My minde excedes the compass of her Wheel.
War. Then for his minde, be Edward Englands King,
Takes off his Crown.

But Henry now shall wear the English Crowne,
And be true King indeed: thou but the shadow:
My Lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke Edward be conuey'd
Vno to my Brothe Arch-Bishop of Yorke:
When I haue fought with Pembroke, and his fellowes,
Ie follow you, and tell what answere
Lewis and the Lady Bota lend to him.
Now for a while farewell good Duke of Yorke,
They lead him on forcibly.
K.Ed: What Fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boot not to reft both winde and tide. 
Exit. 

Ox. What now remains my Lords for vs to do,
But march to London with our Soldiers?
War. 1, that's the first thing that we haue to do,
To free King Henry from imprisonment,
And see him feated in the Regall Throne. 
Exit.

Enter Rivers, and Lady Grey.

Rin. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?
Gray. Why Brother Rivers, are you yet to learne
What late misfortune is befallen King Edward?
Rin. What loose of some pitchy battell
Against Warwicke?
Gray. No, but the loose of his owne Royall person.
Rin. Then is my Soveraigne laigne ?
Gray. I almoast laigne, for he is taken prifoner,
Either betrayd by faffhod of his Guard,
Or by his Foe surpris'd at vnawares:
And as I further haue to understand,
Is now commuted to the Bishop of Yorke,
Fell Warwicke Brothers, and by that our Foe.
Rin. These News I must confesse are full of greefe,
Yet gracieus Madam, bear it as you may,
Warwicke may loole, that now hath wonne the day.
Gray. Till then, faire hope much hinder luyes decay;
And I the rather waine me from diffaire
For loose of Edwards Offspring in my wome:
This is it that makes me bridde passion,
And beare with Mindlesse my misfortunes croffe:
I, I, for this I draw in many a tearre,
And flop the rising of blood-sucking fibges,
Leaft with his fibges or teares, I blait or drowne
King Edwards Frutes, true heyre to th English Crowne,
Rin. But Madam,
Where is Warwicke then become?
Gray. I am inform'd that he comes towards London,
To set the Crowne once more on Henriss head,
Guesse thou the rest, King Edwards Friends must downe,
But to prevent the Tyrants violence,
(For trut not him that hath once brokne Faith)
He hence forth with into the Sanctuary,

To saue (at least) the heire of Edwards right:
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud;
Come therefore let vs flie, while we may flie,
If Warwicke takes vs, we are sure to dye. 

Enter Richard, Lord Hasting, and Sir William Stanley.

Rich. Now my Lord Hasting, and Sir William Stanley
Leave off to wonder why I drewe you hither,
Into this cheefe Thicket of the Parke,
Thus fland the cafe: you know our King, my Brother,
Is prifoner to the Bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good waie, and great liberty,
And often but attend it with weake guard,
Come hunting this way to dispers him selfe,
I have aduersit' d him by secret meanes,
That if about this house he make this waie,
Vnder the colour of his usuall game,
He shall here finde his Friends with Horfe and Men,
To let him free from his Captivitie.

Enter King Edward, and a Huntsman
with him.

Huntsman. This way my Lord,
For this way lies the Gaine.

King Edw. Nay this way man,
See where the Huntsmen stand.
Now Brother of Glofher, Lord Hasting, and the reft,
Stand you thus clofe to fleche the Bishops Deere?
Rich. Brother, the time and cafe, requir'd haile,
Your horse stands ready at the Parke-corner.
King Ed. But whether shall we then?
Hal. To Lyn my Lord, and I will shew you the way.
And shipt from chence to Flanders.
Rich. W'eal gueft belecue me, for that was my meaning
K.Ed. Stanley, I will require thy word therefore:
Rich. But wherefore flay we? tis no time to talke.
K.Ed. Huntsman, what say'ft thou?
Wilt thou go along?
Hal. Better do so, then tarry and be hang'd:
Rich. Come then away, lets ha no more ado,
K.Ed. Bishop farwell,
Shed thee from Warwicke frowne,
And pray that I may re-poiffe the Crowne. 

Flourish. Enter King Henry the fute, Clarence, Warwicke,
Somerfet, young Henry, Oxford, Montague,
and Lieutenant.

K. Hen. M. Lieutenant, now that God and Friends
Hawe shaken Edward from the Regall feate,
And turn'd my captuye flate to libertie,
My teares, hope my former flanter who loves,
At our enlargement what are thy due Fees?
Lien. Subjects may challenge nothing of their Sou'rains
But, if an humbler praye may preuelle,
I then craue pardon of your Maletie.
K. Hen. For what, Lieutenant? For well vifing me?
Nay, be thou sure, Ile well require thy kindnese,
For that it made my imprifonment, a pleasure:
I, such a pleasure, as incaged Birds
Conseiv'd; when after many moody Thoughts,
At left, by Notes of Houſhold harmonie,
They quite forget their loffe of Libertie.

q
Enter a Poete.

Warw. What newses, my friend?  
Poete. That Edward is escapec from your Brother,  
And fled (as hee heares since) to Burgundie.  
Warw. Vnfauerie newes: but how made he escape?  
Poete. He was conuay'd by Richard Duke of Glosfier,  
And the Lord Hofings, who attended him  
In secret ambus, on the Forrest fide,  
And from the Bishops Huncifer refuced him:  
For Hunting was his dayly Excercife.  
Warw. My Brother was too careleffe of his charge.  
But let vs hence,my Soveraigne,to provide  
A falue for any foro, that may beide.  

Menz. Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford.  
Sam. My Lord, I like not of this flight of Edward:  
For doubleffe,Burgundie will yeeld him helpe,  
And we shall have more Warres before we be long.  

As Hours late prefaging Prophacie  
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young Richmond:  
So doth my heart mid-give me, in thefe Conflicts,  
What may befall him, to his harme and ours,  
Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worth,  
Forthwith wee'le fend him hence to Britannie,  
Till storms be paft of Ciuill Enmities.  
Of. 1: for it Edward re-poiffe the Crowne,  
'Tis like that Richmond, with the reft, fhall downe.  
Sam. It fhall be fo: he fhall to Britannie,  
Come therefore,let's about it speedilie.  


Edow. Now Brother Richard, Lord Hofings, and the reft,  
Yet thus fare Fortune maketh vs amends,  
And lays, that once more I shall enterchange  
My wained state,for Heriet Regall Crowne,  
We hall have wea'p'd, and now re-pa'd the Seas,  
And brought desired helpe from Burgundie,  
What then remaines, we being thus arris'd  
From Rauenfpurre Hauen,before the Gates of Yorke,  
But that we enter,as into our Dukedome?  
Riche. The Gates made falt?  
Brother, I like not this,  
For many men that tumble at the Threshold,  
Are well fore-told,that danger lurkes within.  
Edow. Tuff man,aboudements must not now affrit vs:  
By faire or fowle meanes we must enter in,  
For hither will our friends retpaire to vs.  
Haff. My Liege, Ie knocke once more,to fummon them,  

Enter on the Walls, the Maior of Yorke,  
and his Brethren.  

Maior. My Lords,  
We were fore-warned of your comming,  
And flut the Gates,for fafetie of our felues;  
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.  

Edow. But,Maior Maior,if Henry be your King,  
Yet Edward, at the leat, is Duke of Yorke?  

Maior. True, my good Lord, I know you for no leffe.  

Edow. Why, and I challenge nothing but my Dukedome,  
As being well content with that alone.
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

Rich. But when the Fox hath once got in his Nose, Hee's foone finde meanes to make the Body follow, 

Hali. Why, Master Maister, why did you in a doubt? Open the Gates, we are King Henry's Friends, 

Dun. I lay you fo, the Gates shall then be opened. He doth.


Haji. The good old man would faire that all were wel, So'twere not long of him: but being entred, I doubt not, but we shall foone periwsed 
Both him,and all his Brothers, vnto reason, 

Enter the Maior, and two Aldermen. 

Edw. So, Master Maior: these Gates must not be shut, But in the Night, or in the time of Warre, What, fear not man, but yeeld me vp the Keyes, 

Takes his Keyes.

For Edward will defend the Towne, and thee, And all those friends, that deire to follow mee. 

March. Enter Montaguemorie, with Drumme and Soldiers. 

Rich. Brother, this is Sir John Montaguemorie, Our truftie friend, unless I be decei'd. 

Edw. Welcome Sir John: but why come you in Armes? 

Mont. To helpe King Edward in his time of storme, As eyry loyall Subject ought to doe. 

Edw. Thanks good Montaguemorie: But we now forget our Title to the Crowne, And onely claveye our Dukedome, 

Till God pleafe to fend the reft. Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence againe, I fure to ferue a King, and not a Duke: 

Drummet strike vp, and let vs march away, The Drumme begins to march. 

Edw. Nay stay, Sir John, a while, and wee'll debate 
By what faine meanes the Crowne may be recover'd, 

Mont. What talke you of debating? in fewe words, If you're not here proclaim your feffe our King, Hee leaue you to your fortune, and be gone, 

To keep them back, that come to succour you, Why shall we fight, if you pretend no Title? 

Rich. Why Brother, wherefore fland you on nice points? 

Edw. When wee grow stronger, Then we'll make our Clayme: 

Then till, 'tis widome to conceale our meaning, 

Haji. Away with scrupulous Witt, now Armes must rule. 

Rich. And fearleffe minds clyme soone to the Crownes. Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand, The brut thereof will bring you many friends. 

Edw. Then be it as you will: for 'tis my right, And Henry but vurfes the Diademe. 

Mont. I now my Soueraine speake thine himelfe, And now will I be Edward: Champion. 

Haji. Sound I trumpete, Edward shall be here proclaimed: 

Come, fellow Souldior, make thou proclamation, Flourish. Sound. 

Soul. Edward the Fourth, by the Grace of God, King of England and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c. 

Mont. And whoe'er gainsayes King Edwards right, By this I challenge him to fingle fight. 

Throves downe his Gauntlet. 

All. Long Life Edward the Fourth. 

Edw. Thanks brasse Montaguemorie, And thanks vnto you all: If fortune ferue me, Hee require this kindnesse, 

Now for this Night, let's harbor here in Yorke: And when the Morning Sunne shall rayle his Carre 

Aboue the Sudder of this Horizon, We'll forward towards Warrickes, and his Mates; For well I wot, that Henry is no Souldier. 

Ah forward Clarence, how euill it becometh thee, To flatter Henry, and forfake thy Brother? Yet as wee may, wee'll meet both thee and Warrickes, Come on braue Souldiers: doubt not of the Day, And that once gotten, doubt not of large Pay. Extent. 

Flourish. Enter the King, Warrickes, Montague, Clarence, Oxford, and Somerset. 

War. What counteine, Lordis? Edward from Belign, 
With haffle Germanes, and blunt Hollanders, 

Hath pas'd in factie through the Narrow Seas, And with his troupe deth march amaine to London, 

And many gigle people flock to him, 

Let's lerie men, and beat him backe againe, 

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden ouer, 

Which being fuflfer'd, Rueres cannot quench. 

War. In Warrickshire I have true-hearted friends, 

Not mutinious in peace, yet bold in Warre, 

Thoise will I mutter vp: and thou Sonne Clarence 

Shalt firte vp in Suffolk, Norfolke, and in Kent, 

The Knights and Gentlemen, to come with thee, 

Thou Brother Montague in Buckingham, 

Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find 

Men well enclin'd to hearre what thou command'st. 

And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belou'd, 

In Oxfordshire shalt mutter vp thy friends. 

My Soueraine, with the louing Citizens, 

Like to his Iland, gyrt in with the Ocean, 

Or modest Dyne, circled with her Nymphs, 

Shall reft in London, till we come to him: 

Faire Lords take leave, and hand not to reply. 

Farewell my Soueraine. 

King. Farewell my heluer, and my Troyes true hope. 

Clar. In figue of truth, I kiffe thy Highnesse Hand, 

King. Wherefore, my Councellor, I love thee soe fortunate. 

Mont. Comfort, my Lord, and so I take my leave. 

Oxf. And thus I fcele my truth, and bid adieu, 

King. Sweet Oxford, and my louing Montague, 

And all at once, once more a happy farewell. 

War. Farewell, sweet Lords, let's meet at Couentre, 

Extent.

King. Here at the Palace will I reft a while. 

Counsin of Exeter, what thinkest thou Lordship? 

Me thinkes, the Power that Edward hath in fields, 

Should not be able to encounter mine. 

Exet. The doubt is, that he will reduce the reft, 

King. That's not my feare, my need hath got me faine: 

I have not flipt mine cares to their demands, 

Norposted off their suites with flow deleyes, 

My pittie hath brone balme to heal their wounds, 

My mildnesse hath alayd their swelling greeses, 

My mercie dryd their water-flowing teares. 

I have not beene defirous of their wealth, 

Nor much the burden of the heavy Subsidies, 

Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd; 

Then why should they louse Edward more then me? 

No Exeter, theiie Graces challenge Grace: 

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And when the Lyon fawnes vpon the Lambe,  
The Lambe will neuer cease to follow him.  

Shout within, A Lancaster, A Lancaster.  

Exe. Hearke, hearke, my Lord, what Shouts are these?  

Enter Edward and his Souldiers.  

Edw. Seize on the shamefa\’d Henry, beare him hence,  
And once againe proclaime vs King of England.  
You are the Fount, that makes small Brookes to flow,  
Now tropes thy Spring, my Sea shall suck them dry,  
And dwell so much the higher, by their ebbes.  
Hence with him to the Tower, let him not speake.  

Exit with King Henry.  

And Lords, towards Countrey bend we our course,  
Where peremptorie Warwick now remaines:  
The Sunne this hies hot, and if we vfe delay,  
Cold bating Winter marres our hop\’d for Hay.  
Rich. Away betimes, before his forces ynone,  
And take the great-grown Traytor vnawares:  
Brute Warriors, march anaine towards Countrey,  

Enter Warwick, the Mayor of Countrey, two  
Messengers, and others upon the Walls.  

War. Where is the Poit that came from valiant Oxford?  
How faire hence is thy Lord, mine honest fellow?  

Mift. By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.  
War. How faire off is our Brother Montague?  
Where is the Poit that came from Montague?  

Mist. By this at Daintry, with a puissant troope.  

Enter Somerset.  

War. Say Somerset, what fayes my loving Sonne?  
And by thy guesse, how nigh is Clarence now?  
Somerset. At Southam I did leaue him with his forces,  
And doe expect him here from two howres hence.  
War. Then Clarence is at hand, I heare his Drumme.  
Somerset. It is not his, my Lord, here Southam lyes:  
The Drum you Honor heares, marcheth from Warwick.  
War. Who should that be? be like vnlook’d for friends.  
Somerset. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know,  

March. Flourish. Enter Edward, Richard,  
and Souldiers.  

Edw. Goe, Trumpet, to the Walls, and found a Parle.  
Rich. See how the fiery warriour mans the Wall.  
War. Oh vainbod fright, is sportfull Edward come?  
Where flept our Scouts, or how are they leduc’d,  
That we could heare no newes of his repaire.  
Edw. Now Warwick, wilt thou ope the Citie Gates,  
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy Knee,  
Call Edward King, and at his hands begge Mercy,  
And he shall pardon thes Outrages?  
War. Nay rather, wilt thou draw they forces hence,  
Confesse who let thee vp, and plucke thee downe,  
Call Warwick Patron, and be penitent,  
And thou shalt remayne the Duke of Yorke.  
Rich. I thought at leaft he would have saide 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 poor Earle to gue,  
Ile doe the seruice for so good a gift.  
War. Twas I that gau the Kingdome to thy Brothe.  
Edw. Why then’tis mine, if but by Warwick\’s gift,  

War. Thou art no Adulto for so great a weight:  
And Weaking, Warwick takes his gift againe,  
And Henry is my King, Warwick his Subie\’t.  
And gallant Warwick, doe but answer this,  
What is the Body, when the Head is off?  
Rich. Alas, that Warwick had no more fore-cafs,  
But whiles he thought to iteale the fingle Ten,  
The King was fly\’ly finger’d from the Deck:  
You left poore Henry at the Bishops Palace,  
And tenne to one you left me in the Tower.  
Edw. ’Tis even so, yet you are Warwick full.  
Rich. Come Warriours,  
Take the time, knecke downe, knecke downe:  
Nay when? strike now, or else the Iron coales.  
War. I had rather chop this Hand off at a blow,  
And with the other, fling it at thy face,  
Then beare to low a fayle, to strike to thee.  
Edw. Sayle how thou canst,  
Haue Winde and Tyde thy friend,  
This Hand, fast wound about thy coale-black hayre,  
Shell, whiles thy Head is warme, and new cut off,  
Write in the duft this Sentence with thy blood,  
Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.  

Enter Oxford, with Drumme and Colours.  

War. Oh chearefull Colours, see where Oxford comes.  
Rich. The Gates are open, let vs enter too.  
Edw. So other foes may fet vpon our backs.  
Stand we in good array: for they no doubt  
Will issue out againe, and bid vs battle.  
If not, the Citie being but of small defence,  
We\’e quickly rowze the Traitors in the fame.  
War. Oh welcome Oxford, for we want thy helpe.  

Enter Montague, with Drumme and Colours.  

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster.  
Rich. Thou and thy Brother both shall buy this Treason  
Even with the dearest blood your bodies breae.  
Edw. The harder marth, the greater Victorie,  
My minde prefageth happy gaine, and Conquest.  

Enter Somerset, with Drumme and Colours.  

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster.  
Rich. Two of thy Name, both Dukes of Somerset,  
Have fold their Lites vnto the Houfe of Yorks,  
And thou shalt be the third, if this Sword hold.  

Enter Clarence, with Drumme and Colours.  

War. And loe, where George of Clarence sweepes along  
Of force enough to bid his Brother Battale:  
With whom, in wpright zeale to right, preuailes  
More then the nature of a Brothers Loue,  
Come Clarence, come: thou wilt, if Warwick call.  
Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this meanes?  
Looke here, I throw my infamie at thee:  
I will not ruinate my Fathers Houfe  
Who gau his blood to lyme the Bones together,  
And let wp Lancaster. Why, trowest thou, Warwick,  
That Clarence is so hard, so blunt, so naturall,  
To bend the faftall Instruments of Warre
Against his Brother, and his lawfull King.  
Perhaps thou wilt object my holy Oath:  
To keep that Oath, were more impetue,  
Then Ipholch, when he sacrific'd his Daughter.  
I am so sorry for thy Trepas made,  
That to deftore all my Brother's hands,  
I here proclayme my selfe thy mortall foe:  
With resolution, wherefore I meet thee,  
(As I will meet thee, if thou fliue abroad)  
To plague thee, for thy foule nuns-leading me.  
And to,proud-hearted Warwicke, I defei thee,  
And to my Brother turne my blushing Cheekes,  
Pardon me Edward, I will make amends:  
And Richard, doest thou knowe upon my faults,  
For I will henceforth be no more vanifant.  

Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more belou'd,  
Then if thou mew hast deftore'd our hate.  
Rich. Welcome good Clarence, this is Brother-like.  
Warw. Oh paffing Traytor, pictur'd and vnfitful.  
Edw. What Warwicke,  
Wilt thou lease the Towne, and fight?  
Or shall we beat the Stones about thine Eares?  
Warw. Alas, I am not coope'd here for defence:  
I will away towards Barnet presently,  
And bid thee Battaile, Edward, if thou darst.  

Edw. Yes Warwicke, Edward dares, and leads the way:  
Lords to the field: Saint George, and Victorie.  
Exit.  
March, Warwicke and his companie followes.  

Alarum, and Excursions. Enter Edward bringing forth Warwicke wounded,  

Edw. So, ye thoe there: dye thou, and dye our feare,  
For Warwicke was a Bugge that fear'd us all.  
Now Montague fit fall, I feake for thee,  
That Warwicke's Bones may keepe thine companie.  

Exit.  
Warw. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,  
And tell me who is Victor, Trowe, or Warwicke?  
Why askes thee that? my mangled body shewes,  
My blood, my want of strength, my facke heart shewes,  
That I must yeld my body to the Earth,  
And by my fall, the conquest to my foe.  
Thus yeelds the Cedar to the Axes edge,  
Whole Armes gue steeler to the Princely Eagle,  
Vnder whose shade the ramping Lyon leapt,  
Whole top-branck over-peete'd Jones spreading Tree,  
And kept low Shrubbs from Winters powfull Winde.  
These Eyes, that now are dim'd with Deaths black Veyle,  
Have beeue as piercing as the Mid-dy Sunne,  
To search the secret Treafons of the World:  
The Wrinkles in my Browes, now fill'd with blood,  
Were lik'd oft to Kingly Sperchus:  
For who liu'd King, but I could digge his Grave?  
And who durt smile, when Warwicke bent his Brow?  
Loe, now my Glory liu'd in dust and blood,  
My Parkes, my Walkes, my Mannors that I had,  
Even now forake me; and of all my Lands,  
It nothing left me, but my bodies length.  
Why, what is Pompe, Rule, Reignge, but Earth and Dust?  
And lute we how we can, yet dye we muft,  

Enter Oxford and Somerset.  

Some Ah Warwicke, Warwicke went thou as we are,  
We must reccon all our Loose againe:  

The Queene from France hath brought a puiffant power,  
Even now we heard the newest: ah, could't thou flye,  
Warw. Why then I would not. Ah Montague,  
If thou be there, sweet Brother, take my Hand,  
And with thy Lippes keepe in thy Soule a while.  
Thou loue't me not: for, Brother, if thou dyft,  
Thy tears would waft this cold congealed blood,  
That gloyes my Lippes, and will not let me speake  
Come quickly Montague, or I am dead,  
Some. Ah Warwicke, Montague hath breath'd his laft,  
And to the latest gaphe, cry'd out for Warwicke:  
And said, Commend me to my valiant Brother.  
And more he would have saie, and more he spoke,  
Which founed like a Cannon in a Vault,  
That mought not be diftinguifht: but at laft,  
I well might hare, deliver'd with a groane,  
Oh fare well Warwicke.  
Warw. Sweet reft his Soule:  
Flye Lords, and faine your felues,  
For Warwicke bids you all farewell, to meet in Heauen.  

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the Queenes great power.  
Here they bear away his Body.  
Exit.  

Flourish. Enter King Edward in triumph, with  
Richard, Clarence, and the reft.  
King. Thus fare we our fortune keepes an upward course,  
And we are grate'd with wearing of Victorie:  
But in the mift of this bright-fining Day,  
I spy a black tafficatorious_thrading Cloud,  
That will encounter with our glorious Sunne,  
Ere he straines his eafefull Welterne Bed:  
I meane, my Lords, theo powers that the Queene  
Hath ray'd in Gallia, haue arriv'd our Coast,  
And, as we heare, march on to fight with vs.  
Clare. A little gale will boone difpaffe that Cloud,  
And blow to the Source from whence it came,  
Thy very Beames will dye those Vapours vp,  
For every Cloud engenders not a Storme,  
Rich. The Queene is valued thirtie thouand strong,  
And Somerset, with Oxford, flied to her:  
If the time here to breathe, be well affir'd  
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.  
King. We are aduertis'd by our louing friends,  
That they doe hold their course toward Tewksbury,  
We hauing now the beft at Barnet field,  
Will chilferfrayf, for willingneffe eide,  
And as we march, our strength will be augmentid:  
In every Countie as we goe along,  
Strike up the Drumme, cry courage, and away.  
Exit.  

Flourish. March. Enter the Queene, young  
Edward, Somerset, Oxford, and  
Sunderlands.  
Ou. Great Lords, wife men ne't fit and waile their losse,  
But clearly feake how to redrefle their losse.  
What though the Mafh be now blowne ouer-board,  
The Cable broke, the holding-Anchor loft,  
And halfe our Salyers nowlond in the flood?  
Yet letus our Pilot fill. It's meet, that hee  
Should leave the Helme, and like a fearefull Lad,  
With tearesfull Eyes addde Water to the Sea,  
And giue more strength to that which hath too much,  
While in his moone, the Ship splits on the Rocks,  
Which Indulfrie and Courage might have fau'd?  
Ah what a frame, ah what a fault were this.  
Say Warwicke was our Anchour: what of that?  

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And
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth

And. Mountaff: our Top-Mait: what of him? Our daught'red friends, the Tackles: what of these? Why is not Oxford here, another Anchor? And Somerset, another goodly Mait? The friends of France our Shrowds and Tacklings? And though unskilfull, why not Ned and I, For once allow'd the skilfull Pilots Charge? We will not from the telme, to set and weep, But keep our Coufe (though the rough Winde say no) From Shelves and Rocks, that threaten vs with Wrack, As good to chide the Waies, as speake them faire. And what is Edward, but a surhelle Sea? What Clarence, but a Quick-fand of Deceit? And Reubard, but a rag'dfall Rocke? All these, the Enemies to our poore Barke. Say you can vem, las 'tis but a while: Tread on the Sand, why there you quickly sinke, But hide the Rock, the Tyde will wash you off, Or else you famish, this's a three-fold Death, This speake I (Lords) to let you understand, If safe one of you would fly from vs, That there's no hop'd-for Mercy with the Brothers, More then with ruthless Waues, with Sands and Rocks. Why courage then, what cannot be susided, There childish weakness to lament, or feare. Prince. I think a Woman of this valiant Spirit, Should, as a Coward heard her speake these words, Infume his Breast with Magnanimity, And make him, naked, joye a man or Armes. I speake not this, as doubting any here: For did I but sufpeet a fearful man, He should have leave to goe away betimes, Let in our need he might take another, And make him of like spirit to himselfe. If any such be here, as God forbid, Let him depart, before we need his helpe, Of. Women and Children of so high a courage, And Warriors fain, why were perpetuall Shame. Oh brave young Prince thy famous Grandfather Dost line againe in thee; long may it thou live, To bear his Image, and renew his Glories. Sons. And heath that will not fight for such a hope, Go home to Bed, and like the Owle by day, if he rise, be mock'd and wondered at. Qu. Thankes gentle Sommerfed, sweete Oxford thankes. Prince. And take his thankes, that yet hath nothing Else. 

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you Lords, for Edward is at hand, Readie to fight therefore be reliefe. Of. I thought no leaft, it is his Policie, To hate this fall, to finde vs unprovided. So. Bostee's deceu'd, we are in readiness. Qu. This heartes my heart, to see your forwardnesse. Of. It were pitch our Battle, hence we will not budge. 

Lords, and March. Enter Edward, Richard, Clarence, and Sommerset.

Edw. Brave followers, I yonder stands the thornie Wood, Which the Heavens affidence, and your strength, Must by the Bows be hew'd as vp yett Ere Night. I need not while more fuel to your fire, Not well I would blaze, but burne them out: Give signall to the night, and be it Lords.
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Rich. Why should thee lie, to fill the World with words.


Rich. Clarence excuse me to the King my Brother: He hence to London on a serious matter, Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some newes.

Cla. What? what? Rich. Tower, the Tower. Exit. Qu. Oh Ned, sweet Ned, speak to thy Mother Boy. Can't thou not speake? O Trairors, Murthurers! They that flabb d Caesar, shed no blood at all: Did not offend, nor were not worthy Blame, If this foule deed be by, to equal it, He was a Man; this (in reipeda) Childe, And Men, ye're spend their fury on a Childe. What's worst then Murthurer, that 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 Villains, bloody Cannibales, How sweet a Plant have you unnaturally cropt: You have no children (Butchers) if you had, The thought of them would have turp'd up remorse, But if you ever chance to have a Childe, Look in his youth to have him cut off.

As deathmen you have ris this sweet young Prince. King. Away with her, go bear her hence perfecce.

Qu. Nay, neere bear me hence dispath me hence: Here heath Thy Sword, lie pardon thee my death: What wilt thou now? Then Clarence do it thou, Cla. By heauen, I will not do thee so much cafe.

Qu. Good Clarence do: sweet Clarence do thou do it, Cla. Didst thou not heare me sweet I would not do it.

Qu. I, but thou wilt to fortnwre thy selfe.

'Twas Sin before, but now it's Charity.

What will thy next? Where is that diuels butcher Richard? Hard favor'd Richard, where art thou? Thou art not here; Murthurer is thy Alme-deed: Petitioners for Blood, thou art put 'backe.

Ed. Away I say, I charge ye bear her hence, Qu. So come to you, and yours, as to this Prince. Exit Luftene.

Ed. Where's Richard gone.

Cla. To London all in post, and as I issue, To make a bloody Supper in the Tower.

Ed. He's sodaine if a thing comes in his head. Now march we hence, discharge the common fort With Pay and Thankes, and let's away to London, And fee our gentle Queen how well she fares, By this (I hope) she hath a Sonne for me.

Enter Henry the first, and Richard with the Lieutenant on the stage.

Rich. Good day, my Lord, what at your Bookes so hard?

Hen. I my good Lord: my Lord I should say rather, 'Tis fome to flatter. Good was little better: Good Gloather, and good Deuill, were alike, And both preposterous; therefore, not Good Lord. Rich. Sirra, leave vs to our felues, we must confed. Hen. So flies the weakeffe fchiefred from y Wolfe: So first the harmefle Sheepe doth yield his Fleece, And next his Throatte, vnto the Butcheres Knife, What Scene of death hath Restum now to Acte ? Rich. Suluition always haunts the guilty minde, The Theefe doth fearch each bufth an Officer, Hen. The Bird that hath bin limed in a buft, With trembling wings mild doubteth every buft; And I the kappeffe Male to one Sweet Bird, Hau now the fatall Obied in my eye, Where my poore yong was hang'd, was caught, and kill'd. Rich. Why what a peeciff Foolc was that of Creet, That taught his Sonne the office of a Fowle, And yet for all his wings, the Fowle was drown'd.

Hen. I Deludes, my poore Boy yeareus, Thy Father Minus, that dem'de our coufre, The Sunne that fear'd the wings of my Sweet Boy. Thy Brother Edward, and thy Selfe, the Sea Whose enuous Gullie did flawllow vp his life: Ah, kill me with thy Weapon, not with words, My brefet can better brooke thy Daggers point, Then can my cares that Trafgicke History.

But whethefore doth thou come? Is't for my Life?

Rich. Think'th thou I am an Executioner?

Hen. A Perfection I am fure thou art, himurthering Innocents be Executing, Why then thou art an Executioner.

Rich. Thy Son I kill'd for his perfecction.

Hen. Hadst thou bin kill'd, when first I didst presume, Thou hadst not kill'd to kill a Sonne of mine; And thus I prophetic, that many a thoufand, Which now might not no parcelf of my care, And many an old mans fignit, and many a Widdowes, And many an Orphans water-standeing-eye, Menlor their Sonnes, Wifes for their Husband, Orphans, for their Parents timelesse death.

Shall rue the house that ever thou wast borne.
The Owl thristed at thy birth, an euill figne, The Night-Crow cryde, aboding luckelesstime, Dogswould and hiddous Tempett shook down Trees: The Ramen rooke'd her on the Chimneys top, And calling rings Pius in dimfall Diffords sing; Thy Mother felt more then a Mothers paine, And yet brought forth leffe then a Mothers hope, To wit, an indigefet and deformed lump, Not like the fruit of such a goodly Tree.

Teeth had it shou in thy head, when thou wast born, To signifie, thou can't to bite the world:

And if the ref se true, which I have heard, Thou can't.

Rich. He hear no more:

Dye Prophet in thy speech, Stabbes him.

For this (among the ref) was I ordain'd.

Hen. I, and for much more laughter after this, O God forgive my finnes, and pardon thee. Dyers,

Rich. What will the affpring blood of Lancaster Sinke in the ground? I thought it would have mounted, See how my sword weepes for the poore Kings death. O may such purple teares be alway fhed From tho whom with the downfall of our house. If any parte of Life be ye yet remaining, Downe, downe to hell, and say I fent them thither. Rich. Stab him again.

I that have nether pity, none, nor fearce, Indeed 'tis true that Hewes told me of: For I have often heard my Mother say, I came into the world with my Legges forward, Had I not reason (thynke yet) to make haft, And seeke their Ruine, that viu'd our Right? The Midwife wondere'd, and the Woman cri'de O Iesus bleffe vs, he is borne with teeth;
And so I was, which plainly signified,  
That I should hurrle, and bite, and play the dogge:  
Then since the Heauens haue fap'd my Body fo,  
Let Hell make crook'd my Minde to answere it.  
I have no Brother, I am like no Brother:  
And this word [Loue] which Gray-beards call Divine,  
Be resident in men like one another,  
And not in me: I am my selfe alone.  
Clarence beware, thou keepe't me from the Light,  
But I will fort a pitchy day for thee:  
For I will buzz abroad such Prophecies,  
That Edward shall be fearfull of his life,  
And then to purge his feare, Ile be thy death.  
King Henry, and the Prince his Son are gone:  
Clarence thy turne is next, and then the reft,  
Counting my selfe but bad, till I be best.  
Ilethrow my body in another roome,  
And Triumph Henry, in thy day of Doome.  
Exit.

Flourish. Enter King, Queen, Clarence, Richard, Hastings, Nurse, and Attendants.

King. Once more we fit in Englands Royall Throne,  
Re-purcahed with the Blood of Enemies:  
What valiant Foe-men, like to Autumnes Come,  
Haue we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride?  
Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold Renowne,  
For hardy and indubtbred Champions:  
Two Clifford, as the Father and the Sonne,  
And two Northumberlands: two braver men,  
Ne're fput'd their Couriers at the Trumpets found.  
With them, the two braue Beares, Warwick & Montague,  
That in their Chaines fetter'd the Kingly Lyon,  
And made the Forrest tremble when they roar'd.

This haue we swept Sub potions from our Seate,  
And made our Footstoole of Security.  
Come hither Buffe, and let me kiffe my Boy:  
Yong Ned, for thee, thine Vnckles, and my selfe,  
Hauie in our Armors watcht the Winters night,  
Went all after in Summers scalding heat,  
That thou mightl' repoffe the Crowne in peace,  
And of our Labours thou shalt reape the gaine.  
Rich. Ile blast his Harueft, if your head were laid,  
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.  
This shouder was ordain'd so thicke, to haue,  
And haue it shal some weight, or breake my backe,  
Work the way, and that flialt execute.  
King. Clarence and Gleslor, loue my louely Queene,  
And kis your Princely Nephew Brothers both,  
Cla. The duty that I owe unto your Maiestie,  
I Scale upon the lips of this sweet Babe,  
Cla. Thanne Noble Clarence, worthy brother thanks,  
Rich. And that I loue the tree frō whence it sprang it:  
Witness the louing kiffe I gie the Fruite,  
To say the truth, so Indar kiff his matter,  
And cried all halie, when as he meant all harme.  
King. Now am I feared as my foule delights,  
Hauing my Countries peace, and Brothers louses,  
Cla. What will your Grace have done with Margaret,  
Reynard her Father, to the King of France  
Hath pawn'd the Sitches and Itruelam,  
And hither haue they fent it for her ranfome.  
King. Away with her, and waft her hence to France:  
And now what reeds, but that we spend the time  
Withfacetly Triumphes, mirthfull Conicke shewes,  
Such as befitts the pleasure of the Crough.  
Sound Drums and Trumpets, farwell sowe anny,  
For here I hope begins our laffing joy.  

FINIS.
The Tragedy of Richard the Third:  
with the Landing of Earle Richmond, and the  
Battell at Bosworth Field.

Actus Primus.  Scena Prima.

Enter Richard Duke of Glofter, solus.

Now is the Winter of our Discontent,  
Made glorious Summer by this Son of Yorke:  
And all the clouds that low'd vp our house  
In the eye before of the Ocean buried.  
Now are our broyes bound with Victorious Wreathes,  
Our bruised arms hung vp for Monuments;  
Our figne Alarms chang'd to merry Meeting;  
Our dreadful Marches, to delightful Meafures.  
Grim-vifg'd Ware, hath smooth'd his wrinkled Front:  
And now, in stead of mounting Barbed Steeds,  
To fright the Soules of fearfull Adverfaries,  
He capers nimby in a Ladies Chamber,  
To the lafcious pleafing of a Lute.  
But I, that am not shap'd for fportive trickes,  
Nor made to court an amorous Looking-glafe;  
I, that am Rudely flam'd, and want Loues Mafiey,  
To ftay before a wondon ambling Nymph:  
I, that am curtain'd of this faire Proporation,  
Cheated of Feature by difembling Nature,  
Deform'd, vn-fit the fent before my time.  
Into this breathing World, fainte halfe made vp,  
And that so samely and vnfaithionable,  
That dogges barke at me, as I halt by them.  
Why I (in this weake piping time of Peace)  
Haue no delight to paffe away the time,  
Vnfeft to fe my Shadow in the Sunne,  
And defcant on mine owne Deformity.  
And therefore, fince I cannot proue a Louer,  
To entertaine these faire well fpoken dayes,  
I am determined to proue a Villaine,  
And hate the idle pleafures of these dayes,  
Plots haue I laide, Inductions dangerous,  
By drunken Prophesies, Libels, and Dreames,  
To fet my Brother Clarence and the King  
In deadly hate, the one againft the other:  
And if King Edward be as true and juft,  
As I am Subtle, Fafe, and Trencherous,  
This day shoulde Clarence clolely be mew'd vp:  
About a Prophete, which fayes that G,  
Of Edward heyres the murthcher shall be,  
Diuell thoughts do no to my foule, here Clarence comes.

Enter Clarence, and Brakenbuorg guarded.  
Brother, (good day) What means this armed guard  
That waits upon your Grace?  
Clu. His Maietie tendering my perfon's safety,  
Hath appointed this Conduct, to conte my to the Tower  
Rich. Upon what caufe?  
Clu. In like my name is George.  
Rich. Alas, my Lord, that fault is none of yours:  
He should for that commit your Godfather.  
O belike, his Maietie hath fome intent,  
That you should be new Cheiftined in the Tower,  
But what's the matter Clarence, may I know?  
Clu. Yes Richard, when I know: but I protest  
As yet I do not: But as I can learne,  
He hearkens after Prophesies and Dreames,  
And from the Croffe-rowe pluckes the letter G:  
And fayes, a Wizard told him, that by G,  
His illufion difinherited fould be.  
And for my name of George begins with G,  
It followes in his thought, that I am he.  
Thefe (as I learn) and fuch like toyes as thefe,  
Hath moud'd his Highneffe to commit me now.  
Rich. Why this it is, when men are rul'd by Women:  
Tis not the King that lends you to the Tower,  
My Lady Grey his Wife, Clarence' fille,  
That tempt him to this hartt Extremity.  
Was it not fife, and that good man of Worship,  
Anthony Woodville her Brother there,  
That made him lend I ord Hastings to the Tower?  
From whence this prefent day he is deliuered?  
We are not fafe Clarence, we are not safe.

Clu. By heauen, I shoule there is no man secure  
But the Queenes Kindred, and night-walking Heralds,  
That rend between the King, and Miftres Shawe.  
Heard you not what an humble Suppliant  
Lord Hastings was, for her delivery?  
Rich. Humdly complaining to her Deitie,  
Got my Lord Chambe, hide his libertie.  
Itte tell you what, I thinke it is our way,  
If we will keepe in favour with the King,  
To be her men, and weare her Luercy.  
The jealous ore-worne Widdow, and her felfe,  
Since that our Brother dub'd them Gentlewomen,  
Are mighty Goftips in our Monarchy.  
Brother, (beshooch your Graces both to pardon me,  
His Maietie hath straighly guen in charge,  
That no man fhall have priuate Confrence  
(Or what degree fouter) with your Brother.  
Rich.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Rich. Even so, and peace your Worship Drakenbury, You may partake of any thing we say:
We speak no treason man; We say the King
Is just, and virtuous, and his Noble Queene
Well brooked in years, faire, and not jealous.
We say, that Shores Wife hath a pretty Foot,
A cherty Lip, a bonny Eye, a paling pleasing tongue:
And that the Queenes Kindred are made gentle Folkes.
How lay you fur? can you deny all this?

Bras. With this (my Lord) my tulle haeve nought to
doo.

Rich. Naught to do with Misfitis Shore?
I tell thee Fellow, he that doth naught with her
(Excepting one) were better to do it secretly alone.

Bras. What one, my Lord?

Rich. Her Husband Knaue, wouldst thou betray me?

Bras. I do befriend your Grace
To pardon me, and withall forbear
Your Conference with the Noble Duke.

Cra. We know thy charge Drakenbury, and wil obey.

Rich. We are the Queens afiecles, and must obey.

Brother farewell, I will vsto the King,
And whatsoe're you will impoll me in,
Were it to call King Edwards Widdow, Sifter,
I will performe it to infranchize you.

Meane time, this deepe difgrace in Brotherhood,
Touche me deeper then you can imagine.

Cra. I know it pleaseth neither of vs well.

Rich. Well, your imprisionment shall not be long,
I will deliever you, or elle lyse for you:

Meane time, haue patience.

Cra. I must perforce: Farewell.

Rich. Go trende the path that thou shalt ne're return:
Simple plaine Clarence, I do loue thee cro,
That I will shortly tend thy Soule to Heauen,
If Heuen will take the present at our hands.

But who comes here? the new delitered Hastings?

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord.

Rich. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine:
Well are you welcome to this open Ayre,
How hath your Lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience(Noble Lord)as prisoners must:
But I shall hve (my Lord) to give them thankes
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Rich. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall Clarence too,
For they that were your Enemies, are hir,
And haue preval'd as much on him, as you,

Hast. More pitty, that the Eagles should be mew'd,
Whiles Kites and Buzzards play at liberty.

Rich. What newes abroad?

Hast. No newes so bad abroad, as this at home:
The King is sickly, weekke, and melancholy,
And his Physitians fear him mighty.

Rich. Now by S. John, that Newes is bad indeed.
O he hath kept an euill Diet long,
And outer-much confum'd his Royall Perfon:
This very greeuous to be thought upon.
Where is he, in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Rich. Go you before, and I will follow you.

He cannot liue I hope, and must not dye,
Till George be pack'd with post-horse vp to Heauen.

He in to vrg his hatred more to Clarence,
With Lyes well feeld with weighty Arguments,
And if I faile not in my depe intent,
Clarence hath not another day to liue:
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to busifie in.
For then, he may Warickes yongest Daughter,
What though I kill her Husband, and her Father:
The readeall way to make the Wench amends,
Is to become her Husband, and her Father:
The which will I not all so much for louse,
As for another secret clofe intent,
By marrying her, which I must reach vnto;
But yet I run before my horse to Market:
Clarence still breathes, Edward still liues and raignes,
When they are gone, then muft I count my gains. Exit

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Coarfe of Henrie the fext with Halberds to guard it,
Lady Anne being the Mourner.

Anne. Set downe, set downe your honourable lord,
If Honor may be throwed in a Heare;
Whilf't I a while obsequiously lament
Th'vntimely fall of Vertuous Lancaster,
Poore key-cold Figure of a holy King,
Pale Athees of the Houfe of Lancaster;
Thou bloodleffe Remnant of that Royall Blood,
Be it lawfull that I inhace thy Ghoff,
To hear the Lamentations of poore Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter Sonne,
Stab'd by the fellefame hand that made thofe wounds.
Loe, in thofe windowes that let forth thy life,
I powre the helplffe Balme of my poore eyes,
O curfed be the hand that made thofe holes:
Curfed the Heart, that had the heart to do it:
Cursed the Blood, that let this blood from hence:
More direfull hap betide that hazed Wretch
That makes vs wretched by the death of thee,
Then I can with to Wolves, to Spiders, Toades,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that liues,
If euere he haue Childe, Aboritiue be it,
Prodigious, and vntimely brought to light,
Whole ugly and vanatural Aspect
May fright the hopefull Mother at the view,
And that beHeyre to his whannipes.
If euere he haue Wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him,
Then I am made by my young Lord, and thee.
Come now towards Chertfey with your holy Lode,
Taken from Paules, to be interred there.
And fill as you are weary of this weight,
Reit you,whiles I lament King Henries Coarfe.

Enter Richard Duke of Glofter.

Rich. Stay you that bear the Coarfe, & set it down.
An. What blacke Magitian conjures vp this Fiend,
To stop doved charitable deeds?
Rich. Villaines fot downe the Coarfe, or by S.Paul,
Ile make a Coarfe of him that difobeyes.

Gen.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Gen. My Lord stand backe, and let the Coffin passe.

Rich. Vmmanner'd Dogge, Stand't thou when I command:

Aduance thy Halbert higher then my breft,

Or by S. Paul He strike thee to my Foote,

And Iprune vpon thee Begger for thy boldnesse.

Anns. What do you tremble? are you all afraid?

Alas, I blame you not, for you are Mortall,

And Mortall eyes cannot endure the Diuell.

Asuant thou dreadfull minister of Hell;

Thou hadst but power over his Mortall body,

His Soule thou shalt not haue. Therefore be gone,

Rich. Sweet Saint, for Charity, be not to curst.

An. Foulle Diuell,

For Gods sake hence, and trouble vs not,

For thou haft made the happy earth thy Hell:

Fild't it with cursing crees, and deed exclamens:

If thou delight to view thy heynous deeds,

Behold this pattern of thy Butcheres.

Oh Gentlemen, see, see dead Henries wounds,

Open their congall'd mounters, and bleed afehe.

Bluff,bluff, thou lumpes of owle Deformitie:

For'tis thy preference that exhalles this blood

From cold and empty Veines where no blood dwells,

Thy Deeds inhumanne and vnrational,

Prouokes this Deluge most vnrational.

O God, which this Blood mad it, revenge his death:

O Earth! which this Blood drink it, revenge his death.

Either Heau'n with Lightning strike the murther dead:

Or Earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke,

As thou doft swallow vp this good Kings blood,

Which his Hell-gouer'd arme hath butchered,

Rich. Lady, you know no Rules of Chiarity,

Which renders good for bad, Blessings for Curses.

An. Villaine, thou know'st not law or God of 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 dianels tell the truth!

Rich. More wonderfull, when Angels are so angry:

Vouchsafe (divine perfection of a Woman)

Of these suppos'd Crimes, to give me leaue

By circumstance, but to acquit my felfe.

An. Vouchsafe (defus'd infection of man)

Of these knowne euls, but to give me leaue

By circumstance, to curfe thy cursed Selfe.

Rich. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue

Some patient layre to excufe my felfe.

An. Fouler then heart can thinke thee,

Thou can't make no excuse currant,

But to hang thy felle.

Rich. By such diapire, I should accuse my felfe.

An. And by diapiring shalt thou stand excused,

For doing worthy Vengeance on thy felle,

That didst vnworthy laughter upon others.

Rich. Say that I dwell not.

An. Then say they were not flaine:

But dead they are, and duellish flaine by thee.

Rich. I did not kill your Husband.

An. Why then is he alive.

Rich. Nay, he is dead, and slaine by Edwards hands.

An. In thy foule throat thou Lyft,

Queene Margaret law

Thy mur'dous Faulchion inmoaking in his blood:

The which, thou once didst it bend against her breft,

But that thy Brothers beate aside the point.

Rich. I was proouked by her land rous tongue,

That laid their guilt, vpon my guiltlesse Shoulders.

An. Thou was't proouked by thy bloody minde,

That neuer dream'd on ought but Butcheries:

Did'st thou not kill this King?


An. Do't grant me Hedges-hogge,

Then God graunt me too.

Thou mayst be damn'd for that wicked deed:

O he was gentle, milde, and vertuous.

Rich. The better for the King of heauen that hath him.

An. He is in heauen, where thou thall never come.

Rich. Let him thank me, that holpe to send him thither.

For he was fitter for that place then earth.

An. And thou wift not for any place, but hell.

Rich. Yes one place else, if you will heare me name it.

An. Some dungeon.


An. I'll refte betide the chamber where thou lyest,

Rich. So will it Madam, till I lye with you.

An. I hope fo.

Rich. I know fo. But gentle Lady Anne,

To lease this scene encounter of our wittes,

And fall something into a flower method.

Is not the causer of the timelesse deaths

Of thefe Plantagomes, Henrie and Edward,

As blamefull as the Executioner.

An. Thou was't the caufe, and most accurst effect.

Rich. Your beauty was the caufe of that effect:

Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleepe,

To vndertake the death of all the world,

So I might live one hour in your sweete boosome.

An. If I thought that, I tell thee Homicide,

Thefe Nailes should rent that beauty from my Checkes.

Rich. These eyes could not endure these beauties wrack.

You should not blemish it, if I stood by;

As all the world is cheared by the Sunne,

So I by that: it is my day, my life.

Rich. Blacke nighte ore-shade thy day, & death thy life.

Rich. Curfe not thy selfe faire Creature,

Thou art both.

An. I would I were, to be reueng'd on thee.

Rich. It is a quarrell most vnrational,

To be reueng'd on him that loue thee.

An. It is a quarrell just and reasonable,

To be reueng'd on him that kill'd my Husband.

Rich. He that breft 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 lives, that loues thee better then he could.

An. Name him.


An. Why that was he.

Rich. The selfe name, but one of better Nature.

An. Where is he?

Rich. Here:

Spit at him.

Why doft thou spit at me.

An. Would it were mortall poynon, for thy sake.

Rich. Neuer came poynon from to sweete a place.

An. Neuer hung poynon on a fowler Toade.

Out of my sight, thou doft infect mine eyes.

Rich. Thine eyes (sweet Lady) have infected mine.

An. Would they were Bafliakes, to strike thee dead.

Rich. I would they were, that I might dye at once:

For now they kill me with a living death.

Those eyes of shine, from mine have drawne salt Tears;
Shan'd their Aspects with store of childish drops:
These eyes, which never shed remorose full tears,
No, when my Father Yorke, and Edward weeps,
To hear the pitioust moane that Rutland made
When black-fac'd Clifford shooke his sword at him.
Nor when thy valiant Father like a Childes,
Told the lad dote of my Fathers death,
And twenty times, made paule to sob and weepes:
That all the lusters by had wet their cheekes
Like Trees bedathed with raine. In that sad time,
My manly eyes did forceme an humkle crape:
And what thefe frowmes could not thence exhale,
Thy Beauty hath, and made them blinde with weeping.
I never fued to Friend, nor Enemy:
My Tongue could never learne some sweet smoothing word.
But now thy Beauty is proprest my Foe,
My proud heart fues, and prompts my tongue to speake.

_She looks woefully on him._

Teach not thy lip such Scornes; for it was made
For kissting, Lady, not for such contempt.
If thy reqefettfull heart cannot forgive,
Loe here I lend thee this sharpe-pointed Sword,
Which if thou pleafe to hide in this true breft,
And let the Soule forth that adorest thee,
I lay it nacked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly begge the death with my knee.

_He loyes his bref: open, he offers at with his sword._

Nay do not paule: For I did kill King Henry,
But twas thy Beauty that proueked me.
Nay now dispacht: Twas I that Rabb'd yong Edward,
But twas I heauenly face that set me on.
_She fells the Sword._

Take vp the Sword againe, or take vp me.
_Arise Dissembler, though I with thy death,
I will not be thy Executioner._

_Rich. Then bid me kill my felfe, and I will do it._

_Ar. I haue already._

_Rich. That was in thy rage:
Spake it againe, and even with the world,
This hand, which for thy loue, did kill thy Loue,
Shall for thy loue, kill a farre truer Loue,
To both their deaths fhalt thou be necessary.

_Ar. I would I knew thy heart._

_Rich. 'Tis fignour in my tongue.
_Ar. I fcare me, both are falles._

_Rich. Then neuer Man was true._

_Ar. Well, well, put vp your Sword._

_Rich. Say then my Peace is made._

_Ar. That fhalft thou know hereafter._

_Rich. But fhall I live in hope._

_Ar. All men I hope live fo._

Vouchsafe to weare this Ring.

_Rich. Look how my Ring incompmateth thy Finger,_
Euen fo thy Breit inclofe my poore heart:
Wearre both of them, for both of them are thine,
And if thy poore doted Servant may
But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand,
Thou doul confirme his happinesse for euer.

_Ar. What is it?_ 

_Rich. That it may pleaf thee leave these fad desigues,
To him that hath moft caufe to be a Mounier,
And prefently repayre to Crobbie Houfe;
Where (after I have folemnly inter'd
At Chertfey Monflyr this Noble King,
And wet his Grame with my Repentant Tears)_
I will with all expedient dutey fee you,

For duers vnknowne Reasons, I befiech you,
Grant me this Boon.

_Ar. With all my heart, and much it ioyes me too,
To fee you are become to penitent._

_Trelf and Barkley, go along with me._

_Rich. Bid me farewell._

_Ar. 'Tis more then you deferve:
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I haue faide farewell already._

_Exit two with Arme._

**Gen. Towards Chertsey, Noble Lord?**

_Rich. Not to White Priack, there attend my comming._

_Exit Chert.

Was euer woman in this humour woold? Was euer woman in this humour wonne?
He haue her, but I will not keepe her long.
What? I that kill'd her Husband, and his Father,
To take her in her hearts extremefy hate,
With curfes in her mouth, Teares in her eyes,
The bleeding wittneffe of my hatred by,
Having God, her Confidence, and thes bars againste me,
And I, no Friends to backe my fuite withall,
But the plaine Diuell, and deflimbling lookes?
And yet to winne her? All the world to nothing,
Hah!

_Hath the forgot alreadie that braue Prince, Edward, her Lord, whom I some three months since_?

_Stab'd I in my angry mood, at Tewkesbury?_ A fweeter, and a lovelier Gentleman,
Fram'd in the prodigallity of Nature:
_Yong, Valiant, Wife, and (no doubt)right Royal,_
_The fpacious World cannot againe afford._
And will the yet abafe her eyes on me,
_That cropt the Golden prime of this fpwet Prince, And made her Widdow to a wofull Bed?_ On me, whole All not equals Edwards Mopie?
_On me, that halls, and am mishapen thus?_ My Dukedome, to a Beggerly denier! I do mistake my perfon all this while:
_Ypon my life she ffindes (although I cannot)_
_My felle to be a maruellous proper man._
_He be at Charges for a Looking-glaffe, And entertaine a fcore or two of Tylors, To fudy fallions to adorne my body:_
_Since I am crept in fauour with my felle, I will mainteine it with some little cof._
But firft He turne yon Fellow in his Grafe, And then retirue lamenting to my Loue,
Shine out faire Sunne, till I have Bought a glaffe,
That I may fee my Shadow as I passe._

_Exit._

**Scena Tertia.**

_Enter the Queene Mother, Lord Rivers, and Lord Gray._

_Rich. Have patiencie Madam, there's no doubt his Maiestie Will foon recover his accustom'd health._

_Gray. In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worfe, Therefore for Gods fake entertaine good comfort, And cheere his Grace with quiek and merry eyes._

_Q.H. If he were dead, what would be done on me?_
Enter Buckingham and Derby.

Ricb. They do me wrong, and I will not induce it, Who is it that complains unto the King, That I (forsooth) am intrait, and loue them not? By holy Pant, they loue his Grace but lightly, That fill his cares with such difcontentious Rumors. Because I cannot flatter, and looke faire, Smile in mens faces, smooth, deceu, and cogge, Ducke with French nodz, and Apish cuttelie, I must be hold a rancorous Enemy. Cannot a plainate man loue, and thinke no harme, But thus his simple truth must be absurde, With filken,flye, infinuating Jackes? Grey. To who in all this preference speaks your Grace? Rich. To thee, that haft not Honesty, nor Grace: When haue I inuir'd thee? When doe thou wronge thee? Or thee? or thee'd or any of thy Faction? A plaguede upon you all. His Royall Grace (Whom God preferre better then you would wish) Cannot be quiet, saile a breathing while, But you must trouble him with ewe complaints. Grey. Brother of Glofter, you mistake the matter: The King on his owne Royall disposition, (And not prou'd by any Sutor clife) Ayming (belike) at your interieur hatred,

That in your outward action shewes it selfe Against my Children, Brothers, and my Selfe, Makes him to send, that he may learne the ground. Rich. I cannot tell, the world is grown so bad, That Wrens make prey, where Eagles dare not pearch, Since euerie Jacke became a Gentleman, There's many a gentle perfon made a Jacke. Qu. Come, come, we know your meaning Brother You enuy my advancement, and my friends: (Glofter) God grant we never may haue neede of you. Rich. Meane time, God grants that I have need of you. Our Brother is imprison'd by your means, My selfe disgrac'd, and the Nobilitie I hold in contempt, while great Promotions Are daily gven to ennable thome That feare some two days since were worth a Noble. Qu. By him that rais'd me to this carefull height, From that contented hys which I minoy'd, I never did incence his Maieftie Against the Duke of Clarence, but haue bin An earnest advocate to plead for him. My Lord you do me shamefull injury, Fallye to draw me in their vile futilecs. Rich. You may deny that you were not the meane Of my Lord Hauing late imprisonement. Ricb. She may my Lord, for... Rich. She may Lord Rimers, why who knowes not for? She may do more fit then denying that: She may help you to many faire preferments, And then deny your aiding hand therein, And lay those Honors on your high desart. What may the not, the may, I martry may thee, Ricb. What martry may thee? Ricb. What martry may thee? Matrie with a King, A Batcheller, and a handiome stripling too, I wis your Grandam had a worfer match. Qu. My Lord of Glofter, I haue too long borne Your blunt vpraisings, and your bitter scoffes: By heauen, I will acquaint his Maieftie Of those groste taunts that oft I haue endur'd, I had rather be a Countrie seruant miade Then a great Queene, with this condition, To be so bisected, beorn'd, and torned at, Small ly aue I in being Englands Queene.

Enter old Queene Margaret.

Mar. And favel be that, God I befeech him, Thy honor,flate, and ftrete, is due to me. Rich. What threat you me with telling of the King? I will auouch't in presence of the King: I dare adventure to be fent to th' Tower. 'Tis time to speake, My paines are quite forgot. Margaret. Out Dutell, I do remember them too well: Thou kill'dst my Husband Henrie in the Tower, And Edward my poor Son, at Twkesbury. Rich. Ere you were Queene, I, or your Husband King: I was a packe-horse in his great affaires: A weeder out of his proud Aduerfaries, A libetall rewarder of his Friends, To oynishize his blood, I spent mine owne. Margaret. I and much better blood Then his, or thine.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Rich. In all which time, you and your Husband Grey
Were factious, for the House of Lancaster;
And Rivers, to you were; Was not your Husband,
In Margaret Batsaille, at Saint Alouin, slain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget
What you have beene ere this, and what you are.

Q.M. A most treacherous Villaine, and a fioll thou art.
Rich. Poor Clarence did forfake his Father Warwick,
I, and fortwore hisfelfe (which Ielu pardoned.)

Q.M. Which God reuenge.

Rich. To fight on Edwards partie, for the Crowne,
And for his mede, poor Lord, he is mewed vp:
I would to God my heart were Flinte, like Edwards,
Or Edwards soft and pitifull, like mine;
I am too childifh foolish for this World.

Q.M. High thee to Hell for flame, & leave this World
Thou Cacodemom, there thy Kingdom is.

Riu. My Lord of Glouster, in thofe bufie days,
Which here you vrg, to proue vs Enemies,
We follow'd then out Lord, our Souveraine King,
So fhould we you, if you should be our King.

Rich. If I should be? I had rather be a Peddar:
Farre be it from my heart, the thought thereof.

Q. A little joy (my Lord,) as you suppose
You fhould enjoy, were you this Countries King,
A little joy you may fuppofe in me,
That I enjoy, being the Queene thereof.

Q.M. A little joy enjoyes the Queene thereof,
For I am fure, and altogether joyful:
I can no longer hold me patient.

Heare me, you wrangling Pyrates, that fall out,
In fharng that which you haue pill'd from me:
Which off you tremble not, that looks on me?
If not, that I am Queene, you bow like Subiects;
Yet that lifting up'd, you may expect Treffors.
A gentle Villaine, do no turne away.

Rich. Foole wrinkled Witch, what maft thon in my

Q.M. But repetition of what thon haft marr'd,
That will I make, before I let thee goe.

Rich. Wilt thou not banished, 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'st to me,
And thou a Kingdom; all of you, allegiance:
This Sorrow that I haue, by right is yours,
And all the Pleasures you vfurpe, are mine.

Riu. The Curfe my Noble Father layd on thee,
When thou didst Crown thy Warlike Brows with Paper,
And with thy fcorne drewl'd Ritters from his eyes,
And then to day them, gav'it the Duke a Clowt,
Steep'd in the faultlefe blood of prettie Rontland:
His Curfes then, from bitingmerfe of Soule,
Denou'd against thee, are all faine upon thee:
And God, not we, hath plagued thine bloody deed.

Qu. So null is God, to right the innocent.

Hafi. O, twas the fouleful deed to flay thine Babe,
And the most mercifull, that ere heard of.

Riu. Tyrants themfelves wept when it was reported,
Durf. No man but prophetifh reuenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then prefent, wept to fee it.

Q.M. What were you flaming all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you all your hatred now on me?
Did Yorker dreed Curfe preuails so much with Heaven,
That Henrys death, my lovely Edwards death,
Their Kingdomes lose, my wofull Baniffment,
Should all but anfwer for that peevifh Brut?
Can Curfes pierce the Clouds, and enter Heaven?
Why then guie way dull Clouds to my quick Curfes.

Though not by Warre, by Surfeit dye your King,
As ours by Murther, to make him a King.

Edward thy Sonne, that now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward our Sonne, that was Prince of Wales,
Dye in his youth, by like vntimely violence.
Thy felle a Queene, for me that was a Queene,
Out-lufe thy glory, like my wretched felle:
Long may it thou line, to wayle thy Childrens death,
And fee another, as I fee thee now.

Deck'd in thy Rights, as thou art flall'd in mine,
Long dye thy happie days, before thy death,
And after many lengthned hours of grief,
Dye neyther Mother, Wife, nor England Queene.

Riuers and Darver, you were flanders by,
And so wait thou, Lord Haffings, when my Sonne
Was flab'd with bloody Daggers; God, I pray him,
That none of you may lye his natural age,
But by some vnlook'd accident cut off.

Rich. Have done thy Charme, fateful wither'd Hagge,
Q.M. And leave out thee? Thy Dog, for I hath hear thee,
If Heaven haue any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can with vpon thee,
O let them keep it, till thy finnes be ripe,
And then hurle downe their indignation
On thee, the troubled of the poore Worlds peace,
The Worne of Confcience till bengnow thy Soule,
Thy Friends fufpect for Trarors while thou liu'lt,
And take deepre Trarors for thy deareft Friends:
No flepe clofe vp that deadly Eye of thine,
Vifite it be while some tormenting Dreme
Affights thee with a Hell of ougly Deuills,
Thou eluiish marke, abortious rooting Hogge,
Thou that walt felfe in thy Naturall:

The flue of Nature, and the Sonne of Hell:
Thou flander of thy heauie Mothers Wombre,
Thou loathed Iffue of thy Fathers Loynes,
Thou Ragge of Honor, thou deteftfed--

Rich. Margaret.

Q.M. Richard.


Q.M. I call thee not.

Rich. I cry thee mercy then: for I did thinke,
That thou haifl call'd me all these bitter names.

Q.M. Why fo I did, but look'd for no reply.
Oh let me make the Period to my Curfe.

Rich. 'Tis done by me, and ends in Margaret.

Qu. Thus have you breath'd your Curfe against your felf.

Q.M. Poore painted Queene, vain fluell of my fortune,
Why hrew'th thou Sugar on that Bottle'd Spider,
Whole deadly Web enmarch thee about?

Foole,foole, thou where? A Knife to kill thy felle:
The day will come, that thou fhalt with for me,
To helpe thee curfe this poyfonous Bunch-backd Toade.

Halt A hooi boiling Woman, Nedrick thy Wabick Curfe,
Left to thy hame, thou moat our patience.

Q.M. Foole flame vpon you, you have all moit'd mine.

Qu. Were you wel fer'd, you would be taught your duty.

Q.M. To furtle me well, you all fhould do me duty,
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my Subiects:
O furtle me well, and teach your felles that duty.

Durf. Dispute not with her, flace is lunaticke.

Q.M. Peace Mafter Marqueffe, you are malapers,
Your fine-new flame of Honor is scaree current.
Cates. Madam, his Mosteily doth call for you,
And for your Grace, and yours my gracious Lord,

Qu. Catesh I come, Lords will you go with me.

Ran. We wait upon your Grace.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. I do the wrong, and first begin to bawl
The secret Miheefees that I set abroad,
I lay unto the precious charge of others.
Clarense, who I indeede have call in darknesse,
I do bewepe to many simple Gulles,
Namely to Derby, Hattinger, Buckingham,
And tell them 'tis the Queene, and her Allies,
That stirre the King against the Duke my Brother,
Now they beleue it, and withall what me
To be reueng'd on Rivers, Dofit, Grey,
But then I sigh, and with a speece of Scripture,
Tell them that God bids vs do good for euill:
And thus I cloath my naked Villanise
With odde old endes, stone forth of holy Writ,
And finde a Saint, when moft I play the devill,

Enter two gentlemen.

But soft, here come my Executioners,
How now my hardy flout refolved Mates,
Are you now going to dispatch this thing?

Oul. We are my Lord, and come to haue the Warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

Re. Well thought upon, I hope it haue about me:
When you have done, repayre to Crosby place;
But first be fadisme in the execucion,
Withall obdurate, do not haue him pleade;
For Clarence is well spoken, and peroged
May ence your hearts to pity, if you marke him.

Oul. Tut, tut, my Lord, we will not hand to prate,
Talkers are no good dooers, be affured:
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Reb. Your eyes drop Mill-stones, when Pooles eyes
fall Teares:
I like you Lads, about your businesse straight.
Go, go, dispatch.

Oul. We will my Noble Lord.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Clarence and Keeper.

Keep. Why lookes your Grace so heauily to day.

Cle. O, I have past a miserable night,
So full of carefull Dreames, of ugly lights,
That as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night
Though twelve to buy a world of happy dates;
So full of distmall terror was the time.

Keep. What was your dream my Lord, I pray you tel me

Cle. Me thoughts that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to croffe to Burgandy,
And in my company my Brother Geouer,
Who from my Cabin tempted me to walke,
Vpon the Hatches; there we look'd toward England,
And cited vp a shoufull heavy times,
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Princes have but their Titles for their Glories, An outward Honor, for an inward Toyle, And for vaunted Imaginations They often feele a world of reflecte Cares: So that betwixt their Titles, and low Name, There's nothing differs, but the outward fame.

Enter two Murtherers.

1. Mari. Ho, who's there?
   Bra. What would it thou Fellow? And how canst thou hither.

2. Mari. I would speake with Clarence, and I came hither on my Legges.
   Bra. What is thee.

1. 'Tis better (Sir) then to be tedious: Let him see our Commission, and talke no more. 

2. Bra. I am in this, commanded to deliuer The Noble Duke of Clarence to your hands. 
   I will not reason what is meant heereby.
   Because I will be guilelesse from the meaning.
   There lies the Duke asleep, and there the Keyes, Ile to the King, and signifie to him,
   That thus I haue refign'd to you my charge. 

1 You may fire, 'tis a point of wife's: 
   Far you well.

2 What, shall we flab him as he sleepe.
   1 No: hee(call'd was done cowardly, when he wakes 
   2 Why he shall never wake, untill the great Judegment day.

1 Why then hee'll say, we flab'd him sleepe.
   2 The virgin of that word Judgement, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 What? art thou affraid?
   2 Not to kill him, having a Warrant,
   But to be damn'd for killing him, from the which
   No Warrant can defend me.

1 I thought thou hadst bin resolute.
   2 So I am, to let him live.

1 Ile backe to the Duke of Gloufter, and tell him so.
   2 Nay, I prythee flay a little: I hope this passionable humour of mine, will change,
   It was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty,
   1 How do's thou feel thee felle now?
   2 Some certaine dregges of confidence are yet with
   me.

1 Remember our Reward, when the deed's done.
   2 Come, he dies: I had forgot the Reward.
   1 Where's thy confidence now.

2 O, in the Duke of Gloufters pursse.
   1 When hee opens his pursse to give vs our Reward, thy Confidence flies out.

2 'Tis no matter, let it goe: There's few or none will entertaine it.

1 What if it come to thee again?
   2 Ile not meddle withit, it makes a man a Coward:
   A man cannot sleepe, but it accuteth him: A man cannot Sweare, but it Checkes him: A man cannot lye with his Neighbours Wife, but it detecteth him: 'Tis a blushing shamefac'd Spirit, that mutinies in a mans bosome: It fills a man full of Obstacles. It made me once restore a Purfie 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 truft to himselfe, and live without it.

1 This

Bra. Sorrow breake's Seasons, and reposing houres,
   Makes the Night Morning, and the Noon-tide night:
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

1. I is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the Duke.
2. Take the diuell in thy minde, and beleue him not: He would intituate with thee but to make thee figh.
3. I am strong, for he cannot preuail with me.
4. Spoke he a tall man, that repsects thy reputation. Come, shall we fall to worke?
5. I take him on the Coffard, with the hiltes of thy Sword, and then throw him into the Malmesley-Butt in the next roome.
6. O excellent device; and make a sop of him.
7. Soft, he wakes.
8. Strike.
9. No, we're resolv'd with him.
10. Where art thou Keeper? Glue me a cup of wine.
11. You shall have Wine enough my Lord anone.
12. In Gods name, what art thou?
13. A man, as you are.
14. But not as I am Royall.
15. Nor you as we are, Loyall.
16. Thy voice is Thunder, but thy looks are humble.
17. My voice is now the Kings, my lookes mine owne.
18. How darkly, and how deadly doth thou speake?
19. Your eyes do menace me: why looke you pale?
20. Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?
21. To, to, to.
22. To murther me?
23. To.
24. Berb. 1st.
25. Cla. You fearfully haue the hearts to tell me se,
And therefore cannot haue the hearts to do it.
26. Wherein my Friends haue I offended you?
27. Offended vs you have not, but the King.
28. Cla. I shall be reconcil'd to him againe.
29. 2 Neuer my Lord, therefore prepare to dye.
30. Cla. Are you drwan forth among a world of men
To play the innocent: What is my offence?
Where is the Euidence that doth accuse me?
What lawfull quest haue given their Verdict up
Vnfortunate Judges? Or who pronounc'd
The bitter sentence of poore Clarence death,
Before I be consider'd by course of Law?
To threaten me with death, is most unlawfull.
I charge you, as you hope for any goodnesse,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me:
The deed you undertake is damnable.
31. What will we do, we do upon command.
32. And he that 1st commanded, is our King.
33. Cla. Eroneous Vassals, the great King of Kings
Hath in the Table of his Law commanded
That thou shalt do no murther. Will you then
Spurne at his Edict, and fulfill a Mans honor?
34. Take heed; for he holds Vengeance in his hand,
To hurle upon their heads that breaks his Law,
And that famine Vengeance doth he hurle on thee,
For false Forstweyting, and for murther too:
Thou didst receive the Sacrament, to fight
In quarrell of the Houfe of Lancaster.
1. And like a Traitor to the name of God,
Didst breake that Vow, and with thy treacherous blade,
Varie't the Bowels of thy Soule raisnes Sonne.
2. Whom thou wast twome to cherish and defend.
3. How canst thou usurpe Gods dreadful Law to vs,
When thou haist broke it in such deere degree?
Cla. Alas! for whatse fake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my Brother, for his sake,
He fends you not to murther me for this:
For in that finne, he is as deep as I,
If God will be auenged for the deed,
O know you yet, he doth it publieally,
Take not the quarrell from his pow'rful armes:
He needs no indirect, or lawfull course,
To cut off those that issue offended him.
1. Who made thee then a bloody minifier,
When gallant springing braue Plantagenet,
That Princeley Nounce was strucke by thee?
Cla. My Brothers lose, the Diuell, and my Rage.
1. Thy Brothers love, our Duty, and thy Faults,
Prouoke wth bitters now to laughter thee.
Cla. If you do love my Brother, hate not me:
I am his Brother, and I love him well.
If you are hyrd't for need, go backe againe,
And I will send you to my Brother Gloueter:
Who shall reward you better for my life,
Then Edward will for tydings of my death.
2. You are deceiv'd,
Your Brother Gloueter hates you.
Cla. Oh no, he loves me, and he holds me deere:
Go you to him from me,
1. I to we will.
Cla. Tell him, when that our Princeley Father Yorke,
Bleat his three Sonnes with his victorious Arme,
He little thought of this dudied Friendship:
Bid Gloueter thinke on this, and he will wepe,
2. I Milliones, as he lefsoned vs to wepe.
Cla. O do not slander him, for he is kinder,
1. Right, at Snow in Harowell:
Come, you deceive your selfe,
That the G السود was not刷you heere.
Cla. It cannot be, for he bewepes my Fortune,
And bugg'd me in his arraues, and warre with foibs,
That he would labour my deliuerie.
1. Why so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earths thrallome, to the joyes of heauen.
2. Make peace with God, for you must die my Lord.
Cla. Have you that holy feeling in your soules,
To counsaile me to make my peace with God,
And are you yet to your owne soules to blinde,
That you will warre with God, by muring me,
O firs consider, they that fet you on
To do this deede, will hate you for the deede,
2. What shall we do?
Cla. Relent, and save your soules:
Which of you, if you were a Princes Sonne,
Being sent from Liberty, as I am now,
If two such mutthers as your felues came to you,
Would not intreat for life, as you would begge
Were you in my diftreffe.
1. Relent not: Tis cowardly and womanish.
Cla. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, diuellish:
My Friend, I spy some pitty in thy lookes:
O, if thine eye be not a Flasterer,
Come thou on my side, and intreate for mee,
A begging Prince, what begger pitties not.
2. Looke behinde you, my Lord.
1. Take that, and that, if all this will not do, Stabb him,
Ile drowned you in the Malmesley-But in within.
Exit.
2. A bloody deed, and desperatly dispatcht:
How faine (like Pilate) would I wash my hands
Of this most greevous mutther.
Enter 1st Murtherer
1. How now! what mean'th thou that thou help'lt me not?
By Frauen the Duke shall know how slacke you haue beene.

The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Enter Ratchliffe, and Gloster.

Rich. Good morrow to say Soueraigne King & Queen
And Princeely Peere, a happy time of day.

King. Happy indeed, as we have spent the day:
Gloster, we have done deeds of Charity,
Made peace of enmity, faire loue of hate,
Bowtte thee dwelling wrong incensed Peere.

Rich. A blest labour my mott Soueraigne Lord:
Among this Princeily heape, if any here
By false intelligences, or wrong furmise
Hold me a Foe: If I unwillingly, or in my rage,
Hate 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 enmity:
I hate it, and define all good mens loue,
First Madam, I intreat true peace of you,
Of you my Noble Cozin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between you,
Of you and you, Lord Riuer and of Dorset,
That all without defect have frownd on me:
Of you Lord Woodwil, and Lord Scale of you,
Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen,indeed of all,
I do not know that Englishman alive,
With whom my foule is any iot at oddes,
More then the Infant that is borne to night:
I thank my God for my Humility.

Qu. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter:
I would to God all Aniakes were well compounded,
My Soueraigne Lord, I do beseech your Highness
To take our Brother Clarence to your Grace,
Rich. Why Madam, have I offered loue for this,
To be so florid in this Royall presence?
Who knowes not that the gentle Duke is dead?
They do him inuiie to forume his Courte,
All flares. King. Who knowes not he is dead?
Who knowes he is?

Qu. All-iceing heavens, what is a world this?
Buc. Look ke I pale Lord Dorset, is the reft?
Dor. I my good Lord, and no man in the presence,
But his red colour hath forsooke his cheekes.

King. Is Clarence dead? The Order was reuerfe.
Rich. But he (poore man) by your first order dyed,
And that a winged Mercurie did beare:
Some tardie Crippke bare the Counterman,
That came too lagge to fee him burned.
God grant, that some leffe Noble, and leffe Loyall,
Neeter in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deferue not worse then wretched Clarence did,
And yet goe currant from Suffipion.

Enter Earl of Derby.

Der. A boone my Soueraigne for my service done.

King. I prethee peace, my foule is full of sorrow.

Der. I will not rife, unlesse your Highnes heare me,
King. Then lay at once, what is thou requelis.

Der. The forlent (Soueraigne) of my servants life,
Who flewe to day a Riotous Gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.

King. Have I a tongue to doone my Brothers death?
And shal that tongue giue pardon to a lazie?
My Brother kill'd no man, his fault was Thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
Who sued to me for him? Who (in my wrath) kneel'd and my feet, and bid me be auid's? Who spoke of Brother-hood? who spoke of love? Who told me how the poore soule did forlacke The mighty Warrickie, and did fight for me? Who told me in the field at Tewkesbury, When Oxford had me downe, he refused me: And said deare Brother live, and be a King? Who told me, when we both lay in the Field, Frozen(almost) to death, how he did lap me Even in his Garments, and did guie himselfe (All thin and naked) to the number cold night? All this from my Remembrance, brutish wrath Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you. Had to much grace to put it in my minde. But when your Carriers, or your wayting Vassalls Haued done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd The precious Image of our deere Redeemer, You straignt are on your knees for Pardon, pardon And I (vniufully too) muft grant it you. But for my Brother, not a man would speake, Nor I (vyngracious) speake vnto my selfe For him poore Soule. The proudeft of you all, Haued bin beholding 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 Haffings helpe me to my Clofett, Ah poore Clarence. Excite some with K. & Queen. Rich. This is the fruits of rashnes: Mark: you not, How that the guilty Kindred of the Queene Look'd pale, when they did heare of Clarence death. Of: they did vrg e it till into the King, God will reveinge it. Come Lords will you go, To comfort Edward with our company, But: We wait upon your Grace. Exc. extant.

Scena Secunda.

Enter the old Dacre'sett of Yorkes, with the two children of Clarence.

Edw. Good Grandam tell vs, is our Father dead? Duck. No Boy. Daugh. Why do weep so often? And beate your Breit? And cry, O Clarence, my vnhappy Sonne. Boy. Why do you looke on vs, and shake your head, And call vs Orphans, Vrestches, Craswayers, If that our Noble Father were alue? But, My pretty Cosins, you mustake me both, I do lament the ficknees of the King, As loath to lose him, not your Fathers death: It were loft sorrow to waie one that's loft. Bar. 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 earuest prayers,all to that effect. Daugh. And so will I. Duck. Peace children peace, the King doth love you wel. Incapable, and shalowe innocents, You cannot gueffe who caus'd your Fathers death. Boy. Grandam we can; for my good Unkle Gloster Told me, the King prouok'd it by the Queene, Deus'd impeachments to imprision him; And when my Unkle told me to, he wept, And pitted me, and kindly toke my checke: Bad me rely on him, as on my Father, And he would love me deerealy as a child. Dur. All, that Decret should stake such gentle shape, And with a veruus Vizor hide deerey wise, He is my fonne, and therein my shame, Yet from my dugs, he drew not this deceit. Boy. Thynke you my Unkle did diffemble Grandam? Dur. I Boy, Boy. I cannot thinke it. Hearke, what noife is this? Enter the Queene with her faire about her ears, Rivers & Dorset after her.

Qu. All! who shall hinder me to waile and wepee? To chide my Fortune, and torment my Selfe. Hee joyne with blacke distresse against my Soule, And to my selfe, become an enemie. Dur. What means this Scene of rude impatience? Qu. To make an act of Traigicke violence. Edward my Lord, thy Sonne, our King is dead. Why grow the Branches, when the Roote is gone? Why wiser not the leaves that want their sap? If you will live, Lament: if dyde, be breefe, That our swift-winged Soules may catch the Kings, Or like obedient Subjects follow him, To his New Kingdome of noe-changing night, Dur. Ah fo much intert heave in thy sorrow, As I had Title in thy Noble Husband: I haue bent up a worthy Husband's death, And liud' with looking on his Images; But now two Mirrors of his Princely emblance, Are crack'd in pieces, by malignant death, And I for comfort, haue but one Cife Claffe, That greeues me, when I see my flame 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 Armes, And pluckt two Crutches from my feble hands, Clarence, and Edward O, what caufe haue I, (Thine being but a moity of my moane) To over-go thy woes, and drowne thy cries. Boy. Ah Ainn! you wept not for our Fathers death: How can we syde with our Kindred teares? Daugh. Our fatherlesse ditiffe was left vnmoand, Your widdow-doleour, likewise was vnwept. Qu. Give me no help in my lamentation, I am not barren to bring forth complaints: All Springs reduiue their currents to mine eyes, That I being gouern'd by the waternie Moane, May send forth plenteous teares to drown: the World. Ah, for my Husband, for my deere Lord Edward. Clift. Ah for our Father, for our deere Lord Clarence. Dur. Alas for both, both mine Edward and Clarence. Qu. What flay had I but Edward, and hee's gone? Clift. What slay had we but Clarence and he's gone. Dur. What slayes had I, but they? and they are gone. Qu. Was never widdow had so deere a losse. Clift. Were never Orphans had to deere a losse. Dur. Was never Mother had so deere a losse. Alas! I am the Mother of theke Greets, Their woes are parell'd, mine is generall. She for an Edward wepees, and so do I:
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

I for a Clarence weepes, so doth not thee:
These Babes for Clarence weepes, so do not they.
Alas! you three, on me threefold diffiret:
Power all your terrors, I am your sorrowes Nurse,
And I will pamper it with Lamentation.

Dow. Comfort deere Mother, God is much displeasse,
That you take with wantfallrfulnes his doing,
In commoyn worldly things, 'tis call'd vngrateful,
With dull vennilhing to fell a deep debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent:
Much more to be thus oppose with heauen,
For it requires the Royall debt it lent you.

Riner. Madam, be thynke you like a carefull Mother
Of the young Prince your fomte: send straight for him,
Let him be Crown'd, in him your comfort fluets,
Drowne desperete sorrow in dead Edwards grave,
And plant your joyes in liuing Edwards Throne.

Enter Richard, Buckingham, Derbis, Hastings, and Ratcliff.

Rich. Siffer have comfort, all of vs haue caufe
To waie the dimming of our Shining Statte:
But none can help our harmes by wayling them.
Madam, my Mother, I doe cry you mercie,
I did not fee ye Grace. Humbly on my knee,
I crave your Blessing.

Dowr. God bleffe thee, and put meeknes in thy breaste,
Lowe Charitie, Obedience, and true Dutie.

Rich. Amen, and make me die a good old man,
That is the burt ended of Mothers bleffing,
I maruell that her Grace did leave it out.

Bc. You clowdy-Princes, and hart-frowering-Peeres,
That bear this heseue mutuall loade of Moane,
Now chase every other, in each other Lowe;
Though we haue spent our Hartue of this King,
We are to respe the Haruest of his Sonne.
The broken rancour of your high-swole hares,
But lastely splinter'd, knit, and joyn'd together,
Must genly be prefer'd,cherisht, and kept:
Me fentmeth good, that with some little Traine,
Forthe with from Ludlow, the young Prince be fet
Hither to London, to be crown'd our King.

Rich. Why with some little Traine,
My Lord of Buckingham?

Bec. Marrie my Lord,leabt 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 efface is greene, and yet vagoon'd.
Where every Horie bears his commanding Reine,
And may direct his course as pleafe himselfe,
As well the feare 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 compaies firmness is true and in me.

Rich. And so in me, and so (I thinke) in all.
Yet since it is but greene, it shoule be put
To no apparent likey-hood of breach,
Which haply by much company might be vrg'd:
Therefore I fay with Noble Buckingham,
That it is meece so few should fetch the Prince.

Hasp. And so fay I.

Rich. Then be it so, and goe we to determine
Who they shal be that fhall poffe to London.
Madam, and you my Sifer, will you go
To give your cenfures in this businesse.

Exeunt.

Morer Buckingham, and Richard.

Bec. My Lord, who euer toryles to the Prince,
For God fake let not vs two stay at home:
For by the way, Ile fort occasion,
As Index to the story we lase talk'd of,
To part the Queenes proud Kindred from the Prince.
Rich. My other selfe, my Counsells Conftistory,
My Oracle, my Prophet, my deere Cofin,
I, as a childe, will go by thy diirection,
Toward London then, for we'ne not stay behinde. Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter one Citizen at one doore, and another at the other.

1 Cic. Good morrow Neighbour, whether away so far?

2 Cic. I promise you, I scarce know my selfe:
Hear ye the newes abroad?

1. Yes, that the King is dead,
2. I ill news by lady, seldom comes the better:
I feare, I feare; 'twill proue a giddiy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3. Neighbours, God speed.

1. Gie ye good morrow fir.
3. Dost the newes hold of good king Edwards death?
2. If it, it is too true, God helpe the white.
3. Then Masters looke to see a troublous world.

1. No, no, by Gods good grace, his Son shall reigne.
3. Wee to that Land that's gouern'd by a Childe,

2. In him ther is a hope of Government,
Which in his monage, counsell vnder hym,
And in his full and ripened yeares, himselfe
No doubt shal then, and till then gouerne well.
1. So flood the State, when Henry the fixt
Was crown'd in Paris, but at nine months old.
3. Stood the State fo? No, no, good friends, God wont
For then this Land was famonously enrich'd
With politike graue Counsells, then the King
Had vertuous Vnties to prorece his Grace.

1. Why so hath this, both by his Father and Mother.
3. Better it were they all come by his Father:
Or by his Father there were none at all:
For emulation, who shal now be neereest,
Will touch vs all too neere, if God preserue not.

O full of danger is the Duke of Clouetuer,
And the Queenes Sons, and Brothers, haught and proud:
And were they to rule, and not to rule,
This sickly Land, might solace as before.
1. Come, come, we feare the worst: all will be well.
3. When Clouds are seen, wisemen put on their cloathes:
When great leaues fall, then Winter is at hand;
When the Sunnes who do not looke for night,
Vnitely storms, makes men expect a Deathe:
All may be well; but if God fort is so,
'Tis more then we deferver, or I expect.
2. Truly, the hearts of men are full of feare:
You cannot reaon (almos') with a man,
That looks not heauly, and full of dread.
3. Before the days of Change, stills is it so,
By a diuine indifferent, mens mindees misbrutt
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Purging danger: as by proof we see
The Water swell before a boy'd rous forme:
But leave it all to God. Whither away?

1. Marry we were sent for to the lustices,
And to was I lie bære you company. Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Arch-bishop, young York, the Queen,
and the Dutcheffe.

Arch. Last night I heard they lay at Stony Stratford,
And at Northampton they do rest to night:
To morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Dut. I long with all my heart to see the Prince:
I hope he is much grewne since last I saw him.

Qu. But I hear no, they say my sonne of York.
He's almost out-tane him in his growth.

Tor. I Mother, but I would not have it so,
Why my good Cousin, it is good to grow.

Tor. Grandam, one night as we did sit at Supper,
My Vnlke Riuer tol'd me how I did grow
More then my Brother. I quoth my Vnlke Gloufter,
Small Herbes have grace, great Weeds do grow space,
And since, me thinks I would not grow so fast.

Dut. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did oblige the fame to thee.
He was the wretched thing when he was yong,
So long a growing, and so leyfurely.
That if his rule were true, he should be gracious,
And so no doubt he is, my gracious Madam.

Dut. I hope he is, but yet let Mothers doubt.

Tor. Now by my troth I had beene remembred,
I could have gien my Vnlke Grace, a flour,
To touch his growth, nearer then he toucht mine.

Dut. How my yong Yorke,
I prythee let me hear it.

Tor. Marry (they say) my Vnlke grew so fast,
That he could grow a crust at two hours old,
Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.

Grandam, this would have beene a byting left.

Dut. I prythee pretty Yorke, who told thee this?

Tor. Grandam, his Nurfe.

Dut. His Nurse? why she was dead, ere y' wast borne.

Tor. If 't were not the, I cannot tell who told me.

Qu. A patulous Boy; go too, you are too towr'd.

Dut. Good Madam, be not angry with the Childe.

Qu. Pitchers haue ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Heere comes a Messinger: What Newes?
Mef. Such newes my Lord, as greets me to report.

Qu. How doth the Prince?

Mef. Well Madam, and in health.

Dut. What is thy Newes?

Mef. Lord Riuers, and Lord Grey,
Are sent to Pomfret, and with them,
Sir Thomas Yongban, Prisoners.

Dut. Who hath committed them?

Mef. The mighty Dukes, Gloufter and Buckingham.

Arch. For what offence?

Mef. They numbe of all I can, I have disclos'd:
Why, or for what, the Nobles were committed,
Is all unknowne to me, my gracious Lord.

Qu. Aye me! I see the ruine of my House:
The Tyger now hath felt the gentle Hinde,
Insulting Tyranny beginnes to fitt
Upon the innocent and weblefe Throne:
Welcome Destruction, Blood, and Malice,
I see (as in a Map) the end of all.

Dut. Accursed, and envious wrangling days,
How many of you have mine eyes beheld?
My Husband loft his life, to get the Courts,
And often vp and downe my lannes were todt.
For me to say, and weep, their gaze and loffe.
And being feasted, and Domestick broyles
Cleanse other-blowne, themelves the Conquerors;
Make warre vpon themselves, Brother to Brother;
Blood to blood, felfe against felfe: Of prepotorous
And franticke outrage, and thy damned fpume,
Or let me dye, to looke on earth no more.

Qu. Come, come my Boy, we will to Sanctuary.

Madam, farewell.

Dut. Stay, I will go with you.

Qu. You have no caufe.

Arch. My gracious Lady go,
And thecher beare your Treasure and your Goodes,
For my part, I reigne vnto your Grace:
The Scale I keepe, and fo beside to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours.
Go, Ile conduct you to the Sanctuary.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

The Trumpets sound.

Enter yong Prince, the Dukes of Gloufter, and Buckingham,
Lord Cardewall, with others.

Bac. Welcome sweete Prince to London,
To your Chamber.

Rich. Welcome deere Cousin, my thoughts Sovereign.
The warey way hath made you Melaeholly.

Prin. No Vnlke, but our croffes on the way,
Haue made it tedious, weariome, and heaue.

I want more Vnlkes heere to welcome me.

Rich. Sweet Prince, the vantasted vertue of your yeres
Hath not yet disc'd into the Worlds deceit:
No more can you diflinguifh of a man,
Then of his outward flrow, which God he knowes,
Seldome or never leaueing with the heart.

Those Vnlkes which you want, were dangerous:
Your Grace attened to their Sugred words,
But look'd not on the poiyon of their hearts:
God keep you from them, and from such falle Friends.

Prin. God keep me from falle Friends,
But they were none.

Rich. My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greet you.

Enter Lord Maior.

Lo. Maior. God bleffe your Grace, with health and
happie days.

Prin. I thank you, good my Lord, and thank you all:
I thought my Mother, and my Brother York, Would long ere this, have met vs on the way. Fie, what a Slug is Hastings, that he comes not To tell vs, whether they will come, or no.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Buck. And in good time, here comes the sweating Lord.

Prince. Welcome, my Lord: what, will our Mother come? Hastings. On what occasion God he knowes, not I; But his Lady, my Lord, and your Brother Yorks, Haue taken Sanctuary: The tender Prince Would faine haue come with me, to meet your Grace, But by his Mother was perfecce with-held.

Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peevish course Is this of hers? Lord Cardinall, will your Grace Perfwade the Queene, to send the Duke of Yorke Vnto his Princely Brother presently? If he deny, Lord Hastings goe with him, And from her jealous Armes pluck him perfecce. Card. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weake Oration Can from his Mother winne the Duke of Yorke, Anon expect him here; but if he be obdurate To milde entreaties, God forbid We should infringe the holy Priviledge Of bleffed Sanctuary: not for all this Land, Would I be guilte of so great a crime.

Buck. You are too fentencell obstinate, my Lord, Too ceremonious, and traditioall.

Weigh it but with the grooeffe of this Age, You breake not Sanctuary, in frizing him: The benefit thereof is always granted To thos, whose dealings haue defeuid the place, And those who haue the wit to clayme the place: This Prince hath neyther clayned it, nor defeued it, And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot haue it, Then take him from thence, that is not there, You breake no Priviledge, nor Charter there: Oft haue I heard of Sanctuarie men, But Sanctuarie children, we're till now.

Card. My Lord, you shall o're-rule my mind for once. Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?

Hastings. I goe, my Lord. Exit Cardinall and Hastings. Prince. Good Lords, make all the peacefull haft you may. Say, Vnckle Glacesfer, if our Brother come, Where shall we sojourn, till our Coronation? Glo. Where it think it best went vnto your Royall felice. If I may confide you, some day or two Your Highness shall repose you at the Tower: Then when you please, and shall be thought moft fit For your beth health, and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place: Did Iustus 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 vpon record? or else reported Succesfully from age to age, he built it? Buck. Vpon record, my gracious Lord. Prince. But say, my Lord, if we were not registred, I me thinkes the truth thoud lye from age to age, As's were retayl'd to all posteritie, Even to the generall ending day.

Glo. So wise, so young, they say doe never lye long. Prince. What say you, Vnckle?
Enter a Messenger to the Door of Hastings.

Mess. My Lord, my Lord.

Hal. Who knockes?

Mess. One from the Lord Stanley.

Hal. What is't a Clocke?

Mess. Upon the stroke of foure.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hal. Cannot my Lord Stanley sleepe these tedious Nights?

Mess. So it appears, by that I have to say:

First, he commends him to your Noble selfe.

Hal. What then?

Mess. Then certifies you his Lordship, that this Night he dreamed, the Bore had rais'd off his Helmet;

Besides, he says there are two Counsellors kept;

And they may be determin'd at the one,

Which may make you and him to sue at the other.

Therefore he sends to know your Lordships pleasure,

If you will presently take Horle with him,

And with all speed post him toward the North,

To shun the danger that his Soule duines.

Hal. Goe, fellow, goe, returne vnto thy Lord,

Bid him not fear the seperated Counsell:

His Honor and his fate are at the one,

And at the other, is my good friend Catesby:

Where nothing can proeceed, that toucheth vs,

Whereof I shall not have intelligence:

Tell him his Fears are shallow, without inflation.

And for his Dreams, I wonder he's so simple,

To trust the merkeyt of vainque flurances,

To flye the Bore, before the Bore pursues,

We're to incen't the Bore to follow vs,

And make pursuit, where he did meane no chace.

Goe, bid thy Master rife, and come to me,

And we will both together to the Tower,

Where he shall fee the Bore will vie vs kindly.

Mess. Ile goe, my Lord, and tell him what you say.

Exit.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Many good morrowes to my Noble Lord.

Hal. Good morrow Catesby; you are early thining:

What news, what news, in this our tothering State?

Cates. It is a reeling World indeed, my Lord;

And I beleue will never stand vpright,

Till Richard weare the Garland of the Realme.

Hal. How weare the Garland?

Cates. I, my good Lord.

Hal. Ile haue this Crown of mine cut fro my shoulders,

Before Ile see the Crowne to soule mis-placed;

But can I thou gueffe, that he doth ayme at it?
Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on, where is your Bore-spere man? Fear you the Bore, and goe so vnprouided? Stan. My Lord good morrow, good morrow Catesby: You may hear on, but by the holy Rood, I do not like these feuerall Counsellors, I. Haff. My Lord, I hold my Life as deare as yours, And neuer in my days, doe proclaime, Was it so precious to mea:t this now: Thine you, but that I know our late secure, I would be so triumphant as I am now: Stat. The Lords at Pomfret, whoe they rode from London, Were jocund, and suppos'd their faces were faire, And they indeed had no caufe to mistrust: But yet you see how foon the Day o'erteils. This sudden flab of Rancour I misdoubt: Pray God (I say) I proue a needleffe Coward, What, shall we toward the Tower the day is spent, Haff. Come, come, here with you: Wot you what, my Lord, To day the Lords you talle of, are beheaded. Stat. They, for their truth, might better wear their Heads, Then fone that have accus'd them, wear their Hats, But come, my Lord, let's away.

Enter a Purfuanant.

Haff. Goe on before, Ile talk with this good fellow. Exit Lord Stanley, and Catesby.

How now, Sirrah? how goes the World with thee? Purf. The better, that your Lordship pleafe to ake. Haff. I tell thee man, 'tis better with me now, Then when thou mett me last, where now we meet: Then was I going Prisoner to the Tower, By the fuggellation of the Queenes Allies, But now I tell thee (keepet it thy selfe) This day thofe Enemies are put to death, And I in better State then ere I was.


Enter a Prieff.

Prieff. Well me, my Lord, I am glad to see your Ho- nor. Haff. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart, I am in your debt, for your lafft Exercife: Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you. Prieff. Ie wait upon your Lordship.

Enter Buckingham.


Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliffe, with Halberds, carrying the Nobles to death at Pomfret.

Rivets. Sir Richard Ratclife, let me tell thee this, To day that thou behould a S. bieft die, For Truth, for Dutie, and for Loyalty. Gre. God blesfe the Prince from all the Pack of you, A Knot you are, of damned Blood-fuckers. Truch. You live, that fhall cry woe for this hereafter. Rat. Dispatch, the limit of your Limes is out. Rivets. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody Prifon! Fattall and ominous to Noble Peeres: Within the guillite Clofure of thy Walls, Richard the Second here was hackt to death: And for more flander go thy diuall Seat, Wee give to thee our guillife blood to drink. Gre. Now Margaret Curfe is false upon our Heads, When thee exclaim'd on Haltings, you, and I, For flanding by, when Richard flab'd h'eff Sonne. Rinfets. Then curs'd be Ratcliff. Then curs'd be Buckingham, Then curs'd be Haltings. Oh remember God, To hear her prayer for them, as now for vs: And for my Sister, and her Princely Sonnes, Be fatisfly'd, deare God, with our true blood, Which, as thou know it, vainly muff be spilt. Rat. Make haffet, the house of death is expiate. Rivets. Come Gre, come Paffingham, let vs here embrace. Farewell, until we meet againe in Heauen.

Exit.

Scena.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Buckingham, Darby, Hillings, Bishop of Ely, Norfolk, Ratcliff, Lounell, with others, at a Table.

Haft. Now Noble Peers, the cause why we are met, is to determine of the Coronation:
In God's Name, speak, when is the Royall day?
Buck. Is all things ready for the Royall time?
Darby. It is, and wants but nomination.
Ely. To morrow then Iudge a happe day.
Buck. Who knows the Lord Protectors mind herin?
Who is most in ward with the Noble Duke?
Ely. Your Grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.

Buck. We know each other Faces; for our Hearts,
He knows no more of mine, then I of yours,
Or of his, my Lord, then you of mine:
Lord Haftings, you and he are neere in love.
Haft. I thank his Grace, I know he loves me well:
But for his purpose in the Coronation,
I have not founded him, nor he delivered;
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my Honorable Lords, may name the time,
And in the Duke's behalf, I give my Voice,
Which I presume hee's take in gentle part.

Enter Gloucester,

Ely. In happe time, here comes the Duke himselfe.
Rich. My Noble Lords, and Counsils all, good morrow:
I have beene long a sleeper: but I trust,
My abstinence doth neglect no great designe,
Which by my preference might have beene concluded.
Buck. Had you not come upon your Qy, my Lord,
William, Lord Haftings, had pronounced your parts;
I mean your Voice, for Crowning of the King.
Rich. Then my Lord Haftings, no man might be bolder,
His Lordship knows me well, and loves me well,
My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborne,
I saw good Strawberries in your Garden there,
I do beeleeve, you sent for some of them.
Ely. Mary and will, my Lord, with all my heart.

Exit Bishop.

Rich. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
Catchy hath founded Haftings in our businesse,
And finds the tellifie Gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his Head, ere give content.
His Masters Child, as worshipfully he scarce it,
Shall lose the Royaltie of England's Throne.
Buck. Withdraw your selfe a while, he goe with you.

Enter the Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my Lord, the Duke of Gloucester?
I have sent for these Strawberries,
Haft. His Grace looks cheerfully & smooth this morning.

There's some conceit or other like him well,
When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.
I think there's neuer a man in Christendome
Can leffer hide his loue, or hate, than hee,
For by his face straight shall you know his Heart.
Darby. What of his Heart perceiue you in his Face,
By any liuelyhood he shewed to day?
Haft. Mary, that with no man here he is offended:
For were he, he had flowne it in his Looks.

Enter Richard, and Buckingham.

Rich. I pray you all, tell me what they deuere,
That doe confirme my death with diuellish Plots
Of damned Witchcraft, and that hate preuail'd
Upon my Body with their Hellish Charmes.
Haft. The tender love I bear my Grace, my Lord,
Makes me most forward, in this princely presence,
To doe th'o'Offendors, whose so they be:
I say, my Lord, they have defuered death.
Rich. Then be your eyes the witnessse of their cuill,
Looke how I am bewitch'd: behold, mine Arme
Is like a blasted Sapling, wither'd up:
And this is Edwards Wife, that monstrous Witch,
Conformed with that Harlot, Strumpet Shore,
That by their Witchcraft thus have marke'd me.
Haft. If they have done this deed, my Noble Lord.
Rich. If? thou Protector of this damned Strumpet,
Talk it thou to me of it: thou art a Traitor,
Of with his Head; now by Saint Paul I wheare,
I will not dine, until I see the fame.
Lounell and Ratcliff, looke that it be done:
Exeunt,
The rest that I love, rite, and follow me.

Moderate Lounell and Ratcliff, with the Lord Haftings.

Haft. Were, were for England, not a whit for me,
For I too fond, might have preuerted this:
Stanleys did dreame, the Barre did throwe our Helmes,
And I did forsooke them, and disdance to flye:
Three times to day my Foot-Cloth-Horfe did tumble,
And started, when he lookd upon the Tower,
As loth to bare me to the slaughter-houfe.
O now I need the Priest, thinke not to me:
I now repente I told the Purfluent,
As too triumphing, how mine Enemies
To day at Pontefet bloodie were butcher'd,
And I my selfe secure, in grace and fauour.
Oh Margaret, Margaret, now thy heauie Curfe
Is lighted on poore Haftings wretched Head.
Rich. Come, come, dispatch, the Duke would be at dinner,
Makes a short Shirtie, he longs to see your Head.
Haft. O momentarie grace of mortall men,
Which we more lust for, when the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in ayre of your good Lookes,
Lies like a drunken Sawyer on a Mat;
Reads with every Not to tumble downe,
Into the saft Bowels of the Deepe.
Lou. Come, come, dispatch, tis bootlesse to exclaime.
Haft. O bloody Richard, miserable England,
I prophesy the forefull fitte time to thee,
That ever wretched Age hath lookd upon.
Come lead me to the Block, beare him my Head,
Thry lighten at me, who shortly shaile be dead.
Exeunt.
Enter Richard, and Buckingham, in roten Armour, merruell ill-favoured.

Richard. Come Cousin, Canst thou quake, and change thy colour, Murther thy breath in middle of a word, And then againe begin, and flop againe, As if thou were driuftraught, and mad with terror? Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian, Speake, and looke backe, and prie on every side, Tremble and flare at wagging of a straw: Intending deepes of passion, gaffly lookes Are at my lurice, like enforced Smiles; And both are readie in their Offices, At any time to grace my straggenes, But what, is Catesby gone? Rich. He is, and see he brings the Maior along.

Enter the Maior, and Catesby.


Enter Lowell and Ratieoff, with Hafings Head.

Rich. Be patient, they are friends: Ratieoff, and Lowell. Lowell. Here is the head of that ignoble Traitor, The dangereous and unquieted Hafings. Rich. So deare I lou'd the man, that I must wepe: I took him for the plaister that endil'd Creature, That death'd upon the earth, a Christian. Made him my booke, wherein my soule recorded The Historie of all her secret thoughts, So smooth he daub'd his Vice with flew of Vertue, That his apparant open Guilt omit'ted, I meane, his conversation with Shore's wife, He liv'd from all attinder of suspicions. Buck. Well, well, he was the counciil's flesh'd Traitor That ever liv'd: Would you imagine, or almost beleue, Wret not, that by great preteruation We l i t e to tell it, that the substil Traitor This day had plotted, in the Councell-House, To murther me, and my good Lord of Glofier. Maior. Had he done so? Rich. What? thinke you we are Turkes, or Infidels? Or that we would, against the forme of Law, Proceed thus rashly in the Villaines death, But that the extreme peril of the cafe, The Peace of England, and our Persons safetie, Enforce'd vs to this Execution. Maior. Now faire befall you, he deferu'd his death, And your good Graces both had well proceeded, To warne like Trastroys from the like Attempts. Buck. I never look'd for better at his hands, After he once fell in with Milfrefe Shore: Yet had we not determin'd he shoul'd dye, Un'till your Lordship came to see his end, Which now the loving hate of these our friends, Something against our meanings, hau'e preuented; Because, my Lord, I would have had you heard The Traitor speake, and timorousely confesse The manner and the purpose of his Treasons:

That you might well have signifi'd the fame Vnto the Citizens, who haply may Misconfer vs in him, and wayle his death. 

But, my good Lord, your Graces words hal't fuste, As well as I had seen, and heard him speake: And doe not doubt, right Noble Princes both, But Ile acquaint our duizous Citizens With all your iuft proceedings in this cafe. Rich. And to that end we with'd your Lordship here, To avoid the Controversies of the carping World. Buck. Which since you come too late of our intent, Yet witness what you hearte we did intend: And fo, my good Lord Maior, we bid farewell. 

Exit Maior.

Rich. Goe after, after, Cousin Buckingham. The Maior towards Guild-Hall byes him in all posse: There, at your meeeting vantage of the time, Inferre the Baffardie of Edwards Children: Tell them, how Edward put to death a Citizen, Onely for saying, he would make his Sonne Heire to the Crowne, meaning indeed his Haufe, Which, by the Signe thereof, was teame'd so, Moreouer, wrge his heartfelt Luxurie, And beastfull appetite in change of Luft, Which frecthr to their Seruants, Daughters, Wives, Even where his raging eye, or fature heart, Without controul, juf'ted 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 infratine Edward; Noble Tork, My Princesse Father, then had Warren in France, And by true computation of the time, Found, that the Ifue was not his begot: Which well appeared in his Lineaments, Being nothing like the Noble Duke, my Father: Yet touch this sparingly, as were farre off, Because, my Lord, you know my Mother liues. 

Buck. Doubt not, my Lord, Ile play the Orator, As if the Golden Fee, for which I plead. Were for my felte: and so, my Lord, anue. Rich. If you thinke well, bring them to Baynardes Castle, Where you shall finde me well accompani'd With reuerend Fathers, and well-learned Bishops. Buck. I goe, and towards three or foure a Clocke Looke for the Newes that the Guild-Hall affords. 

Exit Buckingham.

Rich. Goe Lowell with all speed to Doctor Shone, Goe thou to Fryer Penker, bid them both Meet me within this house at Baynards Castle. 

Exit. Now will I goe to take some priue order, To draw the Brass of Clarence out of fight, And to give order, that no manner person Have any time recoursie unto the Princes. 

Exit. 

Enter a Seruitor.

Ser. Here is the Indiction of the good Lord Hafings, Which in a fet Hand fairely is engros'd, That it may be to day read o're in Paules. And marke how well the fequell hangs together: Eleven hours I have spent to write it ouer, For yefter-night by Catesby was it sent me, The Precedent was full as long a doing, And yet within these foure hours Hafings liu'd, Vnstaine'd, vnexamin'd, free, at libertie. Here's a good World the while! Who is so groffe, that cannot fee this palpable deuice? Yet
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Yet who so bold, but fayes he fees it not?
Bad is the World, and all will come to nought,
When wifh ill dealing must be feme in thought. 

Enter Richard and Buckingham at feveral Doore.

Rich. How now, how now, what fay the Citizens?
Buck. Now by the holly Mother of our Lord,
The Citizens are mum, fay not a word.

Rich. Touch you the Baftard of Edwards Children?

Buck. I did, with his Contract with Lady Lucy,
And his Contract by Depurie in France,
Th' eftratate greedifie of his defire,
And his enforcement of the Citie Wines,
His Tyrannie for Trilles, his owne Baftardie,
As being got, your Father then in France,
And his refemblance, being not like the Duke.
Withall, I did iniferre your Lineaments,
Being the right Idea of your Father,
Both in your forme, and Noblenefs of Minde:
Laay open all your Victories in Scotland,
Your Discipline in Warre, Wifdom in Peace,
Your Bountie, Vertue faree Humilitie;
Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose,
Vnoucht, or feightly handled in difcourfe.
Ahnd when my Oratorio drew toward end,
I bid them that did love their Countrie good,
Cry, God faue Richard, England Royall King.

Rich. And did they fay?

Buck. No, fo God helpe me, they fpoke not a word,
But like dumbc Statutes, or breathing Stones,
Staid each on other, and look'd deadly pale:
Which when I faw, I reprehended them,
And ask'd the Major, what means this wilfull silence?
His anfwer was, the people were not vfed
To be fpoke to, but by the Recorder.

Then he was urg'd to tell my Tale again:
Thus fayth the Duke, thus hath the Duke infer'd,
But nothing fpoke, in warrant from himfelfe.
When he had done, fome followers of mine owne,
At lower end of the Hall, hurley vp their Caps,
And fome tene voyces cry'd, God faue King Richard:
And thus I tooke the vantage of them fowe.
Thanks gentle Citizens, and friends, quoth I,
This general applaffe, and chearefull fhow:
Argues your wilfome, and your loue to Richard:
And even here brake off, and came away.

Rich. What tongue-jeffe Blockes were they, Would they not fpeeke?
Will not the Major then, and his Brethren, come?

Buck. The Major is here at hand; intend fome fcare,
Be not you fpoke with, but by mighty fuit:
And looke you get a Prayer-Booke in your hand,
And hand betweene two Church-men, good my Lord,
On that ground He make a holy Defeint:
And be not eafefully wonne to our requites,
Play the Maids part, fill anfwer nay, and take it.

Rich. I goe: and if you plead as well for them,
As I can fay nay to thee for my felfe,
No doubt we bring it to a happie issue.

Buck. Go, go vp to the Leads, the Lord Major knocks.

Enter the Major, and Citizens.

Welcome, my Lord, I dance attendance here,
I think the Duke will not be fpoke withall.

Enter Cately.

Buck. Now Cately, what fayes your Lord to my requent?

Cately. He doth entreat your Grace, my Noble Lord,
To visit him to morrow, or next day:
He is within, with two right reverend Fathers,
Deininely bent to Meditation,
And in no Worldly fuites would he be mou'd,
To draw him from his holy Exerice.

Buck. Returne, good Cately, to the gracious Duke,
Tell him, my feft, the Major and Aldermen,
In deep defignes, in matter of great moment,
No leffe importing then our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his Grace.

Cately. He signifies so much vnto him straight. 

Buck. Ah, my Lord, this Prince is not an Edward,
He is not lulling on a lowe Loue-Bed,
But on his Knees, at Meditation:
Not dallying with a Brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deep Deitines:
Not fleping, to engroffe his idle Body,
But praying, to enrich his watchfull Soule.
Happie were England, would this veracious Prince
Take on his Grace the Souteraigne thereof.
But fure I feare we fhall not winne him to it,

Major. Mayr God defend his Grace should fay vs nay.

Buck. I feare he will: here Cately comes againe.

Enter Cately.

Now Cately, what fayes his Grace?

Cately. He wonders to what end you haue assembled
Such troopes of Citizens, to come to his,
His Grace not being warm'd thereof before:
He feares, my Lord you meane no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I sin, my Noble Cousin should
Sufpeét me, that I meane no good to him:
By Hesuen, we come to him in perfite loue,
And fo once more returne, and tell his Grace.

Exit.

Then howdy and dewout Religious men
Are at their Beades, 'tis much to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous Contemplation.

Enter Richard alfo, between two Bishops.

Major. See where his Grace flands, weene two Clergie men.

Buck. Two Props of Vertue, for a Chriftian Prince,
To flay him from the fall of Vanitie:
And see a Booke of Prayer in his hand,
True Ornaments to know a holy man,
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious Prince,
Lend faufable care to our requites,
And pardon us the interruption.

Of thy Deuotion, and right Chriftian Zeale.

Rich. My Lord, there needes no fuch Apologie:
I doe beforef your Grace to pardon me,
Who earneft in the fervice of my God,
Defer'd the visitation of my friends.
But leaving this, what is your Grace pleasures?

Buck. Even that I hope which pleafeth God above,
And all good men, of this vngovern'd lle.

Rich. I doe fufeck I haue done some offence,
That seemse disagreeous in the Cities eye,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

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Buck. You
To the corruption of a blemish Stock; 
Whiles in the midst of your sleepie thoughts, 
Which here we waken to our Countries good, 
The Noble Lie doth want his proper Limnes: 
His Face deac'd with skarres of Infacnic, 
His Royall Stock grash with ignoble Plants, 
And almost shoul'dred in the swallowing Gulfe 
Of darke Forgetfulness, and deepes Oblision, 
Which to recure, we heartily sollicite 
Your gracious felfe to take on you the charge 
And Kingly Government of this your Land: 
Not as Protecor, Steward, Substitufe, 
Or lowly Factor, for another's gaine; 
But as succenuely, from Blood to Blood, 
Your Right of Birth, your Empiricke your owne. 
For this, conformed with the Citizens, 
Your very Worthiefull and loving friends, 
And by their vehement invigation, 
In this fift Caufe come I to move your Grace, 
Rich. I cannot tell it to depart in silence, 
Or bitterly to speake in your reproofs, 
Best fitted in your Degree, or your Condition. 
If not to answer, you might haply thinke, 
Tongue'st Ambitio, not replying, yeelded 
To beare the golden Yoke of Sovereignitie, 
Which fondly you would here impose on me. 
If to reproue you for this fuit of yours, 
So season'd with your faithfull loue to me, 
Then on the other fide I check'd my friends. 
Therefore to speake, and to avoid the fift, 
And then in speaking, not to incur the halt, 
Definitively thus I answere you. 
Your loue deferves my thankes, but my defect 
Vnmeritable, fumes your high request: 
First, if all Obstacles were cut away, 
And that my Path were even to the Crowne, 
As the ripe Reuenue, and due of Birth: 
Yet fo much is my pouerite of spirit, 
So mightie, and fo manie my defects, 
That I would rather hide me from my Greatneffe, 
Being a Barke to brooke no mightie Sea; 
Then in my Greatneffe court to be hid, 
And in the vapoer of my Glory further'd. 
But God be thank'd, there is no need of me, 
And much I need to help you, were there need: 
The Royall Tree hath left vs Royall Fruit, 
Which mellow'd by the bleating howres of time, 
Will well become the Seat of Maiefic, 
And make (no doubt) vs happy by his Reigne. 
On him I lay that, you would lay on me, 
The Right and Fortune of his happie Staates, 
Which God defend that I shou'd want from him. 
Rich. My Lord, this argues Confidence in your Grace, 
But the respect thereof are nice, and truullial, 
All circumstances well consider'd. 
You say that Edward is your Brothers Sonne, 
So fay we too, but not by Edwards Wife:

For first he was contract to Lady Lucie, 
Your Mother lies a Witnesse to his Vow; 
And afterward by subfittite betroth'd 
To Bona, Sifter to the King of France. 
Theie both put off, a poore Petitioner, 
A Care-cras'd Mother to a many Sonnes, 
A Beautey-waunting, and disrested Widow, 
Even in the after-noone of her beeft daies, 
Make her selfe and purchase of her youn Eye, 
Seduce'd the pitch, and height of his degree, 
To base declension, and loath'd Bigamie. 
By her, in his vnlawfull Bed, he got 
This Edward, whom our Manners call the Prince. 
More bitterly could I expostulate, 
Sau'e that for reverence to some alue, 
I give a sparing limit to my Tongue. 
Then good, my Lord, take to your Royall felfe 
This proffer'd benefit of Dignific: 
If not to bleffe vs and the Land withall, 
Yet to draw forth your Noble Anceftrie 
From the corruption of abusing times, 
Vnto a Lineall true defined course.

Major. Do good my Lord, your Citizens entreat you. 
Rich. Refute not, mightie Lord, this proffer'd loue. 
Catesb. O make them joyfull, grant their lawful fuit, 
Rich. Als, why would you heape this Care on me? 
I am visit for State, and Majestie; 
I do deeteeth you take it not amisse, 
I cannot, nor will not yeeld to you. 
Rich. If you refuse it, as in love and zeal, 
Loth to depote the Child, your Brothers Sonne, 
As well we know your tenderness of heart, 
And gentle, kinde, effeminate remorfe, 
Which we have noed in you to your Kinded, 
And egally indeeds to all Estates: 
Yet know, where you accept our fuit, or no, 
Your Brothers Sonne shall never reign our King, 
But we will plant some other in the Throne, 
To the disgrace and dome-fall of your Houfe: 
And in this resolution here we leave you. 
Come Citizens, we will entreat no more. 

Exeunt. 
Catesb. Call him again, Sweet Prince, accept their fuit;
If you denie them, all the Land will rue it, 
Rich. Will you enforce me to a world of Cares, 
Call them again, I am not made of Stones, 
But penetrable to your hideous entreaties, 
Albeit against my Confidence and my Soule. 
Enter Buckingham, and the rest. 
Cousin of Buckingham, and wise graue men, 
Since you will bucke fortune on my back, 
To beare her burthen, where I will or no, 
I must haue patience to endure the Load: 
But if black Scandall, or foule-face'd Reproach, 
Attend the sequel of your Impoifition, 
Your meere enforcement shall acquittance me 
From all the impure blots and flaynes thereof; 
For God doth know, and you may partly fee, 
How farre I am from the desire of this. 
Major. God bleffe your Grace, vvee see it, and will say it. 
Rich. In sayinge so, you shall but say the truth. 
Buck. Then I alure you with this Royall Title, 
Long due King Richard, Englands worthye King. 
All. Amen. 
Buck. To morrow may it please you to be Crown'd, 
Rieb. Even when you please, for you will haue it so.
Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Queen, Anne Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of York, and Marquess of Dorset.

Duch. Torke. Who meetes vs here? My Neece Plantagenet, Led in the hand of her kind Aunt of Gloster. Now, for my Life, take't 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. Qu. As much to you, good Sister: whither away? Anne. No farther than the Tower, and as I quess, Upon the like deuotion as your selues, To gratulate the gentle Princes there. Qu. Kind Sister thanks, we'll enter all together Enter the Lieutenent. And in good time, here the Lieutenent comes. Master Lieutenent, pray you, by your leve, How doth the Prince, and my young Sonne of York? Lord. Right well, dear Madame: by your patience, I may not suffer you to visit them, The King hath friended charg'd the contrary. Qu. The King? who's that? Lord. I mean, the Lord Protector. Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kingly Title. Hath he fet bounds betwixt their love, and me? I am their Mother, who shall barre me from them? Duch. Torke. I am their Fathers Mother, I will see them. Anne. Their Aunt I am in law, in love their Mother; Then bring me to their sightes, Ile bear thy blame, And take thy office from thee, on my perill. Liet. No, Madame; no: I may not leave it so: I am bound by Oath, and therefore pardon me. Exit Lieutenent.

Enter Stanley.

Stanley. Let me but meet you Ladies one howre hence, And Ile salute your Grace of York as Mother, And receiv'd looker on of two faire Queens. Come Madame, you must straight to Westminster, There to be crowned Richard Royall Queene. Qu. Ay, my Lord, I dye asunder, That my pent heart may have some scope to beat, Or else I live one with this dead-killing news. Anne. Despitfull tidings, O vaplinges newes, Dof. Be of good cheare: Mother, how fares your Grace? Qu. O Dorset, speake not to me, get thee gone, Death and Destruction dogges thee at thy heels, Thy Mothers Name is ominous to Children.

If thou wilt out-strip Death, goe crosse the Sea, And live with Richmond, from the reach of Hell. Goe wyse thee, wyse thee from this slaughter-house, Left thou encrease the number of the dead, And make me dye the thall of Margarets Curie, Nor Mother, Wife, nor Englands counted Queene, Stanley. Full of wife care, is this your countesse, Madame: Take all the swift advantage of the howres: You shall have Letters from me to my Sonne, In your behalfe, to meet you on the way: Be not soe tardie by vnwise delay.

Duch. Torke. O ill dispersing Winde of Miserie, O my accursed Wombe, the Bed of Death: A Cockatrice had I thou hastachet to the World, Whose vnavoided Eye is netherous. Stanley. Come, Madame, come, in all haste was sent. Anne. And I with all vnwillingnesse will goe, O would to God, that the inclinable Verge Of Golden Metall, that must round my Brow, Were red hot Steele, to tearre me to the Braines, Anuymented let me be with deadly Venome, And dye ere men can say, God save the Queene, Qu. Go, goe, poore soule, I enui not thy glory, To feed my humor, with thy selfe no harme.

Anne. No: why? When he that is my Husband now, Came to me, as I follow'd Henry Corfe, When scarce the blood was well waft'd from his hands, Which issied from my other Angell Husband, And that dear Saint, which then I weeping follow'd: O, when I say I look'd on Richards Face, This was my Wifh: 3e thou (quoth I) accurt, For making me, so young, so old a Widow: And when thou wedst, let sorrow haunt thy Bed; And be thy Wife, if any be so mad, More miserable, by the Life of thee, Then thou, if I may say, my dear Lords death, Lor, e're I can repeat this Curie againe, Within so small a time, my Womans heart Grossely grew capite to his hony words, And prou'd the subiect of mine owne Soules Curie, Which hitheros hath held mine eyes from rest: For neuer yet one howre in his Bed Did Lenioy the golden deaw of sleepe, But with his timorous Dreams was still awak'd, Beside, he hates me for my Father Warrick, And will (no doubt) shortly be rid of me. Qu. Poore heart adieu, I partie thy complaining. Anne. No more, then with my foule I mounte for yours, Dof. Farewell, thou wofull welcomeer of glory. Anne. Acheu, poore soule, that tak'st thy leave of it.

Dor. To morrow then we will attend your Grace, And soe most joyfully we take our leave.}

Exeunt.
Sound a Svecet. Enter Richard in pompoe, Buck-kingham, Catesby, Ratcliffe, Lawe.

Rich. Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham.

Rich. His rife, Gentlemen. 

Rich. Give me thy hand. 

Thus high, by thy aduance, and thy affiance, 
Is King Richard feated: 

But shall we weare these Glories for a day? 
Or shall they left, and we retioyce in them? 

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them left. 

Rich. Ah Buckingham, now doe I play the Touch, 

To trie if thou be currant Gold indeed: 

Young Edward lives, think now what I would speake. 

Buck. Say, on my louing Lord. 

Rich. Why Buckingham, I say I would be King. 

Buck. Why fo you are, my thricerenowned Lord. 


Buck. True, Noble Prince. 

Rich. O bitter confequence! 

That Edward will should live true Noble Prince. 
Cousin, thou wall not want to be dull. 
Shall I be blaine? I with the Baftards dead, 
And I would have it suddenly perform'd, 

What say'th thou now? speake suddeni, be briefe. 

Buck. Your Grace may doe your pleasure. 

Rich. Tutt, tutt, thou art all Ice, thy kindnesse freezes: 
Say, hau? I thy confident, that they shall dye? 

Buc. Give me some little breath, some pawfe, dear Lord, 

Before I positively speake in this: 

I will refoleue you herein presently. 

Exit Buck.

Catesby. The King is angry, see he gnaues his Lipp. 

Rich. I will confuerce with iron-written Foole, 
And trepichue Boyes: none are foe me, 
That looke into me with confiderate eyes, 
High-reaching Buckingham growes circumpoint. 

Boy. 

Page. My Lord. 

Rich. Know't thou not any, whom corrupting Gold 
Will tempt into a close expotes of Death? 

Page. I know a discontented Gentleman, 
Whole humble manners match not his haughty spirtit: 
Gold were as good as twentie Orators, 
And will (no doubts) tempt him to any thing. 

Rich. What is his Name? 

Page. His Name my Lord is Tyrrell. 

Rich. I partly know the man: goe call him hither, 

Boy. 

Exit. 

The deepe resoluing witic Buckingham, 
No more shall be the neighbor to my councailers, 
Hath he solong held out with me, ynty'd, 
And flops he now for breath? Well, be it so. 

Enter Stanley.

How now, Lord Stanley, what's the newest? 

Stanley. Know my louing Lord, the Marquesse Dorset 
As I heare, is fled to Richmond, 
In the parts where he abides. 

Rich. Come hither Catesby, rumor it abroad, 
That Anne my Wife is very grousious fike, 

I will take order for her keeping close. 
Inquire me out some meane poore Gentleman, 
Whom I will marry straitly to Clarence Daughter: 
The Boy is foolish, and I fere not him. 
Looke how thou dream'st: I say againe, give out, 
That Anne, my Queene, is fike, and like to dye, 
About it: for it stands me much vpon 
To ftop all hopes, whose growth may damnage me, 
I must be married to my Brothers Daughter, 
Or elfe my Kingdome stands on brittle Glasfe: 
Murther her Brothers, and then marry her, 
Vneerthaine way of game. But I am in 
So farre in blood, that finne will pluck on finne, 
Tearse-falling Pittie dwells not in this Eye. 

Enter Tyrrel.

Is thy Name Tyrrel? 

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subiect. 

Rich. Art thou indeed? 

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious Lord, 

Rich. Dar'ft thou resolute to kill a friend of mine? 

Tyr. Plesse you: 

But I had rather kill two enemies, 

Rich. Why then thou haft it: two deepe enemies, 

Foes to my Reft, and my sweeter sleepes disturbers, 
Are they that I would have thee deal vpon: 

Tyrrel, I mean those Baftards in the Tower, 

Tyr. Let me have open meanes to come to them, 

And foule Ile rid you from the fear of them. 

Rich. Thou sing'ft sweet Musique: 

Hearke, come hither Tyrrel, 
Goe by this token: rife, and lend thine Eare, 

Whispers. 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 straitly. 

Exit.

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. My Lord, I have confider'd in my minde, 
The late reques't that you did found me in. 

Rich. Well, let that reft: 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 clayme the gift, my due by promis, 
For which your Honor and your Faith is pawn'd, 
Th'Eareldome of Hertford, and the moweables, 
Which you have promis'd I shall possesse. 

Rich. Stanley looke to your Wife: if the conuey 
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it. 

Buck. What fayes your Highnesse to my int request? 

Rich. I doe remember me, Henry the Sixt 

Did prohpicie, that Richmond should be King, 
When Richmond was a little poore Boy, 

A King perhaps. 

Buck. May I plese you to refuloe me in my fuit. 

Rich. Thou troubllest me, I am not in the vaine. 

Exit. 

Buck. And is it thus? repayes he my deepe seruice 
With fuch contempt? made I him King for this? 
O let me thinke on Haifie, and be gone 
To Brecnock, while my fearefull Head is on. 

Exit.

Enter Tyrrel. 

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloodie Act is done, 
The moft arche deed of pittious Maffacre 

That
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Enter Richard.

Scena Tertia.

Enter old Queen Margaret.

Mar. So now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
Here in the Confinés filly have I lurk'd,
To watch the waining of mine enemies,
A dire induction, and I witness to,
And will to France, hoping the conféquence
Will prove a bitter, blacke, and Triagical.
Withdraw the wretched Margaret, who comes heere?

Enter Dunsheffe and Queen.

Qu. Ah my poor Prince; ah my tender Babes:
My unblow'd Flowers, new appearing sweets:
If yet your gentle foules flye in the Ayre,
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
Houer about me with your ayery wings,
And hearre your mothers Lamentation.

Mar. Hower about her, say that right for right
Hath dim'd your infant monte, to Aged night

Dut. So many miseries have craed my voyce,
That my woehr-wareied tongue is still and mute.

Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Qu. Lend thou God, flye from such gentle Lambs,
And throw them in the intrails 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 lying hyst.
Woes Scene, Worlds Shame, Graues due, by life viurns,
Breefe abstract and record of tedious days,
Reft thy vnrest on Englands lawfull earth,
Vnaustfully made drunk with innocent blood.

Qu. Ah that thou wouldst affoone afforad a Graue,
As thou canst yeeld a melancholy feas,
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them heere,
Ah who hath any cause to mourne but we?

Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reuerent,
Gitte mine the benefit of signeurie,
And let my greeues frowne on the vpper hand
If sorrow can admit Society.
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him:
I had a Husband, till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou 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 hopst to kill him.

Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too,
And Richard kill'd him.
From forth the kennel of thy wombe hath crept
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 foul defacer of Gods handy worke:
That reigines in gauled eyes of weeping foules:
That excellent grand Tyrant of the earth.
Thy wombe let loose to chafe vs to our graues.
Thy right, juft, and true-disposing God,
How do I thanke thee, that this carnall Curre.
Prays on the issue of his Mothers body,  
And makes her Pue-fellow with others none.  

Dut. Oh Harries wife, triumph not in my woes:  
God witnesse with me, I have wept for thine.  

Mar. Bear with me: I am hungry for revenge,  
And now I cloy me with beholding it.  

Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward,  
The other Edward dead, to quit my Edward:  
Yong York he is but boote, because both they  
Match not the highest perfection of my lofe.  

Thy Clarence he is dead, that had my Edward,  
And the beholders of this franticke play,  
Thisulterate Hoffings, Rivers, Vaughan, Gray,  
Vintimes mother'd in their dusky Graues.  

Richard yet lives, His blacke Intelligencer,  
Onely refered't their Fator, to buy foules,  
And lend them thitter: But at hand, at hand  
Infekte his pitious and unpitied end.  

Earth gapes, Hell burnes, Friends reare, Saints pray,  
To have him sodainly contey'd from hence:  
Cancell his bond of life, deepe God I pray,  
That I may live and lay, The Dogge is dead.  

Qu. O thou didst prophesie, the time would come,  
That I should with for thee to helpe me curse  
That bowst'd Spider, that foule bunch-back Toad.  

Mar. I call'd thee then, vaine flourish of my fortune:  
I call'd thee then, poore Shadow, painted Queen,  
The pretention of but what I was;  
The flattering Index of a disteall Pageant:  
One head'd a high, to be buff'd downe below:  
A Mother once mock'd with two faire Babes;  
A dreame of what you wolt, a garish Flagge  
To be the syme of euery dangerous Shot;  
A signe of Dignity, a Breath, a Bubble;  
A Queen in it self, onely to fill the Scene,  
Where is thy Husband now! Where be thy Brothers?  
Where be thy two Sowres? Wherein dost thou Joy?  
Who fues, and kneels, and fayer, God fue the Queene?  
Where be the binding Peeres that flattered thee?  
Where be the thronging Troopes that followed thee?  
Decline all this, and see what now thou art.  

For happy Wife, a moft diftrefled Widdow:  
For joyfull Mother, one that wailes the name:  
For one being fued too, one that humbly fues:  
For Queene, a very Cayside, crown'd with care:  
For the that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me:  
For the being feared of all, now fearing one:  
For the commingh all, obeye'd of none.  
Thus hath the course of justice whirled about,  
And left thee but a very prey to time,  
Having no more but Thought of what thou wolt.  
To torture thee the more, being what thou art,  
Thou didst v disparate my place, and deft thou not  
Vipbe the half proportion of my Sorrow?  
Now thy proud Necke, beastes, halfe my burreth'd yoke,  
From which even heere I flipp my wearied head,  
And leave the burreth of it all, on thee.  
For well Youkes wife, and Queene of fat midchance,  
Their English wares, shall make me smile in France.  

Qu. O thou well skill'd in Curfe,fay a-while,  
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.  

Mar. Forbear to cease the night, and fast the day:  
Consider'd my happiness, with living woes:  
Think not thy Babes were sweeter then they were,  
And that he flaw them fowler then he is:  
Better thy lofe, makes the bad cauer worse:  

Revolving this, will teach thee how to CURSE.  
Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.  
Mar. Thy woes will make them firệppe,  
And pierce like mine.  

Enter King Richard, and his Traine.  
Rich. Who intercepts me in my Expedition?  

Dut. O the, that might have intercepted thee  
By trangling thee in her accus't womb.  
From all the slaughters(Wretch) that thou hast done.  

Qu. Hadst thou that Forhead with a Golden Crowne  
Where's thou should be branded, if that right were right?  
The slaughter of the Prince that ow'd that Crowne,  
And the dyre death of my poore Sonnes, and Brothers.  
Tell me thou Villaine-flaue, where are my Children?  

Dut. Thou Toad, thou Toade,  
Where is thy Brother Clarence?  
And little Ned Plantagenet his Sonne?  

Qu. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Gray?  

Dut. Where is kinde Hoffings?  

Rich. A flourisht Trumpets, strike Alarum Drummes:  
Let not the Haenens heare the f Teal-tale women  
Ralle on the Lords Annointed, Strike I say,  

Alarums.  

Either be patient, and interset me fayre,  
Or with the clamorous report of Ware,  
This will I drowne your exclamations.  

Dut. Art thou my Sonne?  

Rich. 1. I thanke God, my Father, and your felfe.  

Dut. Then patiently heare my impatience.  

Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,  
That cannot brooke the accent of reproophe.  

Dut. O let me speake.  

Rich. Do then, but Ile not heare.  

Dut. I will be milde, and gentle in my words.  
Rich. And breife (good Mother) for I am in haft.  

Dut. Art thou so hafty? I have flaid for thee  

(God knowes) jin torment and in agony,  

Rich. And came I not at laft to comfort you?  

Dut. No by the holy Rood, thou know'st it well,  
Thou cant't on earth, to make the earth my Hell.  
A greeuous butchen was thy Birth to me,  
Tetchy and wayward was thy Infancie.  
Thy School-dais frightfull, deep rate,wilde, and furious  
Thy pride of Manhood, daring, bold, and venturous:  
Thy Age confirm'd, proud, fubtle,fily, and bloody,  
More milde, but yet more harmfull: Kinde in hatred:  
What comfortable houre canst thou name,  
That ever grac'd me with thy company?  

Rich. Faith none, but Hamfry Flowers,  
That call'd thy Grace  
To Breakfaft once, forth of my company.  
If be so digraious in thy eyes,  
Let the march on, and not offend you Madam.  

Strike up the Drumme,  

Dut. I praythee heare me speake.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Rich. You speake too bitterly.

Dut. Hear me a word:

For I shall never speake to thee again.

Rich. So.

Dut. Either thou wilt dye, by Gods infuft ordinance

Ere from this warre thou turne a Conqueror:

Or I with greffe and extreme Age shall perift,

And never more behold thy face again.

Therefore take with thee my most greuous Cofte.

Which in the day of Battell tyrole thee more

Then all the compleat Armour that thou wear it.

My Prayers on the aduerse party flight,

And there the little foules of Edwardes Children.

Whiper the Spirits of thine Enemies,

And promis them Successe and Victory:

Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end:

Shame feres thy life, and doth thy death attend. 

Lct.

Qu. Though far more canft yet much leff spirit to curfe.

Abides in me, I say Amen to her.

Rich. Say Madam, I must talke a word with you.

Qu. I have no more fonnes of the Royall Blood

For thee to slue. For my Daughters (Richard)

They shall be praying Nunnets, not weeping Queenes:

And therefore leuell not to hit their liues.

Rich. You haue a daughter call'd Elizabeth,

Virtuous and Faire, Royall and Gracious?

Qu. And must the dye for this? O let her live,

And ile corrupt her Manners, faine her Beauty,

Slaner my Selfe, as falle to Edwardes bed:

Throw owe the hell the vail of Infamy,

So the may lawunfeard of bleeding slauere,

I will confesse she was not Edwardi daughter.

Rich. Wroght not her Byrth, the is a Royall Prinçce.

Qu. To fave her life, he fay the is not so.

Rich. Her life is felte olye in her byrth.

Qu. And olye in that safety, dyed her Brothers.

Rich. Loe at their Birth, good fates were oppofite.

Qu. No, to their liues, ill friends were contrary.

Rich. All vanquied is the doome of Deftiny.

Qu. True: when ayuoyed grace makes Deftiny,

My Babes were deftiny'd to a faiuer death,

If grace had bleft thee with a faiuer life.

Rich. You speake as if it that I had flaine my Cofins?

Qu. Cofins indeed, and by their Cofins condeed,

Of Camfor, Kingdome, Kindred, Freedom, Life,

Whole hand fhowl larch'd their render hearts,

Thy head (all indirecely) true direcione.

No doubt the mordrous Knife was dull and blunt,

Till it was whetted on thy bone-hard heart.

To return in the Intriailes of my Lambs,

But that fill vie of greffe, makes wide greffe tame,

My tongue shoulth to thy cares not name my Boyes,

Till that my Nayles were anchor'd in thine eyes:

And I in such a defpaite Bay of death,

Like a poore Barke, of filles and roacking refi,

Ruth all to peeces onthy Rocky holome.

Rich. Madam, fo thrue. I in my enterprise

And dangerous successe of bloody warres,

As I intend more good to you and yours,

Then euer you and yours by me were harr'd.

Qu. What good is corner'd with the face of heauen,

To be discoverd,that can do me good.

Rich. Th's advancement of your children, gentle Lady

Qu. Vp to some Scaffold there to loose their heads.

Rich. Vnto the dignity and height of Fortune,

The high Imperiall Typle of this earths glory.

Qu. Flatter my forrow with report of it:

Tell me, what State,what Dignity,what Honor,

Canft thou demeine to any childe of mine.

Rich. Even all I haue; and, and my felte and all,

Will I withall indow a childe of thine:

So in the Lethfe of thy angry foule,

Thou drowne the fad remembrance of thoes wrongs,

Which thou fupposed I have done to thee.

Qu. Be breede, leafe that the procelfe of thy kindneffe

Laf longer telling then thy kindneffe date.

Rich. Then know,

That from my Soule, I love thy Daughter,

Qu. My daughters Mother thinkes it with her foule.

Rich. What doe you thinke?

Qu. That thou dost love my daughter from thy foule.

So from thy Soules love didst thou love thy Brothers,

And from my hearts love, do I thanke thee for it.

Rich. Be not fo hasty to come thus withall sense:

I meanes that with my Soule I love thy Daughter,

And do intend to make her Queene of England.

Qu. Well then, who doft thou meane shalbe her King.

Rich. Even he that makes her Queene:

Whoe elfe should bee?

Qu. What, thou?

Rich. Even fo! How thinkt thou oafs?

Qu. How canft thou woe her?

Rich. That I would learne of you,

As one being beft acquainted with her humour.

Qu. And wilt thou learne of me?

Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Qu. Send to her by the man that flew her Brothers,

A pave of bleeding hearts: thereon ingrave

Edward and Yorks, then haply will the weep:

Therefore prefent to her, as sometime Margaret

Did to thy Father, fweep in Rutlands blood,

A hand-kercchef, which fay to her did dreyne

The purple fappe from her sweet Brothers body,

And bid her faw how her compeers were wifthill.

If this inducement move her not to loxe,

Send her a Letter of thy Noble decea:

Tell her, thou mad'ft away her Vnckle Clarence,

Her Vnckle Ritters, I (and for her fake)

Mad'ft quicke conueniency with her good Aunt Anne,

Rich. You morke me Madam, this not the way

To own your daughter.

Qu. There is no other way,

Vouete thou could'ft put on some other shape,

And not be Richard, that hath done all this.

Rich. Say that I did all this for loue of her,

Qu. Nay then indeed the cannot choose but hate thee

Having bought loue, with fuch a bloody spoyle.

Rich. Look what is done, cannot be now amended:

Men shall deale vnaudibly sometimes,

Which after-hours glues leuryre to repent.

If I did take the Kingdome from your Sonnes,

To make amends, I leue it to your daughter:

If I have koll'd the life of your wonbe,

To quicken your encresse, I wil bege:

Mine yflue of your blood, upon your Daughter:

A Grandams name is little leffe in loue,

Then is the doting Title of a Mother:

They are as Children but one flappe below,

Euen of your meall, of your very blood:

Of all one paine, fute for a night of groanes

Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like forrow,

Your Children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your Age,
The lofe you haue, is but a Sone being King,
And by that lofe, your Daughter is made Queene.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.

Dorset your Sone, that with a fearfull soule
Leads discontented steps in Forraigne foyle,
This faire Alliance, quickly shall call home
To high Promotions, and great Dignity.
The King that calles your beauteous Daughter Wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset Brother:
Again shall you be Mother to a King;
And all the Ruines of distrefffull Times,
Repays'd with double Riches of Content.
What's we have many goodly Days to see:
The liquid drops of Tears that you receiv'd,
Shall name againe, transform'd to Orient Pearle,
Advantaging their Love, with interrest.

Often-times double gaine of Happinesse,
Go then (my Mother) to thy Daughter go,
Make bold her bashfull yeares, with your experience,
Prepare her ears to heare a Weers Tale.
Put in her tender heart, th'affiring Flame
Of Golden Soueraigne: Acquitain the Princeffe
With the sweet silent hours of Marriage yoyes:
And when this Arme of mine hath chastified
The petty Rebel, dull-brain'd Backingham,
Bound with Triumphant Garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a Conquerors bed:
To whom I will retaile my Conqueste wonne,
And the shalbe fole Victoreffe, Curtayn Curtayn.

Qu. What were I beli to say, her Fathers Brother Would be her Lord? Or shall I say her Vakke?
Or he that flew her Brothers, and her Vakles?
Vnder what Title shall I wooe for thee,
That God, the Lawmoyes, all, and her Love,
Can make seeme pleasing to her tender yeares?

Richard. Inferre that Englands peace by this Alliance.

Qu. Which the shall purchase with ftil lathing warre.
Richard. Tell her, the King that may command, intreates.
Qu. That as her hands, which the kings King forbids;
Richard. Say she shall be a High and Mighty Queene.

Qu. To vaile the Title, as her Mother doth,
Richard. Say I will loue her euerlastingly.
Qu. But how long shall that title euer last?
Richard. Sweetly in force, ynto her faine lyes end.
Qu. But how long fairely shall her sweet life last?
Richard. As long as Heauen and Nature lengthens it.
Qu. As long as Hell and Richardlikes of it.

Richard. Say'li her Soueraigne,am her Subject low.
Qu. But the your Subject,clothes such Soueraigne.
Richard. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.

Qu. An honett tale speedes best, being plainly told.
Richard. Then plainly to her, tell my loving tale,
Qu. Plaine and not honett, is too hard a stile.
Richard. Your Resonings are too shallow, and to quicke.
Qu. Let, my Resonings are too depe and dead,
To depe and dead (poore Infants) in their graves,
Harpe on it till shall I still heart-brings breake.
Richard. Harpe not on that string Madam, that is past.

Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crowne.

Qu. Prophane'd, dieron, and the third vurp't.
Richard. I sweare.
Qu. By nothing, for this it is no Oath:
Thy George prophane'd, hath loft his Lordly Honor;
Thy Garter blemisht, pawn'd his Glorious Vertue;

Thy Crowne vurp'd, disgraced his Kingly Glory;
If someting thou wouldest sweare to be beleued,
Sweare then by something, that thou hast not wrong'd,
Richard. Then by my Selfe.
Qu. Thy Selfe, is selfe-miv'sd.
Qu. Tis full of thy foule wrongs.
Qu. Thy life hath it difhonorde.
Richard. Why then, by Heauen.
Qu. Heaneus wrongs is most of all:
If thou didst feare to break an Oath with him,
The unity the King my husband made,
Thou hadst not broken, nor my Brothers died.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,
Th'imperiall most, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender Planet temples of my Child,
And both the Princes had been breathing here,
Which now two tender Bed-fellowes for duelt,
Thy broken Faith hath made the prey for Wormes.
What can't thou sweareby now.

Richard. The time to come.

Qu. That thou hast wronged in the time ore-past:
For I my selfe haue many teares to waft
Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.
The Children liue, whole Fathers thou hast slaufter'd,
Vagouen'd youth, to waile it with their age:
The Parents liue, whose Children thou hast butcher'd,
Old barren Plants, to waile it with their Age.
Sweare not by time to come, for that thou haft
Milvs'd are vs'd, by times ill'sd repast.

Richard. As I entend to prosper, and repent:
So thrive I in my dangerous Affayres
Of hostile Armes: My selfe, my selfe confound:
Heauen, and Fortune barre me happy hours:
Thy eyes, thy lifelong light; nor Night, thy reli.
Be opposite all Planet temples of good and lucky,
To my proceeding, it with deert hearts loue,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beautious Princesse daughter.
In her, confits my Happinesse, and thine:
Without her, full owes to my selfe, and thee;
Her selfe, the Land, and many a Christian soule,
Death, Defolation, Ruine, and Decay:
It cannot be auoyed, but by this:
It will not be auoyed, but by this,
Therefore dear Mother (I must call you to)
Be the Attorney of my love to her:
Please what I will be, not what I haue beene;
Not my defects, but what I will delerue:
Vrg the Necessity and state of times,
And be not penuith found, in great Desigines,

Qu. Shall I be temped of the Diuell thus?
Richard. If the Diuell tempt you to do good.
Qu. Shall I forget my selfe, to be my selfe.
Richard. If your souldiers remembrance wrong your selfe.
Qu. Yet thou didst kill my Children.
Richard. But in your daughters womb I bury them.
Where in that Neft of Spicery they will breed
Selues of themselfes, to your recomfort.
Qu. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?
Richard. And be a happy Mother by the deed.
Qu. I go, write tome very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.

Exit Qu.
Richard. Bear her my true loues kiss, and to farewell.
Relenting Poole, and shallow changing Woman.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

How now, what news?

Enter Ratscliffe.

Rat. Most mighty Soueraigne, on the Western Coast, Rede all our Nauie: to our Shores, Through many doubfull hollow-hearted friends, Vnarm'd, and vnreio'd to bear them back.  'Tis thought, that Richmond is their Admiral; And there they hull, expecting but the side Of Buckingham, to welcome them afofe.

Rat. Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of Norfolk:
Ratscliffe chy felle, or Catsby, where is hee?
Cat. Here, my good Lord.
Cat. I will, my Lord, with all convenient haste.
Cat. First, mighty Liege, tell me your Highnesse pleasure, What from your Grace I shall deliver to him.
Rich. O true, good Catsby, bid him leve straight The greatest strength and power that he can make, And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.
Cat. I goe. Exit.
Rat. What, may it please you, shall I doe at Salisbury?
Rich. Why, what would'ft thou doe there, before I goe?
Cat. Your Highnesse told me I should poffe before, Rich. My minde is chang'd:

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanley, what news with you?

Sir. None, good my Liege, to please you with f5 hearing, Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.
Rich. Hoaday, a Riddle, neither good nor bad: What need'st thou runne so many miles about, When thou mayef't tell thy Tale the nearest way?
Cat. I know not, mighty Soueraigne, but by gueffe.
Rich. Well, as you gueffe.
Stan. Stir'd vp by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton, He makes for England, here to clame the Crowne.
Rich. Is the Chary emptie? is the Sword vnfive'd? Is the King dead? the Empire vnpoife'd?
Cat. That Heire of York is there alive, but wee? And who is Englands King, but great Yorkes Heire? Then tell me, what makes he vp the Seas?
Stan. Vnleffe for that, my Liege, I cannot gueffe.
Rich. Vnleffe for that he comes to be your Liege, You cannot gueffe wherefore the Welchman comes. Thou wilt reioze, and flye to him, I feare.
Stan. No, my good Lord, therefore mistrust me not.
Rich. Where is thy Power then, to bear him back? Where be thy Tenants, and thy followers? Are they now vp on the Western Shore, Safe-conducting the Rebels from their Ships?
Stan. No, my good Lord, my friends are in the North.
Rich. Cold friends to mee; what do they in the North, When they should further Soueraigne in the West?

Stan. They have not been commanded mighty King: Pleafe the your Majestie to give me leve, Ille mother vp my friends, and meet your Grace, Where, and what time your Majestie shall please.
Rich. I, thou would'st be gone, to joynce with Richmond: But Ile not truft thee.
Stan. Most mighty Soueraigne, You have no caufe to hold my friendship doubtfull, I never was, nor never will be false.
Rich. Goe then, and mother men: but leve behind Your Sonne George Stanely: looke your heart be firm, Or else his Heads assurance is but fraile.
Stan. So deceale with him, as I proue true to you.

Exit Stanely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious Soueraigne, now in Devonshire, As I by friends am well a dewteried, Sir Edward Courrtney, and the haughtie Prelate, Bishop of Exeter, his elder Brother, With many mee Confederates, are in Armes.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. In Kent, my Liege, the Gaudifs are in Armes, And every houre more Competitors Flocke to the Rebels, and their power growes strong.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, the Armie of great Buckingham, Rich. Out on ye, O wiles, nothing but Songs of Death, He stirkeb him.

There, take thou that, till thou bring better newes.

Mess. The news I haue to tell your Majestie, Is, that by ludden Floods, and fall of Waters, Buckingham's Armie is dispers'd and scatter'd, And he himselfe wandered away alone, No man knowes whither.
Rich. I cry thee mercy:
There is my Porte, to cure that Blow of thine, Hath any well-aduised friend proclaym'd Reward to him that brings the Traitor in?

Mess. Such Proclamation hath been made, my Lord.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. Sir Thomas Lued, and Lord Marquette Dorset, 'Tis said, my Liege, in Yorkshire are in Armes; But this good comfort bring I to your Highnesse, The Britaine Nauie is dispers'd by Tempell, Richmond in Dorsetshire lent out a Boat Vnto the shore, to aske those on the Banks, If they were his Affiains, yea, or no? Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham, Upon his parte: he mistrusting them, Hove's fayle, and made his course againe for Britaine, Rich. March on, march on, since we are vp in Armes, If not to fight with foraine Enemies, Yet to beat downe these Rebels here at home.

Enter Catsby.

Cat. My Liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken, That is the beft newes: that the Earl of Richmond
Scene Quarta.

Enter Derby, and Sir Christopher.

Der. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me, That in the eye of the most deadly Bore, My Sonne George Stanley is frank vp in hold: If I resolute, off goes young George head, The fear of that, holds off my present aye, So get thee gone, commends me to thy Lord. Withall say, that the Queen hath heartly consented, He should espousce Elisabeth her daughter. But tell me, where is Princely Richmond now? Chri. At Penbrooke, or at Herford, Well in Wales. Der. What men of Name refer to him. Chri. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned Souldier, Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley, Oxford, redoubled Pembroke, Sir Inner Blunt, And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant Crew, And many other of great name and worth: And towards London do they bend their power, If by the way they be not fought withall. Der. Why hee thet to thy Lord: I kiss his hand, My Letter will resolute him of my minde. Farewell.  

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.  Scena Prima.

Enter Buckingham with Hallords, led to Execution.

Bic. Will not King Richard let me speake with him? Sher. No my good Lord therefore be patient. Bic. Hastings, and Edwards children, Gray & Rogers, Holy King Henry, and thy faire Sonne Edward, Dauget, and all that have miscarried By vnder-hand corrupted foule injustice, If that your Moody discontented foules, Do through the clouds behold this present house, Even for revenge mocke my defraction. This is All-soules day (Fellow) is it not? Sher. It is. Bic. Why then All-soules day, is my bodies doomsday. This is the day, which in King Edwards time I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found Falle to his Children, and his Wives Allies. This is the day, wherein I wish'd to fall By the false Faith of him whom most I trusted. This, this All-soules day to my fearfull Soule, Is the determin'd eptis of my wrongs; That high All-feer, which I dallied with, Hath turn'd my fained Prayer on my head, And giuen in earneft, what I blegg'd in left. Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men To turne their owne points in their Mastres bosomes. Thus Margarets curse falls heavy on my neck: When he (quoth he) shall split thy heart with sorrow, Remember Margarets was a Prophetess: Come leade me Officers to the blockade of flame, Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.  

Exeunt Buckingham with Officers.

Scene Secunda.

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others, with drum and colours.

Richm. Fellowes in Armes, and my most loving Friends Bruce's vnderneath the yeoke of Tyranny, Thus farre into the bowels of the Land, Have we marcht on without impediment; And here receive we from our Father Stanley Lines of faire comfort and encouragement: The wretched, bloody, and warping Boare, (That joy'dly your Summer Fields, and fruitful Vines) Swilles your warm blood like wath, & makes his trough In your embow'd bosemes: This foule Swine Is now even in the Centry of this Ile, Ne're to the Towne of Leicester, as we learn: From Tamworth thither, is but one dayes march. In Gods name cheerely on, courageous Friends, To recepe the Haruest of perpetuall peace, By this one bloody tryall of sharpe Warre. Oys. Eternity mans Conscience is a thousand men, To fight against this guilty Homicide. Her. I doubt not but his Friends will turne to vs. Blunt. He hath no friends, but what are friends for fear, Wherin his dearest needle 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 Kings.  

Exeunt Officers.

Enter King Richard in a Armes with Norfolke, Ratcliffe, and the Earl of Surrey.

Rich. Here pitch our Tent, even here in Bofworth field, My Lord of Surrey, why looke you so sad? Sur. My heart is ten times higher then my lookes. Rich. My Lord of Norfolke. Nor. Here most gracious Liege. Rich. Norfolke, we must haue knockes: Ha, must we not? Nor. We must both gue and take my loving Lord. Rich. Vp with my Tent, here will I lye to night, But where to morrow? Well, all's one for that. Who hath defector the number of the Trators? Nor. Six or seven thousand is their wantfull power. Rich. Why our Battalies troubles that account: Befides, the Kings name is a Tower of strength, Which they upon the aduerte Faction want. Vp with the Tent: Come Noble Gentlemen, Let vs oversee the vantage of the ground. Call for some men of found direction:

Richmond. The weary Sunne, hath made a Golden set,
And by the bright Trash of his fiery Carre,
Gives token of a goodly day to morrow.
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my Standard:
Give me some Inke and Paper in my Tent:
He draw the Forme and Modell of our Battallie,
Limit each Leader to his several Charge,
And part in just proportion our small Power.
My Lord of Oxford, you Sir William Brandon,
And your Sir Walter Herbets play with me: The Earl of Pembroke keeps his Regiment;
Good Captaine Blunt, bear my goodnight to him,
And by the second hour in the Morning,
Defire the Earl to see me in my Tent: Yet one thing more (good Captaine) do for me:
Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?
Blunt. Vnleffe I have mistaken his Colours much,
(Which well I am affur'd I have not done)
His Regiment lies halfe a Mile at least South, from the mighty Power of the King.
Richmond. If without perill it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good meanes to speak with him
And give him from me, this most needfull Note.
Blunt. Upon my life, my Lord, I eie undertake it,
And so God giue you quiet rest to night.
Richmond. Good night good Captaine Blunt: Come Gentlemen,
Let us confult upon to morrowes Business;
Into my Tent, the Dew is rare and cold.
They withdraw into the Tent.

Enter Richmond, Ratcliff, Norfolk, & Catesby.

Richmond. What is a Clocke?
Cat. It's Supper time my Lord, it's nine a clocke.
King. I will not sup to night,
Give me some Inke and Paper:
What, is my Beauer easier then it was?
And all my Armour laid into my Tent?
Cat. It is my Liege: and all things are in readiness.
Richmond. Good Norfolk,hye thee to thy charge,
We carefull Watch, chooie truftly Centinels,
Nor. I go my Lord.
Richmond. Sir with the Lake to morrow,gentle Norfolk.
Nor. I warrant you my Lord.
Exit.
Richmond. Ratcliffe.
Rat. My Lord.
Richmond. Send out a Pursuivant at Armes
To Stanleys Regiment: bid him bring his power
Before Sun-rising, least his Sonne George fall
Into the blinde Caue of eternall night.
Fill me a Bowl of Wine: Give me a Watch,
Saddie white Surrey for the Field to morrow:
Look that my Statues be found, & not too heasty.
Rat. My Lord.
Richmond. Shall't the melancholy Lord Northumberland?
Rat. Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himselfe,
Much about Cockfight time, from Troope to Troope Went through the Army, chearing vp the Souldiers.
King. So, I am satisfied: Give me a Bowl of Wine,
I have not that Alacrity of Spirit,

Not cheere of Minde that I was wont to have.
Set it downe. Is Inke and Paper ready?
Rat. It is my Lord.
Richmond. Bid my Guard watch. Leave mee
Ratcliff, about the mid of night come to my Tent
And help to armee. Leave mee I say. Exit Ratcliff.

Enter Derby to Richmond in his Tent.

Derby. Fortune, and Victory sit on thy Helme.
Richmond. All comfort that the darke night can afford,
Be to thy Perfon, Noble Father in Law.
Tell me, how tares our Noble Mother.
Derby. The Aturnd, blesse thee from thy Mother,
Who prays continually for Richmonds good:
So much for that. The silent hours flate on,
And flakie darkneffe breaks within the East.
In breefe, for to the fesfon bids vs be,
Prepare thy Battall early in the Morning,
And put thy Fortune to th Arbritement
Of bloody Brookes, and mortall flaring Warre:
I, as I may, that which I would. I cannot,
With beft advantag will deceie thet inne,
And ayde thee in this doubtfull fluche of Armes:
But on thy fide I may not be too forward,
Leaft being feene, thy Brother, tender George
Be executed in his Fathers fight.
Grearwell: the leyfure, and the teasfulltume
Cuts off the ceremonious Vowes of Loure,
And ample enterche with sweet Discourse,
Which to long hundred Friends should dwell upon:
God giue vs leyfure for these rites of Loue.
Once more Adieu, be valiant, and speed well.
Richmond. Good Lords, conduct thee to his Regiment:
Ile flriue with troubled noife, to take a Nap.
Left leade Cumber peize me downe to morrow,
When I shall mount with wings of Victory:
Once more, good night kinde Lords and Gentlemen.

Enter. Morton Richmond.

O thou, whose Captaine I account my felfe,
Looke on my Forces with a gracious eye:
Put in their hands thy brusing Irons of wrath,
That they may crufh downe with a heavy fall,
Th vurping Helmets of our Aduerfaries:
Make vs thy ministers of Chaft cement,
That we may praffe thee in thy victory:
To thee I do commend my watchfull loue,
Ere I let fall the windowes of mine eves:
Sleeping, and waking, oh defend me still.

Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, Sonne to
Henry the firt by London.

Ob Ri. Let me fit heawy on thy foule to morrow:
Thinke how thou fal'ft me in my prime of youth
At Tuckesbury: Dispare therefor, and dye.
Ghost to Richmond. Be cheerfull Richmond,
For the wronged Soules
Of butcher'd Princes, fight in thy behalfe:
King Henrys life Richmond comforts thee,

Enter the Ghost of Henry the firt.

Ghost. When I was morall, my Annoynted body
By thee was punch'd full of holes;
Thinke on the Tower, and me: Dispare, and dye,
Harry the firt, bids thee dispare, and dye.
To Richmond. Vnhomous and holy be thou Conqueror:
Harry that prophesied thou shoul'dt be King,
Doe not comfort thee in sleepes: Live, and flourifh.
Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghoʃt. Let me sit heavy in thy soul to morrow.
I that was whisl'd to death with Fullfome Wine:
Poor Clarence by thy gale betray'd to death:
To morrow in the battel think on me,
And fall thy edgecleft Sword, dispaire and dye.
To Richm. Thou offer'd of the house of Lancaster
The wronged heares of York to do pray for thee,
Good Angels guard thy battel, Lieue and Flourish.
Enteʃ the Ghost of Richm, Grey, and Paghon.

Rich. Let me sit heavy in thy soule to morrow,
Riueʃ that dy'lle at Pontrif: dispaire, and dye,
'Gry. Thinke upon Grys, and let thy soule dispaire.
Vagh. Thinke upon Vaghon, and with guilty feare
Let fall thy Lance, dispaire and dye.
Aʃio to Richm. Awake,
And thinke our wrongs in Richards Bosome,
Will conquer him. Awake, and win the day.

Enter the Ghost of Lord Hastings.

Ghoʃt. Bloody and guilty: guiltily awake,
And in a bloody Battell end thy daies.
Thinke on Lord Hastings: dispaire, and dye.

Hght. to Rich. Quiet untroubled soule,
Awake, awake:
Arme, fight, and conquer, for faire Englands sake,
Enteʃ the Ghost of the two young Princes.

Ghoʃt. Dreame on thy Cousins
Smothered in the Tower:
Let vs be laid within thy bosome Richard,
And weep thee downe to ruine, flame, and death,
Thy Nephewes soule bids thee dispaire and dye.

Ghoʃt to Richm. Sleepe Richmond,
Sleepe in Peace, and w. ke in joy,

Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
Lieu, and beget a happy race of Kings,

Edwards unhappy Sonnes, do bid thee flourish.

Enteʃ the Ghost of Anne, his Wife.

Ghoʃt to Rich. Richard, thy Wife,
That wretched Anne thy Wife,
That neuer slept a quiete hour with thee,
Now fylles thy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the Battel, thinke on me,
And fall thy edgecleft Sword, dispaire and dye.

Ghoʃt to Richm. Thou quiet soule,
Sleepe thou a quiet sleepe:
Dreame of Successe, and Happy Victory,
Thy Adversaries Wife doth pray for thee.

Enteʃ the Ghost of Buckingham.

Ghoʃt to Rich. The first was I
That helped thee to the Crowne;
The last was I that felt thy Tyranny.
O, in the Battel think on Buckingham,
And dye in terriour of thy gullifine.
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting dispaire; dispaireing yeild thy breath.

Ghoʃt to Richm. I dyed for hope
Ere I could lend thee Ayde;
But cherish thy heart, and be thou not dismayde:
God, and good Angels fight on Richmonds side,
And Richard fall in height of all his pride.

Richardflours out of his dreame.

Rich. Come me another Horfe, bind vp my Wounds:
Have mercy left. Soft, I did but sleepe.
O coward Confiquence! how doft thou callflied me?
The Lights bume blew: it is not dead midnight.
Cold tearfull drops stand on my trembling fest.

What do I fearme my Selfe? There's none elle by,
Richard loues Richard, that is, I am I.
Is there a Murthterer here? No; Yes, I am:
Then flye; What from my Sefle? Great reason: why?
Left I Revenge. What? my Selfe upon my Sefle?
Alacke, I loue my Sefle. Wherefore? For any good
That I my Sefle, have done vnto my Sefle?
O no. Alas, I rather hate my Sefle,
For hatefull Deeds committed by my Sefle.

I am a Villaine: yet I Ly, I am not,
Foole, of thy Sefle I speake well: Foole, do not flatter.
My Conscience hath a thouand feuerall Tongues,
And every Tongue brings in a feuerall Tale,
And euerie Tale condemnes me for a Villaine;
Perfitus, in the high'ft Degree,
Murther, Bernemurther, in the dy'ft Degree,
All feuerall finnes, all vs in each degree,
Throng all to thr Barre, crying all, Guilty, Guilty.
I shall dispaire, there is a Creature loues me;
And if I die, no foule shall pitte me.

Nay, whereto should they? Since that I my Sefle,
Finde in my Sefle, no pitie to my Sefle.
Me thought, the Soules of all that I had murthred
Came to my Tent, and euery one did threat.
To morrowes vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratcliffes.

Rat. My Lord.
King. Who's there?
Rat. Ratcliffes my Lord; 'tis I: the early Village Cock
Hath twice done salutation to the Merrie,
Your Friends are vp, and buckle on their Armour,
King. O Ratcliffes, I fear, I fear.
Rat. Nay good my Lord, be not afraid of Shadows.
King. By the Apostle Paul, shadows to night
Have I broke more terror to the soule of Richard,
Then can the subfiance of ten thousand Souldiers
Armed in proofe, and led by shalow Richmond.
'Tis not yet neere day. Come go with me,
Vnder our Tents I cle play the Safe-dropper,
To heare if any men feeme to shrunke from me,

Enter Richard & Ratcliffes.

Enter the Lords to Richmond sitting in his Tent.

Richm. Good morrow Richmond.
Rich. Cry mercy Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen,
That you have tane a radue disgarded here?
Lords. How have you iflpt my Lord?
Rich. The sweateef sleepe,
And fairest boading Dremes,
That euer enter'd in a drowsey head,
Hauie I once your depature had my Lords.
Me thought their Soules, whose bodies Rich marthred,
Came to my Tent, and cried on Victory:
I promise you my Heart is very iocond,
In the remembrance of so faire a dremes,
How fare the Morning is it Lords?

Lor. Upon the stroke of foure.
Rich. Why then 'tis time to Arme, and give direction.
His Oration to be Souldiers.

More then I have saide, louing Countrymen,
The leyfure and inforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell vp: yet remember this,

God
The Life and death of Richard the Third.    203

God, and our good cause, fight upon our side,
The Prayers of holy Saints and wronged soules,
Like high reard'l Bulwarke's, stand before our FACES,
(Richard excepts) those whom we fight against,
Had rather have us win, then him they follow.
For what is he they follow? Truly Gentlemen,
A bloody Tyrant, and a Homicide:
One rais'd in blood, and one in attempt expaff'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;
A base foule Stone, made preciuos by the folly
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 sceppe in peace, the Tyrant being flaine:
If you do fight against your Countries Foes,
Your Countries Fat shall pay your paines the hyre.
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wuves shall welcome home the Conquerors.
If you do free your Children from the Sword,
Your Childrens Children quits it in your Age.
Then in the name of God and all these rights,
Advance your Standards, draw your willing Swords.
For me, the ranftime of my bold attempt,
Shall be this cold Corpses on the earth's cold face.
But if I thuisse, the game of my attempt,
The leaft of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound Drummes and Trumpetes boldely, and cheerfully,
God, and Saint George, Richmond, and Victory.

Enter King Richard, Ratcliffe, and Catesby.

K. What said Northumberland as touching Richmond?
Rat. That he was never trained vp in Armes.
King. He said the truth: and what said Surrey then?
Rat. He smil'd and saide, the better for our purpose.
King. He was in the right, and do indeed it is.
Tell the clocke there.

Clock-strikes.

Give me a Kalender; Who saw the Sunne to day?
Rat. Not 1 my Lord.
King. Then he diidaines to shine: for by the Booke
He should have braved the Easen hour ago,
A blacke day will it be to somebody.   Ratcliffe.
Rat. My Lord.
King. The Sun will not be fcence to day,
The sky doth frowne, and lowere vpnone our Army.
I would thefe dewy teares were from the ground,
Not shine to day? Why, what is that to me
More then to Richmond? For the selfe-fame Heauen
That frownes on me, looks fadly vpnone him.

Enter Norfolk.

Nor. Arme, arme, my Lord: the foe vaunts in the field.


Call vp Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power,
I will leade forth my Soldiers to the plaene,
And thus my Battell shall be ordred.
My Foreward shall be drawnes in length,
Conflathing equally of Horse and Foot:
Our Archers shall be placed in the mid fett;
John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earle of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of the Foot and Horfe.
They thus directted, we will now

In the maine Battell, whole pffuance on either fide
Shall be well-winged with our cheefeft Horfe:
This, and Saint George to boot.
What think'd thou Norfolk.

Nor. A good direction warlike Soueraigne,
This found I on my Tent this Morning.

For if the foe be bold, let's be more strong.
For Richard the myfter is thought and fold.

King. A thing devis'd by the Enemy.
Go Gentlemen, every man to his Charge,
Let not our babbling Dreams affright our foules.
For Conscience is a word that Cowards fe
Deuis'd at first to kepe the strong in awe,
Our strong armes be our Conscience, Swords our Law.
March on, joyne bravely, let vs too't pell mell,
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to Hell.
What shall I say more then I have inferred?
Remember whom you are to cope withall,
A fport of Vagabonds, Rats, and Run-aways.
A fum of Britaines, and base Lackey Pezants,
Whom their ote- cloyed Country vomits forth
To defpere Adventures, and affur'd Deftruction.
You sleeping fafe, they bring you to wretf :
You hauing Lands, and bleffe with beaufeous wifes,
They would restraine the one, diftain the other,
And who doth lead them, but a pa'ty Fellow?
Long kep't in Itaine at our Mothers cold,
A Mike-lop, one that doth live in his life.
Felt too much cold, as ouer flances in Snowe:
Let's whipe thofe flaggers o'th Sea againe,
Lafe infhith these o'er-weening Ragges of France,
These famifh'd Beggars, weafe of their lines,
Who (but for dreaming on this fond exploit)
For want of means (poore Rats) had hang'd themfelves,
Who were to be conquer'd, let men conquer vs,
And not thefe baffard Britaines, whom our Fathers
Hauing in their owne Land beaten, bobbd, and thump'd,
And on Record, left them the heirs of flame.
Shall these enjoy our Lands? lyve with our Wifes?
Rauish our daughters?

Drum Uranof.

Hearke, I heare their Drumme,
Right Gentlemen of England, fight boldly yeomen,
Draw Archers draw your Arrows to the head,
Spurre your proud Horfes hard, and ride in blood,
Amaze the welkin with your broken flauers.

Enter a Mefenger.

What fayes Lord Stanley, will he bring his power?
Mof. My Lord, he doth deny to come.

King. Off with his fonne George head.
Nor. My Lord, the Enemy is paft the Marsh:
After the battalle, let George Stanley dye.

King. A thouand hearts are great within my bosom.
Advantage our Standards, let vpnone our Foes,
Our Ancient word of Courage, färe S. George
Infpire vs with the fpicene of fiery Dragons:
Upon them, Victorius fits on our helps.

Alarums, excursions. Enter Catesby.

Cat. Rescue my Lord of Norfolk,
Rescue, Rescue:
The King enacts more wonders then a man,
Daring in oppofite to euery danger:
His horse is flaine, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the threate of death:
Rescue faire Lord, or else the day is loit.

Alarums. 5 Entry
Enter Richard.

Rich. A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdom for a Horse.

Curt. Withdraw my Lord, he helps you to a Horse.

Rich. Slue, I have set my life upon a cast,
And will I stand the hazard of the Dye:
I think there be beide Richards in the field,
Five haue I slaine to day, in stead of him.
A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdom for a Horse.

Alarum. Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richard is slaine.

Retreat, and Flourish. Enter Richmond, Derby bearing the Crowne, with divers other Lords.

Richm. God, and your Armes
Be prais'd Victorious Friends;
The day is ours, the bloody Dogge is dead.

Der. Courageous Richmond,
Well haft thou acquit thee: Loue,
Heere these long wipred Royalties,
From the dead Temples of this bloody Wretch,
Hau I pluck'd off, to grace thy Browes withall.
Wear it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of Heauen, say Amen to all.
Buttell me, is yong George Stanley living?

Der. He is my Lord, and late in Leicesters Towne,
Whither (if you please) we may withdraw vs.

Richm. What men of name are slaine on either side?

FINIS.
The Famous History of the Life of
King HENRY the Eight.

THE PROLOGUE.

Will be deckyd. For gentle Hearers, know
To ranke our chosen Truth with such a show
As Fools, and Fight is, besfe for feving
Our owne Brains, and the Opinion that we bring
To make that onely true, we now intend,
Will leave us near an understanding Friend,
Therefore, for Goodwifse sake, and as you are knowne
The First and Happiell Hearers of the Towne,
Be sad, as we would make ye, Think ye see
The very Persons of our Noble Story,
As they were Luving: Thinks you see them Great,
And follow'd with the generall throng, and souls
Of shoold and Friends: Then, in a moment, fee
How proue this Mightimesse, meets Misery:
And if you can be merry then, Ile say,
A Man may weep upon his Wedding day.

Aetius Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk at one doore. At the other,
the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord
Abargamony.

Buckingham.
Ood morrow, and well met. How haue ye done
Since laft we saw in France?
Norf. I thank you Grace:
Healthfull, and curst since a fresh Admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely Ague
Staid me a Prisoner in my Chamber, when
Those Sunnes of Glory, those two Lights of Men
Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor. Twixt Guynes and Arde,
I was then present, faw them fallute on Horfedbaacke,
Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung
In their Embracement, as they grew together,
Which had they,
What foure Thron'd ones could haue weighe'd
Such a compounded one?
Buck. All the while time
I was my Chambers Prisoner.

Nor. Then you left
The view of earthly glory: Men might stay
Till this time Pompe was single, but now married
To one about it selfe. Each following day
Became the next days matter, till the laft
Made former Wonders, it's. To day the French,
All Cinquantall in Gold, like Heathen Gods
Shone downe the Englishe; and to morrow, they
Made Britaine, India, every man that flood,
Shew'd alike a Mine. Their Dwarfish Pages were
As Churbins, all gile: the Madam too,
Not vs'd to spyle, did almoft sweate to bear
The Pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them, as a Painting. Now this Maske
Was cry de incomparabele, and th'enluing night
Made it a Fole, and Beggcr. The two Kings
Equal in Luflure, were now beat, now worst
As preience did present them: Him in eye,
Still him in praise, and being present both,
T was said they faw but one, and no Diferencr
Durf wagge his Tongue in consul, when thefe Sunnes
(For fo they phrased 'em) by their Heralds challeng'd
The Noble Spirits to Armes, they did performe

Beyond
Beyond thoughts Compass, that former fabulous Story
Being now seene, possible enough, goes credit
That Venus was beleu'd.

Buc. Oh you go farre,
Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In Honor, Honesty, the tract of every thing,
Would by a good Discouer loose somelife,
Which Actions felt, was tongue too,

Buc. All was Royall,
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view. The Office did
Difi'ntly his full Function: who did guide,
Imean who let the Body, and the Limbes
Of this great Sport together?

Nor. As you judge,
One certes, that promises no Element
In such a businesse.

Buc. I pray you who, my Lord?

Nor. All this was or'dred by the good Discretion
Of the right Reuertend Cardinal of Yorke.

Buc. The diuell feed him: Nomans Pye is feed
From his Ambitions finger. What had he
To do in these fierce Vanities? I wonder,
That in a Keech can with his very bulkie
Take vp the Rayes o'th'beneficall Sun,
And keepes it from the Earth.

Nor. Surely Sir,
There's in him stufte, that put's him to these ends:
For being not propt by Aumersty, whole grace
Chalkes Scestfors their way; nor call'd vp
For high fests done to his Crowne; neither Allied
To eminent Affiliants; but Spider-like
Out of his Selio-drawing Web. O giues vs note,
The force of his owne merit makes his way
A guilt that heavens giues for him, which buyes
A place next to the King.

Nor. I cannot tell
What Heaven hath giuen him: let some Grauer eye
Pierce into that, but I can see his Pride
Peep through each part of him: whence ha's he that,
Ifnot from Hell? The Diuell is a Niggard,
Or ha's giuen all before, and he begins
A new Hell in himselfe.

Buc. Why the Diuell,
Vpon this French going out, took he vpon him
(Without the pruity o'th'King) t'appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes vp the Fite
Of all the Gentrey, for the most part such
To whom as giues a Charge, as little Honor
He meant to lay vpon: and his owne Letter
The Honourable Lord of Counsell, out
Muffed them in, he Papers.

Aisor. I do know
Kinfmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this, do fack'd their Ediftes, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buc. O many
Have broke ther bacces with laying Mannors on 'em
For this great Lounsey, What did this vanity
But minifter communication of
A most povre issue.

Nor. Gruemingly I think,
The Peace betweene the French and vs, not valewes
The Cost that did conclude it.

Buc. Every man,
After the hideous storme that follow'd, was

A thing infip'd, and not confulting,broke
Into a generall Prophete; That this Tempet
Dafhing the Garment of this Peace, abandoned
The sodaine breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out,
For France hath flaw'd the League, and hath attach'd
Our Merchants goods at Burdeux.

Aisor. Is it therefore
Th'ambassador is slenc'd?

Nor. Marry is't.

Aisor. A proper Title of a Peace, and purchas'd;
At a superfuous rate.

Buc. Why all this businesse
Our Reuertend Cardinall carried.

Nor. Like it is your Grace,
The State takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you, and the Cardinal. I aduise you
(And take it from a heart, that wishes towards you
Honor, and plentiful safety) that you resede
The Cardinals Malice, and his Potency
Together: To consider further, that
What his high Hatred would effect, wants not
A Minifter in his Power. You know his Nature,
That he's Revengefull; and I know, his Sword
Hath a sharp e edge: It's long, and may be faide
It reaches farre, and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bofome vp my counsell,
You'll finde it wholesome. Loc, where comes that Rock
That I aduise your shunning.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

This Ipswich fellowes insolence; or proclame, There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be aduft'd; Heat not a Furnace for your fue fo hot That it do findge your felwe. We may ou-runne By violent swiftneth that which we run at; And lofe by ouer-running: know you not, The fire that mounts the liquor till it runne are, In seeming to augment it, waits to be aduft'd; I say againe there is no English Soule More stronger to derride you then your felwe; If with the lap of reason you would quench, Or but alay the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir, I am thankful to you, and Hee goe along By your precription: but this top-proud fellow, Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but From sincere motions, by Intelligence, And prooves as cleeke as Faints in Iaffy, when We fee each grinne of grandeur; I do know To be corrupt and treafonous.

Nor. Say not treafonous. Buck. For King, hee fay't, & make my vouch as strong As zore of Rocke; attend. This holy Foxe, Or Wolfe, or both (for he is equall raunous As he is subitile, and as prone to mischeife, As able to perform'd his minde, and place Inflence one another, yea reciprocally, Only to thw his pompe, as well in France, As here at home, fugges the King our Master To this last coffy Treaty: The encounter, That swallowed to much treasure, and like a glaife Did breakesth'wrenching.

Nor. Faith, and so it did. Buck. Pray give me faavour Sir. This cunning Cardinal The Articles o' the Combincation drew As himselfe pleats'and they were ratified As he crede thus la be, to as much end, As gue a Crutch to th'dead. But our Count-Cardinal Has done this, and is well: for worthy Wolfey (Who cannot erre) he did it. Now this follower, (Which as I take it, is a kinde of Puppie To th'old dam Treaten) Charles the Emperour, Vnder pretence to see the Queene his Aunt, (For twas indeed his colour, but he came To whipt o'th Wolfe) here makes vitallation, His feares were that the Interview betwixt England and France, might through their amity Breed him some preudice; for from this League, Peep'd harmes that menac'd him. Priually Deales with our Cardinal, and as I treat Which I do well; for I am sure the Emperour Paid er he promis'd, whereby his Suit was granted Ere it was ask'd. But when the way was made And paud with golde: the Emperor thus defir'd, That he would please to alter the Kings courfe, and breake the forefaide peace. Let the King know (As soone he shall by me) that thus the Cardinal Does buy and sell his Honour as he pleases, And for his owne advantage.

Nor. I am forry To hear of this of him; and could wish he were Something mistaken in't.

Buck: No, nor a fillable: I doe pronounce him in that very shape He shall appear in profease.

Enter Brandon, a Sergeant at Armes before him, and two or three of the Guard.

Brandon. Your Office Sergeant: execute it.

Sergeant. Sir, My Lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earle Of Hertford Stafford and Northampton, I Arrer thee of High Treafon, in the name Of our most Soueraigne King.

Buck. Lo you my Lord, The net has fallen upon me, I shall perifh Under device, and prachifh

Bran. I am forry, To see you take from liberty, to looke on The buufines present. Tis his Highnes pleasure You hall to th' Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing To plead mine Innocence: for that dye is on me Which makes my whit'ft part, black. The will of Heau'n Be done in this and all things: I obey.

O my Lord Anthony: Fare you well.

Bran. Nay, he mail best you company. The King Is pleas'd you shall to th' Tower, till you know How he determines further.

Aber. As the Duke said, The will of Heauen be done, and the Kings pleasure By me obied.'

Bran. Here is a warrant from The King, to attach Lord Montague, and the Bodies Of the Dukes Confeffor, John de la Cn, One Gilbert Peck, his Counsellour, To Buck, So, lo

There are the limbs o'th' Plot: no more I hope. Bra. A Monke o'th' Charrew.

Buck: O Michael Hopkyns.

Bra. He.

Buck. My Surveyor is false: Tho' the e're-great Cardinal Hath the'w'd him gold; my life is spand already: I am the shadow of poore Buckingham, Whole Figure even this instant Clowed puts on, By Darkning my cleere Sunne, My Lords farewell. Exe.

Scena Secunda.

Cornets. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinals shoul-der, the Nobles, and Sir Thomas Lowed: the Cardinal places himselfe under the King's fete on his right fide.

King. My life it selfe, and the beft heart of it, Thanks you for this great care: I flood it'h't leuell Of a full-charg'd deledarate, and give thanks To you that choak'd it. Let he cold before vs That Gentleman of Buckingham, in perfon, Be heare him his contellations suffix, And point by point the Treacons of his Master, He shall againe relate.

A noife within crying roome for the Queene, other'd by the Duke of Norfolk. Enter the Queene, Norfolk and Suffolk's kneells. King rieth from his State, takes her up, kiffes and placeth her by him.

Queen. Nay, we must longer kneele; I am a Suitor. King. Arife, and take place by vs; halfe your Suit Neuer name tovs, you have halfe our power.
The Life of King Henry the Eight.

The other moit ye you aske is giuen,
Repeat your will, and take it,
Queen. Thank ye your Maiestie
That ye would lose your selfe, and in that lose
Not be considered leave your Honour, nor
The dignitie of your Office; is the point
Of my Petition.

Kim. Lady mine proceed.
Queen. I am sollicit not by a few,
And those of true condition; That your Subjects
Are in great grieuance: There have beene Commissions
Sent downe among 'em, which hath flaw'd the Heart
Of all their Loyalties: wherein, although
My good Lord Cardinal, they yield reproches
Most bitterly on you, is putter on
Of these excations: yet the King, our Maiestie (not
Whole Honor Heaven shed) from sole, even he escapes
Language vnammon: yea, such which breaks
The ties of loyalty, and almost appeares
In lowd Rebellion.

Norf. Not almoit appeares,
It doth appeare; for, upon these Taxations,
The Clothiers all not able to maintaine
The many to them longeing, haue put off
The Spinners, Carders, Fullers, Weaveres, who
Vnfit for other life, compel'd by hunger
And lack of other meanes, in desperate manner
Daring th'ev'nt too th'heart, are all in vipte,
And danger ferues among them.

You that are blame d for it alike with vs,
Know you of this Taxation?
Card. Plesse you Sir,
I know but of a single part in ought
Pertaines to th'State: and front but in that File
Where others tell steps with me.

Kim. Nao, my Lord?

Know you no more then others? But you frame
Things that are knowne alike, which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforse be their acquaintance. These excations
(Whereof my Soveraigne would have note) they are
Moll perflise th'hearing, and to barea 'em,
The Backe is Sacrifice to th'load; They say
They are duess'd by you, er elle you suffer
Too hard an exclamacion.

Kim. Still Excation:
The nature of it, in what kinde let's know,
Is this Excation?
Queen. I am much too venturous
In temping of your patience; but am bolded
Vnder your promis'd pardon, The Subjects grieue
Comes through Commissions, which compels from each
The first part of his Substance, to be leuid
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your warres in France: this makes bold mouths,
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their courtes now
Lye where their prayers did: and it's come to paife,
This trable obedience is a Slawe.
To each incented Will; I would your Highnesse
Would gue it quicke consideration; for
There is no priner balancesse.

Kim. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Card. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, then by
A finge voice, and that not past me, but
By learned approbation of the Judges: If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant Tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The Chronicles of my doing: Let me say,
'Tis but the fate of Place, and the rough Brak
That Verrue must goe through: we must not flint
Our necessar actions, in the case.

To cope malicious Censurers, which euer,
As ruinous Fishes doe a Vessel follow
That is new trim'd: but benefit no further
Then vainly longing. What we offt doe beft,
By feeke Interpreters (once weake ones) is
Not ours, nor not allow'd: what worst, as oft
Hitting a groffer quality, is cride vp
For our bell Aft: if we shall stand still,
In feste our motion will be mock'd, or carp'd at,
We should take roote here, where we fis;
Or fit State- States unruly only.

Kim. Things done well,
And with a care, exemt themselfes from feare:
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Haue you a President
Of this Commission? I beleue, nor any,
We muf not rend our Subjects from our Lawes,
And Riche them in our Will. Six part of each?
A treauring Composition? why we take
From every Tree, lop, barke, and part o'th' Timber:
And though we leave it with a roote thus hackt,
The Ayre will drinke the Sap. To every County
Where this is question'd, send our Letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has deny'd the
The force of this Commission: pray look too'st;
I put it to your care.

Card. A word with you.
Let there be Letters writ to every Shire,
Of the Kings grace and pardon: the greeved Commons
Hardly conceute of me. Let it be nos'd,
That through our Intercession, this Revokement
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding.

Exit Secret.

Euer Your servye.

Queen. I am sorry, that the Duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

Kim. It grieues me many.
The Gentleman is Learnd, and a most rare Speaker,
To Nature none more bound; his tyrannic fuch,
That he may furnish and instruct great Teachers,
And neuer fecke for ayd out of himselfe: yet see,
When these so Noble beneftes shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the minde growing once corrupt
They turne to vicious formes, ten times more vglie
Then euer they were faire. This man so compleat,
Who was enrold 'mongst wondres; and when we
Almoit willed rais'd titling, could not finde
His houre of speech, a minute: He, (my Lady)
Hath into monstrous habits put the Graces
That once were his, and is become as blacke,
As if beymard in hell. Sit by Vs, you shall have
(This was his Gentleman in eruit) of him
Things to strike Honour fas. Bid him recount
The fore-rected praftises, whereof
We cannot feel too little, heart too much.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Card. Stand forth, & with bold spirit relate what you
Most like a careful Subject have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham,
Kim. Speake freely,
Sur. First, it was visuall with him; every day
It would infect his speech: That if the King
Should without issue die; he will carry it to
To make the Scepter his. These very words
I found him vter to his Sonne in Law,
Lord Aburghay, to whom by oath he menac'd
Reuenge upon the Cardinall.
Card. Please your Highness note
This dangerous conception in this point,
Not fearing by his wish to your High person;
His will is most malignant, and it stretches
Beyond you to your friends.
Queen. My learned Lord Cardinall,
Deliver all with Charity.
Kim. Speake on:
How grounded hee his Title to the Crowne
Upon our faute; to this point haft thou heard him,
At any time speake ought?
Sur. He was brought to this,
By a vaine Prophete of Nicholas Henton.
Kim. What was that Henton?
Sur. Sir, a Chartreux Fryer,
His Confessor, who led him every minute
With words of Souersighty.
Kim. How knowl'th thou this?
Sur. Not long before your Hignesse sped to France,
The Duke being at the Rose, within the Parish
Saint Laurence Poulney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners,
Concerning the French Tourney. I repleade,
Men feare the French would prove perfidious
To the Kings danger: preffently, the Duke
Said, 'twas the faire indeed, and that he doubted
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy Monke, that off, sayes he,
Hath sent to me, withinge me to permit
John de la Car, my Chaplinne, a choyce howe
To heare from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after vnder the Commisions Salue,
He folemny sworne, that what he spoke
My Chaplinne to no Creature living, but
To me, should vter, with demure Confidence,
This pausingly enul'de; neither the King, nor's Heyres
(Tell you the Duke) shall prosper, bid him strue
To the loute o' th' Commonalty, the Duke
Shall governe England.
Queen. If I know you well,
You were the Dukes Stewcarye, and loft your Office
On the complaint of th' Tenants; take good heed
You charge not in your speiene a Noble person,
And fpoyle your nobler Soule; saye, take good heed?
Yet, heartily believe you
Kim. Let him on: Goe forward.
Sur. On my Soule, I speake but true,
I told my Lord the Duke, by th' Diuels illusions
The Monke might be deceu'ed, and that 'twas dangerous
For this to ruminate on this fafe, yetull
It forg'd him fome defigne, which being beleu'ed
It was much like to doe: He anfwer'd, Tuft,
It can do me no damage; addidng further,
That had the King in his left Sicknefe faid,
The Cardinals and Sir Thomas Lowe's heads

Should have gone off.
Kim. Ha! What, fo rancke? Ah, ha,
There's mistchief in this man: canft thou say further?
Sur. I can my Lidge,
Kim. Proceed.
Sur. Being at Greenwich,
After your Hignesse had repreou'd the Duke
About Sir William Blumer.
Kim. I remember of such a time, being my fown ter.
The Duke retic'd him his, But on: what hence?
Sur. If (quoth he) for this had beene committed,
As to the lowering, I thought: I would haue plaid
The Part my Father meant to act upon
Th' Vnper Richard, who being at Salborry,
Made fuit to come in his prefence; which if granted,
(As he made feemance of his duty) would
Have put his knife into him.
Card. Now Madam, may his Hignesse live in freedome,
And this man out of Prifon.
Queen. God mend all.
Kin. Ther's something more would out of thee: what?
Sur. After the Duke his Father, with the knife
He ftring'd him, and with one hand on his dagger
Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible Oath, whose tenant
Was, were he cull'd, he would outgoe
His Father, by as much as a performance
Do's an irreleolute purpofe.
Kim. There's his period,
To fetch his knife in vs: he is attach'd,
Call him to prefent trial: if he may
Finde mercy in the Law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek of vs: By day and night
Hee's Traitor to th' height.

Enter L. Chamberlaine and L. Sedlys.
L. Chb. Is't possible the spels of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?
L. San. New customs,
Though they be newer so ridiculous,
(Nay let 'em be vnumanly) yet are follow'd,
L. Chb. As farre as I fee, all the good our English
Have got by the late Voyage, is but neereely
A fit or two or th' face, (but they are thwed ones)
For when they hold 'em, you would fwear were directly
Their very notes had been Councillours
To Pepin or Clotharius, they kepe State fo.
L. San. They have all new legs,
And lame ones; one would take it,
That neuer fee 'em pace before, the Spanu,
A Spring-bait rain'd among 'em.
L. Chb. Death my Lord,
Their cloaths are after such a Pagan cut to't,
That fure th'have worne out Chb. if ten donte how now.
What newes, Sir Thomas Lowel? 

Enter Sir Thomas Lowel.
Lowell. Faith my Lord,
I heare of none but the new Proclamation,
That's claps upon the Count Gate.

L. Chb.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Scena Quarta.

Hobos. A small Table under a State for the Cardinal, a larger Table for the Guffets. Then Enter Anne Boleyn, and divers other Ladies, & Gentlemen, as Guffets at one Door, and other Doors enter Sir Henry Guilford.

S. Hen., Guilf. Ladies, a general welcome from his Grace Salutes ye all; This Night he dedicates To faire content, and you: None here he hopes In all this Noble Beuy, has brought with her One care abroad: hee would have all as merry: As first, good Company, good wine, good welcome, Can make good people.

Enter L. Chamberlain L. Sands and Lovel. O my Lord, y' are tardy; The very thought of this faire Company, Clapt wings to me. Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guilford. San. Sir Thomas Lovel had the Cardinal But halfe my Lay-thoughts in him, some of these Should finde a running Banket, ere they rest'd, I think would better please 'em; by my life, They are a sweet society of faire ones. Lovel. O that your Lordship were but now Conflessor, To one or two of their. San. I would I vvere, They should finde faire penance. Lovel. Faith how faire? San. At faire as a dowerd bed would afford it. Cham. Swee. Ladies will it please you Sir; Harry Place you that side, the take the charge of this: His Grace is entring. Nay, you must not freeze, Two women plac'd together, makes cold weather: My Lord Sands, you are one will keep'em waking: Pray sit between these Ladies. San. By my faith, And thank your Lordship: by your leave sweeue Ladies, I'll chance to talke a little wilde, forgive me: I had it from my Father. An Bul. Was he mad Sir? San. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too; But he would bite none, iust as I do now, He would Kisse you Twenty with a breath. Cham. Well said my Lord: So now y'e are fairely seated: Gentlemen, The penance lyes on you; if these faire Ladies Paffe away frowning. San. For my little Cure, Let me alone.

Hobos. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, and takes his State.

Card. Y'are well come my faire Guefts; that noble Lady Or Gentleman that is not freely merry Is not my Friend. This to confirm my welcome, And to you all good health. San. Your Grace is Noble. Let me have such a Bowle may hold my thanks, And gave me so much talking.

Card. My Lord Sands,
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

I am beholding to you: cheere your neighbours; Ladies you are not merry; Gentlemen, Whose fault is this? 

San. The red wine first must rise
In their faire checkes my Lord, then wee shall haue 'em, Talke vs to silence.

An. B. You are a merry Gambler
My Lord Sand's, San.

Yes, if I make my play: Here's to your Ladiship, and pledge it Madam.

For to fitch a thing.

An. B. You cannot throw me.
Sen. I told your Grace, they would talke alon.

Cham. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of ye.

Card. What warlike voyce, And to what end is this? Nay, Ladies, feare not; By all the lawes of Warre y'are priuiledg'd.

Enter a Servant.

Cham. How now, what's this?

Sen. A noble troupe of Strangers, For so they leeme; th'haue left their Barge and landed, And hit her make, as great Embassadors From foraign Princes.

Card. Good Lord Chamberlaine, Go, give 'em welcomelyou can speake the French tongue And pray receive 'em Nobly, and conduc't 'em Into our presency, where this beautea of beauty Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him. All rise, and Tables removed.

You haue new a broken Banket, but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all; and once more I shorow a welcome on yee: welcome all.

Hobbes. Enter King and others as Maskers, habited like Shepheards, after'd by the Lord Chamberlaine. They passe directly before the Cardinal, and gravely fa-ble him.

A noble Company: what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speake no English,thus they praid To tell your Grace: That hauing heard by fame Of this so Noble and so faire Assemblie, This night to mee here they could doe no lefe, (Out of the great respect they beare to beauty) But leaue their Plocees, and vnder your faire Conduc't Grace leaue to view these Ladies, and entreat An horace of Reoels with 'em.

Card. Say, Lord Chamberlaine, They haue done my more house grace; For which I pay'em a thousand thankes, And pray'em take their pleasures.

Choose Ladies, King and An Bulkin.

King. The fairest hand I euer touch't: O Beauty, T'now I'll never knew theee.

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 loue and dury I would surrender it.

Cham. I will my Lord.

Card. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all conffe
There is indeed, which they would haue you grace Find out, and he will take it.

Card. Let me see theen,
By all your good leaues Gentlemen; here I make My royall choyce.

Kin. Ye have found him Cardinall, You hold a faire Assemblie; you do well Lord;
You are a Churchman, or I tell you Cardinall, I should judge now unhappily.

Card. I am glad Your Grace is grown so pleasant.

Kin. My Lord Chamberlaine, Please thee come hither, what faire Ladie's that?

Cham. An's please your Grace,

Six Thomas Bullein Daughters, the Vicecount Rochford,
One of her Highness women.

Kin. By Heauen thee is a dainty one, Sweet heart,
I were unmannerly to take you out,
And not to kiffe you. A health Gentlemen,
Let it goe round.

Card. Sir Thomas Loxall, is the Banket ready
I'll Priuy Chamber?

Lad. Yes, my Lord.

Card. Your Grace I feere, with dancing is a little heated,

Kin. I feere too much.

Card. There, frether my Lord, In the next Chamber.

Kin. Lead in your Ladie's on one: Sweet Parmee, I must not yet forsake you: Let's be merry,
Good my Lord Cardinall: I haue haue a dozen thicke To drink to these faire Ladies, and a measure To lead 'em once againe, and then let's dreame Who's best in favour. Let the Musickke knock it.

Exeunt with Trumpets.

Actus Secundus, Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen at severall Doores.

1. Whether away so faft?
2. O, God save ye:

Ed'n to the Hall, to haere what shall become Of the great Duke of Buckingham.
1. I lie faue you

That labour Sir. All's now done but the Ceremony Of bringing backe the Prisoner.
2. Were you there?
1. Yes indeed was I.
2. Pray speake what he's happen'd,
1. You may guesse quickly what.
2. Is he found guilty?
1. Ye truly is he,
And condemn'd ypon't.
2. I am forry fort.
1. So are a number more.
2. But pray how paft it?
1. He tell you in a little. The great Duke Came to the Bar, where, to bis accusations He pleaded still not guilty, and allledged Many sharpe reasons to defeat the Law.

The Kings Attornment on the contrary,

Vrg'd on the Examinations, proofs, confessions
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Of divers witnesses, which the Duke defir'd
To bring them once more to his face:
At which appear'd against him, his Surveyor
Sir Gilbert Becke his Chancellour, and John Car,
Confessor to him, with that Diesell Monk, Hopkyns, that made this mischief.

That was he
That fed him with his Prophecies.

1. The fame,
All these accus'd him strongly, which he saie.
Would have flung from him: but indeed he could not;
And fo his Peeres upon this evidence,
Hate found him guilty of high Treafon. Much he spake, and learnedly for life: But all
Was either pitted in, or forgotten.

2. After all this, how did he bear himselfe?
1. When he was brought ajen to th' Bar, to hear
His Knell rung out, his judgmen, he was fir'd
With such an Agony, he fweet extreamely,
And formith spoke in choller, ill, and haftily:
But he fell to himselfe againe, and sweetly,
In all the refp he'd a moft Noble patience.

2. I do not thinke he fears death,
Sure he does not.
He never was fo womanith, the caufe
He may a little grieve at.

2. Certainly,
The Cardinall is the end of this.

1. This likely,
By all conícitures: First Kildares Attendures;
Then Deputy of Ireland, who remou'd
Earle Surrey, was fent thither, and in haft too,
Left he should helpe his Father.

2. That tricke of State
Was a deepe enuious one,

1. At his returne,
No doubt he will require it; this is noted
(And generally) who euer the King favours,
The Cardinall infantly will finde imployment,
And farre enough from Court too.

2. All the Commons
Hate him perniciouly, and o' my Confcience
With him ten faddam depe: This Duke as much
They love and doate on: call him bounteous Buckingham.
The Mirror of all courteife.

Enter Buckingham from his Arraignment, Tiptable before him, the Axe with the edge toward him, Halloes on each side, accompanied with Sir Thomas Lovell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir Walter Sandys, and common people.

1. Stay there Sir,
And fee the noble man'd man you speake of.

2. Let's fland close and behold him.

Buck. All good people,
You that thus farre haue come to pitty me;
Hear what I fay, and then goe home and love me.
I haue this day receiv'd a Traitors judgmen,
And by that name must dy; yet Heauen beare witnes,
And if I haue a Confcience, let it fincke me.
Even as the Axe falls, if be not faithfull.
The Law I beare no mallice for my death,
This has done vpon the prejumtions, but Juffice:
But those that fough't it, I could with more Christians;
What they will I heartely forgive'em;
Yet let them looke they glory not in mischief;

Not build their eulogies on the Graves of great men;
For then, my guiltife blood muft cry again't em.
For further life in this world I ne're hope,
Nor will I fee, 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
Is only bitter to him, only dying:
Goe with me like good Angels to my end,
And as the long diuorce of Steele falls on me,
Make of your Prayers one sweet Sacrifice,
And lift my Soule to Heauen.
Lead on a Gods name.

Lovell. I doe befeech your Grace, for charitie
If euer any malice in your heart
Were hid againft me, now toforgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgue you,
As I would be forguen: I forgive all,
There cannot be thofe numberlefe offences
Gainft me, that I cannot take peace with:
No blacke Enuy shall make my Gracie,
Commend mee to his Grace:
And if he speake of Buckingham: pray tell him,
You met him half in Heauen: my vowes and prayers
Yet are the Kings, and till my Soule forfake,
Shall cry for blegings on him. May he live
Longer then I haue time to tell his yeares;
Euer belou'd and loving, may his Rule be;
And when old Time shall lead him to his end,
Goodneffe and he, fill vp one Monument.

Lom. To the' water fide I must conduct your Grace;
Then give my Charge vp to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The Duke is comming: See the Barge be ready;
And fit it with such furniture as fitures
The Greatneffe of his Perfou,

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my State now will but mocke me.
When I came hither, I was Lord High Confable,
And Duke of Buckingham: now poor Edward Bohun;
Yet I am richer then my base Accurers,
That never knew what Juth meant: I now feale it;
And with that bloud will make 'em one day groane for't.
My noble Father Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head againft Viuring Richard,
Flying for fuccour to his Servants Benedict,
Being deflire, was by that wretch betrayer,
And without Tryall, fell; Gods peace be with him,
Henry the Sefcoufth fucceeding, truly pittyng
My Fathers loffe, like a moft Royall Prince
Refor'd me to my Honour: and out of mines
Made my Name one more Noble, Now his Sonne,
Henry the Eight, Life, Honour, Name and all
That made me happy; as one froke ha's taken
For euer from the World. I had my Tryall,
And muft needs faie a Noble one, which makes me
A little happier then my wretched Father:
Yet thus farre we are one in Fortunes: both
Fell by our Servants, by thofe Men we lo'd moft:
A moft vnnatural and faithlefe Seruice.
Heauen ha's an end in all: yet, you that heare me,
This from a dying man receiv'd as certaine:
Where you are liberrall of your love and Counsels,
Be sure you be not looie; for thofe you make friends,
And
And give your heart to God; when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye: good people
Pray for me, I must now forsake ye! the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me:
Farewell; and when you would lay something that is fad,
Speak howd i tell.
I have done; and God forgive me.

**Exeunt Duke and Tranc.**

1. O, this is full of pitty; Sir, it is.
I fear, too many curles on their heads
That were the Authors.
2. If the Duke be guildeless,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inckling
Of an ensuing suit, if it fall
Greater thans this.
1. Good Angels keep it from vs:
What may it be? you do not doubt my faith Sir?
2. This Secret is fo weighty, t'will require
A strong faith to conceal it.
1. Let me haue it:
I do not takle much.
2. I am confident.
You shall Sir: Dost you not of late dayes hear
A buzzung of a Separation
Betweene the King and Katherine?
1. Yes, but it held not;
For when the King once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the Lord Mayor: straight
To stop the rumor and allay thofe tongues
That durt diuerse it.
2. But that hinder Sir,
Is found a truth now: for it growes agen
Feather then e'er was, and hold for certaine
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinal,
Or some about him neere, have ouf of malice
To the good Queene, poifie him with a scruple
That wold vndoe her: To confume this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arraied, and lately,
As all thinke for this busines.
1. Tis the Cardinal;
And merelty to reuenge him on the Emperour,
For not bfolowing on him at his asking,
The Archbifhoprick of Toledo, this is purpoud.
2. I thinke
You haue hit the marke; but i is not cruel,
That the should feel the fmar of his: the Cardinal
Will have his will, and the muft fell.
1. Tis woffull,
We are too open here to argue this:
Let's thinke in private more.

**Scene Secunda.**

Enter Lord Chamberlaine, reading this Letter.

My Lord, the Heret your Lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well choen, rotten, and furnished:
They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the North, When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my Lord Cardinals is Commissicon, and maine power takle
them from me, with this reason his master would be fome be-
For a Subject, if not before the King, which stop'd our meeting.
1. I fear he will indeede; well, let him haue them; hee
will have all I thinke.

**Enter to the Lord Chamberlaine, the Duke of Nor-
dale and Suffolk.**

**Nor.** Well met my Lord Chamberlaine.

**Champ.** Good day to both your Graces.

**Suff.** How is the king imploied?

**Nor.** I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

**Suff.** What's the Case?

**Nor.** It conceives the Marriage with his Brothers Wife
He's crept too near his Conference.

**Suff.** No, his Conference
He's crept too neere another Ladie.

**Nor.** Tis so:
This is the Cardinals doing:

-The King-Cardinal,
This blinde Prefet, like the eldste Sonne of Fortune,
Turnes what he list. The King will know him one day.

**Suff.** Pray God he doe,
He'll neuer know himselfe elle.

**Nor.** How boldy he works in all his businesse,
And with what zeal? For now he has cract the League
Between vs & the Emperor (the Queenes great Nephew)
He dyes into the King's Soule, and there leaters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the Conference,
Feares, and defpaire, and all this for his Marriage,
And out of all these, to refotre the King,
He counsells a Dyuorce, a loffe of her
That llike he well, he's hung twenty yeares
About his necke, yet he neuer let her loffe;
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 bifie the King: and is not this course pious?

**Champ.** Heauen keep me from such counsel: If me true
These newes are every where, every tongue speakes 'em,
And every true heart weepes for's.
All that da re
Looke into their affaires, fee this manee end,
The French King's Sitter. Heauen will one day open
The Kings eyes, that to long had fliept vpon
This bold bad man.

**Suff.** And free vs from his flauery,

**Nor.** We had need pray,
And heartly, for our deliuerance;
Or this impersous man will worke vs all
From Princes into Pages: all mens honours
I te like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he pleache.

**Suff.** For me, my Lords,
I love him not, nor freare him, there's my Creede:
As I am made without him, noe hand;
If the King pleache, his Curtes and his Blessings
To me, I te like those breath I not beleue in.
I knew him, and I know him: so I learne him
To him that made him proud; the Pope.

**Nor.** Let's in:
And with some other busines, put the King
From these bad thoughts, that work too much vpon him:
My Lord, yonde beare or company?

**Champ.** Excuse me,
The King has sent me otherwhere: Besides
You finde a moft wifhe time to disturbe him:
Health to your Lordshipp.

**Nor.**
Norfolk. Thanke my good Lord Chamberlaine.
Exit Lord Chamberlaine, and the King doth waite the Curtaine
and fits reading pensively.

Suff. How sad he lookes: 'tis he is much afflicted.

Kin. Who's there? ha?

Norrf. Pray God he be not angry. (shakes
Kin. Who's there I say? How dare you thrust your

Into my private Meditations?

Who am I? ha?

Norrf. A gracious King, that pardons all offences.
Malcite are meant: Our breach of Duty this way,
Is bufinefl Eflate; in which, we come.

To know your Royall pleasure.

Kin. Ye are too bold:

Goto; He make you know your times of bufinefl:
Is this an houre for temporall affairs? ha?

Enter Wofley and Campell with a Commission.

Who's there? my good Lord Cardinal? O my Wofley,
The quiet of my wounded Conference;

Thou art a sure fit for a King; your welcome.

Molt learned Reuerend Sir, into our Kingdom;
Vie vs, and is: My good Lord, have great care,
I be not found a Talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot;

I would your Grace would give vs but an houre
Of private conference.

Kin. We are busy, goe,

Norrf. This Prieft, ha's no pride in him?

Suff. Not to speake of:

I would not be flixe though for his place;
But this cannot continue.

Norrf. If I doe not venture one; have at him.

Suff. I another.

Exit Norrfolk and Saffage.

Wol. Your Grace ha's given a President of wife domed
Above all Princes, in committing freely
Your traupe to the voyage of Christendome;
Who can be angry now? What Emuy reach you?
The Spaniard ride by blood and fauour to her,
Must now confede, if they have any goodnesse,
The Tryall, just and Noble, All the Cierkes,
(I mean the learned ones in Christian Kingdomes)
Have their free voyces. Rome (the Nurse of Judgement)
Insued by your Noble felte, hath fet.

One general Tongue unto vs. This good man,
This iuft and learned Prieft, Cardnall Campellus,
Whom once more, I present vs, in your Highnelfe,

Kin. And once more in mine ames I bid him welcome,
And thanke the holy Conclave for their loues,
They have fent me such a Man; I would have wish'd for.
Cam. Your Grace must needs defcue all strangers loues,
You are to Noble: To your Highnelfe hand
I tender my Commission; by whole venue,
The Courts of Rome commanding. Your my Lord
Cardnall of Turke, are loyn'd with me their Servuant,
In the upartial huging of this Busiuenf.

[2]

Kin. Two equall men; the Queene shall be a quarn-
Fordwith for what you come. Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know your Maflefi, ha's alwayes lout her
So deare in heart, not to deny her that
A Woman of late Place might ask by Law;
Schollers allow'd freely to argue for her.

Kin. I, and the best he shall have; and my fauour
To him that does bift, God forbids els: Cardnall,
Preethe call Gardiner to me, my new Secretary.

Find him a fit fellow.

Enter Gardiner.

Wol. Give me your hand: much ioy & fauour to you
You are the Kings now.

Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your Grace, whose hand he's rais'd by me.

Kin. Come hither Gardiner.

Wol. Walkes and wifhers.

Camp. My Lord of Turke, was not one Doctor Pane.

In this mans place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Camp. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes surely.

Camp. Believe me, there's an illusion spread then,
Even of your selfe Lord Cardinal.

Wol. How of me?

Camp. They will not flitke to fay, you entide him;
And fearing he would rife (he was fo vertuous )
Kept him a forraigne man full, which goe't his'd him;
That he ran mad, and dye.

Wol. Heau'this peace be with him:
That's Christian care enough for huing Murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a Poole;
For he would needs be vertuous. That good Fellow,
If I command him follows my appointment,
I will have none fo neere els. Learne this Brother,
We htle not to be grip'd by meaner perfon.

Kin. Deliver this with modety to the Queene.

Exit Gardiner.
The most convenient place, that I can think ke
For such receipt of Learning, is Black-fryers:
There ye shall meete about this weightie bufines.

My Wofley, fee it furnisht, O my Lord,
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So sweet a Bedfellow? But Conscience, Conscience;
O is a tender place, and I must leave her.

Exeunt.

Scene Tertia.

Enter Anne Bullet, and an old Lady.

Ann. Not for that neither, here's the pang that pinches
His Highnelfe, having liut's so long with her, and she
So good a Lady, that no Tongue could ever
Pronounce disfavour of her; by my life,
She never knew harme-doing: Oh, now after
So many courses of the Sun enthroneed,
Still growing in a Maflefi and pome, the which
To leave, a thousand fold more bitter, then
'Tis sweet at first I acquire. After this Proceffe,
To give her the Mount, it is a pity
Would move a Monfer.

Old L. Hearts of moft hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Ann. Oh Gods will, much better
She 'ere had knowne pome; though't be temporall,
Yet if that quartrell. Fortune, do diuorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a suffrence, panging
As foule and bodies leuering.

Old L. Alas poore Lady,
She's a stranger now again.

Ann. So much the more
Muft pity drop upon her; verily
I sware, tis better to be lowly borne,

And
Cham. Lady;
I shall not fail to approve the faire conceit
The King hath of you. I have perus'd her well,
Beauty and Honour in her are twined,
That they have caught the King: and who knowes yet
But from this Lady, may proceed a lemme,
To lighten all this lie. I'll to the King,
And say I spoke with you.

Exit Lord Chamberlaine.

An. My honour'd Lord.
Old. L. Why this is it: See, see,
I have beene begging sixteen yeares in Court
(An yet a Couriier beggely) nor could
Come pat twixt too early, and too late
For any lot of pounds: and you, (ah fate)
A very fresh Filip here; sye, sye, sye vpen
This count'd fortune: have your mouth fild vp,
Before you open it.

This is strange to me.
Old. L. How tals it? Is it bitter: Forty pence, no;
There was a Lady once, (in an old Story)
That would not be a Queen, that would she not
For all the mud in Egypt: have you heard it?
An. Come you are pleasant.
Old. L. With your wise, I could
Ore-mount the Lake: The Marshionesse of f embrook?
A thousand pounds a yeare, for pure respect?
No other obligation? by my life,
That promises no thousands: Honours traine
Is longer then his fore-skirt; by this time
I know your backe will bear a Duchesse, Say,
Are you not stronger then you were?
An. Good Lady,
Make you me that which with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. Would I had no bringing
If this fille my blood a lot; it faints me
To thimke what followes.
The Queene is comforte, and wee forgetfull
In our long absence: pray do not delinuer,
What beere y'have heard to her,
Old L. What doe you thinke me — Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Trump. trumpet, and Cornets.

Enter two Vergeres, with short spifer wands; next them two
Strifes in the house of Dollars; after them, the Bishop of
Cantebury alone; after him, the Bishops of Loncaine, Et.,
Recheler, and S. Apoph: Next them, with some small
distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the Purse, with the
great Seal, and a Cardinalls Hat: Then two Preists bear-
ing each a Silver Crosse; Then a Gentleman Fife bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant at Armes, bearing a
Silver Mace: Then two Gentlemen bearing two great
Silver Fiders: After them, fids by fide, the two Cardinalls,
two Noblemen, with the Sword and Mace, The King takes
place under the Cloth of State; The two Cardinalls sit
under him at Indiges, The Queene takes place some
distance from the King, The Bishops place them selves on
each side the Court in manner of a Coniory; Below them
the S. tubes; The Lords sit next the Bishops, The rest of the
Attendants stand in convenient order about the Stage.

V 2
Card.

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And range with humble lutes in Contents;
Then to be perk'd vp in a glittering grieve,
And were a golden forrow.
Old L. Our content
Is our belt hanging.
An. By my troth, and Maidenhead,
I would not be a Queene.
Old. L. Bethrown me, I would,
And venture Maidenhead for't, and to would you
For all this price of your Hypocrisie:
You that haue to faire parts of Woman on you,
Have (too) a Woman heart, which ever yet
Affected Enlence, Wealth, Sovereignty;
Which, to say fouth, are Bithings; and which guifs
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your self Chisterell Conscience, would receive,
If you might plese to worthie it.
An. Nay, good truth.
Old. L. Yes troth, & truth; you would not be a Queen?
An. No, not for all the riches under Heaven.
Old. L. This strange; these prince now'd would hire me
Old as I am, to Queene it: but I pray you,
What think you of a Duchesse? Have you limbs
To bear that load of Title?
An. No in truth.
Old. L. Then you are weakly made: plucke of a little,
I would not be a young Count in your way,
For more then blushing comes to: If your backe
Cannot vouchsafe this burrehen, this too weake
Ever to get a Boy.
An. How doe you take it?
I swear againe; I would not be a Queene,
For all the world;
Old. L. In faith, for little England
You'll venture in embassie: I my felo
Would for Canterbury, although there long'd
No more to th' Gove with but that: Lo, who comes here?

Enter Lord Chamberlaine, (know
L. Cham. Good morrow Ladies; what went' worth to
The secret of your conference?
An. My good Lord,
Not your demand: it values not your asking
Our Misfortunes Sorrowes we were pitying.
Cham. It was a gentle blinelle, and becoming
The action of good women, there is hope
All will be well.
Cham. You beare a gentle mind, & heavly blessings
Follow such Creatures. That you may, faire Lady
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high notes
Tane of your many vertues; the Kings Maitedy
Commends his good opinion of you, to you; and
Doe's purpose, honour to you no less flowing,
Then Marchionesse of Pembroke; to which Title,
A Thousand pound a yeare, Annually support,
Out of his Grace he addes.
An. I doe not know
Whokinde of my obedience, I should tender;
More then my All is Nothing: Nor my Prayers
Are not words deuily balled; nor my Witties
More worth, then enuoy vanities: yet Prayers & Wishes
Are all I can returne. 'Beleech your Lordship,
Vouchsafe to speake my thankes, and my obedience,
As from a blussing Handmaid, to his Highnesse,
Whose health and Royalty I pray for.
Car. While’t our Commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

King. What’s the need?

It hath already publiquely been read,
And on all sides th’Authority allow’d,
You may then spare that time.

Car. Be’t so, proceed.

Scri. Say, Henry K. of England, come into the Court.


King. Here.

Scri. 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 Feet. Then speaks.

Sir, I desire you do me Right and Justice,
And to bethow your pitty on me; for
I am a most poore Woman, and a Stranger,
Borne out of your Dominions: having here
No Judge in different, nor no more affarance
Of equall Friendship and Proceeding. Alas Sir:
In what have I offended you? What cause
Hath my behauour gien to your displeasure,
That thus you should procede to put me off,
And take your good Grace from me? Heauen witneffe,
I haue bene to you, a true and humble Wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Euer in feare to kindle your Dislike,
Yea, subject to your Countenance: Glad, or forry,
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
Haue I not thrue to love, although I knew
He were mine Enemy? What Friend of mine,
That had to him deri’d your Anger, did I
Continue in my Liking? Nay, give notice
He was from thence driv’d; Sir, call to minde,
That I haue beene your Wife, in this Obedienc,
Vpward of twenty yeares, and haue bene blest
With many Children by you. If in the courfe
And procede of this time, you can report,
And proue it too, against mine Honor, aught;
My bond to Wedlocke, or my Loe and Dutie
Against your Sacred Person; in Gods name
Turne me a way: and let the foul/l Contempt
Shut doore vpon me, and so giue me vp.

To the sharp’d kind of Justice. Plead ye, Sir,
The King your Father, was reputed for
A Prince most Prudent: of an excellent
And vnmatch’d Wit, and Judgement. Ferdinand
My Father, King of Spaine, was reckon’d one
The wisest Prince, that there had reign’d, by many
A yeare before. It is not to be question’d,
That they had gather’d a wife Counsell to them
Of euery Realme, that did debate this Business,
Who deem’d our Marriage lawful. Wheretoe I humbly
Befeech you Sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my Friends in Spaine,aduis’d whole Counsaile
I will implore. If not,‘th name of God
Your pleasure be fullfild.

Wal. You haue here Lady,
(And of your choice) thefe Reuerend Fathers, men
Of angular Integrity, and Learning;

Yea, the elea of th’Land, who are affibned;
To plead you Caufe. It shall be therefore bootleffe,

That longer you desire the Court, as well
For your owne quiet, as to retitle
What is unseft in the King.

Camp. His Grace
Hath spoken well, and suitly: Therefore Madam,
It’s fit this Royall Session do proceed,
And that (without delay) their Arguments
Be now produc’d, and heard.

Qn. Lord Cardinall, to you I speak.

Wal. Your pleasure, Madam.

Qn. Sir, I am about to wepe; but thinking that
We are a Queene (or long haue dream’d so) certaine
The daughter of a King, my drops of tears,
Ile turne to spakkes of fire.

Wal. Be patient yet.

Qn. I will, when you are humble; Nay before,
Or God will punish me. I do beleue
(Induc’d by potent Circumstances) that
You are mine Enemy, and make my Challenge
You shall not be my Judge. For it is you
Have blowne this Coale, betwixt my Lord, and me;
(Which Gods dew quench’d therefore), I say againe,
I was abhorred; yes, 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.

Wal. I do professe
You speake not like your selfe: who euer yet
Hauue flood to Charity, and display’d the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wife dome,
Ore-topping womans powre. Madam, you do me wrong
I haue no Spleene against you, nor injuice
For you, or any; how farre I have proceded,
Or how farre further (shall) is warrantto
By a Commission from the Consiliorie,
Yea, the whole Consiliorie of Rome. You charge me,
That I haue blowne this Coale: I do deny it;
The King is present: if it be knowne to him,
That I gainfay my Deed, how may he wound,
And worthily my Faliehood, yea, as much
As you have done my Truth. I the know
That I am free of your Report, he knowes
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to curee me, and the Cure is to
Remove the Thoughtes from you. The which before
His Highnesse shall speake in, I do beseech
You gracious Madam) to vnthynke your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Queen. My Lord, my Lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning, Yare meek, & humble-mouth’d
You signe your Place, and Calling, in full feeming,
With Meekenesse and Humilitie: but your Heart
It crom’d with Arrogance, Spleene, and Pride.
You haue by Fortune, and his Highness favors,
Gone slighly o’er lowe steepes, and now are mounted
Where Powres are your Retainers, and your words
(Home testicks to you) ferue your will, as’t please
Your selfe pronounce their Office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person Honer, then
Your high profession Spiritual. That a gen
I do refuse you for my judge, and here
Before you all, Appeale unto the Pope,
To bring my whole Caufe before his Holiness,
And to be judge d by him.

She Chrifies to the King, and offers to depart.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Camp. The Queen is obstinate,
Subborne to lattice, apt to accuse it, and
Dishastfull to be tryde by's; tis not well.
She's going away.

Kin. Call her again.

Crier. Katherine Q. of England, come into the Court,
Gea. Oth. Maidan, you are call'd backe.

Que. What need you note it? pray you keep your way,
When you are cold returne. Now the Lord helpes,
The yee vexe me past my patience pray you passe on;
I will not tarry, no, nor even more
Upon this busiefe my appearance make,
In any of their Courts.

Exit Queen, and her Attendants.

Kin. Go thy wayes Kate,
That man ill's world, who'll still report he has
A better Wife, let him in brought be trusted,
For speaking false in that; they are alone
(If they rare qualities, justice esteem'd),
Thy meekness be saintlike, Wite-like Government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy pars
Sourcigns and Pious els could speake thee out)
The Queen of earthly Queenes: Shee's Noble borne;
And like her true Nobility she's
Carried her selfe towards me,
Yea. Moi gracious Sir,
In humblen manner I require your Highnes,
That it shall please you to declare in hearing
Of all these cares (for where I am rob'd and bound,
There must be I valorous, although not there
At once, and fully satisfie) whether ever I
Did broach this busines to your Highnes, or
Laid any scruple in your way, who might
Induce you to the question on that ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
A Royall Lady, Ispake one, the least word that might
Be to the prejudice of her present State,
Or touch of her good Person ?

Kin. My Lord Cardinal,
I doe entreat you, yea, upon mine Honour,
I free your sawt: You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so; but like to Village Curces,
Barke when their fellows doe. By some of these
The Queen is put in anger; ye are execut'd:
But will you be more insatiable? You ever
Have with it the fleeting of this busines, never defird It to be first; but of hate heindred; of
The passages made toward it, on my Honor,
I spake my good Lord Cardinal, to this point;
And thus faire cleared him.

Now, what would he toot
I will be bold with time and your attention: (too't)
Then marke th'inducement Thus it came; gibe heed to
My Conscience first receiv'd a sendern, Scruple, and pricke, on certame Speeches utter'd
By th' Bishop of Bayon, then French Embassadour,
Who had beene hither sent on the debating
And Marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans, and
Our Daughter Mary: I spake of the progress of this busines,
Ere a determinate resolution, hee
(I meant the Bishop) did require a respite,
Wherein he might the King his Lord aduertise,
Whether our Daughter were legitime,
Repealing this our Marriage with the Dowager,
Sometimes our Brothers Wife. This respite shooke
The bolome of my Conscience, enter'd use;
Yes, with a spitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my Breast, which for'd such way,
That many maz'd considerings, did throng
And prefit in with this Caution. First I thought
I flood not in the smite of Heaven, who had
Commanded Nature, that my Ladies wombe
If it concem'd a male-child by me, should
Doe no more Offices of life too; then
The Grave does to th' dead: For her Male Issue,
Or did where they were made, or shortly after
This world had say'd them. Hence I tooke a thought,
This was a judgement on me, that my Kingdom
(Well worthy the best Heyre of th' World) should not
Be gladdened by me. Then followes, that
I weigh'd the danger which my Realmes flood in
By this my Issue false, and that gave to me
Many a growing storm: thus haling in
The wild Sea of my Conscience, I did steer Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together; that's to say,
I mean to rectifie my Conscience, which
I then did feel full fickle, and yet not well,
By all the Restent Fathers of the Land,
And Doctors learn'd. First I began in private,
With you my Lord of Lincorne, you remember
How under my oppression I did reche
When I first would you

E. Lu. Very well my Liege.

Kin. I have spoke long, be pleas'd your selfe to say
How faire you satisfy me.

Lu. So pleaseth your Highnes,
The question did at first so stagger me,
Bearing a State of mighty moment in't.
And condeemence of dreades, that I committed
The daring Councile which I had to doubts,
And did entreate your Highnes to this course,
Which you are running here.

Kin. My Lord of Cauterbury,
And get your ease
To make this present Summons unfelicited,
I left no Resentend Person in this Court;
But by particular content proceeded
Vnder your hands and Seales; therefore goe on,
For no diffike th' world against the petition
Of the good Queen; but the sharpe thorny points
Of my all-edged reason, druit this forward:
Prouse but our Marriage lawfull, by my Life
And Kingly Dignity, we are contented
To waste our morall State to come, with her,
(Katherine our Queene) before the priestfull Creature
That's Paragon'd o'th' World

Camp. So pleaseth your Highnes,
The Queene being abrest, 'tis a needfull finesse,
That we adhorne this Court till further day;
Mamie while, must be an earneft motion
Made to the Queene to call booke her Appeale
She intends unto his Holinesse.

Kin. I may peruse
These Cardinals trifle with me: I abhorre
This dilatory sloth, and trickses of Rome.
My learn'd and wellbeloved Servant Craumer,
Prehice returnes, with thy approhe: I know,
My comfort comes along: breake vp the Court;
I say, let on.

Excert, in manner as they enter'd.
Enter, Queen and her Women as at work.

Queen. Take thy Lute wench, My Soule grows sad with troubles, Sing, and discharge 'em if thou canst: leave working.

Song.

O Youth with his Lute made Trees, And the Mountains top that freeze, Bow themselves when he did sing, To his Musick, Plants and Flowers, Ever spring; as Summer and Showers, There had made a lovely Spring, Ever thing that heard him play, Even the Billows of the Sea, Hung their heads, and then lay by. In sweet Musick is such Art, Kissing care, or griefes of heart, Fall asleep, or bearing aye.

Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now?

Gent. And please your Grace, the two great Cardinals Wait in the presence.

Queen. Would they speake with me?

Gent. They will me say to Madam.

Queen. Pray their Graces

To come nearer: what can be the busines With me, a poore weake woman, false from favour? I doe not like their comming; now I think on't, They should bee good men, their affaires as righteous But all Hoods, make not Monks.

Enter the two Cardinals, Wolf & Campan. Wolf. Peace to your Highness.

Queen. Your Graces find me here part of a Howsfwife, (I would be all) against the world may happen: What are your pleasures with me, reverent Lords? May it please you Noble Madam, to withdraw Into your private Chamber; we shall give you The full caufe of our comming.

Queen. Speake it here.

There's nothing I have done yet o'my Conscience Deceiv'd a Corner: would all other Women Could speake this with as free a Soule as I doe. My Lords, I care not (too much I am happy About a number), if my affions Were tried by every tongue, every eye (law'em), Emuy and base opinion let against 'em, I know my life to euen. If your busines Seek me out, and that way I am Wife in; Out with it boldly: Truth loues open dealing.

Card. Tanta est egra se mensae integritas Reginae, servissima.

Queen. O good my Lord, no Lain; I am not such a Truant since my comming, As not to know the Language I have li'd in: (ous) A strange Tongue makes my cause more strange, finp; if I speake in English, there are fome that will think you, If you speake truth, for their poore Mutris false: Beleeue me she ha's had much wrong. Lord Cardinal, The will ing fhte I ever yet commited, May be aboliud in English.

Card. Noble Lady,

I am forry my integritv shoul breed, (And service to his Maiestie and you) So deep is the perdition, where all faith was meant; We come not by the way of satisfaction, To taunt that honour every good Tongue blest; Nor to betray you any way to forrow; You haue too much good Lady : But to know How you stand minded in the weathy difference Between the King and you, and to deliver (Like free and honest men) our just opinions, And comforts to our caufe.

Camp. Moit honour'd Madam, My Lord of Yorke, out of his Noble nature, Zeal and obedience he thil little bore your Grace, Forgetting (like a good man) your late Ceniture Both of his truth and him (which was too farre) Offers, as I doe, in 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 fo) But how to make ye secretfull an Answere In such a point of weight, fo reare mine Honour, (More more my Life I feare) with my weake wit; And to speake of gravity and learning In truth I know not. I was let at worke, Among my Maids, full little (God knows) looking Either for such men, or such businesse, For her sake that I haue beene, for I feele The laft fit of my Greatness; good your Graces Let me haue time and Counsell for my Caufe: Also, I am a Woman friendlesse, hopelesse.

Wolf. Madam, You wrong the Kings loue with these fears, 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 Highness pleasure, (Though he be grome fo desperate to be honest) And live a subiect? Nay let both, my Friends, They that must weigh out our aftenction, They that my truth must grow to, live not heere, They are (as all my other comforts) far hence In mine owne Countrey Lords.

Camp. I would you Grace Would leave your grieves, and take my Counsell.

Queen. How Sir?

Camp. Per your mine cause into the Kings protection, Here's wing and most gracious. I will be much, Both for your Honour better, and your Caufe: For it the caryall of the Law o'take ye, You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wolf. He tells you rightly.

Queen. Ye tell me what ye with for both, my ruine: Is this your Christian Counsell? Ous upon ye. Heauen is above all yet; there fisht a Judge, That no King can corrupt.

Camp. Your rage mistikes vs.

Queen. The more shame for ye; high men I thought ye, Vpon my Soule two reverend Cardinal Vertues: But Cardinal Sins, and hollow hearts I feare ye: Mend 'em for shame my Lords: Is this your comfort? The Cordiall that ye bring a wretched Lady? A woman lost among ye, laught'at, scorn'd; I will not with ye haile my misteries.
I have more Charity. But say I want'd ye; Take heed, for heaven's sake take heed, lest at once The worthen of my sorrowes, fall vpon ye. Car. Madam, this is a mere distraction, You turne the good we offer, into envy. Quae. Ye turne me into nothing. Woe vpon 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 fickle caule into his hands, that hates me? Alas, his bani'd me his bed already, His Love, too long ago. I amold my Lords, And all the Fellowship I hold now with him Is only my Obedience. What can happen To me, about this wrched needle? All your Studies Make me a Curte, like this. Camp. Your fears are worse. Qua. Have I thus long (let me speake my selue, Since Verce finds no friends) A Wife, a true one? A Woman (I dare say without Vangerly) Never yet branded with Supposition? Have I, with all my full Affections Still met the King? Lou'd him next Heath? Obey'd him? Bin (out of fondness) superfluous to him? Almoft forgot my Prayers to content him? And am I thus rewarded? 'Tis not well Lords, Bring me a constant woman to her Husband, One that do'se'ream'd a joy, beyond his pleasue; 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 are at. Qua. My Lord, I dare not make my selue fo guiltie, To give vp willingly that Noble Title Your Maller wed me to: nothing but death Shall e're divorce my Dignities. Car. Pray hear me. Qua. Would I had never tred this English Earth, Or felt the Flatteries that grow vp on it: Ye have Angels Faces; but Heauen knows your hearts. What can become of me now, vretched Lady? I am the most unhappy Woman living. Alas (poore Wenches) where are now your Fortunes? Shipwrick'd upon a Kingdome, where no Pity, No Friends, no Hope, no Kindred weep for me? Almoft no Graue allow'd me? Like the Lilly That once was Miftris of the Field, and flourished, Ile hang my head, and perifh. Car. If your Grace Could but be brought to know, our End are honest, You'd feel more comfort. Why shold we(good Lady) Upon what caute wrong you? Alas, our Places, The way of our Profession is against it; We are to Cure such forrowes, not to fowe 'em. For Goodness sake, consider what you do, How you may hurt your felfe; I, vterly Grow from the Kings Acquaintance, by this Carriage. The hearts of Princes kille Obedience, So much they love it. But to lubboreous Spirits, They swell and grow, as terrible as thrones. I know you have a Gentle, Noble temper. A Soule as easy as a Calme; Pray think ye, Those we professe, Peace-makers, Friends, and Servants Camp. Madam, vou'll finde it for: You wrong your Vertues With these weak Womans fears. A Noble Spirit As yours was put into you, ever catts Such doubts as false Coine from it, The King loves you, Beware you looke it not: For vs(if you please To truft vs in your business)we are ready To vse our vnoott Studies, in your service. Qua. Do what ye will, my Lords: And pray forgive me; If I have vs'd my selue vnnamely, You know I am a Woman, lacking wit To make a leemly anwer to such particulars, Pray do my service to his Maiestye, He ha's my heart yet, and shall haue my Prayers While I shall haue my life. Come recurend Fathres, Beflow your Counsellors on me. She now begges That little thought when the fet footing here, She should have bought her Dignities to desce. Exeunt

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Scena Secunda.


Nor. If you will now write in your Complaints, And force them with a Confinacy, the Cardinal Cannot and will not read them. If you omit The offer of this time, I cannot promise, But that you shall haue mine owne desgraces, With thele you beare alreadie.

Sur. I am ioyfull To meete the leaft occasion, that may give me Remembrance of my Father-in-Law, the Duke, To be reueng'd on him.

Saf. Which of the Peers Haue vncontent'd gone by him, or at leaft Strangely neglected? When did he regard The lampes of Noblenesse in any peron Out of himselfe?

Chas. My Lords, you speake 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 access to'th King, neuer attempt Any thing on him: for he hath a Witchcraft Over the King in's Tongue.

Nor. O feare him not, His spfell in that is out: the King hath found Matter against him, that for euer mares The Hony of his Language. No, he's fetled (Not to come off) in his diplase, Sur. Sir, I should be glad to heare such Newes as this Once euery houre.

Nor. Believe this, it is true.

In the Divorce, his contrarie proceedings Are all unfoled: when euer he appeares, As I would with mine Enemy. Sur. How can his prachises to light? Saf. Most strangely.

Sur. O how? how ?

Saf. The Cardinals Letters to the Pope miscarried, And
And came to the eye of the King, wherein was read
How that the Cardinal did interpose his Holiness
To stay the judgement of the Duke; for if
It did take place, I do (quoth he) perceive
My King is tangled in affection,
So
A Creature of the Queens, Lady Anne Boleyn.
Nor. Has the King this?
Suf. Believe it.
Sur. Will this worke?
Churh. The King in this perceives him, how he coasts
And hedges his own way. But in this point,
All his trickses founder, and he brings his Physick
After his Patients death; the King already
Hath married the faire Lady,
Sur. Would he had.
Suf. May you be happy in your with my Lord,
For I professe you haue it,
Sur. Now all my joy
Trace the Conjunction.
Suf. My Amen too't.
Nor. All mens.
Suf. There's order giten for her Coronation:
Marry this is yet but yong, and may be left.
To some care: vnrecounted. But my Lords
She is a gallant Creature, and complete
In minde and feature. I persuaded her from,
Will fall some Blessing to this Land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.
Sur. But will the King
Digest this Letter of the Cardinals?
The Lord forbid.
Nor. Marry Amen.
Suf. No, no:
There be noe Wafpes that buzz about his Note,
Will make this fling the sooner. Cardinal Campions,
Is fliose away to Rome, hath'tane no leaue,
Ha's left the caufe uth'King unhanded, and
Is pos'd as the Agent of our Cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The King e'ty de Ha, at this.
Cham. Now God incense him,
And let him e'ty Halow yer,
Nor. But my Lord
When returnes Cromwell?
Suf. He is return'd in his Opinions, which
Has caus'd the King for his Duiorice,
Together with all famous Collected
Almost in Christendome: shortly (I beleue)
His second Marriage shall be publish'd,
And Her Coronation. Katherine no more
Shall be eaitl Queens, but Princesse Dowager,
And Widdlow to Prince Arthur.
Nor. This fame Crommer's
A worthy Fellow, and hath tane much paime
In the Kings businesse.
Suf. He ha's, and we shall see him
For it an Arch-bysbych.
Nor. So I heate.
Suf. Tis fo.
Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.
The Cardinal,
Nor. Obfure, obfure, hee's moody.
Car. The Packet Cromwell,
Curt you the King?
Crom. To his owne hand, in's Bed-chamber.
Card. Look'd he o'th'inside of the Paper?
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

His Contemplation were about the earth, And fixt on Spiritual objects, he should still Dwell in his Musings, but I am afraid His Thinking's are below the Moon, not worth His serious considering. 

King takes his Seat, whistles Lowell, who goes to the Cardinal. 

Car. Heaven forgive me, 
Euer God bleepe your Highness. 

King. Good my Lord, You are full of Heautenly thoughts, and bear the Inventory Of your best Graces, in your mind: the which You were now running o're: you have faile time To recite from Spiritual leysure, a briefe span To keep your earthly Auditor, sure in that I deeme you an ill Husband, and am gald To have ye therein my Companion. 

Car. Sir, For Holy Offices I have a time; a time To think upon the part of businesse, which I beare i'th State: and Nature does require Her times of pereuation, which performe Her fraile sonne, amongst my Brethren mortall, Muli giue my tendance to. 

King. You have faile well. 

Car. And euer may your Highness yoke together, (As I will lend you cause) my doing well, With my well saying. 

King. 'Tis well said ajen, And 'tis a kind of good deeds to say well, And yet words are no deeds. My Father lou'd you, He said he did, and with his deed did Crowne His word vpon you. Since I had my Office, I have kept you next my Heart, hau'e not alone Imploy'd you where high Profits might come home, But part my present Hauings, to below My Bounties vpon you. 

Car. What should this mean? 

Sur. The Lord increase this businesse. 

King. Have I not made you The prime man of the State? I pray you tell me, If it what I pronounce, you have found true: And if you may confess't, say withall If you are bound to vs, or no. What say you? 

Car. My Sovereine, I confesse your Royall grace Shew'd on me daily, hau'e bene more then could My studied purpouses require, which went Beyond all mans endevours. My endevours, Have euer come to short of my Desires, Yet fill'd with my Abilities. Nine owne ends Have bene mine, no, that euer more they pointed To the good of your most Sacred Person, and The profit of the State. For your great Graces Hap'd vpon me (poore Vadeveter) I Can nothing render but Allegiant thanks, My Pray'res to heav'n for you: my Loyalty Which euer ha's, and euer shall be growing, Till death (that Winter) kill it. 

King. Fairly answer'd: 

A Loyall, and obediens Subiect is Therein illustrated, the Honor of it Does pay the Act of, as i'th'contrary The fowliness is the punishment. I presume, That as my hand ha's open'd Bountie to you, My heart drop'd Loue, my power rais'd Honor, more On you, then any: So your Hand, and Heart, Your Braine, and every Function of your power, Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty, As'twer in Loues particular, be more To me your Friend,then any, 

Car. I do profess, 

That for your Highness good, I euer labou'red More then mine owne: that am,have, and will be (Though all the world shoul'd cracke their duty to yow, And throw it from their Soule, though perils did Abound, as thickes as thought could make 'em, and Appear in forms more horrid) yet my Duty, As doth a Rocke against the chiding Flood, Should the approach of this wilde Kuer breake, And fland withsken yours. 

King. 'Tis Nobly spoken: Take notice Lords, he ha's a Loyall breif, For you have feene him open't. Read o're this, And after this, and then to Breakfast with What appetitve you have. 

Exit King, frowning vpon the Cardinal, the Nobles through after him smiling, and whispering. 

Car. What should this mean? 

What sadine Anger's this? How haue I recap'd it? He panted Frowning from me, as if Rume Leap'd from his Eyes. So looks the chas'd Lyon Vpon the daring Huntman that has gald him: Then makes him nothing. I must reade this paper: I feare the Story of his Anger. 'Tis so: 

This paper ha's vndone me: 'Tis the Accomp't 

Of all that world of Wesh I have drawnke together For mine owne ends, (Indeed to gaine the Popedome, And fee my Friends in Rome.) O Negligence! 

Fit for a Poole to fall by: What croffe Duell Made me put this mains Secret in the Packet I lent the King? Is there no way to cure this? No newe deuice to beeke this from his Braines I know 'twill strike him strongly; yet I know A way, if it take right, in spight of Fortune Will bring me of againe. What's this? To th' Pope 

The Letter (as I live) with all the Businesse I writ too's Holinesse. Nay then, farewell: I haue touch'd the highest point of all my Greatness, And from that full Meridian of my Glory, I haue now to my Setting. I shall fall 

I like a bright exhalation in the Evening, And no man fee me more. 

Enter toWoolsey, the Dukes of Norfolkke and Suffolke, theEarle of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlaine. 

Nor. Heare the Kings pleasure Cardinal, Who commands you To render up the Great Scale prettily Into our hands, and to Confine your felie To After-house, my Lord of Winchester, Till you heare further from his Highnesse. 

Car. Stay: 

Where's your Commission? Lords, words cannot carrie Authority so weighty. 

Suf. Who dare croffe 'em, 

Bearing the Kings will from his mouth expressly? 

Car. Till I finde more then will, or words to do it, (I meane your malice) know, Officious Lords, I dare, and muft deny it. Now I feele 

Of what course Mettle ye are molded, Enuy, How eagerly ye follow my Disgraces
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

As if it were ye, and how sleeke and wanting ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin? Follow your envious cousines, men of Malice; You have Christian warrant for 'em, and no doubt: In time will find their fit Rewards. That Scale You ask with such a Violence, the King (Mine, and your Master) with his own hand, gave me: Bad me enjoy it, with the Place, and Honors During my life; and to confirm his Goodness, To de it by Letters Patents. Now, who'll take it? Sur. The King that gave it. Car. It must be his life then. Sur. Thou art a proud Traitor, Priest. Car. Proud Lord, thou liest! Within these sixt hours, in Surry'd better Haste burnt that Tongue, then slide to. Sur. Thy Ambition (Thou Scarlet sinner) robb'd this bewailing Land Of Noble Buckingham, my Father-in-Law, The heads of all thy Brother-Cardinall's, (With thee, and all thy best parts bound together) Weigh'd not a hair of him. Plague of your policie, You sent me Deputy for Ireland, Farre from his succour; from the King, from all That might have mercie on the faults, thou gaff't him: Whil't your great Goodness, out of holy pity, Ablen'd him with an Axe. Wol. This, and all else This talking Lord can lay vpon my credit, I answ'er, is most faile. The Duke by Law Found his deferts. How innocent I was From any private malice in his end, His Noble urie, and foule Cauncle can witnesse, If I'd cou'd many words, Lord, I should tell you, You have as little Honelie, as Honor, That in the way of Loyallie, and Truth, Toward the King, my ever Rolall Master, Dare make a louder man then Surrie can be, And all that loue his follies. Sur. By my Soule, Your long Coat (Priest) protects you, Thou should't feel My Sword it's life blood of thee else. My Lords, Can ye endure to hear this Arrogance? And from this Fellow? If we live thus tamely, To be thus laded by a piece of Scarlet, Farewell Noblesse: let his Grace go forward, And dare vs with his Cap, like Larkes. Card. All Goodness Is payson to thy Stomache. Sur. Yes, that goodnesse Of gleaning all the Lands wealth into one, Into your owne hands (Card'nal) by Extortion: The goodnesse of your intercepted Packets You write to the Pope, against the King: your goodnesse Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious. My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly Noble, As you respect the common good, the State Of our desir'd Noblesse, our Illustre, (Whom if he live, will screen be Gentlemen) Produce the grand summe of his fines, the Articles Collected from his life. If stillest you Worste then the Scaring Bell, when the browne Wenche Lay kifing in your Armes, Lord Cardinal. Car. How much me thinkes, I could depisse this man, But that I am bound in Charitie against it.

Nor. Those Articles, my Lord, are in the Kings hand; But thus much, they are solel ones. Wol. So much fairer And spotleffe, shall mine Innocence arise, When the King knowes my Truth, Sur. This cannot faue you: I thanke my Memory, I yet remember Some of these Articles, and out they shall, Now, if you can blufh, and crie guiltie Cardinal, You'll have a little Honesty. Wol. Speake on Sir, I dare your worst Objections: If I blufh, It is to see a Nobleman want manners. Sur. I had rather want thone, then my head; Have at you. First, that without the Kings affernt or knowledge, You wrought to be a Legatee, by which power You main'd the Jurisdiction of all Bishops. Nor. Then, That in all you write to Rome, or else To Foraigne Princes, Ego & Rex meum Was still infrib'd: in which you brought the King To be your Seruant. Sur. Then, that without the knowledge Either of King or Counsell, when you went Ambassadors to the Emperor, you made bold To carry into Flanders, the Great Seale. Sur. Item, You sent a large Commission To Gregory de Canfado, to conclude Without the Kings will, or the States allowance, A League betweene his Highnesse, and Ferrara. Sur. That out of meere Ambition, you have caus'd Your holy Hat to be stamp'd on the Kings Come. Sur. Then, That you have sent immaterial substance, (By what means got, I leave to your owne conscience) To furnish Rome, and to prepare the wayes You hau'e for Dignities, to the meere endooing Of all the Kinglome. Many more there are, Which once they are of you, and odious, I will not touch my mouth with. Cham. Omy Lord, Prefere not a falling man too farre; tis Vertue: His faults I ye open to the Lavers, let them (Not you) correct him. My heart weepes to see him So little, of his great Selfe. Sur. I forgive him. Sur. Lord Cardinal, the Kings further pleasure is, Because all those things you have done of late By your power Legitum within this Kingdome, Fall into the compasse of a Premunire; That therefore such a Writ be fixed against you, To forfeit all your Goods, Lands, Tenements, Caffles, and whatsoever, and to be Out of the Kings protection. This is my Charge. Nor. And to weel I leaue you to your Meditations How to live better. For your clubborne answ'er About the guing backe the Great Seale to vs, The King shall know it, and (no doubte) shall thank you. So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinal. Exeunt all but Wolsey. Wol. So farewell, to the little good you beaume. Farewell! A long farewell to all my Greatness. This is the fate of Man; to day he puts forth The tender Leaues of hopes, to morrow Blossomes, And beares his blushing Honors thicke upon him: The third day, comes a Frost; a killing Frost, And when he thinkes, good easie man, full fully
His Greatness is a ripening, mippo7 his rooste,
And then he fai as I do. I have ventur'd
Like little wanton Boys that steam on bladders:
This many Summer in a Sea of Glory,
But faire beyond my depth, my high-blowne Pride
As length broke vnder me, and nowha's left me
Weary, and old with Service, to the mercy
Of a rude streame, that must for ever hide me.
Vaine pompe, and glory of this World, I hate ye,
I fee my heart new open'd. Oh how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on Princes' favours?
There is bec wit that fainte we would aspire too,
That fweet Apect of Princes, and ther ruine,
More pangs, and feares then wares, or women hau'e;
And when he falleth, he falleth like Lucifer,
Neuer to hope again.

Enter Cromwell, standing amaz'd.

Why how now Cromwell?
Crom. I haue no power to speake Sir.
Car. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? Can thy Spirit wonder
A great man should decline. Nay, and you weep
I am faine indeed.
Crom. How does your Grace,
Car. Why well:
Neuer fo truly happy, my good Cromwell,
I know my feltenow, and I feele within me,
A peace above all earthly Dignities,
A still, and quiet Confinement. The King ha's cur'd me,
I humbly thanke his Grace: and from these shoulders
These ruind Pillers, out of putty, taken
A loade, which will finke a Navie, (too much Honor.)
"O'tis a burden Cromwell, 'tis a burden
Too heavie for a man, that hopes for Heauen.
Crom. I am glad your Grace,
He's made that right vie of it,
Car. I hope haue;
I am blinde now (me thinkes)
(Out of a Fortitude of Soule, I feele)
To endure more Miseries, and greater faire
Then my Weake-hearted Enemies, dare offer.
What Newes abroad?
Crom. The haue inuen't, and the world,
Is your disobedience with the King.
Crom. God bleffe him,
Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor, in your place.
Car. That's somewhat fadain.
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his Highneffe favoure, and do Jujcice
For Truths sake, and his Conscience: that his bones,
When he's run his course, and sleepes in Bieffings,
May haue a Tombie of Orphans earres wept on him.
What more?
Crom. That Cromer is return'd with welcome;
Infall'1d Lord Arch-bishop of Canterbury,
Car. That's Newses indeed.
Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the King hath in fecrete long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his Queene,
Going to Chappell: and the voyce is now
Onely about her Coronation.
Car. There was the weight that pull'd me downe.
O Cromwell,
The King he's gone beyond me: All my Glories
In that one woman, I have loft for euer.

No Sun, shall euer other forth mine Honours,
Or glide againe the Noble Troopes that weighted
Upon my finales. Go get thee from me Cromwel,
I am a poor false man, unworthy none,
To be thy Lord, and Master. Seek the King
(That Sun, I pray may never fee) I haue told him,
What, and how true thou art: he will advance thee:
Some little memory of me, will firme thee
(I know his Noble Nature) not to let
Thy hopefull seruice perifh too. Good Cromwell
Neglect him not; make vie now, and prouide
For thine owne future safety.

Crom. O my Lord,
Muff I then leave you? Muff I needes forgo
So good, to Noble, and to true a Master?
Bare witnesse, all that have not hearts of Iron,
With what a lowe Cromwell leaves his Lord.
The King shall haue my seruice; but my prayers
For euer, and for euer shall be yours.

Car. Cromwell, I did not thinke to fided a race
In all my Miseries: But thou haft forc'd me
(Out of thy honest truth) to play the Woman.
Let's dry our eyes: And thus I charge thee Cromwel,
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleepe in dull cold Marble, where no mention
Of me, more must be heard of: Say I taught thee;
Say Wolsey, that once tred the wayes of Glory,
And jounded all the Depths, and Shores of Honor,
Found thee a way (out of his wrath) to sitte in:
A sure, and fat eone, though thy Master misst it.
Marke but my Fall, and that that Ruin'd me:
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away Ambition,
By that finne fell the Angels howe can man then
(The Image of his Maker) hope to win by it?
Louve thy leflie left, cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more then Honesty.
Still in thy right hand, carry gende Peace
To silence enious Tongues. Be kau', and feare not;
Let all the ends thou as'let at, be thy Countries,
Thy Gods, and Truths. Then if thou fall it (O Cromwell)
Thou fall it a blessed Martyr.
Serve the King: And prythee leade me in:
These take they eyes: And thus I charge thee,
To the last pyn, 'tis the Kings. My Robe,
And my Integrity to Heauen, is all,
I dare now call mine owne. O Cromwel, Cromwel,
Had I but fer'd my God, with halfe the Zeale
I fer'd my King: he would not in mine Age
Have left me naked to mine Enemies.
Crom. Good Sir, haue patience.
Car. So I haue. Farewell
The Hopes of Court, my Hopes in Heauen do dwell.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentleman, meeting one another.

1 Y're well met once again.
2 So are you.
1 You come to take your stand here, and behold
The Lady Anne, passe from her Coronation.
The Order of the Coronation.

1 A Lively Flourish of Trumpets.
2 Then, two Judges.
3 Lord Chancellor, with Purse and Mace before him.
4 Quire-fellers singing. Muficke.
5 Mayor of London, bearing the Mace. Then Garter, in his Coat of Arms, and on his head he wore a Gold Copper Crowne.
6 Marquess of Dorset, bearing a Scepter of Gold, on his head, a Demy Coronell of Gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the Rod of Silver with the Bone, Crowned with an Earle Coronell. Collars of Effyes.
7 Duke of Suffolk, in his Robe of Estate, his Coronet on his head bearing a Long White Wand, as High Sternal. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the Rod of Marquesship, a Coronet on his head. Collars of Effyes.
8 A Canary, borne by five of the Cinque Ports, under it the Queen in her Robe, in her baine, richly adorned with Pearle, Crowned. On each side her, the Bishops of London, and Winchester.
9 The Old Dutchess of Norfolk, in a Coronell of Gold, wrought with Flowers, bearing the Queene's Traine.
10 Certaine Ladies or Courtiasses, with plaine Circles of Gold, without Flowers.
Exeunt, still paffing over the Stage in Order and State, and then, A great Flourish of Trumpets.

2 A Royall Traine beleauce me: Thofe I know: Who's that that bearers the Sceptre?
1 Marquess Dorset, And that the Earl of Surrey with the Rod.
2 A bold brave Gentleman, That should bee The Duke of Suffolk.
1 This the fame: high Sternal.
2 And that my Lord of Norfolk?
1 Yes.
2 Heauen bleffe thee, Thou haft the sweeteft face I ever look'd on.
Sir, as I haue a Soule, fhe is an Angel; Our King haues all the Indies in his Armes, And more, and richer, when he straines that Lady, I cannot blame his Confidence. They that bear The Cloath of Honour over her, are foure Barons Of the Cinque Ports.
2 Thofe men are happy, And fo are all, are neere her.
I take it, the that carries vp the Traine.
1 Is that old Noble Lady, Dutchefle of Norfolk.
2 It is, and all the reft are Courtiasses.
2 Their Coronets fay fo. Those are Starres indeed, And sometimes falling ones.
2 No more of that.

Enter a third Gentleman.
1 God fave you Sir. Where haue you bin broiling?
2 Among the crow'd I' th' Abbey, where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more: I am flaffed
With the meere ranknife of their toy.
1 You faw the Ceremonie?
2 That I did.
1 How was it?
2 Well worth the seeing.
3 Good Sir, fpake it to vs?
3 As well as I am able, The rich fame
Of Lords, and Ladies, hauing brought the Queene To a prepar'd place in the Quire, fell off
A distance from her, while her Grace fate downe To reft a while, fome halfe an hour, or fo,
In a rich Chair of State, oppofing freely
The Beauty of her Person to the People.
Beauce me Sir, fhe is the goodleffe Woman
That euer lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, fuch a noyfe arose,
As the throwes made at Sea, in a fitte Tempell,
As lowd, and to as many Tunnes. Hats, Cloakes,
( Doubtles, I thinke) flaw vp, and had their Faces
Bin loofe, this day they had beene loft. Such toy
I neuer faw before. Great belly'd women,
That had not halfe a weake to go, like Rammes
In the old time of Ware, would shake the preffe
And make 'em reele before 'em. No man lighting
Could faie this is my wife there, all were wouen
So strangelye in one peace.
2 But what follow'd?
3 At length, her Grace rofe, and with modest paces
Came to the Altar, where she kneeld, and Saint-like
Caft her faine eyes to Heauen, and pray'd devoutly.
Then rofe againe, and bow'd her to the people: When by the Arch-bishop of Canterbury,
She had all the Royall making of a Queene; As holy Oyle, Edward Conflagors Crowne,
The Rod, and Bird of Peace, and all fuch Emblems
Laid Nobly on her: which perform'd, the Quire...
The Life of King Henry the Eight.

With all the Choyntell Musicke of the Kingdome, Together lugn Te Deum. So fine parsed, And with the last full State pac'd backe againe To Yorke-Place, where the feast is held.

1 Sir, You must no more call it Yorke-place that's past: For since the Cardinall fell, that Title lost.'

'Tis now the Kings, and call'd White-Hall.

3 I know it:

But 'tis so late alter'd, that the old name. Is fresh about me.

What two Reuerent Byshops

Were those that went on each side of the Queen?

3 Stokely and Gardiner, the one of Winchester, Newly pretend from the Kings Secretarie.
The other London.

2 He of Winchester

I hold no great good fouer of the Archbishops, The vertuous Cranmer.

3 All the Land knowes that:

How euer, yet there is no great breach, when it comes Cranmer will find a Friend will not shrink from him, 2 Who may that be, I pray you.

3 Thomas Cromwell,

A man in much eseme with th'King, and truly A worthy Friend. The King has made him Master of the Lewes Houfe, And one already of the Privie Councell.

2 He will defend me more.

3 Yes without all doubt.

Come Gentlemen ye shall go my way, Which is to th' Court, and there ye shall be my Guests:

Something I can command. As I walke thiser, 'tis tell ye more.

Bath. You may command vs Sir.

Scene Seconda.

Enter Katherine Donnerge, fiegh, lead betwixt Griffisb, her Gentleman & her, and Patience her Woman.

Grif. How doe you my Grace?

Kath. G Griffisb fikc to death:

My Legges like linden Braches how to Earth, Wondering to leave their borthen. Reach a Chace, So nowe (me thinkes) I feel a little cafe.

Didd't thou not tell me Griffisb, as thou lead'd mee, That the great Childs of Honor, Cardinal Wolfes, Was dead?

Grif. Yes Madam: but I thank' your Grace

Out of the paine you suffer'd, gave no care roote.

Kath. Be thee good Griffisb, tell me how he dy'd.

If well, he fleft me happily

For my example.

Grif. Well, the voce goes Madam,

For after the Count Earles Northern-land

Arrested him at Yorke, and brought him forward

As a man forly tamed, to his Answer,

He fell fikc godly, and grew to ill

He could not fit his Mule.

Kath. Alas poor man.

Grif. At last, with cafe Rodor, he came to Leicelte.

Lodg'd in the Abbey; where the reuerend Abbot

With all his Counent, honourably receiv'd him;

To whom he gave these words. O Father Abbot,

An old man broken with the Thomas of State,

Is come to lay his weeny bones amongst you:

Give him a little earth for Charity.

So went to bed; where eagerly his Nephews

Durst'd him ill, and three nightes after this,

About the houre of eight, which he himpelle

Forsole should be his last, full of Repentance,

Continuall Meditations, Teares, and sorrows,

He gave his Honors to the world agen,

His blest part to Heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest,

His Faults ly gently on him:

Yet thus faire Griffisb, gave me leave to speake him,

And yet with Charity. He was a man,

Of an unbounded Romacke, court ranking

Himselfe with Princes. One that by tuggeation

Ty'd all the Kingdome. Symonne, was faire pla,

His owne Opinion was his Law. 1th prefence

He would say veritius, and be ever double

Both in his words, and meaning. He was never

(there where he meant to Ruine jut full.

His Promifer, were as he then was, Mighty:

But his performance, as he is now, Nothing:

Of his old condy he was still, and gave

The Clerks, all example.

Grif. Noble Madam:

Men eull manner hue in Briece, their Vertues

We write in Water. May it please your Highness

To heare me speake his good now?

Kath. Yes good Griffisb,

I were malicious elfe.

Grif. This Cardinall,

Though from an humble Stocke, undoubtedly

Was viftioned to much Honor. From his Castle

He was a Scholler, and a ripe, and good one:

Exceeding wife, faire spoken, and perfelinged;

Lofty, and frowre to them that lou'd him not:

But, to thes men that bought him, sweet as Summer.

And though he were vafadition in getting,

(Which was a fine) yet in beftowing Madam,

He was most Princely: Ever winelle for him

Thefes wintes of Learning, that he rais'd in you.

Sirwch and Oxford, one of which fell with him,

Not willing to conclude the good that did it.

The other (though viuifht) yet to Famous,

So excellent in Art, and till lying,

That Christendome shall ever speake his Vertues.

His Overthrow, he had Happy effe vpon him:

For then, and not till then. he felt himself,

And found the Blefsednefe of being little.

And to add greater Honors to his Age

Then men could give him, he dy'de, fearing God:

Kath. After my death, I wish to other Heralds,

No other speaker of my living Actions,

To keepe mine Honor, from Corruption,

But inherent honest Chronicle as Griffisb,

Whom I most traded Luing, thou haft made mee

With thy Religious Truth, and Medelle.

(Now in his Afies). Honor: Peace be with him, Patience, he necer mee still, and let mee loaver,

I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffisb,

Cause the Musitians play me that sad note.

I nam'd my Knell; whilst I fit meditating
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

On that Celestial Harmony I go too.

Sak and solemn Museick.
Grif. She is asleep: Good wench, let's sit down quiet, for fear we wake her. So long, gentle Patience.

The Vision.

Enter solemnly tripping one after another, five Persons, clad in white Robes, wearing on their heads Garlandes of Bayes, and golden Vizards on their faces, branches of Bayes or Palme in their hands. They first Come unto her, then Dance: and at certaine Changes, the first two hold a great Garland over her Head, at which the other three make reverence. Thus the two that held the Garland, deliver the same to the other two next, who observe the same order in their Changes, and holding the Garland over her head. Which done, they deliver the same Garland to the last two: who likewise observe the same order. At which (as it were by inspiration) she makes (in her sleepes) signes of rescuing, and holds up her hands to heaven. And so, in their Dacing gayly, carrying the Garland with them.

The Museick continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone? And leave me heere in wretchedness, behind ye?
Grif. Madam, we are heere.
Kath. It is not you I call for,
Saw ye none enter since I slept?
Grif. None Madam.
Kath. Nay; Saw you not even now a blessed Troope Inuite me to a Banquet, whose bright faces Call thousand beames upon me, like the Sun?
They promise me eternall HAPPINESS, And brought me Garlands [Griffith] which did euer,
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall alreadily,
Grif. I am most joyfull Madam, such good dreams
Poffesse your Fancy.
Kath. Did the Museick leave, They are hardy and heare to me. 

Museick ceaseth.
Patt. Do you note How much her Grace is shew'd on the sodaine? How long her face is drawn? How pale the lookes, And of an earthly cold? Marke her eyes?
Grif. She is going Wench. Pray, pray,
Patt. Heauen comfort her.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. And like your Grace——
Kath. Your servay Fellow, Defence we no more Reuenceness?
Grif. You are too blame,
Knowing the will not loose her wonted Greatness To vs to rude behaviour. Go, too, kneele.
Mes. I humbly do entreat your Highnesse pardon,
My hart made me vnmanerly. There is staying A Gentleman sent from the King, to see you.
Kath. Admit him entrance Griffith. But this Fellow
Let me receiue againe.

Exit Messeng.

Enter Lord Capuchins.

If my sight fail not, You would be Lord Ambassadour from the Emperour,
My Royall Nephew, and your name Capuchins,
Cap. Madam the same. Your Servant.
Kath. O my Lord,
The Tymes and Tides now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me.
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 greets much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his Princely Commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.
Kath. Of my good Lord, that comfitly comes too late,
'Tis like a Pardon after Execution;
That gentle Physick, given in time, had cure'd me:
But now I am past all Comorts here, but Prayers.
How does his Highnesse?

Cap. Madam, in good health.
Kath. So he may euer do, and euer flourish,
When I shall dwell with Wormes, and my poore name
Banish'd the Kingdome. Patience, is that Letter
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Patt. No Madam.
Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliuer
This to my Lord the King.

Cap. Most willing Madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodnesse
The Modell of our chafta loyse: his young daughter,
The deves of Heauen fall thickes in Blessings on her,
Befeeching him to give her vertuous breeding.
She is young, and of a Noble mould: Nature,
I hope the will discourse well; and a little
To loue her for her Mothers sake, that lou'd him,
Heauen knows how delycetly.

My next poore Petition,
Is, that his Noble Grace would have some pittie
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my Fortunes, faithfully,
Of which there is not one, I dare auew
(And now I should not ly) but will discourse For Vertue, and true Beautie of the Sole
For honestie, and decent Carriage
A right good Husband (let him be a Noble)
And sure thofe men are happy that shall have'em.
The left is for my men, they are the poorest,
(But poverty could never draw 'em from me)
That they may have their wages, duly paid 'em,
And something over to remember me by.
If Heauen had pleased to have gueen me longer life
And abill meanes, we had not parted thus,
Thefe are the whole Contents, and good my Lord,
By that you loue the decreet in this world,
As you with Christian peace to foules departed,
Stand these poore peoples Friend, and venge the King
To do me this last right.

Cap. By Heauen I will,
Or let me loue the fashion of a man.

Kath. I thanke you honest Lord. Remember me
In all humilitie vnto his Highnesse;
Say his long trouble now is pasling
Out of this world. Tell him in death I blest him
(For so I will) mine eyes grow dimme. Farewell
My Lord. Griffith farewell. Nay Patience,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed,
Call in more women. When I am dead:good Wench,
Let me be vs'd with Honor; brewe me over
With Maiden Flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaffe 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.

Exempt leading Katherine.
Enter Gardner Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a Torch before him, and Sir Thomas Lovell.

**Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.**

**Gard.** It's one a clocke Boy, jest 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,
Whither so late?

**Lew.** Came you from the King, my Lord?

**Gard.** I did Sir Thomas, and left him at Pomero
With the Duke of Suffolk.

**Lew.** 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 teemes you are in halfe: and if there be
No great offence belongs too't, give your Friend
Some touch of your late businesse: Affaires that wakke
(As they say Spirits do) at midnight, loose
In them a wilder Nature, then the businesse
That feakes dispaire by day.

**Lew.** My Lord, I love you;
And durst command a secret to your ear.
Much weightier then this worke. The Queens a Labor
I hey say in great Extremitie, and tear'd
She'll with the Labour, end.

**Gard.** The fruitse this goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may finde
Good time, and lie: but for the Stocke Sir Thomas,
I was not grubb'd up now.

**Lew.** Methinkes I could
Cry the Amen, and yet my Conscience sates
She's a good Creature, and sweete Ladie do's
Defere our better wishes.

**Gard.** But Sir, Sir,
Heare me Sir Thomas, ye are a Gentleman
Of mine owne way. I know you Wife, Religious,
And let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,
I will not Sir Thomas Lovell, tak't of me,
Till Cranmer, Cranmer, her two hands, and thee
Slie the in their Graces.

**Lew.** Now Sir, you speake of two
The most remark'd 1st Kingdome: as for Cranmer,
Beside that of the Jewell-House, is made Master
O'th' Rolles, and the Kings Secretary. Further Sir,
Stands in the gap and Trade of noe Preferments,
With which the Lime will loadde him. Th'Archbyshop
It's kings hand, and tongue, and who dare speake
One syllable against him?

**Gard.** Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that Dame, and I my selfe have ventur'd
to speake my mind of him: and indeed this day,
(Sir I may tell it you) I think I have
Incent the Lords o'th' Council, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is)
A most Arch-Hereutique, a Peillence
That does infect the Land: with which, they mowed
Haue broken with the King, who hath to fare
Given care to our Complaint, of his great Grace,
And Princeely Care, fore-seeing those fell Mischiefers,

Our Reasons hy'd before him, hath commanded
To morrow Morning to the Council Board
He be committed. He's a ranke weed Sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your Affairs
I hinder you too long; Good night, Sir Thomas,

**Exit Gardner and Page.**

**Lew.** Many good nights, my Lord, I tell you tenant.

**Exit King and Saffolke.**

**King.** Charles, I will play no more to night,
My mindes not on't, you are too hard for me.

**Saff.** Sir, I did never win of you before.

**King.** But little Charles,

Nor shall not when my Fancies on my play,
Now Lord, from the Q. scene what is the Newes.

**Lew.** I could not persionally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman,
I sent your Message, who return'd her thanks
In the great it humbleness, and defird your Highness
Most heartely to pray for her.

**King.** What say'lt thou? Ha?
To pray for her? What is the crieing out?

**Lew.** So said her woman, and that her suffrance made
Almost each peng, a death.

**King.** Alas good Lady

**Saff.** Good safely quit her of her Burtch, and
With gentle Travall, to the gladding of
Your Highness with an Heart.

**King.** Tis midnight Lord's beter,
Praythee to bed, and in thy Prayers remember
The flate of my poore Queene. Leave me alone,
For I must think of that, which complay
Would not be friendly too.

**Saff.** I will, your Highness
A quiet night, and my good Mistres will
Remember in my Prayers.

**King.** Charles good night.

**Lew.** Sir, what followes?

**Exit Sir Anthony Demy.**

**Den.** Sir, I have brought my Lord the Arch-bishop,
As you commanded me.

**King.** Has Canterbury?

**Den.** I say, my good Lord.

**King.** Tis true: where is he Deny?

**Den.** He attends your Highness pleasure,

**King.** Bring him to Vs.

**Lew.** This is about that, which the Byshop speake,
I am happily come hither.

**Exit Cranmer and Deny.**

**King.** Anooy the Gallery,

**Lew.** Sir, it seems to stay,

**King.** Ha? I have said, Be gone,

**Lew.** What?

**King.** Execute Lovel and Deny,

**Cran.** I am fearfull: Wherefore I knowes not, he thus
'Tis his Afpect of Terror. All's not well.

**King.** How now my Lord?

**Lew.** You do desire to know wherefore
I sent for you.

**Cran.** It is my durie

**King.** T'execute your Highness pleasure.

**King.** Pray you anfe

**Den.** My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury:

**King.** Come, you and I must wake a turne together:
I have Newes to tell you.

**Cran.** Come, come, give me your hand.

**Den.** Ah my good Lord, I greeve at what I speake,
And am noigne to repeat what followes.

**Lew.** I have not most unwillingly of late

Heard
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Heard many grievous. I do say my Lord;
Grievous complaints of you; which being consider'd,
Have mow'd V, and our Counsellors, that you shall
This Morning come before vs, where I know
You cannot with such freedome purge your selfe,
But that till further Trall, in those Charges
Which will require your Answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house out to vs; you, a Brother of vs
It fits we thus proceed, or else no wondre
Would come against you.

Cran. Thimbly thanks your Highnesse,
And am right glad to eate this good occasion
My thoughtfull to be with you, where my Chaffe
And Corne shall flye atander. For I know
There's none damn'd vnder more calamitous tongues,
Then I my felle, poor man.

King. Stand vp, good Canterburi,
Thy Truth, and thy Integrity is rooted
In vs thy Friend. Gue me thy hand, stand vp,
Prythee let's walke. Now by my Holydame,
What manner of man are you? My Lord, I look'd
You would have given me your Petition, that
I should have tane some paines, to bring together
Your felle, and your Accusers, and to have heard you
Without induance further.

Cran. Moit dread Liege,
The good I stand on, is my Truth and Honestie:
If they shall faile, I with mine Enemies
Will triumph o're my person, which I weigh not,
Being of those Vertues vacant. I feare nothing
What can be fait against me.

King. Know you not
How your state stands i'th' world, with the whole world?
Your Enemies are many, and not small; their praetices
Must beare the same proportion, and not euer
The judice and the Truth o'th' question caries
The dew o'th' Verdict with it; at what estate
Might corrupt minds procure, Knaues as corrupt
To sweare against you! Such things have bene done.
You are Potently oppos'd, and with a Malice
Of as great size. Weene you of better lucke,
I meane in perit'd Writene, then your Mafter,
Whole Minifter you are, whilsts heere he liu'd
Upon this naughty Earth! Go too, go too,
You take a Precept to no leape of danger,
And worse you own destruction.

Cran. God, and your Majestie
Protect me innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me.

King. Be of good cheere,
They shall no more puzzaile, than we give way too:
Keep me comfort to you, and this Morning see
You do appear before them. If they shall chance
In charging you with matters, to commit you:
The best periwerions to the contrary
Faile not to vise, and with what vheemencie
The creation shall inflame you, if intreate.
Will render you no remedy, this Ring
Deliver them, and your Appeale to vs
There make before them. Look, the good man weeps:
He's honest on mine Honor. Gods blast Mother,
I juwre he is true-hearted, and a soule
None better in my Kingdome. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you.

He hath arrang'd his Language in his teares.

Enter Olde Lady.

Gent. within. Come backe: what mean's you?
Lady. Ile not come backe, the tydings that I bring
Will make my boldnesse, manners. New good Angels
Fly o'th' Royall head, and shade thy person
Vnder their blisful wings,
King. Now by thy lookes
I gather thy Message. Is the Queene deliuer'd?
Say I, and of a boy.

Lady. I'll my Liege,
And of a lowly Boy: the God of heaven
Both now, and euer bleffe her! 'Tis a Gysele
Promiseth Boyses heereafter. Sir, your Queen
Desires your Vifitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,
As Cherry is to Cherry.

King. Lanell,
Lou. Sir,
King. Give her an hundred Markes.
Ile to the Queene.

Enter King.

Lady. An hundred Markes? By this light, Ile ha'more.
An ordinary Groome is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the Gysele was like to him? Ile
Have more, or else unsay't: and now, while'tis hot,
He put it to the issue,

Scena Secunda.


Cran. I hope I am not too late, and yet the Gentleman
That was sent to me from the Counsellor, pray'd me
To make great haste. All falt? What meane this? Hoa?
Who waits there? Sure you know me?

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Yes, my Lord:
But yet I cannot helpe you.

Cran. Why?

Keep. Your Grace must waite till you be call'd for.

Enter Dollar Butts.

Cran. So.

Butts. This is a Peere of Malice: I am glad
I came this way so happily. The King
Shall unders tand it preferently.

Exit Butts.

Cran. 'Tis Butts,
The Kings Physitian, as he past along
How earnestly he call his eyes upon me:
Pray heaven he found not my disgrace: for certaine
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
( God turne their hearts, I never fought their malice)
To quench mine Honor: they would shame to make me
Wait else at doore: a fellow Counsellor
'Mong Boys, Groomes, and Lackeyes.
But their pleasures
Must be fulfil'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King and Butts, at a Windowe
above.

Butts. He shew your Grace the strangest fight.

King. What's that Butts?
Butts. I think your Highness saw this many a day.
Kim. Body a me: where is it?
Butts. There my Lord:
The high promotion of his Grace of Canterbury,
Who holds his State at dore'tonght Purse-fants,
Pages, and Foot-boys.
Kim. Ha' s? 'tis he indeed.
Is this the Honours they do one another?
'Tis well there's one about 'en yet; I had thought
They had past so much honesty among 'em,
At least good manners: as not thus to fulfill
A man of his Place, and force our favour
To dance attendance on our Lordships pleasures,
And on the door too, like a Post with Packets:
By holy Mary (Butts) there's knavery,
Let 'em alone, and draw the Curtain close:
We shall hear more anon.

A Council Table brought in with Chayres and Stoolc, and placed under the State. Enter Lord Chancellor, place himself at the upper end of the Table, on the left hand: A Seate being left void above him, as for Canterburies State.
Duke of Sniffeld, Duke of Northfalk, Surrey, Lord Chambelane, Gardner, set themselves in Order on each side.
Cromwell at lower end, a Secretary.
Cham. Speake to the builincffe, M. Secretary;
Why are we met in Council?
Crom. Please your Honours,
The chief cause concerns his Grace of Canterbury.
Gard. Has he's had knowledge of it?
Crom. Yes.
Nor. Who waits there?
Keep. Who's about my Noble Lords?
Gard. Yes.
Keep. My Lord Archbishop:
And his done half an hour to know your pleasures.
Cham. Let him come in.
Keep. Your Grace may enter now.
Crom. Approaches the Council Table.
Cham. My good Lord Archbishop, I'm very sorry
To fit here at this present, and behold
That Chayre stand empty: but we all are men
In our owne natures frail, and capable
Of our flets, few are Angels; out of which frailty
And want of wisdom,you that beff should reach vs,
Have midlemen'd your felfe, and not a little:
Toward the King fithe, then his Lawes, in filling
The whole Realme, by your teaching & your Chaplains
(For we are inform'd) with new opinions,
Divers and dangerous; which are Heresies;
And not reform'd, may prove pernicious.
Gard. Which Reformation must be ftoaine too
My Noble Lords: for those that came wild Hones,
Peace can't on their hands make, 'em gentle;
But loft their mouths with flubborn Bins & fperre'em,
Till they obey the manage: if we fuffer
Out of our eafinefe and childfhipitty
To one mans Honour, this contagious fickneffe;
Farwell all Phylticke: and what followes then?
Comotions, vprores, with a generall Taint
Of the whole State, as of late days our neighbours,
The upper German can deeerly wounded,
Yet frehly pitted in our memories.
Crom. My good Lords; Hitherto, in all the Progreffe
Both of my Life and Office, I have labour'd,
And with no little fiery, that my teaching
And the strong course of my Authority,
Might goe one way, and fafely; and the end
Was ever to doe well: nor is there lying,
(I speak it with a fingle heart, my Lords)
A man that more deteels, more thures again;
Both in his private Confcience, and his place,
Defaces of a publique peace then I dose:
Pray Heaven the King may never find a hecet
With felfe Alleegance in it. Men that make
Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment;
Dare bite the belt. I doe beleefh your Lordships,
That in the cafe of Justice, my Accuefors,
Be what they will, may hand forth face to face,
And freely wrage against me.
Swj. Nay, my Lord,
That cannot be; you are a Counsellor,
And by that virtue no man dare accuse you. (ment.)
Gard. My Lord,because we have buifines of more mo-
We will be fhort with you. 'Tis his Highness pleasure
And our content, for better tryall of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower,
Where being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More then (I fear) you are prouded for.
Cham. Ah my good Lord of Wuchefer: I thank you,
You are always my good Friend, if you will passe,
I fhall both fiend your Lordship, Judge and lour,
You are fo mercifull. I fee your end,
'Tis my vifiting, Loose and meekneffe, Lord
Become a Churchman, better then Ambition:
In straying Soules with modesty again,
Canthone away: That I fhall clear my felfe,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make it little doubt as you doe confide,
In doing daily wrongs: I could fay more,
But reuerence to your calling, makes me modest.
Gard. My Lord, my Lord, you are a Sedary,
That's the plaine truth; your painted glofe discouers
To men that understand you, words and weakeffe.
Crom. My Lord of Wuchefer, 'ye are a little,
By your good faviour, too Sharpe,Men fo Noble,
How ever faulty, yet fhould finde refpect
For what they have beene: 'tis a cruely,
To load a failing man,
Gard. Good M. Secretary,
I try your Honour mercie; you may worfe
Of all this Table fay fo.
Crom. Why my Lord?
Gard. Doe not I know you for a Fauourer
Of this new Seft? ye are not found.
Crom. Not found?
Gard. Not found.
Crom. Would you were halfe fo honeft.
Mons prayers then would feck ye, not their fears.
Gard. I fhall remember this bold Language.
Crom. Doe.
Remember your bold life too.
Cham. This is too much;
Forbear for the me my Lords,
Gard. I have done.
Crom. And I.
Cham. Then thus for you my Lord, it standes agreed
I take it, by all voyces: That forthwith,
You be conduied to the Tower Whifenere.
There to remaine till the Kings further pleafure
Be knowne vnto vs: are you all agreed Lords.
All
The Life of King Henry the Eight.

All. We are.
Cran. Is there no other way of mercy, But I must needs to th' Tower try 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?
Mutl I goe like a Traitor thither? Gard. Receive him, And see him safe to th' Tower.
Cran. Stay good my Lords, I have a little yet to say. Look there my Lords, By verue of that Ring, I take my caue Out of the graces of cruel men, and give it To a meff Noble Judge, the King my Master.
Cham. This is the Kings Ring.
Sun. Tis no counterfeitt.
Suff. 'Ts the right Ring, by Heau'n: I told ye all, When we first put this dangerous flone a rowling, 'Twould fall upon our felues.
Norf. Do you thinke my Lords The King will fuffer but the little finger Of this man to be vex'd?
Cham. Tis now too certaine, How much more is his Life in value with him? Would I were fairly out on't.
Crom. My mind gaued me, In seekinge tales and Informations Against this man, whole honestly the Diuell And his Disciples only enuy at, Ye blew the fire that burns ye: now hauing at ye.

Enter KingDrowning on them, takes his State, Gard. Dread Soueraigne, How much are we bound to Heauen, In dayly thankes; that gaued vs such a Prince; Not onlye good and wife, but most religiuous: One that in all obedience, makes the Church The cheesest ymne of his Honour, and to strengthen That holy duty out of deare respect, His Royall selfe in Judgement comes to heare The caufe between him, and this great offender.
Kin. You were ever good at Itodaine Commendations, Bishopp of Winchester. But know I come not To heare such flattery now, and in my presence They are too thin, and base to hide offences, To me you cannot reach. You play the Spaniell, And thinke with wagging of your tongue to win me: But whatsoever thou talkest me for; I am sure Thou haft a cruel Natura and a bloody.
Good man fit downe: Now let me see the proudeft liee, that dares Moff. but wag his finger at thee. By all that's holy, he had better frame, Then but once thankes his place becomes thes not.
Sir. May it please your Grace;—
Kin. No Sir, it does not please me, I had thought, I had had men of some understanding, And wisedome of my Counsellor, but I finde none: Was it direction Lords, to let this man, This good man (few of you defende that Title) This honest man, waite like a lowesr Foot-boy At Chamber dores? and one, as great as you are? Why, what a flume was this? Did my Commission Bid ye so farre forget your felues? 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 stye him to the vmmoff, haue ye mesne, Which ye shall never haue while I live.
Cham. Thus torre
My most proud Soueraigne, might it like you Grace, To let my tongue excute all. What was purpose'd Concerning his Imprisoment, was rather (If there be faith in men) meant for his Tryall, And faire purgation to the world then malice, I'm sure in me.
Kin. Well, well my Lords respect him, Take him, and vfe him well; hee's worthy of it. I will say thus much for him, if a Prince May be beholding to a Subject; I Am for his love and service, fo to him. Make me no more adoe, but all embrace him; Be friends for shame my Lords: My Lord of Canterbury I have a Suite which you must not deny mee. That is a faire young Maid that yeer wants Baptisme, You must be Godfather, and antwercr for her. Cran. The greestfull Monarch nowe shalke my glory In such an honour: how may I deserve it, That am a poore and humble Subject to you? Kin. Come, come my Lord, you'd spare your spoones; You shall have two noble Partners with you: the old Duchess of Norfolk, and Lady Marcqaff Dorset? will they please you?
Once more my Lord of Winchester, I charge you Embrace and loue this man.
Gard. With a true heart, And Brother; loue I doe it.
Cran. And let Heauen Witness how desire, I hold this Confirmation. (hearts, Kin. Good Man, those joyfull tears shew thy true The common voyce I see is verified Of thee, which saies thus: Doe my Lord of Canterbury A threwe turne, and here's your friend for euer: Come Lords, we trie time away: I long To have this young one made a Chriftian: As I have made ye one Lords, one remaine:
So I grow stronger, you more Honour gaine. Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Noyse and Turmibl within: Enter Porter and his man.
Port. You'll leasure your noyse anon ye Rascals: doe you take the Court for Parthi Garden: ye rude Slaves, leasure your gaping:
Within. Good M. Porter I belong to th' Larder.
Port. I belong to th' Gallowes, and be hang'd ye Rogues; Is this a place to roost in? Fetch me a dozen Crab-tree itues, and strong ones; these are but switches to 'em; He scratch your heads? you must be setting Chriftening Do you looke for Ale, and Cakes here, you rude Rascals?
Man. Pray Sir be patience; 'tis as much impossible, Vnderlie wee 'pee'en from the dore with Cannons, To fetter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleepe On May-day Morning, which will never be: We may's very best push against Powles as fierce 'em.
Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?
The Life of King Henry the Eight.

Man. Alas I know not, how gets the Tide in?
As much as one founde Cudgel of foure foote,
(You see the poore remainder) could distirbute,
I made no spaire Sir.

Port. You did nothing Sir.

Man. I am not Sampson, nor Sir Gey, nor Colebraud,
To mow 'em downe before me: but I flap'd any
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
He or she, Cuckold or Cuckold-maker:
Let me see're to see a Chine againe,
And that I would not for a Cow, God save her.

Whom, Do you heart M. Potter?
Port. I shall be with you presently, good M. Popy,
Keep the dores close Sirs.

Man. What would you have me doe?

Port. What shoulde you doe,
But knock 'em downe by thi' dozens? Is this More fields
to muller in? Or haue we some strange Indian with
the great Tule, come to Court, the women to besiege vs?
Blefe me, what a fry of Fermentation is at doe? On
my Christian Conscience this one Chriftening will beget a
thousand, here will bee Father, God-father, and all to-
gether.

Man. The Spoones will be the bigger Sir: There is
a fellow somewhow where the doore, he shoulde be a Braui-
er by his face, for o' my conience twenty of the Dog-
days now reigns in Noife; all that fland about him are
under the Line, they need no other pennisne: that Fire-
Drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times
was his Noife discharged against mee; hee flands there
like a Mottcr-piece to blow vs. There was a Habbercha-
sers Wife of fmall vir, neer him, that raff'd upon me,
till her punch'd potrenger fell off her head, for kindling
fuch a combustion in the State. I mift the Meteor once,
and hit that Woman, who eyred out Clubbens, when I
might feefromfarre, some fomty Truncheoners draw to her
fuccour, which were the hope o'th' Strond where she
was quartered: they fell on, I made good my place; at
length they came to th'broome flattfe to me, I defline'em
fhill, when sodainly a File of Boyes behind'em, looke for,
delucre'd fuch a fhowre of Piddles, that I was faine to
draw mine Honour in, and let 'em win the Worke, the
Duell was amongst 'em I think fairely.

Port. There are the youths that thunders at a Playhouse,
and fight for bitten Apples, that no Audience but the
tribulation of Tower Hill, or the Limbs of Limehoulfe,
their deare Brothers are able to endure. I haue fome of
'em in Limbo Darke, and there they are like to dance
these three days, besides the running Banquet of two
Beadles, that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlaine.

Cham. Mertye o' me: what a Multitude are here?
They grow still too; from all Parts they are comming,
As if we kepe a Faire here? Where are thefe Porters?
These lazy knaues? Y'haue made a fine hand fellows?
There's a trim rabble let in: are all thefe
Your faithfull friends o'th Suburbs? We shal have
Great flore of roome no doubt, left for the Ladies,
When they passe backe from the Chriftening?

Por. Anf' pleafe your Honour,
We are but men; and what fo many may doe,
Not being tome a pieces, we have done:
An Army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live,
If the King blame me for 't I lie lay ye all

By th'heels, and sodainly: and on your heads
Clap round Fines for neglect: y'are lazy knaues,
And here ye lye baiting of Bombards, when
Ye shoulde doe Service. Haue the Trumpets found,
They are come already from the Chriftening,
Go breake among the presses, and finde away out
To let the Troopes passe fairely, or Ile finde
A Marhallife, Ihall hold ye play these two Months.

Port. Make way there, for the Princeffe.

Man. You great fellow,
Send clofe vp, or Ile make your head shke.

Por. You 1'h Chamber, get vp o' th' rail, I
Ile pecke you o'the pales eile.

Extinct.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Trumpets sounding: Then two Aldermen, L. Mayor,
Garter, Crossner, Duke of Norfolk with his Marthals
Staffe, Duke of Suffolk, two Noblemen, bearing great
fndering Bawdes for the Chriftening Childsf. Then foure
Noblemen bearing a Cannoys, under which the Dutchiffes
of Norfolk, Godbrother, bearing the Childffe richly habited
in a Mantle, &c. Traine borne by a Lady: Then followed
the Martholfife Duffet, the other Godmaker, and Lady
The Troopes passe once about the Stage, and
Gin. fudden.

Gat. Heauen

From thy endlefe goodneffe, fend prosperife life,
Long and ever happy, to the high and Mighty
Princeffe of England Elizabeth.

Fleurifh. Enter King and Guard.

Crow. And to you Royal Grace, & the good Queen,
My Noble Partners, and in y'effe thus pray.
All comfort, joy in this most gracious Lady,
Heuen ever bid vp to make Parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye.

Kid. Thank ye good Lord Archifhop:
What is her Name?

Crow. Elizabeth.

Kid. Stand vp Lord,
With this Kiffe, take my Blessing: God protecfc thee,
Into whose hand, I gufe thy Life.

Crow. Amen.

Kid. My Noble Godfips, y'haue beene too Prodigall;
I thanks ye heartily: So fhall this Lady,
When she's to much English.

Crow. Let me specke Sir,
For Heauen now bids are; and the words I vter,
Let none thinke Flattery, for they 'lind'em Truth,
This Royall Infant. Heuen shall move about her;
Though in her Cradle, yet now promifes
Upon this Land a thouandel thouandel Blessings,
Which Time shall bring to ripenefe: She shall be,
(But few now living can behold that goodneffe)
A Patronfe to all Princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Soba was never
More courteus of Wifedome, and faire Vertue
Then this pure Scule shall be. All Royally Grace
That mould vp fuch a mighty Piece as this is,
With all the Vertues that attend the good,
Shall ftil be doubled on her. Truth shall

Nurfe her,
Holy and Heavenly thoughts still Counsell her;
She shall be loud and fear’d, Her owne shall blesse her;
Her Foes flake like a field of beaten Corne,
And hang their heads with sorrow:
Good growses with her.
In her dayes, Every Man shall cease in safety,
Vnder his owne Vine what he plants; and hang
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 claine ther greatnesse,not by Blood.
Nor shall this peace sleepe with her: But as when
The Bird of Wonder dies, the Mayden Phoenix,
Her Ashes newe create another Heyre;
As great in admiration as her selfe.
So shall she leave her Plesaunednesse to One,
(When Heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness)
Who,from the sacred Ashe of her Honour
Shall Star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix’d. Peace, Plenty, Love, Truth, Terror,
That were the Seruants to this chidden infant,
Shall then be his, and like a Vine growe to him;
Where ever the bright Sunne of Heaven shall shine,
His Honour, and the greatness of his Name,
Shall be, and make new Nations. He shall flourish,
And like a Mountaine Cedar, reach his branches,
To all the Plains about him: Our Childrens Children
Shall see this, and blesse Heaven.

K. M. Thou speakest wonders.

From she shall be to the happinesse of England,
An aged Prince she; many dayes shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to Crowley.
Would I had knowne no more: But she must dye,
She must, the Saints must have her: yet a Virgin,
A moft vnspotted Lilly shal shawe
To th’ ground, and all the World shall mourn her.

K. M. O Lord Archbishop
Thou hast made me now a man, neuer before
This happy Child, did I get any thing,
This Oracle of comfort, ha’s so pleas’d me,
That when I am in Heaven, I shall desire
To see what this Child does, and prase my Maker.
I thanke ye all. To you my good Lord Major,
And you good Brethren, I am much beholding;
I haue receiued much Honour by your presence,
And we shall find me thankfull. I lead the way Lords,
Ye must all see the Queene, and the most thanke ye.
She will be fiche eis. This day, no man thinke
‘Her businesse at his house; for all shall say:
This Little-One shall make it Holy-day.”

FINIS.
The Prologue.

IN Troy there lyes the Scene: From Illes of Greece
The Princes Orgiollus, their high blood chaf'd
Have to the Port of Athens sent their shippes
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel Warre: Sixtyn and nine that wore
Their Crownets Regall, from th'Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made
To ransacke Troy, within whose strong ensures
The rauish'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 brave Pavillions, Priams fixt-gated City,
Dardan and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Anticonidus with mafie Staples
And correspondent and fulfilling Bolts
Stirre up the Sonnes of Troy.
Now Expectation tickling skittishe spirits,
On one and other side, Troian and Greeke,
Sets all on hazard. And bither 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 (sirre Beholders) that our Play
Leapes o're the roaunt and firstlings of those broyles,
Beginning in the middle: slating thence away,
To what may be diggested in a Play:
Like, or finde fault, do as your pleasures are,
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of Warre.
THE TRAGEDIE OF Troylus and Cressida.

Actus Primus.  Secunda Primas.

Enter Pandurus and Troylus.

Troylus.

Why should I warr with the walls of Troy,

What finds such cruel battle here within?

Each Trojan that is master of his heart,

Let him to field, Troylus alas hath none.

Pan. Will this greeve be mendèd now?

Troy. The Greeks are strong, & skilful to their strength,

Fierce to their skill, and to their firceness Valiant:

But I am weak, & then a woman's teare;

Tamer then sleepe, fonder then ignorance;

Lesse valiant then the Virgin in the night,

And skilful as unpractis'd Infancia.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: For my part, Hee not meddle nor make no farther. Hee that will have a Cake out of the Wheate, must needs tarry the grinding.

Troy. Haue I not tarry'd?

Pan. I the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

Troy. Haue I not tarry'd?

Pan. I the bolting; but you must tarry the leaung.

Troy. Shall I have tarry'd.

Pan. 1, to the leaung: but here's yet in the word hereafter, the Knacken, the making of the Cake, the heating of the Oven, and the Baking; yet you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Troy. Patience her selfe, what Goddesse ere the be,

Dods lefuer blonche at suffrance, then I doe:

At Princes Royall Table doe I sit;

And when faire Cresside comes into my thoughts,

So (Traitor) then the comes, when the is thence.

Pan. Well:

She look'd yeftreight eate, then euer I saw her looke,

Or any woman else.

Troy. I was about to tell thee, when my heart,

As wedged with a figh, would rise in twaine,

Least Helen, or my Father should perceiue me:

I haue (as when the Sunne doth light a scorne)

Burn'd this light, in wrinkle of a minute;

But sorrow, that is couched in seeming gladness,

Is like that mirth, Fates turns to sudden fadness.

Pan. And her brine were not somewhat darker then Helen, well go on, there were no more companions betweene the Women. But for my part the is my Kinwoman, I would not (as they tarime it) praise it, but I wold some body had heard her tale yesterday as I did: I will not dispraise your sister Cressides wit, but——

Troy. Oh Pandurus! I tell thee Pandurus;

When I doe tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd:

Reply not in how many Fadomes deep;

They ly in trech'nd, I tell thee, I am mad.

In Cressides lone. Thou answersthe is Faire,

Pow'red in the open Vicer of my heart,

Her Eye, and her Hair, her Cheekke, her Gre, her Voice,

Handed in thy diffculty. O that her Hand

(Whose comparision, all whites are like)

Writing their own approach; to whose soft seizure,

The Cyngets Downe is harfth, and spirit of Senfe

Hard as the panle of Plough-man. This thou tel'st me;

As true thou tellst me, when I say I love her:

But saying thus, instead of Gyle and Balme,

Thou lau'th in every gale that loue bath given me,

The Knifes that madest.

Pan. I speake no more then truth,

Troy. Thou do it not speake so much.

Pan. Faith, Ile not meddle in's: Let her be as she is,

if she be faire, 'tis the better for her: and she be not, she has the mends in her owne hands.

Troy. Good Pandurus: How now Pandurus?

Pan. I have had my Labour for my travell, all thought on of her, and all thought on of you. Gone betweene and betweene, but small thinkes for my labour.

Troy. What are thou angry Pandarus? what with me?

Pan. Because she's Kinne to me, therefore she's not so faire as Helen, and she were toke in me, the she would be as faire on Friday, as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not and she were a Black-a Moore, 'tis all one to me.

Troy. Say I she is not faire?

Troy. I do not care whether you doe or no. Shee's a Fool to play behind her Father: Let her to the Greeks, and doe Ite tell her the next time I see her: for my part, Ile meddle nor make no more i'th'matter.


Troy. Sweete Pandurus.

Pan. Pray you speake no more to me, I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.

Exit Pandurus.
The Tragedie of Troilus and Cressida.

Is't too hard a subiect for my Sword, But Pandarous: O God! How do you plague me? I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar, And he's as ready to woo'd to woe, As is his unborne, shaft, as in all adult. Tell me Apollo for thy Delphic Lute What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we: Her bed is India, there she lies, to Prettles, Between our Illust, and where she resides Let it be said the wild and wandering flood, Our felce the Merchant, and this saying Pandar, Our doubtful hope, our country and our Bank. 

Enter Cressid. 

A'm. How now Prince Troilus? Wherefore not a field? Troj. Because not there; this womans answer sorts. For womanish it is to be from thence: What news, A'm. from the field to day? A'm. That Paris is returned home, and hurt. Troj. By whom A'm. ? A'm. Troilus by Meceaula. Troj. Let Paris bleed, his but a fear to scarce, Paris is good' with Meceaula home. 

Enter Cressid. A'm. Havse what good sport is out of Towne to day. Troj. Better at home, if would I might were may? But to the sport abroad, are you bound thither? A'm. In all fault half. 

Cre. Who were those went by? Man. Queen Hennas, and Helles. Cre. And whether go they? Man. Up to the Eastern Tower, Whose light commands as subiect all the vale, To see the battell: Hectors whose patience, Is a Vertue fixt, to day was mould: He chides Andromache and stroke his Artorce, And like a here were husbandmen in Warre Before the Sunne rose, she was bannetl lyte, And to the field go's her; where every flower Did as a Prophet wepe what it forsway, In Hectors wrath. Cre. What was his cause of anger? Man. The noise go's this; There is among the Grecers, A Lord of Trojan blood, Nephew to Hecor, They call him Ajax. Cre. Good, and what of him? Man. They say he is a very man very free and stands alone. Cre. So do all men, nonefe they are drunk, lieke, or have no legs. Man. This man lady hath rob'd many beastes of their particular addicions, he is as valiant as the Lyon, curlew as the Beare, flow as the Elephant: a man into whom man hath so crowded honours, that his valour is frueht into folly, his callyed with perdition: there is no man hath a vertue, that he hath not a glimpse of, nor a man an attaint, but he carries some flaine of it. He is melancholy without care, and merry against the haire, he hath the joynts of everything, but every thing so out of joynts, that he is a ground Bawdry, many hands and no vfe; or partl noted Argos, all eyes and no light. Cre. But how should this man that makes me smile, make Hecer angry? Man. They say yester day cop'd Hecor in the bat- tell and stroke him downe, she chid and shame where- of, hath euer once kept Hecor sitting and waking. Enter Pandarimus.

Cre. Who comes here ? 


Man. As may be in the world Lady, Pan. What's th'that? that's that? Cre. Good morrow Uncle Pandarimus. 

Pan. Good morrow Cressid what do you talke of good morrow. Alexander: how do you Cressid when were you at Illium ? 

Cre. This morning Uncle, 

Pan. What were you talkeing of when I came? Was Hecor as mad and gone ere yea came to Illium? Hecor was not vp ? was fix ? Cre. Hecor was gone but Hecor was not vp ? Pan. Ene for Hecor was stinking early. 

Cre. That were wallteking: of, and his anger, 

Pan. Was he angry? Cre. So he sates here. 

Pan. True he was so; I know the cause too, heele sate about him to day I can tell them that, and there's Troilus will not come farre behind him, let them take heed of 

Troilus: I can tell them that too. Cre. What is he angry too? 

Pan. What Troilus ? 

Troilus is the better man of the two. Cre. Oh Jupiter: there's no comparision. 

Pan. What not betwene Troilus and Hecor ? do you know a man if you see him ? Cre. If I better sarry him before and knew him. Pan. Well I say Troilus is 2 toyfuls. Cre. Then you say as I say, For I am sure he is not Hecor. 

Pan. No not Hecor is not Troilus in some degrees. Cre. This suff, to each of them he is himselfe. 

Pan. Himselfe: alas poor Troilus I would he were. Cre. So he is. 

Pan. Condition I had gone bare-foot to India. Cre. He is not Hecor. 

Pan. Himselfe: no he's not himselfe: would a were himselfe: well, the Gods are above, 'time must friend or 

enfell? Troilus well, I would my heart were in her body: no, Hecor is not a better man then Troilus. Cre. Excuse me. 

Pan. He is elder. 

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me. 

Pan. Th others not come tooo, you shall tell me ano- ther tale when th others come tooo: Hecor shall not have his will this yeare. 

Cre. He shall not mede it if he have his owne. 

Pan. Nor his qualities. 

Cre. No matter. 

Pan. Nor his beauty. 

Cre. 'Twould not become him, his own better. 

Pan. You have no judgement Neece; Hecor her selfe 

swere th'other day, that Troilus for a browne woman (for so's I must confesse) just 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. She prais'd his complexion about Paris, Cre. Why Paris hath colour enough, 

Pan. So he has. 

Cre. Then Troilus should have too much, if the presid him above, his complexion higher then his, heaving
The Tragedie of Troylus and Cresida.

I told you a thing yesterday, think on't.

Pan. So I does.

Pan. He be worme 'tis true, he will weep you an'twere a man borne in April. Sound a retreat.

Cres. And Ile spring vp in his tears, an'twere a neate against May.

Pan. Why he are they comming from the field, and they stand vp here and Ice them, as they pass to warre against them, good Neece do, sweet Neece Cresida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place, here we may see moe brauely, I tell you them all by their names, as they passe by, but marke Troylus about the rest.

Enter Antenor.

Cres. Speake not so loud'd.

Pan. That's Aeneas, is not that a braue man, he's one of the flowers of Troy I can you, but marke Troylus, you shall fee anon.

Cres. Who's that?

Enter Antenor.

Pan. That's Antenor, he has a throw witt I can tell you, and he's a mans good enough, he's one of the foun-
deft judgement in Troy whoiscouper, and a proper man of perfor: when comes Troylus 'll shew you Troylus anod, if hee fee me, you shall fee him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall fee.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall haue more.

Enter Helier.

Cres. That's Troylus, that's, that looke you, that there's a fellow. Cry thy way Troylus, there's a braue man Nece, O brave Helier, looke how hee looke's there is a counter-
course? is not a braue man?

Cres. O brave man!

Pan. Is a not? It doesso man heart good, looke you what hacks are on his Helier, looke you yonder, do you fee? looke you there? There's no setting, laying on, tak't off, who ill as they say, there be hacks.

Cres. Be those with Swords?

Enter Paris.

Pan. Swords, any thing he care not, and the duell come to him, it's all one by Gods lid it doeso ones heart good. Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris looke yonder Nece, is not a gallant man to, is not? Why this is brave now! who said he came hurt home to day? Hee's not hurt, why this will do Helius heart good now, ha! Would I could see Troylus now, you shall Troy-

Cres. Whole that?

Enter Helius.

Pan. That's Helius, I manuell where Troylus is, that's Helius, I think he went not forth to day: that's Helius.

Cres. Can Helius ever fight Vincle?

Pan. Helius no; yes hecke fight indifferent, well, I manuell where Troylus is; hahe, do you not haer the people cry Troylus & Helius is a Priest.

Cres. What ataking fellow comes yonder?

Enter Troylus.

Pan. Where at Yonder? That's Daphokus, 'Tis Troy-

Cres. There's a man Nece, hem; brave Troylus, the Prince of Chiusiane.

Pan. Peace for shame peace.

Pan. Marke him, not him; O brave Troylus: looke well upon him Nece, looke you how his Sword is blou-
died, and his Helme more hacke then Helius, and how he looke's,
Enter common Soldiers.

Cref. Hecate come more.
Pan. Alls, fooles, doles, chaffes and brans, chaffes and brans, porridge after meat. I could hue and dye the eyes of Troylus. We look, we look; the Eagles are gone, Crowes and Dawes, Crowes and Dawes; I had rather be such a man at Troylus, then Agamemnon, and all Greece.
Cref. There is among the Greeks Achilles, a better man than Troylus.
Pan. Achilles? a Dray-man, a Porter, a very Camel.
Cref. Well, well.
Pan. Well, well? Why hast thou any discretionsthan you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, vertue, youth, liberalty, and so forth: the Spice, and salts that season a man?
Cref. I am mine man, and then to be b'd with no Date in the pye, for then the men dates out.
Pan. You are such another woman, one knowes not at what ward you lye.
Cref. Upon my backe, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wyes; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my Maske, to defend my beauty, and you to defend all these: and at all times wares I lye as, at a thousand watchers.
Pan. Say one of your watches.
\[Cref. Nay, he watch you for that, and that's one of the choicest of them too! If I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow, vnlesse it swall swall hiding, and then it's past watching.\]

Enter Boy.

Pan. You are such another.
Boy. Sir, my Lord would instantly speake with you.
Pan. Where?
Boy. At your owne house.
Pan. Good Boy tell him I come, I doubt hee bee hurt. Fare ye well good Niece.
Cref. Adieu Vickie.
Pan. Ile be with you Niece by and by.
Cref. To bring Vickie.
Pan. 1, a token from Troylus.
Cref. By the fan token, you are a Bawd. Exit Pand.
Words, vows, gifts, tears, & loues full sacrifice, He offers in another enterprise:
But more in Troylus thousand fold I see,
Then in the glaft of Pandar's praise my be;
Yet ever I lft. Women are Angels wroning,
Things won are done, hoyes foule eyes in the dooing;
That the belou'd, knowes not what, that knows not this;
Men prize the thing vnregard'd, more then it is;
That the was never yet that ever knew
Love got so sweet, as when desist did sue:
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach;
"Aschmentemen, is command; tongues, beareth,
That though my heart: Contents frome none doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. Exeit.
Troylus and Cressida.

And such a most rutereord for thy fretch-out life,
I come to both your speeches: which were such,
As Agamemon and the hand of Greece
Should hold vp high in Braunt: and such againe
As venerable Pyther (hatch'd in Silver)
Should with a bond of ayre, strong as the Axletree
In which the Heavens ride, knit all Greeks estes
To his experience: tongue: yet let it please both
(Thus Great, and Wife) to hear Pyther speakes.

Age. Speak Prince of Tribes, and he of effects:
That master needless: of impertinent burthen
Duske thy lips; then we are confirent
When rankes Thrice opest his Maffickie leaves,
We shall hear Mufickie. Wit: and Oracle.

Uly. Troy yet vp on his basid had bene done,
And the great Helius I word had lack'd a Master
But for these instances.

The specialty of Rule hath beene neglected;
And look how many Grecian Tents do stand
Hollow vp on this Plaine, to many hollow factions.

When that the Generall is not like the Duke,
To whom the Foragers all repair,
'That Hony is expected? Degree being vizarded,
Th'nwoorthiefflethes as fairely in the Maske.
The Heauens themelleses, the Planets, and this Center,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Infinite, course, proportion, feation, forme,
Office, and savettine, in all line of Order:
And therefore is the glorious Planet Sol
In noble eminence, enshrin'd and sphere'd
Amidst the other, whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill Afpects of Planet euill,
And poftles like the Command'ent of a King,
Sans checke, to good and bad. But when the Planets
In euill mixture to disorder wander,
What Plagues, and what poxmen, what mutiny?
What raging of the Sea? flaking of Earth?
Commotion in the Windes? Frightes, changes, horrors,
Duer, and cracke, rend and deracinate
The unity, and matured calme of States
Quite from their fixture? O, when Degree is shak'd,
(Which is the Ladder to all high desigines)
The enterprize is sicke. How could Communities,
Degrees in Schooles, and Brother-hoods in Cities,
Peacefull Commerce from diudable shores,
The primogenitine, and due of Byrh,
Prerogative of Age, Crowne, Scepters, Lawreis,
(But by Degree) Stand in Authenticque place?
Take but Degree away, vertue ts finking,
And hearke what Difford follows: each thing meetes
In mete oppugnance. The bounded Waters,
Should lift their holomes higher then the Shores,
And make a topole of all this solid Globe:
Strength should be Lord of imbeckity,
And the rude Sonne should hitke his Father dead:
Forsce should be right, or rather: right and wrong,
(Betweene whose endless heare, Justice recides)
Should loose her names, and so fhoult Justice too.
Then every thing includes it felle in Power,
Power into Will, Will into Appetite,
And Appetite (an vnines fall Wolfe,
So doubly secooned with Will, and Power)
Mufit make perfome an vnieres fall prey,
And last, este vp humelfe.

Great Agamemon:
This Chloe, when Degree is suffocate,
Followes the choking:
And this neglection of Degree, is it
That by a pace goes backward in a purpose
It hath to clime. The Generall's difdain'd
By him one step below; he, by the next,
That next, by him beneath: if every step
Exemplified by the first pace that is sicke
Of this Superfluous: growes to an envious Feauer
Of palse, and bloodleffe Emulation.

And 'tis this Feauer that keepes Troy on foote,
Not her owne finewes. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weaknesse liues, not in her strengh.

Neft. Moft wisely hath Pyther heere discouerd
The Feauer, whereof all our power is sicke.

Age. The Nature of the sicknesse found (Ulysses)
What is the remedie?

Viff. The great Achilles, whom Opinion crownes,
The finew, and the fore-hand of our Hoste,
Hauing his care full of his airy Fame,
Growes dauntie of his worth, and in his Tent
Lyes mocking our designes. With him, Patroclus,
Vpon a lazie Bed, the laue-long day
Breaks fcurrell Jets,
And with ridiculous and awkward action,
(Which Standerne, he imitation calls)
He Pageants vs. Sometime great Agamemon,
Thy topleffe deparution he puts on;
And like a flattering Player, whose conceit
Lies in his Ham-flying, and doth thinke it rich
To heare the woodden Dialogue and found
'Twixt his fretch-footing, and the Scaltalogue,
Such to be pittted, and ore-reffed teeming
He act's thy Greatnesse in: and when he speakes,
'Tis like a Chine fneding. With tearsnes unquart'd,
Which from the tongue of roaring Typhon drop:
Would stences Hyperboles. At this fully floffe,
The large Achilles (on his pret-bed lolling)
From his deep Cheff, laughts out a loud applauus,
Cries excellent, 'tis Agamemon rub.
Noy play me Neffer; hum, and stroke thy Beard
As he, being drell to some Oration;
That's done, as nere as the extremest ends
Of parallels: as like, as Pulean and his wife,
Yet god Achilles full cries excellent,
'Tis Neffer right. Now play him (me) Patrocles,
Arming to anfver in a night-Alarne,
And then (forsooth) the faint defects of Age
Muf't be the Scene of myth, to cough, and spit,
And with a paffe ftumbling on his Gorget,
Shake in and out the Rivet: and at this sport
Sir Valour dies; cries, Oenough Patrocles,
Or, give me ribs of Steele, I shall split all
In pleasure of my Spleene. And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Atcheivements, plots, orders, prevenions,
Expectements to the field, or speech for truce,
Successe or loffe, what it, or is not, ferues
As fflue for these two, to make paradoxes.

Neff. And in the imitation of these twaine,
Who (as Viffes says) Opinion crownes
With an Imperiall voyce, many are infect:
Aux is growne felle-will'd, and bears his head
In iuch a reyne, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles, and keeps his Tent like him;
Makes facious Feallts, railes on our flate of Ware
Troylus and Cressida.

Bold as an Oracle, and free of force.
A flute, whose voice caresses like a Mint,
To match vs in compositions with durt,
To weaken and dilute our exposure,
How ranke fowre rounded in with danger.
Vift. They cave our policy, and call it Cowardice,
Count Wifedome as no member of the Warre,
Fore-fall preference, and eelence no Aee.
But that of hand: The full and mental parts,
That do conduce how many hands shall fluke
When fimeffe call the moun, and know by measure
Of their obfuremum toyfe, the Enemies weight,
Why this hath not a fingers dignity:
They call this Bed-works, Mapply, Clofet-Warre:
So that the Ramone that bears it do waxe the wall,
For the great swning and readiness of his poize,
They place bef. re his hand that made the Engine,
Or those that with the finenefs of their fouler,
By Resfon guide his execution.
Nef. Let this be granted, and Anicles haffe
Makes many Their lonne.

Men. From Troy.
Vift. Enter Aeneas.
Nef. What woul you fone our Tent?
Vift. Is this great Agamemnon's Tent, I pray you?
Nef. Even this.
Vift. May one that is a Herald, and a Prince,
Do a faire message to his Kingly ears?
Nef. With surety, stronger then Achilles arm.
For all the Grecian heads, which with one voyce
Call Agamemnon Head and General.
Nef. Fare beare, and large securit. How may
A strangely to foone moit Imperial lookes,
Know them from eyes of other Mortals?
Vift. How?
Nef. 1: I ask, that I might waken re ference,
And on the cheeke be ready with a blush
Modeft: as morning, when the coldly eyes
The youthful Phæbus: Which is that God in office guiding men?
Vift. Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?
Nef. This Troyan Scenoes vs, or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious Courriers.
Vift. Courriers as free, as debonnaire; vnmarid,
As bending Angels: that's their fame, in peace:
But when they would feeme Soldiers, they have gaues,
Good arms, frong joynes, true fwordes, &fames accord,
Nothing to full of heart. But peace & Arcas,
Peace I foyan, lay thy finger on thy lips,
The worthifull of praine difamines his worth:
If that he prais'd himfelfe, bringe the praine forth.
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath Fame blowes, that praine fol pere tranfled
Vift. Sir, you of Troy, call you your felle Aeneas?
Vift. 1: Greece, that is my name.
Vift. What's your affayre? I pray you?
Vift. Sir pation, his for Agamemnon cares.
Nef. He heares thou good privity
That comes from Troy
Nef. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him,
I bring a Trumpet to awake his ear,
To fet his fenc on the attenfue bent,
And then to speake.
Vift. Speake tranfally as the winde,
Is not Agamemnon deeping hourse,
That thoul not know Troyan he is awake,

He telleth to himelfe.

Anes. Trumpet blow loud,
Send thy Braffe voyce through all these fatic Tentes,
And evry Grecke of mettle, let him know.
What Troy means faiely, shall be spoke now.

The Trumpets found.

We have great Agamemnon here in Troy,
A Prince call'd Hecor, Prion is his Father:
Who in this dull and long-continu'd Truce
Is rufly grown: He had me.take a Trumpet,
And to this purpofe fpokes: Kings, Princes, Lords,
If there be one among it the fayre of Greece,
That holds his Honor higher then his cafe,
That feeks his praine, more then he fcares his prifle,
That knows his Valour, and knows not his cafe,
That loves his Militias more then in confeflion,
With tranft voyces to her owne lips he loves
And dare aow her Beauty, and her Worth,
In other armes then hers to him this Challenge.
Hecor, in view of Troyes, and of Greclices,
Shall make it good, or do his beft to do it.
He hath a Lady, wifer, ftrier, truer,
Then euer Grecce did compell in his armes,
And will to morrow with his Trumpet call,
Midway between your Tent, and walls of Troy,
To rowze a Grecian that is true in love,
Irany come, Hecor shall honour him:
If none, he'll fay in Troy when he retires,
The Grecian Daunes are fun-burnt: and not worth
The flatter of a Lance: Even fow much.

Vift. This fhall be told our Louers Lord Aeneas,
If none of them have fome in such a kinde,
We left them all at home: But we are Soldiers,
And may that Souldier a more receight proue,
That meanes not, hath not, or is not in love:
If then on eerie, or hath, or meanes to be,
That one meets Hecor if none elfe, Ile he he.
Nef. Tell him of Nefor, one that was a man,
When Hecor Grandifie facket: he is old now,
But if there be not in our Grecian mould,
One Noble man, that hath one fpark of fire
To anfwer for his Loue: tell him from me,
He hide my Silver heard in a Gold Beater,
And in my Vembrace put this withche'd brane,
And meeting him, will tell him, that my Lady
Was fayer then his Grandame, and as chaffe
As may be in the world: his youth in blood,
He pafs'd this truth with my three drops of blood,

Vift. Now heauns forbid fuch feaficite of youth.

Vift. Nefor.

Nef. Tell him of Nefor, one that was a man,
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As may be in the world: his youth in blood,
He pafs'd this truth with my three drops of blood,
In ranke Achilles, mast or now be cropt,
Or is aung breed a nursery of like evil
To ows·bulke vs all.

No. 1. We, and how?  

Use. This challenge that the galling Hector sends,
However it is spred in general name,
Relates in posture only to Achilles.

Ne. The purporse is perspicuous even as substance,
Whole grossnesse little characters summe vp,
And in the publication make no strife,
But that Achilles were his braine as barren.

As bankes of Lybia, though (Apollo knowes)
'Tis dry enough, wil with great speedes rule of judgement,
I, with ceretiy, finde Hectors purporse
Pointing on him.

Use. And wake him to the answer, thinke you?  

Ne. Yes, 'tis most meet; who may ye else opppore
That can from Hectors bring his Honor off,  
If not Achilles; thoughtt he be a sportfull Combatant.
Yet in this triall, much opinion dving.
For heere the Trojans tate our dinner repute
With their first? Palliate; and truth be mine Piffer,
Our imputation shall be oddely pois'd;
In this wide aduion. For the feecece
(Although particular) shall give a scantling
Of good or bad, into the General:
And in such Indexes, although small pricks
To their subsequent Volumes, there is scene
The baby figure of the Gvnt-maife
Of things to come at large. It is suppostd,
He that meetes Hector, ifles out from choyie;
And choife being mutuall site of all our foules,
Makes Merit her election, and doth Boyle
As twere, from forth vs all: a man didvill'd
Out of our Ventures, who miscarryng,
What heart from hence receyues the conquering part
To fleete a strong opinion to themselfes,
Which enterain'd, Limbeae are in his instrumenes,
In no leffe working, then are Swords and Bowes
Dirceture by the Limbees.

Use. Give pardon to my speche:
The reaft is mee: Achilles meetes not Hector:
Let us (like Merchants) shew our forfeft Wares,
And thinke perchance they feltl: If not,
The luftier of the better yet to shew,
Shall shew the better. Do not content,
That cue: Hector and Achilles meete:
For both our Honour, and our Shame in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange Followers.

Ne. I see them not with my old cyes: what are they?

Use. What glory our Achilles thares from Hector,
(Were he not proud) we all should weare with him:
But he already is too molten,
And we were better parch in Affricke Sunne,
Then in the pride and fatl scorne of his eyes
Should he appe Hectors fate.
If he were foild,
Why then we did our mane opinion craft.
In taint of our bell man. No, make a Lott'ry,
And by deuice let blinckhe Alex draw
The forte to fight with Hector: Among our felues,
Gue him all the chance as the worst man,
For this will phyllicke the great Myrmidon
Who brezes in lowd asplaine, and makes him fall
His Craf, that prouver then blew Iris bands.
If the dull brainede Alex come fate off,
We'll desse him vp in voyces tis the faire.

Yet go we vnder our opinion still,
That we have better men. But hit or miffe,
Our proiects life this shape of fencce affumee,
Are imp'y'd, plucke downe Achilles Plumes.

Ne. Now Piffer, I begin to relifhi thy aduice,
And I will give a aake of it forthwith
To Agamemnon, go werto him straight:
Two Cures shall tame each other, pride alone
Must tarme the Muffitesses on, as 'twere their bone. 

Enter Aiax, and Thersites.

Aia. Thersites?
Ther. Agamemnon, how if he had Biles (ful) all over generally.

Aia. Thersites?
Ther. And those Byles did runne, say so; did not the General run, were not thar a botchy core?

Aia. Dogge,
Ther. Then there would come some matter from him:
I see none now.

Aia. Thou Birch-Wolfe-Sonne, canst not heare?

Ther. Strikes him.

Aia. The plague of Greece upon thee thow Mungrel brecus writt Lord.

Ther. Spare then you whinid ye leauens speake, I will beate thee into haue no more.

Ther. I shall sooner ralley thee into wit and holinesse:
but I thinke thy Horie will foone con an Oratian, then lose a prayer without booke: Thou cant strike, canth thou? A red Murren'th thy leses trickes.

Aia. Too'ds floole, leame me the Proclamation.

Ther. Doest thou thinke I have no fencce thou thinke?

Aia. The Proclamation.

Ther. Thou art proclaime'd a foule, I think.

Aia. Do not Perpentine, do not; my fingers itch.
Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and
I had the scratchinge of thee, I would make thee the loth-
most scab in Greece.

Aia. I say the Proclamation.

Ther. Thou sumblous & sailly every hour on Achilles, and thou art as full of eny at this gresmes, as Cer-
burns is at Proserpina's beauty. I, that thou barks at him.

Aia. Milisette Thersites,
Ther. Thou shoul'dst thinke him.

Aia. Colofe.

Ther. He would pun thee into fluiers with his fis, as a Sailer breaks a bucker.

Aia. Thou horion Curre.

Ther. Do, do.

Aia. Thou floole for a Witch.

Ther. I do, do, thou sodden-watred Lord: thou hast no more braine then I have in mine elbowes: An Asinio may tutor thee. Thou fouray valid Afe, thou art here but to threth Trojans, and thou art bought and solede among those of any wit, like a Barbarian flaus. If thou vfe to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tel what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels thou!

Aia. You dogge.

Ther. You fouray Lord.

Aia. You Cure.

Ther. Marst his ideor: do rudenes, do Camell, do, do, 
Enter Achilles, and Patroclus.

Achil. Why how now Aiax? wherefore do you this?

How now Thersi'ts what's the matter man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. I, what's the matter.

Ther. Nay looke upon him.

Achil. So I do: what's the matter?

Ther.
Hekew his man.

Aeol. O meaning you, I will go learn more of it. Exit. 

Enter Priam, Heitor, Trojus, Paris and Helenus.

Priam. After so many hours, louses, speeches spent, 
This once again fayes Nefer from the Greekes, 
Delieet Helen, and all damage eile 
(As honour, loffe of time, trauaille, expence, 
Wounds, friends, and what els desire that is confum'd 
In hot digestion of this comtant Warte) 
Shall be broke off. Heitor, what say you too't. 

Heitor. Though no man letter learns the Greeks then I, 
As farre as toucheth my particell, yet dread Priam, 
There is no Lady of more foltior bow e's, 
More spunge, to fuch in the tents of Jrae, 
More ready to cry out, who knowes what followes 
Then Heitor is; the wound of peace is surety, 
Surety secure; but modell Debu is call'd 
The becon of the wife; the tent that teaches 
To'th'bottome of the worth. Let Helen go, 
Since the firft word was dravme about this question, 
Every rythe toule 'mongst many the land dillures, 
Hath bin as deere as Helen: I meane of ours: 
if we have left fo many tenths of ours 
To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to vs 
(Had it our name) the vawel of one ten; 
What merit's in that reason which denies 
The yeelding of her vp. 

Troy. Infit, ny Brother; 

Weight you the worth and in noun of a King 
(So great as our dread Father) in a Scale 
Of common Ounces? Will you with Counterss summe 
The past proportion of his infinite, 
And buckle in a waste most fabulous life, 
With spannes and inches to diminutive, 
As teares and reasons? The for godly shame! 

Hel. No matter though you bee to sharp as reasons, 
You are so empty of them, should not our Father 
Bear the great iswy of his fityres with reason, 
Because your speech hath none that tells him fo. 

Troy. You are for dreams & lammers brother Priest 
You turne your gloues with reason there are your reasons 
You know an enemy intenues you barren, 
You know, a lowd imployd is perilous, 
And reason ilyes the obiect of all barren, 
Who morals then when Helenas beholds 
A Grecian and his sword, it he do fet 
The very wings of reason to his heele, 
Or like a Starre dibor'd. Nay, if we talke of Reason, 
And Bye like chidden Mercury from Ioue, 
Let's thu our gates and sleepe; Manhood and Honor 
Should have hard hearts, wold they but fat their thoughts 
With this cram'dd reason; reason and relpe& 
Makes Llers pale and luflyhood deиде. 

Helit. Brother, she is not worth 

What she doth cost the holding. 

Troy. What's ought, but as 'tis valuel'd? 

Helit. But value dwel not in particular will, 
It holds his estmate and dignifie 
As well, wherein 'tis precious of it selfe, 
As in the prizer: 'Tis made idolatrie, 
To make the fettuce greater then the God, 
And the will dores that is incommesable 
To what infenious it felle affe&, 
Without some image of th'affected merit, 

Troy. I take to day a Write, and my election 
Is led on in the conduct of my Will;
Troilus and Cressida.

My Will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traced Pylos 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of Will, and Judgement. How may I suynde
(Although my will distilte what it electeth)
The Will, I chose, there can be no caution
To blemish from this, and to stand firm by honour.
We turne not backe the Silkes vpon the Merchant
When we have pay’d them; nor the remainder Vndes
We do not throw in unprofitable fame,
Because we now are full. It was thought mee
Thus should do some vengeance on the Greciack;
Your breath of full content belittles his Sails,
The Seas and Windes (old Wranglers) tooke a Truce,
And did him feruice; he touch’d the Ports des’d,
And for an old Aunt whom the Greciack held Captive,
He brought a Grecian Queen, whole youth & freshesse
Wrinkles Apologies, and makes stale the morning.
Why keep we her? the Greciack keepe our Aunt:
Is the worth keeping? Why she is a Pedall,
Whose price hath launch’d about a thousand Ships,
And turn’d Crown’d Kings to Merchants.
If you’t enow, ’twas wifedome Paris went,
(As you must needs, for you are only, Go-go,
If you’ll confesse, he brought home Noble prize,
(As you must needs) for you all clasp your hands,
And碶 inestimable: why do you now
The rite of your proper Wranglers rate,
And do a deed that Fortune never did?
Beggar the estimation which you priz’d,
Richer then Sea and Land? O Theer soft base!
That we have done what we do fear to keep.
But Theeues unworthy of a thing fo fline,
That in their Country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our Natuiue place.

Enter Caiandra with her hair about her ears.

Cai. Cry Troyans, cry.
Press. What noyise? What shreake is this?
Troy. ’Tis our mad litter, I do know her voyce.
Cai. Cry Troyans.
Hel. It is Caiandra.
Cai. Cry Troyans cry; lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with Prophetick teares.
Hel. Peace after peace.
Cai. Virgins, and Boyes; mid-age & wrinkled old,
Soft infants, that nothing can burne,
Add to my clamour: let vs pay betimes
A moity of that maffe of noise to come.
Cry Troyans cry, prouide your eyes with teares,
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion fland,
Our fire-brand broth’re Paris burnes vs all.
Cry Troyans cry, a Helen and a woe;
Cry, cry, Troy burnes, or else let Helen goe.
Exit.

Hel. Now youth full Troyans, do not these lie Sirius
Of dissension in our Siffer, worke.
Some taches of remorse? Or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad faceke in a bad cause,
Can quaffle the fame?
Troy. Why Brother Heliot,
We may not think the subjection of each side
Such, and no other then event booteth forme it,
Nor once deote the courage of our minds;
Because Caiandra’s mad, her braineicke raptures
Cannot quaffle the goodnese of a quarrell,

Which hath our feuerall Honours all engag’d
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch’d, then all Priams & cnes.
And love forbid there should be done ameng’t vs
Such things as might offend the weakeft spleene,
To fight for, and maintaine.

Par. Elie might the world confumme of leuitie,
As well my under-takings as your counsel:
But I attrest the gods, your full content
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on to dire a privet.
For what (alas) can thefe my little arms?
What propagation is in one mans valoure
To fand the pull of enemies of ftofe
This quarell would excite? Yet I protest,
Were I alone to paffe the difficulties,
And had as ample power, as I have will,
Paris should ne’re retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuiue.

Fri. Paris, you ipeake
Like one be-loved on your sweet delights;
You have the Hony still, but thee the Gall,
So to be valiant, is no prais at all.

Par. Sir, I propone not meerely to my selfe,
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it:
But I would have the foyle of her faire Rape
Wip’d off in honourable keeping her.
What’s Paris were it to the rantack’d Queene,
Disgrace to your great worthes, and fame to me,
Now to deliver her possession.
On terrains of base compulsion? Can it be,
That so degenerate a fairaine as this,
Should once set footing in your generous bonomes?
There’s not the meanest spirit on our patrie,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended: nor none fole Noble,
Whose life were it ill bellow’d, or death yufam’d,
Where Helen is the subjed. Then (I say)
Well may we fight for her, where we know well,
The world’s large spaces cannot parcell.

Hel. Paris and Troyus, you have both said well:
And on the caufe and question now in hand,
Haue gloz’d, but superficially: not much
Unlike young men, whom Arfible thought
Vnfit to heare Morall Philosophie.
The Reasons you allege, do more conduce
To the hot passion of disempred blood,
Then to make vs a free determination
Tvixt right and wrong: For pleasure, and reuenge,
Haue cares more deale then Adders, to the voyce
Of any true decision. Nature craves
All dues be rendred to their Owners: now
What neerer debts in all humanity,
Then Wife is to the Husband? If this law
Of Nature be corrupted through afection,
And that great minds of partiall indulgence,
To their benommed wills refulte the fame,
There is a Law in each well-ordred Nation,
To curbe thofe raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and reftraine:
If Helen then be wife to Sparta’s King
(As it is known she is) these Morall Laws
Of Nature, and of Nation, ipeake alowd
To haue her bache return’d. Thus to perfift
In doing wrong, extremity not wrong,
But makes it much more heauen. Heliot opinion
Ach. Where, where, art thou come? why my cheefe, my digestion, why hast thou not seru'd thy selfe into my Table, so many meates? what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy Commander Achilis, then tell me Patroclus, what's Achilis?

Patr. Thy Lord Therstes: then tell me I pray thee, what's thy selfe?

Ther. Thy knowe Patroclus: then tell me Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou mist tell that knowe.

Ach. O tell, tell.

Ther. He declin the whole question; Agamemnon com-

mands Achilis, Achilis is my Lord, I am Patroclus know-

er, and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You satisfie.

Ter. Peace fool, I have not done.

Achil. He is a principled man, proceed Therstes.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool, Achilis is a fool, Ther-

stes is a fool, and as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this? come?

Ther. Agamemnon a fool to offer to command A-

chilis, Achilis is a fool to be commanded of Agamem-

non, Therstes is a fool to ferue such a fool: and Patroclus: as a fool positue.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Enter Agamemnon, Viufles, Neftor, Dioderes, Acan, and Chlaus.

Ther. Make that demand to the Creator; it suffices me thou art. Look we who comes here?

Achil. Patroclus, I le speake with no body: come in with me Therstes.

Ther. Here is such paterchic, such ingling, and such knauerie: all the argument is a Cuckold and a Whore, a good quartet to draw emulations factions, and bide to death upon: Now the dry Suppergo on the Subiect, and Warre and Lecherie confound all.

Agam. Where is Achilis?

Patr. Within his Tent, but ill dispos'd my Lord.

Agam. Let it be knowne to him that we are here: He sent our Messengers, and we lay by Our apperiments, visiting of him. Let him be told of, to perceade he thinke We dare not moue the question of our place, Or know not what we are.

Patr. I thrall so lay to him.

Vifif. We saw him at the opening of his Tent, He is not fike.

Aias. Yes, Lyon fike, fike of proud heart; you may call it Melancholgy if will favour the man, but by my head, 'tis pride; but why, why, let them show vs the cause? A word my Lord.

Neft. Why mones Aias thus to bay at him?

Vifif. Achilles hath miscall'd his Fooler from him.

Neft. Who, Therstes?

Vifif. Ht.

Neft. Then will Aias lacke matter, if he have loft his Argument.

Vifif. No, you see he is his argument that has his argu-

ment Achilles.

Neft. All the better, their fiation is more our with then their faction; but it was a strong counsell that a fool could disunite.

Vifif. The amite that wifedome knifes, not folly may easily unite. Enter Patroclus.
Here comes, Paræcelsus.

Nef. No Achilles with him?

Vil. The Elephant hath layments, but none for curtesy: his legs are legs for necessitie, not for flight.

Agl. Achilles may be fay be no much lory: if any thing more then your sport and pleasure,

Did move your greatneffe, and this noble Stare,

To call upon him; he hopes it is no other,

But for your health, and your digestion fake;

An after Darners breath.

Ag. Hear you Paræcelsus:

We are too well acquainted with these answers:

But his eusion winged thus swift with fcanne,

Cannot outflye our apprehensions.

Much attribute he hath, and much the reason,

Why we ascribe it to him, yet all his vertues,

Not vertuously of his owne part beheld.

Doe in our eyes, begin to loose their glose;

Yes, and like faire Fruit in an vnholdome dish,

Are like to rot vntaile: goe and tell him,

We came to speake with him; and you shall not faine,

If you doe fay, we thinkke him over proud,

And vnder him selfe in felle-afiamtion greater

Then in the note of him, erement. & worrither then himselfe.

Hey in to the falue strange men he put on

Distignue the holy strength of their command:

And vnder write in an obfuring kinde

His humorous predominaunce. ye watch

His pettisline, his ebs, his fhowes, as if

The passage and whole carriage of this action

Rode on his tyde. Goe tell him this, and add,

That if he outhold his price so much,

Weele none of him; but let him,like en Engin

Not portable, ye vnder this report.

Bring action hither, this cannot goe to warre:

A Shiuing Darvile, we doe allowance glue,

Before a shrifting Gyant, tell him to.

Pat. I shal, and bring his anfere presently.

Ag. In second voyce weele not be satisfied,

We come to speake with him, Disj. enter you,

Exit Vifhes.

Alix. What is he more then another?

Ag. No more then what he thinkes he is.

Ag. Is he fo much, doe you not thinke, he thinkes

himselfe a better man then I am?

Ag. No quefion.

Alix. Will you subfcribe his thought, and fay he is?

Ag. No; Noble Alix, you are as strong, as valiant as

wile, no leffe noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Alix. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what it is.

Ag. Your minde is the cleefer Alix, and your vertues

the fatter; he that is proud, ears vp himfelfe; Pride is his

owne Giffe, his owne trumpet, his owne Chronicle, and

what ever praise it felle in but in the decede, doustoures the
dede in the praise.

Enter Vifhes.

Alix. I doe have a proud man, as I hate the ingending

of Teades.

Nef. Yet he loves himfelfe is it not strange?

Vifh. Achilles will not to the field to morrow.

Ag. What is his exad?

Vifh. He doth relaye on none,

But carries on the firenone of his dispose,

Without obscenence or reftect of any,

In will peculiar, and in felle admission.

Ag. Why, will he not vpon our faire requeft,

Vntent his perion, and thare the syre with vs?

Vifh. Things small as nothing, for requete fake only

He makes it to much importance; pooffeft he is with greatneffe,

And fpakes not to himfelfe, but with a pride

That quarrel at felle-breathe. Imagin'd wroth

Holdes in his blood fuch frowne and hot difcoure,

That twist his mentall and his active parts,

KingdomI. Achilles in commotion rages,

And batters gain'd it felle; what fhould I fay?

He is fo plaguys proud, that the death tokens of it,

Cry norcovery.

Ag. Let Alix goe to him,

Dear Lord, goe you and greet him in his Tent;

Tis faid he holds you well, and will be led

At your requet a little from himfelfe.

Vifh O Agenammon, let it not be fo.

Weele confecrate the feetps that Alix makes

When they goe from Achilles, shall the proud Lord,

That batte his arroganfce with his owne feame,

And neuer fuffers matter of the world,

Enter his thoughts; falue fuch does devolve

And demean him felfe. Shall he be worshipful,

Of that we hold an Idol, more then here.

No, this three worthy and right valiant Lord,

Mift not it, tis his Palme, nobly acqui'd,

Nor by my will affubinate his merite,

As amply titled as Achilles is: by going to Achilles;

That were to enlarg his fat already, pride,

And addore more Coles to Cancer, when he burns

With entertaining great Hyperou.

This I. goe to him Jupiter forbid,

And fry in thunder, Achilles goe to him.

Nef. 0 this is well, hePubes the veine of him.

Dis. And how his fience drinks vp this applause.

Alix. If I goe to him, with my armed fit,髓 path him oer the face,

Ag. Oon, you shall not goe.

Ag. And a be proud with me, ile phyfhe his pride: let me goe to him.

Vifh. Not for the worth that hangs vpon our quarrel.

Ag. A pauty in tolome fellow.

Vifh. How he describes himfelfe.

Ag. Can he be not fociable?

Vifh. The Rauen chides blackfleepe.

Alix. He let his humours blood.

Ag. He will be the Phyfian that should be the pa
tient.

Alix. And all men were a my mindes.

Vifh. Wit would be out of fashion.

Alix. A should not beare it fo, a should care Swords 

fit: shall pride carry it?

Nef. And twould, you'ld carry halfe.

Vifh. A would haue ten fhares.

Alix I will kneele him, ile make him fupple, hee's not yet through warme.

Nef. Force him with praises, pourre in, pourre in: his ambi
tion is dry.

Vifh. My Ly, you feede too much on this dislike.

Nef. Our noble Generall, doe not doe fo.

Dram. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Vifh. Why, this his naming of him doth him harme.

Alix. Here is a man, but 'c fore before his face,

I will be filent.

Nef. Wherefore (hould you fo?
Troilus and Cressida.

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Vt. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Aim. A horrid dog, that shall pater thus with vs, would he were a Trojan.

Nef. What a vice were it in Ajax now—

Ulf. If he were proud.

Dis. Or courorious of prais.

Vt. I, or lurley borne.

Dis. Of strange, or felt affected.

Pl. Thank the heavens I, thou art of sweet temper.

Praise him that got thee, the thou gat thee thicke:

Fame be thy Tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition;

But he that disprised thy eyes to sight,

Let Mars decide Eternity in twaine,

And give him halfe, and for thy vigour,

Bull-bearing Tho: his addition yeade

To favonno Ajax: I will not praise thy wildome,

Which like a bourn, a pale, a thore confines

Thy fracious and dilated parts; here's Nefior

Infrastracted by the Antiquany times: he

Mught, he, as he cannot but be wise.

But pardon Father Nefior, were your days

As greene as Ajax, and your braine so tempr'd,

You should not have the eminence of him,

But be as Ajax.

Aim. Shall I call you Father?

Ulf. My good Sonne.

Dis. Be raill'd by him Lord Ajax.

Vt. There is no tarrying here, the Hatt Achilles

Keeps thicker: pleas'te it our General,

to call together all his state of warre,

Freth Kings are come to Troy to morrow

We muft with all our maine of power stand fast:

And here's a Lord, come Knights from East to West,

And call their flower, Ajax shall come the best.

Ag. Go we to Compart, let Achilles sleepe;

Light Botes may take swift, though greater bulks draw
deepe. Exeunt. Musique sounds within.

Enter Pandarus and a Servant.

Pan. Friend, you, pray you a word: Do not you follow the yong Lord Paris?

Ser. I sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You depend upon him I mean't?

Ser. Sir, I doe depend upon the Lord.


Ser. The Lord be praified.

Pan. You know me, doe you not?

Ser. Fair sir, superficially.

Pa. Friend know me better, I am the Lord Pandarus.

Ser. I hope I shall know your honour better.

Pa. I doe defeer it.

Ser. You are in the face of Grace?

Pa. Grace, not so friend, honor; and Lordship arc my title: What Musique is this?

Ser. I doe but partly know if it is Muscke in parts.

Pa. Know you the Musicians.

Ser. Wholly sir.

Pa. Who play they to?

Ser. To the hearers sir.

Pa. At whole pleasur friend?

Ser. At mine sir, and theirs that love Musike.


Ser. Who shall I command sir?

Pa. Friend, we understand not one another: I am too courteously, and thou art too cunning. At whose request doe these men play?

Ser. That's too indecd sir: marry sir, at the request of Paris my Lord, who's there in perfom'd; with him the most prickly Venus, the heart blood of beauty, loves insuable soule.


Ser. Nor fir, Helen, could you not finde out that by her attributes?

Pa. It should seeme fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady Cressida. I come to speake with Paris from the Prince Troilus: I will make a complimentary alluion upon him, for my business leches.

Ser. Sudden businesse, there's a swelled phrase indeed.

Enter Paris and Helen.

Pan. Faire be to you my Lord, and to all this faire company: faire defires in all faire measure fairely guide them, especially to you faire Queene, faire thoughts be your faire pillow.

Hel. Deere L. you are full of faire words.

Pan. You speake your faire pleasur faire Queene: faire Prince, here is good broken Musickie.

Par. You have broke it cozen: and my life you shall make it whole againe, you shall peace it out with a peace of your performance. Neif, he is full of harmony,

Pan. Truely Lady no.

Hel. Of it.

Pan. Rude in sooth, in good sooth very rude.

Paris. Well said my Lord I swel, you say so in fits.

Par. I haue binne to my Lord, deere Queene: my Lord will you vouchsafe me a word.

Hel. Nay, thus shall no hedge vs out, weele hezre you sing certainly.

Pan. Well faire Queene you are pleasant with me, but, marry thus my Lord, my deere Lord, and most effect'd friend your brother Troilus.

Hel. My Lord Pandarvus, how faire Queene Lord.

Pan. Go to faire Queene Queene, goe to.

Commends himselfe most affectionately to you.

Hel. You shall not bob vs out of our melody:

If you doe, our melancholy vs your head.

Pan. Sweete Queene, sweete Queene, that's a sweete Queene faileth.

Hel. And to make a sweete Lady lad is a lower offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not ferue your turne, that shall is not in truth is. 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 excufe.

Hel. My Lord Pandarus?

Pan. What faines my sweete Queene, my very, very sweete Queene?

Par. What expec'ts in hand, where fups he to night?

Hel. Nay but my Lord?

Par. What faines my sweete Queene? my cozen will fall out with you.

Hel. You must not know where he fups.

Pan. With my diplofer Cressida.

Pan. Ne'lo, no stuck matter, you are wide, come your diplofer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excufe.

Pan. I good my Lord why should you say Cressida? no, your poore diplofer is sick.

Par. I spie.
Troylus and Crefsida.

Pan. You srie, what do you srie: come, give me an Instrument now sweete Queene.

Hel. Why this is kindly 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

Pan. He? no, sheele none of him, they two are twinne.

Hel. Falling in after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I hear nae more of this, I'll sing you a long now.

Hel. I, I, pretre now: by my troth sweete Lord thou haft a fine fore-head.

Pan. You may you may.

Hel. Let thy long be love: this love will vnnde vs I.

Oh Cupid Cupid: Exeunt.

Pan. Loue? I that it shal yfaith.

Pan. I good now loue, loute,nothing but loue.

Pan. In good troth it begins to.

Love loue, nothing but love still more:
For O loves Row,
Shoeth Burke and Doe:
The Shaft confounds not that it wounds,
But tickles still the fore:
These Lovers cry, oh they dye:
Ter that which seems the wound to kill,
Darb turne oh oh so by ha ha:
So dying love lines still,
O oh a white but ha ha ha,
O begynes out for her ha ha ha——by ho.

Hel. In love yfaith to the very tip of the nofe.

Pan. He extes in young but dotes loue, and that breeds.

Hel. And hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beger hot desires, and hot desires is loue.

Pan. Is this the generation of loue? Hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot desires, why they are Vipers, is Loue a generation of Vipers?

Sweete Lord where a field to day?

Pan. Helor, Despoinos, Helenus, Antheor, and all the gallantry of Troy. I would fume have arm'd to day, but my Nell would not have it fo.

How chance my brother Troylus went not?

Hel. He hangs the lippe at something; you know all

Lord Pandarus?

Pan. Not thony sweete Queene; I long to hear how they sped to day:

Youe remember your brothers excuse?

Pan. To a hyre.

Pan. Farewel sweete Queene.

Hel. Commend me to your Neece,

Pan. I will sweete Queene.

Sound a retreat.

Pan. They're come from the fields; let vs to Pryme Hall
To gate the Warres. Sweet Helen, I must woe you,
To helpe warme our Helior: his thouborne Buckles,
With thence your white enchanting fingers touch,
Shall more obey then to the edge of Steele,
Or force of Greeks finest wowses: you shall doe more
Then all the Hand Kings, diface great Helier.

Hel. Twill make vs proud to be his fervant Paris:
Yea what he shall receive of vs. duczie,
Gives vs more palme in beauticie then we have:
Yea onerfinthes our selfe.

Sweete about thought I loue these. Exeunt.

Enter Pandarus and Troylus Man.

Pan. How now, where's thy Maister, at my Couzen Crefsida?

Man. No fir, he playes for you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troylus.

Pan. O here he comes; How now, how now?

Troy. Sitsr walke off.

Pan. Haue you seene my Cousin?

Troy. No Pandarus: I halk about her doore
Like a frange foule upon the Stigian banke.

Stayings for wary tung, O be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportacion to those fields,
Where I will wallow in the Lilly beds
Proposal'd for the defeter.

O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupids shoulder plucke his painted wings,
And flye with me to Crefsid.

Pan. Walke here int Orchide, Ie bring her straite.

Exit Pandarus.

Troy. I am giddy; expectation whyles me round,
Th'imaginary relish is to sweete,
That it inchant's my fence: what will it be
When that the wary pallats taffe indeece
Loues thrice reputed Nece?

Death I feare me
Sounding diftruction, or fome ioy too fine,
Too subtile, potent, and too sharpe in sweetness,
For the capacite of my ruder powers;
I feare it much, and I doe feare besides,
That I shall loole diftribution in my ioys,
As doth a battale, when they charge on heapes
The enemie flying.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. Shee's making her ready,ethee come thoughg you must be wrytly now, she does doo boh, &stetches her winde so short, as if she were friad with a sprite: I leech her; it is the pretticy villaine, she fetches her breath fo short as a new tan Sparrow.

Exit Pandarus.

Troy. Even such a passion doth imbrace my bosome;
My heart beeter thicker then a feauorous puffer,
And all my owners doer their belowing loofe,
Like vall. late at vnwares encountering
The eye of a frite.

Enter Pandarus and Crefsida.

Pan. Come, come, what neede you both?

Shames a babie; here she is now, swears the oathes now to her, that you have favoure to me.

What are you gone a game, you must be heare are youe be made tame, must you? youe come your waies, youe come your waies, and youe draw backward wecle pur yuith his; why do you noe speake to her? Come draw this cuttane, & let's see your picture.

Alffe the day, how loath you are to offend day light, 
'twere daire you'd close fooner: So do, rub on, and knife the mithfeile: how now, a knife in fecarme: build there Carpenter the ayre is sweete.

Nay, you'lllall fight your hearts our ent: part you, The Faulcon, as the Tercell, for all the Ducks int Riner: go too too too.

Troy. Youe have befeft me of all words Lady.

Pan. Words paye no debit; give her deedes: but sheele beseaue you 'oth desires too, if rifee call your actuity in question: what billing a game? here's in wastnele where of the Parties interchangeably. Come in come in, le go get a fire?

Cres. Will you walkie in my Lord?

Troy. O Crefsida, how often have I wiffht me thus?


Troy. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? what too curious drey cypes my swete Lady in the fountain of our love?
Troylus and Cressida.

Cref. More drags then water, if my teares haue eyes.
Troy. Feares make duels of Cherubins, they never see truly.
Cref. Blinde fear, that seeing reason leads, finder false footing, then blinde reason, stumbling without fear to see the worst, oft cure the worst.
Troy. Oh let my Lady apprehend no fear, in all Capides Pageant there is presented no monster.
Cref. Not nothing monitrons neither.
Troy. Nothing but our understandings, when we were to weep, let it in fire, these rocks, these Tygers, in thinking it harder for our Miestre to deuise imposition enough, then for us to undergo any difficultie impos'd. This is the monarchie in true Lade, that the wise is infinite, and the execution confudeth the desire is boundless, and the act a flauce to limit.
Cref. They dry all Lovers with more performance then they are able, and yet reuerse an ability that they never perform, vowing more then the perfection of ten; and discharging less then the tenth part of one. They have the vague of Lyons, and the art of Hares: they are not Moniters.
Troy. Are there such? such are not we: Praise vs as we are taffed, allow vs as we prove: our head shall gow bare till merit crowne it: no perfection in reuerion shall have a prais in present: wee will not name defect before his birth, and being borne his addition shall be humble: few words to taine faith. Troylus shall be such to Cressid, as what enue can say yow, shall be a mocke for his trust; and what truth can speake truly, not true then Troylus.
Cref. Will you walke in my Lard?
Enter Pandarum.
Pan. What blushing flill? have you not done talking yet?
Cref. Well Vuckle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.
Pan. I thank you for that: if my Lord get a Bay of you, youe gue hun me: be true to my Lord, if he flinch, chide me for it.
Troy. You know now your hostages: your Vuckles word and my fme faith.
Pan. Nay, I give my word for her too: our kindred though they be long ere they are wrood, they are con. flant being womane: they are Barres I can tell you, they'll flck where they are throwne.
Cref. Boldneffe comes to mee now, and brings mee heart: Prince Troylus, I have lou'd you might and day, for many weary months.
Troy. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?
Cref. Hard to feme won: but I was won my Lord. With the first glance that euer pardon me, If I confesse much you will play the tyrant: I love you now, but not till now I love you, But I might make it; infall I yre.
My thoughts were like unbridled children grow Too head-thron for their mothers: fee we foole, Why hau'e I blab'd? who shall be true to vs When we are to vs secrete to our selves? But though I lou'd you well, I womd younot, And yet good faith I with my selfe a man; Or that we women had mens prinuleed
Of speaking first, Sweet, bid me hold my tongue, For in this rapture! shall Ione speake
The thing I shall repent: fee, fee, your silence
Commeng in dambellfe, from my weakenellfe draws
My foule of counsell from me. Stop my mouth.
Troy. And shall, albeit sweete Mufiekke tis where thence,
Pan. Pretty yfaith.
Cref. My Lord, I doe before you pardon me,
Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kiffe: I am afoam'd; O Heauens, what haue I done! For this time will I take my leave my Lord.
Troy. Your sweete Cressid?
Pan. Leave: and you take leave till to morrow morning.
Cref. Pray you content you,
Troy. What offends you Lade?
Cref. Sir, mine owne company.
Troy. You cannot thou your felte.
Cref. Let me goe and try:
I have a kinde of felte recedes with you:
But an unkinde of felte, that it felte will leave,
To be another's fool: Where is my wot?
I would be one: I speake I know not what.
Troy. Well know they what they speake, that speakes so wutely.
Cref. Perchance my Lord, I shew more craft then loute, And fell to roundly to a large contesfion,
To Angle for your thoughts: but you are wife,
Or else you love not: for to be wife and loute,
Exceedes man's might, that doth dwell with gods above.
Troy. O that I thought it could be in a woman:
As if it can, I will prisme in you,
To fee the for her lampe and flames of loute.
To kepe her constane in pleight and youth,
Out-Juing beaues outward, with a minde
That doth renew wiser then blood decays:
Or that perfwacon could but thus convinse me,
That my integrete and truth to you,
Might be affointed with the match and weight
Of such a winnowed petricke in loute:
How were I then vp-lifted! but alas,
I am as true, as truths simplicite:
And simpler then the inanience of truth.
Cref. In that I center with you.
Troy. O veroos fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right:
True swaines in loute, shall in the world to come
Approuce their truths by Troylus, when then times,
Full of pretie, of oath and big compare;
Wants familes, truth titt'd with iteration,
As true as feeble, as plantage to the Moone:
As Sunne to day: as Turtle to her mate:
As Iron to Adaman: as Ear to th'Center:
Yet after all comparisons of truth,
(As truths authentick authour to be cited)
As true as Troylus, shall crowne vp the Verfe,
And fixe the numbers.
Cref. Prophet may ye be:
If I be false, or wrong a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot it felte:
When water drops have worn the Stones of Troy:
And blinde oblivion swallow'd Cities vp:
And mightie States characterlfe are grated
To duffe nothing: yet let memory,
From false to false, among false Maids in loute,
Vbraid my falsehood, when they use said as false,
As Aire, as Water, as Winde, as fandie earth;
As Foxe to Lambe; as Wolfe to Hauers Calfe;
Pard to the Hinde, or Steppaume to her Sonne;
Yes, let them say, to tiche the heart of falselhood,
As false as Cressida.

Pand. Go too, a bargain made: seals it, seals it, I'll be the witness here I hold your hands; here my Countess, if ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful tears betweene be call'd to the worlds end after my name: call them all Panders: all false women Cressids, and all brokers betweene Panders: say, Amen.

Troy. Amen.

Cris. Amen.

Pan. Amen.

Whereupon I will shew you a Chamber, which bed, because it shall not speake of your prettie encounters, preferable it doeth away. And Cupid grant all Jong-tide Maidens here, Bed, Chamber, and Pander, to provide this grete. Exit.

Enter Vliffers, Diomedes, Nestor, Agamemnon, Menelauus, and Chalcus. Floris.

Cal. Now Princes for the seruice I have done you, Th'advantage of the time prompts me aloud, To call for recompence: appeare it to your minde, That through the sight I have in things to loue, I have abandon'd Troy, lett my profession, Incure'd a Traitors name, expos'd my selfe, From certaine and poiffett conveniences, To doublest fortunes, sequestring from me all That time, acquaintance, custom and condition, Made tame, and most familiar to my nature: And here to doe you seruice am become, As new into the world, strange, unacquainted, I doe beleeve you, in so way of talent, To do me over a little benefite: Out of those many regifted in present, Which you say, due to come in my behalfe.

Agam. What wouldst thou of us Trojan make demand?

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Aeneas, Yesterday tooke: Troy holds him very deare, Of late have you (often haue you, thanks therefore) Defir'd my Cressida in right great exchange. Whom Troy hath full dem'd: but this Aeneas, I know is such a weale in their affaires; That their negociations all must beake, Wanting his manmage: and they will almoost, Guevs a Prince of blood, a Sonne of Priam, In change of him. Let him be sette great Princes, And he shall buy my Daughter: and her presence, Shall quite strike off all seruice I have done, In most affected peace.

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him, And bring as Cressida biter Calcas shall haue What he requireth of vs: good Diomed.

Forfieth you fairely for this enterchange; Whilest haue word, if Hector will to morrow Bearesw'd in his challenge. Aeneas is ready.

Dis. This shall I vnderwrite, and 'tis a busheen Which I am proud to beare.

Exit.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus in their Tent. Vlif. Achilles stands in'th entrance of his Tent: Please it our General to passe straenge by him, Ass'the were forgot: and Princes all, Lay negligence and loose regard upon him; I will come last, 'tis like heele question me,

Why such unplaceful eyes are bent? why sovn'd on him? if so, I haue derision medicable, To vie betweene your straengethese and his pride, Which his owne will shall have deere to drink; It may be good, pride hath no other glasse To shew it telse, but pride: for supple knees, Feede arrogance, and are the proud mans fees.

Achil. Weele execute your purpose, and put on A forme of strangelenesse as we passe along, So doe each Lord, and either greeete him not, Or else disdainfully, which shall shakke him more, Then if not lookt on, I will lead the way.

Achil. What comes the General to speake with me? You know my minde, Ile light no more "gainst Troy. Aga. What fares Achilles, would he ought with vs? Nef. Would you my Lord ought with the General?

Achil. No.

Nef. Nothing my Lord.

Agre. The better.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you?

Achil. What, do's the Cuckold fororne me?

Aiax. How now Patroclus?

Achil. Good morrow Aiax?

Aiax. Ha.

Achil. Good morrow.

Aiax. I, and good next day too. Exit.

Achil. What meane these fellowes? know they not Achilles?

Pars. They passe by stragely: they were vs'd to bend To tend their limes before them to Achilles:

To come as humble as they vs'd to creepe to holy Altars.

Achil. What am I poore of late?

'Tis certaine, greatnesse once faile out with fortune, Must be with mento: what the declin'd is, He shall as loone reade in the eyes of others, As feele in his owne fall: for men like better filler, Show not their meallie wings, but to the Summer: And not a man for being simply man, Hath any honour; but honour'd for those honoures That are without him; as place, riches, and favour, Prizes of accident, as of so merie:
Which when they fall, as being flippery flanders; The loue that leas'd on them as flippery too, Doth one plucke downe another, and together Dye in the fall. But 'tis not so with me; Fortune and I are friends, I doe enioy At ample point, all that I did possifie, Saue thee mens looks: who do me thinkes finde out Something not worth in me such rich beholding, As they have ofteen giuen. Here is Vlifers,
He interrupt his reading: how now Piffer?

Pif. Now great Thris Sonne.

Achil. What are you reading?

Pif. A strangle fellow here.

Writes me, that man, how dearly ever pass'd,
How much in haging, or without, or in,
Cannot make boaste to haue that which he hath;
Nor feeles not what he owes, but by reflection:
As when his vertues finishing uppon others,
Heare them, and they retorct that haue againe To the first gierer.

Achil. This is not strangle Piffer:

The beautie that is borne here in the face,
The bearer knowes not, but commendes it selfe,
Not going from it selfe: but eye to eye oppos'd,
To envious and calumniating time;
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;
That all with one consent praise new born gaudes,
Though they are made and moulded of things past,
And goe to dust; that is a little gull.
More laud then guilt oreduetd.
The present eye praiest the prefent obiect:
Then manuell not thou great and compleat man,
That all the GREEKES begin to worshipp AIX;
Since things in motion begin to catch the eye,
Then what not flats: the cry went out on thee,
And still it might, and yet it may againe,
If thou wouldst not entomb thy selfe in value,
And cæse thy reputation in thy Tent;
Who great glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous munions 'moght the gods themselues,
And drue great MARS to factions.
Ach. O then my private,
I haue strong sesions.
\textit{Af.} But gainsay my private
The reasons are more potent and heroycall:
\textit{Tis knowne Achilles, that you are in loue
With one of Priams daughters.
Achil. Ha! knowne?
\textit{Af.} Is that a wonder?
The proudenes that's in a watchfull State,
Knowes almoast every graine of Plutoses gold;
Finds bosom in to vncomprehenstable deepes;
Keeps pace with thought; and almost like the gods,
Doe thoughts vnisse in their dumbe cradles;
There is a mytherie (with whom relation
Durft noter middle) in the foule of State;
Which hath an operation more diuine,
Then breath or pen can give exprecitio to:
All the commetts that you have had with Troy,
As perffectly is ours, as yours, my Lord,
And better would it hit Achilles much;
To throw downe Hector then \textit{Tehan}.
But it must grievue young \textit{Tebus} now at home,
When fame shall in her land found her trumpes;
And all the GREEKIS: Girles shall cipping fings,
Great Hectors sister did Achilles winne;
But our great \textit{Aias} bravely beat eare downe him.
Farewell my Lord: I say your lorter speake;
The Coots idle are the sece that you should break.
\textit{Parr.} To this effect Achilles haue not moud you;
A woman impudent and unmanly growne,
Is not more loath, then an effeminat man,
In time of action: I flind condemn'd for this;
They thynke my liue Domage to the warre,
And your great loue to me, restrains you thus,
Sweete, soule your selfe; and the weeke wanton \textit{Cupid}
Shall from your nesse vnoisse his amorous fould,
And like a dew drop from the Lyons mane,
Be chooke to syrie ayre.
Achil. Shall \textit{Aias} fight with \textit{Hector}?
\textit{Parr.} 1, and perhaps receive much honor by him,
\textit{Achil.} I feie my reputation is in flake,
My lune is throwdely gored.
\textit{Parr.} O then beware:
Those wounds heale ill, that men doe give themselfes;
Omission to doe what is necessitie,
Seale a commition to a blanke of danger,
And danger like an ague flintely taints
Even then when we stedily in the lune.
\textit{Achil.} Goe call \textit{Thersites} haueth sweet \textit{Parclothes},
\textit{Parr.} 1, and perhaps receive much honor by him,
\textit{Achil.} I feie my reputation is in flake,
Troylus and Cressida.

He send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
To invite the Trojan Lords after the Combat
To see ves here vnarm'd: I have a woman longing,
An appetite that I am sicke withall,
To see great Helios in his weeds of peace; Enter Thers.
To talk with him, and to behold his vijage,
Even to my full of view, A labour faud.
Thers. A wonder.
Ajax. What?
Ajax goes vp and downe the field, asking for
himselfe.
Ajax. How do?
Thers. Hee must fight singly to morrow with Helios,
and is so prophetically proud of anderons call dudging,
that he raises in saying nothing.
Ajax. How can that be?
Thers. Why he themkes vp and downe like a Peacock, a
bride and a bride; ramdates like an hollefe, that hath no
Artistic but her braine to set downe her reckoning:
bites his lip with a politike regard, as who should say,
there were wit in his head and two'd out; and so
there is: but it lyes as coldly in him, as fire in a flint,
which will not shew without knocking. The men vndone
for euer; for Helios breakes not his necke 'tis combat,
he cleaves himselfe in vaie-glory. He knowes not
me? I said, good morrow Ajax; And he replies,
thanks Agamemnon. What thinkes you of this mean,
that takes me for the Generall? Hee's grown a very
land-fish, language, a monster: a plague of opionion,
a man may weare it on both sides like a leather
Jerkin.
Ajax. Thou must be my Ambassador to him Thersites.
Thers. Who, I say, heeke answer no body: he pro-
selfes notswearing; speaking is for beggers: he weares
his tongue in his armes: I will put on his preference; let Patro-
cclus make hys demands to me, you shall see the Page-
ant of Ajax.
Ajax. To him Patroclus: tell him, I humbly desire the
valiant Ajax, to invite the most valorous Helios to come
vnarm'd to my Tent, and to procure safe conduct for his
person, of the magnanimous and most illustrious, fire or
freauen tongues honour'd Captaine,Generall of the Grecian
Armie Agamemnon. So do this.
Patro. None blefe great Ajax.
Thers. Hum.
Patro. I come from the worthy Achilles.
Thers. Ha.
Patro. Who most humbly desires you to invite Helios
to his Tent.
Thers. Hum.
Patro. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.
Thers. Agamemnon?
Patro. My Lord.
Thers. Ha.
Patro. What say you too.
Thers. God buy you with all my heart.
Patro. Your answer sir.
Thers. If to morrow be a faire day, by eleuen a clocke
it will goe one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for
me ere he leis me.
Patro. Your answer sir.
Thers. Fear you weall your heart withall.
Ajax. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?
Thers. No, but he's out a tune thus: what mufke will
be in him when Helios has knocked out his braines, I know
not: but I am sure none, vnlesse the Fidler Apollo get his
swes to make catlings on.
Ajax. Come, thou shalt bear a Letter to him
straight.
Thers. Let me carry another to his Horfe; for that's the
more capable creature.
Ajax. My minde is troubled like a Fountaine fixt'd,
And I my felle fixt not the bottome of it.
Thers. Would the Fountaine of your minde were elee
againe, that I might water an Asle at it I had rather be
a Ticke in a Sheepe, then such a valiant ignorance.

Enter at one door Aeneas with a Torch, at another
Par. Diesphobus, Ambemor, Diomed the
Grecian, with Torch'es.
Par. See, hoa, who is that there?
Diasph. It is the Lord Aeneas.
Aeneas. Is the Prince there in person?
Had I a good occasion to, as long
As you Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly butinesse,
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.
Dioms. That's my minde too: good morrow Lord
Aeneas.
Par. A valiant Grecce & Aeneas, take his hand,
Witness the proccese of your speech within;
You told how Diomed in a whole weeke by days
Did haunt you in the Field.
Aeneas. Health to you valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce:
But when I meete you arm'd, as blacke defance,
A heate can thinke, or courage execute.
Dioms. The one and other Liones embraces,
Our blouds are now in calm, and so long health:
But when contention, and occasion meets,
By Ione, He play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuite and policy.
Patro. And thou shalt hunt a Lyon that will flye
With his face backward, in humane gentleness:
Welcome to Troy; now by Anchises life,
Welcome indeede: by Venus hand I swear,
No man abuse can loue in such a fort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.
Dioms. We sympatize. Ione let Aeneas live
(If to my sword his fate be not the glory)
A thousand compleate courses of the Sunne,
But in mine emulous honor let him dye:
With every inoynt a wound, and that to morrow.
Aeneas. We know each other well.
 Dios. We doe, and long to know each other worse.
Patro. This is the moft, defpightful'ft gentle greeting;
The nobilfe hatefull loue, that ere I heard of.
What butinesse Lord so early?
Aeneas. I was sent for to the Kings but why, I know not.
Par. His purpose meets you, it was to bring this Greek
To Culeba's house; and there to render him,
For the enfent Ambemor, the faire Crestid:
Let haue your company; or if you please,
Hafe there before vs. I contemptly doe thinke
(Or rather call my thought a certaine knowledge)
My brother Troylus lodges there to night,
Rowe him, and give him note of our approche,
With the whole quality whereof, I leaue
We shall be much well welcome.
Aeneas. That I assure you.
Troylus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Then Crestid borne from Troy.

Par. There
Troylus and Cressida.

Par. There is no help:
The bitter disposition of the time will have it so.
On Lord, weele follow you.

Enter Good morrow all.

Par. And tell me noble Diomed: faith tell me true,
Even in the foule of sound good fellow ship,
Who in your thoughts mens face Helen most?
My selfe for Aeneas!

Diomed. Both alike.
He mens well to have her, that doth seeke her,
Not making any scrupe of her soylure,
With such a she'll of pane, and world of charge.
And you as well to keepe her, that defend her,
Not palling the tisue of her dishonour,
With such a costly love of wealth and friends:
He like a puling Cuckold, would drink vp
The lees and dregs of a Bar tamed piece:
You like a lecher, out of whom fouer laynes,
Are pleasd to bloud your incontinent.
Both mens payd, each slips no lese nor more,
But he to whom he is heuer for a whore.

Par. You are too buser to your country-woman.
Did. Shee's buser to her country: theare me Paris,
For every sable deep in her bandy veines,
A Grecians life hath fukke; for every scuple
Of her comminated enviour weight,
A Trojan hath bene flame.Since the could speake,
She hath not goten so many good words breath,
As for her, Greeces and Troians suffred death.

Par. Faire Diomed, you doe as chapanmen doe
Dit pratical the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this vesture well;
Weele not commend, what we inted to sell.
Hereley our way.

Enter Troylus and Cressida.

Troylus. Deere trouble not your selfe: the morrie is cold.
Cress. Then speak my Lord, my power me Vrcklow down; He thall enbail the Gates.

Trey. Troble 'tcham not:
To bed, to bed: sleepe kill those pritty eyes,
And glue as loth attachment to thy fencles,
As Infant empty of all thought.

Cress. Good morrow then.

Troy. I prihceen now to bed.
Cress. Are you a weary of me?
Troy. Cressida but that the busie day
Wake't by the Esche, hast thou't the ribaud Crowes, And dreaming night will hide our eyes no longer:
I would not from thee.

Cress. Nightshath bene too brie.
(Yes, Troy. Before the light, with venemous weight the
As hidously as hell; but flues the grapes of love.
With wings more monomeway, swift then thou:
You shall cast cold, and curst me:
Cress. Pribe thee tarry, you men will never tarry;
O foolish Cressida, I might have full held off,
And then you would have tarried. Harke, ther's one vp
Paid. with whom.

Troy. It is your Vnckle. Cressida: a patience on him now will he mock me;
I shall hue such a life.

Cress. Go hang your selfe, you naughty mocking Vnckle:
You bring me to doo— and then you floute me too.

Troy. To do what? to do what? Is he say what:
What haue I brought you to doo?

Cress. Come, come, heflowred you heart: youlere bere good,
notuffer otheres.

Paid. Hah, alas, a sore wretch: a sore Chipheia, hai
not sept to night? would he not (a naughty man) let
sleeppera bug, beare take him.

Cress. Did not I tell you? would he be knocked in its head.
Whos that stt done? good Vnckle goe and see.

My Lord, come you rapayne into my Chamber:
You smile and mocke me, as ill I meant naughtly.

Troy. Ha, ha.

Cress. Come you are deceu'd, I think: of no such thing.
How exactly they knecke, they pray you come in.

Howly, I would not for halfe. Troy, you have seen here.

Paid. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beare
downe the doore? how now, what's the matter?

Cress. Good morow m'Lord, good morrow.

Paid. Who's there my Lord? Encke! by my treth
I knew you not; what newes with you to early?

Aeneas. Is not Prince Troylus here?

Paid. Here! what should he do here?

Aeneas. Come in here, my Lord, doe not deny him:
It doth impart him much to speake with me.

Troy. Is he here say you? it's more then I know, he be
sworne: For my own part I came in late: what should he do here?

Aeneas. Who, say then: Come come, youle doe him wrong,
ere y're ware: yoube so true to him, to be.
satte to him: Do not you know of him, but yet goe fetch
him hither, goe.

Enter Troylus,

Troylus. How now, what's the matter?

Aeneas. My Lord, Iourke have leisure to tolke you,
My matter is of riche; there is a hand,
Paid your brother, and Daphneus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Aeneas
Delue're to us, and for him forth-with,
Ere the first serciice, within the house,
We must give vp to Diomed hand

The Lady Cressida.

Troylus. Is it concluded fo?

Aeneas. By Prisam, and the general date of Troy,
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Troylus. How my achievements mocke me;
I will goe meete them; and my Lord Aeneas,
We met by chance: you did not finde me here.

Aeneas. Good, good, my Lord, the secrets of nature
Have not more gift in tacitumite.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pand. It's possible? no visitor go but loft: the diuell
take Aeneas! the yong Prience will got mad: a plague
upon Aeneas; I would they had book's necke.

Cressida. How now? what's the matter? who was here?
Pand. Ah, ha!

Cressida. Why figh you so profoundly? wher's my Lord?
gone? tell me sweete Vnckle, what's the matter?
Pand. Would I were as deepre under the earth as I am above,

Cress. Of the god. I what's the matter?
Pand. Pribe thee get thee i, would thou had't here beene
borne; I knew thou would'tt be his death. O poore Gentleman: a plague upon Aeneas.

Cress. Good
Troylus and Cressida.

Par. Good Vnacle I befeech you, on my knees, I be-

see you what's the matter?

Pas. Thou must be gone wench, thou must be gone;
thou art charg'd for Anthene : thou must to thy Father,
and be gone from Troylus : 'twill be his death : 'twill be
his bane, he cannot bear it.

Cref. O you immortal gods ! I will not go.

Pas. Thou must.

Cref. I will not Vnacle; I have forgot my Father:
I know no touch of contangnitive:

No kin, no love, no bond, no soul, no creature,
As the sweet Troylus; O you gods chance !
Make Cressid name the very crown of blisfhood!
If ever the least Troylus: time, once and death,
Do to this body, what extremity you car;
But the strong life and building of my soule,
is as the very Center of the earth,
Drawing all things to it. I will goe in and weep.

Pas. Doe, doe.

Cref. Teare my bright heare, and hcarth my praised

checkes,
Cracke my elcere voyce with sobs, and breake my heart
With sounding Troylus. I will not goe from Troy.Exeunt.

Enter Paris, Troylus, Acres, Drophilem, Antheneor and Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning, and the houre prefixt
Other delirious to this valiant Grecie.

Comes fast vnpon: good my brother Troylus,
Tell you the Lady what she is to doe,
And haft her to the purpose.

Troy. Walk into her houfe:
Ille bring her to the Grecian prefently;
And to his hand, when I detrue her,
Think it an Altar, and thy brother Troylus
A Priest, there offering to it his heart.

Cref. I know what's to lose,
And would, as I shall putte, I could helpe.

Pas. y you walk in, my Lords. Exeunt.

Enter Pandaro and Cressid.

Pas. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cref. Why tell you me of moderation?
The griefe is fine, full perfect that I taste,
And no lefe in a feste as strong
As that which causeth it. How can I moderate it?
If I could temporie with my affection,
Or brewe it to a weake and colder palate,
The like alaiment could I give my griefe:
My love admits no qualifying crofle,
No more my griefe, in such a precious lofe.

Pas. Here, here, here he comes, a sweet duck.

Cref. O Troylus, Troylus.

Pas. What a pare or face less is here? let me em-
brace both to fure, as the goodly faying is; O heart, hear-
ble heart, why art thou without breaking? where he
answers againe; because thou canft not eafe thy fmart by
friendfhip, nor by fpeaking; there was never a truer time;
let us call away nothing, for we may live to have neede
of such a Verfe: we feeke it, we fee it: how now Lambs?

Troy. Cressid: I love thee in fo ftrange a purifie;
That the beft gods, as angry with my fantee,
More bright in zeale, then the desion which
Cold lips blow to their Deities; take thee from me.

Cref. Haue the gods crofe?
Let us address to tend on Helen's heales:
The glory of our Troy doth this day rise
On his faire worth, and singe Chaos.

Enter Ajax armed, Achilles, Patroclus, Agamemnon,
Menelaus' Vliffes, Nefte, Cacus, &c.

Agâ. Here are thou in appointment fresh and faire,
Anticipating time. With stirring courage,
Gue with thy Trumpet a loud note to Troy
Thou dreadful Ajax, that the appalled one
May pierce the head of the great Combatant,
And hale him hither.

Aix. Thou, Trumpeter, ther's my pufe;
Now cracke thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow vaillante, till thy spher'd Bia sceptre
Out-fwelh the collicke of pufe Agilian:
Come, stretch thy chiel, and let thy eyes i'poue bloud:
Thou blowell for Helen.

Vifs. No Trumpet answers.

Aebil. 'Tis but early day,

Agâ. Is not yong Diumed with Calces daughter?

Vifs. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gate,

Herries on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Agâ. Is this the Lady Crippat?

Dis. Even fitte.

Agâ. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweete
Lady.

Nefi. Our General doth salute you with a kiss.

Vifs. Yet is the kindeneff but particular; there better
the were kiss in general.

Nefi. And very courteously councell: Ie begin, So much
for Nefi.

Aebil. He take that winter from your lips faire Lady
Aebil bids you welcome.

Mene. I had good argument for kifing once,

Patro. But that's no argument for kifing now;
For thus pop's Par in his hardiment.

Vifs. On deadly gal, and theame of all our scorner,
For which we loose our heads, to gild his honore.

Patro. The fist was Menelaus kiss, this mine:
Patroclus kiss you.

Mene. Of this kiss trim.

Pat. Patro and I kiss evermore for him.

Mene. He shue my kiss for: Lady by your leave.

Cref. In kifing doe you render, or receive.

Pat. Both take and giue.

Cref. He make my match to liue,

The kiffe you take is better then you giue: therefore no kiffe.

Mene. He giue you boote, Ie giue you three for one.

Cref. You are an odd man, giue even, or giue none.

Mene. An oddt man Lady, every man is odde.

Cref. No, Paria is not; for you know 'tis true,
That you are odde, and he is even with you.

Mene. You fillip me a th' head.

Cref. No, Ie be sworne.

Vifs. It were no much, your naile against his home:
May I sweete Lady beg a kiffe of you?

Cref. You may.

Vifs. I doe defire it.

Cref. Why begge then?

Vifs. Why then for Pena sake, giue me a kiffe:
When Helen is a maid againe, and his

Cref. I am your debtor, claime it when 'tis due.

§ 5 3

Vifs. Neuer's
Did in great ilion thus translathe him to me. 

Alarms.

Agm. They are in action.

Nef. Now Aias hold thine owne.

Troy, Heitor; thou sleep'st, awake thee.

Agm. His bloud are well dispos'd there Aias. trapes

Diasm. You must no more.

Arm. Princes enough, to please you,

And I am not warned ye, let vs fight again.

Diasm. As Helen pleaseth.

Heil. Why then will I no more;

Thou art great Lord, my fathers fifters Sonne;

A confent german to great Priam's feede;

The obligation of our blood forbids

A gorie emulation 'twixt vs twaine;

Were thy commixion, Greeke and Troian foe,

That thou couldst say, this hand is Grecian all,

And this is Trojan: the finewes of this Legge,

All Greeke, and this all Troy: my Mothers bloud

Runs on the dexter cheque, and this finifter

Bonds in my fathers: by love multipotent,

Thou shouldest not bear from me a Grecifh member

Which in my sword had not impreffion made

Of our like feud: but the iult gods gaines,

That any drop thou borow'd from thy mother,

My fared Aunt, shouldest by my mortal Sword

Be drained. Let me embrace thee Aias:

By him that thunders, thou hast luttie Armes;

Hector would have them fall upon him thus.

Cozen, all honor to thee.

Aia. I thank thee Heitor;

Thou art too gentle, and too free a man;

I came to kill thee Cozen, and bear hence

A great addition, earned in thy death.

Heil. Not Neoptolemus so misble.

On whole bright creft, faire with her low'd ft (O yes)

Cores, This is he; could't prompt to himselfe,

A thought of added honor, torne from Heitor.

Aia. There is experience here from both the sides,

What further you will do?

Heil. Weele antwre it:

The issue is embracement: Aias, farewell.

Aia. As if I might in entertaines fade issue,

As feld I have the chance; I would defire

My famous Cousin to our Grecian Tents:

Diasm. The Agenonous with, and great Achilles

Both long to fee wind the valiant Heitor.

Heil. Aias, call my brothe Troylus to me:

And dignifie this loving interview

To the expecters of our Trojan part;

Defire them home. Give me thy hand, my Cousin:

I will goe eate with thee, and see your Knights.

Enter Agenonous and the rest.

Aia. Great Agenonous comes to meete vs here.

Heil. The worthieft of them, tell me name by name:

But for Achilles, mine owne ferching eyes

Shall finde him by his large and portly fize.

Aga. Worthy of Armes as welcome as to one;

That would be rid of such an engine.

But that's no welcome: understand more cleere

What's past, and what's to come, is fought with huskes;

And formelesse rune of oblivion:

But in this extant moment, faith and troth,

Strain'd purely from all hollown bias drawing:

Bids thee with moft diuine integritie,

From heart of very heart, great Heitor welcome.

Heil. I thank thee most impierous Agenonous.
Troylus and Cressida.

Aga. My well-fam’d Lord of Troy, no lefe to you.
Men. Let me confirm my Princely brothers greeting,
You brace of warlike Brothers, welcome hither.
Heil. Who must we answer?
Ag. The Noble Menelius.
Heil. O, you my Lord, by Mars his gaitier thanks, Mockenot, I think; I affect what you’d Oath,
Your quadrant wife I weares still by Venus Gloze
She’s well, but bad me not commend her to you.
Men. Name her not now fir, she’s a deadly Theame.
Heil. O pardon, I offend.
Nei. I have (thou gallant Troyan) seen thee oft
Labouring for death, make cruel way
Through rankes of Greekis youth; and I have seen thee
As her perforis, spurse thy Phrygian Sreed,
And see thee freeing scornis and subdumens,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i’ thy veire,
Not letting it decline, on the declin’d;
That I have laid into my flankes by,
Lupes Jupiter is yonder, dealing life.
And I have see thee passe, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greekses have hevd thee un,
Like an Olympian wrestling. This I have seene,
Barr this thy countenance (still look in steere)
I never saw till now. I knew thy Grandire,
And once fought with him; he was a Soulidier good,
But by great Mars, the Captaine of vs all,
Neuer like thee. Let an oldman embrace thee,
And (worthy Warrior) welcome to our Tent.
Aue. This the old Nei.
Heil. Let me embrace thee good old Chronicle,
That hath fo long walk’d hand in hand with time.
Most reverend Nei, I am glad to clasp thee.
Nei. I would my arms could match thee in contention
As they contend with thee in course.
Heil. I would they could.
Nei. Hap by this white beard I’d fight with thee to
morrow. Well, welcome, welcome; I have seen thee.
Phis. I wonder now, how yonder Cary flands,
When we have heare her Bafe and pillar by vs.
Nei. I know thy fauour Lord Phister well.
Ah sir, there’s many a Greeke and Troyan dead,
Since first I saw thy selfe, and Doomed
In Illion, on your Greekis Embassifie.
Phis. Sir, I fororded thee then what would enufe,
My prophesie is but halfe his journey yet;
For yonder wals that pestly front your Towne,
Yond Towers, whose wanton tops do buffe the clouds,
Must kiffe their owne seet.
Heil. I must not beleue you:
There they stand yet: and modellly I thinkke,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will coff
A drop of Crecian blood; the end crownes all,
Anat that old common Arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.
Phis. So to him we leasure it.
Most genteel, and most valiant Heil, welcome;
After the General, I beseech you next
To Feast with me, and fee me at my Tent.
Achil. I sall foretell thee Lord Phisster, thou
Now Heil have fed mine eyes on thee,
I have with exact view perus’d face Heil,
And quoted soynet by soynet.
Heil. Is this Achilus?
Achil. I am Achilus.
Heil. Stand faire I pryste, let me looke on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.
Heil. Nay, I have done already.
Achil. Thou art to breefe, I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee, limbes by limbe.
Heil. O like a Booke of sport thou’rt read me o’re:
But there’s more in me than thou understandst’t.
Why dost thou so oppresse me with thine eye?
Achil. Tell me you Heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? Whether there, or there, or there,
That I may give the locall wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach, whereon
Hellers great spirit fl-w. Answer me heavens.
Heil. It would discred the left Gods, proud man;
To answer such a question: Stand again;
Think it thou to catch my life to pleasanely,
As to premominate in nice contract
Where thou wilt hir me dead?
Achil. I tell theye.
Heil. Went thou the Oracle to tell me so,
I’d not believe thee: henceforth guard thee well,
For ile nor will the thee there, nor there, nor there;
But by the forge that thy forth Mars his helme,
He kill thee ever where, yea, yere and ere.
You wisseth Greeks, pardon me this bragge,
His infoldence draws tally from my hps,
But He endeavours doest to match these wordes,
Or may I neuer——
Aue. Do not chafe thee Cofim:
And you Achilus, let these threats alone
Till accident, or purpose bring you too’t.
You may every day enough of Heil
If you have Homacke. The general rate I see,
Can carfe irreet your te be oddie with him.
Heil. I pray you let vs fee you in the field,
We have baid piching Warres since you refus’d
The Grecians cause.
Achil. Doth thou intreate me Heilor?
To morrow do I intreate thee as death,
To night, all friends,
Heil. They hand upon that match.
Aga. First, alle you Peeres of Greece go to my Tent,
There in the full conceite you: Afterwards,
As Heilors before, and your bounties shall
Concurre together, severally intreate him,
Beside loved the Taborins, let the Trumpets blow,
That this great Souldier may his welcome know, Excertis
Troy. My Lord Ullses, tell me I beleue thee,
In what place of the Field doth Calchas keeps?
Phis. Is Menelius Tent, most Princely Troylus,
There Domeed doth feast with him to night,
Who neither lookes on heaven, nor on earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the faire Gryffid.
Troy. Shall I (sweet Lord) be bound to thee so much,
After we part from Agamemnon Tent,
To bringe me thither?
Phis. You shall the command ate fir:
As gentle tell me, of what Honour was
This Gryflede in Troy, had she no Lauer there
That wales her absence?
Troy. O fir, to such as boasting threw their fearers,
A mocke is due: will you walke on my Lord?
She was belon’d, the lou’d; she is, and dooth;
But still sweet Louise is food for Fortunes tooh. Excertis,
Enter Achilus, and Patrelus.
Achil. Ile heat his blood with Greekis wine to night,
Which
Troylus and Cressida.

Which with my Cenitari Ile coole to mortow:
Patroclus, let vs Fesal him to the right.
Pat. Heere comes Thersites. 
Enter Thersites.
Achil. How now, thou core of Envy?
Thou crusty batch of Nature, what the newest?
Thers. Why thou picture of what thou feem, & I follow of Iege-worshippers, here's a little etter for thee.
Achil. From wicence, Fragment?
Thers. Why thou full dith of Foule, from Troy.
Pat. Who keeps the Tent now?
Thers. The Surgeons box, or the Patients wound,
Pat. Well said aduertis, and what need these tricks?
Thers. Prythee be filent boy, I profite not by thy talke, thou art thought to be Achilles male Varlos.
Patro. Male Varlos you Roinge? What's that?
Thers. Why his masculine Where. Now the rotten diseases of the South, guns-griping Ruptures, Caterres, Loads a gruell i'th'backe, Lebarages, cold Palffes, and the like, take and take againe, such prepuitious discoveries.
Pat. Why thou damnable box of any thou, what mean'th thou to curse thus?
Thers. Do I curse thee?
Pat. Why no, you rauious But, you whorsion indifferent Curre.
Thers. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle, immaterial skime of a Scyd sille; thou green Sarcenet flap for a forse eye, thou taffell of a Prodigal's purfehion; Ah how the poore world is peisled with such water-bries, diminutives of Nature.
Pat. Our gall.
Thers. Finch Egge.
Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thrashed quite
From my great purpose to in mouresse battell;
Here is a Letter from Queene Eecbifs,
A token from her daughter, my faire Loue,
Both taxing me, and gagging me to keepe
An Oath that I have sworn. I will not break it,
Fall Greckes, faile Fame, Honor or go, or flay,
My maister now yves here; the Ie obay;
Come,come Thersites, helpe to trim my Tent,
This night in banqueeting mutt all be spurr.
Away Patroclus.
Thers. With too much blood, and too little Braine, these twa may run mad: but if with too much braine, and to little blood, they do, Ibe a cuer of madmen. Here's an Agemonamon, an honest fellow enough, and one that louse Queals, but he has not so much Braine as earc-wax; and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there his Brother, the Bull, the primitive Stane, and oblique memorial of Cuckolds, a thirsty shoeing-horse in a chaine, hanging at his Brothers legge, to what forme but that he is, shold wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turne him too; to an Afe we were nothing; he is both Afe and Ox; to an Ox were nothing, hee is both Ox and Afe: to be a Dogge, a Mule, a Cat, a Fitchew, a Toade, a Lizard, an Owle, a Putlocke, or a Herring without a Roe, I would not care: but to bee Menelamis, I would confpire against Destiny. Ask me not what I would be: I were not Thersites: for I care not to bee the lowe of a Lazzar, so I were not Menelamis. Hey-day, spirits and fires.
Enter Heltor, Achil, Agameronmon, Vlysstes, Ne-
for, Dianed, with Lights.
Achil. We go wrong, we go wrong.
Achil. No younder tis, there where we fee the light.
Hell. I trouble you.

Achil. No, not a whit.
Enter Achilles.
Vlys. Heere comes himselfe to guide you?
Achil. Welcome brave Helter, welcome Princes all.
Achil. So now faire Prince of Troy, I bid goodnight,
Achil commands the guard to tend on you.
Helt. Thanks, and goodnight to the Greeks general.
Men. Goodnight my Lord.
Hell. Goodnight sweet Lord Menelamis.
Thers. Sweet draught: sweet quoth-a? sweet finke,
sweet fire.
Achil. Goodnight and welcom, both at once, to those that go, or tarry.
Achil. Goodnight.
Achil. Old Neffer carres, and you too Diodem,
Keep Helter company an hour, or two.
Dio. I cannot Lord, I haue important busynesse,
The tide wherof is now, goodnight great Helter.
Helt. Give me your hand.
Vlys. Follow his Torch he goes to Chalced Tent.
Ile keep you company.
Troy. Sweet fit,your honour mee.
Hell. And so good night.
Achil. Come,come, enter my Tent. 
Exeunt.
Troy. That faire Diodem's a false-hearted Rogue, a most untrust Knave; I will no more trust him when hee leeres, then will I a Serpent when hee hisses; he will spend his mouth & promife, like Brabler the Hound; but when he performes, Astromonomers foretell it, that it is prodigious, there will some change; the Sunne borrowes of the Moone when Diodem keeps his word. I will take leave to see Helter, then not to dogge him: they say, he keepes a Troyan Drab, and yse the Traitor Chalced his Tent. Ile after—— Nothing but Letterie or. All incontinent Varlets. 
Exeunt.

Enter Diodem.
Dio. What are you vp here ho? speake?
Chal. Who calls?
Dio. Diodem,Chalce (I thinke) w'ere you Daughter?
Chal. She comes to you.
Enter Troylus and Vlysstes.
Vlys. Stand where the Torch may not discovers.
Enter Creffid.
Troy. Creffid comes forth to him.
Dio. How now my charge?
Creffid. Now my sweet gardian: hark a word with you.
Troy. Yes, too familiar?
Vlys. She will sing any man at first sight.
Thers. Any man may finde her, he can take her life: she's noted.
Dio. Will you remember?
Cal. Remember? yes.
Dio. Nay, but doe then; and let your minde be coupled with your words.
Troy. What shold he remember?
Vlys. Litt?
Creffid. Sweete honey Greek, rempe me no more to folly.
Troy. Roguery.
Dio. Nay then.
Creffid. Ile tell you what.
Dio. Fo, fe, come tell a pin, you are a forsworne.
Creffid. In faith I cannot: what would you have me do?
Troy. A lugging trying, to bee secretely open.
Dio. What did you sweare you would beflow on me?
Creffid. Iprechee do not hold me to mine oath,
Bid me do not any thing but that sweete Greecke.
Dio. Good.
Troylus and Cressida.

**Dio.** Good night.

**Tro.** Hold, patience.

**Ulf.** How now Trojan?

**Cref.** Dismayed.

**Dio.** No, no, good night: I be your fool no more.

**Tro.** Thy better suit.

**Cref.** Harke one word in your ear.

**Tro.** O plague and madcife!

**Ulf.** You are mov'd, Prince, let vs dep art; I pray you,

left your dislasure hould enlarg'd it felt

To wrathfull ramseyes: this place is dangerous;

The time night deadly: I beech thee goe.

**Tro.** Behold, I pray you.

**Ulf.** Nay, good my Lord goe off:

You know to great distraction: come my Lord?

**Tro.** I pray thee stay?

**Ulf.** You have not patience, come.

**Tro.** I pray you stay? by hell and hell torments,

I will not speake a word.

**Dio.** And so good night.

**Cref.** Nay, but you part in anger.

**Tro.** Doth that grieue thee? O withered truth!

**Ulf.** Why, how now Lord?

**Tro.** By law I will be patient.

**Cref.** Gardian? why Grecce?

**Dio.** Fofo, adew, you patter.

**Cref.** In faith I doe not: come hither once againe.

**Ulf.** You shake my Lord at somethings; will you goe?

you will break cut.

**Dio.** She flesheos his checke.

**Ulf.** Come, come.

**Tro.** Nay stay, by love I will not speake a word.

There is betweene my will, and all offences,

A guard of patience: it lay a little while.

**Thry.** How the dowl Luxry with his fat rumpe and

potato finger, tickles these together: frye lechery./frye.

**Dio.** But will you then?

**Cref.** In faith I will lo: never trut me else.

**Dio.** Give me some taken for the surety of it.

**Cref.** He fethch you one.

**Ulf.** You have some patience.

**Tro.** Feare me not sweet Lord.

I will not be my selfe, nor have cognizion

Of what I feel: I am all patience.

**Enter Cressida.**

**Thry.** Now the pledge, now, now, now.

**Cref.** Here Dismay, keep these Slenue.

**Tro.** O beaute? where is thy Faith?

**Ulf.** My Lord.

**Tro.** I will be patient, outwardly I will.

**Cref.** You looke upon that Slenue? behold it well:

He told me: O falle vneh'ly: goe me against.

**Dio.** Whose fault?

**Cref.** It is no matter: now I have againe.

I will not meete with you to morrow night:

I pray be Dismay visite me no more.

**Thry.** Now the Harpons: well said Whetstone.

**Dio.** I shall have it.

**Cref.** What? this?

**Dio.** That.

**Cref.** O all you gods! O prettie, prettie pledge;

Thy Maister now hes thinking in his bed

Of thee and me, and fightes, and takes my Glone,

And giues memorail daintie kisse to it;

As I kisse thee.

**Dio.** Nay, doe not match it from me.

**Cref.** He that takes that, takes my heart: withall.

**Dio.** I had you heart before, this follows it.

**Tro.** I did weare patience.

**Cref.** You shall not haue it Dismayed: faith you shall not

He giue you something else.

**Dio.** I will haue this: whose was it?

**Cref.** It is no matter.

**Tro.** Come tell me whose it was?

**Cref.** T was one that lould me better then you will,

But now you haue it, take it.

**Dio.** Whole was it?

**Cref.** By all Dian a waiting woman yond:

And by her selfe, I will not tell you whose.

**Tro.** To morrow will I weare it on my Helme,

And giue his spirit that dares not challenge it,

**Thry.** W'rt thou the dowl, and wor't it on thyhorse,

It should be challenging,

**Cref.** Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past; and yet it is not:

I will not keepe my word.

**Dio.** Why then farewell,

Thou neuer shalt mocke Dismay againe.

**Cref.** You shall not goe: one cannot speake a word,

But it fruit starts you.

**Dio.** I doe not like this fooling.

**Thry.** Nor I by Pluto: but that that likes not me, plea-

ses me best.

**Dio.** What shal I come? the house.

**Cref.** I, come: O I sawe, come: I shall be plagu'd.

**Dio.** Farewell till then.

**Cref.** Good night: I prysiehow come:

Troylus farewell: one eye yet looks on thee;

But with my heart, the other eye, doth see,

Al poore our sect: this fault in vs I finde:

The error of our eye, directh our minde.

What error leads, must culte: O then conclude,

Mindes swa'd by eyes, are fall of surpise.

**Thry.** A proofe of strength thee could not publish more, 

valse the say, my minds is now turn'd whore.

**Ulf.** All's done my Lord.

**Tro.** It is.

**Ulf.** Why say we then?

**Tro.** To make a recorrtation to my foule

Of every livelyable that here was spoke:

But if I tell how the two did coate;

Shall I not lyse, in publishinge a truth?

Sith yet there is a credence in my heart:

An esprezce fo oblinetly strong,

That doth inueret that keft of eyes and ears?

As if those oragne had decpicious functions,

Created onely to caluminate.

**Was Cressida here?**

**Ulf.** I cannot conjure Trojan.

**Tro.** She was not fute.

**Ulf.** Most fute she was.

**Tro.** Why my negation hath no take of madness?

**Ulf.** Nor mine my Lord: Cressida was here but now.

**Tro.** Let it not be beleeued for womanhood:

Thinke we had mothers; doe not giue advantage

To fubborne Critics, apt without a theme

For depravation, to square the general sex

By Cressida rule. Rather thinke this not Cressida,

**Ulf.** What hath she done Prince, that can sole one

mothers?

**Tro.** Nothing at all, unless that this were the.

**Thry.** Will he wagger himselfe out on's owne eyes?

**Tro.** This she? no, this is Dismayed Cressida:

If beaute have a foule, this is not she:
Troylus and Cressida.

If soules guide voweis, if voweis are sanctimonie; it hathimonie be the gods delight.

If there be rulein wantie, felie.

This is not fie: O maistreffe of discouerie!

That cause let vp, with, and against thy felie.

By soule authoritie: where reason can resolvt.

Without perdicion, and lasse shame all reason, Without resolvt. This is, and is not Cressid: Within my soule, thee doth conduct a fight.

Of this strange nature, that a thing misperate,

Divides more wider then the skie and earth; And yet the spakenes breadth of this diuision, Admits no Orifex for a point as subtle,

As Arachne broken woorke to enter:

Inflance, O inflance! strong as Pliure's gates:

Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven; Inflance, O Inflance, strong as heaven it selfe.

The bonds of heaven are flipp'd, disflipp'd, and los'd,

And with another knot five finger tied, The fractions of her faith, orts of her loute:

The fragments, loppes, the bits, and greasse reliquies, Other are eateen faith, are bound to Diomed

Vift. May worthy Troylus be haile attached.

With that where his passion doth express:

Troy. I Grecke: and that shall be divulged well.

In Characters, as red as Mars his heart

Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man fancy

With so eternal, and so fixt a soule.

Harke Greek as much I doe Cressid's love:

So much by weight, hate I her Diomed,

That Slieste is mine, that heele beare in his Helme:

Were it a Caske compos'd by Velltul skull.

My Sword shoulde bie: Not the deadfull spout, Which Shipsman dee the Hurricane call,

Confiring'd in maffe by the almighty Fenne, Shall dizzye with more ehamour Nepunnes eare

In his dfeant: when shal I find my prompdt sword,

Falling on Diomed.

The. Heele tickle it for his concupice.

Troy. O Cressid! O Site Cressid's fall, Site fall.

Let all wrathfull hand by thy blamde name,

And cheele thee more glorious.

Vift. O comany thy felie:

Your passion draws eves eather.

Enter Actors.

Act. I have beeene seeking you this houre my Lord;

Heller by this is arming himself Troy,

Ask you Guard, fliest to conduct you home.

Troy. Haue with you Prince: my curtesse Lord adews;

Farewell resoluted faire: and Diomed,

Stand fast and wear a Caffe on thy head.

Vilt. He bring you to the Gates.

Troy. Accept distracted thanks.

Enter Cressid, Accent and Ofelies.

Troy. Would I could meete that rogue Diomed, I would come like a knave I would bode, I would bode: Patience will give me any thing for the intelligence of, his where; the Parant will not doe more for an Almond, then he for a commodus drab. Lechery, lechery, still warmes and lechery, nothing else holds passion. A burning doll take them.

Enter Helier and Andromache.

And. When was my Lord so much vengently temper'd, To stop his eates against admonishment?

Vnarme, vnarme, and doe not fight to day.

Heli. You traine me to offend you: get you gone.

By the everlastie gods, ile gee.

And. My dreams will liue prone ominous to the day.

Helr. No more I say.

Enter Caffandra.

Caff. Where is my brother Hellor?

And. Here, firfer, arm'd, and bloody in intent.

Confert with me in loude and decr petition.

Purse we him on kites: for I have dreame.

Of bloody turbulence; and this whole night

Hath nothing beene but shpes, and formes of slaughter.

Caff. O, 'tis true.

Heli. He bid my Trumpet sound.

Caff. No notes of fallie, for the heauen, sweet brother, Hell. Begun I say: the gods haue heard me sweare.

Caff. The gods are deafe to hot and pounciow voweis;

They are polluted offringes, more abhord

Then spotted Livers in the sacrifcie.

And. O be perforew, do not count it holy,

To hurt by being luft, it is as lawfull:

For we would count gue much to as violent thefts,

And reb in the behalfe of charite.

Caff. It is the purpuse that makes strong the voweis;

But voweis to every purpuse must not hold:

Vnarme sweere Helier.

Heli. Hold you still I say:

Mine honour keepes the weather of my fate;

Life every man holds deere, but the deere man

Holds honor farre more precious, deere, then life.

Enter Troylus.

How now young man? mean't thou to fight to day?

And. Caffandra, call my father to perforew.

Exit Caffandra.

Heli. No faith yong Troylus; doe thine hardie youth.

I am to day th'vaine of Charieties.

Let grow thy Sinews till their knots be strong;

And tempt not yet the brushe of the warre:

Vnarme thee, goe; and doubt thou not brave boy,

He stand to day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Troy. Brother, you have a vice of nercy in you;

Which better fits a Lyon then a man.

What vice is that good Troylus chide me for it.

May I many times the capture Grecian fail.

Then in the fame and winde of your fame Sword:

You bid them rise, and line.

Heli. O'tis faire play.

Troy. Fools play, by heauen Heli.

Heli. How now? how now?

Troy. For th'love of all the gods

Let's issue the Hermit Pityr with our Mothers;

And when we have our Armors buckled on,

The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,

Spur them to ruthless worke, cease them from ruth.

Heli. Fie sauge, fie.

Troy. Heli. Then tis warres.

Heli. Troylus I would not have you fight to day.

Troy. Who shoulde with-hold me?

Not fate,obedience, nor the hand of Mars,

Beckning with fierce trushen my retire;

Not Primaun, and Hecuba on knees;

The eyes ore-galled with reconce of teares;

Not you my brothers, with your true sword drawn

Oppon'd to hinder me should flay my way;

But by my mine.

Enter Primaun and Caffandra.

Caff. Lay hold upon him Primaun, hold him fast:

He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy Bay, Thou on him leaning; and all Troy entie.
Fall all together.

Priam. Come Heitor, come, goe backe:
Thy wife hath dreamt: thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foretell: and I, my felle,
Am like a Prophet suddenly awak,
To tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore come backe.

Hec. A man is a field,
And I do stand engag'd to many Grekes,
Even in the faith of valour, to appeare
This morning to them

Priam. I, but thou shalt not goe,
Hec. I must not breake my faith:
You know me dutifull, therefore deare sir,
Let me not shame relick; but give me leesse
To take that course by your content and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, Royall Priam.

Caff. O Priam, yeldle not to him.

And. Doe not deare father,

Hec. Andromache I am offended with you:
Vpon the love you bese me, get you in.

Exit Andromache.

Troy. This foolish, dreaming, superflitious girl,
Makes all these bodements.

Caff. O farewell, deere Heitor:
Looke how thou diell; looke how thy eye turnes pale:
Looke how thy wounds doth bleed e're many vents:
Harke how Troy roares; how Hecuba cries out;
How poore Andromache shits her doleful soure:
Behold distraction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witlesse Antickes one another meete;
And all cry Heitor, Heitors dead: O Heitor!

Troy. Away, away.

Caff. Farewell: yes, soft: Heitor I take my leave;
Thou dooth thy selfe, and all our Troy deceu.'

Hec. You are amaz'd, my Liege, as her exclame:
Goe in and cheere the Towne, weele forth and fight:
Doe cedes of praiue, and tell you them at night.

Priam. Farewell: the gods with safest hand about thee.

Ablum.

Troy. They are at it, harke: proud Diomed, beleue
I come to loote your arme, or winne your fleue.

Enter Pandar.

Pand. Do you heare my Lord? do you heare?

Troy. What now?

Pand. Here's a Letter come from yond poore girlie.

Troy. Let me reade.

A whorfon fiffke, a whorfon raflaccy fiffke, so troubles me; and the foolish fortune of this girlie, and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one eth's dayes sand I have a theme in mine eyes tooe; and such an ache in my bones; that vnleffe a man were curft, I cannot tell what to thinke out. What fayes thee there?

Troy. Words, words, mere words, no matter from theh.
Th'effecl doth operate another way.
I once wende: there thine and change together:
My loue was words and words, and they fed the seede;
But edifies another with her deceed.

Pand. Why, but heare you?

Troy. Hence brother lacke: ignomie and flame
Purue thy life, and lute a ey with thy name.

A Larum.  

Exit.
Before the belching Whale; then is he yonder,  
And there the flaying Greekes, ripe for his edge,  
Fall downe before him, like the mowers swath;  
Here, there, and every where, he issues and takes;  
Deserting to obeying apprce,  
That what he will, he does, and doth so much,  
That proofe is call'd impossibility.

Enter Ulysses.

Ulysses. Oh, courage, courage Princes: great Achilles  
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance;  
Patroclus wounds have rout'd his drowze blood,  
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,  
That recke, handlest, hackes and chipt, come to him;  
Crying on Hector. Aias! hath lost a friend,  
And foames at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it:  
Roaring for Troylus; who hath done to day,  
Mad and fantastically execution;  
Engaging and redeeming of himselfe,  
With such a terrible force, and forcelles care,  
As if that luck in very spight of cunning, bad him win all.  

Enter Aias.  

Aias. Troylus, thou coward Troylus.  
Exit.  

Dido. There, there, there.  
Exit.  

Neftus. So, so, we draw together.  

Enter Achilles.  

Achilles. Where is this Hector?  

Come, come, thou boy-queller, thou thy face:  
Know what it is to meete Achilles angry.  
Hector, what's Hector! I will none but Hector.  
Exit.  

Enter Aias.  

Aias. Troylus, thou coward Troylus; hew thy head.  
Exit Dido.  

Dido. Troylus, I say, where's Troylus?  
Exit Aias.  

Aias. What wouldst thou?  
Dido. I will correct him.  
Exit.  

Aias. Were I the Generall,  
Thou shouldst have my office,  
Ere that correction: Troylus I say, what Troylus?  
Exit Troylus.  

Troylus. Oh traitor Dido!  

Tuneth thy fals face thou traitor,  
And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse.  
Exit.  

Dido. Ha! art thou there?  
Exit.  

Aias. He fights with him alone; stand Diomed.  
Exit.  

Dido. Heis his prize, I will not looke vpon.  
Troylus. Come both you coggins Greekes, haue at you both.  
Exit Troylus.  

Enter Hector.  

Hector. Ye Troylus! O well fought my yongest Brother!  
Enter Achilles.  

Achilles. Now doe I see thee; lane at thee Hector.  
Hector. Paue if thou wilt.  
Achilles. I doe desire that Mercury, proud Trojan;  
Be happy that my armes are out of vye:  
My reit and negligence befriended thee now,  
But thou anon shalt heare of me againe:  
Till when, gee seeketh thy fortune.  
Exit.  

Troylus. Fare thee well:  
I would have bene much more a freer man,  
Had I expected thee: how now my Brother?  
Enter Troylus.  

Troylus. Aias hath taken Aeneas; shall it be?  
No, by the flame of render glorious beaun,  
He shall not carry him: he be taken too,  
Or bring him off: Fare heare me what I say;

I wakke not, though thou end my life to day.  
Exit.  

Enter on in Armour.  

Hector. Stand, stand, thou Greeke,  
That art a goodly mark:  
Not with thou not; I like thy armour well,  
Hes furnit, and vunlocke the ruets all,  
But I be master of it: wilt thou not best abide?  
Why then flye on, Ile hunt thee for thy hide.  
Exit.  

Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.  

Achilles. Come here about me you my Myrmidons:  
Mark what I say, I attend me when I whetle:  
Strike not a frauke, but keepe your felues in breath;  
And when I haue the bloudy Hector found,  
Empale him with your weapons round about:  
In fellest manner execute your arms.  
Follow me first, and my proceedings eye;  
It is decreed, Hector the great muff dye.  
Exit.  

Enter Thebes, Menelaus, and Paris.  

Thebes. The Cuckold and the Cuckold maker are at it:  
now bull, now dogge, lowe; Paris lowe; now my double'nt sparrow; lowe Paris, lowe; the bull lies the game: ware horns ho?  
Exit Paris and Menelaus.  

Enter Baffard.  

Bass. Turne flame and fight.  

Thebes. What art thou?  
Thebes. I am a Baffard too, I love Baffards, I am a Baffard begor, Baffard intrufed, Baffard in minde, Baffard in valour, in every thing unjustimate: one Beare will not bite another, and wherefore should one Baffard take heed, the quarter's most ominous to vs: if the Sonne of a whores fight for a whore, he tempers judgement: farewell Baffard.  
Exit.  

Bass. The dullc take thee coward.  
Exit Hector.  

Hector. Most purified core to faire without:  
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.  
Now is my daies worke done; I take good breath:  
Reit Sword, thou haue thy fill of blood and death,  
Enter Achilles and his Myrmidons.  

Achilles. Look Hector how the Sunne begins to set;  
How ungly night comes breathing at his heels,  
Even with the vale and darkning of the Sunne.  
To close the day vp, Hector life is done.  
Hector. I am unarmed, I forgoe this vantage Greeke.  
Achilles. Strike fellowe, strike; this is the man I seeke.  
So illion fall thou: now Troy sinke downe;  
Here lyest thy heart, thy finenes, and thy bone.  
On Myrmidons, cry you all a maine,  
Achilles hath the mighty Hector Caine.  

Retreat.  

Hacker, a retrease upon our Grecian part.  
Cree. The Trojan Trumpets founds the like my Lord.  
Achilles. The dragon wing of night ore-spreadst the earth  
And flcleak like the Armies seperates  
My half's supr Sword, that frankly would have fed;  
Pleas'd with this dainty bed; thus goes to bed.  
Come, try his body to my hories style;  
Along the field, I will the Trojan traine.  

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Neftor, Diomed, and the rest marching.  

Agam. Hacker, harke, what thou is that?  
Exit.  

Peace Drums.  

Thon.  

Soll. Achill.
Stay yet: you vile abominable Tents,
Thus proudly plight upon our Phrygian plains:
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
Ile through, and through you; & thou great fit'd coward:
No space of Earth shall hinder our two hates,
Ile haunt thee, like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzies thoughts.
Strike a free march to Troy, with comfort goe:
Hope of revenge, shall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. But heare you? heare you?

Troy. Hence broker, lackie, ignomy, and shame
Puruf thy life, and live aye with thy name.

Enter Annesa, Paris, Auctenor and Diphphus.

Annsa. Stand hooe, yet are we maisters of the field,
Neuer goo home; here flarue we out the night.

Enter Troy.

Troy. Hector is flaine.

All. Hector! the gods forbid.

Troy. Hee's dead: and at the murthhera Horfes talle,
In beaftly fane, drag'd through the thamefull Field
Frome on you heavens, effeect your rage with speede:
Six gods vpon your thrones, and flaine at Troy.
I fay at once, let your briefe plauges be mercy,
And linger not our fure deftructions on.

Annsa. My Lord, you doe discomfort all the Hooe.

Troy. You vnderstand me not, that tell me fo:
I doe not speake of flight, of feare, of death,
But dare all imminence that gods and men,
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone:
Who shall tell Priam io? or Hecuba?

Let him that will a freecheoule aye be call'd,
Go in to Troy, and fay there, Hector's dead:
There is a word will Priam tune to fhone;
Make well, and Notes of the maides and wifes;
Coole flarue of the youth: and in a word,
Scarce Troy out of it felle. But march away,
Hector is dead: there is no more to fay.

FINIS.
The Tragedy of Coriolanus:

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Company of Mutinous Citizens, with Staves, Clubs, and other weapons.

1. Citizen. Before we proceed any further, hear me speake.

2. Citizen. We are all resolved rather to dy then to famish.

1. Citizen. You are all resolved rather to dy than to famish.

2. Citizen. If you will know, Caius Martius is the chief enemy to the people.

1. Citizen. We know it, we know't.

2. Citizen. Let us kill him, and we'll haue Corne at our own price. It's a Verdict.

1. Citizen. No more talking on't: Let it be done, away, away.

2. Citizen. One word, good Citizens.

1. Citizen. We are accounted poore Citizens, the Patrians good; what Authority surfeits one, would release vs. If they would yeeld vs but the superfluitie while it were wholesome, wee might guesse they relented vs humanely: But they thinke we are too deere, the leannesse that afflicts vs, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance, our suffrance is a gain to them. Let vs revenge his with our likes, ere we become Rakes. For the Gods know, I speake this in hunger for Bread, not in thirst for Revenge.

2. Citizen. Would you proceed especially against Caius Martius.

1. Citizen. Against him first: He's a very dog to the Commonalty.


1. Citizen. Very well, and could bee content to grive him good report for, but that he pays him selfe with beeing proud.

2. Citizen. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1. Citizen. I Fay vnto you, what he hath done Famouflee, he did it to that end: though oft confiden't men can be content to fay it was for his Countrye, she did it to pleafe his Mother, and to be partly proud, which he is, even to the altitude of his vertue.


1. Citizen. If I must not, I need not be barren of Acclama- tions he hath faults (with surplu's) to styre in repetition.

1. Citizenship. What showes are these? The other side at City is rifen: why fay we prating here? To th'Capitoll.

All. Come, come.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Men. Sir, I shall tell you with a kind of Smile, Which we're come from the Lungs, but even thus: For look, you may make the belly Smile, As well as speake, it tainting replied To th' discontented Members, the mutinous parts That enuied his receite; even to most fitly, As you malign our Senators, for that They are not such as you.

2. Cit. Well sir, what answer made the Belly?

Men. What then? Foreme, this Fellow speaks. What then? What then?

2. Cit. Should by the Censoromant belly be restraine'd, Who is the finke a th'body.

Men. Well, what then?

2. Cit. The former Agents, if they did displeas, What could the Belly answer?

Men. I will tell you, If you'll be bow a small (of what you have little) Patience a while, you'll hear the Belly answer.

2. Cit. Y'are long about it.

Men. Note me this good friend; Your most great Belly was deliberate, Not rash like his Accusers, and thus answered. True is it my Incorrupte friends (quoth he) That I receive the general Food at first, Which you do mix upon: and fit it is, Because I am the Store-house, and the Shop Of the whole Body. But, if you do remember, I send it through the Rivers of your blood Even to the Court, the Heart, to th'lacte a' th'Braine, And through the Crankes and Offices of man, The Vains, and Vain, and inferior Vains From me receive, that natural competencie Whereby they live, and though that all at once (You my good friends, this fayes the Belly) mark me.

2. Cit. I tis, well, well, well.

Men. Though all at once, cannot See what I do deliberate ou to each, Yet I can make my Awdit vp, that all From me do backe receive the Flowre of all, And leave me but the Bran. What say you too?

2. Cit. It was an answer, how apply you this?

Men. The Senators of Rome, are this good Belly, And you the mundane Members: For examine Their Counsels, and their Cares; difguste things rightly, Touching the Weale a' th'Common, you shall finde No publique benefit which you receive. But it proceedes, or comes from them to you, And no way from your felues. What do you thinke? You, the great Toe of this Assembly?

2. Cit. The great Toe? Why the great Toe?

Men. For that being one o' th' lowest, base, poorest Of this most wifte Rebellion, thou goest forformt:

Thou Rafeall, that art worst in blood to run, Lead it first to win some vantage, But make you ready your little bats and clubs, Rome, and her Rats, are at the pont of bastell, The one side must have ball.

Enter Cassim Marini. Hayle, Noble Marini.

Mar. Thanks. What is the matter you disaff Service and you aff Service? That rubbing the poor Ith of your Opinion, Make your felsey Scabs.

2. Cit. We have ever your good word, Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will flatter Beneath abharring. What would you have, you Curre? That like not Peace nor Warre? The one affright you, The other makes you proud, He that trusts to you, Where he should finde you Lyon, finde you Hares: Where Foxes, Ghee you are: No furer no, Then is the coale of fire upon the Ice, Or Haffone in the Sun. Your Victrie is, To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him, And curse that Justice did it. Who doth delivers Greatness Delivers your Haste: and your Afftries are A sickmans Appetite; who defines fomt that Which would encrease his crull. He that depends Upon your favour, his latin with flame of Leade, And hews downe Oakes, with ruthes. Hang yentruft ye? With every Minute you do change a Minde, And call him Noble, that was now your Haste: Him wilde, that was your Garland. What's the matter, That in these fowerall places of the Citie, You cry against the Noble Senate, who (Vnder the Gods) keepe you in awe, which else Would feede on one another? What's their feeking?

Men. For Corne at their owne rates, whereof they say The Citie is well fورد.

Mar. Hang 'em: They say?

They fitt by th're, and presume to know What's done in't Capitol: Who's like to rise, Who thrives, & who declineth: Side ftdion, & give out Conne'tural Marriages, making parties strong, And feebling fuch as fnd and not in their liking, Below their cobled Shooses. They fay ther's graine enough? Would the Nobility lay fide their rath, And let me vfe my Sword, I'd make a Quarrie With thounsand of thence quarter'd flasses, as high As I could picke my Lance.

Men. Nay these are almost thoroughly peftwaded: For though abundantly they lake the differenc Fret are they pasing Cowardly. But I beseach you, What fayes the other Troope?

Mar. They are diffo'd: Hang 'em; They fay they were an hungry, fight forth Proverbes That Hunger-broke stone walls: that dogges must eate That meate was made for mouths. That the gods fente not Corne for the Richmondy: With thefe ftrikes They vended their Complaints, which being answer'd And a petition granted them, a strange one, To breake the heart of generosity, And make bold power looke pale, they threw their caps, As they would hang them on the horns o' th' Moone, Shooing their Emulation.

Men. What is graunted them?

Mar. Fine Tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdom Of their owne choice. One's Imiint Brains, Sittain' Pelente, and I know not, Sdead, The
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

The rabble should have first vnroof't the City
Ere so preuy'd I with her; it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater Theames
For Injuries assuming,

Menen. This is strange.
Mar. Go get you home you Fragments,
Enter a Mefenger hastily.

Meff. Where's Cafts Martius?
Mar. Heere! what's the matter?
Meff. The courser is for, the Volscs are in Armes.
Mar. I am glad on't, then we shall ha meane to vent
Our mustie superfluity. See our beff Elders.

Enter Sicinius Velutus, Annius Brutus Cominius, Titus Lartius, with other Senators.

1. Sen. [Mar]tius'is true, that you have lately told vs,
The Volscs are in Armes.
Mar. They have a Leader,
Tullus Aufidius that will put you too's:
I snee in enuyeing his Nobility :
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me onely he,
Com. You haue fought together?
Mar. We were halfe to halfe the world by the care, & he
upon my partie, I'de replie to make
Onely my warres with him. He is a Lion
That I am proud to hunt.
2. Sen. Then worthy Martius,
Attend with Cominius to these Warres.
Com. It is your former promis,
Mar. Sir it is,
And I am confant; Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt fee me once more strike at Tullus face.
What art thou flie? Stand't it out?
Tit. No Caits Martius,
Ile leane upon one Crutch, and fight with tocher,
Ere flay behind his Businesse,
Men. Oh true bred.
Sen. Your Company to th' Capitoll, where I know
Our greatest Friends attend vs.
Tit. Lead you on; Follow Cominian, we must followe
you, right worthy you Priority.
Com. Noble Martius,
Sen. Hence to your homes, be gone.
Mar. Nay let them follow,
The Volscs have much Corne; take these Rats thither,
To gnow their Garners. Worshipfull Mutines,
Your valour puts well forth: Pray follow. 
Exeunt. 
Citizens flee away. 
Manet Sicinius & Brutus.
Sicin. Was ever man so proud as is this Martius?
Bru. He haue no equall.
Sicin. When we were chosen Tribunes for the people,
Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes.
Sicin. Nay, but his teuns.
Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the Gods.
Sicin. Bemocke the modest Moone.
Bru. The present Warres devoure him, he is growne
Too proud to be so valiant,
Sicin. Such a Nature, tickled with good succeffe, dis-
daines the shadow which he treads on at noone, but I do
wonde, his infolence can brooke to be commanded un-
der Cominius?
Bru. Fame, at the which he moves,
In whom already he's well graz'd, cannot
Better be hold, nor more attain'd then by
A place below the first: for what militaries
Shall be the Generals fault, though he performe
To th' embody of a man, and giddy centurie
Will then cry out of Martinus: Oh, if he
Had borne the businesse.
Sicin. Befides, if things go well,
Opinion that to ftrikes on Martinus, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.
Bru. Coner halfe all Cominians Honors are to Martinus
Though Martinus carr'd them not: and all his faults
To Martinus shall be Honors, though indeed
In ought he merit not.
Sicin. Let's hence, and heare
How the dispatch is made, and in what fashion
More then his singularity, he goes
Vpon this present Action.
Bru. Let's along. 
Exeunt.

Enter Tullus Aufidius with Senators of Coriolanus.

1. Sen. So, your opinion is Aufidius,
That they of Rome are entred in our Counsailes,
And know how we procede,
Auff. Is it not yours?
What euer have bin thought one in this State
That could be brought to bodily act, ere Rome
Had circumvention: 'tis not foure dayes gone
Since I heard there, these are the words, I think
I haue the Letter here: yes, here it is;
They have prefet a Power, but it is not knownne
Whether for Eas or Wef: the Dearth is great,
The people Mutinous: And it is rumour'd,
Cominian, Martinus your old Enemy
(Who is of Rome worse hated then of you)
And Tullus Lartius, a moft valiant Roman,
These three leade on this Preparation
Whether 'tis bent: moft likely, 'tis for you;
Consider of it.
1. Sen. Our Armie's in the Field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To anuwer vs,
Auff. Nor did you think it folly,
To keepe your great pretences vayled, till when
They needs must fliew themselues, which in the hatching
It seem'd appear'd to Rome. By the diecouery,
We haue beene shortned in our armes, which was
To take in many Townes, eue (almost) Rome
Should know we were afoot.
2. Sen. Noble Aufidius,
Take your Commission, by you to your Bands,
Let vs alone to guard Corioli
if they set downe before's: for the remoue
Bring vp your Army: bus (I think) you'll finde
Th'have not prepar'd for vs.
Auff. O doubt not that,
I speake from Certainties. Nay more,
Some parcells of their Power are forth already,
And oneley bytherward. I leave your Honors,
If we, and Caut Martinus chance to meete,
'Tis sworne betweene vs, we shall euer strake
Till one can do no more.
All. The Gods asist you.
Auff. And keepe your Honors safe.
All. Farewell.

a 2 2  
Exeunt omnes.
Enter Volumnia and Virgilia, mother and wife to Martius: They set them downe on two lowe stools and sate.

Volumn. I pray you daughter sing, or expresse your selfe in a more comfortable sort: If my Sonne were my Husband, I should feel a greater rejoyce in that absence wherein he wonne Honor, then in the embracements of his Bed, where he would shew most love. When yet hee was but tender-bodied, and the owle Sonne of my wombs; when youth with comeliess pluck'd all gare his way; when for a day of Kings contentes, a Master should not sel him an houre from her beholding; I considering how Honour would become such a perion, that it was no better then Picture-like to hang by the wall, if renowne made it not faire, was pleas'd to let him seeke danger, where he was like to finde safety: Too a cruel Warr I sent him, from whence he return'd, his browes bound with Oake. I tell thee Daughter, I prang not more in toy at first hearing he was a Man-child, then now in first seeing he had proued himselfe a man.

Virg. But had he in the Suaineff Folke, how then?

Volumn. Then his good Report should have bene my Sonne, I therein would have found it ease. Heare me professe sincerely, had I a dozen sons each in my loue alike, and none leafe decre then thine, and my good Martius, I had rather had eleven dye Nobly for their Country, then one voluptuously to set out of Action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady Valerius's come to visit you.

Virg. Before you give mee leave to retyr me selfe. Volumn. Indeed you shall not.

Me thankes, I hearre better your Husbands Drumme: See him Plucke Anfius downe by th'haire: (As children from a Brace) the Polites flamin him: Me thinkes I see him flange thus, and call thus, Come on you Cowards, you were got in feare Though you were born in Rome; his bloody brow With his maild hand then wiping, forth he goes Like a Harriet man, that task'd to move Old, or loose his hyre.


Volumn. A way you do so; it more becomes a man.

Then gill his Thrope. The briefs of Hecuba When she did flucke Herdon, look'd not louetul Then Herdon forhead, when it spit forth blood At Grecian sword. Containing, tell Valeria We are set to bid her welcome.

Exit Gent.

Virg. Heauen bless my Lord from fell Anfius.

Volumn. He, he beat a Midir head below his knee, And tread upon his necke.

Enter Valeria with an Viper, and a Gentlewoman.

Val. My Ladies both good day to you;

Volumn. Sweet Madam.

Virg. I am glad to see your Ladyship.

Val. How do you both? You are manifest houee-keepers. What are you lowing here? A fine spote in good keepers. How does your little Sonne?

Virg. I thank you Ladyship: Well good Madam.

Val. He had rather see the swords, and hear a Drum, then looke upon his Schoolmaster.

Val. A my word the Fathers Sonne: I sweare 'tis a very prettie boy. A my troth, I look'd upon him a Wensday halfe an houre together: he's such a confirmd coun-

tenance. I saw him run after a gilded Buttefly, & when he catcht it, he let it go againe, and after itagain, and ouer and ouer he comes, and vp again: catcht it again: or whether his fall emarg'd him, or how twas, hee did for set his teeth, and teare it. Oh, I warrant how he mammockt it.

Vol. One on his Fathers moods.

Val. Indeed is, is a Noble child.

Virg. A Cracke Madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your fritchet, I must haue you play the idle Huwifwite with me this afternoone.

Volumn. No (good Madam) I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doores?

Volumn. She shall the small.

Virg. Indeed no, by your patience; He not ouer the threshold, till my Lord returne from the Warrs.

Val. Fye, you confine your selfe most unreasonably: Come, you must go visit the good Lady that lies in, Virg. I will with her speedy strength, and visithe with my prayers: but I cannot go thither.

Volumn. Why I pray you,

Virg. 'Tis not to faire labour, nor that I want loue.

Val. You would be another Beneficet: yet they say, all the yerme the spin in Flifes abstinence, did but fill Athinia full of Mothe. Come, I would your Cambrick were fenible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pitie. Come you shall go with vs.

Virg. No good Madam, pardon me, indeed I will not forth.

Val. In truth la go with me, and I'll tell you excellent newes of your Husband.

Virg. On good Madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily I 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 speake.

Thus it is: the Volutes have an Army forth, against whom Cornuious the Generall is gone, with one part of our Rome power. Your Lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their City Caractes, they nothing doubt presuing, and to make it brewe Warrs. This is true on mine Honor, and so I pray go with vs.

Virg. Give me excufe good Madame, I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Val. Let her alone Ladie, as she is now: She will but disafe our better mirth.

Valeria. In troth I think she would: Fare you well then. Come good sweet Ladie. Prythee Virgilia turne thy columne 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, then farewell.

Enter Martius, Titius Lartius, with Drumme and Coloures, with Captains and Soldiers, as before the City Corioli to them a Messengers.

Martius. Yonder comes Newes:

A Wager they haue met.

Lar. My horfe to yours, no.

Mar. Tit done.

Lar. Agreed.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Mar. Say, ha's our General met the Enemy?
Meas. They lye in view, but have not spoke as yet.
Lart. So, the good Horse is mine.
Mar. Ile buy him of you.
Lart. No, Ile nor felnor, nor glue him; lend you him I will
For half a hundred yeares: Summon the Towne.
Mar. How farre off lie the Armes?
Meas. Within this mile and halfe.
Mar. Then shall we hear their Larum, & they Ours.
Now Mars, I praethe make vs quicke in worke,
That we with breaking sword I may match from hence
To helpe our feeld Friends. Come, blow thy blast.

They Sound a Parley; Enter two Senators with others on
the stage of Corioli.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your Walles?

Sen. No, nor a man that fears you lyes left; then
That's leafer than a little: Drum a faire off.

Hearke, our Drummes
Are bringing forth our youth: We'll breake our Walles
Rather then they shall poud vs our Gates,
Which yet seems shut, we have but pin'd with Ruffles,
They're open of themselues. Harke you, faire off

*Alarum faire off.*

There is Aufidius. Lift what worke he makes
Among'th your cleven Army.

Mar. Oh they are at it.

Lart. Their noife be our instruction. Ladders hoa.

Enter the Army of the Voles.

Mar. They fear not, but illuse forth their Citie.
Now put your Shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proofe then Shields,
A durance brade Titus,
They do disdain vs much beyond our Thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on our fellows
He that retires, Ile take him for a Vole,
And he shall fee none edge.

*Alarum the Romanes are beat back to their Trenches Enter Marius Crying.*

Mar. All the contagion of the South, light on you,
You Shames of Rome: you Heard of Byles and Plagues
Plaister you o're, that you may be aborted
Farther then seenne, and one infect another
Against the Wints a mile: you foules of Glee,
That bestre the shpes of men, how hauy you run
From Slaves, that Apes would bestre: Plate and Hell,
All hurt behinde, backes red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear, mend and charge home,
Or by the fires of heauen, Ile leave the Poe,
And make my Warres on you: Lookke too't: Come on,
If you'll stand fast, we'll bestre them to their Wues,
As they vs to their Trenches followes.

*Another Alarum, and Marius follows them to gates, and is fast in.*

So now the gates are open: now proue good Seconds,
'Tis for the followers Fortune, widens them,
Not for the flyers: Mark me, and do the like.

*Enter the Cat's.*

With them he enters: who upon the fodayne
Clap to their Gates, he is himselfe alone,
To answer all the City.

Lart. Oh Noble Fellow!
Who fentinly out dares his fence offe Sword,
And when it bowes, stand it vp: Thou art left
A Carbuncle entire: as big as thou art.
Were not to rich a bell. Thou wast a Souder
Even to Cattes with, not fierce and terrible
Onely in strokes, but with thy grim lookes,
And the Thunder-like percusion of thoy sounds
Thou mad it shine enemies stroke, as if the World
Were Feuerous, and did tremble.

*Enter Marius bleeding, assailed by the Enemy.*

1 Sol. Looke Sir.
Lart. O'tis Marius,
Let's fetch him off, or make remaine alike.

Then fight, and all enter the City.

*Enter certaine Romans with spoiles.*

1 Rom. This will I carry to Rome.
2 Rom. And I this.
3 Rom. A Murrain on't, I tooke this for Siluer. (excut.

*Alarum continues still a faire off.*

*Enter Marius and Tullus with a Trumpet.*

Mar. See here be your mowers, that do prize their hours
At a crack'd Draculme: Cuthions, Leade of Spoons,
Iron of a Dand'ry Jewell. That Hangmen would
Buy with those that wore them. These saleflutes,
Ere yet the fight be done, take vp, downe with them.
And barley, what noysie the General makes: To him.
There is the man of my soules hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: Then Valiant Titus take
Conuenient Numbers to make good the City,
Whil'it I with those that have the spirit, wil haste
To helps Comunis.

Lart. Worthy Sir, thou bleed'st,
Thy exercise hath bin too violent,
For a second course of Fight,

Mar. Sir, praise me not:
My worke hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well:
The blood I drop, is rather Physicall
Then dangerous to me: To Auffidius thus, I will appear

Lart. Now the faire Goddeffe Fortune, (and fight.
Fell depe in love with thee, and her great charmes
Misguide thy Oppo'ters swords, Bold Gentleman:
Prosperity be thy Page.

Mar. Thy Friends go leffe,
Then thes the placeth highest: So farewell.

Lart. Thou worthieth Marius,
Go found thy Trumpet in the Market place,
Call thither all the Officers 4th Towne,
Where they shall know our minde.

Away, Excuse

*Enter Cominians, it was to retch, with soldiers.*

Com. Breath you my friends, we fough't, we are come
Like Romans, neither flockish in our stands,
Or Cowardly in retchre: Beleue me Sirs,
We shall be charg'd againe. Whiles we have strooke
By Interims and conuering gufts, we have heard
The Charges of our Friends. The Roman Gods,
Leade their successe, as we with our owne,
That both our powers, with smiling Fronts encountaring,
May gie you thankfull Sacrifice. Thy Newes?

*Enter a Jaffenger.*

Meas. The Citizens of Corioli have yelli'd,
And gien to Lartius and to Marius Battle:
Enter Martius.

Comm. Whole wonder, That does appear as if he were Fled to Gods, He has the flame of Martius, and I have Before time seen him thus.

Martius. Come I too late?

Comm. The Shepherd knows not Thunder for a Taber, More then I know the sound of Martius Tongue From every meaner man.

Martius. Come I too late?

Comm. I, if you come not in the blood of other, But manifled in your owne.

Mart. Well, let me clip ye. In Armes as sound, as when I wo'd in heart; As merry, as when our Nuptiall day was done, And Tapers burnt to Bedward.

Comm. Flower of Warriors, how is't with Titus Martius? Mars. As with a man buffeted about Decrees: Condemning home to death, and home to exile, Ranfoming him, or pittyng, threatenng other; Holding Cowards in the name of Rome, Even like a fawning Grey-hound in the Leafe, To let him flipp at will.

Comm. Where is that Slaue Which told me they had bear'd you to your Trenches? Where is he? Call him hither.

Mart. Let him alone, He did informe the truth: but for our Gentlemen, The common fille, (a plague to Tribunes for them) The Mouse ne're thum'd the Cat, as they did budge From Rafcals worse then they.

Comm. But how preval'd you?

Mart. Will the time servis to tell, I do not thinke: Where is the enemy? Are you Lords a th Field? If not, why cease you till you are so?

Comm. Martius, we have at disadantage fought, And did return to win our purpose.

Mart. How lies their Battell? Know you on w' side They have plac'd their men of trust? Comm. As I gaue Martius, Their Bands, or Vaward are the Antients Of their best blood: or here, they Assaults, Their very heart of Hope.

Mart. I do before you, By all the Battells, wherein we have fought, By th'blood we have shed together, By th'vows we have made To endure Friends, that you diddely let me Against Assaults, and his Antients, And that you do not delay the present (but Filling the sure with Swords aduance d)and Darts, We prove this very hour.

Comm. Though I could wish,

You were conducted to a gentle Bath, And Balmes applied to you, yet dare I never Deny your asking, take your choice of those That best can syde your action.

Mart. Those are they That mort are willing; if any such beheere, (As it were fine to doubt,) that love this painting Wherein you see mee mard, if any fear Leffen his person, then all report: If any think, brave death out-weighs bad life, And that his Countries deere then himselfe, Let him alone: Or so many so minded, Waue thus to express his dispoision, And follow Martius.

They all close and wande their swords, take him up in their Armes, and seth up their Caps.

Oh me alone, make you a word of me: If theefe thows be not outward, which of you But is fourth? None of you, but is Able to bear against the great Assaults A Shield, as hard as his. A certaine number (Though thanks to all) must I feele from all: The reft shall bear the butinece in some other fight (As safety will be oblige'd) please you to Mars, And four shall quickly draw out my Command, Which men are best inclin'd.

Comm. March on my Fellowes: Make good this ostenation, and you shall Dunde in all, with vs.

Exeunt

Titus Martius, having set a guard upon Coriolas, going with Drum and Trumpet toward Cominious, and Count Martius, Enters with a Lieutenant, other Souleilions, and a Scout.

Lett. So let the Ports be guarded; keep ye your Duties As I have set them downe, if I do fende, dispatch Those Centuries to our aye, the reft will ferue For a forth holding, if we loose the Field, We cannot keep the Towne.

Lett. Fear not our care Sir.

Lett. Hence and shut your gates upon's: Our Guide come, to't! Roman Campe conduct vs, Exit Alarum, as in Battale.

Enter Martius and Assidius at several dores.

Mart. He fight with none but thee, for I doe hate thee Worse then a Promise-breaker.

Assid. We hate alike: Not Affirick owne a Serpent Isbromise More then thy Fame and Envy: Fix thy foot.

Mart. Let the first Budger dye the others Slaue, And the Gods doe him after.

Assid. If I flye Martius, hollow me like a Hare.

Mart. Within these three hours Tullus Alone I fought in your Coriolas valleys, And made what worke I pleas'd: This is not my blood, Wherein thou seest me mask'd, for thy Renegue Wrench vp thy power to th'highbell.

Assid. Wret's thou the Heler, That was the whip of your bragg'd Progeny.

Thou shou'dst not scape me heere.

Here they fight, and whom soe other come in the side of Assis. Martius fights till they be driven to breathes. Officious and not valiant, you have fam'd me In your condemned Seconds.

Flourish.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Flourish. Alarum. A Retreat is founded. Enter at one Door Cominius, with the Romanes: At another Door Martius, with his Arm in a Scarf.

Corin. If I should tell thee o'the this thy dares Wroth, Thou not believe thy deedes? but I'll report it, Where Senators shall mingle their tears with Files, Where great Patricians shall attend and throng, I twent desire: where Ladies shall be frighted, And gladly quak'd, hear more: where the dull Tribunes, That with the Spleene heaves have thinke Honors, Shall say against their hearts, We thank God Thee Rome hast such a Souliard. Yet can't I thinke to a Morell of this Feast, Having fully dyd before.

Enter Titus with his Power, from the Pursuits.

Titus Lartius, Oh Generall, Here is the Steed, wee the Caparison: Hadst thou beheld—

Martins. Pray now, no more: My Mother, who's a Charcer to extoll her Blood, When she do's praise me, grieues me: I have done as you have done, that's what I can, Indue'd as you have beene, that's for my Country: He that he's but affected his good will, Hath out the mine Al.

Corin. You shall not be the Crute of your defoune, Rome must know the value of her owne: There a Consealement worsen then a Theft, No lefe then a Traducment, To hide your doings, and to silence that, Which to the spire, and top of prayses vouche'd, Would seeme but modest: therefore I believe you, In figue of what you are, not to reward What you haue done, before our Armie heare me. Martins. I have some Wounds upon me, and they smart To heare themselves remembred. Corin. Should they not: Well might they feether gaine In Gratitude, And tend themselves with death: of all the Horces, Whereof we haue taken good, and good three of all, The Treasure in this field attred, and Citie, We render you the Tench to be the forth, Before the common disbursement, At your owne choyse.

Martins. I thank you Generall: But cannot make my heart content to take A Bricke, to pay my Sword: I doe refuse it, And stand upon my common part with those, That have beheld the doing.

A long flourish. They all cry, Martius, Martius, call up their Caps and Laurenes: Cominius and Lartius found bare.

Mar. May these same Instruments, which you prophane, Neuer find more: when Drums and Trumpets shall I theeld prove flattering, let Courts and Cities be Made all of vaine, and tooting: When Steele grows hot, as the Parasites Sike, Let him be made an Overture for the Warres: No more I say, for that I have not wath'd.

My Note that bled, or foild'some debile Wretch, Which without note, here's many elfe have done, You shoo me forth in acclamaions hyperbolicall, As if I lout'd my little shoud be ditecte, In prayses, sawe'ft with Eye's.

Corin. Too modest are you.

More cruel to your good part, then grateful To vs, that gire you truly: by your prouide, It's gait thine selfe be incency, wee'll put you (like one that enemies his proper harme in Manacles), Then reason safety with you: therefore be it knowne, As to vs, to all the World, That Cases Martius Wears this Warres Carriage: in token of the which, My Noble Seed, knowne to the Camp, I gife him, With all this trim belonging: and from this time, For what he did before Corinell, call him, With all this applaune and Chiarior of the Hoof.

Marcus, Marcus Cases Coriolanus, Bear thy addition Nobly gentle.

Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drumbeats.

Omen; Marcus, Marcus Cases Coriolanus.

Martins. I will goe wath: And when my face is faire, you shall percehe Whether I blust erns: howbeit, I thank you, I meanto thing your Steell, and at all times To vnder-creft your good Addition, To the Laurenel of my powere, Corin. So, to our Tent: Where e're you doe reprove us, we will write To Rome of our successe: you Titus Lartius Must to Coriades backe, lead vs to Rome, The beft, with whom we may articulate, For their owne good, and ours.

Lartius. I thank my Lord.

Martins. The Gods begin to mocke me: I that now refund'd most Princeely gifts, Am bound to begge of my Lord General.

Corin. Talk's, is yours: what's it? Martins. I sometime lay here in Coriades, At a poore mans houfe: he vould me kindly, He cry'd to me: I saw him Prisoner; But then Andifides was within my view, And Wrath o'c whom I pittie; I requell you To glace my poore Holf freedome.

Corin. Oh well begg'd: We're he the Butcher of my Sonne, he should Be free, as is the Winde: deliver him, Titus.


Exeunt.

A flouris. Cornets. Enter Titus and Martius bloudy, with two or three Souliards.

Affi. The Toune is taue.

Sauld. Twill be deliuer'd backe on good Condition. Assi. Condition? I would I were a Roman, for I cannot, Being a Duke, be that I am. Condition? What good Condition can a Traetic finde I'll part that is at mercy: five times, Martius, I have fought with thee; so often haft thou beat me: And would it doe so, I thinke, should we encounter
As often as we case. By th Elements,
Hic enim, oriam his Mine Emulation
Iath not that 'tis not in it had. For where
I thought to crush him in an equal Force,
True Sword to Sword: He possele at him some way,
Or Wrath, or Craft may get him...
Sol. He's the duel...
Anf. Bolder, though not so subtle: my valor poised,
With outly lustful staine by him, for him
Shall flye out of it tell, nor fleape, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick; nor Phase, nor Capitoll.
The Prayers of Priests, nor times of Sacrifice:
Embarquements all of fury, shall liit vp
Their rotten Prinellude, and Caffome gainst
My hate to Martius. Where, I finde him, were it
At home, upon my Brothers Guard, even there
Against the hospitable, Canon, would I
Witli my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to th'Citie,
Lerne how 'tis held, and what they are that must
Be Hoftage for Rome.
Sol. Will not you go?
Anf. I am attendeth at the Cyprus Grove. I pray you
('Tis South the City Mills') bring me word further
How the world goes: that to the pace of it
I may interp on my journey.
Sol. I shall sit.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Menenius with the two Tribunes of the
people, Sicinius & Brutor.

Men. The Agituer tells me, wee shall have Neues to
night.

Brut. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for
they must not Martius.

Sicin. Nature teaches Beasts to know their Friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the Wolfe loose?

Sicin. The Lamb.

Men. I, to devour him, as the hungry, Plebeians would
the Noble Martius.

Brut. He's a Lamb indeed, that bees like a Bear.
Men. Hee's a Bear indeede, that liues like a Lamb.
You two are old men, rell the one thing that I shall
ask you.

Both. Well sir.

Men. In what enormity is Martius poore in, that you
two have not in abundance?

Brut. He's poore in no one fault, but flor'd withall.

Sicin. Especially in Pride.

Brut. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This strange now: Do you two know, how
you are cenured here in the City, I mean of vs at'right
hand Pile, do you?

Both. Why no ware we cenured?

Men. Because you talke of Pride now, will you not
be angry?

Both. Well, well sir, well.

Men. 'Tis no great matter: for a very little thefe
of Occasion, will rob you of a great deal of Patience:

Give your dispositions the reines, and bee angry at your
pleasures (at the least) if you take it as a pleasure to you, in
being so if you blame Martius for being proud.

Brut. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone, for your
helps are many, or else your actions would growe wond-
rously single: your abilities are to Infant-like, for doing
such one. You talke of Pride: Oh, that you could turn
your eyes toward the Napes of your neckes, and make
but an Interior surry of your good themes. Oh that you
could.

Both. What then sir?

Men. Why you shall discover a brace of turn-
meriting proud, violent, tellef Magnificates (alias Pooleys)
as any in Rome.

Sicin. Menenius, you are knowne well enough too.

Men. I am knowne to be a humorous Partizan, and
one that louses a cup of hot Wine, with not a drop of slay-
ing Tiber in't: Said, to be something imperfect in fau-
ouring the first complaint, hasty and Tender-like vppon,
trivial motion: One, that converse more with the But-
tocke of the night, then with the forhead of the morning.

What I think, I utter, and spend my malsice in my breath.
Meeting two such Weales men as you are (I cannot call
you Lucriferus,) if the drinke you give me, touch my Pa-
 Int, in't and then strike me, I make a crooked face at it, I can say, your
Worshippes have deliuer'd the matter well, when I finde
the Affie in compound, with the Maior part of your ylla-
bles. And though I must be content to bare with those,
that far you are return'd graue men, yet they lye deadly,
that tell you have good faces, if you see this in the Map
of my Microcosme, follows it, that I am knowne well en-
ough too? What harme can your beelem Conspicui-
ties gleese out of this Character, if I be knowne well
ough too.

Brut. Come sir come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither mee, your feltes, nor any
thing: you are ambitious, for poor knaves cappes and
legges: you were out a good wholesome Forenoonne,
in hearing a cause betweene an Orendge wife, and a Poete-
feller, and then returne the Controversie of three-pence
to a second day of Audience. When you are hearing a
matter betweene party and party, if you chaunce to bee
pinch'd with the Collicke, you make faces like Mum-
ers, let vp the bloody Piage against all Patience, and
in roaring for a Chamber-pot, diminifh the Controversie
bleeding, the more intangled by your hearing: All the
peace you make in their Cause, is calling both the parties
Knave. You are a payre of strange ones.

Brut. Come, come, you are well vnderfoot to bee a
perfect giber by the Table, then a necessary Bencher in
the Capitoll.

Men. Our very Priests must become Mockers.

Both. If it be so, we shall enure such ridiculous Subiects as
you are, when you speake bett vnto the purpose.
It is not worth the wagging of your Beards, and your Beards
deferne not so honourable a grace, as to fluffe a Bitches Cuthion, or to
be intomb'd in an Affes Pack-saddle: yet you must bee
saying, Martius is proud: who in a cheape edition, it
is worth all your predeceffors, since Domsenion, though per-
aduence some of the best of 'em were hereditarie bang-
men. Godden to your Worships, more of your conve-
ision would infect my Braine, being the Headsmen of the
Beally Plebeans. I will be bold to take my leuse of
you.

Brut. and Sicin.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria.

How now (my as faire as Noble) Ladies and the Moone were shee Earthly, no Nobler; whither doe you follow your Eyes so fast?

Volumn. Honorable Menenius, my Boy Martius approaches: for the love of Inno let's goe.

Menen. Ha! Martius comming home?

Volumn. I, worthy Menenius, and with most prosperous approbation.

Menen. Take my Cappe Jupiter, and thank thee: how Martius comming home?

2 Ladies. Nay, it is true.

Volumn. Look, here's a Letter from him, the State hath another, his Wife another, and (I thinke) there's one at home for you.

Menen. I will make my very housee recle to night:
A Letter for me?

Virgil. Yes certaine, there's a Letter for you, I saw't.

Menen. A Letter for me? it gives me an Estate of feuen yeares health; in which time, I will make a Lipphe at the Physician: The most forenseign Prescription in Galen, is but Emperickquique; and to this Preferentie, of no better report then a Horfe-drench. Is he not wounded?

he was wont to come home wounded?

Virgil. Oh no, no, no.

Volumn. Oh, he is wounded, I thank the Gods for't.

Menen. So doe I too, if it be not too much: brings a Victorian in his Pocket? he wounds become him.

Volumn. Oh's Brows: Menenius, hee comes the third time home with the Oaken Garland.

Menen. Is't he discipled Auffidius foundly?

Volumn. Titus Livius writes, they fought together, but Auffidius got off.

Menen. And 'twas time for him too, Ile warrant him that: and he had flay'd by him, I would not have been so fiddious'd, for all the Chefs in Carioles, and the Gold that's in it. Is the Senate poiffel of this?

Volumn. Good Ladies let's goe. Yes, yes, yes: The Senate ha's Letters from the Generall, wherein hee gues my Sonne the whole Name of the Ware: he hath in this action out-done his former deeds doubly.

Valer. In truth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Volumn. Wondrous: I'll warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Virgil. The Gods grant them true.

Volumn. True? pow waw.

Menen. True? Ile be sworn they are true: where is hee wounded, God sue your good Worthips? Martius is comming home: hee's more cause to be proud: where is he wounded?

Volumn. It's his Shoulder, and it's left Arme: there will be large Citracties to shew the People, when hee shall stand for his place: he receiued in the repulse of Tarquian feuen hurts in't Body.

Menen. One in't Neck, and two in't Thigh, there's nine that I know.

Volumn. Hee had, before this last Expedition, twice Wounds upon him.

Menen. Now it's twenty feuen: euery gath was an Enemies Graue. Henrie, the Trumpes,

A flower, and flourifh,

Volumn. These are the Vithers of Martius:
Before him, hee carries Noife;
And behind him, hee leaues Teares:

Death, that darke Spirit, in's newic Arme doth lye;
Which being aduan't, declare, and then men dye,

A Senetet. Trumpets sound.

Enter Cominius the Generall, and Titus Latius: betwene them Coriolanus crowned with an Oaken Garland, with Captaine and Soulers, and a Harmaid.

Heral. Know Rome, that all alone Martius did fight
Within Corioles Gates: where he hath wonne,
With Fame, a Name to Martius Cain:
These in honor follows Martius Cain Coriolanus.
Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus.

Senet. Flourifh.

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus.
Coriol. No more of this, it does offend my heart: pray now no more.

Com. Look, Sir, your Mother.

Coriol. Oh! you have, I know, petition'd all the Gods for my prosperitie.

Kneetes.

Volumn. Nay, my good Souldier, vp:
My gentle Martius, worthy Cain,
And by deed-achieuing Honor newly nam'd,
What is it (Coriolanus) must I call thee?

But oh, thy Wife.

Coriol. My gracious silence, hayle;
Would it thou have laugh'd, had I come Ceffin'd home,
That weep't to me triumph? Ah my desire,
Such eyes the Widowes in Carioles were,
And Mothers that Jacke Sonnes.


Com. And liue you yet? Oh my sweet Lady, pardon,
I know not where to turne.
Oh welcome home, and welcome Generall,
And y'are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand Welcomes:
I could weep, and I could laugh,
I am light, and heauie; welcome,
A Curfe begin at very root on heart,
That is not glad to fee thee.
You are three, that Rome shoulde dote on:
Yet by the faith of men, we have
Some old Crab-trees here at home,
That will not be graffit to your Rallifh,
Yet welcome Warriors:

Wee call a Nettle, but a Nettle;
And the faults of foole's, but folly,

Com. Euer right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Herault. Give way there, and goe on.

Cor. Your Hand, and yours?

Ere in our owne house I doe shake my Head,
The good Patricians must be vifited,
From whom I have receiued not only owne greetings,
But with them, change of Honors,

Volumn. I have liued,
To fee inherited my very Wishes,
And the Buildings of my Fancie:
Onely there's one thing wanting,
Which (I doubt not) but out Rome
Will call upon thee.

Cor. Know, good Mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Then fway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol.
Flourifh, Cornets.

Exeunt in State, as before.

Enter
Enter Brutus and Scipio.  

Brutus. All tongues speake of him; and the bleared sights Are pseyched to see him. Your prating Nurce  
Into a rapture lets her Baby cry,  
While the clat him: the Kitchen Malekin pinnes  
Her richest Lockram about her recehie necke,  
Climbing the Walls to eye him;  
Stalls, Bultes, Windowes, are moother'd vp,  
Leads fill'd, and Ridges hord'nt  
With variable Complexions; all agreeing  
In earneftt to see him: feld-showne Flamins  
Doe preffe among the popular Thronges, and puife  
To winne a vulgar faction: our veyl'd Dames  
Commit the Warre of White and Damske  
In their nicely gawded Cheekes, goth' wanton fpyole  
Of Phæbus burning Kiffes: such a poother,  
As if that whatsoever God, who leads him,  
Were flyly crept into his humane powers,  
And gae him gracefull posture,  
Scipio. On the fiddanes, I warrant him Conful.  
Brutus. Then our Office may, during his power, goe  
Sleep,  
Scipio. He cannot temp'rately transport his Honors,  
From where he should begin, and end, but will  
Lose thofe he hath wonne.  
Brutus. In that there's comfort.  
Scipio. Doubt nor,  
The Commoneers, for whom we fland, but they  
Upon their ancient mallice, will forget  
With the least caufe, these his new Honors,  
Which that he will giue them, make I as little quefion,  
As he is proud to do't.  
Brutus. I heard him fwear,  
Were he to fland for Conful, neuer would he  
Appeare it's Market place, nor on him put  
The Naples Vefure of Humilitie,  
Nor fhowing (as the manner it) his Wounds  
Toth' People, begge their flinking Breaths.  
Scipio. 'Tis right.  
Brutus. It was his word:  
Oh he would misfe it, rather then carry it,  
But by the fuite of the Gentry to him,  
And the defire of the Nobles.  
Scipio. I wiff no better, then have him hold that pur- 
pofe, and to put it in execution.  
Brutus. 'Tis moft like he will,  
Scipio. It shall be to him then, as our good wills: a  
true deftracion.  
Brutus. So it muft fall out  
To him, or our Authoeritie, for an end.  
We muft fuppofe the People, in what hatred  
He ftil hath immbled them: that to's power he would  
Hauue made them Mules, fliene'd their Pleaders,  
And disproporportioned their Freedome; holding them,  
In humane Afection, and Capacitie,  
Of no more Soule, nor finette for the World,  
Then Cammels in their Warre, who have their Prouand  
Oneley for bearing Burthenes, and fore blows  
For finking vnder them.  
Scipio. This (as you fay)ifuggefted,  
At some time, when his foaring Infolence  
Shall teach the People, which time fhall not want,  
If he be put vpon', and that's as easy,  
As to fet Dogges on Sheepes, will be his fire  
To kindle their dry Stubble: and their Blaze  
Shall darkne him for ever.  

Enter a Messenger.  

Brutus. What's the matter?  

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitoll:  

'Tis thought, that Marcus shall be Conful:  
I have feene the dumbe men throng to fee him,  
And the blind to hear him speake: Matrons fong Gloues,  
Ladies and Maidens their Scarfes, and Handkercheres,  
Vpon him as he pas'd: the Nobles bended  
As to Inner Statute, and the Commons made  
A Shower, and Thunder, with their Caps, and Showts:  
I never faw the like.  

Brutus. Let's to the Capitoll,  
And carry with vs Eares and Eyes for th' time,  
But Hearts for the event.  

Scipio. Have with you.  Extant.
To gratifie his Noble Service, that hath
Thus flood for his Country. Therefore please you,
Most reverend and grave Elders, to desire
The present Consul, and left Generall,
In our well-found Successors, to report
A little of that worthy Wooke, perform'd
By Martius Caesar Coriolanus: whom
We met here, both to thank, and to remember,
With Honors like himselfe.
S. Sen. Speake, good Comitizens!
Leave nothing out for length, and make vs thinke
Rather our flashes defective for requital,
Then we do stretch it out: Masters vs' People,
We do require you kinder cares; and after
Your louing motion toward the common Body,
To yeeld what passeth here.
Seci. We are conjunct with a pleasing Tarchie, and
Have hearts inclinable to honor and advance the Thame of our Assemblies.
Brutus. Which the rather wee shall be bold to doe, if
He remember a kinder value of the People, then he hath
Hereto priz'd them at.
Menen. That's off, that's off: I would you rather had
been stille: Please you to hear Corinna Speake?
Brutus. Most willingly: but yet my Caution was
more pertinent then the rebuke you give it.
Menen. He loues your People, but tye him not to be
their Bed-fellow: Whereby Corinna Speake.
Coriolanus rifes, and offers to go away.
Nay, keep ye your place.
Senat. Sir Coriolanus: never finance to heare
What you have Nobly done.
Coriol. Your Honors pardon: I had rather have my Wounds to heale againe,
Then heare say how I got them.
Brutus. Sir, I hope my words dis-bench'd you not?
Coriol. No Sirs: yet off,
When bidewes have made me Ray, I fled from words.
You looth'd not, therefore hurt not: but your People,
I loue them as they weigh.
Menen. Pray now sit downe.
Coriol. I had rather have one scratch my Head ith Sun,
When the Alarum were strucke, then idly sit
To hear thy Nothings month'd off.
Exit Corinna.
Menen. Masters of the People,
Your multiplying Spawre, how can he be fatter?
That's thouldian to one good one, when you now see
He had rather venture all his Limbes for Honor,
Then on one Eares to heare it. Proceed Comitizens.
Com. I shall lacke voyces: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be witter'd feebly: it is held,
That Valour is the chiefest Vtue,
And most dignifies the hauer: if it be,
The man I speake of, is in the World
Be finfly counter-uyers'd. At fextene yeeres,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the marke of others: our then Dictator,
Whom with all prayle I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian Shrine he droue the
Brizled Lippes before him: he bestrid
An o're-preft Roman, and iti' Consuls view
Slew three Opposers: Tarquin fell he met,
And flauke on his Knees: in that dayes fates,
When he might ad the Woman in the Scene;
He proudd be man ith field, and for his meed
Was Brow-bound with the Oake. His Papill age
Man-entered thus, he waded like a Sea,
And in the brunt of leuentene Battailes since,
He larkt all Swords of the Garland: for this left,
Before, and in Corioles, let me say
I cannot speake him home: he flop the fayers,
And by his rare example made the Coward
Turne terror into sport: as Weeds before
A Veffell under fayle, fo men obey'd,
And fell before his Stem: his Sword, Deaths flame,
Where it did marke, it tooke from face to face:
He was a thing of Blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd with crying, Cye'se: alone he entred
The mortall Gate of th Citie, which he painted
With flunlefle deffine: ay'ellese came off,
And with a sudden re-inforcement strauke
Corioles like a Planet: now all's his,
When by and by the dinne of Warre gaine pierce
His rendie fenc: then fright his double spirit
Requicken'd what in flie was fatigate,
And to the Battaile came be, where he did
Runne reeking o're the lives of men, as if 'twere
A perpetuall spoyle: and till we call'd
Both Field and Citie ours, heueneer flood
To eafe his Bref with panting,
Menen. Worthy man.
Senat. He cannot but with measure fit the Honors
Which we devote him.
Com. Our spoyle he kickst at,
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common Muck of the World: he couets leffe
Then Miserie it selfe would glue, rewards his deeds
With doing them, and is content
To spend the time, to end it.
Menen. His right Noble, let him be call'd for.
Senat. Call Coriollanus.
Off. He doth appear.

Enter Coriolanus.

Menen. The Senate, Coriolalus, are well pleas'd to make thee Consull.
Coriol. I doe owe them still my life, and services.
Menen. It then remaneth, that you doe speake to the People.
Coriol. I doe beseech you,
Let me o're-leape that suffome: for I cannot
Put on the Gowne, fliand naked, and entrem them
For my Woundes sake, to give their suffrage:
Pleaze you that I may past this doing.
Seci. Sir, the People must have their Voyces,
Nether will they bare one iot of Ceremonie.
Menen. But them not too:
Pray you goe fit you to the Suffome,
And take to you, as your Predecessors have,
Your Honor with your forme.
Coriol. It is a part that I shall bluss in acting,
And might well be taken from the People.
Brutus. Mark ye that.
Coriol. To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus
Shew them th' wakinge Skarrers, which I should hide,
As if I had receiued them for the hyre
Of their breathonely.
Menen. Do not let them pounce.
We recommend to you Tribunes of the People
Our purpose to them, and to our Noble Consull
With we all joy, and Honor.
Enter Coriolanus in a gowne of Humility, with Miserere.

Here he comes, and in the Gowne of humility, make his behaviour: we are not to lay along together, but to come by him where he standeth, by ones, by twos, & by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars, wherein every one of vs hath a single Honor, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues, therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content.

Men. Oh Sir, you are not right base you not knowne

The worthiест men have done't?

Corio. What must I say, I pray Sir?

Plague upon't, I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace. Look, Sir, my wounds,
I got them in my Countries Service, when
Some certaine of your Brethren roard, and same

Men. Oh me the Gods, you must not speak of that.

You must direct them to think upon you.

Corio. Think you upon me? Hang 'em,
I would they would forget me, like the Verranos
Which our Divines loye by em.

Men. You'll marre all,
Ile leave you; Pray you speak to em, I pray you
In wholsome manner.

Exit.

Enter three of the Citizens.

Corio. Bid them wash their Faces,
And keepe their teeth cleane: So where comes a brace,
You know the caufe (Sir) of my flandering here.

3 Cit. We do Sir, tell vs, what hath brought you to

Corio. Mine owne defect.

2 Cit. Your owne defect.

Corio. I, but mine owne defect.

3 Cit. How not your owne defect?

Corio. No Sir, I was never my desire yet to trouble the poore with begging.

3 Cit. You must think if we give you any thing, we hope to gaine by you.

Corio. Well then I pray, your price a'th'Consulship.

1 Cit. The price is, to aise it kindly.

Corio. Kindly Sir, I pray let me have I have wounds to shew you, which shall bee yours in private: your good voices Sir, what say you?

2 Cit. You shall ha' a worthy Sir.

Corio. A march Sir, there is in all two worthy voices begged: I have your Almes, Adua.

3 Cit. But this is something odd.

2 Cit. And there to give against; but 'tis no matter.

Corio. Enter two other Citizens.

Corio. Pray you now, if my stand with the tune of your voices, that I may be consul, I have here the Cusumarie Gowne.

1. You have desferced Nobly of your Countrey, and you have not deseruedly loved the Common people.

Corio. You are snaig.

1. You have bin a courage to her enemies, you have bin a Rod to her Friends, you have not indeede loved the Common people.

Corio. You should account mee the more Veruous,
that I have not bin common in my Loue, I will stirr slater my sworne Brother the people to came a deeter estimation of them, it's a condition they account gentle: & if the wifedome of their choice, is rather to have my Hat, then my Heart, I will practice the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfetly, that is slir, I will counterfet the bewitchment of some popular man, and giue it bountiful to the defiers: Therefore deseache you, I may be Consul.

2. We hope to finde you our friend; and therefore giue you our voices heartily.

1. You have receyued many wounds for your Countrey.

Corio. I will not Seale your knowledge with shewing them, I will make much of your voyces, and so trouble you no farther.

Both. The Gods giue you joy Sir heartily,

Corio. Most sweet Voyces:

Better it is to dye, better to stete,
Then eraue the higher, which first we doe defend:
Why in this Woolush tongue shoulde I stand here,
To begge of Hob and Dicke, that does appeare

Their
Your most sweet Voyces show you have left your Voyces.
I have no further with you. Was not this matter?  

Seciun. Why either were you ignorant to see?
Or seeing it, of such childhood friendship,
To yield your Voyces?

Brut. Could you not have told him,
As you were leisure'd: When he had no Power,
But was a pittance faint to the State,
He was your Enemy, ever spake against
Your Liberties, and the Charters that you bear

The Body of the Weale: and now arraign
A place of Potence, and sway o'th State,
If he should still malignantly remain

Peto toth Pleyset, your Voyces might
Be Curles to your sälce. You should have said,
That as his worthy deeds did claine no leafe

Enter Mentiun, with Brutus and Seciunus,

Merc. You have fould your Limitation:
And the Tribunes endure you with the Peoples Voyce,
Resumes,that in this Official Markes inquieted,
You anon doe meet the Senate.

Corio. Is this done?

Seciun. The Custome of Request you have dircharg'd:
The People doe admit you, and are fammon'd
To doe no more upon your approbation.

Corio. Where? at the Senate-house? or Seciunus.

Here is now: and by his Lookes, me thinkes,
Tis warme at's heart.

Brut. With a proud hesit he wore his humble Weeds:
Will you dismisse the People?

Enter the Plebians.

Seciun. How now, my Masters, haue you chose this man?

1. Cit. He ha's done Nobly, and cannot goe without
any honest mans Voyce.

2. Cit. Therefore let him be Conful: the Gods give him joy,
and make him good friend to the People.


Corio. Worthy Voyces.

The Tragedie of Coriolanus.
For they doe pranke them in Authoritie,
Against all Noble Sufferance,
Sceni. Past no further.
Cor. Hah? what is that?
Brut. It will be dangerous to go on:—No further.
Corio. What makes this change?
Mene. The matter?
Corio. Hath he not past'd the Noble, and the Common?
Brut. Continues, no.
Corio. Have I had Childrens Voyces?
Senz. Tribunes giue way, he shall roth' Market place.
Brut. The People are incens'd against him.
Sceni. Stop, or all will fall in broyle.
Corio. Are thefe your Heard?
Muft these haue Voyces, that can yeeld them now?
And straight disclaim their young? what are your Offices?
You being their Mouther, why rule you not their Teeth?
Hae you not set them on?
Mene. Be calme, be calme.
Corio. It is a purpos'd thing, and growes by Plot,
To curbe the will of the Nobilitie:
Suffer't, and liue with such as cannot rule,
Nor euer will be ruled.
Brut. Call's not a Plot?
The People cry you mockt them; and of late,
When Corne was giuen them gratis, you repin'd,
Scandal'd the Suppliants: for the People, call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to Noblenesse,
Corio. Why this was knowne before.
Brut. Not to them all.
Corio. Have you inform'd them thine face?
Brut. How? I informe them?
Corio. You are like to doe such businesse,
Brut. Not unlike each way to better yours.
Corio. Why then should I be Controll'd by yond Clouds
Let me delerue fo ill as you, and make me
Your fellow Tribune.
Sceni. You show too much of that,
For which the People flire: if you will passe
To where you are bound, you must enquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit,
Or never be fo Noble as a Controll,
Nor yoke with him for Tribune.
Mene. Let's be calme.
Corio. The People are absus'd: let on, this paltring
Becomes not Rome: nor ha's Coriolanus
Defers'd this so difhnom'd Rub, ladjd falsely
I' th' plaine Way of his Merit.
Corio. Tell me of Corne: this was my speech,
And I will speake'gainge.
Mene. Not now, not now.
Senz. Not in this heat, Sir,now.
Corio. Now as I like, I will.
My Nobler friends, I craue their pardon,
For the mutable ranke-fated Mynie,
Let them regard me, as I do not flatter,
And therein behold themselves: I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our Senate.
The Cockle of Rebellion, Infolence, Sedition,
Which we our felues have plowed for, low'd, & facet'd,
By mingling them with vs, the honord Number,
Who lack not Verue, no, nor Power, but that
Which they haue giuen to Beggars.
Mene. Well, no more.
Senz. No more words, we befeech you.
Corio. How? no more?
As for my Country, I have shed my blood, not fearing outward force: So shall my Lungs Come words till their decay, against those Mezzels Which we did slay should teret us, yet sought the very way to catch them.

Eur. You speak a th' people, as if you were a God, To punishe Not a man of their Infirmity.

Sicin. Twice we let the people know't.

Men. What, what? His Choler?

Cor. Choler? Were I as patient as the midnight sleep, By Jove, 'twould be my minde.

Sicin. It is a minde that shall remain a poison Where it is: not poyson any further.

Cor. Shall remaine?

Hear ye this Trion of the Minoures! Make you his Absolute Shall?

Com. 'Twas from the Cannon.

Cor. Shall O God! but most unwise Patricians: why You grante, but were skilful Senators, have you thus Given Hira heere to choose an Officer, That with his peremptory Shall, being but The horse, and noise of th' Monsters, wants not spirit To say, he'll turne your Current in a ditch, and, make your Children, & all your power, Then your Ignorance: If none, awake Your dangerous Lenity: If you are Learn'd, Be not as common Fools; if you are not, Let them haue Cuthions by you. You are Plebeians, If they be Senators: and they are noe, leefe, When both your voices blended, the great'll safe Much pallates theirs. They choose their Magistrature, And such a one as he, who puts his Shall, His popular Shall, against a greater Bench Then euer found in Greece. By Jove himselfe, It makes the Confuls base, and my Soule akes To know, when two Authorities are vp, Neither Supreme; How soone Confusion May enter 'twixt the gap of Both, and take The one by the other.

Com. Well, on to th' Market place.

Cor. Who euer gave that Counsell, to give forth The Conrath' Store-house grants, as 'twas vs'd Sometimes in Greece.

Men. Well, we have no more of that.

Cor. Thoug there the people had more absolute powre I say they norish'd disobedience: fed, the ruin of the State.

Brn. Why shall the people give One that speaks thus, their voice?

Cor. Ite give my Reasons, More woe therin then their Voyces. They know the Conrath' Not was our recompence, resting well affird They ne're did feruice for't; being prof't to th' Warre, Even when the Naues of the State was touch'd, They would not thred the Gates: This kinde of Service Did not deterre Conrath' grants. Being 't Warre, There Matrines and Reuolts, wherein they shew'd Molt Valour spoke not for them. Th' Accusatation Which they have often made against the Senate, All cause vnborne, could never be the Natue Of our late Donation. Well, what then? How shall this Bofome-multiplied, digeste The Senators Courtiere? Let deeds expresse What's like to be their words? We did request it, We are the greater pole, and in true fear They gave us our demands. Thus we debate The Nature of our Seats, and make the Rabble

Call our Cares, Feares; which will in time Break ope the Lockes a th'Senate, and bring in The Groves to pecke the Eagles.

Men. Come enough.

Brn. Enough, when our measure.

Cor. No, take more.

What may be towne by, both Dinee and Humane, Scale what I end withall. This double worship, Wherein part do's disdaine with cause, the other Hidult without all reason: where Gentry, Title, wisdom Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no Of generall Ignorance, it must enke.

Real Neccesiites, and give way the while To vnsable Slightinnes. Purpose to bar'd, it follows, Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore before you, That you will be leffe fearfull, then before, That itone the fundamentall part of State More then you doubt the change on't: That preferre A Noble life, before a Long, and With, To lumpa a Body with a dangerous Physicke, That's fure of death without it: at once plucke out The Multitudinous Tongue, let them not lice.

The fweet which is their poyson. Your disdihn Mangles true judgment, and bemates the State Of that Integrity which should becom't.

But nothin the power to do the good it would For th'ill which doth controul's.

Brn. Has said enough.

Sicin. He's spokon like a Traiter, and shall answer As Traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch, despight ore-whelme thee: What should the people do with these bald Tribunes? On whom depending, their obedience failes Tow'th'greater Bench, in a Rebellion: When what's not meere, but what must be, was Law, Then were they chidden: in a better hour, Let what is met, be slide it must be meet, And throw their power'th'drift.

Brn. Manifest Tresten.

Sicin. This a Conful? No.

Enter an Edile.

Brn. The Ediles hoe: Let him be apprehended: Sicin. Go ent to the people, in whose name my Selfe Attach thee as a Traitorious Innovator: A Poe to'th'publicke Weale. Obey I charge thee, And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence old Goat.

All. Well! Sire him.

Com. Ag'd sir, hands off.

Corio. Hence rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones Out of thy Garments.


Enter a rabbe of Plebeians with the Ediles.

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sicin. Here's thee, that would take from you all your power.

Brn. Seize him Ediles.

All. Downe with him, downe with him.

Sea. Weapons, weapons, weapons:

They all boister about Coriolanus.

Tribunes, Patricians, Citizens: what ho:

Sicinus, Brutus, Coriolanus, Citizens.

All. Peace, peace, peace, peace, they, hale, peace.

Men. What is about to be? I am out of Breath, Confusions near, I cannot speak. You Tribunes To th' people: Coriolanus, patience: Speak good Sicinius.
The Tragedy of Coriolanus.

Sceni. Hear me, People peace.
All. Let's here our Tribunes: peace, peace, peace.
Sceni. You are at point to lose your Liberties:
Marian would have all from you; Martius,
Whom late you have nam'd for Consull,
Mene. Fie, fie, fie, this is the way to kindle, not to
quench.
Seno. To vnbuild the City, and to lay all flat.
Sceni. What is the City, but the People?
All. True, the People are the Cie.
Brunt. By the content of all, we were establish'd the
Peoples Magnifigates.
Mene. All. You so remain.
Mene. And so are like to doe,
Com. That is the way to lay the City flat,
To bring the Roofe to the Foundation,
And burne all, which yet distinctly ranges
In heapes, and piles of Ruine.
Sceini. This deferves Death.
Brunt. Or let vs fland to our Authoritie,
Or let vs lose it, we doe here pronounce,
Vpon the part of People, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Martius is worthy
Of present Death.
Sceini. Therefore lay hold of him:
Bearn him to his Rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destrucction call him.
Brunt. Ailes seize him.
All Pte. Yield Martius, yield.
Mene. Hear me one word, befech you Tribunes,
hear me but a word.
Editer. Peace, peace.
Mene. Be that you seeme, truly your Countries friends,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redrefs.
Brunt. Sir, those cold wayes,
That seeme like prudent helpers, are very poysonous,
Where the Disfuse is violent. Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the Rock. Corio. do save his Sword.
Corio. No, No, die here:
There's some among you have beheld me fighting,
Colyrie upon your felues, what you have seene me.
Mene. Dowe with that Sword, Tribunes withdraw
a while.
Brunt. Lay hands upon him.
Mene. Help Martius, help: you that be noble, help
him young and old.
All. Dowe with him, dowe with him. Exeunt.

In this Maintain, the Tribunes, the Editer, and the
People are beat in.

Mene. Go, get you to our Houfe: be gone, away,
All will be naught else.
Com. Stand fail, we have as many friends as enemies.
Mene. Shall it be put to that?
Sen. The Gods forbid:
I prty thee noble friend, hence to thy Houfe,
Leave vs to cure this Caufe.
Mene. For is a Sore upon us,
You cannot Tent your selves be gone, befech you.

Sen. Come Sir, along with vs.
Mene. I would they were Barbarians, as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd: not Romans, as they are not,
Though calld Fis Porch oth Capitoll:
Be gone, put not your worthy Rags into your Tongue,
One time will owe another.
Corio. On faire ground, I could beat fortie of them.
Mene. I could my felfe take vp a Brace oth beft of
them, yea, the two Tribunes.
Com. But now this oddes beyond Arithmetick,
And Manhood is call'd Footerie, when it stands
Against a felling Fabrick. Will you hence,
Before the Tagge returne? whose Rage doth rend
Like interrupted Waters, and e're-beare
What they are vs'd to beare.
Mene. Pray you be gone:
Ile trie whether my old Wit be in requite
With thofe that have but little: this must be patcht
With Cloth of any Colour.

Com. Nay, come away. Exeunt Coriolanus and
Comiunus.

Patri. This man ha's made his fortune.
Mene. His nature is so noble for the World:
He would not flatter Neptune for his Trident,
Or Love, for powerful to Inhumar; his Heart's his Mouth;
That his Brilh forges, that his Tongue mouth vent,
And being angry, does forget that euer
He heard the Name of Death.
A Noise within.

Patri. I would they were a bed.
Mene. I would they were in Tyber.
What the vengeance, could be not speake 'em faire? 
Enter Brinius and Sicinius with the rabble againe.
Sicin. Where is this Viper,
That would depopulate the city, & be every man himself
Mene. You worthy Tribunes.
Sicin. He shall be thowne downe the Tarpeian rock.
With rigorous hands: he hath refitfed Law,
And therefore Law shall forrne him further Triball
Then the defeity of the publicke Power,
Which he doth at a naught.

1 Cit. He shall well know the Noble Tribunes are
The peoples mouths, and we their hands.
All. He shall fare out.
Mene. Sir, fr.
Sicin. Peace.
Aile. Do not cry hauecke, where you shold but hunte
With made it warrant.
Sicin. Sir, how confit that you have holpe
To make this relewe?
Mene. Heere me speake: As I do know
The Confuls wore relewe, fo can I name his Faults.
Sicin. Confal? what Confal?
Mene. The Confal Coriolanus.
Brunt. He Confall.
All. No, no, no, no, no.
Mene. If by the Tribunes leuall,
And yours good people,
I may be heard, I would craze a word or two,
The which shall turne you to no further harme,
Then so much loffe of time.
Sicin. Speake brefely then,
For we are peremptory to dispatch
This Viporous Traitor: to cieft him hence
Were but one danger, and to kepe him here
Our certaine death; therefore it is decreed,
He dyes to night.
Mene. Now the good Gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose grateyude
Towards her deferved Children, is enroll'd
In Jounes owne Booke, like an inuuariall Dam
Should now eate vp her owne.

Sicin.
To speake of Peace, or Warre. I talk of you, Why did you with me milder? Would you have me False to my Nature? Rather say, I play The man I am.

Volum. Oh fir, fir, fir, I would have had you put your power well on Before you had worn't it.

Corio. Let go. Vol. You might have beene enough the man you are, With fluing leffe to be so: Letter had bin The things of your dispositions, if You had not faw'd them how ye were disposed Ere they lack'd power to croffe you.

Corio. Let them hang. Volum. I, and burne too.

Enter Messenours with the Seniors.

Men. Come, come, you have bin too rough, somthing too rough; you must returne, and mend it. Sen. There's no remedy, Voleffe by not doing, our good Cite Clueue in the mid'sth, and perith. Volum. Pray be couenient; I have a heart as little aps as yours, But yet a braine, that leads my vie of Anger To better vantage. Men. Well said, Noble woman: Before he should thus floope to'th heart, but that The violent s'th' time caus'd it as Physick For the whole State; I would put mine Armour on, Which I can fearfully bear.


Corio. For them, I cannot do it to the Gods, Must I then doso'to them?

Volum. You are too absolute, Though therein you can never be too Noble, But when extremities speake. I have heard you say, Honor and Policy, like vnfeuer'd Friends, I' th' Warre do grow together: Grant that, and tell me In Peace, what each of them by th'other loose, That they combine not there?

Corio. Truth, truth.

Messenours. A good demand.

Volum. If it be Honor in your Warres, to feme The fame you are not, which for your best ends You adopt your policy: How is it leffe or worfe That it shall hold Companionship in Peace With Honour, as in Warre; since that to both It stands in like requite.

Corio. Why force you this?

Volum. Because, thr.

Now it fies you on to speake to th'people: Not by your owne intrusion, nor by th'matter Which your heart prompts you, but with such words That are but roeated in your Tongue; Though but Baffards, and Syllables Of no allowance, to your boomes truth. Now, this no more dishonors you at all, Then to take in a Towne with gentile words, Which else would put you to your fortune, and The hazard of much blood. I would dissemble with my Nature, where My Fortunes and my Friends at Stake, requir'd I should do so in Honor. I am in this
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Your Wife, your Sonne, Theye Senators, the Nobles, And you, will rather fiew our general Law, How you can frowne, then spend a fawne vpon 'em, For the inheritance of their loyes, and safegard Of what that want might ruine.

Menen. Noble Lady, Come goe with vs, speake fair; you may false fo, Not what is dangerous prefent, but the loffe Of what is palt.

Voltem. I pray thee now, my Sonne, Goe to the mouth, with this Bonnet in thy hand, And thus faire having the rest (here bewith them) Thy Khan buffing the floenes: for in such businesse, Achen is eloquence, and the eyes of th' ignorant More learned then the ears, waiting thy head, Which often thus correling thy fweet heart, Now humble as the ripeft Mulbery, That will not hold the handling: or lay to them, Thou art their Soullard, and being bred in broyles, Haff not the foft way, which thou doft confide Were fit for thee to use, as they to clayne, In asking their good loyes, but thou wilt frame Thy felfe (fondly) hereafter theirs to fare, As thou haile power and perfon.

Menen. Thys this done, Euen as the speake, why their hearts were yours: For they have Pardons, being ask'd, as free, As words to little purpose,

Voltem. Praythee now, Goce, and be rol'd: although I know thou hadft rather Follow thine Enemy in a ferie Gulle, Then flatter him in a Bower.

Here is Cominins.

Com. I haue bene i'th' Market place: and Sir, 'tis fit You make a strong partie, or defend your felfe By calmennesse, or by abfence: all's in anger.

Menen. Onely faire speech.

Com. I thinke't will ferue, if he can thereto frame his spirit.

Voltem. He must, and will:

Praythee now I say you will, and goe about it.

Corin. Maft I goe fiew them my vnbarb'd Scone? Maft I with my bafe Tongue gue to my Noble Heart A Lyce, that it must beare well? I will not:

Yet were there but this fingle Plot, to loafe This Mould of Martius, they to duff shou'd grind it, And throw's againft the Wind. Toth' Market place: You haue put me now to such a part, which never I shall discharge toth' Life.

Com. Come, come, wee'le prompt you.

Voltem. I pratyhe now fiew Son, as thou haft faid My praifes made thee figh a Soullard; fo To haue my praife for this, perfome a part Thou haft not done before.

Corin. Well, I muft not:

Away my disposition, and poftiffe me Some I haue fpirits: My throat of Warre be turn'd, Which quier'd with my Drunke into a Pape, Small as an Eanuch, or the Virgin voyce That Babies lack a cleeepe: The finnes of Sinners Ten in my cheeks, and Schoole-boys Teares take vp The Glaffes of my light: A Beggars Tongue Make motion through my Lips, and my Arm'd knees Who bow'd but in my Sterrop, bend like his That hath receiued an Almes. I will not doe,

Leaft I fureaffe to honor mine owne truth,

And by my Bodies action, teach my Minde A moft inherent Batennelle.

Voltem. At thy choice then:

To begge of the, it is my more dif-honor,

Then thou of them. Come all to ruine, let Thy Mother rather feel thy Pride, then fear Thy dangerous Stounette: for I mocke at death With as bigge heart as thou. Do as thou lift,

Thy Valiantnesse was mine, thou fack't it from me: But owe thy Pride thy felie.

Corin. Pray be content:

Mother, I am going to the Market place:

Chide me no more. Ile Mountebankes their Loues,

Coggie their Hearts from them, and come home belou'd Of all the Trades in Rome, Looke, I am going:

Commend me to my Wife, Ile returne Confull,

Or neuer truth to what my Tongue can do

1's way of Flattery further.

Voltem. Do thy will,

Com. Away, the Tribunes do attend you; arm your felf To answer mildly: for they are prepar'd With Accusations, as I hear more ftrong Then are you your yet.

Corin. The words, Mildely. Pray you let vs go,

Let them accufe me by invention: I

Will answer in mine Honor.

Menen. I, but mildly.

Corin. Well mildly be it then, Mildely.

Enter Sevusins and Bruttus.

Brut. In this point charge him home, that he affects Tyrannical power: If he euade vs there, Informe him with his enuy to the people, And that the Spoile got on the Auctus Was neuer distributed, What will he come?

Enter an Ede,

Ede. Hee's comming.

Brut. How accompanied?

Ede. With old Afranius, and those Senators That always favour'd him.

Sev. Have you a Catalogue Of all the Voices that we haue procur'd, set downe by th'


Sev. Have you collected them by Tribes?

Ede. I haue.

Sev. Affembles prefently the people hither:

And when they hear me fay, it fhall be fo,

I fhall right and strength an'd Commons: be it either For death, for fine, or Banishment, then let them

If I fay Fine, cry Fine; if Death, cry Death,

I fingle on the olde prerogative

And power i'th Truth a' th' Caufe,

Ede. I shall informe them.

Brut. And when fuch time they have begun to cry,

Let them not ceafe, but with a divine confus'd

Inforce the prefent Execution

Of what we chance to Sentence.

Ede. Very well.

Sev. Make them be strong, and ready for this bitt

When we fhall hap to quiet them.

Brut. Go about it

Put him to Choller ftrafe, he hath bene vs'd

Euer to conquer, and to haue his worth

Of contradiction. Being once chin'd, he cannot

Be ru'd againe to Temperance, then he speakes
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

What's in his heart, and that is there which looks With vs to break his necke.

Enter Coriolanus, Tullius, and Com.

Stein. Well, here he come.

More. Calmly, I do before you.

Corio. I, as an Hoftler, that fourth poorest piece
Will bear the Knave by the Volume ;

Th'ho'n'd Goddes
Kepe Rome intrefe, and the Chaires of Justice
Supplied with worthy men, plant lost amens
Through our large Temple with the shews of Peace
And not our frec's with Warre.

1 Sen. Amen, Amen.

Men. A Noble will.

Enter the Eedle with the Plebeians.


Corio. Full hearte me speake.

Bath Tri. Well, lay : Peace hooe.

Corio. Shall I be chargd no further then this present?:

Mark and examine here: I say.

Stein. Do demand,

If you afford 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.

Corio. I am Content.

Men. Lo Citizens, he sayes he is Content.

The warlike Servitce he's hao's done, consider : Think
Upon the wounds his body bears, which shew
Like Graues I th'o'ly Church-yard.

Corio. Scratches with Briass, feares to move
Laughter easily.

Men. Consider further : That when he speakes not like a Citizen,
You finde him like a Soldier : do not take
His tongue & choos for malicious founds:
But as I say, such as become a Soldier,
Rather then enuy you.

Corio. Well, well, no more.

Stein. What is the matter,
That being so lift for Confuill with full voyce:
I am lo diuinion'd, that the very hour
You take it off againe.

Stein. Answser to vs.

Corio. Say then : 'tis true, I ought to
Stein. We charge you, that you have contu'd to take
From Rome all fealon'd Office, and to winde
Your selfe into a power tyrannical,
For which you are a Traitor to the people.

Corio. How? Traitor?

Men. Nay temperately : your promise.

Corio. The fires it'th lowest hell. Foul'd in the people:

Call me their Traitor, thou innious Tribune.

Within thine eyes, innumerable Cautions
To thee, thou Monarch, as many Millons in
Thy lying tongue, both numbers. I would say
Thou leyell into thee, with a voice as free,

As do pray the Gods.

Stein. Mark you this people?

All. To'th Rocke, to'th Rocke with him.

Stein. Peace:

We neede not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do, and heard him speake:

Beating your Officers, cursing your selves,
Opposing Laves with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him.

Even this so criminally, and in such capital kinde
Deferves th'eextreamest death.

Bra. But since he hath seru'd well for Rome.

Corio. What do you prate of Service.

Bra. I talkle of that, that know it.

Corio. You?

Men. Is this the promise that you made your mother.

Com. Know, I praye you.

Corio. He know no further :
Let them pronounce the fpeepe Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, Pleaing, pent to linger
But with a graine a day, I would not buy
Their mercie, at the price of one faire word,
Not check my Courage for what they can give,
To hooe' with faying, Good morrow.

Stein. For that he ha's

(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Emui'd against the people ; seeking means
To pluck away their power, as to his lift,
Given Hulbie strokes, and that not in the presence:
Of dreaded Justice, but on the Minifters
That doth distribute it. In the name a'ch'people,
And in the power of vs the Tribunes, see
(Eu'n from this infant) banifh him our Citie
In perill of precipitation
From off the Rocke Tarpeian, neuer more
To enter our Rome gates. I'h'Peoples name,
I say it shall bee so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so : let him away:

Hee's banifie'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me my Masters, and my common friends.

Stein. He's fentenc'd : No more hearing.

Com. Let me speake:

I have bene Confull, and can shew from Rome
Her Enemies marks upon me. I do louse
My Countries good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine owne life,
My deere Wives extinguish, her wombs becreate,
And treasur of my Loynes: then if I would
Speake that.

Stein. We know your drift. Speake what?

Bra. There's no more to be said, but he is banifie'd
As Enemy to the people, and his Country.
It shall bee so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Corio. You common cry of Curs, whose breath I hate.
As reacke a'ch'troten Femmes : whole Loues I prize,
As the dead Cakaffes of unturde men,
That do corrupt my Ayre : I banifie you,
And here remaine with your uncerantie.

Let every feeble Runner flake your heats:
Your Enemies, with nodding of their Plumes
Fan you into dispaire : Have the power still
To banifie your Defenders, till at length
Your ignorance (which findes not till it feeleth,
Making but confusion of your fikes,
Still your owne Foes, deliver you
As ambassad Conufus, to some Nation
That would you with honour believe, deposing
For you the Citie, Thus I turne my backe:

There is a world elsew here.

Exit Coriolanus, Comune, with Caufalys.

They all shout, and又是 wzzen Capts.

Edile
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Veturia, Menenius, Cominius, with the young Nobility of Rome.

Corio. Come leave your cares; a brief farewell: the best
With many heads butts me away. Nay Mother,
Where is your ancient Courage? You were vs'd
To say, Extremities was the trier of spirits,
That common chances. Common men could bear,
That when the Sea was calm, all Boats alike
Shew'd Mastership in floating. Fortunes blowes,
When most froth broke home, being gentle wounded, o'er
A Noble cunning. You were vs'd to load me
With Precepts that would make immobile
The heart that could with them.

Pyr. Oh heavens! Oh heavens!

Corio. Nay, I pray thee woman.

Volumn. Now the Red Petition thick at Trades in Rome,
And Occupations perish.

Corio. What, what, what:
I shall be loud when I am lack'd. Nay Mother,
R-time that Spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had beene the Wife of Hero's;
Six of his Labours you'd done, and faid
Your Husband so much swift. Cominius,
Droope not, Acheus Farewell my Wife, my Mother,
He do well yet. Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are fatter than a younger mans,
And venemous to thine eyes. My (sometime) General,
I have feene the Scene, and thou haft o't held
Heart-hardning speachless. Tell these sad women,
'Tis fond to waife ineatable stroke,
As 'tis to laugh at them. My Mother, you rot well
My hazzards ha'll have beene your soleace, and
Believe not lightly, though I go alone
Like to a lonely Dragon, that his Fenne
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more then feene : your Sonne
Will or exceed the Comon, or be caugh't
With canzious batts and practice.

Volumn. My firth Sonne,
Whether will thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee awhile: Determine on some course
More then a wilde exposure, to each chance
That flart's sith'way before thee.

Corio. O the Gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a Moneth, deifie with thee
Where thou shalt reft, that thou mayst hear of vs,
And we of thee. So if the time thrit forth
A caufe for thy Repeale, we shall not fend:
O'te the vast world, to secke a single man,
And loafe advantage, which doth ever coole
Itself's absence of the needer.

Corio. Fare ye well:
Thou halfe yeares upon thee, and thou art too full

Of the warrs furfets, to go roue with one
That's yet embrus'd: bring me but out at gate.
Come my sweet wife, my deereft Mother, and
My Friends of Noble touch: when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you come;
While I remayne about the ground, you shall
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 wepe,
I'thould shake off but one seuen yeares.
From these old armes and legges, by the good Gods
I'd with thee, every foot.

Corio. Give me thy hand, come.

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius, and Brutus,
with the Edile.

Sicinius. Bid them all home; he's gone: we'll no further.
The Nobility are vexed, whom we fee haue fided
In his behalf.

Brutus. Now we haue shewne our power,
Let vs seee humble after it is done,
Then when it was a dooing.

Sicinius. Bid them home: lay their great enemy is gone,
And they, fand in their ancient strength.

Brutus. Dismiss them home. Here comes his Mother,
Enter Volumnia, Veturia, and Menenius.

Menenius. Let's not meet her.

Brutus. Why?

Sicinius. They fly she’s mad.

Brutus. They have tane note of vs: keep on your way.

Volumnia. Oh 'tis well met.

Th'hoorded plague'sh't Gods requite your love.

Menenius. Peace, peace, peace be no so loud.

Volumnia. If that I could for weeping, you should heare,
Nay, and you shall heare some. Will you be gone?

Volumnia. You shall fly too. I would I had the power
To lay to on my Husband.

Sicinius. Are you mankine?

Volumnia. I foole, is that a thame. Note but this Foole,
Was not a man my Father? Had't thou Foxhip
To banifie him that frooke more blowes for Rome
Then thou halfe spoken words.

Sicinius. Oh bleffed Heauen's!

Volumnia. Most Noble blowes, then ever my wife words.
And for Rome's good, Ile tell thee what: yet goe:
Nay but thou shalt fly too too: I would my Sonne
Were in Arabia, and thy Tribe befor him,
His good Sword in his hand.

Sicinius. What then?

Volumnia. What then? He'll make an end of thy pofterity.

Sicinius. Bastards, and all.

Good man, the Wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Menenius. Come, come, peace.

Sicinius. I would he had continued to his Country
As he began, and not vnkin it himselfe.

The Noble knot he made.

Brutus. I would he had.

Volumnia. I would he had? Twas you incend the rable.
Cats, that can judge as fity of his worths,
As I can of fohe Myllestres which heauen
Will not haue earth to know.

Brutus. Pray let's go.

Volumnia. Now pray let get you gone.

You have done a brave deede: Ere you go, heare this:
As farre as doth the Capitoll exceede
The meaneft house in Rome, to farre my Sonne

This
This Ladies Husband here; this (do you fee)
Whom you have banish’d, does exceed you all.

Brut. Well, well, we’ll leave you now.

Serv. Why stay we not be bated
With one that wants here Wits. Exit Tribunes.

Vol. I take my Prayers with you;
I would the Gods had making to do,
But to confirme my Cusses. Could I meet ’em
But once a day, it would vasciogge my heart.

Of what lyes heavy too.

Mens. You have roild them home; and
By my tooth you have caufe; you’l Sup with me.

Volun, Angers my Measse: I loppe upon my selfe, and
So shall strewe with feeding: Come, let’s go,
Leave this faint-pulling, and lament as I do.

In Anger, Ino-like: Come, come, come, Come.

Serv. Fie, fie, fie.

Enter a Roman, and a Voice.

Rom. I know you well sir, and you know mee: your name I think is Adrian.

Voice. It is so sir, truly I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman, and my Services are as you are, against em. Know you me yet.


Rom. The same sir,
You had been seen when I last saw you, but your Favour is well appear’d by your Tongue. What’s the Newes in Rome? I have a Note from the Volcean flate to finde you there out. You have well saui’d mee a dayes journy.

Rom. There hath beene in Rome strange Incidents: The people, against the Senatorus, Patricians, and Nobles.

Vol. Hard bin; is it ended then? Our Sexte thinks not so, they are in a most warlike preparation, & hope to com upon them, in the heate of their division.

Rom. The maine blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame againe. For the Nobles receive to be heard, the Banishment of that worthy Coriolesa, that they are in a rapte apsne, to take at power from the people, and to plucke from them their Tribunes for ever. This lyes glowing I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus banish’d?

Rom. Banish’d sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence Ni-
cer.

Rom. The day fernes well for them now. I have heard it faide, the firstet time to corrupt a mans Wife, is when shee’s faile out with her Husband. Your Noble Tullius Auscidus well appeare well in these Wars, his great Oppofer Coriolanus being now in no request of his coun-
yry.

Voice. He cannot choose: I am most fortunate, this accidentally to encounter you. You have ended my Bu-
finesse, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall betweene this and Supper, tell you most strange things from Rome: all tending to the good of their Adversaries. Have you an Army ready say you? I
Vol. A mofl Royall are: The Centurions, and their charges严厉打击 billeted already in that entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour’s warning.

Rom. I am joyfull to hear of their readinesse, and am the man I think, that shall let them in perfect Action. So sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your Company.

Voice. You take my part from me sir, I have the most
care to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together.

Enter Coriolanus, in manner Apparel, Dis-
gusted, and muffled.

Corio. A goodly City is this Autum; Cati,
’Tis leat made thy Wholesome: Many an hewe
Of these faire Edifices gate my Warses.

Haste I heard groane, and drop; Then know me not,
Least that thy Wives with Spirs, and Boys with fides
In puny Battell fly me. Sate you sir.

Enter a Citizen.

Cit. And you.

Corio. Direct me, is’t be your will, where great Aus-
sidious lies: Is he in Autum?.

Cit. He is, and Feasts the Nobles of the State, at his house this night.

Corio. Which is his house, befare you? Cit. This house before you.

Corio. Thank you sir, farewell.

Exit Cati.

Oh World, my slippery turnes: I friends now fall sworn,
Who so double bonnes seemes to weare one heart,
Whole Hares, whose Bed, whole peace and exercise
Are full together; who Twin (as were) in Lour.

Inseparable, shall within this house,
On a diftress of a Day, breake out
To biterft Emmyes: So fell the Pikes
Whole Pains, and whole Plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance.

Some tricke not worth an Egg, shall grow dear friends
And inter-joyne their ylkes. So with me,
My Birth-place haue I, and my loyes upon
This Enemy Towne: Ie enter, if the fly me
He does faire Justice: if he give me way,
I do his Country Service.

Exit.

Musick played. Enter a Servingman.

1 Ser. Wane, Wane, Wine: What seruice is here? I think our Fellowes are asleep.

Enter another Servingman.

2 Ser. Where’s this Musick? I calls for him: Cato, Exit Enter Coriolanus.

Corio. A goodly House: The Feast stand well; but I appear not like a Guest.

Enter the first Servingman.

1 Ser. What would you have Friendwhence are you? Here no place for you: Pray go to the door. Exit

Corio. I have defend’t not Better entertainment, in be-
ing Coriolanus.

Enter second Servant.

2 Ser. Whence are you sir? Ia’s the Porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such Companions?

Pray you get you out.

Corio. Away.

2 Ser. Away? Get you away.

Corio. Now what’s the trouble.

2 Ser. Are you for braze: I have you talk with anon: Enter 3 Servingman, the r sets him.

3 What Fellowes this?

1 A strange one as ever I look’d on: I cannot get him out o’t the house: Prythee call my Master to him.

2 What have 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 curious poore one.

Corio. True, so I am.

3 Pray you poore Gentleman, take vp some other fla-

...
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Enter ANdicius with the SERVINGMAN.

AUS. Where is this Fellow?

AUS. Here sit, I'd have beaten him like a dogge, but for disturbing the Lords within.

WHENCE com'st thou? What woul'dst? Thy name?

Why speakest thou? Speakest man? What's thy name?

Corio. If Trullus not yet thou knewst me, and seeing me, dost not thinke me for the man I am, necellicie commands me name my felie.

AUS. What is thy name?

Corio. A name vinating all to the Volscians cares, and And in that I found to thine.

AUS. Say, what's thy name? Thou speakest a grim appearance, and thy Face Bears a Command in't: Though thy Jakes be torn, Thou livest a Noble Vilefl: What's thy name?

Corio. Prepare thy brow to frowne and knowst? I yet me?

AUS. I know thee not? Thy Name?

Corio. My name is CATU MARTIUS, who hath done To thee particularly, and to all the Volscis Great hurt and Mischief: thereto witnesses may My Surname Coriolanus. The painfull Service, The extreme Dangers, and the dropses of Blood Shed for my thanklesse Country, are requitted: But with that Surname, a good memorie And witness of the Maiest, and Displeasure Which thou shouldst be vnder, only that name remains, The Cruelty and Envy of the people, Permitted by our dastard Nobles, who Have all forlooke me, hath done the rest: And suffer'd me by thy voice of Slaves to be hemp'd out of Rome. Now this extremity, Had brought me to thy Haith, not out of Hope (Makst me not) to join the life: for if I had fear'd death, of all the Men in this World I would have voided thee. But in meere spight To be all quit of those my Banihers, Stand I before thee here: Then if thou hast A heart of wreske in thee, that wilt revenge Thine owne particular wrongs, and stop those maines Of thine scene through thy Country, speed thee straight And make my misery terme thy tume: So wifie it, That my revengeful Services may prove As benefits to thee. For I will fight Against my Cankred Country, with the Spleene Of all the vnder Friends. But if to be, Thou darst not this, and that to prove more Fortunes

Th'art tyr'd, then in a word, I also am Longer to live moft weary: and present My throste to thee, and to thy Ancient Maiest: Which not to cur, would shew thee but a Poole, Since I have euer followed thee with hate, Drawne Tunnels of Blood out of thy Countries breaf, And cannot live but to thy thame, yeifie It be to do thee servuce.

AUS. Oh MARTIUS, MARTIUS; Each word thou haft spoke, hath weeded from my heart A roast of Ancient Envy, if Jupiter Should from yond cloud speake diuine things, And say't is true; I'd not believe them more Then thee all-Noble MARTIUS. Let me twine Mine armes about that body, where against My grained Aft an hundred times hath broke, And schar'd the Moone with splinters: heere I sleep The Anuile of my Sword, and do content As hotly, and as Nobly with thy Lorne, As eu'er in Ambitious strenght, I did Contend against thy Valor. Know thou first, I shoul'd the Maid I married: never man Sigh'd truer breath. But that I see thee here Thou Nobls thing, more dances my rapt heart, Then when I stift my wedded Misfris law Befride my Threshold. Why, thou Mars I tell thee, We have a Power on foote: and I had purpose Once more to hew thy Target from thy Brawne, Or lose mine Arme for't: Thou hast breas mee our Twelve feuerall times, and I have nightly since Dreamt of encounters 'twix thy telle and me: We have bene done one together in my streps, Vnbuckling Helmes, fitting each other Throat, And wake'd half dead with nothing. Worthy MARTIUS, Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that Thou sirs thence Baniff'd, we would muster all From twelue, to seuentie: and powring Warrce Into the bowels of vngracefull Rome, Like a bold Flood o're-beate. Oh come, go in, And take our Friendly Senators by'th'hand Who now are here, taking their leases of mee, Who am prepar'd against thy Territories, Though not for Rome it selfe.

Corio. You blisse me Gods.

AUS. Therefore most absolute Sir, if thou will have The leading of thine owne Reuenges, take Th'oone halfe of my Commision, and set downe As beft thou art experience'd, since thou know'st Thy Countries strenght and weakeffe, thine owne waies Whether to knocke against the Gates of Rome, Or rudely visit them in parts remote, To fright them, ere destroy. But come in. Let me commend state fir, thou shall Say yes to thy desires. A thousand welcomes, And more a Friend, then ere an Enemy, Yet MARTIUS that was much. Thy hand; most welcome.

Enter two of the SERVINGMEN.

1 Here's a strange alteration?
2 By my hand, I had thought to have (stolen him with a Cudgell, and yet my minde gaue me) his clothes made a fallen report of him.
3 What an Arme he has, he turn'd me about with his finger and his thumbes, as one would fet vp a Top.
4 Nay, I knew by his face that there was some thing in him. He had fir, a kinde of face me thought, I cannot tell
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

He had fo. looking as it were, I, and for
Why
But
Do not?
So
Mere.
who
Our I, he
But
Why
I

Enter the third Senators.

Oh Slaues, I can tell you Neues. News you Rasculs
3. I would not be a Roman of all Nations: I had as
live be a condemn’d man.
Both. Wherefore? Wherefore?
Why here’s he that was wont to thwacke our Generall, Cains Maritius.
1. Why do you say, thwacke our Generall?
3. I do not say thwacke our Generall, but he was always good enough for him.
2. Come we are fellowes and friends: he was eau too hard for him, I have heard him say so himself.
1. He was too hard for him directly, to say the Truth on’t before Corielt rendered him, and nought him like a Carbinado.
3. And he had bin Cannibally given, he might have boyld and esteen too.
1. But more of thy Neues.
Why is he made on here within, as if he were Son and Heire to Mars, set at ypper end o’th’Table:
No question ask him by any of the Senators, but they stand bald before him. Our Generall himself makes a Miftirs of him, Sandies himselfe with’s hand, and turns vp the white o’theye to his Difficour. But the bottome of the Neues is, our Generall is cut t’th’middle, & but one halfe of what he was yesterdau. For the other ha’s halfe, by the intreazy and grant of the whole Table. Heel go he layes, and finde the Porces of Rome Gates by theears. He will move all downe before him, and tisue his passage pou’d.
2. And he’s as like to do’s as any man I can imagine.

Don’t he will do: for look you sir, he has as many Friends as Enemies: which Friends is as it were, shift not (look you sir) shew them selves (as we term it) his Friends, while he’s in Directitude.
1. Directitude: What’s that?
3. But when they shall feel, his Creft vp again, and
the man in blood, they will out of their Burroughes (like
Comies after Raine) and retell all with him.
2. But when goes this forward?

To morrow, to day, presently, you shall have the Drum stroke vp this afternoone: ’Tis as it were a parcel of their Pest, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.
2. Why then were shall have a flattering World againe: This peace is nothing, but to ruff Ironencreaf Taylores, and breed Ballad-makers.

1. I come have Warre lay t, it exceeds peace as farce
day doe’s might it be glitly walking, audible, and full of Veor. Peace, is a very Apology, Lethargic, muff’d, defae, flepe, insensible, a getter of more batard Chil-
dren, then warres a defroyer of men.
2. ’Tis fo, and as warres in some fort may he faide to
be a Rauisher, fo it cannot be denied, but peace is a great
maker of Cuckoids.
1. And it makes men hate one another.
3. Reafon, because they then leffe neede one another:
The Warres for my money, I hope to fee Romans as
cheapers as Volcians. They are rizing, they are rizing.
Both. In, in, in.

Enter two Tribunes, Senators, and Bruces.

Scen. We heare not of him, neither need we teare him,
His remedies are tame, the present peace,
And quiettneffe of the people, which before
Were in wilde hurry. Here do we make his Friends
Burth, that the world goes well: who rather had,
Though they themselfes did suffer by’t, behold,
Diffentious numbers peftring streets, then fee
Our Traders men finging in their shops, and going
About their Functions friendly.

Enter Mencius.

Bru. We flood too’nt in good time. Is this Mencius?
Scen. ’Tis he, ’tis he: he is grown most kind of late.
Haile Sir. Menc. Haile to you both.

Scen. Your Coriolanus is not much misty, but with his
Friends: the Commonwealth doth fland, and so would
do, were he more angry as it.
Menc. All’s well, and might have bene much better,
if he could have temperiz’d,
Scen. Where is he, heare you?
Menc. Nay I heare nothing.
His Mother and his wife, have nothing from him,

Enter three or foure Citizens.

All. The Gods preferre you both.
Scen. Gooden our Neighbours.
Bru. Gooden to you all, gooden to you all.
1. Our fuelles, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.
Scen. I live, and thrive.
Bru. Farewell kinde Neighbours’:
We wish Corieltms had lourd you as we did.
All. Now the Gods keepe you.
Both Tri. Farewell, farewell.
Exeunt Citizens. Scen. This is a happier and more comely time,
Then when these Fellowes ran about the streets,
Crying Confusion.

Bru. Cains Maritius was
A worthy Officer, trans Warre, but Infault,
Out come with Pride, Ambitious, past all thinking
Self-loutings.

Scen. And affecting one sole Throne, without asilliace
Menc. I think not so.

Scen. We should by this, to all our Lamentation,
If he had gone forth Confull, found it so.
Bru. The Gods have well prevented 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 Volcers with two feuerall Powers
Are entered in the Roman Territories,
And with the deeppe malice of the Warre,
Destroy, what lies before ’em.
Menc. ’Tis Juffitius,
Who hearing of our Maritius Banishment,
Thrust forth his homes against into the world
Which were In-sheld’d, when Maritius stood for Rome,

And,
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

And durst not once peep out.

Stein. Come, what talke you of Martinus.

Bru. Go see this Runnorer whipt, it cannot be,

The Volces dare breake with vs,

Mene. Cannot be?

We haue Record, that very well it can.
And three examples of the like, hath bene
Within my Age. But reason with the fellow
Before you punish him, where he heard this,

Leaft you shall chance to whip your Information,

And beate the Messanger, who bude beware.

Of what is to be dreaded.

Stein. Tell not me: I know this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mif. The Nobles in great earnestness are going
All to the Senate-house: some newes is comming
That tunes their Countenances,

Stein. 'Tis this Slaves,

Go whip him for the peoples eyes: His raiding,

Nothing but his report.

Mif. Yes worthy Sir,

The Slaves report is seconded, and more

More fearfull is deliver'd.

Stein. What more fearfull?

Mif. It is spoke feerly out of many mouths,

How probabole I do not know, but Martinus

Ioynd with Ausfildus, leads a power against Rome,

And vowe Reuenge as sparcious, as betwene

The yong'ld and oldeft thing.

Stein. This is most like,

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker fort may with

Good Martinus home again.

Stein. The very trickke can't.

Mene. This is unlikely,

He, and Ausfildus can no more attone

Then violett Contraicty.

Enter Messenger.

Mif. You are sent for to the Senate:

A fearefull Army, leddy by Cauus Martimns,

Associated with Ausfildus, Rages

Upon our Territories, and haue already

O're-borne their way, confum'd with fire, and tooke

What lay before them.

Enter Comiminius.

Com. Oh you have made good worke.

Mene. What newes? What newes?

Com. You have help to ravish your owne daughters, &

To melt the City Leaders upon your pates,

To fee your Wives dishonour'd to your Nobs.

Mene. What's the news? What's the news?

Com. Your Temples burned in their Cimenter, and

Your Franchises, whereon you flood, confin'd

Into an Augurs boare.

Mene. Pray now, your News:

You have made faire worke I feare me: pray your newes,

If Martinus shoud be ioynd with Volcains,

Com. If he is their God, he leads them like a thing,

Made by some other Deity then Nature,

That shews man Better: and they follow him

Against vs Brass, with no leffe Confidence,

Then Boyes purfuing Summer Batter-flies,

Or Butchers killing Flies.

Mene. You have made good worke,

You and your Apron men: you, that flood so much

Upon the voyage of occupation, and

The breath of Garlick-eaters.

Com. He'll shake your Rome about your ears.

Mene. As Hercules did shake downe Mellow Fruiues:

You have made faire worke,

Bru. But is this true Sir?

Com. Yes, and you'll looke pale

Before you finde it other. All the Regions

Do willingly Revolt, and who refists

Are mock'd for valiant Ignorance,

And perfils confant Poole's: who's it can blame him?

Your Enemies and his, finde something in him,

Mene. We are all yndone, vnleffe

The Noble man haue mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?

The Tribunes cannot doe't for shame: the people

Defere fuch pitty of him, as the Wolfe

Doe's of the Shepheards: For his best Friends, if they

Should fay to be good to Rome, they charg'd him, even

As those shoul'd do that had ferved his hate,

And there in fhe'd like Enemies.

Mene. 'Tis true, if he were putting to my house, the broad

That shoul'd confame it, I haie not the face

To fay, befeech you ceafe. You have made faire hands,

You and your Crafter, you have crafted faire.

Com. You have brought

A Trembling vpon Rome, fuch as was nooer

Sincapable of help.

Tri. Say not, we brought it.

Mene. How? Wasn't we? We lou'd him,

But like Beasts, and Cowardely Nobles,

Gave way vnto your Clutters, who did hooce

Him out of his City.

Com. But I fere

They'll roare him in againe. Tullius Ausfildus,

The second name of men, obeyes his points

As if he were his Officer: Deparation,

Is all the Policy, Strength, and Defence

That Rome can make a gainft them,

Enter a Troope of Citizens.

Mene. Here come the Clutters.

And is Ausfildus with him? You are they

That made the Ayre walshomke, when you cail

Your flinking, greafe Cap's, in hooting

At Coriolanus Exile. Now he's comming,

And not a hair upon a Souldier head

Which will not proue a whip: As many Coxcombes

As you threw Cap's upon it, will be tumble done,

And pay you for your voyces. 'Tis no matter,

If he could burn vs all into one cole,

We have defer'd it.

Omer. Faith, we hearre fearefull Newes.

1 Cit. For mine owne part,

When I said banifes him, I said 'twas pitty.

2 And so did I.

3 And so did I: and to lay the truth, so did very many of vs, that we did we did for the left, and though we willingly confented to his Banishment, yet it was against our will.

Com. Y are goodly thinges, you Voyces.

Mene. You haue made good worke

You and your cry. Shal's to the Capitol?

Com. Oh I, what elle?

Exeunt bole.

Stein. Go Marlers get you home, be not dismayd;

These are a Side, that would be glad to have

This true, which they fo leeme to feare. Go home,

And shew no signe of Peare.
Enter Mencius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus, the two Tribune, with others.

Mencius. No, Ite not your heart what he hath said Which was sometime his Generall: who loved him In a most deere particular. He calleth me Father: But what o'th' I' thou hast banished him A Mile before his Tent, fall downe, and knee The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd To heare Cominius speake, he keepes at home.

Com. He would not seeme to know me.

Mencius. Do you heare?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name: I vrg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops That we have bled together. Cominius He would not answer too: Forbad all Names, He was a knde of Nothing, Titileffe, Till he had forg'd himselfe a name a'th'fire Of burning Rome.

Mencius. Why io: you have made good worke: A parte of Tribunes, that have wrack'd for Rome, To make Coales cheaper: A Noble memory.

Com. I minded him, how Royall twas to parden When it was left expected. He replied It was a bare petition of a State.

To one whom they had punisht'd.

Mencius. Very well, could he say leffe.

Com. I offered to awaken his regard For's private Friends. His answer to me was He could not say to picke them, in a pile Of noytome mostully Chaffe. He said, 'twas folly For one poore grain or two, to leave vnburnt And fell to no such offence.

Mencius. For one poore grain or two?

Com. I am one of them: his Mother, Wife, his Childe, And this brave Fellow too: we are the Graines, You are the mostully Chaffe, and you are fmelt About the Moone. We must be burnt for you.

Sicinius. Nay, pray be patient: If you refuse your ayde In this so never-needed help, yet do not Vproaid's with our distrust, But sure if you Would be your Countries Pleaser, your good tonge More then the infant Annie we can make Might flop our Countryman.

Mencius. Nor he not muddle.

Sicinius. Pray you go to him.

Mencius. What should I do?

Bruta. Only make triall what your Loue can do,

For Rome, towards Martius.

Mencius. Well, and say that Martius return mee,

As Cominius is return'd, 'vheard what then?

But as a discontented Friend, greeece-shot

With his vnkindnesse, Say be so?

Sicinius. Yet your good will

Mencius. Muft have that thanks from Rome,after the measure

As you intended well.

Mencius. Ite vnder't:

I think he'll heare me. Yet to bite his lip,

And humme at good Cominius, much vnhearts mee.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

He was not taken well, he had not din'd, 
The Veines vnfill'd, our blood is cold, and then 
We powr upon the Morning, are vnaht. 
To glue or to forgive; but when we haue 
Thrice Pipe, and these Conventures of our blood 
With Wine and Feeding, we haue supper Seules 
Then in our Priest-like Fafs: therefore Ile watch him 
Till he be dicted to my requent, 
And then Ile set vpon him. 

But you know the very rode into his kindnese, 
And cannot lose your way. 

Mere. Good faith Ile proue him, 
Speed how it will. I shall re long Haue knowledge 
Of my successe. 

Com. I leaue Ile never haue him. 

Sticm. Not. 

Com. I tell you, he doe's fit in Gold; his eye 
Red as 'twould burne Rome: and his Injury 
The Goler to his pitty. I kneel'd before him, 
'Twas very faintly he said Rite; dismit me 
Thus with his speecheless hand. What he would do 
He fent in writing after me: what he would nor, 
Bound with an Oath to yeeld to his conditions: 
So that all hope is vain, vnlesse his Noble Mother, 
And his Wife, who (as I haue) meant to solace him 
For mercy to his Country: therefore let's hence, 
And with our faire intrests haue them on. 

Exeunt 

Enter Messengers to the Watch or Guard.

1. Watch. Stay: whence are you, 
2. Watch. Stand, and go backe. 

Mes. You guard like men, 'tis well But by your leaue, 
I am an Officer of State, & come to speake with Coriolanus 
1. From whence? 
Mere. From Rome. 
2. You may not passe: you must retorne: our Generall 
will no more haue from hence. 
2. You'll leaue your Rome embrac'd with fire, before 
You'll speake with Coriolanus. 

Mere. Good my Friends, 
If you haue heard your Generall talke of Rome, 
And of his Friends there, it is Lot's to Blanke, 
My name hath touch't your ears: it is Menerius, 
1. Be it so, go back the vexture of your name, 
Is not heree passable. 

Mere. I tell thee Fellow, 
Thy Generall is my Louer: I haue bene 
The booke of his good Acts, whence men haue read 
His Fame vnparalell'd, happenit amplified: 
For I haue ever vnderstood my Friends, 
(Of whom hee's choo'ge) with all the fize that verity 
Would without lapsing fatter: Nay, sometim, 
Like to a bowe vnpon a fable ground 
I haue tumbled past the throw: and in his praffe 
Hauing (almoat) stoop the Leasings. Therefore Fellow, 
I must haue leave to passe. 

2. Faith Sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalle, 
as you haue vter'd words in your owne, you should not passe here: no, though it were as vertuous to lyce, as to 
lyce chaflly. Therefore go backe. 

Men. Prythlee fellow. Remember my name is Menerius, 
always factions on the party of your Generall. 

Howsoever you haue bin his Lier, as you say you 
haue, I am one that telling true vnder him, must say you 
cannot passe. Therefore go backe. 

Mere. He's he din'd can't houzelle? For I would not 
speake with him, till after dinner, 
1. You are a Roman, are you? 

Mere. I am as thy Generall is. 
1. Then you should hate Rome, as he do's. Can you, 
when you have put out your gates, the very Defender 
of them, and in a violent popular ignorance, gaine your 
extremity your spy, thinke to front his reuenges with the 
esie groanes of old women, the Virginall Palms of your 
Daughters, or with the palfed intersection of such a 
day as Dostat as you seeme to be? Can you think to 
bloow upon the intended fire, your City is ready to flame in, with 
such weak breath as this? No, you are deserv'd, therefore 
backe to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are 
command'd, our Generall has fworne you out of reprehe 
and pardon. 

Mere. Sirra, if thy Captaine knew I were here, 
He would vie me with effimation. 
1. Come, my Captaine knowes you not, 
Mere. I meant thy Generall. 
1. My Generall cares not for you. Back I say, goe: let 
you ftrforth with half pinte of blood. Backe, that's the vmoft of your hauing, backe. 

Mere. Nay but Fellow, Fellow. 
Enter Coriolanus with Auffidins. 

Corio. What's the matter? 

Mere. Now you Companion: I leaue an arrant for you: 
you shall know now that I am in effimation: you shall 
perceive, that a Lacke gardant cannot offfe me from my 
Son Coriolanus, guelle but my entrentment with him: if 
you fhand it not, I'll fhake of hanging, or of some death 
more long in Speculation, and crueler in suffering, 
befide now prefently, and fwoon for what's to come upon 
you. The glorious Gods fit in hourly Synod about this 
propitious matter, and loose thee no worse then thy old 
Father Menerius do's. O my Son, my Son! thou art pre- 
fating fire for vs: looke theere, heere's water to quench it. 
I was hardly mov'd to come to thee: but being diffluent 
none but my felfe could move thee, I have bene blowne 
out of your Gates with fignes: and conquer thee to pardan 
Rome, and thy petitionary Cumminges. The good 
Gods affwage thy wrath, and tune the drefs of it, upon 
this Varchet here: This, who like a blocke hath denied my 
access to thee, 
Corio. Away. 

Mere. How? Away? 

Corio. Wife, Mother, Child, I know not. My affaires 
Are Seruanted to others: Though I owe 
My Reuenge properly, my emmisone lies 
In Volcanic brefts. That we have bene familiar, 
Ingrate forgetfulness shal poison rather 
Then pitty: Note how much, therefore be gone. 
Mine cares against your faitures, are stronger then 
Your gates against my force, Yet tor I loved thee, 
Take this along, I writ it for thy fake. 
And would have fent it. Another word Menerius, 
I will not hear thee speake. This man Auffidins 
Was my belov'd in Rome: yet thou behold't. 

Affid. You keepe a conflant temper. 

Mere. The Guard and Menerius. 

1. Now sir, is your name Menerius? 
2. 'Tis a spell you fsee of much power: 
You know the way home againe. 

1. Do you heare how wee are fent for keeping your 
greatneffe backe? 
2. What caufe do you thinke I have to fwoond? 
Mere. I neither care for this world, nor your Generall: 
for such things as you, I can ftare thinke there's any, why 
I fto Righ'. He that hath a will to die by himfelfe, fears it 
not
not from another: Let your General do his worst. For you, bee that you are long; and your milsey encreafe
with your age. I say to you, as I was said to, Away. Exit.
I. A Noble Fellow I warrant him.
2. The worthy Fellow is our General. He's the Rock,
The Oak not to be winde-shaken. Exit. Exit.
Corio. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set downe our Host. My partner in this Action,
You must report to th' Volcan Lords, how plainly
I have borne this Buffle.
Aun. One ly their ends you have respected,
Stopt your cares against the general suite of Rome:
Never admitted a priuate whisper, no not with friend's
That thought them fiere of you.
Corio. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Loud me, about the measure of a Father,
May goddeed me indeed. Their late revenge
W's to tend him: for whose old love I have,
(Though I shou'd soweely to him) since more offer'd:
The first Conditions which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him onely,
That thought he could do more: A very little
I have yelded too, Fresh Endes, and Sutes,
Nor from the Srate, nor private friends hereafter
Will I lend care to. Had what shou't this is? Short within
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made: I will not.

Enter Virgilius, Volcanus, Oceleus, yong Marius,
with Attendants.
My wife comes forth, then the honour'd mould
Wherein this Trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The Grandchild to her blood. But our affection
All bond and privilidge of Nature breakes;
Let's be Vertuous to be Obliterate.
What is that Curt'fe worth? Or those Douse eyes,
Which can make Gods forsworne? I melt, and am not
Of stronger eath then others: My Mother bowes,
As if Olympus to a Mole hill should
In supplication Nad: and my yong Bove
Hath an Aflert of intercession, which
Great Nature cries, Deny not. Let the Volces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy. He never
Be such a Gofting to obey inuifit: but stand
As if a man were Author of himself, & knew no other kin
Virg., My Lord and Husband.
Corio. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.
Virg. The sorrow that deliverus vs this chang'd,
Makes you thynke fo.
Corio. Like a dull Aflor now, I have forgot my part,
And I am out, even to a full Disgrace. Beth of my Pleth,
Forgive my Tyranny: but do not fay,
For that forgive our Romes, O a life
Long as my Exile, tove as my Revenge!
Now by the reuons Queen of Heanes, that kiffe
I carrie from thee dear, and my true Lippe
Hath Virgin'd it ere fince. You Gods, I pray,
And the most noble Mother of the world
Judge unfail'd: Smike my knee t'heart,
Of thy depe duty, more impression flew
Then that of common Sonnes.
Volcan. Oh stand vp blef!f
Whil't with no tofter Cuflion then the Flint
I kneele before thee, and unproperly
Shew dury as mistaken, all this while,
Between the Childe, and Parent.
Corio. What this? this, your knees to me?
To your Corrected Sonne?
Then let the Pibles be on the hungry beach
Fillop the Starres: Then, let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud Cedars' gainst the fiery Sun:
Murd'ring Impossibility, to make
What cannot be, flight worke,
Volcan. Thou art my Warrior, I hope to fame thee.
Do you know this Lady?
Corio. The noble Sister of Publidas.
The Moone of Rome: Chaste as the Jiscle
That's curdted by the Prouf, from pureft Snow,
And hang's on Divine Temple: Deeere Oceleus.
Volcan. This is a pover Epiotme of yours,
Which by th'interpretation of full time,
May flew like all your felle.
Corio. The God of Souliers: With
The content of unpreme love, informe
Thy thoughts with Nobl'neffe, that thou may proue
To shame uvanueable, and ftickie th'Warrs
Like a great Sea-marke flanding every flaw,
And faving tho'ts that eye thee.
Volcan. Your knee, Sirrah.
Corio. That's my brave Boy.
Volcan. Even he, your wife, this Lady, and my felle,
Are Suors to you.
Corio. I befeech you peace
Or if you'd ask, remember this before;
The thing I have forsworne to graunte, may never
Be held by you denial. Do not bid me
Difmitfe my Soldiers, or capitulate
Again, with Roomes Mechnincks. Tell me not
Wherein I feeme vnnatural: Delire not th'ally
My Rages and Rungenes, with your colder reason.
Volcan. Oh no more, no more:
You have tried you will not grant vs any thing:
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already: yet we will ask,
That if you faile in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardneffe, therefore hear us.
Corio. Amindus, and you Volces mark's, for we'll
Hear noth't from Rome in private. Your request?
Volcan. Should we be silent & not speak, our Raiment
And plate of Bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy Exile, thinke with thy felle,
How more ufvorunate then all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy fight, which should
Make our eis flow with tey harts dance with comfortes,
Contraifts them wepe, and blake with fcare & forow,
Making the Mother, wife, and Childfe to fee,
The Sonne, the Husband, and the Father tearing
His Countiues Bawes out; and to pobre we
Those enmites moft captall: Thou bar't it vs
Our prayers to the Gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy. For hoow can we?
Alas! how can we, for our Country pray?
Whereato we are bound, together with thy victors:
Whereato we are bound: Alas, or we must looke
The Countries our dear Naffe, or els thy perfon
Our comfort in the Country. We must finde
An enident Calamity, though we had
Our wish, which fide fhould win. For either thou
Must as a Foraine Reclarent be led
With Manacles through our streets, or else
Triumphantly treade on thy Countries ruine,
And bearst the Palme, for hating basebly shed
Thy Wife and Childrens blood: For my selfe, Sonne,
I purpose not to waite on Fortune, till
These warres determine: If I cannot perfervade thee,
Rather to shew a Noble grace to both parts,
Than seeke the end of one; thou shalt no sooner
March to affult thy Countrey, then to treate
(Truft too, thou shalt not) on thy Mothers wombe
That brought thee to this world.

Firg. I, and mine, that brought you forth this boy,
To keepe your name lining to time.

Boy, A shall not tread on me: Hee run away
Till I am bigger, but then Ile fight.

Corin. Not of a waman tenderneffe to be,
Requires nor Child, nor womans face to see:
I have fate too long,

Volumn. Nay, go not from vs; thus:
If there be, that our request did tend
To free the Romanes, thereby to troy
The Voices whom you ferue, you might condemne vs
As povsonoy of your Honourt, No, our fate
Is that you reconcile them; While the Voices
May say, this mercy we have shewed: the Romanes,
This we receiv'd, and each in either side
Glue the All-haile to thee, and cry be Blest
For making vp this peace. Thou knowst it (great Sonne)
The end of Warres vntermate: but this certaine,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby recepe, is such a name
Repeation will be dogged with Curses:
Whose Chriftie to thus writ, The man was Noble,
But with his last Attempt, he wip'd it out:
Deftryd his Country, and his name remains
To thinfuing Age, abhorrd. Speake to me Son:
Thou haft affected the fute fhames of Honor,
To imitate the graces of the Gods,
To teare with Thunder the wide Checkes a'th Ayre,
And yet to change thy Sulphure with a Boulit
That should but raine an Oake: Why do't not speake?
Think'lt thou it Honourable for a Nobleman
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speake you:
He cares not for your weeping. Speake thou Boy,
Perhaps thy childlikeffe will move him more
Then can our Reasons. There's no man in the world
More bound to's Mother, yet heere he let's me praie
Like one i'th'Stockes. Thou haft never in thy life,
Shew'd thy deere Mother any curtey,
When the poor Herof fond of no second brood,
Ha's clock'd thee to the Warres: and faifie home
Loden with Honor. Say my Requet's vnuit,
And purge me backe: But, if it be not so
Thou art not honest, and the Gods will plague thee
That thou refus'st from me the Duty, which
To a Mothers part belongs. He turns away;
Down Ladies let vs shame him with him without knees
To his far-name Coriolanus longs more pride
Then pitty to our Prayers. Downe: an end,
This is the lift. So, we will home to Rome,
And by our Neighbours: Nay, behold's,
This Boy that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels, and holds vp bands for fellow ship,
Doe's reason our Petition with more strength
Then thou haft to deny't. Come, let vs go:
This Fellow had a Volcan to his Mother:
His Wife is in Coriolas, and his Childe
Like him by chance: yet gue vs our dispatch:

I am hurft vntil our City be aftre, & then Ile speake a little
Holds her by the hand fluor.

Corin. O Mother, Mother!
What have you done? Behold, the Heavenes do ope,
The Gods looke downe, and this vinstnall Scene
They laugh at. Oh my Mother, Mother: Oh!
You have wonne a happy Victory to Rome,
But for your Sonne, beleeue it: Oh beleeue it,
Most dangerously you have with him preual'd,
If not most mottall to him. But let it come;
Auffidius, though I cannot make true Warres,
Ile frame convenient peace. Now good Auffidius,
Were you in my feed, would you have heard
A Mother leffe or granted leffe Auffidius?

Auff. I was mou'd withall.

Corin. I dare be twerne you were:
And for, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat complaing. But (good fir)
What peace you'le make,adjutie me: For my part,
Ile not to Rome, Ile backe with you, and pray you
Stand to me in this caufe. Oh Mother! Wife!

Auff. I am glad thou haft fet thy mercy, & thy Honor
At difference in thee: Out of that Ile worke
My selfe a former Fortune.

Corin. By and by; But we will drink together;
And you shall beare
A better witnesse backe then words, which we
On like conditions, will have Counter-feald.
Come enter with vs: Ladies you deserve
to have a Temple built you: All the Swords
In Italy, and her Confederate Armes
Could not have made this peace.

Exeunt.

Enter Macene and Scinam. (tone)

Mene. Say you you'd go vnto Capital, you'd comere
Scin. Why what of that?

Mene. If it be possible for you to displace it with your
little finger, there is some hope the Ladies of Rome, espe-
cially his Mother, may preuald with him. But I say, there
is no hope in't, our threats are sentenced, and
their yppon
cannot prevail.

Scin. It's possible, that so short a time can alter
the condition of a man.

Mene. There is differency between a Grub & a But-
terfly, yet your Butterfly was a Grub: this Murtius,
is growne from Man to Dragon: He has wings, he's more
than a creeping thing.

Scin. He loud his Mother dearly.

Mene. So did he mee: and he no more remembers his
Mother now, then an eight yeare old horfe. The tartan-
ness of his face, lowres ripe Grapes. When he walks, he
humes like an Engine, and the ground shrunks before his Trea-
ding. He is able to pierce a Costlet with his eye: Talks
like a knell, and his hum is a Battery. He fits in his State,
as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids bee done,
is finifht with his bidding. He wants nothing of a God but
Eternity, and a Heauen to Throne in.

Scin. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Mene. I paint him in the Character. Mark what mer-
cy his Mother shall bring from him: There is no more
mercy in him, then there is milk in a male-Tyger, that
shall our poore City finde: and all this is long of you.

Scin. The Gods be good vnto vs.

Mene. No, in such a case the Gods will not bee good
vnto vs. When we banish'd him, we respeected not them:
and he returning to breake our necks, they respeect not vs.

Enter a Messenger.
Enter another Messenger.

Sticm. What's the News? (presently)

Msf. Good News, good news, the Ladies have The Volcians are dislodg'd, and Martins gone: A merrier day did never yet greet Rome, No, not that expulsion of the Tarquins:

Sticm. Friend, art thou certain this is true? Is't most certain.

Msf. As certain as I know the Sun is fire; Where have you look'd that you make doubt of it: Ne'er through an Arch to hurried the bloudy Tide, As the reconforted through the gates. Why harke you:

Trumpets: Havock, Drum beat, altogether.

About within Mefo. This is good News:

I will go meete the Ladies. This Column, Is worth of Consuls, Senators, Patricians, A City full: Of Tribunes such as you, A Sea and Land full: you haue pray'd well to day:

This Morning, for tenteenthound of your throstes, I'd not have given a doit. Harke, how they joy,

Some full with the Storms.

Sticm. First, the Gods do bleffe you for your yudings: Next, accept my thankfullnesse.

Msf. Sir, we have all great caufe to give great thanks.

Sticm. They are necre the City.

Msf. Almost at point to enter.

Sticm. We'll meet them, and helpe the joy. Exeunt.

Enter two Senators, with Ladies, passing over the Stage, with other Lords.

Senio. Behold our Patronesse, the life of Rome:

Call all your Tribes together, praise the Gods, And make triumphant fires, fliew Flowers before them; vnsho't the noise that Banish'd Martius;
Repeat him, with the welcome of his Father: Cry welcome Ladies, welcome.

All. Welcome Ladies, welcome.

A Flourish with Drums & Trumpets.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the Lords a'th'City, I am here: Deliver them this Paper: having read it, Bid them repayre to the Marker place, where I Even in theirs, and in the Commons ears Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accufe:
The City Ports by this hath enter'd, and Intends t'appeare before the People, hoping To purge himselfe with words. Dispatch,

Enter 5 or 6 Conspirators of Aufidius Enthron.

Moft Welcome.

1. Con. How is it with our Generall?

Auf. Even so, with a man by his owne Almes-impo'yond, and with his Charity flame.

2. Con. Most Noble Sir, if you do hold the same intent Wherein you with't vs parties: We'll deliver you Of your great danger.

Msf. Sir, I cannot tell,

We must proceed as we do finde the People.

3. Con. The People will remaine vncertaine, whil's 'Twixt you there's difference: but the fall of either Makes the Survivor heyre of all.

Auf. I know it:

And my pretext to strike at him, admits A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd Mine Honor for his truth: who being so heighten'd, He water'd his new Plants with dewes of Flattery, Seducing to my Friends: and to this end, He bow'd his Nature, never knowne before, But to be rough, vnfiwayable, and free.

3. Con. Sir, his lownness When he did stand for Confull, which he loft By lacke of flooping.

Auf. That I would have spoke:

lieing banish'd for't, he came into my Harch, Pretended to my knife his Throat: I took him, Made him ioynt-fist not with me: Gave him way In all his owne defi'nees: Nay, let him choose Out of my Files, he projectes, to accomplish My best and freftift men, set'd his designs In mine owne perfon: holpe to reap the Fame Which he did end all his; and rooke some pride To do my felw this wrong: Till at the left I feene'd his Follower, no Partur; and He wad'g'd me with his Countenance, as if I had but Mercenary.

1. Con. So he did my Lord:

The Army mamey'd at it, and in the left, When he had carri'd Rome, and that we look'd For no leffe Spoile, the glory.

Auf. There was it:

For which my finewes shall be frettch'd upon him,

At a few drops of Women's weane, which are At cheape as Lies; he told the Blood and Labour Of our great Action; therefore shall he dye, And he renew me in his fall. But heareske.

Drummes and Trumpets sound with great flowers of the people.

1. Con. Your Natiure Towne you enter'd like a Poffe, And had no welcomes home, but he returns Splotting the Ayre with noyfe.

2. Con. And patient Fools, Whoole children he hath flame, their base throats teare With glaing him glory.

3. Con. Therefor as your vantage,

Fie he express' himselfe, or moose the people With what he would say, let him feele your Swords Which we will tecond, when he lies slyng

After your way. His Tale proung'd, shall bury His Reasons, with his Body.

Auf. Say no more. Heere come the Lords,

Enter the Lords of the City.

All Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not defend'd it.

But worthy Lords, have you with heed perufed What I have writ't to you?

All. We have.

1. Lord. And greene to heare:

What faults he made before the last. I think Might have sound cask Finnes: but there to end Where he was too hege, and give away

The benefit of our Letters, an writing &

With our owne charge: making a treasur, where There was a yealding; this admits no excuse.

Auf. c 3
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Anf. He approaches, you shall hear him.

Enter Coriolanus marching with Drumme, and Colours. The Commons being with him.

Corio. Hal! Lords, I am return'd your Soulier:
No more infected with my Countries lone
Then when I parted hence: but still subsisting
Vnder your great Command. You are to know,
That properly I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your Wars, even to
The gates of Rome: Our Spoiles we have brought home
Both more then counterpoises a full third part
The charges of the Action. We have made peace
With no lesse Honor to the Ancitaines
Then shame to th'Romaines. And we beare deliver
Subscrib'd by'th Confus, and Patricians,
Together with the Seale a' th'West, that
We have compounded on.

"Anf. I read it not Noble Lords,
But tell the Traitor in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your Powers.

Corio. Traitor? How now?

Anf. I Traitor, Martius.

Corio. Martius?

Anf. Martius, Caius Martius: Do'th thou thinke
He grace thee with that Robbery, thy false name
Coriolanus in Corioles?

You Lords and Heads a' th' State,perfidiously
He ha's betray'd your businesse,and given vp
For certaine drops of Salt,your City Rome:
I lay your City to his Wife and Mother,
Breaking his Oath and Resolution, like
A twift of rotten Silke, neuer admitting
Commaile a' th'warre : But at his Nursetears
He whin'd and roar'd away your Victory,
That Pages bluss'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd with wonder each at others.

Corio. Hear'ft thou Mars?

Anf. Name not the God, thou boy of Tears,
Corio. Ha.

Anf. No more.

Corio. Measurest'st Lyar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy? Oh Blashe,
Pardon me Lords, 'tis the last time that ever
I was forc'd to scoul'd. Your judgements my grace Lords
Must give this Curre the Lyie: and his owne Nation,
Who weares my stipes improst vpon him, that
Must bear my beating to his Graue, shall loyne
To thruff the Lyie vnto him.

1 Lord. Peace both, and hear me speake.

Corio. Cut me to peeces Volces men and Lads,
Staine all your edges on me. Boy, false Hound:
If you haue writ your Annales true,'tis there,
That like an Eagle in a Draie-coate, I

Flatter'd your Volcians in Corioles.
Alone I did it, Boy.

Anf. Why Noble Lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blinde Fortune,
Which was your flame, by this vnholie Braggart?
'Fore your owne eyes, and care?

All Conf. Let him dye for't.

All People. Tear him to pceces, do it presently:
He kill'd my Sonne, my daughter, he kill'd my Cofine
Marcus, he kill'd my Father.

2 Lord. Peace how : no outrage, peace:
The man is Noble, and his Fame holds in
This Orbe o' th'earth: His last offences to vs
Shall have judicious hearing. Stand Auffidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Corio. O'that I had him, with fix Auffidius, or more:
His Tribe, to vse my lawful Sword,

Anf. Infolyent Villaine.

All Conf. Kill,kill,kill,kill,kill,kill him.

Draw both the Conspirators, and kill Martius, who
falles, Auffidius stands on him.

Lord. Hold,hold,hold,hold.

Anf. My Noble Masters, hear me speake.

1 Lord. O Tullius.

2 Lord. Thou hast done a deed whereat
Voulur will weep.

3 Lord. Treat not vpon him Masters, all be quiet,
Put vp your Swords,

Anf. My Lords,
When you shall know (as in this Rage
Proou'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this mans life did owe you, you'll rejoyce
That he is thus cut off. Plesse it your Honours
To call me to your Senate, I'll deliever
My felse your loyal Servant, or endure
Your beauinte Cenfure.

1 Lord. Bear from hence his body,
And mourne you for him. Let him be regarded
As the moft Noble Coafe, that euer Herald
Did follow to his Vrne.

2 Lord. His owne impatience,
Takes from Auffidius a great part of blame:
Let's make the Beet of it.

Anf. My Rage is gone,
And I am frucke with sorrow. Take him vp:
Help these a' th'cheeffelt Souldiers, Ibe be one,
Beate thou the Drumme that it speake mournfully:
Traile your steele Pikes. Though in this City hee
Hath widdowed and vnchilde many a one,
Which to this hour bewaile the Injuri,
Yet he shall have a Noble Memory, Auffit.

Exit Corioles bearing the Body of Martius. A dead March
Sounded.

FINIS.
The Lamentable Tragedy of Titus Andronicus.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Flour. Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft: And then enter Saturninus and his Followers at one door; and Bassianus and his Followers at the other, with Drums & Colours.

Saturninus, Oble Patricians, Patrons of my right, Defend the Juncture of my Cause with Arms. And Country-men, my loving Followers, Please my Succesful Title with your Swords. I was the first borne Sonne, that was the Iff That wore the Imperial Diadem of Rome: Then let my Fathers Honours live in me, Nor wrong mine Age with this indignity. Bassianus. Romanes, Friends, Followers, Favourers of my Right: If ever Bassianus, Cæsars Sonne, Were gracious in the eyes of Rovall Rome, Keep then this passadge to the Capitol: And suffer not Dignity to approach Thy Imperial State to Vertue: consecrate To Jusitce, Contenance, and Nobility: But let Defeat in pure Election shine: And Romanes, fight for Freedom in your Choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft with the Crowne.

Princes, that true by Factions, and by Friends, Ambitiously for Rule and Empery: Know, that the people of Rome for whom we stand A speciall Party, hate by Common voyce In Election for the Roman Empirie, Chosen Andronicus, Sur-named Pius, For many good and great deferts to Rome. A Noble man, a brauer Warriour, Lives not this day within the City Wallers. He by the Senate is acceted home From weary Warres against the barbarous Gothers, That with his Sones (a terror to our Foes) Hath yoe'd a Nation strong, train'd vp in Armes. Ten years are spent, since first he undertoeke This Cause of Rome, and chassifie with Armes Our Enemies pride. Five times he hath return'd Bleeding to Rome, bearing his Valiant Sones In Coffins from the Field. And now at Iff, laden with Honours Spoyles, Returns the good Andronicus to Rome, Renowned Titus, blossishing in Armes.

Let us intreat, by Honour of his Name, Whom (worthily) you would have now succed, And in the Capitol and Senate right, Whom you pretend to Honour and Adore, That you withdraw you, and abate your Strength, Dismisse your Followers, and a Surtes should, Please your Defers in Peace and Humbleness. Saturninus. How fare the Tribunes speakes, To calm my thoughts. Bassia. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affie In thy wrightliness and Integrity: And so I Loue and Hast thee, and thine, Thy Noble Brother Titus, and his Sonnes, And Her (to whom my thoughts are humbled all) Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich Ornament, That I will here dismise my loving Friends: And to my Fortunes, and the Peoples Favour, Commit my Cause in ballance to be weight'd. Exit Soulutions.

Saturninus. Friends, that have bene Thus forward in my Right, I thank you all, and here Dismisse you all, And to the Loue and Favour of my Country, Commit my Selfe, my Periton, and the Cause: Rome, be as iust and gracious vnto me, As I am confident and kinde to thee. Open the Gates, and let me in. Basia. Tribunes, and me, a poore Competitor. Flour. They go up into the Senate house.

Enter a Captaine.

Cap. Romanes make way: the good Andronicus, Patron of Vertue, Rome's best Champion, Succesfull in the Battailies that he fights, With Honour and with Fortune is return'd, From whence he circumcered with his Sword, And brought to yoke the Enemies of Rome.

Sound Drummes and Trumpets. And then enter two of Titus Sonnes: After them, two men bearing a Coffin covered with blackes, then two other Sonnes. After them, Titus Andronicus, and then Tamora the Queen of Gothes, & her two Sonnes Chiron and Demetrius, with Aaron the Moor, and others, as many as can bee: They set downe the Coffin, and Titus speakes.

Andronicus. Hile Rome: Victorious in thy Mourning Weedes:

Loc.
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

Locras the Buke that hath dischargeth his fraught,
Ttempests with precious leading to the Bay:
From whence at first the weight d her Anchorage:
Commeth Andronicus bound with Lawrell bowes,
To resolute his Country with his teares,
Tears of true joy for his returne to Rome,
Thou great defender of this Capitoll,
Stand gracious to the Rites that we intend.
Romaines, of liue and twenty Valiant Sonnes,
Hale of the number that King Perian had,
Beltold the poore remaines alive and dead!
These that Suniue, let Rome reward with Loute:
These that bring unto their late home,
With buriall amongst their Auncetors.
Heree Gothes have given me leave to sheath my Sword:
Titus valiant, and carelesse of thine owne,
Why suffer' st thou thy Sonnes unburied yet,
To vnner the dreadfull shore of Stil?
Make way to lay them by their Bretheren.

They open the Tomb.
There greetes in silence as the dead are wont,
And sleepe in peace, flame in your Countries warres:
Of facerd receptacle of my lyues,
Sweet Cell of vertue and Nobleste,
How many Sonnes of mine haft thou in flore,
That thou wilt never render to me more?
Locr. Give vs the proudest prisoner of the Gothes,
That we may hew his limbes, and on a pile
Admonis fra tram, sacrifice his flesh:
Before this earthly prison of their bones,
That so the thadowes be not vnappased,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.
Tit. I giue them you, the Noblest that Survives,
The eldest Son of this distrest Queene.
Ipr. Stay Romaine Bretheren,gracious Conqueror,
Victorious Tius, put the teares I shed,
A Mothers teares in paslion for her fonne:
And if thy Sonnes were ever deere to thee,
O slaine my fones, to be as deere to me.
Suffrench not, that we are brought to Rome
To beautifie thy Triumphs, and returne
Capture to thee, and to thy Romaine yseke,
But mulf my Sonnes be slaughtered in the firesteaks,
For Valiant doings in their Countries cause?
1 O if to fight for King and Common-wealth,
Were piety in thine, is it in thes:
Andronicus. slaine not thy Tombe with blood.
Wilt thou draw nearer the grace of the Gods?
Draw nearer them then in being mercifull.
Sweet merry is Nobilities true badge,
Thrice Noble Tius, fpare my first borne fonne,
Tit. Patient your yele Madam, and pardon me.
These are the Bretheren, whom ye Gothes beheld
Alie and dead, and for their Bretheren faine,
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
To this your fonne is marke, and he must
Tappeste their greaing thadowes that are gone.
Locr. Away with him, and make a fire straight,
And with our Swords upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbes till they be clean consum'd.

Exit Sonnes with Alarbus.
Tius. O cruell, and irreligious priet.
Chi. Was euer Syescitia faile to barbarous Rome,
Dem. Oppose me Syecitians to ambitious Rome,

Alarbus goes to rest, and we furprise,
To tremble under Titus threatening looke,
Then Madam stand resolvd, but hope withall,
The felle fame Gods that arm'd the Queene of Troy
With opportunitie of tharsre reuenge
Upon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,
May famous Tamora the Queene of Gothes,
(When Gothes were Gothes, and Tamora was Queene)
To quitt the bloody wrongs vpon her foes.

Enter the Sonnes of Andronicus againe.

Lucr. See Lord and Father, how we have perform'd
Our Romaine rightes,Alarbus limbs are lost,
And inras feed the sacrifing fire,
Whole smoke like in cence doth perfume the skie,
Remaineth nought but to interre our Brethren,
And with low'd Larums welcome them to Rome.
Tit. Let it be so, and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their foules.

Flourish.
Then Sound Trumpet, and lay the Coffes in the Tombe.
In peace and Honour rest you here my Sonnes,
Romes readiest Champions, rejoyce you here in rest,
Secure from worldly chancies and mishaps:
Heree lurks no Treason, here no enemie,
Heree grow no damned gudges, here are no flornes,
No noyce, but silence and Eternall sleepe,
In peac and Honour rest you here my Sonnes.

Enter Lavinia.

Locr. In peace and Honour live Lord Titus long.
My Noble Lord and Father, live in Fame:
Lucr. at this Tombe my tributaries teares,
I render for my Brethrens Obsequies:
And as thy freke a kneele, with teares of joy
Shed on the earth for thy returne to Rome.
Olde me heree with thy victorious hand,
Whose Fortune Romes beft Citizens appuiz'd.
Tit. Kind Rome,
That hast thus lovingly referu'd
The Cordall of mine age to glad my hart,
Lavinia live, and live thy Fathers dayes:
And Fames eternall date for versus prais,
Marc. Long live Lord Titus, my belov'd brother,
Gracious Triumphrher in the eyes of Rome,
Tit. Thanks gentle Tributane,
Noble brother Marcus.
Marc. And welcome, Nephews from succefull wars,
You that furprise and you that sleepe in Fame:
Fare Lords your Forses are all alike in all,
That in your Countries serv'd you drew your Swords.
But later Triumph is this General Pompe,
That hath aspire d to solome Happines,
And Triumphs over chance in honours bed.
Titus. Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whoole friend in iustice thou hast left be done,
Send thee by me their Tribune and their truit,
This Pallitament of white and spotleffe Hue,
And name thee in Elecution for the Empire,
With these our late deceased Emperors Sonnes:
Be Candidus then, and put it on,
And helpe to set a head on headleffe Rome.
Tit. A better head her Glorious body fits,
Then his that makes for age and feeblebene.
The Tragedy of Titus Andronicus.

What should I do on this robe and trouble you, 
Be chosen with proclamations to day, 
To morrow yeild vp rule, resigne my life, 
And fee abroad new business for you all. 
Rome I have bene thy Souldier forty yeares, 
And led my Countreys strength faceeffectfully, 
And buried one and twenty Valiant Sonne, 
Knighted in field, slaine manfully in Armes, 
In right and Service of their Noble Countrie: 
Give me a flaque of Honour for mine age, 
But not a Scepter to controule the world, 
Vpright he held it Lords, that held it left. 
Mar. Tit. thou shalt obtaine and ask the Empire. 
Sat. Proud and ambitious Tribune can't thou tell? 
Titus. Patience Prince Saturninus. 
Romans, doeme right. 
Patricians draw your Swords, and sheath them not 
Till Saturninus be Rome Emperor. 
Andronicus would thou went swift to hell, 
Rather then rob me of the peoples hearts, 
Proud Saturninus, interaptor of the good 
The Noble minded Titus meanes to thee. 
Tit. Content thee Prince, I will restore to thee 
The peoples hearts, and weane them from them selves. 
Buffs. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee 
But Honour thee, and will doe till I die: 
My Faction if thou strengthen with thy Friend? 
I will most thankfull be, and thanks to men 
Of Noble minds, is Honourable Meede. 
Tit. People of Rome, and Noble Tribunes here, 
I ask your voyces and your Sufferages, 
Will you befellow them friendly on Andronicus? 
Tribunes. To gratifie the good Andronicus, 
And Gratulate his safe returne to Rome, 
The people will accept whom he admits. 
Tit. Tribunes I thank you, and this lure I make, 
That you create your Emperours eleete some, 
Lord Saturninus,whole Vertues will I hope, 
Reflect on Rome as Tyrans Rayes on earth; 
And ripen Justice in this Common-wealth: 
Then if you will eleete by my advice, 
Crowne him, and say: Long live our Emperour. 
Mar. Aus. With Voyces and applause of every fort, 
Patricians and Plebeans we Create 
Lord Saturninus Romes Great Emperour. 
And say, Long live our Emperour Saturninus, 
A long flower's life till they come downe. 
Sat. Titus Andronicus,for thy Favour done, 
To vs in our Election this day, 
I gue thee thanks in part of thy Deferes, 
And will with Deeds rette euery gentlenefte: 
And for an Oner: Titus to advance 
Thy Name, and Honorable Family, 
Lammas will I make my Empeire, 
Rome ro Royall Mifirs, Mifirs of my hart 
And in the Sacred Pathas her epiopie: 
Tell me Andronicus, doth this motion please thee? 
Tit. I doth my worthy Lord, and in this match, 
I hold me Highly Honoured of your Grace, 
And here in fight of Rome, to Saturninus, 
King and Commander of our Common-wealth, 
The Wide-worlds Emperour, do I Conferrete, 
My Sword, my Chariot, and my Pillioners, 
Prefents well Worthy Romes Imperial Lord: 
Receive them then, the Tribute that I owe, 
Mine Honours Ensignes humbled at my feete, 
Satu. Thanks noble Titus, Father of my life, 
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts 
Rome Hall record, and when I do forget 
The leaft of thee unspakeable Deferes, 
Romans forget thy Feallie to me. 
Tit. Now Madam are thy prisoner to an Emperour, 
To him that for you Honour and your State, 
Will vse you Nobly and your followers, 
Sat. A goodly Lady,trust me of the Hue 
That I would choose, were I to choose a new: 
Cleere vp faire Queene that cloudy countenance, 
Though chance of ware 
Hath wrought this change of cheere, 
Thou can't not to be made a soime in Rome: 
Princely shall be thy ymage every way. 
Reit on my word, and let not difcontent 
Drum all your hopes: Madam he comfortts you, 
Can make your Greeter then the Queene of Gothes? 
Laninus you are not dislike'd with this? 
Lan. Not I my Lord, fith true Nobilitie, 
Warrant these words in Princely curtefe. 
Sat. Thanks, sweete Laninus Romans let vs goe: 
Randomelle heere we fet our Prisoners free, 
Proclaime our Honors Lords with Trumpete and Drum. 
Pafs. Lord Titus by your leave, this Maid is mine. 
Tit. How far? Are you in earneft then my Lord? 
Patts. I Noble Titus, and respect'd withall, 
To doe my felle this reason, and this right. 
Marc. Saturninus, is our Roman Justice, 
This Prince in Justice ceazeth but his owne, 
Luc. And that he will and shall, if Lucius live. 
Tit. Traytors aventure, where is the Emperours Guard? 
Treaton my Lord, Laninus is surpris'd. 
Sat. Surpris'd, by whom? 
Patts. By him that inflyrly play 
Beare his Betroth'd, from all the world away. 
Mat. Brothers helpe to coneyu her hence away, 
And with my sword I leke this doore safe. 
Tit. Follow my Lord, and lese foone her backe, 
Mat. My Lord you passe not hence. 
Tit. What vilaine boy, bar'rt me way in Rome? 
Mat. Helpe Lucius helpe, 
He kille him, 
Luc. My Lord you are vnuit, and more then so, 
In wrongfull quarrell, you haue shame your fon. 
Tit. Not thou, nor he are any fonnes of mine, 
My fonnes would never so difhonour me. 
Traytor refer Laninus to the Emperour. 
Luc. Deal thy will, but not to be his wife, 
That is another lawfull promit Love. 

Enter aloft the Emperour with Tamora and her two Sonnes, and Aaron the Moore. 
Empe. No Titus, no, the Emperour needs her not, 
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy flockes; 
Ile truft by Leifure him that mocks me once, 
Three neater nor thy Traytours haughty fonnes, 
Confedrates all, thus to difhonour me. 
Was none in Rome to make a stale 
But Saturninus? Full weel Andronicus 
Agree these Deeds, with that proud bragge of shine, 
That said't I, beg'd the Empire at thy hands? 
Tit. O monftrous, what reproachfull words are these? 
Sat. But goe thy wayes, goe gue that changing pece, 
To him that florifht for her with his Sword: 
A Valiant Sonne in-law thou fhta enioy 
Oneself to bandy with thy lawliffe Sonner, 

To
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

To ruffle in the Commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are Razors to my wounded hart.

Sat. And therefore loouely Tamora Queen of Gothers, That like the slattery that bea mong'd her Nymphs 
Doat over-shine the Gallant's Dames of Rome, If thou be pleased with this my fondaine choyse, Beliold I choose thee Tamora for my Bride, And will Create thee Empaffe of Rome. 
Speake Queen of Gothers, dost thou applaud my choyse? And here I swears by all the Romaine Gods, Sith Priet and Holy water are so neree, And Tapers burn so bright, and every thing, In readiness for Hymnous stand, I will not ruffle the streets of Rome, Or chime my Pallace, till from forth this place, I leave elop'd my Duke Bridgi along with me, 
Tam. And here in flight of heaven to Rome I swears, If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goth, She will a Hand-maid be to his desires, A loving Nurse, a Mother to his youth.

Sate. Ascend faire Queene, Pantheon Lords, accompany Your Noble Emperou and his loueely Bride, Sent by the heauens for Prince Saturnine, Whole wededome hath her Fortune Conquered, There shall we Consume all Spoules sires.

Exeuntomnes.

Tit. I am not bid to waite upon this Bride: 
Titus when we're thou want to walk alone, Difhonoured thus and Challenged of wrongs?

Enter Marcus and Titus Sons.

Mar. O Titus see! O see what thou hast done! In a bad quarrell, slaine a Venous Queene.

Tit. No foolish Tribune, no! No tume of mine, Nor thou, nor these Confidrates in the deed, That hath dishonoured all our Family, Vaworthy brother, and vaworthy Sones.

Luc. But let us giue him burial as becometh: 
Gue of Marcus burial with our Brethreni.

Tit. Traytors away, he's not in this Tombe: This Monument fust hundred years hath froid, Which I have Sumptuously re-edified: 
Here none but Souldiers, and Romans Sheriffs, Repofe in Fame: None safely slaine in Bradles, Butt him where you can, he cometh not here.

Mar. My Lord this is impuity in you, My Nephew Marcus deeds do plead for him, He must be buried with his brethren.

Titus two Sones speake.

And hall, or him we will accompany, Tit. And hall! What villain was it speake that word? Titus Sons speake.

He that would vouch'd it in any place but here, Tit. What would you buy him in my delight? 
Mar. No Noble Titus but interest of thee, To pardon Marcus, and to buy him.

Mar. Marcus, Even though halfe stroke upon my Cred, And with these boyes mine Honour thou hast wounded, My fees I doe repute you every one. So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

1. Sonne. He is not himselfe, let vs withdraw.

2. Sonne. Not I tell Marcus bones be buried. The Brother and the sonses kneele.

Mar. Brother, for in that same doth nature plead.
Were gracious in those Princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all:
And at my fate (sweet) pardon what is past.

Satn. What Madam, be dishonoured openly,
And basefly put it vp without revenge?

Tatn. Not to my Lord,
The Gods of Rome for-fend,
I should be Author to dishonour you,
But on mine honour dare, I undertake
For good Lord Titus innocence in all:
Whose fury not dissembl'd speaks his griefs:
Then at my bote looke gravely on him,
Loose not to noble a friend on vaine suppos'd,
Nor with foure lookes afflict his gentle heart.
My Lord, be rul'd by me, be wone at last,
Difsemble all your griefs and difcontents,
You are but newly planted in your Throne,
Least then the people, and Patricians too,
Vpon a iuft fumney take Titus pain,
And fo fpunfel vs for ingratitude,
Which Rome repute to be a basions fin ne.

Yeeld at iinterest, and then let me alone:
He finde a day to iusfice them all,
And race their faction, and their familie,
The cruel Father, and his trayt'rous fonnes,
To whom I fir'd for my deare fonnes life.
And make them know what 'tis to let a Queen,
Kneele in the streets, and beg for grace in vaine.
Come, come, sweet Emperor, (come Andronicus)
Take vp this good old man, and cheere the heart,
That dies in tempelt of thy angry frowne.

King. Rife Titus, rife,
My Emperie hath preu'ld it.

Titus. I thank your Maiestie,
And her my Lord,
These words, thefe lookes,
Infufe new life in me,

Tatn. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And mutt aduife the Emperor for his good,
This day all quarrelis die Andronicus.

And let it be mine honour good my Lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.
For you Prince Batusimus, I have past
My word and promife to the Emperor,
That you will be more milde and tractable.
And feare not Lords:
And you Lavina,
By my adjure all bumbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his Maiestie,

Sec. We do,
And vow to heauen, and to his Highnes,
That what we did, was mildly, as we might,
Tending our fitters honour and our owne.
Mar. That on mine honour here I do protest.

King. Away and take not, trouble vs no more.

Tatn. Nay, nay;
Sweet Emperor, we must all be friends,
The Tribune and his Nephews kneele tor grace,
I will not be denied, sweet heart looke back.

King. Marcus,
For thy take and thy brothers here,
And at my lovely Tamoras interces,
I doe remit these young mens hayvous faults.
Stand vp: Lavina, though you left me like a childe,
I found a friend, and lure as death I lively,

I would not part a Batchellour from the Priest,
Come, if the Emperours Court can fetch two Brides,
You are my guilh Lavina, and your friends:
This day shall be a Loue-day Tamora.
Tatn. To morrow and it pleafe your Maiestie,
To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,
With horne and Hound,
Weele giue your Grace Bounte.

Sec. Be it to Titus, and Gramercy to. 

Exeunt.

Aeius Secunda.

Hovrifs.

Enter Aaron alone.

Aaron. Now climest Tamora Olympus toppie,
Safe out of Fortunes foot, and its aloft,
Secure of Thunders cracke or lightning flash,
Advanc'd about pale enuies threatening reach:
As when the golden Sunne salutes the morne,
And hauing gift the Ocean with his beames,
Gallops the Zodiacke in his glittering Coach,
And ouer lookes the highest piercing hills:

So Tamora:
Vpon her wit doth earthly honour waite,
And vertue ftoopees and trembles at her frowne.
Then Aaron arme thy hart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy Emperor Titus,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Haft prifoner held, fettred in aemous chaines,
And fatter bound to Aaron charming eyes,
Then is Prometheus' t'ide to Cameafis,
Away with fwanifh weeder, and idle thoughts,
I will be bright and shine in Pearle and Gold,
To waite upon this new made Empreff.
To waite fate! To waite upon this Queen,
This Goddesse, this Semeinicus, this Queen,
This Syren that will charme Rome Sateraine,
And fee his Shipwrecke, and his Common weales.
Hollo, what forme is this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius braying.

Dem. Chiron thy yeres wants wirh, thy wit wants edge
And manners to intrid where I am grac'd,
And may for ought thou know'ft not affect be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou doo't ouer-weene in all,
And lo in this, to beare me dawne with braue,
Tis not the difference of yeere or two
Makes me leffe gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To ferue, and to deferue my Miftres grace,
And that my word upon thee shall approue,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's loue.

Aaron. Clubs, clubs, thefe lourers will not keep the peace.

Dem. Why Boy, although our mother (vnsudited)
Gave you a daunting rappee by your side,
Are you to deprrate gownes to threat your friends?
Goe too: have your Lash glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Meane while fit, with the little skill I have,
Full well haft thou perceiue how much I dare.

Deme. I Boy, grow ye fo braue e
They drave.

Aaron. Why how now Lords?
So nere the Emperours Palace dare you draw,

And
And to maintaine such a quarrell openly?
Full well I wote, the ground of all this grudge,
I would not for a million of Gold,
The caufe 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 vp.

Dem. Not I, till I have breath'd
My raper in his boleome, and withall
Tariff thee reprochfull speche downe his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepar'd, and full resolu'd,
Foul spake Coward.

That thundrwith thine tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing darr't performe.

Aron. A way I say.
Now by the Gods that warlike Gothes adore,
This pretty brabbler will vado vs all:
Why Lords, and thinke you not how dangerous
It is to set upon a Princes right?
What is Lamia then become to loofs,
Or Befianna to degenerate,
That for her loue such quarrels may be broght,
Without controilement, Justice, or reuenge?
Young Lords beware, and shoulde the Empresse know,
This discord ground, the musicke would not please.

Chi. I care not, I knew thee and all the world,
I loue Lamia more then all the world.

Dem. Youngling,
Lerne thou to make some manner choise,
Lamia's thine elder brothers hope.

Aron. Why are ye mad? Or know ye not in Rome,
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brooke Competitors in loue?
I tell you Lords, you doe but plot your deaths,
By this deuise.

Chi. Aron, a thousand and deaths would I propone,
To achieve her whom I do loue.
Aron. To achieve her, how?

Dem. Why, mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be wooo'd,
She is a woman, therefore may be wonne,
She is Lamia therefore must be lou'd.
What man, more water glideth by the Mill
Then wost the Miller of, and esie it is
Of a cut loose to slee a fhiue we know:
Though Befianna be the Emperors brother,
Better then he have worn Falcus badge.

Aron. I, and as good as Saturnius may.

Dem. Then why should he dissipate that knowes to
With words, faire looks, and liberyalty: (cure it)
What hath not thou full often struck a Doe,
And borne her cleanly by the Keepers nole?

Aron. Why then it feemes some certaine chance or so
Would ferre your turnes.

Chi. I so the turne were ferred.

Dem. Aron thou hast hit it.

Aron. Would you hit hit it too,
Then shoulde we be stild with this ado:
Why barke yee, barke yee, and are you such foolees,
To quake for this? Would it offend you then?

Chi. Faith not me.

Dem. Not me, so I were one.

Aron. By flame best friends, and Ioyne for that you laie:
'Tis policie, and stratageme must doe
That you affect, and so must you resolue,

That what you cannot as you would atchieue,
You must perforne accomplishe as you may:
Take this of me, Lucrce was not more chait
Then this Lamia, Befianna loves,
A speedier couite this lingring languishment
Must we purse, and I haue found the path:
My Lords, a folemne hunting is in hand,
There will the louely Roman Ladies troop:
The Forrest walks are wide and spacious,
And many unfrquented plots there are,
Fitted by knide for rape and villainie:
Single you thither than this danny Doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our Empresse with her sacred wit
To villainie and vengeance confecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend,
And the shal fill our engines with aduise,
That will not suffer you to squeue your felues,
But to your wiifes height advance you both,
The Emperours Court is like the houfe of Fame,
The pallace full of tongues of eye, of ear.
The Woods are ruthless, dreadfull deate, and dull:
There speake, and strike braue Boyses, & take your turnes.
There set your lufs, shadow'd from heauen eyes,
And anuell in Lamia's Treure.

Chi. Thy counsell Ladisell of no cowardice

Dem. Sussex out rufus, till I finde the fireames,
To coole this heat, a Charrene to calme their fitt,
Per Stigia per moves Felor.

Exeunt.

Enter Titus Andronicus and his three Fiances, making a noyse
with boweds and horses, and Marsus.

Tit. The hunt is vp, the morne is bright and gray,
The fields are fragrant, and the Woods are greene,
Vcomouse here, and let vs make a day,
And wake the Emperour, and his Louely Bride,
And rouse the Prince, and ring a hunters peale,
That all the Court may echo with the noyse.
Some lets it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the Emperours person carefully:
I haue beene troubled in my sleepe this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath infpird.

Windo Horses.

Herea a cry of bowdes, and sons horses in a peale, then
Enter Saturninus, Tamara, Befianna, Lamia, Chiron, Demeas,
and their Attendants.

Ti. Many good morrowes to your Maiestie,
Madam to you many and as good.
I promised your Grace, a Hunters peale.
Satur. And you haue rung it lustily my Lords,
Somewhat to easy for new married Ladies.
Befi. Lamia, how fay you?
Lam. I fay no.
I haue bene awake two houres and more,
Satur. Come on them, horse and Chariots letts have,
And to our sport: Madam, now shall ye see,
Our Romaine hunting.
Mars. I haue dogges my Lord,
Will row the proueoff Panther in the Chafe,
And clime the highest P omonary top.
Tit. And I haue horfe will follow where the game
Makes way, and rumes like Swallowes are the plain.

Deme. Chiron.
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus

Dem. Chiron, we hunte not we, with Horrie nor Hound.
But hope to plucke a dainty Doe to ground,
Exeunt. Enter Aaron alone.

Aaron. He that had wit, would think he had none,
To bury so much Gold under a Tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so ably,
Know that this Gold must come a firstageme,
Which cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villany:
And so repose sweet Gold for their varet;
That have their Almes out of the Emperies Chest.
Enter Tamora to the Moore.

Tamora. My lovely Aaron,
Wherefore look'nt thou lad,
When every thing doth make a Gleeful bode?
The Birds chauant melody on every bush,
The Snake lies rolled in the chearful Sunne,
The greene leaves quiuer, with the cooling winde.
And make a checker'd shadow on the ground:
Under their sweete shade, Aaron let vs sit,
And whilst the babbling Echo mock's the Hounds,
Replying thrilling to the well run'd-Horses,
Sis a double hunt were heard at once,
Let vs sit downe, and make their yelping noyse:
And after confite, such as was suppos'd,
The wandering Prince and Dido once enley'd,
When with a happy flame they were surpris'd,
And Curtaine'd with a Coudaile-keeping Cane,
We may each wretched in the other arme,
(Our pastimes done) posseffe a Golden flumber,
Whiles Hounds and Horres, and sweet Melodious Birds
Be vnto vs, as is a Nurtes Song
Of Lullable, to bring her Babe asleep.

Aaron. Madame,
Though Venus gouerne your desires, Saturnes Dominor aurie mine,
What signifies my deadly flanding eye,
My silence, and my Cloudy Melancholie,
My fleece of Woolly hare, that now vncurled,
Euen as an Adder: when the doth vnmore,
To do some farall execution?
No Madam, these are no Venerall signes,
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood, and teuenge, are Hammering in my head.
Harke Tamora, the Emperiss of my Soule,
Which neuer hopes more heauen, then refts in thee,
This is the day of Dooome for Bajfanus;
His Philosophi must loose her tongue to day,
Thy Sonnes make Pillage of her Chafftry,
And wast their hands in Bajfanus blood.
Seal't thou this Letter, take it up I pray thee,
And give the King this farall plotted Scrivoll,
Now question me no more, we are eipled,
Here comes a parcell of our hopefull Boyt,
Which dreads not yet their limes destruction.

Tamora. Ah my sweet Bajfanus:
Sweeter to me then life.

Aaron. No more great Emperiss, Bajfanus comes,
Be crose with him, and I'll go fetch thy Sonnes
To bireke thy quarre, what soeere they be.
Bajf. Whom have we heere?

Rome. Royal Emperiss,

Vnfurnisht of our well becomming troop?
Or is it: Dian habitet like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy Groves,
To see the generall Hunting in this Forrest?
Tamora. Saw ye no controverie at our private feeps:
Had I the power, that some say Dian had,
Shy Temples should be planted presently,
With Horses, as was Adonis, and the Hounds
Should drive upon his new transformed lumbe,
Vunnanmly Introduer to that art.

Lau. Vnder your patience gentle Empreffe,
Tis thought you have a goodly gift in Horning,
And to be doubted, that your Bajfanus and you
Are slugg'd forth to try experiments:
Tis likely your husband from his Hounds to day,
Tis pitty they should take him for a Stag.
Bajf. Believe me Queen, your swarth Cymenion,
Doth make your Honour of his bodies Hue,
Spotted, detected, and abominable.
Why are you sequestred from all your traine?
Discounted from your Snow-white goodly Steed,
And wandred hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous Bajf,
If foule defire had not conduced you?

Lau. And bring intercepted to your sport,
Great reason that my Noble Lord be rated.
For Sauinffe, I pray you let vs hence,
And let her joy her Rauen coloured loue,
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bajf. The King my Brother shall have notice of this,
Lau. I, for their slips have made him noted long,
Good King, to be so mightily abused.

Tamora. Why I have patience to endure all this?

Dem. How now decre Seraunaigne
And our gracious Mother,
Why doth your Highnes looke to pale and wan?

Tamora. But I not reaon think you to looke pale.
The two have tis'd me hither to this place,
A barren, dejected vale you fee it is,
The Trees though Sommer, yet forlome and leane,
Orer-come with Mofle, and balefull Mifelto.
Here neuere was the Sunne, here no breathing breeds,
Vnfeles the mighty Oake, or farall Rauen.
And when they (woild) this abhorr'd pit,
They told me heree at dead time of the night,
A thousand and a thousand luffng Snakes,
Ten thousand swelling Vipers, as many Vechins,
Would make such fearfull and confuded crie,
As any mortall body hearing it,
Shouldקראtfull mad, or elle dis suadded.
No sooner had they told this helifi tale,
But friet they told me they would binde me here,
Veto the body of a defmall yew,
And leave me to this miserable death.
And then they call'd me to be Adulteresse,
Lacieuous Goth, and all the bitterest tearnes
That ever care did heare to fuelish effect.
And had you not by wondrouse fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:
Reagenge if you love your Mothers life,
Or be ye not heneforth call'd my Children.

Dem. This is a wondrable thinge that I am thy Sonne, stab him.
Chi. And this for me,
Strook home to throw my strength.

Lau. I come Semeiony may Barbarous Tamora.
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

For no name fits thy nature but thy owne:
Tar. Give me thy poyniart, thou shalt know my boyes
Your Mothers hand shall right your Mothers wrong.

Dem. Stay Madam here: hee more belongs to her,
First thrust the Gorne, then after burne the straw:
This Misjon flood upon her chastity,
Vpon her Nuptiall vow, her loyaltye.
And with that painted hope, bruises your Mightinesse,
And hall she carry this into her grame?

Chi. And if the doe,
I would I were an Eunuch,
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole.
And make his dead Trunkle; Pillow to our lust.
Tar. But when ye hate the bony we desire,
Let not this Wafe post-haste vs both to Ringe.

Chir. I warrant you Madam we will make that sure:
Corne Mithris, now perfecce we will enjoy,
That nice-prefered honesty of yours.

Lau. Oh Tamora, thou be'rt a woman face.
Tar. I will not have she speake, away with her.

Lau. Sweet Lords intercets her hearte me but a word.

Dem. Lissen faire Madam, let it be your glory
To see her teares, but be your hart to them,
As varelent flint to drops of raine.

Lau. When did the Tigers young-ones teach the dam?
O doe not learn her wrath, the taught it thee,
The milke thou suck't from her did turne to Marble,
Even at thy Text thou hadst thy Tyrannie,
Yet every Mother breeds not Sonnes alike,
Do thou intercet her fraw a woman pitty.

Chir. What,
Wouldst thou have me prove my feele a bastard?

Lau. This true,
The Rauen doth not hatch a Larke,
Yet haue I heard, Oh could I finde it now,
The Lion moud with pitty, did indure
To have his Princesly paws par'd all away,
Some say, that Rausens fofter forsome children.
The while't their owne birds famifie in their neetes:
Oh be to me though thy hard hart fay no,
Nothing so kind but something pittifull.

Tar. I know not whatstic meanes, away with her.

Lau. Oh let me teach thee for my Fathers sake.
That gauce thee life when well he might have slaine thee:
Be not obdurate, open thy desire cares.

Tar. Hadst thou it in person nor offended thee?
Even for his sake and I pitifull,
Remember Boyes I pow'd forth teares in vain,
To loose your brother from the sacrifice,
But fierce Andronicus would not relent,
Therefore away with her, and vie her as you will,
The worse to her, she the better lost of me.

Lau. Oh Tamora,
Be call'd a gentle Queene,
And with thine owne hands kill me in this place,
For its not fit I shou'd beg for long,
Poore I was slaine, when Biastrona dy'd.

Tar. What beg'st thou then? Land woman let me go?
Lau. The present death I beg and one thing more,
That womanly denies my tongue to tell:
Oh keep me from their worse then killing luff,
Andumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where never mans eye may behold my body,
Doe this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tar. So should I rob my sweet Sonnes of their fee,
No let them satifie their lust on thee.
Enter the Emperor, Aaron the Moor.

Lucius. Now murtherers, let us hear the like.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus and Lucius.

Tamora. Where is my Lord the King?

Andronicus. Hem. Though grieu'd with killing grie.

Tamora. Where is thy brother Bafsianus?

Andronicus. Nay, brother, I have spoke with Lucius.

Tamora. Then to the bottom dost thou search my wound.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus and Lucius.

Saturninus reads the Letter.

And if we mist to meete him basely, 
Sweet huskintoo, Bafsianus 'tis we mean.
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him.
I know well, if our meaning looke for thy reward.
Among the Nettles at the elder tree,
Which our-swords, then this month of that same day:
Where we did prepare to bury Bafsianus.
Do this and purchase us thy lasting friends.

King. Oh Tamora, was ever heard the like?

This is the pit, and this the elder tree.
Looke first, if you can finde the huntsman out,
That should have murthered Bafsianus here.

Aaron. My gracious Lord here is the bag of Gold.

King. Two of thy telvyes, fell Curs of bloody kind
Have here bereft my brother of his life:
Sirs drag them from the pit vnto the prison,
There let them bide vntil we have desir'd
Some nerer heard-of orrering paine for them.

Tamora. What are they in this pit,
Oh wondrous thing! 
How eellly murder is discovered?

Tit. High Emperor, vpon my feele kneel,
In this house, worthies, rest your bloody kind
Have here bereft my brother of his life:
Sirs drag them from the pit vnto the prison,
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The Tragedy of Titus Andronicus.

That could have better fow'd then Pridemel.
Oh had the monster scene those Lilly hands,
Tremble like Aspen leaves upon a Lure,
And make the silk'en strings delight to kisse them,
He would not then have sought them for his life.
Or had he heard the heavenly Harmony,
Which that sweet tongue hath made;
He would have dropt his knife and fell asleep,
As Cercers at the Thracian Poets feast,
Come,let vs goe,and make thy father盲目.
For such a sight will blind a fathers eye.
One hours Home will drowne the fragrant meates,
What, will whole months of teares thy Fathers eye?
Doe not draw back,for we will mourne with thee.
Oh could our mourning easily misery,

Exit

Titus Andronicus.

Enter the Judges and Senators with Titus two sons bound,
puffing on the Stage to the place of execution, and Titus going
before pleading.

Ti. Hearre me grave fathers,noble Tribunes day,
For pitty of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous warres,whilst you securely slept,
In all my blood in Romees great quarrell fled,
For all the frothy nights that I have watcht,
And for these bitter teares,which now you see,
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheekes,
Be pittifull to my condemned Sons.
Whole foile is not corruptt as I thought:
For two and twenty foiles i never wept,
Because they died in honours lofty bed.
Andronicus lyeth dowe, and the Judges poft by him.
For these, Tribunes, in the du I write
My harts deep LAS agur, and my foules sad teares:
Let my teares flanch the earths drie appetit.
My foemes sweete blood,will make it thame and bluffs:
Oh earth I will be friend thee more with raine
That shall distill from these two ancient ruins,
Then youthfull April flall with all his shovres,
In f凤凰网 draught:Hee drop vpone their face,
In Winter with warme teares He melt the snow,
And keepe a eternal fpringe time on thy face.
So thou refuse to drinke my deare foones blood,

Enter Lucius,with his weapon drawn.

Oh reverent Tribunes,oh gentle aged men,
Vnhinde my foones,reuerie the doome of death,
And letme say(that never wept before)
My teares are now prelling Oratours.

Lu. On noble father,you lament in vaine,
The Tribunes, heare not, no man is by,
And you assent your sorrowes to a Rome.

Ti. Ah Lucius For thy brothers let me plead,
Grave Tribunes,once more I intrest of you.

Lu. My gracious Lord, no Tribune heares you speake.
Ti. Why as no matter man,if they did heare
They would not marke me:oh if they did heare
They would not pitty me:
Therefore I tell my forrowes boodles to the stones.

Who though they cannot answere my diffreffe,
Yet in some fort they are better then the Tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale;
When I doe weep,they humbly at my feete
Receive my teares, and lence me to weep with me,
And were they but arriued in grave weedes,
Rome could afford no Tribune like to thele.
A Rome is as aft waxe,
Tribunes more hard then stone:
Aftone is silent, and offendeth not,
And Tribunes with their tongues doome men to death.
But wherefore hand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?
Lu. To revenge my two brothers from their death,
For which attempt the Judges have pronoune it:
My everlastinc doome of banishment.

Ti. Oh happy man,they have bestriended thee:
Why foolis Lucius,do not thou perceive
That Rome is but a wildernes of Tigers?
Tigers must pruy, and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine: how happy art thou then,
From these deouers to be baffhed?
But who comes with out this brother Marcus heere?

Enter Marcus and Lavinia.

Mar. Titus,prepare thy noble eyes to wepe,
Or it not fo,thy noble heart to breake:
I bring confounding sorrow to thine age.

Ti. Will it confume me? I let me see it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Ti. Why Marcus is the she.

Luc. Eye me this object kills me.

Ti. Flame-harted boy,anife and looke upon her,
Speak Lavinia,what accident hand
Hath made thee handliffe in thy fathers fight?
What foule hath added water to the Sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy?
My griefe was at the height before thou camt,
And now like Nysus it did sinth bound:
Give me a sword, I cleap off my hands too,
For they have sought for Rome,and all in vaine:
And they have not this woe,
In feeding life:
In bootlesse prayer haue they bene held vp,
And they have feru'd me to effecteslie vfe,
Now all the service I require of them,
Is that the one will helpe to cut the other:
'Tis well Lavinia,that thou haft no hands,
For hands to do Rome service, is but vaine.

Luc. Speake gentle fider, who hath marty'd thee?

Mar. O that delightful full of her thoughts,
That blab't them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torne from forth that pretty hollow eage,
Where like a sweet melodious bird it sung,
Sweet varied notes enchanting every eare.

Luc. Oh say thou for her,
Who hath done this deed?

Mar. Oh thus I found her straying in the Parke,
Seeking to hide herfelfe as doth the Deare,
That hath receiued some vnrecurring wound.

Ti. It was my Deare,
And he that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more, then had he kild me dead:
For now I stand as one upon a Rocke,
Inuiron'd with a wilderneffe of Sea.
Who marks the waxing tide,
Grow waue by waue,

Expecting
And 1 bid my Exit. Oh Then/Exeunt.'This Will Eecaufe Stood Now It But Had Or Looking And See What Sends His Way Lome, if thee Lome the Father giues thee thee Fountaine we his Winner ofyou, chop abrine Tcap, to care. I to glory, and will so: or tcarcs our tcares hands we are dew, to our hands. I can do: and plucking out their other hands. I can do: our three hands. I can do: a three hands. I can do: our three hands. I can do: our three hands. I can do: our three hands. I can do: our three hands. I can do: our three hands. I can do: our three hands. I can do: our three hands. I can do: our three hands. I can do: our three hands. I can do: our three hands. I can do: our three hands. I can do: our three hands. I can do: our three hands. I can do: our three hands. I can do: our three hands. I can do: our three hands. I can do: our three hands. I can do: our three hands. I can do: our three hands. I can do: our three hands. I can do: our three hands. I can do: our three hands. 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The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

Act I, Scene 2

Rome. Enter Andromenies, my noble Father:

LUC. Farewell Andromenies my noble Father:
The woful thman that ever liéd in Rome?
Farewell my son, till Lucins come again,
Helowe his pledges deareer than his life.
Fare well Launia my noble sister,
O would thou were as thou to fore haft beene,
But now, not Lucins not Launia liues
But in oblication and hafteful griefes,
If Lucins hufe, he will requit thy wrongs,
And make in proud Sarunia and his Empresse
Beat at the gates liges Tarquin and his Queene;
Now will I to the Gothes and raife a power,
To be requeng'd on Rome and Sarunia. Exeunt

A Brater.

Enter Andromenies, Marcus, Launia, and the Boy.

An. So, so, now li, and looke you eat no more:
Then will preferue it to much stren of you.
As will renge your bitter woes of ours.
Marcus yitken that forrow-wreathen knot
Thy Neece and I (poores Creatures) want our hands
And cannot pattonize our tenfold griefe,
With foolish Amnes. This poore light hand of mine,
Is left to tirannize your blood.
Who when my hart all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prizon of my fleth,
The tears I spume it downe.
Thou tryst of wo, that thus doth Falke in figures,
When thy pooire hart beares without religeous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still?
Wound it with Fighing girls, kill it with grones:
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And smit against thy hart make thou a hole,
That all the teares that thy poore eyes let fall
May runne into that sinke, and foaking in,
Drowne the lamenting s Coke, in Sea falt teares.
Marcus, Fry brother fy, teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands vpon her tender life.

An. How now! Has Fowre made thee doate already?
Why Marcus, no man should be mad but I:
What violent hands can the lay on her life:
Ah, wherefore doft thou wege the name of hands,
To bid Launia call the tale twice over
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable
O handle not the theme, to tale of hands,
Left we remember still that we have none,
Fie, fie, how Frantiquely I square my tale
As if we should forget we had no hands?
If Marcus did not name the word of hands.
Come, lets fall too, and gentle girls eat this,
Here now is no drinke. Harke! Marcus what she faies,
I can interpret all her maritid signes,
She faies, the drinkes no other drinke but teares.
Breud with her Fowre: meftid vpon her checkes,

Speech.
The Tragedy of Titus Andronicus.

Enter young Lucius and Lavinia running after him, and the Boy flies from her with his book under his arm.

Enter Titus and Marcus.

Boy. Helpe Grandifier helpe, my Aunt Lavinia, follows me everywhere. I know not why.

Good Uncle Marcus see how thet thet comes, alas sweet Aunt, I know not what thou meanst.

Mar. Stand by me Lavinia, do not fear thy aunt.

Titus. She loves thee so well, to doe thee harme.

Boy. I when my father was in Rome he did.

Any. Peace tender Saphing, thou art made of teares, and teares will quickly melt thy life away.

Marcus strikes the duff with a knife.

What dost thou strike at Marcus with knife.

Mar. That at that I have kill'd my Lord Titus.

Flute. Out on the murder; thou kill'd my hart.

Mine eyes clo'd with view of Titania:

A deed of death done on the innocent.

Becomes not Titus brother: get thee gone,

I see thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas! (my Lord) I have but kill'd a flie.

An. But? How? is that flie a father and mother?

How would he hang his slender gilding wings

And buzz lamenting doings in the sky.

Pore harlemeft Fly, That with his pretty buzzing melody,

Come here to make vs merry,

And thou haft kill'd him.

Mar. Pardon me sir, It was a blacke ill favour'd Fly,

Like to the Empresse Moore,therefore I kill'd him.

An. O o o,

Then pardon me for reprehending thee,

For thou haft done a Charitable deed:

Give me thy knife, I will infult on him.

Plucking my felter, as if it were the Moore,

Come hither purposely to payfion me.

There's for thy felter and thats for Titania: Ah flra,
Yet I think we are not brought to low,

But that between us, vs can kill a flie,

That comes in likenes of a Cole-blacke Moore.

Mar. Alas poor man, griefe ha's so wrought on him,

He takes false fadowes, for true substances.

An. Come, take away: Lavinia, goe with me,

He to thy cloffet, and goe read with thee

Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.

Come boy, and goe with me, thy flight is young,

And thou finall read, when mine begin to dazell. Exeunt

Auitus Quartus.

Enter young Lucius and Lavinia running after him, and the Boy flies from her with his book under his arm.

Enter Titus and Marcus.

Boy. Helpe Grandifier helpe, my Aunt Lavinia, follows me everwhere. I know not why.

Good Uncle Marcus see how thet thet comes, alas sweet Aunt, I know not what thou meanst.

Mar. Stand by me Lavinia, do not fear thy aunt.

Titus. She loves thee so well to doe thee harme.

Boy. I when my father was in Rome he did.

Mar. What means my Neece Lavinia by these signes?

Ti. Fear not Lucius, somewhat doth the meanst:

See Lavinia see how much she makes of thee.

Some Whether she will haue thee goe with her.

Ah boy, Cornelius heuer with more care

Read to her fones, then she hath read to thee.

Sweet Poetry, and Tullies Orator:

Canst thou not geffe wherefor the plies thee thus?

Boy. My Lord I know not., nor can I geffe,

Vnfele some fit or freazie do puffefte her:

For I have heard my Grandifier say full oft,

Extremite of griefes would make men mad.

And I have read that Hercules or toy,

Ran mad through forrow, that made me to feare,

Although my Lord, I know my noble Aunt,

Loves me as desart as eie my mother did,

And would not but in fury fright my youth,

Which made me downe to throw my books, and flie.

Caulses perhaps, but pardon me sweet Aunt,

And Madam, if my Vncle Marcus goe,

I will moost willingly stend your Ladyship.

Mar. Lucius is well.

Ti. How now Lavinia, Marcus what meanes this?

Some booke there is that she defires to see ,

Which is it girls of thee? Open them boy.

But thou art deeper read and better skild,

Come and take choyfe of all my Library,

And so begift thy lowrow, till the heavens

Rewede the damn'd conterue of this deed.

What bookes?

Why hits the vp her armes in sequace thus?

Mar. I think the meanes that ther was more then one.

Confederate in the fact, I make the was:

Or else to heaven the hoores them to revenge.

Ti. Lavinia what bookes is that the which thou is?

Boy. Grandifier 'tis Ouid's Metamorphasis,

My mother gane it me.

Mar. For loue of her that's gone,

Perhaps she cold it from among the reft.

Ti. Soft, so busily she turns the leaves,

Help me, what would she finde?

Lavinia shall I read?

This is the tragicke tale of Philomel?

And treats of Tereus treason and his rape,

And rape I fear was route of thine annoy.

Mar. See brother for, not how the quotes the leaves

Ti. Lavinia, wert then itus unfriue diewet girlie,

Raufhit and wounde'd as Philomel was?

Fore'd in the ruthless yeft, and gloomy woods?

See, see, such a place there is where we did hurt,

(O had we never, never hunted there)

Paren't by that the Poete here heere describes,

By nature made for murtheres and for rape.

After. O why should nature build to foule a den,

Vnfele the Gods delight in tragedis?

Ti. Give signes sweete girlie, for here are none but friends

What Romaine Lord it was duft do the deed?

Or flunte not Saturnine, as Tarquin efits,

That left the Campe to fame in Looce reed.

Mar. Sit downe sweet Neece, brother sit downe by me,

Appollo, Pallas Ion, or Mercury,

Inspire me that I may this treason finde.

My Lord looke heere, looke heere Lavinia.

He writes his Name with his Raffe, and guideth

with feere and mouth.

This fandie plot is pleane, guide if thou canst
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

This after me, I have writ my name,
Without the help of any hand at all.
Curst be that hart that forc' to do that shift:
Write thou good Niece, and heere display at left,
What God will have discovered for reuenge,
Heauen guide thy pen to print thy bowres plaine,
That we may know the Traytours and the truth.

She take the staff in her mont, and guide'st it with her flaynes and words.

Th. Oh doe ye read my Lord what the hath writ?
Stipsum, Chiron, Demetrias.

Q. Mar. What, what, the lustfull fones of Tamora,
Performers of this hainous bloody deed?

Ti. Magni Demetria pols,
Tamlevni ands feelers, any leave ridic.

Mar. Oh calne thee gentle Lord; Although I know
There is enough written upon this earth,
To fitle a mutinie in the mildeft thoughts,
And arme the mildeft of infants to exclaimes.
My Lord kneele downe with me; Launius kneele,
And kneele sweet boy, the Romaime Heclors hope,
And fware with me, as with the wofull Feere
And father of that chaff dumphonour Dame,
Lord Annes Brutus fware for Lucreces rape,
That we will proleuce(by good aduice)
Morteall reuenge upon their traitoroue Gothor,
And fee their blood, or die with this reproach.

Th. Tis sure enough, and you knew how.
But if you hunt these Beare-wiltipes, then beware
The Dam will wake, and if she wende you once,
She's with the Lyon deeply still in league.
And falls him whilft the palython her backe,
And when he steepes will the doe what she list.
You are a young huntsman Marow, let it alone:
And come, I will goe get a leafe of bradles,
And with a Gad of fleale will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry Northere winde
Will blow these fands like sicks leaves abroad,
And wheres your lefion then. Boy what fay you?
Boy. I fay my Lord, that if I were a man,
Their mothers bed-chamber should not be fale,
For these bad bond-men to the yoxke of Rome.
Mar. I that's my boy, thy father hath full oft,
For his veritable full country done the like.

Boy. And Vacle fowill I, and if I live.

To. Come goe with me into mine Armoirie,
Lucius Ile fit thee, and withall, my boy
Shall carrie from me to the Empyre fones,
Pretents that I intend to fend them both,
Come, come, shoul'd do the message, wilt thou not?

Boy. I with my dagger in their bosomes Grandfire:

Th. No boy nor fow, Ile teach thee another course,
Launius come, Marow looke to my house,
Lucius and Ile goe bracce it at the Court,
I marry we fow, and wheele be waiten on.

Exeunt.

Mar. O heauen! Can you hear a good man groane
And not relent, or not compassion him?

Marcos attend him in his extafe,
That hath more fears of sorrow in his heart,
Then foes-mans marks upon his bater dfield,
But ye fow, that he will not reuenge,
Renenge the heauen for old Andronicus,

Exit.

Enter, Aaron, Chiron and Demetrias at one doore and at another
dores young Lucius and another, with a bundle of
weapons, and verses writ upon them.
It's Her and Fay Aron, Goe Her't. The Archer's the midwife, and my selfe, and none else but the deliver'd Empresse.

Aron. The Empresse, the Midwife, and you selfe, two may keep countell, when the third's away:

Deme. Go to the Empresse, tell her this I said, He kills her Weeke, weeke, to cries a Pigge prepared to th' Iput.

Deme. What mean'th thou Aron? Wherefore didn't thou this?

Aron. O Lord for, 'tis a deed of pollitie; Shall she lye to betray this guilt of our's: A long tongu'd devilish Gallip? No Lords no: And now be it knowned to you my full intent. Not faire, some sence thou here upon: His wife but yeftemorrow was brought to bed, His childe is like to her, faire as you are:

Aron. Packe with him, and give the mother gold, And tell them both the circumstance of all, And how by this their Child shall be aduan'd, And be receiv'd for the Empouers beyre, And submittt'd in the place of mine, To cloake this tempest whishing in the Court, And let the Empoure dandle him for his owne.

Hark ye Lords, ye see I have given her physicke, And you must needs bellow her funerall.

The fields are neere, and you are gallant Groomes: This done, fee that you take no longer daies But send the Midwife presently to me.

The Midwife and the Nurse well made away, Then let the Ladies tattle what they please.

Chri. Aron I see thou wilt not stuit the syre with fe

Deme. For this care of Timare, (crees.

Her felw, and here are highly bound to thee. Excus.

Aron. Now to the Gothes as invit as Swallow flies, There to dispole this treasure in mine armes, And secretly to greece the Empresse friends: Come on you thick-lipt-flaue, He beare you hence, For it is you that puts vs to our fluf's:

He make you feed on berries, and on rootses,
And feed on carles and whay, and sucke the Goste, And cau'd in a Cave, and bring you vp

To be a warrior, and command a Campe.

Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other gentlemen with bowes, and Titus bears the arrows with Letters on the end of them. Exis.

Thi. Come Marcus, come, kinmen this is the way.

Sau Boy let me see your Archeire, Look ye eare draw home enough, and 'tis there straight: Terror Africella regisseur, be you rememberd Marcus. She's gone, she's fled, first take you to your tooles, You Cofens shall be found in the Ocean, And cast your nets, haply you may find her in the Sea, Yet there's as little instincs as at Land;

No Puhuus and Sempronius, you must doe it,
Enter the Clowns with a basket and two Pigeons in it.

Titus, News newes, from heaven, Marcus the poast is come.
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I haue luffite, what laves Jupiter?
Clowne. He the libbemaker, he fayes that he hath taken then downe sagne, for the man must not be hang'd till the next week.
Tit. But what laves Jupiter I ask thee?
Clowne. Alas sir, I know not Jupiter:
I never dranke with him in all my life.
Tit. Why willame art not thou the Carrier?
Clowne. I of my Pigeons fit, nothing else.
Tit. Why, did'rt thou not come from heaven?
Clowne. From heaven? Alas sir, never came there, God forbid I should be so bold, to preffe to heauen in my young dayes, Why I am going with my pigeons to the Triumvall Pitches, to take vp a matter of brawle, betweene my Vnkle, and one of the Empillerys men.
Mar. Why sir, that is as fit as can be to ferue for your Oration, and let him delivere the Pigeons to the Empourer from you.
Tit. Tell mee, can you delivere an Oration to the Empourer with a Grace?
Clowne. Nay truely sir, I could nott sy grace in all my life.
Sirrah come hither, make no more ado,
But give your Pigeons to the Empourer,
By me thou hast haue luffite at his hands.
Hold, hold, meane while her's money for thy charges.
Gue me pen and inke.
Sirrah, can you with a Grace delivere a Supplication?
Clowne. Sir

Titus. Then here is a Supplication for you, and when you come to him, at the first approache you must kneele,
Then kniffe his fote, then delivere vp your Pigeons, and then looke for your reward. He be at hand sir, see if you do it bravely.
Clowne. I warrant you sir, let me alone.
Tit. Sirrah haft thou a knife? Come let me see it.
Here Marcus, fold it in the Oration,
For thou haft made it like an humber Supplicant:
And when thou haft given it the Empourer,
Knouke at my dore, and tell me what he fayes.
Clowne. God be with you sir, I will.

Tit. Come Marcus let us goe, Publius follow me, Publius.

Enter Empourer and Empress, and her two sonsnes, the
Empourer brings the Arrows in his hand that Titus fast at him.

Satur. Why Lords,
What wrongs are thefe? was ever seene
An Empourer in Rome thus ouerborne,
Troubled, Confronted thus, and for the extent
Of'g all luffite, vi'd in such contempt?
My Lords, you know the mightfull Gods,
(But well the fefiders of our peace
But in the peoplees ears) there nought hath paff,
But ene with law against the willfull Sonnes
Of old Andronicus. And what and if
His forrowes have to ouerwhelm'd'his wis,
Shall we be thus affifted in his wreaks,
His fits, his frenzie, and his bitterneffe?
And now he writes to heauen for his redresse
See,heeres to Ione, and this to Mercury,

This
This to Apollo, this to the God of war:—
Sweet is the common song of the Gods of Rome:
What's this but Libelling against the Senate,
And bazingon our Injustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not my Lords?
As who should say, in Rome no Justice were.
But if I live, his bated exquisites
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
But he and his shall know, that Justice lines,
In Saturnine health; whom if he decease,
He'll to awake, as he in fury shall
Cut off the proud b't Conspirator that lives.
Tamo, My gracious Lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, Commander of my thought,
Calme thee, and bear the faults of Titus age,
The effects of sorrow for his valiant Sons,
Whoofe so hath pier'd him deep, and made this heart;
And rather comfort his disdained plight,
Then profecute the meann and the belt
For these contempt. Why thus it shall become
High to be hou'd: the time is not yet over.
But Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quicken,
This life blood out: If Aaron now be wife,
Then is all safe, the Anchor's in the Port.

Enter Clorine.

How now good fellow, would it thou speake with vs?
Clow. Yes for toothe, and your Mistershp be Emperoriall.
Tamo. Empresse I am, but yonder sit's the Emperour.
Clo. 'Tis he; God & Saint Stephen give you good den;
I have brought you a Letter, & a couple of Pigion here.
He reads the Letter.

Sat. Goce take him away, and hang him presently.
Clorine. How much money muft I have?
Sat. Come Sirrah you muft be hang'd.
Clow. Hang'd? her Lady, then I have brought vp a neck
to a faire end.
Exit.

Sat. Delightfull and intollerable wrongs,
Shall I endure this monstros villany?
I know from whence this fame deuite procedes:
May this be borne? As if it was trystrou Sonnes,
That youl'd be a law for mother of our brother.
H swe by my means becomer butcher'd wrongly?
Goe drage the villains hither by the hair,
Nor age, nor Honour, shall shewe priviledge:
For this proud mocke, Ile be thy thy laughter man:
Sly frantick wretch, that holp'lt to make me great,
In hope thyselfe should govern Rome and me,

Enter Nonitas Emillia.

Satur. What newes with thee Emillia?
Emill. Armes my Lords, Rome neuer had more caufe,
The Gods have gathered their head, and with a power
Of high resoluted men, bent to the spoyle
They lither mach man, vnder conduct
Of Lucius, Sonne to old Andronicus:
Who threats in course of this revenge to do
As much as enet Coriolanus did.

King. Is warlike Lucius Generall of the Gothes?
These sydings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grasse beat downe with snowes:
I now begin the favorlesse to approach,
The people's commont people love to much,
My selfe hath often heard them say,

(When I have walked like a private man)
That Lucius behaviour was wrongfull.
And they have wishe that Lucius were their Emperour.
Tamo. Why should you fear? Is not our City strong?
And as I earnestly did fixe mine eye
Upon the waitted building, judgely
I heard a childe cry vnderneath a wall:
I made vnto the noyse, when looke I heard,
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse:
Peace Twanny laufe, halfe me, and halfe thy Dam,
Did not thy Hue bewraye whole brat thou art?
Had nature lent thee, but thy Mothers looke,
Villain shame might it haue bene an Emperor,
But where the Ball and Cow are both milke-white,
They never do beget a cole-blacke-Calf:
Peace, villainie peace, even thus he rates the babe,
For I must bære thee to a straungly Goth,
Who when he knowes thou art the Empreresse babbe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy Mothers sake.
With this, my weapon drewne I ruthful on him,
Surpriz'd him judgely, and brought him thither
To vfe, as you thinke needfull of the man.
Luc. On worthy Goth, this is the incarnate deuill,
That rob'd Andromeda of his good hand:
This is the Peare that pleas'd your Empreresse eye,
And here's the Base Fruite of his burning lust.
Say wall-ey's flauce, whether would't thou conuay
This growing image of thy friend-like face?
Why doth not speake, what daies? Not a word?
A halter Soulunders, hang him on this Tree,
And by his hide his Fruite of Baffardie.
Aron. Touch not the Boye, he is of Royall blood,
Luc. Too like the Syre for ever being good.
Firft hang the Child that he may see it lyall,
A flicht to vse the Fathers foule withall.
Aron. Get me a Ladder Lucius, taze the Childe,
And beare it from me to the Empreresse:
If thou do this, Ile thowe wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear;
If thou wilt not, befall what may befal,
He speake to more: but vengeance rote you all.
Luc. Say on, and if it please me which thou speakest
Thy child shall live, and I will see it Nourfhit.
Aron. And if it please thee why speake thee Lucius,
'Twyll vexe thy soule to heare what I shall speake:
For I muf't talke of Murthers, Rapes, and Mafacres,
Aces of Blaekte-night, abominable Deeds,
Compots of Mischeife, Treason, Villanies
Ruthfull to heare, yet pitifullly prefted on,
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Willeth thou sweare to me thy Childe shall liue.
Luci. Tell on thy mindes;
I say thy Childe shall liue,
Aron. Sware that he shall, and then I will begin.
Luc. Who should I sweare by?
Thou being know God,
That graunted howe canst thou believe 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 Congraccie,
With twenty Sermes, Tracttes, and Ceremonies,
Which I haue thence they can fill to observe:
Therefore I sweare ooth, for that I know
I haue his Baubles for a God,
And keepes the oath which by that God he sweares,
To that I vvege him; therefore thou shalt vow,
By that same God, what God so eate it be
That thou adores, and haft in reuerence,
To sue my Boy, to nourfhit, and bring him vp,
Or else I will dicover nought to thee.

Luci. Even by my God I sweare to thee this Will,
Aron. First know thou,
I beget him on the Empreresse.
Luci. Oh most Infatiatious luxury woman!
Aron. Tut Lucius, this was but a deed of Charitie,
To tak that which thou shalde heare of me anon,
'Twas her two Sonnes that murdered Bafias,
They cut thy Sitter tongue, and rauisht her,
And cut her hands off, and trim'd her as thou sawst,
Luci. Oh deflatable villain!
Call out thou that Trimming?
Aron. Why she was waitfull, and cut, and trim'd,
And 'twas trim sport for them that had the doing of it.
Luci. Oh barbarous braffly villains like thy selle?
Aron. Indeed, I was their Tutor to intrauick them,
That Coddling spirit, and they from their Mother,
As fure a Card as ever wonne the Set.
That bloody minde I thinke theye les'd of me,
As true a Dog at euer fought at head.
Well, let my Deeds be wittnesse of my worth:
I trayned thy Bretheren to that guiltfull hole,
Where the dead Corps of Baffius lay:
I wrote the Letter, that thy Father found,
And bid the Gold within the Letter mention'd,
Confederate with the Queene, and her two Sonnes,
And what not done, that thou haue cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of Milcheife in it.
I play'd the Chester for thy Fathers hand,
And when I had it, drew my selfe apart,
And Adamoff broke my heart with extreme laughter.
I pried me through the Creuce of a Wall,
When for his hand, he had his two Sonnes heads,
Beheld his teares, and laught so hartely,
That both mine eyes were raime like to his:
And when I told the Empreresse of this sport,
She founned almost anddy her tongue a tale,
And for my eyings, gave me twenty kifes.
Coh. What canst thou say all this, and never blush?
Aron. I like a blaxke Dogge, as the sayeing is.
Luci. Art thou not sorry for these hainous deeds?
Aron. I, that I haue not done a thousand more:
Even now I curse the day, and yet I thinke
Fewe comes without a compasse of mine curse,
Wherein I did not some Notorous ill,
As kill a man, or else deuise his death,
Rausht a Maid, or plot the way to do it,
Accuse false innocent, and forswear my selfe,
Set deadly Enmitty between two Friends,
Make poore mens Cartells break their necker,
Set fire on Barnes and Haylockes in the night,
And bid the Owners quench them with the teares:
Of haue I digg'd vp dead men from their graves,
And set them vpight at their deere Friends doore,
Even when their forrowes almoast was forgot,
And on their skinnes, as on the Bale of Trees,
Have with my knife caured in Romaine Letters,
Let not your forrow die, though I am dead,
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadfull things.
As willingly, as one would kill a Fly,
And nothing greases me haertely indeede,
But that I cannot doe ten thousand more.
Luci. Bring downe the dwell, for he must not die,
So sweet a death as hanging presently.
Aron. If there be dews, would I were a dewfull
To lye and burne in everlasting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,
**The Tragedy of Titus Andronicus.**

But to torment you with my bitter tongue.  

Lu. Sirs stop his mouth, & let him speak no more.  

Enter Emilius.  

Goth. My Lord, there is a Messenger from Rome  

Defies to be admitted to your presence.  

Luc. Let him come near.  

Welcome Emilius, what the newes from Rome?  

Emi. Lord Lucius, and you Princes of the Gothes,  

The Romaine Emperour greets you all by me,  

And for he understandes you are in Armes,  

He crass a parly at your Fathers houte  

Willing you to demand your Hostages,  

And they shall be immediately delievered.  

Goth. What fatis our Generall?  

Luc. Emilius, let the Emperour give his pledges  

Vnto my Father, and my Uncle Marcus,  

And we will come & march away.  

Exit Emilius.  

Enter Tamora, and her two Sons disfigured.  

Tam. Thus in this strange and sad Habillament,  

I will encounter with Andronicus,  

And say, I am Reuenge sent from below,  

To joynye with him and right his hainous wrongs:  

Knocke at his study where they say he keepes,  

To ruminate strange plots of dire Reuenge,  

Tell him Reuenge is come to joynye with him,  

And worke contusion on his Enemies.  

They knocke and Titus open his study door.  

Tit. Who doth molest my Contemplation?  

Is it your tricke to make me epe the doore,  

That to my sad decrees may flye away,  

And all my rude bequeat to no effect?  

You are deceiued, for what I meant to do,  

See heere in bloody lines I haue fet downe:  

And what is written shall be executed.  

Tit. Tamora, I am come to talk with thee,  

Tit. No not a word: how can I grace my talke,  

Wanting a hand to glue it action,  

Thou haft the ods of me, therefore no more.  

Tam. If thou didst know me,  

Thou wouldt talke with me.  

Tit. I am not mad, I know thee well enough,  

Witness this wretched lump,  

Witness thefe crimfon lines,  

Witness thefe Trenches made by griefe and care,  

Witness the tyring day, and heauie night,  

Witness all forrow, that I know thee well  

For our proud Emperife, Mighty Tamora:  

Is not thy comming for my other hand?  

Tam. Know thou this man, I am not Tamora,  

She is thy Enemy, and I thy Friend,  

I am Reuenge sent from th' infernal Kingdom,  

To sake the gnawing Vulture of the mind,  

By working wreakfull vengeance on my Foes:  

Come dowe and welcome me to this worlds light,  

Conferre with me of Murder and of Death,  

Ther's not a hollow Caeu or lurking place,  

No Vaft obfcurity, or Milky vale,  

Where bloody Murder or detested Rape,  

Can couch for feare, but I will finde them out,  

And in their eares tell them my dreadfull name,  

Reuenge, which makes the foule offenders quake.  

Tit. Art thou Reuenge? and art thou sent to me,  

To be a torment to mine Enemies?  

Tam. I am, therefore come dowe and welcome me.  

Tit. Doe me some fervice ere I come to thee:  

Lose by thy fide where Rape and Murder stands,  

Now give some furrance that thou art Reuenge,  

Stab them, or tear them on thy Charriot wheels,  

And then Ie come and be thy Waggoner,  

And whilfe along with thee about the Globes,  

Prouide thee two proper Palfries, as blacke as 1es,  

To halfe thy vengefull Waggon fixed away,  

And finde out Murder in their guilty cares,  

And when thy Car is loaden with their heads,  

I will filent, and by the Waggon wheels,  

Trot like a Seruile footman all day long,  

Even from Eppus tilting in the East,  

Vntill his very downfall in the Sea.  

And day by day Ie do this heavy task,  

So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.  

Tam. These are my Minifters, and come with me.  

Tit. Are them thy Minifters, 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 Emperife Sons they are,  

And you the Emperife: But we worldly men,  

Have miserable mad misfaking eyes:  

Oh fweet Reuenge, now I come to thee,  

And if one armes impeachment will content thee,  

I will imbrace thee in it by and by,  

Tam. This closing with him, fits his Lunacies,  

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 Reuenge,  

And being Credulous in this mad thought,  

It make him fend for Lucius his Sonne,  

And while he is at his entertainment,  

Ie find some cunning pradice out of hand  

To fetar and dirse the gildie Gothes,  

Or at the least make them his Enemies:  

See heere he comes, and I must play my threate,  

Tit. Long haue I bene forlorned, and all for thee,  

Welcome dread Fury to my woefull houte,  

Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too,  

How like the Emperife and her Sonnes you are,  

Well are you fitted, had you but a Moore,  

Could not all hell afford you fuch a devil?  

For well I wote the Emperife never wag?  

But in her company there is a Moore,  

And would you repreft our Queene aight  

It were convenient you had fuch a devil:  

But welcome as you are, what fhall we doe?  

Tam. What would'at thou haue vs doe Andronicus?  

Dem. Shew me a Murtherer, Ile deale with him.  

Oth. Shew me a Villaine that hath done a Rape,  

And I am fent to be renegad on him.  

Tam. Shew me a thundat that hath done thee wrong,  

And Ie be renegad on them all.  

Tit. Looke round about the wicked streets of Rome,  

And when thou fin'd'at a man that's like thy felfe,  

Good Murder flab him, he's a Murtherer.  

Goe thou with him, and when it isthy hap  

To finde another that is like to thee,  

Good Rapine flab him, he's a Rauifier.  

Goe thou with them, and in the Emperours Court,  

There is a Queene attended by a Moore,  

Well wiff thou know her by thy owne proportion,  

For vp and downe the doth reftombe thee,  

I pray thee doe on them some violent death,  

They have bene violent to me and mine.
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

To Andrcinus, this is the proper method of addressing Titus Andronicus.

Enter Marcus.

Marcus my Brother, 't is sad Titus calls, Go gentle Marcus to thy Nephew Lucius, Thou shalt enquire him out among the Goths, Bid him repair to me, and bring with him Some of the chiefest Princes of the Goths, Bid him encamp his Souldiers where they are, Tell him the Emperor, and the Empresse too, Feasts at his house, and he shall Feast with them, This do thou for my love, and do let him, As he regards his aged Fathers life. Marcus. This will I do, and foome returne againe. Tam. Now will I hence about thy businesse, And take my Minifter along with me. Tit. Nay, nay, let Raper and Murder play with me, Or else I call my Brother backe againe, And close to no reuenge but Lucini. Tam. What say you Boyes, will you bide with him, Whereas I goe tell my Lord the Emperor, How I have govern'd our determined left? Yeld to his Humour, smooth, and speak him faire, And carry with him till I turne againe. Tit. I know them all, though they suppose me mad, And will ore-resch in their owne deuises, A payre of cursed hell-hounds and their Dam, Dams, Damad depart at pleasure, leave vs here. Tam. Farewel Andronicus, reuenge now goes To lay a complaint to betray thy Foer. Tit. I know thou doo it, and sweet reuenge farewell. Chib. Tell vs old man, how shall we be impoy'd? Tit. Tut, I have worke enough for you to doe, Publius come hither, Caius, and Valentins. Pub. What is your will? Tit. Kind you these two? Pub. The Empresse Sonnes I take them, Chiron, Demetrius. Titian. Fe, Publius, fie, thou art too much deceav'd, The one is Murder, Raper is the others name, And therefore bind them gentle Publius, Caius, and Valentins, lay hands on them, Oft have you heard me with for each an hour, And now I find it, therefore bine them sure, Chib. Villaines too heare, we are the Empresse Sonnes. Pub. And therefore do we, what we are commanded, Stop close their mouths, let them not speake a word, Is he sure bound, looke that you bine them faft. Exeunt.

Enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lauinia with a Tafon.

Oh Villaines, Chiron, and Demetrius, Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud, This goodly Summer with your Winter mixt, You kill'd her husband, and for that wil'd fault, Two of her Brothers were condemn'd to death, My hand cut off, and made a merry left, Both her sweet Hands, her Tongue and that more dere, Then Hands or tongue, her spotleff Chastity, Juhumaine Traytors, you constrain'd and for't, What would you say, if I should let you speake & Villaines for haste you could not beg for grace. Harke Wretches, how I came to party you, This one Hand is left, to cut your throats, Whil'ft that Lauinia twenee her stumps doth hold: The Bafon that recuses your guilty blood, You know your Mother means to feast with me, And calls herfelfe Reuenge, and thinks some mad, Harke Villaines, I will grant you bones to dust, And with your blood and it, lie make a Paffe, And of the Paffe a Coffin I will reare, And make two Pafces of your flankfull Heads, And bid that strew youv vhalloved Dams, Like to the earth I walow her increase, This is the Feast, that I have bid her to, And this the Banquet the shall surfeet on, For worse then I helome you, if my Daughter, And worse then Pregns, I will be, & g'd, And now prepare your throats: Lauinia come, Receive this blood, and when that they are dead, Let me goe grant them Bones to powder small, And with this hatefull Liquor temper it, And in that Paffe let their vil'd Heads be bakte, Come, come, be every one nillious, To make this Banket, which I with might prove, More sterile and bloody then the Cenaurus Feast, He cuts their throats.

So now bring them in, for Ie play the Cooke, And see them ready, gainst their Mother comes. Exeunt.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Gothes.

Luc. Vnckle Marcus, since 'tis my Fathers minde That I repair to Rome, I am content. Gath. And ours with thine befall, what Fortune will. Luc. Good Vnckle take you in this barbarous Moore, This Rauenous Tiger, this accursed deuil, Let him receive no fulfenance, fetter him, Till he be brought into the Emperours face, For testimoyn of her foule proceedings, And fee the Ambуш of our Friends be strong, Ifere the Emperour means no good to vs. Arvus. Some deuil whisper curfes in my eare, And prompt me that my tongue may vitter for th, The Venemous Mallice of my dwellung heart, Luc. Away Inhumaine Dogges, vnhalloved Stat, Sirs, helpe our Vnckle, to conuey him in, The Trumpets shew the Emperour is at hand.

Sound Trumpets, Enter Emperour and Empresse, with Tribunens and others.

Sat. What, hath the Firemament more Sunnes then one? Luc. What boothes it thee to call thy selfe a Sunne & Mar. Romans Emperour & Nephewe brake the pasle These quarrels must be quietly debated, The Feast is ready which the carefull Titus, Hath
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

When with his tolemne tongue he did diculoise
To loue-ticke Didos fad attending ear,
The story of that balefull burning night,
When subtil Greeks surpriz'd King Priams Troy:
Tell vs what Simon hath bewicht our cares,
Or who hath brought the fatall engine in,
That oues our Troy, our Rome the ciuel wound.
My heart is not compact of flint nor Steele,
Nor can I vter all our bitter griefe,
But floods of tears will drowne my Orstorie,
And breake my very vtrance, even in the time
When it should moue you to attend me moff,
Lending your kind hand Commiferation.
Here is a Captaine, Jet him tell the tale,
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speake.

Luc. This Noble Auditory, be it knowne to you,
That curfed Chron and Demetrius
Were they that murdred our Emperours Brother,
And it they vere that raifihed our Sifter,
For their fell faults our Brothers were behaileed,
Our Fathers tears defip'd, and bailey confen'd,
Of that true hand that fought Romes quarrell our,
And fent her enemies vnto the graue.
Lastly, my felfe vnhindly faffh
The geltas flute on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief amonge Romes Enemies.
Who drownd their emnity in my true tears,
And op'd thir armes to intace me as a Friend.
And I am turned forth, be it knowne to you,
That haue preferrd her welfare in my blood,
And from her bolome tooke the Enemies point,
Sheafting the flecture in my aduentures body.
Alas you know, I am no Vauter I,
My Ears can wittifce, dumbe although they are,
That my report is sft and full of truth:
But for, me thinkes I do digre too much,
Cting my worthiflesse pracie. Oh pardon me,
For when no Friends are by, men praiseth themeselfes.

Marc. Now is my turne to speake. Behold this Child,
Of this was Tancredi dicultured,
The illue of an Irreligious Moore,
Chiefc Architec and plotter of these woes,
The Villaine is alue in Titus houfe,
And as he is, to wittifce this is true.
Now judge what courfe had Titus to reuenge
These wrongs, wifper Kids paff patience,
Or more then any lijing man could beare.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you Romaines?
Hewe doe ought amife? flew vs wherein,
And from the place where you beholde vs now,
The poor remainder of Andronic,
Will hand in hand all headlong caft vs downe,
And on the ragged bones bear forth our braines,
And make a mutual clofure of our houfe:
Speake Rome shes speake, and if you say we shall,
Lye hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Emili. Come come, thou reverent man of Rome,
And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand,
Lucius our Emperouer. for well I know,
The common voyce do cry it sball be so.

Marc. Lucius all haile Romes Royal Emperour,
Goe, goe into old Titus sorrowfull houfe,
And hither vale that misbeliving Moore,
To be aduudg'd some direfull flattering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.
Lucius all haile to Romes gracious Gouvernour.
The Tragedie of Titus Andromedus.

Luc. Thanks gentle Romans, mayt gouerne so,
To heale Romes harms, and wipe away her woe.
But gentle people, give me ay me a while,
For Nature puts me to a heaynous taske:
Stand all aonoe, but Vnkle draw you nearer,
To fheue obfqueous teares upon this Trunke:
Oh take this warme kiffe on thy pale cold lips,
These forrowfull drops upon thy bloud-flame face,
The last true Duties of thy Noble Sonne.

Mar. Tears for teares, and loving kiffe for kiffe,
This Brother Marcus tenders on thy Lips:
O were the summe of thefe that I should pay
Countee, and infinite, yet would I pay them.

Luc. Come hither Boy, come, come, and earne of vs
To melt in theyre tears: thy Grandfire lou'd thee well:
Many a time he dace'd thee on his knee:
Sung thee sleepe, his Loving Breft, thy Pillow:
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meete, and agreeing with thine Infancie:
In that respect then, like a loving Child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender Spring,
Because kinde Nature doth require it so:
Friends, should associate Friends, in Greefe and Wo.
Bid him farwel, commit him to the Graue,
Do him that kindnesse, and take leas of him.

Boy. O Grandfire, Grandfire: even with all my heart
Would I were Dead, so you did Live againe,
O Lord, I cannot speake to him for weeping,
My teares will chawe me, if I ope my mouth.

Romanus. You sad Andronici, have done with wotts,
Giv sentence on this execrable Wretch,
That hath beene breeder of these dire euents.

Luc. Set him breff deep in earth, and famish him:
There let him Istand, and rauue, and cry for foode:
If any one releuus, or pitteus him,
For the offence, he dyes. This is our doome:
Some stay, to ice him fastned in the earth.

Luc. O why should wrath be mute, & Fury dume?
I am no Baby I, that with Ice Prayers
I should repent the Euils I haue done.
Ten thousand worre, then euere yet I did,
Would I performe if I might haue my will:
If one good Deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very Soule.

Luc. Some loving Friends conuey the Emp., hence,
And give him burial in his Fathers graue,
My Father, and Launia, shall forthwith
Be cloeled in our Housholds Monument:
As for that heynous Tyger Tamora,
No Funerall Rite, nor man in mournfull Weeds;
No mournfull Bell shall ring her Buriall:
But throw her forth to Beasts and Birds of prey:
Her life was Beast-like, and deuid of pitty,
And being fo, shall haue like want of pitty.
See Lofte done on Aaron that tray'd Moore,
From whom, our heavie lapes had their beginning:
Then afterwards, to Order well the Statte,
That like Events, may nere it Ruinate.

FINIS.
THE TRAGDIE OF
ROMEO and IVLJET.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Sampson and Gregory, with Swords and Back-laces;
be the House of Capulet.

Sampson.

Greg. This is my word, and I carry coses.

Samp. No, for then we should be Colliers.

Greg. I say, if we be in cheele, we'll draw.

Greg. I, while you live, draw your necke out o'th Collar.

Greg. I strike quickly, being moud.

Samp. But thou art not quick enuf to strike.

Greg. A dog of the house of Montague, mous'me.

Greg. To moiste, to flit: and to be valiant, to stand:

Samp. A dog of that house shall move me to stand.

I will take the wall of any Man or Maid of Montagues.

Greg. That thews thee a weake slice, for the weakes go to the wall.

Samp. True, and therefore women being the weaker Vessels, are euer thrift to the wall: therefore I will push Montague men from the wall, and thrust his Maidens to the wall.

Greg. The Quarrell is betwene our Masters, and vs.

Samp. 'Tis all one, I will throw my felfe a tyrant: when I have sought with the men, I will bee ciuill with the Maidens, and cut off some heads.

Greg. The heads of the Maidens?

Samp. I, the heads of the Maidens, or their Maiden-heads,

Take it in what fense thou wilt.

Greg. They must take it fente, that feel it.

Samp. Me they shall feel while I am able to stand:

Greg. And knowe I am a pretty piece of health.

Greg. 'Tis well thou art not Fith: if thou hadst, thou had'rt beene poore John. Draw thy Toole, here comes of the Houfe of the Montagues.

Enter two other Servant-men.

Samp. My naked weapon is out: quarrell, I wil back thee.


Samp. Fear mee not.

Greg. No mary: I fear thee.

Samp. Let vs take the Law of our sides: let them begin.

Greg. I will frowne as I passe by, and let the take it as they list.

Greg. Nay, as they dare, I wil bite my Thumb at them, which is a disgrace to them, if they bee it.

Greg. Do you bite your Thumbe at vs sir?

Samp. Do I bite my Thumbe at vs sir?

Greg. Is the Law of our side, if I fay it?

Samp. No sir, I do not bite my Thumbe at you sir: but I bite my Thumbe sir.

Greg. Do you quarrell sir?

Greg. No better.

Enter Sampson.

Greg. Say better: there comes one of my masters kindmen.

Samp. Yes, better.

Greg. You Lyce.


Samp. They Fight.

Enter Partickes, put up your Swords, you know not what you do.

Enter Taide.

Tyr. What art thou drawne, among these heartlesse Heads? Turne thee, Sampson, looke upon thy death.

Samp. I do but keepe the peace, put up thy Sword, or my heart will part these men with me.

Tyr. What draw, and talke of peace? I hate the word

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:

Hate at thee Coward.

Samp. Fight.

Enter three or four Citizens with Clubs,

Off. Clubs, Bills, Pandions, strike, beat them down.

Samp. with the Capulets, downe with the Montagues.

Off. Old Capulets and his Sons, and his wife.

Cap. What noise is this? Give me my long Sword ho.

Wife. A crutch, a crutch: why call you for a Sword?

Cap. My Sword I say: Old Montague is come,

And floundres his Blade in sight of me.

Enter old Montague & his wife.

Wife. Thou wiltaine Capulets. Hold me not, let me go.

Greg. Thou shalt not stirr a foote to fecke a Poe.

Enter Prince Egiety, with his Traine.

Prince. Rebellious Subjects, Enemies to peace,

Prophaners of this Nighbors-kindned Steele,

Will they not heare? What how, you Men, you Beasts,

That quench the fire of your passiones Rage,

With purple fountains flushing from your Veines:

On pane of Torture, from those bloody hands

Throw your misshaper'd Weapons to the ground,

And hear the Sentence of your madded Prince,

Three cunhill Broyles, bred of an Ayery word,

By thee old Capulets and Montague,

Hate thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,

And make Perverses ancient Cities run

Cry by their Grave befeeming Ornaments,

To wield old Partizans, in bands as old,
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

Cankred with peace, to part your Cankred hate,
If ever you disturb our streets againe,
Your lues shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the rest depart away:
You Capulet shall goe along with me,
And Mountague come you this afternoone,
To know our Fathers pleasure in this case;
To old Frenc-towns, our common judgement place:
Once more on paine of death, all men depart: Exeunt.

Moun. Who let this am cuntent quarrel new broach?
Speake Nephew, were you by; when it began:
Ben. There were the servants of your aduersarie,
And yours cloe fighting ere I did approach,
I drew to part them, in the instant came
The fiery Tidals, with his sword prepar'd,
Which as he breath'd defiance to my ear,
He swound about his head, and cut the winde,
Who nothing hurt withal, lift him in scorne.
While we were enterchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted each part.

Wife. O where is Romeo, saw you him to day?
Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worship Sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the East,
A troubled mind drawe me to walke abroad,
Where underneath the grove of Sycamour,
That West-ward rooteth from this City side:
So early walking did I see your Sonne:
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
And stole into the courst of the wood,
I measuring his affections by my owne,
Which then most sought what most could not be found:
Being one too many by my weare ike,
Purfusd my Honour, not purusing his
And gladly stepp'd, who gladly fled from me.

Moun. Many a morning hath he there benne seen,
With teares augmenting the fresh mornings drewe,
Adding to clouds, more cloudes with his deepest sighs,
But all to fume as all the cheeringe Sunne,
Should in the farthest East begin to drawe
The fadde Curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light flees home my heaue Sonne,
And private in his Chamber pines himselfe,
Shuts vp his windows, locks feste day-light out,
And makes, himselfe an artificial night:
Blacke and portendous muft this humour prove,
Vnsteff good counsell may the cause remove.

Ben. My Noble Vnde do you know the cause?
Moun. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any meanes?
Moun. Both by my life and many others Friends,
But he his owne affections counsellor,
Is to himselfe (I will say how true)
But to himselfe (to secret and to cloe,
So farre from founding and discouver,
As is the bad bit with an envious worne,
Fere he can spread his sweete leaves to the zvre,
Or dedicate his beauty to the same,
Could we but learne from whence his forrowes grow,
We would as willingly glue cure, as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See where he comes, to pleafe you step aside,
He kno he his greeneace, or be much deside.

Moun. 1 would thou wert so happy by thy fay,
To heare true fift. Come Madam let's away. Exeunt.
Turne giddie, and be holpe by backward turning:
One desparate greefe, cures with others anguish:
Take thou some new infection to the eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die,
Rom. Your Plantan leafe is excellent for that.
Oth. For what I pray thee?
Rom. For your broken shin.
Oth. Why Romeos art thou mad?
Rom. Not mad, but bound more then a mad man is.

Shut vp in prison, kept without my foode,
Whipt and tormenteed: and Goddes: good fellow, 
Ser. Godgiygoden, I pray sir can you read?
Rom. I mine owne fortune in my miferie.
Ser. Perhaps you have learn'd it without booke:
But I pray can you read any thing you see?
Rom. If, if I know the Letters and the Language,
Ser. Ye say honestly, reft you merry.
Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.

He reads the Letter.

Seigneur Martin, and his wife and daughter; County An-
faline and his beautifous sisters: the Lady Madam of Or-
ario, Seigneur Placento, and his lovely niece: Mercifio and
his brother Valentine: mine uncle Capulet his wife and daugh-
ters: my faire Neffe Rosaline, Linta, Seigneur Valenfio, & his
Cajen Tybalt: Lucia and the lively Helena.

A faire assembly, whither should they come?

Rom. Whither? to supper?
Ser. To our house.
Rom. Whole house?
Ser. My Maifters.
Rom. Indeed I should have ask'd you that before.
Ser. Now Ile tell you without asking, My maiftier is the
great rich Capulet, and if you be not of the houte of
Montagues I pray come and craft a cup of wine. Reft
you merry.

Exit.

Ben. At this fame suteuent Fealt of Capules,
Sup the faire Rosaline, whom thou loues:
With all the admired Beauties of Perona,
Go thither and with untauned eye,
Compare her face with fome that: fhall fhow,
And I will make thee think thy Swan a Crow.
Rom. When the deuou religion of mine eye
Maintaines fuch falshood, then turne teares to fire:
And thofe who often drown'd: could never die,
Transpliant Vertues to burne for theirs.
One faire then my love: the all-feeing Sun
Nere faw her match, since firft the world began.
Ben. Thus you faie, nothing none elfe being by,
Herfelfe pey'd with her life in either eye:
But in that Chrifliall scales, let there be waid,
Your Ladies love againe without other Maid,
That I will how you, fhining at this Fealt,
And the fhow fane fhall, well, that now fhewes belf.
Rom. Hee goe along: no fuch fight be fhowen,
But to reioyce in splendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulet Wife and Nerfe.

Wife. Nerfe, what is your daughter? call her forth to me,
Nerfe. Now by my Maidenhead, at twelve yeares old
I had her come, what Lamb:what Ladi-bird, God forbid,
Where's this Girle? what is Julet?

Enter Julet.
Julet. How now, who calls? 
Ner. Your Mother.
Julet. Madam I am here, what is your will? 
Wife. This is the matter: Nerfe giue leave awhile, we see,

She is too faire, too wifew; fely to faire,
To merit bliffe by making me disparre; 
She hath forborne to love, and in that yow
Do I live dead; that live to tell it now.
Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to thinke of her.
Rom. O teach me how I should forget to thinke.
Ben. By giving liberty vnto thine eyes,
Examine other beautes.
Ser. Tis the way to call hers (exquit) in question more,
The le happy theke is, bife faire Ladies bowvse,
Being blacke, puts vs in mind they hide the faire:
He that is firooken blind, cannot forget
The precious treure of his eye-light loft:
Show me a Miftrefle that is paffing faire,
What doth her beauty ferue but as a note,
Where I may read what paff that paffing faire.
 Farewell thou can't not teach me to forget,
Ben. I le pake that doctrine, or else die in debt.

Enter Capulet, Countie Paris, and the Clown.

Capu. Mountague is bounds as well as I,
In penalty alike, and tis not hard I thinke,
For men fo old as wee, to keep the peace.
Par. Of Honourable reckoning are you both,
And pittie's you liu'd at ods fo long:
But now my Lord, what fay you to my fute?
Capu. But laying ore what I have laid before,
My Child is yet a stranger in the world,
Shee hath not feene the change of foutrcene yeares,
Let two more Summers wither in their pride,
Ere it may thinke her time to be a Bride.
Par. Younger then there, are happy mothers made.

Capu. And too fonie mad'z are thiofe to early made:
Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
Shee's the hopefull Lady of my earth,
But wore her gentle Paris get her heart,
My will to her content, is but a part,
And thee agree, within her scope of chose,
Lyes my content, and faire according voice:
This night I hold an old accufion'd Fcat,
Whereeto I have inuited many a Guefe,
Such as I love, and you among the store,
One more, moit welcome makes my number more;
At my poorte houte, looke to behold this night,
Earth-treading flares, that make darke heauen light,
Such compofes as doo luyfully young men feele,
When well apparel'd April on the heele
Of having Winter treads, even fuch delight
Among fresh Fennell buds fhall you this night
Inherit at my houles heare all, all fee:
And like her mofle, whoe merit moft shall be:
Which one more wey, of many, mine being one,
May fland in number, though in reckoning none,
Come, goe with me: goe forth trudge about
Through faire Perona flit thofe perions out,
Whofe names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome, on their pleafure stay.

Exit.

Ser. Find them out whole names are written, Heere it
is written, that the Shoemaker fhall meddle with his
Yard, and the Tayler with his Laff, the Fifer with his
Penfill, and the Painter with his Neez, But I am fent
to find thofe perions whose names are writ, & can never find
what names the writing perion hath here wri't (I muft to
the learned) in good time.

Enter Benvolio, and Romeo.

Ben. Tut man, one fire burns out another burning,
One paine is leined by anothers anguish:
must talk in secret. If Nurse come back again, I have remem-
bered me, thou'lt hear our counsell. Thou knowst my
dughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age into an hour.

Wife. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. He's, forty-four years of my teeth, 
And yet to my cane he'll spoken, 
I have but fowre, since's not fourteen.

How long is it now to Lammas-tide?

Wife. A fortnight and odder days.

Nurse. Even or odder, of all dates in the year come
Lammas as night shall the her forenoon, Sutton & five, 
God rest all Christian souls, were of an age. Well Sutton
is with God, she was too good for me. But as I said, on La-
nas Eve at night shall the be fourteen, that shall the ma-
rie, I remember it well. 'Tis since the Earth-quake now
eleven yeares, and she was weaned I never shall forget it,
of all the dates of the yeare, upon that day: for I had then
laid Worme-wood to my Dog sitting in the Sunne under
the Douchehoue wall, my Lord, and you were then at
Mautinay, I do bear a braine. But I said, when it
did taft the Worme-wood on the apple of my Dugge, 
and felt it bitter, pretty fool, to see it teach, and fall out
with the Dugge, Shake quoth the Douche-houe, 'twas no
neede I row to bid mee rudge: and since that time it is
a eleaven yeares, for then she could stand alone, nay br's
roode she could ranne, & waded all about: for even
the day before she broke her browe, & then my Husband
God be with his foule, a was a merrie man, tooke vp
the Child, yea quoth hee, doth thou fall upon thy face? thou
wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou
not Ine? And by my holy-dam, the pretty wreath left
erying, & said I: to see now how a fell shall come about.
I warrant & I shall live a thousand yeares, I never should
forget it: wilt thou not Ine quoth he and pretty fool it
flinted, and said I.

Old La. Enough of this, 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 bower, a bunpee as big as a young Cockrels
bone? A perilous knock, and it cried bitterly. Yea quoth
his husband, fall it upon thy face, thou wilt fall back-
ward when thou commit to age: wilt thou not Ine? It
flinted: and said I.

Ine. And flint thou too. I pray thee Nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace I have done: God make thee too his grace
walt thou the prettiest Babe that er I mat, and I might
like to see thee married once, I have my will.

Old La. Marry that marry is the very thecam.
I came to talk of, tell me daughter Ineet, 
How stands your disposition to be Married?

Ine. It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nurse. An houre, were not I think onely Nurse, I would
say thou hastn't sucke waledome from thy teet.

Old La. Well think of marriage now, yonger then thou
Heere in Verona, Ladies of yeares,
Are made already Moms, by my count
I was your Matron, much upon these yeares
That you are now a Maid, thus then in brieve:
The valiant Paris seckes you for his love.

Nurse. A man young Lady, Lady, such a man as all
the world. Why here's a man of wexe.

Old La. Verona Summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay hee's a flower, infalith a very flower.

Old La. What say you, can you love the Gentleman?

This night you shall behold him at our Feast,

Read ore the volume of young Paris face,
And find delight, wrie there with Beauties pen:
Examine every feuerall liniment,
And see how one another lends content:
And what obscure in this faire volume lies,
Find written in the Margent of his eyes.
This precious Booke of Love, this unbound Lourer,
To Beautifie him, only lacks a Court,
The fifth lies in the Sea, and tis much pride
For faire without, the faire within to hide:
That Booke in manies eyes doth floure the glorious,
That in Gold clappe, Lockes in the Golden storie:
So shal I shewe all that he doth possesse,
By hauing him, making your felte no lesse.

Nurse. Note,se, ye big gresses: women grow by men,
Old La. Speake briefly, can you like of Paris love?

Jul. Ie looke to like, it looking liking most:
But no more depe will I endart mine eye
Then your content giues strength to make flye.

Enter a Serving man.

Serv. Madam, the gueues are come, supper fer'ud vp, you
call'd my young Lady askt for, the Nurse cutt in the Pan-
tery, and every thing in extremitie: I must here at wait, I
beleeche you follow straight.

Exit.

Cfio. We follow thee, Ineet, the Conteis states.

Nurse. Goe Gyrtle, seeke happy nights to happy dates.

Exit.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or six
other Markers, Tomb-bearers.

Rom. What shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without Apologie?

Ben. The date is out of such proficicie,
Weele have no Cupid, hood wintk at a skarfe,
Bearing a Tartars painted Bow of lath,
Skaring the Ladies like a Crow-keeper.

But let them measure vs by what they will.
Weele measure them a Menure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a Torch, I am not for this ambling.
Being burheus I will bearre the light.

Mer. Nay gentle Romeo, we must haue you dance.

Rom. Not I beleue mee, you haue dancing fooles
With nimble foles, I haue a soale of Lead
Soakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a Lourer, borrow Cupids wings,
And foare with them above a common bound,
Rom. I am too for euer paresed with his shaft,
To foare with his light feathers, and to bound:
I cannot bound a pitch abowe dull weue,
Vnder loues heavy burthen doe I flinke.

Henn. And to flinke in it should you burthen love,
Too great oppession for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing Fit is too rough,
Too rude, too boyfierous, and it pricks like thome.

Mer. If loue be rough with you, be rough with loue,
Prickes loue for prickings, and you beat loue downe,
Give me a Cafe to put my vilege in,

A Vifor for a Vifor, what care I.

What curious eye doth quote deformeties:
Here are the Beatles-browes shall bluith for me.

Ben. Come knocke and enter, and no noofer in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A Torch for mee, let wantons light of heart
Tickle the foncelesse ruthes with their heele.
For I am provebd'd with a Grandier Phrae,
Ille be a Candle-holder and look on,
The game was nere fo faire, and I am done.
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

Mrs. Thos. Duns the Meur, the Cornetts owne word,
If thou art dun, weele draw thee from the mire.
O save your reverence lose, wherein thou livest
Up to the ears, come we burke day, light ho.
Rom. Nay that's not so.
Mrs. I mean for I delay,
We waft our lights in vain, lights, lights, by day
Take our good meaning, for our Judgement fits
Five times in that, ere once in our fine wise.
Rom. And we meane well in going to this Maske,
Lut'tis no wit to go.
Mrs. Why may one ask?
Rom. I dreamt a dream to night.
Mrs. And so did I.
Rom. Well what was yours?
Mrs. That dreamers often lie.
Ro. In bed a sleepe while they do dreamt things true.
Mrs. O then I see Queene Mab hath beene with you:
She is the Fairies Midwife, & she comes in shape no bigger
Then Agar-thone, on the fore-finger of an Aldermen,
Drawne with a teeme of little Actors, mere men notes as
They lie asleep: her Waggon Spokes made of long Spinners
Legs the Center of the wings of Craftshippers, her Traces of the smallest Spiders web, her coulers of the
Moonshines watry Beames, her Whip of Cricketts bone,
The Laff of Philomel, her Waggoner, a small gray-costed
Gnat, not Isle to bigge as a round little Worne, prickt
From the Lazie-finger of a man. Her Chariot is an emptie
Hafelnut, made by the Lyonner Squirrel or old Gruby, time
Out a mind, the Fairies Coache-makers: & in this late the
gallopings night by night, through the courers brains: & then they dreamt of Lord. On Couriers knees, that dream on
Curles fris: or Lawyers fingers, who dreamt on dreams,
For o, Ladies ships, who skitt on skilles dream, which
 oft are angry Mab with blisters plagues, because their
Breath with Sweet meats tainted are. Sometimes the gallop
ors a Courtoys nose, & then dreamt he of smelling
our attache: & sometime comes fine with that pigs tale, tick-
ling a Patricia nose as a lies asleep, then he dreamt of
another Besom. Sometimes time he dreamt on a Souldiers
neck, & then dreames he of cutting Fortaine throats of
Breaches, Ambuscadors, Spanish Blades: Of Healths fine
Fadome deep, and then anon dreams in his ears, at which
he flatteres and warkes: and being thus frighted, swears
a prayer or two & sleepes againeth. but this Mab that
plais the manes of Horset in the night: & bakes the Elk-
locks in foule flitcht hairs, which once untangled, much
misfortune bodes,
This is the bag, when Maides lie on their backs,
That preffes them, and leares them first to beare,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is the.
Rom. Peace, peace, Accentors peace,
Thou talkseft of nothing.
Mrs. True, I talk of dreams:
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing, but vanie phantasie,
Which is thin of substance as the syre,
And more incogitant then the sound, who whoes
Even no the frozen bodome of the North,
And being angered, pusses away from thence,
Turning his side to the dew dropping South.
Ben. This wind you talk of blowes vs from our selves,
Supper is done, and we shall come to late.
Rom. I fear too early, for my mind mifiugues,
Some conseqution yet hanging in the flatteres,
Shall bitterly begin his fearfull date
With this nights revels, and expire the tearme
Of a defipied life eld't in my brest:
By some vile fortie of untimely death.
But he that hath the fhrage of my courte,
Direct my fute: on lustfull Gentlemen.
Ben. Strike Drum.
Thev march about the Stage, and Servaunys come forth
with their napkins.

Enter Servants.
Srv. Where's Pooper, that he helpe not to take away?
He shufl a Trencher he wafer a Trencher?
1. When good manners, shall lie in one or two mens
hands, and they vysheft too, 'tis a foule thing.
Srv. Away with the Layntools, remorse the Court-
cubbord, look to the Plate: good thou, same mee a piece
of Marchpane, and as thou louest me, let the Porter lett
Suffon Grindstone and Nell, Anthony and Pooper.
2. I may redile.
Srv. You are lookt for, and cal'd for, ask for, & sought
in the great Chaumber.
1. We cannot be here and there too, chentry Boyes,
Be brisk awhile and the longer luer take all.

Exeunt.

Enter all the Gisfes and Gentlemen to the
Maskers.

1. Caps. Welcome Gentleman,
Ladies that have their toes
Vuplag'd with Cornes, will walk about with you:
Ah my Minstrelles, which of you all
Will now deny to dance? She that makes danstiny,
She ile sweare hath Cornes: am I come near ye ye now?
Welcome Gentleman, I haue seene the day
That I haue worn a Visor, and could tell
A whispereing tale in a faire Ladies ear:
Such as would pleaze: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone,
You are welcome Gentleman: come Musitians play:
Minsteks playes: and the dance.
A Hall, Hell, giue roome, and foot it Girles
More light you knaues, and tumbe the Tables vp:
And quench the fire, the Roome is growing too hot,
Ah, sirrah, this vnlookes for sport comes well:
Nay fis, pay fis, good Cozin Capsells,
For you and I are patst our dancing daies:
How long 'tis now since last your selsfe and I
Were in a Maske?

C. What man: 'tis not so much, 'tis not to much,
'Tis since the Nuptiall of Lucentio,
Come Pentycoft as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty yeares, and then we Maskt.
2. Caps. 'Tis more, 'tis more, his Sonne is elder fis
His Sonne is thirty.
3. Caps. Will you tend me that
His Sonne was but a Ward two yeares agoe.
Rom. What Ladie is that which dothini rich the hand
Of yonder Knight?
Srv. I know not fis.
Rom. Of the doth teach the Torches to burne bright:
It seems the hanges upon the cheeks of night,
As a rich Jewell in an Aishops ear:
Beauty too rich for vs, for earth too deare:
So shewes a Snowy Doe trooping with Crowes,
As yonder Lady ore her fellowes floweres:
The mesure done, |e watch her place of hand,
And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

Did my heart loue till now, for I were it light, For I never saw true Beauty till this night.  
*Tib.* This by his voice, should be a Montague.  
Fetch me my Kapiet Boy, what dares the flame Come hither court'd with an antique face, To fleere or fcome at our Solennitie? Now by the flocke and Honour of my kin, To strike him dead I hold it not a fin.  
*Cap.* Why low now kinman, Wherefore fcome you fo?  
*Tib.* Vntle this is a Montague, our foe:  
A Villaine that is hither come in fnight, To fcome at our Solennitie this night.  
*Cap.* Young Romeo is it?  
*Tib.* This he, that Villaine Romeo.  
*Cap.* Content thee gentle Coze, let him alone,  
A brestes him like a portly Gentleman.  
And to fay truth, *Verona* brags of him, To be a vertuous and well governed youth: I would not for the wealth 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 prefence, and put off thofe frownes, An ill beconning fembance for a Feft.  
*Tib.* It fift when fuch a Villaine is a gueft, Ile not endure him.  
*Cap.* He fhall be enuird, What good mannebor, I fay he fhall, go too, Am I the Maifter here or you? go too, Youle not endure him. God fhall mend my foule, Youle make a Mutine among the Guelfs: You will let cocke a hoope, youle be the man.  
*Tib.* Why Vntle, 'tis a fhame.  
*Cap.* Go too, go too,  
You are a favcy Boy, lif fo indeed? This tricke may chance to fteath you, I know what, You muft contrary me, marry 's time.  
Well fald my hearts, you are a Prince, goe, Be quiet, or more light, more light for fhame, Ile make you quiet. What, sheepe my hearts.  
*Tib.* Patience perfure, with willfull choler meeting, Makes my fhelf tremble in their different greeting; I will withdrawing, but this interuption shall Now feeming sweet, conter to bitter gall.  
*Rom.* If I prophanne with my vnworthefh hand, This holy fhrine, the gentle fin is this, My lips to blufhing Pilgrims did ready fland, To smooth that rough touche, with a tender kiffe.  
*Inl.* Good Pilgrime, You do wrong your hand too much, Which mannerely defeution fhewes in this, For Saints haue hand, that Pilgrims hand do tuch, And palme to palme, is holy Pilermes kiffe,  
*Rom.* Have not Saints lips, and holy Pilermes too?  
*Inl.* I Pilgrime, lips that they muft vile in prayer.  
*Rom.* O then dearer Saint, let lips do what hands do, They pray, (grant thou) left faith turne to difpare.  
*Saints* do not moue, Though grant for prayers fake.  
*Rom.* Then, more not while my prayers effect I take: Thus from my lips, my fin is purg'd,  
*Inl.* Then have my lips the fin that they have tooke,  
*Rom.* Sin from my lips? O trepasfe sweetly vrg'd: Give me my fin againe.  
*Inl.* You kiffe by th'booke.  

*Nur.* Madam your Mother craues a word with you.  
*Rom.* What is her Mother?  
*Nur.* Marrie Batcheler,  
Her Mother is the Lady of the house, And a good Lady, and a wiffe, and Vertuous,  
I Nur't her Daughter that you talkt withall: I tell you, he that can lay hold of her, Shall haue the chinks.  
*Rom.* Is fhe a Capulet?  
*O deare account! My life is my foes debt.  
*Ben.* Away, be gone, the sport is at the beft.  
*Rom.* I to I fear, the more is my vnrect.  
*Caph.* Nay Gentlemen prepare not to be gone, We have a trifling fooleth Banquete towards: Is it the fo? why then I thank you all.  
I thank you honelf Gentlemen, good night: More Torches here: come on, thence let's to bed.  
Ah sirrah, by my fale it waxes late,  
Let to my reft.  
*Inl.* Come hither Nurfe,  
What is yond Gentleman?  
*Nur.* The Sonne and Heire of old Tybere.  
*Inl.* What's he that now is going out of doores?  
*Nur.* Marrie that I think he be young Petruchio.  
*Inl.* What's he that follows here that would not dance?  
*Nur.* I know not.  
*Inl.* Go ask his name: if he be married, My graue is like to be my wedded bed.  
*Nur.* His name is Romeo, and a Montague, The onely Sonne of your great Enemie.  
*Inl.* My onely Loue sprung from my onely hate, Too early feene, unknowne, and knowne too late, Prodigious birth of Loue it is to me, That I muft loue a leaftned Enemie,  
*Nur.* What's this? what this?  
*Inl.* A time, I leame even now Of one I don't withall.  

*One call within, Iuliet.*  
*Nur.* Anon, anon:  
Come let's away, the strangers all are gone.  

*Exeunt.*  

*Chorus.*  
Now old desire doth in his deathbed lie, And yong affection gapes to be his Heire, That faire, for which Loue grond for and would die, With tender Iuliet matchet, is now not faire.  
Now Romeo is beloued, and Loues againe, A like bewitched by the charme of lookes: But to his foe suppos'd he must complaine, And the fieale Loues sweet baite from frefufull hookes: Being held a foe, he may not haue accesse To breath fuch vowes as Louers vfe to fwearre, And fhe as much in Loue, her meanes much leffe, To meete her new Beloued any where:  
But passion lends them Power, time, meanes to meete, Temp'ring extremities with extreme fweete,  

*Enter Romeo alone.*  
*Rom.* Can I goe forward when my heart is here? Turne backe dull earth, and find thy Center out.  
*Enter Benoail, with Mercutio.*  
*Ben.* Romeo, pay Cozen Romeo, Romeo.  
*Merc.* He is wife, And on my life hath flone him home to bed.  
*Ben.* He ran this way and leapt this Orchard wall.  
Call good Mercutio:  
Nay, Ie conjure too.
Mr. Romeo. Humours, Madman, Passion, Louer.

A pier thou in the likeneffe of a light,
Speak but one time, and I am satisfied:
Cry me but say me, Prouant, but Loue and day,
Speak to my goth in a day, one faire word,
One Nickname for her purblind Sonne and her,
Young Abraham Cupid he that shot to true,
When King Cepheus loud the beggar Maid,
He heareth not, he fitteth not, he mounteth not,
The Apes is dead, I must confine him,
I confine thee by Rightfines bright eyes,
By her High forehead, and her Scarlet lip,
By her Fine foote, Straight leg, and Quivering thigh,
And the Demeanor, that there Adjacent lie,
That in this likenesfe thou appeares to vs.

Ben. And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him, 'twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his Mistreffe circle,
Of some strange nature, letting it stand,
Till she had laid it, and confined it downe,
That were some fpirit.

My innocuon is faire and honest, & in his Misfris name,
I confine one but to raise vp him.

Ben. Come, Cupid, she hath said, mee amoule among these Trees
To be comforted with the Humerous night.

Blind is his Loue, and best befits the darke.

Mer. If Loue be blind, Loue cannot hit the marke,
Now will he fit under a MedderTree,
And with his Mistrefle were that kind of Fruite,
As Maides call Medlers when they laugh alone,
O Romeo that she were, O that she were,
An open, or thou a Poprin Peare,
Romeo goodnight, Ile to my Truckle bed,
This Field-bed is to cold for me to sleepe,
Come shall we go?

Ben. Go then, for 'tis in vaine to seeke him here
That meanes not to be found.

Exeunt.

Rom. He leaft at Scarres that neuer felt a wound,
But soft, what light through vnder window breaks!
It is the East, and Iustes is the Sunne,
Artife faire Sun and kill the envious Moone,
Who is already fickle and pale with greene,
That thou her Maid art far more faire then she:
Be not her Maid fince she is envious.
Her Vefal livery is but fickle and Greene,
And none but fools do wear it, call it off.
It is my Lady, O it is my Loue, O that knew the were,
She speakes, yet the fayes nothing, what of that?
Her eye discoueres, I will answere it.
I am too bold 'tis not to me she speakes,
Two of the faireftr faries in all the Heauen,
Hauing some bufineffe do entreate her eyes,
To twinklle in their Spheres till they returne.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightneffe of her cheeke would flame those faries,
As day-light doth a Lamp, her eye in heaven,
Would through the ayrie Region firame fo bright,
That Birds would sing, and think it were not night:
How she doth leane her cheeke upon her hand.
O that I were a Gloue vpon that hand,
That I might touch that cheeke.

Iut. Ay me.

Rom. She speakes.
Oh speake againe bright Angell, for thou art
As glorius to this night being ore my head,
As is a winged messenger of heauen
Vnto the white upturned wondring eyes
Or mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he befrides the Laurie pofting Cloudes,
And failest upon the bosome of the ayre.

Iut. O Romeo, Romeo wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name:
Or if thou wilt not, be but twain my Loue,
And live no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speake at this?

Iut. This but thy name that is my Enemy:
Thou art thy selfe, though not a Montague,
What's Montague? it is not hand nor toote,
Not arme, nor face, O be some other name
Belonging to a man.

What? in a names that which we call a Rose,
By any other word would smell as sweete,
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retaine that daare perfection which he owes,
Without that title Romeo, doffe thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all my felle.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but Loue, and Ile be new baptiz'd,
Hence forth I neuer will be Romeo.

Iut. What man art thou, that thus beforehand'd in night
So stumblest on my counsell?

Rom. By a name,
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name deare Saint, is hatefull to my felle,
Because it is an Enemy to thee,
Had I it written, I would thee erase.

Iut. My eares hate yet not drunke a hundred words
Of thy tonguees vittering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither faire Maid, if either thee dislike.

How can't thou hither,
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 kinmen find thee here,

Rom. With Loues light wings
Did I o'er-perch thee Walls,
For thou limits cannot hold, I love out,
And what Loue can do, that dares Loue attempt:
Therefore thy kinmen are no flop to me.

Iut. If they do see thee, they will murther thee,
Rom. Alacke there lies more peril in thine eye,
Then twenty of their Swords, looke thou but sweete,
And I am prooue against their enmy.

Iut. I would not for the world they sawe thee here.
Rom. I hate nights clauke to hide me from their eyes
And but thou loue me, let them finde me here,
My life were better ended by their hate,
Then death propriged wanting of thy Loue.

Iut. By whose direction found it thou out this place?
Rom. By Loue that first did promp me to enquire,
He lent me counsell, and I lent him eyes,
I am no Pylos, yet werre thou as far
As that vaft, shore-wafted with the farthest Sea,
I should adventure for such Marchandite.

Iut. Thou knowest the maske of night is on my face,
Ere would a Maiden blush for my cheeke,
For that thou hast had me speake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, faine,
What I but speake, but faire well Complement,
Doeft thou Loue? I know thou wilt say I,

And
And I will take thy word, yet if thou swearest,
Thou maist prove false: as Louers perjuries
They say I love: laugh, oh gentle Romeo,
If thou dost: Love, pronun\cker it faithfully:
Or if thou thinkst: I am too: quickly wonne,
IIE frowne and be peere: at, and fay: thrice nay,
So thou wilt weep: But else, not for the world.
In truth faire Montague: I am too fond:
And therefore thou maist thinke: my behauiour: light,
But truift: me Gentleman, Ile prove more true:
Then those: that hate: cuing to be strange,
I should have been more strange: I muft confes,
But that thou: ouer heardt: ere: I was ware
My true Loues: passion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute: this yeelding: to light Loue,
Which the: darknes: hath: discovered,

Rom. Lady, by yonder Moone I vow,
That tips with fluer: all these Fruite tree tops.
Int. Of sweare: not by the Moone, th'inconstant Moone,
That monthly changes: in her circed Orbe,
Left that thy Loue: prone: alike: vsable,
Rom. What shall I sweare by?
Int. Do not: sweare at all:
Or: thou wilt sweare by thy gracious selfe,
Which is: the God of my Idolatry,
And Ile beleue thee.

Int. Well do not sweare, although I joy in thee:
I have no joy: of this: contract: to night,
It is too: rash: too: vnaduifd: too: fudden,
Too like the: lightning: which does cuae to be:
Es, one can fay: it: lightsome, sweete good night:
This bush: of Loue: by Summers ripening breath,
May proue: a beautious: Flower when: next: we meeete:
Good night, goodnight, as sweete: repose and rest,
Come to thy heart, as: that: within: my breath,

Rom. O: wilt thou: leave me to: vnatisfied?
Int. What fatisfa: tion: can't: thou: have: to night?

Rom. I: gaue: thee: mine: before: thou: did't: request it:
And yet: I would: it: were: to: gone: again.

Rom. Would: it: thou: withdraw:
For what: purpo:se: Loue?

Int. But: to: be: franke: and: guie: thee: again,
And yet: I with: but: for: the: thing: I: have,
My bounty: is: as: boundliffe: as: the: Sea,
My Loue: as: deep: the: more: I: guie: to: thee
The: more: I: have: for: both: are: infinite:
I: hear: some: rayle: within: deare: Loue: aude:

Cals within.

Anon good Nurse, sweet Montague be true:
Stay bur: a little: I will: come: again.
Rom. O blest: bleffed: night, I am: afear'd:
Being: in night: all: this: is: but: a: dreame,

Int. These: words: deare: Romeo,
And: goodnight: indeed,
If thou: bent: Loue: be: Honourable,
Thy: purpo:se: marriage, fende: me: word: to: morrow,
By: one: that: Lle: procure: to: come: to: thee,
Where: and: what: time: thou: wilt: performe: to: the right,
And: all: my: Fortunes: at: thy: foore: Ile: lay,

Within: Madam.

I do: beleev: thee

Within: Madam.

(By: and: by: I come)
To: ceafe: thy: flrie: and: leave: me: to: my: griefe,
To: morrow: will: I: fend,


Enter Juliete againe.

To: lure: this: Taffell: gentle: backe: again.
Bondage: is: loare, and: may: nor: fpake: aloud,
And: make: her: aytie: tongue: more: hoarse: then

Rom. It: is: my: foule: that: calls: vpon: my: name,
How: fliuer: sweet: foun: Louers: tongues: by: night,
Like: forfeft: Mufick: to: attending: cares.

Int. Rome,
Rom. My: Neece.

Int. What: a: clock: to: morrow
Shall: I: fend: to: thee?


Int. I: will: not: faie: 'tis: twenty: yeares: till: then,


Int. I: shall: forget: to: have: thee: ftil: tand: there,

Rom. And: I'll: ftil: fay: to: have: thee: ftil: forget,
Forfgetting: any: other: home: but: this.

Int. 'Tis: almof: t: morning, I: would: haue: thee: gone,
And: yet: no: further: then: wantous: Bird,
That: let's: it: hop: a: little: from: his: hand,
Like: a: poore: priouer: in: his: twifted: Gyer,
And: with: a: fiken: thred: plucks: it: backe: again,

Rom. I: would: I: were: thy: Bird.

Int. Sweet: fo: would: I,
Yet: I: should: kill: thee: with: much: cherifhing:
Good night, good night,

Rom. Parting: is: fuch: sweete: sorrow,

Rom. Would: I: were: fleep: and: peace: fo: sweet: to: reft,

The gray ey'd: morne: fmiies: on: the: frowning: night,
Checkering: the: Eafterne: Cloudes: with: streakes: of: light,
And: darkenife: flecke: d: like: a: drunkard: reele,
Hence: will: I: to: my: glofly: Prieffe: of: love:

Exit.

EnterEnter Friar alone with a basket.

Fri. The gray ey'd: morne: fmiies: on: the: frowning: night,
Checkering: the: Eafterne: Cloudes: with: streakes: of: light:
And: flecked: darkeneffe: like: a: drunkard: reele,
From: forth: dayes: path: and: Titans: burning: wheele:
Now: er: the: Sun: aduance: his: burning: eye,
The: day: to: cheere: and: nights: danke: dew: to: dry,
I: must: vphill: this: Other: Cage: of: ours,
With: balefull: weedes: and: precious: Ittie: flowers,
The: earth: that: Natures: mother, is: her: Tombe,
What: is: her: burig: graue: that: is: her: wombe:
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

We tucking on her natural bosome find:
Many for many virtues excellent;
None but for some, and yet all different.
On tile is the powerfull grace that lies
In Plaus, Hearts, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile, that on the earth doth shine,
But to the earth some special good doth give.
Nor ought so good, but brain'd from that false vile,
Revolv'd from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
Vertue it selfe takes vaine being misapplied,
And vsc: fancytine by action dignified.

Enter Romeo.

Within the infant rind of this weakke flower,
Poyfon hath residence, and medicin power:
For this being fit, with that part charies each part,
Being razed flies all fences with the heart,
Two uch opposed Kings encompasse them till,
In man as well as Heares grace and rule will:
And where the worser is predominaunt,
Full soone the Canker death erits vp that Plant.

Roma. Good morrow Father.

Fri. Benedicte.

What sp'rt tongue so sweet fetch me? Young Snone it argues a distempered head,
So soone to bid good morrow to thy bed;
Care keepes his watch in every old mans eye,
And where Care lodges, sleep will never lye;
But where vexatuated you with inuolte braine
Dothouch his lims, there, golden sleepe doth reign;
Therefore the earneasl doth me affrite,
Thou art profuse'd with some distemperation;
Or ifnot so, then here I hit it right.

Our Roma. Art not been to bed to night.

Roma. That left is true, the sweetest seel was mine.

Fri. God pardon this fullswal thou with Rosaline?

Roma. With Rosaline, my ghostly Father? No,
I have forgot that name, and that names woe.

Fri. That's my good Son, but where hast thou bin then?

Roma. I le tell thee eere thou ask it me age:
I have beene sealcing with mine enemies,
Where a sudden one hath wounded me,
Thats by me wounded both our remedies,
With bullty helpes and holy philtis i bele
I beare no hatred, blessed man for thee.
My intercession likewise feeds my foe.

Fri. Be plaine good Son, rest homely in thy drift,
Ridling confession, finds but riding thrift.

Roma. Then plainly know my hearts desire Loue is set,
On the faire daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, his hers is set on me;
And all comin'd, fate what thou must combine
By holy marriage: when and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow:
Ile tell thee as we passe, but this I pray,
That thou confess to mine vs to day.

Fri. Holy S. Francis, what a change is heere?
Is Rosaline that thou didst? Loue to dese
So soone forliden? young men Loue then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes,
Left Maria, what a deale of braine
How much full water throwne away in waft,
To fican Loue that of it doeth not tatt.
The Sun not yet thy fighter, from heaven cleares,
Thy old grones yet ringing in my ymlement ears:
Lo here wont thy cheeke the flaine doth fit,
Of an old rear that is not wafht off yet.
I se thou waft thy selfe, and thee woes thine,
Thou and these woes, were all for Rosaline.
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then.
Women may fall; when there's no strength in men.

Roma. Thou child it me oft for losing Rosaline.

Fri. For doting not for losing pupill mine.

Roma. And bade me bury Loue.

Fri. Not in a grave,

To day one in, another out to hue.

Roma. I pray thee chide me not, her I Loue now
Doth grace for grace, and Loue for Loue allow:
The other did not so.

Fri. O she knew well,

Thy Loue did read by note, that could not spee:
But come young womaner, come goe with me,
In one reioyfe, Ile thy affianse be:
For this alliance may so happy proove,
To turne your honours tonranc to pure I one.

Roma. O let vs hence, I stand on sudden haft.

Fri. Wifely and law, they tumble that man fast.

Exeunt.

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Mr. Where the deu le should this Romeo be? come he not home to night?

Ben. Not to his Fathers, I spake with his man.

Mr. Why that same pale hard hearted wench, that Rosaline tormentts him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tidold, the kinman to old Captiol, hath sent a Letter to his Fathers house,

Mr. A challenge on my life.

Roma. Romeo will anser it we.

Mr. Any man that can write, may answere a Letter,

Ben. Nay, he will anser the Letters Master how he dares, being dared.

Mr. Alas ponc Romeo, he is already dead flab'd with a white wenches blacke eye, runne through the earre with a Loue song, the very pinn of his heart, clest with the blind Bovey-bayes but flesh, and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mr. More then Prince of Cats. Oh bee the Courageous Captain of Complements: he fightes as you sing prickinglong, keeps time, divide, and proportion, he erects his minum, eene, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a folk burton, a Dusilfis Dusilfis: Gentleman of the very first house of the first and second caste: all the immorals Paffado the Punto returrs to the Hay.

Ben. The what?

Mr. The Pox of such antique drilling effecting phantasies, these new runners of accent: lets a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good where. Why is not this a lamentable thing Grandire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies: that fashion Mongers, these period-mee's, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at este on the old benches. O their bones, their bones.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mr. Without h's Ror, like a dryed Heron, O flesh flesh, how art thou afflicted? Now is he for the numbers that Pararas flowed in: Laura to his Lady, was a kitchen wench marrie she had a better Loue, to her time her: This a dowide Cleopatra a Gipfe, Helien and Herio, holdings and Harlotst: trickes a gray eie or foe, but not to the purpose. Signior Romeo, Ben lowther, there's a French salutation to your ff.

French
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

French flip: you gave vs the the counterfeit fairely last night.

Romeo. Good morrow to you both, what counterfeit did you give you?

Mr. The flip for the flip, can you not conceive?

Romeo. Pardon Mercutio, my business was great, and in such a case as mine, a man may frame cuttis.

Mr. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours contains a man to bow in the hands.

Romeo. Meaning to curfis.

Mr. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Romeo. A most curteous exposition.

Mr. Nay, I am the very pinck of cuttis.

Romeo. Pinkie for flower.

Mr. Right.

Romeo. Why then is my Pump well flow'd?

Mr. Sure wit, follow me this iact, now till thou hast worn out thy Pump, that when the single sole of it is worn, the leaf may remain after the wearing, folie.

Romeo. O single fold's iact,

Soly singular for the singlelent.

Mr. Come between vs good Benvolio, my wits faints.

Romeo. Swifts and fprints, or I'll cri a match.

Mr. Nay, if our wits run the Wild-Goose chase, I am done. For thou hast more of the Wild-Goose in one thy wits, than I am sure I have in my whole line. Was I with you there for the Goose?

Romeo. Thou want never with mee for any thing, when thou wast not there for the Goose.

Mr. I will bite thee by the ear for that iact.

Romeo. Nay, good Goose bite not.

Mr. Thy witt is a very Bitter-sweeting,

It is a most sharpe fawce.

Romeo. And is it not well fer'd into a Sweet-Goose?

Mr. Oh here's a wit of Cheuerell, that stretches from an ythc narrow, to an ell broad.

Romeo. I stretch it out for that word, broad, which added to the Goose, proves the faire and wide, abroad Goose.

Mr. Why is not this better now, then grieving for Love, now art thou solaceable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by Art as well as by Nature, for this druinge Love is like a great Natural, that runs lolling vp and downe to bid his bake in a hole.

Romeo. Stand there, stop there.

Mr. Thou deign'st me to flye in the mall against the

Romeo. Thou wouldst clin a have made thy tale large, (haire.

Mr. O thou art dec'd, I would have made it flunter, or I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

Enter Nurse and her man.

Romeo. Here's goodly geare.

A fayle, a fayle.

Mr. Two, two, a Shirt and a Smocke.

Nurse. Peter?

Peter. Anon.

Nurse. My Fan Peter?

Mr. Good Peter to hide her face?

For her fans the fairest face.

Nurse. God ye good morrow Gentlemen.

Mr. God ye goodentare Gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it goodent?

Mr. This ilelle tell you, for the bawdy hand of the

Dyall know you for the prouck of Noone.

Nurse. Out upon you what a man are you?

Romeo. One Gentlewoman,

That God hath made, him selve to mar.

Nurse. By my troth it is said, for himselfe to, mar quar-

Rrome, can any of you tale me where I may find the young Romeo?

Romeo. I can tell you but young Romeo will be older

when you have found him, then he was when you sought

him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worfe.

Nurse. You say well.

Mr. Yea is the worst well,

Very well tooke: I saith, wifely, wifely.

Nurse. If you be he sir,

I defire some confidence with you?

Ben. She will entride him to some Supper.

Mr. A baud, a baud, a baud. So hoo.

Romeo. What halth thou found?

Mr. No Hare sir, vnlesse a Hare sir in a Lenct pie,

that is something Rare and hoarse ere it be spent.

An old Hare hoarse, and an old Hare hoarse is very good

meat in Lent.

But a Hare that is hoarse is too much for a score, when it

hoares ere it be spent,

Romeo will you come to your Fathers? Weele to dinner

than.

Romeo. I will follow you,

Nurse. Farewell ancient Lady:

Farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.

Exit. Mercutio, Benvolio.

Nurse. I pray you sir, what favorie Merchant was this

that was so full of his repere?

Romeo. A Gentleman Nurse, that honest to heare himselfe
take, and will speake more in a minute, then he will stand to in a Moneth.

Nurse. Andspeake any thyng against me, I takt him

downe, & I wereIPHf. then he is, and twenty sind jacks;

and if I cannot, I fince those that fay: forieur knave, I

am none of his flurt-gils, I am none of his kinne, I am none of

his kinne, and thou must hand by too and suffer every knave to vs

me at his pleasure.

Pet. Ifaw no man we at his pleasure: if I had, my

weapon should quickly have beene out, I warrant you, I
dare draw asioone as another man, if I fea occasion in a
good quarell, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now doe God, I am fo vext, that every part about me

does, shrity knave: pray you sir a word: and as I
told you, my young Lady bid mee enquire you out, what

the bid me fay, I will keep to my selfe: but siff let me tey.

if ye should lead her in a fooleis parade, as they

fay, it were a very gross kind of beavour, as they fay:

for the Gentlewoman is young: & therefore, if you should
deale double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be of-

fered to any Gentlemow, and very weake dealing.

Romeo. Nurse commend me to thy Lady and Miltefife, I

saw you there.

Nurse. Good heart, and faith I will tell her as much:

I ord, Lord she will be a joyfull woman.

Romeo. What wilt thou tell her Nurse? thou dost not

make me:

Nurse. I will tell her sir, that you do protest, which as I
take it, is a Gentleman-like offer. (Afternoone,

Romeo. Bid her deeme forse meanes to come to flunt this

And there the flall at Joe Lawrence Cell

Beftrude and married; here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No truly sir not a pemy.

Romeo. Go too, I say thou shall.
The Tragedie of Roméo and Jiulet.

Nur. This afternoon I set well the shall be there.

Romeo. And stay thou good Nurse behind the Abbey wall,
Within this hour my man shall be with thee;
And bring thee Cordes made like a tuckled strake,
Which to the high top gallant of my joy,
Mull be my conoy in the secret night.

Farewell, be true and Ile quite thy pains:
Swell, commend me to thy Miftresse.

Nur. Now God in heaven bless thee: haue you, yit,
What faith thou my deare Nurse?

Nurse. Is your man fecret, did you there he fayed two
may keep countell putting one away.

Romeo. Warrant thee my man as true as fteele.

Nur. We'll flay my Miftresse at the sweetest Lady, Lord,
Lord, when 'twas a lewce prating thing. O there is a Noble
which in Temes fome farre, that would fine lay knafe aboard;
but the good foule had as lewe a fee: That de a very	fede as he fayn: Anger her fovefimes, and tell her that
Pere is the proper man, but Ile warrant you, when I fay
the, thee looks as pale as any cloude in the verall world.

Doth not Rofemarie and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Romeo. I Nurfe, what of that? Both with an R.

Nur. A moeker that's the dogname. R. is for the no,
I know it begins with some other letter, and fithe hath the
pretiff fenfentious of it, of you and Rofemarie, that it
would do you good to heare it.

Romeo. Commend me to thy Lady.

Nur. A thousand times, Peter?

Peter. Anon.


Juliet. The clocke ftoke nine, when I did lend the Nurfe,
In halfe an hour he promised to return.
Parfhanke she cannot meete him: what is not fo:
Oh these lame, Loues Herald should be thought.
Which ten times like a Pufhe, that would fine lay knife aboard;
Dining blacke shadowes over lowing hils.
Therefore do nimble Pionin'd Doues draw Loue,
And therefore bath the wind-swift Cupid wings:
Now is the Sun upon the highmoll hilt.
Of this dates journey, and from nine till twelve,
Three houre longes, yet the fhe is not come.
Had the 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,
Profitledio, frow, heavie, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurfe.

O God she comes, O hony Nurfe what news?
Half thou met with himfelf thy man away.

Nur. Peter flay at the gate.

Juliet. Now good sweet Nurfe:

O Lord, why look't thou sad?

Though newes, be bad, yet tell them merrily,
Be good heares, is the much leafe of sweete newes,
Drying thee to me, with as lowe a face.

Nur. I am a weare, give me leave a while,
Each how my bones ake, what a tame have I had?

Juliet. I would thou hadst my bones, and thine newes:
Nay come, I prase thee fpeak, good good Nurfe fpeak.

Nur. Telo what halfe can you not fay a while?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Juliet. How art thou out of breath, when thou haft breath
To fay to me that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay,

Is longer then the tale thou doft enucle.
Is thy newes good or bad? and were to that,
Say eie, and Ile ftay the circiflence:
Let me be fatisfied, if good or bad.

Romeo. Well, you have made a fimple choice, you know
not how to chufe a man: Romeos no, no: he fhoule his face
be better then any mens, yet his leggs excels all mens, and
for a hand, and a foote, and a body, though they be not to
be talke on, yet they are pafte compafe: he is not the flower
of cuttife, but Ile warrant him as gentle a Lambke: go thy
ways wench, ferue God. What hau you din'd at home?

Juliet. No no: but all this did I know befure
What faies the of our mariage? what of that?

Romeo. Lord how my head aches, what a head have I?
It beftes as it would fall in twenty pieces,
My backe a tatter fide to my backe, my backe:
Befrey your heart for fending me about.
To catch my deaths with woining vp and downow.

Juliet. Harfhit am forrie that that hau is not well.
Sweet fweet, sweet Nurfe, tell me what faies my Loue?

Nur. Your Loue fakes like an honest Gentelman,
And a courteuouf, and a kind, and a handilome:
And I warrant a vermoone: where is your Mother?

Juliet. Where is my Mother?

Whef the is within, where fhould the be?
How odly thou replit?

Your Loue fakes like an honest Gentelman:
Where is your Mother?

Nur. O Gods Lady deare,
Are you to hotmerrie come vp I row,
Is this the Poulteis for my shougl bones?
Henceto ward do your well fay your felfe.

Juliet. There is fuch a coele, come what faies Romeo?

Romeo. Have you got leafe to go to fplit to day?

Juliet. I have.

Then high you hence to Frier Laurencie Cell,
There faires a Husband to make a fowl
Now comes the wanton blood vp in your cheeks,
There be in Scarlet ftrait at any newes,
His you to Church, I mutt an other way,
To fetch a Ladder by the which your Loue
Muft clime a birds neft Soone when it is daile:
I am the drudge, and toile in your deflight:
But you fhall bear the burnen poone at night.
Go lie to dinner, bie you to the Cell.


Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. So smile the heavens upo this holy act,
That after hours, with forrow chide vs not.

Romeo. Amen, amen, but come what forrow can,
It cannot counterfille the exchange of joy.
That one molt minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but clofe our hands with holy words,
Then Loue-devouring death do what he daies,
It moueth me, but may call her mine.

Frie. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their Triumph die like fire and powder;
Which as they keife confume:
The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his owne delicous neffe,
And in the tale confounds the apperice.
Therefore Loue moderatly, long Loue doth fo,
Too swift arrivaes as carde as too flow.

Enter Jiulet.

Here comes the Lady. Oh no light a foot
Will here wear out the outstallling flurs,
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

A Louer may bestride the Gossamours, That ydes in the wont on Summer ayre, And yet not fall, to light is vanite. 

Butmething.maketh. Merch.

I. Good eaten to my ghostly Confessor. 

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee Daughter for vs both. 

I. As much to him, else in his thank's too much. 

Fri. Ah Inlet,if the measure of thy toy. 

To be hearts like mine, and shal thy skill be more. 

This neighbour by thee, and let rich musickes tongue, Unfold the imagind'happinefl where that. 

Receive in ether, by this dure encounter. 

I. Concern more in matter then in words, Brags of this substance,not of Orament. 

They are but beggers that can count their worth, But my true Loue is grown to such fuch excelle, I cannot fume vp some of halcy, my wsha. 

Fri. Come,come with me & we will make short 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, Mercutio lets resce, The day is hot, the Capletis abroad: 

And if we meet, we fhall not feape a bravew, for now thee hot dayes, is the mad blood stiring. 

Mer. Thou art like one of theirs fellows, that when he enters the confines of a Tauerne, clap's me his Sword upon the Table, and fayes, God fend me no need of this: and by the operation of the second cup, draws him on the Drawr, when indeed there is no need. 

Ben. Am I like such a Fellow? 

Mer. Come,come thou art as hot a Jarkie in thy moed, as any in Itelle: and alwome moued to be moodie, and alfoome moodie to be mou'd. 

Ben. And what too? 

Mer. Nay, and there were two fuch, we fhould have none shortly, for one would kill the other; thou, why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a harte more, or a harte lefle in his heart, then thou haft thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking Nuts, havning no other reason, but becaufe thou haft haflle eyes: what eye, but fuch an eye, would fpea our fuch a quarrel? thy head is as full of quarrel, as an egge is full of meate, and yet thy heed hab bin beaten as adole as an egge for quarrelings thou haft quarrel'd with a man for confing in the street, because he hath wakened thy Dog that hath laines fleep in the Sun.Didn't thou falt not out with a Tailor for wearing his new Doublet before Eafier? and another, for tying his new shoes with old Riband, and yet thou wilt Tutor me from quarrelling. 

Ben. And I were fo apt to quarrel as thou art, any man fhould buy the Fee-simple of my life, for an hour and a quarter. 

C. I. The Fee-simple? O simple, 

Enter Tybalt, Patrachio, and others. 

Ben. By my head here comes the Capletis. 

Mer. By my heelie 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 you, coupl it with something make a re word and a blow. 

Tyb. You fhall find me apt enough to that, and you will give me occation by this dure encounter. 

Mer. Could you not take some occation without giving? 

Tyb. Mercutio thou confort with Rome. 

Mer. Confort? what doft thou make vs Minifrets? thou make Minifrets of vs, looke to heare nothing but difcords there's my fiddleflick, heere's that shall make you dance. Come confort. 

Ben. We talk here in the publike haunt of men: Either withdraw into some private place, Or reafon coldly of your greecuences: Or elle depart, here all eies gaze on vs. 

Mer. Mens eyes were made to looke, and let them gaze, I will not budge for no mans pleasure. 

Enter Romeo. 

Tib. Well peace be with you fir, here comes my man. 

Mer. Be, I'llle be hang'd if he ware your Linery. 

Marv go before to field, heele be your follower. 

Your worship in that fende, may call him man. 

Tib. Romeo, the loue I braise thee, can afford 

No better terme then this, Thou art a Villaine. 

Rom. Tybalt, the reafon that I have to loue thee, 

Doth much exceu the appertaining rage. 

To fuch a greeting: Villaine am I none; 

Therefore facewell, if thee know'st me not. 

Tib. Boy, this fhall not exceu the injuries 

That thou haft done me, therefore turne and draw. 

Rom. I do proftre I neuer iniur'd thee, 

But thou'd thee better then thou can't deuife: 

Till thou haft know the reafon of my loue, And to good Caplet, which name I tender 

As dearly as my owne, be satisfied. 

Mer. O calme, dishonourable, vile submiffion. 

Alla Lucasta carries it away. 

Tybalt,you Rat-catcher, will you walke? 

Tib. What woulds thou haue with me? 

Mer. Good King of Cats,nothing but one of your nine, that I mean to make bold withal, and as you shall vie me hereafter dry beare the reft of the eight. Will you pluck your Sword out of his Pulcher by the eares? Make hal, I call mine be about your eares erst be it out. 

Tib. I am for you. 

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy Rapier vp. 

Mer. Come fir, your Pavilado. 

Rom. Draw Benvelio beat downe your weapons: 

Gentlemen for: thame forbeare this outrage, 

Tybalt,Mercutio, the Prince expressly hath 

Forbidden bandyng in Vpreh streets. 

Hold Tybalt, good Mercutio. 

Exit Tybalt. 

Mer. I am hurt. 

A plague a both the Houres, I am sped: 

Is he gone and hath nothing? 

Ben. What art thou hurt? 

Mer. I, a scratch, a scratch, marby'tis inough, 

Where is my Page? go Villaine fetch a Surgeon. 

Rom. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much. 

Mer. No: tis not so deep as well, nor so wide a Church doore, but'tis inough, 'twill serue: ask me for to morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am pepper'd I warrant for this world: a plague a both your houfe. 

What, a Dog, a Rat, a Mulie, a Cat to scratch a man to death: a Braggart, a Rogue, a Villaine, that fights by the booke of Arithmeticke, why the devil came you between vs? I was hurt under your arm. 

Rom. I thought all for the best. 

Mer. Helpers into some house Benvelio, 

Or I shall fain a plague a both your houfe. 

They have made wormses most of me. 

1
The Tragedie of Romeu and Julliet

Enter, 

Rom. This Gentleman the Prince neere Alle, 
My very Friend hath got his mortall hurt 
In my behalfe, my reputation stand. 
With Tybalt I found Tybalt that an houre 
Hath beene my Cozin: O Sweet Julliet, 
Thy beauty hath made me Emanuette, 
And in my temper soffned Valours feele. 

Enter Banuolu. 

Ben. O Romeu, Romeu, brave Mercutio’s is dead, 
That Gallant Spirit hath affir’d the Cloudes, 
Which too vntimely here did icorne the earth. 
Rom. This daies blacke Fate, on no daies doth depend, 
This but begins, the wo others must end, 
Enter Tybalt. 

Ben. Here comes the Furious Tybalt backe againe. 
Rom. He goes in triumph, and Mercutio’s flame? 
Away to heaven resplendent Lentic, 
And fire and Fury, be my conduct now. 
Now Tybalt take the Villaine backe againe 
That late thou gaut’st me, for Mercutio’s soul 
Is but a little way aboute our heads, 
Staying for thine to keepe him companie: 
Either thou or I, or both, must goe with him. 
Thou wretched Boy that didst comfort him here, 
Shalt with him hence. 
Rom. This shall determine that. 

They fight. Tybalt falls. 

Ben. Romeu, away be gone. 
The Citizens are vp, and Tybalt laine, 
Stand not amaz’d, the Prince will Doome thee death 
If thou art takehenhence, be gone, away. 
Rom. O! I am Fortunes fool. 
Ben. Why dost thou stay? 

Enter Citizens. 

Citi. Which way ran he that kill Mercutio? 
Tybalt that Murtheer, which way ran he? 
Rom. There lies that Tybalt. 
Citi. Vp per goe with me. 
Ich arge thee in the Princes names obey, 
Enter Prince old Montague, Capulet, their 
Frin. Where are the vile beginniers of this Fray? 

Ben. O Noble Prince, I can discover all 
The vnluckie Managge of this fatall brall: 
There lies the man laine by young Romeo, 
That flew thy kinman brave Mercutio. 
Cap. Wt. Tybalt, my Cozin? O my Brothers Child, 
O Prince, O Cozin, Husband, O the blood is spild 
Of deare kinman Prince as thou art true, 
For bloud of ours, shed bloud of Montague. 
O Cozin, Cozin. 

Prin. Benuolou, who began this Fray? 
Rom. Tybalt here laine, whom Romeu’s hand did slay, 
Romero that spoke him faire,bid him bethinke 
How nice the Quarrell was, and vp’d withall 
Your high diplayd fire all this verited, 
With gentle breast, calmie looks, knees humbly bow’d 
Could not take truce with the vurluy spleene 
Of Tybalt clese to peace, but that he Falls 
With Peircing feetes as bold Mercutio’s breast, 
Who all as hot, turns deadly point to point. 
And with a Martiall scorn, with one hand beares 
Cold death aside, and with the other sends 
It backe to Tybalt, whose dexterity 

Retorts in. Romeo he cries aloud, 
Hold Friends, Friends part, and swifter then his tonge, 
His aged armes beats downe their fatall points, 
And twixt them ruffes, underneath whole armes, 
An enious thrust from Tybalt, hit the life 
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled. 
But by and by comes backe to Romeu, 
Who had but newly entertained Reuenge, 
And too’s they goe like lightning, fer ere I 
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt flaine: 
And as he fell, did Romeo turne and flee: 
This is the truth, or let Benuoluo die. 

Cap. Wt. He is a kinman to the Montague, 
Affection makes him faithful, 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 luythes, which thou Prince maungt giue: 
Romeo flew Tybalt, Romeu must not live. 

Rom. Romeu flew him, he flew Mercutio, 
Who now the price of his deare blood doth owe. 
Cap. Not Romeu Prince, he was Mercutio Friend, 
His fault concludes, but what the law shoulde end, 
The life of Tybalt. 

Rom. And for that offence, 
Immediately we doe exile him hence: 
I hau an intrell i’ your hearts proceeding; 
My bloud for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding, 
But I accorne you with so strong a fine, 
That you shall all repent the wife of mine. 
It will be deafe to pleading still excuses, 
Nor tears, nor prayers shall purchase our abuses. 
Therefore we none, let Romeu hence in haft, 
Else when he is found, that hauers is his last. 
Bear hence this body, and attend our will: 
Mercy not Murder, pardoning those that kill. 

Enter Inliet alone. 

Int. Gallop space, you fercy footed reades, 
Towards Poesme lodging, such a Wagoner 
As Phaeton would whip you to the well, 
And bring in Cloudie night immediately, 
Spreid thy close Curtaine Love-performing night, 
That run with eyes my wonted wincle, and Romeo 
Leape to these armes, veritallardin vehnecle, 
Louers can set to doe their Amorous rights, 
And by their owne Beauties:tor if Loue be blind, 
It best agrees with night: come ciuill night, 
Thou folber fuzed Matron all in blacke, 
And learn me how to loofe a wimming match, 
Plaid for a pure of stainlesse Maidenhoods, 
Hood my vmsaid blood byting in my Cheekes, 
Withthiye Blacke mantle, till strange Loue grow bold, 
Thineke true Loue acted dimple modestie: 
Come night, come Romeu, come thou day in night, 
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night. 
Winter then new Snow upon a Raunos backe: 
Come gentile night, come louing blacke brow’d night. 
Give me my Romeu, and when I shal die, 
Take him and euer him out in little starres, 
And he will make the Face of heuen so fine, 
That all the world will be in Loue with night, 
And pay no worship to the Garish Sun, 
O I have bought the Mansion of a Loue, 
Butnot possest it, and though I am fold, 
Not yet enioy’d, so teidious is this day, 
As is the night before some Festivall, 

ff 3
Ah where's my man? give me some Aqua-vite?
These griefes, these woes, these sorrowes make me old;
Shame come to Romeo.

Inf. Bioler'd be thy tongue
For such a wish, he was not borne to shame;
Vpon his browe shame is asham'd to sit;
For 'tis a throne where Honour may be Crown'd
Sole Monarch of the victuall earth;
O what a best was I to chide him?

Nur. Will you speake well of him,
That kill'd your Cozen?

Inf. Shall I speake ill of him that is my husband?
Ah poore my Lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I thy three hours wife have mangled it.
But wherefore Villaine did it thou kill my Cozin?
That Villaine Cozin would have kill'd my husband:
Backe foolish tears, backe to your native spring;
Your tributarie drops belong to woe,
Which you milakshing offer up to joy:
My husband liues that Tybalt would have flaine,
And Tybalt dead that would have flaine my husband:
All this is comfort, wherefore weeps I then?
Some words there was worser then Tybalt's death
That murdered me, I would forget it teine,
But oh, it prestes to my memory,
Like damned guilty deedes to sinners minds,
Tybalt is dead and Romeo banished:
That banished, that one word byn't fled,
Hath flaine ten thousand Tybalt's Tybalt's death
Was woe enough if it had ended there:
Or if lowe woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rankt with other griefes;
Why followed not when shee flaid Tybalt's dead,
Thy Father or thy Mother, nay or both,
Which moderne lamentation might have mou'd.
But which a rere-ward following Tybalt's death
Romeo is banished to speake that word,
Is Father, Mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Iuliet,
All flaine, all dead: Romeo is banished,
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that words death, no words can that woe found,
Where is thy Father and my Mother Nurse?
Inf. Wpeping and wailing over Tybalt's Coarse,
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.
In. Wafh they his wounds with teares: mine fhal be spent
When theirs are drye for Romeo's banishment.
Take vp thoes Cordes, poore ropes you are begi'ld,
Both you and I for Romeo is exild:
He made you for a high-way to my bed,
But I a Maid, die Maiden widowed.
Come Cord, come Nurse, Ile to my wedding bed,
And death not Romeo, take my Maidens head.

Nur. Hie to your Chamber, Ile find Romeo
To comfort you, I wont where he is;
Harke ye your Romeo will be here at night,
Ile to him, he is hid at Lawrence Cell.

Inf. I find him, give this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come, to take his lief farewell.

Exeunt Friar and Romeo.

Fri. Romeo come forth,
Come forth thou fearfull man,
Affliction is enamor'd of thy parts:
And thou art wedded to calamitie.

Rom. Father what newes?
The Tragedie of Romeo and Julliet.

What is the Princes Doo me ?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand, 
That I yet know not ?
Fri. Too familiar
Is my deare Sonne with such faire Company :
I bring thee tydings of the Princes Doo me.
Rom. What list he then Doo me, then is the Princes Doo me ?
Fri. A gentler judgement vanish from his lips,
Not bodied death, but bodies banishment.
Rom. Has banishment the merci full, lay death :
For exile hath more terror in his looke,
Much more then death do not lay banishment.
Fri. Here from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no world without Verona towns,
But Purgatorie, Torture, hell it selfe:
Hence banished, is banish't from the world,
And worlds exile is death. Then banished,
Is death, if I learn'd, calling death banish'd,
Thou cutt' my head off with a golden Axe,
And smil'd upon the stroke that murders me.
Fri. O deadly sin, O rude unhankfuflenss! 
Thy fals our Law calles death, but the kind Prince
Taking thy part, had rhyth full aside the Law,
And turn'd that blacke word death to banishment.
This is dear mercy, and thou feest it not.
Rom. 'Tis Torture and no mercy, heaven is here
Where Infidies live, and enery Cat and Dog, 
And little Moufe, every vnruly thing
Lies here in Heaven and may lacke on her,
But Rome may not. More Validitie,
More Honorable rate, more Countriifh lines
In carriion Flies, then Rome they may feaze.
On the white wonder of dear Infidies hand,
And itsle immortall bleeding from her lips,
Who euer in pure and vettiall modellifie
Still blusht, as thinking their owne kiffes fin.
This may Flies doo, when I from this mutt flie,
And failth thou yet, that exile is not death?
But Rome may not, nor is banish'd.
Hadst thou no poynion mix, no harsher ground knife,
No sudden meanes of death, though here to meane,
But banished to kill me? Banish'd?
O Frier, the damned wretched word in hell :
Howlings attends it, how ha'ft thou the hurt
Being a Divine, a Ghostfull Confessor,
A Sin-Abfoluer, and my friend professed :
To mangle me with that word, banish'd?
Fri. Then fond Madman, ha'rst me speake,
Rom. O thou wilt speake againe of banishment.
Fri. Ife give thee Armour to keepe off that word, 
Advertititse fretzete makes Philosophie,
To comfort thee, though thou art banish't.
Rom. Yet banished? hang vp Philosophie
Vnlesse Philosophie can make a Infidet,
Displant a Towne, reverse a Princes Doo me,
It helps not, it presuilles not, talk no more.
Fri. O then I fee, that Madmen have no easse.
Rom. How shoulde they, 
When winfern men have no eyes ?
Fri. Let me dissapare with thee of thy efface,
Rom. Thou canst not speake of that? doest not seale,
Went thou as young as Infant my Loue,
An hour but married, tyed murder'd,
Doting like me, and like me banish'd,
Then mightest thou speake,
Then mightest thou estee thy hayre,
And fall upon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the measure of an unhmade grate.
Enter Nurse, and knolke.
Fri. Arie one knolks,
Good Romeo hide thy selfe.
Rom. Not I,
Voleffe the breach of Harttieke groanes
Mill-like inflode me from the search of eyes.
Fri. Harke how they knolks:
(Who's there ) Romeo arise,
Thou wilt be taken, fly a while, stand vp :
Rom. Run to my Lady: by and by, Gods will
What simplenesse is this? I come, I come.
Rom. Who knolks so hard ?
Whence come you? what's your will?
Enter Nurse.
Nur. Let me come in,
And you shall know my errand:
I come from Lady Infidet.
Fri. Welcome then.
Nur. O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier
Where's my Ladies Lord? where's Romeos ?
Fri. There on the ground,
With his owne teares made drunked.
Rom. O he is euen in my Midstesse caffe,
Infit in her cafe. O wofull and pitifull,
Pitifull predicament, even so lies the,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,
Stand vp, stand vp, stand and you be a man,
For Infidet take, for her fakers side and stand:
Why should you fall into so depe an O.
Rom. Nurse,
Nur. Ah sir, ah sir, deaths the end of all.
Rom. Speak'st thou of Infidets how is it with her?
Doth not she think me an old Matrherer,
Now I haue flain'd the Childhood of our joy,
With blood removed, but little from her owne?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says she
My conceale'd Lady to our conceal'd Loue?
Nur. Oh the fayes nothing sir, but weeps and weeps,
And now falls on her bed, and then flartes vp,
And Tybalt calls, and then on Romeos cries,
And then downe falls againe.
Ro. As if that name shot from the dead leuell of a Gun,
Did murder her, as that name in cursed hard
Murdred her kinman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me,
In what vile part of this Anatomie
Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may facke
The hateful Manso.
Fri. Hold thy desperat hand:
Art thou a man? thy forme lies out thou art:
Thy teares are womanifh, thy wild sectis denote
The unreasonable Furie of a beast,
Vncomely woman, in a seeming man,
And ill beseeeming beast in seeming both,
Thou haust amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou耨ame Tybalt? wilt thou flay thy felle?
And flay thy Lady, that in thy life lies,
By doing dammed hate upon thy felle?
Why raufl'fl thou upon thy birth? the heauen and earth?
Since:
The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet.

Since birth, and heaven and earth, all three do meete
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose.
Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit,
Which like a Winder bound it in all:
And visit none in that true wise indeed,
Which should not shake thy shape, thy love, thy wit:
Thy Noble shape is but a form of ware,
Dripping from the Valour of a man,
Thy dear Loue twaine but hollow perjurious,
Killing that Loue which thou hast vow'd to cherish.
Thy wit, that Ornament, to shape and Loue,
Misleap in the conduit of them both:
Like powder in a skilful Souldiers flaske,
Is set a fire by thine owne ignorance,
And thou dismembred with thine owne defence.
What rowfe thee man, thy Julet is alone,
For whose deare fake thou waut but lately dead.
There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slewst Tybalt, there art thou happy.
The law that threatened death became thy Friend,
And turn'd it to exile, there art thou happy,
A packe or bleeding light upon thy backe,
Happinesse Courtis thee in her belt array.
But like a mishapened and fallen 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,
Afend her Chamber, hence and comfort her:
But look ethou not till the watch be set,
For then thou cant not passe to Mantua,
Where thou maist live till we can find a time.
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your Friends,
Reg pardon of thy Prince, and call thee backe,
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Then thou wert't forth in lamentation.
Goe before Nuns, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her luften all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt vnto.
Roméo is comming.

Nur. O Lord, I could have paid here all night,
To hear good counsellor, oh what learning is!
My Lord tells me thy Lady will come.
Rom. Do so, and bid my Sweete prepare to chide.
Nur. Here is a Ring the bid me give you sir:
Hae you, make haft, for it groves very late.
Rom. How well my comfort is receiv'd by this.
Fri. Go hence,
Goodnight, and here stands all your state:
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the brake of day disguis'd from hence,
Solome in Mantua, I defend out your man,
And he shall signifie from time to time,
Every good hap to you that chances hecse:
Gie me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, goodnight.
Rom. But that a joy pale joy, calls out on me,
It were a greater joy to brake to part with thee:
Farewell. 

Enter old Capulet, his Wife and Paris.

Cap. Things have false out fir so vulnarily,
That we have had no time to move our Daughter.
Look you sir, I would her kinman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I. Well, we were borne to die:
This very late, she's not come downe to night:
Promiss you, but for your company,
I would have bin a bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of two, affoord no times to woe;
Madam goodnight, commend me to your Daughter.

Lady. I will, and know her mind early to morrow,
To night, she is mewed vp to her hauinque.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of thy Chilles loue: I think she will be rul'd
In all refpe's by me: may more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed,
Accoutant her here, of my Sonne Paris Love,
And bid her, marke youlume, on Wendiday next,
But soft, what day is this?

Par. Monday my Lord.

Cap. Monday, ha; was well Wendiday is to soone,
A Thursday let it be: A Thursday tell her,
She shall be married to this Noble Earle:
Will you be ready? do you like this half?
Wheeke keep no great aede, a Friend or two,
For harke you, Tybalt being flame go late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly.
Being our kinman, if we reuell much:
Therefore welee 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 Julet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her wife, against this wedding day,
Farewell my Lord, light to my Chamber, hear,
Afore me, it is so late, that we may call it early by and by,
Goodnight.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft.

Int. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet necere day:
It was the Nightringale, and not the Lark,
That pier't the fearfull hollow of thine ear,
Nightly she singes on yond Pomegranet tree,
Becaus I love Loue, it was the Nightingale.

Rom. It was the Lark the Herallor of the Mone:
No Nightringale; lookt Loue what enuious stakkes
Do face the feeting Cloudes in yonder Easit:
Nights Candles are burnt out, and Icond day
Stands tipro on the mistie Mountains tops,
I must be gone; and live, or stay and die.

Int. You light is not daylight, I know it 1:
It is some Meteor that the Sun exilues,
To be to thee this night a Torch-beazer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua.
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone,
Rom. Let me be tane, let me be put to death,
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
He say you gray is not the mornings eye,
'Tis but the pale reflexe of Cantharid brow.
Nor that is not the Lark whose noates do este.
The vauly heauen fo high aboue our heads,
I have more care to stay, then will I go:
Come death and welcom, Julet wills it so.
How if it my soule, lets talk, it is not day.

Int. It is, it is, hie hence be gone away:
It is the Lark that singes to out of rume,
Straining harth Dicord, and vnpleaing Sharpes.
Some say the Lark makes sweete Diuilion;
This doth not to for the diuident vs.
Some say, the Lark and loathed Toad change eyes,
O now I would they had chang'd voyces too:

Since
Since ame from ame that voyce doth va affray,
Hunting thee hence, withi Hunt f-vp to the day,
O now be gone, more light and illi shrowere.
Rom. More light & light, more darke & darke our voyes.

Enter Madam and Nurse.

Nur. Madam.

Nur. Your Lady Mother is comming to your chamber,
The day is broke, be wary, looke about.

Rom. Then window let day in, and lea life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell, one kife and ile defend.

Nur. As thou gone for Loue, Lord, thy Husband, Friend,
I must heare from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many dayes,
O by this count I shall be much in yeares,
Ere I againe behold my romeo.

Rom. Farewel:
I will omit no opportunitie,
That may convey my greetings Luce, o thee.

Rom. O thinketh thou we shall ever meet againe?

Rom. I doubt it not, and all these voyes shall serue
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Nur. O God! I have an flaming foule,
Me thinkes I see thee now, thou art so love,
As dead in the bones of a Tomb.
Either my eye-fight failles, or thou lookst pale.

Rom. And tru Hast Loue, in my eye so do you:
Drie forrow drinks our blood. A due, due.

Ext. 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 kepe him long,
But send him backe.

Enter Mother.

Lad. Ho Daughter, are you vp?

Lad. Who lift that calls? is it my Lady Mother.

Lad. Is the not downe fo late, or vp so early?

What vnaccustom'd eafe procures her hither?

Lad. Why now ditout

Lad. Madam I am not well.

Lad. Enraine weeping for your Cozins death?
What wilt thou wash him from his grace with tears?
And if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him live:
Therefore hau'e done, some griefe shewes much of Loue,
But much of griefe, shewes full fome want of wit.

Lad. Yet let me weep, for such a feeling loose.

Lad. So shall you feele the loose, but not the Friend
Which you weep for.

Lad. Feeling so the loose,
I cannot chuse but ever wepe the Friend.

Lad. Well Girle, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the Villaine lives which slaughter'd him.

Lad. What Villaine, Madam?

Lad. That fame Villaine Romeo.

Lad. Villaine and he, he many Miles asunder:
God pardon, I doe with all my heart:
And yet no man like he, doth grieve my heart.

Lad. That is becaufe the Traitor liues.

Lad. I Madam from the reach of thee my hands;
Would none but I might venge my Cozins death.

Lad. We will have vengeance for it, feare thou not.
Then weep no more, I lese fend to one in Mantua,
Where that fame bafhin Rui-agace doth liue,
Shall giue him such an vnaccustom'd dram,
That he shall soone kepe Ty bals company:
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church:
On I will drag thee, on a Hurdle thither.
Out you greenie fickleffe carrion, out you baggage,
You tallow face.

Lad. Fie! fie! what are you mad?

Iul. Good Father, I beliefe you on my knees
Hear me with patience, but to speake a word.
Fa. Hang thee young baggage, disobedient wrach,
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thurday,
Or never after looke me in the face.
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me.
My fingers itch, wife; we fearc thought vs blest,
That God had lenth vs but this only Child,
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a surce in hauing her:
Out on her Hilling.

Nur. God in heaven blest her,
You are too blame my Lord to rate her so.
Fa. And why my Lady wife doth hold you tongue,
Good Prudence, sinatter with your golipage.

Iul. I speake no treason,
Father, O God! God! oh, may not one speake?

Fa. Pester you stumbling fool,
Vice your graine or a Golipage bowles
For here we need it not.

La. You are too hot.

Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad:
Day, night, hour, ride, time, worke, play,
Alone in companie, till my care hath bin
To bause her matchet, and hauing now provided
A Gentleman of Noble Parentage,
Or Taire Duchesse, Youthfull, and Nobly Allied,
Such as they say with Honourable parts,
Proporion'd as ones thought would with a man,
And then to have a wretched puling foolo,
A whining manner, in her Fortunes tender,
To anuer, Ile not yeed, I cannot Louse:
I am too young, I pray you pardon me.

Bur. And I you not yeed, Ile yonder you.
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:
Looke too, thinke on't, I do not vie to lefte.
Thurday is met, lay hand on heart, advise,
And you be mine, Ile give you to my Friend:
And you be not, hang, beg, ill, daie in the streets,
For by my soule, I leere acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall ever do thee good:
Trut too r, bethinke you, Ile not be forsworne.

Exit. Is there no praise fitting in the Cloudes,
The lives into the bottom of my griefe?
O swear my Mother call me not away,
Delay this marriage, for a month, a wecke,
Or if you do not, take the Bradall bed.

In that den, Aquainant where Tybalts lies.

Me. Take me to you, for Ie not speake a word,
Do as thou will, for I have done with thee.

Exit. O God! O God!

O Nurse, how shall this be paciected?
My Husband is on earth, my faith in heaven,
How that that faith returns againe to earth,
Valleth that her band fende me from heaven,
By leauing earth? Comfort me, countaine me;
Hark! what should I heare anon thene
Upon to loe a subject as my felle,
What faith wouldst thou not a word of joy?

Some comfort Nurse.
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

Iul. The teares haue got small victorie by that:
For it was bad enough before their sight.
Ps. Thou wrong it more then teares with that report,
Iul. That is no slanderer, which is a truth,
And what I spake, I spake it to thy face.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou haft flamed it.
Iul. It may be too, for it is not mine owne.
Are you at leisure, Holy Father now,
Or shall I come to you at evening Mass?
Fri. My leisure teenes me penitent daughter now.
My Lord you must intrest the time alone.
Par. Godhelthe, I should trouble Denation,
Iuliet, on Thursday early will rowse thee,
Till then die, and keep this holy life.
Exit Par. 
Iul. Of that the doone, and when thou hast done so,
Come wepe with me, peace hope, past care, past helpe.
Fri. O Iuliet, I already know thy griece,
It stremes me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must and nothing may prosper it;
On Thursday next be married to this Coynice,
Iul. Tell me not Friar that thou hearest of this,
Vnleffe thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If in thy waydome, thou canst giue me helpe,
Do then but call my resolution wize,
And with his knife, he helpe it presently.
God sayd, I heart, and Rometh with the hands,
And erc this hand by thee to Romes seal:
Shall be the Label to another Deceit,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt,
Turne to another, this shall lay them both:
Therefore out of thy long expectent time,
Give me some present countrey for behold:
Twixe my extremes and me, this bloody knife
Shall play the vanepee, arbitrating that,
Which the commoditas of thy yeares and art,
Could to no issue of true honoure bring:
Be not so long to speake, I long to die.
If what thou speakest, speake not of remedy.
Fri. Hold Daughter, I doe forgive a kind of hope,
Which causes as desperate an execution,
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
Iul. Rather then to marry Countice Paris
Thou haft the strength of will to flay thy selfe,
Then is it likelie thou wilt undertake
A thinglike death to chide away this shame,
That copil with death himselfe, to escape fro it:
And if thou dar'st, Ile giue thee remeanc.
Iul. Oh bid me leap, rather then marry Paris,
From the Battellments of any Tower,
Or walk in theuelth wales, or bid me luke
Where Serpents are: chaine me with roaring Beares
Or hide me nightly in a Charrell house,
Or covered quite with dead mens rasing bones,
With rackie shankes and yeld ow chappel foulls:
Or bid me goe into a new made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his grave,
Things that to heare them cold have made me tremble,
And I will doe it without fear or doubt,
To live an unquiet wife to my sweet Loue.
Fri. Hold thou; goe home be merrie, giue content,
To marry Paris: wereiday is to morrow,
To morrow night looke that thou slie alone,
Let not thy Nurse lie with thee in thy Chamber:
Take chowe this Viol being them in bed,
And this distilling liquor drinke thou off,
When prefently through all thy veins shall run,
A cold and drowzie humour; for no pulse
Shall keepe his native progresse, but iuerse:
No warmill, no breath shall teetifie thou hauest,
The Roses in thy lips and cheekes shall fade.
To many athes, the eyes windowes fall
Like death when he shut vp the day of life:
Each part depriv'd of topuple governement,
Shall stife and flarte, and cold appeare like death,
And in this borrowed likeness of shrunke death
Thou shalt continue two and forty houres,
And then awake, as from a pleasant sleepe.
Now when the Bridegroome in the morning comes,
To rowse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then as the manner of our country is,
In thy bed Robes vncourted on the Beeere,
Be borne to buriall in thy kindred graue:
Thou shalt be borne to that fame ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the Coupgettes lie,
In the meane time against thou shalt awake,
Shall Rome by my Letters know our drift,
And this shall frame thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this pretensed frame,
If no inconstant toy nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the actinge ir.
Iul. Give me, giue me, O tell me not me of care.
Fri. Hold get you gone, be freng and prosperous;
In this refolue, Ile lend a Friar with speed
To Mantua with my Letters to thy Lord.
Iul. Ione giue me strength,
And strength shall helpe afford:
Farewell dese father. Exit.

Enter Father Copulet, Mother, Nurse, and
Serving men two or three.

Cap. So many guestes invite as here are writ,
Sirlo, goe hire me twenty cunning Cookes.
Ser. You shall have none ill fit, for Ile trie if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How can't thou tru' them so?
Ser. MarrieSir, 'tis an ill Cooke that cannot lick his owne fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

Cap. Go be gone, we shalbe much vnfruitfull for this time: what is my Daughter gone to Frier Lawrence?
Nur. Her faith.
Cap. Well he may chance to do some good on her,
A peccule felie wild harloty it is.

Enter Iuliet.

Nur. See where she comes from thrift
With merry looks.

Cap. How now my headstrong,
Where have you bin gadding?

Iul. Where I have learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition:
To you and your belief, and am enioyn'd
By holy Lawrence, to fall profrete here,
To beg your pardon and I believe you,
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the Countice, goe tell him of this,
He haue this knot knit vp to morrow morning.

Iul. I met the youtfull Lord at Lawrence Cell,
And gave him what became Loue I might,
Not stopping o're the bounds of modestie.

Cap. Why I am glad on't, this is well, stand vp,
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

This is as: should be, let me see the County:
I marrie go I say, and fetch him hither.

Now afore God, this reuerent d holy Frier,
All our whole Cittie is much bound to him.

Inf. Nurse will you goe with me into my Clostor,
To help me sort such needfull ornaments,
As you thinke fit to furnish me to morrow?

Ms. No not till Thursday, there's time enough.

Fa. Go Nurse, go with her,
Wclee to Church to morrow.

Exit Nurse and Nurse.

Mo. We shall be short in our provisio
'Tis now weeke night.

Fa. Thu, I will thre about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee wife:
Go thou to nurse, help to deck exp her,
Let not to bed to night, let me alone:
Ile play the huewife for this once. What ho?
They are all forth, well I will walke my selfe
To Countie Paris to prepare him vp.
Against to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same way-ward Gyile is so reclaim'd,

Exit Father and Mother.

Enter Nurse and Nurse.

Inf. I thole attires be best, but gentle Nurse.
I pray thee leave me to my selfe to night:
For I have need of many Orfons,
To move the heauts to smile upon my face,
Which well thou know it, is croffe and full of sin.

Enter Mother.

Mo. What are you busie, now'is help do you need?

Inf. No Madam, we have cal'd such necessaries
As are behoosfull for our face to morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone;
And let the Nurse this night sit vp with you,
For I am sure you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden businesse.

Mo. Goodnight. Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.

Exit. Farewell:
God knowes when we shall meete againe.
I have a faint cold feare thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes vp the heat of fire:
Ille call them backe againe to comfort me.
Nurse, what should she do here?
My dissall Seane, I needs must act alone.
Come Viall, what i this mixture do not worke at all?
Shall I be married then to morrow morning?
No, no, this shall forbid it. Lie thou there,
What if it be a poynon which the Frier
Subtilly hath minisuled to have me dead,
Leat in this marriage be should be diffouion'd,
Because he married me before to Romea?
I feare it is, and yet me thinks it should not,
For he hath still bene tried a holy man.
How, if when I am led into the Tombe,
I wake before the time that Romea
Come to redeem me? There's a fearfull point:
Shall I not then be fitted in the Vault?
To whose foule mouth no healthsome ayre breaths in,
And ther die strangeld ere my Romea comes.
Or if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
As in a Vault, an ancient receptacle,

Where for these many hundred yeres the bones
Of all my buried Ancestors are pact,
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but greenie in earth,
Lies festring in his throw'd, where as they say,
At some hours in the night, spirits report:
Alacke, alacke, is it not like that I
So early wakking, what with loathsome smels,
And shrikes like Mandrakes come out of the earth,
That hung mortalls hearing them, run mad.
Of I was like, shall I not be disfraught,
Inuisioned with all these hideous feares,
And madly play with my forefathers joynts?
And plucke the mangled Tybalt from his throw'd?
And in this rage, with some great kinfmans bone,
As (with a club) dafh out my delpere brains.
O looke, me thinks I see my Couses Ghost,
Seeking out Romea that did spire his body.
Vpon my Rapiers point: fly Tybalt, fly.
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, here's drinke: I drink to the.

Enter Lady of the house and Nurse.

Lady. Hold.
Take these keys, and fetch more spices Nurse.
Nur. They call for Dates and Quinces in the Pafftrie.

Enter old Capnet.

Cap. Come, sir, sir, sir,
The second Cocke hath Crow'd,
The Curphew Bell hath rung, 'tis three a clocke:
Looke to the baire mese, good Angelica,
Spare not for coll.

Nur. Go you Corte-quene, go,
Get you to bed, fasth you bele to firk to morrow
For this nights watching.

Cap. No not a while; what? I have watchet ere now
All night for flefe caufe, and were beeene firk.
I. I you have in a Moufe-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from such watcheing now.

Exit Lady and Nurse.

Cap. A jealouse hound, a jealouse hound,
Now fellow, what there?

Enter three or more with fis, and logs, and baskets.

Fel. Things for the Cooke fit, but I know not what.

Cap. Make haft, make haft, sirsh, fetch deth Logs.

Call Peter, he will shew the where they are.

Fel. I have a head fit, that will find out logs,
And neuer trouble Peter for the matter.

Cap. Massle and well laid, a morce horson, ha,
Thot shalt be leggerhead; good Father, tis day.

Play Musick.
The Countie will be here with Musicke straight,
For so he saide he would, I heare him neere,
Nurse, wife, what ha? what Nurse I say?

Enter Nurse.

Go waken Inlet, go and troulier her vp,
Ille go and chat with Paris the, make haft,
Make haft, the Bridgemeone, he is come already;
Make haft I say.

Nor. Mistres, what Misplies Inlet? Falt I warrant her she,
Why Lambe, why Lady, fay you sluggaded,
Why loze I say Madam, sweet heart, why Bride?
What not a word? You take your penitworths now.
Sleep for a weekke, for the next night I warrant
The Countie Paris hath set vp his rett,
That you shall rett but little, God forgive me:
Marrie and Amen: how found is the a sleeape.
The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.

I must needs wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam;
Let the Country take you in your bed,
Hie, hie! who is there? Will it not be?
What drift, and in your clothes, and downe against?
I must needs wake you: Lady, Lady, Lady!
Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladies dead,
Oh, vve, that ever I was borne,
Some Aqua vitae, my Lord, my Lady?

Ms. What noise is here? Enter Nurse.
Nurse. O Lamentable day!
Ms. What is the matter?
Nurse. Looks, looks, on heauie day.
Ms. O my, O my, my Child, my only life,
Reuiv, revue, vs, I will die with thee:
Help, help, call help.

Enter Father.

Fri. For shame bring Iuliet forth, her Lord is come.
Nurse. Shee's dead, shee's dead, shee's dead, alacke the day.
Ms. Alacke the day, shee's dead, shee's dead, shee's dead.
Fri. Ha! Let me see her souera stee shee's cold,
Her blood is fetid and her voyants are rife;
Life and these lips have long bene eret
Death lies on her lite on unummeer frest
Upon the sawet flower of all the field.

Nurse. O Lamentable day!
Ms. O wofull time.
Fri. Death that hath taken her hence to make me wail,
Ties vp my tongue, and will not let me speake.

Enter Friar and the Country.

Fri. Come, is the Bride ready to go to Church?
Fri. Ready to go, but uneven to returne,
O Sonne, the night before thy wedding day,
Hath death laine with thy wister there the lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my Sonne in law, death is my Father,
My Daughter he hath wedded, I will die,
And leesse him all life living, all is death.

Fri. Have I thought long to see this mornings face,
And doth it give me such a lightnesse this?
Ms. Accur, unhappie, weptched hatefull day,
Most miferable hour, that ere time saw
In fletting labour of his Pilgrimage.
But one, one, one, one poor and loving Child,
But one thing to reioyce and solace in,
And cruel death hath catech it from my fight.

Nurse. O ouo, O wofull, wofull, wofull day,
Most lamentable day, most wofull day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold.
O day, O day, O hatefull day,
Neuer was seen so blacke a day as this:
O wofull day, O wofull day.

Fri. Beguiled, benighted, wronged, spighted, flawed,
Most defetable death, by thee beguiled;
By cruel, cruel thee, quite over ethowne:
O cure, O life, but lie in death.

Fri. Depeled, defeied, hated, marrid, kill'd,
Uncomortable time, why dost thou now
To murther, murther our foltermire?
O Child, O Childmy soule, and not my Child,
Dead art thou, slake my Child is dead,
And with my Child, my soule are buiries.

Fri. Peace, peace for shame: confusions Care, flutes not
In these confusions, hereafter and your selfe.
Had part in this faire Maid, in now heauen hath all,
And all the better is it for the Maid:
Your part in her, you could not keepe from death,
The Tragedie of Romeo and Julet.

Because Mutinious haue no gold for founding;
Then Micheke with her slier store found, with speede help
doht tend redresse. Exit.

M. What a pestilent knave is this same? 


R. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleepe,
My droomes prefage some joyfull newes at hand: 
My bodomes lies lightely in his throne:
And all this day an vcurrant'd spirit,
Lifts me about the ground with cheerfull thoughts.
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dreame that giues a dead man leave to thinke,)
And breath'd such life with kiffes in my lips,
That I retu'nd and was an Emperour.
Ah me, how sweet is lone it selfe poffesse,
When but lutes shadowes are so rich in joy.

Enter Romeo's man.

Newes from Verona, how now Balbazer?
Doft thou not bring me Letters from the Friar?
How doth my Lady? Is my Father well?
How doth my Lady Julet? that I ask again,
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

M. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.

Her beauty sleepeis in Cupids Monument,
And her immortal part with Angels line,
I saw her layd low in her kindreds Vault,
And presently tooke Poffee to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing thefe ill newes,
Since you did leave it for my office Sir.

R. Is it even so?

Then I deny you Stares.
Thou knowest my lodging, get me inke and paper,
And hire Poffe-Horles, I will hence to night.

M. I do befeech you fit, haue patience:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misaduenture.

R. Tuff thou art deceu'd,
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no Letters to me from the Friar?

M. No my good Lord. Exit Man.

R. Mo matter: Get thee gone,
And byre thofe Horles, Ile be with thee straight.
Well Julet, I will lie with thee to night:
Less fee for meaneas: O mischief thou art swift,
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men:
I do remember an Apothecarie,
And here abouts dyells, which late I noted
In tattered weeds, with overwhelming broughes,
Culling of Simple, meager was his lookes,
Sharp miferie had worn him to the bones:
And in his needle shop a Toronyr hung,
An Allegator fluf, and other skins
Of ill fhip'd fifies, and about his fhelves,
A beggarly account of emptie boxes,
Greene earthen pots, Bladders, and muffle feedes,
Remnants of packthred, and old cakes of Roses
Were thinly fatterd, to make vp aew.
Noting this pentry, to my selfe I fled,
An if a man did need a poysen now,
Whose fofeis perfon death in Jnentia,
Here liues a Craftie wretch would fell it him.
O this fame thought did but fore-run my need,
And this fame needle man must fell it me.

As I remember, this should be the house,
Being holy day, the beggers shop is shut.
What ho? Apothecarie?

Enter Apothecarie.

App. Who calls so low'd?

Rom. Come hither man, I fee that thou art poore,
Hold, there is fighte Dockets, let me haue
A dram of poysen, fuch fonoe speeding grace,
As will difperfe it felle through all the veines,
That the life-wearing-taker may fell dead,
And that the Trunk may be difcharg'd of breath,
As violently, as hate he powder fier'd
Doth hurry from the faltall Canons wombe.

App. Such morall drugs I haue, but Manuial law
Is death to any he, that vetters them.

Rom. Art thou to bare and full of wretchednesse,
And fear't to die? Famine is in thy cheakes,
Need and oppression fumeth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggary hangs vpon 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 break it, and take this.

App. My poverty, but not my will confents.

Rom. I pray thy poverty, and not thy will.

App. Put this in any liquid thing you will
And drinkit off; and if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would daffharch you ftraight.

Rom. There's thy Geld,
Worse poysen to menes foules,
Doing more murther in this loathfome world,
Then thee, poore compounds that thou miseth not fell.
I fell thee poysen, thou haft told me none,
Farewell, buy good food, and get thy felfe in flith,
Come Cordiall, and not poysen, go with me
To Jnentia; graue, for there mult I vie thec.

Enter Frier John to Frier Laurence.

John. Holy Francis from Frier, Brother, ho?

Enter Frier Laurence.

Law. This fame should be the voice of Frier John.

Welcom from Mantua, what lays Romeo?
Or if his mind be writ, give me his Letter.

John. Going to find a bare foeote Brother out,
One of our order to affociate me,
Here in this City visiting the fick,
And finding him, the Sercheeres of the Tone
Sufpefting that we both were in a house
Where the infeful poiffelion did raigne,
Seal'd vp the doors, and would not let vs forth,
So that my fpeede to Mantua there was flated.

Law. Who bare my Letter then to Romeo?

John. I could not fend it, here it is againe,
Not get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearefull were they of infection.

Law. Vnhaappy Fortune: by my Brotherhood
The Letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of deare import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Frier John go hence,
Get me an Iron Crow, and bring it forth

Vnto my Cell.

John. Brother Ile go and bring it thee.

Law. Now muft I to the Monument alone,
Within this three hours will fire Jnentia wake,
She will before me much that Romeo
Hath no notice of these accidents
But I will write againe to Mantua,

And
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

And keepe her at my Cell till Romeo come,
Poor lachy Coasfe, clos'd in a dead mans Tombe,

Enter Paris and his Page.

Par. Give me thy Torch Boy, hence and stand aloof,
Yet put it out, for I would not be scene:
Vnder yond young Trees lay thee all along,
Holding thy eye close to the hollow ground,
So shall no foot vpon the Churchyare tread,
Being loose, vntyme with digging vp of Graues,
But shoult shalt hear it: whistll then to me,
As signall that thou hearest some thing approach,
Give me those flowers. Do as I bide thee, go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the Churchyard, yet I will adventure.
Par. Sweet Flower with flowers thy Bindsall bed I strewe:
Worne, the Canna is in sweete, and then,
Which with sweet water nightily I will dewe,
Or wanting that, with teares defil'd by moneys;
The obsequies that I for thee will keepe,
Nightly shall be, to strewe thy graue, and weeppe.

The Boy glues warning, something doth approach,
What curled foot wanders this wayes to night,
To croffe my obsequies, and true loyes right?
What with a Torch? Maffle me night a while.

Enter Romeo, and Peter.

Rom. Give me that Mattacke, & the wrenching Iron,
Hold take this Letter, early in the morning
See thou deliuer it to my Lord and Father,
Give me the light; vpon thy life I charge thee,
Whatere thou heer't or feel't, stand all aloofe,
And do not interrupt me in my course,
Why I defend into this bed of death,
Is partly to Canold my Lad and love,
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,
A precious Ring: a Ring that I must use,
In deare employment, therefore hence be gone:
But if thou jealous doft returne to pric
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heauen I will teare thee joyntly by joynt,
And strewe this hungry Churchyard with thy limbs:
The time, and my intents are savage wilde,
More fierce and more inexorable fierce,
Then empcy Tygers, or the roasting Sea.

Pet. I will be gone sir, and not trouble you
Ro. So shalt thou shew me friendship: take thou that,
Lute and be prosperous, and farewell good fellow.

Pet. For all this fame, I cleare me here abouts,
His looks I feare, and his intents I doubt.

Rom. Thou detestable myowe, thou woumbe of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth:
Thus I enforce thy rotten Iawes to open,
And in delight, ile cram thee with more food.

Pet. This is the very substance of Montague,
That murdered my Loues Cozin; with which griefe,
It is suppos'd the faire Creature died,
And here is come to do some villainous flame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him,
Stop thy unhallowd toyle, vile Montague:
Can vengeance be pursued further then death?
Condemned vallaine, I do apprehend thee,
Obey and go with me, for thou must die,

Rom. I must indeed, and therfore came I hither:
Good gentle youth, temp't not a desperate man,
Flie hence and leave me, thinke vpon those gone,
Let them allright thee. I befeech thee Youth,
Put not an other sin vpon my head,
By vrging me to furie. O be gone,
By heauen I love thee better then my selfe,
For I come hither arm'd against my selfe:
Stay not, be gone, live, and hereafter say,
A mad mans mercy bid thee run away,

Par. I do defie thy commiferation,
And apprehend thee for a Felon here.
Ro. Wilt thou proakke me? Then haste at thee Boy.
Pet. O Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch.

Par. O I am flaine, I shoult be mercifull,
Open the Tombe, lay me with Juliets,
Rom. In fate I will let me peruse this face:
Fertorius kinman, Noble Countre Paris,
What said my man, when my betrothd foule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me Paris shoult have married Juliet,
Said he not so? Or did I dreamt it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talkes of Juliet,
To think it was so? O give me thy hand,
One, write with me in some misfortunes booke.
He buryeth me in a triumphant grave,
A Graue; On whose leatheorne, sighned Youth:
For here lies Juliet, and her body makes
This Vault a feasting presence full of light,
Death lie thou there, by a dead man inter'd,
How oft when men are at the point of death,
Howe they beene merrie? Which heir Keepers call
A lightning before death? Oh how may
Call this a lightning? O my Loue, my Wife,
Death that hath infect the honey of thy breath,
Hath no power yet vpon thy Beautie:
Thee we are not conquer'd: Beauties enigne yet
Is Crysmon in thy lips, and in thy cheeckes,
And Deaths pale Flageis not aduanced there.

Ytakit, yt it shoule in thy bloody fleete,
O what more favour can I do to thee,
Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,
To funder his that was thy enemie?

Forgive me Cozzen. Ah deare Juliets,
Why art thou so faire? I will beleue,
Shall I beleue that vnsubstantiall reach is amoros
And that the leane abborred Monster keeps
Thee here in dake to be his Paramour?
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee,
And never from this Palace of dyne night
Depart againe: come let thou in my armes,
Here's to thy health, where eere thou tumbell ft.
O true Apothecarie!

Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die,
Depart againe: here, here will I remaine,
With Wormes that are thy Chambermaids: O here
Where I let vp my everlafing rett: And
That is the yoke thee, and thou shalt flake
From this world weared flesh: Eyes looke your left:
Armes take your left embrasse: And lips O you
The doones of breath, stale with a righteous kisse
A datelesse bargain to ingroossing death:
Come bitter conduct, come vnfaoutry guide,
Thou celerate Pilot, now at once run on
The dafting Rocks, thy sea-ficke weare flatte
Here's to my Loue. O true Apothecary:
Enter Friar with Lanham, Crow, and Spade.

Fri. St. Francis be my speed, how o'lt to night Have my old feet stumbled at ground? Who's there? Man. Here's one, a Friend, & one that knows you well.

Fri. Blisse be upon you. Tell me good my Friend What Tort is yon that vainly lends his light To grubs, and eyestaff Scullies? As I discern, it burneth in the Capell's Monument.

Man. It is the holy fire, And there's my Master, one that you love.


Man. I dare not Sir.

My Master knows not but I am gone hence, And fearefully did menace me with death, If I did slie to looke on this entente.

Fri. Stay, then, I'll go alone: foreres comes upon me.

Man. As I did sleep under this young tree here, I dreamt my master and another fought, And that my Master flew him.

Fri. Romeo,

Alacke, alacke, what blood is this which stains The famous entrance of this sepulcher? What means thefe Masterlfe, and goatie Sword To lie discolour'd by this place of peace? Rome o, pale pale : who elfe what Paris too? And fleer in blood? Ah what an vnkind hour Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?

The Lady firs.

Inf. O comfortable Frier, where's my Lord? I do remember well where I should be: And there I am, where is my Romeo?

Fri. I heare some nofe Lady, come from that neck Of death, contagion, and vnnatural sleepe, A greater power then we can contradict Hath threathned our entente, come, come away, Thy husband in thy bofrone there lies dead: And Paris too: come I lie difpofe of thee, Among a Siferhood of holy Nunnas: Stay not to question, for the watch is coming: Come, go good Iniet, I dare no longer stay. Exit. Inf. Go get thee hence, for I will now away, What's here? A cup close'd in my true lovers hand? Powder I feel eth, and his timeflefe end O chirle, drink all and let no friendly drop; To help me after, I will kee thy lips, Happy some poplcy yet doth hang on them, To make me die with a reftorit une.

Thy lips are warme.

Enter Day and watch.

Watch. Lead boy, which way?

Inf. Ye nofle? Then Ile be briefe, O happye Dagger.

Tis in thy theare, there sithef and let me die. Kifs hefife.

Day. This is the place.

There were the lady doth burne

Watch. The ground is bloody, Search about the Churchyard,

Go some of you, who are you find attache.

Putfull fire, here lies the Countie flaine, And Inlet bleeding, warme and newly dead.

Who here hath lain these two daies buried. Go tell the Prince, come to the Capell, Raise vp the Montague, come othar search, We fee the ground where these woes dete, But the true ground of all these pconfus woes, We cannot without circumference decry. Enter Romeo, man.

Watch. Here's Romeo's man.

We found him in the Churchyard.

Con. Hold him in safety, till the Prince come hither. Enter Frier, and another Watchman.

3. War. Here is a Frier that trembles, fillhes, and weepes. We tooke this Manlocked and this Spade from him, As he was comming from this Church-yard side. Con. A great fulpition, fay the Frier too.

Enter the Prince.

Prior. What ifaduencture is too early vp, That calls our perfon from our mornings ret? Enter Capulet and his wife.

Cap. What should it be that they do shrink abroad? War. O the people in the frete cite Rome. Some Inlet, and some Paris, and all runne With open outcry toward our Monument.

Prior. What care is this which ftrilles in your eares? War. Soureman, here lies the Countie Paris flaine, And Romeo dead, and Inlet dead before, Warme and new kild.

Prior. Search, See fere, and know how, this foul murder comes. War. Here is a Frier, and Slaughter'd Romeo man, With Instruments upon them fit to open Thefe dead mens Tombs.

Cap. O hemen! O wife locke how our Daughters bleedes! This Dagger hath mimface, for loe his house Is empty on the backe of Montague, And is misbeathed in my Daughters bofore. Wife. Ome, this'highe of death, is as a Bell That wakes my old age to a Sepulcher. Enter Montague.

Prior. Come Montague, for thou art early vp To fee thy Sonne and Here, new early downe. Mont. As my liege, my wife is dead to night, Griefe of my Sonnes exile hath flaff his breath: What further woe conipires againft my age? Prior. Look, and thou fhalt fee.

Mome. O thou wraught, what manneris in this, To profile before thy Father to a grave? 

Prior. Seale vp the mouth of our age for a while, Till we can cleepe their ambiguities, And know their fpring, their head, their true defcent, And then will I be generall of your woes, And lead you even to death; meantime time for bare, And let mixtence be flege to patience, Bring forth the parties of bifipation.

Fri. I am the greatefe able to doe leafe, Yet moft fulpended in the time and place Dofh make against me of this threfh hold mutter, And here I stand both to impeache and purge My felle condemned, and my felle exam'd. 

Prior. Then fay at once, what thou dost know in this? Fri. I will be briefe, for my short date of breath Is not fo long as is a recondite tale. Romeo there dead, was husband to that Juliet, And fhe there dead, that's Romeo faithful wife:
The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.

And then in poife he came from Mantua
To this same place, to this same Monument.
This Letter he early bid me give his Father,
And threatened me with death, going in the Vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Priv. Give me the Letter, I will look on it.
Where is the Counter's Page that rais'd the Watch?
Sirra, what made your Master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his Ladies grave,
And bid me stand aloofe, and so did I:
Anon comes one with light to open the Tombe,
And by and by my Master drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the Watch.

Priv. This Letter doth make good the Friers words,
Their course of Loue, the eydings of her death:
And beere he writes, that he did buy a poyson
Of a poore Pothecarie, and therewithal
Came to this Vault to dye, and bye with Iuliet.
Where be these Enemies? Capulet, Montague,
See what a scourge is laide upon your hate,
That Heaven finds means to kill your joys with Loue;
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have left a brace of Kinsmen: All are punifh'd,
Cap. O Brother Montague, give me thy hand,
This is my Daughters ioyne true, for no more
Can I demand.

Mean. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her Statute in pure Gold,
That whiles Verona by that name is knowne,
There shall no figure at that Rate be fet,
As that of True and Faithful Iuliet.
Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his Lady ly,
Poor sacrifices of our enmity.

Priv. A glooming pease this morning with it brings,
The Sunne for sorrow will not shew his head:
Go hence, to hause more tales of these sad things,
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punifh'd.
For never was a Storie of more Wo,
Then this of Iuliet, and her Romeo.

FINIS.
Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Mercer, at several doors.

Poet.

Good day Sir.

Pain. I am glad you are well.

Poet. I have not seen you long, how goes the World?

Pain. It weares fir, as it grows.

Poet. I think that's well knowne:

Pain. It weares fir, as it grows.

Poet. That's well knowne:

But what particular Raritie? What Strangeness,

Which manifold record not matches: fee

Magickie of Boynty, all theses sprits thy power

Hath conuird't to attend,

I know the Merchant.

Pain. I know them both: th'others a Jeweller.

Jewel. O tis a worthy Lord.

Jew. Nay that's most fixt.

Men. A molt incomparable man, breath'd as it were,

To an entretract and continuate goodnisse:

He paffes.

Jew. I have a Jewell here.

Men. O pray let's fee't. For the Lord Timon, sir?

Jewel. If he will touch the effimate. But for that—

Poet. When thes for remembrance have prass'd the wild,

It flames the glory in that happy Verse,

Which aptly sings the good.

Men. 'Tis a good forme.

Jewel. And rich there is a Water looke ye.

Pain. You are rapt fir, in some worke, some Dedication to the great Lord.

Poet. A thing flipt idely from me,

Our Poetie is a Gowne, which vies

From whence 'tis now flipt: the fire it's Fling

She was not, till it be flipt: our gentle flame

Prouokes it felle, and like the current flies

Each bound it chafes: What have you there?

Pain. A Picture sir: when comes your Bookie forth?

Poet. Vpon the heales of my pretention fir.

Let's fee your peece,

Pain. 'Tis a good Peece.

Poet. So 'tis, this comes off well, and excellant.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: How this grace

Speakes his owne standing: what a mentall power

This eye Shoutes forth? How bigge imagination

Mouses in this Lip, to th'dumbnesse of the gefture,
With one man becken'd from the rest below,
Bowling his head against the steepy Mount,
To climb his happiness, would be well exprest
In our Condition.

Poet. Nay Sir, but hear me out:
All those which were his Fellows but of late,
Some better then his valor; on the moment
Follow his tunes, his Lebbins fill with tendance,
Raine Sacrificall whisperings in his ears,
Make Sacred even his flycrops, and through him
Drinke the free Ayre.

Pain. I marry, what of these?
Poet. When Fortune in her shift and change of mood
Sponces downe her late beloved; all his Dependants
Which labour'd after him to the Mountains top,
Even on their knees and hand, let him sit downe,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. Tis common:
A thousand moral Paintings I can shew,
That shall demonstrate these quickke blowes of Fortunes,
More pregnantly then words. Yet you do well,
To shew Lord Timon, that meane eyes have seene
The foot about the head.

Trumpets sound.

Enter Lord Timon, addressing himselfe currently to every Sitter.

Tim. Imprievion'd is he, say you?

Clas. I say good Lord, fine Talents is his debts,
His meanes most short, his Creditors most straiten:
Your Honourable Letter he defers
To those hee flut him vp, which failing,
Perio'ds his comfort.

Tim. Noble Fenities well:
I am not of that Feather, to shake off
My Friend when he must needs me. I do know him
A Gentleman, that well defers a helpe,
Which he shall haue. He paye the debt, and free him.

Mef. Your Lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him, I will fend his ransom,
And being enfranchis'd bid him come to me;  
Tis not enough to helpe the Feeble vp,
But to support him after. Fare you well.

Mef. All happinesse to your Honor.

Enter an old Athenian.

Oldm. Lord Timon, heare me speake.

Tim. Freely good Father.

Oldm. Thou haist a Scuene nam'd Lucilus.
Tim. I have so: What of him?

Oldm. Moft Noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attend hee here, or Lucilus.

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 haue beene inclin'd to thrive,
And my estate deferves an Heyre more rais'd,
Then one which holds a Trencher.

Tim. Well: what further?

Old. One onely Daughter haue I, no Kin eligible,
On whom I may conferre what I haue got:
The Maid is faire, a th'youngest for a Bride,
And I haue bred her at my dearest cost,
In Qualities of the beft. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I praythee (Noble Lord)

Joyce with mete to forbid him her relior,
My leffe haue spoke in vaine.

Tim. The man is honest.

Oldm. Therefore he will be Timon,
His honestly rewards him in it selfe,
It must not beare my Daughter,

Tim. Does she love him?

Oldm. She is yong and apt:
Our owne precedent instances do instruct vs.

What leuities in youth.

Tim. Loue you the Maid?

Luc. I my good Lord, and the accepts of it.

Oldm. If in her Marriage my content be miffing,
I call the Gods to witnesse, I will choose
Mine heyre from forth the Beggers of the world,
And dispo'se of all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equall Husband?

Oldm. Three Talents on the present: in future, all.

Tim. This Gentleman of mine
Hath seru'd me long:
To build his Fortune, I will straine a little,
For its a Bond in men. Give him thys Daughter,
What you bestow, in him Ie counterpoize,
And make him weigh with her.

Oldm. Moft Noble Lord,
Passe me to this your Honour, she is his,
Tim. My hand to them.

I mine Honour on my promisse.

Luc. Humbly I thank your Lordship, neuer may
That rate or Fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you.

Poet. Vouchsafe my Labour,
And long live your Lordship.

Tim. I thank you, you shall haue from me anon:
Go not away. What have you there, my Friend?

Pain. A pece of Painting, which I do besteech
Your Lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.

The painting is almoft the Natural man:
For since D. Honor Traffickes with mens Nature,
He is but oure side: These Penifid Figures are
Even fuch as they glue out. I like your worke,
And you fhall finde I like it; Waite attendance
Tyll you hearre further from me.


Tim. Well fare you Gentleman: give me your hand,
We muft needs dye together: for your Jewell
Hath suffer'd vnder praiere.

Jewel. What my Lord, dispraise?

Tim. A meece faciety of Commendations,
If I should pay you for't as its extolled,
I would vndrew me quire.

Jewel. My Lord, its rated
As thofe which fell would gloue: but you well know,
Things of like valew differing in the Owners,
Are priz'd by their Masters. Beleau't decre Lord,
You mend the Jewell by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Enter Aperimatus.

Mer. No my good Lord, he speakes y'common tong
Which all men speake with him.

Tim. Looke who comes here, will you be child?

Jewel. We'l bearre with your Lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee,
Gentle Aperimatus.
Timon of Athens.

Ap. I'll be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow.

Tim. Why dost thou call them Knaues, 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'd thee by thy name.

Ap. Thou art proud Apemantus?

Tim. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like Timon.

Ap. Whether art going?

Tim. To knock out an honest Athenian's braines.

Ap. That's a deed thou durst for.

Ap. Right, if doing nothing be death by th'Law.

Tim. How lik'st thou this picture Apemantus?

Ap. The best, for the innocenc.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it.

Ap. He wrought better that made the Painter, and yet he's but a filthy piece of worke.

Pain. Y'are a Dogge.

Ap. Thy Mother's of my generation: what's she, if't will be a Dogge?

Tim. What dine with me Apemantus?


Tim. And thou should'st, thou'dst anger Ladies.

Ap. O they eat Lords;

So they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Ap. So, thou apprehendst it, Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this Jewell, Apemantus?

Ap. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not call a man a Doit.

Tim. What dost thou thinke 'tis worth?


How now Poet?

Poe. How now Philosopher?


Poe. Art not one?


Poe. Then I lye not.

Ap. Art not a Poet?

Tim. Yes.

Ap. Then thou lyest: Look in thy left worke, where thou hast fergin'd him a worthy Fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is so.

Ap. Yes he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour. He that loves to be flattered, is worthy of flatterer. Heavens, that I were a Lord.

Tim. What wouldst do then Apemantus?

Ap. He 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.

Art not thou a Merchant?

Mer. I Apemantus.

Ap. Traffick confound thee, if the Gods will not.

Mer. If Traffick do it, the Gods do it.


Tim. Trumpets sounds. Enter a Messenger.

Mer. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty Horse

All of Companionship.

Tim. Pray entertain them, give them guide to vs.

You must needs dine with me; go not you hence.

Till I have thank'd you: when dinners done

Shew me this pece, I am joyfull of your fights.

Enter Alcibiades with the rest.

Most welcome Sir.

Ap. So, so, their Aches contriv'd, and sitrou your supple joints: that there should be small loose amongst thee the sweet Knaues, and all the Civetee. The trainer of men bred out into Baboon and Monkey.

Alc. Sir, you have faid my prolonging, and I feed Most hungrily on your fight.

Tim. Right welcome Sir: Er we depart, we'll share a bounteous time In different pleasures.

Pray you let vs in.

Enter two Lords.

1. Lord. What time a day is't Apemantus?

Ap. Time to be hoonest.

1 That time ferues still.

Ap. The most assured thou that still omit it.

2. Lord. Are you going to Lord Timons Feast.


2. Lord. Farthe well, farthee well.

Ap. Thou art a Foleo to bid me farewell twice.

2. Lord. Why Apemantus?

Ap. Should hau'e kept one to thy selfe, for I mean'd to give thee none.


Ap. No I will do nothing at this bidding: Make thy requests to thy Friend.

2. Lord. Away imperceivable Dogge, Or Ile spurne thee hence.

Ap. I will flye like a dogge, the hecles a'thisr, For I es'oppose to humanity. Comes shall we in.

And raffe Lord Timons bonus: he out-goes The vere heart of kindneffe.

2. Lord. He powr's it out: P繪ar the God of God Is but his Steward: no meede but he repayes Scen-fold above it felse: No guilt to him, But breedes the giner a returne: exceeding All vie of quittance.

1. Lord. The Noblest mind he carrie's, That euer gournd'd man.

2. Lord. Long may he live in Fortunes. Shall we in? He keeps you Company.

Exequt.

Hogges Playing clown Mussick.

A great Banquet serv'd in: and then, Enter Lord Timon, the States the Athenian Lords. Ventigins which Timon redeem'd from prison. Then comes dropping after all Apemantus discomfited like himself.

Vestige. Most honour'd Timon,

It hath pleas'd the Gods to remember my Fathers age, And call him to long peace: He is gone happy, and has left merich:

Then, as in gratefull Verue I am bound To your free heart, I do returne those Talents Doubled with thanks and seruice, from whose helpe I deriv'd libertie.

Tim. O by no meanes, Honest Ventigins: You mis take my lourse, I gaue.
I gave it freely ever, and ther's none
Can truly say he gives, if he receivs:
If out betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them: faults that are rich are faire.

Virt, A noble spirit.

Tim.Nay my Lords, Ceremony was but devils'd at first
To set a gloafe on fine deeds, hollow welcomes,
Receiuing goodnscffe, forty ere'tis shoune:
But where there is true friendlip, there needs no base,
Pray fit, more welcome are ye to my Fortunes,
Then my Fortunes to me.

1. Lord. My Lord, we alwaies have confess'd it.
Aper. Ho, ho, confess it! Handg'd it? Have you not?
Tim. Of Appearances, you are welcome.
Aper. No; You shall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fit, that's a churlie, ye'have got a humour there
Does not become a man, 'tis much too blade:
They say my Lords, prefur ave bene of;
But yond man is verie angrie.
Go, let him have a Table by himselfe:
For he does neither affect companie,
Nor is he fit for indeed.

Aper. Let me flay at thine apparill, Timon,
I come to obfcrue, I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee: That's an Athenion,
therefore welcome: If my fettle would have no power,
pythele let my meate make thee flient.

Aper. I fome thy meate, 'twould choke me: for I should nere flatter thee. Oh you Gods! What a number of men eat Timon,
and he fecs 'em not? It greucses me to fee fo many dip there meate in one man's blood, and all the madness is, he checites them vp too.
I wonder men daue trufe themfelves with men.
Men think I, they should emnite them without knifes,
Good for there meate, and flater for their blus.
There's much example for't, the fellow that fits next him,
now parts bread with him, pleades the breath of him in a duided draught; is the reafon to kill him. 'Tas beene proued, if we were alluge men I should fcare to dinte at meales, lefly they should fpe my wind-pipes dangerous noates, great men fhould dince with haffe in their throates.

Tim. My Lord in heart: and let the health go round.

2. Lord. Let it flow this way my good Lord.
Aper. Flow this way? A braue fellow. He keeps his tides well, tho' healths will make thee and thy flate looke ill, Timon.

Here's that which is too weake to be a finner,
Honf wat, which nere left man ith'mire:
This and my food are equal, there's no ods,
Feaths are to proude to give thans to the Gods.

Aper. Mutuall Grace.

Immortale Gods, I crave a psalme,
I pray for no man but my felfe,
Great I may nager proue to fpend,
To attraft men on his Oath or Bond,
Or a Harlot for her wrapping,
Or a Dogge that fcrues alfeping,
Or a keeper with my freedom,
Or my friends if I should need 'em,
Addm. So fell't is:
Richmen for, and I eat roots,
Much good dichthy good heart, Apernancy
Tim. Captain,

Alchezides, your hearts in the field now.

Alc. My heart is euer at your tenure, my Lord,
Tim. You had rather be at a breakesfast of Enemies,
then a dinner of Friends.

Alc. So they were breeding new my Lord, there's no meat like 'em, I could with my bef friend at fuch a eafe.
Aper. Would all thofe Flatterers were thine Enemies then, that then thou might'lt kill'em: & bid me to 'em.

1. Lord. Might we but have that happiness my Lord,
that you would once vie our hearts, whereby we might expresse some part of our zealcs, we fhould think our livs for euer perfect.

Timon. Oh no doubt my good Friends, but the Gods themselves have proued that I fhall have much helpe from you: how had you bene y Friends eile. Why have you that charillly title from thousands? Did not you chiefly belong to say heart? I have told more of you to my fife, then you can with modcur fpeake in your owne behalf. And thus farre I confirme you. Oh you Gods(thinke I), what need we have my krynd if we should nere have need of 'em? They were the moft needleff Creatures living; fhould we nere have vie for 'em? And would moft refleeme fweete Instruments hung vp in Cafes, fhould keeps that founds to themfelues. Why I have often with my felle poorer, that I might come nearer to you: we are borne to do benefs.
And what better or proper can we call owne, then the riches of our Friends? Oh what a precious com fort vis, to have fo many like Brothers commanding one anotheres Fortunes. Oh ioyes, i'm made away e're can be borne: mine feres cannot hold out weatehms think to forget their Faults. I drinke to you.

Aper. Thou wert fl to make them drink, Timon.

2. Lord. I toy had the like conception in owne, And at that instant, like a babe sprung vp.
Aper. Ho, ho: I laugh to thinke that babe a bastard.

3. Lord. I promife you my Lord you moud me much.
Aper. Much.

Sound Tucket. Enter the Maskers of Amazones with Ladies in their hands, dauncing and playing.

Tim. What means that Turmpe? How now?

Enter Servant.

Sr. Plesse you my Lord, there are certaine Ladies Most diligent of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? what are their wifs?
Sr. There comes with them a fore-runner my Lord, which beares that office, to fignisfe their pleasures.
Tim. I prays let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid with the Maskes of Ladies.

Cup. Hail to the worthy Timon and to all that of his Booties that affe the fue benef Senses knowledge thee their Patron, and come freely to gratulate thy pietiour bosome.
There is a touch all pleas'd from thy Table rife;
They only now come but to Feaft thine eies.
Tim. They're welcome all, let 'em have kind admittance, Musicke make their welcome.
Luc. You set my Lord, how ampley y'arc belou'd.
Aper. Hoyday,
What a sweape of vanity comes this way.
They dauncce? They are madwomen.

G 3

Like
Like Madnuffle is the glory of this life,
As this pompe givews to a little oyle and roore.
We make our felues Fooles, to disport our felues,
And spend our Fatteries, to drinke those men,
Upon whose Age we voyde it vp azen
With poyonous Spight and Envy.
Who liues, that's not depauned, or depraues;
Who dyes, that bears not one spume to their grazes
Of their Friends guift:
I should feared, those dance before me now,
Would one day stampae upon me: 'Tas bene done,
Men fhat their doores against a setting Sunne.

The Lords rise from Table, with much adoring of Timon, and
to fhow their love, each single out an Amazon, and all
Dance, men with women, a leftine four or two to the
Hubeyes, and cafes.

Tim. You have done our pleasures
Much grace (faire Ladies)
Set a faire fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not halfe fo beautifull, and kinde:
You have added worth vnoote's, and lufter,
And entertain'd me with mine owne decency.
I am to thank you for't.
1 Lord. My Lord you take vs even at the bent.
After. Faith for the wroth is fithly, and would not hold
taking, I doubtme.
Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you,
Please you to difpose your felues.

All La. Moft thankfully, my Lord.

Tim. Flautus.

Fla. My Lord.

Tim. The little Casket bring me hither.

Fla. Yes, my Lord. More Jewels yet?

There is no croffing him in humor,
Else I fhould tell him well, yet faith I should;
When all's spent, hee'd be croft then, and he could:
Tis pitty Bounty had not eyes behinde,
That man might ne're be wrothed for his minde.

Exit.

1 Lord. Where be our men?

Ser. Heere my Lord,in readiness.

1 Lord. Our Horses.

Tim. O my Friends:
I have one word to fay to you: Look ye, my good L.
I muft intertit you honour me fo much,
As to advance this Jewell, accept it, and weare it,
Kinde my Lord.

1 Lord. I am fo faire already in your guifts.

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord, there are certaine Nobles of the Senate
newly alighted, and come to vifit you.

Tim. They are fairely welcome.

Enter Flautius.

Fla. I befeech your Honor, vouchsafe me a word, it
does concern me youere.

Tim. Neere? Why then another time Ile heare thee,
I prythe thee be prouided to fhow them entertainment.

Fla. I feare know how,

Enter another Servant.

Ser. May it pleafe your Honor, Lord Lucius
(Out of his face loues) hath prefent'd to you
Fourte Milke-white Horses, trapp'd in Silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairely: let the Prefents
Be worthy entertain'd.

Enter a third Servant.

How now? What newes?

3 Ser. Please you my Lord, that honourable Gentle-
man Lord Lucillus, entreats your company to morrow,
to hunt with him, and ha's lent your Honour two brace
of Grey-hounds.

Tim. Ile hunt with him,
And let them be receiued, not without faire Reward.

Fla. What will this come to?
He commands vs to prouide, and giue great guifts, and
all out of an empty Coffe:

Not will he know his Purfe, oyceyled methis,
To fhow him what a Begger his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good.

His promifes flye fo beyond his flate.
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes for euery word.
He is fo kind, that he now pays interef fet for;
His Land's put to their Bookes. Well, would I were
Gently put out of Office, before I were forc'd out:
Happier is he that has no friend to feeke,
Then fuch that do e're Enemies exceede.

I bleed inwardly for my Lord.

Tim. You do your felues much wrong,
You hate too much of your owne merits.

Here my Lord, a trifle of our Loue.

2 Lord. With more then common thankes
I will receuie it.

3 Lord. O he's the very soule of Bounty.

Tim. And now I remember my Lord, you gavo good
words the elider day of a Fay Coufer I ftood on, Tit yours
because you lik'd it.

1. Lord. Oh, I befeech you pardon mee, my Lord, in that,

Tim. You may take my word my Lord: I know no
man can juftly praife, but what he does affecl.

I weigh my Friends affection with mine owne; Itt tell you true,
Itt call to you.

All Lor. O none to Welcome.

Tim. I take all, and your fervierall Visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to giue:
Me thinkes, I could deale Kingdomes to my Friends,
And here be weare.

Alcibiades.

Thou art a Solldier, therefore fide ome rich,
It comes in Chriftiand to thee: for all thy living
Is mong't the dead: and all the Lands thou haft
Lye in a pitchet field.

Alc. I defli'd Land, my Lord.

1 Lord. We are to vertuously bound.

Tim. And fo am I to you.

2 Lord. So infinitely ender'd,

Tim. All to you. Lights,more Lights.

1 Lord. The beft of Happines, Honor, and Fortunes
Kepe with you Lord Timon.

Tim. Ready for his Friends.

Enter Lords

Aper. What a cooles heere, feruing of beckes, and cut-
ing out of bumbles, I doubt whether their Legges be
worth the tummes that are given for 'em.

Friendships full of dregges,
Me thinkes falle hearts, should never have found legges,
Thus honett Foole lay out their wealth on Curtifies,

Tim. Now Apermanes (if thou wert not fullen)
I would be good to thee.

Aper. No, Ile nothing; for if I should be brib'd too,
there would be none left to raile vpon thee, and then thou
would finne the fatter. Thou giue's no long Timon (I
fear me) thou wilt gue away thy felves in paper. shortly.
What needes thefe Feasts, pomps, and Vase-glories?

Tim.
Tim. Nay, and you begin to rail on Societie once, I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell, & come with better Mufick.

Aper. So: Thou wilt not hear mee now, thou shalt not thee. He Locke thy heaven from thee it:
Oh that mens ears should be To Counteill dese, but not to Flatterie.

Enter a Senator.

Sen. And late five thouンド. to Vlaco and to Ifidore He owes nine thouンド, besides his former fame, Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion Of raging wasting! It cannot hold, it will not. If I want Gold, take the beggars Dogge, And give it Timon, why the Dogge comes Gold. If I would fell my Horse, and buy twenty moe Better then he; why give my Horse to Timon. Ask no thing, give it him, itVoles me straight And able Horses: No Porter at his gate, But rather one that smiles, and tells Julies All that pass by. It cannot hold, no resons Can found his estate in safety. Capheus ha's.

Capus 1 say,

Enter Capheus.

Ca. Heere sit, what is your pleasure.

Sen. Get on your cloke, & ha't you to Lord Timon, Importune him for my Moneys, be not craft With flight deniall; nor then silent, when Command me to your Mafter, and the Cap Plays in the right hand, thus: but tell him, My Vrs cry to me: I must fume my turne Out of nine owne, his dayes and times are past, And my reliances on his tracted dates Have fumit my credit. I love, and honour him, But must not breake my backe, to helle his finger. Immediate are my needs, and my relefe Muft not be toft and turn'd to me in words, But finde supply immediate. Get you gone, Put on a moft importunate aspect, A vifage of demand: for I do fare When every Feather flitches in his owne wing, Lord Timon will be left a naked gulf, Which flathes now a Phoenix, get you gone.

Ca. I go fi.

Sen. I go fi?

Take the Bonds along with you, And haue the dates in. Come.

Ca. I will Sir.

Sen. Go.

Enter Senators, with many bills in his hand.

Stew. No care, no hop, so fefefle of expence, That he will neither know how to maintain it, Nor eafe his flow of Riot. Takes no accompt How things go from him, nor refuse no care Of what is to continue: never minde, Was to be fee vnwise, 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.

Enter Capheus, Ifidore, and Varro.

Cap. Good even Varro: what, you come for money?

Var. It is not your businesse too.

Cap. It is, and yours too. Ifidore.

Ifid. It is so.

Cap. Would we were all difcharg'd.

Var. I feare it,

Cap. Heree comes the Lord.

Enter Timon, and his Traine.

Tim. So foon as dinners done, we'll forth againe

My Altritudes. With me, what is your will?

Cap. My Lord, here is a note of certaine debts.

Tim. Does't whence are you?

Cap. Of Athens here, my Lord.

Tim. Go to thy Steward.

Cap. Please it your Lordship, he hath put me off To the receccion of new dayes this moneth: My Mafter is awak'd by great Occasion, To call upon his owne, and humbly prays you, That with your other Noble parts, you'll suite, In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest Friend, I prythee but reparation to me next morning.

Cap. Nay, good my Lord.

Tim. Containe thy felfe, good Friend.

Var. One fayes fnear, my good Lord.

Ifid. From Ifidore, he humbly prays you your speedy pay-ment.

Cap. If you did know my Lord, my Mafter wants.

Var. Twas due on forfteury my Lord,fiue weeks, and past.

If. Your Steward puts me off my Lord, and I am fent expressly to your Lordship.

I do beseche you good my Lords keepe on, He write upon you infantly. Come hither: pray you How goes the world, that I am thus encountered With clamorous demands of debts, broken Bonds, And the detention of long since due debts; Against my Honor?

Stew. Pleafce you Gentlemen, The time is vnagreable to this businesse: Your importunacy eafe, till after dinner, That I may make his Lordshipp vnderstanding Wherefore you are not pay'd.

Tim. Do fo my Friends, see them well entertain'd.

Stew. Pray draw neere.

Enter Apefianus and Foole.

Capheus. Stay, stay, here comes the Foole with Apefianus, let's ha some sport with 'em.

Var. Hang him, hee I abuse vs.

Ifid. A plague upon him dogge.

Var. How do? Foole?

Ape. Do! Dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. I speak not to thee.

Ape. No 'tis to thy felfe. Come away.

If. There's the Foole hanges on your backe already.

Ape. No thoufand & finge, that's not on him yet.

Cap. Where's the Foole now?

Ape. He laft ask'd the question. Poor Rogues, and Vfurers men, Baus betweene Gold and want.

All. What are we Apefianus?

Ape. Affes.

All. Why?

Ape. That you ask me what you are, & do not know your felues. Speake to 'em Foole.

Foole. How do you Gentlemen?

All. Gramercies good Foole:

How does your Miftiris?
Timon of Athens

Enter Page.

Fool. She's e'en letting on water to scald'd such Chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth.

Apes. Good, Gramercy.


How dost thou Apemantus?

Apes. Would I had a Rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Boy. Prythee Apemantus reade me the superscription of these Letters, I know not which is which.

Apes. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apes. There will little Learning dye then that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord Timon, this to Alcibiades. So thou was't borne a Ballard, and thou'rt dye a Bawd.

Page. Thou was't whelpt a Dogge, and thou shalt famish a Dogsge death.

Answer not, I am gone.

Apes. Ene thou our-runst Grace,

Fool. I will go with you to Lord Timon.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apes. If Timon play at home.

You three ftere three Vurers.

All. I would they fend vs.

Apes. So would I.

As good a piece as ever Hangman seru'd Theefe.

Fool. Are you three Vurers men?

All. I Fool.

Fool. I think no Vurer, but that's a Fool to his Sirvant. My Mittis is one, and I am her Fool: when men come to borrow of your Masters, they approach fadly, and go away merry: but they enter my Masters house merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this?

Var. I could render one.

Ap. Do it then, that we may account thee a Whoremaster, and a Knaue, which not withstanding thou shalt be no leffe esteemed.

Var. What is a Whoremaster Fool?

Fool. A Fool in good clothes, and something like thee. This is spirit, sometime c'zappes like a Lord, sometime like a Lawyer, sometime like a Philosopher, with two ftones more then artificial one. Hee is very often like a Knight; and generally, in all shapes that man goes vp and downe in, from fourefoot to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a Fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a Wife man.

As much foolerie as I have,so much wit thou lack't.

Ap. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All. Aside, aside, heere comes Lord Timon.

Enter Timon and Steward.

Apes. Come with me(Fool)come.

Fool. I do not always fellow Lourer, seldor Brother, and Woman, sometime the Philosopher.

Stew. Pray you walk encre, hee speake with you anon.

Tim. You make me merrul wherefore ere this time

Had you not fully laide my state before me,

That I might to have rated my expence

As I had leasure of meane.

Stew. You would not heare me:

At many leysures I propose.

Tim. Go to:

Perchance some fingle vantages you took,

When my indispisition put you backe,

And that vnapnete made your minifter

Thus to excute your felte.

Stew. O my good Lord,

At many times I brought in my accoounts,

Laid them before you, you would throw them off,

And lay you found them in mine handfull.

When for some trifling present you had bid me

Returne so much, I haue thrown my head, and wrote:

Yea 'gainfl the Authority of manners, pray'd you

To hold you hand more clofe: I did indure

Not fildome, nor no flight checkes, when I have

Prompted you in the ebbe of your estate,

And your great flow of debts; my loud Lord,

Though you hear now (too late) yet nowes a time,

The greatest of your having, lacks a half,

To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my Land be fold.

Stew. 'Tis all engag'd, some forsyetted and gone,

And what remaines will hardly flop the mouth

Of present due; the future comes space:

What shall defend the interim, and at length

How goes our reckning?

Tim. To Lucemon did my Land extent.

Stew. O my good Lord, the world is but a word,

We're it all yours, to give it in a breath,

How quickly were it gone.

Tim. Tell me true.

Stew. If you suffered my Husbandry or Fullhood,

Call me before th'Alexand, Auditor,

And set me on the profe.

So the Gods bleffe me,

When all our Offices have been oppressed

With riotous Feeders, when our Vauls have wept

With drunken Spill of Wine, when every room

Hath blaze'd with Lights, and brad with Miniftralles,

I haue retyr'd me to a wastefull cooke,

And fet mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Prythee no more.

Stew. Heauens haue I foid the bounty of this Lord:

How many prodigall bits have Slaves and Peizens

This night enplatted: who is not Timons,

What heart, head, sword, force, meanes, but is L. Timons:

Great Timons, Noble, Worthy, Royall Timons:

Ah, when the meanes are gone, that buy this prais.

The breath is gone whereof this prais is made:

Feast won, fall lost: one cloud of Winter howres,

These flies are coucht.

Tim. Come seremoni me no further.

No villainous bountie yet hath past my heart;

Vnwisely, not ignobly haue I gluin,

Why doft thou wepe, canst thou the confidence lacke,

To thinke I shall lacke friends: secure thy heart,

If I would broach the vellies of my louse,

And try the argument of hearts, by borrowing,

Men, and meane fortunes could I frankly vfe

As I can bid these speake.

Stew. Assurance bleffe your thoughts.

Tim. And in some fort these wants of mine are crown'd,

That I account them blessings. For by these

Shall I trie Friends. You shall percuve

How you misake my Fortunes:

I am wealthy in my Friends.

Within there, Examine Scrinum?
Enter three Servants.

Ser. My Lord, my Lord.

Tim. I will dispatch you generally.

You to Lord Lucius, to Lord Lucullus you, I hunted with his Honor to day, you to Semptrinis; condemn me to their looks; and I am prouudly say, that my occasions have found time to vie 'em toward a supply of mony: let the requit be fifty Talents.

Flam. As you have said, my Lord.

Luc. Lord Lucius and Lucullus, Hauh, Tim. Go you sir the Senators; Of whom, even to the States best health; I have Defend'd this Hearing: bid 'em send o' my'natant A thousand Talents to me.

Ste. I have been bold (For that I knew it the most general way)

To them, to vse your Signer, and your Name, But they do shake their heads, and I am here

No richer in returns.

Tim. Is't true? Can't be?

Stev. They answer in a hoyst and corporate voice, That now they are at full, want Treasure cannot

Do what they would, are forie: you are Honourable,

But yet they could have with, they know not,

Something hath been amisse: a Noble Nature

May catch a wrench; would all were well; tis pitty,

And to intending other ferious matters,

After_diufatable lookes; and heafe hard Fractions

With certaine half-caps, and cold moving nods,

They froze me into Silence.

Tim. You Gods reward them:

Prythee man looke cheerefull. These old Fellowes

Have their ingratitude in them Hereditary:

Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it fildome flowers,

'Tis lacke of kindely warmth, they are not kinde:

And Nature, as it grows againe toward earth,

Is fashion'd for the hewey, dull and beauty.

Go to Centudius: prythee be not fad,

Thou art true, and honest; Ingeniously I speake,

No blame belongs to thee.) Fearful: lately

Burst'd his Father, by whose death hee's fepp'd

Into a great efface: When he was poor,

Imprision'd, and in scarcitie of Friends,

I,clee'd him with fine Talents: Greet him from me,

Bid him fippoze, some good neceffity

Touches his Friend, which craves to be remembred

With those fine Talents; that had, give'these Fellowes

To whom 'tis indescribable. Now's speaker, or thinke,

That Timon fortunes 'mong his Friends can finke.

Stew. I would I could not thinke it:

That thought is Bounties Foe;

Being free it felfe, it thinke all others fo.

Exeunt

Flaminus waiting to speake with a Lord from his Master, enters a fcrant to him.

Ser. I haue told my Lord of you, he is comming down to you.

Flam. I thank you Sir.

Exeunt

Ser. Here's my Lord.

Luc. One of Lord Timon men! A Guift I warrant.
Why this hits right: I dreampt of a Silver Basin & Ewe to night. Flaminia, honest Flaminia, you are very respectfully welcome fit. Tell me some Wine. And how does that Honourable, Compleat, Free-heated Gentle-

man of Athens, thy very bountifull good Lord and May-

Jest?

Flam. His health is well fir.

Luc. I am right glad that his health is well fir: and what haft thou there under thy Coate pretty Flaminia?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box Sir, which in my Lords behalfe, I come to interest your Honor to supply:

who having great and indistinct occasion to vse fiftie Talents, hath lent to your Lordship to furnish him: nothing doubting your present eflance therein.

Luc. La, la, la, la: Nothing doubting fays hee? Alas good Lord, a Noble Gentleman ics, if he would not keep to gooda house. Many a time and often I haue dined with him, and told him on't, and came againe to fupper to him of purpose, to have him spend leef, and yet he would embrace no cunet, take no warning by my comming, evey
tman has his fault, and honestly is he, ha told him on't; but I could never get him from't.

Enter Servant with Wine.

Ser. Please your Lordship, here's the Wine.

Luc. Flaminia, I haue noted thee alwayes wife.

Here's to thee,

Flam. Your Lordship speaks your pleasure.

Luc. I have obferv'd thee alwayes for a towardly prompt spirit, glue thee due, and one that knows what belongs to reason: and cantl vse the time well, if the time vse thee well. Good parts in thee; get you gone firah. Drawneorhoner honest Flaminia. Thy Lords a bountifull Gentleman, but thou art wife, and thou know it well enough (although thou comft to me) that this is no time to lend money, epecially upon bare friendifhupp without securitie. Here's three Salidarez for thee, good Boy winkes at me, and fay thou faw't me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible the world should so much differ,

And we alue that liqud? Fly damned balfenecle

To him that worships thee.

Luc. Ha? Now I fee thou art a Foole, and fit for thy Master.

Exeunt

Flam May thee add to the number y may feald thee:

Let moften Coine be thy damnation,

Thou disfeste of a friend, and not himfelle:

Has friendfhip fuch a faint and millic heart,

It turns in leffe then two nights? O you Gods!

I feele my Masters passion. This Slave vnto his Honor,

Has my Lords meate in him,

Why should it thrive, and tune to Nutritment,

When he is turn'd to poftion?

O may Diflefes onely worke vp'n:

And when he's ficke to death, let not that part of Nature

Which my Lord payd for, be of any power

To expell fickneffes, but prolong his hower.

Exeunt

Enter Lucius with three Strangers:

Luc. Who the Lord Timon? He is my very good friend and an Honourable Gentleman.

1. We know him for no leffe, though we are but stran-
gers to him. But I can tell you one thing my Lord, and which I hear from common runnings, now Lord Timon

hepplie howres are done and paft, and his effare shrinks from him.

Lucius. Fye no, does not beleue it: hee cannot want

for money.

2. But beleue you this my Lord, that not long age,
one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus, to borrow fo many Talents, nay vgd extremly for't, and shewed what
Timon of Athens.

what necessity belong'd too't, and yet was deny'd: 
Luc. How?
2. I tell you, deny'd do my Lord.
Luc. What a strange case was that? Now before the Gods I am ashamed'ton. Denied that honourable man?
There was very little Honour they'd in't. For my owne part, I must needs conteign, I have receiv'd some small kindness from him, as Money, Plate, Jewels, and such like Trifles; nothing comparing to his: yet had he mis-fooke him, and fent to me, I should not have denied his Occasion so many Talents.

Enter Serulinus.

Ser. Sir, by good hap yonder my Lord, I have ne'er to see his Honor. My Honorable Lord,
Luc. Serulius? You are kindely met sir. Farthe wells, commend me to thy Honourable vertuous Lord, my very exquisite Friend.
Serulius. May it please your Honour, my Lord hath fent——
Luc. Has what he's he fent? I am so much enderced to that Lord; he's ever fending: how shall I thank him think'thou? And what has he fent now?
Serulius. Has only fent his present Occasion now my Lord requiring your Lordship to supply his infants vie with so many Talents.

Luc. I know his Lordship is but merry with me, He cannot want fifty five hundred Talents.

Serulius. But in the mean time he wants leave my Lord.
If his occasion were not vertuous, I should not venge it hacly so faithfully.

Luc. Doft thou speak earnestly Servulius? Vpon my foule'tis true Sir.

Luc. What a wicked Beast was I to disfurnish my self against such a good time, when I might ha shewn my felie Honourable? How unluckily it hapned, that I foild Purchafe the day before for a little part, and vndao a great deal of Honour? Servulius, now before the Gods I am not able to do (the more beast I say) was lending to vfc Lord Timon my felie, thefe Gentlemen can wittifie; but I would not for the wealth of Athens I had don't now. Command me bountifully to his good Lordship, and I hope his Honor will concieve the fairer of me, because I have no power to be kind. And tell him this from me, I count it of my greates affections lay, that I cannot plenture such an Honourable Gentleman. Good Servulius, will you befriend me to farre, as to vfc mine owne words to him?


Luc. He looke ye out a good turne Servulius. True as you said, Timon is frunke indee, And he that's once deny'd, do hardly speeche. Exit. 
1. I do you obferue this Hoftilus? 
2. I, to well.
3. Why this is the worlds foule, And juft of the fame peece
Is every Flatterer's sport: who can call him his Friend That dips in the fame diff? For in my knoving Timon has bin this Lords Father, And kept his credit with his pute: Supported his effate, my Timon money Has paid his men their wages, He ne'er drinks, But Timon Silvus treats upon his Lip, And yet, oh see the monstroufeff of man, When he loakes out in an vngratefull flape; He does deny him (in repect of his)

What chanish't not alford to Beggers.
3. Religion gleaes at it.
4. For mere ounce part, I never tast Timon in my life
Nor came any of his benefices over me.
To marke me for his Friend. Yet I protest,
For his right Noble minde, illuftrious Verte,
And Honourable Carriage,
Had his necessity made vie of me,
I would have put my weith in Donation, And the bell halfe should have return'd to him, So much I louse his heart: But I perceive, Men must learn now with petty to dispence, For Policy fits about Confidence.

Exit.

Enter a third fervant with Serponsinus, another of Timon's Friends.

Serponsinus. Must he needs trouble me in't? Hum.
Boute all others?
He might have tried Lord Lucius, or Lucillus,
And now Venetijus is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prifon. All these
Owes their eftates into him.
Ser. My Lord,
They have all bin touch'd, and found Base: Mettle,
For they have all denied him.

Vsen. How? Have they deny'd him?
Has Venetijus and Lucillus deny'd him,
And does he fende to me? Timerce? Huhm?
It fiewes but little lourc, or judgement in him.
Must I be his left Refuge? His Friends (like Physitians)
Thrive, give him ouer: I must take this Cure upon me
Has much difgrac'd me in't, I me angry at him,
That might have knowne my place. I fco no fenc for,
But his Occasions might have woode me first:
For in my confence, I was the firft man
That ere received gift from him.
And does he thinke fo backwardly of me now,
That he requit'me left? No:
So it may prove an Argument of Laughter
To theire, and m'ong'r Lords be thought a Fools: I'de rather then the worth of thricr the fumme,
Has fent to me firft, but for my mindes fake:
I'de such a courage to do him good. But now returne,
And with their fame reply, this anwer ioyne,
Who bates mine Honor, shall not know my Cynoe. Exit Ser.

Ser. Excellent: Your Lordships a goodly Villain: the diuell knew not what he did, when hee made man Politicke; he croold him selfe by's: and I cannot thinke, but in the end, the Villanies of man will fet him cleere. How fairely this Lord fisues to appear founue? Takes Vertuous Copies to be wicked: like thefe, that under boate ardent zeale, would fet whole Realmes on fire, of such a nature is his politike loue,
This was my Lords beft hope, now all are fied
Save only the Gods, Now his Friends are dead,
Doors that were ne're acquainted with their Wards
Many a bounteous yeere, must be imploy'd
Now to guard lure their Master:
And this is all a libeller course allows,
Who cannot keepe his wealth, must keep his house.

Vau. Enter Varrro's mom, meeting others. All Timon's Creditors to wait for his conning out. Then enter Lucins and Hertensins.

Vau. man. Well met, good morrow Timon & Hertensin's

Timon.
Tit. The like to you kinde Varro.

Hort. Lucius, what do we meet together?

Luci. I, and I think one business do's command vs all.

For mine is money.

Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter Philo...tus.

Phil. Good day at once.

Luci. Welcome good Brother.

What do you think the hour?

Phil. Labouring for Nine.

Luci. So much?

Phil. I wonder on't, he was wont to shine at feauen.

Luci. I, but the days are wax: shorter with him:

You must consider, that a Prodigious course

Is like the Sunnes, but not like his recoverable, I fear:

'Tis deepest Winter in Lord Timons purse, that is:

One may reach deep enough, and yet finde little.

Phil. I am of your feare, for that.

Tit. He flew you how obtrude a strange event:

Your Lord lends now for Money?

Hort. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timons guilt,

For which I waste for money.

Tit. It is against my heart.

Luci. Mark how strange it shewes,

Timons in this, I should pay more then he owes:

And one as if your Lord should wear rich Jewels, and send for money for 'em.

Hort. I am weary of this Charge,

The Gods can winne:

I know my Lord hath spent of Timons wealth,

And now ingratitude, makes it worse then health.

Varro. Yes, mine threes thousand Crownes:

What yours?

Luci. Five thousand mine,

Varro. 'Tis much deep, and it should seem by this Timon your Masters confidence was above mine.

Else surely his had equalled.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of Lord Timons men.

Luci. Flaminius? Sir, a word: Pray is my Lord readie
to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed he is not.

Tit. We attend his Lordship: pray signifie so much.

Flam. I need not tell him, that he knows you are too

Enter Steward in Cloaks, muffled (diligent,

Luci. Has it not that this Steward muffled so?

He goes away in a Cloud: Call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir?

Varro. What do ye ask of me, my Friend.

Tit. We wait for certaine Money here, sir.

Stew. I, if my money were as certain as your waiting,

'Twere sure enough.

Why then pretend you not your sumps and Billes

When your false Malters care of my Lords mean?

Then they could milke, and sawe upon his debts, and
take downe th' Intrest into their glutinous Mawes.

You do your felues but wrong, to flire me vp,

Let me passe quickly: I beleue, my Lord and I have made an end,

I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luci. I, but this answer will not serve.

Step. It's twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you,

For you serve Knaues.

Varro. How? What does his caffer'd Worship muster?

Varro. No matter what, he's poor, and that's re-

uence enough. Who can speake broader, then hee that

has no house to put his head in? Such may rayle against

great buildings.

Enter Servilus.

Tit. Oh here's Servilus: now we shall know some

answer.

Serv. If I might beseech you Gentlemen, to repaye

some other hour, I should desire much from't. For tak't

of my foule, my Lord Leanes wondrously to discontent:

His comfortable temper has forlooke him, he's much out

of health, and keeps his Chamber.

Luci. Many do keepe their Chambers, are not sicke:

And if it be so farre beyond his health,

Me thinks he should the sooner pay his debts,

And make a cleare way to the Gods.

Servil. Good Gods.

Tit. We cannot take this for answer, sir.

Flaminius within, Servilus helpes, my Lord, my Lord.

Enter Timon in a rage.

Tim What, are my dores oppos'd against my passage?

Hue I bin ever free, and muft my house

Be my rentitive Enemy? My Gaole?

The place which I have Fealeted, does it now

(Like all Mankinde) flow me an Iron heart?

Luci. Put in now Timon.

Tim. My Lord, here is my Bill.

Luci. Here's mine.

1. Var. And mine, my Lord.

2. Var. And ours, my Lord.

Philo. All our Billes.

Tim. Kooche me downe with'em, cleaue mee to the

Girdle.

Luc. Alas, my Lord.

Tim. Cut my heart in sumnes.

Tit. Mine, fitty Talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Five thousand Crownes, my Lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops payer that.

What yours? and yours?


2. Var. My Lord.

Tim. Troue me, take me, and the Gods fall vpoun you.

Exit Timon.

Hort. Faith I perceive our Malters may throwe their

caps at their money, these debts may well be call'd depe-

rate ones, for a madman owes 'em.

Exeunt.

Timon. They have e'en put my breath from mee the

GAUDES, Creditors? Duet.

Stew. My deere Lord.

Tim. What if it should be so?

Stew. My Lord.

Tim. Ile haue it fo. My Steward?

Stew. Here is my Lord.

Tim. So fittely? Go, bid all my Friends againe.

Lucius, Lucullus, and Simpronius Villarca: All,

Ile once more feast the Raflag.

Stew. O my Lord, you onely speake from your dis-

traeted foule; there's not so much left to, furnisht out a mo-

derate Table. *
Timon of Athens.


Enter three Senators at one door, Alcibiades meeting them, with Attendants.


Enter three Senators at one door, Alcibiades meeting them, with Attendants.


The faults Bloody:
'Tis necessarie he should dye:
Nothing in boldens signe so much, as Mercy's,
Most true; the Law shall bruise 'em.
Alc. Honor, health, and compassion to the Senate.
1. Now Captaine.
Alc. I am an humble Sutor to your Vertues;
For pitty is the vesture of the Law,
And none but Tyrants vie it cruelly.
It pleases time and Fortune to lyce beseue
Upon a Friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath leap't into the Law; which is past depth
To those that (without heede) do plunge into't.
He is a Man (letting his Fate slide) of comely Vertues,
Nor did he foyle the fact with Cowardice,
(And Honour in him, which buoyes 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 sober and wondred passion
He did behauo his anger ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but proud an Argument.

1. Sen. You undergo too strict a Paradoxe,
Striving to make an vygly deed looke faire:
Your words have tooke such faine paines, as if they labour'd
To bring Man-slaughter into forme, and set Quarrelling
Upon the head of Valour; which indeede
Is Valour mif-begot, and came into the world,
When Scots, and Factions were newly borne.
He's truly Valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst man can breath,
And make his Wrongs, his Out-sider,
To wære them like his Rayment, carelessly,
And ne're preferre his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If Wrongs be enemie, and force vs kill,
What folly's this, to hazard life for ill.
Alc. My Lord.

1. Sen. You cannot make groffe sinnes looke cleare,
To revenge is no Valour, but to bear.

2. Alc. My Lords, then beder favour, pardon me,
If I speake like a Captaine.
Why do lord men exposce themselves to Battell,
And not endure all threats? Sleepe vpon't,
And let the Foes quietly cut their Throats.

Without repugnancy? If there be
Such Valour in the beseing, what make wee
Abroad? Why then, Women are more valiant
That stay at home, if Beseing carry it:
And the Alc. are more Captaine then the Lyon?
The fellow loaden with Irons, wiser then the Judge?
If Wifesdome be in suffering, Oh my Lords,
As you are great, be pitifully Good,
Who cannot condemne rashnesse in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is faine extreamest Guilt,
But in defence, by Mercy, 'tis most just.
To be in Anger, is impetue:
But who is Man, that is not Angrie.
Weigh but the Crime with this.


Alc. In vaine?
His seruice done at Lacedemon, and Bizantium,
Were a sufficient biber for his life,

What's that?
Alc. Why say my Lords he's done faire seruice,
And guane in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he bear himselfe
In the last Conflit, and many splendidous wounds?
He has made too much pitty with him:
He's a swerne Ritor, he has a fine
That often drownes him, and takes his valour prisoner.
If there were no Foes, that were enough
To overcome him. In that Beasty furte,
He has bin knowne to commit outrages,
And cherrifh Factions. 'Tis infer'd to's,
His dayes are foule, and his drinke dangerous,
He dyes.

Alc. Hard fate: he might haue dyaed in warre.
My Lords, if not for any parts in him,
Though his right armie might purchase his owne time,
And be in debate to none; yet more to mowe you,
Take my deferts to his, and ioyne 'em both.
And for I know, your reverend Ages loue Security,
I epe wanne my Victories, all my Honour to you
Upon his good returns.
If by this Crime, he owes the Law his life,
Why let the Warre receiv't in valiant gore,
For Law is friend, and Warre is nothing more.
We are for Law, he dyes, we rate it no more
On height of our displaisure: Friend, or Brother,
He forfeits his owne blood, that spildes another,
Alc. Muft it be fo? It muft not be:
My Lords, I do beseech you know mee.

2. How?

Alc. Call me to your remembrances.

3. What.

Alc. I cannot thinke but your Age has forgot me.
It could not else be, I shoulde proue fo bace,
To fuc and be deny de fuch common Grace.
My wounds ak'e at you.
1. Do you dare ananger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect:
We banish thee for euer.

Alc. Banish me.
Banish your dogtage, banish vsurie,
That makes the Senate vygly.
If after two dayes thine, Athens containe thee,
Attend our weightie Judgement.
And not to swell our Spirit,
He shall be executed presently.

Alc. Now the Gods keepe you old enough,
That you may live
Onely in bone, that none may looke on you,
I'm worse then mad: I have kept backe their Foes
While they have toll'd their Money, and let out
Their Coine vpon large interest. I my selfe,
Rich onely in large hurts. All those, for this?
Is this the Balsome, that the vuring Senat
Powres into Captaines wounds? Banishment.
I come not ill: I hate not to be banished,
It is a caufe worthy my Spleene and Furie,
That I may frike at Athens. Ie cheer vp
My discomtented Trooper, and lay for hearts;
'Tis Honour with most Lands to be aed od's,
Souldiers should brooke a little wrongs as Gods.
Timon of Athens.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Timon. With all my heart Gentlemen both; and how fare you?

1. Ever at the best, hearing well of your Lordship.
2. The Swallow follows not Summer more willing, then your Lordship.

Timon. Nor more willingly leaves Winter, such Summer Birds are men. Gentlemen, our dinner will not remember this long day: feal your ears with the Musicke awhile: if they will fare so hastily o'th Trumpetts found: we shall too't present'y.

1. I hope it remains not unkindly with your Lordship, that I return'd you an empty Meffinger.

Timon. Of fir, let it not trouble you.


Timon. Ah my good Friend, what cheere?

Timon. My most Honorable Lord, I am one sick of shame, that when your Lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortuniate a Beggar.

Timon. Thinks not on't, fir.

2. If you had sent but two hours before.

Timon. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.

Come bring in all together.

1. All caus'd Diffires.
2. Royall Cheer, I warrant you.
3. Doubt not that, if money and the season can yeld it
4. How do you? What's the newes? 
5. Alcibiades is banish'd: heare you of it?
6. Alcibiades banish'd?
7. 'Tis so, be ture of it.
8. How? How?
9. I pray you upon what?

Timon. My worthy Friends, will you draw neere?

1. He tell you more anon. Here's a Noble feast toward
2. This is the old man still.
3. Will hold? Will hold?
4. It do's: but time will, and fo.
Timon of Athens.

Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the Bench, And minifter in their steads, to generall Fitches.
Consort of th' Infant greene Virginity, Don't in your Parents eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast; Rather then render backes; out with your Knives, And cut your Trullers throates. Bound Servants, Reale, Large-handied Robbers your grave Masters are, And pill by Law. Maid's, to thy Masters bed, Thy Miftris is th' other Brothell. Some of sixteen, Plucke the Iyn'd Crutch from th' old imping Sire, With it, beare out his Braines. Prey, and Fear; Religion to the Gods, Peace, Justice, Truth, Domefickc awe, Night-reft, and Neighbour-hood, Instruction, Manners, Mufleries, and Trades, Degrees, Obtuerances, Cultomes, and Lawes, Decline to thy confounding contraries. And yet Confufion line: Plagues incident to men, Your potent and infectuous Feauors, heape On Athens ripe for stroke. Thou cold Seicrappa, Cripple our Senators, that their limbs may halt As lamely as their Manners. Luft, and Liberet Crecpe in the Minded and Marrowes of our youth, That 'gainst the flame of Virtue they may flrie, And drown themfelues in Riot. Itches, Blaines, Sowe all th' Athenian bolemes, and their crop Be general Leprefe: Breath, infect breath, That their Society (as their Friendfhip) may Be meerely poftion. Nothing he beare from thee But nakedness, thou deteatable Tow; Take thou that too, with multiplying Bannes: Timon will to the Woods, where he shall finde Th' unmindlef Fattle, more like then Mankind: The Gods confound (heare mee you good Gods all) Th' Athenians both within and out that Wall: And grannt at Timon grows, his hate may grow To the whole race of Mankind, high and low. * Amen.

Enter Steward with two or three Servants.

1. Heare you M. Steward, where's our Master? Are we undone, caft off, nothing remaining? Stew. Alack my Fellowes, what should I say to you? Let me be recorded by the righteous Gods, I am as poor as you. 1. Such a House broke? So Noble a Master faine, all gone, and not One Friend to take his Fortune by the same, And go along with him. 2. As we do turne our backes From our Companion, throwne into his grave, So his Famillars to his buried Fortunes. Since this all way, fafe his late fellowes with him Like empty purses pick't, and his poore selfe: A dedicated Beggar to the Ayre, With his deface, of all thun'dr paufure, Walkes like contempt alone. More of our Fellowes.

Enter other Servants. Stew. All broken Implements of a ruin'd house, 3. Yet do our hearts weare Timon's Livery, That fea I by our Faces: we are Fellowes still, Seating able in forrow: Leak'd is our Barke, And we poore Mares, fland on the dying Decke, Hearing the Surges threat: we must all part Into this Sea of Ayre. Stew. Good Fellowes all,

The last of my wealth 1le share among't you. Where euer we shall meet, for Timon's sake, Let's yet be Fellowes. Let's shake our heads, and say As't were a Knell into our Masters Fortunes, We have seen better days. Let each take some: Nay put out all your hands: Not one word more, Thus part we rich in forrow, parting poor.

Embrace and part several ways.

Oh the fierce wretchedneffe that Glory brings vs! Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt, Since Riches point to Mifery and Contempt? Whom would be to mock'd with Glory, or to live But in a Drame of Friendship, To hau his pompe, and all what state compounds, But only painted like his varnifh kind Poore honest Lord, brought love by his owne heart, Vndone by Goodchefe: Strange vnvaluable, When mans worst finne is, He do's too much Good. Who then dares to be halfe fo kinde agen? For Bonny that makes Gods, do's marre Men. My deere Lord, bleft to be most accur, Rich onely to be wretched; thay great Fortunes Are made by cheefc Affilictions. Alas (kinde Lord) He's flung in Rage from this ingratefull Sesse Of monftrous Friends: Nor ha's he with him to supply his life, Or that which can command it: He follow and enquire him out. He euer feue his minde, with my bef wil, Whilat I hate Gold, tie be his Steward still.

Exit.

Enter Timon in the woods.

Tim. O blessed breeding Sun, draw from the earth Rosy burnmard: below thy Sisters Orbe Infeft the ayre. Twin'd Brothers of one womb, Whose procuration, reftidence, and birth, Scarce is diuided: touch them with severall fortunes, The greater scorns the leffer. Not Nature (To whom all fores lay sige) can beare great Fortune But by contempt of Nature. Raise me this Beggar, and deny't that Lord, The Senators shall beare contempt hereafter; The Begger Nature Honur. 1. is the Palliour Lords, the Brothers fides, The want that makes him leauer who dares? who dares In purifie Manhood hand and right And say, this mens a Sufferer. if one be, So are they all: for euerie grize of Fortune Is fmother'd by that below. The learned pale Duckes to the Golden Foose. All's oblique: There nothing leaft in our curfed Nations But direft villany. Therefore be abhor'd; All Fealls, Societies, and Thronges of men, His enemblable, yea himelfe Timon disdaines. Deltinuation fhang mankinde; Earth yelded me Rootes, Who fefkes for better of fawe, fawc his pallate With thy meft operant Poyson. What is here? Gold? Yellow, glittering, precious Gold? No Gods, I am no idle Votarift, Roots you chere Resuens. Thus much of this will make Blac, white towfe, faire; wrong, right; Bafe, Noble; Old, young: Coward, valiant, Ha you Gods? why this? what this. you Gods? why this Will lurgge your Priests and Servants from your fides: Placke how mens pilowers from below their heads. This
This yellow Slav'e, 
Will knit and break Religion's, blisfe th'high curfs,
Make the honorable Leprose e'de'd, place Theues,
And give them Title, knee, and approbation
With Senators on the Bench: This is it
That makes the wappen'd Widow wed again;
Shee, whom the Spittle-house, and vicius forces,
Would call the gorge at. This Embalmes and Spices.
'To'th'April day againe. Come damn'd Earth,
Thou common whore of Mankind, that puts odde:
Among the rout of Nations, I will make thee
Do thy right Nature.
_{March}._

Has! A Drumme? Th'art quicke,
But yet lie bury thee: Thou'go (strong Theseis)
When Gaucy keepes of thee cannot stand:
 Nay thyt'owt for cannell.

Enter Alcibiades with Drumme and Rife in marchlike manner,
_and Phrynie and Timandra._

_Alc._ What art thou there? speake.
Tim. A Besitt as thou art. The Canker gnaw thy hart
For throewing me against the eyes of Man.

_Alc._ What is thy name? Is man to hatefull to thee,
That artt'hy felfe a Man?
Tim. I am Miffantropes, and hate Mankind.
_for thy part, I do with thou were a dogge,
That I might loue thee something._

_Alc._ I know thee well: But in thy Fortunes am vnlearnd, and strange,
Tim. I know thee too, and more then that I know thee.
I not desir to know. Follow thy Drumme,
With man blood painte the ground Gules, Gules:
Religious Cannons, ciuill Laves are cruel,
Then what should ware be? This fell whore of thine,
Hath in her more destruction then thy Sword,
For all her Cherubin looks.

_Phr._ Thy lips rot off.
Tim. I will not kiffe thee, then the rot returns
To thine owne lipses again.

_Alc._ How came the Noble Timon to this change?
Tim. As the Moone do's, by wanting light to give:
But then renewe I could not like the Moone,
There were no Sunnes to borrow of.

_Alc._ Noble Timon, what friendship may I doe thee?
Tim. None, but to maintain my opinion.

_Alc._ What is it Timon?
Tim. Promise me Friendship, but performe none.
If thou wilt not promise, the Gods plague thee, for thou
are a man: if thou do't performe, confound thee, for thou
art a man.

_Alc._ I have heard in some sort of thy Miferies.
Tim. Thou saw'lt them when I had prosperity.

_Alc._ I see them now, then was a blest season.
Tim. As thine is now held with a brace of Harlots.
Timon. Is this thy Athenian Minion, whom the world
Voide so regardly?

Tim. Art thou Timon's?
Timon. Yes.
Tim. Be a whore full, they love thee not th'fide thee,
give them disfecs, leaving with thee their Lufl. Make
vice of thy falt hours, fean the flaves for Tubbes and
Bathes, bring downe Rofe-chtick youth to the Lubsflaft,
_and the Diet._

_Timon._ Hang thee Monfer.

_Phr._ Pardon him sweet Timonard, for his wits
Are drown'd and loft in his Calamines.

Timon of Athens.

I have but little Good of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof, doth dayly make resolute
In my penurious Band. I have heard and greeud
How curfed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when Neighbour flates
But for thy Sword and Fortune trod upon them.

Tim. I pray thee bea the thy Drum, and get thee gone.
Alc. I am thy Friend, and p tyy thee deece Timon.
Tim. How doest thou pity him whom yo doft trouble,
I had rather be alone.

Alc. Why fare thee well:
Her is some Gold for thee.
Tim. Keep it, I cannot cate it.
Alc. When I have laid proud Athens on a heape.
Tim. 'Warr't thou 'gainst? talk
	_Alc. 1 Timon, and haue caye.

Tim. The Gods confound them all in thy Conquest,
And thee after, when thou hast Conquer'd.

_Alc._ Why me, Timon?
Tim. That by killing of Villains
Thou was'nt burne to conquer my Country.
Put vp thy Gold. Go on, heeres Gold, go on;
Be as a Plannetary plague, when Iowe
Will o're some high-Viev'd City, hang his payson
In the fickle atrey: let not thy sword skip one.
Pitty not honour'd Age for his white Beard,
He is an Vfurer. Strike me the counterfeit Matron,
It is her habsite onely, that is honest,
Her felle's a Bawd. Let not the Virgins checkes
Make soft thy trenched Sword: for those Mlke pappes
That through the window Barne bore at menes eyes,
Are not within the Leafe of pitty wite,
But let them downe Horrible Traitors. Spare not the Babe
Whose damnd smilles from Pooles exhaust thy mercy,
Thinke it a Ballard, whom the Oagle
Hath do'fully pronounced, the throat shall cut,
And mince it fans remorse, Sweare against Obiects,
Put Armour on thine eares, and on thine eyes.
Whose proofs, nor yels of Mothers, Maides, nor Babes,
Nor sight of Priests in holy Vefiments bleeding,
Shall pierce a sot. There's Gold to pay thy Soullidens,
Make large confuion: and thy fury spent,
Confounded be thy felle. Speake not, be gone.

_Alc._ Haft thou Gold yet, Ile take the Gold thou gife
me, not all thy Counsell.
Tim. Doft thou or dost thou not, Heavens curse vpon thee.

_Both._ Gie vs some Gold good Timon, haft thou yore? more? the
Tim. Enough to make a Whore forwaere her Trade,
And to make Where, a Bawd. Hold vp you Sluts
Your Aprons mountant; you are not Othable,
Although I know you'll sweare, terribly sweare
Into strong huddlers, and to heavenly Angus,
The morest Gods that hear it. Sape your Othares:
He traft to your Conditions, be whore's fll.
And he whoes pious breath seeks to conquer you,
Be strong in Where, allure him. burne him vp,
Let your clofe fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turne-coats: yet may your paints six months
Be quite contrary, and Thatch
Your poorre thin Roofe with burthen of the dead,
(Some that were hang'd) no matter:
Weare them, betray with them; Whore fill,
Paint till a horse may myre vpon your face:
A pox of wrinkles.

_Both._ Well, more Gold, what then?

_hh._

Beleue't

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By that which he's undone thee; hinder thy knee, 
And let his very breath whom thou'lt obeisne 
Blow off thy Cap; praise his most vicious straine, 
And call it excellent: thou wist told thus: 
Thou gait like thine cares (like Tapster's, that bad welcome) 
To Knowes, and all approachers; 'Tis most suit 
That thou turne Rascal, had he thou wert wealth againe, 
Racials should hau'e. Do not assime my likene.

_Tim._ Were I like thee, I'd throw away my vely.

_Ape._ Thou hast call away thy felle, being like thy self. 
A Madman so long, now a Pooleo: what think it? 
This blacke Ape, thy boyfesterous Chamberlaine 
Will put thy thorns on warme? Will thee say? Titus? 
That haste out-in'd the Eagle, page thy selfe; 
And when thou point'lt out? Will the cold brooke, 
Candied with Ice, Cawdle thy Morning tafe.

To cure thy o're-nights fuerst? Call the Creatures, 
Whose naked Natures lie in all the light. 
Of wreckfull Heauen, whose bare vnhooded Trunke.

To the conflicting Elements expos'd 
Anw'er more Nature: bid them flatter thee.

O thou shalt finde.

_Tim._ A Poole of thee: depart.

_Ape._ I looke thee better now, then ere I did. 
_Tim._ I hate thee worse.

_Ape._ Why? 
_Tim._ Thou flatter'lt misery.

_Ape._ I flatter not, but say thou art a Caytiff.

_Tim._ Why do'thou seeke me out?

_Ape._ To vex thee.

_Tim._ Always a Villines Office, or a Foole. 

_Doll_ pleafe thy felle in't? 

_Ape._ No.

_Tim._ What, a Knave too?

_Ape._ If thou do'st put this fowe cold habit on 
To cattagile thy pride, 'twere well: but thou 
Doll it enforc'dly: Thou did Courtier be againe 
Wert thou not Beggar: willing misery 
Out-lies: incertane pompe, is crownd before: 
The one is filling full, neuer compleat: 
The other, at high wifs: beft thee Contentifie, 
Hath a disfacted and most wretched being, 
Worse then the worst, Content.

Thou shou'dt desire to dye, being miferable. 

_Tim._ Not by his breath, that is more miferable.

Thou art a Slave, whom Fortunes tender armes 
With fauour neuer clafpt: but bred a Dogge. 
Had'th thou like vs from our first swath proceed, 
The sweet degress that this breve world affords, 
To such as may the psalme drugges of it 
Freely commond it: thou would it have plung'd thy felf 
In general Riot, melted downe thy youth 
In different beds of Lust, and never learnt 
The Icie precepts of reft, but followed 
The Suggred game before thee. But my felle, 
Who had the world as my Confederarie. 

The mouthes, the tongue, the eyes, and hearts of men, 
At duty more then I could frame emploiment; 
That numberlesse upon me flucke, as leaves 
Do on the Oake, hau'e with one Winters brushe 
Fell from their boughes, and lef me open, bare, 
For every forme that blows. I to beare this, 
That never knew but better, is some burthen: 
Thy Nature, did commence in fuffrance, Timo. 
Hath made thee hard in't. Why shou'd't thou hate Men? 
They never flatter'd thee. What haft thou gien?
Timon of Athens.

Hence, if thou hast not beene borne the worst of men, thou hadst beene a Knave and Flatterer.

Age. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. I, that I am not thee.

Age. I, that I was no Prodigall.

Tim. I, that I am one now.

Where all the wealth I have stupefied in them, I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone:

That the whole life of Athens were in this, has would I eat it.

Age. Here, I will mend thy Feast.

Tim. First mend thy company, take away thy felfe.

Age. So I shall mend mine owne, by'th' lacke of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but borthet, fnot, I would it were.

Age. What wouldst thou have to Athens?

Tim. Three thurer in a whirlwind: if thou wilt, fell them there I have Gold, looke, fo I have.

Age. Here, I have no vif to Gold.

Tim. The best, and truest:

For here it fleperes, and do's not lyed harme.

Age. Where lieft a nights Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me.

Where feedst thou 3 daies Apemantus?

Age. Where my flomacke findes measure, or rather where I eate it.

Tim. Would payson were'tbedient, & knew my mind

Age. Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim. To fawe the thy defiance.

Age. The middle of Humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends. When thou wast in thy Gilt, and thy Perfume, they mockst thee for too much Curiositie; in thy Ragges thou know'll none, but art depriv'd for the contrary. There's a medler for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I theate, I feed not.

Age. Do'll haue a Medler?

Tim. I, though it looke like thee.

Age. And th'hadst hated Medlers sooner, y should'rt haue loved thy felfe better now. What man did'th thou ever know with, that was beloved after his meanest?

Tim. Who without those meanes thou talkst of, didst thou ever know of any?

Age. My felle.

Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst some meanes to keepe a Dogge.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy Flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest, but men: men are the things them fus. What would'thou do with the world Apemantus, if I lay in thy power?

Age. Give it the Beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou hav'e thy felfe fall in the confusion of men, and remaine a Beast with the Beasts.

Age. I Timon.

Tim. A beaftly Ambition, which the Goddes graunte thee'st attaine to. If thou wert the Lyon, the Fox would beguile thee; if thou wert the Lambe, the Foxe would enlave thee: if thou wert the Fox, the Lion would suffiect thee, when peradventure thou wert accus'd by the Ape: If thou wert the Ape, thy dulleth would torment thee; and still thou liidst but as a Breaskefa to the Wolfe. If thou wert the Wolfe, thy greedinesse would afflict thee,

& oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert thou the Vnicorne, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine owne felfe the conquest of thy fury. Wert thou a Bear, thou wouldst be kill'd by the Horse: Wert thou a Horse, thou wouldst be feast'd by the Leopard: Wert thou a Leopar'd, thou were Germen to the Lion, and the fptotes of thy kindred, were ficators on thy life. All thy safety were renunciation, and thy defence abfence. What Beast couldst thou bee, that were not fubiect to a Beauf: and what a Beauf art thou already, that feets not thy loffe in transformation.

Age. If thou couldst please me With speaking to me, thou might'st Haue hit vp on thee.

The Commonwealth of Athens, is become A Forreft of Beasits.

Tim. How's the Ape broke the wall, that thou art out of the City.

Age. Yonder comes a Poet and a Painter.

The plague of Company light upon thee:

I will feare to catch it, and guve way. When I know not what else to do, He see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee,

Thou shalt be welcome.

I had rather be a Beasts Dogge,

Then Apemantus.

Age. Thou art the Cup.

Of all the Fooles alius.

Tim. Would thou wert cleane enough, To spit vp.

Age. A plague on thee,

Thou art too bad to curte.

Tim. All Villaines

That do bind by thee, are pure.

Age. There is no Leprolie,

But what thou speak'st.

Tim. If thy name thee, lie beare thee;

But I should infeat my hands;

Age. I would my tongue Could rot them off.

Tim. Away thou flue of a mangife dogge,

Choller does kill me,

That thou art alius, I wou'dt to see thee.

Age. Would thou woul'dt burft.

Tim. Away thou tedious Rogue, I am sorry I shall lose a stone by thee.

Age. Beast.

Tim. Slave.

Age. Toad.

Tim. Rogue, Rogue, Rogue.

I am sicke of this false world, and will love nought. But even the meere necessitie vpnot:

Then Timon presentely prepare thy graue:

Lye where the light Flame of the Sea may beare

Thy graue (orne daily, make thine Epitaph,

That death in me, at others liues may laugh,

O thou sweete King-killer, and dearer auencer

Twice natural Smente and fire: thou bright defiles

Of Humen purest bed, thou valiant Mars,

Thou euer, yong, fresh, loved, and diletate worser,

Whole blusth death have the confuated Snow

That lyes on Dians lap,

Thou visible God,

That wouldst not chose impossibilities,

And mak'lt them kiffe; that speakest with everie Tongue
To enquire purpose: O thou touch of hearts, 
Thouke thy flue-man rebels, and by thy vertue 
Set them into confounding oddes, that Beat's 
May have the world in Empire. 

Ape. Would twere fo, 
But not till I am dead. He say th'haft Gold: 
Thou wilt be throng'd too shortly. 

Tim. Throng'd too? 
Ape. 1. 

Tim. Thy backe I prythee, 
Ape. Liee, and loute thy milery. 

Tim. Long luee fo, and fo dye. I am quit. 
Ape. Mo things like men, 
Eace Timon, and abhorre then. 

Enter the Baudetti, 

Exit Apeaman.

1 Where should he have this Gold? It is some poore 
Fragment, some slender Of his remainder: the more 
want of Gold, and the falling from of his Friends, drove 
him into this Melancholy. 
2 It is nois'd 
He hath a maffe of Treasure. 
3 Let vs make the affay upon him, if he care not for's, 
his will supply vs easily: if he courteously referue it, how 
shall's get it? 
2 True: for he beares it not about him: 
'Tis hid. 
1 Is not this bee? 
All. Where? 
2 'Tis his description. 
3 He? I know him. 
All. Sez hee Timon. 
Tim. Now Theeues. 
All. Soldiers, not Theeues. 
Tim. Both too, and women Sounes. 
All. We are not Theeues, but men. 
That much do want. 

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat: 
Why should you want? Behold, the Earth hath Roots: 
Within this Mile breake forth a hundred Springs: 
The Oakes beare Maff, the Briars Scarlet Hepes, 
The bounteous Huswife Nature, on each bush, 
Layes her full Meele before you. Want? why Want? 
1 We cannot live on Graffe, on Berries, Water, 
As Beasts, and Birds, and Fitches. 

Tim. Nor on the Beasts themselves, the Birds & Fitches, 
You must eate men. Yet thankes I must you con, 
That you are Theeues profef: that you worke not 
In holier Shapes: For there is boundleffe Theft 
In limited Professions. 

Rafcall Theeues 
Here's Gold. Go, sucke the fable blood o' th'Grape, 
Till the high Fevor feeth your blood to froth, 
And to escape hanging. Trull, not the Physician, 
His Ant dothes are poxion, and he flayes 
Moethe you Rob: Take wealt, and live togeth, 
Do Villaine do, since you profess't to doot. 
Like Workemen, He example you with Theeury: 
The Sunnes a Theepe, and with his great attraction 
Robbes the vaffe Sea. The Moones an errant Theepe, 
And her pale fire, the fishe Marches from the Sunne. 
The Sea's Theepe, whose liquid Surge, refolus 
The Moone into Salt terres. The Earth's a Theepe, 
That feeds and breeds by a comppar fievle 
From generall excreme: each thing's a Theepe. 
The Lawes, your curve and whip, in their rough power 

Thou

He's vneck'd Thiet. Loue not your feldes, away, 
Rob one another, there's more Gold, cut throues, 
All that you meece are Theeues: to Athens go, 
Break openthropes, nothing, can you feele 
But Theeues do loofe it: feele leffe, for this I give you, 
And Gold confound you howsoever: Amen. 
3 Has almost charmed me from my Profefion, by per. 
swading me to it. 
1 This in the malice of mankinde, that he thus aduises 
vs not to loate nor throue in our mystery. 
2 He beleeme him as an Enemy, 
And give ouer my Trade. 
1 Let vs first fee peace in Athens, there is no time so 
miserable, but a man may be true. 

Exit Theeues.

Stew. Oh you Gods! 
Is yond deplis'd and ruinous man my Lord? 
Full of decay and saying? Oh Monument 
And wonder of good deeds, easily bellow'd! 
What an alteration of Honor has depl'sate want made? 
What vilder thing vpon the earth, then Friends, 
Who can bring Nobleft minds, to baseft ends. 
How rarely does it meece with this times guife, 
When man was wift to loue his Enemies: 
Grant I may euer loue, and rather woo 
Those that would mischeafe me, then chofe that doo. 
Has taught me in his eye, I will prefent my honeft griefe 
Into him; and as my Lord, till ferue him with my life. 
My deereft Master, 

Tim. Away: what art thou? 
Stew. Haue you forgotten me, Sir? 
Tim. Why doft atke that? I haue forgotten all men. 
Then, if thou grunts't, it's a man. 
I haue forgotten thee. 

Stew. An honeft poore sequent of yours. 
Tim. Then I know thee not: 
I never had honeft man about me, I sall 
I kept were Knaues, to ferue in meate to Villaines. 
Stew. The Gods are witniffe, 
Neu'd poore Steward were a true greefe 
For his vndone Lord, then mine eyes for you. 
Tim. What, doth thou weep? 
Come neerer, then I loue thee 
Because thou art a woman, and defclaim't 
Flinty mankinde: whole eyes do ueru grieue, 
But thorrow Luft and Laughter: pittie's sleeping: 
Strange times y wepe with laughing,not with weeping: 
Stew. I begge of you to know me, good my Lord, 
I accept my grieue, and whilft this poore wealth laffs, 
To entertaine me as your Steward full. 

Tim. Had I a Steward 
So true, so iuft, and now so comfortable? 
It almost turns my dangerous Nature wild. 
Let me behold thy face: Surely, this man 
Was borne of woman. 
For you my generall, and excepfifhe rafneffe 
You perpetuall sober Gods. I do preclaim 
One honeft man: I mistake me not, but one: 
No more I pray, and hee's a Steward. 
How faire would I have hated all mankinde, 
And thou redeemi't thy selfe. But all faue thee, 
I fell with Curfes. 

Me thinkes thou art more honeft now, then wife: 
For, by oppreffing and betraying mee,
Thou might’st have sooner got another Service:
For many, to arrive at second Matters,
Upon their first Lords receive, but tell me true,
(for I must ever doubt, though we’re for sure).
Is not thy kindness subtle, courteous,
If not a Visiting kindness, and as rich men deal Guiltless,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

No! my most worthy Master, in whose brief
Double, and suspect (as is said) too late:
You should have feared false times, when you did Feast.
Suspect still comes, where an estate is leaft.
That which I knew, Heaven knows, is mercerly Loue,
Dure, and Zeale, to your vaneﬆatched minde;
Care of your Food and Living, and beleive it,
My most Honour’d Lord,
For any benefit that points to mee,
Either in hope, or present, I’d exchange
For this one wish, that you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich your selfe.

Lookes wise, sister: thou singly honnest man,
Here take the Gods out of my miserie
Has’t fent thee this faire Go, live rich and happy,
But thus condition’d: thou shalt build from men:
Hate all, curfe all, shew Charity to none,
But let the famifhed fleth flie from the Bone,
Ere thou releaste the Beggar, Give to dogges
What thou denyest to men. Let Priests (swallow ‘em),
Debid wither ‘em to nothing, be men like blisfed woods
And may Diffaese like vp their falle bloods,
And so farewell, and thrive.

O let me flay, and comfort you, my Master.
If thou hast Curfes
Stay not: flye, whilft thou art blest and free;
Where thou art thou man, and let me ne’re see thee.

Enter Poet, and Painter.

Paint. As I took note of the place, it cannot be fair
where he abides,
Does the Rumor hold for true,
That here’s no full of Gold?

Cetaine.

Aclephant reports it: Phormica and Timandylus
Had Gold of him. He illwisher enrich’d
Poore flargling Soul’diers, with great quantity.
’Tis laide, he gave unto his Steward
A mighty firme.

Poet. Then this breaking of his,
He’s beene but a Tryp for his Friends?

Painter. Nothing else:
You shall fee him a Palme in Athens againe,
And flouish with the highest:
Therefore, ’tis not amisse, we tender our loues
To him, in this suppos’d divertisse of his:
It will shew honesty in vs,
And is very likely to advance our purpose
With what they trauaille for,
If it be a just and true report, that goes
Of his hauing.

Poet. What have you now?
To present unto him?

Painter. Nothing at this time
But my Vifitation: only I will promise him
An excellent Piece.

Poet. I must ferue him so too;
Tell him of an intent that’s comming toward him.

Paint. Good as the beft.
Promising, is the verie Ayre o’th’Time;
It opens the eyes of Expectation.
Performance, is ever the duller for his sake,
And but in the plainer and timpler kinds of people,
The deed of Saying is quicke out of ye.
To Promise, is molt Courly and fashionable;
Performance, is a kinde of Will or Testament
Which argues a great fickness in his judgement
That makes it.

Enter Timon from his Cauz.

Tim. Excellent Workeman,
Thou canst not paint a man so badde
As is thy selfe.

Po. I am thinking
What I shall say I have prouided for him:
It must be a perfomating of himselfe:
A Satyre against the fastnesse of Prosperity,
With a Discouerie of the infinte Flatteries
That follow youth and opulence.

Timon. Must thou needs
Stand for a Villain in thine owne Workes?
Will thou whip thine owne faults in other men?
Do fo, I have Gold for thee.

Poet. Nay let’s seeke him.
Then do we finance against our owne estate,
When we may profit mee, and come too late.

Painter. True:
When the day fumes before blacke-corner’d night;
Finde what thou want’st, by free and offer’d light.

Come.

Timon. He meekest you at the tume:
What a Gods Gold, that he is worshift
In a baser Temple, then where Swine feede
’Tis thou that rig’dst the Barke, and plow’dst the Fome,
Setleft admired reuerence in a Slawe,
To thee be worship, and thy Saints for aye:
Be crown’d with Plagues, that thee alone obey.
Fit I meet them.

Poet. Haile worthy Timon.

Paint. Our late Noble Master.

Timon. Have I once li’d
To see two honnest men?

Poet. Sir:
Hauing ofte’n of your open Bountie tast’d,
Hearing you were tody, your Friends fale off,
Where thosekelesse Natures (O abhorred Spirits)
Not al the Whippes of Heaven, are large enou’
What, to you,
Whose Stare-like Noblenesse gave life and influence
To their whole being? I am rapt, and cannot couer
Them monstrous bulke of this Ingratitude
With any fize of words.

Timon. Let it go,
Naked men may fee the better:
You that are honeft, by being what you are,
Make them bell bene, and knowne.

Paint. He, and my felfe
Hauing traual’d in the great fhowr of your guifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Timon. If you are honeft man.

Painter. We are hither come
To offer you our fervice.

Timon. Moft honeft men.

Why
Why how shall I require you?

Can you ear Roots, and drink cold water, no?

Let. What can we do,

We'll do to you feruice.

Tim. You are hunt'd men,

Y hau'd heard that I hau'e Gold,

I am sure you have, speak truth, y'are honest men.

Pam. So it is said my Noble Lord, but therefore

Came not my Friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest men: Thou draw'rt a counterfiet

Beau in all Athens, that's indeed the beast,

Thou counterfiet it must lucily.

Pam. So, so, my Lord

Tim. Ene so fur as I say. And for thy fiction,

Why thy Verse sweels with flufhes so fine and smooth,

That thou art even Naturall in thine Art.

But for all this (my honest Nature's friends)

I must needs say you have a little fault,

Marry't dis not monftrous in you, neither with I

You take much pains to mend.

Pam. Befeech your Honour

To make it knouwne to vs.

Tim. You'll take it ill,

Pam. Moit thankfully, my Lord.

Tim. Will you indeed?

Tim. Doubt it not worthy Lord;

Tim. There's neuer a one of you but trifus a Knave,

That mightily deceives you,

Pam. Do we, my Lord?

Tim. I, and you heare him cogges,

See him dilemible.

Know his grosse patchery, louse him, feede him,

Kepe in your boforme, yet remaie affin'd

That he's a made vp-Villain,

Pam. I know none such, my Lord.

Pam. Nor I.

Tim. Looke you,

I love you well, ille give you Gold

Rid me these Villaines from your companies;

Hang them, or stab them, drowne them in a draught,

Confound them by some course, and come to me,

Ile give you Gold enough.

a. Pam. Name them by Lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this:

But two in Company:

Each man a part, all single, and alone,

Yet an Arch Villaine keeps him company:

If where thou art, two Villaines shall not be,

Come not neere him. If thou wouldst not recide

But where one Villaine is, then him abandon.

Hence, packe, there's Gold, you came for Gold ye flauies:

You have worke for me; there's payment, hence,

You are an Accouit, make Gold of that:

Our Rascal dogges.

Tim. Thou that comfords burnes

Speak and be hang'd:

For each true word, a blinder, and each falfe

Be as a Cantharizing to the root o'th Tongue,

Confuming it with speaking,

Worthy Timo.

Tim. Of none but such as you,

And you of Timo.

1. The Senators of Athens, gree the thee Timo.

Tim. I thankem, and would send them backe the plague,

Could I but catch it for them.

1. O forget

What we are sorry for our felues in thee;

The Senators, with one consent of loue,

Intrate thee backe to Athens, who haue thought

On speciall Dignities, which vacant lye

For thy belte vic and wearing.

They confesse

Toward thee, forgetfulness too generall grosse;

Which now the publike Body, which doth fildome

Play the re-caster, feeling in it felle,

A Lacke of Timo's acide, hath fince withall

Of it owne fall, restraining acide to Timo;

And fent forth vs, to make their forrowed render,

Together, with a recompence more fruitful

Then their offence can weigh downe by the Dramme,

I eu'n such heapes and furrynes of Loue and Wealth,

As fhill to thee blot out, what wrongs were theirs,

And write in thee the figures of their loue.

Euer to read them thine,

Tim. You witch me in it;

Surprise me to the very brink of tears;

Lend me a Foolish heart, and a womans eyes;

And he bewepe these comforts, worthy Senators.

1. Therefore so pleache thee to returne with vs,

And of our Athenes, thine and ours to take

The Captainhip, thou shalt be met with thankses,

Allowed with absolute power, and thy good name

Lieu with Authority: so fome we shall drive backe

Of Alcibiades th'approaches wild,

Who like a Bore too fauour, doth root vp

His Countries peace.

2. And makes his threatening Sword

Against the walls of Athens.

1. Therefore Timo.

Tim. Well are, I will: therefore I will fur thus:

If Alcibiades kill my Countrymen;

Let Alcibiades know this of Timo,

That Timo cares not. But the facke faires Athens,

And take our goodly aged men by th'Beards,

Guining our holy Virgins to the flame

Of contumelious, bafely, mad-brain'd warre;

Then let him know, and tell him Timo speaks it,
In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him that I care not,
And let him talk at worst: For their Knives care not.
While you have threats to answer. For my title,
There's not a whistle, in th'uruly Campe,
But I do prize it in my love, be'fore
The referend's Threat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous Gods,
As the Cears to Keppers.

Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.

Mef. I have spoke the least.
Mef. Besides his expedition promises present approach.
Mef. And we stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.
Mef. I met a Currier, one nine ancient friend,
Whom though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like Friends. This man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's Cave,
With Letters of intreaty, which import him,
His Fellowship, I're he venture against your City,
In part for his late mould.

Enter the other Senators.

Here come our Brothers.

No, no! like of Timon, nothing of him expect.
The Finances Droop are heard, and fearefull courtiour
Doth chonce the ayre with doubt: In, and prepare,
Outs is the fall I feece, our Foes the Snare.

Enter a Gentleman in the Words, seeking Timon.

Sol. By all description this should be the place.

Who is here? Speaks hoa. No answer? What is this?

Timon is dead, who hath out-fare of his span,
Some Beasts read this, some do not live a Man.
Dead sure, and this his Grave, what is this on Tomb?
I cannot read: the Characters are with wax,
Our Captain hath in every Figure skill:
An aged Interpreter, thou may in dayes;
Before proud Athens here's let downward by this,
Whoal full the marke of his Ambition is.

Timon's sound. Enter Alcibiades with his Powers
before Athens.

Ac. Sound to this Coward, and infamous Towne,
Our terrible approach.

Sound a Parly.

The Senators appear upon the walls.

Till now you have gone on, and 'lil the time
With all Licentious mesure, making your wills
The scope of Iustice. Till now, my felle, and fuch
As fleft within the shadow of your power
Have wander'd with our truerit Armes, and breath'd
Our suffrance vainly: Now the time is fluxt,
When concreting Marow in the beare strong
Cries of it felt no more: Now breathe we wrong,
Shall fit and pant in your great Chaires of Cafe,
And pusy Insolence full brake his winde
With fear and horn'd flight.

1. so. Noble, and young;
As when thy pure graces were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou balf our power, or we had cause of feare.
We sent to thee, to glue thy rage out Balme,
To wipe out our Ingratitude, with Loues
About their quantite.

2. So did we wee
Transformed Timon, to our Cities love
By humble Mesage, and by promis't means:
We were not all vainke, nor all defective
The common stroke of waire,
1 These wailes of ours,
Were not creted by their hands, from whom
You have recey'd your greese: Nor are they fuch,
That those great Towers, TroPhys, & Schools to fall
Forprivate faults in them.
2 Nor are they buing
Who were the motives that you first went out,
(Shame that they wanted, cunning in excelsis)
Hast broke their hearts, March, Noble Lord,
Into our City with thy Banners spred,
By decimation and a tythes death;
If thy Revenge hunger for that Food
Which Nature loathes, take thou the deflin'd tenth,
And by the hazard of the spotted day,
Let dye the spotted.
1 All have not offended:
For whose that were, it is not square to take
On whose that are, Revenge: Crimes, like Lands
Are not inherited, then deere Countryman,
Bring in thy rankes, but leave without thy rage,
Spare thy Athenian Cradle, and thote Kin
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall
With whose that have offended, like a Shepheard,
Approach the fold, and cull th'infected forth,
But kill not altogether.
2 What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Then how to't, with thy Sword.
1 Set but thy foot
Against our ramp'ry'd gates, and they shall ope:
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To lay thou't enter Friendly.
2 Throw thy Glove,
Of any Token of thine Honour else,
That thou wilt we the warres as thy redresse,
And not as our Confusion: All thy Powers
Shall make their harbour in our Towne, till wee
Have feel'd thy full desire.
Mc. Then there's my Glove,
Defend and open your uncharged Ports,

Those Enemies of Timons, and mine owne
Whose, or whose your feths shall set out for reproofe,
Fall and no more; and to atone your fears
With my more Noble meaning, not a man
Shall passe his quarter, or offend the stream
Of Regular Justice in your Capitie bounds,
But shall be remedied to your publice Lawes
At heaustria answer.

Both, 'Tis most Nobly spoken.
Mc. Defend, and keep thy words.
Enter a Messenger.

Mc. My Noble General, Timon is dead,
Entomb'd upon the very hemme o' th' Sea,
And on his Grauefpace, this Insculpture which
With wax I brought away: whose soft Impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Achibades reads the Epitaph.
Here lies a wretched Coarse, of wretched Soul damned.
Seek not my name: A Plague consume you, wicked Cai'ti's left.
Here layd Timon, who alone, all loving men did hate,
Passe by, and curse thy fall, but passe: and stay not thee thy gate.
These well express what thy latter spirites:
Though thou abhorrest them in humane griefes,
Scorn'rt our Brains, essay, and take our droplets, which
From nigard Nature fall; yet Rich Conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for y'ye
On thy low Graue, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is Noble Timon, of whole Memory
Hereafter more. Bring me into your Citie,
And I will we the Olue, with my Sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace flixt war, make each
Preferbe to other, as each others Leach.
Let our Drummes strike.

FINIS.
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<td>With divers other Servants,</td>
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THE TRAGEDIE OF IVLIVS CAESAR.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Flavius, Marcellus, and certaine Commons over the Stage.

Flavius, Ence: home you idle Creatures, get you home: Is this a Holiday? What, know you not (Being Mechanically) you ought not walke Upon a labouring day, without the signe Of your Profession? Speake, what Trade art thou? Car. Why Sir, a Carpenter.


Cob. A Trade Sir, that I hope I may vie, with a safe Conference, which is indeed Sir, a Mender of bad Soles. Flau. What Trade thou knowe? Thou naughtie knowe, 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 mee, then Sawey Fellow.

Cob. Why Sir, Cobble you.

Flau. Thou art a Cobler, art thou?

Cob. Truly sir, all that I line by, is with the Aule: I muddle with no Tradesmans matters, nor womens matters; but withal l am indeed Sir, a Surgeon to old shoes: when they are in great danger, I rescue them. As proper men at evere tord upon Neats Leather, have gone vp: on my handy worke.

Flau. But wherefore art not in thy Shop to day? Why do'th thou leade these men about the streets?

Cob. Truly sir, to beware out their shoes; to get my selfe into more worke. But indeed Sir, we make Holyday to see Caesar, and to rejoice in his Triumph.

Mar. What is this paper for?

What Tributaries follow him to Rome. To grace his Captive bondes his Charis: Wheels? You Blaxe, you fiones, you worthe these senliest things: O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome, Know you not Pompey many a time and oft? Have you climb'd up to Wallses and Battelments, To Towers and Windows? Yea, to Chumney tops, Your Infants in your Armes, and there have late The long long day, with patient expectation,

To see great Pompey passe the streets of Rome: And when you saw his Chariot but appear, Have you not made an Victorius shout. That Tyber trembled underneath her bankes, To heare the replication of your sounds, Made in her Concave Shores? And do you now put or your bed attyre? And do you now call one a Holyday? And do you now flower Flowers in his way, That comes in Triumph over Pompeyes blood? Be gone, Runne to your houses, fall upon your knees, Pray to the Gods to intermit the plague.

This needs must light on this Ingratitude.

Flau. Go, go, good Countrysmen, and for this fault Assemble all the poore men of your forts; Draw them to Tyber bankes, and weep your tears Into the Channel, till the lowe eff flame To shew the most exalted Shores of all.

Enter all the Commons.

Sir, where their baseft mettle be not moud: They vanish tongue-tyed in their guiltinesse: Go you downe that way towards the Capitol, This way will I: Disrobe the Images. If you do finde them deckt with Cerimonies. May we do it?

You know it is the Feast of Lupercall. It is no matter, let no Images be hung with Caesar Tophies: Ic: about. And drive away the Vulgar from the streets: So do you too, where you perceive them thick. These woule Feathers, pleats from Caesar wing, Will make him flye an ordinary pitch. Who eile would soare above the view of men, And keepe vs all in ferule fearfullnesse. Extent.

Enter Caesar, Antony for the Court, Calphurnia Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Cato, a Southlier: af- ter them Marius and Flavius. Caesar. Calphurnia.


Cass. Calphurnia.

Cass. Hearer my Lord.

Cass. Stand you directly in Antonies way, When he doth run his course. Caesar.

Cass. Forget not in your speed Antonie, To touch Calphurnia: for our Elders say,
The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar.

The Barren touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterlle curts.

Aunt. I shall remember.

When Cæsar says. Do this, it is performed.

Cæsar. Set on, and leave no Ceremony out.

South. Cæsar.

Cæsar. Ha! Who calleth?

Cæd. Bid every man be still: peace yet again.

Cæsar. Who is it in the press; that calleth on me?

I hear a Tongue thriller then all the Mufick

Cry. Cæsar. Speake, Cæsar is turn’d to heare.

South. Beware the Ides of March.

Cæsar. What man is that?

Brut. A South-flyer bids you beware the Ides of March

Cæsar. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Cæf. Fellow. come from the throng, look upn Cæsar.

Cæsar. What say’st thou to me now? Speak once again.

South. Beware the Ides of March.

Cæsar. He is a Dreamer, let vs leave him: Pass.


Cæsar. Will you go see the order of the course?

Brut. Not I.

Cæsar. I pray you do.

Brut. I am not Ginefoam: I do lacke some part

Of that quick Spirit that is in Antony:

Let me not hinder Cæsars out defines;

It come you.

Cæf. Brutus, I do obserue you now of late:

I have not from your eyes, that gentlenesse

And how of Love, as I was wont to haue a

You haue too flubborne, and too strange a hand

Ouer your Friend, that lothes you.

Brut. Cæsars,

Be not deceiv’d: If I have ey’d my looke,

I turne the trouble of my Countenance

Mearely upon my selfe. Vexed I am

Of late, with passions of some difference,

Conceptions only proper to my selfe,

Which giue some foyle (perhaps) to my Behaviour;

But let me therefore my good Friends be grecu’d

(Being which number Cæsar be you one),

Nor confir any further my neglect;

Then that poore Brutus with him selfe at warre,

Forget the shewes of Love to other men.

Cæf. Then Brutus, I have much mistook your passion,

By meanes whereof, this Breff of mine hath buried

 Thoughts of great value, worthye Cogitations.

Tell me good Brutus, Can you see your face?

Brutus. No Cæsars:

For the eye sees not it felle by but reflection,

By some other thing.

Cæsars. Tis true,

And it is very much lamented Brutus,

That you have no such Mirrors, as will turne

Your hidden worthinesse into your eye,

That you might see your shadow:

I haue heard,

Where many of the best respeft in Rome,

(Except immortal Cæsar, speaking of Brutus’,

And groaning underneath this Age’s yoke.

Hate wish’d, that Noble Brutus had his eye.

Brutus. Into what dangers, would you

Lead me Cæsar?

That you would haue me seek into my selfe,

For that which is not in me?

Cæsar. Therefore good Brutus, be prepar’d to heare:

And since you know, you cannot fee your selfe

So well as by Reflection: I your Cæsar,

Will modestly discouer to your selfe

That of your selfe, which you yet know not of.

And be not Jealous on me, gentle Brutus:

Were I a common Laughter, or did I

To feale with ordinary Oathes my loue

To every new Profecter: if you know,

That I do fawne on’t, and huggeth them hard,

And after fcalland them: Or if you know,

That I profefle my felfe in Banquettin

To all the Rour, then hold me dangerous.

Flourish, and Shew.

Brutus. What means this Showting?

I do feare, the People choose Cæsar

For their King.

Cæsar. I, do you feare it?

Then muft I thinkke you would not have it fo.

Brutus. I would not Cæsar, yet I looe him well:

But wherefore do you hold me heere so long?

What is it, that you would impart tome?

If it be ought to toward the generall good,

Set Honor in one eye, and Death in other,

And I will looke on both indifferently:

For let the Gods fo speed mee, as I loue

The name of Honor, more then I fear death.

Cæsar. I know that vertu to be in you Brutus,

As well as I do know your outward fauour,

Well, Honor is the subjeft of my Story:

I cannot tell, what you and other men

Think of this life: But for my finge felle,

I had as felle be, as like to be

In safe of fuch a Thing, as I my felle.

I was borne fee as Cæsar, fo were you.

We both haue fett as well, and we can both

Endure the Winters cold, as well as bee.

For once, upon a Rave and Gulthie day,

The troubled Tyber, chafing with her Shores,

Cæsar faid to me, Das’t thou Cæsar now

Leape in with me into this angry Flood,

And Swim to yonder Point? Upon the word,

Accorded I was, I plunged in,

And bad him follow: So indeed he did.

The Torrent rost’d, and we did bufet it

With ftrong Sinewes, throwing it aside,

And flanenting it with hearts of Contronerfie.

But ere we could arrive the Pont propo’d,

Cæsar cried, Help me Cæsar, or I fink.

(As the Aeneas, our great Aeneas,

Did from the Flames of Troy, upon his shoulder

The old Anchifer bear’d) fo, from the waues of Tyber

Did the tyred Cæsar: And this man,

Is now become a God, and Cæsars to

A behawde Creature, and must bend his body,

If Cæsar careleffly but nod on him.

He had a Feauer when he was in Spaine,

And when the Fit was on him, I did marke

How he did shake: Tis true, this God did shake,

His Coward lippes did from their colour flye,

And that fame Eye, whose bend doth awe the World,

Did loafe his Luffre: I did hear him groane:

I, and that Tongue of his, that bad the Romans

Marked him, and wrote his Speeches in their Bookes,

And that, I cried, Give me fome drinke Titinius.
As a sickle Girl: Ye Gods, doth amaze me,
A man of such a quick temper should
So get the hate of the Malefactor weald,
And bear the blame alone.

_Sent._

Brut. Another general shout.

I do believe, that such applauses are
For some new Heroes, that are heap'd on Caesar.
_Caesar._ Why man, why doth he bear the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petry men
Walk under his huge legges, and peep about
To find our felies dishonourable Grants.
Men at sometime, are Matters of their Fates.
The fault (_there Brutus is not in our States_,
But in our Selues, that we are underlings.
_Brutus and Caesar._ What should be in this Caesar?
Why should that name be moved more then yours?
_Write them together: Yours, as a faire a Name:
Sound them, it doth become the mouth atwell._
_Weigh them, it is as heavy: Coniuncte with 'em,
_Brutus will start a Spirit as soon as Caesar._
Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
Upon what means doth this our Caesar feeke,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art haim'd.
Rome, thou hast left the breed of Noble Bloods.
When went there by an Age, since the great Flood,
But it was fam'd with more then with one man?
When could they say (till now) that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide Walkes incompart but one man?
Now sit Rome indeed, and Rome enough.
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I, have heard our Fathers Say,
There was a _Brutus_ once, that would haue brook'd
_Thee_ eternal Distill to keep his State in Rome,
As easily as a King.

Brut. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous:
What you would work me too, I have some symphe:
How I have thought of this, and of these times
I shall recount hereafter. For this present,
I would not go (with love I might interest you)
Be any further moode: What you have said,
I will consider what you haue to say
I will with patience heare, and finde a time
Both meete to hearing, and answer such high things.
Till then, my Noble Friend, chew upon this:—
_Brutus had rather be a Villager,
Then to repate himselfe in some of Rome
_Vnder these hard Conditions, as this time
Is like to lay upon vs._

_Caesar._ I am glad that my weake words
Have thrutke but thus much shew of fire from Brutus.

Enter Caesar and his Traine.

_Brutus._ The Games are done,
And Caesar is returning.
_Caesar._ As they pacifie,
Plucke _Caesar_ by the Sleeve,
And lie will (after his lowre fashion) tell you
What hath proceeded worthy more to day.

_Brutus._ I will do so: but looke ye _Caesars_,
The angry ipot doth grow on Caesar brow,
And all the tell, he's like a childish Traine,
_Caesar's_ Chriake is pale, and _Caesar_
Lookes with such Ferre, and such fiery eyes
As we have leane him in the Capitol.
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humer me. I will this Night,
In seuerall Hands, in all his Windowes throw,
As if they came from seuerall 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 speak him sure,
For wee will shake him, or worle days endure.

Exit.

Thunder, and Lightning. Enter Cassius,
and Cicero.

Cec. Good even, Cassius: bought you Caesar home?
Why are you breathleef, and why are you so?

Cass. Are not you move'd, when all the Fly of Earth
Shakes, like a thing vsurp'd? O Cicero,
I have seen Tempells, when the scolding Winds
Have rul'd the knottles Oakes, and I haue seen
Th'ambitious Ocean swell, and rage, and foame,
To be exalted with the threathing Clouds:
But never till to Night, never till now.
Did I go through a Tempell-dropping-fire,
Eyther there is a Ciuntiftre in Heauen.
Or else the World, too foame with the Gods,
Incentes them to tend deftruction.

Cec. Why, saw you any thing more wonderfull?
Cass. A common flauk, you know him well by sight,
Held vp his left Hand, which did flame and burne
Like twintie T orches, and yet his Hand,
Not tenderable of fire, remain'd unscorched.
Besides, he hath since put vp my Sword,
Against the Capitol I met a Lyon,
Who glaz'd upon me, and went freely by,
Without annoying me. And there were drawn
Upon a heape, a hundred gallly Women,
Transformed with their hair, who freke, they saw
Men, all in fire, walk vp and downe the flietees.
And yesterday the Bird of Night did sit,
Even at Nooie day upon the Market place,
Howling, and threacking, When these Prodigies
Doe so convently mer, let not men say,
These are their Resons, they are Natural:
For theee, they are portentous things
Vnto the Clymrast, that they point upon.

Cec. Indeed, it is a strange disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Cleanse from the superflue of the things themselfs,
Comes Caesar to the Capitol to morrow?
Cass. He doth: for he did bid Anthony
Send word to you, he would be there to morrow.

Cec. Good-night then, Cassius:
This disturb'd Skie is not to walke in.


Enter Cassius.

Cass. Who's there?
Cec. A Romane.
Cass. Cassius, by your Voyce.
Cass. Your Este is good.
Cass. What Night is this?
Cass. A very pleasing Night to honeftmen.
Cass. Who euer knew the Heauens menace so?

Cass. Those that have knowne the Earth so full of
faults.
The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar.

For my part, I haue walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me vnto the perilous Night;
And thus unbraced, Caffi, as you fee,
Hast be't my Bolonie to the Thunder-flone:
And when the croffe blew Lightning seem'd to open
The Breft of Heauen, I did present my float
Even in the sate, and very flate of it.

Caffi. But wherefore did you so much tempt the Hea-
It is the part of men, to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty Gods, by tokens send
Such dreadfull Heraldts, to astonish vs.

Caffi. You are dull, Caffi,
And those Iparker of Life, that should be in a Roman,
You doe want, or eftes you vie not.
You looke pale, and gaze, and put on fear,
And call your felle in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the Heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these Fire, why all these gliding Ghosts,
Why Birds and Beasts, from quality and kinds,
Why Old men, Foolish, and Children calculate,
Why all these things change from their Ordinance,
Their Nature, and preformed Faculties,
To monstrous quality: why you all finde,
That Heauen hath ordinate them with these Spirits,
To make them instrumentes of feare, and warning,
Vnto some monstrous State.
Now cou'd I (Caffi) name to thee a man,
Most like this dreadfull Night,
That Thunders, Lightnings, open Graues, and coxcs,
As doth the Lyon in the Capitol:
A man no mightier then thy felle,or me,
In personal action: yet prodigious gowre,
And fcarefull, as these strange erupcions are.

Caffi. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean:
Is it not, Caffi?

Caffi. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
HauThewes, and Limes,like to their Ancellors;
But woe the while, our Fathers mindes are dead,
And you are gowred with our Mothers spirits,
Our yoke, and fufferance, shew vs Worsamith.

Caffi. Indeed, they say, the Senators to morrow
Meane to abolish Cæsar as a King:
And he shall vse his Creame by Sea, and Land,
In everie place, faue here in Italy.

Caffi. I know where I will vse this Daggger then;
Coffins from Bondage will deliver Coffins:
Therein, yee Gods, you make the weakest strong;
Therein, yee Gods, you Tyrants doe defeat,
Nor Stonie Tower, nor Walls of beaten Brasse,
Nor zyre-leefe Dungeon, nor ftrong Linkes of Iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit:
But Life being wareie of these worldly Barres,
Neuer lacks power to dilimffe it felle.
If I know this, know all the World besides,
That pare of Tyrannie that I doe bee,
I can slack off as pleasant.

Caffi. So can I:
So every Bond-man in his owne hand bears
The power to cancel his Captivity.

Caffi. And why should Cæsar be a Tyrant then?
Poor man, I know he would not be a Wolfe,
But that he sees the Romans are but Sheep:
He were no Lyon, were not Romans Hinde:
Those that with hate will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weake Strawes, what traffic is Rome?
Aetius Secundus.

Enter Brutus in his Orchard.

Brut. What Lucius, hoe? I cannot, by the prodigric of the Starees, Giue guftle how neere to day.—Lucius, I say? I would it were my fault to sleepe so founfly, When Lucius, when? awake, I say: what Lucius? Enter Lucius.


Brut. It muft be by his death: and for my part, I know no personal caufe, to spurne at him, But for the generall, He would be crown'd: How that might change his nature, there's the question? It is the bright day, that brings forth the Adder, And that causes warie walking: Crowne him that, And then I grant we put a Sting in him, That at his will he may doe danger with.

Th'abufe of Greateemess, is, when it disloyes Remorse from Power: And to speak truch of Cefar, I have not knowne, when his Affections swayed More then his Reafon. But 'tis a common prooffe, That Lowlyeness is young Ambitions Ladder, Whereto the Climber vpward turns his Face: But when he once attains the vponft Round, He then vnto the Ladder turns his Backe, Lookes in the Clouds, scorning the base degrees By which he did ascende: so Cefar may; Then leaft he may prevent, And since the Quarrell Will heare no colour, for the thing he is, Fashion it thus; that what he is augmented, Would runne to thefe, and thefe extremeties: And therefore thinke him as a Serpents egg, Which hatch'd, would as his kinde grow mifchievous; And kill him in the shell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The Taper burneth in your Clofet, Sir; Searching the Window for a Flare, I found This Paper, thus feall'd vp, and I am sure: It did not lye there when I went ro bed. Gines from the Letter.

Brut. Get you to Bed againe, it is not day: Is not to morrow (Boy) the first of March? Luc. I know not, Sir. Brut. Look in the Calender, and bring me word. Luc. I will, Sir. Exit.

Brut. The exhalations, whoizing in the aire, Gine fo much light, that I may read by them. Open the Letter, and read,

[Letter reads:]

Brutus thou sleepe'st, awake, and fee the fesse; Shall Rome's greke, Speake, brethren, redrefle. Brutus thou sleepe'st: awake, Such infignifiances have beene often drop, Where I have tooke them vp; Shall Rome, Crec. Thus muft I piece it out: Shall Rome stand under one mans awe? What Rome? My Auncelors did from the fteeles of Rome. The Tyrranns driue, when he was call'd a king, Speake, brethren, redrefle. Am I entreated

To speake, and strike? O Rome, I make thee promife, If the redrefle will fellow, thou receueft Thy full Petition at the hand of Brutus.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is vallted fifteen days. Brut. 'Tis good. Go to the Gate, some body knockes: Since Caffius first did whet me againft Cefar, I have not fLIPT. Betweene the acting of a dreadful thing, And the first motion, all the interime is Like a Phantaffmas, or a lying Dreme: The Genius, and the mornall Instruments Are then in councell; and the flate of a man, Like to a little Kingdom, sufferers then The nature of an Infurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, this your Brother Caffius at the Door, Who doth define to fee you. Brut. Is he alone? Luc. No, Sir, there are mee with him; Brut. Do you know them? Luc. No, Sir, their Hats are pluckt about their Eares, And halfe their Faces buried in their Cloakes, That by no meannes I may discerne them, By any marke of fauour.

Brut. Let 'em enter. They are the Faction; O Conpiracie, Sharm ft thou to fliew thy dang'rous Brow by Night, When eues are moft free? O then by day Where wlio thou finde a Cauerne darke enough, To make thy monftrous Vantage? Sealke none Conpiracie, Hide it in Smiles, and Affabilitie: For if thou path thy natue fsemblance on, Not Erebus if felle were diuine enough, To hide thee from prevention.

Enter the ConSPIrators Caffius, Cask, Decius, Coppel, Cifar, Mars, and Trebonius.

Ceff. I thinke we are too bold open your Reft: Good morrow from Brutus, doe we troublle you? Brut. I haue beene vp this howre, awake all Night: Know I thefe men, that come along with you? Caff. Yes, every man of them; and no man here But honors you: and every one doth wish, You had but that opinion of your felfe, Which every Noble Roman bearer of you, This is Trebonius.

Brut. He is welcome hither. Caff. This, Decius Brutus, Brut. He is welcome too. Caff. This, Cask; this Ciarren; and this, Metellus Cymber. Brut. They are all welcome. What watch all Cares doe interpofe themselves Between your Eyes, and Night? Caff. Shall I entreat a word? They whisper. Decius. Here lyes the Eafe: doth not the Day brake here? Cask. No.

Cim. O pardon, Sir, it doth; and yoou grey Lines, That fret the Clouds, are Meffengers of Day. Caff. You shall confesse, that you are but deceiu'd: Here, as I point my Sword, the Sunne strifes, Which is a great way growing on the South.
Let's kill him Boldly, but not Wrathfully:
Let's caurse him, as a Diff'nt fit for the Gods,
Not hew him as a Carkaffe fit for Hounds:
And let our Harts, as subtle Matters do,
Stirre vp their Seruants to an acle of Rage,
And after seeme to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose Neceffary, and not Eunous.
Which to appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd Purgers, not Murderers,
And for Mark Antony, thinke not of him:
For he can do no more then Caesar Aime,
When Caesar head is off.

Caf. Yet I feare him,
For in the ungalted louse he beares to Caesar.

Bra. Alas! good Caesar, do not thinke of him:
If he love Caesar, all that he can do
Is to himselfe; take thought, and dye for Caesar,
And that were much he should: for he is guen
To sports, to wildeneffe, and much company.

Trih. There is no feare in him; let him not dye,
For he will lye, and laugh at this hereafter.

Clock strikes.

Bra. Peace, count the Clocke.

Cafl. The Clocke hath stricken three.

Trih. 'Tis time to part.

Caf. But it is doubfull yet,
Whether Caesar will come forth to day,or no:
For he is Superfitious growne of late,
Quite from the maine Opinion he held once,
Of Fantastie, of Dreams, and Ceremoues:
It may be, thefe apparent Prodigies,
The vnaccustom'd Terror of this night,
And the perwasion of his Angurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to day.

Decius. Neuer feare that: if he be so resolued,
I can o're-way him: For he loues to heare,
That Vnicomes may be betray'd with Trees,
And Beares with Glaffets, Elephants with Holes,
Lyons with Toyles, and men with Flatterers.
But, when I tell him, he hates Flatterers,
He fayes, he does, being then moft flatter'd,
Let me worke: For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Caf. Nay, we will all of vs, be there to fetch him.

Bra. By the eight hour, is that the vtermost?

Cin. Be that the vtermoft, and faile not then.

Mett. Caius Ligarius doth bear Caesar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompej;
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bra. Now good Metellus go along by him:
He loues me well, and I have given him Reaons,
Send him bathither, and hee fatisfie him.

Caf. The morninge comes upon's:
Weell feeke you Brutus,
And friends difpife your felues; but all remember
What you have faid, and flew your felues true Romans.
Bra. Good Gentlemen, looke faire and merrily,
Let not our looks put on our purpofes,
But heare us, our Roman Actors do,
With vny'd Spirits and formal Confederates,
And to good morrow to you every one.

Exeunt.

Mett. Brutus.

Buy: Lucius: Fit asleep: it is no matter,
Enjoy the howe-heavy. Dew of Slumber:
Then both no figures, nor no Fantafies,

Which
Thou Exeunt As Can Knpcke. Thunder, B>
Exit in Calp.

I Is Euen Within I
Therefore To And To And To It You Make As Gatie Scole But Hoping, Which Mufing, Which I have made strong profe of my Constancie, Giving my life a voluntary wound Here, in the Thigh: Can I bear that with patience, And not my Husbands Secrets? Brs. O ye Gods!

Render me worthy of this Noble Wife. Knocks.

Harke, harke, one knocks: Portia go in a while, And by and by thy bosome shall partake The secrets of my Heart. All my engagements, I will conform to thee, All the Charadg cry of my sad broues: Leave me with haft.

Enter Portia.

Lucius, who's that knocks.

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you. Bms. Cassia Ligarian, that Metellus spake of. Boy, stand aside. Cassia Ligarian, how?

Cas. Youth safe good morrow from a feeble tongue. Brs. O what a time have you chose out brave Caius To wear a Kerschief? Would you were not sick.

Cas. I am not sicke, if Brutus haue in hand Any exploit worthy the name of Honor. Brs. Such an exploit haue I in hand Ligarian, Had you a healthfull care to heare of it.

Cas. By all the Gods that Romans bow before, I heare discard my fickness. Soule of Rome, Braue Soone, desir'd from Honourable Loiners, Thou like an Exorcist, haft content'd vp My mortified Spirit. Now bid me runne, And I will strive with things imposible; Yet get the better of them. What's to do?

Brus. A peace of weke.

That will make sike men whole.

Brus. But are not some whole, that we must make sike?

Brus. That must we also. What it is my Caius, I shall unfold to thee, as we are going, To whom it must be done.

Cas. Set on your footes,

And with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you, To do I know not what; but it suffeth.

That Brutus lends me on.

Thunder. Brus. Follow me then.

Thunder & Lightning.

Enter Iulius Caesar in his Night-gown.

Caesar. Nor Hesuan, nor Earth,
Have beene at peace to night:
Thrice hath Calphurnia, in her sleepe cried out,
Help, ho: They murther Caesar. Who's within?

Ser. My Lord.

Cas. Go bid the Priests do present Sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of Success.

Ser. I will my Lord.

Enter Calphurnia.

Cas. What mean you Caius? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not rise out of your house to day.

Cas. Caesar shall forth; the things that threaten'd me,
Ne're look'd but on my back; When they shall see
The face of Caesar, they are vanished.
But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.

Calphurnia here is my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to night, she saw my Statue,
Which like a fountain, with an hundred spouts
Did run pure blood: and many lefty Romans
Came mewing, & did bathe their hands in it:
And these does apply, for warnings and portents,
And Caesar immanent: and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to day.

Dec. This Drame is all smifle interpreted,
It was a vision, faire and fortunate:
Your Statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many mulling Romans bath'd,
Signifies, that from you great Rome shall suffice
Reining blood, and that great men shall presie
For Tinctures, Stainers, Reliques, and Cognificance.
This by Calphurnia's Drame is signified.

Caf. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you true heard what I can say:
And know it now, the Senate have concluded
To give this day, a Crowne to mighty Caesar.
If you shall lend them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mecke
Apt to be render'd, for some one to fay,
Break up the Senate, till another time:
When Caesar's wife shall meete with better Dromes,
If Caesar hide himself, thrall they not whisper

Loc. Caesar is afraid?
Pardon me Caesar, for my deere deere love.
To your proceeding, bids me tell you this:
And reason to my pane is liable.

Loc. How foolish do your fears seeme now Calphurnia?
I am ashamed I did yeeld to them.
Give me my Robe, for I will go.

Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus Cæski, Trebonius, Cynna, and Publius.

And looke where Publius is come to fetch me,
Pub. Good morrow Caesar.

Caf. Welcome to Publius.

What Brutus, are you not a little careely too?
Good morrow Cæski: Cyna Ligarius.
Cæsar was it not much your enemy,
As that fame Ague which hath made you lean.
What is't a Clocke?

Brut. Cæsar, 'tis but keight.

Caf. I thanke you for your pains and certeisie.

Enter Antony.

See, Antony that Reuds long z nights
Is notwithstanding vp, Good morrow Antony.

Ant. So to most Noble Caesar.

Caf. Bid them prepare within:
I am too blame to be thus waited for.

Now Cynna, now Metellus: what Trebonius,
I have an house talk in store for you:
Remember that you call on me to day:
Be neere me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Caesar I will: and so neere will I be,
That your belles Friends shall with I had bene further.

Caf. Good Friends go in, and taste some wine with me
And we (like Friends:) shall strait way go together.

Brut. That entry Ike is not the fame, O Cæsar:
The heart of Brutus comes not thynke upon.

Caf. Caesar, beware of Brutus: take heed of Cassius; come not so close.
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

neere Caisar, have an eye to Cyme, trust not Trebonius, make will Metellus Cimber, Decius Brutus loves thee not: Thou hast wrong'd Caesar Ligarius. I here is but one mind in all these men, and is bent against Caesar: If thou beest not Immortal, look about you: Security gives way to Conspiracie. The mighty Gods defend thee.

Thy Louer, Artemidorus.

Here will I stand, till Caesar passe along,
And as a Sutor I will give him this: My heart laments, that Vercius cannot live
Out of the teeth of Destruction.
If thou readest this, O Caesar, thou mayst well:
If not, the Fates with Traitors do continue.

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I spy thee, Boy, run to the Senate-house,
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.

Why dost thou stay?
Luc. To know my errand Madam,
Por. I would have had thee there and here again
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there:
O Contantie, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge Mountain twixt my Heart and Tongue:
I have a man's minde, but a woman's might:

Hard it is for women to keep counsell,
Art thou here yet?
Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so returne to you, and nothing else?
Por. Yes, bring me word Boy, if thou Lord look well,
For he went tickly forth, and take good note
What Caesar doth, what Sutors preface to him.
Hearke Boy, what noys doth that?
Luc. Hearke none Madam.
Por. Pray thee listen well:
I heard a bustling Rumor like a Fray,
And the winde brings it from the Capitol.
Luc. Sooth Madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Southerner.

Por. Good master Fellow, where are you gone thine'\
South. At my owne house, good Lady.
Por. What is 't a clocke?
South. About the ninth hour Lady,
Por. Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol?
South. Madam not yet, I go to take my hand,
To see him passe on to the Capitol.
Por. Thou hast come suite to Caesar, haft thou not?
South. That I have Lady, if it please Caesar
To be so good to Caesar, as to heare me:
I shall beseech him to bestend himselfe.
Por. Why know it thou any harme's intended to
wards him?
South. None that I know will be,
Much that I fear may chance:
Good narrow to you, where the street is narrow:
The thing that followes Caesar at the heels,
Of Senators, of Priests, common Sutors,
Will crowd a feeble man (almoast) to death;
I get me to a place more woyd, and there
Speak to great Caesar as he comes along.

Por. I see no thing in:
Aydyne O, how weakning a thing.
The hearth-pox woman! O Brutus,
The Flanesk speed thee in thine enterprise.
Sure the Boy heard me: Brutus hath a suite:
That Caesar will not grant. O, I grow faint:
Run Lucius, and commend me to my Lord,

Say I am merry; Come to me againe,
And bring me word what he doth fly to thee. 

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius.

Flourish.
Enter Caesar, Brutus, Caius, Cassius, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cymo, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus, Publius, and the Southerner.

Caf. The Ides of March are come.
South. I Caesar, but not gone.
Art. Haile Caesar: Read this Schedulle.
Deci. Trebonius doth desire you to ore-read
(At your best leasure) this his humble suitte.
Art. O Caesar, read mine first: for mine a suitte
That touches Caesar neerer. Read it great Caesar.
Caf. What touches vs our selfe, shall be last ser'd.
Art. Delay not Caesar, read it instantly.
Caf. What is the fellow mad?
Pub. Sirra, giue place.
Caf. What, urge you your Petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol,
Popp. I with your encounter to day may thrive,
Caf. What encounter Poppilus?
Popp. Fare you well.
Br. What said Poppilus Lena?
Caf. He will pro to day our encounter might thrive:
I fear our purpose is discoverd.
Br. Look how he makes to Caesar: mark him.
Caf. Cassus be odaine, for we fear prevention.
Brutus what shall be done? If this be knowne,
Cassius or Caesar never shall turne backe,
For I will fly my selfe.

Br. Cassius be confaint: Poppilus Lena speaks not of our purpose,
For looke he smiles, and Caesar doth not change.
Caf. Trebonius knowes his time: for look you Brutus
He draws March, Antony out of the way.
Deci. Where is Metellus Cimber, let him go,
And presently preferre his suite to Caesar.
Art. He is adrett: purpose negre, and second him.
Cin. Cassus, you are the first that rears your hand,
Caf. Are we all ready? What is now amisse,
That Caesar and his Senate must redrefse?
Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Caesar
Metellus Cimber throwes before thy Scaee
An humble heart.

Caf. I must prevent thee Cimber:
These couching, and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turne pre-Ordinance, and finall Decree,
Into the late of Children. Be not fond,
To think that Caesar bears such Rebell blood
That will be thown'd from the true quality
With that which melnithe Foeses, I meanstreet words,
Low-crooked-curtises, and base Spaniel fawning:
Thy Brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawne for him,
I spurne thee like a Curre out of my way:
Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will be he satisfied.

Met. Is there no voyce more worthy then my owne,
To
To found more sweetly in great Caesar's care,
For the repealing of my banish'd Brother?

Brut. I kill thy hand, but not in slav'ry Caesar:

Defiring, that, Publius Cymber may
Have an immediate redress of repeale.

Caf. What Brutus?

Caff. Pardon, Cæsar: Cæsar, pardon:

As love to thy free soul doth Cæsars fall,

To begge infranchisement for Publius Cymber.

Cæs. I could be well mou'd, if I were as you,
If I could pray to moone, Prayers would moone me:
But I am constaint as the Northeme Starre,
Of whose true fixt, and reflexing quality,
There is no fellow in the Firmament.

The Skies are painted with vnnumberd sparkes,
They are all Fine, and every one doth shine:
But, there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So, in the World; 'Tis furnished well with Men,
And Men are Flesh and Blood, and apprehensue; Yet in the number, I do know but One
That vnfrayfsable holds on his Ranke,
Vnfray'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 renowne to kepe him so. Comn. O Caesar.

Cæs. Hence: Will thou lift vp Olympus?

Decis. Great Caesar.

Cæs. Doth not Brutus boot the booke kneele?

Cass. Speak hands for me.

They stab Cæsar.

Cass. And is't Brutus?

Ciu. Liberty, Freedom; Tyranny is dead,
Run hence, proclaime, cry it about the Streets,
Cass. Some to the common Pulpit, and cry out Liberty, Freedom, and Enfranchisement.

Brut. People and Senators, be it or affrighted:
Fly not, stand still: Ambition's debt is paid.

Cass. Go to the Pulpit Brutus.

Dec. And Cæsars too.

Brut. Where's Publius?

Ciu. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand flat together, leaft some Friend of Cæsars
Should chance.

Brut. Talk not of standing. Publius good cheere,
There is no harme intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman elfe; to tell them Publius.

Cass. And leave vs Publius, leaft that the people
Ruthing on vs, should do your Age some mischief.

Brut. Do it, and let man abstaine this deede,
But we the Doers.

Enter Trebonius, Cæsarius, Where is Antony?

Tre. Flew to his House amaz'd:

Men, Wives, and Children, tare, cry out, and run,
As it were Doomeiday.

Brut. Fates, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall dye we know, 'tis but the time
And drawing dayes out, that men stand vp.

Cass. Why he that cuts off twenty yeares of life,
Cuts off fo many yeares of fearing death.

Brut. Grant that, and then is Death a Benefit:
So are we Cæsars Friends, that have shrew'd
His time of fearing death. Stoop Romains, stoop,
And let vs bathe our hands in Cæsars blood
Vp to the Elbowes, and befmeare our Swords:

Then walke we forth, even to the Market place,
And waung our red Weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry Peace, Freedom, and Liberty.

Cass. Stoop then, and waung. How many Ages hence
Shall this our Jofy Scene be acted ouer,
In State vnborne, and Accents yet unknowne?

Brut. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompeyes Bafis lye along,
No worther then the dust?

Cass. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of vs be call'd,
The Men that gave their Country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cass. I everly man away,
Brutus shall leade, and we will grace his heele
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Thus Brutus did my Master bid me knooe;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall downe,
And being proflrate, thus he bad me say:

Brutus was Noble, Wife, Valiant, and Honest;
Cæsar was Mighty, Bold, Riowell, and Loning:
Say, I loue Brutus, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour 'im, and loue 'im.
If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony
May falsely come to him, and be refolu'd
How Cæsar hath delu'd to lye in death,
Mark Antony, shall not loute Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The Fortunes and Affayres of Noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazzards of this vntrouled State,
With all true Faith. So fayes my Master Antony.

Brut. Thy Master is a Wife and Valiant Roman,
I never thought him worse:
Tell him, fo please him come into this place
He shall be satisfi'd: and by my Honor
Depart vnoud'd.

Ser. I beleech him prefently.

Exit Servant.

Brut. I know that we shall haue him well to Friend.
Cass. I with we may: But yet haue I a minde
That kears him much: and my misgiving still
Falles thrwedly to the purpose.

Enter Antony.

Brut. But here comes Antony:

Welcome Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lye so lowe?
Are all thy Conquests, Glories, Triumphes, Spoiles,
Shrunke to this little Measure? Fare thee weel.
I know not Gentlemen what you intend,
What eelc must be left blood, who is this ranke:
If I my selfe, there is no hour to fit
As Cæsar deads hour; nor no Instrument
Of tale that worth, as thote thy Swords; madr rich
With the most Noble blood of all this World,
I do beseech yee, if you beare me hard,
Now, while your purpled hands do recke and smokie,
Fulfill your pleasure. Like a thousand yeares,
I shall not finde my selfe so apt to dye.
No place will please me no, no meane of death,
At heere be Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The Choice and Master Spirits of this Age.

Brut. O Antony I fliege not your death of vs:
Though now we must appare bloody and stuelle,
As by our hands, and this our present Acte
You see we do: Yet see you but our hands,
The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar.

And this, the bleeding butcher, they have done: Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful; And pity to the general wrong of Rome, As fire driveth our life, so pity, pity. Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part, To you, our Swords have lenden points Mark Anthony: Our Armes in strength of martial, and our Hearts Of Brothers tender, do receaue you in, With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Coff. Your vowe shall be as strong as any mans, In the difputing of new Dignities. Brn. Onely be patient, till we haue appeas'd The Maltrude, bestide themselves with fear, And then, we will deliver you the caufe, Why I, that did loue Cæsar when I stiffeoke him, Haue thus proceeded. Ant. I doubt not of your Wifedom: Let euery man render me his bloody hand. First Marcus Brutus will I shakke with you; Next Cassius Caffius do I take you hand; Now Decius Brutus yours; now yours Metellus; Yours Cyrenus; and my valiant Cædus yours; Though last, not least in loue, yours good Tiberiunus. Gentlemen all: Alas, what shall I say, My creditt now standes on such slippery ground, That one of two bad ways you must conceit me, Either a Coward, or a Flatterer.

That I did loue thee Cæsar, O'tis true: If then thy Spirit looke upon vs now, Shall it not greene thee deeter then thy death, To see thy Anthony making his peace, Shaking the bloody fingers of thy hand? Most Noble, in the presence of thy Cauces, Had 1 as many eyes, as thou haue wounds, Weeping as fast as they flame forth thy blood, It would become me better, then to close In tearnes of Friendship with thine enemies. Pardon me Julius, here was't thou bay'd brave Hart, Heree didst thou fall, and heree thy Hunters stand Sign'd in thy Spoyle, and Crim'd in thy Leech. O World! thou wilt the Forrest this Hart, And this indeed, O World, the Hart of thee, How like a Deere, doth see by many Princes, Doth thou here lye? Coff. Mark Anthony. Ant. Pardon me Cassius Caffius: The Enemies of Cæsar, shall say this: Then, in a Friend, it is cold Modesty.

Coff. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so, But what compact meanes you to have with us? Will you be prick'd in number of our Friends, Or shall we on, and not depend on you? Ant. Therefore I tooke your hands, but was indeed Swipp'd from the point, by looking downe on Cæsar, Friends am I with you all, and loue you all, Upon this hope, that you shall give me Reasons, Where, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous. Brn. Oneell were this a sallauge Spectacle: Our Reasons are so full of good regard, That were you Anthony, the Same of Cæsar, You should be justified. Ant. That's all I seeke, And am moreone: futur, that I may Produce his body to the Market-place, And in the Pulpit as becomes a Friend, Speake in the Order of his Funerall.

Brn. You shal Mark Anthony, Coff. Brutus, a word with you: You know not what you do; Do not content That Anthony speake in his Funerall: Know you how much the people may be mou'd By that which he will vetter.

Brn. By your pardon, I will my selfe into the Pulpit first, And shew the reason of our Cæsars death. What Anthony shall speake, I will prepare He speakes by leave, and by permission: And that we are contented Cæsar shall Have all true Rites, and lawfull Ceremonies, It shall advantage more, then do vs wrong.

Coff. I know not what may fall, I like it not.

Brn. Mark Anthony, heere take you Cæsar body: You shall not in your Funerall speache blame vs, But speake all good you can deuice of Cæsar, And lay you downe by our permission: Eliç shall you have any hand at all About his Funerall. And you shall speake In the same Pulpit whereeto I am going, After my speach is ended.

Ant. Be it so: I do declare no more.

Brn. Prepare the body then, and follow vs. Exeunt, Mark Anthony.

O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of Earth; That I am meane and gentle with these Butchers. Thou art the Ruines of the Noblest man That euer lived in the Tyme of Times. Woe to the hand that shed this soffre Blood. Out thy wounds, now do I Prophisee (Which like dambe mouths do ope their Ruby lips, To begge the voye and vertue of my Tongue) A Curfe shall light upon the Linbes of men; Domestick Fury, and fierce Ciull trife, Shall cumber all the parts of Italy: Blood and destruction shall be so in vse, And dreadful Obiects so familiar, That Mothers shall but smile, when they behold Their Infants quartered with the hands of Warre: All pitie shok'd with cussome of tell deeds, And Cæsar Spirit ranging for Revenge, With Air by his side, come hot from Hell, Shall in these Confliefs, with a Monarkes voye, Cry haucce, and let flie the Dogges of Warre, That this foule deed, shall finall aboue the earth With Carrion men, groaning for Buriall. Enter Octavius Servant. You suece Octavius 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 comming, And bid me say to you by word of mouth— O Cæsar! Ant. Thy heart is bigge: get thee a-part and weep: Passiou I fee is catching from mine eyes, Seeing those Beads of sorrow stand in thine, Began to water. Is thy Master comming? Ser. He lies to night within feuen Leagues of Rome. Ant. Poff backe with speede, And tell him what hath chanc'd: Here is a mooming Rome, a dangerous Rome, No Rome of Infeery for Octavius yet, He hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a while,
Thou shalt not backe, till I have borne this courie
Into the Market place: There shall I try
In my Oration, how the People take
The cruel issue of these bloody men,
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To yong Otancia, of the state of things.
Lend me thy hand.

Enter Brutus and goes into the Pulpit, and Caffus
with the Plebeians.

Pie. We will be satisfied: let vs be satisfied.
Brut. Then follow me, and give me Audience friends.
Cassius go you into the other streeke,
And part the Numbers.
Those that will hear me speake, let them stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him,
And publike Reasons shall be rendred
Of Cassius death.
1. Pie. I will hear Brutus speake.
2. I will hear Cassius, and compare their Reasons,
When feuerally we hear them rendred.
3. The Noble Brutus is ascended: Silence.
Brut. Be patient till the la'.
Romans, Country-men, and Louers, heare mee for my caufe,
and be silent, that you may heare. Beleeue mee for mine Honor, and haue respect to mine Honor, that you may beleeue.
Centurie me in your Wifdom, and awake you Senefers, that you may the better Judge. If there bee any in this Assemble, any deere Friend of Cæsar, to him I say, that Brutus loue to Cæsar, was no leff then his. If then, that Friend demand, why Brutus rote against Cæsar, this is my answere: No, that I lou'd Cæsar lefle, but that I lou'd Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were liuing, and dye all States; then that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar lou'd me, I wepe for him; as he was Fortune, I rejoice at it; as he was Valiant, I honour him: But, as he was Ambitious, I knew him: There is Tares, for his Loue: Ioy, for his Fortune: Honor, for his Valour: and Death, for his Ambition. Who is heere so base, that would be a Bondman? If any, speake for him hauing offended. Who is heere so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speake for him hauing offended. Who is heere so vile, that will not loue his Country? If any, speake, for him hauing offended. I paue for a Reply.
All. None Brutus, none.
Brutus. Then none hauing offended. I haue done no more to Cæsar, then you shall do to Brutus. The Quelli
t of his death, is roll'd in the Capitol: his Glory not extinguished, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suffered death.

Enter Mark Antony, with Cæsar body.

Cæsar comes; his Body, mouri'd 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 leve my best Louer for the good of Rome, I have the same Dagge
mer for my selfe, when it shall pleaze my Country to need my death.

All. Looke Cæsar, looke, looke.
1. Bring him with Triumph home unto his house.
2. Give him a Statue with his Ancestors.
3. Let him be Cæsar.
4. Cæsars better parts,

Shall be Crown'd in Brutus.
1. We'll bring him to his House,
With Showts and Clamors.
2. Peace, silence, Brutus speaks.
1. Peace ho.
Brut. Good Country-men, let me depart alone,
And (for my sake) stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar Corpses, and grace his Speech Tending to Cæsar Glories, which Mark Antony (By our permission) is allow'd to make.
I do intreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.
Exit
1. Stay ho, and let vs heare Mark Antony.
2. Peace, let vs heare what Antony can say.
3. Nay that's certain:
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.
4. Peace, let vs heare what Antony can say,
Ant. You gentle Romans.
All. Peace ho, let vs hear him.
Ant. Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears:
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him:
The euill that men do, lyes after them,
The good is oft enter'd with their bones,
So let it be with Cæsar. The Noble Brutus,
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
Hath you no more Captives home to Rome,
Whose hands didst thou in the general Coffers fill?
Did this in Cæsar seeme Ambitious?
When that the poore haue cry'de, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuffe,
Yet Brutus fayes, he was ambitious:
And Brutus is an Honourable man,
You all did fee, that on the Capitol,
I thence pretended him a Kingly Crowne,
Which he did thence refine. Was this Ambition?
Yet Brutus fayes, he was ambitious:
And sure he is an Honourable man.
I speake not to dispraise what Brutus spake, but heere I am, to speake what I do know;
You all did love him once, not without caufe,
What caufe with-holds you then, to mourne for him?
O judgement! thou are fled to brutish Beast,
And Man haue loft their Reason. Eare with me,
My heart is in the Coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pawse, till it come backe to me.
1. Me thinkes there is much reason in his sayings.
2. If thou consider rightely of the matter,
Cæsar hath had great wrong.

(Exit his place.
3. He's hee Masters? I feare there will a worle come in
1 4 Marke
The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar.

Mark dead, ye his words; he would not take your Crown,
Therefore 'twas certaine, he was not Ambitious.
1. If it be found so, some will deere abide it,
2. Poore soules, his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
3. There's not a Noble man in Rome then Antony.
4. Now mark him, he begins againe to speake.

Ant. But yestreday, the word of Cæsar might:

Haue flood against the World: Now lies he there,
And none to poore to do him reuerence.
O Maisters! if we were disposed to flire
Your hearts and minds to Mutiny and Rage,
I shoulde do Brutus wroge, and Cassius wroge:
Who (you all know) are Honourable men,
I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong my felie and you,
Then I will wrong such Honourable men.
But heere's a Parchment, with the Seal of Cæsar,
I found it in his Cloffe, this his Will:
Let but the Commons hear this Testament:
(Which pardon me). I do not meane to reheare,
And they would goe and kisse dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their Napkins in his Sacred Blood;
Yea, begge a haire of him for Memory,
And burning mention it within their Willes.
Bequeathing it as a rich Legacie
Vnto their issue.

4. We'll heare the Will, read it Mark Antony.

All. The Will, the Will, we will heare Cæsar Will.

Ant. Have patience gentle Friends, I must not read it.
It is not meete you know how Cæsar lou'd you:
You are not Wood, you are not Stone, 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 Heires,
For if you should, O what would come of it?

4. Read the Will, wee'll heare it Antony:
You shall reade vs the Will, Cæsar Will.

Ant. Will you be Patient? Will you stay a while?
I have o're thine my felse to tell you of it,
I here I wrong the Honourable men,
Whose Daggers haue flabb'd Cæsar: I do feare it.

4. They were Traitors: Honourable men?

All. The Will, the Testament.

3. They were Villains, Murderer: the Will, read the Will.

Ant. You will compell me then to read the Will:
Then make a Ring about the Corpes of Cæsar,
And let me shew you him that made the Will:
Shall I defend? and will you give me leave?

All. Come downe.

2. Defend.

3. You shall haue leave.

4. A Ring, fland round,

1. Stand from the Horse, fland from the Body,

2. Rooms for Antony, most Noble Antony.

Ant. Nay priffe not to ponne in, fland fare off.

All. Stand backe, room, leate backe.

All. If you have tears, prepare to flie them now.
You all do know this Mantle, I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on.
It was on a Summer's Evening in his Tent,
That day he overcame the Romans.
Looke at this place on Cassius Daguer through:

Scan what a rent the enemie Cautes made:
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus flabb'd,
And as he pluck'd his cursed Steele away:

Mark how the blood of Cæsar followd it,
As ruthing out of doores, to be relou'd:
If Brutus did.kindly knock'd, or no:
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar Angel.
Judge, O you Gods, how deereely Cæsar lou'd him:
This was the most vnkindst cut of all.
For when the Noble Cæsar saw him flish,
Jutrage, more strong then Traitors armes,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his Mighty heart,
And in his Mantle, muffling vp his face,
Even at the Bafe of Pompey's Statue
(Which all the while ran blood; great Cæsar fell.
O what a fall was there, my Countrymen?
Then I, and you, and all vts fell downe,
Whilest bloody Treston fooish'd ouer vs.
O now you wepe, and I perceiue you felle
The dint of pity: These are gracious droppes.
Kinde Souls, what wepe you, when you but behold
Our Cæsars Vertue wounded? Looke you heere,
Here is Hymselfe, mar'st as you see with Traitors.
1. O piteous specstacle !
2. O Noble Cæsar!
3. O wofull day!
4. O Traitors, Villaines!
5. O most bloody fight!

2. We will bee reveng'd: Revenge
About, lecke, burne, fire, kill, slay,
Let not a Traitor live.

1. Peace there, heare the Noble Antony.
2. We'll heare him, we'll follow him, we'll dy with him,

(you up)

Ant. Good Friends, sweet Friends, let me not flire
To such a fodiante Flood of Mutiny:
They that have done this Deede, are honourable,
What private griefes they have, alas I know not,
That madethem do it: They are Wife, and Honourable,
And will no doubt with Reasons answer you.
I come not (Friends) to teale away your hearts,
I am no Orator, as Brutus is :
But (as you know me all) a plaine blunt man
That loue my Friend, and that they know full well,
That gave me publicke leave to speake of him: For I have neither writ nor words, nor worth,
A Chon, nor Virtue, nor the power of Speech,
To thirse mens Blood, I onely speake right on:
I tell you that, which your ouer futes do know,
Shew you sweete Cæsars wounds, poor poor dumb mouths
And bid them speake for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle vp your Spirits, and put a Tongue
In every Wound of Cæsar, that should move
The fones of Rome, to rife and Mutiny.

All. We'll Mutiny.
1. We'll burne the house of Brutus.

2. Away then, come, lecke the Conspirators.

Ant. Yet heare me Countysmen, yet heare me speake:
All. Peace how, heare Antony, moit Noble Antony.

Ant. Why Friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath 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 Will, let's day and heare the Will.

Ant. Here is the Will, and vnder Cæsars Seale:
To every Roman Citizen he gyues,
To every generall man, feventy five Draechemas.
Enter Antony, Otho, and Lepidus.
Ant. These many then shall die, their names are prickt.
Oth. Your brother too must dye: content you Lepidus?
Lep. I do content.
Oth. Prick him down Antony.
Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your Sisters fonne, Make Antony.
Ant. He shall not live; looke, with a pit a dam him,
But Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house:
Feth the Wilt hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in Legaries,
Lep. What shall I finde you here?
Oth. Or heere, or at the Capitol.
Ant. This is a flight wondrous man,
Meet to be sent on Errands: it is fit,
The three-fold World divided, he should stand
One of the three to sharte it?
Oth. So you thought him,
And tooke his voyce who should be prickt to dye
In our blacke Sentence and Priscription.
Ant. Otho, I have seene more dayes then you,
And though we lay these Honour on this man,
To erase our felues of divers floudous loads,
He shall but bear them, as the Afe bears Gold,
To groane and sweate under the Buininess,
Either led or driven, we point the way:
And hauing brought our Treasure, where we will,
Then take we downe his Load, and turne him off
(Like to the emptie Afe) to shake his cates,
And graze in Commons.
Oth. You may do your will:
But hee's a tried, and valiant Soullier.
Ant. So is my Horfe Otho, and for that
I do appoint him hore of Pretender,
It is a Creature that I teach to fight,
To winde, to flap, to run directly on:
His corporall Motion, govern'd by my Spirit,
And in some sense, is Lepidus but so:
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
A barren spirited Fellow; one that feeds
On Obiec'ts, Arts, and Imitations.
(Which out of vs, and flatl'de by other men
Begin his fashion. Do not balke of him,
But as a property: and now Otho,
Listen great things. Brutus and Cæsar
Are lening Powers; We must fraught make head:
Therefore let our Alliance be combin'd,
Our best Friends made, our means stretche,
And let us presently go fit in Counsell,
Flow cower matters may be best disclos'd,
And open Perils suretly answered.
Oth. Let vs do so for we are at the stake,
Dram. Enter Brutus, Lucullus, and the Army. Titinius and Pandaros meet them.

Brutus. Stand ho.
Lucullus. Gile the word ho, and Stand.
Titinius. What now Lucullus, is Caiffins neere?
Lucullus. He is at hand, and Pandaros is come.
To do you salvation from his Master.
Brutus. He greets me well. Your Master Pandaros
In his owne change, or by ill Officers,
Hath gien me some worthy caufe to with
Things done, vndone: But if he be at hand
I shall be satisfied.

Brutus. I do not doubt
But that my Noble Master will appeare
Such as he is, full of regard, and Honour.
Brutus. He is not doubted. A word Lucullus
How he receiu'd you: let me be resolu'd,
Lucullus. With courteous, and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar insinuates,
Nor with such free and friendly Conference
As he hath us'd of old.
Brutus. Thou hast describ'd
A hot Friend, cooling: Euer note Lucullus,
When Loue begins to sicken and decay.
It vth an enforced Ceremony.
There are no trickes, in plaine and simple Faith:
But hollow men, like Horfes hot at hand,
Make gallant fhew, and promise of their Mettle:
Low March within.

But when they should endure the bloody Spurte,
They fall their Crefts, and like deceitfull Lades
Sink in the Triall. Comes his Army on?
Lucullus. They meane this night in Sardis to be quarter'd:
The greater part, the Horfie in general
Are come with Caiffins.

Enter Caiffins and his Powers.
Brutus. Hearke, he is arriu'd:
March gently on to meete him.
Caiffins. Stand ho.
Brutus. Stand ho, speake the word along;
Stand.
Titinius. Stand.
Caiffins. Moft Noble Brother, you have done me wrong.
Brutus. Judge me you Gods; wrong I mine Enemies?
And ifnot fo, how should I wrong a Brother.
Caiffins. Bruttus, this false forme of yours, hides wrongs,
And when you do them—

Brutus. Caiffins, be content,
Speake your greese softly, I do know you well,
Before the eyes of both our Armies here,
(Which should perceiue nothing but Loue from vs)
Let vs not wrangle. Bid them move away:
Then in my Tent Caiffins enlarge your Greese,
And I will give you Audience.

Caiffins. Pandaros,
Bid our Commanders sledge their Charges off
A little from this ground.

Brutus. Lucullus, do you the like, and let no man:
Come to our Tent, till we have done our Conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.

Caiffins. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You haue condemned, and noted Lucius Pella.
For taking Bribes heere of the Sardians;
When by any Letters, prying on his side,
Because I know the man was lighted off.
Brutus. You wrong'd your felue to write in such a cafe.
Caiffins. In such a tyme as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bore his Comment.
Brutus. Let me tell you Caiffins, you your felue;
Are much condemned to haue an itching Palme,
To tell, and March your Offices for Gold
To Vnderneathers.

Caiffins. I, an itching Palme?
You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
Or by the Gods, this speech were else your laft.
Brutus. The name of CaiffinsHonors this corruption,
And Chaflification doth therefore hide his head.

Caiffins. Chaflification?
Brutus. Remember March, the Ide of March remember:
Did not great Jullius bleed for Justice fake?
What Villiane touch'd this body, that did stab,
And not for Justice? What Shall one of Vs,
That fhulc the Pormoil man of all this World,
But for supporting Robbers: fhall we now,
Contaminate our fingers, with base Bribes?
And fell that mighty space of our large Honors
For so much trait, as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a Dogge, and bay the Moone,
Then such a Roman.

Caiffins. Brutus, baire not me,
Ile not induce it: you forget your felue
To hidge me in. I am a Souldier, I,
Older in practice, Abler then your felue
To make Conditions.

Brutus. Go too: you are not Caiffins.
Caiffins. I am.
Brutus. I fay, you are not.
Caiffins. Virge me no more, I tall forget my felue:
Haue minde upon your health: Tempt me no farther.
Brutus. Away flight man.
Caiffins. Is't possible?
Brutus. Hearce me, for I will speake.
Must I glue way, and roome to your raife Choller?
Shall I be frighted, when a Madman fcares?
Caiffins. O ye Gods, ye Gods, Muft I endure all this?
Brutus. All this? I more: Fret till your proud hart break.
Go fhw your Slues how Chollerick ye are,
And make your Bondinen tremble, Muft I bonge?
Muft I obturce you? Muft I fland and crouch
Vnder your Tefli Humour? By the Gods,
You tall daffe the Venom of your Splene.
Though it do Split you. For, from this day forth,
Ile vie you for my Mirth, yea for my Laughter.
When you are Wafipish.

Caiffins. Is it come to this?
Brutus. You fay, you are a better Souldier:
Let it appeare fo; make your vacancies true,
And it shall pleafe me well. For mine owne part,
I shall be glad to learene of Noble men,
Caiffins. You wrong me euery way:
You wrong me Brutus?
I faine, an Elder Souldier, not a Better,
Did I fay Better?

Brutus. If you did, I care not.
Caiffins. When Caffar lid'd, he durft not thus hare mou'd
Brutus. Peace, peace, you durft not fo hare tempted him.
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

Caff. I durst not.
Brut. No.
Caff. What durst not attempt him?
Brut. For your life you durst not.
Caff. Do not presume too much upon my Love, I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Brut. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror Caflins in your threats:
For I am Arm'd so strongly in Homer,
That they pale by as the Idle wind,
Which I receiued not. I did fend to you
For certaine Gummes of Gold, which you deny'd me,
For I can raise no money by vile meanes:
By Heauen, I had rather Come my Heart,
And drop my blood for Drachmes, then to wring
From the hard hands of Peazzants, their vile trash
By any indirection. I did fend
To you for Gold to pay my Legions,
Which you deny'd me: was that done like Caflins? Should I have answr'd Caffins Caflins so?
When Marcus Brutus growes to Courteous,
To locke such Ruffell Counteres from his Friends,
Be ready Gods with all your Thunder-bolts,
Daff him to peeces.

Caff. I deny'd you not.
Brut. You did.

Caff. I did not. He was but a Fool.
That brought my answr back, Brutus hath ri'd my heart:
A Friend should bear his Friends infirmities;
But Brutus makes mine greater then they are.
Brut. I do not, till you practice them on me.
Caff. You love me not.
Brut. I do not like your faults.
Caff. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Brut. A Flatterer would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Caff. Come Antony, and yong Ohiannus come,
Reungeth your felues alone on Caflins,
For Caflins is a weary of the World:
Hated by one he louses, brav'd by his Brother,
Check'd like a bondman, all his Faults oberra'd,
Set in a Note-booke, learn'd, and con'd by roace
To call into my Teeth. O I could weepe
My Spirit from mine eyes. There is my Dagger,
And here my naked Breast: Within, a Heart
Deerer then Pluto's Mine, Richer then Gold:
If that thou beest a Laman, take it forth.
I that deny'd thee Gold, will give my Heart:
Strike when thou didst hate him worst, I lov'd him better
Then ever thou lov'dst Caffins.

Brut. Sheath your Dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope:
Do what you will, Dishonor, shall be Honour.
O Caflins, you are yoaked with a Lambe
That carries Anger, as the Flinte bears fire,
Who much inforced, shews a hattie Sparke,
And flarie is cold agen.
Caff. Hath Caflins bid'd
To be but Mirth and Laughter to his Brutus,
When greefe and blood ill temper'd, vexeth him?
Brut. When I spoke that, I was ill temper'd too.
Caff. Do you cou'teef fo much? Give me you hand,
Brut. And my heart too.
Caff. O Brutus!
Brut. What's the matter?

Caff. Haue not you loue enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my Mother gave me
Makes me forgetfull.

Brut. Yeas Caflins, and from henceforth
When you are outer-came with your Brutus,
Hec'll think your Mother chides, and leave you to.

Enter a Poet.

Poet. Let me go in to see the Generals,
There is some grudge betwene 'em, 'tis not meete
They be alone.

Lucid. You shall not come to them.

Poet. Nothing but death shall flay me.
Caff. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For thame you Generals; what do you meane?
Loure, and be Friends, as two such men should bee,
For I have scene more yeeres I'me sure then yee.

Caff. Ha, ha, how wildly doth this Cynickie time?
Brut. Get you hence firs: Sawney Fellow, hence.
Caff. Bear with him Brutus,'tis his fashion.
Brut. He knowes his humor, when he knowes his time:
What should the Warres do with these ligging Fools?

Companion, hence.

Caff. Away, away be gone.

Exit Poet.

Brut. Lucilius and Titinius bid the Commanders
Prepare to lodge their Companies to night,
Caff. And come your felues, & bring Meffala's your
Immediately to vs.

Brut. Lucius, a bowl of Wine.
Caff. I did not think you could have bin so angry.
Brut. O Caflins, I am sicke of many greaves.
Caff. Of your Philosophy you make no vfe,
If you give place to accidental enims.

Brut. No man bears forrow better. Portia is dead.
Caff. What? Portia is dead?
Brut. She is dead.
Caff. How scap'd I killing, when I crost you so?
O infupportable, and touching loffe!

Vpon what ficknesse?

Brut. Impatient of my absence,
And greefe, that yong Ohiannus with Mark Antony
Hau'de themselfes so strong: For with her death
That tydings came: With this the fell diffraight,
And (her Attendants abient) swallowed fires.
Caff. And dy'd so?
Brut. Even so.
Caff. O ye immortal Gods!

Enter Boy with Wine, and Tapers.

Brut. Speak no more of her: Give me a bowl of Wine,
In this I bully all vnkindnesse Caflins. Drink!
Caff. My heart is thirthy for that Noble pledge.
Fill Lucius, till the Wine ore-swell the Cup:
I cannot drinke too much of Brutus love.

Enter Titinius and Meffala.

Brutus. Come in Titinius:
Welcome good Meffala:
Now sit we close about this Taper hearne,
And call in question our necessities.
Caff. Portas, are thou gone?
Brut. No more I pray you.

Meffala, I have heare receiv'd Letters,
That yong Ohiannus, and Mark Antony
Come downe upon vs with a Mighty power,
Bending their Expedition toward Philipp.

Meff,
The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar.

Meff. My selfe have Letters of the selfe-same Tenure.  
Bru. With what Addition.  
Meff. That by proscription, and bills of Outlawrie,  
Otho, Antony, and Lepidus,  
Haue put to death, an hundred Senators.  
Bru. Then in our Letters do not well agree:  
Mine speake of twenty Senators, that dyde  
By their proscriptions, Cierro being one.  
Caffi. Cierro one?  
Meffa. There is dead, and by that order of proscription  
Had you your Letters from your wife, my Lord?  
Bru. No Caffa.  
Meffa. Nor nothing in your Letters but her?  
Bru. Nothing Messa.  
Meffa. That me thinks be strange.  
Bru. Why ask you?  
Hear you ought of her, in yours?  
Meffa. No my Lord.  
Bru. Now as you are a Roman tell me true.  
Meffa. Then like a Roman, beare the truth I tell,  
For certaine she is dead, and by strange manner.  
Bru. Why farewell Partia. We must die Messals:  
With meditating that the must dye once,  
I haue the patience to endure it now.  
Caffa. Even so great men, great losses hold indure.  
Caffi. I haue as much of this in Art as you,  
But yet my Nature could not bear it so.  
Bru. Well, to our worke alue. What do you think  
Of marching to Philippo presently.  
Caffi. I do not think it good.  
Bru. Your reason?  
Caffi. This it is:  
Tis better that the Enemy seek vs,  
So shall he waste his meanes, weary his Souldiers,  
Doing himselfe offence, whilst they lieyng full,  
Are full of rest, defence, and mimbredfe.  
Bru. Good reasons must of force give place to better:  
The people twixt Philippo, and this ground  
Do stand but in a forced affection:  
For they haue grudg'd vs. Contribution.  
The Enemy, marching along by them,  
By them shall make a fuller number vp,  
Come on ckefreet, new add'd, and encourag'd:  
From which advantage full we cut him off.  
Ifat Philippo we do face him there,  
These people as our backe.  
Caffi. Hear me good Brother.  
Bru. Vnder your pardon, You must note beside,  
That we haue tride the venom of our Friends:  
Our Legions are brim full, our caufe is ripe,  
The Enemy once eath every day,  
We at the height, are ready to decline.  
There is a Tide in the stiffeies of men,  
Which taken at the Flood, leads on to Fortune:  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life,  
Is bound in Shal owes, and in Miferies.  
On such a full Sea are we now a float,  
And we must take the current: when it serues,  
Or loose our Ventures.  
Caffi. Then with your will go on; we'll along  
Our leues, and meet them at Philippo.  
Bru. The deere of night is crep't upon our take,  
And Nature must obey Necesitie,  
Which we will neggard with a little rest:  
There is no more to say:  
Caffi. No more, good night,
Awake! their spirits, I would hold more talk with thee.


Luc. The strings my Lord are false.

Bru. He thinks he tells you is at his Instrument.

Luc. Awake. Luc.

Bru. Did I thou dreamt Lucius, that thou so cryest out?

Luc. My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes that thou didst. Didst thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing my Lord.

Bru. Sleep against Lucius: Sirs Claudius, Fellow.

Thou: Awake.

Var. My Lord.

Cass. My Lord.

Bru. Why did you so cry out first, in your sleep?

Beh. Did we my Lord?

Bru. I saw you anything?

Var. No my Lord, I saw nothing.

Cass. Nor I my Lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my Brother Caius;

Bid him set on his Powers betimes before,

And we will follow.

Beh. It shall be done my Lord.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

Octavius. Now Antony, our hopes are answered,

You said the Enemy would not come downe,

But keep the Hills and vpper Regions:

It proves not so: their Batallies are at hand,

They mean to vaine vs at Philippi here: 

Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tuc it am in their bohome, and I know

Wherefore they do it: They could be content

To visit other places, and come downe

With peaceful brawny: thinking by this face

To soften in our thoughts that they have Courage;

But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

M'str. Prepare you Generals,

The Enemy comes on in a gallant shew:

Their bloody signe of Battale is hung out,

And something be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your Battale fosly on

Upon the left hand of the even Field.

Octavius. Upon the right hand I, keepeth thou the left.

Ant. Why do you croffe me in this exigent.

Octavius. I do not croffe you: but I will do so. March.

Drum. Enter Bruus, Caius, & their Army.

Bruus. They fli all, and would have parley.

Caius. Stand falt Tessim, we must out and talk.

Octavius. Mark Antony, shall we give signe of Battale?

Ant. No Caius, we will answer on their Charge.

Makeforth, the Generals would have some words.

Octavius. Stirre not till the Signall.

Bruus. Words before blower: is it so Countrymen?

Octavius. Not that we lose words better, as you do.

Bruus. Good words are better then bad stokes Oltanus.

Ant. In your bad stokes Bruus, you give good words.

Witnesse the hole you made in Caius heart,

Crying long lute, Haile Caius,

Caius. Antony,

The posture of your blower are yet unknowne;

But for your words, they rob the Hilda Beers,

And leave them Hony-leffe.

Ant. Not finglelfe too.

Bruus. O yes, and fouldelfe too:

For you have holne their burning Antony,

And very wilfully threat before you fting.

Ant. Villains: you did not so, when your vile daggers

Hack one another in the sides of Caius:

You shew'd your teeths like Apses,

And faw'd like Hounds,

And bow'd like Bondmen, killing Caius feete;

Whil'st fanned Caius, like a Cure, behind

Strokes Caius on the necke. O you Flatterers.

Caius. Flatterers? Now Brus if you have felfe,

This tongue had not offended io to day,

If Caius might have ru'd.

Octavius. Come, come, the caufe. If arguing make vs swet,

The proofs of it will turne to redder drops:

Looke, I draw a Sword against Conspirators,

When thinke you that the Sword goes vp againe?

Neuer till Caius three and thirie wounds

Be well aueng'd, or till another Caius

Hae added daughter to the Sword of Traitors.

Caius, Caius, thou canft not dye by Traitors hands,

Vnleffe thou bring it them with thee.

Octavius. So I hope:

I was not borne to dye on Brutus Sword.

Bruus. O if thou wert the Noblett of thy Straine,

Young-man, thou couldst not dye more honourable

Caius. A pucinsh School-boy, worthles of such Honor

Joyn'd with a Marter, and a Reculler.

Ant. Old Caius till,

Octavius. Come Antony: away:

Defiance Traitors, hurdle we in your teeths,

If you dare fight to day, come to the Field,

If not, when you have homackes.

Exit Octavius, Antony, and Army

Caius. Why now blow winde, swell Billow,

And swimming Barke:

The Storme is vp, and all is on the hazard,

Ant. 110 Lucilia, heare, a word with you.

Lucilia and Messala stand for.

Luc. My Lord.

Caius. Messala.

Messala. What fayes my General?

Caius. Messala this is my birth-day: as this very day

Was Caius borne. Give me thy hand Messala:

Be thou my winneff, that against my will

(As Pemey was) am I compell'd to let

Vpo one Battall all our Liberties.

You know, that I held Epicurus strong,

And his Opinion: Now I change my minde,

And partly credit things that do preffe.

Comming from Sardis, on our former Ensigne

Two mighty Eagles fell, and there they search'd,

Gorging and feeding from our Soldiers hands,
The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar.

Who to Philippi here confornt vs:
This Morning arc they fled away, and gone,
And in their steads do Rauens, Crowes, and Kites
Flye our heads, and downward looke on vs
As we were sickely prey; their shadowes seeme
A Canopy moft instan, under which
Our Army lies, ready to give vp the Ghost.

Cæfus. Believe not so.

Coffi. But belieue it partly,
For I am freth of Spirit, and refrudd
To meete all perils; very conftantly.

Brus. Even so Lucillius.

Coffi. Now most Noble Brutus,
The Gods to day stand friendly, that we may
Lours in peace, leade on our days to age.
But since the auyeres of men refts still inconstant,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we doe lose this Battallie, then is this
The very laste time we shall speake together:
What are you then determined to do?

Brus. Even by the rule of that Philosophie,
By which I did blame Cæsare, for the death
Which he did give himselfe, I know not how:
But I do finde it Cowardly, and vile,
For feare of what might fall, to prevent
The time of life, arming my selfe with patience,
To lay the prouidence of some high Powers,
That gouerne vs below.

Coffi. Then, if we loose this Battallie,
You are contented to be led in Triumph
Thow the streets of Rome.

Brus. Now Cæsare, no:
Think not thou Noble Romanes,
That euer Brutus will goe backe to Rome,
He bears too great a minde. But this same day
Must end that warre, the Ides of March begun,
And whether we shall meete againe, I know not:
Therefore our euerlafting farewell take:
For euer, and for euer, farewell Cæsare,
If we do meeke againe, why shall we smile:
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Coffi. For euer, and for euer, farewell Brutus:
If we do meeke againe, we'll smille indeede:
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Brus. Why then leade on. O that a man might know
The end of this dayes bunitife, ere it come:
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is knowne. Come ho, away. Excuse.

Alarums. Enter Brutus and Messala.

Brus. Ride, ride Messala, ride and glue these Billes
Into the Legions, on the other side.

Mess. Lord Alarum.

Let them set on at once: for I perceiue
But cold decamer in Otharne's wing:
And Soleine path giveth them the overthrow:
Ride, ride Messala, let them all come downe. Excuse.

Alarums. Enter Cæsare and Titinius.

Coffi. O looke Titinius, looke, the Villaines flye:
My leafe have to mine owne turn'd Enemy:
This Ensigne heere of mine was turning backe,
I flew the Coward, and did take it from him.

Titin. O Cæsare, Brutus gave the word too early,
Brutus my Countrymen Friend: know me for Brutus.
Luc. O yong and Noble Cato, art thou downe?
Why now thou dyest, as brauely as Titinius,
And may it be honour'd, being Cato's Sonne.
Sold. Yeeld, or thou dyest.
Luc. Onely I yeeld to dye:
There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight:
Kill Brutus, and be honoure'd in his death.
Sold. We must not: a Noble Prisoner.

Enter Antony,
2. Sold. Room: houre tell Antony, Brutus is tane.
1. Sold. He tells thee newes. Here comes the General,
Brutus is tane: Brutus is tane: my Lord.
Ant. Where is he?
Luc. Safe Antony, Brutus is safe enough:
I dore affure 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 dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himselfe,
Ant. This is not Brutus friend, but I affure you,
A prove no leaste in worth: keepe this man safe,
Give him all kindneffe, I had rather haue
Such men my Friends, then Enemies, Go on,
And feele where Brutus be alive or dead,
And bring vs word, write

Enter Brutus, Dardanus, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.
Brut. Come poore remains of friends, rest on this Rocke.
Clit. Scutellius shew'd the Torch-light, but my Lord
He came not backe: he is or tane, or flaine.
Brut. Sit thee downe, Clitus: slaving is the word,
It is a deed in fashion. Hearke thee, Clitus.
Clit. What is my Lord? No, not for all the World,
Brut. Peace then, no words.
Clit. He rather kill my self.
Brut. Hearke thee, Dardanus.
Dard. Shall I doe such a deed?
Clit. O Dardanus.
Dard. O Clitus.
Clit. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?
Dard. To kill him, Clitus: looke he meditates.
Clit. Now is that Noble Volumni full of griefe,
That it runnes over euen at his eyes.
Brut. Come hither, good Volumnius, lift a word.
Volum. What sayes my Lord?
Brut. Why this, Volumnius:
The Ghost of Cesar hath appear'd to me
Two feauall times by Night; at Sardis, once;
And this last Night, here in Philippi fields:
I know my house is come.
Volum. Not so, my Lord.
Brut. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seeft the World, Volumnius, how it goes,
Our Enemies have beat vs to the Pit: Low Alarums.
It is more worthy, to leape in our felues,
Then tarry till they pulle vs. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'rt, that we two went to Scholl together:
Euen for that our love of old, I prethee
Hold thou my Sword Hiltes, while I runne on it.
Volum. That's not an Office for a friend, my Lord.

Alarum Hill.

Clit. Fly,
The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar.

Fly, flye, my Lord, there is no carrying here.

Farewell to you, and you, and you, Cæsar, thou hast bin all this while asleep:

Farewell to thee, to Cæsar, Countrymen:

My heart doth joy, that yet in all my life,

I found no man, but he was true to me.

I shall have glory by this loosing day

More than Cæsar, and Mark Antony,

By this vile Conquest shall attaine vnto.

So fare you well at once, for Cæsar tongue.

Hath almost ended his hones History:

Night hangs upon mine eyes, my Bones would reft,

That haue but labour'd, to attaine this houre.

Alarum. Cry within, flye, flye, flye.

Fly my Lord, flye.

Hence: I will follow:

I prythee Cæsar, stay thou by thy Lord,

Thou art a Fellow of a good respect:

Thy life hath had some scratch of Honor in it,

Hold then my Sword, and turne away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Will thou Cæsar?

Cæsar. Give me your hand first, Fare you well my Lord.

Farewell good Cæsar. — Cæsar, now be still,

I kill'd not thee with halfe so good a weld.

Dye.


Oth. What man is that?

Mess. My Master's man, Cæsar, where is thy Master?

Strat. Free from the Bondage you are in: Messala,

The Conquerors can but make a fire of him:

For Brutus only overcame him selfe,

And no man else hath Honor by his death.

Luc. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee Brutus,

That thou hast proud Lucullus saying true,

Oth. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertaine them.

Fellow, wilt thou be low thy time with me?

Strat. If Messala will preferre me to you,

Oth. Do so, good Messala.

Mess. How dyed my Master Cæsar?

Strat. I held the Sword, and he did run on it.

Mess. Otho, then take him to follow thee,

That did the latest service to my Master.

Ant. This was the Noblest Roman of them all:

All the Conspirators gave onely her,

Did that they did, in envy of great Cæsar:

He, one in a general honest thought,

And common good to all, made one of them,

His life was gentle, and the Elements

So mixt in him, that Nature might stand vp,

And say to all the world, This was a man.

Oth. According to his Vertue, let vs vide him

Withall Respect, and Rites of Buriall.

Within my Tent his bones to night shall ly,

Most like a Souldier ordered Honourably:

So call the Field to rest, and let's away,

To part the glories of this happy day. 

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.
THE TRAGEDIE OF MACBETH.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1. W. 

Houet. 

When shall we three meet againe?
In Thunder, Lightning, or in Raine?
2. W. When the Hurley-hurley's done,
When the Battallie's loft, and wonne.
3. W. That will be ere the set of Sunne.
1. Where the place?
2. Vpon the Heath.
3. There to meet with Macbeth.

All. Padack calls anons faire is foule, and foule is faire,
Hoacer through the fogge and filthie ayre.

Enter.

Scena Secunda.

Alarum within. Enter King Maleames, Donal-bane, Lenox, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Captaine.

King. What bloody man is that? he can report,
As semeth by his plight, of the Rout of the
The neerest State.

Mal. This is the Serieant,
Who like a good and hardie Soullier fought
Gainst my Captaine: Hau'd bravea head:
Say to the King, the knowledge of the Broyle,
As thou diid leave it.

Capt. Doubtfull is flood,
As two spent Swimmers, that doe cling together,
And chaske their Art; The mericellse Macdonald
(Worthie to be a Rebell, for to that
The multiplying Villanies of Nature
Doe iware in upon him) from the Western Isles
Of Kernes and Gallowgreeses is supplyd,
And Fortune on his damnd Quarre limiting,
Shew'd like a Rebels Whore; but all's too weake:
For brave Macbeth (well hee defere their Name)
Died bying Fortune, with his brandish'd Steele,
Which smak'd with bloody execution
(Like Valours Mionion) car'd out his passag,
Till hee fac'd the Slaine;
Which neu'r fouke him und, nor bad farwell to him,
Till he vnseem'd him from the Naue toth' Chops,
And fix'd his Head vpon our Battelments.

King. O valiant Cusin, worthy Gentleman.

Capt. As whences the Sunne 'gins his reflection,
Shipwrecking Stormes, and dreifull Thunder's:
So from that Spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort spawlls: Marke King of Scotland, marke,
No sooner sufficie had, with Valour arm'd,
Compelled these skipping Kernes to trull their heales,
But the Norvwegian Lord, furveying vantage,
With furbusht Armes, and new supplyes of men,
Began a fresh affuite.

King. Dismay'd not this our Captaines, Macbeth and
Bangue?

Capt. Yes, as Spawrowes,Eagles;
Or the Hare, the Lyon:
If I say looth, I must report they were
As Cannons ouer-charg'd with double Cracks,
So they doubly redoubled stroakes vpon the Foe:
Except they meant to bate in seeking Wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell: but I am faint,
My Glasses cry for helpe.

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds,
They smack of Honor both: Goe get him Surgeons,

Enter Roffe and Angus.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy Thane of Roffe,
Lenox. What a shaffe lookes through his eyes?
So should he looke, that seemes to speake things strange.
Roffe. God saue the King.
King. Whence canst thou, worthy Thane?
Roffe. From Fiffe, great King,
Where the Norvwegian Barnes flovt the Skie,
And famine our people cold,
Norway himselfe, with terrible numbers,
Afflicted by thy most disloyall Traytor,
The Thane of Cawdor, began a dismal Conflit,
Till that Bellona's Bridg'rome, lapt in proofs,
Confronted him with feffe companions,
Point against Point, rebellious Arme against Arme,
Curbing his Lush' spirit; and to conclude,
The Victorie fell on vs.

King. Great Apiinness.
Roffe. That now Sware the Norvways King,
Craucs composition:
Nor would we degrade him burtall of his men,
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes ynch,
Ten thousand Dollars, to our generall vs.

King. No.
Scene Tertia.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. Where haist thou beene, Sifter?
2. Killing Swine.
3. Sifter, where thou?
1. A Saylers Wife had Cheesmuts in her Lappe, And mouncht, & mouncht, and mouncht:
Give me, quoth I. Aroyn thee, Witch, the rumpe-fed Ryonon cryes. Her Husband’s to Aleppo gone, Master o’t Tiger: But in a Syre Ile thither faire, And like a Rat without a tyle, Ile doe, Ile doe, and Ile doe.
2. He glue thee a Winde. -
3. Th’art kind, and I another.
1. I my selfe haue all the other, And the very Ports they blow, All the Quarters that they know, I’th Ship-mans Card. Ile dreync his drie as Hay:
Sleepe shall neyther Night nor Day Hang vpon his Pent-house Lid:
He shall liue a man forbid: Wearie’s Eve’s nights, nine times nine, Shall he dwindle, speake, and pine:
Though his Barke cannot be loft, Yet it shalbe Tempeft-soft, Look what I haue.
2. Shew me, shew me.
1. Here I have a Pilots Thumbe, Wrackt, as homeward he did come. A Drumme, a Drumme:
Macbeth doth come.
All. The weyward Sifters, hand in hand, Posters of the Sea and Land, Thus doe goe, about, about, Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine, And thrice againe, to make vp nine.
Peace, the Charme’s wound vp.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foule and faire a day I haue not seene, Banq. How faire is’t call’d to Soris? What are these, So with’er’d, and fo wilde in their attyre, That looke not like th’inhabitants o’t Earth, And yet are on’? Lie you, or are you aught That man may question? you seene to understand me, By each at once her choppie finger laying. Vpon her skinnic Lips, you shoulde be Women, And yet your Beards forbide me to interprete That you are so.

Macb. Speakst thou canst: what are you?
1. All haile Macbeth, haile to thee Thane of Glamis.
2. All haile Macbeth, haile to thee Thane of Cawdor.
3. All haile Macbeth, that shalt be King hereafter.
Banq. Good Sir, why do you start, and seeme to fear
Things that doe found to faire? is’t name of truth Are ye fantastical, or that indeed Which outwardly ye shew? My Noble Partner You greet with present Grace, and great predition Of Noble hauing, and of Royall hope, That he seemses wrapt withall: to me you speake not, If you can looke into the Seedes of Time, And say, which Graine will grow, and which will not, Speake then to me, who neyther begge, nor feare Your fayters, nor your hate.
1. Hayle.
2. Hayle.
3. Hayle.
4. Lefter then Macbeth, and greater.
5. Not fo happy, yet much happier.
3. Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none:
1. So all haile Macbeth, and Banquo.
2. Banquo, and Macbeth, all haile.

Macb. Stay you imperfect Speakers, tell me more: Hy Stalles death, I know I am Thane of Glamis, But how, of Cawdor? the Thane of Cawdor liues A prosperous Gentleman: And to be King, Stands not within the propect of beleefe, No more then to be Cawdor. Say from whence You owe this strange Intelligence, or why Vpon this blasted Heath you stop our way With such Prophetique grettig?
Speake, I charge you.
Banq. The Earth hath bubbles, as the Water h’s, And these are of them: whither are they vanisht?
Macb. Into the Ayre: and what seem’d corporeal, Melted, as breath into the Winde.
Would they had stay’d.
Banq. Were such things here, as we doe speake about? Or haue we eaven on the infane Root, That takest the Reason Prisoner?
Macb. Your Children shall be Kings, Banq. You shall be King.

Macb. And Thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?
Banq. Toth selfe-fame tune, and words: who’s here?

Enter Ross and Angus.

Ross. The King hath happily receiued, Macbeth,
The newes of thy successe: and when he reads Thy personall Venture in the Rebels fight, His Wonders and his Prayses doe contend, Which should be thine, or his: slen’d with that, In viewing o’t the rest o’t fille-fame day, He findes thee in the flout Norwegian Rankes, Nothing afeard of what thy fille didn’t make Strange Images of death, as thick as Tale Can pot with poft, and evry one did beare Thy prayses in his Kingdomes great defence, And pownd them downe before him.
Ang. We are fent,
To guie thee from our Royall Master thanks, Onely to harrold thee into his fight, Not pay thee.
Ross. And for an earnest of a greater Honor, He bad mee, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, haile most worthy Thane.
For it is thine.

Banq. What, can the Deuill speake true?
Macb. The Thane of Cawdor liues:
Why doe you dresse me in borrowed Robes?
Ang. Who was the Thane, liues yet,
But vnder heauie judgement beares that Life,
Which he dehers to loofe.
Whether he was combin'd with those of Norway,
Or did lyne the Rebell with hidden helpe,
And vantage; or that with both he labour'd
In his Countriey wreacke, I know not:
But Trelions Capitall, confefs'd, and proud'd,
Hau' euere throned him.

Macb. Glamys, and Thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behinde. Thanks for your paines.
Doe you not hope your Children shall be Kings,
When those that gau'e the Thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no leefe to them.

Banq. That tru'de home,
Might ye ek enkyde vou into the Crowne,
Beside the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And as oftentimes, to winne vs to our harme,
The Instruments of Darknefe tell vs Truths,
Winne vs with honeft Trifles, to betray's
In depthc confequence.

Confins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two Truths are told,
As happy Prologues to the swelling Act
Of the Imperiall Thame. I thank you Gentlemen:
This foonenatural felliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good.
If ill? why hath it given me earneft of succeffe,
Commening in a Truth? I am Thane of Cawdor.
If good? why doe I yeeld to that fuggeltion,
Whose horrid Image doth vnfithe my Heare,
And make my feated Heart knock at my Ribbes,
Against the viue of Nature? Present Pleas
Are leefe then horrible Imaginings:
My Thought, whose Murther yet is but fantastical,
Shakes fo my fingle fate of Man,
That Function is another'd in furmie,
And nothing is, but what is not.

Banq. Looke how our Partner's rapt.

Macb. If Chance will have me King,
Why Chance may Crowne me,
Withou't my flire.

Eng. New Honors come vpon him
Like our strange Garments, cleaue not to their mould,
But with the aid of vfe,

Macb. Come what come may,
Time, and the Houre, runs through the roughest Day.'

Eng. Worthy Macbeth, wee flay vpon your ley-
ture.

Macb. Give me your fouvernour:
My dull Braine was wrong'th with things forgotten.
Kinde Gentlemen, your paines are registred,
Where ev'ry day I turne the Leaf,
To reade them.
Let vs toward the King: thinkes vpon
What hath chan'de: and at more time,
The Internm having weight'd it, let vs speake
Our free I Hear heart to heart.

Banq. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then enough;
Come friends.

Exeunt.
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

For in my way it lyes, Starres hide your fire,
Let not Light see my black and deepe defires:
The Eye winkle at the Hand, yet let that bee,
Which the Eye esteemes, when it is done to see. 
King. True, worthy Banquo: he is full to valiant,
And in his commendations, I am fed:
It is a Banquet to me. Let’s after him,
Whose care is gone before, so bid vs welcome:
It is a peerless Kinfman. Flourish. Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeth: Wife alone with a Letter,

Lady. They met me in the day of successe; and I have learn’d by the persect report, they have made in them, then mortal knowledge. When I went in desire to question them further, they made themselves Ayre, into which they confus’d.
While I stood vap’d in the wonder of it, came Messines from the King, who all at once Thane of Cawdor, by which I thought before, the famemayd Sisters falk’d me, and refer’d me to the comming on of time, with haste King that’s left. This haste I thought good to deliver thee (my dearest Partner of Greatnesse), for thou mightst not be lovd, the rescue of being ignorant of what Greatnesse is promis’d thee. Lay it to the heart, and farewell.

Glaines thou art, and Cawdor, and that be what thou art promis’d: yet do I feare thy Nature, It is too full o’ the Milk of human Kindnesse, To catch the necerst way Thou woldst not be, Art not without Ambition, but without the stille shoul attend it. What thou woldst highly, That would it start holly: would not play faie, And yet woldst wronge winnes.

Thould’st have, great Glamys, that which cryes, Thus thou must doe, if thou have it;
And that which rather thou do not fear to doe,
Then witherd shoul be undone. High thee hither,
That I may powre my Spirits in thine Ear,
And chalist with the valour of my Tongue
All that impendest thee from the Golden Round,
Which Ear and Metaphysical ayde doth seeme
To have thee crown’d withall. Enter Messenger.

What is your tidings?
Mess. The King comes here to Night, 
Lady. Thou mast mad to say it.
Is not thy Master with him? who, wert fo,
Would have inform’d for preparation.
Mess. So please you, it is true: our Throne is comming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who almost dead for breath, had scarceely more
Then would make vp this Message.
Lady. Give him tendings,
He brings great newes, 
Exit Messenger.
The Rauen him-selfe is hoarse,
That croakes the fastall entrance of Duncan
Under my Battellmenc. Come you Spirits,
That tend on mortall thoughts, vnfix are here,
And fill me from the Crowne to the Toe, top-full
Of deare Cati &: to make thick my blood,
Stop vp thy accesse and passage to Remorse,
That no compunction wirithings of Nature

Shake my fell purpose, nor keepe peace betweene Thee &: hit. Come to my Womans Breasts, And take my Milke for Gall, you marth’ning Ministers, Where-euer, in your rightfull subiances,
You wait on Natures Mischiefe. Come thick Night,
And pall thee in the dusty smocke of Hell,
That my keene Knife see not the Wound it makes,
Nor Heauen peppe through the Blanket of the darke,
To cry, hold, hold, Enter Macbeth.

Great Glamys, worthy Cawdor,
Greener then both, by the all-hail hereafter,
Thy Letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feele now
The future in the instant.
Macb. My dearest Loue,
Duncan comes here to Night.
Lady. And when goes hence?
Macb. To morrow, as he purpose.
Lady. Ouerer, Shall some that Morrow see.
Your Face, my Thorne, is as a Bookke, where men
May reade stigge matters, so beguil the time.
I see like the time, hear welcome in your Eye,
Your Hand, your Tongue: looke like th’innocent flower,
But he the Serpent under’t. He’s that comming,
Must be provid’d for: and you shall put
This Nights great Buinself into my dispatch,
Which shall to all our Nights, and Dayes to come,
Gibe solely forgetaine w. y. and Masterdome.
Macb. We will speake further.
Lady. Onely looke vp clearer:
To alter favor, eter is to feare:
Leave all the rest to me. Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Hoboes, and Torches. Enter King, Maculme, Donaldson, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Ross, Angus, and Attendants.

King. This Castle hath a pleasant feast,
The ayre nimbly and sweetly recommends it selfe
Into our gentle fences.

Ban. This Guesst of Summer,
The Temple-haunting Barlet does approye,
By his loud Manseomy, that the Heauens breath
Smells woosingly here: no listye frieze,
Buttrice, nor Coigne of Vantage, but this Bird
Hath made his pendant Bed, and proçent Cadle,
Where they must breed, and haunt: I have obler’d
The ayre is delicate. Enter Lady.

King. See fe, our honor’d Holfiefe
The Loue that follows vs, sometimse is our trouble,
Which still we charke as Loue. Heret I teach you,
How you shall bid God-eyle vs for your paines,
And thanke vs for your trouble.
Lady. All our service,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor, and sngle Buinselfe, to contend
Against those Honors derpe, and broad:
Wherewith your Maiestie loades our Houfe:
For those of old, and the latt Dignities,
Heap’d vp to them, we reft your Ermites.

King. Where's
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

King. Where's the Theme of Cawdor?
We count him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his Partery: But he rides well,
And his great Loe (flaerce as his Spurre) hat help him
To his home before us: Fairc and Noble Hofflele
We are your guide to night.
La. Your Subjects rue,
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs in comot,
To make their Audit at your Highness pleasure,
Still to returne your owne.
King. Give mee your hand:
Conduct me to mine Holt we loue him highly,
And shall continuue, our Gaces towards him.
By your leaue Hofflele. 

Scena Septima.

He-bayes. Torches.
Enter a Sower, and divers Servants with Dyles and Service
over the Stage. Then enter Macbeth:

Macb. If it were done when's done, then 'twere well,
It were done quickly: If't Affirmation
Couldtrimme ill vp the Confection, and catch
With his firesease, Succeeds; this but this blow
Mightbe the be all, and the end all. Hereo,
But hereo, upon this Banke and Schoole of time,
We'd impute thelife to come. But in these Gages,
We still haue judgement heere, that we but teach
Bloody Instructions, which being taught, returne
To plague them Inuentor. This euen-headed Justice
Commends the Inglessence of our pow'er'd Challice
To our owne lips. He's heere in double trust;
First, as I am his husband, and his Subject,
Strong both against the Deed: Then, as his Host,
Who should against his Muttermother that the doore,
Not beare the knife my felte. Besides, this Dincome
Hath borne his Faculties to meke: hath bin
So eleece in his great Office, that his Vertues
Will pleadce like Angelas, Trumpet-tongued d'against
The deep demizationof his taking off:
And Pity, like a naked New-born-Babe,
Striding the blash, or Heavens Chenshin, hor'sd'd
Upon the lighted Currors of the eye,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That teares shall drowne the wunde. I have no Spurre
To pricke the sides of my intent, but onely
Vauilting Ambition, which ore-leapes it selfe,
And fallid on th'other. Enter Lady.

How now? What Newes?
La. He has almost flint why haue you left the chamber?
Mac. Hath he ask'd for me?
La. Know you not, he's he's?
Mac. We will proceed no further in this Businesse:
He hath Honour'd me of late, and I have bought
Golden Opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worse now in their newest Flower,
Not call'd side so soonne.
La. Was the hope drunke,
Wherein you dreft your selfe? Hath it lipt since
And waketh now to looke to greene, and pale,
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou affa'd
To be the fame in thine owne Act, and Valour,
As thouarest in defire? Wouldst thou haue that
Which thou efffeem'd the Ornament of Life,
And lute a Coward in thine owne Efficie?
Leaving Edare not, wait upon I would,
Like the poore Catt the thiage,
Mac. I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares no more, is none.
La. What Beast wasn't then
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you did do it, then you were a man:
And to be more then what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Not time, nor place
Did then adiere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their finenes now
Do's vomace you. Have guen Succe, and know
How tender'tis to love the Babe that milkes me,
I would, while it was smyling in my Face,
Have pluckt my Nipple from his Bonellele Gummere,
And dafs the BRAINES out, had to to worme
As you haue done to this.

Macb. If we should fail?
Lady. We fail?
But krew your courage to the flicking plae,
And were I not blogue: who's Duncres is asleep,
(Wherto, in rather great his days hard Journey
Soundly immite him) his two Chamberlaines
Will I with Wine, and Waffel, so convince,
That Memare, the Warder of the Brain,
Shall be a Fame, and the Receipt of Reason
A Lynbeck onely: when in Swinsh sleepe,
Their drenched Natures lies as in a Death,
What cannot you and I performe upon
Th'guarded Dizcan? What not put upon
His J pongue Officers? who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell.

Macb. Bring forth Men-Children onely:
For thy vaunted Merit should compose
Nothing but Malles. Will it not be recein'd,
When we have mark'd with blood thowe slepee two
Of his owne Chamber, and vs'd their very Daggere,
That they have done?
Lady. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our Gries' and Clamor toe,
Upon his Death?
Macb. I am settled, and bend vp
Each corporall Agent to this terrible Fears,
A very, and mock the time with fairest Show,
Fallc Face must hide what the false Heart doth know.

Extenu.

Actus Secondus. Scena Prima.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a Torch
before him.

Banq. How goes the Night, Boy?
Fleance. The Moone is downe: I haue not heard
The Clock.
Banq. And she goes downe at Twelve.
Fleance. I take't, his later, Sir.
Banq. Hold, take our Sword:
There's Husbandry in Heaven;
Their Candles are all out: take thee that too.

m m 2
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

A heauie Sunimons yses like Lead vpon me,
And yet I would not sleepe,  
Mercifull Powers, restraine in me the cursed thoughts
That Nature giveth way to in repose.

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a Torch.

Give me my Sword: who's there?

Macb. A Friend.

Ban. What Sir, not yet at ref? the King's a bed.
He hath beene in vnufall Pleasure,
And sent forth great Largeffe to your Offices,
This Diamond he gretetes your Wife withall,
By the name of moft kind Hosteffe,
And shu't vp in meareuleffe content.

Mac. Being vp prepar'd,  
Our will became the ierant to defeat,
Which else should free hauve wrought.

Ban. All's well.

I dreamt last Night of the three eyward Sifters:
To you they have shew'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them:
Yet when we can entreat an hour to ferue,
We would spend it in some words vpon that Business,
If you would graunt the time.

Ban. At your kind'd leasure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my confent,
When this it shall make Honore for you.

Ban. So I lofe none,
In seeking to augment it, but full keeps
My Bofome franschis'd, and Allegance cleare,
I shall be coumm'ld.

Macb. Good tempo of the while.

Ban. Thanks Sir: the like to you. Exit Banquo.

Macb. Goe bid thy Mistrefse, when my dinke is ready,
She strike vpon the Bell. Get thee to bed. Exit.

Is this a Dagger, which I fee before me,
The Handle toward my Hand? Come, let me clutche thee:
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not fatall Vision, fenible?
To feeling, as to fight? or art thou but
A Dagger of the Minde, a falie Creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppreffed Brain:
I see thee yet, in forme as palpable,
As this which now I draw.

 Thouartfull I methe the way that I was going,
And such an Instrument I was to vie.

Mine Eyes are made the foole's o'other Senses,
Or el's worth all the ref: I see thee still;
And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of Blood's
Which was not to before. There's no fuch thing:
It is the bloody Bifueffe, which informs
Thus to mine Eyes. Now o'er the one half World
Nature feemes dead, and wicked Dreams abufe
The Cauftain fleepes: Witchcrafts celebrates
Pole Heauces Offringes: and wither'd Murther,
Alarum'd by his Centinell, the Wolfe,
Whofe howle's his Watch, thus with his healthy pace,
With Torquins raufing fides, towards his defigne
Moves like a Ghoft. Thou fowre and femeet Earth
Here we not my fleeps, which they may vaile, for fear.

Thy very ftones prate of my where-about,
And take the prefent horror from the time,
Which now lutes with it. Whiles I threat, he fumes,
Words to the heat of deedes too cold breath glues,
A Bell rings.

I goe, and it is done: the Bell invites me.
Here is not, Dimens, for it is a Knell,
That fummons thee to Heauen, or to Hell. Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lady.

La. That which hath made the drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quench't them, hath given me fire.

Hea. peace: it was the Owle that shriek'd,
The fatal Bell-man, which gives the flent's good-night,
He is about it, the Doores are open:
And the furfteed Grooms doe nock their charge
With Snores. I have drugg'd their Poffets,
That Deads and Nature doe contend about them,
Whether they live, or dye.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there? what ha?o?

Lady. Alack, I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done: th'ater, and not the deed,
Confounds vs: heares I: lay'd their Daggers ready,
He could not misse 'em. Had he not refembled
My Father as he flept, I had don't.

My Husband?

Macb. I have done the deed:
Didst thou not heare a noye?

Lady. I heard the Owle shriame, and the Crickets cry.

Did not you speake?

Macb. When?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I defcended?

Lady. 1.

Macb. Heare, who, yses it's second Chamber?

Lady. Daulibone.

Mac. This is a forry fight.

Lady. A foolifh thought, to fay a forry fight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleepe,
And one cry'd Murther, that they did wake each other:
I flood, and heard them: But they did fay their Prayers,
And adreft them againe to sleepe.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd God Bleepe vs, and Amen the other,
As they had leene me with thefe Hangmans hands:
Liftening their feare, I could not fay Amen,
When they did fay God Bleepe vs.

Lady. Confer it not to deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?
I had no meft of Befling, and Amen fluck in my throat.

Lady. These deeds muft not be thought
After thefe ways: fo, it will make vs mad.

Macb. Me thought I heard a voyce cry, Sleep no more:
Cameah does rauchur Sleep, the innocent Sleepe,
Sleepe that knits vp the rauch'd Sleeve of Care,
The death of each dayes Life, for Gods Laws Bath,
Balme of hurt: Men's, great Natures second Courfe,
Chief nourisher in Life's Peace.

Lady. What doe you mean?

Macb. Still it cry'd, Sleepe no more to all the Houfe:
Cameah hath murther'd Sleepe, and therefore Cardor
Shall Sleepe no more: Macbeth shall Sleepe no more.

Lady. Who was it, that thus cry'd? why worthy Thane,
You doe vnbind your Noble strength, to thinke
So braine-fickly of things: Goet get lome Whiter, And
And waft this fithe Wintref from your Hand, Why did you bring thefe Daggers from the place? They muft ly e there: goe carry them, and fimeare The ftejfe Groomes with blood. 

Macb. He goe no more: I am afraid, to think what I have done: 

Lad. Infirm of purpose: Give me the Daggers: the fleeping, and the dead, Are but as Pictures: 'tis the Eye of Child-hood, That feares a painted Deuil. If he doe bleed, He build the Faces of the Groomes within, For it muft feme their Guilt. 

Knocks within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking? How is't with me, when every noyfe appalls me? What Hands are here? ha: they pluck out mine Eyes. Will all great Neptune's Ocean waft this blood Clean from my Hand? nothinf this Hand will rather 

The multitudinous Seas incarneardine, Making the Green one, Red.
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

See, and then speake your seules: awake, awake,

Except Macbeth and Lenox.

Ring the Alarum Bell: Murther, and Treason,
Banquo, and Donaldbain: Macduff awake,
Shake off this Downey sleepe, Deaths counterfeit,
And looke on Death it selfe: vp, vp, and see
The great Doones Images: Macduff, Banquo,
As from your Graues rife vp, and walke like Sprights,
To countenance this horror. Ring the Bell,
Bell rings. Enter Lady.

Lady. What's the Butinell? That such a hideous Trumpet calls to parley
The fleapers of the Houfe? speake, speake.
Macb. O gentle Lady,
'Tis not for you to heare what I can speake:
The repetition in a Womans eare,
Would murther as it fell.

Enter Banquo.
O Banquo, Banquo, Our Royall Master's murther'd,
Too cruel, any where.
Dearc Diff, I prythee contradict thy selfe,
And say, it is not so.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Roffe.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an houre before this chance,
I had 'ould a blessed time: for from this instant,
There's nothing serious in Mortalitie:
All's but Toyes: Renowne and Grace is dead,
The Wine of Life is drawne, and the meere Lees
Is left this Vault, to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donaldbain.

Donal. What is amisse?
Macb. You are, and do not know't.
The Spring, the Head, the Fountaine of your Blood
Is stopp'd, the very Source of it is flopp'd.
Macb. Your Royall Father's murther'd,
Mal. Oh, by whom?
Lenox. Thole of his Chamber, as it seem'd, had not done:
Their Hands and Faces were all bag'd with blood,
So were their Daggers, which vnswip'd, we found
Upon their Pillowes: they flay'd, and were disflayed,
No mans Life was to be trusted with them.
Macb. O, yet I doe repent me of my furie,
That I did kill them.

Macb. Wherefore did you go?
Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, tempest rate, & furious,
Loyall, and Neutrall, in a moment? No man:
Th' expedition of my violent Lour
Out-run the pawfer, Reason. Here lay Duncan,
His Siluer skinne, lac'd with his Golden Blood,
And his gash'd Stubs, look'd like a Breach in Nature,
For Ruines waftfull entrance: there the Murtherers,
Scooped in the Colours of their Trade, their Daggers
Vnnamerly breackt with gores: who could refrain,
That had a heart to loue, and in that heart,
Courage, to make'st loue knowne?
Lady. Help me hence, hoa.
Macb. Looke to the Lady,
Mal. Why doe we hold our tongues,
That most may clayme this argument for ours?

Donal. What should be spokken here,

Where our Fate hid in an augure hole,
May ruff, and seise vs? Let's away,
Our Teares are not yet brevu'd.

Mal. Nor our strong Sorrow
Vpon the foot of Motion.
Bang. Looke to the Lady:
And when we have our naked Frailities hid,
That suffer in expoure; let vs meet,
And question this most bloody piece of worke,
To know it further, Feares and scruples shake vs:
In the great Hand of God I fland, and thence,
Against the vinduful'd pretence, I fight
Of Trefonous Mallice.

Macb. And to doe I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readinesse,
And meet it: Hall together.

All. Well contented,

Macb. What will you doe?
Let's not consoult with them:
To shew an vnfit Sorrow, is an Office
Which the fals man do's easie.
Ile to England.

Don. To Ireland, I:
Our receverd fortune shall keepe both the safer:
Where we are, there's Daggers in mens Smiles;
The neere in blood, the nexter bloody.

Macb. This murtherous Shaft that's flitt,
Hath not yet lighted: and our faiete way,
Is to avoid the ayme. Therefore to Horse,
And let vs not be dauntie of leave-taking,
But shiff away: there's warrant in that Theif,
Which stales it selfe, when there's no mercie left.

Except.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Roffe, with an Old man.

Old man. Three score and ten I can remember well,
Within the Volume of which Time, I haue seen
Houres dreadfull, and things strange; but this I did
Hath trifted former knowings.
Roffe. Ha, good Father,
Thou seest the Heauen, as troulbeled with mans A\nI\m, Threatens his bloody Stage: by th' Clock 'tis Day,
And yet darke Night strangles the trauailing Lame:
Is't Night's predominance, or the Dayes flame,
That Darknefe does the face of Earth intombe,
When liuing Light should kiife it?
Old man. 'Tis vnaatural,
Even like the deed that's done: On Tuesday laft,
A Faulcon towring in her pride of place,
Was by a Mowing Owle hawke'd at, and kill'd
Roffe. And Duncaur Horfe,
(An thing moft strange, and certaine)
Beautious, and swift, the Minions of their Race,
Turn'd wilde in nature, broke their stalls, flong out,
Contending 'gainst Obedience, as they would
Make Warre with Mankind.

Old man. 'Tis fayd, they eat each other.
Roffe. They did so:
To th'amazement of mine eyes that look'd vpon't.

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good Macduff.

How goes the world Sir,now?

Macd. Why fee you not?

Rof. Is't known who did this more then bloody deed?

Macd. Tho' that Macbeth hath blaine.

Rof. Alas the day;

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were thurberred, Macduff and Donalbain the Kings two Sonnes Are holne away & fled, which puts vpon them Suspition of the deed.

Rof. Gainst Nature still, Thristlike Ambition, that will raien vp Thine owne lies meanses: Then 'tis most like, The Soueraignty will fall vpon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already n.m'd, and gone to Scone

To be inuested.

Rof. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colmekill, The Sacred Store-house of his Predecessors, And Guardian of their Bones.

Rof. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No Coffin, Ile to Fife.

Rof. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well may you see things well done there:Adieu

Leaff our old Robes fit easter then our new.

Rof. Farewell, Father.

Old M. Gods benol they go with you, and with thofe That would make good of ba, and Friends of Foes.

Exeunt annes.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Banquo.

Banq. Thou haft it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all, As the weyard Women promis'd, and I feare Thou play'dst't most lowly for't: yet it was faide It should not stand in thy Pofforty, But that my felle fhould be the Roote, and Father Of many Kings: If there come truth from them, As vpon thee Macbeth, Their Speeches shine, Why by the verities on thee made good, May they not be thy Oracies as well, And let me vp in hope. But hush, no more.

Senit fannie'd. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Lenox, Rofe, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief's Guelf.

La. If he had beene forgotten, It had bene a gap in our great feat, And all-thing vnbecoming.

Macb. To night we hold a felemn Supper fir, And Ile requell your presence.

Banq. Let your Highnes Command vpon me, to the which my duties Are with a most indissoluble eye.

For euer knitt.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Banq. I, my good Lord.

Macb. We should have else defir'd your good advice

(Which fill hath been both graue, and proteوط)

In this dayes Councell: but wee'take to morrow. Is't farre you ride?

Banq. As farre, my Lord, as will fill vp the time 'Twitch this, and Supper, Goe not my Horfe the better, I must become a borrower of the Night, For a darke hour, or twaine.

Macb. Faile not our Feat.

Banq. My Lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear our bloody Cozenes be bowld In England, and in Irelond, not confessing Their cuell Patricide, filling their hearers With strange intenution. But of that to morrow, When therewithall, we shall haue caufe of State, Cruing vs ionity. Hye you to Horfe:

Adieu,till you returne at Night.

Goes Flauce with you?

Banq. I, my good Lord: our time does call vpon's.

Macb. I with your Horfes swift, and sure of foot:

And fo I doe commend you to their backs.

Farwell.

Exit Banquo.

Let every man be master of his time, Till fuen at Night, to make societie The fweete welcome:

We will keipe our felfe till Supper time alone: While then, God be with you.

Exit Lords. Sirtha, a word with you: Attend thofe men Our plefure?

Servant. They are, my Lord, without the Pallace Gate.


To be thus, is nothing, but to be fafely thus:

Our festes in Banquo (fickle deepes,

And in his Royaltie of Nature reignes that Which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,

And to that dauntleffe temper of his Minde,

He hath a Wifdome, that doth guide his Valour,

To act in fafetie. There is none but he,

Who being I doe feare: and vnder him,

My Geman is rebuk'd as it is faid

Mark Anthonyes was by Ceasar. He chid the Sifters,

When first they put the Name of King vpon me,

And bad them fpeak to him. Then Proverb-like,

They hayl'd him Father to a Line of Kings.

Vpon my Head they plac'd a fruitleffe Crowne,

And put a barren Scepter in my Gripe,

Thence to be wrencht with an vnfeall Hand,

No Sone of mine succeeding: if't be fo,

For Banquo's iftle haue I fill'd my Minde,

For them, the gracious Duncan haue I murth'rd, d

Put Rancours in the Vesfell of my Peace

Onely for them, and mine eternall Iewell

Gitten to the common Enemye of Man,

To make them Kings, the Seedes of Banquo Kings,

Rather then fo, come Fate into the Lyf,

And champion me to thyVerterance.

Who's there?

Enter Servant, and two Martherers.

Now goe to the Doore, and stay there till we call.

Exit Servant.

Was it not yesterday we fouke together?

Macb. It was,fo please your Highnesse.

Macb. Well then,

Now haue you consider'd of my speeches:

Know,
Know, that it was he, in the times past,
Which held you underr fortune,
Which you thought had been our innocent selfe,
This I made good to you, in our last conference,
Fail in probation with you:
How you were borne in hand, how croft :
The Instruments who wrought with them:
And all things else, that might
To half a Soul, and to a Norton craz'd,
Say, Thus did Banquo,
1. Murch. 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 Godpell'd, to prays for this good man,
And for his Issue, whose heauie hand
Hath bow'd you to the Graue, and begg'd
Yours for ever?
2. Murch. We are men, my Liege.
Macb. I 'm in the Catalogue ye goe for men,
As Hounds, and Greyhounds, Mungrels, Spaniels, Currns,
Showges, 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 gift, which bounteous Nature
Hath in him clos'd: whereby he does receve
Particular addition from the Bill,
That writes them: all alike: and so of men,
Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not th' worst ranke of Manhood, say'st,
And I will put that Bunifie in your Bi-fomes,
Whose execution takes your Enemie off,
Grapples you to the hear't, and love of vs,
Who weare our Heath, but feke in his Life,
Which in his Death were perfect.
3. Murch. I am one, my Liege,
Whom the vile Blowes and Buffets of the World
Hath so incenc'd that I am reckellease what I doe,
To inspirge the World.
4. Murch. And I another,
So weare with Difarts, tug'd with Fortune,
That I would let my Life on any Chance,
To mend it or be rid on.
Macb. Both of you know Banquo was your Enemie,
Murch. True, my Lord.
Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being, runtis
Against my heart of Life: and though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweepme from his flight,
And bid my will auouch it; yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his, and mine,
Whose love's I may not drop, but wayle his fall,
Who I my selfe think downe: and thence it is,
That to your affiance doe make love,
Maiking the Bunifie from the common Eye,
For sundry weightie Reasons.
Macb. We shall, my Lord,
Performe what you command vs.
3. Murch. Though our Lives--
Macb. Your Spirits shone through you,
Within this house, at moft,
I adiuste you where to plant your fultes,
Acquaint you with the perfe& Spy o'th' time,
The moment on't,for't must be done to Night,
And somthing from the Pallace : alwayes thought,
That I require a clearnesse; and with him,
To leaue no Rubs nor Borches in the Worke:
Elean, his Sonne, that keeps him companie,
Whose abilence is no lefe materiall to me,
Then is his Fathers, must embrace the fate
Of that darke houre : reslove your fultes apart,
Ile come to you anon.
Murch. We are resolu'd, my Lord.
Macb. Ile call upon you straight: abide within,
It is concluded: Banquo thy Soul's flight,
If it finde Heauen, may finde it out to Night. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macbeth's Lady, and a Servant.

Lady. Is Banquo gone from Court?
Servant. I, Madame, but returns againe to Night.
Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his levee,
For a few words.
Servant. Madame, I will.
Lady. Nought's bad, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer, to be that which we destroy,
Then by destruction dwell in doubtfull joy.
Enter Macbth.
How now, my Lord, why do you keepe alone?
Of forryeff Fancies your Companions making,
Ving those Thoughts, which should indeed have dy'd
With them they thinke on'things without all remedie
Should be without regard: what's done, is done,
Macb. We have search'd the Snake, not kill'd it:
Shee'll close, and be her selfe, whilste our poore Malcile
Remaines in danger of her former Tooth.
But let the frame of things dis-sloyns,
Both the Worlds suffer,
Ere we will eate our Meale in feare, and flepe
In the affliction of these terrible Dreams,
That shake vs Nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we to, gayne our peace, haue sent to peace,
Then on the torture of the Minde to lye
In relifeffe extasie.
Duncane is in his Graue:
After Lives fitfull Feuer, he flepees well,
Treason he's done his worft: nor Steele, nor Poyson,
Malcile dometique, forraine Little, nothing,
Can touch him further.
Lady. Come on.
Gentle my Lord, selec o'th your rugged Looks,
Be bright and louiall among your Guests to Night.
Macb. So shal I Love, and so I pray you be:
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo,
Present him Eminence, both with Eye and Tongue:
Vanish the while, that we may laue
Our Honors in these flattering Dreames,
And make our Faces Vizards to our Hearts,
Disguising what they are.
Lady. You must leave this.
Macb. O, full of Scorpions is my Minde, deare Wife:
Thou knowst that Banquo and his Eleans lies.
Lady. But
Scena Tertia.

Enter three Marthers.

1. But who did bid thee soynye with vs?
2. Macbeth, he needs not our mistriuis, since he delivers our Offices, and what we have to doe, To the direction aforesaid.
3. Then stand wid vs.

The Welt yet glimmeres with some shriakes of Day. Now purrtes the latest Traveller space, To bynde the timely words, and neere approaches The subject of our Watch.

3. Hearke, I hearke Horfes.
Banquo within, Guie vs a Light there, hoa.
2. Then 'tis hec: The reft, that are within the note of expectation, Alredies are in't Court.
1. His Horfes goe about.
3. Almost a mile: he does visuall, So all men doe, from hence to th' Palace Gate Make it their Walke.

Enter Banquo and Fleance with a Torch.

2. A Light, a Light.
3. 'Tis fie.
1. Stand tooo.
Ban. It will be Rayne to Night.
1. Let it come downe.
Fly good Fleans, flye, flye, flye, Thou may'ft revenge, O Slauz! 3. Who did driue our the Light?
1. Was not the way?
3. There's but one downe: the Sonne is fled.
2. We have loft
Bell halle of our Affaire.
1. Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

Exeunt.

The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Scena Quarta.

Banquet prepar'd, Enter Macbeth, Lady, Ross, Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your owne degrees, sit downe: At first and last the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your Maiestie.

Macb. Our Iffe will mingle with Society,
And play the humble Host;
Our Hostesle keepes her State, but in best time
We will require her welcome.

La. Pronounce it for me Sir, to all our Friends,
For my heart speakes, they are welcome.

Enter first Maitrester.

Macb. See they encounter thee with their harts thanks
Both fides are even here I fit it'mid'st
Be large in miirth, anon wee drink a Measure
The Table round. There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.
Macb. 'Tis better thee without, then he within.

Is he disparch'd?

Mur. My Lord his throat is cut, that I did for him.

Mac. Thou art the beat old' Cruethroats,
Yet hee's good, that did thee for Fleans;
If thou didst it, then art thou the Non-pareil.

Mur. Most Royall Sir
Fleans is seape d.

Macb. Then comes my Fit againe:
I had eie beeme perfect
Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rocke,
As broad, and general, as the casing Ayre.
But now I am cabin'd, crib'd, bound in.
To fancy doubts, and feares. But Banquo's life?

Mur. My good Lord: I fake in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a Death to Natur.

Macb. Thanks for that:
There the grovne Serpant lies, the worme that's fled
Hath Natur e that in time will Venom breed,
No teeth for th'prerent. Get thee gone, to morrow
We'll hearre our felues againe.

Exit Murderer.

Ban. My Royall Lord,
You do not guie the Cheere, the Feast is fold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making:
'Tis guien, with welcome: to feede were bett at home:
From thence, the fawe to meate is Ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.

Enter the Ghost of Banquo, and sits in Macbeths place.

Macb. Sweet Remembrancer:
Now good digestion wake on Appetite,
And health on both.

Lenox. May'st please your Highnesse fir.

Macb. Here had we now our Countries Honor, tood,
Were the grace'd person of our Banque preferre:
Who, may I rather challenge for vinknессe,
Then pitty for Mischance.

Ross. His absence (Sic)
Layes blame upon his promise, Pleas't your Highnesse
To grace vs with your Royall Company?
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Macb. The Table's full.

Lenox. Here is a place retir'd Sir.

Macb. Where?

Lenox. Heere my good Lord.

What is't that moues your Highneffe?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good Lord?

Macb. Thou shalt not say I did it; never flanke

Thy goary locks at me.

Roffe. Gentlemen ris, his Highnesse is not well.

Lady. Sit worthy Friends: my Lord is often thus.

And hath beene from his youth. Pray you keepe Seat.

The fit is monitory, upon a thought

He will againe be well. If much you note him

You shall offend him, and extend his Passion,

Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

Macb. I, and a bold one, that dare looke on that

Which might appall the Duell.

La. O proper flushe:

This is the very painting of your feate:

This is the Aynedrawne-Dagger which you said

Let you to Duncan. O, these flaves and fiarts

(Impostors to true feate) would well become

A woman's flory, at a Winters fire

Authoriz'd by her Grandam: shame it selfe,

Why do you make such faces? When all's done

You looke but on a flooke.

Macb. Preythee let there:

Behold, looks, lye, how fay you:

Why what care I, if thou canst nod, speake too.

If Charmedhoufes, and our Graves muff fend

Thofe that we bury, backe; our Monuments

Shall be the Mawes of Kytes.

La. What quite woman'd in folly.

Macb. If I, and heere, I saw him.

La. Pie for hymne.

Macb. Blood hath bene fayed ere now, the olden time

Ere humane Statute purged the gentle Wesle:

J, and since too, Murthers have bene perfor'm'd

Too terrible for the eare. The times has bene,

That when the Brutes were out, the man would dye,

And there an end: But now they rife againe

With twenty mortall muthers on their crownes,

And puffs vs from oure flooes. This is more strange

Then fuch a muther is.

La. My worthy Lord

Your Noble Friends do lacke you.

Macb. I do forget,

Do not mufe at my meref worthy Friends,

I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing

To thee that knowe me. Come, looke and health to all,

Then licet it downe: Gibe me fome Wine, full fuff:

Enter Grubh.

I drink to th'general eye o'th whole Table,

And to your deare Friend Banquo, whom we mife:

Would he were heere: to all, and him we thirft,

And all to all.

Lamb. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Awaie, & quit my fight, let the earth hide thee:

Thy blood be matrowifie, thy blood is cold:

Then let no speculation in thole eyes

Which thou didst glare with.

La. Thinke of this good People

But as a thing of Cullome: 'Tis no other,

Onely it spyles the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:

Approch thou like the rugged Russian Beare,

The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th' Hircan Tiger,

Take any fhape but that, and my firme Neues

Shall never tremble. Or be alue againe,

And dare me to the Defart with thy Sword

If trembling I inhabit then, protest me

The Baby of a Girlie. Hence horible shadow,

Vurreal mock'ry hence. Why fo, being gone

I am a man againe: pray you fit full.

La. You have displeac'd the mirth,

Broke the good meeting, with moft admitt'd disorder.

Macb. Can fuch things be,

And overcome vs like a Summers Cloud,

Without our fpeciall wondes? You make me strange

Even to the defpofition that I owe,

When now I thinkse you can behold fuch fiights,

And keep the natural Rubie of you Cheekes,

When mine is blanch'd with fcare.

Roffe. What fights, my Lord?

La. I pray you speake not: he growes worfe & worfe

Quefion emprizes him: at once, goodnight.

Stand not upon the order of your going,

But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health

Attend his Majefty.

La. A kinde goodnight to all. Exeunt Lords.

Macb. It will have blood they fay:

Blood will have Blood:

Stones have bene knowne to moue & Trees to speake:

Augures, and underfond Relations, haue

By Maggot Pyes, & Choughes, & Rookes brought forth

The secret Man of Blood. What is the night?

La. Almost at oddes with morning, which is which.

Macb. How ay fay thou that Macduff denies his perfon

At our great bidding.

La. Did you fend to him Sir?

Macb. I heare it by the way: But I will fend:

There's not one of them but in his house

I keepe a Seruant Feed. I will to morrow

(And becaufe I will) to the wayerd Sifters

More fmall they speake: for now I am bent to know

By the worth meanes, the worft, for mine owne good,

All caufes shall giue way, I am in blood

Step in fo farre, that foould I wade no more,

Returning were as tedious as go ote:

Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,

Which muft be aucted, ere they may be fcaund.

La. You lacke the feafon of all Natures, fleep.

Macb. Come, weel to fleep: My Strangle & fell-abule

Is the irritate fearte, that wants hardy fite:

We are yet but yong indeed. Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting.

Hecat. Why how now Hecat, you looke angrily?

Hec. Hae I not reafon (Beldams) as you are?

Sawrey, and ouer-bold, how did you dare

To Trade, and Traffickke with Macbeth,

In Riddles, and Affairs of death;
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

And I the Misfit of your Charmes, The close contriver of all harses, Was neuer call’d to bear my part, Or shew the glory of our Act? Hast ben but for a wayward Sonne, Spightfull, and wrathfull, who (as others do) Loves for his owne ends, not for you. But make amends now: Get you gone, And at the pit of Acheron Meet me on’th Morning: thither he Will come, to know his Deitie, Your Vessells, and your Spels procure, Your Charmes, and every thing beside; I am for th’Ayre: This night he spend Unto a dismall, and a Fattall end? Great businesse must be wrought ere Noone, Upon the Corner of the Moon There hangs a vap’tous drop, profound, I cast it ere it come to ground; And that distill’d by Magick Flights, Shall raife such Artificial Sprights, As by the strength of their illusion, Shall draw him on to his Confusion. He shall (upon Fate, heere Death, and here His hopes ’boue Wife, and Grace, and Fear) And you all know, Security Is Mortals cheefe Enemy. 

Admonish, and a Song. 

Heareke. I am call’d: my little Spirit see Sits in a Poffy cloud, and stays for me. 

Sing within. Come away, come away, &c. 1 Come, let’s make hatt, ’tis time I loose be Backe againe. 

Exeunt.

Enter Lenox and another Lord.

Lenox. My former Speeches, Haue but hit your Thoughts Which can interpret farther: Onely I say Things have bin strangely borne. The gracious Duncan Was pittied of Macbeth: sinnie he was dead: And the right valiant Banquo walk’d too late, Whom you may say (if it pleasie you) Pirus kill’d, For Fleurs fled: Men must not walke too late. Who cannot want the thought, how monitour It was for Malchoone, and for Douwskane To kill their gracious Father? Damned Fools, How it did greate Macbeth? Did he not straungly In pious rage, the two delictious reare, That were the Sluases of drunk, and charticle of sleepe? Was not that Nobly done? And wifeely too: For ’twould haue ang’d any heart alue To heare the men deny’t. So that I say, He ha’s borne all things well, and I do thinkke, That had he Duncan Sonnes voyd his Key, (As, and pleasse Heauen he shall not) they should finde What ’twere to kill a Father: So shoud Fleurs, But peace; for from broad words, and spirit he say’d His presence at the Yrants Feast, I heare Maltroffe lyes in disgrace. Sir, can you tell

Where he beftowes himfelfe? 

Lord. The Sonnes of Duncan 

(From whom this Tyrant holds the due of Birth) Lives in the English Court, and is rece’d Of the moft Pious Edward, with fuch grace, That the malchance of Fortune, nothing Takes from his high respect. Thinner Macduff Is got, to pray the Holy King, vpon his ayd To make Northumberland, and warlike Seyward, That by the helpes of thefe (with him aboue) To refitle the Wutke, we may againe 

Gve to our Tables mete, fleepc to our Nightes 

Free from our Feasts, and Banquets bloody kniues; Do faithfull Hemeage, and receive free Honors, All which we pine for now. And this report Haf so exafferate their King, that hee Prepares for some attempt of Warre.

Len. Sent he to Macduff? 

Lord. He did: and with an abfoluto Sir, not I The cloudy Meffenger turns me his backe, And humly as who should say, you’rre the time That clogges me with this Anwer.

Lenox. And that way well 

Adiffe him to a Caution, to hold what distance His womendome can prouide. Some holy Angell Flye to the Court of England, and vnfold His Meffage ere he come, that a twift bleeding May foone returne to this our fluttering Country, Vnder a hand accurs’d.

Lord. He fend my Prayers with him. 

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Twice the brinded Cat hath meaw’d. 
2 Twice, and once the Hedge-Pigge whin’d. 
3 Harrier cries, ’tis time, ’tis time, 
4 Round about the Cauldron go; In the poyndont Entailles throw Toud, that vnder cold hone, 

Days and Nights, ha’s thirty one: Sweltered Venom feeping got, Boyle thau first ’ti charned pot. 

All. Double, double, toil and trouble; Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble. 

2 Fillet of a Fenny Snake, In the Cauldron boyle and bake: Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frogge, 

Wooll of Bar, and Tongue of Dogge: 

Adders Fytke, and Blind-wormes Stung, 

Lizard’s legge, and Hooles wing: 
For a Charme of powrefull trouble, Like a Hell-broth, boyle and bubble. 

All. Double, double, toil and trouble; Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble. 

3 Scale of Dragon, Toot of Wolfe, Witches Mummey, Maw, and Guife Of the rauin’d Iake Sea fhrake: Hoot of Hendeoke, digg’d with darke: 

Tarle the Witches owne hot airnon 

Licer of Blaspheming Iew, 

Gall of Goate, and Sipples of Yew, 

Shuet’d in the Moones Ecelplie: 

Note.
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Laugh to be borne:
The power of man: For none of woman born
Shall harme Macbeth.
Defende.
Mac. Then liues Macduff: what need I fear of thee?
But yet I make assurance double sure,
And take a Bond of Fate: thou shalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted Fears, it lies;
And sleepe in spight of Thunder.

3 Apparition, a Childe Crowned, with a Tree in his hand.
What is this, that rises like the issue of a King,
And weares upon his Baby-brow, the round
And top of Soueraignty?

All. Litten, but speake not too't.
3 Apper. Be Lyon meted, proud, and take no care:
Who chais, who frets, or where Conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, unti'll
Great Byrmun Wood to high, Dunfmane Hill
Shall come against him.
Defende.

Macb. That will never bee:
Who can impreffe the Fores, bid the Tree
Vinfixe his earth-bound Root? Sweet boadnements, good:
Rebellious dead, rife never till the Wood
Of Byrmne raffe, and our high plac'd Macbeth
Shall flue the Leaf of Nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortall Cufome. Yet my Hart
Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, if your Art
Can tell so much: Shall Banquo's issue euer
Reigne in this Kingdome?
All. Seeke to know no more.
Macb. I will be satisfied. Deny me this,
And an eternal Curfe fall on you. Let me know.
Why finks that Caldon? & what noife is this? Hobages
1. Shew.
2 Shew.
3 Shew.

All. Shew his Eyes, and greace his Hart,
Come like shadowes, so depart.
A show of eight Kings, and Banquo left, with a glaffe
in his hand.

Macb. Thou art too like the Spirit of Banquo: Down:
Thy Crowne do's leare mine Eye-bals. And thy hair
Thou other Gold-bound-Brow, is like the fift:
A third, is like the former. Filthy Hagges,
Why do you shew me this? — A fourth! Stare eyes!
What will the Line ftrech out to th'cracke of Doome?
Another yet? A feuenth? He fее no more:
And yet the eight appeares, who bears a glaffe,
Which thewe me many more: and fome I fee,
That two-fold Balles, and trebble Scepters carry.
Horrible fight: Now I fee'tis true,
For the Blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.

What is this fo?
1. Sir, all this is fo. But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
Come Sifters, cheere we vp his sprights,
And fhew the beft of our delights.
Ie Charme the Ayre to give a found,
While you performe your Antique round:
That this great King may kindly lay,
Our duties, did his wellcume pay.

Macb. Where are they? Come:
Let this penitious house,
Stand eye accurc'd in the Kalender.
Come in, without there.
Lenox. What's your Graces will.

Enter Lenox.
Mac. Saw you the Weyard Sifters?

Len. No my Lord.

Mac. Came they not by you?

Len. No indeed my Lord.

Mac. Infeckt be the Ayr whereon they ride, And damn'd all those that truft them. I did heare The gallopping of Horses. Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three my Lord,that bring you word:


Mac. Time, thou anticiptst my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is re-tooke
Vade into the deed go with it. From this moment, The very firflings of my heart shall be
The firflings of my hand. And even now To Crown my thoughts with Acts:be it thought & done:
The Caille of Macduff, I will surprize,
Seize upon Fife, give to th'edge o'th Sword His Wife, his Bishes, and all vnfortunate Soules That trace him in his Line. No boasting like a Fool, This deed ile do, before this purpose coole,
But no more fights. Where are these Gentlemen? Come bring me where they are. Extant

Scene Secunda.

Enter Macduffes Wife, her Son, and Ross.

Wife. What had he done, to make him fly the Land?

Ross. You must haue patience Madam.

Wife. He had none:
His flight was madnesse: when our Actions do not,
Our fears do make vs Traitors.

Ross. You know not.
Whether it was his wives done, or his fear.

Wife. Wisedom? to leave his wife, to leave his Babes,
His Manion, and his Titles, in a place
From whence himselfe do's flye? He Jouses vs not,
He wants the natural touch. For the poore Wren (The most dimittive of Birds) will flight,
Yong ones in her Nest, against the Owle:
All is the Fear, and nothing is the Loue;
As little is the Wisedom, where the flight
So runnes against all reason.

Ross. My dearest Coze,
I prays you choose your select. But for your Husband,
He is Noble, Wife, judicious, and belte knowes
The fits o'th' Season. I dare not speak much further,
But cruell are the times, when we are Traitors
And do not know our selves: when we hold Rumor
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wilde and violent Sea.

Each way, and mone. I take my leave of you:
 SHALL not be long but Ile he here again.
Things at the worst will cease or else Clime upwaerd,
To what they were before. My pretty Coze,
Blessing upon you.

Wife. Father's he is,
And yet hers Father-Jeffe.
Ross. I am so much a Fool, should I stay longer, It would be my disprase, and your discomfit,
I take my leave at once. Exit Ross.

Wife. Sirra, your Fathers dead,
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As Birds do Mother.

Wife. What with Wormes, and Flyes?

Son. With what I get I meane, and so do they.

Wife. Poor Bird,

Thou'll never fear the Net, nor Lime,
The Pillar, nor the Gin.

Son. Why should I Mother? Poor Birds they are not set for:
My Father is not dead for all your saying.

Wife. Yes, he is dead:
How will thou do for a Father?

Son. Nay how will you do for a Husband?

Wife. Why I can buy me twenty at any Market,

Son. Then you'll by 'em to fell again.

Wife. Thou speakeft withall thy wits,
And yet i'th faith with wit enough for the.

Son. Was any Father a Traitor, Mother?

Wife. I, that he was.

Son. What is a Traitor?

Wife. Why one that sweares, and lyes.

Son. And be all Traitors, that do fo.

Wife. Every one that do's fo, is a Traitor,
And muft be hang'd.

Son. And muft they all be hang'd, that swear and lye?

Wife. Every one.

Son. Who muft hang them?

Wife. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the Eizers and Sweares are Fools:for there are

Byrds and Sweares enough, to beate the honest men,

Wife. No Nor God helpe thee, poore Monkie:

But how wilt thou do for a Father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd wepe for him: if you

Wife. You would not, it were a good signe, that I should quickly

hauce a new Father.

Wife. Poore pristler, how thou talk't?

Enter a Meffenger.

Me{. Bleffy you faire Dame: I am not to you known,
Though in your state of Honor I am perfect;
I doubt some danger do's approache you secretly.
If you will take a homely mans aduice,
Be not found here: Hence with your little ones
To fright you thus. Me thinkes I am too fauage:
To do worce to you were fell Cruetly.

Why is too nie your person. Heaven preferue you,
I dare abide no longer. Exit Meffenger.

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 sometyme
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then (alas)
Do I put vp that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harme?

What are these faces?

Enter Murtherers.

Mur. Where is your Husband?

Wife. I hope in no place so vnscancified,
Where such as thou may'st finde him.

Mur. He's a Traitor.

Son. Thou ly'st thou shagge-eard Villaine.

Mur. What you Egge?

Yong fry of Treachery?

Son. He's a kill'd me Mother,

Run away I prays you.

Exit crying Murther.

Scene
Scena Tertia.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Mal. Let us seek out some delocate shade; & there Wepve our sad boomyes empty.

Mac. Let vs rather Hold fayt the mortall Sword: and like good men, Bestride our downfall Birthdome: each new Morne, New Widdowes howle, new Orphans crye, new sorowes Strike heaven on the face, that itrefounds As it %t felt with Scotland, and yed%t out Like Syllable of Dolour.

Mal. What I beleuee, Ille waile;
What know, beleuee; and what I can edrefe,
As I shall finde the time to friend: I will,
What you have spoke, it may be to perance.
This Tyrant, whose fole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honeft: you have lou'd him well,
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am yong, but something
You may difcerne of him through me, and wifedome To offer vp a weke, poore innocent Lambe Tappefe an angry God.

Mac. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is,
A good and vertuous Nature may recolle
In an Imperiall charge. But I fhall traye your pardon:
That which you are, my thoughts cannot tranfpoole;
Angels are bright ffill, though the brightfiftfell.
Though all things foule, would wear the brows of grace
Yet Grace muff fhill looke fo.

Mal. I haue loft my Hopes.

Mal. Perchance euen there Where I did finde my doubts:
Why in that rawnelle left you Wife, and Childe?
Those prefious Moritues, thofe ftrong knots of Lone,
Without leeue-taking, I pray you,
Let not my lealloules, be your Dishonours,
But mine owne Safeties : you may be rightly luft,
What cuer I fhall thinke.

Mac. Bleed, bleed poore Country,
Great Tyrany, lay thou thy basfe furies,
For goodnefe dare not check thee: weary fhyncs wrongs,
The Title, is affair'd. Far thee well Lord,
I would not be the Villaine that thou thinkeft,
For the whole Space that's in the Tyrants Graffe,
And the rich Eail to boot.

Mal. Ben offended:
I speak not as in absolute feare of you:
I thinke our Country finks beneath the yoke,
It weepes, it bleedeth, and each new day a gath
Is added to her wounds. I thinke withall,
There would be hands vphlifted in my right:
And heere from gracious England haue I offer
Of goodly thousands. But for all this,
When I fhall traeve upon the Tyrants head,
Or weare it on my Sword: yet my poore Country,
Shall have more vices then it had before,
More fuffer, and more fundry wayes then euer,
By him that fhall fuecede.

Mac. What fhould he be?

Mal. It is my felfe I meane: in whom I know
All the particulars of Vice so graffed,

That when they shall be open'd, blacke Macbeth
Will feeme as pure as Snow, and the poore State
Efteeme him as a Lambe, being compar'd
With my confineleffe harnes.

Mac. Not in the Legions
Of horrid Hell, can come a Duell more damn'd
In euils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, Avaricious, Pale, Deceitfull,
Sodaine, Malicious, flacking of every time
That he's a name. But there's no bottome, none
In my Voluptuoueffe: Your Wives, your Daughters,
Your Mattrons, and your Maides, could not fill vp
The Celferne of my Luft, and my Defire
All continent Impediments would ore-beare,
That did oppofe my will. Better Macbeth;
Then such an one to reigne,

Mac. Boundleffe intemperance
In Nature is a Tyranny: It hath bene
Th'imtinely en-praying of the happy Throne,
And fall of many Kings. But feare not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Cometure your plesaures in a lapicious plenty,
And yet feeeme cold. The time you may fo hoowinke:
We have willing Dames enough; there cannot be
That Vulture in you, to deouere to many
As will to Greatneffe dedicate themselues,
Finding it fo inclinde.

Mal. With this, there growes
In my moft ill-compos'd Affection, fuch
A flancheffe Avarice, that were I King,
I fhould cut of the Nobles for their Lands,
Defire his lejus, and this others Houfe,
And my more-hauing, would be as a Sawce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels vnfruit against the Good and Loyall,
Dhoffying them for wealt.

Mac. This Avarice
Sticks deeper: growes with more penatious roote
Then Summer-feeming Luft: and it hath bin
The Sword of our flaine Kings: yet doe not feare,
Scotland hath Foygons, to fill vp your will
Of your meege Owne. All thefe are portable,
With other Graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none. The King-becoming Graces,
As Luffice, Verity, Temperance, Srafableffe,
Bounty, Peruerfance, Mercy, Lowlimeffe,
Deuotion, Patience, Courage, Portitude,
I have no relift of them, but abond
In the diuision of each fenfator Crime,
Acting it many wayes. Nay, had I powre, I fhould
Poure the sweet Milke of Concord, into Hell,
V pour the winterfall peace, confound
All enity on earth.

Mac. O Scotland, Scotland.

Mal. If such a one be fit to gouerne, speakes:
I am as I haue spoken.

Mac. Fit to gouerne? No not to live, O Natiis miserable!
With an unitlet-Tyrant, bloody Sceptred,
When fhall thou fee thy whomoele dayes againe?
Since that the truef fllue of thy Throne
By his owne Interdiction fands accuft,
And doe't blaffheme his breed? Thy Royall Father
Was a moft Sainted-King: the Queene that bore thee,
Ofther vpou her knees, then on her feet,
Dy'de every day the liu'd. Fare thee well,
These Eulius thou repeatst upon thy felfe, 
Hath banished me from Scotland. O my Breff, 
Thy hope ends here. 
M\l. Macbiff, this Noble passion 
Child of integrity, hath from my foule 
Wip'd the blacke Scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts 
To thy good Truth, and Honor. Diuelltith Macbath, 
By many of these traues, hath fough't to winne 
Into his power : and modest Wife doth flucke me 
From ouer-credulous haft: but God above 
Deale betweene the end met; for eu enow 
I put my felfe to thy DirecHon, and 
Vndpeake mine owne detraction. Here abuere 
The taints, and blames I fide upon my felfe, 
For strangers to my Nature. I am yet 
Vnknowne to Woman, newer was forfowre, 
Sarefully haue countect what was mine owne. 
At no time broke my Faith, would not betray 
The Deuill to his fellow, and delight 
No leffe in truth then life. My first falle speaking 
Was this vpon my felfe. What I am truly 
Is thine, and my poore Countries to command: 
Whither indeed, before they heere app\: a h 
Old Seyward with ten thoufand warlike men 
Already at a point, was fetting forth: 
Now we'll togethcr, and the chance of goodneffe 
Be like our warrantt Quarrel: Why are you filent? 
Macb. Such welcome, and vnwelcom things at once 
'Tis hard to reconcile. 
Enter a Doctor. 
M\l. Well, most anon. Comes the King forth 
I prays you? 
Dott. Sir, there are a crew of wretched Soules 
That fay his Cure: their malady conuinces 
The great affay of Art. But at his touch, 
Such fanchity hath Heaven guuen his hand, 
They prefently amend, 
Exit. 
M\l. I thank you Doctor, 
Macb. What's the Diseafe he meane? 
M\l. Tis call'd the Euell. 
A moft myraculous worke in this good King, 
Which ofien since my hearre remaines in England, 
I have feene him do: How he folicites heaven 
Himfelf beft knowes: but strangely visitted people 
All fowlneze and Vierous, pittifull to the eye, 
The meece disparie of Surgery, he cures, 
Hanging a golden flambe about their neckes, 
Put on with holy Prayers, and his spoken 
To the fecceeding Royalty he lesues 
The healing Benedict. With this fhare vertue, 
He hath a heavenly guild of Prophetic, 
And fundry Blessings hang about his Throne, 
That speake him call of Grace. 
Enter Ruff. 
Macb. See who comes here. 
M\l. My Cmtryman: but yet I know him not. 
Macb. My ever gentle Cozen,welcom, welcom fitter. 
M\l. I know him now. Good God beatimes remove 
The means that makes vs Strangeres. 
Macb. Stands Scotland where it did? 
Ruff. As poor Countries, 
Almost affidual to know it felfe. It cannot 
Be call'd our Mother, but our Graue; where nothing 
But who knowes nothing, is once feene to finte: 
Where fighes, and groanes, and thrieks that rent the ayre 
Are made, not mark'd: Where violent forrow fteenes 
A Modern exatte: The Deadmans knell, 
Is there scarce ask'd for who, and good mens lines 
Expire before the Flowers in their Caps, 
Dying, or ere they ficken. 
Macb. Oh Relation, too nice, and yet too true. 
Ruff. What's the neweft griev? 
Macb. That of an hours age,doth hitte the speaker, 
Fach minute teemes a new one, 
Macb. How do's my Wife? 
Ruff. Why well. 
M\l. And all my Children? 
Ruff. Well too. 
Macb. The Tyrant ha's not battr'd at their peace? 
Ruff. No, they were well at peace, when I did leave em. 
Macb. Be not a niggard of your speech: How go's? 
Ruff. When I came hither to transport the Tydings 
Which I haue heavilly borne, there ran a Rumour 
Of many worthy Fellowes, that were out, 
Which was to my beleefe withete the rather, 
For that I fave the Tyrants Power a-foot. 
Now is the time of helpe: your eye in Scotland 
Would create Soldiours, make our women fight, 
To dolfe their dire diftrefles. 
M\l. Be't their comfort 
We are comming thither: Gracious England hath 
Lent vs good Seyward, and ten thousand men, 
An older, and a better Soul'dier, none 
That Christendome giues out. 
Ruff. Would I could anuer 
This comfort with the like. But I haue words 
That would be hou'd out in the defert ayre, 
Where hearing should not leach them. 
M\l. What concernes they, 
The general caufe, or is it a Fee-griev? 
Due to fome fingle breft? 
Ruff. No minde that's honeft 
But in it flares fome wore, though the maine part 
Pertaines to you alone. 
M\l. If it be mine 
Kepe it not from me, quickly let me haue it. 
Ruff. Let not your eares difipfe my tongue for euers, 
Which fhall poiffe them with the heaviest found 
That eu'r yet they heard. 
M\l. Humh: I gueffe at it. 
Ruff. Your Cattle is forpriz'd: your Wife, and Babes 
Sauagely laughted: To relate the manner 
Were on the Quarry of thee murther'd Deere 
To add the death of you. 
M\l. Mercifull Heaven: 
What man, ne're pull your hat upon your browes: 
Oue forrow words: the grieffe that do's not fpeak, 
Whispers the o're fraught heart, and bids it brake. 
M\l. My Children too? 
M\l. Wife, Children, Servants, all that could be found. 
M\l. And I must be from thence? My wife kill'd too? 
Ruff. I haue faid. 
M\l. Be comforted. 
Let's make vs Medicines of our great Revenge, 
To cure this deadly grieffe. 
M\l. He's ha's no Children. All my pretty ones? 
Did you fay All? Oh Hell-Kitte! All? 
What, All my preetty Chichens, and their Damme 
At one fell twoope? 
M\l. Dispute it like a man. 
M\l. I fhall do so: 

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But I must also feel it as a man; I cannot but remember such things were That were most precious to me: Did heaven look on, And would not take their part? Sinfell Macduff, They were all stroaked for thee: Naught that I am, Not for their own demerits, but for mine Fell slaughter on their fowls: Heaven left them now. Comm. Be this the Wheelstone of your sword, let griefe Converse to anger: blunt not the heart, enrage it. Macd. O I could play the woman with mine eyes, And Braggart with my tongue. But gentle Heavens, Cut thore all intermissions: Front to Front, Bring thou this Fiend of Scotland, and my felfe Within my Swords length let him, if he scape Heaven forgive him too.

Macd. This time goes manly: Come goe we to the King, our Power is ready, Our lachse is nothing but our leave. Macbeth Is ripe for shakking, and the Powres above Put on their Instruments: Receive what cheere you may, The Night is long, that never finds the Day. Exeunt

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Doctor of Physick, and a Wasting Gentlewoman.

Dott. I have too Nights watch'd with you, and can perceive no truth in your report. When was it thee last walk'd?

Gen. Since his Majefty went into the Field, I have seen his rife from her bed, throw her Night-Gown vpon her, unloake her Cloffe, take forth paper, tolde it, write vpon't, read it, afterwards Scale it, and again returne to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleepe.

Dott. A great perturbation in Nature, to see how at once the benefit of sleepe, and do the effects of watching. In this flourishy agitation, 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 too, and this may meet you shou'd.

Gen. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witness to conforme my speech. Enter Lady with a Taper.

Lady, Here she comes: This is her very guife, and vpon my life fast sleepe: obtine her, fland close.

Dott. How came she by that light?

Gen. Why it is bold by her: she's light by her continualy, uʒer her command.

Dott. You see her eyes are open.

Gen. I but her fenses are shut.

Dott. What is it she do's now?

Look how she rubs her hands.

Gen. It is an action'd action with her, to seeme thus washing her hands: I have knowe her continue in this a quarter of an houre.

End. Yet here's a spot.

Dott. Hear, she speaks, I will set downe what comes from her, to facilitate my remembrance the more strongly. Lady. One damned spot: out I say. One: Two: Why then he's time to do't: He'll be muchly. Fye, my Lord, fie, a Sondeier, and afraid of what need we fear? who knows it, when none can call our powre to accompt: yet who

would have thought the olde man to have had so much blood in him.

Dott. Do you mark that?

Gen. The Thane of Fife, a wife: where is the now? What will their hands ne'te be clean? No more o'ther my Lord, no more of that: you marre all with this start ing.

Dott. Go too, go too:

You must knowe what you should not.

Gen. She ha's spoke what thee should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she ha's knowe.

La. Here he's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.

Oh, oh, oh.

Dott. What a sight is there? The bart is sorely charg'd, I should not have such a heart in my boosome, for the dignity of the whole body.

Dott. Well, well, well.

Gen. Pray God it be so.

Dott. This disease is beyond my practive: yet I haue knowe those which have walked in their sleepe, who have dyed softly in their beds.

End. Wash your hands, put on your Night-Gown, looke not to pale: I tell you yet another Banquo's buried: he cannot come out on's grave.

Dott. Euen so?

Lady. To bed, to bed: there's knock'ing at the gate: Come, come, come, come, give me your hand: What's done, cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

Exit Lady.

Dott. Will she goe now to bed?

Gen. Directly.

Dott. Thou whistleings are abroad: vanituous deeds Do breed vanituous troubles: infected minds To there deafe pillowes will discharge their Secrets: More needs the the Duine, then the Phyfian: God, God forgive vs all. Looke after her, Remove from her the meanes of all annoysance, And alll keepe eyes vpon her: So goodnight, My minde she ha's mated, and amaz'd my fight: I thinke, but dare not speake.

Gen. Good night good Doctor.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Drum and Colours. Enter Monteceth, Cathets, Angus, Lenox, Soldiers.

Ment. The English powre is neere, led on by Malcolm, His Vnkle Seyward, and the good Macduff. Reuenges borne in them: for their deafe caudre Would to the bleeding, and the grim Alctame Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Neere Byran wood Shall we well meet them, that way are they comming. Cath. Who knowes if Donaldhaw be with his brother? Len. For certaine Sir, he is not: I have a File Of all the Gentry; there is Seywards Sonne, And many ynufthe youths, that eu'n now Protefite their firft of Manhood. Ment. What do's the Tyrant. Cath. Great Dunfinane he strongly Fortifies: Some fay he's mad: Others, that letter hate him, Do call it valiant Fury, but for certaine
He cannot buckle his dissembler'd caufe,
Within the belt of Rule.

Aug. Now do's he feele
His secret Murthers flicking on his hands,
Now minutely Reuelts vpbraid his Faith-breath:
Those he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in loue: Now do's he feele his Title
Hang loofe about him, like a Giants Robe
Upon a dwarfish Theege.

Ment. Who then fhall blame
His pefter Serfes to reverence, and flart,
When all that is within him, do's condemn
It felf, for being there.

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give Obedience, where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the Medici of the fickly Wesle,
And with him poure we in our Countrie purges,
Each drop of vs.

Lenox. Of fo much as it needs,
To dew the Soueraigne Flower, and drowne the Weeds:
Make we our March towards Birnang. Exeunt marching.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more Reports, let them flye all:
Till Birnang Democracy, come to Dunfinage.
I cannot taint with Fear. What's the Boy Malecetone?
Was he not borne of woman? The Spirits that know
All mortal Confquences, have prounc'd me thus:
Fear not Malecetone, no man that's borne of woman
Shall eere have pow'r upon thee. Then fly fale, Thanes,
And mingle with the English Epiures,
The minde I sway by, and the heart I beare,
Shall never fagge with doubt, nor fhake with feare.

Enter Seruant.
The duell damne thee blacke, thou cream-fac'd Loone:
Where go'th thou that Groofe-looke,
Ser. There is ten thousand.

Macb. Griefe Villaine?

Ser. Soulidiers Sir.

Macb. Go pricke thy face, and outer-red thy feare
Thou Lilly-luger'd Boy. What Soldiers, Patch?
Death of thy Soule, thofe Linnen cheekes of shine
Are Counciflers to feare. What Soldiers Whay-face?
Ser. The English force, fo pleafe you,

Macb. Take thy face hence. Seyton, I am fick at hart,
When I behold: Seyton, I fay, this puth
Will cheere me euer, or dif-cheere me now.
I haue not long enough, my way of life
Is faine into the Sear, the yellow Leafa,
And that which fhould accompany Old-Age,
As Honor, Loue, Obedience, Troopes of Friends,
I muft not looke to haue: but in their stead,
Curfes, not lowd but deeppe, Mouth-honor, breath
Which the poore heart would faine deny, and dare not.

Ser. Enter Seyton.

Sey. What's your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What News more?

Sey. All is confirm'd my Lord, which was reported.

Macb. He fight, till from my bones, my flesh be backt.

Give me my Armor.

Seyt. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. He put it on:
Send out thofe Horfes,iffe the Country round,
Hang thofe that talk of Fear. Give me mine Armor:
How do's your Patient, Doctor?

Delf. Not to ficke my Lord,
As if he is troubled with thicke-comming Fancies
That keep him from her ref.

Macb. Cure of that:
Can't thou not Minifter to a mine difeaf'd,
Plucke from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the Braine,
And with some fweet Obliviouf Antidote
Cleanfe the flufft bofome, of that perillous fluffe
Which weighs upon the heart?

Delf. Therein the Patient
Mult minifter to himfelf.

Macb. Throw Physicke to the Dogs, I none of it.
Conine, put mine Armour on: give me my Staffe:
Seyton, lend out: Doctor, the Thanes flye from me:
Come fir, dispatch. If thou could'ft Doctor, call
The Water of my Land, finde her Difcafe,
And purge it to a found and prifilue Health,
I would applaud thee to the very Eccho,
That should applaud againe. Puff off I fay,
What Rubb'ry, Cyme, or what Purgative drugg
Would fcover thofe English hence I hear'ty of them?

Delf. I my good Lord, your Royall Preparation
Makes vs heare fomethings.

Macb. Bring it after me:
I will not be afraid of Death and Bane,
Till Birnang Forreft come to Dunfinage.

Doef. Were I from Dunfinage away, and cleere
Profit againe should hardly draw me heree. Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

Drums and Colours. Enter Malcetone, Seyward, Macduffe,
Seywards Sons, Menteath, Cathines, Angus,
and Soldiers Marching.

Macle. Cosins, I hope the dayes are nexte at hand
That Chambers will be fatale.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Seyr. What wood it this before vs?

Menteath. The wood of Birnangep.

Macle. Let euery Soulidier hew him downe a Bough,
And beart before him, thereby fell we gladow
The numbers of our Hoaf't, and make disouery.
Free in report of vs.

Sold. It fhall be done.

Seyr. We learn no other, but the confident Tyrant
Keepes flill in Dunfinage, and will indure
Our fetling downe before't.

Macle. Tis his maine hope:
For where there is aduantage to be gotten,
Both more and leffe haue given him the Reuolt,
And none fteue with him, but confrain't things,
Whole hearts are abfent too.

Macduffe. Let our nuft Centures
Attend the trueeuen, and put we on
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, & Soldiers, with, Drums and Colours.

Macb. Hang out our Banners on the outward walls, The Cry is still, they come: our Cattles strength Will laugh a Sedge to scorn: Here let them lye, Till Famine and the Ague eat them vp: Were they not forcd with those that shoul'd be ours, We might have met them darefull, beard to beard, And bate 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 forget the taste of Fears: The time he's beene, my senses would have coold To heare a Night-shriake, and my Felt of hauue Would at a dimmall Trestle rowze, and flitze. As life were left. I hate full well with horrorss, Dreeneffe familiar to my slaughterous thoughts Cannot once flatter me: Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The Queenes (my Lord) is dead.

Macb. She should have dy'd the heccest; There would have beene a time for such a word: To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow, Creepes in this petty pace from day to day, To the left Syllable of Recorded time: And all our yellerdays, have lighted Fools The way to dully death. Out, out, breede Candle, Life's but a walking Shadow, a poore Player, That strusse and frets his house vpon the Stage, And then is heard no more. It is a Tile Told by an idet, full of sound and fury Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com to vie thy Toune? thy Story quickly, Mis. Gracious my Lord, I should report that which I say I saw, But know not how to doo.

Macb. Well, say fis.

Mis. As I did stand my watch vpon the Hill I look'd toward Byrnas, and anon me thought The Wood began to move.

Macb. Lyar, and Stuane.

Mis. Let me endure your wrath, it's benorso: Within this three Mile may you scie it comming, I say, a mouing Grouse.

Macb. If thou speake it slie, vpon the next Tree shal thou hang alioe Till Famine cling thee: If thy speech be footh, I care not if thou doft for me as much, I pull in Revolution, and begin To doubt the Equinacation of the Fiend, That lies like truth. Fear not, till Bymame Wood Do come to Dunfmane, and now a Wood Comes toward Dunfmane. Arme, Arme, and out, If this which he avouches, do's appeare, There is not flying hence, nor carrying here, I tigne to be a weary of the Sun, And with the estate of the world were now vndon, Ring the Alarum Bell, blow Winde, come wracke, A least we'd dy with Farnelle on our backe.

Scena Sexta.

Drumme and Colours,

Enter Malcolm, Seyward, Macdufle, and their Army, with Boughes.

Mal. Now nere conlee:
Your leavy Skreenes throw downe,
And fnew like thofe you are: You (worthy Vnkle) Shall with my Cofio your right Noble Sonne Leave our firl Estre. Worthy Macduffle, and we Shall take vpon's what elfe remains to do,
According to our order.

Sey. Fare you well:
Do we but finde the Tyrants power to night,
Let vs be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our Trumpers speake, give t' eall breath Those clamorous Harbingers of Blood, & Death.

Exeunt Alarums continued.

Scena Septima.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They haue tiet me to aflate, I cannot flye, But Bear-like I must fight the coufle. What's he That was not borne of Woman? Such a one Am I to feare, or none.

Enter Seyward.

T. Sey. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'll be afraid to heare it.

T. Sey. No: though thou call it thy felfe a hofter name Then any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

T. Sey. The diuell himfelfe could not pronounce a Title More hatefull to mine eare.

Macb. No: nor more fearfull.

T. Sey. Thou lyest abborred Tyrant, with my Sword Ile proue the lyce thou speake it.

Fight, and young Seyward flaine.

Macb. Thou was't borne of woman; But Swords I smile at, Weapons laugh to scorn, Brandish'd by man that's of a Womein borne. Exit. Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is: Tyrant c. ew thy face, If thou beeff flaine, & with no stroke of mine, My Wife and Childrens Ghosts will haunt me fill: I cannot strike at wretched Kernes, whose armes Are hyr'd to bear their Stauses; either thou Macbeth, Or else my Sword with an unbattered edge I fhew againe vndeeded. There thou shoul'dt be, By this great clatter, one of greatest note.
Enter Macduff and Seyward.

Sey. This way my Lord, the Castle gently rendred:
The Tyran's people, on both sides do fight,
The Noble Thanes do bravenly in the Warre,
The day almost is felt professe yours,
And little is to do.

Macb. We have met with Foes
That strike before vs.

Sey. Enter Sir, the Castell.  

Macb. Why should I play the Roman Foole, and dye
On mine owne sword? whiles I see huces, the gaffes
Do better upon them.

Enter Macduff.

Macb. Turne Hell-hound, turne,
Macb. Of all men eke I have suoyded thee:
But get thee backe, my soule is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macb. I have no words,
My voice is in my Sword, thou bloodie Villaine
Then tearmes can glue thee out.

Macb. Thou hollo'ed labour,
As eafe may'th thou the incrochant Ayre
With thy keen Sword impresse, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable Crefts,
I bear a charmed Life, which must not yield
To one of woman borne.

Macb. Duiptaire thy Charme,
And let the Angell whom thou still haft seru'd
Tell thee, Macduff was from his Mothers womb
Vnitely ript.

Macb. Accursed be that tongtong that tells me so;
For it hath Cow'd my better part of man:
And be the Jugging Friends no more beleué'd,
That pater with vs in a double fence,
That keep the word of promise to our care,
And brake it to our hope. Ill not fight with thee.

Macb. Then yeeld thee Coward,
And live to be the shew, and gaze o'th' time,
We'll have thee, as our rarer Monsters are
Painted upon a pole, and under-write,
Here ye may see the Tyrant.

Macb. I will not yeeld
To kiffe the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be taid with the Rabbles curst.
Though Byrnone wood be come to Dunfinane,
And thou oppos't, being of no woman borne,
Yet I will try the left.

Before my body,
I throw my warlike Shield : Lay on Macduff,
And damn'd be him, that first cries hold, enough.

Exeunt fighting, Alarms.

Enter Fightings, and Macbeth slaine.

Retreat, and Flourifs. Enter with Drumme and Colours,
Macb. Seyward, Macduff, Raff, Thomas, & Soldiers,

Macb. I would the Friended we miffy, we're late arry'd.
Sey. Some must go off, and yet by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheeply bought.

Macb. Macduff is missing, and your Noble Sonne.
Raff. Your son my Lord, he's paid aouldiers debt,
He onely li't but till he was a man,
The which no sooner had lust Prowesse confirm'd
In the vs-thinking faction where he fought,
But like a man he dy'd.

Sey. Then he is dead?
Raff. I and brought off the field; your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Sey. Had he his hurts before?
Raff. I, on the Front,
Sey. Why then, Gods Soldier be he:
Had I as many Sonnes, as I haue haires,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his Knell is knoll'd.

Macb. He's worth more sorrow,
And that he spend for him.

Sey. He's worth more sorrow,
They say be parted well, and paid his score,
And so God be with him. Here comes newer comfort,

Enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head.

Macb. Haile King, for to thou art.
Behold where lands
Th' Viurpers curfed head : the time is free:
I fee thee compact with thy Kingsomes Peace,
That speake my salutation in their minds:
Whose voyces I desire aloud with mine.

Haile King of Scotland.

All. Haile King of Scotland.

Flourifs.

Macb. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before we reckow with your feuerall loues,
And make vs euen with you. My Thanes and Kinmen
Henceforth be Earles, the first that euer Scotland
In such an Honor rami'd; What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exiled Friends abroad,
That fled the Snares of watchfull Tyranny,
Producing forth the cruel Monisters
Of this dead Butcher, and his Fiended-like Queene;
Who(a's tis thought) by felte and violent hands,
 Took off her life. This and what needfull else
That call's upon vs, by the Grace of Grace,
We will performe in measure, time, and place:
So thankes to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite, to see vs Crown'd at Scone.

Flourifs, Exeunt Omnii.
Enter Barnardo and Francisco two Centinels.

Barnardo.

Ho's there?

Fran. Nay answer me: Stand & unfold your felle.

Bar. Long live the King.

Fran. Barnardo?

Bar. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your house.

Bar. This night ftook twelve, get thee to bed Francisco.

Fran. For this releafe much thankes: 'Tis bitter cold, and I am sicke at heart.

Bar. Haue you had quiet Guard?

Fran. Not a Moufe flurring.

Bar. Well, goodnight. If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus, the Rivals of my Watch, bid them make haft.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I hear them. Stand: who's there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Leige-men to the Dane.

Fran. Glue you good night.

Mar. O farwel honest Solder, who hath relievd you?

Fran. Barnard'o ha's my place: glue you goodnight.

Exit Fran.

Mar. Holla Barnardo.

Bar. Say, what is Horatio there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Bar. Welcome Horatio, welcome good Marcellus.

Mar. What, ha's this thing appeare'd againe to night?

Bar. I suee fene nothing.

Mar. Horatio fayes, 'tis but our Fantafe, and will not let belewe take hold of him.

Touching this dreaded fight, twice fene of vs,

Therefore I have intreated him along.

With vs, to watch the minutes of this Night,

That if againe this Apparition come,

He may approue our eyes, and speake to it.

Hor. Tuff, tuff, 'twill not appeare.

Bar. Sit downe a while,

And let vs once againe affaire your cares,

That are fo fortiffed against our Story,

What we two Nights have feene.

Hor. Well, fit we downe,

And let vs heare Barnardo speake of this.

Bar. Lift night of all,

When yond fame Starre that's Westward from the Pole

Had made his courfe Vllume that part of Heaven

Where now it burnes, Marcellus and my felfe,

The Bell then beating one.

Mar. Peace, breake thee of:

Enter the Ghost.

Look where it comes againe.

Bar. In the fame figure, like the King that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a Scholler; speake to it Horatio.

Bar. Looks es it not like the King? Make it Horatio.

Hor. Moft like: It harrowes me with fear & wonder

Bar. It would befcpeoke too.

Mar. Question it Horatio.

Hor. What art thou that vfurp't this time of night,

Together with that Faire and Warlike forme

In which the Majesty of buried Denmarke

Did sometimes marche: By Heaven I charge thee speake.

Mar. It is offended.

Bar. See, it flalke away.

Hor. Stay! speake; speake: I Charge thee, speake.

Exit the Ghost.

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Bar. How now Horatio? You tremble & look pale:

Is not this something more then Fantafe?

What think ye on't?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this beleue

Without the fenfible and true auouch

Of mine owne eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thy felfe,

Such was the very Armour he had on,

When th'Ambitious Norway combattted:

So frond he once, when in an angry pace,

He fixd the flempted Pollax on the ice.

'Tis frange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and luft at this dead houre,

With Marcell flalke, hath he gone by our Watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not:

But in the groffe and scope of my Opinion,

This bags the fome frange eruption to our State.

Mar. Good now fit downe, & tell me he knowes

Why this fame friet and moft obiferous Watch,

So nightly toyes the subiecft of the Land,

And why fuch dayly Caft of Brazon Cannon

And Foraigne War for Implements of warre:

Why fuch imprefle of Ship-wrights, whose fore Taske

Do's not divide the Sunday from the wecke,

That might be toward, that this fweaty haft

Doth make the Night ioyn-Labourer with the day:

Who is't that can informe me?

Hor. That can I,
At least the whisper goes: Our late King, Whose Image e'en But now appeared to vs, Was (as you know) by Fortinbras of Norway, (Thereto prick'd on by a most enuall Pride) Far to the Combray. In which, our Valiant Hamlet, (For to this side of our knowne world euen him) Did say this Fortinbras: who by a Seal'd Compact, Well ratified by Law, and Heraldrice, Did forerite (with his life) all those his Lands Which he flound feiz'd on, to the Conqueror; Against the which, a Moity competent Was gaged by our King: which had return'd To the Inheritance of Fortinbras, Had he bin Vanquisher, as by the fame Coincident And carriage of the Article designe, His fell to Hamlet. Now fir, young Fortinbras, Of unimprov'd Mettle, but full and fast, Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there, Shant'd a p'rt of Landing's Refourses, For Foder and Diet, to some Enterprise. That had: a shaftacke in't: which is no other (And it doth well appear into our store) But to recover of vs by strong hand And termses Compulsarie, those foreord Landes So by his Father loft: and this (I take it) Is the maine Motive of our Preparations, The Source of this our Watch, and the chief head Of this post-haft, and Romage in the Land. Enter Ghoft againe. But soft, behold: Lo, where it comes against: It creole it, though it blaffe me. Soe illusion: If thou haft any found, or vell of Voyce, Speake to me. If there be any good thing to be done, That may to thee do ease, and grace to me: speake to me, If thou art prioy to thy Countrees Fate (Which happily foreknowing may avoid) Oh speake, Or, if thou haft vp-hoored in thy time Exorted Treasure in the wombe of Earth, (For which, they say, thou Spirits oft walke in death) Speake of it. Stay, and speake. Stop is Marcellus. Mar. Shall I strike at it with my Parrizan? Barn. Do, if it will not stand. Har. 'Tis here. Har. 'Tis here. Barn. Mar. 'Tis gone. Exit Ghoft. We do it wrong, being so Miecelllall To offer it the shew of Violence, For it is as the Ayre, invaluabill, And our vaine blowes, malicious Mockery. Barn. It was about to speake, when the Cocke crew. Har. And then it startled, like a guilty thing Upon a freshall Summons. I haue heard, The Cocke that is the Trumpet to the day, Dost with his lofty and shrillounding Trreate Awake the God of Days: and at his warning, Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Ayre, Is extraragant, and eering Spirit, eyes To his Confrone. And of the truth herein, This present Objectt made probacion, Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cocke. Some sayers, that euer 'gainst that Season comes Wherein our Saviours Birth is celebrated, The Bird of Dawning fingeth all night long: And then (they say) no Spirit can walk abroad, The nights are wholesome, then no Plants strike, No Fairy talkes, nor Witch hath power to Charme.
You told vs of some suite. What is't Lauses?
You cannot speake of Reafon to the Dane,
And loofe your voyage. What would'thou beg Lauses?
That shall not be my offer, nor thy Asking?
The Head is not more Nature to the Heart,
The Hand more Instrumental to the Mouth,
Then is the Throne of Denmark to thy Father.
What would'st thou have Lauses?

Locr. Dread my Lord,
Your leave and fauro to returne to France.
From whence, though willingly I came to Denmark
To thow my duty in your Coronation,
Yet now I must confefs, 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 stays Peolus?

Pol. He hath my Lord;
I do beseech you give him leave to go.

King. Take thy faire hours Lauses, time be thine,
And thy belt graces bend it thoy will:
But now my Cofin Hamlet, and my Sonne?

Ham. A little more then kin, and lese then kind.

King. How is it that the Clouds full hang on you?

Ham. Not to my Lord, I am too much i'th'Sun.

Quean. Good Hamlet caft thy nightly colour off,
And let thine eye looke like a Friend on Denmark.
Do not for ever with thy veyled lids
Secke for thy Noble Father in the dust;
Thow know'st'tis common, that all liues must dye,
Passing through Nature, to Eternity.

Ham. I Madam, it is common.

Quean. If it be:
Why becomes it fo particular with thee.

Ham. Seemes Madam? Nay, it is:
I know not Seemes;
'Tis not alone my Inkly Cloake (good Mother)
Nor Customary fuites of solemn Blacke,
Nor windy inspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitfull Ringer in the Eye,
Nor the defeirted honour of the Viage,
Together with all Formes, Moods, fhes of Griefe,
That can denote me truly. These indeed Seeme,
For they are a Shing of a man that might playe;
But I have that Within, which passeth fhou;
These, but the Trappinges, and the Suites of woe.

King. 'Tis sweete and commendable
In your: Nature Hamlet,
To give thefe mourning duties to your Father:
But you must know, your Father loft a Father,
That Father loft, loft his, and the Sunne bound
In fliall Obligation, for some terme
To do obfinguous Sorrow. But to peruer,
In obfinate Contoloment, is a courfe
Of impious Rubborneffe. This vaunall greene,
It fhes a will moft incorrect to Heauen,
A Heart unfortified, a Minde impatient
An Understanding manifold, and vnwhich'd:
For, what we know must be, and is as common
As any the mod vulgar thing to fence,
Why shold we in our peecifh Opposition
Take it to heart? Why, tis a fault to Heauen,
A fault againft the Dead, a fault to Nature,
To Reafon mod abird, whose common Theame
Is death of Fathers, and whoflill hath cried,
From the first Coarfe, till he that dyed to day,
This must be fo. We pray you throw to earth

This vnpreuying woe, and think of vs
As of a Father; For let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our Thone,
And with no leffe Nobility of Loue,
Then that which decreed father bears his Sonne,
Do I impart towards you. For your intent
In going backe to Schoole in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our defire:
And we beseech you, bend to you remainge
Here in the cheere and comfort of our eye,
Our cheefell Courtert Coife, and our Sonne.

Qu. Let not thy Mother love her Prayers Hamlet:
I prythee stay with vs, go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my beft
Obey you Madam.

King. Why 'tis a louing, and a faire Reply,
Be as our felse in Denmark. Madam come,
This gentle and vnfores accord of Hamlet
Sits smilling to my heart; in grace whereof,
No incondt health that Denmark drinks to day,
But the great Cannon to the Clowds shall tell,
And the Kings Rounge, the Heaven shall brute againe,
Respecks earthy Thunder. Come away.

Exeunt

Hamlet Hamlet.

Ham. Oh that this too too fold Fleth, would melt,
Thaw, and refolve it felfe into a Dew:
Or that the Enerlafting had not firft
His Cannon 'gainft Selfe-flaughter. O God, O God!
How weary, fiale, flat, and vnprofitable
Seemes to me all the fives of this world?
Fie en't? Oh fie, fie, 'tis an unweered Garden
That growes to Seed: Things rank, and groffe in Nature
Pollifie it mereely. That it should come to this:
But then two months alive? Nay, not fo much: not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hippocratic to a Satyr: fo loving to my Mother,
That he might not become the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heauen and Earth
Must I remember: why thefe would hang on him,
As if encreafe of Appetite had growne
By what it fed on; and yet within a month?
Let me no think en't: Frailty, thy name is woman,
A little Moneth, or ere those fiores were old,
With which the followed my poore Fathers body
Like Nider, all tears. Why the, even the.
(O: Heauen! A beaft that wants dilecure of Reason
Would have moun'd longer) married with mine Vnkle,
My Fathers Brother: no more but my like Father,
Then I to Hercules. Within a Moneth?
Ere yet the faile of most vnitriages Tacer
Had left the fluffing of her gaudied eyes,
She married. O moft wicked speed to poft
With fuch dexterty to Infeusious fheets:
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But brake my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Barnard, and Marcellus.

Hor. Haile to your Lordship.

Ham. I am glad to see you well:

Horatio, or I do forget my felfe.

Hor. The fame my Lord,
And your poore Seruant euer.

Ham. Sir my good friend,
Ile change that name with you:
And what make you from Wittenberg Horatio?
Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you: good even Sir. But what in faith make you from Wittenberg?

Mar. A truant disposition, good my Lord. Ham. I would not have your Enemy say so; Nor shall you do mine ear that violence, To make it trouble of your own report Against your selfe. I know you are no Truant: But what is your affair in Elfenau?

We'll teach you to drink deeper, ere you depart.

Her. My Lord, I came to see your Father's Funeral. Ham. I pray thee do not mock me (fellow Student) I think it was to see my Mother's Wedding.

Her. Indeed my Lord, it followed hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift Horatio: the Funeral Bait-meats Did coldly furnish for the Marriage Tables; Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven, Ere I had ever seen that day Horatio.

My father, me thinkes I see my father.

Her. Oh where my Lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye (Horatio). I saw him once; he was a goodly King. Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all: I shall not look upon his like againe.

Her. My Lord, I think I saw him yeelfermight.


Her. My Lord, the King your Father.

Ham. The King your Father?

Her. Season your admiration for a while With an attent ear; till I may deluver Upon the wittneffe of these Gentlemen, This manuell to you.

Ham. For Heaven's love let me heare.

Her. Two nights together, had these Gentlemen (Marcellus and Barnardo) on their Watch in the deep night and mid the quiet night Beside this encountered. A figure in your Father, Arm'd at all points exactly, Cap a Pe. Appeareth before them, and with follemne march Goes slow and stately: By them thrice he walkt, By their oppreft and fere-perfurptized eyes, Within his Truncheons lengthy whippe which beftill'd Almost to lilly with the Act of feare, Stand dumbbe and speake not to him. This to me In dreadfull ferrecie in part they did, And I with them the third Night kept the Watch, Whereas they had deluver'd both in time, Forme of the thing; each word made true and good, The Apparition comes. I knew your Father: These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord upon the platforme where we watcht.

Ham. Did you not speake to it?

Mar. My Lord, I did; But were made it none: yet once methought It lifted vp it head, and did addresse It fellow to motion, like as it would speake: But even then, the Morning Corke crew lowd; And at the sound it thrumke in haft away, And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. I am very strange.

Hor. As I doe Luke my honoured Lord diu't? And we did thinke it was done in our duty To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed Sirs; but this troubles me.

Hold you the watch to Night?

Barb. We doe my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd, fay you?

Bath. Arm'd, my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

Bath. My Lord, from head to foote.

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Hor. Oyes, my Lord, he wore his Beauer vp.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes vpon you?

Hor. Most confantly.

Ham. I would I had beene there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Your look, very like: flaid it long? (dread. Hor. While one with moderate haft might tell a hun. w. All. Longer. Jonger.

Ham. Not when I knew.

Ham. His Beard was grizly? no.

Hor. It was, as I haue leene it in his life,

A Sable Siluer'd. (gaine.

* Ham. Ile watch to Night; perchance 'twill wake a-

Hor. I warrant you it will.

Ham. If it affume my noble Fathers perfon,

Ile speake to it, though Hell it felte shouldn't gape And big me hold my peace. I pray you all,

If you have hitherto concealed this figh;

Let it be treble in your silence still: And whatsoever els shall hap to night,

Give it an understanding but no tongue;

I will require your loues; fo, fare ye well:

Upon the Platfrome twtie; eleuen and twtie, Ile visit you.

All. Our duty to your Honour. 

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My necessities are imbrackt; Farewell:

And Sift, as the Winds giu. Benefit, And Comony is alfofeet; do neeple, But let mee heare from you.

Ophel. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favours, Hold it a fashion and a toy in Bloud; A Violet in the youth of Primi Nature; Froward,not permanently: weare not laffing The suppliance of a minute? No more. Ophel. No more but fo.

Laer. Thinkes it no more:

For nature crescent does not grow alone, In the wees and Bulkes: but as his Temple waxes, The inward terrice of the Minde and Soule Growes wide withall. Perhaps he lones you now, And now no loyale nor caulell doth befmetch The verue of his feare: but you must feare.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

His greatnesse weigh'd, his will is not his owne;
For he himselfe is jubicest to his Birth:
Hee may not, as vnusual persons doe,
Carue for himselfe; for, on his choyce depends
The sanctity and health of the weele State.
And therefore must his choyce be circumscrib'd
Vnto the voyce and yieldings of that Body,
Whereof he is the Head. Then if he sayes he loues you,
It fits your wifedome so faire to beleue it;
As he in his peculiar Seet and force
May glie his laying deed: which is no further,
Then the maine voyce of Denmark goes withall.
Then weigh what loffe your Honour may suffaine,
If with too credent care you lift his Songs;
Or lose your Heart; or your chaft Treasure open
To his unmaskt importunity.

Faie it Ophelia, fare it my deare Sister,
And kepee within the reas of your Affection;
Out of the that and danger of Deceife,
The chariет Maid is Prodigall enough.
If the vnmaske her beauty to the Moone:
Vertue it selfe scapest not calumnious strokes,
The Canker Galls, the Infants of the Spring,
Too oft before the buttons be disclo'd,
And in the Moone and liquid dew of Youth,
Contagious blainsments are most imminent.
Be wary then, beft safety lies in fare;
Youth to it selfe rebel, though none else weere.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good Leccion keepe,
As watchmen to my heart: but good my Brother
Doe not as some vngracious Pilfors doe,
Shew me the rope and thorny way to Heaven;
Whillt like a putt and reckflese Libertine
Himselfe, the Primrofe path of dalliance reads,
And reaks not his owne reade.

Laet. Oh, fare me not.

Enter Polonius.

I stay too long; but here my Father comes:
A double bleffing is a double grace;
Occupation fmites upon a second lease.

Polon. Yet heere Laertes? Aboard, aboard for shame,
The winde fits in the shoulder of your faile,
And you are faide for there: my bleffing with you;
And thence few Precepts in thy memory,
See thou Charafter. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his Aet:
Be thou familiar; but by no meanes vulgar:
The friends thou haft, and their adoption trie,
Grapple them to thy Soule, with hoope of Steele:
But doe not dulle thy palme, with entertainment
Of each vnwatcht, vnfieldg'd Comrade.
Beware of entrance to a quarrell: but being in
Dread that thou repofed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voyce:
Take each mans centure, but referre thy judgement:
Coffily thy habit as thy purse can buy;
But not express in fchanty, rich, not gawdlesse:
That for the Apparel oft proclaims the man.
And they in France of the bell ranck and flation,
Are of a molt fete and generous cheeff in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For loan oft bastes both in felle and friend;
And borrowing duls the edge of Husbandry,
This above all; to thine owne felle be true;
And it must follow, as the Night the Day,
Thou canst not then be faile to any man.

Farewell: my bleffing fefon this in thee,

Laet. Moft humbly doe I take my leaue, my Lord.
Polon. The time intires you, goo, your fennent rend.

Laet. Farewell Ophelia, and remember well
What I have faid to you.

Oph. This is in my memory lockt,
And you your felle shall keepe the key of it.

Laet. Farewell.

Polon. What if Ophelia he hath faid to you?

Oph. So pleafe you, nothing touching the L Hamlet.
Polon. Marry, well bethhought;
Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you your felle
Have of your audience beene muff free and bounteous.
If it be fo, as so tis put on me,
And that in way of caution: I must teell you,
You doe not vnderftond your felle fo cleerely,
As it behoves my Daughter, and your Honour.
What is betweene you, giue me vp the truth?

Oph. He hath my Lord of late, made many tenders
Of his affeccion to me.

Polon. Affection,puh. You speake like a greene Girle,
Vnfinfted in such perillous Circumfance.

Doe you beleue his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my Lord, what I should think.

Polon. Marry le teach you, thynke your felle a Baby,
That you have taken his tenders for true pay,
Which are not flaering. Tender your felle more dearly,
Or not to crack the winde of the poore Phrase,
Roaming it thus, you tender me a foole.

Oph. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with lone,
In honourable fashion.

Polon. Ifafion you may call it, go too, go too.

Oph. And hast giuen countenance to his speech,
My Lord, with all the vvores of Heaven.

Polon. I Springs to catch Woodcoks. I doo know
When the Bliudt burns, how Prodigall the Soul
Gives the tongue vwores: these bazes, Daughter,
Guing more light then heare; extinct in both,
Even in their promes, as it is a making;
You must not take for fire. For this time Daughter,
Be somewhat fancer of your Maiden prefence;
Set your entremetnats at a higher rate,
Then a command to parley. For Lord Hamilet,
Believe too much in him:that he is young,
And with a larger tethr may he walke,
Then may be gueen upon. In few, Ophelia,
Doe not beleue his vwores:for they are Broakers,
Not of the eye, which their Inveffments show:
But more implorators of vnohty Sutes,
Breathing like fanchified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would not, in plaine termees, from this time forth,
Have you fo flander any moment leifure;
As to giue words or talke with the Lord Hamlet:
Looke tooe, I charge you, come your wayes.

Oph. I shall obey my Lord.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, Marcellus.

Ham. The Ayre bires flourishly: is it very cold?

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager ayre.

Ham. What howre now?

Hor. I thinke it lackes of twelve.

Mar. No, it is three clockes.

(Reason.

Hor. Indeed I heard it not: then it drawed meere the
Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walke.)
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

What does this mean? My Lord? (rue.)

Ham. The King doth wake to night, and takes his
Keepes wafliet and the twageryng ypppring recies,
And as he dreines his draughts of Renfie downe,
The kettie Drum and Trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his Pledge.

Horat. Is it a custom?

Ham. I marry it:
And to my mind, though I am natiue here,
To the manner borne: It is a Custom
More honour'd in the breach, then the observance.

Inter Ghoft.

Hor. Lookke, my Lord, itc comes.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of Grace defend vs
Be thou a Spirit of health, or Gobin damnd,
Bring with thee sweete sighes from Heaven, or blasts from Hell,
Be thy speeches wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speake to thee. He call thet Hamlet,
King, Father, Royall Dane: Oh, oh, answer me,
Let me not burit in Ignorance; but tell
Why thy Cyanzon'd bones Heaferd in death,
Haue burit their cementes, why the Septulcher
Wherein we law thee quickly enter'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and Marble sawes,
To cast thee vp againe? What may this meane?
That thou deseit Coarse againe in compleat steale,
Reuinit thus the gimples of the Moone,
Making Nightes hidious? And we foole of Nature,
So horredly to smake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond thee, theyreaches of our Soules,
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

Ghost hearkens Hamlet.

Hor. It beckons you to give away with it,
As if it some impertinent did deire
To you alone.

Ake. Lookke with what courteous action
It waits you to a more removed ground;
But doe not goe with it.

Hor. No, by no meanes.

Ham. It will not speakere then will I follow it.

Hor. Do not my Lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not; my Life sits pins fee,
And for my Soule, what can it doe to that?
Beinge a thing immortall as it selfe;
It waues me forth against, he follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the Flour my Lord?
Or to the dreadful Sonett of the Cliffe,
That beastes e're his base into the Sea,
And there assumes some other horrible forre,
Which might deprive your Sovereignty of Reafon,
And draw you into madness thinkes of it.

Ham. It waits me still: goe on, lie fellow thee.

Mar. You shall not goe my Lord.

Ham. Hold off your hand.

Mar. But why, then let me goe.

Ham. My executeors cut,
And makes each peny Arrise in this body,
As hardy as the Nemen Liones were:"Still am I cold? Unhand me Gentleman:
By Heau'n, Ile make a Ghost of him that lets me:
I fly away, goe on, lie fellow thee.

Exit Ghost & Hamlet.

Hor. He waues desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow, 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Haue after, to what ifue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the State of Denmarke.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.


Enter Ghoft and Hamlet.

Ham. Where will you lead me? speak: I do go no furt.
Ghoft. Marco me.

Ham. I will.

Ghoft. My hower is almost come,
When I to fulphorous and tormenting Flames
Must render vp my felfe.

Ham. Alas poor Ghoft.

Ghoft. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall vnfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to heare.

Ghoft. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt heare.

Ham. What?

Ghoft. I am thy Fathers Spirit,
Doomed for a certaine terme to walke the night,
And for the day confin'd to fitt in Fiers,
Till the foule crimes done in my daies of Nature
Are burnt and purged away [b] But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my Prison-House;
I could a Tale unfold, whose lightefl word
Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like Stares, flart from their Spheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular hate to fland an end,
Like Quilles upon the freelfull Porcupine:
But this external blaffen must not be
To cares of flesh and blood; lift Hamlet, oh life,
If thou didst ever thy dear FATHER love.

Ham. O Heauen!

Ghoft. Revenge his foule and most vnnatural Murther.

Ham. Murther?

Ghoft. Murther most foule, as in the beft it is;
But this most foule, strange, and vnnatural.

Ham. Hal! hal! me to know it,
That with wings as swifts
As meditation, or the thoughts of Lowe,
May sweepe to my Revenge.

Ghoft. I finde thee apt,
And diller should'st thou be then the fat weede
That rots it like in safe, on Leche Whore,
Would'st thou not firre in this. Now Hamlet heare:
It's given out, that sleeping in mine Orchard,
A Serpent flung me: to the whole care of Denmark,
Is by a forged prooffe of my death
Rankly abus'd: But know thou Noble youth,
The Serpent that did fling thy Fathers life,
Now weares his Crowne.

Ham. O my Prophecieke foule: mine Vnkle?

Ghoft. I hat incessuous, that adulterate Baital
With witchraft of his wife, hath Traitorous guifs,
Oh wicked Wif, and Gifts, that hawe the power
So to seduce? Won to to this shamefull Luft
The Will of my most cheesing verune Queene:
Oh Hamlet, what a falling oh was there,
From me, whose loin was ot that dignity,
That it went hand in hand, even with the Vow
I made to hie in Marriagge, and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose Natural gifts were poure
To those of mine. But Vertue, as itter will be moued,
Though Lewdnesse court it in a shape of Heauen:
So Luft, though to a radiant Angell link'd,
Will face it felle in a Celeflialbed, & prey on Garbage.

O o
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

But oft, me thinkes I sent the Mornings Ayre;
Briefe, let me be: Sleeping within mine Orchard,
My contente alwayes in the afternoon;
Upon my secure howe the Vnkle stole
With iuyce of curfed Hebenon in a Viole,
And in the Parches of mine cares did poore
The leaperous Diliments; whole effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of Man,
That swift as Quick-fittre, it courseth through
The natural Gates and Allies of the Body;
And with a sodaine vigour doth poos:
And curd, like Ayyre droppings into Milke,
The thin and wholisme blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant Tetter bak'd about,
Most Lazar-like, with ville and loathsome crust,
All my smooth Body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a Brothers hand,
Of Life, of Crowne, and Queene as once dispatcht;
Cutt off euens in the Blossomes of my Sinne,
Vnhouzled, diispointed, vnamel,
No reckoning made, but fent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head;
Oh horrible, Oh horrible, most horrible:
If thou hast nature in thee beare it not;
Let not the Royall Bed of Denmark be
A Couch for Luxury and damned Inceft,
But howe soever thou pursueth this Act,
Taint not thy mind; nor let thy Soule contrive
Against thy Mother ought; leave her to heauen,
And to those Thrones that in her bonede lodge,
To pricke and fling her. Fate thee well at once;
The Glow-worms howes the Maritime to be neere,
And gins to pale his vnfectuall Fire:
Adue, adue, Hamlet: remember me. Exit.
Ham. Oh all you holt of heauen! Oh Earth;what els?
And shal I couple Hell? O hie: hold my heart;
And you my shames, grow not instant Old;
But beare me filfely vp. Remember thee?
I thou poore ghost, while memory holds a faste
In this distracted Globe? Remember thee?
Yes, from the Table of my Memory,
Ie wipe away all trusilp fond Records,
All faves of Bookses, all formes, all provises paft,
That youth and observation coppied there;
And shely Commandment all alone shal live
Within the Booke and Volume of my Braine,
Vnbomast with better matter; yes, yes, by Heauen:
Oh most penticious woman!
Oh Villaine, Villaine, smilling damned Villaine!
My Tables, my Tables; meet it is I let it downe,
That one may smile, and smille and be a Villaine;
At lift I am sure it may be so in Denmark;
So Vnkle there you are: now to my word;
It is: Adue, Adue, Remember me: I beare sworne.
Hor. & Mar,without. My Lord, my Lord,
Adue Horatio and Marsillus.
Mar. Lord Hamlet.
Hor. Heauen fcrue him.
Mar. So be it.
Hor. Hie, hie, ho, ho, my Lord.
Ham. Hie, hie, ho, ho, boys, come bird, come.
Mar. Howe shall my Noble Lord?
Hor. What newes, my Lord?
Ham. Oh wonderfull!
Hor. Good my Lord telle it.
Ham. No you reseale it.
Hor. Not I, my Lord, by Heauen.
Mar. Nor I, my Lord.
Ham. How say you then, would heart of man once
But youl be secret?
Both. I, by Heau'n, my Lord.
Ham. There's nere a villain dwelling in all Denmark
But hee's an arrant knave.
Hor. There needs no Ghost my Lord, come from the
Graue, to tell vs this.
Ham. Why right, you, are i'th'Right;
And io, without more circumsstance at all,
I hold it fit that we thake hands, and part:
You, as your busines and desires shall point you:
For every man ha's businesse and desire,
Such as it is: and for mine owne poore part,
Looke you, Ie goe pray.
Hor. These are but wild and hurling words, my Lord,
Ham. I' merry they offend you heartily:
Yes faith, heartily.
Hor. There's no offence my Lord.
Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is my Lord,
And much offence too, touching this Vision heere:
It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is betweene vs,
O remarke'st as you may. And now good friends,
As you are Friends, Schollers and Soldiers,
Give me some poore requet.
Hor. What's my Lord? we will,
Ham. Neuer make known what you have seen to night.
Both. My Lord, we will no.
Ham. Nay, but swethe.
Hor. Infaith my Lord, not I.
Mar. Nor I my Lord: in faith.
Ham. Vpon my word.
Marcell. We have sworn my Lord already.
Ham. Indeed, vpon my word. Indeed.
Gho. Swere.
Gho. Swere.
Gho. Swere.
Ham. Hie & quiere? Then wee'll shift for ground,
Come either Gentleman,
And lay your hands against vpon my word.
Neuer to speake of this that you have seen.
Swere by my word.
Gho. Swere.
Ham. Hie & quiere? Then wee'll shift for ground,
Come either Gentleman,
And lay your hands against vpon my word.
Neuer to speake of this that you have heard:
Swere by my word.
Gho. Swere.
Ham. Wll I padd old Mole, can't works it? ground to
A worthy Phoner, once more remoore good friends.
Hor. Oh day and night; but this is wondrous strange.
Ham. And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome.
There are more things in Heauen and earth, Horatio,
Then are dreamt of in our Philosophy: But come,
Here as before, neuer so helpe you mercy,
How strange or odde to me I bear my selfe;
(As I percresse heresafter shall thinke meete)
To put an Antick disposition on:
That you at such time seeing me, never shall
With Armes encombered thus, or thus, head shake;
Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull Phrasle;
As well, we know, or we could if we would,
Or if we lift to speake or there be and if there might,
Or such ambiguous giving out to note,
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

That you know ought of me; this not to doe:
So grace and mercy at you most neede help you you;
Sware.

God, Sware.

Hem. Reft, reft perturbed Spirit: so Gentlemen,
With all my loue I doe commend me to you;
And what tho poore a man as Hamlet is,
May doe express his loue and friendyng to you,
God willing shal not lacke: let vs goe in together,
And still your fingers on your lippes I pray,
The time is out of ioynt: Oh cursed flight,
That euer I was borne to set it right,
Nay, come let's goe together.  

Enter Polonius and Reynaldo.

Polon. Give him his money, and these notes Reynaldo. 

Reynol. I will my Lord.

Polon. You shall doe matters wisely; good Reynaldo,
Before you visite him you make inquiry
Of his behavour.

Reynol. My Lord, I did intent it.

Polon. Marry, well said; 
Very well said. Looke you Sir,
Enquire me first what Danesker are in Paris;
And how, and how what means; and where they keepe:
What company, at what expence: and finding
By this encompaffment and drift of question,
That they doe know my sonne: Come you more neater
Then your particular demands will touch it,
Take you as were some distant knowledge of him,
And thus I know his father and his friends,
And in that he. Doe you mark this Reynaldo?
Reynol. I, very well my Lord.

Polon. And in part him, but you may say not well;
But if it be he I mean, hee very wilde;
Addicted to and so, and there put on him
What forgetr'd you pleases marry, none so rank;
As may dishonour him: take heed of that:
But Sir, such wanton, wild, and visuell flippes,
Are companions noted and most knowne
To youth and liberty.

Reynol. As gaming my Lord.

Reynol. I, or drinking, tencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing. You may goe so farre.

Reynol. My Lord that would dishonour him.

Polon. Faith no, as you may feaon it in the charge;
You must not put another (saddall on him,
That hee is open to Incontinent;
That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults so quaintly;
That they may seeme the taints of liberty;
The flash and out-brake of a fiery minde,
A faunage in unclaim'd bloud of general assault.
Reynol. But thy good Lord.

Polon. Wherefore should you doe this?
Reynol. I my Lord, I would know that,
Polon. Marry Sir, heere's my drift,
And I believe it is a fetch of warme:
You laying these flights fulleyes on my Sonne,
As twoeare a thing a little soil'd riel working: (found
Marke you your party in concert; him you would
Standing on your scene. In the prenominate crimes,

The youth you breathe of guilty, he affir'd
He cloes with you in this confequence;
Good fit, or for friend, or Gentleman.
According to the Phraze and the Addition,
Of man and Country.

Reynol. Very good my Lord.

Polon. And then Sir does he this?
He does: what was I about to say?
I was about to say something: where did I leave?

Reynol. At cloes in the confequence:
At friend, or foe, and Gentleman.

Polon. At cloes in the confequence, I marry,
He cloes with you thus. I know the Gentleman,
I saw him yesterday, or tocher day:
O. then or then, with fuch and fuch; and as you say,
There was he gaming, there of retco in's Rout;
There falling out at Tennis; or perchance,
I saw him enter fuch a house of fale;
Veild leer, a Brothel, or fo forth. See you now;
Your bairt of filthhood, takes this Cape of touch;
And thus doe we of late doone and of testch
With windleffe, and with affilies of fizes,
By indirections finde directions out:
So by my former Lecture and advice
Shall you my Sonny you haue me, haue you not?

Reynol. My Lord I haue.

Polon. God buy you: fare you well.

Reynol. Good my Lord.

Polon. Observe his inclination in your selfe;
Reynol. I shall my Lord,

Polon. And let him ply his Mufcke.

Reynol. Well, my Lord Exit.

Enter Ophelia. 

Ophel. Farewell;

Now how Ophelia, what's this mater?

Ophel. Alas my Lord, I have been so affrighted.

Polon. With what, in the name of Heaven?

Ophel. My Lord, as I was fowling in my Chamber,
Lord Hamlet with his doublet al vibrac'd,
No harp upon his head, his fcockings foule,
Voguered, and downe propped to his Ankle,
Pale as his flir, his knees knocking to each other,
And with a looke so pitious in purport,
As if he had been look'd out of hell,
To speake of horrors: he comes before me.

Polon. Mad for thy Love?

Ophel. My Lord, if I do not know: but truly I do feare it.

Polon. What said he?

Ophel. He took me by the wrift, and he'd me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his armes,
And with his other hand thus of his brow,
He falls to fuch perfull of my face,
As he would draw it. Long said he to,
At last, a little flinking of mine Artre:
And thrice his head thus waving, vp and downe;
He rais'd a high, so pious and profound,
That it did seeme to shatter all his bulke,
And end his being, That done, he lets me goe,
And with his head over his shoulders cur'd,
He seem'd to finde his way without his eye,
For our aduers he went without their help;
And to the last, beam'd their light on me.

Polon. Goe with me, I will goe seeke the King,
This is the very exstace of Loue;
Whole violent property foredoes it selfe,
And leads the will to desperate Undertakings,
As of as any passion under Heaven,
That does affh to our Natures. I am sorrie,
What have you given him any hard words of late?
Opus. No my good Lord: but as you did command,
I did repel his Letters, and deny'd
His access to me.
Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorrie that with better speed and judgement
I had not quoted him. I feare he did use triffe,
And meant to traua thee: but before my resolue:
It feemes it is as proper to our Age,
To cast beyond our felues in our Opinions,
As is common for the younger fort
To lacke discretion. Come, go we to the King,
This must be knowne, & being kept clofe might move
More greffe to hide, than hate to vster loue. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Queene, Rosencranz, and Guilden
Stowe Causally.

King. Welcome dere Rosencranz and Guildenstowe.
Moreover, that we much did long to see you,
The neede we have to vfe you, did provok
Our haste fending. Something have you heard
Of Hamletts transformation so I call it,
Since not th'exteriour, nor the inward man
Reembles 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 intreat you both,
That being of so young dayes brought vp with him:
And fince to Neighbour'd to his youth, and humour,
That you wouchsafe your refte here in our Court
Some little time: so by your Companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
So much as from Occasions you may glean,
That open'd lies within our remedie.
Qu. Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,
And fure I am, two men there are not luming,
To whom he more aheres. If this wil pleafe you
To liew 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 Visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a King's remembrance.
Rosn. Both your Majesties
Might by the Sovereigne power you have of vs,
Put your dread pleasurs, more into Command
Then to Entretaine.

Guli. We both ac'cry,
And here give vp our feares, in the full bene,
To lay our Services freely at your feete,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks Rosencranz, and gentle Guildenstowe.
Guli. Thanks Guildenstowe and gentle Rosencranz.
And I besuch you instantly to vifit
My too much changed Sonne.
Gosome of ye,
And bring the Gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guli. Heauens make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpful to him.

Exit.
Mad let us grant him then; and now remains
That we finde out the caufe of this effect,
Or rather say, the caufe of this defect;
For this effect detective, comes by caufe,
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus. Perpend,
I have a daughter thau, whilc it is mine,
Who in her Daunce and Obedience marke,
Hath given this me: now gather, and furmise.

The Letter.

To the Celestiall,and my Souls Idol, the most beautifull O-
phelia.

That's an ill Phrase, a vile Phrase, beautified is a vile
Phrase: but you shall hear the in her excellent white
bolonie, thefe.

Qu. Came this from Hamlet to her.

Pol. Good Madam flaw a while, I will be faithfull.

Dans, that the, the Stars are fire,
Dans, that the Sunne doth move :
Dans Truths to be a Law,
But neuer Doubt, I love.

O deere Ophelia, I amil as these Numbers: I have not Art to
reckon my graces; but that I love the best, oh most Beft be-
etween it.

Adieu,

Those even more deere Lady, whilft this
Mocke me to him, Hamlet.

This in Obedience hath my daughter shew'd me:
And more aboue hath his folliciting,
As they fell out by Time, by Meane, and Place,
All giv'n to mine care.

King. But how hath the receiv'd this Loue?
Pol. What do you thinke of me?
King. A good man, faithfull and Honourable.
Pol. I wold faine prove fo. But what might you think?
When I had scene this hot loue on the wing,
As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that
Before my Daughter told me what might you
Or my deere Mafter your Queene here, think,
If I had play'd the Deser or Table-booke,
Or giv'n my heart a winking, mute and dumb,
Or look'd upon this Loue, with idle fight,
What might you thinke? No, I went round to workes,
And (my yong Miftris)thus I did bespeak
Lord Hamlet is a Prince out of thy Starre,
This mull not be; and then, I Precepts gau'e her,
That she should look her felle from his Retort,
Admit no Meflengers, receive no Tokens:
Which done, the tooke the Fruites of my Advice,
And he repuls'd A short Tale to make,
Fell into a Safe felle, then into a Fall,
Then to a Watch, thence to a Weaknefe,
Then to a Lightnefe, and by this declention
Into the Madnefe whereon now he rau'es,
And all we wait for.

King. Do you thinke 'tis this?
Qu. It may be very likelie.

Pol. Hath there bene such a time, I de fin know that,
That I have posililie faid, 'tis fo,
When it prou'd otherwife?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this; if this be otherwise,
If C:ircumstances leade me, I will finde
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
Within the Center.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know sometimes
He walkes four hours together, heere

In the Lobby.

Qu. So he ha's indeed.

Pol. At such a time He looke my Daughter to him,
Be you and I behinde an Arras then,
Mark the encounter: If he loue her not,
And be not from his Resoun faine thereon;
Let me be no Aflillent for a State,
And keepe a Farne and Catter.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet reading on a Book.

Qu. But lookke where fidly the poore wretch
Comes reading,

Pol. Away I do beseech you, both away,
I'ck bord him presently.

Elain. Well, God a mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my Lord?

Ham. Excellent, excellent well: y'area Fysmonger.

Pol. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man,
Pol. Honest, my Lord?

Ham. I fir, to be honest as this world goes, is to bee
One man pick'd out of two thousand.'

Pol. That's very true my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sun bene Magots in a dead dogge,
Being a good killing Carrion

Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i'th'Sune: Conception is a
blesting, but not as your daughter may conceive.
Friend lookke too much.

Pol. How say you by that? Still harping on my daugh-
ter yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a Fysmonger:
he is faire gone, faire gone: and truly in my youth,
I suffred much extremity for loue: very nere this. He
speake to him againe. What do you read my Lord?

Pol. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my Lord?

Ham. Betweene who?

Pol. I mean the matter you mean, my Lord.

Lond. Slanders Sir: for the Satyricall blufhes here,
that old men have gray Beards; that their faces are won-
kled; their eyes purging thicke Amber, or Plum-Tree
Gummer: and that they have a plentiful \(\text{in}\)ke of Wit,
together with weakke Hammes. All which Sir, thought I
most powerfully, and presently beleue: yet I holde not Honoficie to have it thus for done:
For you your felle Sir, should be old as I am, if he a Crab you could
go backward.

Pol. Though this be madnesc, Yet there is Method in's: will you walke
Out of the are my Lor?'

Ham. Into my Groue?

Pol. Indeed, that is out of h'Are.

How pregnant (sometimes) his Replies are?

A happinefe, That often Madnesse bites on, Which Reason and Sanitie could not
So prosperously be deliver'd of.
I will leave him,
And sodainely contrite the means of meeting
Betweene him, and my daughter.
My Honourable Lord, I will most humbly
Take my leave of you.
Ham. You cannot Sir take from me anything, that I will more willingly part withall, except my life, my life.

Polon. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fooleries.

Polon. You goe to seeke my Lord Hamlet; there hee is.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Rosn. God save you Sir.

Guil. Mine honour'd Lord?

Rosn. My most deare Lord?

Ham. My excellent good friends? How doe'th thou?

Guildenstern. Oh, Rosencrantz, good Lads: How doe ye both?

Rosn. As the indifferent Children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not ever-happy: on Fortunes Cap, we are not the very Button.

Ham. Nor the Soakes of her Shoos?

Rosn. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you lye about her waife, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil. Faith, her privates, we.

Ham. In the seceret parts of Fortune? Oh, most true: she is a Steampet. What's the newes?

Rosn. None my Lord; but that the World's grown honeft.

Ham. Then is Domesday neere: But your newes is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you my good friends, deferred at the hands of Fortune, that the lends you to Prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my Lord?

Ham. Denmark's a Prison.

Rosn. Then is the World one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many Confines, Wards, and Dungeons; Denmark being one or' other.

Rosn. We thinkie not so my Lord.

Ham. Why then'tis none to you? for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Rosn. 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.

Guil. Which dreams indeed are Ambition: for the most part of the Ambitious, is merely the shadow of a Dreame.

Ham. A dreame i'tis false but a shadow.

Rosn. Truly, and I hold Ambition of so ayrry and light a quality; that it is but a shadowes shadow.

Ham. Then are our Beggars bodys; and our Monarchs and out-stretcht Heroes the Beggars Shadowes: shall we to th'Court? for, by my lea I cannot reason?

[Exit Rosencrantz.

[Thick sall wait upon you.

Ham. No fuch matter. I will not fort you with the rest of my tenants: for to speake to you like an honest man: I am most dreadfully attended; but in the best way of friendship. What make you at Elfnemere?

Rosn. To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am enoue prooe in thankes; but I thanke you: and fure deare friends my thanks are too deare a halfe-penny; were you not fent for? Is it your owne inclining? Is it a free vification? Come,

deale iutely with me: come, come, may [speak.

Guil. What should we say my Lord?

Ham. Why any thing. But to the purpose; you were fent for; and there is a kinde confection in your looks; which your modeties have not craft enough to color; I know the good King & Queens haue fent for you.

Rosn. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me: let me mee coniure you by the rights of our fellowship,by the conlonacy of our youth,by the Obligation of our euer-prefered love, and by what more deare, a better proposer could charge you withall; be enuie and direct with me, whether you were fent for or no.

Rosn. What say you?

Ham. Nay then I have an eye of you; if you love me hold not off.

Guil. My Lord, we were fent for,

Ham. I will tell you why: so shall my anticipation prevent your disconoyure of your secrete to the King and Queene:mout no feather, I haue of late, but wherefore I know not, loft all my mirth, forgone all enuie of exerçice; and indeed, it goes so heavenly with my disposiçion: that this goode frame from the Earth, I lesse to me a ster- rill Promontory; this most excellent Canopy the Ayre, looke, this brave ore-hanging, this Majestical Rooffe, fretted with golden fire: why, it appears no other thing to me, then a foule and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of worke is a man! how Noble in Reafon? how infinite in faculty? in forme and moving: how express and admirable! in Action, how like an Angel? in apprehension, how like a God? the beauty of the world, the Parragon of Animals; and yet to me, what is this Quinteince of Dust? Man delights not me: no, nor Woman neither; though by your finding you esteem to say so.

Rosn. My Lord, there was no such stuffe in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I said, Man delights not me?

Rosn. To thinke, my Lord, if you delight not in Man, what Lenton entertainement the Players shall receive from you: wee coasted them on the way, and Ither are they comming so offer you Service.

Ham. He that plays the King shall be welcome; his Majestie shall have Tribute of me: the aduenturous Knight shal ve his Fovle and Target: the Louter shall not figh gratis, the humorous man shall end his part in peace: the Clowne shall make thofe laugh without shame: are tickled a'th'fere: and the Lady shall say her minde freely; or the blanke Vertue shall half for: what Players are they?

Rosn. Even though you were wont to take, delight in the Tragedians of the City.

Ham. How chances it they trauaile? their reidence both in reputation and profe was better both ways.

Rosn. I thinke their Inhibition comes by the means of the late Innovacion?

Ham. Doe they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the Citie? Are they to follow'd?

Rosn. No indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? doe they grow rustie?

Rosn. Nay, their endeauour keepe in the wonted pace; But there is Sir an syrie of Children, little Yales, that crye out on the top of question; and are most tyrannically clapt for't: these are now the falli-
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Hath, and to be-rated the common Stages (to they call them) that many hunting Rapiers, are afraid of Goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What are they Children? Who maintain 'em?

How are theyajected? Will they pursue the Quality no longer then they can sing? Will they not lay afterwards if they should grow themselves to common Players (as it is like molt if their means are no better) their Writers do them wrong, to make them exalt in against their owne Succession.

Ref. Faith there ha's bene much to do on both sides: and the Nation holds it no finer, to tarne them to Contrafetce. There was for a while, no mony bid for argument, where the Poet and the Player went to Cutifs in the Question.

Ham. Is it possible?

Coul'd. Oh there ha's beene much thriving about of Actors.

Ham. Do the Boys carry it away?

Ref. But that they do myLord, Hercules & his load too.

Ham. It is not strange: for mine Vrckle is King of Denmarke, and those that would make moves at him while my Father lived: give twice, forty, an hundred Ducates a piece, for his picture in Little. There is something in this more then NaturalI, if Philosophie could finde it out.

I lament for the Players.

God. There are the Players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Eflamour: your hands, come: The apperthement of Welcome, is Paffion and Ceremony. Let me comply with you in the Garbe, left my extent to the Players (which you tell me will fliew fairly outward) should more appear like entertainment then yours. You are welcome: but my Vrckle Father, and Aunt Mother are decei'd.

God. In what my deere Lord?

Ham. I am but mad North, North-Well: when the Winde is Southerly, I know a Hawk from a Handaw. Enter Polonio.

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.

Ham. Hearke you Garlandfurne, and you too: at each ease a hearer: that great Baby you see there, is not yet out of his flewing clouts.

Ref. Happily he's the second time come to them: for they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will Prophefte, Hee comes to tell me of the Players. Mark it, you say right Sir: for a Monday morrow twas fo indeed.

Pol. My Lord, I have Newes to tell you.

Ham. My Lord, I have Newes to tell you, When Rosfius an Actor in Rome—

Pol. The Actors are come hither my Lord,

Ham. Buzze, buzze.

Pol. Vpon mine Honor.

Ham. Then can each Actor on his Affe—

Polon. The best Actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedie, Historie, pastoral: Pasforiall: Pastoriall: Pastoriall: Pastoriall: Pastoriall: Scene indible, or Poem unimited: Seneca cannot be too heasy, nor Plautus too light, for the law of Writ, and the Liberty. These are the only men.

Ham. O leptha Judge of Israel, what a Treasure had't thou?

Pol. What a Treasure had he, my Lord?

Ham. Why one faire Daughter, and no more, The which he loud pafing well.

Pol. Stull on my Daughter.

Ham. Am I not t'right old Ieptha?

Polon. If you call me leptha my Lord, I have a daughter that I lose pafing well.

Ham. Nay that followes not.

Polon. What followes then, my Lord?

Ham. Why, As by late, God wot: and then you know, It came to pofle, as most likely it was: The first towre of the Pena Chafen will they you more. For lookes where my Abridgements come.

Enter foure or five Players.

Y'are welcome Muffles, welcome all. I am glad to see you well: Welcome good Friends, O my olde Friend? Thy face is valiant since I saw thee last: Com fit thou to hear me in Denmarke? What, my yong Lady and Mistis? Byrldisy your Ladisfip is neeter Henuen then when I saw you laft, by the altitude of a Chippine. Pray God! your voice like a peec of vuccrunt Gold be not chack'd within the ring. Maffers, you are all welcome: we'll e the to like French Pauconers, fte at any thing we see: we'll have a Speech ftraight. Come guie vs a tail of your quality: come, a paffionate speech.

1. Play. What speech, my Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speake a speech once, but it was never Acket: or if it was not above once, for the Play I remember pleas'd not the Million, 'twas Canarie to the Generall: but it was (as I receiue it, and others, whose judgement in such matters, cried in the top of mine) an excellent Play: well diggell in the Scences, set downe with as much nobleline, as cunning. I remember one feld there was no Sallets in the lines, to make the matter fatory: nor no matter in the phrafe, that might indite the Author of affidavit, but cal'd it an heft method. One cherefe Speech in it, I cherefe loud, 'twas Excalis Tale to Pide, and thereabout of it especially, where he fpeakes of Priaus daughter. If he live in your memory, begyn at this Line, let me fee, let me fee: The rugged Pyrrhus be thy Hyrcanian Beaf. It is not for: it begins with Pyrrhus. The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose Sable Armes Blacke as his purpose, did the night reforbe When he lay couched in the Curious Horfe, Hath now this dread and blacke Complexion fineter'd With Hereldry more damal: Head to foore Now is he to take Geules, horridly Trick'd With blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sonsces, Bsh'd and impaffed with the parching streets, That lend a tyrannous, and dammed light To their wide Mushers, refaulted in wrath and fire, And thus o're fixt with coagulate gore, VWith eyes like Carbuncles, the hellifh Pyrrhus Old Grandfiair Pyram feekes.

Pol. Fare God, my Lord, well spoken, with good accent, and good diuertion.

2. Play. He finds him.

Striking too fior as Greek, his anticke Sword, Rebellious to his Armes, eyes where it falls Repugnant to command: vuequet matich, Pyrrhus at Pyrrhus dines, in Rage strikes wide: But with the whiffe and wind of his feel Sword, Th'mmered Father falls. Then fenecefls Illion, Seeming to felle his blow, with flaming top Stopec to his Bace, and with a hudeous craft Takes Prisoner Pyrrhus care. For loe, his Sword Which was declining on the Milke head Of Reuerend Prymus, feem'd i'th' Ayre to fliek:
So as a painted Tyrant Pyrrhus stood,
And like a Newtroll to his will and matter, did nothing.
But as we often see against some Horne,
A fire in the Heauens, the Racket stand still,
The bold winds speachlesly, and the Orbe below
As hith as death: Anon the dreadd Thunder
Doth rend the Region. So after Pyrrhus paue,
A ro vied Vengeance fets his new a-woke,
And never did the Cyclops hammers fall
On Mars his Armour, for'd for proose Eterne,
With lefts remore the now Pyrrhus bleeding Sword
Now tales on Priam.
Out, out, thou Strumpet-Fortune, all you Gods,
In generall Synod take away her power:
Beake all the Spokes and Fallies from her wheel,
And boule the round Naue downe the hilt of Heauen,
As lowe as to the Fiends.
Pol. This is too long.
Ham. It shall to't Barbars, with your beard. Pry-
thee fay on: He's for a Tlage,or a tale of Baudry, or thee
sleepes. Say on; come to Heuca.
1. Play. But who, O who, had seen the inobled Queen.
Ham. The inobled Queene?
Pol. That's good: Inobled Queenes is good.
2. Play. Run bare-foot vp and downe,
Threatning the flame
With Biffon Rhenne: A clout about that head,
Where late the Diadem Bood, and for a Robe
About her lanke and all ore-timed I ones.
A blanket in the 'Alarum of fcare caught vp.
Who this had scene, with tongue in Veneome sleep'd,
'Gam! Fortunes State, would Treason have pronounc'd!
But if the Gods themselves did see her then,
When the isw Pyrrhus make malicions sport
In mincing with his Sword her Husbandes limbs,
The instant Burst of Clamour that fcare first
(Volfess things mortall monte them not at all)
Would have made milche the Burning eyes of Heauen,
And passion in the Gods.
Pol. Looke where he's ha not turn'd his colour, and
ha's tears in't eyes. Pray you no more.
Ham. 'Tis well, I haue thee speake out the left,
foone. Good my Lord, will you fee the Players wel be-
flow'd. Do ye hear, let them be well vs'd: for they are
the Abitraets and brieve Chronicles of the time. After
your death, you were better have a bad Epithaph, then
their ill report while you luyed.
Pol. My Lord, I will vfe them according to their
dift.
Ham. Gods bodykins man, better. Vfe everie man
after his dift, and who should scape vphiping: vfe
them after your own Honor and Dignity. The leffe they
defere, the more meritt is in your bountie. Take them
in.
Pol. Come fifs.
Ham. Follow him Friend; we'll heare a play to mor-
row. Doft thou heare me old Friend, can you play the
mother of Gomage?
Play. I my Lord.
Ham. Weel that's to morrow night. You could for a
need study a speche of some dofen or fixtene lines, which
I would set downe, and infert in't? Could ye not?
Play. I my Lord.
Ham. Very well. Follow that Lord, and looke you
mock him not. My good Friends, Ile leau ye til night
you are welcome to Elsowover?

Rofn. Good my Lord.
Exeunt.
Ham. I go, God buy ye: Now I am alone.
Oh what a Regue and Pelant flue am I?
Is it not monstefous that this Player heare,
But in a Fixion, in a dreame of Paffion.
Could force his foule fo to his whole conceit,
That from her working, all his vifage warm'd;
Tears in his eyes, diftraction in's Afeect.
A broken voyce, and his whole Function fting
With Formes, to his Conceit? And all for nothing?
For Heuca?
What's Heuca to him, or he to Heuca,
That he shold wepe for her? What would he doe,
Had he the Metie and the Cue for passion?
That I haue? He would drowne the Stage with tears,
And clese the generall care vith borrid speech:
Mak mad the guilty, and spale the fere,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,
The very faculte of Eyes and Eares Yet i,
A dull and muddy-ncted Raifealle,peake
Like John s-dreames, unpregnant of my caufe,
And can say nothing: No, not for a King,
Vpon whole property, and molt decrea life,
A dam'd dilettate was made. Am I a Cowerd?
Who calles me Villaine? breaks my pate a-croffe?
Pluckes off my Beard, and blowes it in my face;
Tweakes me by the Nofe? gives me the Lye in't Throatte,
As deepe as to the Lungs? Who does me this?
Hai? Why I should take it: fo it cannot be,
But I am P. geon-Luder'd, and Jacke Gill
To make Oppreffion bitter, or ere this,
I shound have fatted all the Region Kites
With this Slaues Offall, bloddy: a Bawdy villaine,
Remorfelesse, Freccherous, Lercereous, kindles villaine!
Oh Vengeance!
Who? What an Afe am I? I fear, this is moft brave,
That I, the Sonne of the Deere murthered,
Prompted to my Revenge by Heauen, and Hell,
Mul(e like a Whore) vnpacke my heart with words,
And fall a Curving like a very Drab,
I haue heard, that gutsy Creatures fitting at a Play,
Haue by the very cunning of the Scene,
Bene brooke to fo the foules, that pretently
They haue proclam'd their Maleficions.
For Murther, though I haue no tongue, will speake
With moft myraculous Organ. Ile hane these Players,
Play something like the murther of my Father,
Before mine Virkle. He obserue his lookes,
He sent him to the quacke: Ilke but blench
I know my courtie. The Spirit that I haue frene
May be the D. Nell, and the Diuel hath power
T'allime apleasing shape, yea and perhaps
Out of my Weakeffe, and my Melancholy,
As he is very potente with fuch Spirits,
Abufes me to damaone. Ilke have ground
More Relatius then this: The Play's the thing,
Wherein Ile catch the Confeience of the King.

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Re-
fonance, Guiltlern, and Lords.

King. And can you by no drift of circumstance
Get from him why he puts on this Confusion:
Grating to harkly all his dayes of quiet

With
Exeunt.

Hope, well, well, well.

Of his And That To That Will fobdow
We 'Tis Then The Whether The Roofin. Rohin. Rejin. Pol. Pol. heare both
Ham. heauie to more too will diuell pious Slings him.


Whether to take Armes 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 Naturliall flocks

That Fiefh is heyre too? 'Tis a consumnation Desoultly to be with'd. To dye to sleepe, To sleepe, perchance to Dreeame; I, there's the rub, For in that sleepe of death, what dreams may come, When we have shuffled'd off this mortall coile, Must glue vs pawle. There's the reftpect That makes Calomy of fo long life : For who would bear the Whips and Scornes of time, The Oppreffors wrongs, the poore mans Comutyly, The pangs of diquip'd Loue, the Lawes delay, The inflencio of Office, and the Spurnes That patient merit of the wuorthye takes, When he himselfe might his Quetta make

With a bare Bodkin? Who would these Fardles beare To grunt and sweate under a wearey Life,
But that the dread of something after death, The vndicovered Countrie, from whose Borne No Traveller returnes, Purceis the will, And makes vs rather beare thefe illes we haue, Then flye to others that we know not of. Thus Conffience does make Cowards of vs all,

And thus the Native hew of Resolution Is sicklied o'er, with the pale caft of Thought, And enterprizes of great pith and moment, With this regard their Currants tane wayne, And loofe the name of Action. Soft you now, The faire Ophelia? Nimphi, in thy Orions

Re all my hannes remembred,

Oph. Good my Lord,

How does your Honor for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you: well, well, well.

Oph. My Lord, I haue Remembrances of yours, That I have longed long to re-deliver.

I pray you now, receiue them.

Ham. No, no, I never gaue you ought.

Oph. My honor'd Lord, I know right well you did, And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd, As made the things more rich, then perfume let:

Take these againe, for to the Noble minde Rich gifts wax poore, when guers proue vnderkinde.

There my Lord.

Ham. Ha,ha: Are you honefl? Oph. My Lord, Ham. Are you faire?

Oph. What meanes your Lordship?

Ham. That if you be honeft and faire, your Honesty I do admitt no dircouer te your Beautie.

Oph. Could Beautie my Lord, have better Comerce then your Honetie?

Ham, y trule: for the power of Beautie, will sooner transforme Honetie from what it is, to a Bawd. then the force of Honetie can translate Beautie into his likenete. This was sometime a Paradox, but now the time giues it poore. I did loue you once.

Oph. Indeed my Lord, you made me bellece fo.

Ham. You should not haue beleued me. For vntreute cannot so inoculat our old flockes, but we shall relish of it. I loued you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get the to a Nunnerie. Why wouldst thou be a breeder of Sinners? I am my felc midfferent honeft, but yet I could acceffe: me of such things that it were bet-ter my Mother had not borne me. I am very proud, re-vengefull, Ambitious, with more offenences at my becke, then I have thoughts to put them in imagination, to give them fpase, or time to acte them in. What should Iuch

Fei.
Fellowes as I do, crawling between Heaven and Earth.
We are arrant Knaves all, believe none of vs. 
Goe thy wayes to a Nursey. Where's your Father?

Ophe. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be shut upon him, that he may
play the Foolo no way, but in owne house. Farewell.

Ophe. O helpe him, you sweet Heauens.

Ham. If thou dost Marry, He give thee this Plague
for thy Downie. Be thou as chau as Lee, as pure as Snow,
that thou shalt not crave Caluny. Get thee to a Nursey.
Go, Farewell. Or if thou wilt needs Marry, marry a fool:
For wise men know well enough, what moniters you make
of them. To a Nursey go, and quickly too. Farewell.

Ophe. O heavenly Powers, refore him.

Ham. I haue heard of your prattlings too well enough.
God has given you one pace, and you make your selfe an-
other: you judge, you amble, and you live, and nickname
Gods creatures, and make your Wantonnesse, your Ign-
ornance. Go too, lie no more on't, it hath made me mad, 
I say, we will have no more Marriages. Tho'late that are
married already, all but one shall live, the rest shall keep
as they are. To a Nursey go. 

Exit Hamlet.

Ophe. O what a Noble mundo is here o're-throwned.
The Courtiers, Soldiers, Schollers, Eye, tongue, sword, 
The prudens and Role of the faire State,
The glasse of Fasion, and the mould of Forme,
This bless'd, and of all Obfervers, quite, quite done.
Haste 1 of Ladies most deject and wretched,
That lack'd the Honie of his Muficke Vowes:
Now see that Noble, and most Soueraigne Reason,
Like sweet. Beis tangled out of tune, and harth,
That vnmatch'd Forome and Feature of blowne yOUTH,
Blasted with exaite. Oh wo'e is me,
'Thau ende what I haue seen: see what I Lee.

Enter King, and Polonius.

King. Love? His affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd Forme a little,
Was not like Madneffe. There's something in his foule:
O're which his Melancholy fis on brood,
And I do doubt the hatch, and the diffcle.
Will be some danger, which to prevent
I shall in quicke determination,
Thus let it done. He shall with speed to England
For the demand of our neglected Tribute:
Hapy the Seas and Countries different
With variable Obiects, shall expell
This something fetled matter in his heart:
Whereon his Brains still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himselfe. What thinke you on't?

Pol. It shall do well, But yet do I beleue
The Origin and Commencement of this greffe
Sprung from neglcted louse. How now OPheia?
You neede not tell vs, what Lord Hamlet saides,
We heard it all. My Lord, do as you pleafe,
But if you hold it fit after the Play,
Let his Queene Mother all alone intreat him
To shew his Greefs; let her be round with him,
And lile be plac'd, do pleafe you in the ear
Of all their Conference. If the finde him not,
To England send him: Or confine him where
Your wifedome bell shall thinke.

King. It shall be so:
Madneffe in great Ones, must not unwatch'd go.

Exit.

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the Speech I pray you, as I pronded it
to you trippingly on the Tongue: But if you mouth it,
as many of your Players do, I had as well live the Town-Cryer
had spoke my Lines: Nor do not faw the Ayre too much
your hand thus, but vie all genty: for in the vere Faren-
tent, Temperet, and (as I may say) the White-winde of
Passion, you must acquire and beget a Temperance that
may give it Smoothene. One offends mee to the Soule,
To see a robustious Pery-wig-fellowed, reare a Passi-
on to ratters, to vere ragges, to split the cares of the
Groundings: who (for the most part) are capable of
nothing, but inexplicable dumb f推进e, & noiffe could
have such a fellow whipit for o're-doing Termagant: it
out. Hered's Hered. Pres you avoid it.

Player. I warrant your Honor.

Ham. Be not too tame anyther: but let your owne
Direction be your Tutor. Sute the Action to the Word,
the Word to the Action, with this speciall obseruance:
That you are-rop, is to the model of Nature; for any
thing to over-done, is fro the purpose of Playing, whole
end both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as twer
the Mirror up to Nature; to shew Vertere her owne
Feature, Scorne her owne Image, and the vere Age and
Bodie of the Time, his forme and prejudice.
Now, this over-done, or come tardie off, though itmake the vntivk-
ful laugh, cannot but make the Judicious grieve; The
cenure of the which One, muft in your allowance o're-
way a whole Theater of Others. Oh, there bee Players
That I haue seene Play, and heard others prate, and that
highly (not to speake it propinquit) that neyther having
the accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian Pagans,
or Norman, rau'd so frustred and bellowed, that I haue
thought some of Naures lunacy-men had made men,
and not made them well, they imitated Humanity too ab-
ominably.

Pol. I hope we have reform'd that indifferently with
vs, Sir.

Ham. O reforme it altogether. And let those that
play your Clowns, speake no more then is let done for
them. For there be of them, that will themfelves laugh,
to let on some quantitie of barren Spectators to laugh
too, though in the mean time, from neceesary Quelion
of the Play be then to be consider'd: that's Villatous, &
forces a most putfull Ambition in the Fool that vits it.
Go make you ready.

Exit Players.

Enter Polonius, Rofinante, and Guildensterc.

How now my Lord,
Will the King hear this pece of Workes?
Pol. And the Queene too, and that precitly.
Ham. Bid the Players make haft.

Exit Polonius.

Will you two helpe to haften them?

Bath. We will my Lord.

Ham. Enter Horatio.

Ham. What ha, Horatio?

Hor. Heere sweet Lord, at your Seruice.
Ham. Horatio, thou art cene as iift a man
As ever my conversation cou'd withall.
Hor. O my deere Lord,

Ham. Nay, do not thinke I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no Reuenne hath, but thy good spirits
To feed & cloath thee why shold the poor be flatterd? No, let the CANDID tongue, like asfard pompe, And crooke the proude Hugines of the knee, Where shhet may follow faning? Do'th thou heare, Since my deere Soule was Miftris of my choyse, And cou'd of men did guift, her election Hath feald thee for her rele. For thou haft bene As one in sufferings all, that sufiers nothing. A man that Fortune busses, andrews Has't tane with equal Thanks. And blesst are those, Whose Blood and Judgement are as well contouled. That are not a pipe for Fortune finger, To found what flip the pleafe. Give me that man, That is not a passion Slave, and I will weare him In my heares Core, I in my Heart of hearts, As I do thee. Something too much of this. There is a play to night before the King. One Scene of it comes near the Circumstance Which I have telle thee, of my Fathers death, I prythee, when thou see'lt that Acts a-foot, Even with the vere Comment of my Soule. Obsterue mine Vakte: This occulted guilt. Do not let me feel vulnecil in one speech, It is a damned Ghost that we have fcene: And my imaginations are as foul As Volcan's Stryke. Give me needfull note, For my eyes will riot to his face: And after we will both our judgements ioyne, To cenfure of his feeming. 

Ham. Well my Lord, If he Reale ought the while this Play is Playing, And scape detecting, I will pay the Thea. Enter King. Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rofencrantz, Guildenftane, and other Lords attendant with his gowne vpon torches. Danib March. Sound a flourish.

Ham. They are comming to the play: I must be idle. Get you a place. King. How faires our Cofin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent trach, of the Camelions diath: I cate the Ayre promis-cream'd, you cannot feed Capons so. King. I haue nothing with this anfwer Hamlet, these words are not mine. 

Ham. No, nor mine. Now my Lord, you plaid once it's Vнюrity, you lay?
Potion. That I did my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor.

Ham. And what did you eate?
Pol. I did eate thetius Cofar, I was kill'd in Capitall: Britue kill'd him.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill fo Capitall a Call there, Be the Players ready? Rofin. If my Lord, they flay upon your patience. 

Ham. No good Mother, here's Mattle more attracitue. Pol. Oh ho, do you marke that? 

Ham. Lady, shall I lye in your lap? 

Oph. No my Lord. 


Ham. That's a faire thought to lye between Maids legs. Oph. What is my Lord?
Enter Lucianus.

This is one Lucius nephew to the King.

Op. He yee a good Chunrt, my Lord,

Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your love if I could see the Puppets dallying.

Op. You are keene my Lord, you are keene.

Ham. It would coit you a groaniug, to take off my edge.


Ham. So you mililate Husband.

Begin Murderer. Pox, leue thay dannable Faces, and begin. Come, the croaking Raen doth bellow for Revenge.

Luc. Thoughts blace, hands apt,

Dracges fit, and Time agreeing;

Confderate seon, else no Creature seeing;

Thou mixture ranke, of Midnight Weeds collected,

With Hecato Ban, thisse blaised, thence infected,

Thy natural Magicke, and dite properite,

On wholesome life, viatpe immediately.

Proves the sophon in his ears.

Ham. He peyasons him i'th Garden for his estate: His name's Gonzago: the Story is extant and witt in choyce Italian. You shall see anon how the Murtherer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Op. The King riseth.

Ham. What, frighted with false fire.

Q. How faires my Lord?

Pol. Giv'e o'the Play.

King. Giv'e me some Light. Away.

All. Lights, Lights, Lights. Exeunt

Mont Hamlet & Horatio.

Ham. Why let the strucken Deere go weep,

The Hare ungalled play;

For some mutt watch, while some mutt sleepe;

So runnes the world away.

Would not this Sir, and a Forrest of Feathers, if the rest of my Fortunes tune Turke with me; with two Prouinciall Roles on my rac'd Shooes, get me a Fellowship in a crit of Players fit.

Hor. Half a shere.

Ham. A whole one I,

For thou doft know: Oh Damon deere,

This Realme dismantled was of loute him selfe,

And now reignes heere.

A verie verie Pasioncke.

Hor. You might haue Rim'd.

Ham. Oh good Horatio, Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousand pound. Did'th perceiue?

Hor. Verie well my Lord.

Ham. Upon the talke of the po'ysoning?

Hor. I did verie well note him.

Enter Reinfurance and Gildenhence.


For if the King like not the Comedie,

Why then belike heiles is not perdie.

Come some Musick.

Gould Good my Lord, youchsafe me a word with you.
Ham. Sir, a whole History.

Guild. The King, Sir.

Ham. 1. Sir, what of him?

Guild. Is in his retirement, melanchoully disposed.

Ham. With drink, Sir?

Guild. No, my Lord, rather with cholter.

Ham. Your wife some should shew it fell the more richer, to signifie this to his Doctor: for for me to put him to his Purgation, would perhaps plunge him into faire more Choller.

Guild. Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame, and thus not so wildly from my affayre.

Ham. I am tane Sir, pronounce.

Guild. The Queene your Mother, in most great affilation of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guild. Nay, good my Lord, this courtresie is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will doe your Mothers commandment: if not, your pardon, and my return shall be the end of my Businesse.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Ham. What, my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer: your wits disordered. But for, such answer as I can make, you that command me, or rather you say, my Mother: therefore no more but to the matter. My Mother you say.

Rofin. Then thus the Iayes: your behaviour hath stroke her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderfull Sonne, that can so scoff at a Mother. But is there no sequell at the heels of this Mothers admiration?

Rofin. She defires to speake with you in her Clofet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were the ten times our Mother. Have you any further Trade with vs?

Rofin. My Lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do Hill, by these pickers and sealers.

Rofin. Good my Lord, what is your caufe of discontent?

Ham. You do freely base the doore of your owne Libertie, if you deny your griefes to your Friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke Advancement.

Rofin. How can that be, when you have the voyce of the King himselfe, for your Succession in Denmoke?

Ham. To rule the grave groswe, the Prouerbe is something mutiny.

Enter one with a Recorder.

O the Recorder. Let me see, to withdraw with you, why do you go about to recover the winde of vs, as if you would drive me into a toyle?

Guild. O my Lord, if my Dute be too bold, my loue is too vnmanly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this Pipe?

Guild. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guild. Beleeue me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beleeue you.

Guild. I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. It is as easie as lying: govern these Ventiges with your finger and thumbe, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most excellent Mufick. Looke you, these are the fingers.

But these cannot I command to any vterrance of harmony. I have not the skill.

Ham. Why look you now, how vnworthy a thing you make of me: you would play vpon me: you would feeme to know my flops: you would pluck out the heart of my Myllerie: you would found me from my lowest Note, to the top of my Compass: and there is much Mufick, excellent Vouee, in this little Organe, yet cannot you make it. Why do you thinke, that I am easier to bee plaid on, then a Piper? Call me what Instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play vpon me. God bleffe you Sir.

Enter Polonius.

Polon. My Lord; the Queene would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you fee that Clouds that's almost in shape like a Camell.

Polon. By th' Miffe, and it's like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Me thinkes it is like a Weazell.

Polon. It's back'd like a Weazell.

Polon. Of like a Whale?

Polon. Vere like a Whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my Mother, by and by:

They fool you to the top of your brest.

I will come by and by.

Polon. I will say so.

Ham. By and by, and as easily feld. Leave me Friends: This now the very witching time of night, When Churchyards yawn, and Hell it selfe breaks out Contagion to this world, Now could I drink hot Blood, And do such bitter businesse as the day Would quake to looke on. Soft now, to my Mother: Oh Heart, loose not thy Nature; lest no euer The Soule of Nero, enter this firme boseme: Let me be cruel, not unnaturall, I will speake Daggers to her, but vs none: My Tongue and Soule in this be Hypocrisies, How in my words fomewere the be shent, To guse them Scales, never my Soule content.

Enter King, Refinances, and Guildenstorne.

King. I like him not, nor stand it safe with vs, To let his madness rage. Therefore prepare you, I your Commision will forthwith despatch, And he to England shall along with you: The termes of our estate, may not endure Hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow Out of his Lunacies.

Guild. We will our selves proouide: Most holi and Religious fear it is To keep those many many bodies safe That thrive and feede vpon your Maiestie.

Rofin. The sngle And peculiar life is bound With all the strength and Armour of the minde, To keepe it selfe from noyance; but much more, That Spirit, vpon whose spirit depends and refis The lives of many, the caue of Maiestie Dies not alone; but like a Gulle doth draw What's neerer, with it. It is a maffie wheele Fixt on the Somuet of the highe Mount, To whose huge Spokes, ten thousand leffer things Are mortiz'd and adrost: which when it falles, Each small annexement, petty consequence Attends the boyftrous Ruine. Neuer alone Did the King fighte, but with a general grace.

King. Arme you, I pray you to this Speedie Voyage; For we will Fettes put vpon this feast, PP Which
When he is drunke alleepe; or in his Rage,  
Or in inceffious pleasure of his bed,  
At gaming, swearing, or about some state  
That has no telliff of Salvation in't,  
Then trip him, that his hieles may kicke at Heaven,  
And that his Head may be as damn'd and blanke  
As Hell, whereof it goes. My Mother fayes,  
This Phyfick but prolongs thy flickly days.  
Exit.  
King. My words bye vp, my thoughts remain below,  
Words without thoughts, neuer to Heaven go.  
Enter Queen and Polonium.

Pol. He will come straight:  
Looke you lay home to Him,  
Tell him his stanks have been too broad to beare with,  
And that your Grace hath feene, and fonde too bad a were  
Much heafe, and him. Hee silence me e're heere:  
Pray you be round with him.  
Ham. Whateuer. Mother, mother, mother.

Qu. Hee warrant you, feare me not.

Withdraw, I hearing him comming.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now Mother, what's the matter?  
Qu. Hamlet, thou haft thy Father much offended.  
Ham. Mother, you have my Father much offended.  
Qu. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.  
Ham. Go, go, you quaffion with an idle tongue.  
Qu. Why how now Hamlet?  
Ham. What the matter now?  
Qu. Have you for got me?  
Ham. No by the Rood, not fo:  
You are the Queene, your Husbands Brothers wife,  
But would you were not fo. You are my Mother.

Qu. Nay, then Hee let those to you that can speake.  
Ham. Come, come, and fay you downe, you fhall not  
bounde you:  
You go not till I fett you vp a glaffe,  
Where you may fee the innoft part of you?  
Qu. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me?  
Help, help, help.

Ham. How now, a Rat? dead for a Ducate, dead.  
Pol. Oh I am flaine.  
Killed Polonius.

Qu. Oh me, what haft thou done?  
Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?  
Qu. Oh what a rafl, and bloody deed is this?  
Ham. A bloody deed, almost as bad Good Mother,  
As kill a King, and marry with his Brother.  
\(\frac{\text{?}}{\text{?}}\) As kill a King?  
Ham. I Lady, twas my word.  
That wretched, rash, intruding fool, firewell,  
I tooke thee for thy Better, take thy Fortune,  
That found it to be too buffer, is fome danger.  
Leave wringing of your hands, peace, for you downe,  
And let me wring your heart, for fo I shall  
If it be made of penetrable fluffe:  
If damnd Cuftome haue not bra'd it fo,  
That it is proofe and bulwarke against Senfe.  
Qu. What haue I done, that thou de designed thy tong,  
In noife fo rude against me?  
Ham. Such an Act  
That blusses the grace and fluff of Modefic,  
Cals Vertue Hypocrize, takes off the Rofe  
From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,  
And makes a bliffer there. Makes marriage vows  
As falfe as Dicets Oathes. Oh fucha deed,
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

As from the body of Contraction pluckes
The very loue, and sweete Religion makes
A Rapicide of words. Heavens face doth glow,
Yet this soliditie and Compound state,
With tristful Village as against the doome,
Is thought-licke at the act.

Qu. Ay me; what aet, that roares so loud, & thunders
in the Index.

Ham. Lookhe heere upon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfet prefentme of two Brothers:
See what a grace was feated on his Brow.
Hypersonic curles, the front of some himfelfe,
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command
A Station, like the Herald Mercury
New lighted on a heauen-killing hill;
A Combination, and a forme indeed,
Where every God did seeme to fect his Seale,
To giue the world affurance of a man.
This was your Husband. Look ye now what followes.
Heere is your Husband, like a Midlew'd eare
Blasphing his wholefrom breath. Haue you eyes?
Could you on this fowr Mountaine leave to feed,
And bathe in this Moore? Haue you eyes?
You can not call it Looe; For at your age
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waiates upon the Judgement: and what Judgement
Would step from this, to this? What doueell was,
That thus hath confeynd you at hoofdman-blinde?
O Shame! where is thy Bluff? Rebellious Heel,
If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth, let Vertue be as waue,
And melt in her owne fire. Proclame no Flame.
When the compellfue Ardate gius the charge,
Since Prof it felle, as Actuely doth burne,
As Reafon panders Will.

Qu. O Hamlet, speake no more.
Thou turn't mine eyes into my very soule,
And there I fee such blacke and grained spots,
As will not leue their Tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to line
In the ranke Sweat of an enfamed bed,
Stew'd in Corruption; honyng and making love
Oue the madly Saxe.

Qu. Oh speake to me no more,
These words like Daggers enter in mine ears.
No more Sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A Murderer, and a Villaine:
A Slave, that is not twentie part the tythe
Of your precedent Lord. A vice of Kings,
A Curpurfe of the Empire and the Rule,
That from a Shiffe, the precious Diadem flole,
And put it in his Pocket.

Qu. No more.

Enter Ghoft.

Ham. A King of freads and patches.
Same me; and hour of me with your wings
You heauenly Guards. What would you gracious figure?

Qu. Alas he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy Sonne to chide,
That Slapt in Time and Paffion, let's go by
Th'important acting of your dread command? Oh lay.

Ghoft. Do not forger; this Stations
Is but to shew the absent Blunted purpose.
But looke, Amenagement on thy Mother fites;
O Rep betweene her, and her fighting Soule,
Conceit in weakeft bodies, stongeft workes.

Speak to her Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you Lady?

Qu. Als, how is't with you?
That you bend your eye on vacanice,
And with their corporall ayre do hold discourse,
Forth at your eyes, your spirits wildly peep,
And as the Ieeping Soldiers on th'Alarne,
Your bedded hares, like life in excrement,
Start vp, and stand an end. Oh gentle Sonne,
Up on the heate and flame of thy distress,
Sprinkle coole patience. Whereon do you looke?

Ham. On him, on him: look you how pale he glares,
His forme and cause coniour'd, preaching to bones,
Would make them capable. Do not looke upon me,
I left with this pittoresque action you conver:
My florne effects: then what I have to do,
Will want true colour; teares perchance for blood.

Qu. To who do you Speake this?

Ham. Do you fee nothing there?

Qu. Nothing at all, yet all that I fee.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Qu. No nothing, but our relures.

Ham. Why look you there; looke how it trelays again,
My Father in a habite, as he lued,
Lookke where he goes cuen now out at the Portall, Exit.

Qu. This is the very coyngue of your Braine,
This bodifful Creation earetie is very cunning in.

Ham. Exequeie:

My Pule as yours doth temperately keepet ime,
And makes as healthfull Mufike, it is not madneffe
That I have vetted; 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 Vection to your fcale,
That not your trepsife, but my madneffe speakes:
It will but skin and fume the Vicious place,
Whilfe I ranke Corruption mining all within,
Infects vultue. Confeffe your felfe to Haeuen,
Repent what's past, afoy'd what is to come,
And do not fpeed the Compoft or the Weedes,
To make them ranke. Forgive me this my Vertue,
For in the finceffe of this purifie times,
Vertue it felfe, of Vice must pardon bege,
Yea eurab, and woe, for Ieave to do him good.

Qu. Oh Hamlet,
Thou haft cleft my heart in twayne.

Ham. O throw away the worfer part of it,
And lure the purer with the other halfe.
Good night, but go not to mine Vnkle's bed,
Assume a Vertue, if you have it not, refraine to night,
And that shall lend a kind of eafineffe
To the next abifinnce. Once more goodnight,
And when you are defirous to be bleffe,
He bleffing begge of you. For this fame Lord,
I do repent: but heaven hath pleas'd it fo,
To punifh me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their Scourge and Minifter.
I will bellow him, and will anfwer well
The death I gane him; fo againe;good night,
I must be cruel, only to be kinde;
Thus bat begins, and worse remaines behind.

Qu. What fhall I do?

Ham. Not this by no means that I bid you do:
Let the blunt King temper you to bed,
Pinch Warton on your cheeke, caul ythesis Mouse,
And let him for a pairie of reechie knifes,
Or padding in your necke with his damn'd Fingers,
Make you to rauell all this matter out,
That I effentially am not in madneffe,
But made in craft. Twere good you let him know,
For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wise,
Would from a Paddocke, from a Bat, a Gibbe,
Such deere concerning hide. Who would do so,
No in deplight of Senle and Secrecie,
Vnpege the Basket on the houles top:
To try Conclusions in the Basket, creeppe
And breake your owne necke downe.

Qu. Be thou asur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life: I have no life to breath
What thou haft jade to me.

Ham. I muft to England, you know that?
Qu. Alacke I had forgot: 'Tis so concluded oon.

Ham. This man shall let me pack:
I'llegue the Cuts into the Neighbor room.
Mother goodnight. Indeede this Counsellor
Is now most flill, most secret, and most grace,
Who was in life, a foolish prating Knace.
Come fir, to draw toward an end with you.

Good night Mother.

Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius.

Enter King.

King. There's matters in these fighes.
These profounde heauies
You must tranfline; 'Tis fit we vnderstand them.
Where is your Sonne?

Qu. Ah! my good Lord, what have I faire to night to?
King. What Gertrude? How do's Hamlet?

Qu. Mad as the Seas, and winde, when both contend
Which is the Mightier in his owne fit:
Behinde the Arras,hearing some fomething filte,
He whips his Raper out, and cries a Rat, a Rat,
And in his brainie apprehension killles
The vnfeene good old man.

King. On heavy deed:
I had bin fo with vs had we beene there:
His Libertie is full of threats to all,
To you your felfe, to vs, to every one.
Aha, how fhill this bloody deede be anwered?
It will be laide to vs, whose prouidence
Should have kept short, refrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad yong man. But fo much was our houe,
We would not vnderstand what was molt fit,
But like the Owner of a foule diseafe,
To keepe it from divulging, let's it feeoe
Euen on the pithe of life. Where is he gone?

Qu. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
Oe whom his very madneffe like some Oare
Among a Mineral of Mettels base
Shews it fell to pure. We weepes for what is done.

King. Oh Gertrude, come away:
The Sun no sooner flall the Mountaines touch,
But we will fhip him hence, and this vilde deed,
We must with all our Maleitie and Skill
Both coournance, and excuile.

Enter Ros & Guild.

He Guildenfere:
Friends both go imone you with some further ayde:
Hamlet in mainefle hath Polonius blame,
And from his Mother Clofsets hath he brag'd him.
Go fekke him out, fpeak faire, and bring the body
Into the Chappell. I pray you haft in this.

Exit Gent.

Come Gertrude, wee'll call vp our weifte friends,

To let them know both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done. Oh come away,
My foule is full of difcord and difmay.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely fowed.

Gentlemen within, Hamlet, Lord Hamlet.

Ham. What is't who calls on Hamlet?
Oh heere they come. Enter Ros, and Guildenfere.

Re. What have you done my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Componed it with dull, where'to 'tis kinne.

Ros. Tell vs where 'tis. that we may take it thence,
And bare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Do not beleue it.

Ros. Beleue what?

Ham. That I can keepe your counsell, and not mine owne.
Besides, to be demanded of a Spundge, what re-

cplication should be made by the Sonne of a King.

Ros. Take you me for a Spundge, my Lord?

Ham. I fir, that fokes vp the Kings Countenance, his
Rewards, his Authoritie (but such Officers do the King
beft service in the end. He keeps them like an Ape
in the corner of his iaw, fifit mou'd to be loft fiawalvved,
when he needes what you have glean'd, it is but fqueue-
zung you, and Spundge you shall be dry againe.

Ros. I vnderstand you nor my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knauali speech sleepe in a
foolifh 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, but the King is not with
the body. The King is a thing——

Guild. A thing my Lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him, hide Fox, and all
after.

Enter King.

King. I have fent to feeke him, and to find the bodie
How dangerous is it that this man goes loofe:
Yet muft not we put the ftong Law on him:
He's led of the diuifed multitude,
Who like not in their judgements, but their eyes:
And where 'tis fo, th'Officiers course is weighd
But never the offence; to bear all imoom, and even,
Thisfortunate fending him away, muft feeke
Dehbarce paufe, divides defective groome,
By defperate apparell are releaved,
Or none at all.

Oh or Reftorate.

How now: What hath befalne?

Ros. Where the dead body is beflow'd 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. HoZ, Guildenfere, Bring in my Lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenfere.

King. Now Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At Supper.

King. At Supper? Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a cer-
taine convecration of wortmes are e'e him. Your worne
is your onely Emperor for diet. We fat all creatures el-
s to fat vs, and we fat our felfe for Magers. Your fat King,
and your leane Begger is but variable fervice to diifies,
but to one Table that's the end.

King. What doft thou meane by this?
Indeed would make one think there would be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Qu. 'Twere good the fire were spoken with,
For she may shew dangerous conjectures
In ill breeding minds. Let her come in.
To my fickle foule (as finnes true Nature is)
Each toy feemes Prologut, to some great amisse,
So full of Artifice tealousie is guilt,
It spill's it selfe, in fearing to be felt.

Enter Ophelia distraill'd.

Oph. Where's the the beauteous Maiesty of Denmark.
Qu. How now Ophelia?

Oph. How should I your true love know from another one? By his Cockle hat and staffe, and his Sandal shoes.
Qu. Alas sweet Lady: what imports this Song?

Oph. Say you naught, pray you, mark.
For he is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
As but bend a grave-greene Turfee, at his heels a stone.

Enter King.

Qu. Nay but Ophelia.

Oph. Pray you marke.
White bus Shrow'd as the Mountains Snow
Qu. Alas, looke here, my Lord.
Oph. Larded with sweet flowers:
Which bewep to the grave did not go,
With true-love flowers.

King. How do ye, pretty Lady?

Oph. Well, God did dill you. They say the Owle was a Bakers daughter. Lord, wee know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your Table.

King. Conceit upon her Father.

Oph. Pray you let's have no words of this: but when they ask you what it means, say you this: Tomorrow is S. Valenctes day, in the morning, bring,

And I a Maid at your window to be your Valintyne.

Then up her selfe, doe not this clothes, doe the chamber dare,
Let in the Meal, that out a Maid, never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia.

Oph. Indeed I am without an oath Hie make an end on.

By ris, and by S. Charthis,
Alack, and so for shame;
Tongues want doe, if they come not,
By Cocke they are too blame.
Quoth she before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to chide:
So would I have done by youer Sonne,
And thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath the bin this?

Oph. I hope all will be well. We must bee patient,
but I cannot choose but wepe, to thinke they should lye him in cold ground: My brother shall knowe of it,
and to I thank you for your good countell. Come, my Coach:

Good night Ladies: Goodnight sweet Ladies.

Goodnight, goodnight.

Exit.

King. Follow her close,
Gie her good watch I pray you:
Oh this is the poynt of deeppe greefe, it springs All from her Fathers death. Oh Gertrude, Gertrude,
When surrowes come, they come not single spic,
But in Battallia. First, her Father slain,
Next your Sonne gone, and lie most violent Author Of his owne infaith remorse: the people muddied,
Thicke and vnwholome in their thought, and whispers For good Polonius death: and we have done but greedily In hugger mugger to interce him. Poor Ophelia
Divid'd from her selfe, and her faire Judgement.
A Noise within.

Enter a Messenger.

Qn. Alacke, what noye is this?  

King. Where are my Sweaters?  

Let them guard the doore.  What is the matter?  

Mef. Sute your felle, my Lord.  

The Ocean (outer-peering of his Liff)  

Enters not the Flats with more impetuous haffe  

Then young Laertes, in a Riotous head,  

Ore-beares your Officers, the rabbile call him Lord,  

And as the world were now but to begin,  

Antiquity forgot, Culfome not knowne,  

The Ratifiers and props of every word,  

They cry chooze we? Laertes shall be King.  

Caps, bands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,  

Laertes shall be King, Laertes King.  

Qn. How cheerfully on the false Trailc they cry,  

Oht this is Counter you sycle Dami Dogges.  

Noise within. Enter Laertes.  

King. The doores are broke.  

Larr. Where is the King, firs? Stand you all without.  

A. All. No, let's come in.  

A. I pray you giveme leaue.  

A. We will, we will.  

A. I thanke you; Keep the doore,  

Othou wilde King, giue me my Father.  

Qn. Calmy good Laertes.  

Laertes. That drop of blood, that calmes  

Proclaims my Salllard:  

Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot  

Even herebetweene the chaffe unwarnced brow  

Of my true Mother.  

King. What is the eafe Laertes,  

That thy Rebellion looke to Gyane-like?  

Let him go Gertrude: Do not feare our perfon:  

There's fuch Duinnity doth hedge a King,  

That Treffion can but pepe to what it would,  

Acts little of his will. Tell me Laertes,  

Why thou art thus Inclin'd? Let him go Gertrude.  

Speake man.  

Laertes. Where's my Father?  

King. Dead.  

Qn. But not by him.  

King. Let him demand his fill.  

Larr. How came he dead? I le not be hugely'd with.  

To hell Allegiance: to this point I fland,  

That both the worlds I giue to negligence,  

Let come what comes: only I'll be reueng'd  

Mofl thronghly for my Father.  

King. Who shall lay you?  

Larr. My Will, not all the world,  

And for my meanes, he husband them so well,  

They shall go farre with little.

King. Good Laertes:  

If you desire to know the certaintie  

Of your deere Fathers death, if writ in your reuenge,  

That Soop-fake you will draw both Friend and Foe,  

Winner and Louoner,  

Larr. None but his Enemies.  

King. Will you know them then,  

A. To his good Friends, thus wide Ie open Armes:  

And like the kinde Life-rend'ng Politician,  

Repall them with my blood.  

King. Why now you speake  

Like a good Childe, and a true Gentleman.  

That I am guiltieles of your Fathers death,]  

And am mortifible in grcee for it,  

it shall as leuell to your Judgement piecere  

As day do's to your eye.

A noise within. Let her come in.  

Enter Ophelia.

Larr. How now? what noife is that?  

Oh hate drie vp my braines, tears fewe times falte.  

Burke out the Sence and Virtue of mine eye,  

By Heauen, thy madnee fable be payed by weight,  

Till our Scale turns the beame.  Oh Role of May,  

Deere Maid, kinde Sifter, sweet Ophelia:  

Oh Heauen, is't possible, a young Maids wits,  

Should be as mortall as an old mans life?  

Nature is fine in Loue, and where 'tis finge,  

It lends some precious instance of it felle  

After the thing it loues,  

Ophel. They bare him bare fide'd on the Beer,  

Hey won many, many hey now:  

And on his grave rains many atore,  

Fare you well my Dow.  

Larr. Had't thou thy wits, and did ft perfwade Reuenge, it could not moue thus.  

Ophel. You must fing downe a-downe, and you call him a-downe-a. Oh, how the wheelhe becomes it? It is the falle Seward that fle he matters daughter,  

Larr. Tis nothing more then matter.  

Ophel. There's Roicney, that's for Remembrance.  

Pray loue remembrance, and there is Piosoeties, that's for Thought.  

Larr. A document in madnesse, thoughts & remembrance fitt.  

Ophel. There's Fennell for you, and Columbines; ther's Rew for you, and here's tyme for me.  

Wee may call it Herbe-Grace a Sundays: Oh you must ware your Rew with a difference. There's a Day lie, I would give you some Violets, but they wither'd all when my Father dyed: They say, he made a good end;  

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.  

Larr. Thought, and Affiliation, Paffion, Helt it felle:  

She turns to Favour, and to prettiness.  

Ophel. And will be not come againe,  

And will be not come againe:  

No, no be not come, go to thy Desh-bed,  

He never will come alone.  

It's fcnemated by white as Snowe,  

All Flaxen weeds fallen.  

He is gone, he is gone, and we eall away more,  

Cranemey on his Sonne.  

And of all Christian Soules, I pray God.  

God bu ye.  

Exeunt Ophelia  

Larr. Do you fee this, you Gods?  

King. Laertes, I must common with your grace,  

Or you deny me right; go but apart,  

Make
Make choice of whom your wife's friends you will,  
And they shall have and judge twixt you and me;  
If by direct or by Colatellar hand  
They find's ye touch'd, we will our Kingdome give,  
Our Crowne, our life, and all that we still Ours  
To you in satisfaction. But if not,  
Be you content to lend your patience to vs,  
And we shall joyntly labour with your soule  
To give it due content.  

Lear. Let this be so:  
His meanes of death, his obscure burial;  
No Tropheo, Sword, nor Hatchment o're his bones,  
No Noble rite, nor formall ostentation,  
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from Heauen to Earth,  
That I must call in question.  
King. So you shall;  
And where'th'office is, let the great Axe fall.  
I pray you go with me.  

Exeunt

Enter Horatio, with an Attendant.

Hor. What are they that would speake with me?  
Ser. Sailors, sir, they say they have Letters for you.  
Hor. Let them come in.  
I do not know from what part of the world  
I should be greted, if not from Lord Hamlet.  
Enter Sailor.  
Say. God bleffe you Sir,  
Hor. Let him bleffe thee too.  
Say. Hee shall Sir, and pleafe him. There's a Letter for you Sir: It comes from th'ambassadors that was bound for England, if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Reads the Letter.

Horatio, When thou shalt have overlook'd this, give these  
Letters some measure to the King: They have Letters for him. Ere we were two yeares old at Sea, a Pryate of very Warrlike appointment gave us Chase. Finding our selves too slowe to Slaye, we put on a compelled Vlctoie. In the Grapple, I boarded them: On the Inflant they got clear of our Shippe, so I alone became their Prisoner. They have dealt with mee, like Thieves of Meerye, but they knew what they did. I am to doe a good turne for them. Let the King have the Letters I have beene, and reparue thou to me with so much love as thou wouldst  
jive death. I have words to speake in your ear, will make thee dumb, yet are they much too light for the bore of the Matter.  
These good Fellows will bring thee where I am. Rossinference and Guilderlente, hold their courses for England. Of them I have much to tell thee, Farewell.  
Is that thou knowest shone, Hamlet.  
Come, I will give you way for these your Letters,  
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me  
To him from whom you brought them.  

Exit

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now mult your confidence my acquaintance seel,  
And you mult put me in your heart for Friend,  
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,  
That he which hath your Noble Father flame,  
Pursued my life.  
Laert. It well appeares. But tell mee,  
Why you proceeded not againe to these feates,  
So crimefull, and so Capital in Nature,  
As by your Safety, Writesome, all things else,

You mainly were inter'd vp?  
King. O for two speciall Reasons,  
Which may to you (perhaps) seeme much vnknown,  
And yet to me they are strong. The Queen his Mother,  
Lives almost by his looke, and for my felle,  
My Venture or my Plague, be it either which,  
She's to coninue to my life and soule;  
That as the Starre shines not but in his Sphere,  
I could not but by her. The other Motive,  
Why to a publicke 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 tunned Wood to Stone,  
Conuer his Gynes to Graces. So that my Arrowes  
Too lightly tumbr'd for so loud a Winde,  
Would have returned to my Bow againe,  
And not where I had aim'd them.  

Lear. And to haue I a Noble Father loft,  
A Sister driven into desperate tears,  
Who was (if proffes may goe backe againe)  
Stood Challenguer on mount of all the Age  
For her perfecions. But my revenge will come.  

King. Break not your highnes for that,  
You may not thinke this.  
That we are much of flutes, so flat, and dull,  
That we can let our Bead be Shaneke with dangers,  
And think it pastime. You shortly shall here more,  
I lond your Father, and we lose our Selfe:  
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

Enter a Messenger.

How now? What News?  
Mess. Letters my Lord from Hamlet. This to your  
Matrly: this to the Queene.  
King. From Hamlet? Who brought them?  
Mess. Sailors my Lord they say, I saw them not:  
They were given me by Claudius, he recei'd them.  
King. Laertes you shall haue them:  
Lear. vs.  

Enter Messenger.  
High and Mighty, you shall know I am for ask'd on your  
Kingdome. Tomorrow shall I begge licence to fee your King  
Eyes. When I shall (first ask't your Parleys thereunto) re-  
count the Occasions of my solace, and more strange returns,  

Hamlet.  
What should this meanes? Are all the rest come backe?  
Or is it some abuse? Or no forth thing?  
Lear. Know you the land?  

Kim. 'Tis Hamlet's Character, naked and in a Post-  
script here he fayes alone: Can you aduise me?  
Lear. I am lost in my Lord; but let him come,  
It warmes the very flickke in my heart,  
That I shall line and tell him to his teeth;  
Thus didst thou.  
Kim. If it be so Laertes, as how should it be so:  
How otherwise will you be tayld by me?  
Lear. If so you'll not outrule me to a peace.  
Kim. To thine owne peace: If he be now return'd,  
As checking at his Voyage, and that he means  
No more to under'take it; I will work him  
To an exploit nowrapte in my Deuis,  
Vader the which he shall not choose but fall.  
And for his death no winde of blame shall breath,  
But e'en his Mother shall exchange the practice,  
Lear. As well accidence: Some two Moneths hence  
Here was a Gentleman of Normandy,  
I slate my felle; and lest'd against the French,  
And they ran well on Horicbac, but this Gallant
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Had witchcraft in; he grew into his Seat, And to such wondrous doing brought his Horse, As had he beene encores & and frenzy-Nature'd With the bruite Beast, so farre he past my thoughts, That I in forgery of shapes and tricks, Come short of what he did.

Laur. A Norman was'nt?

Kin. A Norman.

Laur. Upon my life Lolland.

Kin. The very fame. Laur. I know him well, he is the Brough indeed, And remme of all our Nation. Kin. Hee mad confession of you, And gave you such a Matterly report, For Art and exercise in your defense; And for your Rapier most especially, That he cried 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 wish and begge, Your sodaine coming ore to play with him; Now out of this. Laur. Why out of this, my Lord? Kin. Laertes was your Father dear to you? Or are you like the painting of a sorrow, A face without a heart? Laur. Why aske you this? Kin. Not that I think you did not love your Father, But that I know Lous is begun by Time:
And that I see in passages of prose,
Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it:
Hamlet comes backe: what would you undertake,
To shew your selfe your Fathers name indeed,
More then in words?

Laur. To cut his throat 'tis Church. Kin. No place indeed should murder Sanctitie; Revenge shoulde have no bounds: but good Laertes Will you doe this, keepe close within your Chamber, Hamlet return'd, shall know you are come hame: Wee'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 remisse, Most generous, and free from all contriving, Will not peruse the Foiles? So that with ease, Or with a little fluffing, you may chuse A Sword unbaied, and in a passe of practice, Requite him for your Father.

Laur. I will not,
And for that purpose Ie annoint my Sword: I bought an Vaction of a Mountebanke So mortall, but I bit a knife in it, Where it drew on blood, no Catarpane so rare, Collected from all Simples that have Venerie Under the Moon, can suw the thing from death, That is but stertach withall: I tell the point, With this contagion, that if I gall him flightly, I may be death.

Kin. Let's further think of this,
Weigh what convenience both of time and means May fit vs to our shape, if this should fail; And that our drift looke through our bad performance, 'Twere better not affaid: therefore this Project Should have a backe or second, that might hold, If this should blain in prooffe: Soft, let me see We'll make a solome wager on your commings,

I ha't: when in your motion you are hot and dry,
As make your bowts more violent to the end,
And that he calls for drinke: he haue prepar'd him
A Chalice for the nonce; whereon But sipping, If he by chance escape your venom'd fluck,
Our purpose may hold there; how sweet Queene.

Enter Queen.

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another heele,
So sall they' ll follow; your Sifer's drown'd Laertes.
Laur. Drown'd! O where?
Queen. There is a Willow growes alant a Brooke,
That thewes his borne leaves in the glassie streame:
There with fantatike Garlands did the come,
Of Crow-flowres, Netzles, Daylies, and long Purples,
That liberall Shepheardes give a groffer name;
But our cold Maids doe dead Mens Fingers call them:
There on the pendent boughes, her Coronet weeds
Clambring to hang, an enious fluer broke,
When downe the weepy Trophies, and her selfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her cothes spred wide,
And Mermaid-like, a while there bore her vp,
Which time she chantted snatchses of old tunes,
As one incapable of her owne disfrede,
Or like a creature Nativie, and induced
With a heart Element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heay with her drinke,
Pull'd the poore wretch from her melodious buie,
To mudy death.

Laur. Alias then, is she drown'd?
Queen. Drown'd, drown'd. Laur. Too much of water half thope Opilich,
And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet
It is our tricie, Nature her custome holds,
Let shame say what is will; when these are gone
The woman will be out: Adue my Lord,
I have a speech of fire, that faire would blaze,
But that this folly doubts it. Exit

Kin. Let's follow, Gertrude:
How much I had to doe to calme his rage?
Now feare I this will give it flarte again;
Therefore let's follow. Exeunt.

Enter two Clowernes.

Clown. Is she the bee buried in Christian burial, that willfully seekes her owne digestion?

Other. I tell thee fine is, and therefore make her Grave straight, the Crowner hath face on her, and finds it Christian burial.

Clow. How can that be, unlesse she drowned her selfe in her owne defence?

Other. Why is found to.

Clow. It must be Se offendum, it cannot bee eell for here lies the point; if I drown me selfe wittingly, it argueth an Act: and an Act hath three branches. It is an Act to doe and to performe; argall the drown'd her selfe wittingly.

Other. Nay but heere you Goodman Debon.

Clown. Give me leave; here lies the water good: here stands the man good: If the man goe to this water and drowne himselfe; it is will he will he; he goes; marke you that? But if the water come to him & drowne him; hee drownes not himselfe. Arsalp, hee that is not guilty of his owne death, florment not his owne life.

Other. But is this law?

Clow. I marry it's, Crowners Quell Law.

Other.
Hor. I, my Lord.

Ham. Why do' e so? and now my Lady Weimes, Chapliff, and knocking about the Mazed with a Serious Spade; here's fine Resolution, if wee had the tricke to see. Did th'ee bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at Luggets with 'em? mire skie to think out.

Clauses sung.

A Puck-sie and a Spade, a Spade, for and a Thrashing-Shorts:

O a Puff of Clay for to be made,

for such a Goose as more.

Ham. There's another why might not that bee the Scull of of a Lawyer? where be his Quiddits now? is his Quillets? is his Cafes? is his Tenures, and his Tricks? why doe's he suffet this rude knave now to knocke him about the Sconce with a dirty Shouell, and will nottelle him of his Action of Bateety? ham. This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his Recognizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Receivers: Is this the fine of these Fines, and the secrecy of his Receivers, to have his fine Pace full of fine Dirt? will his Vouchers wauk him no more of his Purchas, and double ones too, then the length and breadth of a space of Judentures? the very Conveyances of his Lands will hardly lyce in this Boxe; and mutt the inheritor himselfe have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my Lord.


Ham. They are Sheep and Calces that seek us affur- ence in that, I will speake to this fellow; whose Graues this Sir?

Clo. Mine Sir:

O a Pit of Clay for to be made,

for such a Goose as more.

Ham. I think it be thine indeed for thou liest in't.

Clo. You lyce out on't Sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lyce in't; and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou doulst liye in't, to be in't and say 'tis thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou lyest.

Clo. 'Tis a quickye Sir, 'twill way againe from me to you.

Ham. What man doulst 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 left her Soule, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knaue is? wee must speake by the Carde, or equivoocation will vndoe's by the Lord Horatius, thefe three years I have taken note of it, the Age is growne so picked, that the toe of the Peasant comes to meete the heels of our Courtiers, hee galls his Kibe. How long hath thou been a Graue-maker?

Clo. Of the days that yeare: I came not this day that our last King Hamlet ascended in Pomfret.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clo. Cannot you tell that? entry foole can tell thee:

It was the very day, that young Hamlet was born, bee that was mad, and lente into England.

Ham. I marrie, why was he lent into England?

Clo. Why, because he was mad: bee shall recover his wit there; or if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham.
The Tragedy of Hamlet.

Ham. Why?
Clo. 'Twill not be seen in him, there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?
Clo. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely?
Clo. Faith one with loosing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clo. Why here in Denmark: I have bin here ten, man and Boy thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie 'th' earth ere he rot?

Clo. If at all, he is not rotten before he die (as we have many pocky Coracles now adays, that will feare hold the laying in) he will last you some eight, nine years. A Tamer will last you nine years.

Ham. Why he, more then another?

Clo. Why sir, his hide is so tann'd with his Trade, that he will keep out water a great while. And your water, is a sore Decayer of your horson dead body. Here a Scull now with this Scull, has lain in the earth three & twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

Clo. A whearton mad Fellowes it was;

Whose dog you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clo. A Pelleance on him for a mad Rogue, a pou'd a Flaggon of Renish on my head once. This same Scull Sir, this same Scull fir, was Torick Scull, the Kings Jester.

Ham. This?

Clo. E'en that.

Ham. Let me see. Alas poore Torick, I knew him Hotarion, a fellow of infinite jest: of most excellent fancy, he hath borne me on his backe a thousand times: and how abhorred my Imagination is, my gorge rising at it. Here hung the tarp, that I hate knitt I know not how oft. Where be your tiber now? Your Gymbals? Your Songs? Your flashes of Merriment that were wont to set the Table on a Rore! No one now to mock your own feating? Quite chop'd off? Now get you to my Ladies Chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour the mulc come. Make her laugh at that p'rty-thee Horatio tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that my Lord?

Ham. Dost thou thinke Alexander lookt o'this fashion in't earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And finelr so? Puh.

Hor. E'en so, my Lord.

Ham. To what base vices we may return Horatio. Why may not Imagination trace the Noble duft of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bunghole.

Hor. 'Twere to consider so curiously to consider so.

Ham. No faith, not a jot. But to follow him thether with modelfie enough, & likehood to lead it as this:

Alexander died: Alexander was buried: Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make Lome, and why of that Lome (whereof he was concert'd) might they not flapp a Beere-barrell?

Imperiall Caesar, dead and turn'd to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the windes away.

Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,

Should patch a Wall, & expell the winters flaw.

But lo! but lo! aside, here comes the King.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, and a Coffin, with Lords attendant.

The Queen, the Courtiers. Who is that they follow,

And whic such maimeéd rite? This doth betoken,

The Coraste they follow, did with deliberate hand,

Fore do it owne life; 'twas some Eftate.

Couch wes a while, and mark.

Luer. What Cerimony else?

Ham. That is Laertes, a very Noble youth: Mark.

Luer. What Cerimony else?

Prief. Her Obfqueues haue bin as farre inlarg'd,

As we haue warrantis, her death was doubtfull,

And but that great Command, o'gre-fawsie the order,

She should in ground unfanctifie haue lodg'd,

Till the last Trumpet. For charitable prayer,

Shardes, Flints, and Pebbels, should be thito wine on her;

Yet heere she is allowed her Virgin Rites,

Her Maiden firements, and the bringing home

Of Bell and Buriall,

Luer. Must there no more be done?

Prief. No more be done;

We should prophan the sertice of the dead,

To sing <see Romian>, and such reft to her

As peace-parted Soules.

Luer. Lay her 'th' earth,

And from her faire and vapourized sleefh,

May Violets spring, I tell thee (churchul Prief)

A Muffinfing Angell shall my Sister be,

When thou left howling?

Ham. What, the faire Ophelia?

Queen. Sweets, to the sweet farewell.

I hop'd thou should'ft haue bin my Hamlett wife;

I thought thou Bride-bed to have deckt (sweet Maid)

And not t'have'd thy Graue.

Luer. Oh terrible veer,

Fall ten tyme trebble, on that cutted head

Whoof wicked dead, thy most Ingeniousence

Deprizi'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while,

Till I have caught her once more in mine armes:

Leaps in the grave.

Now pyle your dust, upon the quiche, and dead,

Till of this fit a Mountain you have made,

To o'top old Pelion, or the sky's thrd head

Of Iblew Olympus,

Ham. What is he, whose griefes

Beares such and Emphais? whose phrase of Sorrow

Conure the wandring Starres, and makes them hand

Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,

Hamlet the Dane.

Luer. The deull take thy foule,

Ham. Thou praft not well,

I prythee take thy fingers from my throat;

Sir though I am not Spleenatue, and rafh,

Yet have I something in me dangerous,

Which let thy witneffeesse. Aray thy hand.

King. Pluck them fander.

Qu. Hamlet, hamlet.

Ges. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why I will fight with him vpon this Theme,

Vntill myieldis will no longer wag.

Qu. Oh my Sonne, what Theame?

Ham. I lou'd Ophelia; fortie thousand Brothers,

Could not (with all there quantitie of Loue)

Make vp my sinnen. What wilt thou do for her?

King. Oh he is mad Laertes,

Qu. For loue of God forbear him.

Ham. Crome show me what thou'lt doe.

Woo't weep? Woo't fight? Woo't teare thy selfe?

Woo't drink vp Eife, ease a Crocodile?
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

He don't. Dost thou come here to white?
To oufide me with leaping in her Graue?
Be burned quicke with her, and so will I.
And to the place of Montains; let them throw
Millions of Akes on vs; till our ground
Singling his path against the burning Zone,
Make off a like a wate. Nay, and shoult mouth,
He rane as well as thou.

Iam. This is more Madreffe
And thus whilest the fire will work on him:
Anan as patient as the female Doe,
When that her golden Cuplet are dislovted
His silence will bit dreeping.

Ham. Hear ye you Sirs;
What is the reason that you sovaie thus?
I fond yourselves is it no matters
Let Hercules lifeflate does what he may.
The Cat will Mew, and Dagger will have his day.

Iam. I pray you good Horatio wait upon him.
Strength then you patience in our left nights speche.
We'll put the matter to the present pulfe:
Good Gertrude let some watch over your Sonne,
This Graue shall have a living Monument:
An hour of quiet firmly shall we fee;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this Sir; now let me see the other,
You doo remember all the Circumstance.
Hor. Remember it my Lord?

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep: me thought I lay
Worse then the mutines in the Bilboes, raflily,
(And prate be raflily;) Our indifferency sometimes ferves us well,
When our desire plots do paule, and that should teach us.
There's a Divinity that fhapes out ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certaine.

Ham. Vp from my Cabin
My sea-gowne scarft about me in the darke,
Grop'd I to finde out them; had my desire,
Finger'd their Packet, and in fine, withdrew
To mine owne roomes againe, making fo hold,
(My fears forgetting manner:) to vifieafe
Their grand Commination, where I found Horatius,
Oh royall knavery: An exact command,
Larded with many feuert full of resoun;
Importing Denmarkes health, and Englands too,
With hoo, fuch Bugges and Goblins in my life;
That on the supnizone no lefure bared,
No not to flay the grinding of the Axe,
My head fhould be trucft off.

Hor. 10 possible.

Ham. Here's the Commination, read it at more lefty
But wilt thou heare me how I did proceed?

Hor. I beleefh you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with Villaines,
Ere I could make a Prologue to my brains,
They had begun the Play. I fate me downe,
Deus'd a new Commination, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our Statiftcs doe,
A bafenefte to write faire; and laboured much
How to forget that learning: but Sirnow,
It did me Yomans fervice: wilt thou know
The effets of what I wrote?

Hor. I, good my Lord.

Ham. An earnet Commination from the King,
As England was his faithfull Tributary;
As love betweene them, as the Palme should bowne,
As Peace should fill her wheaten Garland were,
And fland a Comma' twene their amities,
And many fuch like Affis of great charge,
That on the view and know of thes Commissions,
Without debate more, more or leffe,
He should the bearers put to findeane death,
Not fuming time allowed.

Hor. How was this hold?

Ham. Why was it hold?
This was set even in that was Heaven ordinate;
I had my fathers Signet in my Pufe,
Which was the Medall of that Denife Scal;
Folded the Writ in forme of the other,
Subscrib'd it, gau't his imprifon, plac'd it laftly,
The changing neuer knowen: Now, the next day
Was our Sea Fight, and what to this was fentent,
Thou know'st alreadie.

Hor. So Guildenferne and Rofernace, go too't.

Ham. Why man, they did make looke to this imployment
They are not neere my Confeience; their debate
Doth by their owne infuifation grow:
'Tis dangerous, when the bafer nature comes
Betweene the paffe and fell incenc'd points
Of mighty oppofites.

Hor. Why, what a King is this?

Ham. Does not this think: the, ftrand me now upon
He that hath kill'd my King, and who'd my Mother,
Popp'd in betweene the election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with fuch cozenage: it's not perfect confence,
To quit him with this aime? And is't not to be damn'd
To let this Canker of our nature come
In furche cuilt.

Hor. It muft be fhortly knowne to him from England
What is the ifue of the businesfe there.

Ham. It will be fhort,
The interims mine, and a mans life's no more
Then to say one: but I am very forry good Horatius,
That to Lanters 1 for got my felfe;
For by the image of my Caufe, I fee
The Portrait of his: He count his fauours:
But sure the Brauery of his griefes did put me
Into a Towing passion.

Hor. Peace, who comes heere?

Enter young Oftrick. (macke.

Ofs. Your Lordship is right welcome back to Den.
Ham. Humby thank you Sir, doot know this waterfe?

Hor. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thys flate is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know
him: he hath much Land, and fertiles let a Beaff
be Lord of Lefheds, and his Crif shall stand at the Kings
Meleft, it's a Chowghy; but as I was faic in the polfeffion of diet.

Ofs. Sweet Lord, if your friendship were al leyure,
I should impart a thing to you from his Majefly.

Ham. I wil receive it with all diligence of spirit; put your Bonet to his right side, 'tis for the head.

Ofs. I thank your Lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, beleue mee'tis very cold, the winde is Northerly.

Ofs. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

Ham. Mee thinks it is very voultry, and hot for my Complexion.

Oftrick.
Enter King, Queen, Laertes and Lords, with other Attendants with Foiles, and Gamlets, A Table and Flagons of Wine on it.

King. Come Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me. Give me your pardon Sir, I've done you wrong; but pardon't as you are a Gentleman.

This presence knows, and you must needs have heard how I am punish'd With false diftraction? What I have done That might your nature honour, and exception Roughly awake, I heere proclaim'd was madness: Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Neuer Hamlet. If Hamlet from himselfe be tane away: And when he's not himselfe, do's wrong Laertes, Then hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it: Who does it then? His Madneffe! If't be so, Hamlet is of the Faction that is wrong'd, His madneffe is noose Hamlets Enemy, Sir, in this Audience, Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd duell, Free me so farre in your molt generous thoughts, That I have shot mine Arrow o're the house, And hurt my Mother.

Lae. I am satisfied in Nature, Whole motive in this case shold flire me most To my Revenge: But in my terms of Honor I fland aloofe, and will no reconcilement, Till by some elder Masters of knowne Honor, I have a voyce, and president of peace To keepe my name vnseg'd. But till that time, I do receive your offer'd lovee like love, And will not wrong it.

Ham. I do embrace it freely, And will this Brothers wager frankly play. Glue vs the Foiles; Come on.

Lae. Come one for me.

Ham. He be your foile Laertes, in mine ignorance, Your Skill shall like a Starre i'tli'd darkest night, Sticke fiery off indeed.

Lae. You mocke me Sir.

Ham. No by this hand.

King. Give them the Foiles yong Ofrickes, Coulen Hamlet, you know the wager.

Ham. Verie well my Lord, Your Grace hath laide the oddes a'th weaker side. King. I do not fear it, I have leene you both: But since he is better'd, we have therefore oddes.

Lae. This is too heavy, Let me fee another.

Ham. This likes me well, These Foiles have all a length. Prepare to play.

Ofrick. I may good Lord.

King. Set me the Stipes of wine upon that Table: If Hamlet give the first, or second hit, Or quit in answer of the third exchange, Let all the Battlements their Ordinance fire, The King that drank to Hamlets better breath, And in the Cup an union that he throw Richer then that, which foure successefull Kings In Denmarke Crownes haue worn. Give
Give me the Cup,  
And let the Kettle to the Trumpets speake,  
The Trumpet to the Cannoneer without,  
The Cannons to the Heavens, the Heauen to Earth,  
Now the King drinks to Hamlet. Come, begin,  
And you the Judges bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on fir.  
Larr. Come on fir.  
They play.

Ham. One.  
Larr. No.  
Ham. Judgement.

Ofr. A hit, a very palpable hit.  
Larr. Well! againe.

King. Stay, give me drinke.

Hamlet, this Pearle is staine,  
Here's to thy health. Give him the cup,  
Trumpets sound, and that goes off.

Ham. I play this bout first, & by a while.

Come: Another hit; what say you?  
Larr. A touch, a touch, I do confesse.

King. Our Soine shall win.

Exit. He's fat, and scant of breath,

Heere's a Napkin, rub thine browes,

The Queen Caroufles to thy fortune, Hamlet,

Ham. Good Madam.

King. Gertrude, do not drinke.

Qs. I will my Lord;

I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poysond Cup, it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam,

By and by.

Qn. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Larr. My Lord, Ile hit him now.

King. I do not think't.

Larr. And yet'tis almost gainst my confcience.

Ham. Come for the third.

Laetet, you but daily,

I pray you passe with your butt violence,

I am afraid you make a wanton of me.

Larr. Say you so! Come on.


Larr. Hane at you now,

In trenches they change Repriuers.

King. Part then their yees are menci'd.

Heere, Nay come, again.

Ofr. Look to the Queene there hoo.

Ham. They blede on both sides, How is't my Lord?

Ofr. How is't Laetet?

Larr. Why as a Woodcocke
To mine Spinoge, Ofricke,

I am stilly kill'd with mine owne Trescherie.

Ham. How does the Queene?

King. She founds to fee them bleede.

Qn. Nomo, the drinke, the drinke.

Oh my deere Hamlet, the drinke, the drinke,

I am poysond.

Ham. Oh Villain! How? Let the door be lock'd.

Trescherie, fecke it out.

Larr. It is here Hamlet.

Hamlet, thou art flaine,

No Medicine in the world can do thee good,

in thee, there is not half an hour of life;

The Trescherous Instrument is in thy hand,

Unbated and envenom'd: the foule prafifie

Hath turn'd it selfe on me. Loe, here I lye,

Never to rise againe: Thy Mothers poysond:
That Reuernesce and Gildersfierre are dead:
Where should we haue our thankes?  
Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th'abilitie of life to thank you:
He never gaue command'ment for their death.  
But since fo sumpe upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack warres, and you from England.
Are keere arriv'd. Give order that thefe bodies
High on a flage be placed to the view,
And let me speake to th'yet unknowing world,
How these things came about. So shall you hear:
Of carnall, bloudie, and vnnatural acts,
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters
Of death's put on by cunning, and force d cause,
And in this vjsiol, purpose misgooke,
False on the Inventors heads. All this can I
Truly deliver.

Hor. Of that I shal haue alwaies cause to speake,
And from his mouth
Whole voyage will draw on more:
But let this fame be presently perform'd,
Even whiles mens minde are wilde,
Left more mischance
On plots, and errors happen.

For. Let foure Captaines

Yeare Hamlet like a Soldier to the Stage,
For he was likely, had he beene put on
To have proud moft royally:
And for his passage,
The Souldiours Musick, and the rites of Warre
Speake lowly for him.
Take vp the body; Such a fight as this
Becomes the Field, but here shews much ames.
Go, bid the Souldiers shoote.

Exeunt Marching: after the which, a Peale of
Ordinance are shot off.
THE TRAGEDIE OF
KING LEAR.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Kent, Gloucester, and Edmond.

Kent. Though the King had more affected the Duke of Albany, then Cornwall.

Glou. It did always seeme so to vs: But now in the diuision of the Kingdome, it appeareth not which of the Dukes hee valoreth most, for qualities are so weigh'd, that curiosity in neither, can make choice of eithers moity.

Kent. Is not this your Son, my Lord?

Glou. His breeding Sir, hath bin at my charge. I have so often bludh'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd too.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glou. Sir, this yong Fellowes mother could; whereas she grew round wombl'd, and had indec'd (Sir) a Sonne for her Cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed.

Kent. Do you smell a fault?

Glou. I cannot with the fault vndone, the issue of it, being so proper.

Glou. But I have a Sonne, Sir, by order of Law, some yeere elder then this; who, yet is no deere in my account, though this Knave came something fawcely to the world before he was set for; yet was his Mother fayre, there was good sport at his making, and the horofon must be acknowledged. Do you know this Noble Gentleman, Edmond?

Edm. No, my Lord.

Glou. My Lord of Kent:

Remember him heereafter, as my Honourable Friend.

Edm. My service to your Lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and doe to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deferuing.

Glou. He hash bin out nine yeares, and away he shall againe, The King is coming.

Senet. Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Gowerill, Regan, Cordelies, and attendants.

Lear. Attend the Lords of France & Burgundy, Gloster, Edmond, my Lord.

Glou. I shall, my Lord.

Exit.

Lear. Meane time we shall express our darker purpose. Give me the Map there. Know, that we have diuided In three our Kingdome: and 'tis our fall intent, To shake all Cares and Buineffe from our Age, Confounding them on yonger strengths, while we Unbursen'd crawl toward death. Our son of Cornwall, And you our no leffe louing Sonne of Albany,

We have this houre a constanf will to publish Our daughters generall Dowers, that future tiles May be presented now. The Princes, France & Burgundy, Great Rivals in our yongefl daughters love, Long in our Court, have made them amorous fiononne, And here we are to be answer'd. Tell me my daughters (Since now we will binffe vs both of Rule, Interflee of Territory, Cares of State) Which of you shall we say doth love vs moift, That we, our largest bounty may extend Where Nature coth with merit challenge. Gowerill, Our eldest borne, speake first.

Gow. Sir, I haue you more then word can weild vs matter, Decret then eye-fight, space, and libertie, Beyond what can be valew'd, rich extare, No leffe then life, with grace, health, beauty, honor: As much as Childe ere fow'd, or Father found. A loye that makes breath poore, and speache vnable, Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. What shall Cordelies speake? Leue, and be silent.

Lear. Of all these bounds even from this Line, to this,

With fadowife Ferifhe, and with Champagne rich'd

With plenteous Rivers, and wide-skirted Meandes

We make thee Lady. To thine and Albani's fies

Be this perpetuall. What fayes our second Daughter? Our deceit Regan, wife of Cornwall?

Reg. I am made of that felle-mettle as my Siffers, And priz'd under your worth. In my true heart, I finde the names my very deede of loue:

Onely shee cometh too fhort, that I professe My felfe an enemy to all other ioys, Which the moft precious fquare of fente professe,

And finde I am alone felicitate

In your deere Highnesse love.

Cor. Then proue Cordelies, And yet not so, since I am sure my loue's More ponderous then my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine hereditarie ever,

Rezayme this ample third of our faire Kingdome, No leffe in space, validitie, and pleasure Then that confess'd on Gowerill. Now our Loy, Although our left and least: to whose yong loue? The Vines of France, and Milke of Burgundie, Strue to be interflee. What can you say, to draw A third, more opulent then your Siffers? speake.

Cor. Nothing my Lord.

Lear. Nothing?
Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing, speake again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heare
My heart into my mouth.I love your Majesty
According to my bond, no more nor less.

Lear. How, how (ardeat?) Mend your speech a little,
Least you may marre your fortunes.

Cor. Good my Lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lou'd me,
I returne those duties backe as are righte fit,
Obey you, Love you, and most Honour you.
Why have my Sitters Husbands, if they say
They long you all? Happily when I shall wed.
That Lord, whose hand may take my plight, shall carry
Hilte my love with him, halfe my Care, and Dutie,
Sure I shall never marry like my Sitters.

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cor. My good Lord.

Lear. So young, and so unfinder?

Cor. So young my Lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be, thy truth then be thy dowre:
For by the fetered radience of the Sunne,
The inferences of Heret and the night:
By all the operation of the O'bes,
From whom we do exil, and cease to be,
Here I disowne all my Paternall care,
Propinquity and povertie of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me,
Hold thee from this for ouer.
The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation meffes
To gurge his appetit, shall to my boforme
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and releas'd,
As thou my sometime Daughter.

Kent. Good my Lige.

Lear. Peace Kent.

Come not betweene the Dragon and his wrath,
I lou'd her moff, and thought to let my reft
On her kind nurserie. Hence and avoid my fight:
So be my grace my peace, as here I glie
Her Fathers heart from her; call Prince, who artes?
Call Burgundy, Cornwall, and Albannie,
With my two Daughters Dowres, digget the third,
Let pride, which fire cal cleare mane, marry her:
I doe know thou loyest with my power,
Preheminence, and all the large effects
That trowe with Majesty. Our life by Monthly course,
With revelation of an hundred Knights,
By you to be ush'md, shall our abode
Make with you by due ture, none we shall retaine
The name, and all the addition to a King: the Sway.
Renew neo Execution of the real,
Beloved Sonnes be yours, which to confirm,
This Coronet past betweene you.

Kent. Royall Lear.

Whom I haue ever honor'd as my King,
Loud as my Father, as my Master follow'd,
As my great Patron thought on in my prayers.

Lear. The bowe is bent & drawne, make from the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the force inuade
The region of my heart, be Kent vnamnantly,
When Lear is mad, what wouldst thou do old man?
Think it thou that dutie shall have dreed to speake,
When power to flattery bowes?
To plaine thet honour's bound,
When Malsey falls to folly, refrrue thy flate,
And in thy best condition check
This hideous rashneffe, answere my life,my judgement:
Thy yonge Daughter do's not love thee left,
Nor are those empty heard, whose low sounds
Reuerbe no hollowe ne.

Lear. Kent, on thy life no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as pawne
To wage against thine enemies, mere heare to looke it,
Thy faterly being motue.

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 sweares thy Gods in vain.

Lear. O Vnfall I Miferate.

Alb. Cor. Deere Sir Perbeare.

Kent. Kill thy Phyfition, and thy fee beftow
Vpon the foule disease, resolve thy guilt,
Or while it I can vext clamour from my throate,
Ile tell thee thou dost euill.

Lear. Hearre me receaunt, on thine allegiance hearre me,
That thou haft fought to make us break our vowe,
Which we durft not speake out; and with it's pride,
To come between our letters, and our powere,
Which, nor our nature, nor our place can beare;
Our potencie made good, take thy reward,
Fine dyse we do allot thee for prouision,
To shield thee from the blifes of the world,
And on the sute to turne thy hated backe
Vpon our kingdomes; if on the tenth daye following,
Thy banished trunks to find be found in our Dominions,
The moment is thy death, away.

Lear. In ipiter,
This shall not resoule'th,
Kent. Fare thee well King, fuch thou wilt appeare,
Freedome lives hence, and ban fhalme is here;
The Gods to their decree shallet take thee Maid,
That ituafully think it, and haft meft rigidly saide:
And your large speeches, may your dyets approve,
That good effects may spring from words of loue;
Thus Kent, O Princes, bids you all a dew,
He'll shape his old courfe, in a Country new.

Exit.

Flourish. Enter Gofher with France, and Burgundy, Attendants.

Cor. Heere's France and Burgundy, my Noble Lord.

Lear. My Lord of Burgundy,
We first adreffe toward you, who with this King
Hathiaul for our Daughter; what in the leaft
Will you require in pretent Dower with her,
or ceafe your quest of Loue.

Bar. Most Royall Majefty,
I crave no more then hath your Highnesse offer'd,
Nor will you tender lesse?

Lear. Right Noble Burgundy,
When she was deare to vs, we did hold her so,
But now her price isfallen: Sir, there the hands,
I ought within that little seeming tribution,
Or all of it with our displeasure pietch'd,
And nothing more may fitly like your Grace,
Shes there; and she is yours.

Bar. I know no answere.

Lear. Will you with those infirmities the owes,
Unfriend, new adopted to our hase,
Dow'red with our curte, and stranger'd with our oath.
Take her or, leave her.

Bar. Pz.
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Come Noble Burgundie, I loue you. 
Exeunt. 
Fra. Bid farewell to your Sisters. 
Cor. The Jewels of our Father, with whist'd cie's 
Cardelia, I loue you. I know you what you are, 
And like a Sister am most loth to call 
Your faults as they are named. Loue well our Father: 
To your professed brother I commit him, 
But yet alas, I found within his Grace, 
I would prefer him to a better place, 
So farewell to you both. 
Reg. Prefer not vs our dutie. 
Gon. Let your study 
Be to content your Lord, who hath receiv'd you 
At Fortunes aimes, you have obedience shant, 
And well are worth the sheat that you have want'd, 
Cor. Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hideth, 
Who covers faults, at left with shame deride's: 
Well may you prosper. 
Fra. Come my faire Cardelia. 
Exit France and Cor. 
Gon. Sifter, it is not little I haue to say, 
Of what most neerey appertaines to vs both, 
I thinke our Father will hence to night, (with vs. 
Reg. That's most certaine, and with you: next month 
Gou. You see how full of changes his age is, the observation we have made of it hath been little: the alwaies loud our Sifter mo(e), and with what poore judgement he hath now call her off, appeares too grossely. 
Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age, yet he hath euer but slenderly knowne himself. 
Gou. The bell and foundell of his time hath bin run rash, then must we leake from his age, to recourse not a- lone the imperfections of long ingraft condition, but therewithall the vatiuely way-washtne, that infrime and cholerick yeare bring with them, 
Reg. Such unconfainte flaire are we like to haue from him, as this of Kent's banishment. 
Gou. There is further complemet of issue-taking betwene France and him, pray you let vs fir together, if our Father carry authority with such disposition as he beares, this last surrender of his will but offend vs. 
Reg. We shall further thinke of it. 
Gou. We must do something, and I'the beate. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Baffard. 
Baff. Thou Nature art my Godelesse, to thy Law 
My services are bound, wherefore should I 
Stand in the plague of custome, and permis. 
The curiosity of Nations, to depriue me. 
For that I am some twelue, or fourteen Moonthnes 
Lag of a Brother? Why Baffard? Wherefore bai? 
When my Dimensiones are as well compaitd, 
My minde as generous, and my shape as true. 
As honest Madam issue? Why brand they vs 
With Bafe? With balnes Barlaide? Bait, Bafe? 
Who in the luttie health of Nature take 
More composition, and fierce qualitie, 
Then doth within a dull stale tyred bed 
Go to th'creating a whole tribe of Poes. 
Gott twerne a fleape, and wake? Well then, 
Legitimat Edgar, I must haue thy hand, 
Our Fathers love is to the Baffard Edmand, 
As to th'legitimat: fine word : Legitimat.
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Well, my Legitimate, if this Letter sped, and my intention thrive, Edmund the base shall to the Legitimate I grow, I propert: Now Gods, stand vp for Bardens.

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. Kent banish'd! thus! and France in choller parted? And the King gone to night! Preferib'd his powre, Conflant to exhibition? All this done Vpon the gad? Edmund, how now? What newes? Baft. So plote your Lordthip, none.


Glo. What Paper were you reading? Baft. Nothing my Lord.

Glo. No? what needed then that terrible dispatch of it into your Pocket? The quality of nothing, hath not such need to hide it felle. Let's fie: come, if it be nothing, I fhall not neede Spectacles.

Baft. I beleech you Sir, pardon mee: it is a Letter from my Brother, that I have not all ore-read; and for fo much as I have perus'd, I finde it not fit for your ore-looki

Glo. Give me the Letter, Sir.

Baft. I fhall offend, either to detaine, or give it the Contents, as in part I understand them, Are too blame.

Glo. Let's fie. Let's fie.

Baft. I hope for my Brothers justification, hee wrote this but as an effay ouf of his Voue.

Glo. Reads. This police, and reverence of Age, makes the world better to the bitt of our times: keeps our Fortun from us, till our eldest can not retail them. I begin to finde, that olice, and bond bound age, in the oppreftion of aged tyranny, who feme not as it hath power, but, as it is fuffer'd. Come tome, that of this I may feake more. If our Father would fleepc till I wak'd him, you fhould enjoy half his Reuenue for ever, and lice the belowe of your Brother. Edgar. 

Hum? Conspiration? Sleeepe till I wake him, you fhould enjoy halfe his Reuenue: my Sonne Edgar, had bee a hand to write this? A heart and braine to breede it in? When came you to this? Who brought it? Baft. It was not brought mee, my Lord; there's the cunning of it. I found it throwne in, at the Caftment of my Clofter.

Glo. You know the character to be your Brothers? Baft. If the matter were good my Lord, I durft Iaw it was his: but in refpect of that, I would faine thinke it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Baft. It is his, my Lord: but I hope his heart is not in the Contents.

Glo. Has he never before founded you in this bufines? Baft. Neuer my Lord, but I have heard him oft mainaine it to be fit, that Sonnes at perfect age, and Fathers declin'd, the Father fhould bee as Ward to the Son, and the Sonne manage his Reuenue.

Glo. Of Villain, villain: his very opinion in the Letter. Abhorrend Villain, unnatural, defteft, brutifh Villain; worfe then brutifh: Go forth, fpeak to him. He apprehend him. Abbominable Villain, where is he? Baft. I do not well know my L. If it fhall pleae you to fuspend your indignation againft my Brother, til you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you fhould run a certaine course: where, if you violently proceed againft him, miftaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your owne Honor, andmake in peeces the heart of his obedience. I dare paune downe my life for him; but he hath writ this so feele my affection to your Hencr, & to no other prefence of danger.

Glo. Think ye fo? Baft. If your Honor judge it meere, I will place you what you fhall heare vs conferre of this, and by an Aurecular advice have your fill satisfacion, and that without any further delay, then this very Evening.

Glo. He cannot beare fuch a Monfter. Edmund feckc him out: winde me into him, I pray you: frame the busines after your owne wifefome. I would vaftate my felle, to be in a due reolution.

Baft. I will fcekke him Sir, prefently: conuery the busines as I fhall find meanes, and acquaint you withall.

Glo. Thefe late Eclipces in the Sun and Moon po-
tend no good to vs: though the wifefome of Nature can raion this it, and thus, yet Nature finds it felfe Scour'd by the fequent effets. Love cooles, friendship falls off, Brothers divide. In Citier, mutinies; in Countries, dif-

cord; in Pallaces, Treafon; and the Bond crack'd, twixt Sonne and Father. This villain of mine comes vnder the predicition: there's Son against Father, the King falls from by as of Nature, there's father againft Child. We have fene the beft of our time. Machinations, bollownesse, treacherie, and all runious diforder follows vns dignely to our Graces. Find out this Villain Edmund, I all loye the aduance hee carefully: and the Noble & true-hart-
ed Kent banifh'd; his offence, honte. This is ftrange.

Baft. This is the excellent fopperty of the world, that when we are fiece in fortune, often the furies of our owne behaviourage, we make guilty of our difafers: the Sun, the Moon, and Saffres, as if we were villains on necessite, Fuler by heastly compulfion, Knave, Theene, and I teachers by Spherical predominance. Drunckards, Ly-

ars, and Adulterers by an inford obedience of Planetary influence; and all that we are euill in, by a diuine thuffing on. An admirable euation of Whore-master-man, to lay his Goaffh dispoion on the charge of a Saffre. My Father compounded with my mother under the Dragoons taffe, and my Nativity was vnder Venus Mator, fo that it followes, I am rough and Leachereous. I fhould have bin that I am, had the maidenleft Saffre in the Fir-

mament twinkleed on my balladizing.

Enter Edgar.

Pat: he comers like the Cataftrophe of the old Comedie: my Cure is villainous Melancholly, with a figh like Tom o'Becu, Whоро-maftre-man, to lay his Goaffh dispoion on the charge fo a Saffre. My Father compounded with my mother under the Dragons taffe, and my Nativity was vnder Venus Mator, fo that it followes, I am rough and Leachereous. I fhould have bin that I am, had the maidenleft Saffre in the Firmament twinkleed on my balladizing.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. How now Brother Edmund, what serious con-
templation are you in? Baft. I am thinking Brother of a predicion I read this other day, what should follow thefe Eclipces.

Edg. Do youbufie your felle with that? Baft. I promise you, the effects he writes of, succeed unhappily.

When faw you my Father laft? 

Edg. The night gone by.

Baft. Scape you with him? 

Edg. I, two hours togethe.

Baft. Parted you in good terms? Found you no dis-

pleasure in him, by word, nor countenance? 

Edg. None at all.

Baft. Bethink your felle where in you may have offended him: and at my entreate for bare his presence, vntill some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant so rage in him, that with the miss.
chafe of your person, 'twould scarcely slay.

Edg. Some Villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear, Sir; I pray you have a continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes lower: and as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will duly bring you to hear my Lord speaks: pray ye goe, there's my key; if you do firre abroad, goe arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, Brother?

Edm. Brother, I adjure you to the best, I say no honest man, nor be any good meaning toward you; I have told you what I have seen, and heard: But faintly. Nothing like the image, and horror of it, pray you away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon? Exit.

Edm. I do refer you in this buttifce:
A Credulous Father, and a Brother Noble,
Whose nature is so farre from doing harms,
That he suspect none: on whole foolish honestie
My practices side ease: I fee the butifce,
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wr,
All with me's mean't, that I can fathion fit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Gowerill, and Steward.

Gow. Did my Father strike my Gentleman for chiding of his Foole?

Stew. 1 Madam.

Gow. By day and night, he wrongs me, euery howre

He finthes into one grosse crime, or other,
That fets vs all at odds: I see not endure it;
His Knights grow riotous, and humfle Wolfe bride vs

On euery trifle. When he returns from hunting,

I will not speake with him, I am fickie,
If you come flacke of former service,
You shall do well, the fault of it Ile answer.

Stew. He's coming Madam, I hear him.

Gow. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your Fellowes: I have it come to question;
If he defiance it, let him to my Sitter,
Whofe mind and mine know in that are one,
Remember what I have said,

Stew. Well Madam.

Gow. And let his Knights have colder looke among you: what growes, of it no matter, adifie your fellows so, Ile write straignt to my Sitter to hold my court prepare for dinner.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Kent.

Kent. If but as will I other accents borrow,
That can my speech defuse, my good intent
May carry through it felte to that full iuine
For which I raise my likefife. Now banifie Kent,
If thou canft terue where thou dost fland condemne'd,
So may it come, thy Master whom thou loue't,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Hornes within. Enter Lear and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not fay a lot for dinner, go get it ready hownow, what art thou?

Kent. A man Sir.

Lear. What doit thou profess? What wouldst thou withvs?

Kent. I do profess to be no leffe then I am; to serve him truly that will put me in truth, to love him that is honest; to comfort with him that is wife and faire little, to serve my generation, to fight when I cannot choote, and to eare no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest hearsed Fellow, and as poore as the King.

Lear. If thou be't as poore for a subiect, as hee's for a King, thou art poore enough. What wouldst thou then?

Kent. Servise.

Lear. Who wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Do't thou know me fellow?

Kent. No Sir, but you haue that in your countenance,
which I would faine call Master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What fervices canst thou do?

Kent. I can keepe honest countable, ride, run, marre a curious taste in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualifie'd in, and the behf of me, is Diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young Sir to love a woman for singing,
Not to old to dote on her for any thing. I have years on my backe forty eight.

Lear. Follow me thou shalt ferue me, if I like thee the no where after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner do come, where's my kine my Poole? Go you and call my Poole hither. You you Sirach, where's my Daughter?

EnterSteward.

Stew. So please you. Exit.

Lear. What lines the Fellow there? Call the Clotpole backe: where's my Poole? Ho, I think the world's slipees, how now! Where's that Mungrell?

Knigh. He faies my Lord, your Daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the plate backe to me when I called thee?

Knigh. Sir, he answered me in the roundfet manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not?

Knigh. My Lord, I know not what the matter is, but to my judgment your Highness is not entertained with that. Cenomious affection as you were wont, there's a great abatement of kindnffe appears as well in the general dependants, as in the Duke himfelfe also, and your Daughter.

Lear. Ha? Saft thou fa?

Knigh. I breathe you pardon me my Lord, if I bee mistaken, for my duty cannot be silent, when I thinkke your Highnesse wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but rememberst me of mine owne Conception, I have perceived a most faint neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as mine owne folemn curiosite, then as a very pretence and pufpol of vnkindnffe; I will looke further into't: but where's my Poole? I have not fene him this two daies.

Knigh. Since my young Ladies going into France, Sir,
Sir, the Fool hath much pine away.

Lear. No more of that, I have noted it well, goe you and tell my Daughter. I would speak with her. Goe you call neither my Fool, On you Sir, you, come you neither Sir, who am I Sir?

Enter steward.

Stew. My Lady's Father.

Lear. Are you a Wench? I have seen you, you know your dog, you flaye, you cure.

Stew. I am none of those my Lord, I beleche your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you Rascal? Stew. He be not truculent this Lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither, you bat Foot-ball player.

Lear. I thank hee follow.

Thou ferf't me, and I loose thee.

Kent. Come Sir, arie, away, I leve you teach you differences: away, away, if you will measure your lobbers length a-gaine, tarry, but away, goe too, haue you widowed so.

Lear. Now my friendly knave I thank thee, there's earneth of thy servise.

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too, here's my Coozcombe.

Lear. How now my pretty knave, how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my Coozcombe.

Lear. Why my boy?

Fool. Why, for taking ones part that's out of favour, nay, & thou canst not simile as the wind stirs, thou'lt catch coldes shortlie; there take my Coozcombe, why this fellow he's battin'd two on's Daughters, and did the third a bleffing against his will, if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my Coozcombe. How now Nunkle? would I had two Coozcombes and two Daughters.

Lear. Why my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keepe my Coozcombes my leffe, there's mine, beg another of thy Daughters.

Lear. Take heed Sirrah, the whip.

Fool. Trurh's a dog must to kennel, hee must bee whipt out, when the Lady Branch may stand by'th'fire and fincke.

Lear. A deficient gall t'ime.

Fool. Siball, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it Nunkle; have more then thou flouwesft, speake leffe then thou knowest, lend leffe then thou owest, ride more then thou goest, learn more then thou crosseth, sett leffe then thou croseth; leave thy drinke and thy where, and keepe in a dore, and thou shoulde haue more, then two euns a score.

Kent. This is nothing Fool.

Fool. Then 'tis the breath of an unseed Lawyer, you gave me nothing for't, can you make noe vio of nothing Nunkle?

Lear. Why no Boy, Nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Pray heere, Sir, so much the rest of his land cometh to, he will not beleue a Fool.

Lear. A bitter Fool.

Fool. Do'nt thou know the difference my Boy, between a bitter Fool, and a sweet one.

Lear. No Lad, teach me.

Fool. Nunkle, give me an egg, and I give thee two Crownes.

Lear. What two Crownes shall they be?

Fool. Why after I have cut the egg i'th'middle and eate vp the meate, the two Crowne of the eggges: when thou closeft thy Crownes i'th'middle, and gau'ft away both parts, thou boast thinke Affe on thy backe of the dust, thou haft fit little wit in thy baid crowne, when thou gau'ft thy goldene one away; if I speake like my selfe in this, let him be whipt that fitt findes it so.

Foole had none leere grace in a yeere,
For wifemen are growne forpith,
And know not how their wists to wearre,
Their manners are so aspith.

Is. When were you wont to be so full of Songs sirrah?

Fool. I haue vied it Nunkle, ere since thou mad'ft thy Daughters thy Mothers, for when thou gaue'rt them the rod, and pur'lt downe thine owne breeches, then they for doaine joy did wepe,
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a King shou'd play bo-pepe,
And gee the Foole among.

Pry' thy Nunkle keepes a Schoolemaster, if this can teach thy Foole to bee, I would faine learn to lie.

Lear. And you lie sirrah, wee haue you whipt.

Fool. I maruell what kin thou and thy daughters are, they'll bee me whipt for speaking true; thou'll bee me whipt for lying, and sometimes I am whipt for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing then a toole, and yet I would not bee the Nunkle, thou haft pared thy wit o'both sides, and left nothing i'th'middle; here comes one of the parings.

Enter Crowell.

Lear. How now Daughter? what makes that Frontlet on? You are too much of use i'th'frowne.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frunning, now thou art an O without a figure, I am better then thou art now, I am a Foole, thou art nothing. Yes forlooch I will hold my tongue, to your face bids me, though you fay nothing,
Mum, mum, he that keepes not cruft, not eumen,
Weary of all, still want some. That's a sheald Pecoc.

Geo. Not only Sirs this, your all-lycc'd Foole,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly Carpe and Quarell, breaking forth
In ranke, and, not to be endur'd, the lots Sirs.
I had thought by making this well knowne vnto you,
To haue found a true redresse, but now growe fawe ful
By what your felte too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance, which if you should, the fault
Would not scape censure, nor the redresses fleecpe,
Which in the tender of a wholefome waste,
Might in their working do you that offense,
Which else were frame, that then necessitie
Will call different proceeding.

Fool. For you know Nunkle, the Hedge-Sparrow fed the Cuckoo, for long, so i'th's round he bit off by it young, so out went the Candle, and we were left dark ling.

Lear. Are you our Daughter?

Geo. I would you would make me of your good wife,
(Whereas I know you are fraught,) and put away
These dispositions, which of late transport you
From what you rightly are.

Fool. May
Fool. May not an Affe know, when the Cart draws the Horse? Whoop Juggle I love thee.

Lear. Do's any here know me? This is not Lear:

Do's Lear walketh thus? Speaketh thus? Where arc his eies? Either his Notion weakness, his Determings are Lethargied. Ha! Waking! 'Tis nor so? Who is that can tell me who I am? Fool. Lear's shadow.

Lear. Your name, faire Gentlewoman? Gen. This admiration Sir, is much of't's favour. Of other your new pranks. I do believe you to understand my purposes withal:

As you are Old, and Reverend, should be Wife. Here do you keepe a hundred Knights and Squires, Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd, and bold, That this our Court infected with their manners, Shewes like a riotous lone; Epiercifome and Luft

Makes it more like a Tauerne, or a Brothel, Then a grand' Palace. The frame is fette doth speake For infantes remedy. Be then delf'd

By her, that else will take the righg the begge, A little to disquantify your Traine, And the remanders that shall fall depend, To be such men as may before your Age, Which know the infeltes, and you.

Lear. Darkeffe, and Duells, Saddle my horses: call my Traine together, Degenerate Baffard, Ie not trouble thee; Yet hau'e I left a daughter.

Gen. You strike my people, and your disorder'd table, make Seruants of their better.

Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe, that too late repeates:
Is't you will, speake Sir? Prepare now my Horses.
Ingratiation I shoue Marble-hearted Fiend, More hideous when thou shew'lt thee in a Child, Then the Sea-monster.

Alb. Pray Sir be patient.

Lear. Detered Kike, rhoe lyseth.
My Traine are men of choice, and rarest parts, That all particulars of duty know, And in the most exact regard, support

The worshipes of their name. O most small fault, How vgrly did't you in Cordelia shew? Which like an Engine, wrench't my frame of Nature From the first place: drew from my heart all lone, And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear! Beseate this gare that let thy Folly in, And thy deere Judgement out. Go, go, my people.

Alb. My Lord, I am guiltielle, as I am ignorant Of what hath mowed you,

Lear. It may be so, my Lord.

Heare Nature, heare deere Goddesse, heare: Suspend thy purpose, if thou dost intend To make this Creature fruitfull:

Into her Womb comeuy flirtility, Drie vp in her the Organs of increase, And from her derogate body, never spring.

A Babe to honor her. If the multv seeme, Create her child of Spleen, that it may live And be a shward discurtd torment to her. Let it flame wrinkles in her brow of youth, With cadent Teares from Channels in her cheekes,
And hatt'n your returne, no, no, my Lord,
This milky gentlenesse, and course of yours
Though I condemne not, yet under pardon
Your are much more at task for want of wisedome,
Then praide for harmefull mischaft,
Alb. How forbe your cles may pierce I cannot tell,
Striving to better, oft we marre what's well.
Gen. Nay then
Alb. Well, well, the uent.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Lear, Kent Gentleman, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these Letters; acquaint my Daughter no further with any thing you know, then comes from her demand out of the Letter, if your Dilligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore you.

Kent. I will not sleepe my Lord, till I have delivered your Letter. Exit.

Fool. If a mans braines were in his heecles, were not in danger of kybes?

Lear. I Boy.

Fool. Then I prythee be merry, thy wit shall not go flip-shod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha.

Fool. Shalt fee thy other Daughter will vfe thee kindly, 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 noe stands i'th'middle on's face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why to kepe ones eyes of either side on's nose, that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong.

Fool. Can't it tell how an Oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a Snake ha's a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why to put's head in, not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his honeys without a cafe.

Lear. I will forget my Nature, to kind a Father? Be my Horfes ready?

Fool. Thy Ales are gone about em', the reason why the feuer, Starres are no mo me then feuen, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight.

Fool. Yes indeed, thou wouldst make a good Fool.

Lear. To g'tagainst peace, Monffets Ingratitude!

Fool. I thou met my Fooles Nuncke, I'd haue thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou shou'dst not haue bin old, till thou hadst bin wife.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad sween Heaven; keep me in temper, I would not be mad. How now are the Horfes ready?

Gen. Ready my Lord.

Lear. Come Boy.
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Edmund, I hear that you have shewn your Father A Child-like Office.

Beast. It was my duty Sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practicke, and receiv'd This hurt you see, straining to apprehend him.

Cor. Is he pursu'd?

Glo. I my good Lord.

Cor. If he be taken, he shall never more Be feard of doing harme, make your owne purpose, How in my strengthe you please: for you Edmund, Whose vertue and obedience doth this instant So much commend it, else, you shall be ours, Nature's of such deepes trufl, we shall much need: You we first feize on. 

Eafl. I shall ferue you Sir truely, how ever else. Glo. For him I thank your Grace, Cor. You know not why we came to visit you? Reg. This out of season, threading darke ey'd night, Occasions Noble Gift or of some prize, Wherein we must have vfe of your aduance. Our Father he hath writ, to hath our Sister, Of differences, which I beft though it fit To answere from our home : the feverall Messengers From hence attend dispatch, our good old Friend, Lay comforts to your bosome, and beftow Your needful counfafe to our businessef, Which creates the instant vfe. Glo. I ferue you Madam, Your Graces are right welcome. Exeunt. Florifico.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Kent, and Steward severally.

Sew. Good dawning to the Friend, of this house? Kent. Sir.

Sew. Where may we set our horses? Kent. I'll the myre.

Sew. Prythee, if thou lou'st me, tell me, Kent. I loue thee not.

Sew. Why then I care not for thee. Kent. If I had thee in Lipibusty Pumfolt, I would make thee care for me.


Sew. What do'st thou know me for? Kent. A Knave, a Rascal, an eater of broken meates, a 

safe, proud, shallow, beggerly, three-ruised-hundred pound, filthy wooded-rocking knave, a Lily-livered, after-taking, whorcon glace-gazing super-terite: his fancyn Callogue, one Trinke-inheriting flue, one that would be a Baad in way of good service, and ar notting but the composition of a Knave, Begger, Coward, Panadar, and the Sonne and Heire of a Mungrill Birch, one whom I will beaste into clamous whining, if thou deny't the last ence of thy addition.

Sew. Why, what a monstrous Fellow art thow, thus to rail on one, that is neither knowne of thee, nor knowes thee? Kent. What a brazen-faced Varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me? Is it two days since I tript vpp thy heele, and beaste thee before the King? Draw you rogue, for
for though it be night, yet the Moon shines, he makes a top o' th' Moonshine of you, you whoreon Cuthely Barber-monger, draw, draw.

Ste. Away, I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw you Raffles, you come with Letters against the King and take Vanitie the puppet part, against the Royaltye of her Father: draw you Rogue, or fle to carbonado your thanks, draw you Raffles, come your waies.

Ste. Helpe, ho, mutcher, helpe.

Kent. Strike you flauce; stand rogue, stand you not flauce, strike.

Ste. Helpe, hoa, mutcher, mutcher.

Enter Bisdad, Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, Serenants.

Bass. How now, what's the matter I Part.
Kent. With you Goodman Boy, if you please, come, Ile fetch ye, come on yong Master.

Glo. Weapons? Arms? what's the matter here?
Cor. Keep peace vpon your lices, he dies that strikes against what is the matter?

Reg. The Melfengers from our Sifler, and the King?

Kent. What is your diffidence, speakse?
Ste. I am fearre in breaste my Lord.

Kent. No Marueil, you have so belie vour value, you cowardly Raffles, nature disclaimes in thee: 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 fo ill, though they had bin two years outtrade.

Cor. Speake yet, how grew your quarrel?

Ste. This ancient Ruffian Sir, whose life I have spar'd at the fleace of his gray-beard.

Kent. Thou whoreson Zed, thou unnecessary letter: my Lord, if you will give me leaue, I will tread this vnbounted villain into morre, and daube the wall of a Jake with him. Spare my gray-beard, you waggteile?

Cor. Peace sirr.

You beastly knave, know you no tuerence?

Kent. Yes Sir, but anger hath a priuiledge.

Cor. Why art thou angrie?

Kent. That such a flauce as this should bear a Sword, Who vears no honesty: such finding rogues as thefe, Like Rats oft bite the holy cords atawne, Which are t'interesse, etotillo: smooth every passion That in the natures of their Lords rebell, Being oile to fire, snow to the colder moods, Revenge, affhine, and turne their Halcion beakes With every gall, and wary of their Melfers, Knowning naught (like doaces) but following: A plague vpon your Epicurie village, Smoile you my speeches, as I were a Fool;

Goofe, I had you vpon Scaron Plaines,
I'd drue ye eckling home to Camelot,

Cor. What art thou mad old Fellow?
Gloft. How fell you out, say that?

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy, Then 1, and such a knave.

Cor. Why d'ye call him Knaue?

What is his fault?

Kent. His countenence lies me not.

Cor. No more perchance do's mine, nor his, nor her.

Kent. Sir, it's my occupation to be plaine, I have beene better faces in my time,

Then stand on any shoulder that I see
Before me, at this instant.

Corn. This is some Fellow,

Who housing beene praid for bluntneffe, doth affect A facy roughines, and constrains the garb Quieting his Naye. He can not flatter he,

An honest mind and plaine, he must speak the truth, And they will take it to, if not, she's plain.

These kind of Knaves I know, which in this plainneffe Harbour more craft, and more corrupte ends,

Then twenty sly-ducking obfurers,

That trench their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, at good faith, in sincere verity,

Vnder th'allowance of your great affect,

Whoof influence like the wreathe of radiant fire

On flicking Phoebus front.

Cor. What am meant by this?

Kent. To goe out of my dialect, which you decommend fo much; I know Sir, I am no flatterer, he that be-
guided you in a plaine accent, was a plaine Knave, which for my part I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entice me too.

Corn. What was th'oofence you gave him?

Ste. I never gave him any:

It pleased the King his Master very late
To strike me vpon his misconstruation,

When he comped, and flattering his displeasure
Triped me behind his dace, infulted, rail'd,

And put vpon him such a deale of Man,

That worthied him, got prais of the King,

For him attempting, who was self-subdued,

And in the fleesment of this dead exploit,

Drew on me here again.

Corn. None of these Rogues, and Cowards

But Ann is there Fool.

Corn. Fetch forth the Stockes?

You stubborne ancient Knave, you scorneut Bragart,

We'll teach you.

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learne:

Call not your Stockes for me, I serve the King,

On wholde impression I was sent to you,

You shall doe small reftes, howsoe bold malice

Against the Grace, and Perfon of my Master,

Stocking his Melfenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the Stockes:

As I have life and Honour, there fhall he fit till Noone.

Reg. Till noon't till night my Lord, and all night too.

Kent. Why Madam, if I were your Fathers dog,

You should not we me to.

Reg. Sir, being his Knave, I will.

Stueky brought awnt.

Corn. This is a Fellow of the false fame colour,

Our Sifler speakes of. Come, bringing away the Stockes.

Glo. Let me becheef your Grace, not to do so,

The King his Mifer, needs must take it ill

That he so lightly valued in his Melfenger,

Should have him thus restraine.

Cor. He anfwered that.

Reg. My Sifler may recieve it much more woffe.

To have her Gentleman abus'd, affulted,

Corn. Come my Lord, away,

Exit.

Glo. I am forry for thee friend, 'tis the Duke pleasure,

Whole disposition all the world well knows

Will not be rub'd nor flop't, Ile entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray do not Sir, I have watch'd and travailed hard,

Some time I shall sleep out, the reft Ie whiffle:

A good mans fortune may grow out at healees.

Glo.
Enter Edgar.

Edg. I heard my selue proclaim'd, and by the happy hollow of a Tree, escaped the Hunt. No Port is free, no place that guard, and most remiss Vigilance. Do's not attend my taking. While I may scape I will prefer my selfe, and am both safe and secure to take the ballest, and most poorfet shape. That ever penury in contempt of man, brought need to beare, my face Ile grime with thift, Blanket my loines, else all my hairies in knots, and with preferred nakedneffe outface the Windes, and perfecutions of the skie. The Country giues me proofe, and president Of Bedlam beggers, who with roaring voices, Stikke in their humd and mortified Armes, Pins, Woollen-prickes, Nayles, Sprige of Rofemarie: And with this horribl obiect, from lowe Farmes, Poores pelting Villages, Sheeps-Coates, and Milles, Sometimes with Lanacke fans, sometime with Prizers Inforce their charity: poore Twstygod, poore Tom, That's something yet; Edgar I nothing am. Exit.

Enter Lear, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. This strange that they should so depart from home, And not send backe my Meeffenger.

Kent. As I heard, the night before, there was no purpose in them Of this remoue.

Kent. Haile to the Noble Master.

Lear. Ha! Mak't thou this shame aby pastime? Kent. No my Lord, Fool. Ha, ha, he weares Cruell Garters Horfes are ride by the heads, Dogges and Beares, by th'neckes, Monkeys by'th'boynees, and Men by th'legs; when a man ouerlifuie at legs, then he weares woollen other-thicks.

Lear. What is he? That hath so much thy place millooke To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she, Your Son, and Daughter.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are fickle, they are weary, They have casual'd all the night? meer fetches, The images of sculls and flying off, Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My deere Lord, You know the fiery quality of the Duke, How unremovable and fixt he is In his owne course.


Glo. Well my good Lord, I haue inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them? Do'th thou understand me man.

Glo. I my good Lord.

Lear. The King would speak with Cornwall, The deere Father Would with his Daughter speake, commands, tend, fer Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood: (uicce, Fiery? The fiesty Duke, tell the hot Duke that No, but not yet, may be he is not well, Infirmitie doth still neglect all office, When e'to our health is bound, we are not our selues, When Nature being oppreff, commands the mind To suffer with the body, Ie forbeare, And am fallen out with my more header will, To take the indipos'd and fickle fish, For the found man. Death on my fiate: wherefore Should he fit here? This art pervertes me, That this remotion of the Duke and her Is prachle only. Give me my Seruant forth; Goe tell the Duke, and his wife, I'd speake with them: Now, prefently, bid them come forth and heare me, Or at their Chamber doore Ie beathe the Drum, Till at cripe Repea to death.

Glo. I would have all well betwixt you. Exit.

Lear. Oh me my heart! My rising heart! But downe. Fool. Cry to it Nunclace, as the Cockney did to the Ecles, when the put 'em i'th Paife aliue, the knapt 'em o'th coccombs with a fickle, and cerved downe wantons, downe, twas her Brother, that in pure kindnesse to his Horfe buttered his Hay.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloucester, Seruants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both. Corn. Haile to your Grace. Kent here set at liberty.

Reg. I am glad to fee your Highnes.

Regan. I thinke your are. I know what reaion Thauae to think so, if thou shoul'dt not be glad, I would duoruce from thy Mother Tombe, Sepulchring an Adulterife. O are you free? Some other time for that. Beloved Regan, Thy Siflers naught: oh Regan, the hath tided Sharpe-tooth'd unkindnesse, like a vulture heate, I can fcarce speake to thee, thou can't beleue With how deprav'd a quality. Oh Regan.

Reg. I pray you Sir, take patience, I have hope You feall know how to value her deferts, Then flie to feant her dutie.

Lear. Say? How is that?

Reg. I cannot thinke my Sifter in the leaff Would fail her Obligation. If Sir perchance She haue restrained the Riots of your Followres, Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end, As elettes her from all blame.

Lear. My curfes on her.

Reg. O Sir, you are old, Nature in you hands on the very Verge Of his confine: you should be rud'd, and led By some difperation, that difcernes your fiate Better then you your selfe: therefore I pray you, That to our Sifter, you do make returne, Say you have wrong'd her.

Lear. Ask her forgiuenesse? Do you but marke how this becomes the houfe? Deceit daughter, I confede that I am old; Age is vnecessary on my knees I begge, That you'll vouchefaye me Rayment, Bed, and Food.

Reg. Good Sir, no more: thefe are vnfitly triches: Returne you to my Sifter.

Lear. Neuer Regan: She hath abated me of halfe my Traine; Look'd blacke vpon me, froke me with her Tongue Miff Serpent-like, vpon the very Heart. All the fil'd Vengeances of Heauens, fall On her ingratefull top: thike your yong bones You. king Ayres, with Lameneffe.

Corny. Eye fix fix.

Reg. Ye you nimble Lightnings, dart your blinding flames Into her scornfull eyes: Intect her Beauty, You Fkn-fuck'd Foggcs, drawne by the powerfull Sunne, To fall, and bifter.

Reg. O thee blef Gods! So will you with on me, when the rath moodie is on.

Lear. No Regan, thou shalt never have my curfe: Thy tender-befeted Nature thall not glie Thee o're to halshenfe: Her eyes are fierce, but thine Do comfort, and not burne. 'Tis not in thee To grudge my pleasures, to cut of my Traine, To bandy hifty words, to fcart my fizes, And in conclusion, to oppofe the balt Againft my comming in. Thou better know't The Offices of Nature, bond of Childhood, Effects of Curesfe, dues of Gratitute: Thy halfe o' th'Kingdome haft thou not forgotten, Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good Sir, to'th purpofe. - Tucket within.

Regan. Who put my ran i'th' Stockes? Enter Servant.

Corny. What Trumpets that? Reg. I know't, my Siflers: this approves her Letters, That she would foone be heere. Is your Lady come? Lear. This is a Slaue, whose efie borin-payed pride Dwells in the fickly grace of her he follows, Out Varlet, from my fight.


Lear. Who flockes my Suerant? Regan, I haue good hope Thou did't not know on. Who comes here? O Heauens! If you do love old men; if your vweet fway Allow Obedience; if your yonfes are old, Make it your caufe: Send downe, and take my part. Art not afham'd to looke vpon this Beard? 'O Regan, will you take her by the hand? Corn. Why not by'thand Sir? How have I offended? All's not ofence that indigefion finds, And dotage terms fo.

Lear. O fides, you are too tough! Will you yet hold? How came my man i'th' Stockes?

Corny. I fe him there, Sir: but his owne Disorders

Defer'd
Defend'd much loss advancement.

Lear. You? Did you? I pray you, Father, being weak, come to me. If she return, discourse with my Sire, and make his stay. He is now from home, I am now from home, and out of that promiss which shall be needful for your entertainment. Lear. Return to her, and fifty men of them? No, rather labour all purpose, and three.

To wage against the enemy of thy heart, To be a Comrade with the Wolf and Owl, Necelles flies pinch. Return with her? Why the hot-blooded Friar, that dowt'st to take Our youngest house, I could as well be brought To kneel before the throne, to Squire I'm petition beg, To keep noble life a foot; return with her? Peruse what I stand rather to be false and spurious To this detailed groome.

Gon. At your horse Sir. Lear. I pray thee, daughter, do not make me mad, I will not trouble thee! My child! farewell! We'll no more meet, no more see one another. But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my Daughter, Or rather a disease that's in my flesh, Which I shall needs call mine, Thou art a lyre, A plagion song, or loaded Carc-bune In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee, Let shame come when it will, I'll not call it, I do not bid the Thunder bearer thou, Nor tell tales of thee to high-riding frey, Mind when thou canst, be better at thy leisure, I can be patient, I can play with Regan, And my hundred Knights, Reg. Not altogether so, I look not for you yet, nor am prohibited. For your fit welcome, give care Sir to thy sister, For those that mingle reason with your passion, Must be content to think you old, and so, But she knows what she does. Lear. Is this well spoken? Reg. I dare as touch at Sir, what they follow? Is it not well? What should we need of more? Yes, or so many? Sith that both charge and danger, Speake 'gainst or great a number? How in one house Should many people, under two commandes, Hold anuity? 'Tis hard, almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not your Lord, receive attendance From those that the call Servants, or from none? "Reg. Why not my Lord?" If the they chang'd to black ye, We could comptroll them, if you will come to me, For now I lie a danger I entreat you To bring in safe and twenty, to no more Will I give place or notice. Lear. I gave you all. Reg. And in good time you gave it. Lear. Made you my Guardian, my Depositories, But kept a reservation to be followed With such a number? What, shall I come to you With five and twenty? Regan, said you so? Reg. And speak again my Lord, no more with me. Lear. Those wicked Creatures yet do look well toward When others are more wicked, not being the world Stands in some ranke of praise, I'll go with thee, Thy fifty yet dost doth double five and twenty, And thou art twice her Louisville. Gonz. Hear me my Lord! What need you five and twenty? Ten? Or five? To follow in a houfe, where twice so many Have a command to tend you? Reg. What need one? Lear. O reason not the need: our basest Beggers Are in the poorest thing imposhous, Allow not Nature, more then Nature needs: Mans life is cheeper as Beasles. Thou art a lady! If only to go warme were gorgeous, Why Nature needs not what thou gorgeus wearst, Which scarcely keepes thee warme, but for true needs? You Heavens, give me that patience, patience I need, You see me here (you Gods) a poor old man, At full of griefes of age, wrinkled in bath, If it by you that flares these Doughters hearts Against their Father, forge me not so much, To bestow it timely; touch me with Noble danger, And let not women weapons, water drops, Statue my mans cheeks: No you on unnatural Hags, I will hue such reuenges on you both, That all the world shall — I will do such things, What they are yet, I know not, but they shalbe The terrors of the earth? you thinkie lie weepe, No, Ile not weepe, I have full cause of weeping.

Storme and Tempest. But this heart shall break into a hundred thousand flaves Or ere lie weepe. O Foole, I shall go mad. Exeunt. Cora. Let vs withdraw, 'twill be a Storme. Lear. This house is little, the old man and's people, Cannot be well before. Gonz. 'Tis his owne blame hath put him selfe from rest, And must needs taffe his folly. Reg. For his particular, he receiveth him gladly, But not one follower. Gon. So am I purpos'd. Where is my Lord of Gloucester? Enter Gloucester. Cora. Followed the old man forth, he is return'd. Glo. The King is in high rage. Cora. Whether he is going? Glo. He calls to Haste, but will I know not whether. Cora. 'Tis best to give him way, he leads himselfe. My Lord, entice him by no means to stay. Glo. Alacke the night comes on, and the high windes Do sorely ruffle, for many Miles about. There's scarce a bath. Reg. O Sir, to willfull man, The matters that they themelves procure, Must be their schoole. Masters shunt with ye deores, He is attendend with a desperate traine, and what they may incite him, too, being apt, To have his care abused, wilde men bids fare. Cor. Shunt with your doores my Lord, 'tis a wilde night. My Regan counsels well, come out othermo. Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Storme Hill. Enter Kent, and a Gentleman, juniorly.

Kent. Who's there besides foule weather? Gon. One minded like the weather, most vnquietly.
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Kent. I know you: Where's the King?

Kent. Contending with the freefull Elements;
Bids the winde blowe the Earth into the Sea,
Or swell the curst Waters' ounce the Maine,
That things might change, or cease.
Kent. But who is with him?

Kent. None but the Foolie, who labours to cut i' the Heav'n-frooke injuries,
Kent. Sir, I do know you,
And date upon the warrant of my note
Commend a decree thing to you. There is diuision
(Although as yet the face of it is couer'd)
With mutuell cunning) twixt Albany, and CORNWALL:
Who have, as who have not, that their great Salliers
Then'd and xect high; Servants, who seeme no leffe, Whiche
Are to France the Spies and Speculations
Intelligent of our State. Whate ha'bin feene, Either in straughter, and packings of the Dukes,
Or, the hard Recine which both of them has borne
Against the old kinde King; or something deeper, Whereof (perchance) there are but furnitures.
Kent. I will take further with you.
Kent. No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more
Then my out-wall; open this Purlie, and take
What it contains. If you shall see Cordelias,
(As feare not but you shall) Irow her this King,
And she will tell you who that Fellow is
That yet you do not know. Eye on this Storme,
I will go seeke the King.

Kent. Give me your hand,
Have you no more to say?

Kent. Few words, but to effect more then all yet;
That when we have found the King, in which your pain
That way, He this: He that first lights on him,
Holla the other.

Exeunt.

Scene Second.

Enter Lear and Foolie.

Lear. Blow windes, & crack your cheeks; Rage, blow
You Cataclafs, and Hurricanes's poyre,
Till you have drench'd our Steepies, drown the Cockes.
You Sulphous and Thought-executing Fires,
Vain-curiosities of Oske-cleaning Thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head. And thou all-shaking Thunder,
Stirle flat the thicke Roundity o' th'world,
Cracke Natures moulds, all germaines spilt at once
Th. makes ingratitude full Man.

Foolie. O Nunkie, Court holy-water in a drye house, is
better then this Rain-water eate o'doore. Good Nunkie, in,
ask thy Daughters bleffing, heere's a night pittie neither Wifemen, nor Foolies.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full; spit Fire, spowt Raine.
Nor Raine, Winde, Thunder, Fire are my Daughters;
I taxe not you, you Elements with vrkindome,
I never gave you Kingsdome, call'd you Children;
You owe me no infruction. Then let fall
Your horrible pleasure. Here I stand your Slave,
A poore, infime, weake, and diptis old man:
But yet I call you Seniile Ministers,
That will with two pensive Daughters layne
Your high-engender'd Battailes, 'gainst a head
So old, and white as this, O, ho! this foule.

Foolie. He that has a houfe to put his head in, has a good
Head-peece:
The Codpiece that will houfe, before the head has any;
The Head, and he shall Lowfe: so Beggers many mone,
The man y makes his Toe, what he his Hart shall mock;
Shall of a Connie cry woe, and turne his fleape to wake.
For there was never yet faire woman, but fhee made
mouthes in a glas.

Enter Kent.

Lear. No, I will be the patterne of all patience,
I will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Foolie. Marry here's Grace, and a Codpiece, that's a
Wifeman, and a Foolie.

Kent. Alas Sir is ye here? Things that loue night,
Loue not such nights as thefe: The wrathfull Skyes
Gallow the very wanderinges of the darke
And make them keepeth their Cazes: Since I was man,
Such shees of Fire, such burstis of horrid Thunder,
Such groanes of roaring Winde, and Raine, I neuer
Remember to have heard. Mans Nature cannot carry
This fiftfullon, nor the feare.

Lear. Let the great Goddes
That keepes this dreadful padder o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble thou Wretch,
That haft within thee indulgeu'd Crimes
Vnwhipt of Justice. Hide thee, thou Bloudy hand;
Thou Periur'd, and thou Simular of Virtue
That at incensuous, Catiffe, to pieces shake
That vnder covent, and oneuen feeming
He's practis'd on mans life. Clofe pent-vp guilts,
Riue your concealing Continents, and cry
These dreadfull Sumonners grace. I am a man,
More fin'd against, then finning,
Kent. Alacke, bare-headed?
Gracious my Lord, hard by here's a Howell,
Some friendhip will it lend you 'gainst the Tempes?
Repose you there, while I to this hard houfe,
(More harder then the flootes whereof 'tis rais'd,
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Dref's me to come in) returne, and force
Their fainted eurche.

Lear. My wits begin to tune.
Come on my boy, How doft my boy? Art cold?
I am cold my selfe. Where is this straw, my Fellow?
The Art of our Necesitie is strange,
And can make vile things precious, Come, your Howell;
Poor Foolie, and Knowe, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

Foolie. He that has and a little-tyne wit,
With height-ho, the Winde and the Raine,
May make content with his Fortunes fit,
Though the Raine it raineth every day.

Le. True Boy! Come bring vs to this Howell. Exit.

Foolie. This is a braue night to coole a Curtizan:
He speake a Propheticke ere I go:
When Priests are more in word, then matter;
When Brewers maare their Malt with water;
When Nobles are their Taylors Tutors,
No Heretiques ban't, but wenchers Souter;
When every Cafe in Law, is right;
No Squire in debt, nor no poore Knight;
When Slanders do not live in Tongues;
Nor Cut-purses come not to thongs;
When Wurters sell their Gold at a Field,
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Gloster, and Edmund.

Glo. Alacke, alacke Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing, when I desired then I gave thee what I might give thee, they tooke from me the wfe of mine owne house; charged me with perpetual displeasure, neither to speake of him entres for, or any way displease him.

Edm. Most false and unnatural.

Glo. Go too; say you nothing. There is division betwene the Dukes, and a worse master then that; I have receiued a Letter this night, 'tis dangerous to be spoken, I have lock't the Letter in my Cloffes, these injuries the King now beares, will be reuengeed home; ther is part of a Power already fooved, we must incline to the King, I will looke him, and pritty censure him; goe you and maintaine tales with the Duke, that my charity be not of him perceived; if he aske for me, I will, and goe to bed, if I die for it. (as no leffe is threatened me) the King my old Mifer must be reuived. There is strange things toward Edmund, pray you be carefull. Exeunt.

Edm. This Currette forbid thee, shall the Duke Instantly know and of that Letter too.

This becomes a faire defeuering, and must draw me That which my Father lost; no leffe then all, The yonger rife, when the old doth fall. Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place my Lord, good my Lord enter, The terray 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 conceituous Invases us to the skins; 'tis to thee,

(Toe)

But where the greater malady is fixt, The letter is scarce felt. Thou art then a Beast, But if they flight lay towards the roaring Sea, Thou'dst meete the Beast it's mouth, when the mind's The bodies dedicate; the tempell in my mind, fce, Doth from my fencessake all feeling else, Save what besate thee, fillhall ingratitude, Is it not as this mouth should teare this hand For lifting food tooke; But I will puniſh home; Nor will I weep more; in such a night, To shut me out? Poure on, I will endure:

In such a night as this? O Regan, Goneril, Your old kind Father, whose backe heart gave all, O that way madnesse lies, let me thin on that: No more of that.

Kent. Good my Lord enter here.

Lear. Prythee go in thy felfe, fecke thine owne ease, This tempell will not giue me leave to ponder On things would hurt me more, but Ile goe in,

In Boy, goe frift. You houſellle pouerie, Nay get thee in; ile pray, and then ile sleepe,

Poore naked wretches, where so eere you are That hide the pelting of this pitifule storme, How shall your Houſellle heads, and wetted sides, Your lipps, and window's ragged naffe defend you From feasons such as these? O I have tane

Too little care of this: Take Physicke, Pompe, Expose thy felfe to feel what wretches fcte, That thou mayst fakke the superfux to them, And thaw the Heauens more iuſt.

Enter Edgar, and Fool.

Edg. Fathom, and half, Fathom and halfpoore Tom.

Fool. Come not in here Auncle, here's a spirit, helpe me, helpe me.

Kent. Give me thy hand, who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit, he fayes his name's poore Tom.

Kent. What art thou that doft grumble there, I'le faw I'le faw. Come forth.

Fool. Away, the foule Fiend follows me, through the hufe Hauntome blow the winsde. Hum, goe to thy bed and warme thy felfe.

Lear. Did'ft thou giue all to thy Daughters? And art thou come to this?

Edgar. Who giues any thing to poore Tom? Whom the fiend fhiu'd had led through Fire, and through Flame, through Sword, and Whistle: Poole, or' Bag, and Quag- miere, that hath laid Knites under his Pillow, and Habits in his Poe, fet Rats-bane by his Porreede, made him Proud of heart, to ride on a Bay trotting Horse, over foure huch Bridges, to coufie his owne Shadow for a Traitor, Blisse thy fiue Wits, Tempe cold, O do, do, do, do, do, Bliffe thine felfe from Whille. Whinde, Starre-blafiati, and ta- king, do poore Tom some charite, whom the foule Fiend vexes. There could I have him now, and there, and there, and there at me, and there.

Stormes ftoe.

Lear. His his Daughters brought him to this paffe? Could itf thou fave nothing? Would itf thou giue em all?

Fool. Nay, he referu'd a Blanket, ife we had bin all tham'd.

Lear. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous ayre Hang fared o're mens fakes, light on thy Daughters.

Kent. He hath no Daughters Sir.

Lear. Death Traitor, nothing could have fubdu'd To feach a lowesse, but his vnkind Daughters. (Nature Is it the fation, that discard our Fathers, Should have thus little mercy on their felvies; Judicious punishment, 'twas this fels he begot Thofe Pelican Daughters.

Edg. Pillock fat on Pillock hill, slow, slow, slow, loo, loo. Fool. This cold night will turne vs all to Fooles, and Madmen.

Edgar. Take heed o'th'Foule Fiend, obey thy Pa- rents, keepe thy words iujtice, Iwae not, commit not, 113 with
with mans sworne Spouse, let not thy Sweet-heart on proud array. Tom’s a cold.

Lear. What haft thou bin?

Edg. A Sufferingman? Proud in heart, and minde; that cutt’d my hair, wore Glouces in my cap; ered th’t Luff of my Miftres heart, and did thee of darkeness with her. Swores as many Oaths, as I speake words, & broke them in the sweet face of Heauen. One, that leipt in the contriving of Luff, and waft’d to doe it. Wine loud I’d deely, Dice deely ; and in Woman, out-Paramour’d th’Turke. Falfe of heart, light of eare, bloody of hand ; Hog in floth, Foxe in fleeph, Wolfe in greedinttie, Dog in madness. Lyon in prey. Let not the breaking of shoes, Nor the ruffling of Silkes, betray thy poore heart to woman. Keep thy foote out of Brothels, thy hand out of Plackets, thy pen from Lenders Bookes, and defye the foule Friend. So through the Fauchores blows the cold winner; Sayes fume, man’mony, Dolphin my Boy, Boy Saffy; let him troby. Storme still.

Lear. Thou went better in a Grave, then to answere with thy vyncour’d body, this extenitie of the Skies. Is man no more then this ? Consider him well. Thou owst the Womans Silke; the Beal, no Hide; the Sheepe, no Wooll; the Cat, no perfume. Ha? Here’s three on’s are sophisticated. Thou art the thing it selfe; vnaccomodated man, is no more but such a poore, bare, forkin A-nismall as thou art. Off, off you Lendings : Come, vn-button hezze.

Enter Gloucefier, with a Torch.

Fool. Prythee Nunclave be comented, tis a naughtie night to swimme in. Now a little fire in a wilde Field, were like an old Letchet’s heart, a small fparke, all the reft on’s body, cold: Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foule Fibbterrigibbet; he begins at Curfew, and walks at firft Cocke: He gives the Web and the Pin, iquint the eye, and makes the Hare-lippe; Mildeuces the white Wheare, and hurts the poore Creature of earth.

Smithies footed thriee the cold,
He met the Night, Mark, and her nine-fold;
Did her a-light; and her troth-plight,
And strieke them Witch, strieke thee.

Kent. How fares your Grace?

Lear. What’s he?

Kent. Who’s there ? What is’t you feeke?

Glou. What are you there? Your Names?

Edg. Poor Tom, that eates the swimming Frog, the Toad, the Toel-pole, the wall-Neat, and the water ; that in the fuit of his heart, when the foule Fieued rages, eats Cow-dung for Sallets; swallowes the old Rat, and the ditch-Dogge; drinks the green Mantle of the flanding Poole : who is whipt from Tything to Tything; and flockes, punifh’d, and imprison’d; who hath three Suites to his tacke, five fhiens to his body : Horse to ride, and weapon to weare:

But Mee, and Rats, and such finall Deare,
Have bin Tom’s food, for fenon long yeare : Beware my Follower. Peace Smulkin, peace thou Fiend. Glou. What, hath your Grace no better company ?

Edg. The Prince of Darkeinttie is a Gentleman. Medo he’s call’d, and Makie.

Glou. Our flesh and blood, my Lord, is growne to wilde, that it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom’s a cold.

Glou. Go in with me; my dutty cannot fuffer.

To obey in all your daughters hard commands:
Though the Infigniion be to bare my doores,
And let this Tyrannous night take hold upon you.
Yet haue I ventured to come fecke you out,
And bring you where both fire, and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talke with this Philosopher,
What is the caufe of Thunder?

Kent. Good my Lord take his offer,
Go into th’houfe.

Lear. Let talke a word with this lame lerned Theban:
What is your study ?

Edg. How to prevent the Fiend, and to kill Vesnine.

Lear. Let me aske you one word in priuate.

Kent. Importune him once more to go my Lord,
His was begun’t venetie.

Glou. Can’t thou blame him?

‘Storms still
His Daughters fecke his death, Ah, that good Kent,
He said it would be thus; poore banish’d man:
Thou layeft the King grows wod mad, Ite tell thee Friend I am almost mad my Selfe, I had a Sonne,
Now out-lay’d from my blood, and fought my life
But lately : very late : I fou’d him (Braint) No Father his Sonne deere, true to tell thee,
The greete hath cra’d my wits, What a night’s this? I do beseech your grace.

Lear. O cry you mercy, Sir :
Noble Philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom’s a cold,

Glou. In fellow there, into th’Houle; keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let’s in all.

Kent. This way, my Lord.

Lear. With him:
I will keepe still with my Philosopher.

Kent. Good my Lord, foot him:
Let him take the Fellow.

Glou. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirra, come on : go along with vs.

Lear. Come, good Athenien.

Glou. No words, no words, husk.

Edg. Childre Renland to the dark Tower came,
His word was full, fit, foth, and funny,
I finell the blood of a Britifh man.

Exeunt

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cornwall, and Edmund.

Corn. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his house.

Baff. How my Lord, i may be cenfured, that Nature thus gives way to Loyalty, something feares mee to thinke of.

Corn. I now perceiue, it was not altogether your Brothers euiil disposition made him fseeke his death : but a prouoking merit let a worke by a reprouable badlee in himfelfe.

Baff. How malicious is my fortune, that I must re- pent to be fuit ? This is the Letter which hee fpeeke of, which approues him an intelligent partie to the advanta- ges of France O Heuens, that this Treason were not ; or not I the detector.

Corn. Go with me to the Ditchaffe.

Baff. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty businesse in hand.

Corn.
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Kent, and Gloucester.

Glo. Heere is better then the open ayre; take it thankfully: I will peeces out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not long from you.

Exit Kent.

All the power of his wits, have given way to his impatience: the Gods reward your kindnesse.

Enter Lear, Edgar, and Fool.

Edg. Praythee Nunnbe tell me, whether a madman be a Gentleman, or a Yeoman.

Lear. A King, a King.

Fool. No, he's a Yeoman, that he's a Gentleman to his Sonne: for he's a mad Yeoman that sees his Sonne a Gentleman before him.

Lear. To haue a thousand with red burning spits: Come hirizing in upon 'em.

Edg. Bleff thee thry blee witts.

Kent. O pitty! Sir, where is the patience now That you so oft have boasted to retain? Edg. My teeres begin to take his part so much, They metre my counterfetting.

Lear. The little dogges, and all; Trey, Blanch, and Sweet-heart: see, they barke at me.

Edg. Tom, will throw his head at them: Ausune you Curre, be thy mouch or blanke or white; Tooth that poyson sif it bite: Maffifie, Grey-hound, Mongrill, Grim, Hound or Spaniell, Brache, or Hym: Or Bobtailie right, or Troudie caile, Tom will make him weape and waile, For with throwing thus my head; Dogs leapt the hatch, and all are fled.

Do, de, de, de, see; Come, march to Wake and Fayres, And Market Townes; poore Tom thy home is dry.

Lear. Then let them Ammortize Regan: See what breedes about her heart. Is there any care in Nature that make the dead hearts. You for, entertaine for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fasion of your garments. You will lay they are Perfon; but let them bee changd.

Enter Glosfer.

Kent. Now good my Lord, Iye heere, and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noife, make no noife, draw the Curtaines: sofo, we'll goe to Suppeter 5th morning. Fool. Come, see hast Friend: Where is the King my Master?

Kent. Here Sir; but trouble him nor, his wits are gon.

Enter Gloucester.

Glos. Good friend, I praythee take him in thy armes; I have ore-heard a plot of death upon him:

There is a Letter ready, lay him in't, And drive toward Doicer friend, where thou shalt meece Both welcome, and protection. Take vp thy Master, If thou should'ft daily halfe an hour, his life With thing, and all that offer to defend him, Stand in assured losse. Take vp, take vp, And follow me, that will to some prouision Glue thee quicke conducit. Come, come, away. Extant.

Scena Septima.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gonerill, Boastard, and Servants.

Corn. Poste speedily to my Lord, your husband, shew him this Letter, the Army of France is landed: seek out the Traitor Gloucester.

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Glos. Plucke out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure. Edmund, keep you our Sifter company; the reuenges we are bound to take wpon your Traitors Father, are not fit for your beholding. Advice the Duke where you are going, to most fentihall preparation: we are bound to the like. Our Postes shall be best, and Intelligente betwixt vs. Farewell dear Siter, farewell my Lord of Gloucester.

Enter Steward.

How now! Where is the King?

Ste. My Lord of Gloucester hath couney'd him hence Some five or six, and thirty of his Knights Hot Quarells after him, met him at gate, Who, with some other of the Lords, dependants, Are gone with him toward Douter; where they boast To have well armed Friends.

Corn. Get horses for your Miftris.


Corn. Edmond farewell! go seek the Traitor Glosfer, Prouinc him like a Theefe, bring him before vs: Though well we may not paffe upon his life Without the forme of Justitice; yet our power Shall do a curtisite to our wrath, which men May blame, but not comprisall.

Enter Gloucester, and Cornwall.

Whos there the Traitor?

Reg. Ingratefull Fox, 'tis he.

Corn. Binde his hark his curky armes.

Glos. What means your Graces?

Good my Friends couney you are my Ghosts: Do me no toule play, Friend.

Corn. Binde him I say.


Glos. Vnderfull Lady, as you are, I'me none.

Corn. To this Chaire binde him, Villaine, thou shalt finde.

Glos. By the kinde Gods, 'tis most igno1 I dare To plucke me by the Beard.

Reg. So white, and such a Traitor?

Glos. Naughtie Ladie,

These hairies which thou dost raiseth from my chin Will quicken and acceu thee. I am your Hoft, With Robbers hands, my hopidable fauors

You
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and knowne to be commend'd,
Then still commend'd and flatter'd, to be worst;
The lowliest, and most deject thing of Fortune,
Stands full in esperiance, liues not in feare;
The lamentable change is from the best,
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou vnsubstantialaye that I embrace:
The Wretch that thou haft blowned unto the world,
Owes nothing to thy blasts.

Enter Gloucester, 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 bence your Tenant,
And your Fathers Tenant, these fourscore yeares.
Glou. Away, get thee away; good Friend be gone,
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
There, they may hurt.

Oldm. You cannot see your way.
Glou. I haue no way, and therefore want no eyes;
I stumbl'd when I saw,
Full oft 'tis feene,
Our meanes secure!s, vs, and our meer defects
Prove our Commodities. Oh deere Sonne Edgar,
The food of thy abused Fathers wrath:
Kig'st I but loue to see thee in my touch,
I'd say I had eyes again.

Oldm. How now? who's there?
Edg. O Gods! Who is't can say I am at the world?
I am worste then ere I was.
Oldm. Tis poore mad Tom.
Edg. And worste I may be yet; the worste is not,
So long as we can say this is the worste.
Oldm. Fellow, where goest thou?
Glou. Is it a Beggar-man?
Oldm. Madman, and beggar too.
Glou. He has some reason, els he could not beg.
1'th'last nights storme, I fuch a fellow saw;
Which made me thinke a Man, a Worme. My Sonne
Came then into my minde, and yet my minde
Was then scarce Friends with him.
I haue heard more since:
As Flies to wanton Boyes, are we to th'Gods,
They kill vs for their sport.
Edg. How should this be?
Bad is the Trade that must play Poole to foare,
Ang'ring it selfe, and others. Bleste thee Master.
Glou. Is that the nacked Fellow?
Oldm. 1, my Lord.
Glou. Get thee away! I for my selfe
Thou wilt o're-take vs hence a mile or twaine.
I'll way toward Douter, do it for ancient love,
And bring some courting for this nacked Soule,
Which I intreate to leade me.
Old. Alacke, he is mad.

Glou.
Glo. 'Tis the time of plague, when Madam leade the blinde; do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure: above the rest, be gone.

Edg. Poor Tom's cold, I cannot daub it further.

Gon. Come hither fellow.

Edg. And yet I must.

Bleste thy sweete eyes, they bleede.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both by fight and gate; Horseway, and foot-pathe; poor Tom hath bin, and out of his good witts. Bleste thee good mans foon, from the foule I tend.

Glo. Here take this paste, 'by whom the head's plagues have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched makes thee the happier: Heaven's dance so still:

Let the supphous, and Luft-dicted man, that haues your ordinance, that will not fee:

Because he do not feel, feel your powre quickly:

So distribution shoud vnoo, exellent,

And each man have enough. Dost thou know Dover?

Edg. I haue.

Glo. There is a Cliffe, whose high and bending head Looks fearesfully in the confined Deeper:

Bring me but to the very brimme of it,

And he repayre the misery thou doft bear With something rich about me: from that place, I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arme; Poor Tom shall lead thee.

Scene Secunda.

Enter Goweriff, Bagard, and Steward.

Gow. Welcome my Lord. I metaue our mild husband Not met vs on the way. Now, where's your Master? Stew. Madam with it, but never man so chang'd; I told him of the Army that was Landed, He smil'd at it. I told him you were coming, His answer was, the worse. Of Gloffers Treachery, And of the loyal 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 moit he shoud dislike, feenes pleasent to him: What like, offensue. Gow. Then shall you go no further, It is the Cowith terror of his spirit That does not vnderstode: He'll not feeke wrongs Which tye him to an ansuer: our wisfes on the way May prove eftcts. Backe Edwardo to my Brother, Haften his Mulfers, and conduct his powres. I must change names at home, and giue the Distaff into my Husbands hands. This true the Servant Small pace between vs e're long you are like to heare (If you dare venture in your owne behalfe).

A Middreffe command. Weare this: spare speache, Decline your head. This kiffe, if it durt speake Would stretch thy Spirits vp into the eyes:

Conceive, and fare thee well.

Baff. Yours in the rankes of death.

Gow. My moft deere Gloffer.

Scene Tertia.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Cordelia, Gentlemen, and Saddowtis.

Cor. Alacke, 'tis he why he was met eu'n now As mad as the next Sea, singing aloud.

Crow'd with ranke Fenishes, and furrow words,

With Hardokes, Hemlocke, Netties, Cucko flowers,

Darnell
Darnell, and all the idle weedes that grow
In our fulltaining Corne. A Centurie send forth;
Search eery Acere in the high-grownwee field,
And bring him to our eye. What can mans wisedge
In the refriling hys bereaued Senfe; he that helps him,
Take all my outward worth.

Gen. There is meanes Madam:
Our souter Nuste of Nature, is repose,
The which he lacks: that to prouoke in him
Are many Simplest operatious, whole power
Will clofe the eye of Anguish.

Cord. All bleft Secrets,
All you vnpublithd Vertues of the earth
Spring with my teares; be aydant, and remedere
In the Goodmans defires: feake, feke for him,
Leaff his vaguernsd rage, difolute the life
That wants the means to leade it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. Neues Madam,
The Britifh Povres are marching hitherward.

Cor. Tis knowyne before. Our preparation flands
In expedation of them. O deere Father,
It is thy bufineffe that I go about: Theryfore great France
My mourning, and importund the care harp pitted:
No blowne Ambition doth our Armes incite,
But loue, deere loue, and our agd Fathers Rite:
Soone may I heare, and fee him.


Scena Quarta.

Enter Regan, and Steward.

Reg. But are my Brothers Povres yet forth?
Stew. 1 Madam.
Reg. Himselfe in perfon there?
Stew. Madam with much ado:
Your Sifter is the better Soulier.
Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your Lord at home?
Stew. No Madam.
Reg. What night import my Sifters Letter to him?
Stew. I know not, Lady.
Reg. Faith he is posseted hence on serious mate.
It was great ignorance, Gloosiers eyes being out.
To let him lye. Where he arriues, he mooves
All hearts against vs: Edmund, I thinke is gone
In pitty of his misery, to disparch
His nighted life: Morecuer to defcry
The strength of Enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, Madam, with my Letter.
Reg. Our troopes set forth to morrow, they with vs?
The ways are dangerous.
Stew. I may not Madam:
My Lady chargd my dutie in this busines.
Reg. Why should it be writ to Edmund?
Might not your transport her purposes by word? Belke,
Something, I know not what. Ile loue thee much
Let me unseall the Letter.

Stew. Madam I had rather
Reg. I know your Lady do's nor loue her Husband,
I am fere of that; and that her late being here,
She gaue strange Eland, and most speaking lookes
To Noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosome.
Stew. 1 Madam?

Reg. I speeke in understaunding: Y'are I know's,
Therefore I do aduif ye take this note:
My Lord is dead: Edmund, and I have talek'd,
And more convenient is he for my hand
Then for your Ladies: You may gather more:
If you do finde him, pray you give him this;
And when your Midiris heeres thus much from you,
I pray defire her call her wisedge to her.
So fare you well:
If you do chance to hear of that blinde Traitor,
Preferment falls on him, that cuts him off.

Stew. Would I could meet Madam, I should the w
What party do I follow.
Reg. Fare the w well,
Exeunt.


Scena Quinta.

Enter Gloucester, and Edgar.

Glou. When shall I come to th'top of that same hill?
Edg. You do clime vp it now. Look how we labor.
Glou. Me thinks the ground is even.
Edg. Horrible Stepe.

Hearke, do you hear the Sea?

Glou. No truly.
Edg. Why then your other Senses grow imperfect
By your eyes angell:

Glou. So may it be indeed.
Me thinks thy voyce is alter'd, and thou speakest
In better phrase, and mater than thou did.

Edg. Y'are much deceivd: I know nothing am I chang'd
But in my Garments.

Glou. Me thinks y'are better spoken.

Edg. Come on Sir.

Here's the place : flaudi fill: how feastfull
And diziz'tis, to call ones eyes so low,
The Crowes and Coughes, that wing the midway 2ye:
Slew scarce fo grosse as Beetles.

Half way downe
Hings one that gathers Sampire: dreadful Trade:
Me thinks he seems no bigger then his head.
The Fishermen, that walk'd vp on the beach
Appeares like Mice: and yond tall Anchoring Bake,
Dun'mith' to her Cocke: her Cocke, a Buoy
Almost too small for fight.
The murmuring Surfage,
That on th'numbred idle Pebble chases
Cannot be heard to high.
Ie looks no more,
Left my braine turne, and the deficient fight
Topple downe headlong.

Glou. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand:

You are now within a foot of this extreme Verge:
For all beneath the Moone would I not leap vpight.

Glou. Let go my hand:
Heere Friend another purfe: in it, a Jewell
Well worth a poore mans taking. Farries, and Gods
Proper it with thee. Go thou further off,
Bid me farewell, and let me heare thee going.

Edg. Now fare ye well, good Sir.

Glou. With all my heart.

Edg. Why do I trifie thus with his dispair,
Is done to cure it.

Glou. O you mighty Gods!
This world I do renounce, and in your fights

Shake.
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrell with your great oppositie willers,
My infute, and loathed part of Nature should
Burne it selfe out. If Edg. or live, O blest him:
Now Fellow, fare thee well.
Edg. Gone Sir, farewell.
And I know not how conceit may rob
The Treasury of life, when life it selfe
Yealds to the Theft. Had he bin where he thought,
By this had thought bin past. Alas, or ace?
Hoa, you Sir: Friend, hear me Sir, speake,
Thus might he passe indeed: yet he reunues.
What are you Sir?
Glo. Away, and let me dye.
Edg. Had it thou beene ought
But Goxemore, Feathers, Ayse,
(As many fathome downe precipitating)
Thou'dt fluer'd like an Egge: but thou don't breath:
Hast heavy fluitance, bleed it not, speake't,art found,
Tn Maitis at each, make not the altitude
Which thou haft perpetuallly fell,
Thy life's a Myracle. Speake yet againe.
Glo. But have I fins, or no?
Edg. From the dread Somnet of this Chalkie Bourne
Looke vp a height, the thrill-gord'ed Lutice to farre
Cannot be scene, or heard: Do but looke vp,
Glo. Alas! I have no eyes:
Is wretchedesse deprivd't of benefit
To end it selfe by death? I was yet some comfort,
When miry could beguile the Tyrans rage,
And frustrate his proud will.
Edg. Give me your amme.
Vp, go: How is't? Feele you your Legges? You fiend.
Glo. Too well, too well.
Edg. This is above all frageness,
Vpon the crowne o' th' Chiefe. What thing was that
Which parted from you?
Glo. A poore unfortuneate Beggar.
Edg. As I stood here belowe, me thought his eyes
Were two full Moons: he had a thousand Noles,
Hornes walk'd, and waded like the enraged Sea:
It was some Fienid: Therefore thou happy Father,
Thinkst that the eleevetl Gods, who make them Honors
Of mens Impoffibilities, have preferued thee.
Glo. I do remember now: henceforth ile beare
Affliction, till it do cry out it selfe
Enough, enough, and dye. That thing you speake of,
I tooke it for a man: often'twould fy
The Fiend, the Fiend, he led me to that place.
Edg. Beare free and patient thoughts.
Enter Lear.

But who comes here?
The first fencle will ne'rcomeaccomodate
His Matter thus.
Lear. No, they cannot touch me for crying, I am the
King himselfe.
Edg. O thou side-piercing fight!
Lear. Nature's aboute Art, in that respect: Thee's your
Prefee-money. That fellow handles his bow, like a Crow-
keeper: draw mee a Cloathers yard. Look, looke, a
Mouse: peace, peace, this piece of tossifed cheeke will
don't. There's my Gaunter, He prove it on a Gyan.
Bring vp the browne Biles. O well flowne Bird: I th' clout,
I th' clout: Newg. Give the word.
Edg. Sweet Mariorum,
The Tragedie of King Lear

rough rattle'd clothes great Vices do appeare: Robes, and Furrd'gownes hide all. Place finnes with Gold, and the strong Lance of Lutice, hurtlfe breaks: Arme it in rages, a Pigmies draw do's pieces it: None do's offend, none I say none, lie able em, take that of mine Friend, who hau the power to scale the accusers lips. Get thee glad:eyes, and like a feury Politician, seeme to see the things thou dost not. Now, now, now, now. Pull off my Bootes: harder, harder, so.

Edg. O matter, and impertinency mixt, Reason in Madnesse.

Lear. If thou wilt wepe my Fortunes, take my eyes. I know thee well enough, thy name is Glouster. Thou must be patient; we came crying hither; Thou know'st, the first time that we smelle the Ayre We wasthe, and cry. I will preach to thee: Marke.

Glou. Alack, alack the day.

Lear. When we are borne, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of Fools. This a good blocke:
It were a delicate Stratagem to shoo
A Troope of Horse with Felt: Ie put it in proofe,
And when I haue holie upon thefe Son in Lawes,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Oh heere he is; I lay hand vpon him, Sir,
Your moft deere Daugher.

Lear. Why, what are you? A Prisoner? I am even
The Natural Fool of Fortune. Vfe me well,
You will haue faneforme. Let me haue Surgeons,
I am cut to th'Braines.

Gent. You shall haue any thing.

Lear. No Seconds? All my felfe?
Why, this would make a man, a man of Sile
To vfe his eyes for Garden water-pots: I wil die bravely,
Like a fimpke Geidegroome. What? I will be loueall:
Come, come, I am a King, Maifters, know you that?
Gent. You are a Royall one, and we obey you.
Lear. Then there's life in's. Come, and you get,
You shall get it by running; S'a, S'a, S'a.

Exit. Gent. A flight moft pitifull in the meaneft wretch,
Past speaking in a King. Thou haft a Daughter
Who redeemes Nature from the generall curfe
Which twaine haue brought her to.

Edg. Haile gentle Sir.

Gent. Sir, fpeed you what's your will?

Edg. Do you hear what Sir) of a Battell toward.

Gent. Moft fure, and vulgar:
Every one heares that, which can diftinguih found.

Edg. But by your favours:

How neere the other Army?

Gent. Neere, and on speedy foot: the maine defery
Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you Sir, thats all.

Gent. Though that the Queen on special caufe is here
Her Army is mouldon.

Edg. I thank you Sir.

Glou. You ever gentle Gods, take my breath from me,
Let not my worfe Spirit tempt me againe
To dye before you pleafe.

Edg. Well prye you Father.

Glou. Now good sir, what are you?

Edg. A moft poor man, made tame to Fortunes blows
Who, by the Art of knowne, and feeling forrowes,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
He leads you to some biding.

Glou. Heare! heare! thankes:
The bountie, and the benison of Heauen
To boot, and boot.

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize; moft happie
That cyckeley head of thine, was firft fram'd felh
To raise my fortunes. Thou old, vnhappy Traitor,
Briefelye rity fife remember: the Sword is out
That mufl destroy thee.

Glou. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough too't.

Stew. Wherefore, bold Pezzant,
Dar't thou oppore a publijh'd Traitor? Hence,
Left that th'infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arme.

Edg. Chiff not let go Zir,
Without further cation.

Stew. Let go Slace, or thou dy'll.

Edg. Good Gentleman goo your gate, and let poore volke paffe: and 'chud ha'bin swaggerd out of my life,
'twould not ha'bin zo long 'gis, by a vortnight. Nay,
come not neece th'old man: keep out the vore, or icle
try whether your Collard, or my Ballow be the harder;
chile be plains with you.

Stew. Out Dunghill.

Edg. Chiff pick your teeth Zir: come, no matter vour your cowmes.

Stew. Slave, without haflaine me: Villain, take my purfe;
if euere thou wilt thrive, burne thy bodie,
And giue the Letters which thou find'th about me,
To Edmund Earle of Gloufter: tickle him out
Upon the English party. Oh vnutimely death, death.

Edg. I know thee well. A Servicieable Villaine,
As duteous to the vices of thy Misfris,
As badneffe would defire.

Glou. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you downe Father: ree you,
Let's lee thefe Pockets; the Letters that he speaks of
May be my Friends: hee's dead; I am onely forry
He had no other Deathman. Let vs fee:
Leave gentle waxe, and manners: blame vs not
To know our enemies mindes, we rip their hearts,
Their Papers is more lawfull.'

Reads the Letter.

Aet our reciprocal vones be remembr'd. You have many
opportunities to eat him of; if your will ynt not, time
and place will be fraftuluy offer'd. There is nothing done. If bee
returne the Conqueror, then am I the Prisoner, and his bed my
Gentle, from the loudest warmthe whereof, deliver me, and sup
the place for your Labour.

Your Wife, fo I would say, affedio-
inate Sargant. Generilll.

Oh indiuingh'd fpace of Womans will,
A plot upon her veruous Husbands life,
And the exchange my Brothers heere, in the fands
Thee Ie rake vp, the poife vndafcontifie
Of murtherous Leechers: and in the mature time,
With this vagnrious paper strike the fight
Of the death-pratis'd Duke: for him 'tis well,
That of thy death, and buinfelle, I can tell.

Glou. The King is mad:
How hifie is my vile fone
That I fand vp, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge Sorowes? Better I were diftraft,
So fould my thoughts be leuer'd from my greesees,

Drunke afpre off.

And woos, by wrong imaginations loue.

The
The Tragedie of King Lear

The knowledge of themselves.

Gże, Give me your hand, I fare off methinks I hear the beaten Drumme.
Come Father, He bestow you with a friend. 

Exeunt.

Scena Septima.

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Gentlemen.

Cor. O thou good Kent, How shall I live and work To match thy goodness? My life must be too short, And every measure fail me. 

Kent. To be acknowledg'd Madam is one paid, All my reports go with the modest truth, Not more of thee then but to,

Cor. Be better listened, These weeks are memories of those wiser hours: I pray thee put them off.

Kent. Pardon deere Madam, Yet to be knowne short as my made intent, My boone I make it that you know me not, Till time and I, thinken met.

Cor. Then be't to my good Lord: How do's the King?

Gent. Madam sleepes fitly.

Cor. O you kind Gods! 

Cure this great breach in his abused Nature, This un't and lusting soufe, O winde vp, Of this childe changed Father, Gent. So please your Majestie, That we may wake the King, he hath slept long? 

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and procede This way of your owne will: I suspect d? 

Enter Lear a chariot carried by Servants.

Gent. I Madam: in the heaues on of sleepe, We put frein garments on him, Be by good Madam when we do awake him, I doubt of his Temperance. 

Cor. O my deere Father, restoratian hang Thy medicine on my lippes, and let this kisse Repaire those violent harmes, that my two Siflers, Haue in theire Reuerence made. 

Kent. Kind and deere Princelle.

Cor. Had you not bin their Father, these white flakes Did challenge pitty of them. Was this a face To be oppo'd against the siring windes? Mine Enemies dogge, though he had bit me, Should have flood that night against my fire, And was't thou faile (poore Father) To howell thee with Swaine and Rogues forlorne, In short, and muty flatw? Alake, alake, Tis wonder that thy life and wits, at once Had not concluded all. He wakes, speake to him.

Gen. Madam do you, tis fitte.

Cor. How does my Royall Lord? How faces your Majestie? 

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out of her grace, Thou art a Soul in mist, but I am bound

Vpon a wheele of fire, that mine owne teares Do scald'ke, like molten Lead,

Cor. Sit, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spiritt I know, where did you dye?

Cor. Still, still, faire wide, 

Gen. He's fairest awake, Let him alone a while. 

Lear. Where have I bin?

Where am I? Faire day light? I am mightily abus'd; I should e'en dye, with pity To see another thus. I know not what to say:

I will not ware these are my hands: let's fee, I feele this pin prick, would I were affur'd Of my condition.

Cor. O looke upon me Sir, And holde your hand in bendiction o're me, You must not kneele. 

Lear. Pray do not mocke me: I am a very foolish fond old man, Fourecore and upward, Not an houre more, not leffe: And to deale plainly, I feare I am not in my perfect mind. Me thinkes I shoule know you, and know this man; Yet I am doublit: For I am mainly ignorant What place this is and all the skill I have Remembers not these garments: nor I know not Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me, For as I am a man I thinke this Lady To be my childe Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am: I am, Lear. Be your teares wet?

Yes faith: I pray weepen not, If you have poyson for me, I will drink it: I know you do not lene me, for your Siflers Have as I do remember done me wrong, You have some caufe, they have not.

Cor. No caufe, no caufe, Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your owne kingdom Sir. 

Lear. Do not abafe me. 

Gent. Be comforted good Madam, the great rage You see is kill'd in himbefore he go to in, Trouble him no more till further seth.

Cor. Wilt please your Highnesse walke?

Lear. You must beare with me: Pray you now forget, and forgive, I am old and foolish. 

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter with Drumme and Colours Edmund, Regan, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

Bast. Know of the Duke this last purpose hold, Or whether since he is advis'd by ought To change the course, he's full of alteration, And felterproning, bring his contant pleasure, 

Reg. Our Siflers man is certainly miscarried, 

Bast. 'Tis to be doubted Madam. 

Reg. Now sweet Lord,
The Tragedy of King Lear.

You know the goodnature I intend upon you; Tell me but truly, but then speak the truth, Do you not love my Sifter?

Exit. In honour'd Love, Reg. But have you never found my Brothers way, To the fore-fended place?

Exit. No by mine honour, Madam. Reg. I meant shall endure her, deere my Lord Be not familiar with her.

Exit. Fear not, the and the Duke her husband.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Albany, Gonerill, Soldiers.

Alb. O very loving Sifter, well be-met: Sir, this I heard, the King is come to his Daughter When that, whom the rigour of our State For'd to cry out.

Reg. Why is this resound? Gene. Combine together against the Enemy: For the domesticke and particular bious, Are not the question here.

Alb. Let's then determine with theancient of warre On our proceeding.

Reg. Sifter you'le go with vs? Gou. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient, pray go with vs.

Gou. Oh ho, I know the Riddle I will goe. Exeunt both the Armies.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Here your Grace had speech with man so poore, Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll entre take you, speake.

Edg. Before you fight the Battle, ope this Letter: If you have vict'ry, let the Trumpet sound For him that brought it, wretched though I seeme, I can produce a Champion, that will prove What is annouch'd there. If you miscarry, Your business of the world hath so an end, And machination easies. Fortune loves you.

Alb. Stay till I have read the Letter.

Edg. I was forbid it: When time shall serve, let but she Herald cry, And I appearance again. Exeunt.

Alb. Why farethee well, I will o're-looke thy paper.

Enter Edmund.

Edg. The Enemy's in view, draw vp your powers, Heere is the guffe of their true strength and Forces, By diligent discourtey, but your half I know we'd on you. Alb. We will greet the time. Exeunt.

Edg. To both these Sisters have I sworn my love: Expectation of the other, as the flung Are of the Adder,Which of them shall I take? Both? One? Or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd If both remain alive: To take the Tidwold, Expecting, makes mad her Sister Gonerill, And hardly shall I carry out my side, Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use Her courteousness for the Battle, which being done, Let her who would be rid of him, detest His speedy taking off. As for the mercie Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia, The Battle done, and they within our power,

Shall never see his pardon: for my state, Stands on me to defend, not to debate.

Scena Secunda.

Alarum within. Enter with Drumme and Colours, Lear, Cordelia, and Soldiers, over the Stage, and Exeunt.

Enter Edgar, and Gloster.

Edg. Heere Father, take the shadow of this Tree For your good toall: pray that the right may thrive: If ever I returne to you againe, I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you Sir, Exeunt.

Edgar. Away old man, give me thy hand, away: King Lear hath lost he and his. Daughter tane, Give me thy hand: Come on.

Glo. No further Sir, a man may not even heere.

Edg. What in ill thoughts againe? Men must endure Their going hence, even as their coming hither, Ripeness is all come on.

Glo. And that's true too, Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter in conques with Drumme and Colours, Edmund, Lear, and Cordelia, at presoners, Souldiers, Captaine.

Edg. Some Officers take them away: good guard, Vntill their greater pleasures first be knowne That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first, Who with belt meaning hie incour'd the worst: For thee oppreffed King I am cast downe, My selfe could else out-frowne false Fortunes crown. Shall we not see these Daughters, and these Sifters? Lear. Nago, no,no:no: come let's away to prision, We two alone will bring like Birds in the Cage: When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneele downe And ask of thee forgivnese: So we'll live, And pray, and sing, and tell old tales and laugh At gilded Butterflies: and heere (poore Rogues) Talk of Court newet, and we'll talk with them too, Who looketh, and who wins who's in, who's out, And take upon't the mystery of things, As if we were Gods spies: And we'll weare out In a wail'd prision, packs and suls of great ones, That ebe and flow by them alone.

Edg. Take them away.

Lear. Vpon such sacrifices my Cordelia, The Gods themselves throw Incence.

Have I caught thee?

He that parts vs, shall bring a Brand from Heaven, And fire vs hence, like Foxes: wipe thine eyes, The good yeares shall devour them, and fell,
Ere they shall make vs weape?

Weele see em flaru'd first: come.

But. Come hither Captaine, hearke.

Take thou this note, go follow them to prifon,

One step I have advanc'd thee, if thou do it

As this instrufts thee, thou dont make thy way

To Noble Fortunes: know thou this, that men

Are as the time is, to be tender minded.

Do's not become a Sword, thy great importnent

Will not beare question: either try thou it do't,

Or chuse by other meanes.

Cap. I doe't my Lord.

But. About it, and write happy, when th'half done,

Marke I say instantly, and carry it so

As I have set it downe.

Exit Captaine.

Flourish. Enter Albany, General, Reg'n, Soldiers.

Alb. Sir, you have hiew'd to day your valiant Have

Fortune led you well: you have the Captivnes

Who were the opposites of this dayes strife:

I do require of you three to vfe them,

As we shall find their merites, and our safety

May equally determine.

But. Sir, I thought it fit,

To send the old and miserable King to some detention,

Whole aged Charms in it, whole Title more,

To plucke the common bosome on his feet,

And turne our imprp. Laurens in our eies.

Which do command them. With him I pent the Queen:

My reason all the same, and they are ready

To morrow, or at further space, appeare

Where you shall hold your Session.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,

I hold you but a lubject of this Warre,

Not as a Brother.

Reg. That's as we lift to grace him,

Methinks our pleasure might have bin demand'd

Ere you had spoke so faire. He led our Powers,

Bore the Commination of my place and person,

The which immediate may well stand vp,

And call it felle your Brother.

Gen. Not so hot:

In his owne grace he doth exalt himselfe,

More than in your addition.

Reg. In my eies.

By me inaulted, he compleares the best.

Alb. That were the moft, if he should husband you,

Reg. Letters do off prove Prophets.

Gen. Hola, hola,

That eye that told you fo, look'd but a squint.

Rega. Lady I am not well, else I should anfwer

From a full flowing fomack. Generall,

Take thou my Souldiers, prisoners, patrimony,

Difpose of them, of the walls is thine:

Witniffe the world, that I create the here.

My Lord, and Master.

Gen. Meane you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let alone lies not in your good will.

But. Nor in thine Lord.

Alb. Half-blood ed fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the Drum trie, and prove my title thine.

Alb. Scrayious, yes; here's reafon: Edmund, I charge thee

On capital Treason, and in thy arealt,

This guidled Serpent: for your aim chair faire Sisters,

I bare it in the intrest of my wife,

Tis she is sub-contracted to this Lord,

And I her husband contradict your Bane.

If you will marry, make your loues to me,

My Lady is belpoke.

Gen. Aftentorulde.

Alb. Thou art armed Grefter,

Let the Trumpet found:

If none appear to prove upon thy person,

Thy heyward, marne, and many Treasons,

There is my pledge: I'll make it on thy heart

Ere I taste bread thou art in nothing leffe.

Then I have heare proclaim'd thee,

Reg. Sicke, O sicke.

Gen. Ifnot, I'll here truth medicine.

But. There's my exchange, what in the world has

That names me Traitor, villain-like he lies,

Call by the Trumpet: he that dares approach;

On him, on you, who not, I will mainaine

My truth and honor firmely.

Exit a Herald.


Truth to thy single vertue, for thy Souldiers

All leued in my name, have in my name

Tooke their discharge.

Rega. My fchekne grows upon me.

Alb. She's not well, come you her to my Tent.

Come hither Herald, let the Trumpet found,

And read out this. A Trumpet sounds.

Herald reads.

I fay any men of qualifie or degree, within the lift of the Armys, will maintaine upon Edmund, fuppofed Earle of Grefter, that he's a mansifed Traitor, let him appear by the third sound of the Trumpet: he shall hold in his defence.

1 Trumpet.

Her. Again.

2 Trumpet.

Her. Again.

3 Trumpet.

Trumpet answers within.

Enter Edgar armed.

Alb. Aske him his purposes, why he appeares

Vpon this Call, 'tis Trumpet.

Her. What are you?

Your name, your qualite, and why you answer

This present Surge.

Edg. Know my name is loft

By Treasons tooth: base, 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 Eagle of Glo.

But. Himseile, what fault thou to him?

(Iter?)

Edg. Draw thy Sword,

That if my speech offend a Noble hear.

Thy arme may do thee Jutice, heere is mine:

Behold it is my priuelluge,

The priuelluge of mine Honour,

My oath, and my profeflion. I protest,

Maugre thy ftrengthe, place, youth, and eminence,

Defpife thy victor-Sword, and the new Fortune,

Thy valor, and thy heart, thou art a Traitor:

Falle to thy Gods, thy Brother, and thy Father,

Conspirat' gainft this high illiftrous Prince,

And from this extremef upward of thy head,

To the difcent and duff below, thy foote,

fia
Told him our pilgrimage. But his faw’d heart  
(Alaske too weake the conflict to support)  
Twist two extremes of passion,joy and greefe,  
Burft smilingly.  
Balf. This speech of yours hath mould me,  
And shall perchance do good, but speak ye on,  
You looke as you had something more to say,  
Alb. If there be more, more woful,hold it in,  
For I am almost ready to dissolute,  
Hearing of this.

Enter a Gentlemans.

Edg. What kinde of helpe?
Alb. Speake man.
Edg. What means this bloody Knife?
Gen. This hor, it smokes, it came even from the heart of— O thes’s dead.
Gen. Your Lady Sir,your Lady, and her Sifter  
By her is poyfon’d; fhe confesses it,  
Balf. I was contracted to them both,all three  
Now marrs in an infallant.
Edg. Here comes Kent.

Enter Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead;  
Gentilman and Regan be brought here.

This inegement of the Heauens that makes vs tremble.  
Touches vs not with pitty, O is this he?  
The time will not allow the complement  
Which very manners vs gess.
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?
Scotch thau this object Kent?
Kent. Alack,why thus?
Balf. Yet Edmund was belou’d;  
The one the other poifon’d for my fame,  
And after flew hertelfe;  
Alb. Euen forour their facs.  
Balf. I pant for life: some good I meane to do  
Depight of mine owne Nature. Quickly send,  
(Beinge in it) to th’Castle,for my Writ  
Is on the life of Lear,and on Cordelia:  
Nay,fend in time.  
Edg. Run,run,O run.
Edg. To who my Lord? Who ha’s the Office?  
Send thay token of repreue.
Balf. Well thought on,take my Sword,  
Give it the Captaine.
Edg. Haft thee for thy life.  
Balf. He hath Commissions from thy Wife and me,  
To hang Cordelia in the prifon,and  
To lay the blame vsn her owne dispaire,  
That the for did her felte.  
Alb. The Gods defend her, beare him hence awhile.

Enter Lear with Cordelia in bis arms.

Lear.Howlle,howle,howle: O your are men of stones,  
Had your tongues and eyes, I’ll die them fo,  
That Heauens vault shoul’d crack: she’s gone for ever.  
I know when one is dead, and when one liues,  
She’s dead as earth: Lend me a Looking-glaife,
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Enter a Messenger.

Edg. Very bootleffe.

Alb. Edmund is dead my Lord.

Lear. That's but a trifle here:

You Lords and Noble Friends, know our intent,
What comfort to this great decay may come,
Shall be appl’d. Forces we will refigne,
During the life of this old Maiely
To him our absolute power, you to your rights,
With boote and such addition at your Honours
Have more then merited. All Friends shall
Take the wages of their vertue, and all Foes
The cup of their deternings: O fee, fee.

Edg. And my poore Poole is bang’d: no, no, no life?
Why should a Dog, a Horfe, a Rat have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
Neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer.
Pray you vndo this Button. Thanke you Sir,
Do you see this? Looke on her? Looke her lips,
Looke these, looke there, He dieth.

Edg. He faints, my Lord, my Lord.

Kent. Breake heart I prythee breake.

Edg. Look vp my Lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost, O let him passe he hates him,
That would upon the wracke of this tough world
Strech him out longer.

Edg. He is gon indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur’d so long,
He but vnitps his life,

Alb. Beare them from hence,our present businesse
Is generall wore: Friends of my boole, you twaine,
Rule in this Realme, and the gos’d State Sustaine.

Kent. I haue a journey Sir shortely to go,
My Mafter calls me, I must not fay no.

Edg. The waight of this fat time we muift ebe,
Speake what we feel, not what we ought to fy:
The oldelst hath borne most, we that are yong,
Shall neuer fee fo much, nor live fo long.

Enter with a dead March.

FINIS.
Enter Rodrigo, and Iago.

Rodrigo.

Euen tell me, I take it much vnkindly
That thou (Iago) who haft had my purfe,
As if thy wings were thine, should’st know of this.
In But you’lt not hear me. If euery I did dream
Of such a matter, abhorre me.

Iago. Thou found it, me,
Thou didst not hold him in thy hate.

Rodrigo. If I do not. Three Great-ones of the Cittie,
In personall suite to make me his Lieutenant
Off-capt to him: and by the faith of man
I know my price, I am worth no worrile a place,
But he (as looking his owne pride, and purpoles)
Euades them, with aymbast Circumstance,
Horribly stufft with Epithites of warre,
Nor-lyes my Mediators. For certes, sakes he,
I have already chose my Officer. And what was he?
For-ooth, a great Arithmetician,
One Michael Caffo, a Florencio.
(A Fellow almoft damn’d in a faire Wife)
That neuer a Squadron in the Field,
Nor the denifion of a Battallie knowes
More then a Spinftir, unleffe the Bookifh Theorieke:
Wherein the Tongued Contius can propofoe
As Masterly as he. Meere prattle (without prattle)
Is all his Souldiership. But he (Sir) had the elecctions
And I (of whom his eies had feene the proofe)
At Rhodes, at Ciprus, and on others grounds
Christen’d, and Heathen) must be be-leed, and calm’d
By Debitor, and Creditor. This Counter-caffer,
He (in good time) must his Lieutenant be,
And I (baffle the marke) his Moorelings Auntient.

Iago. By heauen, I rather would have bin his hangman.

Iago. Why, there’s no remedy.

’Tis the cuftome of Servantse,
Preferment goes by Letter, and affeotion,
And not by old gradation, where each secound
Stood Heere to the firft. Now Sir, be judge your selfe,
Whether I in any ill terme am Affind’d
To loue the Moore?

Rodrigo. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O Sir content you.

I follow him, to furee my turne upon him.

We cannot all be Masters, nor all Masters

Cannot be truly follow’d. You shall marke
Many a dutious and knee-crooking knave.
That (doting on his owne obsequious bondage)
Wares out his time, much like his Miftres Afi.
For naught but Prouender, & when he’s old Cathes’d.
Whip me with honest knaves. Others there are
Who try my’d in Formes, and vilages of Dutie,
Keepes yet their hearts attending on themselues,
And throwing but flowers of Service on their Lords
Doe well thrive by them,
And when they have lin’d their Coates
Doe themselves Homage.
Thefe Fellowes have some soule,
And such a one do I profess my selfe. For (Sir)
It is as sure as you are Rodrigo,
Were I the Moore, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but my felye.
Heauen is my judge, not for love and dutie,
But feeming to, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward Action doth demonstrate
The naturall, & figure of my heart
In Complement externe, ’tis not long after;
But I will weare my heart upon my Feeue
For Dawes to pecke at; I am not what I am.

Rodrigo. What a fall Fortune do’s the Thicks-lips owe.
If he can carry’t thus?

Iago. Call vp her Father.
Rowle him, make after him, poyfon his delight,
Proclaime him in the Streets. Incoufe her kindefen,
And though he in a fertile Climate dwell,
Plague him with Fliesters though his Joy be Joy,
Yet throw such chances of vexation out,
As it may loose some colour.

Rodrigo. Heere is her Fathers house, ile call aloud.

Iago. Dois, with like tymeoures accent, and dire yell,
As when (by Night and Negligence) the Fire
Is spied in populous Citties.


Look to your house, your daughter, and your Bags,

Theuees, Theuees.

Enter. Above. What is the reason of this terrible
Submission? What is the matter there?

Rodrigo. Signior is all your Famillie within?

Iago. Are your Dooreis lock’d?

Enter. Why? Wherefore ask you this?

Iago. Sir, you are rob’d, for shame put on your Gowne,
Your heart is hurt, you have lost half your soule
Even now, now, very now, an old blacke Ram
Is tupping your white Ewe. Arise, arise,
Awake the morning Citizen with the Bell,
Or else the deuill will make a Grand-fire of you.
Arise I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits?
Red. Most reverend Signior, do you know my voice?
Bra. Not 1: what are you?
Red. My name is Rodrigo.

Bra. The wester welcome!
I have charg'd thee not to hauie about my doores:
In honest plaine sense thou haft heard me say,
My Daughter is not for thee, And now in madnesse
(Being full of Supper, and dissembling draughts)
Vpon multitudes lusiae, doth thou come
To start my quiet.

Red. Sir, Sir, Sir.

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirits and my place have in their power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rode. Patience good Sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of Robbing?
This is Venice; my house is not a Grange.
Red. Most graue Drabantio,
In simple and pure foule, I come to you.

La. Sir: you are one of those that will not serue God,
if the deuill bid you. Because we come to do you seruice,
and you thinke we are Ruffians, you'll haue your Daughter
cour'd with a Barbary houre, you'll haue your Ne-
phews neighe to you, you'll haue Couriers for Cozens:
and Gennets for Germaines.

Bra. What prophan wretch are thou?

La. I am one Sir, that comes to tell you, your Daugh-
ter and the Moore, are making the Bealt with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a Villaine,

La. You are a Senator.

Bra. This thou shalt anwiere, I know thee Rodrigo.

Red. Sir, I will anwiere any thing, but I beleeech you
If it be your pleurste, and most wise content,
(Aspartly I find it is) that your faire Daughter,
At this odde Eu'en and dull watch o'th'night
Transported with no worfe nor better guard,
But with a knawe of common hire, a Gundelier,
To the grosse clapes of a Lascivious Moore:
This be knowne to you, and your Allowance,
We then haue done you bould, and faucie wrong.
But if you know not this, my Manners tell me,
We haue your wrong rebuke. Do not beleeech
That from the fence of all Cuiiltie,
I thus would play and trifle with your Reuerence.
Your Daughter (if you haue not giuen her leave)
I say again, haue made a grasse reuolt,
Tying her Duster, Beattie, Wit, and Fortunes
In an extraordinat, and wheeling Stranger,
Of here, and every where; fraught fat ale, your selfe,
If she be in her Chamber, or your houte,
Let looie on me the Inuicte of the State
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the Tinder, hoa:
Guine a Taper: call vp all my people,
This Accident is not unlike my dreame,
Beliefe of it oppreffe me already,
Light, I say light.

Ing. Farewell: for I must leave you.
It seems: not mee, nor wholsome to my place
To be produced, (as if I say, I shall.)
Against the Moore. For I do know the State,
(How euer this may gull him with some checke)
Cannot with safeties cast him. For he's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus Warres,
(Which eu'en now stands in Act) that for their soules
Another of his Fadome, they have none,
To lead their Buinelle. In which regard,
Though I do haue him as I do hell apear,
Yet, for necessitie of present life,
I must throw out a Flag, and signe of Loue,
(Which is indeed but signe) I haue at surelie find him
Lead to the Sagitary the raised Search:
And there will I be with him. So farewell.

Exit.

Enter Brabantio, with Seruants and Torches.

Bra. It is too true an euill. Gone she is,
And what's to come of my depevid time,
Is taught but bitterneffe. Now Rodrigo,
Where diu'd thou see her? (Oh vohappie Girls)
With the Moore fault thou? (Who would be a Father ?)
How diu'd thou know 'twa's she? (Oh she deceaseth me,
Palf thought;) what said she to you? Get mee Tapera:
Raffe all my Kindred. Are they married thinke you?

Red. Truly I thinke they are.

Bra. Oh Iesus: how got the out?
On treas of the bleed.
Fathers, from hence tru't not your Daughters minds
By what you see them set. Is there not Chauzere,
By which the propertie of Youth, and Maiestie
May be subd? Haue you not read Rodrigo,
Of some such thing:

Bra. Yes Sir: I haue indeed.

Bra. Call vp my Brother: oh would you had her.
Some one way, some another. Doe you know
Where we may appre hend her, and the Moore?

Red. I thinke I can discouer him, if you please
To get good Guard, and go along with me

Bra. Pray you lead on. At every house iie call,
(I may command at mo') get Weapons (hoa)
And raise some speacial Officers of might:
On good Rodrigo, I will delerue your paines.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, Iago, Attendants, with Torches.

In. Though in the trade of Warre I haue flame me,
Yet do I hold it very fluffe of this confiquence
To do no contrud Murder: I haue Iniquitie
Somettime to do me service. Nine, or ten times
I haue thought I haue yerkt'd him here vnder the Ribbes,
Othello. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay but he prated,
And spoke such fury, and provoking terms
Against your Honor, that with the little goodinesse I haue
I did full hard forbear him. But I pray you Sir,
Are you faile married? Be affr'd of this,
That the Magnifico is much belo'd,
And hath in his effect a voice potential
As double as the Dukes: He will divorce you.
Or put upon you, what restraint or greenuess,
The Tragedie of Othello

The Law (with all his might, to enforce it on)
Will give him Cable
Othello. Let him do his spight;
My Service, which I have done the Signior
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 speake (unbonnetted) as a proud a Fortune
As this that I have reach'd. For I know Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into Circumvention, and Confine,
For the Seas worth. But looke, what Lights come yond?

Enter Caffio, with Torches.
Iago. These are the raised Father, and his Friends:
You were bell go in.
Othello. Not I: I must be found.
My Parts, my Title, and my perfect Soule
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?
Iago. By Leona, I think ne.
Othello. The Servants of the Dukes?
And my Lieutenant?
The goodness of the Night vpon you (Friends)
What is the Newes?
Caffio. The Duke do's greet you (Generall)
And he requires your haste, Post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.
Othello. What is the matter, thinke you?
Caffio. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine:
It is a businesse of some heate. The Gallies
Have sent a dozen frequent Meffengers
This very night, at one another heele;
And many of the Conflus, rais'd and met,
Are at the Dukes already. You haue bin hastily call'd for,
When being not at your Lodging to be found,
The Senate hath sent about three trecull Quells,
To search you out.
Othello. 'Tis well I am found by you:
I will but spend a word here in the houre,
And goe with you.
Caffio. Anciant, what makes he here?
Iago. Faith, he to night hath board'd a Land Carraff,
If it prove lawfull price, he made for euer.
Caffio. I do not understand.
Iago. He's married.
Caffio. To who?
Iago. Marry to —— Come Captain, will you go?
Othello. Haue with you.
Caffio. Here comes another Troope to seeke for you.

Enter Brabantia, Roderigo, with Officers, and Torches.
Iago. It is Brabantia. General be aduis'd,
He comes to bad intent.
Othello. Halls, stand there.
Roderigo. Signior, it is the Moore.
Bra. Downe with him, Theefe.
Iago. You, Roderigo! Cne Sir, I am for you.
Othello. Keep vp your bright Swords, for the dew will
Ruff them. Good Signior, you shall more command with
years, then with your Weapons.
Bra. Oh thou stout Theefe,
Where hath thou flow'd my Daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou haft enchant'd her

For Ile referre me to all things of fene,
(If the in Chaines of Magick were not bound)
Whether a Maid, to tender, faire, and Haple,
So opposite to Marriage, that the Anth'd
The wealthy curled Desereling of our Nation,
Would euer have (t'encure a generall mocke)
Run from her Guardage to the Iotiose boomes,
Of such a thing as thou to feare, not to delight:
Judge me the world, it's not large in fene;
That thou haft practis'd on her with foule Charms,
Abus'd her delicate Youth, with Drugs or Minerals,
That weakens Motion, Ile haue dispun't on
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking;
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuer of the World, a practicer
Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant;
Lay hold vp him, if he do refit
Subdue him, at his perill.
Othello. Hold your hands
Both you of my inclining, and the rest,
Were it my Cuse to fight, I shoulde haue known it
Without a Prompter. Whether will you that I goe
To inquire this thy charge?
Bra. To Prion, full fit time
Of Law, and course Of Direct & Session
Call thee to answere.
Othello. What if do obey?
How may the Duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose Messengers are here about my fide,
Upon some prelent businesse of the State,
To bring me to him.
Officer. 'Tis true most worthy Signior,
The Dukes in Counfell, and your Noble telfe,
I am sure is sent for.
Bra. How? The Duke in Counsell?
In this time of the night? Bring him away;
Mine's not an idle Caufe. The Duke himselfe,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but teele this wrong, as 'twere their owne:
For if such Actions may haue passege free,
Bond-flaues, and Pagans ill our Statemen be. Extrav.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Duke, Senators, and Officers.

Duke. There's no composition in this News,
That gies them Credit.
1. Sen. Indeed, they are disproportioned;
My Letters say, a hundred and feuen Gallies.
Duke. And mine a hundred fortie.
2. Sena. And mine two Hundred:
But though they lump not on a Iuft accompl,
(As in their Cases, where the ayme reports,
'Tis oft with difference) yet do they all conforme
A Turkish Fleete, and bearing vp to Cyprus.
Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgement;
I do not so depret me in the Error,
But the maine Article I do approve
In hearefull fene.
Saylor within. What how, what how, what how.

Enter Saylor.

Officer. A
Of Fifer. A Meffenger from the Gallaries.

Duke. Now? What's the buffinefe?

Sailor. The Turkifh Preparations makes for Rhodes,
So was I bid report here to the State,
By Signior Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change?

1. Sen. This cannot be.

By no affay of reafon. 'Ts a Pageant.
To keep vs in fake grace, when we confider
Th'importance of Cyprus to the Turkie;
And let our felues againe but wanderland,
That as it more concerns the Turkie then Rhodes,
May he with more free queftion bestreit it,
For that it stands not in fuch Warelike braces,
But altogether lacketh b'abilities.
That Rhodes is dreid'd in. If we make thought of this,
We mutt not think the Turkie is fo iniskillfull,
To leafe that late, which concerns him fuit,
Negleeting an attempt of cafe, and gaine
To wake, and wage a danger profitefife.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence he's not for Rhodes.
Officer. Here is more Newes.

Enter a Meffenger.

Duke. The Ottomanes, Reuuer'd, and Gracious,
Steering with due courfe toward the Ile of Rhodes,
Hath terture inquired them with an after Ficete.
1. Sen. So I thought: how many, as you gueffe?

Officer. Of thirtie Saile: and now they do re-join.
Their backward courfe, bearing with frank appearance
Their purpofes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano,
Your truffie and moft Valiant Senior Saliour,
With his free dilufion recommends you thus,
And prays you to beleue him.

Duke. 'Tis certaine then for Cyprus:

Marcus Lucero is not he in Towne?

1. Sen. He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from vs,
To him, Poft, Poft-haile, dispatch.


Enter Brabancio, Othello, Cassio, Iago, Rodrigo, and Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we muft straight employe you,
Against the generall Enemy Ottoman.
I did not fee you: welcome gentle Signior,
We lack't your Countenance, and your helpe to night.

Era. So did you yours: Good your Grace pardon me.
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of businefe
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the generall care
Take hold on me. For my particular griefe
Is of to flood-gate, and ore-bearing Nature,
That it engulfs, and swallowes other forrowes,
And it fillt it felfe.

Duke. Why? What's the matter?

Era. My Daughters oh my Daughter!

Sen. Dead!

Era. I, to me.
She is wrou't, done from me, and corrupted
By Spels, and Medicines, bought of Mountebanks;
For Nature, fo prefumptuously to err,
(Being not deficient, blind or lame of fene.)
Sans witchcraft could not.

Duke. Who ere he be, that in this foule proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your Daughter of her felfe,
And you of her; the bloodie Bookes of Law,
You shall your felfe read, in the bitter letter,
After your owne fenfe: yea, though out proper Sen
Stood in your Action.

Era. Haply I thank my Grace,
Here is the man, this Moore, whom now it feemes
Your speciall Mandate, for the State affaires
Hath hither brought.

Era. We are verie sorry for't.

Duke. What in your owne part, can you fay to this?

Era. Nothing, but this is fo.

Othe. Mott Poient, Grace, and Reuuer'd Signiors,
My very Noble, and appout'd good Maflers;
That I have taken away this old mens Daughter,
It is moft true: true I have married her,
The verie head, and front of my offending,
Here this extenu: no more. Rude am I, in my speech,
And little blefis'd with the soft phrafe of Peace;
For since there Armes of mine, had feuen yeres pith,
Till now, some mine Moones waffled, they haue vs'd
Their decreet action, in the Tented Field:
And little of this great world can I fpeak.
More then pertaines to Frees of Brothels, and Battail,
And therefore little fhall grace my caufe,
In fpeaking fory of this. Ye. (by your gracious patience)
I will a round verie warmefl'd to Iale d elher,
Of my whole confeffion of Love,
What Duggers, what Chaines,
What Conuertation, and what mighty Magickes,
(For fuch proceeding I am charg'd withall)
I won his Daughter.

Era. A Maiden, never bed:
Of Spirit fo Gild, and quiet, that her Motion
Bluff't at her felle, and the, in fpirit of Nature,
Of Yeares of Country, Credite, every thing
To fall in Loue, with what she feared to look on;
It is a judgment main'd, and moft imperfeft,
That will confufe Perfection to could erre
Again all roles of Nature, and muft be druen
To find out praftices of cunning hel.
Why this shou'd be. I therefore vouch againe,
That with fonie Mixtures, powrefull o'the blood,
Or with fonie Drams, (confin'd to this effed) he
Wrote up on hir selfe,
To vouch this, is no proofe,
Without more wider, and more ouer Tefl
Then thefe thin habits, and pow'r of likke-bloods
Of moderate feeming, do prefer alliaim him.

Sen. But Othello, fpeake,
Did you, by indirect, and forced courfe
Subdue, and poyfon this yong Maires affections?
Or came it by requift, and fuch faire queftion
As loue, to loue affered? do you prefer aim him

Era. I do beleuch you,
Send for the Lady to the Sagitary,
And let her fpeake of me befor her Father;
If you do finde me foule, in her report,
The Truth, the Office, I do hold of you,
Not onely take way, but let your Sentence
Even fall upon my life.


Othe. Amenfian, conduct them:
You beft know the place,
And tell the fome, as truely as to heaven,
I do confufe the vices of my blood,
So impfly to your Grace cares, Ile prefent

How
The Tragedie of Othello

How I did thrive in this faire Ladies loue, And she in mine.

Duke. Say it Othello. 

Otho. Her Father lou'd me, oft invited me: Still questioned me the Storie of my life, From years to years: the Battle, Sieges, Fortune, That I have paft, 

I ran it through, even from my boyish daies, To th' very moment that he bad mett it. Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances:
Of mowing Accidents by Blood and Field, Of haire-breath stapes th' imminet deadly breach, Of being taken by the Insolent Poe,
And fold to slavery. Of my redemption thence, And portance in my Trauellours historie.

Wherein of Antics was, and Deldats side, Rough Quarries, Rocks, Hills, whose head touch heaven, It was my hint to speake. Such was my Procede, And of the Cannibals that each others care, The Autorsophague and men whose heads
Grew beneath their shoulders. These things to heare, Would Despeare seriuously incline:
But still the houfe Affairs would draw her helne:
Which euer as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come againe, and with a gredie care
Denoue vp my confoure. Which I obseruing,
Tooke once a pliant houre, and found good meanes
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my Pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not infinintely: I did confent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speake of some distrefsefull stroke
That my youth suffer'd: My Storie being done,
She gaue me for my paines a world of kifles:
She swore in faith 'twas strange: 'twas passing strange,
'Twas pitifull: 'twas wondrous pitifull.
She with'd she had not heard it, yet she with'd
That Heaven had made her such a man. She thank'd me,
And bad me, if I had a friend that lou'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my Story,
And that would woone her. Upon this hint I spake,
She lou'd me for the dangers I had paft,
And I lou'd her, that she did pitry them.
This onely is the with-craft I have vs'd.
Here comes the Ladie: Let her witnesse it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Attendants.

Duke. I think this tale would win my Daughter too,
Good Brabazon, take vp this mangled matter at the beft:
Men do their broken Wapons rather vie,
Then their bare hands.

[Br. I pray you heare her speake?
If she confesse that she was halfe the woore,
Distruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the mis. Come hither gentle Miftris,
Do you perceiue in all this Noble Companie,
Where most of you owe obedience?

Def. My Noble Father,
I do perceiue here a dividid dutie.
To you I am bound for life, and education:
My life is education both do leaue me,
How to rejoynt you. You are the Lord of duty,
I am hitherto your Daughter. But here's my Husband;
And so much dutie, as my Mother shew'd

To you, preferring you before her Father:
So much I challenge, that I may professe
Due to the Moore my Lord.

Bra. God be with you: I haue done.
Please is your Grace, on to the State Affairs,
I had rather to adopt a Child, then get it.
Come hither Moore;
I here do guie thee that with all my heart,
Which but thou haft already, with all my heart
I would keepe from thee. For your fake (I sowell)
I am glad at foule, I haue no other Child,
For thy escape would teach me Tirannie
To hang clogges on them. I haue done my Lord.

Duke. Let me speake like your selfe:
And lay a Sentence,
Which as a grife, or step may helpe these Louers,
When remedies are paft, the griffes are ascend
By feeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourne a Mischeafe that is paft and gon,
Is the next way to draw new mischiefe on,
What cannot be preferv'd, when Fortune takes:
Patience, 'tis Inuity a mock'y makes.
The robd that smiles, steale something from the Thiefe,
He robs himselfe, that spends a booteelefe grife.

Bra. So let the Turke of Cyprus vs beguile,
We loofe it not foilong as we can smile:
He bears the Sentence well, that nothing behares,
But the free comfort which from thence he heares.
But he bears both the Sentence, and the forrow,
That to pay grieue, must of poore Patience borrow.
These Sentences, to Sugar, or to Gall,
Being strong on both sides, are Equisouall.
But words are words, I never yet did heare if
That the bruised heart was pier'd through the cares.
I humbly befeech you proceed to th Affaires of State.

Duke. The Turke with a most mighty Preparation makes for Cyprus: Othello, the Fortitude of the place is bell knowne to you, And though we haue there a Substitue of most allowed Aefficiencie, yet opinion, a more fouveraigne Mission of Effects, throws a more fater voice to you: and therefore be content to rubber the gloffe of your new Fortunes, with this more flubborne, and boyefour expedition.

Otho. The Tirant Comtaine, most Graue Senators,
Hath made the flinty and Steele Coach of Warre
My thirce-driven bed of Doowne. I do agnize
A Naturall and prompt Alarcty,
I finde in hardneffe: and do undersake
This prefent Warses against the Ottomans.
Most humbly therefore bending to your State,
I crave a fit disposition for my Wife,
Due reference of Place, and Exhibition,
With such Accomodation and before
As leuels with her breeding.

Duke. Why at her Fathers?

Bra. I will not haue it so.

Otho. Nor I.

Def. Nor would I there receide,
To put my Father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Most Gracious Duke,
To my vnfolding, lend you your prospereous care,
And let me finde a Charter in your voice
To affift my complexe.

Duke. What would you Desdemona?

Def. That I love the Moore, to live with him,
My downe-right violence, and forme of Fortunes,
May trumpet to the world. My heart's subdu'd
Even to the very quality of my Lord;
I saw Orbella's visage in my mind,
And to his honours and his valiant parts,
Did my soul and Fortunes consecrate.
So that (thee Lord's) I be left behind
A Moth of Peace, and he go to the Warre,
The Rites for why I love him, are bereft me:
And I have an interim shall support
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

Orbe. Let her I sue your voice.

Vouch safely the Heauen, I therefore beg it not
To please the palate of my Apprentees,
Not to comply with heart the long affects
In my default, and proper satisfaction.
But to be free, and boundless to her mode:
And Heauen defend your good soules, that you think
I will your glorious and great businesse fear.
When she is with me. Now, when light wing'd Toyes
Of feather'd Capi's, feel with wanton dulness
My speculative, and offic'd Instrument:
That my Difports corrupt, and taint my businesse:
Let Houte-wines make a Skillet of my Helm,
And all indigne, and bare adherences,
Make head against my Estimation.

Duke. Be it as you shall prudently determine,
Either for her bely, or going : th'Affaire cries haft:
And I must must serve it.

Sen. You must away to night,
Orbe. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i'th morning, here we'll meete againe.

Orbella leave some Officer behind
And he shall our Commission bring to you:
And such things els of quality and respect
As doth import you.

Orbe. So please your Grace, my Ancient,
A man is of honesty and trust:
To his conuenience I assigne my wife,
With what else needful, your good Grace shall think
To be sent for 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 farre more faire then Blacke.
Sen. A dilettuous Monie, sic Defdemona well.

Era. Look to her (Moor) if thou hast eyes to see:
She has desc'nd'd her Father, and with thee.

Orbe. My life upon her faith. Honest Iago,
My Defdemona must I leave to thee:
I prye thee let thy wife attend on her,
And bring them after in the best advantage.
Come Defdemona, I have but an house
Of Loue, of worldly matter, and direction
To spend with thee. We must obey the thetime. Exit.

Rod. Iago.

Iago. What saith thou Noble heart?
Rod. What wilt thou, I do, think'st thou?
Iago. Why goe to bed and sleepe.
Rod. I will incessantly drowne my selfe.
Iago. If thou dost, I shall never love thee after. Why
thou so, Gentleman?

Rod. It is fillicihous to live, when to live is torment:
and then have we a prescription to dye, when death is our Phyfion.

Iago. Oh villainous : I have look'd upon the world
for foure times fourteen years, and since I could dulinguith
between a Benefit, and an Injury never found man that
knew how to lose himselfe, Ere I would say, I would
drown my selfe for the love of Godney Hen, I would change my Humaniety with a Baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess it is my shame
to be so fond, but it is not in my vertue to amend it.

Iago. Vertue? A figgers, 'tis in our felles that we are
Thus, or thus. Our Bodies are our Gardens, to the which,
our Wills are Gardeners. So that if we will plant Nettles,
or Iowe Lestices; Set Hisope, and weeds up Times;
Supply it with one gender of Hemsters, or distract it with many
: either to have it ferrill with idlenesse, or manured
with industry, why the power, and Corrigable autho-
Rity of this lies in our Wills. If the bane of our lives
had not one Scale of Restion, to porse another of Sentu-
satie, the blood, and bafsile of our Natures would
conduct vs to most preposterous Conclusions. But we
have Reaon to coole our raging Motions, our carnall
Stings, or unbipted Luft. whereof I take this, that you
call Loue, to be a Sect, or Seyen.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merrily a Luft of the blood, and a permission of
the will. Come, be a man; drown thy selfe? Drown
dogs, and blind Puppies. I have professe me thy friend,
and I confesse me linct to thy deferving, with Cables of
perdurable toughnesse. I could never better fixed thee
then now. Put Money in thy purse: follow thou the
Waries, dealeste thy favour, with an worshipful Bead. I
put Money in thy purse. Its cannot the long that Defdemona
should continueth less to the Moore. Put Money in
thy purse: nor be his to her. It was a violent Commencem-
ment in her, and thou shalt fee an unsatiable Seques-
tration, but Money in thy purse. These Moors are
changeable in their wils: still thy purse with Money.
The Food that to him now is as lusious as Locuits,
flable to him shortly, as bitter as Colouquintia. She
must change for youth; when she is fitted with his body
the will find the errors of her choice. Therefore, put Mo-
ney in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damns thy fely, do
it a more delicate way then drowning. Make all the Mo-
ney thou canst: If Sanctimone, and a frailie vow,
trust an erring Barbarian, and super-suble Venetian be
not too hard for my wits, and all the Tribes of hell, thou
shalt enoy her: therefore make Money: a perp of drown-
ing thy fely, it is cleanse out of the way. Seek thou
rather to be hang'd in Compaffing thy joy, then to be
drown'd, and go without her.

Rod. Will thou be left to my hopes, if I depend on the office?

Iago. Thou art fure of me: Go make Money: I have
told thee often, and I re-tell thee againe, and againe,
I hate the Moore, my caufe is hearted, thin hath no leffe
reson. Let vs be commissione in our reuenge, against
him. If thou canst Cuckold him, thou dost thy selfe a
pleasure, me a sport. There are many Events in the
Wombe of Time, which wile delivered. Travele, go,
provide thy Money. We will have much of this to
morrow. A'd. e.

Rod. Where shall we meete i'th morning?

Iago. At thy Lodging.

Rod. Ie be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go too, farewell. Do you heare Rodiger?

Rod. Ie fell all my Land.

Iago. Thus do I ever make my Foose, my purfe :
For I mine owne gain'd knowledge should prophane
I 11 would time expend with such Snipe,
For I have seen him, and the main commands
Like a full Soldier, Let's to the Sea-side (hoa)
As well to see the Vessel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
Even till we make the main, and th' Eriall blew,
An indistinct regard.
Gent. Come, let's do so;
For every Minute is expectation
Of more Arrisurance.

Enter Cassio.
Cassio. Thankes you, the valiant of the warlike Isle,
That to approoue the Moore: Oh let the Heavens
Give him defence against the Elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous Sea.

Gent. Is he well ship'd?
Cassio. His Barke is roundly Timber'd, and his Pylot
Of verie expert, and approou'd Allowance;
Therefore my hope's (not surfeeted to death)
Stand in bold Cure.

Within, A Saile, a Saile, a Saile.
Cassio. What noise?
Gent. The Towne is empty; on the brou o'th'Sea
Stand rankes of People, and they cry a Saile.
Cassio. My hopes do shape him for the Governor.
Gent. They do discharge their Shot of Courtesie,
Our Friends, at least.

Cassio. I pray you Sir, go forth,
And give your Trumpets who 'tis that is afoot.
Gent. I shall. Exit.

Men. But good Lieutenant, is your Generall wiu'd?
Cassio. Most fortunately: he hath archiu'd a Maid
That paragons description, and wilde Fame:
One that excels the quirks of Blazingon pens,
And of the tennential Veleurs of Creation,
Do s tyrre the Ingenieur.

Enter Gentlemen.
How now? Who ha's put in?
Gent. 'Tis one Jago, Auncient to the Generall.
Cassio. Ha's had most favourable, and happie speed:
Tempelts themselfes, high Seas, and bowling windes,
The guste'd-Rockes, and Congregated Sands,
Traitors enleap'd, to encloge the guilliffle Kele,
As hauing fence of Beautye, do omitt
Their mortall Natures, letting goe freely by
The Divine Desdemona.

Men. What is fte?
Cassio. She that I spake of:
Our great Captains Captaine,
Left in the conduct of the bold Jago,
Whoe footing heree anticipates our thoughts,
A Senights speed. Great Ioue, Othello guard,
And fwell his Saile with thine owne powefull breath,
That he may blefe this Bay with his tall Ship,
Make lowes quicke pants in Desdemona's Arms.
Give renew'd fire to our extindued Spirits.

Enter Desdemona, Jago, Rodrigo, and Aemilia.
Oh behold,
The Riches of the Ship is come on thore:
You men of Cyprus, let her haue your kness,
Haile to thee Ladies, and the grace of Heauen,
Before, behinde thee, and on euery hand
Emwhelle thee round.

Des. I thank you, Valiant Cassio,
What tidings can you tell of my Lord?
The Moor of Venice.

Cajfo. He is not yet arriv'd, nor know I ought. But that's well, and will be shortly here. Def. Oh, but I fear us. How lost you company? Cajfo. The great Contention of Sea, and Skies Passed our fellowship. But hearka, a Saile. Within, A Saile, a Saile. Gent. They give this greeting to the Citizen: This like wise is a Friend. Cajfo. See for the News: Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome Miftis: Let it not gauce your patience (good Iago) That I extend my Manners. 'Tis my breeding, That gives me this bold shew of Curiosity. Iago. Sir, would the gueue you so much of your lippes, As of her tongue the oie beflowers on me, You would have enough. Def. Alias: she's no speech. Iago. Infinit too much: I find it full, When I have leaue to fleape. Marry before your Ladyship, I grant, She puts her tongue a little in her heart, And chides with thinking. Aémil. 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: Diuels being offended: Players in your Huswiferie, and Huwiwiers in your Beds. Def. Oh, she upon thee, Slanderer. Iago. Nay, it is true; or else I am a Turk, You rise to play, and go to bed to worke. Aémil. You shall not write my praife. Iago. No, let me not. Defede. What would it write of me, if thou shouldst not praife me? Iago. Oh, gentle Lady, do not put me too, For I am nothing, if not Critical. Def. Come on, affay. There's one gone to the Harbour? Iago. I Madam. Def. I am not merry: but I do beguile The thing I am, by fearing otherwife, Come, how wilt thou praife me? Iago. I am about it, but indeed my intention comes from my pate, as Birdlyme do's from Freeze, it pluckes out Braines and all. But my Muse labours, and thus she is deliver'd. Is he be faire, and wife; faireenough, and wit, The one for vs, the other for it. Def. Well praise'd! How if he be Blacke and Witty? Iago. If he be blacke, I have vs. If she be white, this shall her blackness fife. Def. Worse, and worse. Aémil. How if Faire, and Foolish? Iago. She, she never was Foul and this fair, For even her folly help her to an heere. Defede. These are old fond Paradoxes, to make Pooles laugh it's Alcheon. What miferable praife haft thou for her that's Foul, and Foolish. Iago. There's more fit faule and foolite thereunto, Bat do's fantastic prawise which faire, and wife-ones do. Defede. Oh heavy ignorance: thou praifeft the worfe belt. But what praise could't thou beflow on a delir ing woman indeed? One, that in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice it self.

Iago. She that was ever faire, and never proud, Had Tongue at will, and yet was never loud: Neuer lacky Gold, and yet went never gay, Fle'd from her wife, and yet was now I may. She that being angered, her revenge being nie, And her wrong say, and her displeasure fie: She that in wisdom never was to fisale, To change the Gods-head for the Salmons tale: She that could thinke, and yet disfis her mind, See Sinners following, and not look behinde: She was a light, (if ever such lightnes was) Def. To do what? Iago. To tickle Foons, and chronicle small Beere.

Defede. Oh most lame and impotent conclusion. Do not learnee of him Amtileus, though he be thy husband. How lay you (Cajfo) is he not a mooit prophane, and lib erall Counsellor? Cajfo. He speaks home (Madam) you may refil him more in the Soul'dier, then in the Scholler. Iago. He takes her by the palme: i, well said, whif per, With as little a web as this, will I enlince as great a fly as Cajso. I finke upon her, do: I will give thee in thine owne Courtship. You say true, 'tis fo indeed. If such tricks as these goon you out of your Lieutenan t, it had beeene better you had not kis'd your three fingers to of, which now againe you are mool apt: to play the Sir, in. Very good: well kis'd, and excellent Curt fic: 'tis fo indeed. Yet agreeing, your fingers to your lippes? Would they wrie Chitter-pipes for your sake.

The Moor I know his Trumpet. Cajso. 'Tis truely so. Def. Let's meete him, and recitue him. Cajso. Loc, where he comes.

Enter Othello, and Attendant.

Oib. O my faire Warrour. Def. My deere Othello. Otho. It gues me wonder great, as my content To see you heere before me. Oh my Soules Ioy: If after euer Tempeft, come such Calmes, May the windes blow, till they have waken'd death: And let the labouring Barke clime hills of Seas Olympus high: and ducck againe as low, As hell's from Heauen. If it were now to dye, 'Twere now to be mos happy. For I feare, My Soule hath her content fo absolute, That not another comfort like to this, Succeedes in unknowne Fate. Def. The Heauens forbid But that: our Loues And Comforts should encreas Euen as our dayes do grow. Otho. Amen to that (sweet Powers) I cannot speake enough of this content, It stoppes me heere: it is too much of Ioy, And this, and this the greatell discords be That ere our hearts shall make.

Iago. Oh you are well tun'd now: But I see down the peggs that make this Muficke, as honelf as I am. 

Otho.
The Tragedie of Othello

Enter Othello, 

Herald. It is Othello's pleasure, our Noble and Valiant General. That upon certaine tidings now striu'd, importing the meete perdition of the Turkish Fleece: every man put himselfe into Triumph. Some to daunce, some to make Bonfies, each man, to what Sport and Reuel his addition leads him. For besides those beneficail News, it is the Celebration of his Nuptiall. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open, & there is full libertie of Feafting from this pre-

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello's, Herald with a Proclamation.

Herald. Come let vs to the Castle.

News (friends) our Warses are done:
The Turks are drownd'd.

How do's my old Acquaintance of this life?
(Hony) you shall be well defir'd in Cyprus.
I have found great love among't them. Oh my Sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I doate
In mine owne comfort, I prythee, good Iago,
Go to the Bay, and dismember my Cofters:
Bring thou the Master to the Citadell,
He is a good one, and his worthynefe
Do's challenge much respect. Come Desdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

Exit Othello and Desdemona.

Iago. Do thou meete me presently at the Harbour.

Come thither, if thou be't Valiant, (as they say bafe men being in Love, have then a Nobilitie in their Natures, more then is nature to them) lift mee; the Lieutenant to night watches on the Court of Guard. First, I must tell thee this: Desdemona, is directly in love with him.


Iago. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy foule be infracted. Markke me with what violence the first lou'd this Moore, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies. To love him all for prating, let not thy disfreet heart think it in her eye must be fed. And what delight shall she have to look on the duell? When the Blood is made dull with the Ao of Sport, there shou'd be a game to enlarme it, and to give Nature a fresh appetit.

Loveliness in favour, simpathy in yeares, Manners, and Beauties; all which the Moore is defective in. Now for want of these requir'd Conveniences, her delicate tenderness will finde it selfe abus'd, begin to heake the, gorg, disfellow and abhorre the Moore, very Nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now Sir, this granted (as it is a most pragmatic and unforfe'd position) who stands to eminenc in the degree of this Forune, as Caffio do's: a knave very voluble; no further confeincible, then in putting on the meete forme of Ciuill, and Humaine feeming, for the better compose of his fat, and most hidden boole Affection? Why none, why none: A flippër, and subtle knave, a finder of occasion: that he's an eye can flame, and counterfe't Advantages, though true Advantage never present it selfe. A dueller knave, besides, the knave is handfome, young: and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and greene minds looke after. A perfitt compleate knave, and the woman hath found him already.

Red. I cannot beleue that in her, she's full of moft blest'd condition.

Iago. Blest's figges-end. The Wine the drinkes is made of grapes. If Insole had beene blest'd, shee would never have lou'd the Moore: Blest's pudding. Didst thou not fee her palde with the palmes of his hand? Didst not make that?

Red. Yes, that I did; but that was but curtefe.

Iago. Leacherie by this hand: an Index, and obscure prologue to the History of Love and foule Thoughts. They met fo neere with their lippes, that their breathes embrac'd together. Villanous thoughts Redarae, when these mutabilitas so marshall the way, hard as hand comes the Master, and maire excite, th'inconclusive conclusion: Phil. But Sir, be you rul'd by me. I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to night; for the Command, lie layt vpon you. Caffio knowes you not; Ile not be false from you. Do you finde some oce-
Now 'mongst this Flocke of drunkards
Am I put to our Coffin some Action
That may offend the Isle. But here they come.

Enter Coffin, Montano, and Gentlemen.
If Consequence do but approve my dreame,
My Boate failes frely, both with winde and Stremme.
Caf. Fore heauen, they have given me a rogue already.
Mon. Good-faith a little one: not ball a pint, as I am a Souther.

Caf. Some Wine hoa.
And let me the Cinnakyn clink, clink:
And let me the Cinnakyn clink,
A Souther's man: 68. my life's but a span,
Why then let a Souther drink.

Some Wine Boyes.
Caf. Fore Heauen: an excellent Song.

Iago. I learn'd it in England: where indeed they are most potent in Pottung. Your Dane, your Germane, and your Swag-Belly'd Hollander, (Drinke hoa) are nothing to your English.
Cafis. Is your Englishmen so exquisite in his drinking?
Iago. Why, he drinks you with facilitie, your Dane dead drunk. He sweates not to outshew your Almaine. He gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next Pottle can be fill'd.

Caf. To the health of our General.
Mon. I am for it: Lieutenant: and he do you Justice.

King Stephen was end and end hym Pierre,
His Breede and Line.
And when the Speaker,
Is it not an Alarum to Love?
Caf. She is indeed perfecion,
Iago. Well: happiness to their Sheerees. Come Lieutenant, he have a hople of Wine, and here without a brace of Cyprus Gallants, that would faine have a measure to the health of blacke Othello.
Caf. Not to night, good Iago, I have very poore, and vnhappy Braines for drincking. I could well with Curfecte would invent some other Custom of entertainment.

Iago. Oh, they are our Friends: but one Cup, Ile drinke for you.
Caf. I have drunke but one Cup to night, and that was crafted qualified top: and behold what inuacation it makes here. I am infortune in the infortune, and dare not ask my weaknese with any more.

Iago. What man? Tis a night of Ruelles, the Gallants desire it.
Caf. Where are they?
Iago. Here at the door: I pray you call them in.
Caf. I lea do, but it displease me.

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 Quarells and offende.

As my young Misfitris dogge,
Now my fickle Foole Radiago,
Whom Loue hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
To Disdemona hath to night Cartow'd.
Portions, paste-deep, and he's to watch.
Three eel of Cyprus, Noble swelling Spirites,
(That hold their Honours in a wary distance,
The very Elements of this Warlike Isle)
Have to night flutter'd with flowings Cups,
And they Watch too.

the Moor of Venice.
The illustration and typography of the document page suggest it is from the 1600s, typical of printed Shakespearean works. The text is from Shakespeare's tragedy, *Othello*. The dialogue and language reflect the Elizabethan era, rich with rhetorical devices and iambic pentameter. The page contains a scene of conversation, with characters discussing matters of war, justice, and personal matters.
Oth. I know Iago.

Thy honestie, and loue doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Caffio; Caffio, I loue thee,
But never more be Officer of mine.

Enter Desdemona attended.

Look if my gentle Loue be not rais'd vp :
let make thee an example.

Des. What is the matter (Derece?)

Oth. All's well, Sweete.

Come away to bed. Sir for your hurts,
My selfe will be your Surgeon. Lead him off:
Oth. Jove: with care about the Towne,
And silence those whom this will'd bracele distracted.

Come Desdemona, 'tis the Soldiers life,
Tohaute their Balsmy numbers with little. Exit.

Oth. What are you hurt Lieutenants?

Caff. I, past all Surgery.

Des. Marry Heaten forbid.

Caff. Reputation, Reputation, Reputation: Oh I have
lost my Reputation. I have loft the immorall part of myselfe,
and what remaines is beast. My Reputation,
Iago, my Reputation.

Iago. As I am an honell man I had thought you had
received noe bodily wound; there is more lence in that
then in Reputation. Reputation is an Ile, and most fals
impofition; oft goyt without merit, and oft without
deferring. You have lost no Reputation at all by noffe you
repute your selfe such a looser. What man, there are
more ways to recover the Generall againe. You are
but now cast in his moode, (a punishment more in
policie) then in malice) even so as one would beate his of
fencelesse dogge, so affright an Imperious Lyon. Sue to
him againe, and he's yours,

Caff. I will rather sue to be desip'd, then to deceive
so good a Commander, with so light, so drunken, and so
indiscreet an Officer. Drunke? And speake Parrat? And
squabbl? Swagger? Swear? And discourse Fustian
with ones owne shadow? Oh thou invisible spirit of
Wine, if thou haue no name to be knowned by, let vs call
thee Diuell.

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your
Sword? What had he done to you?

Caff. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible?

Iago. I remember a maffe of things, but nothing di-
finelly: a Quarrell, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that
ten should put so Enemies in their mouths, to steale a
way their Brains? that we should with joy, pleafance,
reueil and applaufe, transfore our felues into Beafis.

Iago. Why? But you are now well enough: how
came you thus recover'd?

Caff. I hath please'd the diuell drunkefelle, to give
place to the diuell wrath, one veneferfelle, fleeves me
another to make me frankly deffe my felfe.

Iago. Come, you are too fevere a Moraller. As the
Time, the Place, & the Condition of this Country stands
I could hardly with this had not betwine: but since it is, as
it is, mind it for your owne good.

Caff. I will aske him for my Place againe, he shall tell
me, I am a drunkard: had I as many mouths as Ajiydra,
such an answer would flape them all. To be now a ten-
rible man, by and by a Forfe, and presently a Beaf. Oh
thangel, ecuy or inordinate cup is vrible felf, and the In-
gradient is a diuell.

Iago. Come, come: good wine, is a good familiar
Creature, if it be well v'd: exclame no more against it.
And good Lieutenant, I thinke, you think I loue you.

Caff. I haue well approv'd it, Sir. I drunke?

Iago. You, or any man huing, may be drunke at
time man. I tell you what you shall do: Our General's
Wife is now the Generall. I may say so, in this repect,
that he hath devoted, and given vp himselfe to the
Contemplation, marke: and devotion of her part and
Graces. Confefs your felfe freely to her: Importun
her helpe to put you in your place againe. She is
of free, to, in apt, to bleffe, a disposition,
she holds the vice in her goognffe, not to do more
then she is requitell. This broken joynt betweene
you, and her husband, entreat her to splinter. And my
Fortunes against any lay worth naming, this cracke
of your Loue, shall grow bonger, then it was before.

Caff. You aduise me well.

Iago. I protest in the sincerite of Loue, and honett
kindnffe.

Caff. I thinke it freely: and betimes in the mo-
nings, I will befeech the veruous Desdemona to vnder
take for me: I am deperate of my Fortunes if they check me.

Iago. You are in the right: good night Lieutenant,
I melt to the Watch.

Caff. Good night, honett Iago. Exit Caffio.

Iago. And what's he then,
That laces I play the Villaine?
When this aduise is free I give, and honett,
Proball to thinking, and indeed the courte
To win the Moore againe.
For 'tis most cafe
The inclyning Desdemona to lovdue.
In any honett Suite. She's fram'd as fruitefull
As the free Elements. And then for her
To win the Moore, were to renowne his Baptifime;
All Seasles, and Symboles of redeemed fin:
Hes Soule is so enterre'd to her Loue,
That the may make, ymmake, do what the lift,
Even as her Appetite shall play the God,
With his weake Function. How am I then a Villaine,
To Consufell Caffio to this parallell coure,
Directly to his good? Duiumce of hell,
When diuels will the blackel finnes put on,
They do fuggelt at first with heavenally fweetes,
As I do now. For whiles this honett foole
Plies Desdemona, to repaire his Fortune,
And fhie for him, pleades strongly to the Moore,
He powre this pittifene to his iare:
That the repeales him, for her bodies Louf,
And by how much the ftries to do him good,
She shal endo her Credit with the Moore,
So will I turne her vertue into pitch,
And out of her owne goodnffe make the Net,
That shall en-math them all.

How now Rodorigo?

Enter Rodorigo.

Rodorigo. I do follow henc in the Chace, not
like a Hound that hunes, but one that fillles vp the
Crie. My Money is almost fpect, I haste bin to night
exceedingly well Cudgel'd: And I thinke the illu

* t 3
will be, I shall have too much experience for my pains; And so, with no money, all, and a little more Will, return again to Venice.

Iago. How poorly are they that have not Patience? What would odd their haste but by degrees? Thou know'lt we works by Wit, and not by Witchcraft. And Wit depends on dilatory time. Don't go well? Cassio is beaten thee, And thou by that I shall hurried casket! Caffio! Though other things, grown face again in the Sun, Yet Fruitless that bloofome first. will shrift be ripe: Content thy self, a while. Introduth to Morning; Pleaseth, and Ac'em, make the hours seeme thine. Retire thee, where thou art Billird. Away! I say, thou shalt know more hereafter: Nay get thee gone. Exit. Rodrigo.

Two things are to be done: My Wife must moue for Caffio to her Miftris: He let her on my left, a while, to draw the Moor apart, And bring him support, when he may Caffio finde Solicing his wife: I, that's the way: Dull not Deuce, by coldniffe, and delay. Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Caffio, Maffters, and Clowns.

Caffio. Maffter, play here. I will content your pains, something that's brief, and bid, good morrow General.

Clow. Why Maffers, have your Instruments bin in Naples, that they speake it'th Noise thus?


Clow. Oth: hereby hang a tale.

Maff. Whereby hang a tale, sir?

Clow. Marry fir, by many a winde Instrument that I know. But Maffers, here's money for you; and the General do likes your Mufick, that he desires you for lues fake, to make no more noise with it.

Maff. Weil Sir, we will not.

Clow. If you have any Mufick that may not be heard, too't against. But (as they say) to hear Mufick, the General do not greatly care.

Maff. We have none such, sir.

Clow. Then put up your Papes in your bagge, for he away. Gawamintho, away. Exit Clow.


Caffio. Pray thee keep up thy Quillets, there's a poore piece of Gold for thee, if the Gentlewoman that attends the General be fliring, tell her, there's one Caffion troms, he a little more Speech. What does this?

Clow. She is fliring fir: if he will flire hither, I shall seeme to notice unto her. Exit Clow.

Enter Iago.

In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not bin in bed then?

Caffio. Why no! the day had broke before we parted, I have made bold (Iago) to send in to your wife: My letter to her is, that the will to virtuous Desdemona

Iago. He sends her to you presently: And I defy a meane to draw the Moor Out of the way, that your contenfe and bullneffe May be more free.

Caffio. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew A Florentine more knave, and honest.

Enter Aemilia.

Aemilia. Good morrow (good Lieutenant) I am for thy" Displeasure: but all shall be well. The General and his wife are talking of't; And she speaks for you flently. The Moor replies, That he you hurt is of great Fame in Cyprus, And great Affiutie: and that in wholefome Wise, I fent him not but refuse you. But he protests he loves you, And needs no other Sitter, but his likings To bring you in again.

Caffio. Yet I beleech you, If you like fir, or that it may be done, Give me advantage of some breife Discourse With Desdemona alone.

Aemilia. Pray you come in: I will beftow you where you shall have time: To speake you bofore frely. Caffio. I am much bound to you.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, Iago and Gentlemen.

Oth. These Letters gue (Iago) to the Pylot, And by him do my duties to the Senate: That done, I will be walking on the Works, Repaire there to me.

Iago. Well, my good Lord, l'ee do't.

Oth. This Fortification (Gentlemen) shall we see? Gent. We'll waiite upon your Lordship. Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Desdemona, Caffio and Aemilia.

Iago. Be thou adrift (good Caffio) I will do All my abilities in thy behaife.

Aemilia. Good Madam do: I warrant it greues my Husband, As if the caufe were his.

Iago. Oh! that's an honet Fellow, Do no doubt Caffio But I will have my Lord, and you again As friendly as you were.

Caffio. Bouncing Madam, What ever shall become of Michael Caffio, He's neuer any thing but your true Seruant.

Iago. I know't: I thank you: you do love my Lord: You have knowne him long; and be you well adrift He shall in strangeness (and no farther off), Then in a politike distance.

Caffio. I, but Lady, That policie may either last fo long, Or feede upon such nice and waterish diet, Or breede it selfe fo out of Circumstances, That I being absent, and my place supply'd, My General will forget my Loue, and Service.

Iago. Do not doubt that; before Aemilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place. Affure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I perform it.
To the last Article. My Lord shall never rest,
I watch him came, and sake him out of patience;
His Bed shall be a Schein, his Board a Shriek,
His inter mingle every thing he do's.
With Coffe steal: These, as the merry, Coffe,
For thy Solicitor, shall rattle aye,
Then guve thee cot away.

Exit Othello and Iago.

Amd. Madam, here comes my Lady.
Coffe. Madam, is not my issue, so.
Def. Why stay? and hear me speake.
Coffe. Madam, not now I am very ill at table,
Visit for mine some purpose.
Def. Well, do your direction.
Exit Coffe.
Iago. Hah! like not that.
Othel. Whose that thou speakest?
Iago. Nothing my Lord; or—Know not what.
Othel. Was not that Coffe parted from my wife?
That he would flirk away to guinity-like,
Seeing thy comming.
Othel. I do believe twas he.
Def. How now my Lord?
I have bin talking with a Suitor here,
A man that languishes in his displeasure.
Othel. Who is it you mean?
Def. Why your Lieutenant Coffe: 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 eres in Ignorance, and not in Cunnings,
I have no judgement in an honest face.
I prithee call him back.
Othel. Went he hence now?
Def. I dooth so forbear,
That he hath left part of his greffe with me.
To suffer with him. Good Lourc, call him backe.
Othel. Not now: (Sweet Defens) some other time.
Def. But shall't be shortly?
Othel. The sooner (Sweet) for you.
Def. Shall't be to night or Supper?
Othel. No, not to this night.
Def. Tomorrow or Dinner then?
Othel. I shall not dine at home.
I meete the Captains at the Giraldell.
Def. Why then to morrow night, or Treday moune,
On Tuesday moune, or night; on Wenday moune.
I prithee name the time, but let it not
Exceed three days. Infaith he's spensible.
And yet his Trebail, in our common reason
(Saue that they lay the wares must make example)
Out of her belt, is not almoat a Tisue.
Tuncre a private chace. When shall he come?
Tell me aboutt. I wroate in my Soule.
What you would have, that I should dene.
Or lead me to the springe? What? Michael Coffe?
That came's bring with you? and in my aie.
(When I have spoke of you stinkingly)
Hast take your part, to have so much to do.
To bring thee in? Trust me, I could do much.
Othel. Pray thee no more: Let him come when he wil;
I will deny thee nothing.
Def. Why, this is not a Boone.
The Tragedie of Othello

In. I am glad of this: For now I shall have reason To shew the Loue and Duty that I bear you With franker spirit. Therefore (as I am bound) Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proofes: Looke to your wife, observe her well with Casio, Weare your eyes, thus: not Jealous, nor Secure: I would not have your free, and Noble Nature, Out of felle Bountie, be absus'd: Looke too't: I know our Country disposition well: In Venice, they do let Haueuen see the pranks They dare not show their Husbands, Their beit Conference, Is not to leaue't undone, but kept unknowne. Oth. Doft thou say so? Iago. She did deceive her Father, marrying you, And when the seem'd to shake, and feare your lookes, She lou'd them most. Oth. And so she did, Iago. Why go too then? Shee that so young could giue out such a Seeming To feele her Fathers eyes vp, close as Oakes, He thought 'twas Witchcraft. But I am much too blame: I humbly do brefeech you of your pardon For too much loning you. Oth. I am bound to thee for ever. Iago. I see this hath a little daft'd thy Spirits: Oth. Not a jot, not a jot. Iago. Trust me, I leaue it has: I hope you will consider what is spoke Comes from your Loue. But I do let y'are mood'd: I am to pray you, not to straine my speech To p roficitious, or not to larger reach, Then to Subpition. Oth. I will not. Iago. Should you do so (my Lord) My speech should fall into such wide succeffe, Which my Thoughts ay'nd not. Cassio's my worthy Friend: My Lord, I hope your Jacke is not. Oth. No, not much mood: I do not thinke but De'fdemona's heift, Iago. Long live the face; And long live you to thinke so. Oth. And yet how Nature erring from it selfe. Iago. There's the point: As (to be bold with you) Not to affect many proposed Matches O'ther e'ree Clime, Com'p'xion, and Degree, Whereeto we fee in all things, Nature tends: Foo, one may finel in such; a will most ranke, Foule disp'ions. Thought's unnatural, But (pardon me) I do not in positions Difficultly speak of her, though I may feare Her will, recouling to her better judgement, May fal't to match you with her Country forms, And happily repent. Oth. Farewell, farewell: If more you doft perceiue, let me know more: See on thy wife to obserue. Leave me Iago. Iago. My Lord, I take my leave. Othel. Why did I marry? This honest Creature (double life) Sees, and knowes more, much more then he vnfolds.
Iago. My Lord, I would I might interest your Honor
To see this thing no farther: Leave it to time,
Although 'tis fit that Cassio have his Place;
For sure he fills it vp with great Ability;
Yet if you please, to him off a while:
You shall by that perceive him, and his means:
Note if your Lady straine his Entertainement
With any strong, or vehement Importance,
Much will be seen in that: In the meane time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
(As worthy cause I haue to fear I am)
And hold her tree, I do beseech your Honor.

Oth. Fear not your government.

Iago. I once more take my leave.

Exit. Oth. This Fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knowes all Quantities with a Learn'd Spirit
Of humane dealings. If I do prove her Haggard,
Though that her spirit was my deere heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her downe the wind.
To prey at Fortune. Haply, for I am blanke,
And haue not thole last parts of Conversation
That Chamberers have: Or for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years (yet that's not much)
She's gone. I am abus'd, and my relefe
Muft be to loath her. Oh! Curfe of Marriage!
That we can call this delicate Creatures ours,
And not their Appetites? I had rather be a Toad,
And live upon the vapour of a Dungeon,
Then keepe a corner in the thing I love
For others vies. Yet 'tis the plague to Great-ones,
Pretoriat'd are they lefe then the Bale,
'Tis defin'tiy unhumanable, like death:
Euen then, this forsked plague is Fated to vs,
When we do quicken. Looke where she comes:

Enter Desdemona and Aemilia.

If she be false, Heauen mock'd it false:
Ile not beleue't.

Def. How now, my deere Othello?
Your dinner, and the generose Ilanders
By you inuited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am too blame.

Def. Why do you speak so faintly?
Are you not well?

Oth. I have a paine upon my Forehead, heere.

Def. Why that's with watching, 'twill away againe.
Let me but bind it hard, within this house
It will be well.

Oth. Your Napkin is too little:
Let it alone: Come, Ile go in with you.

Def. I am very sorry that you are not well.

Aemil. I am glad I have found this Napkin:
This was her first remembrance from the Moore,
My wayward Husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steale it. But she foules the Token,
(For he conuirt'd her, she should euer keepe it)
That she referes it euermore about her,
To kiffe, and talke too. Ile haue the worke tane out,
And giue Iago: what he will do with it
Heauen knowes, nor I:
Nothing, but to please his Fantasie.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now? What do you heere alone?

Aemil. Do not you chide: I haue a thing for you.

Iago. You haue a thing for me?
It is a common thing

Aemil. Hah?

Iago. To haue a foolish wife.

Aemil. Oh, is that all? What will you give me now
For that same Handkerchiefe?

Iago. What Handkerchiefe?

Aemil. Why that the Moore first gave to Desdemona,
That which so often you did bid me haue.

Iago. Haft thoue it from her?

Aemil. No: but the let it drop by negligence,
And to th'advantage, I being there, tooke it vp:
Looke, heere 'tis.

Iago. A good wench, give it me.

Aemil. What will you do with't, that you have bene
so earneit to haue me fiche it?

Iago. Why, what is that to you?

Aemil. It be not for some purpose of import,
Giu't me againe. Poore Lady, she'll run mad
When she hall lacke it.

Iago. Be not acknowledge on't.

Iago. I haue vie for it. Go, leaue me.

Exit Aemil. I will in Cassio's Lodging looke this Napkin,
And let him finde it. Trifler light as yyre,
Are to the jealous, confirmations ftronge,
As proffes of holy Writ. This may do something.
The Moore already changes with my pow'r:
Dangerous conceitez, are in their Natures poysons,
Which at the first are scarce found to diflafte:
But with a little aduantag, the blood,
Burne like the Mines of Sulphure, I did fay.

Enter Othello.

Looke where he comes: Not Poppy, nor Mandragora,
Nor all the drowzie Syrups of the world
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweete sleepe
Which thou ow'dst yesterdye,

Oth. Ha, ha, false to mee?

Iago. Why how now General? No more of that.

Oth. Anant, be gone: Thou haft let me on the Racke:
I weare 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Then but to knowe a little.

Iago. How now, my Lord?

Oth. What fenfe had I, in her fiole hours of Luft?
I fawe not, thought it none, nor haft not mee.
I fplet the next night well, fad well, was free, and merrie.
I found not Cassio's Kiffes on her Lippes
He that is rob'd, not wanting what is fiole,
Let him not know't, and he's not rob'd dar all.

Iago. I am sorry to heare this?

Oth. I had beene happy, if the generall Campe,
Pyones and all, had faffed her sweet Body,
So I had nothing knowne. Oh now, for ever,
Farewell the Tranquil mind; farewell Content;
Farewell the planed Troopes, and the bigge Warres,
That makes Ambition, Verteue! Oh Farewell,
Farewell the neighboring Steed, and the thriull Trumpe,
The Spirit-flitting D'urn, th'Eare-piercing Fife,
The Royall Banner, and all Qualitie.

Pride, Pompe, and Circumstance of glorious Warre:
And O you mortall Engine, whole rude thronges
Th'immortall Iues dreae Clamours, counterfeft,
Farewell: Othello's Occupation's gone.

Iago. Is't possible my Lord?

Oth. Villaine, be fore thoue proue my Loue a Whore;
Be sure of it: Give me the Occular prove,
The Tragedie of Othello

Or by the worth of mine eternall Soule,
Thou hadst it bin better haue bin born a Dog,
Then anst for my wak'd Worth.

Iago. It's come to this?

Oth. Make me to see't: or (at the least) to prove it,
That the probation beare no Hindge, nor Loope,
To hang a double on: Or why 4pon thy life.

Iago. My Noble Lord.

Oth. If thou dost fandler her, and torture me,
Neuer pray more: Abandon all remorse
On Horrors head, Horrors accumulate;
Do, deeds to make Heauen weephe, all Earth amaz'd;
For nothing canst thou to damnation addde,
Greater then that.

Iago. O Grace! O Heauen forgive me!
Are you a Man? Have you a Soule? or Senfe?
God buy you: take mine Office, Oh wretched Foole,
That lou'tit to make thine Honesty, a Vice!
Oh monftrous world! Take note, take note (O World)
To be direc't and honest, is not safe.
I thank you for this profit, and from hence
He loue no Friend, fith Loue breeds fuch offence.
Oth. Nay fly thou should'lt be honest.

Iago. I shou'd be wife; for Honesty's a Foole,
And Foole's that it works for.

Oth. By the World,
I think my Wife be honest, and think she is not:
I think that thou art futh, and chunke thou art not:
Hau heau fome proofe. My name that was as fith
As Diwan Vifage, is now befgrimed and blacke
As mine owne face. If there be Fords, or Knives,
Poifon, Fire, or fuffocating streams;
Ile not induce it. Would I were fatisfied.

Iago. Let me be eaten vp with Paffion
I do repent me, that I put it to you.
You would be fatisfied?

Oth. Would Nay, and I will.

Iago. And may: but how? How fatisfied, my Lord?
Would you the super-vision grofelye grave on?
Behold her top'd?

Oth. Death, and damnation. Oh!

Iago. It were a redious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that Propiet: Damne them ther,
If cutt morrall eyes do fee them boufter
More then their owne. What then! How then?
What shall I fay? Where's Satisfaccion?
It is impossible you should fee this,
Were they as prince as Goares, as hot as Monkeys,
As falt as Wolves in pride, and Fools as goude
As Ignorance, made drunk. But yet, I fay,
If imputation, and ftronge circumftances,
Which leade directly to the doore of Truth,
Will you fatisfaction, you might hau't.

Oth. Give me a plaine reason fhe's disloyall.

Iago. I do not like the Office.
But fifh I am metred in this caufe fo fare
(Prech'd too'd by foolifh Honesty, and Loue)
I will go on, I fay with Cafio lately,
And being troubled with a raging toufh,
I could not fleep. There are a kinde of men,
So loofe of Soules: that in their fleepes will mutter
Their Affayres; one of this kinde is Cafio:
In fleep I herd him fay, fweet Defcription,
Let vs be wary, let vs hide our Loues,
And then (Sin) would he grippe, and wring my hand:
Cyf, oh fweet Creature: then kife me hard.

As if he pluckt vp kiffes by the rootses,
That grew upon my lippes, laid his Leg on my Thigh,
And ligh, and kife, and then cry curfed Fare,
That gave thee to the Moore.

Oth. O monftrous ! monftrous! 
Iago. Nay, this was but his Dreame.

Oth. But this denoted a fore-gone conculsion,
'Tis a fwear'd doubt, though it be but a Dreame.

Iago. And this may helpe to thicken other proofs,
That do demonftrate thiny.

Oth. He teare her all to peeces,

Iago. Nay yet be wife; yet we fee nothing done,
She may be honeft yet: Tell me but this,
Have you not fometimes feene a Handkerchief
Spotted with Strawberries, in your ladies hand?

Iago. I gauce her fuch a one: twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that: but fuch a Handkerchief
(I am sure it was your wives) did I to day
Seé Casio wipe his Beard with,

Oth. If't be that,

Iago. If't be that, or any, it was hers.
It fpeakes againft her with the other proofs.

Oth. O that the Slaue had forty thoufand liues:
One is too little, too weake for my tenenge.
Now do I fee, its true. Lookke here Iago,
All my fond leue thus do I blowe to heaven, 'Tis gone,
Arife blacke vengeance, from the hollow hell,
Yeld vp (O Loue) thy Crowne, and heaued Thorne
To tyrannous Hate. Swell boome with thy ftraunge,
For tis of Afpickes tongues,

Iago. Yet be content.

Oth. Oh blood, blood, blood,

Iago. Patience I fay: your minde may change.

Oth. Neuer Iago. Like to the Ponticke Sea,

Whole icie Cuttern, and compulfive coure.
Nee's keets fettynge ebebe, but keeps due on
To the Proponticke, and the Hellespont:
Even to my bloody thoughts, with violent pace
Shall neuer looke backe, neuer ebebe to humble Loue,
Till that a capables, and wide Reuenge
Swallow them vp. Now by yond Marble Heauen,
In the due reuerence of a Sacred vow,
I heere engage my word,

Iago. Do not life yet;

Written you euer-burning Lights above,
You Elemenus, that clip you round about,
Witness that heere Iago doth giue vp
The execution of his wir, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's Service. Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me temore,
What bloody businesse euer.

Iago. I greet thy loue,
Not with vainke thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the infante putte thee too't.
Within these three dayes let me heare thee fay,
That Cafio's not aile.

Iago. My Friend is dead:
'Tis done at your Request.
But let her liue.

Oth. Damne herewed Minxs:
O damme her, damme her.
Come goe with me a part, I will withdraw
To futilfe me with aome swifts, meane of death
For the faire Diuell.

Now art thou my Lieutenant.

Iago. I am your owne for euer.

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Excerpt:

Scene.
Scena Quarta.

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clown.

Def. Do you know Sirrah, where Lieutenant Caffio
lyes?

Clow. I dare not say he lies any where.

Def. Why man?

Clow. He's a Soldier, and for me to say a Soullier
lyes, is Rabbing.

Def. Go to, where lodges he?

Clow. Totell you where he lodges, is to tel you where
I ly.

Def. Can any thing be made of this?

Clow. I know not where he lodges, and for mee to de-
wife a lodging, and say he lies heere, or he lies ther, were
to ly in mine owne throat.

Def. Can you enquire him out? and be edified by re-
port?

Clow. I will Catechize the world for him, that is, make
Questions, and by them answer.

Def. Seek him, bidde him come hither: tell him, I have
made my Lord on his behalfe, and hope all will be
well.

Clow. To do this, is within the compasse of mans Wit,
and therefore I will attempt the doing it.

Exit Clow.

Def. Where should I looife the Handkerchies, Emi-
ila?

Emi. I know not Madam.

Def. Belieue me, I had rather have loft my purse
Full of Curosadoes. And but my Noble Moore
Is true of minde, and made of no such basenesse,
As ilealous Creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill-thinking.

Emi. Is he not ilealous?

Def. Who, left I thinke the Sun where he was borne,
Drew all such hunns from him.

Emi. Looke where he comes.

Enter Othello.

Def. I will not leave him now, till Caffio be
Calld to him. How is't with you, my Lord?

Oth. Well my good Lord. Oh hardt's not dissemble.

How do you, Desdemona?

Def. Well, my good Lord.

Oth. Give me your hand.

This hand is moist my Lady.

Def. I think not age, nor knowne no sorrow.

Oth. This argues finfulnessesse, and liberal heart:
Hot, hot, and moyst: This hand of yours requires
A fequester from Liberty:FASTING, and PRAYER,
Much Caffigation, Exercise dutour,
For heere's a yong, and sweating Diall heere
That commenly rebels: This is a good hand,
A franke one.

Def. You may (indeed) say fo:

For twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand. The hearts of old, gave hands:
But our new Heraldy is bands, not hearts.

Def. I cannot speake of this.

Come, now your promise.

Oth. What promise, Chuckle?

Def. I have sent to bid Coffio come speake with you.

Oth. I have a falt and forry Rhewme offends me:
Lend me thy Handkerchies.

Def. Here is my Lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Def. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not?

Def. No indeed, my Lord.

Oth. That's a fault: That Handkerchiefe
Did an Egyptian to my Mother giue:
She was a Chamizer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people. She told her, while he kepeth;
I would make her Amable, and subdue my Father
Intirely to her love: But if he loes it,
Or made a Grunt 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 face would have me Wh'd)
To giue it her. I did so; and take heed on'r,
Make it a Darling, like your precious eye:
To looife't, or giue't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.

Def. Is't possible?

Oth. 'Tis true: There's Magick in the web of it:
A Sybill that had numbered in the world
The Sun to couer, two hundred companies,
In her Proprietick furie low'd the Worke:
The Wormes were hallowd, that did breed the Silke,
And it was dyde in Mummy, which the Skillful
Conferved of Maidens hearts.

Def. Indeed? Is't true?

Oth. Most verisiable, therefore looke too well.

Def. Then would to Heauen, that I had never seen't;

Oth. Ha? wherefore?

Def. Why do you speake so flattering, and raft?

Oth. Is't so? Is't so? Speak, is't out o'th'way?

Def. Baffle vs.

Oth. Say you?

Def. It is not loof't, but what and if it were t?

Oth. How?

Def. I say it is not loof't.

Oth. Fetch't, let me see't.

Def. Why do I can't: but I will not now:
This is a tricke to put me from my suite,
Pray you let Coffio be receiv'd againe.

Oth. Fetch me the Handkerchies,
My minde mis-gues.

Def. Come, come: you'll never meete a more suffici-
ent man.

Oth. The Handkerchief.

Def. A man that all his time
Hath furnished his good Fortunes on your loue;
Shall dangers with you,

Oth. The Handkerchief.

Def. Insooth, you are too blame.

Oth. Away.

Emi. Is not this man iesalous?

Def. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this Handkerckife,
I am most unhappy in the lesse of it.

Emi. 'Tis not a yeare or two fhewes vs a man:
They are all but Stomackes, and we all but Food,
They caue vs hungrily, and when they are full
They belch vs.

Enter Iago, and Caffio.

Looke you, Caffio and my Husband.

Iago. There is no other way: 'tis the muft don't:
And love the happenesse: go, and importune her.
Def. How now (good Caffio) what's the news with you?

Caffio. Madam, my former suite, I do beseech you,
That by your vertuous meanes, I may againe
Exit, and be a member of his house,
Whom I, with all the Office of my heart
Intirely honour, I would not be delayed.
If my offence, be of such mortall kind,
That nor my Service past, nor present Sorrowes,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can blamme me into his love againe,
But to know fo, must be my benefit:
So shall I cloath me in a forc'd content,
And thus my felie vp in some other course
To Fortunes Almes.

Def. Alas (thrice-gentle Caffio)
My Adovocacy is not now in Tune;
My Lord, is not my Lord; nor shou'd I know him,
Were he in Favour, as in Humour alter'd.
So helpe me every Spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my beft,
And flood within the blanke of his displeasure
For my free speecch. You must awhile be patient;
What I can do, I will: and more I will
Then for my felie, I dare. Let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my Lord angry?

Emil. He went hence but now:
And certainly in strange vnquietnesse.

Iago. Can he be angry? I haue fene the Cannon
When it hath blowne his Rankes into the Ayre,
And like the Duell from his very Arme
Pufft's his owne Brother: And is he angry?
Something of moment then: I will go meet him,
There's matter in it indeed, if he be angry.

Def. I pray thee do fo. Something lute of State,
Either from Venice, or some vnheard practife
Made demonstration here in Cyprus, to him,
Hath toucht his cleare Spirit: and in such cases,
Ment Natures wrangle with inferious things,
Though great ones site their object, 'Tis enoue fo.
For let our finger ake, and it endes
Our other healthfull members, even to a fentence
Of paine. Nay, we must thinke men are not Gods,
Nor of them looke for such obfurance
As fits the Bridal. Befireth me much, Caffio,
I was ( vnhandome Warrior, as I am)
Arraigning his vnkindnesse with my loue;
But now I finde, I had fubsid'd the Witneffe,
And he's Indared fally.

Emil. Pray heauen it bee
State matters, as you thinke, and no Conception,
Nor no jealous Trye, concerning you.

Def. Alas the day, I never gave him caufe.

Emil. But Jealous foules will not be answer'd fo;
They are not euer Jealous for the caufe,
But Jealous, for they're Jealous. It's a Monster.
Begot upon it felfe, borne on it felfe.

Def. Heaven keepes the Monster from Othello's mind.

Emil. Lady Amen.

Def. I will go fpeak him. Caffio, walk here about:
If I doe fpeak him fit, I leue you your fuite.
And fpeak to effe: it is mee your fuite.

Caff. I humbly thank you your Ladyship.

OF. How make you from home?
How is't with you, my moft faire Bianca?
Indeed (sweet Loue) I was comming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your Lodging, Caffio.

Caffio. Pardon me, Bianca.
I have this while with leade anne thoughts beene pref'd,
But I fhall in a more continuance time
Strike off this fcore of abfence. Sweet Bianca
Take me this worke out.

Bianca. Oh Caffio, whences came this?
This is some Token from a newer Friend,
To the fel. by this and now I feele a Caufe;
It's to come to this? Well, well.

Caffio. Go too, woman:
Throw your vile gellses in the Duells teeth,
From whence you haue them. You are ieralious now,
That this is from some Miftis, some remembrance;
No, in good truth Bianca.

Bian. Why, who's is it?

Caffio. I know not neither:
I found it in my Chamber,
I like the worke well; Ere it be demanded
(As like enough it will) I would haue it coppi'd:
Take it, and dont, and leaue me for this time.

Bian. Leave you? Wherefore?

Caffio. I do attend heere on the Generall,
And think it no addition, nor my wish
To haue him fee me woman'd.

Emil. Why, I pray you?
Caffio. Not that, I love you not.
Bian. But that you do not love me,
I pray you bring me on the way a little,
And fay, if I fhall fee you foone at night?

Caffio. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend heere; But Ie feee you foone.
Bian. 'Tis very good. I must be circumfanc'd,
Exeunt owens.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Othello, and Iago.

Iago. Will you thinke so?

Oth. Think it so, Iago?

Iago. What, to kiffe in priuate?

Oth. An vnauthoriz'd kiffe?

Iago. Or to be nacked with her Friend in bed,
An hour, or more, not meaning any harme?
Oth. Naked in bed (Iago) and not meane harme?
It is hypocriye against the Duell:
They that meane veruoyly, and yet do fo,
The Duell their vertue tempers, and they tempt Heaven.

Iago. If they do nothing, tis a Venial slip:
But if I give my wife a Handkerchiefe.

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why then tis hers (my Lord) and being hers,
She may (I think) beftow on any man.

Oth. She is Protesttere of her honor too:
May the gie the?
Iago. Her honor is an Essence that's not seen;
They have it very oft, that have it not.
But for the Handkerchief.

Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it;
Thou saidst (oh, it comes ore my remembrance,
As doth the Rancor o' the infectious house):
Boasting to all) he had my Handkerchief.

Iago. 1. What of that?

Oth. That's not so good now.

Iago. What if I had said, I had scarce him do you wrong?
Or heard him say (as Knaves be such abroad,
Who having by their own imprudent ears,
Or voluntary dote of some Mistress,
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 advised.
No more then he'd unwise.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. Why, that he did: I know not what he did.
Oth. What? What?

Iago. I ver.

Oth. With her.


Oth. Ye with her? Lye on her? We say lye on her,
When they be-lye-lye. Lye with her: that's jiltlum:
Handkerchief: Confession: Handkerchief. To con-
fess, and be hang'd for his labour. First, to be hang'd,
and then to confess: I tremble at it. Nature would not
inuell her selfe in such fighthaid passion, without some
injunction. It is not words that makes me thus. (pish.)
Nofes, Eares, and Lippes: isn't possible. Confesse? Hand-
kerciefe? O duell.

Enter Cassio.

How now Cassio?

Cass. What's the matter?

Iago. My Lord is taken into an epilepsy,
This is his second fit: he had one yester-day.

Cass. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. The Lethargick must have his quiet course:
If not, he foame at mouth: and by and by
Breakes out to laughe madneße. Looke, he flares:
Do you withdraw your selfe a little while,
He will recover straight: when he is gone,
I would on great occasion, speake with you.

How is it General? Have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Doth thou make me?

Iago. I mocke you not, by Heaven.
Would you would bare your Fortune like a man.
Oth. A honester man's a Moniter, and a Brittle.
Iago. That's many a Brittle men in a populous City,
And many a dull Moniter.

Oth. Did he confess?

Iago. Good Sir, be a man:
Thinke meats bearded fellow that's but youk'd
May draw with you. There's Millions now alive,
That nightly lyce in those improper beds,
Which they dare survive peculiar. Your cafe is better.

Oh, 'tis the sight of hell the Fiends Arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure Cowell;

And to suppose herchaft. Nolet me know.
And knowing what I am, I know what the shallbe.

Oth. Oh, thou art witty, as thy countenance.

Iago. Stand you a white apart,
Confine your self but in a patient Lift,
Whil'st you were here, o'the-welmed with your gripe
(A passion most refuting such a man)
Cassio came hither. I shifted him away,
And layd good leases upon your Esteem,
But him none returne: and heere speake with me,
The which he promis'd. Do but encaue your selfe,
And make the Fierces, the Gribes, and notable Scornes
That dwell in every Region of his face,
For I will make him tell the Tale anew;
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is agane receipe your wife.
I say but make me griefe: marry Patience,
Or I shall yare are all in all of Splicene,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Do thou heere, Iago,
I will be found most cunning in my Patience:
But do thou heere most bloody.

Iago. That's not amisse,
But yet keep time in all: will you withdraw?
Now will I question Cassio of Venice,
A Huriwife that by telling her desires
Buyes or else Bread, and Cleanse. It is a Creature
That does on Cassio, (as 'tis the Strumpers plague
To be gone many, and be giu'd by one)
He, when he heares of her, cannot retract
From the excelle of Laughter. Heere he comes.

Enter Cassio.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad:
And his visiblfe to our see mutt continu
Poor Cassio's smiler, gettles, and light behauiours
Quite in the wrong. How do you Lieutenant?

Cass. The worlde, that you give me the addiion,
Whoes want even kills me.

Iago. Pity Delfonomus well, and you are sure on't;
Now, if this suit lay in Tancio's dovre,
How quickly shou'd you speed?

Cass. Alas poor Cassio.

Oth. Look how he laughe already.

Iago. I never knew woman loose man fo.

Cass. Alas poor Rogue, I think indeed the loues me
Oth. Now he denies it familie: and laughe it out.

Iago. Do you bee Cassio?

Oth. Now he importunes him.

To tell to thee: go too, well laid, well said.

Iago. She givest it out, that you shall marry her.

Do you intend it?

Cass. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Do ye triumph, Romaine? do you triumph?

Cass. I marrie. What A cuomer spythee beare
Some Chastity to my wit, do not thinke it.

Oth. Wait hale, I am a very Villaine elce.

Cass. Have you fcaur'd me? Well.

Iago. This is the Monkeys owne guing out:
She is perswaded I will marry her
Out of her owne love & flatterie, not out of my proumise.
The Tragedie of Othello

Oth. Iago becomes me: now he begins the story.

Iago. She was heere euene now: she haunts me in euery place, I was the other day talking on the Sea-banke with certaine Venetians, and thither comes the Beauzie, and falls me thus about my neck.

Oth. Crying oh deere Caffio, as it were: his inferre im-
portts.

Caffio. So hangs, and lolls, and weepes vpon me:
So flies, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Now he tells how the pluck him to my Cham-
ber: oh, I fee that nofe of yours, but not that dogge, I
shall throw it to.

Caffio. Well, I must leaxe her compagnie.

Iago. Before me: looke where she comes.

Enter Bianca.

Caffio. 'Tis fitch another butcheon marry a perfum'd one?
What do you meane by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the duell, and his dam haunt you: what
did you meane by that famd Handkerchiefe, you gave
me euene now? I was a fine Foeole to take: I must take
out the worke? A likely piece of worke, that you shoud
find it in your Chamber, and know not who left it there.
This is fome Minxes token, & I must take out the worke?
There, give it your Hobby-worle, whereioeuer you had
it, 'lame take out no worke on't.

Caffio. How now, my sweete Bianca?
How now? How now?

Oth. By Heaven, that should be my Handkerchiefe.

Bian. If you're come to tapper to night you may, if
you will not, come when you are next prepa'd for. Exit

Iago. After her return. Enter

Caffio. I must, hee'ls playle in the streets else.

Iago. Will you fun there?

Caffio. Yes, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to fee you: for I would ve-
fame speake with you.

Caffio. Prythee come: will you?

Iago. Go too: fay no more.

Oth. How fhall I finther him.

Jago. Did you perceiue how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oth. Oh, Jago.

Iago. And did you fee the Handkerchiefe?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours by this hand: and to fee how he priztes
the foolefull womyn your wife: the gaiue it him, and he
has giu'n it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine yeares a killing:
A fine womyn, a faire woman a foette woman?

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Let her tor and pesch, and be damn'd to
right, for the fluld not live. No, my heart is turn'd to
flond: I flinke in, and it hurts my hand. Oh, the world
hath not a fouer Creature: the night lyce by an Em-
perours fide, and command him Taskes.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I do but faie what she is: so delicate
with le Nettle: an admirable Mulfian. Of he will
fing the Sauage出去s out of the Bear: of so high and plen-
teous wit, and inuention?

Iago. She's the worfe for all this.

Oth. Oh, a thoufand, a thoufand times:
And the defi gende a condition?

Iago. I too gentle.

Oth. Nay that's certrine:
But yet the pitty of it, Iago: oh Iago, the pitty of it

Iago.

Iago. If you are to fond over her iniquitie: give her
patent to offend, for if it touch not you, it comes necer
no body.

Oth. I will chop her into Meffies: Cuckold me?

Iago. 'Tis foule in her.

Oth. With mine Officer?

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me fome poiton, Iago, this night. He not
expofulate with her: leafe her body and beautie vno-
mine my mind againe: this night Iago.

Iago. Do it, but with poiton, fhall your her in bed,
Even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good:
The Juflice of it pleates: very good.

Iago. And for Caffio, let me be his undertaker:
You shall heare more by midnight.

Enter Lodovico, Delfelmon, and Attendants.

Oth. Excellent good: What Trumpet is that fame?

Iago. I warrant somthing from Venice,
This Lodovico this, comes from the Duke.
See, your wife's with him.

Lodo. Sawe you worthy Generall.

Oth. With all my heart Sir.

Lod. The Duke, and the Senators of Venice greet you.

Oth. I kiffe the Infrument of their pleasures.

Def. And what's the newes, good cozen Lodovico?

Iago. I am very glad to fee you Signior.

Lodo. Welcome to Cyprus.

Iago. I thank you: how do's Lieutenant Caffio?

Lodo. Lives Sir,

Def. Cozen, there's a faltne betweene him, & my Lord,
An' kind breath, & you fhall make all well.

Oth. Are you fure of that?

Def. My Lord?

Oth. This faltne you not to do, as you will.

Lod. He did not call: he's bufe in the paper,

Is there defolution twixt my Lord, and Caffio?

Def. A moft unhappye one: I would do much

Tattone'em, for the lone I hear to Caffio.

Oth. Fire, and brimfeleene.

Def. My Lord.

Oth. Are you wife?

Def. What is he angrie?

Lod. May be the Letter mou'd him.

For as I thinke, they do command him home,

Deputing Caffio in his Government.

Def. Truf me, I am glad out.

Oth. Indeed?

Def. My Lord?

Oth. I am glad to fee you mad.

Def. Why, sweete Othello?

Oth. Duell.

Def. I have not deferu'd this.

Lod. My Lord, this would not be beleued in Venice,

Though I fhould fware I faw: 'Tis very much,
Make her amendes: fhe weepes.

Oth. Oh diuell, diuell!

Iffhat the Earth could teeme with womanes teares,
Each drop thee falls, would proue a Crocodile:

Out of my fite.

Def. I will not fay to offend you.

Lod. Truely obedient Lady:

I do befeech your Lordfhip call her backe.
Otho. Miftis.

Def. My Lord.

Otho. What would you with her, Sir?

Lod. Who I 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 weep, Sir, weep.
And she's obedient: as you say obedient.

Very obedient: proceed you in your tears.
Concerning this Sir, (oh well painted passion)
I am commanded home: get you away:
He fend for you anon. Sir I obey the Mandate,
And will returne to Venice. Hence, hence, hence,
Caffi shall have my Place. And Sir, to night
I do entreat, that we may sup together.
You are welcome Sir to Cyprus.

Goates, and Monkeys. Exit.

Lod. Is this the Noble Moore, whom our full Senate
Call all in all sufficient? Is this the Nature
Whom Passion could not shacle? Whose solid vritue
The fhit of Accident, nor dare of Chance
Could neither grace, nor pierce?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits safe? Is he not light of Braine?

Iago. He's that he is: I may not break my censure.
What he might beif what he might, he is not,
I would to heaven he were.

Lod. What? Strike his wife?

Iago. 'Faith that was not so well: yet would I knew
That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his wife?

Or did the Letters, worke upon his blood,
And new create his fault?

Iago, Alas, alas:
It is not honeftie in me to speake
What I have seene, and knownie. You shall obserue him,
And his owne countes will deote him fo,
That I may faue my speech: do but go after
And marke how he continuies.

Lod. I am sorry that I am deceiued in him. Exeunt.
The Tragedie of Othello

To be call'd Whore? Would it not make one weep?

Def. It is my wretched Fortune.

Iago. Behold him forth:

How comes this Trick upon him?

Def. Nay, Heauen doth know.

Aemil. I will be hang'd, if some eternall Villaine,

Some bafe and inyinuating Rogue,

Some coggling, czening Slauet, to get some Office,

Haue not deu'd this Slander: I will be hang'd elle.

Def. Pie there is no such man: it is impossible.

Def. If any such there be, Heauen pardon him.

Aemil. A halter pardon it him:

A nd hell gnaw his bones.

Why should he call her Whore?

Who keeps her companie?

What Place? What Time?

What Forme? What likeliehood?

The Moore's abus'd by some moft villainous Knaue,

Some base notorious Knaue, some feuerly Fellow.

Oh Haueuns, that such companions thou'd't unfold,

And put in every honest hand a whip

To lafh the Raffles asked through the world,

Even from the East to th' West.

Iago. Speake within doore.

Aemil. Oh fie upon them: some such Squire he was

That turn'd your wit, the feamy-side without,

And made you to suspect me with the Moore,

Iago. You are a Foolie: go too.

Def. Alas Iago,

What shall I do to win my Lord againe?

Good Friend, go to him: for by this light of Heauen,

I know not how I hold him. Heere I kneele:

If here my will did trep'sse 'gainst his Loue,

Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed,

Or that mine Eyes, mine Eares, or any Sence

Delight'd them or any other Forme,

Or that I do not yet, and euer did,

And euer will, (though he do smake me off

To begggerly ductement) Loue him deerely,

Comfort fortiweare me. Vnkindnesse may do much,

And his vnkindnesse may defeat my life,

But neuer saynt my Loue. I cannot say Whore,

It do's abhorre me now I speake the word,

To do the Act, that might the addition eneare,

Not the worlds Maffe of vanitie could make me.

Iago. I pray you be content: 'tis but his humour:

The businesse of the State do's him offence.

Def. If there were nother.

Iago. It is but so, I warrant,

Heare how th'ese instruments summon to suppre:

The Meffengers of Venice flyes the meare,

Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

Except De demolis and Aemilis.

Enter Rodrigo.

How now Rodrigo?

Rod. I do not finde

That theu had'lt fully with me.

Iago. What in the contrarie?

Rodori. Every day theu dafts me with some deuite

Iago, and rather, as it feemes to me nowe, keep't from me all conuenience, then supplest me with the least ad

vantage of hope: I will indeed no longer endure it. Nor am I yet perswaded to put vp in peace, what already I have foolisly suffred.

Iago. Will you heare me Rodrigo?
Rodori. I have heard too much; and your words and
performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most vitrially.

Rod. With naught but truth: I have wafted my
selfe out of my meate. The Jewels you have had
from me to deliver Desdemona, would have had corrupted a
Vesalyst. You have told me the hath receiv'd them, and
return'd me expectations and comforts of sodaine
respect, and acquaintance, but I finde none.

Iago. Well, go too: very well.

Rod. Well, go too: I cannot go too, (man) nor
thy selfe not very well. Nay I think it is envy; and begin

to finde my selfe join'd in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. You tell me, thou art not very well: I will make my
selfe knowne to Desdemona. If she will returne me my
jewels, I will give out my suit, and repent my unlawful
solicitation. Nor, affraye your selfe, I will seek satisfaction
of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. I, and said nothing but what I protestt inte-
ment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee: and
from this instant do build on thee a better op-
inion then euer before; give me thy hand Rodorigo.
Thou haft taken against me a most just except-
ion; but yet I protest I have dealt most directly in thy
Affaire.

Rod. It hath not appeare'.'

Iago. I grant indeed it hath not appeare'': and
your fulfillment is not without wit and judgment. But
Rodorigo, if thou haft that in thee indeed, which
I have greater reason to believe now then euer (I
meane purpose, Courage, and Valour) this night
shew it. If thou next night falling enjoy not
Desdemona, take me from this world with Treache-
rie, and desyse Engines for my life.

Rod. Well: what is it? Is it within, reason and com-

pass? ...

Iago. Sir, there is specifall Commision come from
Venice to depoite Caffio in Otello's place.

Rod. Is that true? Why then Otello and Desdemona
returne against to Venice.

Iago. Oh no: he goes into Mauritania and taketh
away with him the faire Desdemona, vnlike his a-
boide beinge here by some accident. Where
inone can be determinate, as the remouing of
Caffio.

Rod. How do you mean remouing him?

Iago. Why, by making him uncapable of Otello's
place: knocking out his braines.

Rod. And that you would have me to do.

Iago. 1: if you dare do your selfe a profit, and a
right. He laps to night with a Harlotry: and sitter
will I go to him. He knowes not yet of his Honourable
Fortune, if you will watch his going thence (which
I will fashion to fall betweene twelue and one)
you may take him at your pleasure. I will be neere
to secound your Attempt, and he shall fall betwene
vs. Come, hand not small'd at, let go along with
me: I will shew you such a necessity in his design, that
you shall think your selfe bound to put it on him. It
is now high lupper time: and the night grows to wait.

About it.

Rod. I will heare further reason for this.

Iago. And you shalbe satisfied.

Exeunt.

The Moor of Venice.
The Tragedie of Othello

So get thee gone, good night: mine eyes do itch:
Doth that bode weeping?

Emil. 'Tis neither her, nor there!*
Def. I have heard it said so. O these Men, these men!*
D. If thou in conscience thinke (tell me) Emil!
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such groff kindes?

Emil. There be some such, no question.
Def. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. Why, wouldst thou not?
Def. No, by this Heavently light.

Emil. Nor I neither, by this Heavently light:
I might do't as well ith' darke.
Def. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. The world's a huge thing:
It is a great price, for a small vice.

Def. introth, I thinke thou wouldst not.

Emil. Introth, I thinke I shoulde, and vn'doo't when
I had done. Marry, I would not doe such a thing for a
joyn't Ring, nor for measures of Lawne, nor for Gowmes,
Petiolets, nor Capps, nor any petty exhibition. But for
all the whole world: why, who would not make her hus-
bands Cuckold, to make him a Monarch? I should ven-
ture Purgatory for't.

Def. Befirew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world.

Enter Othello.

Def. Why, the wrong is but a wrong ith world;
and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in
your owne world, and you might quickly make it right.

Def. I do not thinke there is any such woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen: and as many too'th advantage, as
would fores the world they plaied for.

But I do thinke it is their Husbands faults
If Wives do fall: (Say, that they flacke their duties,
And powre our Treasures into forraigne laps;
Or else break out in peecunfe lossoules,
Throwing restraint vpon vs: Or say they trike vs,
Or ceat our former sauing in deplight)

Why we have gaules: and though we have some grace,
Yet have we some Reuenge. Let Husbands know,
Their wives have feene like them: They fee, and finell,
And have their Palates both for sweet, and fowre,
As Husbands haue. What is it that they do,
When they change vs for others? Is it Sport?
I thinke it is: and doth Affection breed it?
I thinke it doth. Is't Fruilt that thus eres?
It is too. And haue not we Affections?
Defires for Sport? and Fruilt, as men haue?
Then let them vs for well: elles let them know,
The illes we do, their illes infruck vs fo.

Def. Good night, good night:
Hairme me fuch vices lend,
Not to picke bad, from bad; but by bad, mend. Extent

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Iago, and Rodrigo.

Iago. Here, stand behind this Barke,
Straight will he come:
Wear thy good Rapier bare, and put it home:
Quicker, quicker, feare nothing: Ibe at thy Elbow,
It makes vs, or it marres vs, thinke on that,
And fife mofftime thy Revolutions.

Rod. Beereere at hand, I may miliferty in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand: Be bold, & take thy hand,
Rod. Thou have no great devotion to the deed,
And yet he hath given me satisfying Reasons:
Tis but a man gone. Forth my Sword he dies.

Iago. I haue rub'd this yong. Quaint almost to the fense,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Caffio,
Or Caffio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gaine. Lieu Rodrigo,
He calles me to a restitution large
Of Gold, and Jewels, that I bob'd from him,
As Guitis to Defdemona.
It must not be: if Caffio do remaine,
He hath a dayly beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly: and besides, the Moore
May unfold to him: that stand I much perill
No, he must dye.
But fo, I heard him comming,

Enter Caffio.

Rod. I know his gate, tis he: Villaine thou dye.

Caff. That threfth had beene mine enemy indeed,
But that my Coate is better then thou knowst:
I will make proofe of shine.

Rod. Oh, I am flowing.

Caffio. I am many'd for euer.

Helpe hoa: Matter, matter.

Enter Othello.

Oth. The voyce of Caffio, Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O Villaine that I am.

Oth. It is even so.

Caff. Oh helpe hoa: Light, a Surgeon.

Oth. Tis he; O braue Iago, honest, and inff,
That haft such Noble fene of thy Friends wrong,
Thou teachest me. Minion, your dere eies dead,
And your vnblest Fate hightes: Strumpet I come:
For of my heart, those Charmes shine Eyes, are blooted.
Thy Bed luft-fain'd, shall with Lufts blood bee spotted.

Exeunt.

Enter Lodurus and Gratiano.

Caff. Whatso? no Watch? No passadge?
Murther, Murther.

Gra. 'Tis some mischance, the voyce is very direfull.
Caff. Oh helpe.

Lodo. Hearke.

Rod. Oh, wretched Villaine.

Lodo. Two or three groane. 'Tis heavy night;
These may be counterfeits: Let's thinke't undece.
To come into the cry, without more helpe.

Rod. Nobody come: then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago.

Lodo. Hearke.

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with Light, and
Weapons.

Iago. Who's there?
Who's noyfe is this that cries on murther?

Lodo. We do not know.

Iago. Do not you heare a cry?

Caff. Heere, heere, for heauen sake helpe me,

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is Othello's Ancient, as I take it.

Lodo. The same indee, a very valiant Fellow.

Iago. What are you heere, that cry so greenufully?
Caff. Iago? Oh I am spoyle'd, vn done by Villaines;
Give me some helpe.

Iago. O mee, Lieutenant!

What Villaines have done this?

Caff. I thinke that one of them is hereabout.
And cannot make away. 

Lago. Oh treacherous Villaines?

What are you there? Come in, and give some help.

Rod. O help me there.

Caffio. That's one of them.

Lago. Oh murd'reous Slave! O Villaine!

Rod. O dam'd Lago! O unhumann Dogge!' 

Lago. Kill men it's darker.

Where be these bloody Thieves?

How silent is this Towne? Hoa,murther,murther.

What may you be? Are you of good, or evil?

Rod. As you shall prove vs, praise vs.

Lago. Signior Lodovico?

Rod. He Sir.

Lago. I cry you mercy: here's Caffio hurt by Villaines.

Gra. Caffio.

Rod. How is't Brother?

Caf. My Legge is cut in two.

Lago. Marry heauen forbid:

Light Gentlemen, lie bind it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter here? Who is it that cry'd?

Lago. Who is't that cry'd?

Bian. Oh, my deere Caffio.

My sweet Caffio: Oh Caffio, Caffio, Caffio.

Lago. O notable Strumpet. Caffio, may you suspect

Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?

Gra. No.

Rod. I am sorry to finde you thus;

I have bene to seeke you.

Lago. Lend me a Garter. So— Oh for a Chaire

To beare him easily hence.

Bian. Alas he faints. Oh Caffio, Caffio, Caffio:

Lago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this Traith

To be a party in this Injurie.

Patience awhile, good Caffio. Come, come;

Lend me a Light; I know we this face, or no?

Alas my Friend, and my deere Countryman

Rodorigo. No: Yes sure; Yes, 'tis Rodorigo. 

Gra. What, of Venice?

Lago. Euen he Sir; Did you know him?

Gra. Know him? I

Lago. Signior Gratiano? I cry your gentle pardon

These bloody accidents must excuse my Manners,

That so negleced you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.


Rod. Rodorigo. 

Lago. He, he, 'tis he:

Oh that's well said, the Chaire.

Some good man beare him carefully from hence,

He fetch the Generall's Surgeon. For you Mistris, 

Save you your labour. He that has slain here (Coffio)

Was my deere friend. What malice was between you?

Caffio. None in the world: nor do I know the man.


Stay you good Gentlemen. Look ye pale, Mistris?

Do you perceiue the gaffine from her eye?

Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.

Behold her well: I pray you looke upon her.

Do you see Gentlemen? Nay, guiltineffe will speake

Though tongues were out of vifte.

Emil. Alas, what is the matter?

What is the matter, Husband?

Lago. Caffio hath here bin set on in the darke

By Rodorigo, and Fellowes that are escap'd:

He's almoft slain, and Rodorigo quite dead.

Emil. Alas, good Gentlemen: alas good Caffio.

Lago. This is the fruits of whoring. Pr'ythee the Emilis,

Go know of Caffio where he lupt to night.

What, do you shak at this?

Bian. He lupt at my house, but I therefore fiske not.

Lago. O did he so? I charge you go with me.

Emil. Oh fie upon thee Strumpet.

Bian. I am no Strumpet, but of life as honest,

At you that thus abuse me.

Emil. As I? Fie upon thee.

Lago. Kinde Gentlemen:

Let's go see poor Caffio refert.

Come Mr. Brisius, you must tell another Tale.

Emilis, run you to the Ciudadel, 

And tell my Lord and Lady, what hath happ'd:

Will you go on aore? This is the night

That either makes me, or ioresdoes me quight. 

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, and Desdemona in her bed.

Oth. It is the Caufe, it is the Caufe (my Soule)

Let menot name it to you: you chaffe Stairier,

It is the Caufe. Yet He not feed her blood,

Nor fear the whiter skin of hers, then Snow,

And smooth as Monumental Alabaster:

Yet the mufle dye, eke the's betray more men:

Put out the Light, and then put out the Light:

If I quench thee, thou flaming Minifiter,

I can agane thy former light ref tore.

Should I repent me. But once put out thy Light,

Thou cunning? Patterne of excelling Nature,

I know not where is that Promi ne eater

That can thy Light re-Lume.

When I have pluck'd thy Rofe,

I cannot gue it vical growth againe,

It needs much wither. Ile smelt thee on the Tree,

Oh Balmy breath, that doth almoft perfwade;

Inuifce 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'to farall. I must weepe,

But they are cruel Teares: This far, o' the heavenly

It flrikes, where it doth loue. She weakes

Def. Who's there? Othello?

Orhel. Defdemona.

Def. Will you come to bed, my Lord?

Orhel. Have you pray'd to night, Desdemona?

Def. I my Lord.

Orhel. If you be think your selfe of any Crime

Vnaccus'd as yet to Heauen, and Grace,

Solicite for it straight.

Def. Alacce, my Lord,

What may you meane by this?

Orhel. Well, do it, and be breefe, I will walke by:

I would not kill thy unprepared Spirit,

No, Heauens fore-fend J I would not kill thy Soule.

Def. Talke you of killing?

Orhel. 1, I do.

Def. Then Heauen have mercy on mee.
The Tragedie of Othello

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.
Oth. Def. If you say, I hope you will not kill me.
Oth. Def. And yet I fearse you: for you’re fatal then
When your eyes ravel so.
Oth. Why I should fearse, I know not,
Since guiltinesse I know not: But yet I feele I fearse.
Oth. Def. Think on thy sinnes:
Oth. Def. They are Loues I beare to you;
Oth. Def. and for that thou dy'st.
Oth. Def. That death's vnnaturall, that kills for louing.
Alas, why graue you to your wether-lip?
Some bloudy passion shakes your very Frame:
These are portents: but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be full.
Def. I will so: What's the matter?
Oth. That Henrickchiefe
Which I fo lou'd, and gave thee, thou gau'tt to Cassio.
Def. No by my Life, and Soule: send for the man,
And ask him.
Oth. Sweet Soule, take heed, take heed of Peruicty,
Thou art on thy death-bed.
Def. 1, but not yet to dye.
Oth. Pretently.
Therefore confesse thee freely of thy sinne:
For to deny each Article with Oath,
Cannot remorse, nor cause the strong Conception
That do grant withall. Thou art to dye.
Oth. Def. O Heauen have mercy on me.
Oth. I say, Amen.
Def. And haue you mercy too. I neuer did
Offend you in my life; neuer lou'd Cassio,
But with such general warrant of Heauen,
As I might loue. I neuer gau'e him Token.
Oth. By Heauen I saw my Henrickchiefe in's hand.
O perils'd woman, thou dost flone my heart,
And makes me call, what I intend to do,
A Murther, which I thought a Sacrifice.
I saw the Henrickchiefe.
Def. He found it then:
I neuer gave it him: Send for him hither:
Let him confess a truth.
Oth. He hath confess'd.
Def. What, my Lord?
Oth. That he hath vs'd thee.
Def. How? unwillingly?
Oth. I.
Def. He will not say so.
Oth. No; his mouth is flipp'd:
Honeste Iago hath 'tane order for't.
Def. Oh, my feare interprets. What is he dead?
Oth. Had all his haires bentlines, my great Reuenge
Had romes on it for them all.
Def. Alas, he is betray'd, and I vndone.
Oth. Out Strumpet! wret'hst thou for him to my face?
Def. O bar'd me, my Lord, but kill me not.
Oth. Downe Strumpet.
Def. Kill me to morrow, let me live to night,
Oth. Nay, if you trieze.
Def. But stay an heur.
Oth. Being done, there is no paswe.
Def. But while I fay one prayer.
Oth. It is too late.
Smother's her.
Amil. at the doore.
Amil. My Lord, my Lord? What hoa?

My Lord, my Lord.
Oth. What noise is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?
I that am cruel, am yet mercifull,
I would not hae theelinger in thy paine?
So, so.
Amil. within. What hoa? my Lord, my Lord?
Oth. Who's there?
Amil. Oh good my Lord, I would speake a word
with you.
Oth. Yes: 'Tis Amilia: by and by. She's dead,
'Tis like the comes to speake of Cassio's death:
The noise was high. Ha, no more mourning:
Still as the Grave. Shall I come in? Wert'g good?
I think she flittes againe. No, what's best to do?
If she come in, sweete I sure speake to my wife:
My wife, my wife: what wife? I have no wife.
Oh in supportable! Oh heavy hour!
Me thinkes, it shou'd be now a huge Eclipse!
Of Sunne, and Moone; and that th'slighted Globe
Did yaran at Alteration.
Amil. I do beseech you
That I may speake with you. Oh good my Lord.
Oth. I had forgot thee; oh come in Amilia.
Soft, by and by, let me the Curtains draw,
Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?
Enter Amilia.
Amil. Oh my good Lord, yonders foule Murthers done.
Oth. What? now?
Amil. But now, my Lord.
Oth. It is the very error of the Moone,
She comes more nearer Earth then she was wont,
And makes men mad.
Amil. Cassio, my Lord, shal' kill'd?
A young Venetian, call'd Roderigo.
Oth. Roderigo kill'd? and Cassio kill'd?
Amil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.
Oth. No Cassio kill'd? Then Murther's out of tune,
And sweete Reuenge grows harsh.
Def. Of falsely, falsely murder'd.
Amil. Alas! what? cry is that?
Oth. That? What?
Amil. Out; and alas, that was my Ladies voice.
Help, help hoa, help, Oh Ladie speake againe,
Sweet Deftonam, oh sweet Miftris, speake.
Def. A guilliflue death, I dye.
Amil. Oh who hath done this deed?
Def. No body: I my selfe, fatewell.
Promise me to you kinde Lord: oh farewell.
Oth. Why, how should she be murthered?
Amil. Alas! who knowes?
Oth. You heare her fay her felle, it was not I.
Amil. She faid so: I must needs report the truth.
Oth. She's like a Liear gone to burning hell,
'Twas I that fliet her.
Amil. Oh the more Angell she, and you the blacker
Diuell.
Oth. She tur'd to fully; and she was a whore.
Amil. Thou dost belye her, and thou art a diuell.
Oth. She was ratte as water.
Amil. Thou art rathe a fire, to fay
That she was falle. 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 juft grounds
To this extremity, Thy husband knew it all,
Oth. Thy Husband.

Emil. That she was false to Wedlocke?

Oth. I, with Caffio: had she the true,
When Heauen would make me such another world,
Of one entyre and perfect Chrysolite.
I'd not have told her for it.

Emil. My Husband?

Oth. 'Twas he that told me on her first,
An honest man he is, and hates the smite
That thickes on filthy deeds.

Emil. My Husband?

Oth. What needs this iteration, Woman?

I say, thy Husband.

Emil. Oh Miftris,

Villany hath made mockes with loue:
My Husband say she was false?

Oth. He, Woman;

I say thy Husband; Do't understand the word?
My Friend, thy Husband; honest, honest Iago.

Emil. If he say so, may his pretious Soule
Rot halfe a graine a day: he lyes to'th'heart,
She was too good of her most filthy Bargaine.

Oth. Hah?

Emil. Do thy word?

This deede of thine is no more worthy Heauen,
Then thou was't worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Emil. Thou hast not halfe that powre to do me harm,
As I haue to be hurt. Oh Gull, oh dolt,
As ignorant as durt: thou hast done a deed
(I care not for thy Sword) Ile make thee known,
Though I loft twenty lustes. Helpe, helpe, lisa, helpe:
The Moore hath kill'd my Miftris. Murther, murther.

Enter Montana, Gratiano, and Iago.

Mon. What is the matter? How now General?

Emil. Oh, are you come, Iago: you have done well,
That men must lay their Murthers on thy necke.

Grat. What is the matter?

Emil. Difprue this Villaine, if thou be'lt a man:
He lyes, thou told'lt him that his wife was false:
I know thou did it not: thou'rt not such a Villain.

Sprake, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought,
And told no more.

Then what he found himselfe was apt, and true.

Emil. But did you ever tell him,
She was false?

Iago. I 'm bid.

Emil. You told a Lye an odious damned Lye:
 upon my Soule, a Lye; a wicked Lye.
She's false with Caffio?

Did you say with Caffio?

Iago. With Caffio, Miftris?

Go too, charme your Tongue.

Emil. I will not charme my Tongue;
I am bound to speake,
My Miftris heere lyes murthered in her bed.

All. Oh Heauens, forfend.

Emil. And your reports have set the Murder on.

Oth. Nay lare not Maffers,
It is true indeede.

Grat. 'Tis a strange Truth.

Mon. A monstrous Asto.

Emil. Villany, villany, villany:
I thinke you don't, I thinke: I of me;
O Villany:
I thought to then: Ile kill my selfe for greefe.
O villany! villany!

Iago. What, are you mad?

I charge you get you home.

Emil. Good Gentlemen, let me haue leave to speake:
'Tis proper I obey him; but not now:
Perchance Iago, I will me're go home.

Oth. Oh, oh, oh.

Emil. Nay, lay thee downe, and roare:
For thou hast kill'd the sweettell innocent,
That ere did lift up eye.

Oth. Oh she was foule!

I fear'd did know you Vible, there lies your Neece,
Whose breath (indeed) these hands haue newly flopp'd:
I know this acte shewes horrible and grim.

Gra. Poore De'semon.

I am glad thy Father's dead,
Thy Match was mortall to him: and pure greefe
Shore his old thred in twaine. Did he live now,
This fight would make him do a delperate turne:
Yea, curse his better Angell from his side,
And fall to Reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pittifull: but yet Iago knowes
That the with Caffio, hath the Act of flame.
A thousand times committed. Caffio confess it,
And she did gratifie his amorous works.
With that Recognition and pledge of Loue
Which Iago gave her: I saw it in his band:
It was a Handkerchief, an Antique Token
My Father gave my Mother.

Emil. Oh Heauen I ob heavenly Powers:

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out. I peace?

No, I will speake as herewall as the North;

Let Heauen, and Men, and Diuils, let them all,
All, all, crye flame against we, yet Ile speake.

Iago. Be wife, and get you home.

Emil. I will not.

Gra. Fye, your Sword upon a Woman.

Emil. Oh thou dull Moore,

That Handkerchief thou speake't of
I found by Fortune, and did give my Husband:
For often, with a solemnnesse sinistre,
(More then indeed belong'd to such a Trifle)
He begg'd of me, to speake't;

Iago. Villanous Whoere.

Emil. She gie a it Caffio? No, alas I found it,
And I did gie't my Husband.

Iago. Firet, thou lyest.

Emil. By Heauen I do not, I do not Gentlemen:
Oh mordrous Cexcombe, what should such a Poole
Do with so good a wife?

Oth. Are there no stoues in Heauen,
But what ferues for the Thunder?

Precious Villaine.

Gra. The woman falls:

Sue he hath kill'd his Wife.

Emil. I, I, (he lay me by my Miftris side.

Gra. Hee's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious Villain take you this weapon
Which I haue recover'd from the Moore:

Come guard the doore without, let him not passe,
But kill him rather. He after that fame villaine,
For 'tis a dammed Slau.

Exit.

Oth.
The Tragedie of Othello

Oth. I am not valiant neither:
But easy Pane pieur after gets my Sword,
But why should Honor out-line Honesty?
Let it go all.

Emil. What did thy Song boast Lady?
Hesake, canst thou heare me? I will play the Swan,
And dye in Musick: Willough, Willough, Willough.
Moore, she was chaste: She loud thee, cruel Moore,
So come my Soule to Diffie, as I speake true:
So speaking as I think: alas, I dye.
Oth. I haue another weapon in this Chamber,
It was a Sword of Spaine, the Ice brookes temper:
Oh heere it is: While I must come forth.
Gra. If thou attempt it, it will cut thee deere;
Thoou had no weapon, and performe much suffer.
Oth. Lookke in vpon me then, and speake with me,
Ornaked as I am I will affault thee.
Gra. What is the matter?
Oth. Behold, I haue a weapon:
A better neuer did it selfe fullane.
Vpon a Soldiers Thigh, I haue scorne the day,
That with this little Azene, and this good Sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Then twenty times your flop. But (oh vaine boast)
Who can controul his Fate? Tis not to now.
Be not affraid, though you doe fee weapon'd:
Heere is my journies end, heere is my butt
And verie Sea-marke of my vnoff Saile.
Do you go backe dismaid? Tis a loff faire:
Man but a Rush against Othello's brest,
And he retires. Where shoul Othello go?
Now: how doth thou looke now? Oh ill-Stat'd wench,
Pale as thy Smoake: when we all meece at comp.
This looks of thine will hurt me Soule from Heauen,
And Friends will fathch ar. Cold, cold, my Gire?
Even like thy Chaitity. O curfed, curfed Saile!
Whip me ye Dued, From the poliflion of this Heauenly flight:
Blow me about in windes, roall me in Sulphure
Waff me in deep-downe gullvs of Liquid fire.
Oh Desdemons! dead Desdemons! dead. Oh, oh!

Enter Lodone, Caffo, Montana, and Iago, with Officers.

Lod. Where is this raff, and most vnfortunate man?
Oth. That's he that was Othello: heere I am.
Where is that Viper?
Bring the Villaine forth.
Oth. I lookk down向着 his feet; but that's a Fable,
If that thou be'lt a Duedell, I cannot kill thee.
Lod. Wrench his Sword from him.
Iago. I blest Sir, but not kill'd.
Oth. I am not forry neither, I'd haue thee live.
For in my fente, I'm happinesse to die.
Lod. Oh thou Othello, that was once so good,
Fake in the pratie of a curfed Saile,
What shal be faide to thee.
Oth. Why any thing?
An honourable Maner, er you will:
For nothing I did haue, but all in Honour.
Lod. This weapon hath part confed his Villany:
Did you and he conten in Caffo's death.
Oth. I.

Caffo. General, I never gueve you caufe.
Iago. I doe beleue it, and I take your parden.
Will you, I pray, demand that demy-Duedell.
Caf. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon:
For he was great of heart.

Lod. Oh Spartan Dogge:
More fell then Angnifs, Hunger, or the Sea:
Looke on the Tragick Loading of this bed:
This is thy worke:
The Object poysfons Sight,

Let it be hid, Gratiano, keepe the house,
And seize upon the Fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed on you, To you, Lord Governor,
Remaines th e Cenure of this hellish villain:
The Time, the Place, the Torture, oh informe it:
My selfe will straight aboard, and to the State,
This heaune Act, with heaune heart relate.  

FINIS.

The Names of the Actors.

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Saylors,
THE TRAGÉDIE OF
Anthonie, and Cleopatra.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Philo.

Nay, but this dottage of our Generals
One flows the measure; those his goodly eyes
That o'er the Files and Muzzles of the Warre,
Have glowed like plated Mars:
Now bend, now turne
The Office and Devotion of their view
Vpon a Tawny Front. His Captains heart,
Which in the scuffles of great Fights hath buffet
The Backes on his beart, renages all temper,
And is become the Bellowes and the Fan
To coole a Gypsys Luft.

Flourish. Enter Anthony, Cleopatra her Ladies, the Traine with Eunuchs following her.

Look where they come:
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
(The triple Pillar of the world) transform'd
Into a Strumpets Foute. Behold and see.
Cleo. Ht be Louse indeed, tell me how much.
Ant. There's beggary in the louse that can be reckond
Cleo. He let a boone how faire to be belou'd.
Ant. Thou must thou needs finde out new Heauens,
new Earth,

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. Newest (my good Lord) from Rome.
Ant. Grates me the fume, Cleo. Nay heare them Anthony.
Fowlers perchance is angry: Or who knowes,
If the lease-contrived Caesar have not fent
His powerfull Mandate to you. Do this, or this;
Take in that Kingdome, and Infranchize that:
Perform it, or else we damne thee.
Ant. How, my Love?
Cleo. Perchance? Nay, and most like
You must not lay here longer, your dismission
Is come from Caesar, therefore hear it Anthony.
Where's the Publius Procella? (Caesar I would say) both?
Call in the Messengers: As I am Egypt Queene,
Thou blushed for Anthony, and that blood of shine
Is Caesars homage: telfe so thy cheke payes shame,
When thrall-tongued Fultsia Ecolds. The Messengers.
Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide Arch
Of the raing'd Empire fall: Heere is my space,
Kingdomes are clay: Our dungie earth alike

Feeds Best as Man; the Noblenesse of life
Is to do thus: when such a mutuall paire,
And such a swaine can doo', in which I binde
One paine of punishment, the world to weare
We stand vp Perceple.
Cleo. Excellent fairehood:
Why did he marry Filum, and not loue Perseus?
He seeme the Foole I am not. Anthony will be himselfe.
Ant. But thrift'd by Cleopatra.
Now for the loute of Louse, and her softe hours,
Let's not confound the time with Conference hard;
There's not a minute of our lives should fricte
Without some pleasaure now. What sport to night?
Cleo. Hear the Ambassadors.
Ant. Eye wrangling Queene:
Whom every thing becomes, so chide, so laugh;
To weep: who every passion fully fruies
To make it selfe (in Thee) faire, and admir'd.
No Messenger but chine, and all alone, to night
We'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come my Queene,
Last night you did deline it. Speake not to vs.

Excus with the Traine.

Dem. Is Caesar with Ambassadors prid'd so farth?
Philo. Sir sometimes when he is not Anthony,
He comes too short of that great Property
Which Hill should go with Anthony.
Dem. I am full sorry, that hee approches the common
Liar, who thus speaks of him at Rome; but I will hope
of better deeds to morrow. Reit you happy. Excus

Enter Enobarbus, Lampin, a Soothsayer, Raiminus, Lucullus, Chairman, Iren, Mardian the Eunuch, and Alexus.

Chas. I Alexus, sweet Alexus, most any thing Alexus,
almost most absolute Alexus, where's the Soothsayer
that you prais'd so ro'th' Queen? Oh that I knewe this
Husband, which you say, must change his horse with
Gariands.
Alex. Soothsayer.
Soth. Your will?
Chas. Is this the Man? Is't you f'r that know things?
Soth. In Natures infinite booke of Secrecie, a little I
I can read.
Alex. Shew him your hand.
Enob. Bring in the Banker quickly: Wine enough,
Anthony and Cleopatra

Cleopatra's health to drink.
Char. Good Sir, give me good Fortune.
Sooth. I make not, but foresee.
Char. Pray then, foresee me one.
Sooth. You shall be yet fairer than you are.
Char. He means in flith.
Irat. No, you shall paint when you are old.
Char. Wrinkles forbid.
Alex. Vex not his preference, be attentive.
Char. Hulth. You shall be more beloving, then beloved.
Char. I had rather hear my Lute with drinking.
Alex. Nay, hear him.
Char. Good now some excellent Fortune: Let mee be married to three Kings in a forenoone, and Widdow them all: Let me have a Child at fifty, to whom Herode of Jewry may do Homage. Find me to marry me with Otho, and companion me with my Misfirse.
Sooth. You shall out-luce the Lady whom you ferue.
Char. Oh excellent, I love long life better then Figs. You have tecne and proved a fairer former Fortune, then that which is to approach.
Char. There belike my Children finde I have no names: Prythee how many Boyes and Wenches must I have, Sooth. If every of your wives had a wombe, & foretell every with, a Million.
Char. Our Fools, I forgive thee for a Witch.
Alex. You thinke none but your fleethes are priue to your wishes.
Char. Nay, come, tell Ira hers.
Alex. I will know all our Fortunes.
Enob. Mine, and most of our Fortunes to night, shall be drunke to bed.
Ira. There's a Palme preglis Chessfity, if nothing els, Char. Ene as the o're-flowing Nylus preglis Famine.
Ira. Go you wild Bedellow, you cannot Sootsfay.
Char. Nay, if an ould Palme bee not a fruitfull Prognostication, I cannot sharst mine ear. Prythee tell her but a worke day Fortune, 
Sooth. Your Fortunes are alike.
Ira. But how, but how, give me particulars.
Sooth. I have saide.
Ira. Am I not an inch of Fortune better then she? Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better then I: where would you choose it.
Ira. Not in my Husbandes nose.
Char. Our woorie thoughts heauenens mend.
Alex. Come, his Fortune, his Fortune. Oh let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis: I beseech thee, and let her dye too, and give him a world, and let worrie follow worrie, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a Cuckold. Good Isis hear me this Prayer, though thou denies me a master of more weight: good Isis I beseech thee.
Ira. Amen, deere Goddefe, heare that prayer of the people. For, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose: Wur'd, so it is a deadly sorrow, to behold a foule Knaue vnuckolded: Therefore deere Isis keep devorum, and Fortune him accordingly;
Char. Amen.
Alex. Lo now, if it lay in their hands to make mee a Cuckold, they would make themselues Whores, but they'd doo't.

Enter Cleopatra.

Enob. Hulth, heere comes Anthony.

Char. Not he, the Queene,
Cleo. Save you, my Lord,
Enob. No Lady.
Cleo. Was he not here?
Char. No Madam.
Cleo. He was dispos'd to mixte, but on the sodaine
A Romanse thought hath ilstrooke him.
Enobarbus?
Enob. Madam.
Cleo. Seeketh him, and bring him hither; whose's Alexions?
Alex. Hear at your seruice.
My Lord approaches.

Enter Anthony with a Messenger.
Cleo. We will not looke vpon him:

Go with vs.

Mess. Fulvia thy Wife,
First came into the Field.
Ant. Against my Brother Lucius?
Mess. I: but loone that Warr had end,
And the times flare
Made friends of them, byoyning their force against Cesar,
Whose better infue in the warrs from Italy,
Upon the first encounter drue them.
Ant. Well, what wroth?

Mes. The Nature of bad newes infects the Teller.
Ant. When it concerns the Fools or Coward: On,
Things that are past, are done with me. 'Tis thus,
Who tells me true, though in his Tyle lye death,
I heare him as he flatter'd.
Mes. Labienus, (this is flithe-newes)
Hath with his Parthian Force
Extended Afa: from Euphrates his conquering
Banner thooke, from Syria to Lydia,
And to Ionia, whil't-
Ant. Anthony thou would'st say:
Mes. Oh my Lord.
Ant. Speake to me home,
Mince nor the generell tongue, name
Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome:
Ralie thou in Fulvia's phrase, and taunt my faults
With such full licente, as both Truth and Malice
Have power to vter. Oh then we bring forth weedes,
When our quicke windes lye still, and our illes told vs
Is as our earing: fare thee well awhile.
Mes. At your Nobles please.
Exit Messenger.

Enter another Messenger.

Ant. From Secion bow the newes I Speake there.
1. Mes. The man from Secion,
Is there such an one?
2. Mes. He stays vpon your will.
Ant. Let him appeare:
These strong Egyptian Petters I must breake,
Or loose my life in dogate.

Enter another Messenger with a Letter.

What are you?

3. Mes. Fulvia thy wife is dead.
Ant. Whither died she.
Mes. In Secion, her length of sickness,
With what elle more ferious,
Importeth thee to know, this beare.
Auto. Forbeare me
There's a great Spirit gone, thus did I desire it:
What our contemplations doth often hurle from vs,
The Tragedy of

We wish it ours againe. The present pleasure,
By resolution lowering, does become
The opposite of it selfe: she's good being gone,
The hind could plucke her backe, that should'ry her on.
I muft from this enchanting Queen e break of,
Ten thousand harms, more then the ill: I know
My idlenesse doth hatch.

Enter Exorbarbus.

How now Exorbarbus.

Exa. What's your pleasure, Sir?

Ant. I muft with haste from hence.

Exa. Why then we kill all our Women. We see how
mortal an wikkendesse is to them, if theyuffer our
departure, death's the word.

Ant. I muft be gone.

Exa. Vnder a compelling an occasion, let women die.
It were pitty to caft them away for nothing, though be-
tweene them and a great cause, they should be effcenced
nothing. Cleopatra catching but the least roye of this,
dies instantly: I have seene her dye twenty times vnpon
farre poorer moment: I doe think there is mettle in death,
which commis some lousing a Ele upon her, the hath such
a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past mans thought.

Exa. Alas Sir no, her passions are made of nothing
but the finest part of pure Love. We cannot eall her winds
and waters, fights and tears: They are greater formes
and Temples then Almanacks can report. This cannot
be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a showere of Raine
as well as loue.

Ant. Would I had neuer seene her.

Exa. Oh sir, you had then left vulene a wonderfull
peace of worke, which not to have beene blied withall,
would have differed your Trauail.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Exa. Sir.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Exa. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead.

Exa. Why sir, give the Gods a thankfull Sacrifice:
when it pleat their Deities to take the wife of a man
from him, it pleaseth to man the Tailor of the earth: com-
forting therein, that when old Robes are wore out,
there are members to make new. If there were no more
Women but Fulvia, then had you indeede a cut, and
the cafe to be lamented: This greefe is crowned with Conso-
lation, your old Smocke brings forth a new Petticoate,
and indeed the teares liue in an Onion, that shoulde water
his sorrow.

Ant. The buffenese the hath broached in the State,
Cannot endure my absence.

Exa. And the buffenese you have broach'd heere 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 loue to part. For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more vrgent touches
Do strongly speake to vs: but the Letters too
Of many out continuing Friends in Rome,
Petition vs at home. Sextus Pompeius
Have given the dare to Cæsar, and commands
The Empire of the Sea. Our dippery people,
Whose Loue is never lank'd to the deleruer,
Till his deferts are pay'd, begin to throw
Pompey the great, and all his Dignities
Vpon his Sonne, who high in Name and Power,
Higher then both in Blood and Life,stands vp
For the maine Souldier. Whose quality going on,
The sife o'th world may danger. Much is breeding,
Which like the Couriers heire, hath yet but life,
And not a Serpents preyfon. Say our pleasure,
To fuch whole places vnder vs, require
Our quicke remove from hence.

End. I shall doo's.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, and Iris.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is.

Whoso with him, what he doeth:
I did not send you. If you finde him sad,
Say I am dauncing: if in Myth, report
That I am sodaine fickle. Quicke, and returne.

Char. Madam, me thinkes if you did love him deeuely,
You do not hold the method, to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Ch. In each thing giue him way, croffe him in nothing,

Cleo. Thou teachst like a foolis the way to lofe him.

Char. Tempt him not to too farre. I with forbearce,
In time we harte that which we often feare.

Enter Anthony,

But here he comes Anthony,

Cleo. I am fickle, and fullen,

Ant. I am forry to giue breathing to my purpose.

Cleo. Help me away deere Charmian, I shall fall,
It cannot be thus long, the sides of Nature
Will not fuffiere it.

Ant. Now my deerefl Queene,

Cleo. Pray you fland further from mee,

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know by that famie eye that's some good news.

What fayes the married woman you may goe?
Would she had neuer giuen you leaue to come.
Let her not fay I was that keepe you heere,
I haue no power vpon you: Hers you are.

Ant. The Gods best know.

Cleo. Oh neuer was there Queene
So mightily betrayed: yet at the first
I fav the Treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra.

Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine, & true,
(Though you in swearing flake the Throaned Gods)
Who haue bene false to Fulvia?

Riotous madnesse,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which breake themselves in swearing.

Ant. Molt sweet Queene,

Cleo. Nay pray you fecke no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and goe:

When you suted flaying,
Then was the time for words: No going then,
Erinity was in our Lippes, and Eyes,
Blife in our brouws bent: none our parts so poore,
But was a race of Heaven. They are so still,
Or thou the greatest Soulier of the world.
Art turn'd the greatest Lyar.

Ant. How now Lady?
Cleo. I would I had thy inches, thou shouldst know  
There were a heart in Egypt.  
Ant. Hear me Queen.

The strong necessity of time, commands  
Our scrutiny a while: but my full heart  
Remains in we with you. Our Italy,  
Shines o’er with civil swords; Sextus Pompeius  
Makes his approach to the Port of Rome,  
Equality of two Domecicce powers,  
Breed scrupulous faction: The hated grown to strength  
Are newly grown to lowe: The condemn’d Pompey,  
Rich in his Fathers honor, creeps space  
Into the hearts of such as have not thrived  
Upon the present fate, whose Numbers threaten,  
And Queenest grown sicke of rest, would purge  
By my desperate chance: My more particulars,  
And that which most with you should save my going,  
Is Fulvia’s death.  
Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom  
It does from childishnesse. Can Fulvia dye?  
Ant. She’s dead my Queen.  
Looke heere, and at thy several gine leyture read  
The Garboyles five azwak’d: as the last, best,  
See when and where fire die.  
Cleo. O most false Loue!  
Where be the Sacred Violles thou shouldst fill  
With sorrowfull water? Now I see, I see,  
In Fulvia death, how mine receiv’d shall be.  
Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prerpard to know  
The purposes I bear: which are, or cease,  
As you shall give th’adjuice. By the fire  
That quickens Nylus flame, I go from hence  
Thy Souldier, Servant, making Peace or Warre,  
As thou affects.  
Cleo. Cut my Lase, Charnian come,  
But let it be, I am quickly ill, and well,  
So Anthony lusts.  
Ant. My precious Queen forbeare,  
And giue true evidence to his Loue, which stands  
An honourable Trial.  
Cleo. So Fulvia told me.  
I prayde 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 dissimbling, and let it looke  
Like perfect Honor.  
Ant. You’lt heat my blood no more?  
Cleo. You can do better yet: but this is meetly.  
Ant. Now by Sword.  
Cleo. And Target. Still he meads,  
But this is not the bekt. Looke prythee Charnian,  
How this Heretick Roman do’s become  
The carriage of his chafe.  
Ant. 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 lou’d, but there’s not it:  
That you know well, something it I would:  
Oh, my Obligation is a very Anthony,  
And I am all forgotten.  
Ant. But that your Royalty  
Holdst Idenesse your subiec’t, I should take you  
For Idenesse it selfe.  
Cleo. ’Tis sweating Labour,  
To bear such Idenesse to beare the heart  
As Cleopatra this. But Sir, forgive me,
To rot it else with motion,
Yet for

_The Tragedie._

_Cle._ How much unlike art thou Mark Anthony? Yet coming from him, this great Med'cinen hath With his Time gilded thee. How goes it with my brave Mark Anthony? 

_Cleo._ Enter Alexs from Cesar.

_Alex._ Souteraigne of Egypt, haile. 

_The Tragedie._

To rot it else with motion,
Yet for

_The Tragedie._

_Cleo._ Who's borne that day, when I forget to send to Antioch, shall dye a Beggar. Inke and paper Charmian. Welcome my good Alexs. Did I Charmian, euer love Cesar so? 

_Char._ Oh that brave Cesar!

_Cleo._ Be chosk'd with fuch another Emphasis, Say the brave Charmian.

_Char._ The valiant Cesar.

_Cleo._ By this, I will giue thee bloody teeth, If thou with Cesar Para go neglige: My man of men.

_Cleo._ By your most gracious pardon, I sing but after you. 

_Cleo._ My Sallad dayes, When I was greene in judgement, cold in blood, To say, as I fake them. But come, away, Get me Inke and Paper,
Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas, in warlike manner.

Pom. If the great Gods be just, they shall assist The deeds of justest men.

Men. Know worthy Pompey, that what they do destroy, they do not deny.

Pom. While we are tutors to their throne, decays the thing we sue for.

Men. We ignorant of our felues, Begge often our owne harms, which the wise Powres Deny us for our good: So finde we profit By looing of our Prayers.

Pom. I shall do well:
The people love me, and the Sea is mine;
My powers are Credent, and my Auguring hope Says it will come to th'full. Mark Anthony
In Egypt fits at dinner, and will make No warres without doores. Cesar gets money where He looofes heart: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd: but he neither loves, Nor either cares for him.

Men. Cesar and Lepidus are in the field,
A mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 'Tis sallfe.

Men. From Selinus, Sir.

Pom. He dreams: I know they are in Rome together.
Looking for Anthony: but all the charmes of Lone, Salt Cleopatra soften thy wand lip,
Let Witchcraft toyne with Beauty, Lust with both,
Tye vp the Libertine in a field of fflaf,
Keep his Braine fuming. Epicurean Cookes,
Sharpen with cloyleffe fawce his Appetite,
That slege and feeding may prorogue his Honour,
Euen till a Loathed dulnesse——

Enter Varrius.

How now Varrius?

Var. This is most certaine, that I shall deliver:
Mark Anthony is every hour in Rome
Expect'd. Since he went from Egypt, 'tis
A space for farther Trauaile.

Pom. I could have gaine lesse matter
A better care. Menes, I did not think
This amorous Sufferer would have don'd his Helmet
For such a petty Warre: His Soulshifte
Is twice the other twaine: But let vs reare
The higher our Opinion, that our affring
Can from the lap of Egypt's Widdow, plucke
The neere Lust-wearied Anthony.

Men. I cannot hope,
Cesar and Anthony shall well greece together;
His Wife that's dead, did trespass to Cesar,
His Brother wold 'pon him, although I thinke
Not mous'd by Anthony.

Pom. I know not Menas,
How lesser Enemies may gaine way to greater,
Were't not that we stand vp against them all:
Trew pregnant they should square between themselves,
For they have enterained caufe enough
To draw their swords; but how the feeke of vs
May Ciment their divisions, and bende vp
The petty difference, we yet not know:
Bee it as our Gods will haue't; it onely stands
Our lives vp, to vie our strongest hands
Come Menas. — Exeunt.

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to intrest your Captaine
To fort and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall intrest him
To anfwere like himselfe: if Cesar move him,
Let Anthony looke ouer Cesar head,
And speake as lowd as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the weare of Anthony's Beard,
I would not haue't to day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time for private fromaking.

Eno. Every time ferues for the matter that is then borne in't.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion: but pray you fierce
No Embers vp, here comes the Noble Anthony.

Enter Anthony and Ventidius.

Eno. And younder Cesar.

Enter Cesar, Menecrates, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthis:

Hearke Ventidius.

Cesar. I do not know Menecrates, ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble Friends:
That which combin'd vs was most great; and let not
A leaner action rend vs. What's inoffile,
May it be gently heard. When we debate
Our triuall difference loud, we do commit
Murther in healing wounds. Then Noble Partners,
The rather for I cannot seele,
Touch you the fewre points with sweetest teares,
Nor curfuleffe grow to'th matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well.

Were before we our Armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

Flourish.

Ant. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cef. Sit.

Ant. Sit fir.

Ant. I learne, you take things ill, which are not so:
Or being, concern you not.

Cef. I must be taught at, if or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say my felle offended, and with you
Chiefely it's world. More laughe at, I should
Once name you derogately: when to found your name
It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt Cesar, what was't to you?

Cef. No more then my reeding heere at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt; yet if you there
Did praisifie on my State, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, praisifie?

Cef. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befoffe me. Your Wife and Brother
May wares vpone me, and their conteftation
Was Theame for you, you were the word of warre.

Ant. You do mistake your busines, my Brother never
Did vie me in his Act: I did inquire it,
And have my Learning from some true reports
That drew their swords with you, did he not rather
Differ'd in my authority with yours,
And make the warres alike against my lawmacke,
Having alike your caufe. Of this, my Letters
Before did satisfie you. If you'll but paie a quarrel,
As matter whole you have to make it with,
The Tragedie of

We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet if I knew,
What Hoope should hold vs Vraunch from edge to edge
Art world: I would perf for it.

Agri. Gue me leas Cefar.

Cefar. Speake Agrrippa.

Agri. Thou haift a Siffer by the Mothers side, admitt'd
Oltavia: Great Mark Anthony is now a widower.

Agripp. Say not, say Agrrippa: Cleeper hear'd you, your
proofs were well defer'd of athenelle.

Cefar. I am not married Cefar: let me here Agrrippa
further speake.

Agri. To hold you in perpetuall amitie,
To make you Brothers, and to knie your hearts:

With an vn-flipping knot, take Anthony,
Oltavia to his wife: whom beauty claims

No worse a husband then the beft of men: whose
Vertue, and whom generall graces, speake

That which none elle can vitter. By this marriage,
All little felouies which now feeme great,
And all great leares, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing. Truths would be tales,
Where as halfe tales be truth's: her loue to both,
Would as much to other, and all loues to both

Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,
For 'tis a Bduced not a prentent thought,
By dryr unminated.

Cefar. Will Cefar speake?

Cefar. Not till he heares how Anthony is toucht,
With what is spoke already.

A. What power is in Agrrippa,

If I would say Agrrippa be it so,

To make this good?

Cefar. The power of Cefar,

And his power, vnto Oltavia,

A. May I neuer

(To this good purpose, that to fairely flowes)
Dreamed of impediment let mee haue thy hand
Further this act of Grace: and from this houre,
The heart of Brothers gouerns in our Loues,
And wway our great Deigne.

Cefar. There's my hand,

A Siffer I bequeath you, who from no Brother
Did ever lose to deserue. Let her loue
To losse our kindelesome, and our hearts, and neuer
I lie ef our Loues againe.


A. I did not think to draw my Sword 'gainst Pompey,
For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great
Oflate vpon mee. I must thanke him only,
Left my remembrance, suffer ill report:
At heele of that, defie him.

Lep. Time calvs pon's,

Of vs must Pompey prefently be sought,
Or else he feakes us vs.

A. Where lies he?

Cefar. About the Mount-Mefena.

A. What is his strength by land?

Cefar. Great, and encreasing.

But by Sea he is an absolute Master.

A. So is the Fame,

Cefar. We could we had iпочoke together. Haft we for it.

Yet were we put our selves in Armes, dispatch we
The businesse we haue talkt of.

Cefar. With most gladness,

And do iurte you to my Sifters view,
Anthony and Cleopatra.

Whether straight, I'll lead you.  

Anth. Let vs Lepidus not lacke your companie.  

Lep. Noble Anthony, not fickenesse should detaine me.  

Flourish. Exit comes.

Ment. Endearbush, Agrippa, Mecenas.

Mec. Welcome from Egypt Sir.  

Eno. Halfe the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecenas. My honourable Friend Agrippa.

Agri. Good Endearbush, Mecenas.

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters are so well diggested; you stand well by't in Egypt.  

Eno. Sir, we did stepper day out of counseounce and made the night light with drinking.  

Mec. Eight Wilde-Beares rostlde whole at a breakfast; and but twelve persons there. Is this true?  

Eno. This was but as a flye by an Eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of Pestil, which worthily defered noting.

Mecenas. She's a most triumphant Lady, if report be sincere to her.  

Eno. When the first met Mark Anthony, she purs'd his heart upon the Rivier of Sinus, Agrippa. There she appear'd indeed; or my reporter deu'd well for her.  

Eno. I will tell you, The Barge the fat in, like a burnishte Throne Burnt on the water: the Pope was beaten Gold, Purple the Smiles: and so perfumed that The Winds were Loue-flincked.  

With them the Owners were Siluer, Which to the tune of Flutes kept frode, and made The water which they beate, to follow fatter: As amorous of their Froakes, for her owne person, It begg'd all description, she did lye In her Paullion, cloth of Gold, of Tiffue, O're-picturing that Venus, where we see The fancie out-worke Nature. On each side her, Stood pretty Dimpled Boyes, like smiling Cupids, With divers colour'd Faines whole Whinde did seeme, To gloue the delicate checkes which they did coole, And what they vndid did.

Agri. Oh rare for Anthony, Eno. Her Gentlewoman, like the Nereides, So many Mer-maides tender'd hir't eyes, And made their bends adorning, At the Helme. A seeming Mer-maid Froane: The Silken Tacke, Swell with the touches of thole Flower-sant hands, That yarely frame the office. From the Barge A strange unsuable perfume hits the sense Of the adjacent Wharfs. The City caft Her people out upon her: and Anthony Environ'd the Market-place, did sit alone, Whislhing to'th'ayre: which but for vacancie, Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too, And made a gap in Nature.

Agri. Rare Egyptian.

Eno. Vpon her landing, Anthony sent to her, Invited her to Supper: she the replied, It should be better, he became her guest: Which he entreated, our Courteous Anthony, Whom were the word of no woman hand speake, Being barber'd ten times of regresse to the Peal; And for his ordinary, paites his heart, For what his eyes eate onely.

Agri. Royall Wench:  

She made great Cæsar lay his Sword to bed, He ploughd her, and the cropt.

Eno. I saw her once  

Hap forty Pieces through the publicke streete, And hauing loot her breast, she spake, and panted, That she did make defect, perfection, And breatheliefe powre breath forth.

Mec. Now Anthony, must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never he will not:

Age cannot wither her, nor cuffle allale  

Her infinite variety: other women cloy  

The appetites they teede, but the makes hungry,  

Where moff the satieth, for wildest things  

Become themselfes in her, that the holy Priests  

Blesse her, when she is Ringiff.

Mec. If Beauty, Wisthelse, Modestly, can fets le  

The heart of Anthony: Otho\'s is  

A befleffed Lottery to him.

Agri. Let vs go. Good Endearbush, make your selfe my guest, whilfe you abide here.

Eno. Humblesly Sir, I thanke you.  

Excus.

Enter Anthony, Cæsar, Otho\'s betro thee them.

Anth. The world, and my great office, will Sometimes seduce me from your bosome.  

Otho. All which time, before the Gods my knee shall bowe my prayers to them for you.


Read not my blemishes in the worlds report: I have not kept my square, but that to come Shall all be done by'th'Rule: good night deere Lady:  

Good night Sir.

Cæsar. Goodnight.

Exit.  

Enter Sweetfamer.

Anth. Now farre: you do with your selfe in Egypt?  

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither.  

Anth. If you can, your resoun?  

Sooth. I teet in my motion: haste it not in my tongue, But yet tie you to Egypt againe.

Anth. Say to me, whole Fortunes shall rise higher Cæsar or mine?  

Sooth. Cæsar. Therefore (oh Anthony) say not by his side Thy Daemon that thy spirit which keepes thee, is Noble, Courous, high unmatchable, Where Cæsar is not. But neere him, thy Angell Becomes a feare: as being o're-powr'd, therefore Make space enough betweene you.

Anth. Speake this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee no more but: when to thee, If thou dost play with him at any game, Thou art sure to looke: And of that Naturall lucke, He beats thee 'gainst the oddes. Thy Lutter thickens, When he flines by: I say againe, thy spirit Is all affraid to gouerne thee neere him: But he alway's is Noble.

Anth. Get thee gone:  

Sooth. Say to Ventigim I would speake with him.  

Exit.  

He shall to Parthis, be it Art or hap, He hath spoken true. The very Dice obey him, And in our lips my better cunning fainest, Under his chance, if we draw lots he speeds, His Cocks do winne the Battale, still of mine, When it is all to naught: and his Quailes ever Beaste mine (in hop) at odd's. I will to Egypt:  

And
Enter Lepidus, Mecene, and Agrippa.

_Lepidus_. Trouble your fucets no further: pray you haften your Generals after.

_Agr_. Sir, Mark Anthony, will e’er but kisfe Octavia, and weele follow.

_Lep_. Till I shall fee you in your Souldiers dreffe, Which will become you both: Farewell.

_Scene_. We finde: as I conceive the journey, be at Mount before you Lepidus.

_Lep_. Your way is shorter, my purposes do draw me much about, you’ll win two dayes vpon me.

_Bob_. Sir good successe.

_Lep_. Farewell. 

Exeunt.

Enter Cleopater, Charmian, Ira, and Aelena.

_Cleo_. Give me some Muschke, Muschke, woody foode of vs that trade in Love.

_Ormes_. The Muschke, hoo.

_Entr_. Mardianus the Eunuch.

_Cleo_. Let it alone, let’s to Billards: come Charmian.

_Char_. My arme is fore, best play with Mardian.

_Cleo_. As well a woman with an Eunuch plaide, as with a woman. Come you’le play with me Sir?

_Mardi_. As well as I can Cleager.

_Cleo_. And when good vill be fhewed, Thought come to fhort.

The Ador may pleade pardon. Ile none now, Gius me mine Angle, weele to’t Riger there My Muschke playing farre off. I will betray Tawny fine fishes, my bended hooke shall pierce Their fliny tames: and as I draw them vp, Ile think e’er every one an Anthony, And say, ah bazy are caught.

_Char_. I was merry when you wager’d on your Angling, when your durer did hang a fall fish on his hooke where he with ferenece drew vp.

_Cleo_. That time? Oh times: I taught him out of patience: and that night I taught him into patience, and next morn, Ere the ninth houre, I drunke him to his bed: Then put my Tires and Mantiles on him, whilst I wore his Sword Phillippan. Oh from Italie, Enter a Messenger.

_Ramme_ thou thy fruitidle tildings in mine ears, That long time have bin baren.

_Meff_. Madam, Madam.

_Cleo_. _Anthony’s_ dead, If thou say to Villaine, thou kill’st thy Mifbris: But well and free, if thou do yield it him. There is Gold, and here
ty Blw well vanes to kisfe: a hand that Kings Have lipt, and trembled kifing.

_Meff_. Fust Madam, he is well.

_Cleo_. Why there’s more Gold, But sirrah mark, we vil To say, the dead are well: bring it to that, The Gold I giue thee, will I melt and pewr Downe thy ill vtering throat.

_Meff_. Good Madam heare me.

_Cleo_. Well, go too! I will: But there’s no goodnewe in thy face if Anthony Be free and healthfull, so tars a favour To trumpet good tidings. I’ not well, Thou shouldst come like a Furie crown’d with Snakes, Not like a formall man.

_Meff_. Whil plefacy you heare me?

_Cleo_. I have a mind to strike thee eere thou speakest!

_Yet if thou say Anthony liues, ’tis well, Or friends with Caesar, or not Cptriuie to him, Ile set thee in a shower of Gold, and haile Rich Pearles vpon thee.

_Meff_. Madam, he’s well.

_Cleo_. Well said.

_Meff_. And Friends with Caesar.

_Cleo_. That an honest man.

_Meff_. Caesar, and he, are greater Friends then ever.

_Cleo_. Make thee a Fortune from me.

_Meff_. But yet Madam.

_Cleo_. I do not like but yet, it does alay

The good precedence, he vpon but yet, But yet is as a taylor to bring forth Some monstrous Malefacer. Pray thee Friend, Pour out the name of matter to mine ear, The good and bad together: he’s friends with Caesar, In state of health thou faile, and thou faile, free.

_Meff_. Free Madam, no: I made no such report, He’s bound vnto Octavia.

_Cleo_. For what good turne?

_Meff_. For the beft turne t’bed.

_Cleo_. I am pale Charmian.

_Meff_. Madam, he’s married to Octavia.

_Cleo_. The most infidious Pestilence vpon thee. 

_Strikes him downe.

_Meff_. Good Madam patience.

_Cleo_. What say you?

_Hence horrible Villaine, or Ile spume thine eyes Like balls before me: Ile vnhaire thy head, She bales him vp and downe,

_Thou shalt be whipt with Wyer, and Iew’d in bine, S marting in lingering pickle.

_Meff_. Gratious Madam, I think he bring the newes made not the match. 

_Cleo_. Say it’s not, Sir: I pronounce I will giue thee, And make thy Fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst’shull make thy peace, for mouing me to rage, And will boot thee with what guilt beside Thy musgelie can begge.

_Meff_. He’s married Madam.

_Cleo_. Rague, thou haft bin’d too long. Draw a knife.

_Meff_. Nay then Ile runne.

_Whence make you Madam? I have made no fault. Enter a Messenger, Good Madam keepes thy felse within thy felse, The mains innocent.

_Cleo_. Some fewe false not the thunderbolt:

_Meff_. Melt Egypt into Nyle: and kindly creatures

_TURN_ all to Serpents. Call the flame againes, Though I am mad, I will mocke by him: Call?

_He is afraid to come.

_Cleo_. I will not hure him, These hands do lacke Nobility, that they strike A meane then my felse: once my felse. 

_Haue given my felse the caufe. Come hither Sir,

_Enter the Messenger again.

_Though it be honest, it is never good To bring bad newes: giue to a gratious Messenge
**Antony and Cleopatra.**

An hoist of tongues, but let ill rydings tell Their lies, when they be felt.

Mef. I have done my duty.

Cle. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser then I do, If thou again say yes.

Mef. He's married Madam.

Cle. The Gods confound thee, Doth thou hold there full?

Mef. Should I flye Madam?

Cle. Oh, I would thou didst: So halfe my Egypt were submersd and made A Ceterne for foc'd Snakes. Go get thee hence, Had I thou Narcissus in thy face to me, Thou wouldst appeare moft vgly: He is married?

Mef. I crave your Highnesse pardon.

Cle. He is married.

Mef. Take no offence, that I would not offend you, To punimme for what you make me do Seems much vnrequall, he's married to Otho.

Cle. Oh that his fault should make a knave of thee, That art not what thou'rt sure of. Get thee hence, The Marchandize which thou hast brought from Rome Are all too deere for me; Lyce they vpon thy hand, and be vndone by em.

Char. Good your Highnesse patience.

Cle. In praying Antony, I have displeas'd Cæsar.

Char. Many times Madam.

Cle. I am paid fort now: lead me from hence, I fain, oh Irae, Charman: 'tis no matter. Go to the Fellow, good Alexu bid him Report the feature of Otho: her years, Her inclination, let him not leave out The colour of her haire, Bring me word quickly, Let him for eu'r go, let him not Charman, Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon, The other wayes a Mars. Bid you Alexu Bring me word how tall she is: pity me Charman, But do not speake to me. Lead me to my Chamber.

**Exeunt.**

**Flourish.** Enter Pompey, at one dore with Drum and Trumpet, at another Cæsar, Cepidus, Antony, Euerbus, Macedon, Agrippa, Menas with Soulers Marching.

**Pom.** Your Holstages I have, fo you haue mine: And we shall take before we fight.

Cæsar. Most meete that first we come to words, And therefore have we Our written purposes beforev sent, Which if thou haft consider'd, let vs know, If't will eye wp thy discontented Sword, And carry backe to Ciccile much tall youth, That else must perish here.

**Pom.** To you all three, The Senators alone of this great world, Chiefse Factors for the Gods. I do not know, Wherefore my Father should reuengers want, Having a Sonne and Friends, since Iulius Cæsar, Who at Philippi the good Bonuus ghosted, There sawe you labouuring for him. What was't That moost pale Caffius to confpire? And what Made all-honour'd, honest, Romaine Bruus, With the arm'd reft, Courtiers of beautious freedome, To drench the Capitol, but that they would Have one man but a man, and that his lit Hath made me rigge my Nauie. At whole burthen, The anger'd Ocean fomes, with which I meant To scourge th'ingratitude, that despightfull Rome: Caft on my Noble Father.

Cæsar. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not haue vs Pompey with thy soles. Weele speake with thee at Sea. At land thou know'st How much to doe, to offe-count thee.

**Pom.** At Land indeed Thou dost orcount me of my Fathers house: But since the Cuckoo buildes not for himselfe, Remaine in't as thou maist.

Lepi. 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 which may not be entertaim'd Cæsar. And what may follow to try a larger Fortune.

**Pom.** You haue made me offer Of Ciccile, Sardinias: and I must Rid all the Sea of Pirats. Then, to lend Measures of Wheate to Rome: this greed vpon, To part with whackt edges, and bearre backe Our Targets unvindt.

**Onnes.** That's our offer.

**Pom.** Know then I came before you heere, A man prepar'd To take this offer. But Make Antony, Put me to some impatience: though I looke The praise of it by telling. You must know When Cæsar and your brother were at bloues, Your Mother came to Ciccile, and did finde Her welcome Friendly.

Ant. I have heard it Pompey, And am well fludied for a liberall thanks, Which I do owre you.

**Pom.** Let me haue your hand: I did not thinke Sir, to haue mete you heere, Ant. The beds I's East are loft, and thanks to you, That ca'd me timeller then my purpose hiffer: For I have gained by't.

Cæsar. Since I saw you left, there's a change vpon you.

**Pom.** Well, I know not, What counts haft Fortune caft's vpon my face, But in my bofore shall the never come, To make my heart her vassille.

Lepi. Well mete heere.

**Pom.** I hope fo Lepidus, thus we are agreed: I craue our composion may be written And feal'd betweene vs,

Cæsar. That's the next to do.

**Pom.** Weele feast each other, ere we part, and lea'ts Draw lots who shall begin,

Ant. That will I Pompey.

Pompey. No Antony take the lot: but first or last, your fine Egyptian cocckerie shall haue 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 fo much haue I heard,

And I have heard Appolomus carried——

**Eno.** No more that she did so.

**Pom.** What I pray you?

**Eno.** A certaine Queene to Cæsar in a Mattis.

**Pom.** I know thee now, how far'th thou Soulder?

**Eno.** Well, and weel am I like to do, for I perceive...
The Tragedie of

Fourte Feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand,
I never hared thee: I have fene thee free fight,
When thou haue entued thy behauoir.

Enob. Sir, I never loud'you much, but I ha'prais'd ye,
When you haue well deferr'd ten times as much,
As I haue fayd you did.

Pom. Injoy thy plainenell, 
It nothing ill becomes thee: 
Abord my Gally, I minate you all.
Will you leade Lords?

All. Sir, we're the way, Sir.

Pom. Come, expell. 

Men. Eh, and Monds.

Men. Thy Father Pompey would'ye haue made this 
Treaty. 
You, and I haue knowne Sir.

Enob. At Sea, I thinke.

Men. We haue Sir.

Enob. You haue done well by water,
Men. And you by Land.

Enob. I wil praiue any man that will praiue me, though 
it cannot be denied what I haue done by Land.
Men. Nor what I haue done by water.

Enob. Yes something you can deny for your owne 
safety: you haue bin a great Theefe by Sea.
Men. And you by Land.

Enob. There I deny my Land service: but give mee 
your hand Men's, if our eyes had authority, here they 
might take two Theeues kifing.

Men. All mens faces are true, whatsomere their hands 
are.

Enob. But there is never a safer Woman, he's a true 
Face.

Men. No slander, they feale hearts.

Enob. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a Drink-
ing. 
Pompey dolt this day laugh away his Fortune.
Enob. If he do, sure he cannot weep't backe againe.

Men. I haue said Sir, we look'd not for Mark's Au-
thony here, pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Enob. Caflari Sifer is call'd Oldiamis.

Men. True Sir, she was the wife of Caflarius.

Enob. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antoniius.

Men. Pray ye for.

Enob. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Caflar and he, for ever knit together.

Enob. If we were bound to Diuno of this unit, it would 
not Prophefi fo.

Men. I think the policy of that purpose, made more 
in the Marraige, then the lowne of the parties.

Enob. I thinke it too. But you shall finde the band 
that yeems to tye their friendhip together, will bee 
the very strangefi of their Amy: Oldiamis of a holy, cold, 
and still concifion.

Men. Who would not haue his wife fo?

Enob. Not he that himself is not fo: which is Mark 
Anthony, he will to his Egyptian diff againe: then shall 
the figues of Oldiamis blowe the fire vp in Caflar, 
and (as I fayd before) that which is the streng of their Amy,
shall proue the immediate Author of their variance. 
Anthony will wee his affections where it is. He married but 
his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be, Come Sir, will you aboord?

I have a health for you.

Enob. I shall take itSir: we haue v'd our Threats in 
Egypt.

Men. Come, let's away.

Exeunt.

The Tragedie of

Mufick plays.

Enter two or three Servants with a Basket.

1 Heere they'le be man: some o'th' Plants are ill 
rooted already, the leafl windie i'th'world will blow them 
downe.

2 Lepidus is high Conlord.

1 They haue made him drinke Almes drinke.

2 As they pinch one another by the disposifion, hee 
cries out, no more; reconcile them to his entertaince, 
and himselfe to th'drinke.

1 But this raiseth the greatest warre beffweene him & his 
diftinction.

2 Why this is it to haue a name in great mens Fel-
ship: I had as laine haue a Rede that will doe me no 
seruice, as a Parltizan I could not heare.

1 To be call'd into a huge Sphere, and not to be seen 
to move in't, are the holes where eyes should bee, which 
pitifully disfavour the cheeks.

A Sonnet founded.

Enter Caiar, Anthony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Decens, 
Enobarbus, Menes, with other Capitaine.

Ant. Thus do they Sir: they take the fow o'th'Nyle 
By certaine feales i'th'Pyramis: they know
By'th'height, the lownefe, or the meane: I deadh
Or Foinson follow. 
The higher Nilus swells, 
The more it promises: as Inebbe, the Steedman 
Upon the flame and Ozee featers his graine, 
And shortly comes to Haruett.

Lep. Why haue strange Serpents there?

Ant. It is.

Lep. Your Serpents of Egypt, is bred now of your mud 
by the operation of your Sun: so is your Crocodile.

Ant. They are fo.


Lep. I am not so well as I should be:
But Iere we're out.

Enob. Not till you haue slept: I feate you'll be in 
till then.

Lep. Nay certainly, I haue heard the Pelomies Pyra-
ninisre very goodly things: without contradiction I 
have heard that.

Menes. Pomp, a word.

Pomp Say in mine ear, what is't.

Menes. Falseketh este: I do befeth thee Captaine,
And haer me speake a word.

Pom. Forbear me till anon. Whispers in't Ear.

Lep. This Wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o'thing is your Crocodile?

Ant. It is flaph'd fo like it tellfe, and it is as broad as it 
hath breadth; it is fpiff fo high as it is, and moouses with it 
one uowe of breath. It lyes by that which nourifh'th it, 
and the Elements once out of it, it Transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of it own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange Serpent.

Ant. 'Tis fo, and the eares of it are wet.

Caiar. Will this defcription satisfy him?

Ant. With the Health that Pompey giues him, elfe he 
is a very Epicure.

Pomp. Go hang Sir, hang: tell me of that? Away:

Do as I bid you. Where's this Cup I call'd for?

Men. If so the fake of Merit thou wilt harre mee, 
Rife
Rise from thy Golden
Pom. I think thee 'rt mad: what matter?  
Men. Haue euer held my cap off to thy Fortune?

Anb. These Quick e-fands Lepidus
Keeps off, them for you finke.
Men. Whil thou be Lord of all the world?
Pom. Whaf faith thou?
Men. Whil thou be Lord of the whofe world?
That's twice.
Pom. How should that be?
Men. But entertain it, and though thou finke me poor, I am the man who giue thee all the world.
Pom. Haft thou drunk well.

Men. No Pompey, I haue kept me from the cup,
Thou art if thou dar'st be, the earthly Zone:
What e're the Ocean pales, or skinchippes,
This, if thou wit,h has't.
Pom. Show me which way?
Men. These three World-Shares, these Competitors Are in thy veftill. Let me ear the Cable,
And when we are put off, fall to their thraotes: All there is chine.
Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst haue done,
And not haue spak'nt, in metis villainie,
In thee'st, ha had bin good fervice: thou must know,
'Tis not my profite that does mind mine Honour:
Mif Honour it, Repent that e're thy tongue,
Hath so breake thine aet. Being done vnknowne,
I shoule haue found it afterwards well done,
But must commend it now: defile, and drink.
Men. For this, I noo fotlow
Thy poul'd Fortune more,
Who feekes and will not take, when once'tis offer'd,
Shall never finde it more.
Pom. This health to Lepidus.
Anb. Beseare him a throne,
Ile pledge it for him Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee Menas.
Men. Embarkus, welcome.

Pom. Fill till the cup be bid.
Eno. There's a strong Fellow Menas.
Men. Why?
Eno. A beares the third part of the world man: seft
not?
Men. The third part, then heis drunk: would it were all, that it might go on wheels.

Eno. Drink e thou: encreafe the Reeks.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian Feast.

Ant. It ripen's towards it: flrike the Vesells hoa.

Here's to Cefar.

Cefar. I could well forbear't: it's monftrous labour when I wash my braine, and it grow fouler.

Ant. Be a Child of th'time.

Cefar. Poffeffe it, Ile make answer: but I had rather falf from all foure days, then drinke to much in one.

Emb. Ha my braine Emperor, shall we dounce now the Egyptian Bacchals, and celebrate our drinks?
Pom. Let's haft good Souledd.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands,
Till that the conquering Wine hath fleec't our fente, In left and delicate Leathe.

Eno. All take hands:
Make battery to our ears with the loud Musick.

The while, Ile place you, then the Boy fhall ring.
The holding every man shall beare as loud, As his strong fides can volly.

Musick plays. Embarkus places them hand in hand.

The Song.
Come then Monarch of the Tyme,
Plume's Bacchus, with pickle eye:
In thy Lute, our Carea be drownd, 
With thy Grace our hairies be Crownd.
Cup us till the world go round,
Cup us till the world go round.

Cefar. What would you more?
Pompey goodnight, Good Brother
Let me requite you of your gracer businesse
Frownnes at this licence. Gentle Lords let's part,
You fee we haue burnt our cheeks. Strong Embarkus
Is weaker then the Wine, and mine owne tongue
Spleet's what it speaks: the wilde digimus hath almost
Antickes for all. What needs more words? goodnight.
Good Anthony your Lordship.

Pom. Let's try you on the shore.

Anb. And shall Sir, giue your hand.

Pom. On Anthony you haue my Father house.

But what are we Friends?

Come downe into the Pofte.

Eno. Take heed you fall not Menas: He not on shore.

To the gracefull bellowes.Sound be hang'd sound out.

Send a Fowre with Drummes.

Pom. I'll send a there's my Cap.


Enter Ventidius as it were in triumph, the dead body of Paco-
rus borne before him.

Ven. Now daring Parthia ar thou stroke, and now Ples'd Fortune does of Marcus Crassius dech:

Make on'the other. Bear the King's Sonnes body,
Before our Army the Pacorus Orates,

Paies this for Marcus Crassius,

Bomanie. Noble Ventidius,

Whil't ye' r with Parthian blood thy Sword is warme,
The Fugitive Parthians follow. Spurre through Media, 
Mefapotamia, and the fheeters, whether
The routed fife. So thy grand Captaine Anthony
Shall fet thee on triumphant Chariots, and
Put Garlands on thy head.

Ven. Oh Sillius, Sillius,
I have done enough. A lower place note well
May make too great an act. For learen this Sillius,
Better to leave vndone, then by our deed
Acquire too high a Fame, when him we ferue away,
Cefar and Anthony haue ever wonne
More in their officer, then perfon. Sillius

One of my place in Syria, his Lieutenant,
For quicke accumulation of renowne,
Which he atchin it by th'mume, lest his favours

Who does it? Warrers more thm his Captaine can,

Becomes his Captaines Captaine: and ambition
(The Soul'diers versus) rather makes choife of loose
Then gaine, which darkens him.

I could do more to do Anthony good,
But 'twould offend him, And in his offence,

Should
Enter Agrippa at one door, Enobarbus at another.

Agri. What are the Brothers parted?

Eno. They have dispatched with Pompey, he is gone, The other three are sealing. Oltania weeps.

To part from Rome; Caesar is sad, and Lepidus,

Since Pompey's leaf, as Men's sakes, is troubled.

With the Greene-Sicknelle.

Agri. 'Tis a Noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one: oh, how he loves Caesar.

Agri. Nay but: how dearly he adores Mark Anthony.

Eno. Caesar? why he's the Jupiter of men.

Ant. What's Anthony, the God of Jupiter?

Eno. Speak ye of Caesar? How, the non-pareil?

Agri. Oh Anthony, oh thou Arabian Bird!

Eno. Would you praise Caesar, say Caesar go no further.

Agri. Indeed he plied them both with excellent praisers.

Eno. But he loves Caesar best; yet he loves Anthony:

Hoo, Hearts, Tongues, Figure, Scribes, Bards, Poets, cannot

Think, speake, cast, write, sign, number: hoo,

His love to Anthony. But as for Caesar,

Kneel downe, kneel downe, and wonder.

Agri. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his Shards, and he their Beetle; for,

This is to horse: Adieu, Noble Agrippa.

Agri. Good Fortune worthy Soul'dier, and farewell.

Enter Caesar, Antony, Lepidus, and Oltania.

Ant. No further Sir.

Caesar. You take from me a great part of my selfe:

Vie me well in't. Sifter, proue such a wife

As my thoughts may make thee, and as my farthest Band

Shall prisse on thy approvoe: most Noble Antony,

Let not the peace of Vertue which is fet

Retwixt vs, as the Cyment of our love

To keepe it built, be the Ramme to batter

The Fortresse of it: for better might we

Have lou'd without this meane, if on both parts

This be not chrift.

Ant. Make me not offended, in your distrust.

Caesar. Thou hast said.

Ant. You shall not finde,

Though you be therein curious, the left caufe

For what you seeme to feare, so the Gods keepe you,

And make the hearts of Romaines serve your ends:

We will here be part.

Caesar. Farewell my deereft Sifter, fare thee well,

The Elements be kind to thee, and make

Thy spirits all of comfort: fare thee well.

Olla. My Noble Brother.

Ant. The April's in her eyes, it is Loues spring,

And therse the flowers to bring it on: be chearfull.
when it appears to you where this begins,

**Anthony and Cleopatra.**

丘. When you are ready, Sir.

丘. Then's strange Newes come Sir.

丘. What man?

丘. Caesar & Leodas have made warres upon Pompey.

丘. This is old, what is the succede?

丘. Caesar having made we of him in the warres 'gainst Pompey. prefently demanded him: this pharmacy, would not let him partake in the glory of the action, and not being here, accuses him of Letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey. Upon his owne appeale leaves him, so the poor thir'd in vp till death enlarg'd his Confinne.

丘. Then would thou build a square of chaps a more, and throw between them all the food thou hast, they'll gripe the other. Where's Anthony?

丘. He's walking in the garden thus, and journeys

丘. The rush that lies before him. Caesar, Poole Lepidus, And threats the throate of that his Officer,

丘. That murdered Pompey.

丘. Our great Navies rig'd,

丘. For Italy and Caesar, more Dominions,

丘. My Lord defines you presently my Newes

丘. I might have told hereafter.

丘. Twill be taught, but let it be brought to Anthony, Anthony. Come Sir.

丘. Enter Agrrippa, Menenias, and Caesar.

丘. Contemning Rome he's done all this, & more

丘. In Alexandre; here's the manner of it:

丘. The Marker-place on a Tribunall sitter'd,

丘. Cleopatra and humlifie in Chaires of Gold

丘. Were publickly enthron'd: at the feet for

丘. Caesar whom they call my Fathers Sonne,

丘. And all the valuabill issue, that their Lost

丘. Since then hath made between them, Voto her,

丘. He gave the establishment of Egypt, made her

丘. Of In-see Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, absolute Queen.

丘. This in the publick eye?

丘. Caesar, I th'common fliw place, where they exercise,

丘. His Sonnes hither proclaimed the King of Kings,

丘. Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia

丘. He gave to Alexander. To Probyony he assigns'd,

丘. Syria, Sicilia, and Phoenicia: the

丘. In the acquisitions of the Goddesse Isis.

丘. That day appeard, and oit before gause audience,

丘. As it was reported fo.

丘. Let Rome be thus inform'd.

丘. Qui vive with his insolence already,

丘. Will then his good thoughts call from him,

丘. Caesar, The people know it,

丘. And have now receiv'd his accusations.

丘. Who does he accuse?

丘. Caesar, Caesar, and that hauing in Cictie

丘. Sextus Pompeius spott'd, we had not rated him

丘. His part o'th'kife. Then does he say, he lent me

丘. Some shipping vnrest'd. Lastly, he free:

丘. That Lepidus of the Triumphiarches, should be depos'd,

丘. And being that, we detain all his Revenue.

丘. Sir, this should be answer'd.

丘. 'Tis done already, and the Meflienger gone:

丘. I have told him Lepidus was growne too cruel,
That he his high Authority abus'd,
And did deferue his change: for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part: but then in his Armeni.
And other of this conquer'd Kingdoms, I demand the like.

Cleo. Hee neuer yeelded to that.

Caf. Nor must not then be yeelded to this.

Cleo. Haile Caesar, and my L. haile most deere Cefar.

Cesar. That euer I should call thee Calf-away.

Cleo. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Caf. Why you have you flon from vs thus? you come not
Like Cefar Sifer, The wife of Anthony
Should haue an Army for an Vifer, and
The neigbours of Horfe; to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear. The trees by the way
Should have borne men, and expectation liued,
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dute
Should have afforded to the Roofs of Heaven,
Rais'd by your populous Troops: But you are come
A Market-main to Rome, and have prevented
The otention of our love; which left wthweve,
is often left vnlook'd: we should have met you
By Sea, and Land, surpyling every Stage
With an augmented greeting.

Cleo. Good my Lord,
To come this wa s: I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My Lord Mark Anthony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for Warre, acquainted
My greeced ear withall: wherein I begg'd
His pardon for returne,

Caf. Which loone he granted,
Being an abstra't betweene his Lutt, and him.

Cleo. Do not say to my Lord,
Caf. I haue eyes vpon him,
And his affciates come to me on the wind: wher is he now?

Cleo. My Lord: in Athens.

Cesar, No my most wronged Sifer, Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath vndertaken his Empire
Vp to a Where, who now is leying
The Kings o'thearth for Warre. He hath assemble'd,
Bochum the King of Lybia, Archelas
Of Cappadocia, Philadelpus King.
Of Papilagonia: the Thracian King Athens.
King Mincinhus of Arabia, King of Ponts,
Hrod of Jervy, Mirdakes King.
Of Comsgear, Valdenem and Armenia.
The King of Mede, and Lecione,
With a more largr Lift of Sceptrers.

Cleo. As ye most wretched,
That have my heart parted between two Friends,
That does afflic't each other. (breaking forth

Cef. Welcome hither: your Letters did with-hold our
Till we perceiued both how you were wrong led,
And we in negliqent danger: cheere your heart,
Beyond not troubled with the time, which druc's
O't your countrey, these strong necessities,
That let determin'd things so definite.
Hold vnto you, not thereby. Welcome to Rome,
Nothing more sincere to me: You are abus'd
Beyond the marke of thought: and the high Gods
To do you inffce, makes his Minisiters
Of vs, and those that love you. Beft of comfort,
And ever welcome to vs.

Agr. Welcome Lady.

Cleo. Welcome deere Madam,
Each heart in Rome does loue and pitty you,
Onely th'adulturous Anthony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off,
And giues his potent Regiment to a Trull
That noyest it against vs.

Cleo. Is it so sir?

Caf. Moft certaine: Sifer welcome: pray you
Be eu'r knowne to patience. My deere Sifer. 

Enter Cleopatra, and Eneas. 

Cleo. I will be eu'n with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou haft forespoke my being in these warres,
And say'st it not fit.

Eno. Well: it is, it is.

Cleo. If not, denounce against vs, why should not we be there in person.

Eno. Well, I could reply: if wee should serue with Horfe and Mares together, the Horfe were merely left: the Mares would beare a Soldiour and his Horfe.

Cleo. What's ye fay?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Anthony,
Take from his heart, take from his Braine, from's time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for Louty, and is said in Rome,
That Phutarius an Eunuch, and your Maides
Mannage this warre.

Cleo. Sink to Rome, and their tongues not
That speake against vs. A Charge we bear t' th'Warre,
And as the president of my Kingdome will
Appeare there for a man. Speake not against it,
I will not stay behinde.

Enter Anthony and Camillus.

Eno. Nay, I have done, here comes the Emperor.

Ant. Is it not strange Camillus,
That from Tarentum, and Brandusium,
He could to quickly cut the Ionian Sea,
And take in Trone. You have heard ain't (Sweet)?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admite'd,
Then by the neglect of th'Horfe.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might haue well become the best of men
To count at theknefe. Camillus, wee
Will fight with him by Sea.

Cleo. By Sea, what else?
Cam. Why will my Lord, do so?
Ant. For that he dares not too.

Eno. So haeth my Lord, da't him to singe fight.
Cam. I, and to vige this Battell at Pharalia,
Where Cesar fought with Pompey. But these offers
Which serue not for his vantoge, he shakes off,
And so should you.

Eno. Your Shippes are not well mannd,
Your Marinners are Milites, Reapers, people
Ingrost by swift Impresse. In Cefar's Fieree,
Are those, that often haue 'gainst Pompey fought,
Their shippes are yere, your heauy: no digrace
Shall fall you for retuming at Sea,
Being prepar'd for Land.

Ant. By Sea, by Sea.

Eno. Most worthy Sir, you therien throw away
The absolute Soldierhip, you hause by Land,
Disfra't your Armie, which doth most consist
Of Warre-markt-ltoomens, leane vnexecuted
Your owne renowned knowledge, quie forgot
The way which promises affurance, and
Give vp your selfe meedely to chance and hazard,
From forme Securitie.

Ant. Ile fight at Sea.
Anthony and Cleopatra.

Cloe. I haue fifty Sailes, Cefar none better.
Ant. Our owne plus of shipping will we burne,
And with the reft full mann'd, from the head of Action
Beat (h'approaching Cefar. But if we faile,
We then can doe at Land. Enter a Messenger.
Thy Businesse?
Mef. The Newes is true, my Lord, heis dejected,
Cefar's taken Tormyne.
Ant. Can he be there in person? 'Tis impossible
Strange, that his power shou'd be. Camidius,
Our ninetenc Legions thou shalt hold by Land,
And our twelve thousand Horse. Wee'to our Ship,
Away my Thees.

Enter a Soldeour.
How now worthy Souldeur?
Soul. Oh Noble Emperor, do not fight by Sea,
True not to rotten plankes: Do you misdoubt
This Sword, and thee my Wounds; let the Egyptians
And the Phcenicians go a duching: wee
Have v'd to conquer standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.
Ant. Well, well, away. 
exit. Ant. Clo. & Enob.
Soul. By Hercules I think I am'th'right.
Cam. Souldeur thou art: but his whole action groves
Not in the power on't: to our Leaders leade,
And we are Womans men.
Soul. You kepe by Land the Legions and the Horse
whole, do you not?
Ven. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Infens,
Publided, and Celius, are for Sea:
But we keep whole by Land. This speede of Cefar
Carries beyond beleefe.
Soul. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions,
As beguil'd all Spies.
Cam. Who's this Lieutenant, hear ye?
Soul. They say, one Tovnas.
Cam. Well, I know the man.
exit. Ant. Clo. & Enob.
Enob. The Emperor calleth Camidius.
Cam. With Newes the times wits a Labour,
And throwes forth each minute, some.

Enter Cefar with his Army, marching.
Cef. Tovnas?
Tom. My Lord.
Cef. Strike not by Land,
Keep whole, prouoke not Battale
Till we have done at Sea. Do not exceede
The Precept of this Scroule: Our fortune lyes
Upon this inume.

exit. Enter Antony and Enobarbius.
Ant. Set we our Squadrions on yond side o'th'Hill,
In eye of Cefars battale, from which place
We may the number of the Ships behold,
And jo proceed accordingly.

Camidius Marcheth with this Land Army one way over the
Stage, and Tovnas the Lieutenant of Cefar the other way:
After their going on, is heard the noise of a Sea fight.
Alarum. Enter Enobarbius and Scarns.
Enob. Naught, naught, naught, I can behold no longer:
Thantoudai, the Egyptian Admirmall,
With all their fixty flye, and turne the Rudder:

To see't, mine eyes are blaz'd.

Enter Scarns.
Scarn. Gods, & Goddesse's, all the whol synod of them!
Enob. What's thys passion.
Scarn. The greater Camield of the world, is loft
With very ignorance, we have kisst away
Kingdomes, and Prouinces.
Enob. How appears the Fight?
Scarn. On our side, like the Token'd Peffilence,
Where death is sure. Yon roubard Nagge of Egypt,
(Whom Leprosie o'take) I th'midit o'th'flight,
When vantage like a Pavre of Twinnes appeard
Both as the fame, or rather outs the elder;
(Th' Breeze upon her) like a Cow in Iune,
Hoith.Sailer, and flyes.

Enob. That I beheld:
 Mine eyes did ficken at the flight, and could not
Induce a further view.
Scarn. She once being loof,
The Noble ruche of her Magecie, Anthony,
Clips on his Sea-wing, and (like a dogging Mallard)
Leaving the Fight in height, flyes after her.
I never saw an Action of such fame;
Experience, Man-hood, Honor, here before,
Did violate fo it felle.

Enob. Alacke, alacke.

Enter Camidius.
Cam. Our Fortune on the Sea is out of breath,
And finkes moft lamentably. Had our Generall
Bin what he knew himselfe, 't had gone well:
Oh his ha's givn example for our Flight,
Most groffly by his owne.
Enob. 3 are you thereabouts? Why then goodnight
indeede.
Cam. Toward Peleponnesus are they fled.

Scarn. Tis vs in the tooe,
And there I will attend what furth'r comet.
Camid. To Cefar will I render
My Legions and my Horfe, fix Kings alreadie
Shall be the way of yielding.
Enob. He yet follow.
The wounded chance of Anthony, though my reason
Sits in the winde againft me.

Enter Antony with Attendant.
Ant. Hearke, the Land outs me tread no more vp'n't.
It is shan'd to bear me. Friends, come lither,
I am lo cation in the world, that I
Hau loft my way for euer. I haue a fhippe,
Laden with Gold, take that, divide it: flye,
And make your peace with Cefar.

Ant. I haue flipt my felle, and haue intrudted cowards
To runne, and flew their shoulders. Friends be gone,
I haue my felle refolu'd upon a courfe,
Which has no neede of you. Be gone,
My Treasures in the Habour. Take it: Oh,
I fow'd that I blufh to looke vp'n,
My very haires do mutiny: for the white
Reproce the browne for ratnerfelle, and they them
For fear, and doing. Friends be gone, you tall
Have Letters from me to some Friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you looke not fad,
Not make replies of losthffe, take the hint
Which my dilpaire prouclames. Let them be left
Which leaves it felle, to the Sea-fide straight way;
I will postife you of that flup and Treafure.'
Leafe mee, I pray a little: pray you now,
Nay do fo: for indeed I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you, lie feec you by and by.  
Sitt downe
Enter Cleopatra led by Charmian and Eros.
Eros. Nay gentle Madam, to him,comforit him.
Irás. Do moft deere Queene.
Char. Do, why, what else?
Cleo. Let me sit downe: Oh Ioce.
Ant. No,no,no,no, no.
Eros. See you heere, Sir?
Ant. Oh he, fie,fie, fie.
Char. Madam.
Irás. Madam, oh good Empresse.
Eros. Sir, fir.
Ant. Yes my Lord,yes; he at Philippe kept
His fword e'ne like a danger, while I strooke
The leaned wrinkled Caffuis, and twas I
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on Lieutenantry, and no prafice had
In the braue squares of Warre: yet now: no matter.
Cleo. An fhand by.
Eros. The Queene my Lord, the Queene.
Irás. Go to him, Madam, fpeakes to him,
He's enuoluted with very flame.
Cleo. Well then, fufaine me: Oh.
Eros. Moft Noble Sir arife, the Queene approaches,
Her head's declin'd, and death will ceafe her, but
Your comfort makes the refuce.
Ant. I haue offended Reputation,
A moft vnable fervening.
Eros Sir, the Queene.
Ant. Oh whether haft thou lead me Egypt, fec
How I convey my flame, out of thine eyes,
By looking backe what I haue left behinde,
Stro'd in diſhonour.
Cleo. Oh my Lord, my Lord,
Forgive my feafull fayles, I little thought
You would have followed.
Ant. Egypt, thou knewft too well,
My heart was to thy Rudder try'd by th'ftirings,
Anon thou wouldft pull me after. O're my fpirit
The full opprefion thou knownft, and that
Thy becke, might from the bidding of the Gods
Command mee.
Cleo. Oh my pardon.
Ant. Now I muft
To the young man fend humble Treaties, dodge
And pager in the thifts of lownes, who
With halfe the bulke o'th world plaid as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring Fortunes. You did know
How much you were my Conqueror, and that
My Sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all caufe.
Cleo. Pardon,pardon.
Ant. Fall not a tear I tay, one of them rates
All that is wonne and loft: Give me a knife,
Even if it reapes me.
We feent our Schoolemafter, is come baccke?
I love I am full of Lead: some Wine
Within there, and our Viands: Fortune knowes,
We fcorne her moff, when moft the fheares blowes. Exeunt
Enter Cæfar, Agrippa, and Dollabella,with others.
Cæfar. Let him appeare that's come from Anthony.
Know you him.
Anthony and Cleopatra.

Ant. To him again, tell him he wears the Rose Of youth upon him: from which, the world would judge Something particular: His Count, Ships, Legions, May be Cowards, while Ministers would persuade Under the severest of Children as a hone As it's Command of Cæsar. I dare him therefore To lay his gay Companion's a-part, And answer me dead, 'Sword against Sword,' Our felthless alone: He writes it: follow me.

Eso. Ye, like enough; five bastards Cæsar will, Vitiate his happiness, and be Spig's to the Threw Against a Sword. He means Judgments are A parcel of their Fortune, and things outward Do draw the inward quality after them To suffer all alike, that he should decy, Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will Answer this Emily's: Cæsar thou hast Subdu'd His Judgement too.

Enter a Servant.

Sry. A Messenger from Cæsar.

Clos. What no more Ceremony ESee my Women, Against the blow; Rose may they stop their noise, That knock'd it into the Buds. Admit him first,

Iwo. Mine honestly, and I, begin to square, The Loyalty well held to Fools, does make Our Faith mere folly: yet he that can endure To follow with Allegiance a false Lord, Does conquer him that did his Master conquer, And earns a place in Thee, Sir.

Enter Tidias.

Clos. Cæsar will.

Tid. Beare it apart.

Clos. None but Friends: say boldly,

Sry. So happy are they Friends to Anthony,

Eno. He needs as many (Sir) as Cæsar has,

Or needs not vs. If Cæsar pleas, our Master Will leape to be his Friend: For vs you know, Whose he is, we are, and that is Cæsar.

Thid. So thus then thou most renown'd, Cæsar intends, Not to confider in what case thou stand'st Further then he is Cæsar.

Clos. Go on right Royall.

Thid. He knows that you embrace not Anthony As you did love, but as you feared him.

Clos. Oh,

Thid. The favour, upon your honor, therefore he Does piety, as constrained blemishes, Noras deferred.

Clos. He is a God, And knows what is most right. Mine Honour Was not yeelded, but conquer'd mereley.

Eno. To be like that, I will as Anthony, Sir, thou art so likeke That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for Thy deerest quit thee.

Eno. South.

Thid. Shall I say to Cæsar, What you require of him: for he pasty begges To be defier'd to give. It much would plea Cæsar, That of his Fortunes you should make a staffe To lean upon. But it would warme his spirits To hear from you he had left Anthony, And purr your telle under his throwed, the valureful Land-Clos. What's your name? (lord.

Thid. My name is Tidias.

Clos. Most kinde Messinger,

Say to great Cæsar this in disputacion,
The Tragedie of

A halter'd neck, which do's the Hangman thankes, not being yare about him. Is he whipt?

Enter a Servant with Thistle.

Ser. Suddenly, my Lord.

Ant. Critic her and begg'd a Pardon?

Ser. He did ask fav'our.

Ant. If that thy Father live, let him repent Thou waster not made his daughter, and be thou forreTo follow Cæsar in his Triumph, since

Thou hast bin whipt. For following him, henceforth

The white hand of a Lady Featur thee, shake than to looke out. Cest thee back to Cæsar,

Tell him thy entertainme : looke thou say He makes me angry with him. For he sees

Proud and disdainfull, harping on what I am, Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry, And at this time most easie 'tis to do't: When my good Seruants, that were my former guides Have empty left their Orbes, and their Files Into th'Abisme of hell. If the midike,

My speech, and what is done, tell him he has Hilarum, my enoteched Bondman, whom He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture, As he shall like to quite me. Vrge it thou:

Hence with thy stripes, be gone. Exeunt Thid.

Cle. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alacke our Tentre Moone is now Eclipit, And it portends alone the fall of Anthony.

Cle. I must fly his time?

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes With one that eyes his point?

Cle. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cle. Ah (Deere) if I be fo,

From my cold heart let Hauren ingender shine, And poyson it in the fourie, and the first Stone Drop in my necke; a it determines so

Disfolue my life, the next Cæsarian smile,

Till by degrees the memory of my wome, Together with my braue Egyptians all,

By the discrediting of this, pelletted florne, Lye grauecfe, till the Files and Gnats of Nyle Haue buried them for pty.

Ant. I am satisfied:

Cæsar sets downe in Alexandria, where I will oppoze his Fate. Our force by Land, Hath Nobly held, our feuer'd Nauee Too Haue knitt againe, and Plette, threatning moat Sea-like, Where haft thou bin my heart? Doft thou heart Lady? Yfthrom the field I shall returne once more To kiffe these Lips, I will appeare in Blood, I, and my Sword, will eame our Chronicle, There's hope in't yet.

Cle. That's my braue Lord.

Ant. I will be treble-snowed, hearted, breath'd, And fight maliciously: for when mine houses Were nice and lucky, men did ranke rues Of fine for leuis: But now, Ile set my teeth, And fend to dangers all that flip me. Come,

Let's have one other gaye-song night: Call to me All my fad Captaines, fill our Bowles once more: Let's mocke the midnight Bell.

Cle. It is my Birth-day,

I had thought chauce held it poor. But since my Lord Is Anthony againe, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cle. Call all his Noble Captaines to my Lord,

Ant. Do so, wee'll speake to them,

And to night Ile force The Wine peep through their fearc-

Come on (my Queene)

There's lap in yet. The next time I do fight Ile make death louse me: for I will confound Even with his pestilent Syte.

Enters. Now he's out-flate the Lightning, to be furious Is to be frighted out of fear, and in that mood The Douce will pecke the Efridge; and I see still A diminution in our Captaines braine, Reforces his heart; when valour prayers in reason, It eates the Sword it fights with: I will lecke

Some way to leave him.

Entears.

Cæsar. He calleth me Boy, and chides as she had power To beate me out of Egypt. My Meffenger He hath whipt with Rods, dares me to personal Combat Cæsar to Anthony: let the old Ruffian know, I have many other ways to dye: mean't time I Laugh at his Challenge.

Mees. Cæsar must thinke,

When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted Even to falling. Gieue him no breath, but now Make boote of his diffraction; Neuer anger Made a good guard for it selfe.

Cæsar. Let our beft heads know,

That to morrow, the laft of many Battles We mean to fight. Within our Files there are, Of thofe that fent'd Mark Anthony but late, Enough to ferch him in. See it done, And Feast the Army, we hauo (fore to doo', And they have earn't the waft. Poor Anthony, Exeunt

Enter Anthony, Cleopatra, Emarbus, Charmian, Iris, Alexas with others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitian?

Eno. No?

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune, He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To morrow Soldier,

By Sea and Land Ile fight: or I will live, Or bathe my dying Honor in the blood Shall make it true again. Woe's thou fight well.

Eno. Ile strike, and cry, Take all.

Ant. Well said, come on:

Call forth my Houfhold Servants,feats to night

Enter 3 or 4 Servitors.

Be bounteous at our Meal. Gieue me dry hand,

Thou haft bin rightly honest, so haft thou,

Thou, and thou, and thou: you have fern'd me well,

And Kings have bene your fellows.

Cleo. What means this?

Eno. 'Tis one of thofe odd tricks which forow shoots

Out of the mnde.

Ant. And thou art honesty too:

I wish I could be made fo many men,

And all of you clapt vp together, in

Anthony: that I might do you service,

So good as you haue done.

Omens.
Enter Anthony and Cleopatra.

Omnis. The Gods forbid.

Ant. Well, my good Fellowes, wait on me to night;

Scant not my Cups, and make as much of me;

As when mine Empire was your Fellow too,

And suffer'd my command.

Clio. What does he mean?

Eros. To make his Fellowes weep.

Ant. Tend me to night;

May be, it is the period of your duty,

Hply you shall not see me more, or if,

A mangled shadow. Perchance to morrow,

You'll secure another Master. Look on you,

As one that takes his ease. Mine honest Friends,

I turn you not away, but like a Master

Married to your good service, stay till death:

Tend me to night two hours, I ask no more,

And the Gods yeeld you not.

Eros. What mean you (Sir)?

To give them this disturbance? Look they weep,

And I am Aile, am Onyon-ey'd; for shame,

Transforms me not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!

Now the Witch take me, if I meant it thus.

Grace grow where these drops fall (my hearty Friends)

You take me in too dolorous a fever,

For I spake to you for your comfort, did define you

To burne this night with Torches: Know (my hearts)

I hope well of to morrow, and will leade you,

Where rather I expect victorious life,

Then death, and Honor. Let's to Supper, come,

And drown confusion. Exeunt.

Enter Company of Soldiers.

1.Sol. Brother, goodnight: to morrow is the day.

2.Sol. It will determine one way: Fare you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets.

1. Nothing: what news?

2. Be like 'tis but a Rumour, good night to you.

1. Well sir, good night.

They meete other Soldiers.

2. Soldiers, haue carefull Watch.

1. And you: Goodnight, goodnight.

They place themselves in every corner of the Stage.

2. Heere we: and if to morrow

Our Naune thriue, I have an absolute hope

Our Landmen will stand vp.

1. Tis a braue Army, and full of purpose.

Musicke of the Hoboge is under the Stage.

2. Peace, what noise?

1. I lift lift.

2. Hearke.

1. Musicke i'th' Ayre.

2. Vnder the earth.

4. It figures well, do's it not?

5. No.

1. Peace I say: What should this meane?

2. Tis the God Hercules, whom Anthony loued,

Now leaue him.

1. Walk, let's see if other Watchmen

Do heare what we do?


Omnis. How now? how now? do you heare this?

1. I, it's not strange?

3. Do you heare Masters? Do you heare?

1. Follow the noyse to farre as we haue quarter.

Let's see how it will giue off.

Omnis. Content: 'Tis strange.

Enter Anthony and Cleopatra, with others.

Ant. Eros, mine Armour Eros.

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No my Chucke. Eros, come mine Armour Eros.

Enter Eros.

Come good Fellow, put thine Iron on,

If Fortune be not ours to day, it is

Because we break her. Come.


What's this for? Ah let be, let be, thou art

The Armourer of my heart: False, false: This, this,

Sooth-law, I helpe: Thus it must bee.

Ant. Well, well, we shall thriue now.

Seest thou my good Fellow. Go, put on thy defences,

Eros. Briefly Sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely.

He that unbuckles this, till we do please

To daft for our Repose, till he hear a thorne.

Thou flambeth Eros, and my Queenes a Squire

More right at this, then thou: 'Twixt Dipharch, O Loue,

That thou couldst see my Wares to day, and knewst

The Royall Occupation, thou sholdst not see

A Workman in's.

Enter an Arm'd Soldier,

Good morrow to thee, welcome,

Thou look'st like him that knowes a warlike Charge:

To businelle that we loose, we rife betime,

And go too't with delight.

Soul. A thousand Sir early thought'st be, have on their

Riected trim, and at the Port expect you.

Enter Captain, and Soldiers.

Alex. The Mome is faire: Good morrow General.

All. Good morrow General.

Ant. 'Tis well blowne Lads.

This morrow, like the spirit of a youth

That means to be of note, begins betimes,

So so: Come give me that, this way, well-fed.

Fare thee well Dame, what ere becometh of me,

This is a Soldiers kiffe: subeckable,

And worthy flamefull checke it were, to stand

On more Mechanick Complement, He leaue thee,

Now like aman of Steele, you that will fight,

Follow me close, Ile bring you to's: Adieu.

Enter Char. Plesse you sette to your Chambers?

Cleo. Lead me:

He goes forth gallantly: That he and Cesar might

Determine this great Warre in single fight;

Then Anthony; but now. Well on.

Trumpets sound.

Enter Anthony, and Eros.

Eros. The Gods make this a happy day to Anthony.

Ant. Would thou & those thy tears had once preussad

To make me light at last.

Eros. Had't thou done fo,

The Kings that haue revolted, and the Soldier

That has this morning left thee, would haue still

Followed thy heales.

Ant. Whole gone this morning?

Eros. Who? one ever neere thee, call for Embarkation.
He shall not bare thee, or from Cæsar Campe, Say I am none of thine. Ant. What sayest thou? Sold. Sir he's with Cæsar. Eros. Sir, his Cheifs and Treasure he has not with him. Ant. Is he gone? Sol. Most certain. Ant. Go Eros, fend his Treasure after, do it, Detaine no jot, I charge thee, write to him, (I will subscribe) gentle adieu's, and greetings; Say, that I wish he never finde more caufe To change a Matter. Oh my Fortunes have Corrupted honest men. Dispatch Eobartaus. Exit.

Flourish. Enter Agrrippa, Cæsar, with Eobartaus, and Dumbellus. Cæsar. Go forth Agrrippa, and begin the fight: Our will is Anthony be tooke alive: Make it so knowne, Agripp, Cæsar, I shall. Cæsar. The time of vninter fall peace is neere: Prove this a propitious day, the three nought d'd day Shall bear the Olivye freely. Enter a Messinger. Mrs. Anthony is come into the field. Cæsar. Go charge Agrrippa, Plant those that have assaulting in the Vane, That Anthony may seeme to spend his Pury Upon him selfe. Eobob. Alexas did revolt, and went to Leisny on Affairs of Anthony, there did dissuade Great Herod to incline him selfe to Cæsar, And leave his Master Anthony. For this paene, Cæsar hath hang'd him: Commodus and the rest That fell away, have entertained, but No honourable rule: I have done ill, Of which I do accuse my selfe so sorely, That I will lay no more. Enter a Soldier of Cæsar. Sol. Eobartaus, Anthony Hatt after thee tent all thy Treasure, with His Bounty over plus. The Messinger Came on my guard, and at thy Tent is now Unloading of his Mules. Eobob. I give you it. Sol. Mocke not Eobartaus. I tell you true: Beel thou gat the bringer Out of the hoast, I must attend mine Office, Or would have done't my selfe. Your Emperor Continues still a Joue. Eobob. I am alone the Villain of the earth, And feel I am so molt. Oh Anthony, Thou Mine of Bountie, how wouldst thou have payed My better Ference, when my turpitude There doth so Crowne with Gold. This blowes my hart, it swell'd my hart, I never thought before nor a twitter meane Shall out. I thought I thought, but thought will doe't. I feel I fight against thee: So I will go fecke Some Ditch, where to dye: the foot'st bell fitts My latter part of life. Exit. Aawrm. Drumnes and Trumpettes. Enter Agrrippa. Agrripp Retire, we have engag'd our felmes too farre: Cæsar him selfe has elder, and our opposition Exceeds what we expected. Exit.

Alarum. Enter Anthony, and Scarrus wounded. Sear. O my brave Emperour, this is fought indeed, Had we done so at first, we had druen them home With clows about their heads. Exit off. Ant. Thou bleed'st space. Sear. I had a wound here that was like a T, But now tis made an H. Ant. They do recyrce. Sear. We'll beat 'em into Bench-holes, I have yet Roomes for six scotches more. Enter Eros. Eros. They are beaten Sir, and our advantage serues For a faire victory. Sear. Let vs score there backes, And snatch'em vp, as we take Hares behinde, 'Tis sport to mail a Runner. Ant. I will reward thee Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold For thy good valour. Come thee on. Sear. I heare halfe after. Exit. Alarum. Enter Anthony againe in a March. Scarrus, with others. Ant. We haue beat him to his Campe: Runne one Before, & let the Queen know of our gests to morrow Before the Sun finall rise, we'll spill the blood That ha's to day escap'd. I thank you all, For courage hand to hand, and haue fought Not as you feart'd the Cauie, but as ha's beene Each man as mine: you have the weare all Helours, Enter the Citry, chip your Wives, your Friends, Tell them your feats, while with joyfull teares With the congeleation from your wounds, and kisse The Flocur d'aftures whole. Enter Cleopatra. Givel me thy hand, To this great Fairy, I'll commend thy acts, Make her thankes blisse thee. Oh thou day o'th world, Chaine mine arm'd necke, leape thou, Attrey and all Through prove of Hareus to my heart, and there Ride on the pants triumphing. Cleas. Lord of Lords, Oh infinite Vertue, committ thou smiling from? The worlds great hare vouch'd. Ant. Muse Nightingale, We haue beat them to their Beds. What Gyrie, though gray Do somthing mingle with your yeonger brother, yet ha we A Braine that nourishes our Nerves, and can Get gole for gole of youth. Behold this man, Commend into his Lippes thy favouring hand, Kiffe it my Warrior: He hath fought to day, As it's God in hand of Mankinde, had Destroyed in such a shape. Cleas. Ile give thee Friend An Armour all of Gold: it was a Kings. Ant. He has deferd it, were it Carbunkled Like holy Phocbus Carre. Give thee thy hand, Through Alexandria make a lively March, Beare our hauks Targers, like the men that owe them, Had our great Pallace the capacity To Campe this hoast, we all would fip togethers, And drink Carowles to the next dayes Fate Which
Enter a Centerie, and his Company, Enobarbus follows.

Cent. If we be not releu'd within this hour,
We must return to 'th Count of Guard: the night
Is fled, and they say, we shall embattall
By 'th second hour 'tis Moone.

Watch. This last day was a dream one too's.
Enob. Oh beare me witnesse night.
When men revoluted shall upon Record
Beare hatefull memory: poore Enobarbus did
Before the face repent.

Cent. Enobarbus?
2 Peace: Hearke further.
Enob. Oh Soueraigne Mutris of true Melancholly,
The poyonous dampe of night dispung'd vpon me,
That Life, a very Rebell to my will,
May hang no longer on me. Thow my heart
Against the flank and hardnffe of my fault,
Which being dined with greefe, will breake to powder,
And finall all foule thoughts. Oh Anthony,
Nobler then my resolt is Infamous,
May concernes Caifer.
2 Let's do so, but he sleepes.
Cent. Swoonds rather, for so bad a Prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.
1 Go we to him.
2 Awake sir, awake, speake to vs.
1 Hear ye sir?
Cent. The band of death hath raught him.
Drummes aflare off.

Herrke the Drummes demurely wake the sleepers:
Let vs beare him to 'th Court of Guard: he is of note:
Our house is fully out.
2 Come on then, he may recover yet.

Enter Anthony and Scarrus with their Army.

Ant. Their preparation is to day by Sea,
We plesethem not by Land.
Scarr. For both, my Lord.
Ant. I would they'd light 'ch Fire, or 'ch Ayre,
We'd light there too. But this it is, our Foote
Vpon the hilles adiroying to the Citty
Shall flay with vs. Order for Sea is gien,
They have put forth the Hauen:
Where their appointment we may beft discoyer,
And looke on their endeavour.

Enter Caifer and his Army.

Caifer. But being charg'd, we will be fill by Land,
Which as I tak't we shall, for his beft force
Is forth to Man his Gallies. To the Vale,

And hold our beft advauntage.

Alarum aflare off, as at a Sea-fight.
Enter Anthony, and Scarrus.

Ant. Yet they are not loynd:
Where you'd Pine does stand, I shall discoyer all,
Ille bring thee word straight, how 'tis like to go.

Scarr. Swallowes hote built
In Cleopatra's Sallies their nefts. The Augurie
Say, they know not, they cannot tell, looke grimly,
And dare not speake their knowledge. Anthony,
Is violent, and deird, and by flats
His fretted Fortunes give him hope and feare.
Of what he has, and has not.

Enter Anthony.

Ant. All is loft:
This fowle Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My Fleece hath yelded to the Foe, and yonder
They call their Caps vp, and Crowne together
Like Friends long loft. Triple turn'd Where, 'tis thou
Halt told me to this Notice, and my heart
Makes onely Wars on thee. Bid them all flye:
For when I am reueng'd upon my Charme,
I laye done all. Bid them all flye, be gone.
Oh Sunne, thy wprfpe shall I fee no more,
Fortune, and Anthony part here, even here
Do we shake hands? All come to this? The hearts
That pannelled me at heelles, to whom I gave
Their wills, do dif-Cande, melt their fweets
On bloifhing Caifer: And this Pine is darks,
That over-top'd them all. Betray'd I am.
Oh this falfe Soule of Egypt! thus grace Charme,
Whose eye beck'd forth my Wars, & said them home:
Whose Bofome was my Crownet, my chief end,
Like a right Gypifie, hath at fift and loole
Begin'd to me, the very heart of Ioffe.
What Eros, Eros?

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou Spell! Auaunt.

Cleo. Why is my Lord enrag'd against his Loue?
Ant. Vanifh, or I shall glie thee defcuting,
And blemith Caifers Triumph. Let him take thee,
And hooft thee vp to the fhouing Plebeians,
Follow his Chariot, like the greateft spot
On Conftancy Sex. Moft Monifter-like be fhewne
For pover'd Diminuities, for Dolts, and let
Patient Oflanis, plough thy viage vp
With her prepared nailes.
Exit Cleopatra.

Cleo. Help me my women! Oh hec's more mad
Then Telamon for his Shield, the Boare of Theffaly
Was never fo imbott.

Char. To th'Monument, there locke your elfe,
And fend him word you are dead:
The Soule and Body riuie not more in parting,
Then greates stresse going off.

Ces. Toth Monument:

Markius, go tell him I have slaine my selle:
Say, that the last I spake was Anthonius,
And word it (prythee) pithfully. Hence Markius,
And bring me how he takes my dex in this Monument.

Enter. Enter Anthony, and Eros.

Ant. Eros, thou yet beholding me?

Eros. I Noble Lord.

Ant. Sometimes we fea a cloud that’s Dragonish,
A vapour sometime, like a Beaure, or Lyon,
A toward Cattsell, a pendant Rocke,
A forked Mountain, or blew Promontorie
With Trees vpon’t, that asdale into the world,
And mocke our eyes with Ayre.

Thou haft seen these Signs,
They are blisse Vesper’s Pageants.

Eros. I my Lord.

Ant. That which is now a Horse, even with a thought
The Rakee diflimes, and makes it indiffer.
As water is in water.

Eros. It does my Lord.

Ant. My good Knaue Eros, now thy Captaine is
Even such a Body: Here I am Anthony,
Yet cannot hold this wible shape (my Knaue)
I made these warres for Egypt, and the Queene,
Whole heart I thought Thid, for the bad mine:
Which whilfe it was mine, had annexe vnto’t
A Million mor, (now left) fice Eros has
Packt Cards with Cefar, and falle plaid my Glory
Vnto an Enemies triumph.

Nay, wepe not gentle Eros, there is left vs
Our felues to end our felues.

Enter Mardian.

Oh thy wilde Lady, she has rob’d me of my Sword.

Mar. No Anthony,

My Muifis you’d thee, and her Fortunes migled
With thine intirely.

Ant. Hence iswcy Ennuch peace, the hath betrained me,
And shall dye the death.

Mar. Death of one person, can be paide but once,
And that the his clarch’g’d.
What thou would’st do
Is done vnto thy hand: the Jaff the fake
Was Anthony, most Noble Anthony.

Then in the middl flte a testing grone did breeke
The name of Anthony: it was divded
Betweene her heart, and lips: the rendition life
Whye name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Vname Eros, the long dayes task is done,
And we must sleepe: That thou depart’th hence safe
Does pay thy labour: richly: Go, exit Mardian.

Off, placke off,
The leau-fold shield of Ants cannot keep:
The battery from my heart. Oh cleawe my sides,
Heart, once be stronger then thy Continent,
Cracke thy fragile Cafe. Apace Eros, space;
No more Souldier bruized pceese go,
You have bin Nobly borne. From me awhile. exit Eros.
I will one-like thee Cleopatred, and
Wepe for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is Torture: since the Torch is out,
Lye downe and fray no farther. Now all labour

Marres what it does: yes, very force entangles.
It felfe with strength: Scale then, and all is done.

Eros? I come my Queene, Eros? Stay for me,
Where Soules do couch on Flowers, wee I hand in hand,
And with our frightly Port make the Ghostes gaze:
Dido, and her Ename shall want Troopes,
And all the haunt be ours. Come Eros, Eros.

Enter Eros.

Eros. What would my Lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra dyed,
I haue liu’d in such dishonour, that the Gods
Deteft my baseenne. I, that with my Sword,
Quarter’d the World, and o’re greene Neptune-backe
With Ships, made Cities; condemne my selle, to lacke
The Courage of a Woman, leffe Noble minde
Then whoe by her death, our Cefar telles.
I am Conqueror of my selle. Thou art sworne Eros,
That when the exigent should come, which now
Is come indeed: When I should fee behind me
Thine inevitable proseuction of disgrace and horror,
That on my command, thou then would’st kill me;
Do’t, the time is come: Thou stikk’st not me,
’Tis Cefar thou defeat’st. Put colour in thy Cheek.

Eros. The Gods with-hold me,
Shall I do that which all the Parthian Daies,
(Though Enemy) luf syne, and could not.

Ant. Eros,
Would’st thou be window’d in great Rome, and see
Thy Master thus with pleasch Annes, bending downe
His corrigible necke, his face subdue’d
To penetrative flame; whilft the wheel’d feare
Of Fortune Cefar drawne before him, branded
His Baseenef that ensued.

Eros. I would not fee’.

Ant. Come then: for with a wound I must be cur’d.
Draw that thy honett Sword, which thou haft worne
Most vfffull for thy Country.

Eros. Oh forgive me me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor’st not then
To do this when I bad thee? Do it at once,
Or thy precedent Services are all
But accidents vnpurpos’d, Draw, and come.

Eros. Tune me from thee then that Noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Loe thee,

Eros. My Sword is drawne.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawne it.

Eros. My deere Master,
My Captaine, and my Emperor. Let me say
Before I strike this bloody stroke, Farwell.

Ant. ’Tis said man, and farewell.

Eros. Farewell great Chiefe, Shall I strike now?


Eros. Why there then:
Thus do I escape the sorrow of Antiochies death.

Ant. Thrice-Nobler then my selfe,
Thou teachest me: Oh valiant Eros, what
I shou’d, and thou could’st na, my Queene and Eros
Haue by their braue infruction got upon me
A Noblenesse in Record. But I will bee
A Bride-grome in my death, and run into’t
As to a Louers bed. Come then, and Eros,
Thy Master dies thy Scholler: to do thus
I learnt of thee. How, not dead! Not dead?
The Guard, how? Oh dispatch me,
Anthony and Cleopatra.

Enter a Guard.
1. Guard. What's the noise? 
Ant. I have done my work! Tell Friends:
Oh make an end of what I have begun. 
2. The Starre is Down.
And time is at this Period. 
All. Alas, and woe.
Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.
1. No I.
2. Nor I.
3. Nor one.

Enter Diomedes.

Die. Where's Anthony?
Decr. There Diomed is there.
Diom. Lies he: will thou not answer man?
Ant. Art thou there Diomed?
Draw thy sword, and give thee,
Suff'ring strokes for death.
Diom. Most absolute Lord:
My Militia Cleopatra sent me to thee.
Ant. When did thee find thee?
Diom. Now my Lord.
Auth. Where is she?

Enter Cleopatra, and her Maidens aloft, with Charmian & Iras.

Cleo. Oh Sunne,
Burne the great sphere thou moult in, dazzling flame
The varying shore o'th'world. O Antony, Antony, Antony
Helple Charmian, helpe Iras helpe: helpe friends
Below, let's draw him hither.
Ant. Peace,
Not Cae'sar Valour hath o'th'owne Anthony,
But Anthony's hath Triumphd on it fell.
Cleo. So it shoul'd be,
That none but Anthony should conquer Anthony.
But woe'tis so.
Ant. I am dyng Egypt, dyng; onely,
I heere improue death a white, vntill
Of many thousand kisses, the poore last
I lay upon thy lippes.
Cleo. I dare not Deere,
Deere my Lord pardon: I dare not,
Least I be taken nor imperious shew
Of the full Fortun'd Cae'sar, euer shall
Be brooch'd with me, if Knife, Dregges, Serpents hane
Edge, fling, or operation. I am faire;
Your Wife Cleopatra, with her modest eyes,
And shall Conclusion, shal acquire no Honour
Demurring upon me: but come, come Anthony,
Help me my woman, we must draw the vp
Affli good Friends.
Ant. Oh quicke, or I am gone.
Cleo. Here's sport indeed:
How heuy weight my Lord?
Our strength is all gone into heautinesse,
That makes the weight. Had I great Ino's power,
The strong wing'd Mercury should fetch thee vp,
And let thee by Joves side. Yet come a little,
Withers were euer Foolish. Oh come, come, come,
They beare Anthony aloft to Cleopatra.
And welcome, welcome. Dyce when now hath li'd,
Quicken with kiffs: had my lippes that power,
Thus would weare them out.
All. A heavy sigh.
Ant. I am dyng Egypt, dyng,
Give me some Wine, and let me speake a little.
Cleo. No, let me speake, and let me rayle so hie,
That the false Julia's fortune, breake her Wheel,
Prouok'd by my offence.
Ant. One word (sweet Queene)
Of Cae'sar trewe your Honour. With your safety. Oh,
Cleo. They do not go together.
Ant. Gentle heare me
Non: about Cae'sar trust, but Proculeius.
Cleo. My Resolution, and my hands, Ile trust,
None about Cae'sar.
Ant. The miserie change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at: but plesse your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former Fortunes
Wherein I lived. The greatest Prince o'th'world,
The Noblest: and do now not basely dye,
Not Cowardly put off my Helmet to
My Countryman. A Roman, by a Roman
Vanily vanquish'd. Now my Spirit is going,
I canno more.
Cleo. Noblest of men, how do't ye?
Half thou no care of me, than I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better then a Styx? Oh see my women;
The Crowne o'th'earth doth melt. My Lord?
Oh wither'tis the Garland of the Warre,
The Tragedie of

The Gods rebuke me, but it is Tydings
To wash the eyes of Kings.

Del. And strange it is,
That Nature must compel vs to lament
Our most perfighted deeds.

Mec. His rants and Honours, wag'd equal with him.

Del. A Rarer spirit never
Did pierce humanity: but you Gods will give vs
Some faults to make vs men. Cesar is touch'd,

Mec. When such a facious Mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cesar, Oh Anthony,
I have followed thee to this, but we do launch
Disorders in our Bodies. I must perforce
Have the more to thee such a declining day,
O looke on thine: we could not stall together,
In the whole world. But yet let me lament
With tears as Souraigne as the blood of hearts,
That thou my Brother, my Companior,
In top of all designd my Mate in Empire,
Friend and Companion in the front of Warre,
The Arme of mine owne Body, and the Heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle; that our Stares
Unreconcillable, should divise our equalitye to this.
Hearse me good Friends,
But I will tell you at some meeter Season,
The businesse of this man lookes out of him,
Well hear him what he fayes.

Enter an Egyptian.

Whence are you?

Aggr. A poor Egyptian yet, the Queen my mistis
Confird in all, she has her Monument
Of thy intents, desires, infirmitie,
That she preparedly may frame her selfe
T'lyth'ly there's forced too.

Cesar. Did her have good heart,
She some shall know of vs, by some of ours,
How honourable, and how kindly Wee
Determine for her. For Cesar cannot leave to be vangente

Aggr. So the Gods preferre thee.

Cesar. Come hither Peculieus, and say
We purpose her no frame: give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require;
Left in her greatness, by some mortall stroke
She do defeat vs. For her life in Rome,
Would be eternall in our Triumph: Go,
And with your speedief bring vs what she fayes,
And how you finde of her.

Pro. Cesar I shall.

Cesar Gallus, go you along: where's Delabella, to seconnd Peculieus?

All. Delabella.

Cesar. Let him alone: for I remember now
How hee's imploied: he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my Tent, where you shall see
How hardly I was drawne into this Warre,
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my Writings. Go with me, and see
What I can shew in this.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iri, and Mardian.

Cleo. My defolation does begin to make
A better life: Tis paltry to be Cesar:
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortunes slave,
A minister of her will: and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which shakles accendents, and bulks vp change;
Which flees and, neither palliates more the dung,
The beggars Nurfe, and Cæsar.

Enter Proculeius.

Pro. Cæsar fends greeting to the Queene of Egypt,
And bids thee study on what faire 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 tryst you, but
I do not greatly care to be decei'd
That have no vie for trysting. If your Master
Would have a Queene his begger, you must tell him,
That Maiesty to keepe decorum, must;
No lese beggar then a Kingdom: If he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my Sorne,
He gives me much of mine owne, as i
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheers;
Y'are false into a Princely hand, fear nothing,
Make your full reference freely to my Lord,
Who is so full of Grace, that it floues over
On all that needs. Let me report to him
Your sweete dependance, and you shall finde
A Conqueror that will pray in styde for kindnesse,
Where he for grace is kneell'd too,
Cleo. Pray you tell him,
I am his Fortunes Vaßfall, and I find him
The Greatnesse he has got. I hourly leave
A Doctrine of Obedience, and would gladly
Looke him with Face.

Pro. This I'll report (deere Lady)
Have comfort, for I know your plight is pittied
Of him that cast'd it.
Cleo. You see how easily the may be surpriz'd:
Guard her till Cæsar come.

Iras. Royall Queene.
Cleo. Oh Cleopatra, thou art taken Queene.
Cleo. Quick, quicke, good hands,
Pro. Hold worthy Lady, hold;
Do not your selfe such wrong, who are in this
Recei'd, but not betray'd;
Cleo. What death too that rides our dogs of langui'sh
Pro. Cleopatra, do not abuse my Master's bounty, by
Thevndoing of your fel's; Let the World fee
His Nobleesse was red, which your death
Will never let come forth,
Cleo. Where art thou Death?
Come hither come; Come, come, and takes Queene
Worth many Bibles and Beggars.
Pro. Oh temperance Lady.
Cleo. Sir, I will eate no meate. Ie not drinke sir,
Ifide talk will onc et be neceffary
Ie not flepe either. This mortall boutte Ie ruine,
Do Cæsar what he can.
I Know it, that I
Will not waste pinion'd st your Masters Court,
Nor once be fash'd with the lobser eye
Of dull Outlaws. Shall they hoy't me vp,
And flowing to the showing Vforizaro
Of cenfuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt.
Be gentle, grave warne me, rather on Nyphus made
Lay me flanke-mak'd, and let the water-fies
Blow me into abhorring; rather make
My Countries high pyramides my Gibbet,
And hang me vp in Chains.

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further then you shall
Finde caufe in Cæsar.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou haft done, thy Master Cæsar knowes,
And he hath sent for thee: for the Queene,
He take her to my Guard,
Pro. So Dolabella,
It shall content me beft. Be gentle to her,
To Cæsar I will speake, what you shall please,
If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would dye.
Dol. Most Noble Empresse, you have heard of me,
Cleo. I cannot tell.
Dol. Affuredly you know me,
Cleo. No matter sir, what I have heard or knowne:
You laugh when Boyes or Women tell their Dreams,
It's not your tricke?
Dol. If it might please ye.
Cleo. His face was as the Heau'n, and therein flikee
A Sunne and Moone, which kept their course, & lighted
The little of Earth.

Dol. Most Soueraigne Creature.
Cleo. His legsis behind the Ocean his rear'd arm
Crefted he world: His voyce was proportioned
As all the tuned Spheres, and that to Friends;
But when he meant to quall, and shake the Orbe,
He was as rathing Thunder. For his Bounty,
There was no winter in't. An Anthony it was,
That grew the more by reaping: His delights
Were Dolphin-like, they thlew'd his backe aboue
The Element they lud'd in: His Linery
Walk'd Crownes and Crownets:Realms & Islands were
As plates droppt from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra.

Cleo. Thank you there was, or might be such a man.
As this I dreamt of?

Dol. Gentle Madam, no.
Cleo. You, I sup' to the hearing of the Gods:
But if there be, nor ever were one such
It's past the fize of dreaming: Nature wants thuffe
To vie strange fornces with fake, yet th'imagine
An Anthony were Nature's peace, "gainst Fancie,
Condemning flashowes quite.
Dol. Peace me, good Madam:
Your lifes is as your selfe, great; and you bear it
As anwering to the weight, would I might neuer
See take purs'de successe: But I do feele
By the rebound of yours, a greefe that suifes
My very heart at roote.

Cleo. I thank you sir:
Know you what Cæsar meanes to do with me?
Dol. I am loath to tell you what, I would you knew.
Cleo. Nay pray you sir.

Dol. Though he be Honourable,
Cleo. I feel thee deere to them in Triumph,
Dol. Madam he will, I know't.

Flouris.

Enter Proculeius, Cæsar, Gallus, Alecus,
and others of his Trains.

All. Make way there Cæsar.

z. z. Cæsar
Cafar. But which is the Queen of Egypt.

Dol. It is the Emperor Madam.

Cleo. kneel. Cafar. Sir, you shall not kneel:
I pray you rise, sir Egypt.

Cleo. 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 morsels you did vs,
Though written in our feats, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.
Cleo. Sole Sir of 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 fam'd our Sex.
Cafar. Cleopatra know,
We will extenuate rather than informe:
If you apply your felse to our intents,
Which towards you are most gentle, you shall finde
A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay me a Cruelty, by taking
Antemiers course, you shall bereave your selfe,
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'le guard them from,
If theoreon you relye. He take my leave.
Cleo. And may through all the world: tis yours, & we
your Scurcheons, and your signes of Conquest shall
Hang in what place you please. Here my good Lord,
Cafar. You shall admiire me in all for Cleopatra.
Cleo. This is the breefe of Money, Plate, & Jewels
I am possest of, its exactly valued,
Not petty things admitted. Where's Selencus?
Selens. Here he Madam.
Cleo. This is my Treasurer, let him speake (my Lord)
Vpon his peril, that I have refer'd
To my selfe nothing. Speake the truth Selencus,
Selens. Madam, I had rather fee my lippes,
Then to my peril speake that which is not.
Cleo. What have I kept backe,
Selens. Even all you have made known
Cleo. Nay blash not Cleopatra, I approove
Your Wifedome in the deede.
Cleo. See Cafar: Oh behold,
Hew pompe is followed: Mine will now be yours,
And should we shift eatees, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Selencus, does
Euen make me wilde. Oh Slaue, of no more trust
Then loue that's byr'd: What goest thou backe, I'll shalt
Go backe I warrant thee: but Ie catche thine eyes
Though they had wings. Slaue,Soules-jeffe, Villain, Dog.
Or rarely baie !
Cafar. Good Queene, let's intreat you.
Cleo. O Cafar, what a wounding shame is this,
That thou vouchdoulge heere to visit me,
Doing the Honour of thy Lordinliche
To one to mecke, that mine owne Servant should
Parcell the summe of my digrances, by
Addition of his Envy. Say (good Cafar)
That I saine Lady triues have refer'd,
Immoyent toyes, things of such Dignitie
As we greatest Moderns Friends withall, and say
Some Nobler token I have kept apart
For Limas and Olyanis, to induce
Their mediation, muf I be unfolded
With one that I have bred: The Gods it imites me
Beneath the fall I have. Prythee go hence,
Or I shall shew the Cyndres of my spirits
Through th'Affies of my chance: Wet'thoun a man,
 Thou would't have mercy on me.
Cafar. Forbears Selencus.
Cleo. 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 pitied.
Cafar. Cleopatra,
Not what you have refer'd, nor what acknowledg'd
Put we'th Roll of Conquest: still bee'ts yours,
Bellow at your pleasure, and beleue
Cafar no Merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that Merchants fold. Therefore be cheer'd,
Make not your thoughts your prisons: No deere Queen,
For we intend fo to dispoile you, as
Your felle shall: gue vs counell: Feede, and sleepe:
Our care and pitty is so much upon you,
That we remaine your Friend, and fo adiuce.
Cleo. My Master, and my Lord,
Excunt Cafar, and his Traine.
Cleo. He words me Gyrles, he words me,
That I should not be Noble to my felle.
But heark'ne thee Chariman.
Iras. Finisht good Lady, the bright day is done,
And we are for the darke.
Cleo. Hye the e againe,
I haue spoke already, and it is prouided,
Go put it to the haflle.
Char. Madam, I will.
Dol. Where's the Queen?
Char. Behold sir.
Cleo. Dolabella.
Dol. Madam, as thereto oworne by your command
(Which my loue makes Religion to obey)
I tell you this: Cafar through Syria
Intends his journey, and within three dayes,
You will our Children with he fend before,
Make your best visit of this. I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promisse.
Cleo. Dolabella, I shall remaine your deber.
Dol. I your Servant.
Adieu good Queene, I must aduance on Cafar.
Exit Cleo. Farewell, and thaknes.
Now Iras, what think'it thou?
Thou, an Egyptian Puppet shall be shewne
In Rome as well as: Mechanick Slaues
With greasie Aprons, Rules, and Hammers shall
Vplift vs to the view. In their thicke breathes,
Ranke of greffe dyer, shall we be enclowded,
And for'd to drinke their vapour.
Iras. The Gods forbid.
Cleo. Nay, its most certaine Iras: sawcile Lifeters
Will catche as vs like Strumpets, and fald Rimmers
Ballads vs out a Tune. The quicke Comedians
Extemporally will flage vs, and prentent
Our Alexandrian Rovels: Anthony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squawking Cleopatra, Boy my greatnesse
I th'pofiture of a Whore.
Iras. O the good Gods!
Cleo. Nay that's certaine.
Iras. I heuer fee's? fo I am sure mine Nailes
Are stronger then mine eyes.
Cleo.
Anthony and Cleopatra.

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Cleo. Why that's the way to foole their preparation,
And to conquer their most absurd intents.

Enter Charmian.

Now Charmian,
Show me my Women like a Queene : Go fetch
My best Attayres. I am againe for Cedon,
To meete Mark Antony. Sirra Iras, go
(Now Noble Charmian, wee'll dispatch indeede.)
And when thou hast done this chare, Ile give thee leave
To play till Doome-day: bring our Crowne, and, all.
A noise within.

Wherefore this noise? Enter a Guardsmen.

Gard. Here's a rural Fellow,
That will not deny thee your Highnesse presence,
He brings you Figges.

Cleo. Let him come in. Exit Guardsman.

Halfe thou the pretty worme of Nyxus there,
That killes and paines not.

Clew. Truly I have him : but I would not be the part
that should defire you to touch him, his byring is
immortal: those that doe dye of it, doe feldome or
never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that haue dyed on't?

Clew. Very many, men and women too. I heard of
one of them no longer then yesterday, a very honest wo-
man, but something given to dye, as a woman should not
do, but in the way of honesty, how the dyed of the by-
ing of it, what pains she felt: Truely, the makes a very
good report of'th'worme : but he that will beleue all that
they fay, shall never be fued by halfe that they do: but
this is most falliable, the Worme's an odde Worme.

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewell.

Clew. I with you all joy of the Worme.

Cleo. Farewell.

Clew. You must thinke this (looke you,) that the
Worme will do his kind.

Cleo. I, farewell.

Clew. Lookes you, the Worme is not to hee trussed,
but in the keeping of wife people: for indeede, there is
no goodnesse in the Worme.

Cleo. Take thou no care, it shall be heeded.

Clew. Very good: geue it nothing I pray you, for it
is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clew. You must not thinke I am fo simple, but I know
the duell himselle will not eate a woman: I know, that
a woman is a dish for the Gods, if the duell dreffe her
not. But truly, thofe fame whofor duels doe the Gods
great harme in their women: for in every tenne that they
make, the duels marre fume.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone, farewell.

Clew. Yes fortooth : I wil you joy a' th'worm. Exit
Cleo. Give me my Kobre put on my Crowne, I haue
Immortal longings in me. Now no more
The tyue of Egypte Grape shall mould this lip.
Yare, yare, good Iraus; quicke: Me thinkes I haue

Anthony call: I fee him rowide himselfe
To praise my Noble Aet. I hear him mock
The lacke of Cesar, which the Gods geue men
To exuere their after wrath. Husband, I come:
Now to that name, my Courage prooue my Title.
I am Fire, and Ayre; my other Elements
I giue to bater life. So, haue you done?
Come then, and take the tail warmth of my Lippes.
Farewell kinde Charmian, Ira, long farewell.
Hast I the Alpique in my lippes? Doft fail?
If thou, and Nature can to gently part,
The stroke of death is as a Lovers pinch,
Which hurts, and is defird. Doft thou lye still?
If thus thou vanniſſe, thou tellst it the world.
It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Diffoule thicke cloud, & Raine, that I may faie
The Gods themselves do wepe.

Cleo. This proues me faie:
If the fift meete the Curled Anthony,
He'll make demand of her, and s cane that kilfe ?
Which is my heauen to haue. Come thone mortall wretch,
With thy fharpe teeth this knot intertinctifer,
Of life at once your: Poore venomous Foole,
Be angry, and dispatch. Oh couldt thou fpake,
That I mighte heere thee call great Cesar Asle, unpolicied.

Char. On Easterne Scarre.

Cleo. Peace, peace:
Doft thou not fee my Baby at my breaft,
That suckes the Nurce strepe.

Char. O breake! O breake!

Cleo. A sweet as Raine, as falt as Ayre, as gentile.

O Anthony! Say I wil take thee too.

What shoulde I fay——

Dyes.

Char. In this wilde World? So fare thee well:
Now boaff thee Death, in thy defcription yaes
A Laffe vnparrelled. Downne Windows cloze,
And golden Placcus, neuer be beheld
Of eyes againe fo Royall: your Crownes away,
Ile mend it, and then play——

Enter the Guardman, and Delables.

1. Guard. Where's the Queene?

Char. Speake softly, wake her not.

1. Cefar hath fent

Char. Too fow fo a Messenger.

Oh come spathe, dispatch, I partly fee thee.

1. Approach here.

All's not well: Cefar's beguiled.

2. There's Delables fent from Cefar: call him,

What workes is heere Charmian?

Is this well done?

Char. It's well done, and fitting for a Princesse
Defended of many Royall Kings.

Ah Soulterer.

Enter Delables.

Del. How goes it here?

2. Gard. All dead.

Del. Cefar, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this: Thy felle art comming
To fee perform'd the dreaded Aet which thou
So fondely to hinder.

Enter Cefar and all his Train, marching.

All. A way there, a way for Cefar.

Del. 3.
The Tragedie of Anthony and Cleopatra.

Dol. Oh sir, you are too sure an Augurer:
That you did fore, is done.
Cæsar. Bauget at the last,
She leuell'd at our purpose, and being Royall
Tooke her owne way: the manner of their deaths,
I do not see them blede.
Dol. Who was last with them?
1 Guard. A simple Countrymen, that brought his Figs:
This was his Basket.

Cæsar. Poyson'd then.
1 Guard. Oh Cæsar;
This Charmian ha'd but now, she flood and spake;
I found her cramming up the Diadem;
On her dead Mirth tremblingly she flood,
And on the fods, or crest,
Cæsar. Oh Noble weakeenesse:
If they had swallow'd poyson, 'twould appeare
By externall swelling: but she lookes like sleepe,
As she would catch another Anthony
In her strong toyle of Grace.

Dol. Heere on her brest,
There is a vent of Blood, and something blowne,
The like is on her Arme.

1 Guard. This is an Aspikes traile,
And these Figge-leaves haue flame vpon them, such
As th'Aspikes leaves vpon the Causes of Nyle.
Cæsar. Most probable
That so she dyed: for her Physitian tells mee
She hath pur'd de Conclusions infinite
Of these ways to dye. Take vp her bed,
And beare her Women from the Monument,
She shall be burial'd by her Anthony,
No Grave vpon the earth shall clipe in:
A payre so famous: high events as these
Strike thole that make them: and their Story is
No lesse in putty, then his Glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our Army shall
In solemne shew, attend this Funerall,
And then to Rome. Come Dolabella, see
High Order, in this great Solmennity. Exeunt omnes

FINIS.
THE TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE.

Actus Primi. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. Gent. On do not meet a man but Browne's. Our bloods no more obey the Heavens. Then our Courtiers: Still comes as do's the Kings.

2. Gent. But what's the matter?

1. His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom (whom he purpos'd to his wife) to Sonne, a Widow. That same he married, hath refer'd her felle. Vnton a poore, but worthy Gentleman. She's wedded, Her Husband banish'd; the imprison'd, all Is outward sorrow, though I think the King Be touch'd at very heart.

2. None but the King?

1. He that hath lost her too, so is the Queene, That most defir'd the Match; But not a Courtier, Although they weare their faces to the bent Of the Kings lookes, hath a heart that is not Glad at the thing they fcowl'd at.

2. And why so?

1. He that hath miss'd the Princeesse, is a thing Too bad, I'm bad report: and he that hath her, (I mean, that married her, alack good man, And therefore banish'd) is a Creature, such, As to seeke through the Regions of the Earth For one, his like ther' would be something failing In him, that should compare. I do not thinke, So faire an Outward, and such fluffe Within Endows a man, but he.

2. You speak him farre.

1. I do extend him (Sir) within himselfe, Crush him together, rather then unfold His measure duly.

2. What's his name, and Birth?

1. I cannot judge him to the rootte: His Father Was call'd Sinnis, who did boye his Honor Against the Romans, with Cospillon, But had his Taler by Tenelius, whom He feru'd with Glory, and admir'd Scocife; So gain'd the Sor-addition. Leuelius. And had (besides this Gentleman in question) Two other Sonnes, who in the Warrs, o'th'time Dy'de with their Swords in hand. For which, their Father Then old, and fond of yffe, took such sorrow That he quit Being; and his gentle Lady

Bigge of this Gentleman (our Tbeame) deceas As he was borne. The King he takes the Babe To his protection, calls him Paghamous Lenatus, Breedes him, and makes him or his Bed-chamber, Puts to him all the Learning that his time Could make him the recoverer of, which he tooke As we do aye, fad as 'twas minish'd,

And in's Sprinig, became a Harleet: Luke'd in Court (Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lound, A sample to the yongest: to th'more Matur, A glasse that teared them: and to the graver, A Child that guid'd O'theards. To his Matriss, (For whom he now is banish'd) her owne price Proclaims how she elest'm'd him; and his Vertue By her elect'd may be trely read, what kind of man he is. I honor him, even out of your report. But pray you tell me, is the sole childe to the King? His onely childe:

He had two Sonnes (if this be worth your hearing, Marke it) the eldest of them, at three yeares old Died wasting clothes, the other from their Nurfery Were holme, and to this house, no ghesse in knowledge Which way they went.

2. How long is this ago?

1. Some twenty yeares.

2. That a King's Children should be so conuey'd, So hastily guard'd, and the search so low That could not trace them.

1. How forc'd, '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. Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Queene, Peshamus, and Imogene.

Que. No, be assur'd you shall not finde mee (Daughter) After the slander of most Step-Mothers, Fall-ey'd unto you. You're my Pensioner, but Your Gauer shall deliver you the keys.

2. 3. This:
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

that lo. ke vp your refrains. For you Pafhmanus, So long as I can win the offended King, I will be knowne your Advocate : marry yet 'tis the fire of Rage is in him, and 'twere good You need not to his Sentence, with what patience Your wifdom may informe you: Paf. 'Please your Highnesse, I will from hence to day.

Qu. You know the peril: I'll fetch you hence about the Garden, puttynge The pangs of bard' Affections, though the King Hath charg'd you should not speake together. Exit

Imo. O difembling Cortesie! How fine this Tyrant Can tickle where the wounds? My deere Husband, I sometimces seare my Fathers wrath, but nothing (Always refer'd my holy duty) what His rage can do on me. You must be gone, And I shall here bare the hourly shot Of angry eyes: not comforted to live, But that there is this I dwell in the world, That I may see againe.

Paf. My Queene, my Mistresse: O Lady, weep no more, least I gueause To be suspected of more tendernesse Then doth become a man, I will remaine The loyall & hu. band, that did ere plight truth. My residence in Rome, at one Filaro's, Who, to my Father was a Friend, to me Knowne but by Letter; either write (my Queene) And with mine eyet, He dwell the words you send, Though Inke be made of Gall, Enter Queene.

Qu. Be briefe, I pray you; If the King come, I shall instruct, I know not How much of his displeasure: yet He mone him To walke this way: I never do man wrong, But he do's buy my Inuries, to be Friends: Payes deere for my offences.

Paf. Should we be taking leave As long a termse as yet we have to live, The lossthese to depart, would grow: Adieu. Imo. Nay, stay a little: Were you but riding forth to ayre your selfe, Such parting were too pettie. Looke here (Loue) This Diamond was my Mothers; take it (Fiesrt) But keepe it till you woo another Wife, When Images is dead.

Paf. How, how? Another?
You genteel Gods, give me but this I have, And leare vp my embassations from a next, With bonds of death. Remaine, remaine thou heere, While feme can keepe it on: And sweetest, fairest, As I (my poore selfe) did exchangre for thee To your so infinite losse: so in our tristes I will winne of you. For my sake westhere, It is a Masque of Love, Replace it Upon this fayreft Prisoner.

Imo. O the Gods! When shall we see againe?

Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Paf. Alas, the King. Cym. Thus basefli thing, anoyd hence, from my sight: If after this command thou, fraught the Court With thy vayne sorrows, thou eyght. Away, Thou'rt penyten to my blood. *

Paf. The Gods protect you, And blesse the good Remainers of the Court: Iam gone.

Imo. There cannot be a pinche in death More harpe then this is.
Cym. O dilloyall thing, That should't repaire your youth, thou hap it A yeares agoe on me.

Imo. I befeech you Sir, Harme not your felle with your vexation, I am lenfifile of your Wraath; a Touch more rare Shall all pangs all feare.
Imo. O blesseed, that I might not: I chose an Eagle, And did anoyd a Puttocke.
Cym. Thou took'ft a Beggar, would'ft have made my Throne, a Seat for basaffee.

Imo. No, I rather added a lustre to it.
Cym. O thou wile one!

Imo. Sir, It is your fault that I haue lou'd Pafhmanus: You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is A man, worth any woman: Ouer-buyes mee Almost the summe he payes.
Cym. What? are thou mad?
Imo. Almoft Sir: Heauen relofe mee: would I were A Next-heards Daughter, and my Lewens
Our Neighbour-Shepatches Sonne.
Cym. Thou foolish thing! They were againe together, if you have done Not after our command. Away with her, And pen her vp.

Qu. Befeech your patience: Peace Deere Lady daughter, peace. Sweet Sourقاءign, Leave vs to your felves, and make your selfe some comfort Out of your belte aduice.
Cym. Nay let her languish, A drop of blood a day, and being aged Dye of this Folly.

Exit.

Enter Pifanio.

Qu. Why, you must gave way: Here is your Servant. How now Sir? What news?
Pif. My Lord your Sonne, draw on my Mafter.

Qu. Halt?
No harme I trouble is done?
Pif. There might have bene,
But that my Mafter rather plaied, then fought, And had no helpe of Anger: they were pair'd By Gentlemen, at hand.

Qu. I am very glad out.
Imo. Your Son's my Fathers friend, he takes his part To draw upon an Exile. O brace Sir, I would they were in Affricke both together, My felse by with a Needle, that I might pricke The goer backe. Why came you from your Mafter?
Pif. On his command: he would not suffer me To bring him to the Hauen: left these Notes Of what commands I should be subiect too,
When't pleas'd you to employ me.
Pif. This hath beene
Your faithfull Servant; I dare lay nine Honour He will remaine so.
Pif. I humbly thank you your Highnesse.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Qu. Pray walk a while.

Im. About some halfe hour hence, Pray you speake with me; You shall (at least) go see my Lord aboord. For this time leave me.  

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clot. and two Lords.

1. Sir, I would aduise you to fitt a Shirt; the Violence of Action hath made you rack as a Sacrifice: where ayre comes out, ayre comes in: There's none abroad to wholefome as that you vent.

Clot. If my Shirt were bloody, then to shift it.

Hue hurt him?
2. No faith not fo much at his patience.
3. Hurt him? His bodie's a passible Carkeffe if he bee not hurt. It is a through-fare for Steele if he be not hurt.
4. He Steele was in debt, it went oth'Backe-side the Towne.

Clot. The Villaine would not fand me.

2. No, but he fled forward still, toward your face.
3. Stand you? you have Land enough of your owne: But he added to your haung, gave you some ground.
4. As many inchas, as you have Oceane (Puppies).

Clot. I would they had not come betweenes vs.
5. So would I, till you had mufard how long a Foole you were upon the ground.

Clot. And that thee should lose this Fellow, and re-fuce mee,
6. If it be a fin to make a true election, she is damn'd.
7. Sir, as I told you alwaies; her Beauty & her Braine go not together. She's a good figure, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.
8. She flines not upon Fooles, lest the reflection Should hurt her.

Clot. Come I to my Chamber: would there had beene some hurt done.
9. I wish not so, unlesse it had bin the fill of an Asse, which is no great hurt.

Clot. You'll go with vs?
10. Ie attend your Lordship.

Clot. Nay come, let's go together.

11. Well my Lord.  

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Imogen and Piffa.

Im. I would thou grow'd into the floures o'th'Hauen, And question'd every Sage: if thou should write, And thou have it, 'twere a Paper lost As offer'd mercy's: What was the left That he spake to thee?

Piffa. It was his Queene, his Queene.

Im. Then would he haue the Handkerchief?

Piffa. And I left it, Madam.

Im. Sentethelfe Linnen, happier therein then I: And that was all?

Piffa. No Madam: for fo long.

As he could make me with his eye, or ear, Deftinguishing him from others, he did keene The Decke, with Glowe, or Han, or Handkerchief, Still wandering, as the fins and thrones of vs mind Could beft expresse how his Soule lay'd on, How swift his Ship.

Im. Thou shouldst haue made him As little as a Crow, or leffe, ere lefe To after-eye him.

Piffa. Madam, do I did.

Im. I would haue broke mine eye-strings;

Crack'd them, but to looke upon him, till the diminution Of space, had pointed him sharp as my Needle.

Nay, followed him, till he had mead from The imahen of a Gnat, to ayre; and then Haue turn'd mine eye, and wept. But good Piffa; When shall we heare from him.

Piffa. Be affur'd Madam, With his next vantage.

Im. I did not take my leave of him, but had Most pretty things to say: Ere I could tell him How I would thinke on him at certaine hours, Such thoughts, and fuch: Or I could make him sweare, The Shees of Itlay should not betray Mine Interest, and his Honours: or haue charg'd him At the fix hours of Morn, at Noone, at Midnigh, T encounter me with Orissons, for then I am in Heaven for him: Or else I could, Gue him that parting kiffe, which I had fór Betwixt two charming words, comes in my Father, And like the Tyrannous breathing of the North, Shakes all our buddies from growing.

Enter a Lady.

La. The Queene (Madam) Defines your Highnesse Company.

Im. Thofe things I bid; you do, get them difpatch'd; I will attend the Queene.

Piffa. Madam, I will.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Phedora, Iechnia, a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.

Iech. Believe it Sir, I have leene him in Britaine; he was then of a Creffent note, expected to prove to worthy, as since he hath bene allowed the name of. But I could then have look'd on him, without the help of Admiration, though the Catalogue of his endowments had bin tabulated by his fide, and I to perufe him by items.

Phed. You speake of him when he was leffe furnifh'd, then now he is, with that which makes him both without, and within.

French. I have feene him in France: wee had very ma- ny there, could behold the Sunny, with fafire eyes as ble.

Iech. This matter of marrying his Kings Daughter, where he must be weighed either by her ware, then his owne, worth him (I doubt not) great deals from the matter.

French. And then his banishment.

Iech. 1, and the approbation of thofe that wepe this lamentable duerce under her colours, are wonderfully
to extend him, be it but to fortifie her judgement, which else an unsafe battery might lay flat for taking a Beggar without lest quality. But how comes it, he is to foiourne with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phæ. His Father and I were Souliards together, to whom I have bin often bound for to relieve then my life.

Enter Faltomus.

Here comes the Britaine. I must bee so entertained a mongst you, as sutes with Gentlemen of your knowing, to a Stranger of his quality. I beteche you all be better knowe to this Gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a Noble Friend of mine. How Worthy he is, I will lease to appear hereafter, rather than flowry him in his owne hearing.

French. Sir, we have knowne togethier in Orlaence.

Phæ. Since when I have bin debiter to you for countie, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay fall.

French. Sir, you o're-rate my poore kindnesse, I was glad I did attone my Countryman and you: and it bee pitty you should have beene put together, with so mortall a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so flight and tr🥒ual a nature.

Phœ. By your pardon Sir, I was then a young Traveller, that other floud to go euery where with what I heard, then in my every action to be guided by others experience: but upon my mended judgement (if I offend to say it is mended) my Quarell was not altogether flight.

French. Faith yes, to be put in the abitterment of Swords, and by such two, that would by all likelihood have confounded one the other, or have faile both.

Iach. Can we with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I thinke, was a contention in publicke, which may (without contradiction) befer than report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where euery of euery fell in praise of our Country-Mihtefees. This Gentleman at that time vouching (and upon warrant of bloody affirimation) his to be more Faire, Vertuous, Wife, Challie, Comitarent, Qualified, and leffe attempitable then any, the rarest of our Ladies in France.

Iach. That Lady is not now living; or this Gentleman opinion by this, wrothe ours.

Phœ. She holds it her Verue still, and my mind.

Iach. You must not so faire preferre her, tore ours of Italy.

Phœ. Being so faire prood off as I was in France: I would abate her nothing, though I profess me the selfe her Adorer, nor her Friend.

Iach. As faire, and as good a kind of hand in hand comparson, had beene something too faire, and too good for any Lady in Britannie, if she went before others. I have seene as that Diamond of yours out-flaues many I have beheld, I could not beleue she excelled many; but I have not seene the most prestious Diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

Phœ. I praised her, as I rated her: so do I my Stone.

Iach. What do you esteeme it at?

Phœ. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your vaporous'd Milkiss is dead, or the's eone'spris'd by a trifle.

Phœ. You are mishapen: the one may be solde or giuen, or if there were wealth enouph for the purchace, or merite for the price. The other is not a thing too sale, and onely the guift of the Gods.

Iach. Which the Gods have giuen you?

Phœ. Which by their Graces I will keep.

Iach. You may wear se in tulle yours: but you know strange Folioe light up vpon neighbour Pondis. Your Ring may be solde to one your of vunprecable Efinishments, the one is but fraile, and the other Causti allis. A cunning Thieve, or a (that way) accomplished Courriere, would hazard the working both of fast and left.

Phœ. Your Italy, contains none so accomplisht a Courriere to conjure the Honour of my Milkiss: if in the holding or losse of that, you term se fraile, I do nothing doubt you have forde of Thetes, notwithstanding I feare not my Ring.

Phœ. Let vs lane heere, Gentlemen?

Iach. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy Signior I thinke him, makes no strangere of me, we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times for such conversation, I should get ground of your faire Milkiss; make her go bace, euent to the yeilding, had a admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Phœ. No no.

Iach. I dare not thereupon powne the moyrite of my E- fate, to your Ring, which in my opinion so vales it something; but I make my wager rather against your Confidence, then her Reparation. And to barre your offence here in to, I durst attempt it against any Lady in the world.

Iach. You are a great deale abus'd in too bold a persuasion, and I doubt not you suffistane what y're worthy of, by your Attempts.

Iach. What's that?

Phœ. A Repulse though your Attempt (as you call it) dothe make, more a punishment too.

Phœ. Gentlemen enough of this, it came in too sordi- dely, let it dye as it was borne, and I pray you be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my Estate, and my Neighbours on th'approbation of what I have spoke.

Iach. What Lady would you chuse to sattifie?

Phœ. Yous, whom in contantie you think flinde so faile, I will lay you ten thousand Duckers to your Ring, that command me to the Court where your La- dy is, in with no more advantage then the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence, that Honor officers, which you imagine so refered.

Faltomus. I will wage against your Gold, Gold to it: My Ring I holde were as my finger, 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a Friend, and there in the wifer: if you buy Ladies flesh at a Million a Dram, you cannot pre- ferre it from painting; but I see you have some Religion in you, that you fear.

Phœ. This is but a cufrome in your tongue: you bear a great purpuse I hope.

Iach. I am the Master of my speach, and would un- der-gra what's spoken, I believe.

Phœ. Will you? I shall but lend my Diamond till your returne: let there be Covenants drawn between's. My Milkiss excedes in goodmelle, the hugheness of your vnworthy thinking, I dare you to this match: here's my Ring.

Phœ. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the Gods it is one: if I bring you so suffi- cient testimony that I have enjoy'd the decreet body part of your Milkiss: my ten thousand Duckers are yours.
Scena Sexta.

Enter Quirini, Ladies, and Conelius.

Qu. Whilest ye yet the dove's on ground,
Gather those Flowers,
Make ha'fe. Who has the note of them? Lady. I Madam.
Qu. dispatch. Exit Ladies.

Now Master Doctor, have you brought those drugges? Cor. Please you your Highness, there they are, Madam;
But I beseech your Grace, without offence
(My Confidence bids me ask) wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poiyonous Compounds,
Which are the mooers of a languishing death:
But thought now, deadly.

Qu. I wonder, Doctor,
Thou askst me such a Question: Have I done bene
Thy Pippall long? Ha's thou not taun't me how
To make Perfumes? Difficult! Preferre? Yes, so,
That our great King humbled doth woo me oft
For my Confections? Having thus farre proceeded, (Vanlife thou thinkst me dulciflin) 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
Assaysments to their Act, and by them gather
Their several vertues, and effects.
Cor. Your Highness
Shall from this practice, but make hard your heart:
Besides, the teeing these effects will be
Both none, and infectious.

Qu. O concern thee.

Enter Pifano.

Here comes a flattering Rascal, upon him
Will I first work: He's for his Master,
And enemy to my Sone. How now Pifano?
Doctor, your receipt for this time is ended,
Take your owne way.

Cor. I do suspect you, Madam,
But you shall do no harme.

Qu. Heareth thee, a word.
Cor. I do not like her. She doth think she's a
Strange lang'ing poisons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her wares with
A drugge of such damn'd Nature. Tho' she's
Will hapifie and dull the Senses a while,
Which feeke (persuasion) she'll proue on Cats and Dogs.
Then afterward whip higher: but there is
No danger in what she doth at first;
More then the locking up the Spirits a time,
To be more finely, refining. She is fool'd
With a most false effect: and I, the true,
So to be false with her.

Cor. No further fernce, Doctor,
Virtue I fend for thee.

Cor. I hauely take my leave.

Qu. Keepes the full (trust thou?)
Do't thou hate in me.
She will not question, and let instructions enter
Whereolly no pesidell. Dost thou work as
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my Sonne,
He tell thee on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy Master: Greater, for
His Fortunes all ye ipocelebille, and his name.
Is a lift gaspe. Returne he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: To shu fhew his
Is to exchange one millery with another,
And every day that comes, comes to decay
A dayes work in him. What shall thou expect
To be dependent on a thing that moves?
Who cannot be new built, nor is a's Friends
So much, as to prop him? Thou tak'st vp
Thou know it not what: But take it for thy labour,
It is a thing I made, which hath the King
Five times redeem'd from death, I do not know
What is more Cordiall. Nay, I pritty take it,
It is an Ufetiff of a further good
That I meane to thee. Tell thy Militis how
The cafe stands with her: doste, as fro thy felie
Think what a chance thou changeft and, but thinke
Thou haft thy Militis still. to boore, my Sonne,
Who shall take notice of thee. He mounte the King
To any shape of thy Preference, such
As thou'll desire: and then my felie, I chesely,
That let thee on to this defect, am bound
To loose thy merit richly. Call my women. Exit Pifano.
Think on my words. A flys, and confant knowe,
Not to be shake'd: the Agent for his Master,
And the Remembrance of her, to hold
The hand-fait to her Lord. I have given him that,
Which if he take, shall quite vupe people her.
Of Ledger's for her sweete, and which the after
Excepts the bend her humor, shall be affurd
To tale of too.

Enter Pifano, and Ladies.

So, so: Well done, well done:
The Violets, Cows flutters, and the Prime Roses
Bore to my Closes: Fare thee well. Pifano.
Think on my words. Exit Qu. and Ladies.
Pifan. And shall do:
But when to my good Lord, I proue vratue,
He chouke my selfe: there's all he do for you.


The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Scena Septima.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. A Father cruel, and a Stepdame false, 
A Foolish Suitor to a Weaked Lady, 
That hath her Husband banish'd; O, that Husband, 
My supream Crowne of griefe, and those repeated 
Vexations of it. Had I bin Thee's, Thine, 
As my two Brothers, happy: but most miserable, 
Is that the desires that's glorious. Biezed be those 
How meane so ere, that have their honest wills, 
Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? Eye.

Enter Pisanio, and Iachimo.

Pif. Madam, a Noble Gentleman of Rome, 
Comes from my Lord with Letters, 
Iach. Change you, Madam: 
The Worthy Leonatus is in't story, 
The worthy Leonatus is in't story. 
Imo. Thanks good Sir, 
You're kindly welcome. 
Iach. All of her, that is out of doore, most rich: 
If she be furnish'd with a mind to rare, 
She is a cheat the Arabian Bird; and I 
Have lost the wager. Boldlyf is my Friend: 
Armie me Audace from head to foote, 
Orlike the Parthian I shall flying flight, 
Rather direly fly.

Imogen reads,

He is one of the Noblest natures, whose kindnesses I am most in 
finately tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your 
truftr
So farre I read aloud. 
But even the very middle of my heart 
Is warm'd by'th'ire, and toke it thankfully, 
You are as welcome (worthy Sir) as I 
Have words to bid you, and shall finde it so 
In all, that I can do. 
Iach. Thankes fairest Lady: 
What are men mad? Hath Nature given them eyes 
To see this vaulted Arch, and the rich Crop 
Of Sea and Land, which can distinguisne'Twist 
The firre Orbes above, and the thre'md Stones 
Vpon the number'd Beach, and can we not 
Partition make with Speechis so precious 
Twist faire, and foule? 
Iach. What makes your admiration? 
Iach. It cannot be th'eye: for Ape's, and Monkeys 
Twist two such She's, who chatter this way, and 
Contemne with moves the other. Nor'th judgment. 
For Idiots in this case of favour, would 
Be wilily dehite: Nor'th'Appetite. 
Sulluter to such nathe Excellence, oppos'd 
Should make desire vomit contemptfe, 
Not so foule d'to feed. 
Imo. What is the matter true? 
Iach. The Closed will: 
That fate'ry yet vainias'd dehire,that Tub 
Both fill'd and running: Rauening fisst the Lambe, 
Longs after for the Garbage. 
Imo. What, deere Sir, 
Thus rap's you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks Madam well: Befeech you Sir, 
Defire my Man's abode, where I did leave him; 
He's strange and peevish. 
Pif. I was going Sir, 
To give him welcome. 
Iach. Continues well my Lord? 
His health befteeche you? 
Iach. Well, Madam. 
Iach. Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is, 
Iach. Exceeding pleasant: none a stranger there, 
So merry, and so gamesome: he is call'd 
The Britaine Reueller. 
Iach. When he was here 
He did incline to sadness, and oft times 
Not knowing why. 
Iach. I neuer saw him sad. 
There is a Frenchman his Companion,one 
An eminent Monfsieur, that it seemes such lowes 
A Gallian-Girl at home. He furnaces 
The thicke fishes from him; whilsts the ilyly Britaine, 
(Your Lord I meane)laughes from his free lungs sores oh, 
Can my fides hold, to think that man who knowes 
By History, Report,or his owne proofe 
What woman is, yea what she cannot chooze 
But mutt be will's free houses languisht: 
For affured bonmage? 
Iach. Will my Lord say so? 
Iach. Madam, with his eyes in blood, with laughter, 
It is a Recreation to be by 
And heare him mocke the Frenchman: 
But Huesen's know some men are much too blame. 
Iach. Noo, I hope he 
Iach. Not he: 
But yet Huesen's bounty towards him, might 
Be v'd more thankfully. In himselfe 'tis much; 
In you which I account his bey.on all Tastes. 
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound 
To pitty too. 
Iach. What do you pitty Sir? 
Iach. Two Creatures heartely. 
Iach. Am I one Sir? 
You looke on me: what wrack disfigure you in me 
Deferes your pitty? 
Iach. Lamentable: what 
To hide me from the radiant Sun, and solace 
I' th'Dungeon by a Snuffe. 
Imo. I pray you Sir, 
Deliver with more openneffe your answers 
To my demands. Why do you pitty me? 
Iach. That others do, 
(When I was about to joy)your — but 
It is an offire of the Gods to venge it, 
Not mine to speake on. 
Iach. You do seeme to know 
Something of me, or what concerntes me; pray you 
Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more 
Then to be sute they do. For Certainties 
Either are past remedies; or timely knowing, 
The remedy then borne. Discouer to me 
What both you flur and flop. 
Iach. Had I this cheeke 
To bathe my lips again: this hand, whole touch, 
(Whose every touch) would force the Feelers sole 
To th' oath of loyalty. This object, which 
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye, 
Fiering it only here, should I (damn'd then)
...the Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Sauter with lippes as common as the Flyres
That mount the Capitol: loyne gries, with hands
Made hard with hourly falthold (falfhold as
With labour); then by peeping in an eye
Safe and illurios as the fmockie light
That's fed with flinking Tallow: it were fit
That all the plagues of Hell should at one time
Encounter each revolt.

Imo. My Lord, I feare
Has forgot Britaine.

Iach. And himfelfe, not I
Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce
The Beggery of his change: is't is your Grace
That from my feat, and, to my tongue,
Charmes this report out.

Imo. Let me hear me more.

Iach. O dreare Soule: your Caufe doth drike my hart
With pity, that doth make me fecke. A Lady
So fare, and fond to an Empirie
Would make the greatf King double, to be partner'd
With Tomboyes hyrt'f, with that felle exhibition
Which your owne Coffers yeild: with dilca'f fttees
That play with all Infirmitie for Gold,
Which rotenffe elle can lend Nature.
Such boyl'd fluffe
As well might poyfon Poyfon. Be reng'd,
Or the that bore you, was no Queene, and you
Recoule from your great Stocke.

Imo. Reuen'g':
How fhould I be reuen'g'd? If this be true,
(A I have fuch a Heart, that both mine cares
Muff not in haste abufe it) if it be true,
How fhould I be reuen'g'd?

Iach. Should he make me
Like a fine Prieft, with with cold fheet's,
Where he is vailing variable Rampe's
In your defpit, upon your purfe: reuenge it,
I dedicate my felle to your sweet pleafure,
More Noble then that runnagate to your bed,
And will continue faft to your Affection,
Still clofe, as fure.

Imo. What houa. Pifiano?

Iach. Let me my fervice tender on your lippes.

Imo. Away, I do condemn mine cares, that have
So long attended thee. If thou were Honourable
Thou would't haue told this tale for Venture, not
For fhuch an end thou fack:k'd, as fafe, as strainge:
Thou wrong't a Gentleman, who is as faire
From this report, as thou from Honors and
Solicites here a Lady, that difdaught
Thee, and the Dissiute alike. What houa. Pifiano?
The King my Father fhall be made acquainted
Of thy Affaults: if thou fhall think it fit,
A fancie Stranger in his Court, to Marry
As in a Romans Swer, and to expend
His beffly mindes to vs: he hath a Cour,
He little cares for, and a Daughter, who
He not reftlefs at all. What houa. Pifiano?

Iach. O happy Leonaum! I may fay,
The credit that thy Lady hath of thee
Deferve thy truf, and thy moft perfet goodneffe
Her affur'd credit. Blessed bee you long,
A Lady to the worthifleft Sir, that ever
Country call'd his; and you his Miftref, onely
For the moft worthifleft fit. Give me your pardon,
I haue fpoke this to know if your Affiance
Were deeply rooted, and fhall make your Lord,

That which he is, new o're: And he is one
The trueft manner'd: fuch a holy Witch,
That he enchant Societies into him:
Halfe all men hearts are his.

Imo. You make amend.

Iach. He fits 'mongst men, like a defended God;
He hath a kinde of Honor fets him off,
More then a mortall fcenting. Be not angrie
(Molt mighty Prince!felfe) that I have aduentur'd
To try your taking of a falfe report, which hath
Honour'd with confecration your great judgement,
In the election of a Sir, fo rare,
Which you know, cannot erre. The loue I beare him,
Made me to fan you thus, but the Gods made you
(Unlike all others) chiffeleft. Pray your perdon.

Imo. All's well Sir:
Take my power ith Court for yours.

Iach. My humble thankes: I had almost forgot
'Tintrept your Grace, but in a small requelt,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns:
Your Lord, my felfe, and other Noble Friends
Are partners in the bufinife.

Imo. Pray what's it?

Iach. Some dozen Romances of vs, and your Lord
(The beft Feather of our wing) have mingled titumnes
To buy a Prefent for the Emperor:
Which I (the Factor for the reft) have done
In France: 'tis Plate of rare deuice, and Jewels
Of rich, and exquiite forme, their valewes grace
And I am something curious, being Strange
To have them in safe houage: May it please you
To take them in protection.

Imo. Willingly.

And passe mine Honor for their safety, fince
My Lord hath Interfet them, I will keep them
In my Bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a Trunke
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To fend them to you, onely for this night:
I muft aboord to morrow.

Imo. O to, no.

Iach. Yes: befeech: or I shall shott my word
By lengthening my returne. From Gallia,
I croft the Seas on purpofe, and on promife
To fee your Grace.

Imo. I thank ye for your pains:
But not away to morrow.

Iach. O muft Madam.

Therefore I shall befeech you, if you pleafe
To greet your Lord with writing, doo't to night,
I haue out-flowd my time, which is materiall
To th'ender of our Prefent.

Imo. I will write;
Send your Trunke to me, it fhall safe be kept,
And truly yeelded you: you're very welcome. Excuit.

Actus Secundus, Scena Prima.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Lady. Almof midnight, Madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then:
Mime eyes are weak,
Fold down the the last where I have left: to bed,
Take not away the Taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by loure o' th' clock,
I prythee call me: Sleep lookest did me willingly.
To your protection I commend me, Gods,
From Falstaff, and the Tempters of the night,
Guard me befeech yee

Sleeps.

Iach. The Cricketers sing, and mans o'er-labord's sense
Repairs it felle by ref: Our Tartane thus
Did softly praffle the Rushes, ere he wakend
The Chafftite he wounded. Cytherea
How brually thou becom'ld thy Bed; fretth Lilly,
And whiter then the Sheeters: that I might touch,
But kiffe, one kiffe. Rubies vnparagon'd,
How deerele they don't. 'Tis her breaking that
Perfumes the Chamber thus: the Flare o'th Taper
Bowes toward her, and would vn-peepe her lids,
To feel th'inclofed Lights, now Canopied
Vnder thec windowes, White and Azure lac'd
With Blow of Heauens own vnquit. But my designe
To note the Chamber, I will write all downe,
Such, and luch pictures: There the window, luch
Th'adornment of her Bed; the Arras, Figures,
Why luch, and luch: and the Content'st Story,
Aa, but some natural notes about her Body,
Aboue ten thousand meaner Mouesables
Would rettisife, c 'enish mine Inuentoria.
Of Sleep, thou Ape of death, Jye dull upon her,
And be her Sense but a Monument,
Thus in a Cappell lying. Come off, come off;
As slippere as the Gordian-knot was hard,
’Tis mine, and this will witnesse outwardly,
As strongly as the Confidence do's with'in;
Tooth'madding of her Lord. On her left breft
Amole Cinque-spotted: Like the Crinmon drops
I’s th'bottome of a Cowlippe. Here's a Voucher,
Stronger then euer Law could make; this Secret
Will force him think, I have pick'd the lock, and caine
The treasure of her Honour. No more: to what end?
Why should I write this downe, that's untrue,
Srec'd to my memory. She hath bin reading late,
The Tale of 1 trewn, here the leafes tun'd downe
Where Pholomoe gueze vp. I haue enough,
To th' Trenchake againe, and that the frugge of it.
Swift, wift, you Dragons of the night, that dawning
May beare the Rauen eye: I lodge in Fear,
Though this a Heavenely Angell: hell is here.

Clock strikes
Exis.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Imagery, in her Bed, and a Lady;
Imo. Who's there? My woman: Helene?
La. Please you Madam.
Imo. What house is it?

Enter Cloten, and Lords.

1. Your Lordship is the most patient man in the land,
The most coldset that ever turn'd vp Ace.

Iach. It would make any man cold to looke.
2. But not every man patient after the noble temper
of your Lordship: You are most hot, and furious when
you winne.
Winning will put any man into courage: if I could get this foolish Image, I should have Gold enough: it's almost morning, is't not?

1 Day, my Lord.

Clot. I would this Muscle come: I am aduised to give her Muscle a mornings, they say it will penetrate.

Enter Muficians.

Come on, tune: If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so: we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remine: but I'll never give over. First, a very excellent good conceived things; after a wonderful sweetare, with admirable rich words so in, and then let her confider.

SONG.

Hearts, soars, the Larks at Heavens gate sing; and Phaenomens arise.
His Steeds to water at these Springs on chaste d'Flowers that dye:
And winking Mary-buds begin to open their Golden eyes
With every thing that pretty is, my Lady sweet arise:
Arise, arise.

So, get you gone: if this pen trate, I will consider your Muscle the better: if not do, it is a yoke in her ears which Horse-hairies, and Caluer-guys, nor the yoke of vnpaned Emmuth to boot, can never smed.

Enter Cymbaline, and Queens.

2 Here comes the King.

Clot. I aim glad I was vp folate, for that's the reason I was vp so carely: he cannot choose but take this Service I have done, fatherly. Good morrow to your Majefly, and to my gracious Mother.

Cym. Attend you here the doore of our stern daughter Will the ne forth?

Clot. I have aftay'd her with Mufickes; but the vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The Exile of her Minion is too new, She hath not yet forgott him, some more time: Muft weare the print of his remembrance on us, And then she's yours.

Qu. You are most bound to th'King, Who let's go by no vantages, that may Preferre you to his daughter: Frame your felfe, To orderly soliciety, and be friended With appetenfe of the feafon: make denials Encrease your Services: fo fome, as if You were impref: to do choye duties which You tender to her: that you in all obey her, Sute when comand to your difmiffion tends, And therein you are fenfelefe.


Mef. So like you (Sir) Ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy Fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpofe now;
But that's no fault of his: we must receyve him According to the Honor of his Sender, And towards himfelf, his goodnefe lore-spent on us We muft extend our notice: Our deere Sonne, When you have gien good morning to your Miftres, Attend the Queene, and vs, we fhall have neede Temploy you towards this Romane.

Come our Queene.

Exeunt.

Clot. If the be yp, Ile speake with her: if not Let her lye fll, and dreame: by your leaue hoa, I know her women are about her: what

If I do line one of their hands, 'tis Gold Which buyes admittance (oft it doth) yes, and makes Diana's Rangers tale themeflies, yeeld yp Their Deere toth'Hand o'the Stealer: and 'tis Gold Which makes the True-man kill'd, and faues the Theefer: Nay, fometime hangs both Theefer, and True-man: what Can it not do, and vnido! I will make One of her women Lawyer to me, for I yet not underfand the cafe my felfe.

By your leaue. 

Knocks.

Enter a Lady.

La. Who's there that knocks?

Clot. A Gentleman.

La. No more.

Clot. Yes, and a Gentlewomans Sonne.

La. That's more

Then fome whole Taylors are as deere as yours, Can fufly boast of: what's your Lordships pleafure?

Clot. Your Ladies perfon, is the ready?

La. I, to keepe her Chamber.

Clot. There is Gold for you, Sell me your good report.

La. How, my goodname? or to report of you What I fhall thinkes is good. The Princeffe.

Enter Image.

Clot. Good morrow faireft, Siffer your fweet hand.

Imo. Good morrow Sir, you lay out too much pains For purchauing but trouble: the thanks I give, Is telling you that I am poore of thanks, And fearle can sparse them.

Clot. Still I waffe I love you, Imo. If you but faid fo, 'twere as deep with me: If you waste still, your recompence is flll That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you fhall not fay, I yeeld being feilent, I would not fpeake. I pray you fpare, 'tis fhir 
I fhall unfold equal doctruftfie To your best kindneffe: one of your great knowing Shulde lean (being taught) for bensere.

Clot. To looke on you in your madneffe, 'twere my fain, I will not.

Imo. Foffies are not mad Folkes.

Clot. Do you call me Foffe?

Imo. As I am mad I do:
If you be patient, Ile no more be mad, That cures vs both. I am much fory (Sir) You put me to forget a Ladies manners By being fo verball: and learnne now, for all, That I which know my heart, do heer: pronounce By th'v truth off, I carre not for you, And am fo ner the lacke of Charrtie To accule my felfe, I hate you: which I had rather You felt, then make my boatt.

Clot. You finte againft

Obedience, which you owe your Father, for The Commander you pretend with that base Wretch, One, bred of Aimes. and foffet'd with cold difties, With feraph o'th'Court. It is no Commander, none; And though it be allowed in meaner parries (Yet who then be more meanes) to knit their foules (On whom there is no more dependance
But Brats and Beggery) in felle-figur'd knot, Yet you are cur'd from that enlargemen, by
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

The consequence o'th'Crown, and must not joye
The pittious note of it; with a base Slave,
Arhiding for a liarie, a Squires Cloth,
A Pantler; not so eminente

Ino. Prophane Fellow:
Wert thou the Sonne of Jupiter, and no more,
But what thou art besides: thou wert no base,
To be his Groome: thou wert dignified enough
Even to the point of Emu e. If twere made
Comparative for your Vertues, to be fild
The vnder Hangman of his Kingdome; and hated
For being prefer'd so well.

Cloth. The South-Fog roch him.

Ino. He never can meete more mischance, then come
To be but nam'd of thee. His mean't Garment
That euer hard but clipt his body; is dearer
In my respect, then all the Heeres aboute thee,
Were they all made such men: How now Piffonio?

Enter Piffonio.

Cloth. His Garments? Now the duel.

Ino. To Dora thy woman hue nowe presently

Cloth. His Garments of?

Ino. I am frighted with a Feole,
Frighted, and angred worse: Go but my woman
Search for a Jessell, that too causally
Hath left mine Arme: it was thy Masters. Shew me
If I would loose it for a Reuenue,
Of any Kings in Europe. I do think,
I faft this morning: Confident I am.
Last night twas on mine Arme; I left'd it,
I hope it be not gone, to tell my Lord
That I knisse aught but he.

Piff. 'Twill not be lost.

Ino. I hope, to go and search.

Cloth. You have abus'd me:
His meanent Garment?

Ino. I, I said to Sir,
If you will make an Action, call wintefe to t.

Cloth. I will enforce my Father.

Ino. Your Mother too:
She's your good Lady; and will conceive, I hope
But the worth of so drye; I leave your Sir,
To th'word of discontent.

Cloth. He bereueng'd:
His mean't Garment? Well.

Enter Pofibusus, and Philario.

Poff. Fear me not Sir: I would I were so sure
To winne the King, as I am bold, her Honour
Will remaine her's.

Pofi. What meanes do you make to him?

Poff. Not any: but abide the change of Time,
Quake in the present winters flate, and with
That warmer days would come: in these fear'd I
Barly grattice your love; they fayling
I must die much of your debtor.

Pofi. Your very goodnesse, and your company,
Ore-payers all I can do. By this your King,
Hath heard of Great Augustus; Caius Lucius,
Will do his Commission throughly. And I think

Hee will grant the Tribut: send th'Arerages,
Or look upon our Romaines,whole remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grie.

Poff. I do beleive
(Statuit though I am none, not like to be)
That this will prove a Ware; and you shall heare
The Legion now in Gallia, souerey landed
In our not-tearing-Britaine, then hate eydings
Of any penny Tribut paid. Our Countrymen
Are men more order'd, then when Inuitus Cesar
Smitt'd at their lacke of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline,
(Now wing'd with their courages) will make knoune
To their Approvers, they are People;uch
That mend upon the world.

Enter Iachimo.

Pofi. See Iachimo.

Poff. The twintief Hart, haue posted you by land;
And Winder of all the Corners kil'd your Sailes,
To make your veiell milbe.

Pofi. Welcome Sir,

Poff. I hope the briefenesse of your anfwer, made
The speediness of your returne.

Iach. Your Lady, is one of the paynter that I have look'd vpon

Poff. And therewithall the befl, or let her beauty
Looke thorough a Cefament to allure falle hearts,
And be falle with them.

Iach. Here are Letters for you.

Poff. Their tenure good I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Pofi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britaine Court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Poff. All is well yet.
Sparkles this Stone as it was wont, or is not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I have loft it,
I shoule haue loft the worth of it in Gold,
He make a journey twice as faire, t enioy
A second night of incf sweet shortenefle, which
Was mine in Britaine, for the Ing is wonne.

Poff. The Stones too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your Lady being fo easy.

Poff. Make more Sir
Your loste, your Sport: I hope you know that we
Must not continue Friends.

Iach. Good Sir, we must
If you keepe Covenant: had I not brought
The knowledge of your Miftris home, I grant
We were to question farther; but I now
Profeffemy felfe the winner of her Honor,
Together with your King; and not the stronger
Of her, or you hathing proceeded but
By both your wives.

Poff. If you can mak' appearant
That you have tafted her in Bed; my hand,
And Ring is yours. If not, the foule opinion
You had of her pure Honours gaines, or looses,
Your Sword, or mine, or Mafterlifc leave both
To who hall find them.

Iach. Sir, my Circumstances
Being fo nere the Truth as I will make them,
Muff mift induce you to beleue; whole strength
I will confirme with oath, which I doubst not

You'
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall finde
You vnceed it not.
Post. Proceed.
Lach. First, her Bed-chamber
(Where I coufiess I hepe not, but professe
Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd
With Tapestry of Sike, and Siller, the Story
Proud Cepheus, when he met her Roman,
And Silenus, he did about the Banke, or for
The preffe of Doves, or Princes. A piece of Work
So handsomely done, so rich, that it did staine
In Worthenship, and Value, which I wonder'd
Could be so rare, and exactly wrought
Since the true life on't was
Post. This is true:
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.
Lach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.
Post. So they must,
Or doe your Honour injury.
Lach. The Chimney
Is South the Chamber, and the Chimney-piece
Chafte Dine, breading: never saw I Figures
So likely to represent themselves; the Corner
Was as another Nature dumble, out-went her,
Motion, and Breath left out.
Post. This is a thing
Which you might from Relation likewise reape,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.
Lach. The Roofe of her Chamber,
With golden Cherubins is fretted. Her Andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of Siller, each on one foote standing, nicely
Depending on their Brands,
Post. This is her Honor:
Let it be granted you have seene all this (and praise
Be given to your remembrance) the description
Of what is in her Chamber, nothing faues
The wager you have laid.
Lach. Then if you can
Be pale, I begge but leave to syre this Jewell: See,
And now 'tis vp againe: it must be married
To that your Diamond, Ile keep them.
Post. True.
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?
Lach. Sir (I thanke her), that
She flipp'd it from her Arme: I see her yet:
Her pretty Action, did our-sell her guift,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gaue it me,
And saide, the price'd it once.
Post. May be, she pluck'd it off
To send it me.
Lach. She writes so to you? doth flie?
Post. No, no, no, tis true. Heere, take this too,
It is a Bassifkins unto mine eye,
Killles me to looke on't: Let there be no Honor,
Where there is Beauty: Truth, where feemance: Love,
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:
Of plaine measure false.
Phli. Have patience Sir,
And take your Ring againe, it's not yet wonne:
It may be probable the lost it so:

Who knowes if one her women, being corrupted
Hath stolen it from her.
Post. Very true,
And to I hope he came by: backe my Ring,
Render to me some corporall ligne about her,
More evident then this: for this was thine.
Lach. By Jupiter, I had it from her Arme.
Post. Hearke you, he wassures: by Jupiter he wassures.
'Tis true, may kepe the Ring; 'tis true I am sure
She would not look in theire. Attendants are
All worne, and honourable: they indued to feast it?
And by a Stranger? No, he hath enjoy'd her,
The Cognizance of her incontinencie
Is this: she hath bought the name of Where, thus dearly
There, take thy lyre, and all the Friends of Hell
Divide themselves betweene you.
Phli. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be believd
Of one pertised well of.
Post. Neuer talke on't;
She hath bin colted by him.
Lach. If you fecke
For further satisfying, vnder her Breast
(Worthy her preffing) lyes a Mole, right proud
Of that most delicate Lodging. By my life
I kill it, and it gave me prentice hunger
To feede a game, though full. You do remember
This fancie upon her?
Post. I. and it doth confirme
Another fancie, as bigge as Hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.
Lach. Will you heare more?
Post. Spare your Arachnacrie,
Neuer count the Tunes: Once, and a Million.
Lach. Ile be worne.
Post. No swearing:
If you will sware you have not done't, you lyse,
And I wil kill thee, if thou do't deny
Thou made me Cuckold.
Lach. Ile deny nothing.
Post. O that I had her here, to teare her Limb-meale.
I will go there and doe't, to the Court, before
Her Father. Ile do something.
Phli. O quite beside me.
The government of Patience. You have wonne:
Let's follow him, and peruse the present wrath
He hath against himselfe.
Lach. With all my heart.
Exit.

Enter Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for Men to be, but Women
Must be halfe-workers? We are all Ballards,
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my Father, was, I know not where
When I was flaine. Some Conyer with his Tools
Made me a counterfeitt: yet my Mother form'd
The Devil of that time: to doth my Wife
The Non-pareil of this, Oh Vengeance, Vengeance!
Me of my law full to plese the remembr'd,
And pry's me oft the same, and did with
A prudence & R. he, the latter view on't,
Might well have war'd of bile Sature
That I thought her
A Chaste, as un-un'd Snow. Oh, all the Diuels!
This yellow Iachan in an hour, was't not?
Or lesse at first? Perchance he spoke not, but
Like a full Acord of Boare, a Harmen 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 Woman's part in me, for there's no motion
That tends to Vice in man, but I affirme
It's the Woman's part: be it Lying, note it,
The Woman's Flattering, hers; Deceitful, hers:
Lust, and ranke thoughts, hers, hers: Reuenges hers:
Ambition, Courtings, change of Drides, Disdaine,
Nice-longing, Slackness, Mutability;
All Faults that name, nay, that, Hell knows,
Why hers, in part, or all: but rather all For even to Vice
They are not content, but are changing still;
One Vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. He write against them,
Detest them, curse them: yet it's greater Skill
In a true Hare, to pray they have their will:
The very Duels cannot plague them better. \hspace{1cm} Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter in State, Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords at
one door, and at another, Caius, Lucius,
and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Angiusus Caius with vs?
Luc. When Inlius Caius (whose remembrance yet
Lives in mens eyes, and will to Eares and Tongues
Be Theame, and hearing ever) was in this Britain,
And Conquer'd it, Caffihulan thine Vizkele
(Fa mou in Caius preystes, no whir leffe
Then in his Feats deffering it) for him,
And his Succeedin, granted Rome a Tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds; which(by thee) lately
Is left vntender'd.
Qu. And to kill the merciaile,
Shall be no euer.
Caius. There be many Caius,
Ere such another Inlius: Britaine's a world
By it selfe, and we will nothing pay
For wearing our owne Notes.
Qu. That opportunity
Which then they had to take from's, to resume
We have againe. Remember Sir, my Liege,
The Kings your Anceftors, together with
The natural brauery of your ilfe, which stands
As Neptune's Park, ribb'd, and pal'd in
With Oakes unskalable, and roaring Waters,
With Sands that will not beare your Enemies Botes,
But tuckle them vp to'th Top mast. A kinde of Conqueft
Caius made heere, but made not heere his bragge
Of Came, and Sav, and Over-came: with flame
(Th' first that gude touch'd him) he was carried
From off our Coast, twice beaten: and his Shipping
(Poor unknowne Brabbles) on our terrible Seas
Like Egg-feibes moun'd upon their Surges, crack'd
As easely quaff our Rockes. For loy whereof,
The fam'd Caffihulan, who was once at point
(Oh giglet Fortune) to make Caius Sword,
Made Lust on him with rejoycing-Fires bright,
And Britaines thru with Courage.
Caius. Come, there's no more Tribute to be paid: our
Kingdoms is fittonger then it was at that time: and (as i
said) there is no more Caius, among of them may have
Credi'd Notes, but to such luftrate Armes, none.
Cym. Son, let your Mother end.
Caius. We have yet many among vs, can grapple hard
as Caffihulan, I doe not say I am one: but I have a hand,
Why Tribute? Why should we pay Tribute? If Caius
Can hide the Sun from vs with a Blanket, or put the Moone
in his pockt, we will pay him Tribute for light: else Sir,
no more Tribute pray you now.
Cym. You must know,
Till the inrious Romans, did extort
This Tribute from vs, we were free. Caius Ambition,
Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The fides of the World, against all colour heree,
Did put the yaok p'冯; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Our felue to be, we do. Say then to Caius,
Our Ancestor was thant Malmutius, which
Ordain'd our Lawes, whose vfe the Sword of Caius
Had too much mangled; whose repaire, and franchise,
Shall (by the power we hold) be our good deed,
The Rome be therefore angry. Malmutius made our Lawes
Who was the first of Britaine, which did put
His browe within a golden Crowne, and call'd
Himselfe a King.
Luc. I am sorry Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Angiusus Caius
(Caius, that hath moo Kings, his Servants,then
Thy felle Domatle Office) shone Enemy:
Receive you from me then. Warre, and Confution
In Caius name pronounce I gainst thee: Looke
For fury, not to be refist. Thus define,
I thank thee for my felie.
Cym. Thou art welcome Caius,
Thy Caius Knighted me; my youth I spent
Much vnder him; of him, I gather'd Honour,
Which he, to fecke of me againe, perfecce,
Behoues me keepe at vterance. I am perfect,
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their Liberties are now in Armes: a P. eidente
Which not to reade, would shew the Britaines cold
So Caius shall not finde them.
Luc. Let proofe speake.
Caius. His Majestie biddes you welcome. Make pa-
ftime with vs, a day, or two or longer: if you seek vs af-
terwards in other teenes, you shall finde us in our Salt-
water-Girdle: if you byste vs out of it, is it yours: if you fall
in the adventure, our Crowes shall fare the better for
you: and there's an end.
Luc. So fir.
Cym. I know your Majestie pleasure, and he mine:
All the Remaie, is welcome.

Scene Secunda.

Enter Pisanio reading of a Letter.
Pif. How! of Adulterey? Wherefore write you not
What Monitors her accute? Leuana?
Oh Mafter, what's a strange infection

Exempt.
Is false into thy ear? What false Italian,
As poysonous tongue’d, as handed) hath prestuid
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyall, No.
She’s punish’d for her Truth; and undergoes
More Goddefe-like, then Wife-like, such Afaults
As would take in some Vertue. Oh my Matter,
Thy mind to her, is now as low, as were
Thy Fortunes. How? That I should mutther her,
Vpon the Loue, and Truth, and Vowes; which I
Have made to thy command? Ihet? Her blood?
If it be, to do good fertice, never
Let me be counted ferticible. How looke I,
That I should seeme to lacke humanity,
So much as this Fact comes to? Don’t it The Letter,
That I have sent her, by her own command;
Shall give thee opportunitie. Oh damn’d paper,
Blacke as the Ike that’s on thee; fenfleff, bauble,
Art thou a Fandarie for this Act; and look?°
So Virgin-like without? Lohe here the comes.

Enter imagen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Ino. How now Pifana?

Pif. Madam, here’s a Letter from my Lord,

Ino. Whos thy Lord? That’s my Lord Leonatus.

Oh, learn’d indeed werest Altonomer
That knew the Starres; as his Characters,
Heel’d he Fy the open Future. You good Gods,
Let what is heere contain’d, tellish of Loue,
Of my Lords health, of his content; yet not
That we two are stranider, let that grieve him;
Some griefes are medecinal, that is one of them,
For it doth phyticke Loue, of his content,
All but in that. Good Wat, thy leve; blet’t thee
You bees that make these Lockes of counsaille. Louers,
And men in dangerous Bonds pray not alike,
Though Forfeytours you call in prifon; yet
You chaile yeung Conspicous Tables: good Newes Gods.

I intice and your Fathers wrath (should he take me in his
Dominoes) could not be a treaty to mee, as you: (oh the detri-
vet of Creeters) would not euen renew mee with your eyes. Take
notice that I am in Cambria at Milford-Hauen: what your
owne Loue, will out of this admits you, follow. So he wills you
all hopinesse, that remains loyal to his Pown, and your exer-
crising in Love.

Leonatus Pottbamus.

Oh for a Horie with wings: Hear thou Pifana!
He is at Milford-Hauen: Read, and tell me
How farre his thic liber. If one of meane affaires
May ploid it in a weeke, why may not I
Glide thicker in a day? Then truue Pifana,
Who long’d like mee, to see thy Lord; who long’d it
(Oh let me baste) but not like me: yet long’d it
But to a fainter kind, Oh not like mee:
For mine is beyond, beyond thy way, and speake thick.
(Loues Counsellor shal fill the boats of hearing,
To th’imderstanding of the Gene) how farre it is
To this fame blestef Milford. And by’tway
Tell me how Wales was made to happy; as
Timerectic such a Hauen. But if't of all,
How wetties steale from hence: and for the gap
That we shall make in Time, from out hence-going,
And our returne, to excufe: but if’t, how ger hence.
Why should excufe be borne or ere begot?
Weel talke of that hereafter. Pethrech speake,
How many frote of Miles may we well rid

Twixt houre, and houre?

Pif. One score twixt Sun, and Sun.

Madam’s enough for you: and too much too.

Ino. Why, one that rode to’s Execution Man.
Could not we go to flow: I have heard of Riding wagers,
Where Hories have bin nimble than the Sands
That run n’ti’Clocks behalfe. But this is fooltie,
Go bid my Woman faire a Sickenffe, say
She’ll home to her Father; and pradice me presently
A Riding Suit. No costles then would fit
A Franklins Huwife.

Pif. Madam, you’re jest confer.

Ino. I see before me (Man) nor here, nor here;
Nor what enures but have a Pig in them
That I cannot looke through. Away, I prathe,
Do as I bid thee. There’s no more to say:
Accessible is none but Milford way.

Exeunt.

Scene Tertia.

Enter Belenus, Gudierius, and Aureagus.

Sel. A goodly day, not to keepe house with such,
Whole Roofe’s as lowe as ours: Stepe Boyes, this gate
Influets you how to advertis the Heavens; and bowes you
To a mornings holy office. The Gates of Monarches
Art. Arch’d so high, that Giants may set through
And keep their impious Tubonds on, without
Good morrow to the Sun. Hale thou faire Heaven,
We houle I’h Rocke, yet vie thee not to hardy
As prouder livers do.

Guil. Hale Heaven.


Sel. Now for our Mountaine iports, up to yond hill
Your legges are yong: He tread their Flats. Consider,
When you abate perceiue me like a Crow,
That it is Place, which leffens, and lets off,
And you may then revoule what Tales, I haue told you,
Of Courts, of Princes; of the Tricks in Warre.
This Service, is not Service; so being done,
Burring is allowed. To apprehend thus,
Drawes vs a profit from all things we see:
And often to our comfort, shall we finde
The thunders-Bettle, in a later hold
Then is the full-wing’d Eagle. Oh this life,
Is Nebier, then attending for a checke:
Richer then doing nothing for a Babe:
Prouder, then nutling in vineye-Jor Silke:
Such gaine the Cap of him, that makes him fine,
Yet keeps his Booke vncread: no life to ours.
Guil. Or your proofs you speak: we poate vrlefg’d
Huede never wing’d from view o’th’Clocks; nor knowes not
What Ayre’s from home. Halpy this life is beft,
(If quiet life be best) sweekere to you
That have a freaper knowne. Well corresponding
With your fiftle Age; but unto us, it is
A Cell of Ignorance: trauailing a bed,
A Prison, or a Debtor, that not dares
To Bide a limite.

Aur. What should we speake of
When we are old as you? When we shall here
The Raine and winde beare darke December? How
In this out pitchinge Cause, shall we discourse
At three, and two yeares old, I stole these Babes,
Thinking to barre tree of Sucktion, as
Thou refis me of my Lands. Everphile,
Thou was't their Nurse, they took thee for their mother,
And every day doth no more to her graue;
My selfe Relurne, that am Agerus, all'd
They take for Natural Father. The Game is vp. Ext.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Pifano and Imogen.

Iomo. Thou told'st me when we came fro horse, y place
Was neere at hand: Ne're long'd my Mother to
To fee me first, as I have now. Pifano, Man:
Where is Paffimous? What is in thy mind
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From th'inward of thee? One, but painted thus
Would be interpretted a thing perpe'd
Beyond felle-explication. Put thy felfe
Into a hauour of felle feare, ere wildneffe
Vanquish my fayder Senfes. What's the matter?
Why tender it thou that Paper to me, with
A looke intender'd? I'll be Summer Newes
Smile not before. It Winterly, thoa need't?
But keep that countenance fih. My Husband's hand?
That Drug-dame'd trify, hath o'fuste craft'd,
And he's at some far hard poynts. Speake man, thy Tongue
May take a fome extrainctise, which to read
Would be even moreall to me.
Pif. Pleafing you read,
And you (hall finde me (wretched man) a thing
The moft diftain'd of Fortune.

Imogen reads.

"Thy Miftres (Pifano) hath place the Strumpet in my
Bed: the Toolinances whereof, her bleeding in me. I speak
not out of meake Surmifer, but from proofs as strong as my
greafe, and as certaine as I expell my Reuenge. That part, thou
(Pifano) weft line for my felf be not tainted with
the breath of fets; let those owne hands take away her life: I shall
not use the opportunity at Mifford Haven. She hath my Letter
for the purpofe: where, if thou fhowe to flrike, and to make me
therefore it is done, thou art in the Pandem to dyfhonour, and
equally to my difgrace."

Pif. What shall I need to draw my Sword, the Paper
Hath cut her throat already? No, 'tis Slander,
Whose edge is sharper then the Sword, whose tongue
Out-venomes all the Wormes of Nyke, whose breath
Rides on the pofting winde, and doth belye
All corners of the World. Kings, Queenes, and States,
Maides, Matrons, may the Secres of the Graue
This viporous fander enters. What cheer, Madam?
Iomo. Falle to his Bed? What is it to be falle?
To lye in watch there, and to thinke on him?
To weepe 'twixt clock and clock? Ifllep charge Nature,
To breake it with a feardfull dreame of him,
And cry my felle awake? That's fathio's bed? Is it?
Pif. Alas good Lady,
Iomo. I falle? Thy Confidence wittene; Iachino,
Thou didst accufe him of cintentenice,
Thou then look'd diflike a Villaine: now, me thinke's
Thy
Alack!
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Act Five, Scene Four

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords.

Cym. Thus fare, and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, Royall Sir: My Emperor hath wrote, I must from hence, And am right sorry, that I must report ye My Masters Enemy.

Cym. Our Subject? (Sir) Will not endure his yoke; and for our selves To shew least Soveraigny than they, must needs Appare in Kinglike.


Cym. My Lords, you are appointed for that Office: The due of Honor, in no point omit: So farewell Noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my Lord.

Clo. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth I wear it as your Enemy.

Luc. Sir, the Envoys
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my Lords Till he haue crost the Severn. Happines. Exit Lucius, &c.

On. He goes hence frowning: but it honours vs That we have 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 his vs therefore riperly Our Chariots, and our Horsemen be in readiness: The Powres that he already hath in Gallia Will sooner be drawn to head, from whence heronies 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 Daughter? She hath not appease'd Before the Roman, nor to vs hath tender'd the Duty of the day. She looke vs like A thing more made of malice, then of duty, We have noted it. Call her before vs, for We have beene too flight in sufferance.

Qu. Royall Sir, Since the exile of Posthumus, most retyr'd Hath her life bin: the Cure whereof, my Lord, 'Tis time mult do. Beseach your Maifey, Forbeare sharp speeches to her. She's a Lady So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes, And strokes death to her.

Enter a Messenger.

Cym. Where is the Sir? How Can her contempt be answerd?

Mes. Praise you Sir, Her Chambers are all lock'd, and there's no answer That will be given to'th loud of noise, we make,

Qu. My Lord, when last I went to visit her, She pray'd me to execute her keeping close, Whereunto constrain'd by her inimitable, She should that dutie leave vs side to you Which dayly she was bound to proffer: this She wish'd me to make knowne: but our great Court Made me too blame in memory.

Cym. Her doores lock'd?

Not seen of late? Grant Heaven, that which I

Feste, proue false.

Qu. Sonne, I say, follow the King.

Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old Scruant.

I have not seen these two days.

Qu. Go, looke after: Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus, He hath a Drugge of mine: I pray, his absence Proceed by following that. For he beleues It is a thing most precious. But for her, Where is the gone? Hauly dispare hath seiz'd her: Or wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flowne To her defiled Posthumus: gone she is, To death, or to dishonor, and my end Can make good vie of either. She being downe, I have the placing of the Brittish Crowne.

Enter Cloten.

How now, my Sonne?

Clo. 'Tis certain she is fled: Go in and cheere the King, he rages, none Dare come about him.

Qu. All the better: may This night fore-stall him of the comming day. Exit Qu.

Clo. I love, and hate her: for she's Faire and Royall, And that the hath all courtoy parts more exquisite

Then
Then Lady, Ladies, Woman, from every one
The bell she hath, and fea of all compounded
Out-fellers them all. I love her therefore, but
Difdaining me, and throw'ning Fauns on
The low Paffhumus, Bonders to her judgement,
That what's else rare, is chok'd and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay indeed,
To be reuing'd upon her. For, when Fools flall—

Enter Pifianc.

Who is here? What, are you pack'd fiirth?
Come hither: My you precious Pandar, Villaine,
Where is thy Lady? In a wood, or else
Thou art straightforward with the Fiends.
Pif. Oh, good my Lord.
Clo. Where is thy Lady? Or, by Jupiter,
I will not ask againe. Cloie Villaine,
He haue this Secret from thy heart, or tip
Thy heart to finde it. Is the which Paffhumus?
From whose to many weights of barneflee, cannot
A dam of word be drawne, Clo.

Alas my Lord,

How can she be with him? When was the mis'd?
He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is the Sir? Come nearer:
No farther halting: fast-siue home,
What is become of her?
Pif. Oh, my all-worthy Lord.
Clo. All-worthy Villaine,
Difcover where thy Miftris is, at once,
At the next word: no more of worthy Lord:
Speake, or thy silence on the infant, is
Thy condemnation, and thy death.
Pif. Then Sir: This Paper is the historie of my knowledge
Touching her flight.
Clo. Let's see: I will pursue her:
Even to Angelfon Throne.
Pif. Or this, or peril:
She's faire enough, and what he learns by this,
May prove his travell, nor her danger.
Clo. Hump.
Pif. He write to my Lord the's dead: Oh Imogen,
Safe may't thou wander, safe returne a'gen.

Clo. Sirra, is this Letter true?
Pif. Sir, as I think.
Pif. It is Paffhumus hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou
Would'st not be a Villain, but do me true service: under-
go those Implement: when I should have cause to vie
Thee with a serious industry, that's, what villainy once I
Bid thee do to perfornce, direcly and bravely, I would
Think thee an honest man: thou shouldst neither want
My means for thy releafe, nor my voys for thy prefer-

Pif. Well, my good Lord.

Clo. Whitt thou ferve mee? For since patiently and
constandy thou haft flucke to the bare Fortune of that
Begger Paffhumus, thou canst not in the course of grati-
itude, but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou ferve
me?
Pif. Sir, I will.

Clo. Gue meet thy hand, here's my purse. Haft any
of thy late Mafter Garments in thy puffelon?
Pifan. I haue (my Lord) at my heart the fame
Suite he wore, when he took leave of my Ladie & Mi-
fellce.

Clo. The fift fervice thou doft mee, fetch that Suite
hither, let it be thy fift fervice, go.
Pif. I flall my Lord.

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Hauen: I forgot to ask thee
one thing. Ile remember, and even then, thou
villaine Paffhumus will I kill thee. I would these Gar-
ments were come. She abide upon a time (the bitrate
of it, I know belch from my heart) that thee hold the very
Garment of Paffhumus, in more respect, then my Noble
and natural person; together with the adornment of
my Qualities. With that Suite upon my backe will I ra-
uirth her: fift kill him, and in her eyes; there fhal thee
my valour, which wilt then be a torment to his contempt.
He on the ground, my speeche of infultment ended on his
dead bodie, and when my Luft hath dined (which, as I
fay, to vex her, I will execute in the Clothes that the ifo-
raithd't to the Court He knockd her backe, foot her home
againe. She hath defpite'd mee unreasonable, and lie bee
merry in my Revenge.

Enter Pifianc.

Bechoe the Garments?
Pif. Low Noble Lord.

Clo. How long is't since thee went to Milford-Hauen?
Pif. She can fcarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this Apparell to my Chamber, that is
the second thing that I have commanded thee. The third
is, that thou wilt be a voluntriy Mute to my defire. Be
but durtious, and true preferment shall tender it felfe
to thee. My Revenge is now at Milford, would I had winge
to follow it. Come, and be true.

Pif. Thou bid'ft mee to my leve: for true to thee,
Werc to proue falt, which I will never bee
To him that is most true. To Milford go,
And finde not her, whom thou purfuite. Flow, flow
You Heavenly blessings on her: This Fools speece
Be croft with flawnelle; Labour be his med.

Enter Imogen above.

Ioua. I fee a mans life is a tedious one,
I have tyr'd my selfe: and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be fmake,
But that my resolution helps me. Milford,
When from the Mountaine top, Pifianc fhew'd thee,
Thou was't not within a kenne. Oh Loue, I think
Foundations flye the wretched: each I mean,
Where they shoul: be recol'd. Two Beggers told me,
I could not fuffle my way. Who poore Folkes Iye
That have Afflictions on them, knowing'tis
A punishment, or Tryall? Yes, no wonder,
When Rich ones fcare tell true. To laple in Fullene
Is force, then to lye for Neede; and Falhood
Is worfe in Kings, then Beggers. My dere Lord,
Thou art one of the fale One: Now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to fiue, for Food. But what is this?
Here is a path coo't: 'tis some falue hold:
I were beft not call: I dare not call: yet Famine
Ere cleane it o're-throw Nature, makes it valiant,
Plentie, and Peace breeds Cowards: Hardneffe euer
Of Hardineffe is Mother. How? who's here?
If any thing that's caulf, speake: if fauce,
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arrimagus.

Bel. You Pulchre have proud'beft Woodman, and Are Master of the Feast: Calladoll, and I Will play the Cooke, and Seruant, 'tis our match: The feast of industry would dry, and dye But for the end it workes too. Come, our fomackes Will make what's hereby, fattyour: Wearieffe Can inore upon the Flint, when rettie Sloth Finds the Downe-pillow hard. Now peace be here, Poor house, that keep'ft thy felle.

Gu. I am throughly weary.

Arr. I am weake with toyle, yet strong in appetite.

Gu. There is cold meat if'th'CAfe, we'll brouz on that Whilft what we have kill'd, be Cook'd.

Bel. Stay, come not in:

But that it eates our vittuales, I should thinke Here were a Fairy.

Gu. What's the matter, Sir?

Bel. By Jupiter an Angell: or if not An earthly Paragon, Behold Diana'slf No elder then a Boy.

Enter Imogen.

Gu. Good masters harme me not:

Before I eater d herce, I call'd, and thought To have begg'd, or bought, what I have tooke: good troth I have fione nought, nor would not, though I found Gold strewn d'fth'Ploore. Here's money for my Meare, I would have left it on the Board, Soone As I had made my Meale; and pasted With Praysrs for the Provider.

Gu. Money? Youth.

Arr. All Gold and Siluer rather tune to durt, As 'tis no better: reckond, but of thofe Who worship dury God,

Gu. I fee you're angry:

Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should Have dyed, had I not made it.

Bel. Whether bound?

Gu. To Milford-Hauen. Arr. What's your name?

Gu. Eble Sir: I have a Kirntman, who Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford, To whom being going, almost spent with hunger, I am false in this ofience.

Bel. Psalm (faire youth)

Thinke vno Charles: nor measure our good minde By this rude place we hae in. Well encounter'd, 'Tis almost night, you shall haue better cheere Ere you depart; and thankes to flay, and eat it: Boyes, bid him welcome.

Gu. Were you a woman, youth, I should woe hard, but be your Groom in honEsty; I bid for you, as I do buy.

Arr. Ile make my Comfort:

He is a man, Ile love him as my Brother: And such a welcome as I'd give to him

(After long abidence) fuch is yours. Most welcome: Be sriightly, for you fall mongt friends.

Gu. Mongt Friends?

If Brothers: would it had bin fo, that they Had bin my Fathers Sons, then had I prize Bin lefe, and to more equal ballaiting To thee Pekhamus, Bel. He wrings at some direffe.

Gu. Would I could free:

Arr. Or I what ere it be,

What paine it cost, what danger: Gods!

Bel. Hearke Boyes.

Gu. Great men That had a Court no bigger then this Cate, That did attend themselves, and had the vexture Which their owne Confection feal'd them: playing by That nothing-guilt of differing Multitudes Could not one-peer the thee twaine. Pardon me Gods, I'd change my yee to be Companion with them, Since Leonato fails.

Bel. It shal be so:

Boyes weel! go derele our Hunt. Faire youth come in; Discourse is heavy, fafting: when we have fup'd We'll manners demand thee of thy Story, So farre as thou wilt speake it,

Gu. Pray draw neere.

Arr. The Night owle,

And Morse to th Earthy lefe welcome.

Gu. Thanks Sir.

Arr. I pray draw neere.

Enter Imogen.

Scena Octava.

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

Sen. This is the tenor of the Emperors Writ:

That since the common men are now in Action 'Gainft the Pannonians, and Dalmatians,

And that the Legions now in Gallia, are Full weak to undertake our Warses against

The false-off Britanyes, that we do incite

The Gentry to this businesse. He creates

Lucius Pro-Conful: and to you the Tribunes

For this immediate Levy, he commands

His absolute Commination. Long live Cesar.

Tri. Is Lucius Generall of the Forces?

Sen. 1.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

Sen. With those Legions

Which I have spoke of whereunto your lenie Must be supplicant: the words of your Commission Will you to the numbers, and the time

Of their dispatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Cloten alone.

Clo. I am mend to this place where they should meet, If Pindas have mapp'd it truly. How fit his Garmenets serve me? Why shold his Miftris who was made by him.
that made the Taylor, not be fit too? The rather (faying
reverence of the Word) for 'tis fide a Woman's fimile
comes by fits; therein I must play the Workman, I dare
fpeak it to my felf, for it is not Vaioglorie for a man,
and his Glaite, to confer in his owne Chamber: I mean,
the Lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no leffe
young, more strong, not beneath him in Fortunes, be-
yond him in the advantage of the time, above him in
Birth, alike conftant in general fervices, and more re-
makable in fingle oppofitions; yet this imperfeuent
Thing loves him in my delight, What Moraliaff is?
Posthumus, thy head (which now is growing upon thy
shoulders) fhall within this hour be off, thy Miftris
forced, thy Garments cut to pieces before thy face; and
all this done, fpare her home to her Father, who may
(happily) be a little angry for my to rough vager: but my
Mother having power of her Reflinelle, fhall tum all in-
to my commendations. My Horfe is tyed up safe, out
Sword, and to a fore purpofe: Fortune put them into my
hand: This is the very description of their meeting place
and the fellow daces not deceive me.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Belarian, Guidewis, Aruanogus, and
Imagen from the Cave.

Bel. You are not well: Remaine heere in the Cave,
We'll come to you after Hunting.

Arm. Brother, stay heere:
Are we not Brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be,
But Clay and Clay, differs in dutrie.

Woef doth both alike. I am very fike,

Gut. Go you to Hunting, Ile abide with him.

Imo. So fike I am not, yet I am not well:
But not fo Citizen a wanton, as
To feme to dye, ere fike : So pleafe you, leave me,
Sticke to your Journall course : the breach of Confulte,
Is breach of all, I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society, is no comfort
To one not forcible: I am not very fike,
Since I can reafe of it: pray you truft me heere,
Ile rob none but my felfe, and let me dye
Stealing fo poorly.

Gut. I love thee: I have spoke it,
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my Father.

Bel. What? How? how?

Arm. If I be fince to fay fo (Sir) I yoake mee
In my good Brothers fault: I know not why
I love this youth, and I have heard you fay.
Loure's reafon's, without reafon. The Beere at doore,
And a demand who is not fhill dye, I'd fay.

My Father, not this youth.

Bel. Oh noble Straigne!
O worthiseffe of Nature, breed of Greatniffe!
"Cowards father C Lovers & Bafe things Syre Race;
"Nature hath Mele, and Brau; Contempt, and Grace.
I'me not their Father, yeer who's this should bee,
Do not myracle it felle, lou'd before mee.

Tis the ninth houre o'th'Morne.

Arm. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arm. You health.—So pleafe you Sir.

Imo. These are kinde Creatures.

Gods, what łyes I have heard:
Our Courfiers fay, all's fauce, but at Court;
Experience, oh thou dropp't an Report,
The'empeffious Seas breeds Monitors; for the Dift,
Poor Tributary Rivers, as fweet Fifth:
I am fike still, heart-fike! Pifonos,
The now rape of thy Drugge.

Gut. I could not firce him:
He fay'd he was gentle, but unfortunat:

With onely afflicted, but yet honest.

Arm. Thus did he aufer me: yet fayd hereafter,
I might know more.

Bel. To'th Field, to'th Field:
We'll leave you this time, go in, and ref.

Arm. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray be not fike,
For you muft be our Hufwife.

Imo. Well, or ill.
I am bound to you.

Bel. And that's not eu.
This youth, how ere diffiret, appears he hath had
Good Anceffors.

Arm. How Angell-like he fings?

Gut. But his neate Cooferie?

Arm. He cut our Rootes in Charrafters,
And fay'd he our Brothers, as Imo had bin fike,
And he her Dieter.

Arm. Nobly he yoake.
A finding, with a figh; as if the figh
Was that it was, for not being fuch a Smile:
The Smile, mocking the Sigh, that it would fye
From fo divine a Temple, to commix
With windes, that Saylors sail at.

Gut. Low note,
That greffes and patience routed in them both,
Mingle their spurre together.

Arm. Grow patient,
And let the ftanding. Elder (Greefe) vntwine
His perfhing roots, with the encreafing Vine.

Bel. It is great morning. Come away: Who's there?

Enter Cloten.

Clot. I cannot finde thofe Ruanagates, that Villaine
Hath mock'd mee. I am faint.

Bel. Thofe Ruanagates?
Means he not vs ? I partly know him, 'tis
Cloten, the Sonne of the Queene. I fear fome Ambush:
I faw him not thefe many yeares, and yet
I know his he: We are held as Out-Lawes: Hence.

Gut. He is but one you, and my Brother fearch
What Companies are neere : pray you away,

Let me alone with him.

Clot. Soft, what are you
That flye me thus? Some Villaine-Mountainers?
I have heard of fuch. What Slave are thou?

Gut. A thing
More flaflith did I here, than anfwer
A Slave without a knocke.

Clot. Thou art a Robber,
A Law-breaker, a Villaine! yield thee Thee'se.

Gut. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arme as bigge as thine? A heart, as bigge:
Thy words I grant are bigger: for I weare not
My Dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art:

Why
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Why should I yield to thee?
Clo. Thou Villaine base,

Know'rt me not by my Cloathes?
Gui. No, nor thy Taylor, Basil: Who is thy Grandfather? He made those cloathes,

Which (as it seems) make thee.
Clo. Thou Precious Varlet,
My Taylor made them not.
Gui. Hence turn, and thank.
The man that gave them thee; Thou art some Fool, I am loath to bear thee.
Clo. That Unimorous Theefe,
Heare but my name, and tremble.
Gui. That's thy name?
Clo. Cloten, thou Villaine.
Gui. Cloten, thou double Villaine be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it, were it Toad, oradder, Spider,
I would move me nother.
Clo. To thy Further fear.
Nay, by my meere Confusion, thou shalt know
I am Sonne to this Queene.
Gui. I am forry for: not seeming
So worthy as thy Birth.
Gui. Art not afraid?
Gui. Those that I severence, those I feare: the Wife:
At Fooles I laugh: not feare them.

Clo. Dye the death:
When I haue thine thee with my proper hand,
He follow these that even now fled hence:
And on the Gates of Ludi I owne set thy heads:
Yeed Rufuscke Mountainer.

Fight and Execut.
Enter Belarius and Armgua,

Bel. No Companie's abroad?
Arm. None in the world: you did mistake him sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,
But Time hath nothing bloud'd those lines of Fauour
Which then he wore: the snatches in his voice,
And burfit of speaking were as his: I am absolute
Twas very Cloten,
Fare he in this place we left them?
I with my Brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Bring feare made vp,
I meane to man; he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors: For defect of judgement
Is oft the cause of feare.

Enter Guiderius.

But see thy Brother.
Gui. This Cloten was a Fool, an empty pure,
There was no money in't: Not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his Brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the Fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?
Gui. I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Some to the Queens (after his owne report)
Who call'd me Talar, Mountaineer, and I swore
With his owne fingle hand he'll take vs in,
Displace our heads, where (thanks the Gods) they grow
And let them on Ludi Town.

Bel. We are all undone.
Gui. Why, worthy Father, what have we to looke,
But that he frowre to take, our Lives? the Law
Preieth it on us, then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of fleth threat vs?
Play Judge, and Executioner, all himselfe?
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

I have sent Cloten Clor-pole downe the fireame,
In Enide to his Mother; his Bodie's hostage.
For his returne.

Solemn Musick.

Belt. My ingenuous Instrument,
(Hearkie Polidore) it sounds but what occasion
Hath Cadwall now to give it motion? Hearkie,
Gut. Is he at home?
Belt. He went hence cuen now,
Gut. What does he meane?
Since death of my deare Mother
It did not speake before. All solene things
Should answer solene Accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting Toyes,
Is soliety for Ages, and griefe for Boyses.
Is Cadwall mad?

Enter Arminius, with Imagin dead, bearing
her in his Armes.

Belt. Looke, heere he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his Armes,
Of what we blame him for.

Arni. The Bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipt from fixteen years of Age, to fixty:
To have turn'd my leaping time into a Crutch,
Then hereane this.

Gut. Oh sweetref, fayref Lily:
My Brother weares thee not the one halfe so well,
As when thou gav'st thy selfe,

Belt. Oh Melancholly,
Who euer yet could find thy bottome? Finde
The Ooze, to fiew what Coaft thy flagge care
Might'nt easelst harbour in. Thou blefled thing,
Joue knowes what man thou might'lt have made: but I,
Thou dyed'st a most rare Boye, of Melancholly.
How found you him?

Arni. Starkie, as you see:
Thus smiling, as some Fly had tickled flumber,
Not as deaftes dart being laugh'd at: his right Cheek
Reposing on a Cushion.

Gut. Where?

Arni. Oh'Floore:
His arms thus leagu'd, I thought he slept, and put
My clowed Drogues from off my feetes, whose rude-reffe
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gut. Why, he but sleepes:
If he be gone, hee'll make his Grase, a Bed:
With tempele Fayries will his Tombe be haunted,
And Wormes will not come to thee.

Arni. With fayref Flowers
Whilf Sommer lafts, and I blue herce, Fidele,
He sweeten thy fad graue: thou shalt not lacke
The Flower that's like thy face, Pale-Primrose, nor
The azure Hare-lill, like thy Veines: no, nor
The leafe of Eglantine, whom nor to flander,
Out-sweetned not thy breath; the Raddocke would
With Charitable bill (Oh bill fore fishing:
Those rich-leafe-hyettes, that let their Fathers lye
Without a Monument), bring thee all this,
Yea, and fur'd Mofse Bedefes. When Flowers are none
To winter-ground thy Coarfe——

Gut. Pyshche have done,
And do not play in Wench-like words with that
Which is fo ferious. Let vs bury him,
And not prostrat with admiration, what
Is now due dect. To th'grave.

Arni. Say, where thall's lay him?

Gut. By good Eurphile, our Mother.

Arni. Bee's fo:
And let vs (Polidore) though now our voyces
Have got the mannish cracke, fing him to th'ground.
As once to our Mother: we like note, and words,
Sawe that Eurphile, must be Fidele.

Gut. Cadwall,
I cannot sing: Ile weep, and word is with thee;
For Notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Then Prieffs, and Phanes that ye.

Arni. Weel I speake it then,
Belt. Great greefs I fee med'cine the leffe: For Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a Queenes Sonne, Boyes,
And though he came out Enemy remember
He was paid & laie thought meane, and mighty roting
Together have one duft, yet: Reuerence
(That Angell of the world)' doth make diffinition
Of place 'twenee high, and low. Our Foe was Prince,
And though you rocke his life, as being our Foe,
Yet bury him, as a Prince.

Gut. Pray you fetch him hither,
The fities body is as good as Ass,
When neyther are alive.

Arni. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll fay our Song the whilft: Brother begin,

Gut. Nay Cadwall, we must by his head to the East,
My Father hath a reafon for't.

Arni. 'Tis true.

Gut. Come on then, and remove him,

Arni. So, begin.

SONG.

Gul. Fear not more the boute ofd San,
Nor the furious Winters rage,
Then thy woildly task be done,
Home are we, and tane thy wages,
Golden Lute, and Girles all about,
As the honey-Sweepers come to duft,
Arni. Fear not more the frowne o'f Great,
As thou art past the Tirants stroke,
Care no more to cloath and care,
To thee the Rede is as the Oke:

The Sceptor, Learning, Physick must,
All follow this and come to duft.

Gul. Fear no more the Lightning flath,
Arni. Nor O'f wall-dreaded Thunderstone.

Gul. Fear not Slauer, Conuife and ab,
Arni. Thou hath finche'd joy and more.

Both. All Lovers young, all Lovers must,
Confuge to thee and come to duft.

Gul. No Exercif for harme thee,
Arni. Nor now witch-craft charmis thee.

Gul. Ghost un laid forebeare thee.
Arni. Nothing ill come more to thee.

Both. Quire confirmation have,
And renouned be thy grave.

Enter Belarius with the body of Cloten.

Gul. We have done our obsequies:
Come lay him downe.

Belt. Here's a few Flowers, but out midnight more:
The hearebs that have on them cold dew o'th'night
Are drawings fitt't for Graues: upon their Faces,
You were as Flowers, now wither'd: even to
These Herbeles well, which we upon you fliue.
Come on, away, apart upon our kne's:
The ground that gave them flift, ha's them againe:
Their pleasures here are paff, fo are their paine.

Exeunt. b b b
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Imogen awakes.

Yes Sir, to Milford-Hauen, which is the way?
I think you; by yond bays? pray how farre thether?
'Ods pistkinn: can it be fixe mile yet?
I haue gone all night: Faith, I lye downs, and sleepe.
But, oft; no Bedderly? Oh Gods, and Goddeses!
These Flowers are like the pleasures of the World;
This bloody man the care on't. I hope I dreame:
For I thought I was a Cause-keeper,
And Cooke to honest Creatures. But his not so:
Twas 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 fear: but if there be
Yet left in Haueen, as small a drop of pittie
As a Wrens eye; fear'd Gods, a part of it.
The Dreames heere falls even when I wake it
Without me, as within me: not imagined, felt.
A headless man? The Carments of Polibonous?
I know the shape of his Legge: this is his Hand:
His Foote Mercutiall: his martall Thigh
The brawnes of Hercules: but his lounell face
Murthen in haueen? How? 'tis gone. Pifanio,
All Curves madded Heuena gaue the Greekes,
And mine to boot, be darte on these thou
Conspire'd with that irriguelous dwell Cloten,
Hath heere cut off my Lord. To write, and read,
Be henceforth treacherous. Damn'd Pifanio,
Hath with his forged Letters (damn'd Pifanio)
From this most brawtie vellell of the world.
Strokes the maine top! Oh Polibonous, alas,
Where is thy head? where's thou Aye me! where's that?
Pifanio might haue kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on. How should this be, Pifanio?
'Tis he, and Cloten: Malice, and Luca in them
Haue laid this Woe heere. Oh tus pregnante, pregnante!
The Drugg he gave me, which he said was precious
And Cordiall to me, haue I not found it
Mur'drous to the Seni's? That confirme it home;
This is Pifanio's deede, and Cloten's. Oh!
Give colour to my pilbete ke on my pilbete ke
With thy blood:
That we the horridr may seeme to thole
Which chance to finde vs. Oh, my Lord, only my Lord!

Enter Lucius, Captains, and a Southergier.

Cap. To them, the Legions Garrison'd in Gallia
After your will, haue croft the Sea, attending
You heere at Milford-Hauen, with your Shippes:
They are heere in readinesse.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The Senate hath flied vp the Confiners,
And Gentlemen of Italy, most willing Spirits,
That promise Noble Service; and they come
Vnder the Conduct of bold Iachineth,
Sceon's Brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit e'th winde.'

Luc. This forwardness

Makes our hopes faire. Command our present numbers
Be muster'd: bid the Captaines lookke too't. Now Sir,
What have you dreamt of late of this warres purpose.
South. Last night, the very Gods them'st me a vision
(I faith, and peradventure for their Intelligence) thus:
I saw Iones Bird, the Roman Eagle wing'd
From the spiny South, to this part of the Weft,
There vanitied in the Sun-beames, which pertends
(Vanitie my sinnes abufe my Dintamation)

Success to thy Roman host.

Luc. Dreame often to,
And neuer faile. Soft how, what truncke is here?
Without his top? The ruine speakes, that sometime
It was a worth by bulding. How? a Page?
Or dead, or sleepeing on him? But dead rather:
For Nature doth abhorre to make his bed
With the defunt, or sleepe upon the dead.
Let's see the Boyes face.

Cap. He is alue my Lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct vs of this body: Young one,
Informe vs of thy Fortunes, for it seams
They crouse to be demanded: who is this
Thou make'st 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 fad wracke? How came'st? Who is't?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be better: This was my Master,
A very valiant Britaine, and a good,
That heere by Mountaineers eyes flaine: Alas,
There is no more such Masters: I may wander
From East to Occident, cry out for Service,
Try many, all good: feare truly: never
Find such another Master.

Luc. 'Lacke, good youth:
Thou most'st no leeffe with thy complaing, then
Thy Master in bleeding: say his name, good Friend.

Imo. Richard de Chump: If I do lye, and do
No harne by it, though the Gods heare, I hope
They'll pardon it. Say you Sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele Sir.

Luc. Thou dost not approye thy selfe the very fame:
Thy Name will fit thy Faith; thy Faith, thy Name:
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure
No leeffe belou'd. The Romane Emperors Letters
Sent by a Confiell to me: I shou'd not foruer
Then thine owne worsr preferre thee: Go with me.

Imo. I heele follow Sir. But first, and pleasse the Gods,
He shou'd my Master from the Flies, as deepe
As thee poor Pickates can digge: and when
With wild wood-leafes & weedes, I ha'frew'd his grase
And on't saied a Century of prayers
(Such as I can) twice o're; I wepe, and sigh,
And leaving lo to his feterus, follow you,
So pleasse you entertaine me.

Luc. I good youth,
And rather Father thee, then Master thee: My Friends,
The Boy hath taught vs many duties: Let vs
Finde out the prettieff Dazied-Plot we can,
And make him with our Pikes and Parrizans
A Graue: Come, Arme him: Boy he's pretf'd
By thee, to vs, and he shall be inter'd
As Souldiers can. Be cheerefull; wipe thine eyes,
Some Falles are means: the happier to aspire.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pifanio.

Gym. Againe: and bring me word how 'tis with her,
A Favour with the absence of her Sonne;
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

A madness, of which her life's in danger: Heaven, How deeply you at once do touch me. Image. The great part of my comfort, gone: My Queen Upon a deeper bed, and in a time When fearful Wartes point at me: Her Sonne gone, So needful for this present? It strikes me, pafs The hope of comfort. But for thee, Fellow, Who needs must know other departure, and Doff feems to ignore, wee'll enforce it from thee By a signe. Torture: Fie! Sir, my life is yours, I humbly let it at your will: But for my Misfort, I nothing know where the remaining is gone, Nor when the purpose returne. Believe your Highnes, Hold me your loyal Servant.

Lord. Good my Liege, The day that he was missing, he was here; I dare be bound here's true, and shall perform All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cymbeline, There wants no diligence in seeking him, And will no doubt be found.

Cyn. The time is troublesome: We'1l flip you for a season, but our troulf Do's yet depend.

Lord. So please my Maiesty, The Romans Legions, all from Gallia drawne, Are landed on your Coast, with a supply. Of Roman Gentlemen, by the Senate sent. Cyn. Now for the Cowndale of my Son and Queen, I am amaz'd with matter.

Lord. Good my Liege,

Your preparation eafhon not leffe (ready): Then what you hear of. Come more, for more you're The want is, but to put those Powres in motion, That long to move.

Cyn. I thank you: let's withdraw And meete the Time, as it steakes vs. We fear not What can from Italy annoy vs, but We grieve at chances here. Away.

Exit. Pifs. I heard no Letter from my Master, since I wrote him Image was flaine. 'Tis strange; Nor hear I from my Misfort, who did promise To yeild me often trydings. Neither know I What is betide to Cymbeline, but remaine Perplex in all. The Heauens still must worke: Wherein I am faile, I am honest: not true, to be true. These present warres shall finde Houre my Country, Even to the nere o'th'King, or Ie fall in them; All other doubts, by time let them be cleared, Fortune brings in some Boats, that are not leere'd. Exit.

Scene Quarta.

Enter Tito\nus, Gideon & Armaguus.

Gini. The victories round about vs.

Bel. Let vs from it.

Arm. What pleasure Sir, we finde in life, to locke it From Action, and Adventure.

Gini. Nay, what have I have we in holding vs? This way the Romans May, or for Britains flay vs or receive vs For barbarous and unnatural Rudes. During their ye, and flay vs after.

Bet. Sonnes,

We'1l higher to the Mountains, there secure vs.

To the Kings party there's no going: newe.

Of Cymbelle death (we being not knowne, nor murther'd Among the Bands) may drie vs to a render Where we have li'd; and so extort from's that Which we have done, whole answer would be death.

Drawne on with Torture.

Gini. This is (Sir) a doct. In such a time, nothing becoming you, Nor flattering you.

Artu. It is not likely, That when they hear their Roman horses neigh, Behold their quarter'd Fries; have both their eyes And cares so cloyed importantly as now, That they will waste their time upon our note, To know from whence we are.

Bet. Oh, I am knowne Of many in the Army: Many yeeres (Though Cymbeline then but young) you fee, not wore him From my remembrance. And besides, the King Hath not delivered my Service, nor your Loues, Who finde in my Exile, the want of breeding; The certainty of this heard life, ye hopelesse To have the course of your Cradle promis'd, But to be full hot Summers Stallions, and The shrinking States of Winter.

Gini. Then be fo,

Better to cease to be. Pray Sir, to'th'Army: I, and my Brother are not knowne; your selfe So out of thought, and thereto for ore-growne, Cannot be question'd.\n
Artu. By this Sunne that shines He thither: What thing is't, that I never Did see man dye, scarce ever look'd on blood. But that of Coward Hares, hot Goats, and Venison? Never bestrid a Horse true one, that had A Rider like my selfe, whose reare wore Rowell, Nor Iron on his heele? I am afrain'd To looke upon the holy Sunne, to have The benefit of his blest Beames, remaining So long a poore wawnowne.

Gini. By heauens I go, If you will bleffe me Sir, and glue me leaque, He take the better care: but if you will not, The hazzard therefore due fall on me, by The hands of Romanes.\n
Artu. So say I, Amen.

Bet. No reason I (since of your lives you fee)? So flight a valewation should refere My crack'd one to more care. Have with you Boyes: If in your Country warres you chance to dye, That is my Bed too (Lads) and there Ie ye. Lead,ylead; the time feemeth long, their blood thinks scorn Till it flye out, and shew them Princes borne. Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Pothamus alone.

Poff. Yes bloody cloth. I keep thee: for I am wight Thou should'lt be colour'd thus. You married ones, If each of you should take this course, how many Must mutter Wives much better then themselves.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Exeunt.

For wrying but a little? Oh Pisanus,
Every good Seruant do's not all Commands:
No Bond, but to do just ones. Gods, if you
Should have tane vengeance on my faults, I never
Had did'd to put on this: so had you taue
The noble Imogen, to repent, and strooke
Me (wretch) more worthy your Vengeance. But alacke,
You inarch some hence for little faults; that's louse
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second illes with illes, each elder worse,
And make them dread it, to the dooeres thrift.
But Imogen is your owne, do you bell wills,
And make me blee to obey. I am brought hither
Among th'Italian Gentry, and to fight
Against my Ladies Kingdome: 'Tis enough
That (Britaines) I have kill'd thy Milites: Peace,
Ile giue no wound to thee: therefor good Heauens,
Heare patiently my purpose. Ie dissolve me
Of these Italian weeds, and frame my felie
As do's a Britaine Peasant: so Ile fight
Against the part I come with: Ile Ile dye
For thee (O Imogen) even for whom my life
Is every breath, a death: and thus, unknowne,
Pitted, or hated, to the face of peril.
My selfe: Ile dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me, then my habits shew.
Gods, put the strength o'th'Leonard in me:
To shame the guise o'th'world, I will begin,
The fafhion leafe without, and more within.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman Army at one door:
and the Britaine Army at another: Len wax us Posthumus
follwing like a poor Soldier. They march on, and goe out.
Then enter against Sir Cymheline and Posthumsus:
be engag'd and disearms Iachimo, and then leaves him.

Luc. The lieutenants and guilt within my boosome,
Takes off my manhood: I have belyed a Lady,
The Princeesse of this Country; and the ayre en't
Reneuengly enfeebles me, or could this Carle,
A very drudge of Nations, have sub'de me
In my profession: Knighthoods, and Honors borne
As I weare mine: are titles but of scorne.
If thay thy Gentry (Britaines) go before
This Lowt, as he exceds our Lords, the oddes
Is, that we face are men, and you are Goddes. Exit.

The Battale contines, the Britaines fly, Cymbeline is
strike: I heare to his rescue, Bellarius, Guiderus, and
Armargus.

But stand, stand, we haue the advantage of the ground,
The lane is guarded: Nothing towns vs, but
The vivani of our feares.

Glo. Arms, Stand, stand, and fight.

Enter Posthumus, and second the Britaines. They Rescue
Cymbeline, and Exeunt.

Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away boy from the Troopes, and tace thy selfe:
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As warre were hood-wink'd.

Luc. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Posthumus, and a Britaine Lord.

Lor. Can't thou from where they made the stand?
Post. I did.

Though you it seemes come from the Fliers?
Lor. I did.

Post. No blame be to you Sir, for all was lost,
But that the Heauens fought: the King himselfe
Of his wings delittifie, the Army broken,
And but the backes of Britaines scene; all flying
Through a forest Lane, the Enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the Tongue with slaughters: having worke
More plentiful, then Tootles to doo: strooke downe
Some mortally, some flyd lightly stond, some falling
Merely through fear, that the stray paffe was damm'd
With deadmen, hurt behinde, and Cowards living
To dye with length'n'd flame.

Lor. Where was this Lane?

Post. Close by the bataille, ditch'd, & wall'd with turph,
Which gau advantage to an ancient Soldiour
(An honeste one l warrant) who deferr'd
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for's Country. Athis rear the Lane,
He, with two stiflings: (Lads more like to run
The Country base, then to commit such slaughters,
With faces fit for Maskes, or rather layser
Then those for preferuation cas'd, or flame)
Made good the paffage, cryed to those that fled.
Our Britaine hearts dye flying, not our men,
To darknes fleete foules that flye backwards; fland,
Or the Romanes, and will give you that
Like beastes, which you thus beastly, and may suffe
But to looke backes in frowne, Stand, stand. These three,
Three thousand confident, in age as many:
For three performers are the Fieles, when all
The reft do nothing. With this word fland, fland,
Accommodated by the Place; more Charming
With their owne Noblenesse, which could have turn'd
A Difstane, to a Lance, guided pale looks;
Part shame, part spirit renew'd, that some turn'd coward
But by example (Oh a figure in Warre,
Dam'd in the first beginners) gan to looke
The way that they did, and to gin like Lyons
Upon the Pikes on Hunters. Then beganne
A stopp't Chafier; a Retyre: Anon
A Rowt, confusion thickes: forthwith they flye
Chickens, the way which they flapt Eagles: Stales
The fridges the Victors made: and now our Cowards
Like Fragments in hard Voyages became
The life o'th'beed: haueing found the backe doore open
Of the vanquered hearts: heauens, how they wound,
Some flakes before some dying: some friends their
One-borne in the former waue, ten chace'd by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Tho' that would dye, or ere riefs, are grown
The most all bugs o'th'Field.
Lord. This was strange chance: A narrow Lane, an old man, and two Boys. 

Poet. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made Rather to wonder at the things you hear, Then to work any. Will you Rime upon't, And vent for a Mock'ree? Herein is one:

"Two Beares and O'mend (since a Boy) a Lane, Where the Britaniæ, was the Romanes base Lord, Nay, be not angry Sir.

Who dares not stand his Foe, He his Friend? For he do, as he is made to doo, I know he'll quickly flye my friendship too. You have put me into Rince.

Lord. Farewell, you're angry. Exit. Poet. Still going? This is a Lord; Oh Noble misery To be i'th Field, and take what newes of me.

To day, how many would have given their Honours To have saw'd then Caraffes? Tis too heclete to doo's, And yet dyed too. I'm mine owne woe char'd Could not finde death, where I did hear him groane, Nor seele him where he strooke. Being an eyly Moniter, 'Tis strange he hides him in fresh Cups, soft Beds, Sweet words; or hath more ministers then we That draw his kniues i'th War. Well I will find him:

For being now a Fauhurer to the Britaine, No more a Britaine, I haste return'd againe The part I came in. Fight I will no more, But yeld me to the vereet Hinde, that shall Once touch my fowler. Great the flaughter is Heree made by th'Romane; great the Anwer be Britaines must take. For me, my Ranceone's death, On eyther side I come to spend my breath; Which neither heere ile kepe, nor beare age, But end it by some meanes for Imogen.

Enter two Captaines, and Soldiers. 

1 Great Jupiter be praie'd, Lucius is taken, 'Tis thought the old man, and his sonnes, were Angels.

2 There was a fourth man, in a filly habit, That gau th'Affront with them. 

So 'tis reported: But none of 'em can be found. Stand, who's there? Poet. A Roman, Who had not now beene drooping heere, if Seconds Had answer'd him. 

2 Lay hands on him: a Dogge, A legge of Rome shall not retinue to tell What Crowes have pecket them here: he brags his service As if he were of note: bring him to th'King, Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Gaiusrurus, Ariminus, Pisano and Romane Captains: The Captains present Pothiumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Guard.

Scene Quarta.

Enter Pothiumus, and Guard.

Gaius. You shall not now be haine, You have lockes upon you: So graze, as you finde Pature.

Poet. Most welcome bondsge; for thou art a way (I thinke) to liberty: yet am I better Then one that facke o'th'Gowt, since he had rather

Groano fo in perpetuity, then be curd By'ch'ture Physicin, Death, who is the key, Ty'barre these Lockes. My Conference, thou art fetter'd More then my thanks, & writs into you good Gods give me The penent Instrum to picke that Bolt, Then free for ever. It's enough I am sorry, So Children temporal Fathers do appease, Gods are more full of mercy. Muft I repeat, I cannot do it better then in Gyes, Defir'd, more then constrain'd, to satifie If of my Freedom 'tis the maine part, take No stricter render of me, then my All. I know you are more clement then vilde men, Who of their broken Debtor take a third, A fixt, a teeth, letting them thrive againe On their abatement; that's not my defire. For Imogen deere life, take mine, and though 'Tis not so deere, yet 'tis a life, you cou'd it, Twoe men, and man, they weigh not evey tampe: Though light, take Peeces for the figures take, (You rather) mine being yours: and so great Powres, If you will take this Audit, take this life, And canell these cold Bonds. Oh Imogen, Ilke speake to thee in silence.

Solemn Mufick. Enter (as in an Apparation) Sciclina Leonatus, Father to Pothiumus, an old man, strict like a war- rior, leading in his hand an ancient Matron (his wife, & Mother to Pothiumus) with Mufick before them. Then, after other Mufick follows the two young Leonati (Bro- thers to Pothiumus) with wounds as they died in the warts. They circle Pothiumus round as he les sleeping.

Scicl. No more thou Thunder-Mater threw thy fright, on Mortall Fles: With Mar. fall out, with Iuno chide, that thy Adulteries Rates, and Reuenges.

Hash my poor Boy done ought but well, whole face I never saw:

I dy'de whil'ft in the Wombe he flaine, attending Natures Law.

Whose Father then (as men report, thou Orphans Father art) Thou shoul'dt have bin, and sheelded him, from this earth vexing smart.

Math. Lucina lent not me her ayde, but tooke me in my Throves, That from me was Pothiumus tipp'd, came crying long'd his Foes, 
A thing of pity.

Scicl. Great Nature like his Ancetfrs, moulded the fluxse to faire:
That he'd feru'd the praife o'th'World, as great Sciclina beye.

1 Ira. When once he was mature for man, in Britaine where hee was
That could stand vp his paralell, 
Or fruitfull obiect bee?

In eye of Imogen, that best could demean his dignitie.

Mo. With Marriage wherefore was he made to be exil'd, and throwne From Leonati State, and cast from her;
his decreet one:

Sweet Imogen?

Se. Why did you suffer Icthimo, flight thing of Italy, b b 3 To
To paint his Noble hart & braine, with needlest & eloqy;
And to become the geeke & fonger of the other's villany.
2 Br. For this, from fuller, Seare we came,
Our parents, and vertuine.
This ring in our covetous earth fell bravely, and were flame.
Our filthy & Tenrning right, with how to maintaine.
1 Br. Like hardinn's Pofthumous bath,
to Cymbeline perform'd:
Then Jupiter, King of Gods, why hast thou thus abandon'd
The Graces for his Merits due, being all to dolt's turn'd?
Still, Thy Christall window ope; looke, looke out, no longer exercise
Upon a valiant Race, thy hart, and potent injuries:
Moct. Since (Luiter,) our Son is good,
take off his miseries.
Suck. Peepeth through thy Marble Mansion, help us,
or we poore Ghostes will cry.
Toth' fainting Sond of the recht, against thy Deity.
Brothers. Help thee (Jupiter) or we appeale,
And from thy juste flye.
Jupiter doubles in Thunder and Lightening, sitting upon an
Eagle: bee thrones a Thunder-bolt. The Ghostes fall on
their knees.
Jupiter. No more you petty Spirits of Region low,
Offend our hearing: thus. How dare you Ghostes
Accuse the Thunderer, who's Bolt (you know)
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling Coasts.
Poor shadowes of Effusian, hence, and rest
Upon your neuer-withering banches of Flowers.
Be not with mortall accidents oppress'd,
No care of yours it is, you know our ours.
Whom left I love, I croffe; to make my plight
The more delay'd, delighteth. Be content,
Your low-laid Sonne; our Godhead will splyte:
His Comforts thrive, his Trials well are spent:
Our foulls Starre reign'd at his Birth, and in
Our Temple was he married: Rife, and fade,
He shall be Lord of Lady imag:
And happiness much by his Afflication made.
This Tablet lay upon his Breast, wherein
Our pleasure, his lust Fortune, doth confine,
And to away: no farther with your arms.
Express'd Impatience, lest you thinke you mine;
Mount Eagle, to my Palace Christalline.
Agens Excel; He came in Thunder, his Celestial breath
Was so fulphrous to smell: the holy Eagle
Stoop'd, as to foor vs: his Accesion is
More sweet then our blest Fields: his Royall Bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloyes his Beake,
As when his God is presse.
All. Thanks Jupites.
Sir. The Marble Pavement closes, he is enter'd
His radiant Rooie: Away, and to be blest.
Let vs with care perfome his great behooff.
Vioins.
poft. Sleepe, thou hall bin: a Grandeire, and begot
A Father to me: and thou art created
A Mother, and two Brothers. But (oh fcone)
Gone, they went hence so foon as they were borne:
And if I am awake, Poor Wretchets, that depend
On Greatneffe, Proue; Drame as I have done,
Wake! and finde nothing. But (als) I tisuer:
Many Drame not to finde neither defcare,
And yet are firep with his fauores; fo am I.
That have this Golden chance, and know not why:
What Paytries haunt this ground? A Book?Oh rare one,
Be not, as if our fangled world, a Garment
Noble then that it covers. Let thy effeets
So follow, to be most unlike our Couriers,
As good, as promife.
Reader.
Here he Lyons makes their reft unknowne,
With out seeking finds, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender
Ayes: And when from a faint Cedar shall be lapt branches,
Which being dead many yeares, shall after reunion, be sent to
the old Steckes, and freshely grow, then shall Pofthumous end his
sufferings, Borne ne be fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plea-
vse.
'Tis still a Dreame: or ifle such fuiues as Madmen
Tongue, and braine not: either both, or nothing,
Or femeifelesse speaking, or a speaking fuch
As fene cannot vnty. Be what it is,
The Aftion of my life is like it; which I cleere
It but for sympathy.
Enter 
Goo. Come Sir, are you ready for death?
Goo. Hanging is the word, Sir, if you be readie for
that, you are well Cook'd.
Poft. So I if prove a good repast to the Spectators, the
dish pays the fhot.
Goo. A heavy reckoning for you Sir: But the comfort
is you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more
Taurine B.s, which are often the ladneffe of partings, as
the procuring of mirth: you come in fain for want of
more, depart reeling with too much drinke: for all that you
have payed too much, and sorry that you are payed too
much: Pufhe and Braine, both empty: the Brain the
heater, for being too light; the Pufhe too light, being
drawn of banqueffe. Oh, of this contradiction you shall
now be quit: Oh the charity of a peny Cord, it summes
up thousands in a trice: you have no true Debitour, and
Creditor but it: what's past is, and to come, the dif-
charge: your necke (Sir) is Pen, Booke, and Counters; to
the Acquittence follows.
Poft. I am merrier to dy, then thou art to live.
Goo. Indeed Sir, he that sleepe, feelers not the Tooth-
Ache: but a man that were to flepe thy sleepe, and a
hangman to helpe him to bed, I thinke he would change
places with his Officer, for look you Sir, you know not
which way you shall go.
Poft. Yes indeed do I, fellow.
Goo. Your death has eyes in's head then: I have not
scene him so pictur'd: you must either bee directed by
some that take upon them to know, or to take upon your
selfe that which I am sure you do not know: I rump the
after-enquiry on your owne peril: and how you shall
spend in your jounees end, I thinke you'll sooner return to
tell one.
Poft. I tell thee, Fellow, there are none want eyes, to
direct them the way I am going, but such as winke, and
will not we them.
Goo. What an infinite mocke is this, that a man shold
have the bell/e of eyes, to see the way of blindneffe: I
am sure hanging's the way of winking.
Enter a Messenger.
Mes. Knocke off his Manacles, bring your Prisoner to
the King.
Poft. Thou bring'ft good newes, I am call'd to bee
made free.
Goo. I'll be hang'd then.
Poft. Thou shalt be then freer then Gaoler: no bolts,
Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guidener, Armi-
ragus, Pisana, and Lords.

Cym. Stand by my side you, whom the Gods have made
Professors of my Thron; woe is my heart,
That the poore Soldier that so richly fought,
Whose ragges, fam'd gilded Arms, whose naked brest
Stepst before Targes of proofe, cannot be found:
He shal be happy that can finde him:
Our Grace can make him fo.
Bell. I never saw
Such Noble fury in fo poore a Thing;
Such precious deeds, in one that promis'd nought
But beggary, and poore lookes.
Cym. No tydings of him?
Pis. He hath bin search'd among the dead, & living;
But no trace of him.
Cym. To my greafe, I am
The heyre of his Reward, which I will adde
To you (the Luer, Heart, and Braine of Britaine)
By whom (I grante) the liues. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are. Report it.
Bell. Sir,
In Cambria we were borne, and Gentlemen:
Further to boast, were neyther true, nor modest,
Valeife I lade, we are honeft.
Cym. Bow your knees:
Aris my Knights o' th'Bastell, I create you
Companions to our perfon, and will fix you
With Dignities becomming your eftates.
Enter Cordia and Ladies.
There's bufinesse in these faces: why so fadly
Greet you our Victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' th' Court of Britaine.
Cor. Hayle great King,
To favour your happyneffe, I must report
The Queene is dead.
Cym. Who worke then a Phyfitian
Would this report become? But I confider,
By Med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will fexe the Doctor too. How ended the?
Cor. With houres, madly dying, like her life,
Which (being cruel to the world) concluded
Most cruel to her felfe. What fhe confeft,
I will report, fo pleafe you. Thafe her Women
Can trip me, if I erre, who with wet cheeckes
Were present when the finift'd.
Cym. Pr'ythee fay.
C. Firt, fhe confeft the neuer loud you: only
Affected Gracemee got by you: not you:
Married your Royalty, was wife to your place:

Abhor'd d your perfon.
Cym. She alone knew this:
And but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.
Cor. Your daughter, whom the bare in hand to love
With such integrity, fhe did confesse
Was as a Scorpion to her fhit, whole life
(But that her flight prevented it) fhe had
Tane off by poifon.
Cym. O moft delicate Fiend!
Who is't can reade a Woman? Is there more?
Cor. More Sir, and worfe. She did confesse fhe had
For you a mortal Minisall, which being tooke;
Should by the minute fees on life, and lingring,
By inches walle you. In which time, the purpo'd
By watching, weeping, tendance, kingling, to
Ocreome you with her fhow; and in time
(When she had fitt you with her craft, to worke)
Her Sonne into the a'prowce of the Crowne:
But faying of her end by his strange abifence,
Grew fmalomeffe desperate, open'd (in defpite
Of Heaven and Men) her purpofes: repeated
The euls the hatch'd, were not efrected: fo
Difpayring, eyed.
Cym. Heard you all this, her Women?
L. We did, fo pleafe your Highnesse.
Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for thee was beautifull;
Mine eares that heare her flattery, not my heart,
That thought her like her leeming. It had beene vicious
To have misriftrued her: yet (Oh my Daughter)
That it was foilie in me, thou may ft lay,
And proue it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all.
Enter Lucius, Iackonne, and other Roman princes,
Leomatis, and Augiine.
Thou committ not Care now to Tribute, that
The Britains haue rac'd out, though with the loffe
Of many a bold one: whose Kinermen haue made fute
That their good foules may be appeard, with flaughter
Of you their Captuies, which our felfe haue gramed,
So thinke of thy eftate.
L. Consider Sir, the chance of Warre, the day
Was yours by accident: had it gone with vs,
We should not when the blood was cool, haue threaten,
Our Prisoners with the Sword. But since the Gods
Will haue it thus, that nothing but our liues
May be call'd ranfonate, let it come: Suffice,
A Roman, with a Romans heart can fuffer:
Augustus liues to think on't: and fo much
For my peculiar care. This one thing onely
I will entreate, my Boy (a Britaine borne)
Let him be ranfon'd: Neuer Mafter had
A Page fo kinde, fo duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occations, true,
So feate, fo Noble-like: let his virtue ione
With my request, which Ife make bold, your Highnesse
Cannot deny: he hath done no Britaine harme,
Though he haue sendt a Roman. Save him (Sir)
And spare no blood beftide.
Cym. I haue surely feene him
His fauour is familiar to me: Boy,
Thou haft look'd thee felfe into my grace,
And art mine owne. I know not why, wherefore,
To fay, fine boye: ne're thank thy Mafter, live;
And aske of Cymbeline what Boone thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy flate, Ie give it.
I had rather thou shouldst live, while Nature will,
Then dye ere I heare more: strike man, and speake.

Iach. Upon a time, unhappy was the clocke
That stroke the hour: it was in Rome, accurst.
The Manifold where 'twas a Feast, oh would
Our Viands had bin poyson'd (or at least)
Those which I heau'd to head:) the good Poesiunns,
(What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were, and was the best of all
Among (that is to say, of good ones) sitting, alad,
Hearing vs praise our Loues (for of that horse)
For Beauty, that made barren the swill'd beast
Of him that best could speake: for Feature, lam'd,
The Shrine of Venus, or straight-pighit Minerva,
Portures, beyond brieve Nature. For Condition,
A shop of all the qualities, that man
Loves woman for, besides that hooke of Wiusing,
Fairness, which itriks the eye.

Cym. I stand on fire. Come to the matter.
Iach. All too foone I shall,
Vnleffe thou wouldst greence quickly, This Poesiunns,
Most like a Noble Lord, in loue, and one
That had a Royall Louer, tooke his hint,
And (not dispraising whom we prais'd, therein
He was as calm for asure) he began
His Miftis picture, which, by his tongue, being made,
And then a minute put in't, either our braggres
Were erat'd of Kitchin-Trullers, or his description
Proud vs vs vanespeaking flottes.

Cym. Nay, may, to 'th purpos.
Iach. Your thoughts Chafitty, (there it begins)
He speake of her, as Diens had hot dreams.
And the alone, were cold: Whereas, I wretch
Made fereuple of his praise, and wagers'd with him
Pieces of Gold, 'gainst this, which then he wroue
Upon his honour'd finger) to attaine
In fuite the place of's bed, and winne this Ring
By hers, and mine Adultery: he (true Knight)
No leffer of her Honour confident
Then I did truly finde her, flake this Ring.
And would fo, had it beene a Caruncle
Of Pheebus Wheelie; and might so fairely, had it
Bin all the worthe of Carre. Away to Britaine
Poffe I in this deigne: Well may you (Sir)
Remember me at Court, where I was taught
Of your chaste Daughter, the wide difference
Twixt Amorous, and Villanous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not long'ing; mine Italian braue,
Gan in your duller Britaine operate
Most widely: for my vantage excellent.
And to be briefe, my pracktie so preuayld
That I return'd with simular proofs enough,
To make the Noble Lenatra mad,
By wounding his beleefe in her Renowne,
With Tekens thus, and thus suauering notes
Of Chamber-hanging, Pictures, this her Bracelet
(Oh cunning how I got) say some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of Chafitty quite cracht'd,
I haue'tane the forseyt. Whereupon,
Me thinkes I see him now.

Pof. I fo thou do't,
Italian Fiend. Ay me, moft credulous Foele,
Egregious murtherer, Thefeef, any thing
That's due to all the Villaines pair, in being
To come. Oh giue me Cord, or knife, or poyson,

Some
Some upright Jupiter. Thou King, send out
For tormentors ingenious: it is 1
That all th'abolished things of the earth amend.
By being worse than they. I am Puffham,
That killed thy Daughter: villain-like, I flye,
That caus'd a lesser villain than my selfe.
A sacrilegious Theeie to don't. The Temple
Of Vertue was the: ye, and she her selfe.
Spit, and throw stones, cast myre upon me, for
The dogges of street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd Puffham Leonardus, and
Be witness hee then was. Oh Images!
My Queene, my life, my wife: oh Images,
Images, Images.

Ino. Peace my Lord, heare heare.
Pis. Shall I have a play of this?
Thou searesfull Page, there thy play is.

Pis. Oh Gentlemen, heire.
Mine and your Miftres: oh my Lord Puffhames,
You're re kild Images still now: help, help,
Mine honour'd Ladie.

Cym. Does the world go round?
Pis. How comes the Puffhamers on mee?
Pis. Wake my Miftres.

Cym. It is thee to, the Gods do meane to strike me
to death, with mortal too.

Pis. How fares my Miftres?
Ino. Oh get thee from my sight,
Thou gau'n me poysion: dangerous Fellow hence,
Breath not where Princes are.

Cym. The tune of Images.
Pis. Lady, the Gods throw stones of sulphure on me,
That box I gave you, was not thought by mee
A precious thing, I had it from the Queenes.

Cym. New matter still.
Ino. It poysion'd me.

Cym. Oh Gods!
I left out one thing which the Queenes confef
Which must approove thee honest. If Puffhamo
Hau'd (and five) given his Miftres that Confeffion
Which I gave him for Cordell, hee is scarc'd,
As I would viewe a Rat.

Cym. What's this, Caractacus?
Cym. The Queene (Sir) very oft import'd me
To temper poysions for her, still pretending
The satisfactioun of her knowledge, only
In killing Creatures vile, as Cats and Dogges
Of no esteeme. I deading, that her poysion
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certaine slaffe, which being taken, would cease
The present powre of life, but in short time,
All Offices of Nature, should againe
Do their due Functions. Have you tune of it?
Ino. Moi'li like I die, for I was dead.
Bel. My Boyes, there was out error.
Gu. This is true Fadde.
Ino. Why did you throw your wedded Ladie fro you?
Think'st you are upon a Scene, and now
Throw me again.
Pis. Hang there like fruitie, my foule,
Till the Tree die.
Cym. How now, my Father? my Childe?
What, mak'st thou me a dead in this Act?
Wilt thou not speake to me?
Ino. Your bleffing, Sir.
Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not,
You had a motiue for't.

Cym. My tears that fall
Proue holy-water on thee; Images,
Thy Mothers death.
Ino. I am sorry for't, my Lord.

Cym. Oh, she was naught; and long after it was
That we meet here to stranely: but her Sonne
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My Lord,
Now feare is from me, ile speake troth. Lord Cleton
Vpon my Ladies miffing, came to me
With his Sword drawne, foom'd at the mouth, and fivore
If I difcouer'd not which way the was gone,
It was my infaft death. By accident,
I had a feigned Letter of my Mifters
Then in my pocket, which directed him
To feek her on the Mountains neere to Milford,
Where in a frencie, in my Mifters Garments
(Which he inform'd from me) away he poffes
With vnchaffe purpofe, and with oath to violate
My Ladies honor, what because of him,
I further know not.

Cym. Let me end the Story: I slew him there.

Cym. Marr, the Gods foreflood.
I would not thy good deeds, thou'd from my lips
Pluck a hard fentence: Prythee relieth youth
Deny's againe.

Cym. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a Prince.

Gu. A moft incurril one. The wrongs he did mee
Were nothing Prince-like for he did prouoke me
With Language that would make me purge the Sea,
If it could to roare to me. I cut off's head,
And am right glad he is not flanding here.
To tell this tale of mine,

Cym. I am forrow for thee,
By thine owne tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our Law: Thou'tt death.

Ino. That headlie me I thought had bin my Lord

Cym. Binde the Offender,
And take him from our preference,

Bel. Stay Sir King,
This man is better then the man he flew,
As well defended as thy selfe, and hath
More of thee merited, then a Band of Commons
Had ever seen for. Let his Armes alone,
They were not borne for bondage.

Cym. Why old Soldie:
Wilt thou vndoo the worth thou art vopsyd for
By telling of our wrath? How of delicient
As good as we?

Arni. In that he spake too farre.

Cym. And thou'lt dye for't.

Bel. We'll dye all three,
But I will proue that two one's are as good
As I have gone out him. My Sonnes, I must
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous Speech,
Though haply well for you.

Arni. Your danger's ours.

Gu. And our good his.

Bel. Hauet it then, by leave

Thou haft(both Great Kings) Subiect, who
Was call'd Belarwe.

Cym. What of him? He is a banished Traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath
Allium'd this age: indeed a banished man,
But I am truefpeak. You call’d me Brother When I was but your Sifter: I you Brothers, When we were so indeed. 

Cym. Did you too meete? 

Arui. I my good Lord. 

Cym. And at the first meeting lou’d, 

Continen’t do, voilel we thought he dy’d. 

Corin. By the Queenes Drauine the swarm’d. 

Cym. O rare inclination! 

When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgment, 

Hath to his Circumstances all branches, which 

Diffickion should be richin. Where? how lin’d you? 

And when came you to ferue our Romane Captaine? 

How parted with your Brother? How first met them? 

Why fird you from the Court? And whether thefe? 

And your three motions to the Battale? with 

I know not how much more should be demanded, 

And all the other My-dependances 

From chance to chance? But nor the Time, nor Place 

Will ferue our long Interrogatories. See, 

Poflimtites Anchors upon Image. 

And the (like harmfelfne Lightning) throwes her eye 

On him: her Brothers, Me: her Mafter hiring 

Each object with a joy: the Counter-change 

Is feverally in all. Let’s quit this ground, 

And fmoake the Temple with our Sacrifices. 

Thou and thine Brothers, we thall thee euer. 

Imo. You are my Father too, and did releafe me: 

To fee this gracious feaon. 

Cym. All o’re-joy’d 

Save thefle in bonds, let them be joyful euer, 

For they shall tale our Comfort. 

Imo. My good Mafter, I will yet do you feruice. 

Luc. Happy be you. 

Cym. The forborne Souldier, that nobly fought 

He would have well became this place, and grac’d 

The thankings of a King. 

Poff. I am Sir 

The Souldier that did company thfe three, 

In poore beffeming: ’t was a fummonfor 

The purpofe I then follow’d. That I was he, 

Speake Leboma, I had you downe, and might 

Haue made you fubmit. 

iach. I am downe againe: 

But now my beaufie Confeience finkes my knee, 

As then your force did. Take that life, befeech you 

Which I too ofte owe: be your Ring firft. 

And here’s the Bracelet of the trufle Prince 

That euer furoe her Faith. 

Poff. Kneele not to me: 

The powrfe that I have on you, is to fpare you: 

The malice towards you, to forgive you. 

Lue. And deale with others better. 

Cym. Nobly don’t you: 

We’ll learn our Frenecie of a Sonne-in-Law: 

Pardon’s the word to all. 

Arui. You holpe vs Sir, 

As you do meane indeed to be our Brother, 

Joy’d are we, that you are. 

Poff. You Servant Princes. Good my Lord of Rome 

Call forth your Sooth-fayer: As I flep, I thought 

Great Jupiter upon his Eagle back’d 

Appeard to me, with other frightfull fpecies 

Of mine owne Kindred. When I wak’d, I found 

This Label on my bofon: whofe containing 

Is to from fente in hardcheffe, that I can
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.  993

Make no Collection of it. Let him shew His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmus.

South. Here, my good Lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Reader.

When as a Lyons Whelp shall to himselfe unknown, with our seeking finds, and bee embrac'd by a piece of tender Ayre: And when from a stately Cedar shall be left branches, which being dead many yeares, shall after resemble, bee routed to the old stocks, and freely grow, then shall Rufh hammer and his miseries, Britaine be commiserate, and flourish in Peace and Plenty.

Thou Leontes art the Lyons Whelpe, The fit and apt Conduction of thy name Being Leontes, doth import so much: The peace of tender Ayre, thy venemous Daughter, Which we call Mollis Aer, and Mellis Aer We term it Muller; which Muller I chaine Is this most constant Wife, who even now Answering the Letter of the Oracle, Unknowne to you vnfought, were elipt about With this most tender Aire.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

South. The lofty Cedar, Royall Cymbeline Perfonates thee: And thy lofty Branches, point Thy two Sons enow, who by Belarum shone For many yeares thought dead, are now reuiv'd To the Maiestick Cedar Ioynd; whose Issue Promises Britain, Peace and Plenty.

Cym. Well,

My Peace we will begin: And Ceas Lucius.

Although the Victor, we submit to Cesar,

And to the Romane Empire: promisong To pay our wonted Tribute, from the which We were distarved by our wicked Queene, Whom heauen in Justice both on her, and hers, Haue laid most heavy hand.

South. The fingers of the Powres above, do tune The harmony of this Peace: the Vision Which I made knowne to Lucius ere the stroke Of yet this leaft cold Battle, at this instant Is full accomplisht. For the Romane Eagle From South to West, on wing soaring aloft Lefted her selfe, and in the Beames of the Sun So vanisht; which bore she ould our Princely Eagle Th'Imperiall Cesar, should againe vrne His Paviour, with the Radiant Cymbeline, Which shines here:here in the West.

Cym. Laud we the Gods,

And let our crooked Smoakes clime to their Nostrils From our blest Altars, Publish we this Peace To all our Subjectes. Set we forward: Let A Roman, and a Britifh Ensigne vmarne Friendly together: fo through Linus-Tonne march, And in the Temple of great Jupiter Our Peace we'll ratifie: Seale it with Feasts.

Set on there: Neuer was a Warre did cease (Ere bloody hands were wash'd) with such a Peace.

FINIS.
