SHAKESPEARES

COMEDIES, HISTORIES, & TRAGEDIES

A CENSUS OF EXTANT COPIES
SHAKESPEARE'S
COMEDIES, HISTORIES, & TRAGEDIES

A SUPPLEMENT TO THE REPRODUCTION IN
FACSIMILE OF THE FIRST FOLIO EDITION (1623)
FROM THE CHATSWORTH COPY IN THE POSSESSION OF THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, K.G.

CONTAINING

A CENSUS OF EXTANT COPIES

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THEIR
HISTORY AND CONDITION

BY

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INTRODUCTION TO THE CENSUS

This is a first systematic endeavour to ascertain the number and whereabouts of extant original copies of the Shakespeare First Folio,—the volume which constitutes the greatest contribution yet made to English literature. At the same time researches have been pursued with some persistency into the past history and the present condition of surviving copies, and the collected information has been arranged as methodically as the multitudinous details permit. The general numerical result will create widespread surprise. Although shrewd suspicions have long been cherished by experts that the scarcity of the Shakespeare First Folio has been exaggerated, few will anticipate the width of the interval that separates the popular estimate of the volume's rarity from the precise testimony to its existing plenitude, that is here brought together for the first time. The student of the following pages will recognize that henceforth it will not be by the paucity of extant exemplars that the Shakespeare First Folio will be notable in the eyes of bibliographers; it will be remarkable in their sight from the abundance of the copies that survive. Of works of first-rate literary interest, which were produced during the sixteenth or early seventeenth century, whether in England or on the continent of Europe, few can in fact be shown to survive in so many copies of the original edition as does the first collection in folio of Shakespeare's plays. No more than fourteen remain, it will be seen, in an original state of perfection. But as many as 150 extant copies, in varying conditions of cleanliness and completeness, are noticed in the accompanying Census. The First Folio edition may fairly be conjectured to have consisted originally of six hundred copies, and at the end of nearly three centuries the surviving number seems to amount to near a third of that originally printed. Most of the extant volumes betray the damaging effects of age, but time has shown a rare forbearance in sparing in whatever state so substantial a proportion of a highly popular first edition of supreme literary worth.

No special precautions seem to have been taken to preserve copies of the book within the first century of its publication. It was widely read, but no exceptional pecuniary value then attached to it. The work was thrice reprinted within little more than sixty years,—in the Second, Third, and Fourth Folios of 1632, 1663–4, and 1685 respectively. Each of these editions was as large as its predecessor, and for a long time no interest seems to have belonged to the First Folio above that belonging to the Second, Third, or Fourth. Owing to the abundant supply, a Shakespeare Folio

On the other hand, the first editions of Foxe's Acts and Monuments (1563), of Walton's Compleat Angler (1653), and of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress (1678), now enjoy a distinction of scarcity, which is altogether outside the experience of the First Folio.

1 To other first folio editions of the period, Spenser's Works, 1611, Ben Jonson's Works, 1616, and Beaumont and Fletcher's Works, 1647, the like figures probably apply closely, but these volumes were not exposed to the same danger of popularity as the Shakespeare First Folio, and there is nothing surprising about their extant numbers. Among famous books of the later years of the seventeenth century the first edition of Milton's Paradise Lost (1667) seems to have consisted of some 1,300 copies, more than double that of the Shakespeare First Folio. The type was long kept standing, and the original edition was issued at intervals extending over fully two years in small batches with altered title-pages. Most of these issues are still comparatively common, and are more accessible than the First Folio.

2 Through the middle years of the seventeenth century, connoisseurs were quite content to place on their shelves a Second Folio, though a First was within their reach. Both Charles I and his nephew, Prince Rupert, only owned Second Folios. Charles I's copy is now in the Royal Library at Windsor Castle. Prince Rupert's copy is noticed in A Catalogue of all the Books in His Highness Prince Rupert's Library, November, 1677 (British Museum, Sloane MS, 555, f. 4).
was in the seventeenth century an unusually common book. Consequently copies of the First Folio were from early days exposed to the devastating agencies of careless handling and rough usage. It is doubtful if the processes of destruction suffered any conscious check for a century and a half, but happily they worked with less ruinous result than average experience would suggest.

The Shakespearean commentator, George Steevens, learnt from the account-books of a seventeenth-century bookseller, which were extant in his day, that the price of a copy amounted on its publication in 1623 to £1. Each of the new editions—the Second, Third, and Fourth Folios—of 1632, 1663–4, and 1685 seems to have been issued at the same price, and for many years the pecuniary value of the First Folio remained on the same level as that of its three successors. None made any substantial advance in price. Towards the end of the seventeenth century, the Third Folio—alone of the four—seems to have risen in value, a rise due to unverified rumours that numerous unsold copies of the edition had been destroyed in the fire of London of 1666. At the auction sale of a library belonging to Benjamin Worsley on May 13, 1678, while a copy of the Second Folio fetched 16s.—four shillings less than the published price—a copy of the Third fetched £1 8s. 6d.—eight shillings and sixpence in excess. No First Folio was for sale on that occasion. The first record of the sale by auction of a First Folio belongs to the year 1687, when one figured in the sale of a collection of books belonging to Sir William Coventry and the Hon. Henry Coventry, who resided in the Haymarket, London. No details are, however, forthcoming.

In the eighteenth century Shakespeare’s works were constantly reprinted and edited, and public interest in the early editions steadily grew. The unique importance of the First Folio was soon recognized, and a demand for copies in excess of the supply gradually developed among scholars and book-collectors. In a London sale-catalogue of 1748, the earliest that has yet been found definitely to mention a First Folio, the volume was described as ‘a fine copy, very scarce.’ The earliest priced record of a sale of the book at auction belongs to the year 1756, when a copy in the library of Martin Folkes, the lately-deceased President of the Royal Society, was sold for three guineas (this copy is now in the John Rylands Library at Manchester). Ten years later, in 1766, the identical price was realized at the sale of the library of a well-known author, David Mallet. For some time three guineas was regarded as the highest price attainable, and during the same period copies often changed hands for far smaller sums. The leading Shakespearean editors of the epoch, Sir Thomas Hanmer, Lewis Theobald, Edward Capell, Dr. Johnson, George Steevens, and Edmund Malone are known to have acquired on moderate terms one or two copies each for purposes of study. About 1760, Garrick, the great actor, purchased one for £1 16s. of a fashionable bookseller, Thomas Payne, whose shop was at the Mews Gate by Charing Cross (this copy is now at Queen’s College, Oxford). But although the tide occasionally ebbed, the price’s upward movement was not seriously checked. Below states that about 1770 the standard value of a ‘fine copy’ was five guineas, and that he refused ‘at nine guineas a superb copy,’ which realized thirteen at Dr. Monro’s sale in 1792 (this apparently became afterwards the Grenville copy). In 1787 Dr. Richard Wright’s copy ‘bound in Russia’ brought £10 at a sale by auction. In 1801 fourteen guineas was the sum at which the First Folio in the library of Samuel Ireland, the father of the Shakespearean forger, passed to Dr. Matthew Raine, Head-master of the Charterhouse. But these amounts only represent the lower tendencies of the rising market. In 1790 the action of the Duke of Roxburghe, at the dispersal of the library of John
John Watson Reed, an attorney in Ely Place, inaugurated a higher scale of increase. According to a popular story, the duke at the Watson Reed sale looked on from one end of the room, while a friend bid for him at the other. To the general amazement the bidding rose to what was regarded as the exorbitant sum of twenty guineas. Thereupon the friend passed to the duke a slip of paper containing a warning to discontinue the contest. The duke coolly returned the slip with the added words—

‘Lay on, Macduff! And d——d be he who first cries “Hold, enough.”’

When the bidding reached £110 14s. the duke was declared victor, and he marched away in triumph, with the volume under his arm. (This copy afterwards became the Chatsworth copy.)

Steevens's comment on this incident was to the effect that the First Folio had become the most expensive single book in our language. Much followed to corroborate this opinion. A year or two afterwards Payne of the Mews Gate by Charing Cross made over a First Folio to the zealous virtuoso, Constantine Jennings, for no less a sum than seventy guineas. In 1812, when the Duke of Roxburgh's copy again changed hands at auction, Steevens's pronouncement was signally confirmed anew. For a second time it scored a record price, then leaping up to £100. But other copies soon outstripped this sum. In 1818 at the Midgeley sale, Thomas Grenville, who subsequently bequeathed his library to the British Museum, paid £121 6s. for a First Folio, and thereby created a new standard. The bibliographer, Dibdin, wrote somewhat prematurely that 'this was the highest price ever given or likely to be given for the volume.' Although the amount was not exceeded for thirty-three years, it was quickly approached very closely thrice. For the copy belonging to the actor, John Philip Kemble, James Boswell the younger paid in 1821 £122 6s. 7d., and the same copy passed five years later to Sir John Soane for £105 (it is now in the Soane Museum). In 1827 John Dent's copy was bought by Henry Perkins, the brewer, for £110 5s. It was not, however, till 1850 that a new advance began. In the interval prices varied from nineteen to fifty-five guineas for many fair copies in which defects had been supplied by facsimile pages or by pages taken from later folios. In 1850 a copy, formerly belonging to Sir John Rennie, which had been bought in at his sale in 1829 for £71 8s., fetched £124. In 1851 James Beaufay paid £111 10s. for a good copy sold with the library of the Right Hon. Charles Watkin Williams Wynn. Three years later a slight advance was made by James Lenox, a New York collector, who acquired at a London sale for £163 16s. the Lichfield-Baker copy. This was the first occasion on which American competition worked with palpable effect.

All earlier experience was belied at the sale of George Daniel's copy in July, 1864, when his First Folio was acquired by Miss (now the Baroness) Burdett-Coutts for the then unheard-of sum of £710 2s. So high a price foreshadowed the future, but it was not immediately maintained. A year later the Earl of Crawford acquired a good copy at the Earl of Charlemont's sale for £455. In July, 1867, Mr. James S. B. Bohn, when cataloguing the Shakespearean books for the sale of the library of George Smith, of 21 Russell Square, London, appended to his description of the First Folio these prophetic words: 'The difficulty of procuring a perfect copy ... is now so great, and the competition whenever one occurs so strong, that probably what our ancestors

1 Dibdin, Bibliomania, 1842, p. 713 note.
2 Dibdin's Library Compendium, 1854, p. 816. 
deemed dear at £100 will be regarded as cheap at £1,000 by our successors. The prophecy was not immediately realized, and George Smith’s very fair copy was bought by the late J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps (apparently for the Earl of Warwick) for no more than £417.

In fact no advance was made on the Daniel price for twenty-seven years, till the extreme end of the nineteenth century. In the interval several reputable copies fetched at auction sums varying between £400 and £600. In 1873 the Dent-Perkins copy was bought by a Manchester bookseller for £385. Next year Sir William Tite’s copy was purchased on behalf of an American collector (Mr. Brayton Ives) for £440; in 1882 the Ouvry copy fetched £420; in 1884, when the Earl of Gosford copy brought £470, the Syston Park copy, which went to America, fetched £590; in 1889 the Frederick Perkins copy brought £415. It was in New York in 1891 that the latest scale of increase was inaugurated. At the sale of Mr. Brayton Ives’ library there in March, 1891, his copy, formerly the Tite copy, beat the existing record at the sum of £840 (£4,200). This volume now belongs to Mr. W. A. White, of New York. Thenceforth prices mounted rapidly. In June, 1899, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, of New York, acquired privately of a London bookseller a First Folio for more than £1,000. Next month an absolutely new record was publicly achieved by a British buyer, Mr. B. B. MacGeorge, of Glasgow, who paid at Christie’s for the Belleruche copy no less than £1,700. This sum has as yet been exceeded only once, and then in a very small degree. In London on July 16, 1901, again at Christie’s, the Dormer-Hunter copy was bought by Mr. Bernard Quaritch, junior, for £1,720, which is the highest price that has been reached (this copy is now in New York). These two transactions remain exceptional. A good copy fetched at the Ashburnham sale no more than £85 in 1899, and, although in March, 1902, a moderate copy—belonging to Mr. G. B. Baker-Wilbraham—brought £620, the prices of inferior copies have not averaged during the last ten years more than £300. But £1,000 or £1,100 may at the moment be regarded as the average price for good complete copies, when they are subjected to sale-room competition either in New York or London. At the sale in New York, on March 20, 1900, of the late Augustin Daly’s library, his First Folio fetched £1,080 (£5,400), and another in the library of the late Colonel Edward George Hibbert brought £1,050 at Sotheby’s on April 12, 1902.

The precise sums at which copies of the First Folio change hands at auctions depend to a large extent on the accidents of sale-room competition. But, generally speaking, the price may be roughly held to be governed by the condition of the copy sold. Few books vary more in this respect. A very small number of copies survive in their original, unsophisticated form, and only one or two are still in the original binding. Time has laid a more or less heavy hand on all but a very few surviving copies; most of them bear telltale marks of age and usage. As a rule the preliminary leaves, especially the fly-leaf containing Ben Jonson’s lines on the portrait, the title-page and the last leaf, have been damaged or altogether lost. Not one copy in every twenty that survive retains the original fly-leaf, and only one in every fifteen copies possesses the last leaf and title-page uninjured. Steevens attributes much of the discoloration, that commonly characterizes the book, to the fact that it was a customary possession in country houses during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and was ordinarily kept on the table in the hall at which the household was wont to take its meals. Steevens claimed often to detect scraps of food, especially thin flakes of piecrust, between the leaves of copies that he examined, and assigned many stains to spilt drink.
To obliterate by artifice the injuries that copies of the First Folio suffered, from either age or rough handling, became as early as Steevens's day the resolute endeavour of booksellers. About 1780 Steevens wrote—

'Every possible adulteration has of late years been practised in fitting up copies of this book for sale. When leaves have been wanting they have been reprinted with battered types, and foisted into vacancies, without notice of such defects and the remedies applied to them. When the title has been lost, a spurious one has been fabricated, with a blank space left for the head of Shakspeare, afterwards added from the second, third, or fourth impression. To conceal these frauds, thick vermilion lines have been usually drawn over the edges of the engravings, which would otherwise have betrayed themselves when let into a supplemental page, however craftily it was lined at the back and discoloured with tobacco-water till it had assumed the true jaune antique. Sometimes leaves have been inserted from the Second Folio, and, in a known instance, the entire play of 'Cymbeline,' the genuine date at the end of it [1623] having been altered into 1623.'

Since Steevens's day such practices have become habitual, but as a rule they are frankly acknowledged by booksellers, and few endeavours are made to represent imperfect copies that have been repaired to be in a perfect and original state.

The most difficult and expensive mode of repairing an imperfect copy is to supply its defects with leaves from other originals that are imperfect in different ways. This is now a difficult process, and resort to it is rare. It is more common and easier to depend on the skill of the copyist. Probably the most successful practitioner of the art of repairing, by pen or pencil, defects in damaged copies of the First Folio was John Harris (c. 1790–1872). In youth he was a student at the Royal Academy in London, and he devoted most years of his adult life to copying in exact facsimile, in pen and ink, the typography and engravings of old books. His copies were lithographed on old paper and were largely employed to fill gaps in old volumes. The preliminary leaves,—especially the fly-leaf and portrait-title,—and the last leaf of the First Folio, which are the portions of the volume that are most frequently missing, constantly employed his pen, and in his own day his success in imitating these pages was so great that some experts confessed themselves unable to distinguish between the original leaves and Harris's facsimiles of them. Other pages, especially at the end of the volume, often engaged his attention. Owing to failing sight Harris retired from business in 1870, but during the preceding half-century his handiwork was introduced into scores of copies of the First Folio. He had several competitors in the field, but during his lifetime he was easily reckoned first in capacity. Some of his successors are held to have shown superior powers, but none seem to have approached Harris in the extent of their operations.

Several defective copies, which have not enjoyed the benefit of Harris's skill, have been clumsily made up of late years from the facsimile reprint of 1806, or from fragments of Second, Third, or Fourth Folios. In examining copies of the First Folio and in appraising their value, one must consequently bear in mind all the varied artifices of repARATION.

More or less imperfect copies of the First Folio were ordinarily kept in stock by the great London booksellers during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. In 1767 the bookseller, Jacob Tonson, made George Steevens a present of a copy—a proof that it was not credited by him with superlative scarcity. Through many years of the

1 Variorum Shakespeare, 1821, ii. 658-60. 2 See Cowtan's Memories of the British Museum, pp. 334 et seq.
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eighteenth century a First Folio was always to be acquired at a moderate price of Thomas Payne, the great bookseller of Charing Cross. Thomas Rodd (1763–1822) the elder, and Thomas Rodd the younger (1796–1849), whose shop was in Great Newport Street, dealt largely in the volume. But probably the dealer who handled the greatest number of copies was Joseph Lilly, who was in business in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden for nearly forty years (1831–70). His catalogues occasionally indicate that he had as many as six copies on his shelves at one time, and it is estimated that his transactions covered in all some hundred copies. Five figured in the auction of 1871 which disposed of his stock on his death. Most of Lilly’s First Folios were in poor condition, and he was always a large buyer of Harris’s facsimiles. He apparently regarded £100 as a good price at which to dispose of a copy. Halliwell-Phillipps, the Shakespearean scholar, who was constantly buying and selling books in the middle of the nineteenth century, seems to have bought and sold some dozen different copies. Lilly’s successor, as the leading dealer in the First Folio, was Bernard Quaritch, who was in business in London between 1847 and 1899. As many as fifty copies probably passed through Quaritch’s hands. His chief competitors were James Toovey of Piccadilly and Frederick Startridge Ellis of Bond Street. Of late years, few booksellers of repute either in London or New York have failed at one time or another to secure copies for sale.

Several attempts have been made in the past century to determine the number of extant copies of the volume and the names of their present owners, but none of these preceding endeavours have been carried far. The first effort was made by the bibliographer Thomas Frognall Dibdin, who published his results in The Library Companion in 1824. He gave particulars of twenty-six copies, placing three in a first class of perfect exemplars, six in a second class of slightly defective copies, and seventeen in a third class of imperfect copies. He also mentioned fourteen other copies of which he knew by hearsay only.

About 1840 the bookseller Thomas Rodd the younger began a list which he estimated to reach eighty in number, but he died without completing it, and no trace of it survives. In 1852, in 1853, and in 1877, correspondents in Notes and Queries urged, quite independently of one another, the systematic execution of the task, but little came of their suggestions. Henry George Bohn in 1863, in his revised edition of Lowndes’s Bibliographical Manual (part viii), cursorily mentioned thirty-nine copies, depending for his knowledge of nearly all on sale-catalogues, dated between 1877 and 1860, with the result that several appear more than once. Allibone, in his Dictionary of English and American Authors (Philadelphia, 1870, vol. iii), reprinted Bohn’s entries without corroboration, but vaguely added four. In 1897 Mr. Holcombe Ingleby contributed to Notes and Queries a list of some forty-five copies which he believed to be either in England or America; to that list some ten additions were made by subsequent correspondents to the periodical. Mr. Ingleby’s list was manifestly incomplete and was occasionally inaccurate; some of the owners named had parted with their copies, some persons who were credited with ownership of a First Folio possessed one of the later Folios only, while others had never acquired any Shakespeare Folio at all. None the less Mr. Ingleby’s remains the completest attempt at a Census

1 Cf. Notes and Queries, 1st Ser. vi. 195 and vii. 1295; 5th Ser. viii. 78.
2 Notes and Queries, 8th Ser. xii. 222 et seq.
3 Copies have at various times been publicly assigned in error to the ten following persons or corporations:— the Earl of Leicester, who possesses only the Second and Third Folios; the Earl of Northbrook, Sir H. D. Ingleby, Bart., the Governors of Rugby School, and which
which has been published before that which is undertaken here. In America an
endeavour to enumerate copies in that country was made in 1874 by the learned
librarian of Harvard College, the late Mr. Justin Win sor. He noticed nineteen copies,
of which one, assigned to Asbury University, Greensastle, Ind., has proved on further
investigation by me to be a late facsimile. Mr. Win sor's results were published in his
valuable but little-known Bibliography of Original Quartos and Folios of Shakespeare: with
particular reference to copies in America, Boston, 1875, 4to. A later account of First
Folios in New York City alone was given by Mr. William H. Fleming in Shakespeariana
for March, 1888—a periodical published in Philadelphia. Mr. Fleming described
thirteen copies with much minuteness.

Most of the copies have changed hands since their publication in 1623 with
a frequency, often with a secrecy, and invariably with an absence of detailed records
that present serious stumbling-blocks to the bibliographical pedigree-maker. It is rare
for extant copies to bear the marks of successive ownership. Only a few declare the
name of the present owner's immediate predecessor. Neither book-plates nor inscrip-
tions giving names of former possessors are commonly found in First Folios. The
current methods of restoration and re-binding seem to be responsible for the removal
of evidence of former ownership. It is consequently seldom that the past history of a
copy can be fully recovered. At times notices of the dimensions or of the binding,
or of some peculiar typographical feature, which appear in old sale-catalogues or in
bibliographical compilations, furnish a clue which enables the investigator to trace
the career of a copy backwards for some distance, but in the vast number of cases
the restoration to which the copy has been subjected, and the effacement of book-
plates and of earlier owners' names, have destroyed all opportunities of identifica-
tion. The precise recent fortunes of many copies, to which early records attach historical
interest, elude research.

Many persons of historical importance are known to have been among the
purchasers or early owners of the First Folio soon after its publication, but it is in less
than six cases that the pedigree of a copy can be ascertained from the beginning.
One copy was acquired in 1623 by the Spanish Ambassador at the English Court, Count
Gondomar, and was handed down as an heirloom to his descendants in Spain. It was
examined some sixty years ago by the late Señor Gayangos, while in the possession of
a representative of the ancient Gondomar family at the Casa del Sol at Valladolid.
Gayangos reported that it contained many MS. interpolations in English, often in verse.
Although the library at the Casa del Sol to which the volume belonged is stated to
be still intact, it is now neglected, and of late years endeavours to find the volume
there have proved unsuccessful. Among the copies which figure in this Census, those
belonging to the Earl of Ellesmere, to Mr. Francis Alexander Newdigate, M.P., of
Arbury, Warwickshire (nephew and heir of Lieutenant-General Sir Edward Newdigate-
Newdegate, whose death has taken place while these pages have been passing through
the press), and to Mr. E. E. Harcourt Vernon, alone seem to have been from the first
in the hands of the family which now possesses them. The copy acquired by
Bishop John Cosin in the early years of the seventeenth century was bequeathed by him
in 1672 to Durham Cathedral Library, where it still remains. Other very early owners
whose First Folios, cited below, were long the property of their descendants, although

the owner of the Barberini Palace, Rome, all of whom possess Second Folios only; the Duke of Norfolk and
the Earl Fitzwilliam, who have Third Folios only; Lord Hothfield, Sir David Dale, Bart., of Darlington,

they
they have now passed into new hands, were Robert Sidney, second Earl of Leicester (now belonging to Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan), Augustine Vincent, the herald, to whom the book was presented by the printer William Jaggard (now belonging to Mr. Coningsby Sibthorp), the first Lord Arundell of Wardour (now belonging to Stonyhurst College), John Hacket, Bishop of Lichfield (now belonging to Paulin Martin, Esq.), Colonel John Lane, of Staffordshire, the protector of Charles II after the battle of Worcester (now belonging to Abel Buckley, Esq.), and Ralph Sheldon, the antiquary and landowner, of Warwickshire (now belonging to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts). The copy now in the library of the Duke of Leeds seems to have belonged to Charles Killigrew, the theatrical manager of Charles II's reign, and was afterwards successively the property of the dramatist William Congreve, and of the Duke's ancestress, the second Duchess of Marlborough. It is significant of the serious repute which Shakespeare's works enjoyed at an early period to learn that two copies, of which the history is distinctly traceable back to the seventeenth century, were originally purchased by nonconformist ministers. The First Folio acquired by Dr. Daniel Williams (c. 1638-1716), the dissenting divine and benefactor of London, still forms part of the library called after him, which he founded and endowed by will in 1711. Another copy of the First Folio, which now belongs to Mr. A. Prescott Baker, of Boston, U.S.A., is reputed to have been the property, more than two hundred years ago, of the far-famed Boston minister, Cotton Mather (1663-1728), and to have reached its present owner through Mather's descendants. It is probable that Mr. Baker's copy has had its home in the United States longer than any other, and may be reckoned the oldest inhabitant in the populous and still growing community of American First Folios.

A slightly larger number of extant copies can be traced back to eighteenth-century owners, but only a small proportion of these remain in the possession of their eighteenth-century owners' descendants. The copy that seems to have belonged to the Duke of Newcastle, the Prime Minister, is still in the library of the present duke, while that formerly in the hands of the first Marquis of Lansdowne is now in a public institution, the London Institution. The copies on which the great commentators of the eighteenth century worked—Sir Thomas Hanmer, Lewis Theobald, Edward Capell, George Steevens, Edmund Malone—are all identifiable among the surviving exemplars, but positive traces are unfortunately lost of the one sold at Dr. Johnson's sale, in 1785, as well as of that in the library of Dr. Richard Farmer, the writer on 'Shakespeare's Learning,' which was sold (in a somewhat dilapidated state) to Thomas Amyot for £7 in 1798. Luckily Garrick's copy and Kemble's copy, among those belonging to great eighteenth-century actors, are now safely housed in the libraries respectively of Queen's College, Oxford, and of the Soane Museum, Lincoln's Inn Fields. But nothing is known of the copy which John Payne Collier reported that he saw in 1869 in Joseph Lilly's shop, bearing, in old handwriting, the names of Garrick and Mrs. Siddons; it was apparently a gift from the veteran actor to the young actress at the opening of her great career 1.

The libraries of most of the leading collectors of the early nineteenth century have long since been dispersed; and though in numerous instances, as a study of the Census will show, I have ascertained the fortunes of their First Folios by dint of persistent research, I have been baffled more often than I could wish. I am sanguine enough to believe that the copies formerly belonging to the following well-known men of letters

1 Notes and Queries, 5th Ser. vii. 247.
or collectors of the nineteenth century figure in the accompanying Census, but my efforts to identify them specifically have not been successful. Happily for the present purpose none of these are reputed to be in first-rate condition. I arrange them in order of the dates of the sales at which they changed hands, and give the description and price from sale-catalogues or from accounts of the sale in newspapers or from bibliographical compilations:

1816. William Roscoe (restored; 'a very bad copy'). £21.
1819. The Marquis of Blandford, of White Knights (imperfect). £18 7s. 6d.
1834. Richard Heber (imperfect). £77 15s. Apparently in the eighteenth century in the library of Basil Feilding, sixth Earl of Denbigh (1719-1800), and sold at the Denbigh sale in 1825 for £89 5s. Purchased by Heber at John Brodley's sale in 1832 for £71.
1840. Bishop Samuel Butler (acquired c 1830, apparently of Thomas Amyot who had kept it for some years, together with a second copy that was formerly in the library of Dr. Richard Farmer); with uncorrected leaf of 'Hamlet,' p. 278 (cf. Malone's Shakespeare, 1821, xxi. pp. 447-50); fly-leaf and title in facsimile, and 'Cymbeline' from Second Folio (cf. Dibdin's Literary Reminiscences, 1836, ii. 966).
1853. Dr. Edward Craven Hawtrey, of Eton (mended). £65.
1860. Lancelot and Henry Holland (size: 12½ in. x 8½ in.). £91.

1 These copies were all disposed of at public auction. But several copies have been disposed of privately in England during the past few years, and in these instances I have only rarely been able to obtain precise information of their history and condition, and I have been compelled as a rule to leave their present whereabouts undetermined. Some ten years ago the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury Cathedral sold a copy which was long in the Cathedral Library, and the librarian has no information to give me beyond those unsatisfying facts. The Earl of Warwick parted with his First Folio and the rest of his Shakespearean library in 1858. Copies belonging to the late Lord Vernon and to the late Bishop Vertue of Portsmouth were also disposed of privately, the bishop's copy, of which I have fortunately obtained a full description, being sold by him in 1897. I cannot identify these and some other copies of which I have more or less vague intelligence with any of those whose present owners have been in communication with me. I have accordingly entered such imperfectly traced First Folios under separate headings as 'untraced' copies. I have done all I could to avoid duplication of entry in the Census, and have exhausted all available means of research before admitting an 'untraced' First Folio, but it is impossible in so complex an inquiry to counteract every risk of error.
The introduction of the one hundred and fifty-six copies, which are noticed in the Census, offers points of interest. One hundred and one may be reckoned to remain in the United Kingdom, fifty may be estimated to be now in the United States of America, three are in the British Colonies, and two at least are known to be on the continent of Europe. All the copies which I have definitely traced in the colonies and on the continent are in public libraries. It is notable that the three colonial copies were recent gifts to colonial public libraries on the part of public-spirited natives of the United Kingdom. The First Folios now in the public libraries of Cape Town and Auckland, New Zealand, were both presented by Sir George Grey, the eminent and patriotic colonial governor, while the one in the Sydney Public Library was presented by Sir Richard Tangye, of the Birmingham firm of engineers. Of the British copies twenty-eight are in public libraries or institutions, and of the American copies nine.

The British Museum and the New York Public Library have now each four copies. The private owner possessing the largest number of copies is Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, of New York, who possesses three—one of great historic interest. Trinity College, Cambridge, the Birthplace Museum at Stratford-on-Avon, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and Lord Amherst of Hackney, each have two; but only at Trinity College, Cambridge, and in the Baroness’s library are two copies found together in good condition.

The largest dimension of height that is assignable to any of the enumerated copies is 13 1/2 in.; the largest dimension of breadth is 8 1/2 in. Only one copy—that belonging to Mr. Coningsby Sibthorp, exactly combines both superlative measurements, but they are nearly approached in the four exemplars belonging respectively to Mr. Pierpont Morgan (No. XXXVII), which measures 13 1/2 in. x 8 1/2 in.; to Mr. Harcourt Vernon, 13 1/2 in. x 8 1/2 in.; to Mr. L. Z. Leiter, of Chicago, 13 1/2 in. x 8 1/2 in.; and to Mr. F. A. Newdigate, M.P., 13 1/2 in. x 8 1/2 in. There is a sixth copy (belonging to Mr. E. Dwight Church, of Brooklyn) which is 13 1/2 in. tall, although no more than 8 1/2 in. broad. Four other copies reaching the highest limit of breadth—i.e. 8 1/2 in. (of which one belongs to the Earl of Ellesmere, another belongs to Mr. Jaggard, the Liverpool bookseller, the third is in the Forrest Home, Philadelphia, and the fourth was formerly in the Asay collection at Chicago)—do not measure in height more than 13 in., 13 in., 12 1/2 in., and 12 1/2 in. respectively.

Although the present Census records a far larger number of copies than that reached by previous workers in the field, it makes no claim to finality. I believe that I have noticed for the first time nearly a hundred hitherto unrecorded copies, and my success in this direction renders it only too probable that others may yet come to light in previously unsuspected places. Nor, in spite of my efforts after accuracy, can I hope, in a new investigation involving so much difficult detail, always to have achieved it. Such merit as the work possesses is mainly due to the active interest which has been taken in its preparation by owners, Shakespearean scholars, and booksellers in the United Kingdom and the United States, who have rendered me most generous assistance.

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1 I print below the actual names of only ninety-eight present owners in England and of thirty-nine in America, but in giving the totals of the copies in the United Kingdom and the United States respectively, I allocate conjecturally fourteen copies which have changed hands in recent years, and whose present owners I have been unable to trace. Five of these untraced copies have long been in the hands of American collectors, and there is every reason to believe that they remain on American soil. The nine other untraced copies were lately in private libraries in the United Kingdom. From information given me (in a less definite form than I could wish) by London booksellers I infer that at least six of these have now passed to American owners. It will thus be seen how my figures are reached.
assistance. Occasional help has also reached me from librarians or students in Germany and Italy and in the British Colonies. The plan that was adopted at the outset was to forward to persons who, there was reason to believe, might own or have access to a copy of the First Folio, a printed schedule of inquirers, with a request that it should be filled up and returned to me. In only a trifling number of instances did my application fail to elicit the required response, and the correspondence that ensued has been consequently large. Very often information was sent to me spontaneously without any direct application on my part. In many cases owners of copies in England placed them freely at my disposal for purposes of a personal examination. One owner, Mr. R. J. Walker, of St. Paul's School, London, entrusted his copy, which is exceptionally fine, to my own keeping, during most of the period that I have been engaged on the work.

I regret that limits of space prevent me from acknowledging in detail all who have lent a hand to this research, but I feel it incumbent on me to specify some of my helpers. Two citizens of the United States have during the past eighteen months most energetically seconded my endeavours to acquire information about the copies now in America. Miss M. E. Blatchford, of Cambridge, U.S.A., herself the owner of a valuable First Folio, and Mr. W. H. Fleming, of New York, the Shakespearean critic, have devoted themselves to the work with great enthusiasm, and without their co-operation my results, as far as the United States are concerned, must have been far less perfect than they are. Through the good offices of Miss Blatchford, Mrs. Justin Winsor, the widow of the well-known Harvard librarian, presented to me some manuscript notes on the subject made by her husband, as well as the unbound sheets of his *Bibliography of original... Folios of Shakespeare* (1855), of which no copy was accessible to me in London. I have also to thank the trustees of the Boston Public Library, and the librarian, Mr. James L. Whitney, for lending me one of the twenty privately printed copies of *The Description of the First Folio Edition of the Plays of Shakespeare, now in the Collection of T. P. Barton*, New York, 1862. No copy of this rare pamphlet, which narrates all that is known of the interesting Barton copy in the Boston Public Library, was to be found in England, when I undertook this research. At the request of the Boston trustees, as soon as I had finished with the copy which they had kindly lent me, I handed it on their behalf to the trustees of the British Museum.

Minute descriptions of the four First Folios in the New York Public Library were furnished to me by Mr. Victor H. Paltsits. Very detailed particulars of the Phoenix copy in Columbia University Library were forwarded by Mr. Charles Alexander Nelson, A.M., the reference librarian. Mr. George Parker Winship, of the John Carter Brown Library, Providence, Mr. L. Z. Leiter, of Chicago, Mr. J. S. Morgan, Mr. Marshall C. Lefferts, and Mr. J. O. Wright, all of New York, have each answered several inquiries. Among my correspondents in England, I am more especially indebted to Sir Edward Maunde Thompson, K.C.B., Director and Principal Librarian of the British Museum, who sent me full accounts of the four copies in his keeping, to Mr. E. B. Nicholson, Bodley's Librarian at Oxford, to Mr. Francis Jenkinson, the Librarian of Cambridge University, to Dr. Aldis Wright, Vice-Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, to the Rev. Dr. Magrath, Provost of Queen's College, Oxford, a Delegate of the Clarendon Press, to Dr. C. L. Shadwell, of Oriel College, Oxford, also a Delegate of the Clarendon Press, and to Mr. R. R. Holmes, the King's Librarian at Windsor. To *The Dictionary of National Biography*, to Mr. W. Y. Fletcher's *English Book Collectors* (1902), to *Book Prices Current* (London, 1887–1901, 15 vols.), and...
INTRODUCTION TO THE CENSUS

to American Book Prices Current, compiled by Mr. Luther S. Livingston (New York, 1895-1901, 7 vols.), I owe useful memoranda about many past owners and past sales, while Mr. Walter Stanley Graves (son of my friend Mr. R. E. Graves, formerly of the British Museum) and Mr. C. E. Hughes have occasionally supplemented my researches among old sale-catalogues. But to every present owner whose name figures in the accompanying list, and to the chief officers or librarians of all the colleges, public libraries, and institutions, which are mentioned among existing guardians of a First Folio, my thanks are due for the time and trouble they have spent in aiding me to invest this Census with some title to be reckoned an authoritative contribution to Shakespearean bibliography.

September 25, 1902.

S. L.
THE CENSUS

In classifying the copies I depend for the most part on information supplied by the owners. Forty-three of the copies I have personally examined, but I have collated comparatively few of these without the assistance of the present owners and guardians. I have frequently been able to supplement the information which has been given me with regard to both the condition and history of the copies, either from the results of my own observation, or from descriptions that I have met with in early sale-catalogues and bibliographical works of authority.

I have divided the copies into four main classes according to my knowledge of their general condition. Class I consists of perfect copies, with three subdivisions (A, B, and C), A containing those that are not known to have undergone restoration, and B and C containing respectively those that have been restored in lesser or greater degree. Class II consists of imperfect copies, arranged in three subdivisions (A, B, and C), each indicative of the extent of their imperfections and the manner of supplying them. Class III consists of poor copies, which are arranged in two subdivisions (A and B), dealing respectively with defective and fragmentary exemplars. Class IV consists of copies of which I have not obtained sufficiently detailed descriptions to enable me to allot them to any of the other classes. In each class and subdivision I place, first, public institutions which possess copies, then the names of private owners in alphabetical order, and finally, when occasion demands it, independent 'untraced' copies about which more or less recent and definite information is derivable from various sources, although the names of the present owners have not been furnished to me. Under every heading I distinguish, where circumstances require it, the copies in the United Kingdom from those in the United States, in the British Colonies, and in countries on the continent of Europe. In each entry I give, wherever I can, firstly the size of the copy, secondly its history, and thirdly an account of its condition. To facilitate reference to the Census, I have numbered the entries consecutively throughout.
THE CENSUS

CLASS I (Perfect Copies)

Division A (in good, un restored condition)

[The United Kingdom: Public Institutions]

Size: 12\(\frac{3}{4}\) in. × 8\(\frac{1}{4}\) in. History: apparently sold for £13 13s. at the sale of Dr. John Monroe's library in 1792 and bought by Midgeley. Purchased in 1818 for £131 16s. at Midgeley's sale by the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville, who bequeathed it, with his library, in 1846 to the British Museum. ( Cf. Dibdin's Library Companion, p. 810.) Condition: clean; bound in red morocco by Charles Lewis.

II. LONDON.—LONDON INSTITUTION, FINSBURY CIRCUS. Size: 12\(\frac{3}{4}\) in. × 8\(\frac{1}{4}\) in. History: apparently acquired £1760 by the Earl of Shelburne, afterwards first Marquess of Lansdowne (d.1805); purchased at the sale of Lord Lansdowne's library in 1806 for London Institution. Condition: good; preliminary leaves re-arranged.

III. CAMBRIDGE. — THE MASTER AND FELLOWS OF TRINITY COLLEGE. Size: 13 in. × 8\(\frac{1}{4}\) in. History: acquired £1700 by Edward Duke, whose name is inscribed; subsequently, £1720, the property of Edward Capell, who bequeathed it to Trinity College in 1779. Condition: good; untouched by modern binder; last three leaves slightly injured by damp.

IV. CAMBRIDGE. — THE MASTER AND FELLOWS OF TRINITY COLLEGE. Size: 12\(\frac{3}{4}\) in. × 8\(\frac{1}{4}\) in. History: acquired £1840 by the Rev. William Grylls, of Polsloe Park, Exeter, who bequeathed it to Trinity College in 1863. Condition: re-bound in morocco; the three first and last leaves slightly repaired.

[The United Kingdom: Private Owners]

V. THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS, 1 STRATTON STREET, LONDON. Size: 12\(\frac{3}{4}\) in. × 8\(\frac{1}{4}\) in. History: acquired £1800 by Daniel Moore, F.S.A., who left it to William H. Booth. Booth bequeathed it to John Gage Rokewode, the antiquary, who sold it £1840 to the London bookseller, William Pickering; it was acquired of Pickering by George Daniel in 1841 for £100, and was purchased at Daniel's sale in 1864 by the present owner for £716 2s., the highest price any copy had then reached. ( Cf. Dibdin's Library Companion, pp. 809-10.) Condition: very clean; bound by Baumgarten and kept in wooden carved casket, made from a fragment of Herne's Oak in Windsor Park, which was presented to the Baroness by Queen Victoria after the tree fell in 1863.

VI. EARL OF CARYSFORT, ELTON HALL, PETERBOROUGH. Size: 12\(\frac{3}{4}\) in. × 8\(\frac{1}{4}\) in. History: acquired £1870 by Frederic Ouvry, F.S.A., at sale of whose library in 1882 it was bought for £420 by Bernard Quaritch. Quaritch advertised it for sale in Athenaeum 1888 for £880. Purchased of Quaritch by present owner in 1888. Condition: clean; bound in red morocco by Clarke and Bedford £1860; preliminary pages re-arranged.

VII. THE EARL OF CRAWFORD, K.T., HAIGH HALL, LANCASHIRE. Size: 12\(\frac{3}{4}\) in. × 8\(\frac{1}{4}\) in. History: acquired by Earl of Charlemont £1820; sold at the sale of that earl's library in August—September, 1855, for £457 to F. S. Ellis, who sold it two months later for £225 to the eighth Earl of Crawford, the present owner's father. Condition: good, despite signs of use; bound in old red morocco; fly-leaf mounted; last figure 3 of date on title in facsimile. V.
VIII. Captain George Lindsay Holford, C.I.E., M.V.O., Dorchester House, Park Lane, London. Size: 12½ in. x 8½ in. History: possibly the 'very fine copy' sold in 1827 at the sale of James Boaden's library for £26 15s. 6d. Purchased c. 1840 by Robert Stayner Holford, present owner's father, for £250. Condition: clean throughout; title-page mounted on a guard at the back.

IX. Alfred Henry Huth, Esq., Biddeston Manor, Andover. Size: 12½ in. x 8½ in. History: purchased c. 1792 by Henry Constantine Jennings, a well-known collector (1771-1819), for 70 guineas of Thomas Payne, the bookseller; acquired c. 1819 by George Hibbert, of Pordland Place, London, at whose sale in 1829 it passed for £85 15s. to John Wilks. In 1847, Wilks sold it for £155 to John Dunn Gardner, at whose sale in 1834 it was purchased by Henry Huth, the present owner's father, for £250. Condition: clean; in 18th century Russia leather binding; small portion of margin of the title made up.

X. Bernard Buchanan MacGeorge, Esq., Glasgow. Size: 12½ in. x 8½ in. History: long in the French family of Belleroche, which settled for a time in England after the revocation of the edict of Nantes. Subsequently owned by a member of the family residing near Brussels; sold by him at Christie's Sale-rooms in London in July, 1899, to present owner for £1,700. Condition: excellent; in old binding; with 17th century MS. notes of value (see Athenæum, August 19, 1899); few corners of margin torn off. The leaf in 'Hamlet,' which should be numbered 277-8, is in this copy wrongly numbered 273-8, is uncorrected, and has numerous exceptional typographical errors.

[The United States of America: Public Institutions]

XI. Boston.—The Public Library—The Barton Collection. Size: 13½ in. x 8½ in. History: acquired in 1845 of Thomas Rodd, the London bookseller, for £110, by T. P. Barton, of New York. Bequeathed by Barton to the Boston Public Library in 1876. (Cf. Description of a copy of the First Folio Edition of Shakespeare, now in the collection of T. P. Barton, New York; 1866—twenty copies printed privately.) Condition: clean, unwashed; bound in red morocco by Charles Lewis for Rodd in 1845; some pages repaired. Rodd told Barton that only three copies—the Grenville copy, the Bridgewater House copy, and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts' Daniel copy—were in a superior condition. Two cancelled leaves of 'As You Like It' form part of the volume, and each bears the same erroneous numbering 203-194. Two corrected leaves of 'As You Like It' (pp. 193-4 and 203-4) were inserted by Rodd from another genuine copy in 1845 to accompany the cancelled proofs of these leaves, which alone originally formed part of this copy. (Cf. Nos. XXIX and CIII, infra.)


[The United States of America: Private Owners]

XIII. Charles Scribner, Esq., New York. Size: 13½ in. x 8½ in. History: owned c. 1860 by the twelfth Lord Dormer, of Grove Park, Warwick, who died 1900, leaving it to his daughter, Mrs. H. C. V. Hunter, of Mawley Hall, Shropshire. Sold at Christie's to Bernard Quaritch, jun., July 16, 1901, for £1,720. Subsequently purchased of Quaritch by present owner. Condition: clean; bound by Bedford; bottom corner of fly-leaf and last three leaves slightly repaired.

XIV. William Augustus White, Esq., Brooklyn, New York. Size: 12½ in. x 7½ in. History: acquired by Sir William Tite c. 1830. Sold at the Tite sale in 1874 for £440. It subsequently passed to America, where it has been owned successively by Eugenie N. Robinson of New York, by Mr. Cooke of Rhode Island, and by Brayton Eves of New York, at the sale of whose library in 1891 it fetched $4,200 (£840). It was acquired by present owner in 1892. [Winson, No. 11.] Condition: good; re-bound by Bedford; the preliminary matter does not follow the ordinary arrangement.
THE CENSUS

CLASS I

Division B (in good condition, but with occasional leaves either supplied from another copy of the First Folio or repaired, i.e. mended, mounted, or inlaid)

[The United Kingdom: Public Institutions]

XV. LONDON.—VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON—DYCE AND FORSTER LIBRARY. Size: 12½ in. x 8½ in. History: acquired c. 1840 by the Rev. Alexander Dyce, who bequeathed it to the Museum, 1869. Condition: good, but pages much cut down in binding; fly-leaf and title mounted and slightly repaired; some corners of leaves elsewhere repaired.

XVI. LONDON.—TRUSTEES OF THE SIR JOHN SOANE MUSEUM, LINCOLN’S INN FIELDS. Size: 11⅛ in. x 7½ in., but inlaid in large paper 15 in. x 10 in. History: possibly the property of John Henderson the actor (1747-85), who disposed of an inlaid copy to Isaac Reed the commentator, at whose sale (1807) it fetched £38. The Soane copy was acquired c. 1807 by John Phillip Kemble the actor, and was sold at Kemble’s sale in 1822 for £112 7s. to James Boswell the younger. Purchased at Boswell’s sale in June, 1835, by John Britton, on behalf of Sir John Soane, for £105. Condition: washed white and inlaid; sumptuously bound, with inserted blank leaves at beginning and end, by Mackinlay for Boswell, at a cost of 60 guineas.

[The United Kingdom: Private Owners]

XVIII. MARK BEAFOY, ESQ., J.P., 87 SOUTH LAMBETH ROAD, LONDON. Size: 13 in. x 8½ in. History: the property in the 17th century of the Shakerley family of Cheshire, into which married Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, third baronet; Sir Watkin’s second son, the Right Hon. Charles Watkin Williams Wynn (1775-1870), owned the copy till his death. It was purchased by James Beaufoy, grandfather of present owner, for £141 10s., Feb. 28, 1871. Condition: clean; one leaf ‘King John,’ pp. 11-12, untrimmed; bound c. 1780 by Roger Payne, whose detailed invoice is preserved in the volume; six leaves in comedies, pp. 169-180, supplied from another copy and carefully inlaid; fly-leaf and last leaf inlaid.

XIX. ABEL BUCKLEY, ESQ., RYECROFT HALL, NEAR MANCHESTER. Size: 12½ in. x 8½ in. History: apparently purchased c. 1660 by Col. John Lane, of Bentley Hall, Staffordshire, Charles II’s protector. Subsequently in possession of Col. Lane’s descendant, Col. John Lane, of King’s Bromley, whose book-plate designed by Hogarth is inserted. At sale of the Lane library, in April 1836, it was purchased for £164 17s. by the third Earl of Gosford. The third Earl’s son, the present Earl, disposed of it to James Toovey, the London bookseller, in 1884 for £470. It was soon afterwards sold through another bookseller to the present owner. Condition: clean throughout; bound in red morocco by Roger Payne; fly-leaf and title mounted; two leaves repaired.

XX. THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS, 1 STRATTON STREET, LONDON. Size: 12½ in. x 8 in. History: acquired c. 1670 by Ralph Sheldon (1623-1684), of Weston Manor House, Long Compton, Warwickshire. At the sale of the Sheldon library at Long Compton in 1781, it was purchased by Mr. King, a bookseller of Moorfields, with two other unnamed books, for £2 4s., somewhat dubious practices being attributed to the bookselling bidders. Condition: fairly clean; old binding re-backed; the arms of the Sheldon family stamped on the sides; fly-leaf re-backed; title-page
title-page slightly repaired. A peculiar feature is a mutilated cancelled leaf containing concluding lines of 'Romeo and Juliet' on front and opening lines of 'Troylus' at back; this leaf, half of which is torn away, precedes a normal leaf afterwards inserted, which supplies prologue of 'Troylus' on the front and opening page of that play at the back. (Cf. No. XXXVII, infra.)

XXI. THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, K.G., CHATSWORTH, DERBYSHIRE. Size: 13⅛ in. x 8½ in. History: at the sale of the library of John Watson Reed, an attorney of Ely Place, Holborn (d. 1790), it was purchased by the great book-collector, the third Duke of Roxburghe, for £25 14s. At the Duke of Roxburghe's sale in 1812 it was bought for £100 by the sixth Duke of Devonshire, cousin of the eighth Duke, the present owner. Condition: fly-leaf guarded; title mended and guarded; portrait on title inlaid. Seven leaves in the tragedies, 'Othello', pp. 311-24, sigs. f (4), g (3), h (7), t-i, 2 (misprinted 3), 3 (4), seem to have been supplied from a shorter original copy; the lower margin of these pages has been extended by the attachment of a strip of paper from ¼ inch to an inch in depth. There is the irregular reading on page 333 of Tragedies ('Othello'), 'And hell gnaw his bones.' (Cf. LXXI, XCI, and CXXIX.)

XXII. EARL HOWE, GOSPALL, LEICESTERSHIRE. Size: 13 in. x 8½ in. History: acquired c 1750 by Charles Jennens, the virtuoso and friend of Handel, who in 1773 bequeathed it, with his property at Gospall, to William Penn Asherton Curzon, ancestor of the present owner. Condition: occasionally stained by water; fly-leaf, title, and preliminary leaves mounted or mended.

XXIII. ALFRED LAW, ESQ., J.P., HONRESFIELD, LITTLEBOROUGH, NEAR MANCHESTER. Size: 12½ in. x 8½ in. History: acquired c 1830 by Frederick Perkins (1780-1860), of Chipstead, Kent, brother of better-known collector Henry Perkins, and like him partner in the brewery of Barclay, Perkins & Co. Purchased by Quaritch on behalf of William Law, present owner's brother, who died 1901, for £415 at sale of Frederick Perkins' library, July 1889. Condition: bound in blue morocco c 1850; fly-leaf and title mounted; last leaf and few middle leaves slightly repaired.

XXIV. GODFREY LOCKER-LAMPSON, ESQ., ROWPANT, SUSSEX. Size: 13 in. x 8½ in. History: acquired c 1870 by present owner's father, Frederick Locker-Lampson. Condition: clean throughout; fly-leaf supplied from another original. (Cf. Frederick Locker-Lampson's My Confidences, 1896, pp. 203-216.) The pagination at the end of 'Midsummer Night's Dream' and the beginning of 'Merchant of Venice' has exceptional irregularities.

XXV. WILLIAM PHELPS, ESQ., J.P., CHESTAL, DURSLEY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE. Size: 12½ in. x 8½ in. History: acquired c 1820 by John Delafeld Phelps, of Lincoln's Inn, on whose death in Dec. 1842 it passed to his nephew, William John Phelps, who, dying in Sept. 1881, was succeeded in his property by his nephew, the present owner. Condition: very good; fly-leaf, title, and last leaf repaired.

XXVI. R. J. WALKER, ESQ., ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL, LONDON. Size: 13⅛ in. x 8½ in. History: possibly owned by Robert Heathcote c 1780. Acquired c 1802 by John Dent, M.P., Leicester, partner in Child's Bank (d. 1826). At sale of Dent's library, the copy sold for £150 5s. to Henry Perkins the brewer (1778-1855). At the sale of Perkins' library, June 1873, it was bought for £385 (lot 877) by Thomas Hayes, bookseller of Manchester, who advertised it at £715 in August 1873. Purchased c 1873 by present owner's maternal grandfather, Richard Johnson, of Fallowfield, Manchester. Condition: good; well bound in red morocco by Charles Lewis; fly-leaf guarded; title guarded, mounted, and rubricated; two last leaves guarded. 'Winter's Tale' wrongly bound between 'Troylus' and 'Coriolanus.'

[The United States of America: Public Institutions]

XXVII. WASHINGTON, D. C.—LIBRARY OF CONGRESS. Size: 12½ in. x 8½ in. History: former owners were J. Broadhead (c. 1820, cf. Dibdin's Library Companion, p. 815) and Theodore H. Broadhead, whose book-plate it bears. Purchased at Swetthys' for £25, Dec. 1889, for the Congress Library. Condition: good; few pages mended; fly-leaf and title mounted; leaf in Histories (pp. 121-2) supplied from smaller copy.

XXVIII.
XXVIII. **NEW YORK.—PUBLIC LIBRARY—LENOX COLLECTION.** Size: 12½ in. x 8½ in. History: owned in 17th century by R. Chapell, whose autograph it bears. Acquired by James Lenox, of New York, c. 1860, and presented to the public with the Lenox library in 1870. [Winsor, No. 9] Condition: clean; bound by Bedford; fly-leaf and title both genuine but inlaid; a few letters in fly-leaf supplied in Indian ink; margin of last leaf mended.

XXIX. **NEW YORK.—PUBLIC LIBRARY—LENOX COLLECTION.** Size: 12.75 in. x 8½ in. History: acquired c. 1800 by John Lichfield of London, who described it in the *Cabinet or Monthly Report of Polite Literature*, 1807; afterwards in the library of James Baker of London, at whose sale in May, 1835, it was bought for James Lenox of New York for £163 16s. [Winsor, No. 8] A few leaves, including the title-page with mutilated date 1622, are from another copy on sale about 1820 by J. & A. Arch, booksellers of Cornhill; this second copy was acquired by J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps c. 1850, and disposed of by him through John Russell Smith c. 1855 to John Cole Nicholl (1823-1894) of Merthyr Mawr, from whom Lenox procured it c. 1860. Cf. James Lenox's articles in *Historical Magazine*, 1861, p. 224, and *American Bibliopolist*, June and July, 1870; *Contributions to a Catalogue of the Lenox Library, No. V, Works of Shakespeare*, pp. 32-33; Henry Stevens' *Recollections of James Lenox*, 1880, pp. 104-8, 139-40; F. S. Ellis in *Quaritch's Dictionary of English Book-Collectors*, 1897, pp. 10-12; also Mr. W. H. Fleming in *Shakespeareana*, Philadelphia, March, 1888, pp. 103-6. Condition: good; bound by Charles Lewis. There are duplicate fly-leaves and title-pages supplied from the Nicholl copy. One fly-leaf is perfect, the other is libelously inlaid. The inserted title from the Nicholl copy, though genuine, is inlaid, and the concluding figure in the date 1623 has been mutilated so as to resemble 1622; the other title has Harris's facsimile portrait. The last leaf is mounted on guards and other leaves have undergone repair. Two abnormal uncorrected leaves of 'As You Like It' precede the normal corrected leaves which are pagged respectively 193-4 and 203-4. The same curious feature characterizes the Barton-Boston copy, No. XI, supra, and the untraced Milner-Vertue copy, No. CIII, infra.

XXX. **NEW YORK.—COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.** Size: 12½ in. x 8½ in. History: acquired by S. Whitney Phoenix, of New York, c. 1860, and presented by him to Columbia University, 1883. [Winsor, No. 12] Condition: clean; title inlaid and slightly restored; the fly-leaf and some twenty-one leaves have been repaired.

[The United States of America: Private Owners]

XXXI. **MISS MARY EDGECCUMBE BLATCHFORD, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.** Size: 12½ in.x 8 in. History: acquired by Francis Calley Gray, of Boston, U.S.A., c. 1836; inherited by F. C. Gray's nephew, William Gray, of Boston, 1876; purchased by present owner 1879. [Winsor, No. 2] Condition: good, though bearing signs of age; bound by Hayday. Portrait inlaid in title; last leaf mended, with corner and inner margin supplied; a few margins elsewhere repaired. Preliminary pages re-arranged.

XXXII. **E. DWIGHT CHURCH, ESQ., BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.** Size: 13½ in. x 8½ in. History: having passed through the hands of Bernard Quaritch of London, and Dodd, Mead & Co., booksellers of New York, it became the property of present owner Nov. 28, 1888. Condition: fly-leaf, title (with rubricated border) and two preliminary leaves supplied from smaller original. 'Troylus and Cressida' mislaid by binder after 'Timon of Athens.'

XXXIII. **JAMES W. ELLSWORTH, ESQ., NEW YORK.** Size: 12½ in. x 8½ in. History: possibly identical with the copy acquired by Samuel Addington, of London, for £360 in 1870, and sold at the sale of Samuel Addington's library at Sotheby's in May 1886, to F. S. Ellis for £280; imported from London to New York by Dodd, Mead & Co. in June 1886; acquired by Augustin Daly, the theatrical manager of New York, in 1888. Purchased by present owner at the Daly sale in New York, Mar. 20, 1900, for $1,000 (£1,080). Condition: good; bound by Bedford; fly-leaf inlaid; title and last leaf partly re-bordered; preliminary pages re-arranged.

XXXIV. **MRS. GEORGE L. HARRISON, PHILADELPHIA.** Size: 13½ in. x 8½ in. History: purchased of James Toovey, the London bookseller, in 1877 by Mr. C. C. Harrison, now Provost.
THE CENSUS

Provoz of Pennsylvania University, for his father, George L. Harrison of Philadelphia, who died in 1855, and whose widow is the present owner. **Condition:** fly-leaf inlaid; title mounted with inlaid portrait; preliminary leaves and first two leaves of 'Tempest' inlaid and guarded.

XXXV. ROBERT HEE, ESQ., NEW YORK. **Size:** 13 3/4 in. x 8 3/4 in. **History:** acquired c. 1790 by Sir John Thorold, ninth baronet, of Syston Park, Grantham. At the sale of the Syston Park library by its founder's great-grandson, Sir John Henry Thorold, twelfth baronet, in Dec. 1884, this copy fetched £590 and passed to its present owner. (Cf. Mr. W. H. Fleming, in *Shakespeareiana*, Philadelphia, March 1888, pp. 113-114.) **Condition:** unwashed and clean throughout; some leaves untrimmed. Bound by Roger Payne in red morocco. Fly-leaf and title inlaid; some letters in the first, second, and last lines of title restored; lower margin of last leaf slightly restored.

XXXVI. CHARLES C. KALBFLEISCH, ESQ., NEW YORK. **Size:** 13 3/4 in. x 8 3/4 in. **History:** acquired c. 1850 by Col. Robert Tait, of Edinburgh. Purchased at the sale of Tait's library in London, Feb. 20, 1878, for £390 by Mr. Charles H. Kalbfleisch, of New York, the present owner's father. **Condition:** good. Apparently bound by Roger Payne. Fly-leaf and title inlaid; last leaf re-backed.

XXXVII. J. PIERPONT MORGAN, ESQ., NEW YORK. **Size:** 13 3/4 in. x 8 3/4 in. **History:** said to be originally c. 1623 in library of Robert Sidney, second Earl of Leicester (1595-1677). The arms of this nobleman are stamped on cover. Acquired c. 1860 by Leonard Laurie Hartley, and sold at sale of his library, May 3, 1886, to James Toovey, the London bookseller, who carefully restored it. It was purchased with James Toovey's private library by the present owner in 1899. **Condition:** the original leather binding bears the Earl of Leicester's arms; it was labelled 'Shakespeare's Works, 1623,' and had remains of old silk tape strings. Title-page is from another original, and has been introduced into the volume since the Hartley sale. (Cf. The Hartley Sale Catalogue, 1886.) Fly-leaf which belongs to the copy has been repaired; the leaf containing prologue and first page of 'Troylus' is from a smaller original. A cancelled leaf at beginning of Tragedies section, forming an original part of the copy, contains the last lines of 'Romeo and Juliet' on its reverse page (numbered 77 with a signature which is stated to read g g s), and the opening lines of 'Troylus' on the reverse page. (Cf. No. XX supra.) The sigs. of 'Troylus' differ from those in other copies.

XXXVIII. J. PIERPONT MORGAN, ESQ., NEW YORK. **Size:** unascertained; said to be the smallest copy known. **History:** acquired c. 1850 by the Duke of Sussex and sold with his library by auction, Aug. 1847, for £36. Purchased of Quaritch c. 1870 by Robert Lenox Kennedy, of New York. Sold in 1889, with R. L. Kennedy's library, to Lenox Library, New York, but disposed of as duplicate to Theodore Irvine, of Oswego, whose library was acquired by present owner in 1901. [Winsor, No. 10.] **Condition:** title partly in facsimile. Described by the bookseller Rodd in 1847 as 'cut to the quick and otherwise objectionable.' Said in the Duke of Sussex's catalogue to have two leaves torn. Recently reported to be generally sound.

XXXIX. WILLIAM AUGUSTUS READ, ESQ., NEW YORK. **Size:** 13 3/4 in. x 8 3/4 in. **History:** apparently bought at a miscellaneous sale at Sotheby's by Messrs. Ellis & Elvey, London, June 1892, for £208. Purchased Oct. 1892 of Messrs. Ellis & Elvey by Mr. Marshall C. Lefferts, of New York. Subsequently sold to Mr. George H. Richmond, bookseller of New York, who disposed of it to present owner. **Condition:** clean; unwashed; bound by Charles Lewis; fly-leaf inlaid; lower margin of title mended and imprint supplied in facsimile.

[Untraced Copies]

XL. PRESENT OWNER UNTRACED.—THE BAKER-WILBRAHAM COPY. **Size:** 13 3/4 in. x 8 in. **History:** acquired c. 1790 by Mrs. Anne Damer, the sculptress and friend of Horace Walpole. Mrs. Damer's book-plate, designed by Agnes Berry 1793, is inserted. Apparently after her death in 1828 it passed to Sir Frederick Francis Baker, second baronet, of Lovettor, Toines, by whose grandson, G. B. Baker-Wilbraham, Esq., it was sold March 20, 1902, at Sotheby's. It was then acquired by Messrs. Pickering & Chatto, booksellers of London, for £20. **Condition:** somewhat worn; bound by Roger Payne; fly-leaf inlaid and rubricated; title mended and mounted; last leaf backed and slightly damaged.
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PRESENT OWNER UNTRACED. — THE COLONEL EDWARD GEORGE HIBBERT COPY. Size: c 13 in. x 8 1/2 in. History: probably acquired by Lieut-Colonel Edward George Hibbert c 1870. Sold with his library, after his death, at Sotheby’s for £1050 to Pickering & Chatto, booksellers of London, April 12, 1902. Condition: well bound by Bedford; fly-leaf washed; title with portrait cleaned and repaired; several margins elsewhere mended.

CLASS I

Division C (in good condition, with leaves occasionally supplied from later Folios)

[The United Kingdom: Public Institution]

XLII. OXFORD. — THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY. Size: 13 7/8 in. x 9 1/2 in. History: acquired c 1780 by Edmund Malone, the Editor of Shakespeare, who died in 1812. Malone’s brother, Lord Sunderlin, bequeathed it to the University of Oxford in 1816, and it was deposited in the Bodleian Library in 1821. Condition: well used; fly-leaf and mounted title from Fourth Folio.

[The United States of America: Public Institution]

XLIII. NEW YORK.—PUBLIC LIBRARY — ASTOR COLLECTION. Size: 12 3/4 in. x 8 1/2 in. History: acquired c 1800 by first Duke of Buckingham (1776-1839) for his library at Stowe. Sold with the Stowe library in Jan. 1849 for £76 to William Astor, of New York, for the collection bequeathed by his father John Jacob Astor (d’1848) to New York Public Library. Condition: unwashed; fly-leaf from Second Folio inlaid; first line of title patched up from another copy of First Folio; a few margins patched; Duke of Buckingham’s crest on cover.

CLASS II
CLASS II (Imperfect)

Division A (in good condition, but with a few pages missing, and occasionally other slight defects)

[The United Kingdom: Public Institutions]

XLIV. LONDON. — TRUSTEES OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM [Press-mark C. 21. e. 16]. Size: 11 3/12 in. x 7 7/12 in. History: acquired c. 1770 for the library of George III and presented to the British Museum with that King's library by George IV in 1823. Condition: occasional stains; generally clean; fly-leaf verses missing; tissue paper pasted over both sides of every leaf; red ink lines ruled at sides of title-page.


XLVI. BLACKBURN. — STONYHURST COLLEGE. Size: 12 3/4 in. x 8 in. History: possibly acquired c. 1623 by Thomas, second Lord Arundell of Wardour (1623-1643), whose mother was sister of the third Earl of Southampton, Shakespeare's patron. It seems to have descended to Henry Benedict, eleventh Lord Arundell of Wardour, who presented it in 1837 to Stonyhurst College. Condition: good; cut down by binder; bound in Russia leather; fly-leaf, and two preliminary leaves ('To the memorie' and 'The Works') wanting; last leaf repaired in facsimile.

XLVII. DURHAM. — THE CATHEDRAL LIBRARY. Size: 12 3/4 in. x 8 1/4 in. History: acquired by John Cosin, Bishop of Durham, c. 1630, and bequeathed by him to the clergy of his diocese 1672. Condition: good, but well used; re-bound in morocco by Tucker, 1845; fly-leaf missing; title and last leaf mounted.

XLVIII. MANCHESTER. — THE JOHN RyLANDS LIBRARY. Size: 12 3/4 in. x 8 1/4 in. History: said to have been owned c. 1730 by Lewis Theobald (1688-1744). Acquired c. 1744 by Martin Folkes, F.R.S. (1690-1754). Sold at Folkes' sale Feb. 21, 1755, for £3 3s. to George Stevens, who made it over to the second Earl Spencer, c. 1790. It was sold to Mrs. John Rylands by the present Lord Spencer with the Althorp Library in 1893. Condition: very good; well bound by Walthers. The preliminary leaves 'To the memorie of the deceased Authour' and 'The Works' missing. Fly-leaf mounted.

XLIX. OXFORD. — THE PROVOST AND FELLOWS OF ORIEL COLLEGE. Size: 13 3/4 in. x 8 3/4 in. History: acquired c. 1730 by Edward, Lord Leigh, who bequeathed it to Oriel College in 1786. Condition: good. Two leaves (pp. 73-6, sigs. g g 2) in Tragedies ('Romeo and Juliet') are missing and present a hiatus of 461 lines in text. In complete copies these two leaves are insertions before a regular quire of six leaves (sigs. G g, G g 2, G G 3).

[The United Kingdom: Private Owners]

L. THE MARQUIS OF BATH, LONGLEAT, WILTSHIRE. Size: 13 3/4 in. x 8 3/4 in. History: said to have been in possession of the present owner's family from an early date; vaguely mentioned by Dibdin. Condition: very clean; bound by Roger Payne; there are missing the fly-leaf, the preliminary leaf of verses by Digges and I. M., and that headed 'The Workes,' together with the unnumbered leaf interverting between 'The Second Part of Henry IV' and 'Henry V'; title mended; p. 278 of 'Hamlet' is uncorrected.

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LII. THE EARL OF ELLESMERE, BRIDGEWATER HOUSE, LONDON. Size: 13 in. x 8½ in. History: this copy was probably purchased on its publication in 1623 by John Egerton, first Earl of Bridgewater, for whose children Milton wrote 'Arcades' and 'Comus.' It is noticed in the catalogue of the library of the second Earl of Bridgewater (1622-1686) and in the trust created by the last Duke of Bridgewater before his death in 1803. The duke's trust property is now enjoyed by the present Earl of Ellesmere. Condition: original binding; clean, with some 17th century MS. notes. Two preliminary leaves ('To the great Variety of Readers,' and Ben Jonson's poem 'To the memory of . . . Shakespeare') missing. Eight leaves supplied from other shorter copies of the original folio, viz.: 'The Comedie of Errors,' pp. 97-100; 'Much adoe about Nothing,' pp. 105-10; Prologue and first page of 'Troylus and Cressida,' two (unnumbered) leaves in the same play with the signatures 772 and 773.

LIII. FRANCIS ALEXANDER NEWDIGATE, ESQ., M.P., ARBURY, NUNEATON, WARWICKSHIRE. Size: 13½ in. x 8½ in. History: this copy has been the property of the present owner's family at least since 1660. An inscription dated June 25, 1660, describes it as belonging to Sir Richard Newdegate, the first baronet of Arbury. It has the book-plate of Sir Richard Newdegate, the fourth baronet, dated 1709, and some words in the handwriting of Sir Richard's son, Sir Roger Newdegate, the fifth baronet (1729-1806). On the death of Lieutenant-General Sir Edward Newdigate-Newdegate, K.C.B., in August, 1802, this copy passed with the Arbury estates to his nephew, the present owner. Condition: good; re-bound about 1750. Two preliminary leaves ('To the memorie of the deceased Author' and 'The Workes of William Shakespeare') missing, and a hole burnt in fifth leaf of 'Troylus and Cressida.'

[The United States of America: Private Owner]

LIV. PRESENT OWNER UNTRACED—THE NASMYTH COPY. Size: 13 in. x 8½ in. History: apparently acquired c 1732 by John, Lord Carmichael (afterwards third Earl of Hyndford), whose book-plate it bears. Acquired by Robert Nasmyth, of Edinburgh, c 1830, at sale of whose library in Feb. 1874 it was bought by Quaritch for £154. Condition: original binding; some stains; fly-leaf wanting.

CLASS II (Imperfect)

Division B (in fair condition, but with fly-leaf and occasionally other leaves missing, or supplied either from later Folios or in facsimile)

[The United Kingdom: Public Institutions]
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for £22 at Stevens’ sale by Dr. Charles Burney, and acquired by the British Museum with the Burney Library in 1817. [Cf. Dibdin, Library Companion, p. 812.] Condition: occasional stains throughout; fly-leaf verses supplied from Second Folio; title-page reprinted with photograph of portrait pasted on.


LX. DUBLIN. — THE PROVOST AND FELLOWS OF TRINITY COLLEGE. Size: 12 3/8 in. × 8 in. History: owned c. 1780 by Arthur Browne, barrister, and Fellow of Trinity College, and M. P. for the University. On his death in 1805 the copy was purchased by the College for 22½ guineas. Condition: well used; fly-leaf and title supplied in facsimile; some leaves repaired; title and preliminary leaves inlaid.

LXI. ETON. — THE PROVOST AND FELLOWS OF ETON COLLEGE. Size: 12 3/8 in. × 8 3/4 in. History: acquired c. 1781 by Anthony Morris Storer, who, dying in 1799, bequeathed it to Eton College. Condition: good, though carefully mended and re-bound; no fly-leaf; letterpress of title in facsimile; portrait inlaid; most of the preliminary leaves inlaid; last leaf inlaid.

LXII. GLASGOW. — THE UNIVERSITY OF. Size: 13 in. × 8 3/4 in. History: apparently acquired c. 1780 by the fifth Earl of Inchiquin, afterwards Marquis of Thomond (in the Irish peerage), of Taplow Court, Buckinghamshire, a friend of Malone. Acquired c. 1870 by J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, from whom it passed in 1876 to William Euing of Glasgow. Euing bequeathed it in 1887 to the University. Condition: fair; fly-leaf, title, and last three leaves in facsimile. A few pages seem to belong to a shorter copy.


LXIV. OXFORD. — THE PROVOST AND FELLOWS OF QUEEN’S COLLEGE. Size: 12 3/8 in. × 8 3/4 in. History: acquired by David Garrick c. 1760 of Thomas Payne, the London bookseller, for £1 16s. Purchased at the sale of Garrick’s library on his widow’s death in 1823 by Thomas Jolley, F.S.A., for £34 2s. 6d. At the Jolley sale in 1844 it fetched £86. Bought by the present owners c. 1830 through C. J. Stewart, a London bookseller. Both Garrick’s and Jolley’s book-plates appear in the volume. Described by Dibdin as ‘not a fine or perfect copy.’ Condition: fair; re-bound in morocco. Fly-leaf supplied in Harris facsimile while in Jolley’s possession. Title and few other leaves slightly mended.

LXV. OXFORD. — THE WARDEN AND FELLOWS OF WADHAM COLLEGE. Size: 11 3/8 in. × 7 3/8 in. History: Jacob Pendervis was an early owner. Acquired c. 1740 by Richard Warner, of Woodford Row, Essex, the Shakespearean scholar, who bequeathed it in 1775 to Wadham College. Condition: somewhat discoloured; re-bound; fly-leaf, title, and first three preliminary leaves wanting; last leaf in facsimile.

[The
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[The United Kingdom: Private Owners]

LXVI. HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII, WINDSOR CASTLE. Size: 11¼ in. x 7¼ in.; inlaid in large paper 15¼ in. x 9½ in. History: acquired c 1800 by George, Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV, for his library at Carlton House, which on his death in 1830 became the property of the reigning sovereigns. Condition: clean, but the whole is inlaid; no fly-leaf; the title and last leaf supplied from later folios.

LXVII. JOHN T. ADAMS, ESQ., SNAITHFIELD, ECCLESALL, SHEFFIELD. Size: 12¾ in. x 8½ in. History: acquired by present owner of Bernard Quaritch in 1877. Condition: good; bound by Bedford; fly-leaf, title, and two preliminary leaves supplied in facsimile.


LXIX. LORD AMHERST OF HACKNEY, DIDLYNGLTON, NORFOLK. Size: 12¼ in. x 7½ in. History: apparently acquired by the Duke of Roxburghe, c 1780, and presented by the duke, on acquiring the superior copy (now the Duke of Devonshire's, No. XXI supra), to the bookseller George Nicol, of Pall Mall (cf. Dibdin, Library Companion, p. 815). Acquired by Bernard Quaritch before 1869, when he advertised it for sale for £165. Sold by Quaritch to present owner c 1875. Condition: fair; bound in 18th century morocco. Fly-leaf and two preliminary leaves—containing respectively the verses 'To the memory of the deceased Author' and the sub-title 'The Workes'—in facsimile. Title, other preliminary leaves, and last leaf, mended and mounted.

LXX. LORD AMHERST OF HACKNEY. Size: 12½ in. x 7½ in. History: acquired c 1885 of Quaritch. Condition: fair; in early binding of panelled calf; no title nor last leaf; top edges of preliminary leaves cut by binder. There are, in 17th century handwriting on blank end-leaf, three epitaphs on Shakespeare, two respectively from the gravestone and monument in Stratford-on-Avon Church, the third being unknown elsewhere.


LXXII. MRS. MARGARET BULLEY, MARSTON HILL, FAIRFORD. Size: 12½ in. x 8½ in. History: acquired in 1870 of Joseph Lilly, the London bookseller, by the Rev. Dr. Bulley, President of Magdalen College, Oxford (d 1883), husband of the present owner. Condition: good; bound in red morocco; fly-leaf and title supplied in facsimile; last leaf repaired.

LXXIII. MRS. WAKEFIELD CHRISTIE-MILLER, BRITWELL COURT, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE. Size: 12½ in. x 8 in. History: apparently acquired c 1790 by Colonel Thomas Stanley (1749-1816), of Cross Hall, Lancashire. At Stanley's sale in 1813 it passed for £37 16s. to John North, of East Aeton, at whose sale in 1819 it fetched £39 18s., being bought by a bookseller named Jarvis. It was subsequently c 1830 the property of E. Poynder, of Hawkhurst, at whose sale June 5, 1834, it was bought by Samuel Christie-Miller, of Britwell, for £68, and from him it passed to present owner. Condition: clean; bound by Roger Payne; fly-leaf inlaid; letterpress of title supplied in reprint of 18th century; portrait genuine; last leaf re-backed.

LXXIV. VISCOUNT COBH, HAGLEY HALL, STOURBRIDGE. Size: 12½ in. x 8 in. History: apparently the property c 1660 of Sir Thomas Hervey, Knt., M.P. for Bury St. Edmonds, and his wife Isabella. Owned subsequently by their son John Hervey, first Earl of Bristol, and by that earl's son, John Lord Hervey of Eckworth. Acquired c 1810 by William Henry, third Baron Lyttelton, grandfather of the present owner. Condition: fairly good; unwashed; fly-leaf, letterpress of title (the inlaid portrait being genuine), and the last two leaves supplied in facsimile by Bart.

LXXV. SIR ALFRED ERASMUS DRYDEN, BARt., CANONS ASHBY, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE. Size: 12½ in. x 8½ in. History: at one time the property of Allen Paleston, from whom it passed to Sir John Dryden, first baronet of a new creation, who died in 1797. It has since belonged
belonged to Sir John's descendants. Frederick Locker-Lampson in My Confidences (1896, pp. 204 sq.) describes the copy and his vain effort to purchase it c 1876 of its late owner, Sir Henry Dryden (d. 1900), the present owner's brother. Sir Henry figures in Locker-Lampson's somewhat acid narrative as 'Zachary Dene.' Condition: very good; title supplied in photo-lithographic facsimile; fly-leaf genuine though worn.


LXXVIII. LORD GLANUSK, GLANUSK PARK, CRICKHOWELL. Size: 12¼ in. x 8½ in. History: apparently acquired in 17th century by the Vaughan family of Trebarad. Gwyn Vaughan of this family married a daughter of William Lucy, Bishop of St. David's (1660-1707), a grandson of the famous Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote. The book passed with the Vaughan's house at Trebarad in 1826 to Sir Joseph Bailey, first baronet, grandfather of the present owner. Condition: re-bound and repaired in 1878; fly-leaf and portrait supplied in facsimile; some pages mended.

LXXX. THE REV. F. E. HUTCHINSON, TISBURY VICARAGE, SALISBURY. Size: 13 in. x 8½ in. History: apparently in the possession c 1650 of the Hutchinson family of Owethorpe, Northampshire, of which Col. John Hutchinson, the parliamentarian, was a member. The copy bears autograph c 1680 of Col. John Hutchinson's niece Olivera, daughter of his sister and his husband, Charles Cotton the author. (Olivera Cotton married George Stanhope, Dean of Canterbury, and died in 1707.) Another of Col. John Hutchinson's nieces, Elizabeth Hutchinson, Olivera Cotton's first cousin, also signed her name c 1680; she was afterwards successively Countess of Kennedy and Countess of Raglan. The book subsequently c 1860 passed to a descendant of the Owethorpe family, Captain Charles Hutchinson, R.N., the father of the present owner. Condition: fly-leaf, title, all preliminary leaves (save 'To the memory of the deceased Author,' 'The Workes,' and 'The Catalogue'), the two opening leaves of 'The Tempest,' &c., and the last leaf supplied in facsimile.

LXXXI. W. G. LACY, ESQ., 52 NORTH SIDE, WANDSWORTH COMMON, S.W. Size: 12 in. x 8 in. History: acquired c 1880 by Myles Birken Foster, the landscape artist, at whose sale in 1894 it passed to Bernard Quaritch for £255, and thence to the present owner. Condition: clean; bound by Bedford; parts of fly-leaf, title, last leaf, and other leaves in facsimile or mended (cf. Birken Foster's Sale Catalogue, 1894).

LXXXII. SIR EDWIN DURNING LAWRENCE, BART., M.P. Size: 12¾ in. x 8¼ in. History: possibly c 1800 in the library of Sir Peter Thompson, and sold on its dispersal in 1815 to Messrs. Longman of London for £41; apparently described as on sale by Messrs. Longman in 1821; it has book-plate of William Hartree, of Lewisham, c 1830. Sold in 1890 at sale of Hartree's library for £115. Subsequently acquired by the present owner. Condition: fairly good; fly-leaf in facsimile; title repaired. At page 333 of Tragedies ('Othello'), the first line has the irregular reading 'And hell gnaw his bones'; cf. Nos. XXI, XCII, and CXXXIX.

LXXXIII. LORD LEIGH, STONELEIGH ABBEY, WARWICKSHIRE. Size: 12¼ in. x 8½ in. History: purchased by the present owner's father, Chandos, first Lord Leigh, c 1832, of Henry George Bohn, the bookseller. Condition: generally clean; fly-leaf in facsimile; title-page made up with inlaid portrait. Pp. 155-6, 257-8 of the Tragedies supplied from another copy and inlaid. Portions of last three pages supplied in facsimile.

LXXXIV. JOHN MURRAY, ESQ., 50 ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON. Size: 12¾ in. x 8¼ in. History: acquired c 1800 by Edward Knight, of Portland Place; purchased for £29 18s. 6d. after Knight's death in 1821 by John Murray, the eminent publisher, grandfather of
of the present owner. **Condition:** slightly worn and spotted; bound by Roger Payne; fly-leaf, letterpress of title, and last leaf in facsimile. Some preliminary leaves and two leaves in ‘Cymbeline’ supplied from Second Folio.

**LXXXIV. THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, CLUMBER HOUSE, WORKSOP. Size:** 12 ¾ in. x 8 ¼ in. **History:** probably acquired c. 1740 by Thomas Pelham-Holles, Duke of Newcastle, the Prime Minister. **Condition:** fly-leaf inlaid; title with inlaid portrait mounted and rubricated; last leaf frayed and mounted; preliminary leaves re-arranged.

**LXXXV. MRS. J. W. PEASE, PENDOWER, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE. Size:** 12 in. x 8 in. **History:** acquired c. 1850 by the Earl of Aylesford. Sold at the sale of the Earl of Aylesford’s library, March 1888, for £200, and acquired by present owner’s husband, who died in 1901. **Condition:** fly-leaf from Second Folio; title mounted.

**LXXXVI. THE REV. ROBERT H. ROBERTS, AVONDALE, GORLESTON-ON-SEA. Size:** 12 ¾ in. x 8 ¼ in. **History:** offered for sale for £105 by Thomas Hayes, bookseller of Manchester, August 1873. Purchased in 1875 by Messrs. Chatto & Windus, publishers of London, who issued it in reduced facsimile in 1876 with a preface by J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps. Purchased from Messrs. Chatto & Windus in 1876 by Robert Roberts, of Boston, Lincolnshire, the present owner’s father, who died in 1898. **Condition:** title made up from Second Folio; fly-leaf and three other preliminary pages in facsimile.

**LXXXVII. CONINGSBY CHARLES SIBTHORP, ESQ., CANWICK HALL, LINCOLN. Size:** 13 ¾ in. x 8 ¼ in. **History:** presented by the printer William Jaggard, on publication in 1623, to Augustine Vincent the herald. There is an inscription in Vincent’s autograph on the title to that effect. Vincent’s arms are stamped on the upper cover of binding. Apparently acquired by Humphrey Sibthorp, the present owner’s great-grandfather, c. 1800. **Condition:** excellent; the upper cover of the binding stamped with Vincent’s arms is in original calf; fly-leaf and last leaf in facsimile; title mended and partly mounted. Last three preliminary leaves, and several leaves elsewhere, supplied from smaller original and mounted.

**LXXXVIII. MAJOR-GENERAL FREDERICK EDWARD SOTHEBY, ECTON, NORTH-AMPTONSHIRE. Size:** 12 ¼ in. x 7 ½ in. **History:** probably purchased by present owner’s ancestor, James Sotheby, c. 1790, for £1 6s. **Condition:** good; fly-leaf and another leaf supplied in facsimile.

**LXXXIX. MICHAEL TOMKINSON, ESQ., FRANCHE HALL, NEAR KIDDERMINSTER. Size:** 12 ¼ in. x 8 in. **History:** Dibdin in *Library Companion*, p. 813, apparently mentions this copy as belonging to Roger Wilbraham, Esq., whose library was dispersed by sale in 1829; owned by George Wilbraham c. 1850; sold with the library of Roger W. Wilbraham, of Northwich, Cheshire, for £190 in June 1898. Acquired by present owner in 1899. **Condition:** good; fly-leaf and portrait in facsimile; leaf containing dedication supplied from Second Folio; the words in old writing ‘The Gift of M. W. Cherrington’ cut through by binder.

**XC. LORD TWEEDMOUTH, BROOK HOUSE, PARK LANE, LONDON. Size:** 12 ¼ in. x 8 ½ in. **History:** acquired c. 1870 by Sir Dudley Courts Marjoribanks, Bart., the first Lord Tweedmouth, the present owner’s father. **Condition:** good; fly-leaf in facsimile; title from another copy partly in facsimile; some preliminary leaves and the last leaf mended.

**XCI. E. E. HARCOURT VERNON, ESQ., GROVE HALL, RETFORD. Size:** 13 ½ in. x 8 ½ in. **History:** probably acquired c. 1640 by Sir Hardolph Wasteneys, first baronet of Heaton Hall, Notts, and on death of the widow of his great-grandson, Sir Hardolph, last baronet (d. 1742), passed to the last baronet’s great niece and heiress, wife of Col. Anthony Hardolph Eyre (1788–1836), of Grove Hall, Retford. It afterwards devolved on Col. Eyre’s daughter and heiress, who married present owner’s grandfather, Granville Harcourt Vernon, Esq. (1836–70). **Condition:** bottom edges much rubbed; preliminary leaf containing the sub-title ‘The Workes, &c.’ missing; fly-leaf, title, and last leaf in facsimile.

[The United States of America: Private Owners]

**XCIIL. JOHN CALDWELL, ESQ., PITTSBURG. Size:** 12 ¼ in. x 8 ½ in. **History:** Acquired c. 1870 by Thomas Gaisford, Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, whose book-plate it bears. On sale of Gaisford’s library at Sotheby’s in April 1889, this copy fetched £1 98s and passed to the library of
of the Oratory at Birmingham. It was bought while at the Oratory by the present owner in Sept. 1899. Condition: fly-leaf in facsimile. The first line of 'Othello,' p. 333, is misprinted 'And hell gnaw his bones'; see Nos. XXI, LXXXI supra, and CXXIX infra.

XCVII. MRS. LUCY WHARTON DREXEL, PENN RHYM, MAUD, NEAR PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA. Size: 12½ in. X 8 in. History: acquired in London c. 1877 by present owner's late husband, Joseph W. Drexel. Condition: portrait inlaid, from the Fourth Folio; fly-leaf and last leaf in facsimile; generally in excellent condition.

XCVIII. HORACE HOWARD FURNESS, ESQ., WALLINGFORD, DELAWARE CO., PENNSYLVANIA. Size: 12½ in. X 8 in. History: acquired by the Rev. Thomas Corser c. 1840 of Rodd, the bookseller; sold for £160 at sale of Corser's library in 1871 to Alfred Russell Smith, who sold it to the present owner. [WINSOR, No. 14] Condition: well used; fly-leaf, letterpress of title and last page made up in facsimile by Harris; the inserted portrait is from an original copy.

XCV. MRS. T. HARRISON GARRETT, BALTIMORE (ON LOAN TO PRINCETON UNIVERSITY). Size: 12½ in. X 8 in. History: acquired by present owner's husband, T. Harrison Garrett, of Baltimore, of Basil Montagu Pickering, the London bookseller, c. 1865. Condition: fly-leaf in facsimile; title in facsimile with original portrait; preliminary leaf ('To the great Variety of Readers') partly in facsimile; other preliminary leaves and last leaf inlaid; many margins restored and a few pages mended.


XCVIII. JOHN BOYD THACHER, ESQ., ALBANY, NEW YORK. Size: 13½ in. X 8¼ in. History: formerly the property of Lady Drake; John Lloyd, whose book-plate figured in the copy at one time, was apparently an earlier owner. Acquired by present owner in 1885 of Quaritch, who had advertised it for £200. Condition: good; fly-leaf and letterpress of title in facsimile; original portrait inserted by present owner.

XCIX. ROSS R. WINANS, ESQ., BALTIMORE. Size: 12½ in. X 8 in. History: apparently offered for sale in 1894 for £450 by Ellis & Elvey, London booksellers, with a genuine title which was afterwards transferred to another copy. Acquired by the present owner, July 1899, of Ellis & Elvey. Condition: fly-leaf inlaid; title facsimile.

[The Continent of Europe: Public Institutions]

C. BERLIN. — KÖNIGLICHE BIBLIOTHEK. Size: 12½ in. X 8¼ in. History: acquired of Joseph Lilly, the London bookseller, in 1838. Condition: well used and occasionally stained, but generally clean; fly-leaf and letterpress of title in facsimile; a few leaves repaired.


[The British Colonies: Public Institution]

CII. SYDNEY. — THE PUBLIC LIBRARY OF NEW SOUTH WALES. Size: 12½ in. X 7½ in. History: presented by Sir Richard Tangye, of Birmingham and London, in 1884. Condition: bound in red morocco; cut by the binder; fly-leaf repaired; some preliminary leaves repaired and others inserted from other folios; last leaf soiled.

[Untraced]
CIII. PRESENT OWNER UNTRACED.—THE MILNER-VERTUE COPY. Size: 13\(\frac{3}{4}\) in. \(\times\) 9\(\frac{3}{4}\) in. History: owned c 1800 by John Milner (1732–1826), Vicar-apostolic of Western England; after Milner’s death, for some years in library of Roman Catholic clergy-house at Winchester; acquired c 1880 by John Vertue, Roman Catholic bishop of Portsmouth (d 1900); sold by Bishop Vertue in 1897 through Mr. Joseph Zachnondorf, the London bookbinder, and Quaritch, the bookseller, to an American collector. Condition: leaves uncut by binder and some with rough edges. The later pages injured by damp. Fly-leaf and title-page in facsimile. This copy contains the two cancelled leaves in ‘As You Like It,’ as in Nos. XI (Barton-Boston copy) and XXIX (Lenox-New York copy).

CIV. PRESENT OWNER UNTRACED.—THE FISKE HARRIS COPY. Size: 12\(\frac{3}{4}\) in. \(\times\) 8\(\frac{1}{2}\) in. History: bought c 1860 of Pickering, London, by S. Rider, bookseller of Providence, who sold it to C. Fiske Harris of that city. [Winsor, No. 6.] After Fiske Harris’s death it was sold in 1883 to a collector in Kentucky. Condition: verses, title, and the actors’ names in facsimile; portrait inlaid; other preliminary leaves mended and inlaid; bound by Riviere.

CV. PRESENT OWNER UNTRACED.—CHARLES SCRIBNER’S SONS’ CATALOGUE, NEW YORK, MARCH 1901. Size: 12\(\frac{3}{4}\) in. \(\times\) 8\(\frac{1}{2}\) in. History: apparently acquired of Messrs. Pickering & Chatto of London in 1900. Condition: fly-leaf and title in facsimile; bound by Riviere.

CLASS II (Imperfect)

Division C (in moderate condition, with most of preliminary and other missing leaves in facsimile or from later Folios)

[CIV. LONDON.—VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON, THE DYCE AND FORSTER LIBRARY. Size: 12\(\frac{3}{4}\) in. \(\times\) 8\(\frac{1}{2}\) in. History: presented to John Forster, the historian and essayist, by J. C. King, August 24, 1840. Bequeathed to the Museum by Forster in 1876. Condition: fair; fly-leaf, title, and all preliminary leaves reprinted; two leaves of ‘Cymbeline’ (pp. 397–8) supplied from Second Folio.

CVII. STRATFORD-ON-AVON.—SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL LIBRARY. Size: 12\(\frac{3}{4}\) in. \(\times\) 8\(\frac{1}{2}\) in. History: acquired by James Orchard Halliwell-Phillipps c 1857; sold with other books from Halliwell-Phillipps’s library in July 1889 for £205, when it was acquired by Charles Edward Flower, of Stratford-on-Avon, for presentation to the Memorial Library there. Condition: bound by Bedford; fly-leaf, letterpress of title, and preliminary leaves supplied in Harris facsimiles. The portrait inlaid is a modern reproduction of the early proof impression. To this copy originally belonged the early proof impression of the portrait which was detached by Halliwell-Phillipps, and was sold with the Halliwell-Phillipps Shakespearean Collection in 1897, to Marsden J. Perry, Esq., Providence, Rhode Island, U.S.A.

[CVIII. THE REV. FULFORD ADAMS, LITTLE FARINGDON VICARAGE, LEICESTER. Size: 11\(\frac{3}{4}\) in. \(\times\) 8 in. History: owned by Thomas Paulin in 1743; from him it passed to Mr. Mayow, of Sydenham, whose daughter married William Dawes Adams, grandfather of the present owner. Condition: bound in rough calf, 1743, and edges cut. Fly-leaf and preliminary leaves—the Dedication, ‘The Worke,’ and ‘The Catalogue’—wanting. The last leaf supplied in MS.; the title mounted and slightly defective.]

CIX.
CIX. W. HUGHES HILTON, ESQ., WOODLANDS, SALE, CHESIRE.  Size: 12½ in. x 8 in.  History: formerly owned by the Rev. H. T. Holham; acquired by present owner June 1886 from Mr. W. P. Bennett, bookseller of London.  Condition: fly-leaf, title, and preliminary leaves in facsimile or from Fourth Folio; last leaf mounted.

CX. HOLCOMBE INGLEBY, ESQ., HEACHAM HALL, NORFOLK.  Size: 12½ in. x 8 in.  History: purchased through private treaty by present owner's father, Dr. Clement Mansfield Ingleby, c. 1890.  Condition: fairly good; seven preliminary, and eleven other leaves (including the last five) supplied in facsimile.

CXI. MR. WILLIAM JAGGARD (BOOKSELLER), LIVERPOOL.  Size: 13 in. x 8½ in.  Condition: wanting four leaves at end; fly-leaf and most of the preliminary leaves in facsimile; title defective; last leaf in facsimile.

CXII. THE MARQUIS OF NORTHAMPTON, CASTLE ASHBY, NORTHAMPTON.  Size: 13½ in. x 8¼ in.  History: probably acquired by present owner's ancestors before 1800.  Condition: well-used; washed; re-bound in green morocco before 1820; fly-leaf missing; title, with inlaid portrait, and all preliminary leaves supplied from Second Folio; last leaf genuine but mended.

CXIII. ALEXANDER PECKOVER, ESQ., LL.D., F.S.A., BANK HOUSE, WISBECH.  Size: 12 in. x 7½ in.  History: acquired by present owner 1857.  Condition: fly-leaf, title, all preliminary leaves (save 'The Works' and Jonson's verses 'To the memory') and fifteen other leaves, including last leaf, supplied in facsimile.

CXIV. HENRY SOTHERAN & CO. (BOOKSELLERS), LONDON.  Size: 13 in. x 8½ in.  History: acquired several years ago.  Condition: fly-leaf, title, several preliminary leaves, and last five leaves in facsimile; some other leaves mended.

CXV. LORD ZOUCHE OF PARHAM.  Size: 12½ in. x 7½ in.  History: J. Spode was a former owner.  Acquired c. 1854 by the Hon. Robert Curzon, present owner's grandfather.  Condition: fly-leaf in facsimile; title re-backed and mended; last leaf inlaid; several leaves in the Comedies, and fifteen leaves (pp. 369-98) in the Tragedies, supplied from Second Folio; preliminary leaves re-arranged by binder.

[The United States of America: Public Institutions]

CXVI. NEW YORK.—PUBLIC LIBRARY, TILDEN COLLECTION.  Size: 12¼ in. x 7½ in.  History: acquired c. 1880 by Hon. Samuel J. Tilden, of New York, who bequeathed it in 1897 to New York Public Library.  Condition: fly-leaf, title, and all preliminary leaves, and last three leaves in Harris facsimile.


[The United States of America: Private Owners]

CXVIII. ELIHU CHAUNCEY, ESQ., NEW YORK.  Size: 12½ in. x 8 in.  History: owned by the present owner's father, Charles Chauncey, of Philadelphia, before 1849.  Condition: fly-leaf missing, title-page much repaired and made up; last twelve leaves missing. [Mr. W. H. Fleming in *Shakespeariana* (Philadelphia, March 1888); Winsor, No. 16.]

CXIX. HENRY GARDNER DENNY, ESQ., ROXBURY, BOSTON.  Size: 12½ in. x 8¼ in.  History: imported into America c. 1866 by S. Rider, a bookseller of Providence. Sold by auction at Boston in 1871 for $1,200, and acquired by present owner. [Winsor, No. 9.]  Condition: good; bound by Bedford; some margins mended; fly-leaf, title, and last five leaves in Harris facsimile.

CXX. GEORGE F. RICHARDSON, ESQ., LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS.  Size: 12½ in. x 7½ in.  History: acquired by present owner in 1894.  Condition: fair; fly-leaf, title, all preliminary leaves, first leaf of 'Tempest,' and last leaf supplied from Staunton's facsimile.

E 2 [Untraced]
[Untraced Copies]

CXXI. PRESENT OWNER UNTRACED.—THE HAYES [BOSTON] COPY.  

SIZE: 12\(\frac{1}{4}\) in. \(\times\) 7\(\frac{1}{4}\) in.  

HISTORY: bought of Bernard Quaritch c. 1860 by New York booksellers.  

Acquired by Francis B. Hayes, of Boston, c. 1865.  

Sold at auction by Bangs & Co., of New York, in April 1898, for £102 ($510), to George D. Smith, bookseller of New York.  

[Winsor, No. 3.]  

CONDITION: fly-leaf, title, three other preliminary leaves, and two leaves at end supplied in facsimile by Harris; a few other leaves inlaid and mended.

CXXII. PRESENT OWNER UNTRACED.—THE SEWALL [NEW YORK] COPY.  

SIZE: 11\(\frac{3}{4}\) in. \(\times\) 7\(\frac{1}{4}\) in.  

HISTORY: acquired in London by Henry F. Sewall, of New York, 1867.  

Sold by auction by Bangs & Co., New York, for £100 ($500), December 1896.  

CONDITION: fly-leaf, title (with portrait from Fourth Folio), preliminary leaves, and last four leaves in facsimile by Harris.  

[ Cf. Mr. W. H. Fleming in Shakespeariana (Philadelphia), March 1888.]
CLASS III

Division A (defective; numerous leaves in various sections missing, or made up in facsimile or from later Folios)

CXXIII. PLYMOUTH.—THE PROPRIETARY AND COTTONIAN LIBRARIES, CORNWALL STREET. Size: 12¾ in. x 7¾ in. History: presented to the Plymouth Public Library, by Mrs. Fortescue and Mrs. Fillis, both residents of Plymouth, Nov. 6, 1829. Condition: all the preliminary leaves, the whole of the play 'Troylus and Cressida,' 'Antony and Cleopatra,' and 'Cymbeline,' and several separate leaves in other plays, supplied from the facsimile of 1806.

CXXIV. MRS. BROCKET, RYE, SUSSEX. Size: 12¾ in. x 8½ in. History: bears early autograph of Mary Child, a former owner, and many manuscript notes on current topics of the period 1640-60. Owned by Brocket family since 1695; 'Elizabeth Brocket,' an owner, dates two signatures 1702 and 1712 respectively: a book-plate of William Brocket, Middle Temple, inserted. Condition: shabby; unrepaired, although re-bound; margins cut; fly-leaf, title, and six pages in History (pp. 217-22) missing; last leaf supplied in MS.; several leaves in 'Romeo and Juliet' misplaced in binding. Besides the manuscript notes, two poems appear in manuscript on end leaves.

CXXV. JOHN CLAUDE DAUBUZ, ESQ., KILLIAN, TRURO. Size: 12¾ in. x 7¾ in. History: D. C. Dallas was a former owner. Acquired by present owner of A. Maurice & Co., London booksellers, in Aug. 1896. Condition: fly-leaf, title, and all preliminary leaves and last five leaves supplied in facsimile; first eight leaves of 'Tempest' and first ten leaves of 'Cymbeline' supplied from Third Folio, and more than fifty other leaves supplied from Second Folio.

CXXVI. PERCY FITZGERALD, ESQ., M.A., F.S.A., LONDON. Size: 11½ in. x 6½ in. History: purchased c. 1886 by present owner for £12. Condition: stained and much cut down by binders; fly-leaf, title, many preliminary pages, the whole of 'Cymbeline,' and a dozen other leaves supplied from Second Folio.

CXXVII. LORD FORESTER, WILLEY PARK, BROSELEY, SHROPSHIRE. Size: 12¾ in. x 8½ in. History: inherited in 1804 by present owner from his father, the fourth Baron Forester (1813-94). Condition: fair; fly-leaf and the whole of 'Troylus and Cressida' missing; margins of some ten leaves injured; last leaf genuine.

CXXVIII. FREDERICK HAINES, ESQ., BOREHAM HOUSE, HAMPSTEAD. Size: 12¾ in. x 8 in. History: owned in 1789 by Robert Tomkin, and subsequently by Thomas James Serle, Macready's manager, who married Cecilia Novello, sister to Mrs. Cowden Clarke. Serle presented it to Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke June 7, 1863, and Mrs. Clarke gave it to the present owner in Oct. 1889. Condition: clean; all preliminary and last four leaves are missing; the outside edges of numerous pages are cut or frayed away, often to the injury of the text.

CXXIX. MAURICE JONAS, ESQ., LONDON. Size: 13 in. x 8 in. History: purchased by Mr. James Tregaskis, a London bookseller, for £11 10s. at a miscellaneous sale at Sotheby's, May 1895, and soon afterwards sold by him to present owner. Condition: some leaves stained; all preliminary leaves and many in body and at end of volume in facsimile. The first line, page 333 of Tragedies ('Othello') has the irregular reading, 'And hell gnaw his bones.' (Cf. Nos. XXI, LXXXI, and XCII.)

CXXX. THE DUKE OF LEEDS, HORNBY CASTLE, YORKSHIRE. Size: 13 in. x 8½ in. History: the property successively of Charles Killigrew, the theatrical manager in Charles II's reign, of William Congreve, and apparently of Congreve's patroness, Henrietta, second Duchess of Marlborough (d. 1733), wife of Francis, second Earl of Godolphin (d. 1766), from whom the present owner descends. Condition: clean and re-bound; the whole of 'Troylus and
THE CENSUS

Class III and Cressida, and all but five leaves of 'Cymbeline' are missing; fly-leaf, title, and all preliminary pages excepting four (Ben Jonson's poem 'To the memory,' Holland's verses, 'The Workes,' and 'A Catalogue') are with final leaf supplied in facsimile.

CXXXI. PAULIN MARTIN, ESQ., CLOCK HOUSE, ABINGDON-ON-THE-THAMES. SIZE: 12 1/2 in. x 8 in. HISTORY: said to have been acquired by John Hacket, Bishop of Lichfield, c 1650, and to have remained in possession of his descendants at Moxhull Hall, Warwickshire, till the death in 1870 of Andrew Hackett, whose widow made the library over to her second husband, B. P. G. Noel, Esq. Sold on Noel's death in 1886, and purchased by present owner. Andrew Hackett's book-plate inserted. CONDITION: last six leaves missing; fly-leaf and title supplied from Second Folio; some leaves in 'Hamlet' supplied by present owner from another fragmentary copy of First Folio.

CXXXII. JAMES TREGASKIS (Bookseller), LONDON. SIZE: 12 1/2 in. x 7 3/4 in. HISTORY: apparently acquired at a miscellaneous sale in London in 1900. CONDITION: all preliminary leaves, ten other leaves at beginning, and four leaves at end, supplied in facsimile; margins of other leaves restored.

CXXXIII. T. E. WATSON, ESQ., NEWPORT, MONMOUTHSHIRE. SIZE: 12 1/2 in. x 8 in. HISTORY: bears early signatures Thomas Johnston and Thomas Fuller. Acquired c 1850 by J. O. Halliwell [-Phillipps] in bad condition. Purchased c 1860 by W. H. Crawford, the collector, of Lakelands, and sold at sale of his library in March 1891 for £16 10s. Re-sold, 1892, to Sotheby, the London bookseller, for £23. Purchased by present owner c 1896. CONDITION: re-bound and largely repaired; fly-leaf, title, preliminary leaves, last eight leaves, and fourteen other leaves in facsimile.


CXXXV. R. H. WOOD, ESQ., F.S.A., SIDMOUTH, DEVONSHIRE. SIZE: 12 1/4 in. x 8 1/4 in. HISTORY: acquired by present owner c 1887. CONDITION: well worn; fly-leaf, title, and preliminary leaves not in original condition; the whole of 'Measure for Measure' and 'Winter's Tale' in facsimile and some twenty-five other leaves.

The United States of America: Private Owners

CXXXVI. AMOS PRESCOTT BAKER, ESQ., BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS. SIZE: 12 1/2 in. x 8 1/4 in. HISTORY: reputed to have been in the library of Cotton Mather (1663-1728), the famous minister at Boston, and to have been long handed down in Mather's family. While in the possession of a female descendant of Mather a child tore five leaves from the volume. This owner presented it to her son-in-law, whose adopted daughter gave it in 1864 to her nephew, the present owner. [Winsor, No. 5] CONDITION: Title-page and two preliminary leaves, with two leaves of 'Henry VIII,' pp. 205-8, missing; fly-leaf in original state; re-bound c 1810.

CXXXVII. MRS. WILLIAM H. CROCKER, SAN FRANCISCO. SIZE: 12 1/4 in. x 7 3/4 in. HISTORY: perhaps formerly in the library of Reginald Cholmondeley, of Condover Hall, Shropshire, which was sold April 1, 1857, when the First Folio was bought by Mr. James Tregaskis, the London bookseller. Sold to present owner by Mr. Tregaskis in March 1899. CONDITION: fly-leaf, title, and twenty-one other leaves in facsimile.


Untraced Copies

CXXXIX. PRESENT OWNER UNTRACED.—THE BURRA COPY. SIZE: 12 in. tall. HISTORY: acquired by James S. Burra, Esq., of Ashford, Kent, and sold at Sotheby's April 1902. CONDITION: worn; fly-leaf, title, preliminary leaves, and last leaf in facsimile; many leaves mended and made up.

CXL

CLASS III

Division B (Fragmentary)

[The United Kingdom: Public Institutions]

CXL I. LONDON.—DULWICH COLLEGE. Size: 12½ in. x 8½ in. History: possibly acquired in 17th century. Condition: much worn and stained; wants fly-leaf, title; preliminary leaves except three, the whole of 'Two Gentlemen,' 'Merry Wives,' 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' 'Twelfth Night,' and 'Winter's Tale,' and all the Tragedies save first half of 'Romeo and Juliet.' The Histories are intact save for two leaves of '2 Henry VI' (pp. 121-4).

CXL II. LONDON—REFORM CLUB, PALL MALL. Size: 12½ in. x 8½ in. History: apparently acquired in 17th century by a kinsman of the admiral Robert Blake. It was owned c. 1810 by Robert Blake, M.P., and afterwards by John Day Blake, who left it c. 1860 to his great-nephew, Walter Wren. It was presented by Mr. Wren to the Reform Club, London, Aug. 26, 1883. Condition: re-bound with blank leaves, indicating the missing leaves; wants fly-leaf, title, preliminary leaves except two (Holland's and Digges's verses), the whole of 'Merry Wives,' 'Comedy of Errors,' 'As You Like It,' and many other separate leaves—seventy in all missing.

CXL III. STRATFORD-ON-AVON.—THE TRUSTEES OF SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE. Size: 13¼ in. x 8½ in. History: acquired c. 1820 by Robert Bell Wheler, of Stratford-on-Avon, and bequeathed to present owners by his sister, Miss Anne Wheler, in 1870. Condition: bad; all leaves before p. 31 and many later leaves missing; many surviving pages mutilated; the copy of portrait, engraved by J. Swaine, inserted.

[The United Kingdom: Private Owner]

CXL IV. SIR EVERARD PHILIP DIGBY PAUNCHEFORT—DUNCOMBE, BART., BRICKHILL MANOR, BLETHCLEY. History: acquired c. 1840 by Philip Paunccefort-Duncombe, Esq., great-grandfather of third baronet, the present owner; four leaves in 'Romeo and Juliet' were long missing; two-thirds of the volume were accidentally destroyed by fire at Riviere's bookbinding works in London in 1898. Condition: only 175 leaves preserved in modern binding.

[United States of America: Public Institution]


[The United States of America: Private Owner]

CXL VI. THE ESTATE OF THE LATE ADOLPH SUTRO, SAN FRANCISCO. Size: 12½ in. x 8 in. History: acquired c. 1889 by the late owner. Condition: only twelve plays complete and six defective; the fragments are now bound in eleven separate volumes.
CLASS IV

Copies otherwise unclassed owing to lack of full description

[The United Kingdom: Private Owners]

CXLVII. AUGUSTUS EAST MANLEY, ESQ., MANLEY HALL, LICHFIELD. Size: 13⅝ in. x 8⅞ in. History: apparently acquired by present owner’s great-grandfather, John Manley, c. 1770. Condition: good; leaves cut by binder.

CXLVIII. J. PEARSON & CO. (BOOKSELLERS), LONDON. Size: 12¼ in. x 7½ in. History: acquired by private treaty 1901. Condition: good; stated to be perfect throughout.

[The British Colonies: Public Institutions]

CXLIX. SOUTH AFRICA. — SOUTH AFRICAN PUBLIC LIBRARY, CAPE TOWN. Size: 12¼ in. x 8 in. History: presented by Sir George Grey in 1861. Condition: clean throughout; last leaf slightly mended.


[The United States of America: Private Owners]

CLI. H. C. FOLGER, ESQ., NEW YORK. History: apparently purchased in London c. 1880 by the late Norton Q. Pope, of New York, who sold his library in 1895 and died in 1897; subsequently acquired by Robert Hoe, Esq., of New York, and disposed of by him c. 1896 to a New York bookseller, through whom it passed to present owner.

CLII. J. PIERPONT MORGAN, ESQ., NEW YORK. A third copy in the possession of Mr. Morgan is stated by him to be of inferior interest to either of the other two in his library. (See Nos. XXXVII and XXXVIII.)

[Untraced Copies]

CLIII. PRESENT OWNER UNTRACED. — CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL COPY. History: disposed of by the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury Cathedral, in whose library the copy had been for a long time, c. 1880.

CLIV. PRESENT OWNER UNTRACED. — THE LORD VERNON COPY. Size: 13½ in. x 8¼ in. History: formerly belonging to Lord Vernon; sold c. 1880.


Copies stated to have been destroyed

CLVII. A copy belonging to Almon W. Griswold, of New York, is stated by Justin Winsor to have been lost in the steamship Arctic, which sank from the effects of a collision on her way from Liverpool to New York on Sept. 27, 1874.

CLVIII. A copy belonging to Mr. J. W. McCagg, of Chicago, is stated by Justin Winsor to have been burnt in the Chicago fire of 1871.
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POSTSCRIPT

Information respecting two copies of the First Folio, additional to those noticed in the accompanying Census, has just reached me. Had I learnt of them in time, one of these newly recovered copies would have figured in the Census after No. LXXVIII, the other after No. CXXXIV. I have examined the former copy for myself; an account of the latter has been kindly forwarded by the owners. I append a formal description of each.

CLASS II
Division B

LXXVIII a. MRS. CHARLES HILHOUSE, HARECOMBE, CROWBOROUGH, SUSSEX. Size: 12½ in. x 8 in. History: owned c. 1850 by Benjamin Powys, who bequeathed it in 1876 to Richard Hilhouse, on whose death it passed to his brother Charles, whose widow is the present owner. Condition: fly-leaf inlaid, mounted, and misplaced after title-page; title-page made up from Second Folio, inlaid and mounted; corners of several leaves repaired and text supplied in MS.; ‘Troilus and Cressida’ bound up after ‘Cymbeline’; generally in good condition; re-bound c. 1840.

CLASS III
Division A

CXXXIV a. THE MISSSES WILLIAMS, LLANDAFF HOUSE, PEMBROKE VALE, CLIFTON, BRISTOL. Size: 12½ in. x 8½ in. History: possibly owned originally by John Hoskins, the lawyer (1566–1638), who was the intimate friend of Ben Jonson and Sir Walter Raleigh. From him descended in direct line Thomas Williams, Dean of Llandaff (d. 1878), who owned the book and treated it as a family heirloom, leaving it to his daughters, the present owners. The names of ‘J. Gurney’ and ‘J. Harington’ appear in the volume. Condition: fly-leaf, some preliminary leaves, and five leaves (including last leaf) of ‘Cymbeline’ missing. Fragments only of title-page preserved.

SIDNEY LEE.

October 20, 1902.
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INTRODUCTION

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

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

The theatrical manager viewed the publication of plays as injurious to his interests, and until a play had wholly exhausted its popularity on the stage, he deprecated its appearance in print. But however indifferent the Elizabethan dramatist was to the reading public, and however pronounced were the manager's objections to the publication of plays, there developed among playgoers and others at the close of the sixteenth century a wish to peruse in private dramas that had achieved success in the theatre. Publishers quickly sought to gratify this desire for their own ends. In the absence of any statutory prohibition, they freely enjoyed the right of publishing any MS., whatever might be the channel through which it reached their hands, provided that they purchased a licence for its publication from the Stationers' Company. At times failure on the part of an author to keep his MSS. in safe custody, at times the venality of an amanuensis, rendered MS. literature accessible to the publisher without the author's personal intervention. In such circumstances it was not the publisher's habit to consult an author about the publication of his work, and in the case of plays it was the rule

... rather
INTRODUCTION

rather than the exception for the MS. to reach the publishers through other hands than those of the dramatist. The publisher was, moreover, wont to ignore the claim to ownership in a play that was set up by the theatrical manager who had bought it of the writer. The wrong done the dramatic author passed unrecognized for nearly a hundred years, nor in Shakespeare's day was any endeavour made to protect the manager's interest. But the encroachments of the publishers on the manager's title were so manifestly inequitable that early in the seventeenth century—before 1630—the Lord Chamberlain, the public official who controlled the theatres, strove to restrain the publisher's piratical practices. Such efforts, however, at first met with qualified success. The sole ethical principle, which the publisher in good repute was ready to acknowledge in practice, concerned his business relations with members of his own profession. The grant to him by the Stationers' Company, to which he belonged, of a licence to publish a literary composition gave him in his eyes an exclusive and perpetual right in the licensed publication, and he respected his neighbours' exclusive and perpetual rights to their licensed publications as fully as he defended his own. The Stationers' Company stoutly resisted any lawless endeavour on the part of one of its members to issue a work which had already been licensed to another. At the same time it was always prepared to sanction the transfer of a licence from one publisher to another by mutual arrangement. But no conscientious scruple deterred members of the Stationers' Company from defying the natural sentiment which would assign to the author some exercise of control over the public fortunes of the written product of his brain.

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

The greater number of the quarto editions of Shakespeare's plays which were published in his lifetime seem to have been printed from more or less imperfect and unauthorized playhouse transcripts which were obtained by publishers more or less dishonestly. The quarto of 'Richard III' and 'Second Part of Henry IV,' with the second quarto of 'Hamlet' (although its defects are small compared with those of the first), present versions that were unsatisfactorily abridged. The original impressions of 'Troilus,' 'Othello,' and 'Lear' abound in proofs of copyist's carelessness and printer's incapacity.
incapacity. Comparatively few faults are visible in ‘Love’s Labour’s Lost,’ ‘Much Ado,’ ‘Midsummer Night’s Dream,’ ‘Merchant of Venice,’ ‘Richard II,’ ‘First Part of Henry IV,’ ‘Titus,’ and the 1599 quarto of ‘Romeo and Juliet,’ and in these cases the authorized playhouse transcript or ‘prompt-copy’ may have been at the publisher’s disposal, but none give absolutely convincing evidence at all points of complete authenticity.

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

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

Seven years after Shakespeare’s death an imposing partnership of publishers conquered the scruples with which the managers of Shakespeare’s company of players regarded the publication of their literary property. With the managers’ full assent the publishers undertook the issue of all the dramatic work by Shakespeare on which they could lay their hands. Shakespeare’s friends and fellow actors engaged in the enterprise as an act of piety.

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

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

Mathewes, the publisher of 'The Troublesome Raigne,' in openly assigning it to Shakespeare, helped to persuade his friends of the wisdom of the proposal to bring out an authorized collection of his works.

1 Smethwick and Smethwike are the spellings of the name which its bearer commonly employed, but in the colophon of the First Folio it takes the exceptional form Smithweke.
the posthumous publication of two of Marlowe's poems. In 1601, too, he had published
that collection of mystical verse entitled 'Loves Martyr,' by Robert Chester, one poem
in which, 'A poetical essay of the Phoenix and the Turtle,' was signed 'William Shake-
speare,' and on May 20, 1608, the right to publish 'Pericles' and 'Antony and Cleopatra'
had been assigned to him. But he had disposed of his title in 'Pericles' to Henry Gosson
of Paternoster Row, who produced two editions of the play in 1609, and he had not
availed himself of his title to 'Antony and Cleopatra,' which remained unpublished
until it figured in the First Folio 1.

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

A careful scrutiny of this list illustrates the perplexities which characterized the
conduct of the enterprise. Two of the enumerated plays, 'As You Like It' and 'Antony
and Cleopatra,' had been licensed before, although neither had been printed. It is true that
the right to publish 'As You Like It' had been 'stayed' or suspended in 1600, but the
order of suspension had lapsed and a new licence seemed supererogatory. On May 20,
1608, Blount had obtained a perfectly regular licence for 'Antony and Cleopatra' which
still held good. At the same time the list omitted four pieces about to figure in the
First Folio—'The First and Second Parts of Henry VI,' 'King John,' and 'The Taming
of the Shrew'—all of which were hitherto unprinted. To two of them, 'The First and
Second Parts of Henry VI,' licences had, as in the case of 'As You Like It' and 'Antony
and Cleopatra,' been accorded some years earlier. Thomas Millington had acquired the
right to publish 'The First and Second Parts of Henry VI' at the opening of the century;
but though he had published two other of Shakespeare's histories he did nothing with
these two pieces beyond transferring his right in them on 12th April, 1602, to Thomas
Pavier, a publisher of evil repute, who had acquired a large interest in Shakespeare's
work. Pavier had already issued three editions of a gross perversion of 'Henry V,' and
afterwards gained control of 'Titus Andronicus' and 'Pericles,' as well as of two
non-Shakespearean plays, 'Sir John Oldcastle' and 'The Yorkshire Tragedy,' on the
title-pages of each of which he had unjustifiably set Shakespeare's name. Both 'The
First and Second Parts of Henry VI' were revisions by Shakespeare of older plays by
other writers. The First Part remained unprinted in any shape before the issue of the
First Folio. Nor was any attempt made to print the Second Part after Shakespeare
finally recast it; but the earlier and obsolete form of this piece which was known as
'The True Contention' had been published in more than one edition, the last being
produced as recently as 1619 by the perverse Pavier. It rested with Pavier, who owned

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

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

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

With the seven outside owners of plays in quarto, the syndicate reached an understanding which was sufficiently good to silence opposition. Aspley no doubt carried weight with Matthew Lawe, who owned copyright in ‘Richard III,’ ‘Richard II,’ and ‘The First Part of Henry IV’; Lawe had bought these copyrights on June 25, 1603, of Andrew Wise, who was at one time Aspley’s partner. The unscrupulous Pavier came to terms with the syndicate in regard alike to ‘Henry V,’ of which he had issued a grossly perverted quarto, to ‘Titus,’ copyright in which he had acquired of Edward White, and to ‘The First and Second Parts of Henry VI,’ which he controlled as owner of the unused licences. The equally disreputable Nathaniel Butter, who had published the careless quarto of ‘Lear’ in 1609 and as well as ‘The London Prodigal’ of 1605, which he falsely ascribed to Shakespeare’s pen, also proved amenable. Nor was difficulty experienced with Arthur Johnson of St. Paul’s Churchyard, who owned the copyright in the corrupt quarto of ‘Merry Wives’; nor with Richard Bonian and Henry Walley of St. Paul’s Churchyard, who owned the copyright of ‘Troilus’; nor with Lawrence Heyes, who had on July 8, 1619, been allotted the copyright in ‘The Merchant of Venice,’ formerly the property of his father, Thomas Heyes; nor finally with Thomas Walkley, who had as lately as October 6, 1621, acquired for the first time the unpublished ‘Othello.’

The only play by Shakespeare that had been previously published in quarto and was not included in the First Folio was ‘Pericles.’ The copyright of ‘Pericles’ was owned in 1623 by Pavier, who had brought out a third quarto edition in 1619 in a volume which also contained ‘The True Contention,’ the obsolete version of ‘The Second Part of Henry VI.’ The syndicate may have either overlooked the piece by inadvertence or they may have deemed the hands of collaborators to be too visible in it to justify them in treating it as Shakespeare’s handiwork. But most probably Pavier perversely refused to sanction its admission.
admission to the First Folio. It was not until long after Pavier and his immediate representatives passed away, and the Folio reappeared in a third impression in 1664, that 'Pericles' was added to the collected plays of Shakespeare 1.

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

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

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

1 Whatever the concessions made by the quarto publishers to the First Folio promoters, the ownership-rights of the quarto publishers were not extinguished. Long after the appearance of the Folio, plays continued to be produced in quarto by existing owners or their legal representatives, and the copyright in the quartos was freely bought and sold. On August 4, 1656, Pavier transferred his 'right in Shakespeare's plays or any of them' to Edward Brewer and Robert Bird, and Bird, after bringing out a new quarto of 'Pericles' in 1659, sold all his property in Shakespeare's quartos to Richard Cotes, the printer who was mainly concerned in the Second Folio of 1632. Meanwhile, Matthew Lawe re-published 'Richard III' in 1659. Richard Hawkins, who had acquired the copyright of 'Othello' from Walkley, March 1, 1657-8, again brought out that tragedy in 1650 and in the same year Richard Meighen reissued 'Merry Wives.' In 1657 Lawrence Heyes republished the quarto of 'The Merchant of Venice.' Nor did Smethwick, one of the First Folio promoters, and also a partner in the venture of the Second Folio, regard himself as prohibited from republishing his own quartos after their issue in the Folio. In 1653 he reissued 'Love's Labour's Lost' and 'Taming of the Shrew,' the second piece had been first included in the First Folio, and in 1657; 'Hamlet' and 'Romeo and Juliet,'...
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a dramatist's uncorrected autographs should be regarded as a trade-convention rather than a serious historic statement.

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

1 Many valuable clues to the precise history of the publication of the Shakespeare First Folio are accessible in the first folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's 'comedies and tragedies' which was published in 1647. Its preliminary pages are rich in illustrative material. Of the fifty-two plays assigned to Beaumont and Fletcher (the majority of them were really the work of Fletcher either writing alone or in collaboration with Massinger), no more than nine were published—in separate quartos—before Fletcher's death in 1615, while eight others appeared in similar form for the first time between 1615 and 1647. The first folio of 1647 collected all the Beaumont and Fletcher plays that had not been previously printed. No arrangement was reached with the publishers of the seventeen pre-existing quartos by which it was possible to include any of those. Thirty-four new pieces were brought together; the MS. of one—'The Wild Goose Chase'—was not found in time, and was first issued separately five years later. The leading actors of the King's company to which Fletcher had been attached as playwright co-operated in the venture with an enterprising publisher, Humphrey Moseley, who in conjunction with a partner, Humphrey Robinson, paid all expenses and undertook every manner of responsibility. The theatres had been closed owing to the Civil War in 1643, and the playhouse archives had for the most part been long scattered. Moseley, in advertisements from 'The Stationer to the Reader' which he prefixed to the volume, announced how the 'copy' had been dispersed in numerous private hands, how he experienced great difficulty in gathering it together, and how it was only purchasable at high prices. The printed text of the plays failed to answer the hopes that the publisher's protestations of its authenticity roused, and the typography, which, he explained, was under his sole superintendence, showed abundant marks of hasty and careless composition and inefficient revision. The actors who aided the scheme played a very subordinate part in its execution. They did nothing beyond seconding Moseley's efforts in securing the 'copy,' and signing their names—to the number of ten—to the dedicatory epistle which was addressed to the lord chamberlain of the day, Phillip, earl of Pembroke and Montgomery. Shakespeare had himself of old belonged to the same company, and at least four of the signatories had been personally associated with him. The dedicatory epistle avowed that the players who signed it emulated the example of their deceased colleagues, Heminge and Condell, who stood in the same relation to the Shakespeare First Folio as they now sought to stand to the Beaumont and Fletcher first folio. They could have wished to address themselves to the two brothers—William Herbert, earl of Pembroke, formerly lord chamberlain, Philip Herbert, earl of Montgomery—to whom the actors Heminge and Condell addressed themselves in the opening pages of the Shakespeare First Folio. But the earl of Pembroke was dead, and his brother Philip, his successor in that title and in the office of lord chamberlain, alone survived to receive their homage. The dedicatory words ran rather clumsily thus:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The First Folio consisted when complete of 454 leaves or 908 pages. Numerous folio volumes of far larger compass were produced at the same period. Every Elizabethan or Jacobean library contained books of greater bulk. In point of typographical elegance and accuracy, too, the book was constantly surpassed in its own day. The failure of the promoters
promoters of the First Folio, or of the printers William Jaggard and his son Isaac, to bring the volume into competition with the best book-production of the period, may be assigned to excessive haste in completing the design, which deprived the work of the benefit of adequate revision. None the less, although the publishers were clearly moved in this and other regards by economic considerations, there were signs that they desired the Folio, even if they aimed at no superfine merit, to be within inexpensive limits a presentable volume. The paper was of good although not of the best quality. Prynne complained in his ‘Histriomastix,’ 1633 (‘To the Christian Reader,’ fol. 1 back), that Shakespeare’s plays, which had grown in his day from quarto into folio, were printed on the best crowne paper, better than most bibles. But this is a prejudiced exaggeration. Crown paper was of various kinds. That of the finest and most enduring texture is met with in such a handsome folio as James I’s ‘Works,’ printed by the royal printers Robert Barker and John Bill in 1616; there the elaborate water-mark of a crown surmounting a shield measures more than three inches lengthways. The inferior paper of the First Folio bears a smaller and simpler water-mark of a crown, with a broad bottom band enclosing the initial letters of the papermaker, apparently H. C. The paper throughout is of the same texture, but it was clearly manufactured in two moulds, in one of which the water-mark lacked the bottom band and showed other signs of deterioration.

Ornamental head- and tail-pieces and initial letters appear at the beginning or end of the plays. In all fifteen patterns are employed, but there is nothing distinctive about any of them. Most of them are much worn, and belonged to the stock of ordinary ‘blocks’ and types which was to be found in all well-equipped printing-offices in London and on the Continent. The pattern was usually of early invention and possibly of foreign origin. The archer head-piece, which appears four times in the First Folio (before the dedication, before the ‘catalogue,’ ‘The Tempest,’ and epilogue to ‘Second Part of Henry IV’) is met with in all manner of English books dating between 1590 and 1632, including the Book of Common Prayer (1603) and Spenser’s works (1611). The large tail-piece which is at the end of twenty-five plays is also at the end of the first folio of Spenser’s works, which was printed by Humphrey Lownes for his brother Matthew in 1611, and in books printed at Strassburg and Frankfort. Jaggard, the printer of the Folio, invariably used the majority of the First Folio ornamental blocks in all his large undertakings of similar date. Some of the initial letters (cf. the large F in ‘To the great Variety of Readers’) he had acquired with the stock of James Roberts. Most of the head-pieces and initial letters which figure in the First Folio are met with in Augustine Vincent’s ‘Discoverie of Errores’ (1622), a volume on which Jaggard’s compositors were engaged just before they set to work on the
the First Folio. The large tail-piece appeared in no less than three of Jaggard's recent publications, in Mexia's 'Treasure' (1619), pt. 2, in Brooke's 'Catalogue' (1619), and in 'The Decameron' (1620). There are only two ornaments which cannot be matched in Jaggard's books, or indeed elsewhere: one is the conventionally scrolled head-piece (above Digges' and I. M.'s verses in the preliminary pages), which is repeated at the opening of eleven plays, and may have been newly cut for the volume; the other is the tail-piece on the page containing the actors' names before 'Henry V'; this is a greatly worn block, must have been frequently employed before, is only used on this single occasion in the First Folio, and was doubtless soon afterwards destroyed as worthless 1.

The only pictorial embellishment of the volume is the engraved portrait of Shakespeare (7 1/16 in. x 6 11/16 in.), which is printed on the title-page. The engraver, Martin Droeshout, belonged to a Flemish family of painters and engravers long settled in London, where he was born in 1601. The engraving was therefore produced when the artist had only completed his twenty-second year, and may be regarded as the effort of an apprentice. It followed a painting, possibly the 'Flower' portrait of Shakespeare now in the Memorial Gallery at Stratford-on-Avon. That picture is believed to have been painted in Shakespeare's lifetime, in 1609, by a Flemish artist, who has been conjecturally identified with the engraver's uncle, also named Martin Droeshout. In the verses on the page facing the title of the volume Ben Jonson congratulates the graver on having satisfactorily hit the poet's face. But the impressions that are usually met with are too coarsely printed to give the likeness verisimilitude. Defects in the original design, the disproportion between the dimensions of the head and the half-length of the body, cannot be laid to the engraver's charge. Nor is Droeshout's ability to be fairly judged from the ordinary condition of his engraving. His work was obviously deemed too delicate to bear frequent reproduction, and the plate was coarsely retouched more than once after it left his hands. In the first state the engraving is clear in tone and the shadows are somewhat delicately rendered. The light falls softly on the muscles of the face, especially about the mouth and below the eye. The hair is darker than the shadows on the forehead and flows naturally, although the engraver omitted to make the hair throw any shadow on the collar. In ordinary impressions a shadow has been introduced into the collar, and all the shadows on the face have been darkened by cross hatching and cross dotting, especially about the chin and the roots of the hair on the forehead. The moustache has been roughly enlarged. As a result the expression is deprived of character; the forehead has an unnaturally swollen appearance, and the hair might easily be mistaken for a raised wig. The reproductions in extant copies of the First Folio show many slight variations, but all bear witness to the deterioration of the plate. Only one copy of the engraving in its first state is now known. This was extracted by J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps from a First Folio in his possession, and framed separately by him; it now belongs to the American collector, Mr. Marsden J. Perry, of Providence, Rhode Island, U.S.A. The copy of the First Folio, to which this fine impression of the engraving originally belonged, is now in the Shakespeare Memorial Library at Stratford-on-Avon.

I am indebted to Mr. Horace Hart, the Controller of the Oxford University Press, for the following valuable Notes on the Typography of the First Folio 2:—

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

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

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

As to the roman and italic fount used for (i) the text of the work in two columns, I am convinced that this is not only Dutch in face, but Dutch in body, viz. that it is Median, equal to 1r-points according to the Didot system; and I suggest that it was specially chosen, for excellent reasons, and could not easily be improved upon if type had to be selected for a similar work to-day. It is condensed, in order to get the metrical lines in without turning over a word or words; and it also shows sufficient space or ‘daylight’ between the printed lines to afford the necessary relief to the reader’s eyes. There is no English type-body equivalent to 1r Didot points. The nearest is pica, which is 11-23; and I am convinced that it is not possible to measure up a column of the First Folio with pica’s. On the other hand, the Dutch Median type fits a column perfectly. Let us imagine ourselves in the position of the printers of the First Folio. Being called upon to undertake so considerable a piece of work, they would specially consult the Dutch founders for the most important type, viz. that with which the text of the work was to be printed; but they would regard the small founts which they probably already possessed, of double-pica, great-primer, and English, as suitable for the unimportant parts which they had to play in the preliminary matter.

Of these less important founts, the italic (ii) used for the Dedication (p. 7) is on a double-pica body, and is, in face and depth, identical with the double-pica of which a specimen is given in T. B. Reed’s Early English Type Foundries (facing p. 96), where it is said to have been ‘cut’ by John Day in 1572. Reed points out 2 that the same italic is also made use of in Binneman’s edition of Walsingham’s Historia; and it seems probable that Day’s type, Binneman’s type, and the Shakespeare double-pica all came from the same source. This double-pica italic is used for the ‘Names of the Principal Actors’ (p. 11), and also throughout the First Folio for the head-lines and cross-headings to the Acts and Scenes.

The address ‘To the great Variety of Readers’ (p. 7) is set up in great-primer type (iii), as well as the lines ‘To the Memorie of the deceased Authour’ (p. 9); where it may be noticed that the italic is too small for the roman, or the latter too large for the italic, for the two do not line together.

The same remark applies to the english fount (iv) used for the verses on pages 13, 14, and 15: the italic in pages 13 and 14, because of its smallness of body, seeming to have greater space between the lines; while the roman in page 15, on the contrary, seems to have the lines closer together. This is mere appearance, however; the body is the same in both cases. The three founts mentioned, although, as I have suggested, probably of Dutch origin, are cast upon English bodies; and all are set solid, as may be proved by observing where descending and ascending letters meet in any two lines. This fact—that the lines of type are set solid, i.e. without any ‘leads’ between the lines—enables one to make measurements with absolute certainty.

One other fount remains to be described. The large roman (v), used in the page opposite the portrait, is cast on the Dutch body called Kleine Kanon, equal to 2r Didot points. No English type-body which I am able to measure fits it; and the face is Dutch. But the absence of the letter W from the fount (the printer had to make it up with two V’s) needs explanation. I hesitate to suggest that this type may have come from Holland to England by way of France; yet Bishop Fell declares that the types which he acquired for his ‘Imprimery’ were procured from ‘Germany, France, and Holland.’

The arguments in these Notes have been hitherto from type-bodies. But the type-faces also—whether they are exhibited on English bodies or on Dutch bodies—can be identified as absolutely Dutch. Let the expert in typography note the peculiar shape of the italic letters which follow,—

![](image)

and especially of the initial, or ‘swash’ capital letters,—

![](image)

in the First Folio; and compare them with the characters shown in the Type Specimen Books, &c., of Christofol van Dijck (1683), of Bishop Fell (1693), of Johan Enschedé (1768), as well as with those represented in later times by such modern authorities as Theo. L. de Vинe4 and T. B. Reed.

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

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

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


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

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

In accordance with a growing practice among seventeenth-century printers, both capital letters and italics constantly recur with apparently small reason in the text of the plays. Capitals within the sentence distinguish adjectives and verbs as well as substantives. Their number varies greatly in different plays; *Romeo and Juliet* has on the average one extra capital in every line, while in the first thirteen comedies one extra capital is found on the average in every seven lines. The theory that the extra capital was deliberately introduced to emphasize the word to which it was attached is untenable¹. The irregularity which characterized their usage rather assigns their presence to the individual vagaries of compositors. The employment of extra capitals was indeed an irresponsible typographical fashion which was continuously gaining ground through the seventeenth century; when Shakespeare’s plays were reprinted in folio for the fourth time in 1685, the number of extra capitals had risen from 42,386 (in the First Folio) to 55,545 (in the Fourth). Italic type seems to be employed in the First Folio more methodically than capital letters. It is used in stage directions, in prologues and epilogues, in lyric verse, proper names, letters in prose, speeches in foreign languages, and unfamiliar words, especially those of foreign origin (e.g. *caviare* and *requiem*). These rules, although they were not invariably adhered to, were of recognized authority in most printing-offices of the day. Only a single font of italic type appears in the text of the plays, and such inconspicuous variations as have been detected in the aspect of some of the italic letters are the slight and accidental irregularities that are inseparable from the current system of casting types by hand and of inking the forme with balls.

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

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

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

Except in the Histories section, where the plays were arranged in harmony with historic chronology, no rational principle was followed in the order in which the dramas were printed. ‘The Tempest,’ which Shakespeare probably composed last, stood first in the opening section of Comedies. Probably the theatrical managers found the playhouse transcript of that piece, which the printers followed, readier to their hand than any other when the volume was first designed. ‘The Tempest’ was followed by one of the earliest of Shakespeare’s comedies, ‘The Two Gentlemen of Verona,’ and throughout the comedy-section late and early plays are hopelessly intermixed. ‘Love’s Labour’s Lost,’ almost certainly his earliest comedy, figures seventh in the list. ‘Much Ado About Nothing,’ ‘As You Like It,’ and ‘Twelfth Night,’ Shakespeare’s three most finished comedies, which came into being about the same time in the midmost period of his career, are separated from one another as far as is possible. Throughout, the order seems to represent merely that in which chance brought the copy to the printing-office. In the Tragedies the arrangement offers fewer eccentricities, because the bulk of Shakespeare’s tragic dramas belong to a somewhat short single term of his activity. But there

\[1\] Mabbe only signs his contribution by his initials I.M., but internal and external evidences combine to identify him beyond reasonable doubt.

\[2\] Various exceptional types, as Mr. Horace Hart shows, distinguish the preliminary pages containing the commendatory verses of the Shakespeare First Folio. A like feature characterizes the preliminary pages containing the commendatory verses of the Beaumont and Fletcher folio of 1647. Moseley, the publisher in the latter case, explains the typographical variations thus: —

‘After the Comedies and Tragedies were wrought off, we were forced for expedition to send the Gentlemens verses to several Printers which was the occasion of their different characters.’
was no reasonable ground for making 'Troilus and Cressida' and 'Coriolanus' open the section, nor for permitting Shakespeare's very early work in tragedy, 'Titus' and 'Romeo,' to follow them immediately. Here again the printers appear to have merely kept pace with the theatrical manager's or publisher's discovery and dispatch of the 'copy' to the printing-office.

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

The Comedies were originally brought to a close with 'Twelfth Night,' on the eleventh page of quire Z. The twelfth page of the quire was left blank, because the compositor had no 'copy' to set upon it. Subsequently 'copy' for a further comedy, 'A Winter's Tale,' arrived. John Heminge, the manager, had lately contemplated a revival of the piece (August, 1623), but the official MS. 'copy' of the allowed booke or prompt-copy could not be found at the moment. Happily a MS. version, which Heminge credited with adequate authenticity, came to hand, and, after being represented on the stage, was sent to press. The additional 'copy' was started on a new and independent quire of six leaves; the interpolated quire was signed A a, although a very similar signature a a was designed to distinguish the opening quire of the third section of the volume. 'A Winter's Tale' was carried not only through A a, but through a full succeeding quire B b (also of six leaves); and was completed on two detached leaves, of which the first bore the signature C c, and the second was at first unsigned. The reverse page of the second leaf (C c 2) was left blank. Thus blank pages at beginning and end completely isolated 'A Winter's Tale.' The printers showed, however, unusual enterprise in making the pagination of 'A Winter's Tale' (pp. 277–303) continuous from 'Twelfth Night.' In the correctly bound volume, 'A Winter's Tale' follows 'Twelfth Night,' and is immediately succeeded by the Histories section, with new pagination and new signatures (a, b, c, et seq.). But 'A Winter's Tale' still remained an independent segment of the book; and in some instances binders, misled by the signatures, misplaced it, making it precede 'Coriolanus,' which opens the quire bearing the almost identical signature a a (cf. Mr. R. J. Walker's copy, No. XXVI in the Census).

A more awkward irregularity characterizes the section of Histories. It would appear that in this section the printers were supplied in the first instance with only the first two Acts, and half of Act iii of 'The Second Part of Henry IV,' instead of the whole text of the piece, and that they mistook this fragment for the whole play. The copy for the three complete plays, 'King John,' 'Richard II,' and 'The First Part of Henry IV,' with the fragment of 'The Second Part of Henry IV,' filled seven quires (a–g) of six leaves, or twelve pages, each. The numbers of the pages ought to have run from 1 to 84, but the numbers 47–48 were accidentally missed, with the result that p. 47 became p. 49, and so forth until p. 84 became p. 86. When quire g was completed on p. 86, 'Henry V' was begun on the first page of quire h, but the last page-number 86 of the preceding quire g was carelessly misread 68, so that the first page of quire h was erroneously numbered 69; that pagination was continued till the Histories section ended with 'Henry VIII' on p. 232.

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

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1 Cf. Sir Henry Herbert's 'Office Book,' quoted by Malone in *Variorum Shakespeare* (1821), iii. 229.
Acts iv and v,—had been overlooked; it had in all probability never been delivered to the compositors. The omitted portion of ‘The Second Part of Henry IV’ was sufficient to fill seven leaves, or fourteen pages. It was therefore necessary to insert, between quires g and h, an irregular quire of eight leaves, or sixteen pages (the nearest even number), to which was given the irregular signature gg. The text of the omitted portion of ‘The Second Part of Henry IV’ was not long enough to extend to the eighth leaf of the new quire. Rather than leave that leaf of two pages blank the printers had recourse to a further irregularity. On the obverse of this eighth inserted leaf they placed, in exceptionally large italic type, the epilogue of ‘The Second Part of Henry IV’; and on the reverse they set, probably from a recovered play-bill, ‘The Actors’ Names’ for the succeeding play of ‘Henry V’; this list they spread out so as to cover the whole page. With even greater awkwardness the pages of the new eight-leaved quire gg, up to the end of the text of ‘The Second Part of Henry IV,’ were numbered 87–100, in continuation of the numbers on the regular quire g. The leaf containing the supplementary epilogue and actors’ names was left unnumbered. But the printers did not attempt to harmonize the pagination of the interpolated leaves with that of the succeeding pages of the regular quire h, which were already in type and were numbered 69 et seq. Thus the pagination of the inserted quire gg (pp. 87–100) remained in confusing conflict with that of the immediately following quire h (pp. 69 et seq.).

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

But this mistake was venial compared with that which followed. In all copies the last lines of the tragedy of ‘Romeo’ occupy the front page of the opening leaf of quire Gg, which is numbered 79 (a typographical error for 77). On the back of this leaf Gg the printers, in accordance with their original instructions, began to set up ‘Troilus and Cressida.’ Three pages of the play were composed, and the second and third were numbered 79 and 8o, in continuation of the correct number of the last page of ‘Romeo and Juliet.’ But before the composition of ‘Troilus’ advanced much further a halt was called. The overseers of the press withdrew ‘Troilus’ from the compositors altogether, and put aside the type already set. It may have been either that the succeeding copy was mislaid or that the owners of the already published quarto of ‘Troilus’ raised difficulties, or that it was felt incongruous to place a dramatic story of Troy after a dramatic story of mediaeval Italy.
'Troilus and Cressida' is a long play filling twenty-eight pages, and had it been carried to the end at the place in the volume where it was begun, it would have occupied all that remained of quire G gg and the whole of quire h hh, finishing at page 105 on the third leaf of quire i ii. While awaiting directions how to fill the gap which the withdrawal of 'Troilus' caused, the printers passed over the quires h hh and i ii, which 'Troilus' had been roughly estimated to occupy, and went forward to quire k k, on which they began 'Julius Caesar.' The first page of the new piece was tentatively numbered 109 in anticipated correspondence with 'Troilus.' Thenceforth the printing of the Tragedies proceeded with regular signatures through kk to bbb, and, though the pagination was in places confused by typographical misunderstandings, it was plainly intended to make it continuous from 109 to the end. When at length it became imperative to fill the place which the withdrawal of 'Troilus' had left vacant, 'Timon of Athens' was introduced. The last lines of 'Romeo' on the opening quire G gg were set up afresh with many changes of spelling, and at the back of the leaf the text of 'Timon' was begun instead of 'Troilus.' 'Timon' was a comparatively short play filling only twenty-one pages, so that after being continued through all that remained of quire G gg, it ended on the tenth page of the next quire h hh. It did not touch the last leaf of quire h hh, nor any part of quire i ii. The front of the vacant last leaf of quire h hh was ultimately filled by spacing out on it 'The Actors' Names' for 'Timon.' The reverse of this leaf, which closed quire h hh, remained blank. The pages of the text of 'Timon' were numbered 80-98 in precise continuation of 'Romeo,' but the page of 'Actors' Names' and its blank successor went unnumbered. No endeavour was made to bring the signatures or pagination of the succeeding play, 'Julius Caesar,' which had been prematurely started on quire k k at page 109, into harmony with the signatures or pagination of its inserted predecessor. The quire with the signature i ii dropped out of the volume altogether, and in the pagination of the Tragedies section the numbers between 98 and 109 found no place.

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

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

Proofs that the book was printed off without adequate supervision could be multiplied almost indefinitely. Quotations from foreign languages testify with singular completeness to the typographical clumsiness; they are rarely intelligible. Apart from misprints in the text, errors in pagination recur with embarrassing frequency. Many strange ones have been noticed already, and they could be easily matched in awkwardness elsewhere. For example, in 'Hamlet,' page 156 is followed by page 257, and the subsequent pages run on consecutively from 257, so that 100 numbers are missed in the pagination of the Tragedies section.

The following is a full list of other errors in pagination which were uncorrected when the first copies of the impression were issued to the public:—In 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' pp. 50 and 59 were misprinted 58 and 57; in 'The Comedy of Errors,' p. 86 was misprinted 88; in 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' pp. 153 and 161 were misprinted 151 and 163; in 'The Merchant of Venice,' pp. 164, 165 were misprinted 162, 163; in 'As You Like It,' p. 189 was misprinted 187; in 'Taming of the Shrew,' p. 214 was misprinted 212; in 'All's Well,' pp. 237, 249, and 270 were misprinted 233, 257, and 252; in 'Twelfth Night,' p. 269 was misprinted 273; in 'Richard II,' p. 37 was misprinted 39; in 'The First Part of Henry IV,' pp. 47, 48 were missed altogether; in 'The Second Part of Henry IV,' pp. 89, 90 were misprinted 91, 92; in 'The Third Part of Henry VI,' pp. 165, 166 were misprinted 167, 168; in 'Henry VIII,' p. 218 was misprinted 218; in 'Romeo and Juliet,' pp. 77, 78 were missed in the numbering; in 'Hamlet,' not only is p. 156 followed by 257, but p. 273 was first set up for p. 277, and pp. 277 and 282 were misprinted 279 and 280; in 'King Lear,' p. 308 was misprinted 38 and p. 309, 307; and in 'Cymbeline,' pp. 379, 399 were misprinted 389 and 993; thus the last page bore the number 993 instead of 399.

In the signatures misprints were equally frequent. In addition to the irregularities of signatures already described, in the Comedies section B was originally set up as A; V appeared as V v; in the Histories a 3 appeared as A a 3; m 3 s l 3; in the Tragedies b b 2 was misprinted B b 2; n n and n n 2 appeared as N n and N n 2; o o as O o; t t 2 as t t 3; x x, x x 2 and x x 3 as x, x 2 and x 3; y y 2 and y y 3 as y 2 and y 3; while the signature o o 2 was omitted.
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The head-lines are often irregular. The head-line titles of the last two pages of the 'Two Gentlemen of Verona' are wrongly printed 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' the name of the succeeding play. At p. 121 of the Comedies, in the head-line 'Much adoe about Nothing,' the word 'about' is suffered to figure as 'abot.' In 'Troilus and Cressida' the first three pages give the head-line 'The Tragedie of Troylus and Cressida,' the remaining pages give only 'Troylus and Cressida.' The word 'tragedy' is spelt indifferently 'tragedy' and 'tragodie'; and Anthony in 'Anthony and Cleopatra,' both 'Anthony' and 'Anthonie.' The very first word of the text on the first page of the volume, 'Bote-swaine,' was originally printed with the ornamental B upside down (cf. Mr. Hughes Hilton's copy), and some copies were issued to the public before the correction was made.

The number of extant copies of the volume, which amounts to at least 156, shows that the book was in great demand and that the edition was a very large one. It could hardly have fallen short of 600 copies. Time was consequently needed in working off the sheets, and before that process was ended, it is clear that corrections were occasionally made in the type. There was no systematic revision, but here and there some of the more obvious misprints were amended, and at times the pagination was set right. The sheets that were worked off before the type was corrected were not destroyed; they were bound up indifferently with other sheets that had been revised. This casual method of correction was not uncommon in other printing-offices of the day. In the result few copies of a single edition of a book left the printing-office with the typography identical at all points. The quarto editions of Shakespeare's plays show typographical discrepancies between one copy and another, which are only explicable on the ground that the press was altered while the sheets were being worked off. But the variations among different copies of the First Folio are more numerous than those among copies belonging to the same edition of any other known book of the day.

The pagination and signatures offered the easiest opportunities for correction. In fully half the edition the mistakes in the paging of 'The Taming of the Shrew' (p. 214), 'All's Well' (p. 237), and 'Richard II' (p. 37) were put right. In fully a third of the edition the misprinted signatures V and m 3 were amended. In almost all the copies the initial letter on the first leaf which was printed upside down was reversed, and the misprinted B in the signature of the same leaf was changed to A; the misprinted p. 273 in 'Hamlet' was corrected to p. 277; the misprinted p. 307 in 'Lear' was changed to p. 309. The Chatsworth copy is purged of these defects. Many of its sheets may therefore be regarded as comparatively late impressions. It is one of the few copies in which the omitted signature c 2 on p. 27 of 'Coriolanus' is supplied. Yet some important corrections were made later, and these the Chatsworth copy escaped. Occasionally the misprinted signatures (y 2 and y 3) on p. 355 and p. 357 of 'Antony and Cleopatra' appear in their right form y y 2 and y y 3, although they retain their original irregularity in the Chatsworth copy.

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

'And hell gnaw his bones,
Performances are no kin together.'

In
In the corrected copies the irrelevance of the first line is replaced by Roderigo's apposite words—

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

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

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

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

The last page (p. 272) of 'The Third Part of Henry VI' in the Histories presents in at least three extant copies (the Ellesmere, the Stratford Memorial, and the New York Tilden copies), three grave mistakes which make nonsense of the text: King stands for Yung (col. 2, l. 4); add (col. 2, l. 13) for and, and 'ris (col. 2, l. 17) for 'kis' (i.e. 'kiss'). In 'King Lear' (Tragedies, p. 309) the stage-direction announcing the hero's death appears variously in different copies as He dis (the commonest form), Hee dis, and He dies.

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

Similarly a leaf in Hamlet (pp. 277-78) survives in both a revised and unrevised shape. The leaf is wholly uncorrected in the MacGeorge copy, and in that formerly belonging
INTRODUCTION

belonging to Thomas Amyot (cf. Variorum Shakespeare, 1821, vol. xxi, pp. 449-50); parts of it only are corrected in the Marquis of Bath's copy. In this case every change made by the reviser is an obvious improvement. In the earlier setting the page-number 277 appears wrongly as 273, and 'lowles' (col. 1, l. 9 from end) appears as 'lowlas.' These errors were first set right. The next page, 278, which in its original state showed at least eleven bad misprints, was corrected at a later stage. The 'sirh, is' of the old setting (col. 1, l. 17) became 'sir, his' in the new; yearys (l. 20) became 'years'; 'o-n thing' (l. 41) became 'one thing' and 'Coffin' became 'Coffin'; 'Foredo' (col. 2, l. 3) became 'For do'; 'Bride-bed' (l. 30) became 'Bride-bed'; 'and Maide' became 'Maid'; 'Emphasies' (l. 43) became 'Emphasis'; 'wisensse' (l. 52) became 'wisenesse'; 'forebeare' (l. 4 from end) became 'forebeare'; 'Crocadile' (last line) 'Crocadile'.

But, despite such spasmodic efforts of the press-corrector, no thorough revision of the whole volume was attempted; most of the irregularities in pagination and signature remained to the last; offensive misreadings of the 'copy' were untouched and no endeavour was made to harmonize the spelling. Few books of the date supply an equal number of spelling discrepancies. No finity of form was recognized by the printers either in proper names or elsewhere. In one line in the dramatis personae of 'Henry V' the two forms Henry and Henrie appear side by side: 'Prince Henry afterwards Crowned King Henrie the Fift.' 'Anthony' and 'Anthonic;' 'tragedy' and 'tragedie' were always interchangeable. 'Berwick' and 'Barwick;' 'Bollingbrooke' and 'Bullingbrooke;' 'Burdeaux' and 'Burdeux;' 'Calais,' 'Callice,' and 'Callis;' 'Falconbridge' and 'Faulconbridge;' 'Milleane' and 'Millane;' 'Norway' and 'Norwey' are common variants. Ordinary words appear indifferently in two, three, four, and five forms. 'Visor' is spelt 'visard,' 'visor,' 'vizar,' 'vizard,' and 'vizor'; 'adieu' appears as 'adew,' 'adieu,' 'adiec,' and 'adue'; 'bankrupt' as 'bankerout,' 'bankrupt,' and 'banqu'routr'; 'widow' as 'widdowes,' 'widdows,' and 'widows;' 'soldier' as 'solder,' 'soldiour,' and 'souldiour;' 'choice' as 'choice,' 'choise,' and 'choysse;' 'seize' as 'ceize,' 'seaze,' and 'seinse;' 'here' as 'here,' 'hier,' and 'hyre;' 'harbinger' as 'harbenger,' 'harbinger,' and 'herbenger;' 'mongrel' as 'mongrill,' 'mungrel,' and 'mungrell.' Similarly we find 'alchymist' and 'alcumist;' 'bauble' and 'bable'; 'blue' and 'blew;' 'curfewe' and 'curphew;' 'ducat' and 'ducket;' 'enchautt' and 'inchant;' 'fiction' and 'fition;' 'feuer' and 'feauer;' 'friar' and 'fryer;' 'herald' and 'harrold;' 'monarch' and 'monarke;' 'perilous' and 'parlous;' 'smoke' and 'smoake;' 'son' and 'sonne;' 'star' and 'starre.'

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

A further alleged discrepancy among extant copies is often quoted to show that the date on the title-page sometimes appears as 1633 instead of 1632. But this allegation proves to rest on a misunderstanding. In 1821, Messrs. Arch, London booksellers, wrote of a copy in their possession: 'The title-page (evidently genuine) is dated 1632, but the last page has the usual date 1634' (cf. Variorum Shakespeare, 1821, xxi. 450). This title-page was, some forty years ago, acquired by the New York collector, James Lenox, and was transferred by him to another copy of the volume (with a defective title-page in facsimile) which he purchased in London in 1875. Lenox's copy with the inserted Arch title-page, which has long been reputed to bear the date 1632, is now in the Lenox collection in the New York Public Library. On thorough examination, the supposed date 1652 proves to be a comparatively recent mutilation of 1634. The margins of the title-page have been much abridged, and the page has been inlaid. The tail of the 3 in 1634 has been cut away, and the remaining fragment has been purposely converted into a 2. (Information given by Mr. Victor H. Patsits, of the New York Public Library.)
Cleopatra, i. 2. 41), are equally confusing, and the list might be greatly prolonged. The mere misprints, which illustrate every phase of typographical carelessness, can be reduced to no law. The commonest words are often most completely disguised, and the context at times offers no ready means of recognition (cf. 'Taunt' for 'Giant' in 'Twelfth Night,' i. 5. 218; 'by foule' for 'bi-fold' in 'Troilus and Cressida,' v. 2. 141; 'Bartlet' for 'martlet,' i.e. the martin, in 'Macbeth,' i. 6. 4).

But not all the modes of the spelling or grammatical construction which puzzle the modern reader by their unfamiliarity are considered errors. The text of the First Folio presents some syntactical forms which, though now obsolete, are deliberate and well justified. Sometimes they seem to point to consistent sympathy with archaisms on the part of the copyist or printers, if not on the part of the author. The First Folio abounds in passages where a plural subject has its verb in the singular: cf. 'Love's Labour's Lost,' v. 2. 375, 'Your wits makes wise things foolish'; 'Henry V,' i. 2. 27, 'Gainst him, whose wrongs gives edge unto the swords'; 'Richard III,' ii. 3. 35, 'Untimely stormes, makes men expect a dearth'; 'Romeo,' v. 3. 135, 'Feares comes upon me'; 'Hamlet,' iv. 5. 78, 'When sorrowes comes, they come not single spies'; 'Othello,' iv. 2. 170, 'The messengers of Venice states the meate'; 'Cymbeline,' iv. 2. 353, 'Th' imperious Seas breeds Monsters.' This was a common idiom in early English, but was gradually superseded in Shakespeare's day; and it was not retained when the First Folio was reprinted in 1632. The double negative, which is of constant occurrence in the First Folio, stands on the same footing (cf. 'Much Ado,' ii. 1. 134, 'Nor will you not tell me who you are'; 'Comedy of Errors,' iii. 2. 433, 'Nor to her bed no homage do I owe'). This form of speech too, which was accepted universally at an earlier epoch, grew into a vulgarism and was, like the former construction, expunged for the most part from the Second Folio.

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

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

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

The First Folio was four times reproduced in facsimile during the nineteenth century. The first attempt was made in 1806. The result was a very tall and wide folio volume (15 in. × 9\(\frac{3}{4}\) in.) bound in boards, and the inexperienced owner of this reprint has often of late years mistaken it for the original. The paper has the watermark 'SHAKESPEARE,' to which is sometimes appended the name of the paper-manufacturer, 'J. WHATMAN, 1806.' At the back of the portrait appear the words, 'Printed by E. & J. WRIGHT, St. John's Square,' while at the bottom of the last leaf are the words, 'J. Wright, Printer, No. 38 St. John's Square.'

\(^1\) I have to thank Mr. F. J. Payne, who has made a study of the First Folio, for assistance of much value in preparing this Introduction.
INTRODUCTION

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

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

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

September 1, 1902.

S. L.

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

1 William Upcott discovered 368 misprints, of which forty are serious mistakes, in this book (cf. Notes and Queries, 1st Series, vol. vii, p. 47, and 3rd Series, vol. vii, p. 139). Mr. H. H. Furness, of Philadelphia, owns a copy with Upcott's MS. collations made in 1832. The 1866 reprint has been frequently Grangerized. In the Barton Library at Boston, U.S.A., is a copy that was Grangerized by John Britton, the antiquary; this was acquired by the well-known collector, T. P. Barton, in 1858, a year after Britton's death.

2 A few pages only—the preliminary leaves and pp. 1-38 of the Comedies—were issued in facsimile in 1893 by photographic process, under the title of The Dallas-type Shakespeare; a reduced facsimile of the First Folio (1613) edition in the British Museum.
To the Reader.

This Figure, that thou here seeest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the Grauer had a strife
with Nature, to out-doo the life:
O, could he but haue drawne his wit
As well in 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. L.
Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, & Tragedies.

Published according to the True Original Copies.

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

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

AND

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

Right Honourable,

If we studie to be thankful in our particular for
the many favors we have received from your L.L
we are false upon the ill fortune, to mingle
two the most diverse things that can bee, feare,
and rashnesse; rashnesse in the enterprise, and
feare of the success. For when we videow the places your H.H.
suffaie, we cannot but know their dignity greater, then to descend to
the reading of these trifles, and while we name them trifles, we have
depriu'd our selves of the defence of our Dedication. But since your
L.L. haue been pleas'd to thinke these trifles some-thing, bereeto-
sore; and haue prossequited both them, and their Author living,
with so much favour: we hope that (they out-living him, and be not
hauing the fate, common with some, to be exequior to his owne writ-
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
chose his Patrones, or finde them: This hath done both. For,
so much were your L.L. likings of the severall parts, when
they were acted, as before they were published, the Volume ask'd to
be yours. We have but collected them, and done an office to the
deaf, to procure his Orphanes, Guardians: without ambition ei-
ther of selfe-profit, or fame: only to keep the memory of so worthy
a Friend, & Fellow alive, as was our Shakespeare, by hum-
ble offer of his plays, to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as
we have inly observed, no man to come neere 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 forth milke, creame, fruites, or what they have: and many
Nations (we have heard) that had not gumses & incense, obtained
their requests with a leauened 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. the remains of your servant Shakespeare, that
what delight is in them, may be ever your L.L. the reputation
his, & the faults ours, if any be committed, by a payre so carefull to
show their gratitude both to the living, and the dead, as is

Your Lordshippes most bounden,

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

From the most able, to him that can but spell: There you are number'd. We had rather you were weighed. Especially, when the fate of all Bookes depends upon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your purse. Well it is now publique, & you will stand for your privileges wecknow: to read, and cenfur. Do so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a Booke, the Stationer faies. Then, how odd he factor your brains be, or your wisedomes, make your licence the same, and spare not. Judge your fixe-pen'orth, your thillings worth, your fine thillings worth: at a time, or higher; so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, what ever you do, Buy. Cenfur will not drive a Trade, or make the jacke go. And though you be a Magilstrate 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 alreadie, and flood our all Appeals; and do now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court, then any purchas'd Letters of commendation.

It had bene a thing, we confesse, worthie to have bene withed, that the Author eirselfe had hied to have let forth, and outseen his owne writings; But since it hath bin ordain'd otherwize, and he by death deceased from that right, we pray you do not envie his Friends, the office of their care, and paine, to have collected & publish'd them, and so to have publish'd them, as where (before) you were abuse'd with divers ftole, and furreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and stales of injurious impostors, that expos'd them: even those, are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbes; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceiv'd them. Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together: And what he thought, he uttered with that easiness, that we have fear'd receiv'd from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who onely gather his works; and give them to praise him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold you: for his wit can no more lie hid, then it could be loft. Reade him, therefore; and againe, and againe: And if then you do not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his Friends, whom if you need, can bee your guides: if you neede them not, you can leade your felves, and others. And such Readers we wish with him.

John Heringe.
Henrie Condell.
TO THE MEMORIE
of the deceased Author Maister
W. Shakespere.

Hake-speare, at length thy pious fellowes give
The world thy Workes: thy Workes, by which, out-line
Thy Tombe, thy name must when that stone is rent,
And Time dissolves thy Stratford Monument,
Here we alone shall view thee still. This Booke,
When Brass 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-speares; eu'ry Line, each Verse
Here shall revive, redeeme thee from thy Herfe.
Nor Fire, nor cankring Age, as Nafo said,
Of his, thy mit-sfraught Booke shall once invade.
Nor shall I e're beleue, or thinke thee dead
(Though mist) untill our bankront Stage be sped
(Imposible) with some new strains e'ou-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 exprest;
Be sure, our Shake-speare, thou canst neuer dye,
But crown'd with Lawrell, line eternally.

L. Digges.

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

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

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

The Names of the Principall Actors in all these Playes.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>William Shakespeare</th>
<th>Samuel Gilburne</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Richard Burbadge</td>
<td>Robert Armin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Hemmings</td>
<td>William Osler</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Augustine Phillips</td>
<td>Nathan Field</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William Kempt</td>
<td>John Underwood</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thomas Poope</td>
<td>Nicholas Tooley</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>George Bryan</td>
<td>William Ecclestone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Henry Condell</td>
<td>Joseph Taylor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William Slye</td>
<td>Robert Benfield</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richard Cowly</td>
<td>Robert Gouge</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Lowine</td>
<td>Richard Robinson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Samuell Croffe</td>
<td>John Shancke</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alexander Cooke</td>
<td>John Rice</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
To the memory of my beloved,

The AUTHOR

Mr. William Shakespeare: And
what he hath left vs.

O draw no envy (Shakespeare) on thy name,
Am not ample to thy Book, and Fame:
While I confesse thy writings to be such,
As neither Man, nor Muse, can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all men suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I mean'd unto thy praise:
For selfish Ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind Affection, which doth mere advance
The truth, but grapes, and wrath all by chance.
Or crafty Malice, might pretend this praise,
And thinke to ruine, where it seem'd to raise.
These are, as some infamous Baud, or whore,
Should praise a Matron. What could hurt her more?
But thou art praise against them, and indeed
Above all fortune of them, or the need.
I, therefore will begin. Soule of the Age!
The applause! delight! the wonder of our Stage!
My Shakspcarc, rife; I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lye.
A little further, to make thee a room:
Thou art a Monument, without a weal;
And art alive still, while thy Book doth live;
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mixe thee so, my braine excuses;
I mean with great, but disproportion'd Muses:
For, if I thought my judgement were of yeeres,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers
And tell, how farre thou didst out-shine
Of sporting Kid, or Marlowes mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latine, and baste Greeke,
From thence to honour thee, I would not seek
For names, but call for the bright shining Achilus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us;
Paccuuius, Accius, him of Cordoue dead,
To life againe, to heare thy Buckin tread,
And shake a Stage; or, when thy Stockes were on,
Leave thee alone, for the comparison

Of
Of all that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their altars come.
Triumph, my Britaine, thou hast one to shew,
To whom all Scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When like Apollo he came forth to warne
Our cares, or like a Mercury to charm us!
Nature her selfe was proud of his defence,
And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines!
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As since, he will vouchsafe no other Wit.
The merry Greeke, tart Aristophanes,
Next Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated, and deserted he
As 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 casts to write a living line, must scarce,
Such as these or, and strike the second Heat
Upon the Muses' anvil: turne the same,
(And himselfe with it) that he thinkes to frame;
Or for the Lawrell, he may gaine a score;
For a good Poet's made, as well as borne.
And such was thee. Look how the fathers face
Lines in his issue, even so, the race
Of Shakespeare's monde, and manners brightnely shined
In his well turned, and true filde lines:
In each of which, he scene to shoke a Lance,
As brandishd as the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Auon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appeare,
And make those flights upon the banke of Thames,
That so did take Eliza, and our James!
But stay, I see thee in the Hemisphire
Advance'd, and made a Constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Starre of Poets, and with edge,
Or influence, shide or cheer the dropping Stage;
Which, since the flight for hence, hath worn't a like night,
And despair's day, but for thy Volumes light.
Upon the Lines and Life of the Famous
Scenicke Poet, Master William Shakespare.

Hope hands, which you fo clapt, go now, and wring
You Britam's brave, for done arc Shakespeare's 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 Thespian Spring,
Turn'd all to tears, and Phoebus clouds his rayes:
That corp's, that coffin now besticke those byres,
Which crown'd him Poet first, then Poets King.
If Tragedies might any Prologue have,
All those he made, would scarce make one to this:
Where Fame, now that he gone is to the grave
(Deaths pulque tryring-house) the Nuncius is.
For though his line of life went foone about,
The life yet of his lines shall never out.

Hugh Holland.
# A Catalogue

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

## Comedies

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THE TEMPEST.

A Flu: primus, Scena prima.

A tempestuous noise of Thunder and Lightning heard: Enter a Ship master, and a Bostwaine.

Master.

Bost. Here Master: What cheer?

Master. Good: Speak to't. Mariners: fall astern, yarely, or we run our selves a ground, before, before.

Enter Alfonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinandos, Gonzalo, and others.

Alfonso. Good Bostwaine have care: where's the Master? Play the men.

Bost. I pray now keep below.

Alfonso. Where is the Master, Befon?

Bost. Do you not heare him? you marre our labours, keep your Cabines: you do assift the storme.

Gonzalo. Nay, good be patient.

Bost. When the Sea is: hence, what cares these roates for the name of King? to Cabine, silence: trouble us not.

Gonzalo. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Bost. No more than my self. You are a Counseller, if you can command these Elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, wee will not hand a rope more, vie your authorities: If you cannot, give thanks you have lu'd so long, and make your selfe ready in your Cabine for the mischief of the houre, if it so hap, Cheereely good hearts: out of our way I say.

Exit. Gonzalo.

Gonz. I have great content from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning marken upon him, his complexion is perfect Gallowe: flond salt good Faste to his hanging, make the rope of his defluing our cable, for our owne doth little advantage: If he be not borne to bee hang'd, our case is miserable.

Exit. Bostwaine.

Bost. Downe with the top-Mast: yare, lower, lower, bring her to TRY with Maine-course. A plague Aery within. Enter Sebastian, Antonio & Gonzalo.

vpon this howling: they are bowder then the weather, or our office: yet againe? What do you heere? Shall we give ore and drown, have you a minde to sink?

Sebastian. A poxe o'your throat, you bawling, blasphe-mous incharitablc Dog.

Bost. Worke you then.

Alfonso. Hang cur, hang you wherefor an infolent Partake, we are left afraid to be drown'd, then thou art.

Gonzalo. Ite warrant him for drowning, though the Ship were no stronger then a Nutshell, and as leasly as an unflanched wench.

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

Enter Mariners set.

Marins. All lott, to prayers, to prayers, all lott.

Bost. What must our mouths be cold?

Gonzalo. The King, and Prince, as prayers, let's assist them, for our cafe is as theirs.

Sebastian. I'am out of patience.

Anf. We are meeerly closed of our lives by drunkards, This wide-chop't-falcall would thou mightest lye drowning the wailing of ten Tides.

Gonzalo. Hee'cl be hang'd yet, Though every drop of water sweare against it, And gaze at wide to glut him. A confused noise within.

Mercy on vs.

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

Alfonso, Let's all sink with King.

Sebastian. Let's take leave of him.

Gonzalo. Now would I give a thouand furlongs of Sea, for an Acre of barren ground: Long heath, Browne firrs, any thing: the walls aboute be done, but I would'' none dy a dry death.

Exit. Gonzalo.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Miranda. If by your Art (my deere father) you haue Put the wild waters in this Ren;elay them: The skye it teemes would powre down flinking pitch, But that the Sea mounting to th' welkins cheeke, Daftes the fire out. Oh! I have suffered With those that I law suffer: A braue vextell A (Who

I. i. 1.—I. ii. 6 19
Or blessed was't we did?

Prof. Both, both my Girle.

By owle-play (as thou faid'st) were we haud' thence, But blesse'dly holpe him theither.

Mira. O my heart bleedes

To thinke oth're teene that I haue turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance, please you, farther.

Prof. My brother and thy vnkle, call'd Athonie:

I pray thee marke me, that a brother should be so perсидous: he, whom next thy felle
Of all the world I lou'd, and to him put
The management of my state, as at that time
Through all the signitures it was the fift,

And Profher, the prime Duke, being so reputed
In dignity; and for the liberal Ars,
Without a parallel; thofe being all my studie,
The Government cast upon my brother,
And to my State grow straunger, being transported
And stapt in secret studies, thy fale vnkle

(Do'lt thou attend mee?)

Cora. Sir, most heedfully.

Prof. Being once perfeated how to grante suites,
how to deny them: who t'advance, and who
To trash for over-topp'ing new created
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, fet all hearts i' th' slate
To what tune pleasd his care, that now he was
The lay which had mad my princely Trunk,
And stuck my verdure out on': Thou attend'at not?

Mira. O good Sir, I doe.

Prof. I pray thee marke me:

I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To cloesenes, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which but by being so retir'd
Ore-prie'd all popular rate in my falle brother
Awak'd an eunuch nature, and my truft
Like a good parent, did beger of i'n
A falfe-lover in'te more contrarie, as great
As my trufl was, which had indeede no limit,
A confidence fans bound. He being thus Lorded,
Not onely with what my reason new-yelled,
But what my power might els exact. Like one
Whom sliding into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a fynner of his memorie
To credite his owne lie, he did beleue
He was indeed the Duke, out o'th' Substitution
And executing th'o'ward face of Reialtie
With all prerogative, thence his ambition growing:
Do'thou laue me?

Mira. Yoursafe, Sir, would cure desenesse.

Prof. To laue no Schreene between this part he plaide,
And him he plaide it, for he needed will be
Absolute Millaine, Me (poore man) my Librarie
Was Dukedome large enough: of temporal realtie
He thinks me now incapaible. Confederates
(forde he was for Swa) with King of Naples
To give him Annuall tribute, doe him homage
Subject his Coronet, to his Crownes and bend
The Dukedom ye nbow'd (yal poore Millaine)
To most ignoble flooping.

Mira. Oh the heauen's:

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

Mira. I should finne

To think but Noble of my Grand-mother,
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pro. Now the Condition.

This King of Naples being an Englishman
To me ineretere, hearkens my Brothers suit,
Which was, That they should have a These.

Out of the Duke
dome, and confer faire Millane
With all the Honors, on his brother ! Wheten
A therapist Armie lented, one mid-night
Faced to th' purpose, did Anthonio open
The gates of Millane, and th' dead of darknenesse
The minions for th' purpose hurried thence
Me, and th' cryng fell.

Mrs. Alicia, for pity's sake,
I not rememb're how I cry out then
Will cry it o'er againe: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes too.

Pro. Heare a little further,
And then I will bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon's: without the which, this Story
Were most impertinent.

Mrs. Wherefore did they not
That theare defroy'd vs?

Pro. Well demand'd, wench:
My Tale prouokes that question: Deare, they durst not,
So deare the love my people bore me: nor yet
A marke fo bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer, painted their foule ends.
In few, they hurried vs a-board a Barke,
Boare vs some Leagues to Sea, where they prepared
A rotten carkav of a But, nor rigg'd,
Nor tackle, fayle, nor maff, the very rats
Infinightly have quizz'd it: There they hoyft vs
To cry to th' Sea, that roard to vs; to sign
To th' wrinde, whose pityfulling backe againe
Did vs but losing wrong.

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

Pro. O, a Cherubin
Thou wast not that did preferre me; Thou didst not smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deked vs the sea with drops full fait,
Vnder my barthen groa'd, which said I me
An vndergoing fomacke, to bear vp
Against what should ensue.

Mrs. How came we a shore?

Pro. By prudence divine,
Some food, we had, and some fteh waste, that
A noble Venerable Gonzalo
Out of his Charity, (who being then appointed
Mater of this designe) did giv'e vs, with
Rich garments, limmens, floues, and necessaries
Which since have fleered much, as of his gentleneesse
Knowing I ou'd my booke, he furnished me
From nine owne Library, with volumes, that
I prize above my Dukedom.

Mrs. Would I might
But ever see that man,

Pro. Now I sitt,
Sitt still, and heare the laft of our sea-sorrow:
Here in this land we arr'ed, and heare
Haue I, thy Schoolmaster, made thee more profite
Then other Princes can, that have more time
For vnder howeres; and Tuors, so to carefull.

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

For still itis beating in my minde, your reason
For raying this Sea-Horpe?

Pro. Know thus far forth,
By accident moft thronge, bountifull Fortune
(Now my deere Lord) hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: And by my presentence
I finde my Zenith doth depend upon
A moft auspicious starre, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will euer after droope: Heare ceaze more queisions,
Thou art inclinde to fellpe: 'tis a good dulnesse,
And giue it way: I know thou canst not chue:
Come away, Servants, come; I am ready now,
Approach my Ariell. Come:

Enter Ariell.

Ars. All hale, great Master, graue Sir, hale: I come
To answer thy belte pleasure; be's to fly,
To swim, to diue into the fire: to ride
On the culd clowds: to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his Qualitie.

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

E. 4. To every Article.
I boarded the Kings ship: now on the Beaue,
Now in the Waffe, the Decke, in every Cabyn,
I flam'd damazements, sometime I'd diuide
And borne in many places; on the Top-maff,
The Yards and Bore-spirit, would I flame distinquitly,
Then meete, and joyne. Ione Lightning, the pretiester
O' th' dreadful Thunder-claps more momentarie
And fights our running were not; the fire, and cracks
Of fulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seeme to beifiege, and make his bold waues tremble,
Yes, his dread Trident fhake,

Pro. My braue Spirit,
Who was so firme, to conftant, that this cople
Would not infect his reason?

Ars. Not a loule.
But felt a Faeuer of the madde, and plaid
Some tricks of derperation: all but Mariner.
Plung'd in the foaming bruyne, and quit the weffell;
Then all afire with me the Kings Sonne Ferdinand
With faire vp-flaring (then like reeds, not haire)
Was the firft man that leapt; abide hell is empty,
And all the Duesels are here.

Pro. Why that's my spirit:
But was not this nye shore?

Ars. Clofe by, my Master.

Pro. But are they (Ariel) safe?

Ars. Not a hairer perhapse
On their fufaining garments not a blemish,
But frether then before: and as thou badst me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the Ile:
The Kings Sonne have I landed by himselfe,
Whom I left cooling of the Ayre with fighs,
In an edde Angle of the Ile, and fitting
His armes in this fad knot.

Pro. Of the Kings ship,
The Mariners, say how thou haft dispof'd,
And all the rest o'th Fleete?

Ars. Safely in harboure
Is the Kings shippe, in the deeppe Nooke, where once
Thou calld me vp at midnight to fetch dewe
From the ill-wort Berowwethes, there her's had;
The Mariners all vnder hatches flowed,
Who, with a Charme joy'd to their suffer'd labour
I haue left alape: and for the rest o'th Fleete

A. 2 Which

I. ii. 120—232

21
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not assign to one: it was mine Art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made pace
The Pyne, and let thee out.
Ar. I thank thee Mafter.
Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an Oak
And peg-tee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou haft bow'd away twelve winters.
Ar. Pardon, Mafter, I will be correspondent to command
And doe thy spryting, gently.
Pro. Doe fo; and after two daies
I will discharge thee.
Ar. That's my noble Mafter:
What shall I doe? say what? what shall I doe?
Pro. Goe make thy selfe a like a Nymph o' the Sea,
Be subject to no fight but thine, and make it insupportible
To every eye-ball else: goe take this Shape
And hithe come in't: goe: hence
With diligence. 
Exit.
Pro. Awake, deere hart awake, thou haft slept well, Awake.

The strangenes of thy story, poor
Hame-nelle in me.
Pro. Shake it off: Come on,
We'll visit Caliban, my flawe, who never
Yields vs kind answeres.
Mrs. This is a villain Sir, I do not love to look on
Pro. But be'ts: We cannot muffle him: he do's make out fire,
Fench in our wood, and sentences in Offices
That profites: What was: Caliban:
Thou Earth, thou: speake.
Cal. within. There's wood enough within.
Pro. Come forth Talty, I lay, there's other busines for thee:
Come thou Talty, when? Enter Ariel like a water-
Fine apperson: my quent Ariel,
Nymph, Hector in thine ear.
Ar. My Lord, it shall be done. Exit.
Pro. Thou poysonous flawe, got by thy dissemblifie
Upon thy wicked Dam: come forth. Enter Caliban.
Cal. As wicked dewe, as ere my mother bruished
With Raens feather from vnwholefome Pen
Drop on you both: A Southwell blow on yee,
And blither you all aye.
Pro. For this be sure, to night thou shalt have cramps,
Sides, stitches, that shall pen thy breath up, Vexations
Shall for that vail of night, that they may worke
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As chiefe as hony-combe, each pinch more flinging
Then Bees that made'em.
Cal. I must eat my dinner:
This Island's mine by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou talk it from me: when thou canst not fancy,
I thoufked it, & made much of me: wouldst not have
What with berries in't: and teach me how
To name the bigger Light, and how the lefle
That burne by day, and night: and then I thou'd thee
And shew'd thee all the qualities o' th' Isle,
The freth Springs, Brine-pits; barren place and fertile,
Curd's be' that did fo: All the Charmes
Of Sycorax: Toades, Beetles, Bats light on you:
For I am all the Subjectts that you have,
Which first was min owne King: and here you fy me:
I in this hard Rocke, whilst you doe keepe from me
The rest o' th' Island.
Pro. Thou
For. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, nor kindness I have willed thee
(Fifth as thou art with humane care, and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honor of my child.

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

Mira. Abhorred Slave,
Which any pint of good-natured wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill, I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not (Savage)
Know thine own meaning; but wouldst Talk, gabbled, like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purpose:
With words that made them know me: But thy wild race
(Thou didst learn) had that in't, which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore waff thou
Defireely conf'd into this Rocke, who hadst
Defireely more than a prision.

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

Prof. Haggard, hence:
Fetch vs in Frevell, and be quicke thou'r bell
To answer other buihelnes: shrug't thy whale (Malice)
If thou neglect it, or doth unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old Cramipes,
Fill thy bowels with Aches, make thee rare,
That beaks shall tremble at thy dyn.

Cal. No, play the.
I must obey, his Arts is of such pow'r,
It would command my Damned stomach,
And make a valuable of him.

Pro. So flate, hence.

Enter Ferdinand & Ariel, in aptly playing & singing.

Ariel Song. Come into the yellow fanter,
And thou takest heed.

Cass. Behold the ruffle, and be thy
The vile waves what is:

Fools of flashy hours, and there, and sweetest Spriites beare the burthen.
Burthen disburthen.

Har. har. boughs wrough the watch Dog sets back,

At. Har. har. I hear the frame of rusting Chants like
cry cockade done.

For. Where should this Musick be? I th'air, or the earth?
It sounds no more: and fare it wavy upon
Some God's 0'f'hand, sitting on a banke,
Weeping against the King my Fathers wracke,
This Museke crept by one upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my passion
With it's sweet art: thence I have followed it
(Or it hath drawn me rather) but'tis gone
No, it begins again.

Ariel Song. Full sadlom talks the Father lies.

Of his house are Core all made:
These are parcels that were busier,
Nothing of them but these fade,
But dailie fitter & Steer change
Into something rich & for ages
Sea. Nimfhe beauty ring his head.
Burthen: ding dong.

Har. har. I hear them, ding-dong bell.

For. The Dirty do's remember my chown'd father.
This is no mortal former, nor to be found

That the earth owes: I hear it now above me,
For. The fringed Curtaines of thine eye adjuice,
And say what thou art (all you

Mira. What is't a Spirit?
Lord, how it looks about: Belicere me sir,
It carries a brause forme. But it's a spirit.

For. No wench, it eats, and sleeps, & hath such senses
As we have: fuch, This Gallant which thou seest
Was in the wracke: and he's sometyme staid
With greefe (that's beauties canker) might't call him
A goodly person: he hath left his fellows,
And prays et at to finde'em.

For. I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing natural
I swear to no Noble.

For. It goes on fee
As my soul prompts it: Spirit, fine spirit, Ile free thee
Within two dayes for this,

For. Most faire the Goddeffe
On whom these ayes attend: Vouchsafe my prays
May know if you remaine upon this Island,
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may beare me here: my prime request
(Which I do last pronounce) is (O you wonder)
If yon be Mayd, or no?

Mira. No wonder Sir,
But certainly a Mayd.

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

For. How the bell?
What wer't thou if the King of Naples heard thee?

For. A fingle thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear the speake of Naples: he do's hear me,
And that he do's, I wepe: my selfe am Naples,
Who, with mine eyes (never lince at ebe) beheld
The King my Father wrack't.

Mira. Alache, for mercy.

For. Yes faith, & all his Lords, the Duke of Milaine
And his brave some, being twaine.

Pro. The Duke of Milaine
And his more brauer daughter, could control she,
If now twere fit to do't. At the first sight
They have chang'd eyes: Delicate Ariel,
I'll see thee free for this. A word good Sir,
I fear you have done your selfe some wrong: A word.

Mira. Why speakes my father so vengently this
Is the third man that ere I saw; the first
That ere I figh'd for a puny mouse my father
To be enclin'd my way.

For. O, if a Virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, Ile makke you
The Queen of Naples.

Pro. Soft fit, one word more.
They are both in eythers pow'res: But this spirit busines
I must vnesse take, lead too right winning
Make the prize light. One word more: I charge thee
That thou attend mee: Thou art of here villeane
The name thou ow'nst, and hast put thy selfe
Upon this Island, as aspy, to win it
From me, the Lord don't.

For. No, as I am a man.

Mira. That's nothing all, can dwell in such a Temple,
If the ill-spirit have fasly a house.

Good things will fume to detor this.

For. Follow mee, the guard me. You.
Ile manacle thy necke and fetce together:
Sea water shalt thou drink: thy food shall be
The fresh-brooke Muffels, wither'd roots, and huskes
Wherein the Acorne craddled. Follow.

Exeunt.  
Mina, O dear Father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
Hec's gentle, and not unfaull.

Prof. What I say,
My foote my Tutor? Put thy sward vp Traitor,
Who mak'st a shew, but dar'ft not striker thy conffience
Is to pooffelt with guilt: Come, from thy ward,
For I can heere difamine thee with this ficke,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mina. Befeech you Father,
Prof. Hence: hang not on my garments,
Mina. Sir haue pity,
Ile be his furye.

Prof. Silence: One word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee: What,
An advocate for an Impofitor? Ha!:
Thou think'ft there is no more fuch shapes as he,
(Having fene him but he and Caliban:) Foolifh wench,
To th'moft of men, this is a Caliban,
And they to him are Angels.

Mina. My affections
Are then moft humble: I haue no ambition
To fee a goodlier man.
Prof. Come on, obey;
Thy Nerus are in their infancy againe,
And haue no vigour in them.

Fir. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dreame, are all bound vp 1
My Fathers loffe, the weakneffe which I feele,
The wracke of all my friends, or this mans threats,
To whom I am subdue, are but light to me,
Might I burnethrough my prifon once a day
Behold this May: all cornes elfe o'th'Earth
Let liberty make vs of: space enough
Haue I in fuch a prifon.

Prof. It workes: Come on.
Thou haft done well, fine Ariel: follow me,
Harke what thou elfe that do mee.

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

Prof. Thou shalt be as free
As mountaine windes; but then eafily do
All points of my command.

Ariel. To thy willable.

Prof. Come follow: speake not for him.

Enter Alonfois, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adriaus,
Francois, and other.

Gen. Befeech you Sir, be merry; you haue caufe,
(But haue we all) of joy; for our eftape

Is much beyond our losse; our hinct of wo.
Is common, every day, some Sayers wife,
The Maffets of some Merchant, and the Merchant
Haue left our Theame of wo: But for the miracle,
(I meane our prefuation) few in millions
Can speake like vs; then wifely (good Sir)weigh
Our forrow, with our comfort,

Ariel. Prethee peace,

Seb. He receiues comfort like cold porridge,

Ant. The Visitor will not give him ore fo

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

Gen. Sir,

Seb. One: Tell.

Gen. When every greffe is entertained,
That's offer'd comes to the entertainer.

Seb. A dollor.

Gen. Doleoure cometh to him indeed, you haue spoken
true, then you purpos'd,

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

Gen. Therefore my Lord,

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

Ain. I pre-thee pare.

Gen. Well, I haue done: But yet

Seb. He will be talking,

Ant. Which, of fee, or Adrian, for a good wager,

First begins to crow.

Seb. The old Cocke.

Ant. The Cockrell.

Seb. Done: The wager?

Ant. A Laughter.

Seb. A match.

Ant. Though this I haunt seeme to be desart.

Seb. Ha.ha.ha,

Ant. So: you're paid.

Ant. Vanisable, and almost inacceffible.

Seb. Yet

Ant. Yet

Ant. He could not misle't.

Adr. A muff needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate
temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

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

Adr. The aire breathes vpvp vs here most sweetly.

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

Ant. Or, as'twere perfum'd by a Pen.

Gen. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True, false meanes to liue.

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

Gen. How lustfull and lusty the gracie looks?

How greene?

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny,

Seb. With an eye of greene in't,

Ant. He misle not much.

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

Gen. But the rarity of it is, which is indeed almost
beyond creditt.

Seb. As many would rancies are.

Gen. That our Garments being(as they were) drencht
in the Sea, hold notwithstanding their freshneffe and
gloaffes, being rather new dy'd then flain'd with false
water.

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

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

The faults your owne.

Alarum. So is the deit' doth loss.

Gen. My Lord Sebastain.

The truth you speake doth lack some gentlenesse,
And time to speake it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

Sey. Very well.

Ant. And most Chirurgeon,

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

When you are cloudy.

Sey. Fowlie weather?

Ant. Very soule,

Gen. Had I plannation of this Isle my Lord,

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

Sey. Or dockes, or Mallowes,

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

Sey. Scape being drunke, for want of Wine.

Gen. I' th'Commonwealth I woul'd (by contraries)

Execute all things: for no kinde of Traffike
Would I admit: No name of Magistrate:
Letters should not be knowne : Riches, potters,
And vie of servitude, none: Contract, Succession,
Borne, bound of Land, Title, Vineyard none:
No vie of Metrall, Corne, or Wine or Oyle:
No occupation, all men idle, all:
And Women too, but innocent and pure:
No Soueraignty.

Sey. Yet he would be King on't.

Ant. The latter end of his Common-wealth forgets

the beginning.

Gen. All things in common Nature should produce
Without Iwars or endeavours: Treacon, felony,
Sword, Pike, Knife, Gun, or neede of any Engine
Would I have not: but Nature shoule bring forth
Of it owne kinde, all foroy, all abundance
To feed my innocent people.

Sey. No marrying mong his subiects I

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

Gen. I woul'd with such perfection gouerne Sir:

T'Excell the Golden Age.

Sey. 'Saue his Maiesty.

Ant. Long liue Gonzalo.

Gen. And do you mark me, Sir? (me.

Alarum.
Pre-thee no more: thou doest talk nothing
to Gonzalo: do I deluece your Highnesse, and did it
To minister occasion to these Gentlemen, who are of
such fesible and nimble Lungs, that they always vie
to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at,

Gen. Who, in this kind of merry feeling am nothing
to you so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given?

Sey. And it had not faine flat-long.

Gen. You are Gentlemen of braue mettal: you would
lift the Moone out of her spheare, if she would continue
in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Arstel playing semeine Musicke.

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

Ant. Nay good my Lord, be not angry.

Gen. No I warrant you, I will not aduenture my
discretion so weakly: Will you laugh me asleepe, for I
am very heauy.

Ant. Go sleep, and hear vs.

Alarum. What, all so soone asleepe? with mine eyes
Would (with themselfes) flut up my thoughts,
I finde they are inclin'd to do so.

Sey. Please you Sir,

Do not omit the heauy offer of it.

It filleth vs with sorrow, 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.

Alm. Thank you: Wondrous heavy.

Seb. What a strange dream vision诗fes them?

Ant. It is the quality o'th' Climacteric.

Seb. Why

Dost it not then our eye-lids sink? I finde
Not my felfe dispoo'd to sleep.

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

Seb. What art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do, and fully
It is a sleepy Language: and thou speakest Out of thy sleepe: What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open: standing, speaking, moving:
And yet to find asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebellian,
Thou let's thy fortune sleepe: die rather: winkle
While thou art waking.

Seb. Thou do'ost sincere difficulty,
There's meaning in thy noes.

Ant. I am more serious then my custome: you
Muff be too, if heed me: which to do,
Troubles thee o're.

Seb. Well? I am flanding water.

Ant. I teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do fale: to ebb

Hereditary Sloth infructes me.

Ant. O!
If you knew how you the purpose cherishe
Whiles thus you mocke it: how in tripping it
You more inuest in: ebbing men, indeed
(Most often) do to neere the bottome run
By their owne feare, or fluch.

Seb. 'Pre-thesey fay on,
The fettling of thine eye, and cheefe proclaime
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throws the me much to yeild,

Ant. Thus Sir:
Although this Lord of weake remembrance; this
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earely'd, hath here almost perswaded
(For he's a Spirit of perfwation, onely
Professeth to perfwade) the King his fonne's alieue,
'Tis as imposible that hee's vnfound'd;
As he that fleepes here, swins.

Seb. I have no hope
That hee's vnfound'd.

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

Seb. He's gone.

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

Seb. Claribel.

Ant. She that is Queen of Tunis: she that dwells

Ten leagues beyond mans life; she that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the Sun were post:
The Man I'th Moone's too low, till new-born chimis
Be rough, and Razor-able: She that from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some call againe,
(And by that defining) to performe an &
Whereof, what's past is Prologue; what to come
In yours, and my discharge.

Seb. Whatuffling is this? How fay you?
'Tis true my brothers daughter's Queene of Tunis,
So is the heyre of Naples, twixt which Regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space, whole eu'ry cubit
Scenes to cry out, how shall that Claribell
Measure vs back to Naples? it keepes in Tunis,
And let Sebellian wake. Say, this were death.
That now hath feiz'd them, why they were no worfe
Then now they are: There be that can rule Naples:
As well as he that sleepe's: Lords, that can prace
As amply, and vnceeeealy
As this Gonzalo: I my felle could make
A Chough of a deep e chat: O, that you bore
The minde that I do; what a sleepe were this
For your advancement? Do you understand me?

Seb. Me thinks I do.

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

Seb. I remember
You did upplamt your Brother Prospero.

Ant. True:
And looke how well my Garments fit vpon me,
Much fester then before: My Brothers servants
Were then my fellowes, now they are my men,

Seb. But for your confience.

Ant. Sir: where lies that? If'twere a kybe
'Twould put me to my flipper: But I feele not
This Deity in my bofome: 'Twentie confiences
That fland' twixt me, and Milliane, candid be they,
And melt e're they mollet: Heree lies your Brother,
No better then the earth he lies vpon,
If he were that which now he's like (that's dead):
Whom I with this obedient fircle (three inches of it)
Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you do thusing,
To the perpetuall winke for aye might put
This ancient monfell: this Sir Prudence, who
Should not vnbrand our course: for all the reft
They'll take luguflion, as a Cat laps milke,
They' tell the clorcke, to any businesse that
We faybles the houre.

Seb. Thy cafe, deere Friend
Shall be my prudence: As thou get't Milliane,
I'll come by Naples: Draw thy sword, one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou paifet,
And I the King shall loue thee.

Ant. Draw togethe'r
And when I reare my hand, do you the like
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word,

Enter Ariel with Musicke and Song,

Ariel. My Master through his Art forefete the danger
That you (his friend) are in, and sends me forth
(For eile his proiect dies) to keepe them living.

Sings to Gonzalo; end.

Whil and you were do frowning ly,
Open-e'yd Comperion
His time deakuings:
Enter Caliban, with a bartholom of wood (as you of Thunder heard.)

Col. All the infections that the Sunne furnishes up From Fogs, Fens, Flats, on Proper fall, and make him Baffy-mare a doleful; his Spirits heare me, And yet I needs must curse. But they'll not pinch, Frighted with Vrelche-shews, pitch me I thimble, Nor lead me like a fire-brand, in the darke Out of my way, unless he bid'em; but For every criple, are they left upon me, Sometime like Apes that moe and chatter at me, And after bite me; then like Hid-hogs, which Lye tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount Their pricks at my foot-foot: sometime am I All wound with Adders, who with cloven tongues Doth hie me into madness: I now Lo, Enter Here comes a Spirit of his, and to torment me Tempest. For bringing wood in flowly: I'll fall flat, Perchance he will not minde me.

Trin. Here's neither burth, not thrub to bear off any weather; scal: and another Storme burning, There is a finge'th' wind: yond fame blacke cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foule bombard that would file his licour: I fift should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head; yond fame cloud cannot choose but fall by pales-fids. What have we here, a man, or a fish? dead or alue? a fish, hee smels like a fish: a very ancient and fish-like finell, a kind of, not of the newer? poore-John: a strange fish: were I in England now (as once I was) and had but this fish painted; not a holiday-folle there but would giue a price of fluer: there, would this Calibb, make a man: any strague beast there, makes a man: when they will not giue a doit to relieve a man Beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian: Leg'd like a man; and his Fins like Armes: warme o' my tooth: I doe now let loose my opinion; hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an Insander, that hath lately suffered by a Thunderbolt: Alas, the flame is come againe: my best way is to creepe under his Gibberdine: there is no other shelter hereabout: Malery acquisitions a man with strange bedfellows: I will here throw till the dregers of the flame be falt.

Enter Stephano singing.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, for sea, here shall I dye ashore. This is a very feurtune tune to sing at a mans Farewell: well, here's my comfort, Drinkes, Singes. The Master, the Swabber, the Boute, fainnes & I; The Gunner, and his Mate. Lead'd Mall, Meg, and Monanna, and Margers, But none of we can'd for Kate. For she had a tongue with a tang, Would cry to a Sailor gee hang: She look'd was the favour of Tur nor Pitch, Yet a tailor might scratch her where the fire did itch. Then to Sea Bays, and let her goe hang. This is a feurtune tune too: But here's my comfort. drink.

Col. Does not torment me: oh. Ste. What's the matter? Have we duels here? Does you put trickes vpon with Saluges, and Men of Inde? ha! I have not scap'd dwindling, to be aloud now of your fourc legges: for it hath bin said; as proper a man as euer went on fourc legs, cannot make him goe ground: and it shall bepaid to againe, while Stephano breathes at noesflitts.

Cal. The Spirit tormentes me: oh. Ste. This is some Master of the life, with fourc legs: who hath got (as I take it) an Ague: where the duell should he learn our language? I will give him some reliefe if it be but for that if I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a Present for any Emperor that euer trod on Neeter-leather.

Cal. Does not torment me: prether: I'd bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and don't not talk after the wight: hee shall rate of my Bottles: if hee have neuer dranke wine afore, it will goe neter to remove his fit: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; hee shal pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

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

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

Trin. I should know that voyce? It should be.
But he is dround; and these are divel; O defend me.

Sir. Four legs and two voyces: a most delicate Monstr. his foremost voyce now is to speake well of his friend; his backward voyce, is to etter foule speeches, and to detraet: if all the wine in my bottle will recover him. I will helpe his Ague: Come: Amen, I will pour fome in thy other mouth.

Tri. Stephano.

Ste. Dost thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! This is a duitel, and no Monstr: I will leave him, I haue no long Spone.

Tri. Stephano; if thou bee't Stephano, touch mee, and speake to mee: for I am Trinculo; be not afraid, thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou bee't Trinculo: come forth: I'le pull thee by the letter legges: if any be Trinculo's legges, these are they: Thou art very Trinculo indeed: how can't thou to be the sige of this Moone-cafe? Can he vent Trinculo?

Tri. I remoke him to be kill'd with a thunder-atrek; but art thou not dround Stephano? I hope now thou art nothing: Is the Storme ouer-browned? I had mee under the dead Moone-Celies Gaberbedone, for faire of the Storme: And art thou living Stephano? O Stephano, two Neprilapstes fcep'd?

Ste. Perthee do not turne mee about, my fromake is not conftant.

Cal. There be fine things, and if they be not spierius: that's a brave God, and beares Celestiall I will kneele to him.

Ste. How didn't thou scape? How can't thou hit her?

Sware by this Bottle how thou canst hit her: I recei'd upon a But of Sacke, which the Sylors heazed o're-board, by this Bottle which I made of the barker of a Tree, with mine owne hands, since I was call a-shore.

Cal. I'le sware upon that Bottle, to be thy true fub-ject, for the liquer is not earthy.

Ste. Here's the exame then how thou escap'd:

Tri. Soun afore (man) like a Ducke: I can swim like a Ducker I'le be twoeme.

Ste. Here, kiffe the Bookes.

Though thou canst swim like a Ducker, thou art made like a Goose.

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

Ste. The whole But (man) my Cellar is in a rocke by the Sea side, where my Wine is hid.

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

Cal. Ha'lt not dretpt from heauen?

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

Cal. I haue scene thee in her: and I doe adore thee: My Miftrefs shew'd me thee, and thy Dog, and thy Buff, Ste. Come, sware to that: kiffe the Bookes: I will furnifh it inon with new Contentes: Sware.

Tri. By this good light, this is a very shalow Mon-ster. I sware of him? a very weake Monstr: The Maith Moone?

A most poore croundous Monfer:
Well drawne Monser, in good footh.

Cal. I shew thee every fettill ych 'oth Island: and I will kiffe thy foute: I prethee be my god.

Tri. By this light, a most perdition, and drunk'en Monfer, when's god's a sleepe he'll rob his Bottle.
He's a face for these three hours.

\[\text{Fer.}\]

Oft on that deere Miftris,

Th' Sun will set before I shall discharge

What I must strive to do.

\[\text{Mif.}\]

If you'll sit downe

Ile bear the Logges the while: pray giue me that,

and carry it to the pile.

\[\text{Fer.}\]

No precious Creature,

I had rather cracke my fines, breake my backe,

Then you should such dis hon or undergee,

While I sit lazy by.

\[\text{Mif.}\]

It would become me

Asswnt as it do's you; and I should do it

With much more ease: for my good will is to do,

And yours it is againft.

\[\text{Fer.}\]

Poore womeu thou art infected,

This vifitation heues it.

\[\text{Mif.}\]

You looke wearely.

\[\text{Fer.}\]

No, noble Miftris, 'tis fresh morning with me

When you are by at night: I do befeech you

Cheelelye, that I might leat all my prayers,

What is your name?

\[\text{Mif.}\]

Miranda, O my Father,

I have broke your heft to lay you.

\[\text{Fer.}\]

Admir'd Miranda,

Indeede the top of Admiratio,worth

What's deere to us the world: full many a Lady

I have ey'd with beft regard, and many a time

Th' harmony of their tongues, hath into bondage

Brought my too diligent ear: for feuerall vertues

Hau'e I lik'd if feuerall women, never any

WVith so full foule, but some defift in her

Did quarter with the noblest grace ever ou'd,

And put to it the foule. But you, O you,

So perfect, and so poetifle, are created

Of cuttie Creatures beft.

\[\text{Mif.}\]

I do not know

One of my fexe: no womans face remember.

Sawe from my glaffe, mine owne: Nor haue I eene

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 modeifie

(The Jewell in my doore) I would not with

Any Companion in the world but you:

Nor can imagination forme a fhape

Besides your felle, to like of: but I pratte

Something too wildeley, and my Fathers precepts

I therein do forget.

\[\text{Fer.}\]

I am, in my condition

A Prince (Miranda) I do thinke a King

(I would not fo) and would no more endue

This woden finerie, then to suffer

The flielf-flie blow my mouth there my foule speake.

The very infant that I sawe you, did

My heart fliet to your fervise, there refiues

To make me fliate to it, and for yourfake

Am I this patient Logge-man.

\[\text{Mif.}\]

Do you loue me?

\[\text{Fer.}\]

O heaven! O earth, beare witness to this found,

And crowne what I professe with kinde event

If I speake true: if hollowly, insert

WVhat beets is loadde me, to mischief: I,

Beyond all limit of what else I would

Do true, prize, honor you.

\[\text{Mif.}\]

I am a fool.

To wepe at what I am glaid of.
The Tempest.

Trin. Lord, quoth be? that a Monster should be such a Natural?
Cal. Loes, loe againe: bite him to death I prethee.
Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: If you know a wantonner, the next Tree: the poore Mon-
ter's my subiect, and he shall not suffer indignity.
Cal. I thank my noble Lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once againe to the suit I made to thee?
Ste. Merci will I kneele, and repeate it,
I will stand, and do still Trinculo.

Enter Arieil invisibly.
Cal. As I told thee before, I am subiect to a Tarrant,
A Sorcerer, thst by his cunning hath cheatd me
Of the Island.
Arieil. Thou lyest.
Cal. Thou lyest, thou lying Monkey thou:
I would my valiant Master would destroy thee.
I do not lyse.
Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in tale,
By this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.
Trin. Why, I said nothing.
Cal. Most I say, and no more: proceed.
Cal. I say by Sorcery he got this title
From me, he got it. If the Greatesse will Reuenge it on me, (for I know thou dair't)
But this thing dore not.
Ste. That's most certaine.
Cal. Thou shalt be Lord of it, and I ferue thee.
Ste. How now shall this be compassid?
Canst thou bring me to the party?
Cal. Yea, yea my Lord, I lye yield him this asleepe,
Where thou maist knocke a nail into his head.
Arieil. Thou liest, thou canst not.
Cal. What a playde Nimio's this? Thou scurvy patch:
I do belch thy Greatesse gue him blowes,
And take his bottle from him: When that's gone,
He shall drinke nought but brine, for he not shew him
Where the quicke Fieshes are.
Ste. Trinculo, run no further danger:
Interrupt the Monster one word further, and by this hand,
He turne my mercie out of doore, and make a
Stockof of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing:
He go farther off.
Ste. Didst thou not fay he lyed?
Arieil. Thou liest.
Ste. Do I o? Take them then,
As you like this, give me the lay another time.
Trin. I did not gue the lie: Out of your wittes, and
hearing too?
A pox o'your bottle, this can Sacke and drinking doo:
A murren on your Monster, and the duelli take your
fingers.
Cal. Ha,ha,ha.
Ste. Now forward with your Tale: prethee stand
farther off.
Cal. Beare him enough: after a little time
He beat him too.
Ste. Stand farther: Come proceede.
Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a couteau with him
I that atmoone to sleepe: there thou maist braine him,
Haung first feiz'd his books: Or with a legge
Botte his skull, or punch him with a flake,
Or cut his weasand with thy knife. Remember
Foul to poffifie his Books; yet without them
Here's but a Sot, as I am; nor hath not
One Spirit to command: they all do hate him
As roodly as 1. Bunne but his Booke,
He's a braue Venus for so he calleth them
Which when he's a house, he'll deeke withall.
And that moft deeply to consider, is
The beautie of his daughter: he himselfe
Cals her a non-parel: I never saw a woman
But only Syraxes and Dam, and she;
But she as farre lurpasheth Syraxes,
As great it do's leaft.
Ste. Is it to braue a Laff? 
Cal. 1 Lord, she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring there forth braue brood.
Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and
I will be King and Queene, fawe our Graces: and Trinc-
colo and thy selle shall be Vice-royes:
Doft thou like the plot? Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.
Ste. Gue me thy hand, I am foory I beate thee:
But while thou hast keepe a good tongue in thy head,
Cal. Within this halfe house will he be asleepe,
With whom deffire him then?
Ste. I am mine honour.
Arieil. This will I tell my Master.
Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure,
Let vs be lodain. Will you trouble the Catch?
You taught me but whiles.
Ste. At thy requit Monstre, I will do reason,
Any reason: Come on Trinculo, let us sing.
Sings.
Flout c'm, and count c'm: and singh c'm, and flout c'm,
Thought is free:

Cal. That's not the tune.

Arieil. Plesse the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.
Ste. What's this fame?
Trin. This is the tune of our Catch, plaid by the pic-
ture of Nobody.
Sings.
Streif vray befit a man, show thy selfe in thy likenes:
If thou be a duelli, tak's thee that shout.

Trin. O fume me in my bowes.
Ste. He that dus payes all debts. I delie thee,
Mercy upon vs.

Cal. Art thou affraid?
Ste. No Monstre, not I.
Cal. Be not affraid, the lie is full of myteres,
Souds, and sweet aires, that ye chere delight and hurt not:
Sometimes a thousand Evangeries Instruments
Will hum about manes ears: and sometim voices,
That if I then had walk'd after long sleepes,
Will make me sleepe againe, and then in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open, and they riches
Ready to drop upon me, that when I wak'd
Icride co dreame againe.

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

Cal. When Prospero is destroy'd,
Ste. That shall be by and by: I
remember the time.

Trin. The found is going away,
Lets follow it, and after do our work.

Ste. Lead Monstre,
Wc'1 I follow: I would I could see this Taboret,
Helayes it on.

Trin. Will come?
He follow Stephano.
Scena Tertia.

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

Gas. By your leave, I can go no further. Sir, my old bones ask: here's a maze trod indecide
Through each right, and Meaders: by your patience, I needes must rest mee.

Al. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who, and my selfe attach'd with wearineffe
To th' dulging of my spirits: Sit downe, and reft:
Even here I will put off my hope, and keepe it
No longer for my Flutterer: he is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to finde, and the Sea mocks
Our fruiterous search on land: well, let him goe.

Ant. I am right glad, that he's to out of hope:
Does not for one repulse forgive the purpose
That you sol'd to effect.

Séb. The next advantage will we take thouthly.

Ant. Let it be to-night,
For now they are oppress'd with travaile, they
Will not, nor cannot vie such vigilance
As when they are freth.

Salome and strange Musick: and Prosper on the top (insolent)
Enter several strange musick bearing on a Banket:
And dance about it with gentle actions of salutation, and
Inviting the King, &c., they depair.

Ant. I say to night: no more.

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

Gas. Marvellous sweet Musick.

Al. Guesse what kind keepers, heardest what were they?

Séb. A singing Drolery now I will beleue
That there are Vincentors, in that araba
There is one Tree, the Phoenix throwes, one Phoenix
At this house residing there.

Ant. He beleue both:
And what do's else wefert credit, come to me.
And he belewome, 't is true: Travellers were did lyce,
Though fools as home condemne em.

Gas. If in Naples
I shoule report this now, would they beleue me?
If I should say I saw such Isles;
(For certes, these are people of the Island)
Who thought they were of monstrous shape, yet note
Their manners are more gentle, kind, then of
Our humane generation you shall finde
Many, as almost any.

Pro. Honest Lord,
They haue paid well: for some of you there present;
Are wrothe then diuels.

Al. I cannot too much mufhe
Such shape, such gulfure, and such found expressing
(Although they want the like of tongue) a kindes
Of excellent dumbb discourse.

Pro. Praise in departing.
Fr. They vanished strangely.

Séb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behinde: for we have stor.
Wilt please you taste of what is here?

Al. Not jo. (Boyce)

Gas. Faith Sir, you neede not feare: when we were
Who would beleue that there were Mounstaysmeers,
Dew-lapt, like Bulls, whose throats had hanging aem
Wallets of flejes: for that there were such men

Whose heads stood in their backs? which now we finde
Each puffer out of fue for one, will bring ye
Good warrant of.

Al. I will stand to, and seeke,
Although my lad no matter, since I seeke
The belt is pai asc: brother: my Lord, the Duke,
Stand too, and doe so.

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

'Ar. Ye are three men of name, whom deftiny
That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in't: the newer suster Sea,
Hath caus'd to belch vp you; and on this land,
Where men doth not inhabit, you isghtt men,
Being numb vols to live; I hav'e made you mad;
And even with fuch like vairour, men hang, and drowne
Their proper felues: you foolises, and I your fellowes.
Are miniflers of Fate, the Elements
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winde, or with bemockt-at. Stabs
Kill the still closing waters, as diminifh
One dowlie that's in my; jumbe: My fellow miniflers
Are like-invaluerable: if you could hurt,
Your swords are now too maffe for your strengthes,
And will not be uplifted: But remember
For this's my bulferre to you: that you thurce
From Melone did fupplant good Prospero,
Expo'd into the Sea (which hath requir'd it)
Him, and his innocent child: for which foule deed,
The Powres, delaying (not forgetting) have
Inced's the Sea, and Shores: yes, all the Creatures
Against your peace: Thee of thy Sonne, Alonfo
They have bereft; and doe pronounce by me
Lingering perdition (worse then any death)
Can be at once) shall flee, by ftep attend
You, and your waifes, whole wafts to guard you from,
Which hire, in this most defolate Ile, elle fade
Upon your heads, is nothing but hearts-forrow,
And a cheerfull life enfuing.

He vanish'd in Thunder: then (to felf Musick.) Enter the
Shapes of ymage, and dance (with maffes and movem) and
carrying out the Table,

Pro. Bravely the figure of this Harpy, haft thou
Perform'd my: Arie!'s grace: it had deuouring:
Of my Infruction, haft thou nothing bared
In what thou hadst to say: so with good life,
And observation strange, my meareer miniflers
Thus nearall kindes haue done: my high charmes work,
And thefe (mine enemies) are all knit vp
In their dilutations: they now are in my powre;
And in thefe fits, I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand (whose they supposse is drown'd)
And his, and mine lou'd darling.

Gas. Who is name of something holy, Sir, why stand you
In this strange place?

Al. O, it is monstrous: monstrous:
Me thought the bilouews spoke, and told me off,
The winde did sing it to me: and the Thunder
(That deepe and dreadfull Organ-Pipe) pronounce'd
The name of Prosper: it did baie my Trelpaffe,
Therefore my Sonne the Duke is bedded: and
Tie seek him deeper then ere plunemat lounded,
And with him there I am muddes,

Séb. But one feed at a time,
He fight his Legions ere.
Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pros. If I have too atterly punisht you, Your compensation makes amends, for I Have given you here, a third of mine owne life, Or that for which I line: who, once againe I tender to thy hand: All thy vexations Were but my trials of thy love, and thou Hast strangely stood the test: there other heaven I transtite this my rich guite: O Ferdinand, Do not smile at, that I boil at her, For thou shalt finde she will out-drip all praise And make it half behind her.

Pros. I doe beleive it Against an Oracle.

Pros. Thence, my guest, and shine owne acquisition Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But If thou do't break her Virgin-knot, before All clandestine ceremonies may With full and holy right, be ministred, No sweet apersion shall the heavens let fall To make this contract: your, but barraine hate, Sower'-ey'd disdain, and discord shall betwixt The vision of your bed, with weeds so loathly That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed, As Hymens Lamp's shall light you.

Pros. As I hope For quiet days, faire Ifue, and long life, With such love, a 'tis now the muskief deny, The most opportune place, the strong suggestion, Our wonder Genius can, shall never melt Mine honor into lust, to take away The edge of that days celebration, When I shall think, or Phantom Seeds are founded, Or Night kept chain'd below.

Pros. Fairly spoke; Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine owne; What Ariell? my indistinctus female Ariell. Enter Ariell.

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

Pros. Thou, and thy meaner fellows, your last seruice Did worthily performe: and I must wele you In such another trick: goe bring the rabble (Ore whom I give thee power) here, to this place: Incite them to quicke motion, for I must Beftow upon the eyes of this yong couple Some vanity of mine Ar: it is my promise, And they expect it from me.

Ars. Presently?

Pros. I with a twineke.

Ars. Before you can say come, and goe, And breathe twice; and cry, lo: Eacch one tripping on his toe, Will be here with mop, and move. Do you love me Master? no?
The Tempest.
Enter Prospero (his Magus robe) and Ariel.

Pro. Now do my project gather to a head:
My charms cracke not; my Spirits obey, and Time
Goes upright with his carriage: how's the day?
Ah. On the fire hvorow, at which time, my Lord
You find our worke should cease.

Pro. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the Tempest: say my Spirit,
How fares the King, and his Followers?
Ah. Confir'd together
In the same passion, as you gaue in charge,
I will as you left them: all prisoners Sir
In the Line-ware which weather-fends your Cell,
They cannot budge till your releas: The King,
His grace, and yours; abide all three distract
And the winder mourning over them,
Brim full of sorrow, and dismay: but chiefly

The Tempest.

Str. Put off that gowne (Trinacra) by this hand I'll
have that gowne.

Thy grace shall hau'ae it.

(meane)

The drapery drowne this foole, what doe you
To douse thus on such luggage! do'ts alone.
And do the madmen first: if he awake,
From foot to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches,
Make vs strange stufte.

Be you quiet (Moniter) Miftirs line, is not this
my Leekin: now is the Leekin under the Leekin:
now Leekin you are like to lose your haire, &prose a bald Leekin.

Then. Doe, doe: we feele by lynen, and leeuell, and't
like your grace.

Sir. I thank thee for that leek, heere's a garnet for't.
Wit shall not goe unrewarded while I am King of this
Country: Steale by line and leeuell, is an excellent pass
of pace: there's another garnet for't.

Trin. Moniter, come put some Line upon your fin-
gers, and away with the rett.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall holfe our time,
And all be tourn'd to Barbleses, or to Ages.
With foreheads villainous low.

Str. Moniter, lay to your fingers: he helps to brace this
away, where my hoof-head of wine is, or let you
out of my kingdom: goe to, carry this.

Trin. And this,
Sir. 1, and this.

A noyle of Hunters heed. Enter divers Spirits in shape
Of Dogs and Hounds, lancing them about: Profpiro
and Ariel sitting therness.

Pro. Hey, Mountains, hey.
Ari. Siluer where it goes, Siluer.
Pro. Fury, Fury: there Tyrant, there: harke, harke.
Goe, charge my Goblins that they grinde their joynts
With dry Convulsions, shorten up their fences
With aged Cramps, & more pinch-spotted make them,
Then Pard, or Cat o'Mountain.

Ari. Harke, they roce.
Pro. Let them be hau't and soundly: At this house
Lies at my mercy all mine eneimes:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt haue the ayre at freedome: for a little
Follow, and doe me successe.

Exit.
The Tempest.

1. Did thou, Manco, yfe me, and my daughter:
   Thy brother was a further in the Aft,
   Thou art pitch'd for't now Sebastian. Fleth, and blood,
   You, brother mine, that entertaine ambition,
   Expeid, remorse, and nature, whom, with Sebastian
   (Who are inwardly pens'd therefore are most strong)
   Would have here and kill'd your King: I do forgive thee.
   Vnaturally though thou art. Their understanding.
   Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
   Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
   That now, foul, and muddy: not one of them
   That yet looks on me, or would know me.
   Fetch me the Hat, and Rapiers in my Cell.
   I will dispose of thee, and my felce present.
   As I was sometime Minias: quickly Spirit,
   Thou hast best long be free.

   Ariel sings, and helps to attick him.

   Where the Bee sakes, there suck I,
   In a Cowslips bed, sit me.

   There Iewed when Owles doe evie,
   On the Battes head I doe fie

   After Somere merry.

   Merry, merrily, shall I live now,
   Ver the boughs that hang on the Bow.

   Pro. Why that's my dauntly Ariel: I shall misse
   Thee, but yet shou'd that shou'd be done: lo, lo, lo,
   To the Kings ship, insiduous as thou art;
   There that finde the Manusines sleepe.

   Ariel and the Miserable and the Boat-swaine
   Being awake, enforce them to this place;
   And presently, I preethe.

   Ar. I drink the aire before me, and returne
   Or ere your pulse twice beate.

   Exit. Gen. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement.

   Inhabit thence: some heavenly power guide us
   Out of this fearsome Country.

   Pro. Behold Sir King

   The wronged Duke of Misland, Prospero.

   For more assurance that a hating Prince
   Do's now speake to thee, I embrace thy body,
   And to thee, and thy Company, I bid
   A hearty welcome.

   Alo. Where thou bee'st he or no,
   Or some inchant'd triflle to abuse me,
   (As late I have bene) I not know: thy Pulfe
   Beats as of fleth, and blood: and since I saw thee,
   Thy ill breath of my minde amends; with which
   I fcarce a madneffe held me: this must ceaze
   (And if this be at all) a most strange story.

   Thy Dukedom I resigne, and doe entreat

   Thou pardon me my wronges: But howshold Prospero

   Beliuing, and be heare?

   Pro. First, noble Frend,
   Let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot
   Be mean'd of, or confin'd.

   Gen. Whether this be,
   Or be noe. I'm not fweene.

   Pro. You doe yet take

   Some subtileties o' the life, that will nor let you

   Believe things certaine: Welcome, my friends all,

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

   I here could plucke his Highnesse frowne vpon you

   And itifie you Trarours: at this time

   I will not tell noes.

   Pro. The Diuell speaks in him:

   Ser. The Diuell speakes in him:

   Pro. No:

   For you (most wicked Sir) whom to call brother
   Would even infect my mouth, I do forsake
   Thy rankell fault: all of them: and require

   My Dukedom of thee, which, perforce I know

   Thou wilt restore.

   Alo. If thou beeth Prospero

   (The particular parts of his dissemblament,

   How thou haft mett vs there, whom three howres since

   Were wrackt upon this shore? where I have left

   (How sharp the point of this remembrance is)

   My deere sonne Ferdinand.

   Pro. I am woe for't, Sir.

   Alo. Irreparable is the losse, and patience

   Sies, it is past her cure.

   Pro. I rather thinke

   You have not taught her helpe, of whose soft grace

   For the like losse, I heare her common aid,

   And reit my felce content.

   Alo. You the like losse?

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

   To make the deere losse, haue I means much weaker

   Then you may call to comfort you; for I

   Have lost my daughter.

   Alo. A daughter?

   Oh heauens, that they were loosing both in Nalpes.

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

   My felce were mudded in that out of bed,

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

   Pro. In this last Tempes. I perceiue these Lords

   At this encounter doo so much admire,

   That they dewrue their reafon, and scarce thinke

   Their eies doe offices of Truth: Their words

   Are natural breath: how winnow'st you have

   Been suffled from your fences, know for certain

   That I am Prospero, and that very Duke

   Which was thrust forth of Misland, who most strangely

   Upon this shore (where you were wrackt) was landed

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

   For'tis a Chronicle of day by day,

   Not a relation for a break-fait, nor

   Before this swift meeting: Welcome, Sir;

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

   And Subjectes none abroad, pray you looke in:

   My Dukedom since you have given me againe,

   I will require you with as good a thing,

   As least bring forth a wonder, to content ye

   As much, as me my Dukedom.

   Here Prospero discoveries Ferdinand and Miranda, playing

   as Caleps.

   Mrs. Sweet Lord, you play me false.

   Fer. No my dearest loue,

   I would not for the world:

   Come, you, for the Court of Kingdomes, you should

   And I would call it faire play.

   Alo. If this proue

   A vision of the Island, one deere Sonne

   Shall I twice looke at.

   Serk. A most high miracle.

   Fer. Though the Seas threaten they are mercifull,

   I have eas'd them without cause.

   Alo. Now all the blessings

   Of a glad father, commaifie thee about

   Arie, and say how thou camst it here.

   Mrs. O wonder

   How many goodly creatures are there here.

   How beauteous mankinde is? O brave new word

   That

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That hath such people in't.

Pro. This new thee, (play?)

Alarum. What is this Maid, with whom thou wast at

Your own converse cannot be three hours:

Is she the goddesse that hath fet eu'd vs,

And brought vs thus together?

For Sir, she is mortall;

But by immortall prudence, she is wise;

I chose her when I could not ask my Father;

For his advice, nor thought he'd one:

She Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milane,

Of whom, so often I have heard renowne,

But never saw before: one of whom I have

Recus'd a seconde life; and seconde Father

This Lady makes him to me.

Alarum.

I am hers,

But O, how odly will it found, that I

Maft ask my childe foruenelle?

Pro. There Sir hop,

Let vs not burthune our remembrances, with

A heareneffe that's gone.

Gev. I have inly wept,

Or should have spoke ere this: looke downe you gods

And on this couple drop a blessed crowne;

For it is yeou, that haue chalk'd forth the way

Which brought vs hither.

Alarum.

I say Amen, Gonadae.

Gev. Was Milane threat from Milane, that his Ifue

Should become Kings of Naples? O reioyce

Beyond a common joy, and let it downe.

With gold on latting Pillers: In one voyaige

Did Iarboell her husband finde at Tunis,

And Ferdinand her brother, found a wife,

Where he himfelle was lost: Prospero, his Duke

Dome in a poor life; and all of vs, our felues,

When no man was his owne.

Gev. Give me your hands:

Let grieve and sorrow full embrace his heart,

That doth not wish you joy.

Gev. Be it so, Amen,

Enter Ariel, with the Master and Sea-worn

amaz'dly following.

O looke Sir, looke Sir, here is more of vs:

I prophesie, if a Gallows were on land,

This fellow could not drowne: Now blasphemy,

That sweat't Grace are on board, not an oath on shore,

Hast thou no mouth by land?

What is the newes?

But, The bell newes is, that we have safely found

Our King, and company: The next: our Ship,

Which but three gillies flie, we gave out split,

Is styl, and yare, and bravely rig d, as when

We first put out to Sea.

Sir, all this servisse

Hawe I done since I went.

Pro. My trickkey Spirit.

Alarum. These are not natural events, they strengthen

From strange, to stranger: say, how came you hither?

For. If I did think, Sir, we were well awake,

I'll flirue to tell you: we were dead of sleep,

And (though we know not) of letter under hatches,

Where, but even now, with strange, and feuerall noyses

Of roaring, thrashing, bowling, glingling chains,

And mordurette of founds, all horible.

We were awak'd: straight way, at liberty;

Where we, in all our trim, frely beheld

Our royal, good, and gallant Ship: our Master

Caring to eye her; on a piece, to pleasure you,

Rien in a dreame, were we dazzeled from them,

And were brought noiseing hither.

Alarum. Was't well done?

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

Alarum. This is as strange a Maze, as ere men trod,

And there is in this businesse, more then nature

Was euer coupled of: some Oracle

Must reckeke our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my Leige,

Do not inflent your minds, with beating on

The strangeness of this businesse, at pikes leafe.

(Which shall be shortly fingle) I'll reioyce you,

(Which you shall feme probable) of every

These happen accidents: till when, be cheerfully

And think of each thing well: Come hither Spirit,

Set Caliban, and his companions free.

Vinye the Spell: How fates your gracious Sir?

There are yet muffing of your Company

Some few odd Lads, that you remember not.

Enter Ariel, dressing in Caliban, Stephane, and

Trinculo in their Beflow Apparel.

Sir. Every man shift for all the cell, and let

No man take care for himselfe: for all:

But fortune: (Anglo Bully Monife Carafa)

Try. If th'le be true spies which I weare in my head,

This is a gally fight.

Col. O set of Kings, be brave Spirits and ede:

How line my Master is? I am afraid

He will chaffifie me.

Seb. Ha, ha,

What things are these, my Lord Anthony?

Will money buy em?

Anor. Very like: One of them

1 a plains Fith, and no doubt marketable.

Pro. Make but the badges of these men, my Lords,

Then say if they be true: This naphaen knowes;

His Mother was a Witch, and one fo strong

That could controulle the Moone; make fioxes, and obs

And deed in her command, without her power:

These three have rob'd me, and this denny-duell;

(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them

To take my life: two of thefe Fellowes, you

Must know, and owne, this Thing of darkelle, I

Acknowledg mine.

Col. I shall be purge to death.

Alarum. Is not this Stephano, my drunken Butler?

Seb. He is drunken now;

Where had he wine?

Alarum. And Trinculo is reeling rype: where should they

Find this grand Liquor that hath gild'd em?

How can't thou in this pickel?

Try. I have bin in fact a pickel since I saw you last,

That I here will never out of my bones:

I shall not teare fly-blowing;

Seb. Why how now Stephano?

Try. O touch me not, I am not Stephano, but a Scamp.

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

Seb. I should hate bin a fore one then.

Alarum. This is a strange thing as ever I look'd on.

Pro. He was disproportion'd in his Manners

As in his face: Goe Sirha, to my Cell,

Take with you your Companions: as you looke

To have my pardon, trim it handomely.

Col. I that will: and lle be wise hereafter, And
And seek for grace: what a thrice double Asle
Was I to take this drunken off a god?
And worship this dull fool?

Pro. Go to, away.

Alas! Hence, and below your luggage where you
Set. Or hallow each other.

Pro. Sir, I suite your Highness, and your traine
To my poor Cell; where you shall take your seat
For this omernight, which part of it. I lewaite
With such discourse, as I do not, shall make it
Goe quicke, (and the rest) of my life,
And the particular accidents, gon by
Since I came to this Cell: And in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship, and to Naples,

Where I have hope to see the nuptiall
Of thee, our deere-belov'd, solemnized,
And thence retire me to my Millaine, where
Every third thought shall be my grace.

Alas! 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 faire, so expediteons, that shall catch
Your Royall fleete farre off: My Ariel; chieke
That is thy charge: Then to the Elements
Be free, and fare thou well: pleased you draw thee.

Excut omnes.

EPILOGUE,
spoken by Prospero.

Now my Charms are allre-thrown,
And what strength I haue, mine owne,
Which is most faire: now is true
I must be our confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples, let me not
Since I haue my Dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deliuers, dwell
In this bare Island, by your Spell
But releafe me from my bands
With the helpes of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours, my Saillies
Muff fard, or else my proiect faiers,
Which was to please: Now I want
Spirits to enforce: Art to inchant,
And my ending is despare,
Vainly I beleue'd by prayer
Which pierces so, that it assaile
Mercy it falle, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your Indulgence set me free.

Exit.

The Scene, an vn-inhabited Island

Names of the Actors.

Alonso, K. of Naples:
Sebastian his brother.
Prospero, the right Duke of Millaine.
Antonio his brother, the wraping Duke of Millaine.
Ferdinand, Son to the King of Naples.
Gonzalo, an honest old Councillor.
Adrian, & Francesco, Lords.
Caliban, a salue and deformed Slave.
Trinculo, a le fighter.
Stephano, a drunken Butler.
Master of a Ship.
Boaste-Swaine.
Marriners.
Miranda, daughter to Prospero.
Ariel, an ayre spirit.
Iris
Ceres
Juno
Nymphs
Reapers

FINIS.
THE
Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Valentine: Probus, and Speed.

Valentine:
Safe to perforce, my loving Probus;
And home-keeping youth, I have ever homely wits,
Yet not affection changes thy tender days
For the sweetest of all thy honour'd Loue,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Then living dully fugg'd dia'd at home.
Weare out thy youth with spaggette and bene.
But since thou loo'rt; love still, and thine therein,
Even as I would, when I to loue begin.

Pro. Will thou be gone? Sweet Valentine adieu,
Think of thy Probus, when thou'sh'pily feell
Some rare note-worthy object in thy trouble.
With me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou do'lt 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 beadle-man, Valentine.

Val. And on a loue-booke pray for my successe?
Pro. Upon some booke I loue, I'le pray for thee.
Val. That's on some ffellow Store of depe loue,
How yong Leander crost the Hallesfoot.
Pro. That's a depe Store, of a deeper loue,
For he was more then other-thooses in loue.
Val. Tis true; for you are ouer-bootes in loue,
And yet you never swom the Hallesfoot.
Pro. Ouer the Bootes? may give me not the Bootes.
Val. No, I will not; for it bootes thee not.

Pro. What? (groans)
Val. To be in loue; where fome is bought with
toy looks, with heart-fare fighes: one fading moments
With twentie watchfull, weary tedious nights: (mirth,
Haply won, perhaps a haplife gaine);
If loth, why then a grueous labour won;
How euer; but a folly 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 fear you'll proue.
Pro. This 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; so eating Loue
Inhabits the finest wits of all.
Val. And Writers say; as the most forward Bud
Is eaten by the Canker ere it blow,
Even fo by Loue the yong, and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly, blasing in the Bud,
Loosing his verdure, even in the prime,
And all the faire effets of future hopes.
But wherefore waffe I time to countilate thee
That art a rotary to fond desire?
Once more adieu, my Father at the Road
Expects my comming, there to see me slip'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee Valentine.

Val. Sweet Probus, no: Now let vs take our leave;
To Milian me let me heare from thee by Letters
Of thy successe in loue; and what news else
Besides here in abstinence of thy Friend:
And Likewise will viisit thee with mine.

Pro. All happyhelle behance to thee in Milian,
Val. As much to you at home: and so farewell. Exit.
Pro. He after Honour hunts, I after Loue;
He leaves his friends: to dignifie them more;
I loue my selfe, my friends, and all for loue:
Thou Infall, thou hast metamorphis'd me:
Made me neglge't my Studies, looses my time;
Waste with good counaile; let the world at awoth;
Made Wit with muting, weake, hast fick with thought.

Sp. Sit Probus: loue you; saw you my Master?
Pro. But now he parted hence to embarque for Milian.
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 Shephered be awhile away.

Sp. You conclude that my Mafters a Shepheard then,
and I Sheepe?

Pro. I doo.
Sp. Why then my hones are his hones, whether I
wake or sleepe.

Pro. A fillly anfwer, and fitting well a Sheepe.
Sp. This proves me still a Sheepe.

Pro. True: and thy Mafter a Shepheard,
Sp. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.
Pro. It shall goe hard but ile prove it by another.
Sp. The Shepheard feekes the Shepheard, and not
the Sheepe the Shepheard; but I feke my Mafter, and my
Mafter feekes not me: therefore I am no Sheepe.

Pro. The Sheepe for foster follow the Shepheard,
The Shepheard for foode follows not the Sheepe: thou
for wages followst thy Mafter, thy Mafter for wages
followes not thee: therefore thou art a Sheepe.

Sp. Such another proofe will make me cry ba.

Pro. But do'thou heare: gau'rth thou my Letter
to Julia?

Sp. I
Scena Secunda.

Enter Ilindia and Lucetta.

Lucetta. But say Lucetta (now we are alone)
Wouldst thou then confound me to fall in love?

Lucet. Madam, so you think not withoutfully.

I. Of all the faire refors of Gentlemen,
That every day with parle encounter me,

In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

I. Lu. Please you repeat their names, I'll flex my minde,
According to my shallow simple skill.

I. Lu. What thinkst thou of the faire Sir Eglamour?

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

I. Lu. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

I. Lu. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.

I. Lu. What think'st thou of the gentle Prothenu?

I. Lu. Lord, Lord; to see what folly reignes in vs.

I. Lu. How now! what means this passion at his name?

I. Lu. Pardon deare Madam, 'tis a paling shame,
That I (vaworthy body as I am)
Should cenfure this on lovely Gentlemen.

I. Lu. Why not on Prothenu, as of all the rest?

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

I. Lu. Your reason?

I. Lu. I have no other but a womans reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.

I. Lu. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?

I. Lu. I, if you thought your love not cast away.

I. Lu. Why he, of all the rest, hath never mou't me.

I. Lu. Yet he, of all the rest, I think he best loves ye.

I. Lu. His little speaking, shews his love but small.

I. Lu. Fire that's clofeft kept, burns most off all.

I. Lu. They do not love, that do not chew their love.

I. Lu. Oh, they love least, that let men know their love.

I. Lu. I would I knew his minde.

I. Lu. Permit this paper Madam.

I. Lu. To Julia: say, from whom?

I. Lu. That the Consents will flow.

I. Lu. Say, say: who gaue it thee?

I. Lu. Sir Valentines page: &t cie; I think from Prothenu;
He would have giv'n it you, but I being in the way,
Did in your name receive it: pardon the fault I pray.

I. Lu. Now (by my modesty) a goodly Broker! 
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper, and confpire against my youth?

Now trust 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 else return no more into my sight.

I. Lu. To plead for loue, deferves more fee, then hate.

I. Lu. Will ye be grieved?

I. Lu. That you may ruminate. Exit.

I. Lu. And yet I would I had one look'd the Letter;
It was a shame to call her backe againe,
And pray her to a fault, for which I chide her.

What fool is he, that knowes I am a Maid,
And would not force the letter to my view?

Since Maides, in modestly, say no, to that,
Which they would have the profferer confire, I,
Fix, fix: how wayward is this foolish love;
That (like a teffile Babe) will fresh the Nurse,
And pretely, all humbled kiffe the Rod?

How cheerfully, I chide Lucetta hence,
When willingly, I would have had her here?
How angrily I taught my browe to frowne,
When inward joy enforce'd my heart to faire?

My pensance is, to call Lucetta backe
And ask remiffion, for my folly past.

What ho: Lucetta.

Lucetta. What would your Ladiship?

I. Lu. It's necer dinner time?

I. Lu. I would it were,
That you might kill your stamace on your meat,
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

And not upon your Maid.

Lu. What is't that you

Tonk vp fo gingerly?

Lu. Nothing.

In. Why didst thou foope then?

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

In. And is that paper nothing?

Lu. Nothing concerning me,

In. Then let it ly, for though it concerns

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

Vulture it haue a false Interpreter.

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

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

Give me a nose, your Ladiship can let

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

Beft fing it to the tune of Light O, L PO.

Lu. It is too heavy for to light a tune,

In. Heavy? belike it hath some burden then?

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

In. And why not you?

Lu. I cannot reach fo high,

In. Let's see your Song:

How now Minion?

Lu. Repepe tune there till, to you will sing it out.

Any one thinks I do not like this tune?

In. You do not?

Lu. No (Madam) tis too sharpe.

In. You (Minion) are too faucie.

Lu. Nay, now you are too flat;

And misthe the concord, with too harf in a deficient:

There wanteth but a Meane to fill your Song,

In. The meane is drown by your unlyke base,

Lu. Indeed I bid the base for Proverbs.

In. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me;

Here is a colde with protestation:

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

You would be finging them, to ange me.

Lu. She makes it thrage, but she would be best pleas'd

To be so angred with another Letter.

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

On hatefull hands, to ease foule injuring words;

Inusurious Waspes, to feede on such sweet honey,

And kill the Bees that yeilded it, with your wings;

Ile kiffe each furealler paper, for amends:

Look, here is writ, kinde Inula: vnkinde Inula,

As in respite of thy ingratefult,

I throw thy name against the breathing-foames,

Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain;

And here is writ, Love wounded Proverbs.

Poore wounded name: my boleme, as a bed,

Shall lodge thee till thy wond be throughly heal'd;

And that I search it with a furious kiffe

Buttwice, or thrice, vsa. Proverbs written downe:

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

Till I have found each letter, in the Letter,

Except mine owne name: That, some whiles winde beare

Vnto a ragged, fearfull, hanging Rocke,

And throw it thence into the raging Sea.

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

Poores Fortune Proverbs, passionate Proverbs:

To the sweet Inula: that Ie reare away:

And yet I will not, sith so prettily

He couples it, to his complaining Names;

Thus will I fold them, one upon another;

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

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

In. Well, let vs goe.

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

Lu. If you respect them; best to take them vp.

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

Yet here they shal not lye, for catching cold.

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

Lu. (Madam) you may say what frights you see;

I fee things too, although you judge I wink.

Lu. Come, come, will please you goe.

Scene Tertia.

Enter Antonio and Partheno. Proverbs.

Ant. Tell me Parthene, what sad tale was that,

Where with my brother held you in the Clayter?

Pan. Twas of his Nephew Proverbs, your Sonne.

Ant. Why what of him?

Pan. He wondered that your Lordship

Would not suffer, to spend his youth at home,

Where other men, of slender reputation,

Put forth their Sones, to feake preferment out.

Some to the warres, to try their fortune there;

Some, to discouer Islands farre away;

Some, to the fludious Universities;

For any, or for all these exercises,

He said, that Proverbs, your Sonne, was meet;

And did request me, to importune you

To let him spend his time no more at home;

Which would be great impeachment to his age,

In hanging knowne no trauaille in his youth.

Ant. Nor need't thou much importune me to that,

Whereon this month I have bin baiming.

I have confider'd well, his losse of time,

And how he cannot be a perfect man,

Not being tryed, and tardy in the world:

Experience is by industry atheud,'

And perfecled by the twift course of time;

Then tell me, whether were I best to fend him?

Pan. I thinke your Lordship is not ignorant

How his companion, youthfull Valentins,

Attends the Emperor in his roayl Court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pan. Twere good, think you, your Lordship sent him

There shall he prachife Tides, and Turnaments;

Hearc sweet discourse, concurie with Noble-men,

And be in eye of every Exercise,

Worthy his youth, and noblestesse of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsile: well haft thou aduised;

And that thou maist perceiue how well I like it,

The execution of it shall make knowne;

Even with the speddell expedition,

I will dispatch him to the Emperors Court.

Pan. To morrow, may it please you, Don Alphons,

With other Gentlemen of good estate

Are journing, to salute the Emperor,

And to commend their forces to his will.

Ant. Good company: with them shall Proverbs go:

And in good time: how will we breake with him.

Pan. Sweet Loue, sweet lines, sweet life,

Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;

Here is her oath for love, her honors pance;
O that our Fathers would applaud our louses!
To seal our happiness with their contents.
Pro. Oh heavenly Twixt;
Ant. How now? What Letter are you reading there?
Pro. May's, please your Lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations sent from Valentine;
Deliect'd by a friend, that came from him.
Ant. Lend me the Letter: Let me see what news.
Pro. There is no phexes (my Lord); but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well-belov'd;
And daily grazed by the Emperor;
Willing me with him, partner of his fortune.
Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?
Pro. As one relying on your Lordships will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.
Ant. My wish is something forrow'd with his wish:
Male not that I thus foitainly proceed:
For what I will, I will, and there an end:
I am resolu'd, that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentine, in the Emperors Court:
What maintenance lie from his friends receiv's,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me,
To morrow be in an amiable, to goe,
Excuse it not: for I am peremptory.
Pro. My Lord I cannot be fo late provided,
Please you deliver a day or two.
Ant. Look what thou wanst 'till thee sent after thee:
No more of stay: to morrow thou must goe;
Come on Paulinus; you shall be implo'd,
To haften on his Expedition.
Pro. Thus haue I found the fire, for fear of burning,
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd,
I fear'd to shew my Father Initial Letter,
Least he should take exceptions to my love,
And with the vantage of mine owne excuse
Hast he excepted most against my love.
Oh, how this spring, this loue referreth both
The vane Shirley of an April day,
Which now shews all the beauty of the Sun,
And by and by a clouded takes all away.
Paulinus, your fathers call's you for's,
He is in haft, therefore I pray you go.
Pro. Why this is it: my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thousand times it answer's no.

Actus secundus: Scena Prima.

Enter Valentine, Speed, Silvia.

Speed. Sir, your Giance.

Val. Not mine: my Glances are on,
Sp. Why then this may be yours: for this is but one.
Val. Ha! Let me see; I gave it me, it's mine:
Sweet Ornament, that deckes a thing divine,
Ah Silvia, Silvia.

Sp. Madam Silvia; Madam Silvia.

Val. How now Silvia?

Sp. She is not within hearing, Sir.

Val. Why sir, who call'd you her?

Sp. Your worship sir, or doth he call so?

Val. Well, you shall be too forward.

Sp. And yet I was II sudden for being too slow.

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

Sp. Sheer that your worship louses?

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

Sp. Marry by these special marks: first, you have
Learn'd (like Sir Proverbs) to wreak your Armes like a
Male-content: to relish a Love-long, like a Robin-redbreast: to walk alone like one that had the peltines:
To fish, like a Schoole-boy that had lost his A. B. C. to
Weep like a yong wench that had buried her Grandam:
To fast, like one that takes diet: to watch, like one that
FEARS ROBBING: TO SPEAKE PULING, LIKE A BAGGAR AT HALLOWS:
Maffe: You were wont, when you laught, to crow
Like a cocke: when you walk'd, to walk like one of the
Lions: when you fasted, it was prettiness after dinner:
When you look'd sadly, it was for want of money: And
Now you are metamorphis'd with a Miftis, that when I
Looke on you, I can hardly thinke you my Master.

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

Sp. They are all perceiv'd without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Sp. Without you? nay, that's certaine: for without
You were so fimple, none else would: but you are
So without those follies, that these follies are within you,
And thine through you like the water in an Vineall: that
Not an eye that sees you, but is a Physician to comment
On your Malady.

Val. But tell me, don't you know my Lady Silvia?

Sp. See that you gaze on fo, as the sun at supper?

Val. Haft thou obfu'd that? eu'n she I mean.

Sp. Why sir, I know her not.

Val. Do't thou know her by my gazing on her; and
Yet know'ft her not?

Sp. Speed. Is the not hard-faou'r'd, sir?

Val. Not to faire (boy) as well faou'r'd.

Sp. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Sp. Speed. That fire is not to faire, as (of you) well faou'r'd?

Val. Speed. I mean that her beauty is exquite,
But her faou'r infinite.

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

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

Val. Speed. How frec's'thou me? I account of her beauty.

Sp. Speed. You neuer saw her since she was deform'd.

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

Sp. Speed. Euer since you lou'd her.

Val. I haue lou'd her euer since I saw her,
And stell I see her beautifull.

Sp. Speed. If you loue her, you cannot see her.

Val. Speed. Why?

Sp. Speed. Because Loue is blinde: O that you had mine eyes,
or your owne eyes had the lights they were wont to have,
When you chide at Sir Proverbs, for going
Blinde.

Val. Speed. What should I see then?

Sp. Speed. Your owne preferment solly, and her passing de
formity: for hee being in loue, could not see to garter
His hofe; and you, being in loue, cannot see to put on
Your hofe.

(ning)

Val. Speed. Belike (boy) you are in loue, for I se,
You could not see to wipie my fhooes.

Speed. True sir: I was in loue with my bed, I thank
you, you twing'd me for my loue, which makes mee the
bolder
bolder to chide you, for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were fict, so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night the envoy'd me,
To write some lines to one the ladies.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

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

Peace, here the fongs comes.

Speed. Oh excellent motion; oh exceeding Puppet:
No dead will he interpret to her.

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

Speed. Oh, give ye good-ev'n: hear a million of manners.

Sil. Six Valentine, and fervant, to you two thousand.

Speed. He should give her interest: & the gives it him.

Val. As you injoy'd me: I have writ your Letter
Write the fecret, names of yours:

Which I was much in willing to proceed in,
But for my duty to your Ladifhip. (done)

Sil. I thank you (gentle Servant): 'tis very Cleary.

Val. Now truth me (Madam) it came hardly off:
For being ignorant to whom it goes,

I writ at randome, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No (Madam) I've it need you. I will write
(please you command) a thousand times as much:

And yet...

Sil. A pretty period: well I gheffe the requell;
And yet I will not name it; and yet I care not.

And yet, take this againes: and yet I thank you:
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

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

Val. What means your Ladifhip?

Do you not like it?

Sil. Yes: yes: the lines are very quitely writ,
But (once unwillingly) take them againes.

Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. I, if you writ them Sir, at my requell,
But I will none of them: they are for you:
I would have had them writ more modestly:

Val. Please you, I write your Ladifhip another.

Sil. And when it's writ: for my fakes read it over,
And if it please you, for if not: why so?

Val. If it plesse you, (Madam) what then?

Sil. Why if it plesse you, take it for your labour;
And to good-morrow Servant.

Ext. Sil.

Speed. Oh left onfence irresolute: inuiifible,
As a nole on a mans face, or a Wetherroke on a fleape:
My Master fues to her: and the hath taught her Sutor,
He being her Pupill, to become her Tutor.

Oh excellent defign, was there ever heard a better?

That my matter being feive,
To himelfe should write the Letter?

Val. How now Sir?

What are you reasoning with your felfe?

Speed. Nay, I was faying: 'tis you: have the reafon.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a Spokel-man from Madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To your felfe: why, the fews you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a Letter, I should fay.

Val. Why the hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need the,
When thee hath made you write to your felfe?

Why, do you not perceiue the left?

Val. No, beleue me,

Speed. No beleuing you indeed Sir:

But did you perceiue her earneft?

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

Speed. Why he hath given you a Letter.

Val. That's the Letter I write to her friend.

Speed. And ye letter hath the deliver'd, & there an end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. Ile warrant you, 'tis as well:

For ofen have you writ to her: and the in modestly,
Or elfe for want of idle time, could not ageine reply,
Or fearing els some mellenger, ' might her mind discover
Her felf hath taught her Loue himfelfe, to write unto her.
All this I speak in print, for in print I found it. (louer:

Why mufe you not, 'tis dinner time.

Val. I haue dy'd.

Speed, but hearken fir: though the Carleon Loue

Can feed on the ayre, I am one that am nourifhed by my

victuals: and would faie haue meate: oh bee not like your

Miftrflee, be mowed, be mowed.

Scena secunda.

Enter Profebus, Julia, Pantclion.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia:

Int. I know where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

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

Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's fake.

Pro. Why then we'll make exchange;

Here, take you this:

Jul. And fale the bargain with a holy kiffe.

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

And when that howe ore-flips me in the day,

Wherein I figh not (Julia) for thy fake,

The next enfuing howe, some founle mifchance

Torment me for my Loues forgetfulneffe:

My fasket flates my comming: anfwere not:

That tide is now; nay, not thy tide of teares,

That tide will flay me longer then I flould.

Julia, farewel: what, gone without a word?

I, fo true loue fhould doe: it cannot speake,

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

Pantb. Six Profebus: you are faid for.

Pro. Go: I come, I come:

Alas, this parting strikes poor Louers dumbe.

Extinf.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Lannece, Pantclion.

Lannece. Nay, 'twill bee this howre ere I have done weeping: all the kinde of the Lannece, have this very fault: I have receiued'd my proportion, like the prodigious

some.
The two Gentlemen of Verona

Sonne, and am going with Sir Dextra to the Imperialls Court: I think Cribby's my dog, he be the lowest-natured dogge that lives: My Mother weeping: my Father crying: my Maid bowling: our Catte wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruellest-hearted Curré shied one tear: he be a stone, a very pibble stone, and has no more pity in him then a dogge: I heard have wept to have see her: our parting: why my Grandam having no eyes, looke you, wept her selfe blinde at her parting: nay, Hee threw you the manner of it. This dogge is my father: no, this left dogge is my father: no, this left dogge is my mother: nay, that cannot bee so neather: yes, it is so, it is so: it hath the worser foole: this dogge with the hole in it, is my mother: and this my father: a vancagion on't, there's fit: Now sir, this stagg is my stagg: for, looke you, this is as white as Lally, and as small as a wand: this hat is Now our maid: I am the dogge: no, the dogge is himselfe, and I am the dogge: oh, the dogge is me, and I am my self: I: so, so: now come I to my Father: Father, your blushing: now should not the stagg speake a word for weeping: now should I kiss my father: well, bee weepes on: Now come I to my Mother: Oh be that the speake now, like a woman: well, I kiss her: why there's, here's my mothers breath vp and downe: Now come I to my stagg: marke the moame the makes: now the dogge all this while shed no tears: nor speakes a word: but see how I lay the dust with my teares.

Panth. Lawns away, away: a brood: thy Mathe is ship'd, and thou art to post aifter with oares: what's the matter? why weep't thou man: away safe, you'll loose the Tide, if you tarry any longer.

Lawn. It is no matter if the tide were lost, for it is the vnkindlest Tide, that ever any man tide.

Panth. What's the vnkindlest tide?

Lawn. Why, he's that's here, Crib by my dog.

Pant. Tut, man: I mean thou'll loose the flood, and in loosing the flood, loose thy voyages, and in loosing thy voyages, loose thy Mathe, and in looking thy Mathe, loose thy service, and in looking thy service: why dost thou flop my mouth?

Lawn. For seare thou shouldest loose thy tongue.

Panth. Where shouldest thou loose my tongue?

Lawn. In thy Tale.

Panth. In thy Tale.

Lawn. Loose the Tide, and the voyages, and the Mathe, and the Service, and the tide: why man, if the River were dry, I am able to fill it with my teares: if the wind were downe, I could drive the boate with my fighthes.

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

Lawn. Sir: call me what thou dar'st.

Pant. Wilt thou goe?

Lawn. Well, I will goe.

Scene Quarta.

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Timon, Speed, Duke, Pretheus.

Sil. Servant.

Val. Miftres.

Spec. Master, Sir Tho's browes on you.

Val. I Boy, it's for love.

Spec. Not of your love.

Val. O my Mistrefle then.

Spec. Twere good you knock't him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, Madam, I see'm so.

Thy. See me you that you are not?

Val. Ha'ly I doe.

Thy. So doe Counterfeits.

Val. So doe you.

Tim. What see'm I that I am not?

Val. Wife.

Tim. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Tim. And how quost you my folly?

Val. I quost it in your kerkin.

Thy. Your Kerkin in a doublet.

Val. Well then, I'll double your folly.

Thy. How?

Sil. What angry, Sir Tho's, do you change colours?

Val. Do me leave, Madam, he is a kind of Cnelomel.

Tim. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, then live in your ayre.

Val. You have said Sir.

Tim. 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, gentlemen, & quickly shut off.

Val. Tis indeed, Madam, we thank the gier.

Sil. Who is that Servant?

Val. Your Sel'f(sweet Lady) for you gave the fire, Sir Tho's, borrow'd his wit from your Ladyships lookes, and spends what he borrowes kindly in your compny.

Thy. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your witt bankrupt.

(Word's)

Val. I know it well Sir: you have an Exchequer of And I thinke, no other treasure to give your followers. For it appears by their bare Literes, That they live by your bare words.

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

Duck. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard bem't.

Sil. 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.

Duck. Know ye Don Antonio, your Countriman?

Val. I, my good Lord, I know the Gentleman To be of worth, and worthy estimation, And not without deferent to well reputed.

Duck. Hath he not a Sonne?

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

Duck. You know him well?

Val. I knew him as my selfe: for from our Infancies We have conversed, and spent our Howres together, And though my selfe have beene an idle Treant, Omitting the sweete benefit of time To cloath mine age with Angel-like perfection: Yet hath Sir Pretho's (for that's his name) Made vie, and faire advantage of his daies: His yeares but yong, but his experience old; His head vn-mellowed, but his judgement ripe; And in a word (for far behind his worth Comes all the praisef that I now bellow.)
The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

He is compleat in feature, and in mind,
With all good grace, to grace a Gentleman,
Dob. Behalf me for, but if he make this good
He is as worthy for an Empereur loose,
As we are an Empereur Counsellor.
Wit. very this Gentleman is come to me
With Commendation from great Potentates,
And here he means to spend his time a while,
I think he is no vnder welcome newes to you.
Dob. If I shoule have with'd a thing, it had been he.
Dob. Welcome him then according to his worth:
Silvio, I speake to you, and you Sir Tho.
For Valentine, I need not cite him to it,
I will send him hither to you presently.
Dob. This is the Gentleman I told your LadiSHIP
Had come along with me, but that his Mistresse
Did hold his eyes, lockt in her Chastifall looke.
Sil. Be-like that now she hath enfranchis'd them
Upon some other payne for fealty.
Val. Nay sure, I think she holds them princes still.
Sil. Nay then he should be blind, and being blind
Hath given the key, to him who hath unlock'd him out
Val. Why Lady, Loue hath twenty pair of eyes.
Thur. They say that Loue hath not an eye at all.
Val. To see such Louers, Thur, as your felic,
Upon a homely oboe, Loue can wink.
Sil. Have done, have done, here comes a gentleman.
Val. Welcome, deere Protesse: Mistresse, I beleeeh you
Confirm his welcome, with some speciall favor.
Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome better,
If this be he you oft haue willed to hear from.
Val. Mistresse, it is a sweet Lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-fauntant to your LadiSHIP.
Sil. Too low a Mistresse for to high a fauntant.
Val. Not so, sweet Lady, but too meeste a fauntant
To haue a looke of such a worthy a Mistresse.
Val. Leave off discouer of diffidante.
Sil. Sweet Lady, entertain him for your Servant.
Val. My deare will I boaste of, nothing else.
Sil. And durie neere ye yet did want his mind.
Servant, you are welcome to a worthelie Mistresse.
Sil. Die on him that faileth fo but your felic.
Sil. That you are welcome?
Val. That you are worthelie.
(You.
Thur. Madam, my Lord you father would speak
With me: I waint upon his pleasure: Come Sir Tho.
Goe with me: once more, new Servant welcome; I leaue you to conuerse of home affaires,
When you haue done, we looke too heare from you.
Val. We'll both atten upon your LadiSHIP.
Val. Now tell me: how do al from whence you came?
Val. Your friends are well, haue the much commended.
Val. And how do yours?
Sil. I left them all in health.
Val. How does your Lady? how thrivees your loue?
Val. My tales of Loue were wont to weaie you,
I know no joy nor in a Loue-discouer.
Val. I Protesse, but that life is alter'd now,
I haue done penance for contemning Loue,
Whose high emperous thoughts haue punisht me
With bitter fates, with penitentiall groans,
With nightly teares, and daily hart-fare lighees,
For in sense of my contempt of loue.
Loue hath this'd sleepe from my embraide eyes,
And made them watchers of mine owne hearts sorrow.
Gentle Protesse, Loue's a mighty Lord,
And hath so humbled me, as I confess.
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor to his Service, no such joy on earth:
Now, no discouer, except it be of loue:
Now, no meane, except it be of my heart.
Upon the very naked name of Loue.
Val. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:
Was this the IdoL, that you worship for?
Val. Even She; and is she not a heavenly Saint?
Val. No; But she is an earthly Paragon.
Val. Call her divine.
Val. I will not flatter her,
Val. Of flatter me: for Loue delights in praises.
Val. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills,
And I must minifter the like to you.
Val. Then speake the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principalitie,
Soveraigne to all the Creatures on the earth.
Val. Except my Mistresse.
Val. Sweet: except not any,
Except thou with except against my Loue.
Val. 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 bear my Ladies traine, left the base earth
Should from her vertue chance to feale a knife,
And of so great a favor growing proud,
Didstane to rout the Sommer-dwelling flowers,
And make rough winter euerlasting.
Val. Why Valentine, what Bragad sime is this?
Val. Pardon me, (Protesse) all I can is nothing,
To her, whose worth, make other worthies nothing;
Sire is alone.
Val. Then let her alone.
Val. Not for the world: why man, she is mine owne,
And as rich in hauing such a Jewell
As two yeares, all their land were pasture,
The ware, Nectar, and the Rocks pure gold,
Forgue me, that I doe not dreame on ther,
Because thou breakst my dure upon my loue:
My foolish Russel tirst her better likes.
(Onely for his possession are so huge)
Is gone with her along, and I must after,
For Loue (thou know it is full of sea-foastic.)
Val. But the loues you?
(Howre.
Val. And, we are betroath'd: may more, our marriage
With all the cunning manner of our flight
Determined of: how I must climb her window,
The Ladder made of cords, and all the means
Plotted, and I agreed on for my happineffe.
Good Protesse, goe with me to my chamber,
In these affaires to aide me with thy comforne.
Val. Goe on before: I shall enquire you forth;
I must into the Road, to dis-embarque
Some necessaries, that I needs must use,
And thou or one of thy attendants.
Val. Will you make haste?
Val. I will.
Even as one heate, another heate expels,
Or as one made, by strength drives out another.
So the remembrance of my former Loue
Is by a newer object quite forgotten,
It is mine, or Valentine praise?
Her true perfection, or my falle distraction?
That makes me sofolde, so reason this?
Shee is faire: and so itFollows that I love,

Thar.
Scena Quinta.

Enter Speed and Launce.

**Speed.** Launce, by mine honest welcome to Padua.

**Launce.** Farewell, not thy selfe, sweet youth, for I am not welcome. I reckon this alwayes, that a man is never known till he be hang'd, nor never welcome to a place, till some certaine ffort be paid, and the Hostes say welcome.

**Speed.** Come on you m'd-cap; Ile to the Ale-house with you presently; where, for one shot of five pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes: But firba, how did thy Master part with Madam Julia?

**Launce.** Marry after they clos'd in earnest, they parted very fairly in self.

**Speed.** But shall the marry him?

**Launce.** No.

**Speed.** How then? shall he marry her?

**Launce.** No, neither.

**Speed.** What, are they broken?

**Launce.** No; they are both as whole as a fishe.

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

**Launce.** Marry thus, when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

**Speed.** What an affe art thou, Inderland thee not.

**Launce.** What a blocke art thou, that thou canst not?

My stafe vnderstands me?

**Speed.** What thou saist?

**Launce.** I, and what I do too: looke thee, Ile but jeane, and my stafe vnderstands me.

**Speed.** It stands wether wether.

**Launce.** Why, stande-vnder: and stande-stands is all one.

**Speed.** But tell me true, will't be a match?

**Launce.** Ask me my dogge, if he say I, it will: if he say no, it will: if he make his talle, and say nothing, it will.

**Speed.** The conclusion is then, that it will.

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

**Speed.** Tis well that I get it for; but Launce, how shifft thou that my master is become a notable Loure?

**Launce.** I never knew him otherwife.

**Speed.** Then how?

**Launce.** A notable Lubber: as thou reportest him to bee.

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**Lau.** Why, thou whorish Ale, thou milks't me.

**Lau.** Why, Fools! I raise not thee, I meant thy Master.

**Speed.** I tell thee, my Master is become a hot Loure.

**Lau.** Why, I tell thee, I care not, though hee burne himselfe in Loure. If thou wilt goe with me to the Alehouse: if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

**Speed.** Why?

**Lau.** Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to goe to the Ale with a Christian? Wilt thou goe?

**Speed.** At thy seruice.

---

**Pro.** To leave my Julia: shall I be forsworne?

To loue faire Silvia; shall I be forsworne?

To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworne.

And ev'n that Ponze which gave me fifth ny oath

Prookes me to this three-fold perjur.

Loue bad mee sweare, and Loue bids me forswere;

O sweete suggelling Loue, if thou haft found

Teach mee tempered subiect to excite it.

At first I did adore a twinkling Stare,

But now I worship a celestial Sunne:

Vn-needfull vowes may hecchfully be broken,

And he wants wit, that wants resolve d will,

To leane his wit, to exchange the bad for better;

Fie, fie, yone ered tongue, to call her bad;

Whose foure aigysty oft thou haft prefered,

With twenty thousand soule-confirming oaths,

I cannot leave to lone; and yet I doe;

But there I lente to lone, where I should loue.

Julia I looke, and Valentine I looke,

If I kepe them, I needes must loose my selfe;

If I loose them, Thus finde I by their loffe,

For Valentine, my selfe: for Julia, Silvia;

Ito my selfe am dearer then a friend;

For Loue is still most precious in it selfe,

And Silvia (witnesse heauen that made her faire)

Shewes Julia but a swarthy Ethiop;

I will forget that Julia is alie,

Remembering that my Loue to her is dead.

And Valentine Ie hold an Enemy,

Ayning at Silvia as a sweeter friend.

I cannot now prove constant to my selfe,

Without fome treacherys vs'd to Valentine.

This night he meanes with a Corded-ladder

To clime celestial Silvia's chamber window;

My selfe in countsafe his comptetst.

Now presentl Ile glue her father notice

Of their disputing and pretended flight:

Who (all ing'd) will banish Valentine:

For Thoash he intends shall wed his daughter,

But Valentine being gone, Ile quickly croste

By some the tricke, blunts Thoash's dull proceeding.

Loue lend me wings, to make my purpose swift

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

---

Exeunt.
Enter Duke, Thurio, Proverbs, Valentine, Launce, Speed.

Duke Sir Thurio, give vs leave (I prays) while, We have some secrets to confer about. Now tell me Proverbs, what's your will with me? Pre. My gracious Lord, that which I would discover, The Law of friendship bids me to conceal, But when I fail to minute some gracious favour Done to me (under your name) I my dutie pricks me on to vntie the knott Which else, no worldly good should draw from me; Know (worthy Prince) Sir Valentine my friend This night intends to stifle away your daughter My selfe am one made privy to the plot. I know, you haue determin'd to bellow her On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates, And should the thrusts before hand from you. It would be much vexation to your age. Thus (for my duties sake) I rather chose To croste my friend in his intendt drift, Then (by concealing it) heap on your head A pack of sorrowes, which would preffe you downe (Being unperceived) to your timeleffe grace. Proverbs. Duke, Proverbs, I thank thee for thine honest care, Which to requite, command me while I live. This love of theirs, my selfe have often seen, Happly when they have judg'd me fit alleape, And oftentimes have purposed to forbid
Sir Valentine her companie, and my Count:  
But leaving left my inclinat sygne might erre,  
And do (writworthily) disgrace the man.  
(A raffhfeffe that I ever yet have lurn'd)  
I gave him gentle lookes, thereby to finde  
That which yhe felfe hath now discordes to me.  
And that thou mayst perceive my fearse of this,  
Knowing that tender youth is foone suggestted,  
I nightly lodge her in an upper Tower,  
The key whereof, my felle, hauue ever kept:  
And then, as he cannot be comody'd away.  
Pro. Know (oble Lord) they have drunke's a meane  
How he her chamber-window will ascend,  
And with a Corded-ladder fetch her downe:  
For which, the youthful Leuer now is gone,  
And this way comes he with it presently,  
Where (if it please you) you may intercept him.  
But (good my Lord) doe it so cunningly  
That my discovery be not aimed at:  
For, loye of you, not hate vnto my friend,  
Hath made my publishers of this perjury.  
Duke. Vpon mine Honor, he shall never know  
That I had any light from thee of this,  
Pro. Adieu, my Lord, Sir Valentine is comming.  
Duk. Sir Valentine, why hast thou so fell?  
Val. Pleas it your Grace, there is a Messflenger  
That stayes to bear my Letters to my friends,  
And I am going to deliver them.  
Duk. Be they of much import?  
Val. The tenure of them doth but signifie  
My child, and happy being at your Court.  
Duk. Nay then no matter: stay with me a while,  
I am to brake with thee of some affairs  
That touch me more: wherein thou must be secret.  
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have fough't  
To match my friend Sir Thewry, to my daughter.  
Val. I know it well (my Lord) and like the Match  
Were rich and honourable: besides, the gentleman  
Is full of Vertue, Bounty, Worth, and Qualities  
Beforening such a Wife, as your faire daughter:  
Duke. May your Grace win her to fave him?  
Duk. No, truf't me. She is peneuh, fallen, froward,  
Proud, disfobedient, filbunete, lacking duty,  
Neither regarding that she is my child,  
Nor fearing me, as if I were her father:  
And may I fay to thee, this pride of hers  
(Vpon aduice) hath drawnye my louver from her,  
And where I thought the remnant of mine age  
Should have beene cherished by her child-like dutye  
I now am full refold'd to take a wife,  
And turn her out, to who will take her in:  
Then let her beautie be her wedding dewre;  
For me, wid'd my poftenions the efemenes nore.  
Val. What would your Grace have me to do in this?  
Duk. There is a Lady in Venice here  
Whom I affett: but she is nice, and coy,  
And nought efemenes my aged elocution  
Now therefore will I have thee to my Tutor  
(Of long agoone I have forgot to count,  
Besides the fuffion of the time is chang'd)  
Hauing and which way I may befor diggelefl  
To be regarded in her flat-bright eye.  
Val. Win her with gifts, if the refrefc not words,  
Dume Jewels offen in their silent kindes  
More then quicke words, do more a wamens minde.  
Duk. But the foie forcing a preffent that I fent her.
Hallo, I'm a helpful assistant and I can read this document naturally for you. Please provide the document and any specific instructions you have.
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

Sp. Marry, the son of my Grand-father.
La. Oh! Illiterate boyster; it was the sonne of thy
Grand-mother; this proves that thou canst not read.
Sp. Come hark, come; try me in thy paper.
La. There and S. Nicholas be thy speed.
Sp. Inprimis, the can milke.
J. I that the can.
Sp. Item, the brewes good Ale.
La. And let goe of the drawer be: (Blushing of
your heart, you brew good Ale.)
Sp. Item, she can lowe.
La. That's as much as to say (Can she so?)
Sp. Item, she can knit.
La. What needs a man care for a flock with a
wrench, when she can knit him a flocke?
Sp. Item, she can wash and scource.
La. A speciall verse: for then shee neede not be
washed, and scourd.
Sp. Item, she can spin.
La. Then may I set the world on wheeles, when she
can spin for her living.
Sp. Item, she hath many namelesse virtues.
La. That's as much as to say Baghdad-towers: that
indeed know not their fathers; and therefore have no
names.
Sp. Here follow her verses.
La. Close at the heeles of her verses.
Sp. Item, her is not to be falling in respect of her
breath.
La. Well: that fault may be mended with a break-
fast: read on.
Sp. Item, she hath a sweet mouth.
La. That makes amends for her foure breath.
Sp. Item, she doth take in her sleepe.
La. It's no matter for that; so shee sleepe not in her
tale.
Sp. Item, she is flow in words.
La. Oh villain, that set this downe among her verses;
To be flow in words, is a womanes onely verse: I
pray thee out with't, and place it for her chiefe verse.
Sp. Item, she is proud.
La. Out with that too.
It was Eneas legacie, and cannot be tane from her.
Sp. Item, she hath no teeth.
La. I care not for that neither: because shee can
write.
Sp. Item, she is curst.
La. Well; the beest is, the had no reeds to bite.
Sp. Item, she will often praise her liquor.
La. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not,
I will; for good things should be praised.
Sp. Item, she is too liberall.
La. Of her tongue she cannot; for that's wit downe
she is flow of: of her purse, she shall not, for that he
keeps that: Now, of another thing shee may, and that
cannot I helpe. Well, proceede.
Sp. Item, she hath more haires then wit, and more
faults then haires, and more wealth then faults.
La. Stop there: I heare her: she was mine, and
mine, twice or thrice in that last Article: rehearse that
once more.
Sp. Item, she hath more haires then wit.
La. More haires then wit: it may be ile proue it: The
cover of the fait, hides the Oak, and therefore it is more
then the fait; the haires that coves 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, he loose her: and if it be a match, as nothing is
impossible.
Sp. What then?
La. Why then, will I tell thee, that thy Master stays
for thee at the North gate.
Sp. For me?
La. For thee! who art thou? he hath said for a better
man then thee.
Sp. And must I goe to him?
La. Thou must run to him; for thou hast said so long,
that goeing will erase ferre the turne.
Sp. Why diid not tell me sooner? 'pox of your love
Letters.
La. Now will he be swing'd for reading my Letters:
An unmanerly base, that will thrust himselfe into fe-
ets. I shall in a little, to reioyce in the boyes correctio.
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Duke, Thurio, Protheus.

Du. Sit Thurio, feare not, but that she will love you.
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.
To. Since his exile the depth of me most,
Forsoome my company, and will not to me,
That I am delierate of obtaining her.
Du. This weake impeffe of Lour, is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which with an hours heat
Diffuses to water, and doth loose his forme,
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.
How now sir Protheus, is your countreman
(According to our Proclamation) gon?
Pro. Goon, my good Lord.
Du. My daughter takes his going grieoussely?
Pro. A little time (my Lord) will kill that griefe.
Du. So I beleue; but Thurio thinks not to:
Protheus, the good concei I hold of thee,
(For thou hast showne 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 line, to looke upon your Grace.
Du. Thou know'lt how willingly, I would effeet
The match betweene fit Thurio, and my daughter t
Pro. I doe my Lord.
Du. And also, I thinke, thou art not ignorant
How the opposes her against my will?
Pro. She did my Lord; when Valentine was bere.
Du. I, and perffectly, the perforueres to:
What might we doe to make the girl forget
The loue of Valentine, and loue fit Thurio?
Pro. The blett way is, to flander Valentine,
With falfhood, cowardize, and poore difcount:
Three things, that women highly hold in hate.
Du. I, but she'll thinke, that it is spake in hate.
Pro. I, if his enemy deliuer it.
Therefore it must with circunstances be spoken
By one, whom the eftimeth as his friend.
Du. Then you must undertake to flander him.
Proe. And that my Lord I shall be glad to do,
Proe. but my Lady shall be glad I can do it.
Proe. You value precept [my Lord] I can do it,
Proe. but my Lady shall be glad I can do it. She shall follow you, and do you follow me. And she shall follow you. And you shall follow me.
Proe. And that my Lady I shall be glad to do,
Proe. but my Lady shall be glad I can do it. She shall follow you, and do you follow me. And she shall follow you. And you shall follow me.
And being haply, jocundly there,
Then to Silvia, let us sing,
That Silvia is exceeding;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling.
To her let us Garland bring.

Hey. How now! are you sadder then you were before;
How do you, man? the Musicke likes you not.
In. You mistake; the Musician likes me not.
Hey. Why, my pretty youth?
In. He plies false (father.)
Hey. How, out of tune on the strings?
In. Not so: but yet
So false that he grieues my very heartstrings.
Hey. You sue a quicke care.
In. I, I would I were deafe: it makes me have a slow
Hey. I perceive you delight not in Musicke.
In. Not a while, when it was so.
Hey. Harke, what fine change is in the Musicke.
In. I, that change is in the night.
Hey. You would have them always play but one thing.
In. I would always have one play but one thing.
But Hoft, dothis Sir Probus, that we talk on,
Often retort unto this Gentlewoman?
Hey. I tell you what Lunsce his man told me,
He lound her out of all nickes.
In. Where is Lunsce?
Hey. Gone to seek his dog, which to morrow, by his
Matters command, hee must carry for a preferent to his
Lady. 
In. Peace, Iland aside, the company parts.
Pro. Sir Eurocles, scarce you, I will so please,
That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.
Th. Where meet we?
Pre. At Saint Gregoryes well.
Th. Farewell.
Pro. Madam: good euino to your Ladyship.
Sid. I thank you for your Musicke(Gentlemen)
Who is that that spake?
Pro. One (Lady) if you knew his pure hearts truth,
You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.
Sid. Sir Probus, as I take it.
Pro. Sir Probus(gentle Lady)and your Servuant.
Sid. What's your will?
Pro. That I may compose yours.
Sid. You have your wish: my will is even this,
That presently you lie you home to bed:
Thou subtile, perierd, d'afle, disloyall man:
Think 't thou I am so shallow, so conceited,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That hast deceive'd so many with thy vows?
Returne, returne, and make thy loute amends:
For me(by this pale queene of night I weare)
I am so farre from granting thy request,
That I despife thee, for thy wrongfull fuite;
And by and by intend to chide my selfe,
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.
Pre. I grant (sweet love) that I did louse a Lady,
But she is dead.
In. To waste false, if I should speake it
For I am sure he is not buried.
Sid. Say that the be: 1yet Valentine thy friend
Surreuice, to whom (thy selfe art witness)
I am betroth'd: and art thou not afrais't
To wrong him, with thy inportunity?

The two Gentlemen of Verona.
The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Pr. I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.
Syl. And so suppose am I; for in her grace
Affure thy selfe, my loue is buried.
Pr. Sweet Lady, let me take it from the earth.
Syl. Go to thy Ladies grace and call hers thence, and
Or at the least, in her sepulcher thine.

Sir. He heard not that.
Pr. Madam: if your heart be so obdurate:
Vouchsafe me yet your Picture for my loue,
The Picture that is hanging in your chamber
To that I feake, to that I sigh and weep:
For since the sub stance of your perfect selfe
Is else daunted, I am but a shadow;
And to thy shadow, will I make true loue.
Pr. If there be a sub stance you would secure deceiue,
And make it but a shadow, as I am.
Syl. I am very loath to be your Idol Sir:
But, since your falshood shall become you well
To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,
Send me in the morning, and I tend it:
And so; good rest.
Pr. As wretches have one night
That wait for execution in the morning.
Syl. Hah! will you goe?
Ho. By my haldisone, I was fast asleep.
Syl. Pray you, where lies Sir Problem?
Ho. Marry, at my house.

Truf me, I think 'tis almost day.
Syl. Not so: but it hath bin the longest night
That ere I watch'd, and the most heinous.

Sceena Tertia.

Enter Egline, Silvia.

Eg. This is the house that Madam Silvia
Entreated me to call, and know her mind:
Ther's some great matter she'll employ me in
Madam, Madam.
Syl. Who calls?
Eg. Your seruant, and your friend.
One that attendes your Ladiship's command.
Sir Egline, a thousand times good morrow.
Eg. As many (worthy Lady) to your selfe:
According to your Ladiship's imploge,
I am thus early come, to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me.
Syl. Oh Egline, thou art a Gentleman:
Thank not I Baster (for I swears I do not)
Valiant, wise, remore-full, well accomplishd,
Thou art not ignorant what else good will
I bear unto the banished Valentine.
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vaine Thunto (whom my very soule abhor'd.)
Thy selfe haue lou'd, and I haue heare the say
No griefe did euer come so meere thy heart,
As when thy Lady, and thy true-love die,
Upon whose faith and honor, I repose;
Verges not my fathers anger (Egline)
But thinks upon my griefes (a Ladies griefes)
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most wholy match,
Which heaven and fortune still rewards with plagues,
I doe desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrowes, as the Sea of sands,
To beare me company, and goe with me:
If not, to hide what I have faileth thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Eg. Madam, I pity much your grievances,
Which, since I know they vertuously are plac'd,
I give content to goe along with you,
Wreaking as little what betides me,
As much, with all good before you.
When will you goe?
Syl. This evening comming.
Eg. Where shall I meete you?
Syl. At Sir Patsick Cell.
Where I intend holy Confession,
Eg. I will not faile your Ladiship:
Good morrow (gentle Lady.)
Syl. Good morrow, kind Sir Egline.  Exeunt.

Sceena Quarta.

Enter Lamme, Problem, Julia, Silvia.

Lam. When a mans seruant shall play the Cure with
him (looke you) it goeth hard: one that I brought vp of
a puppy one that I faue'd from drowning, when three or
four of his blinde brothers and fiftes went to it: I haue
taught him (even as one would say precisely, thus I
would teach a dog) I was sent to deliver him, as a pre-
tent to Missis Silvia, from my Master; and I came no
further into the dyning-chamber, but he steps me to her
Trencher, and seales her Capons-leg; O, 'tis a foole
thing, when a Cure cannot keep himselfe in all compa-
nies: I would have (as one should say) one that takes vp
upon him to be a dog indeede, to be, as it were, a dog at all
things: if I had not more weeke then he, to take a fault
upon me that he did, I thinke verily hee had bin hang'd
for't: sure as I live he had suffer'd for't: you shall judge;
Hee thruffs him selfe into the company of three or
four gentleman-like dogs, under the Dukes table: hee
had not bin there (bleste the mark) a piping while, but
all the chamber fustieth him out with the dog (faies one)
what cut is this (faies another) whip him out (faies the
third) hang him vp (faies the Duke.) I haue bin ac-
quainted with the smelle before, knew it was Crab; and
goes me to the fellow that whips the dogsgeys: friend
(quoth he) you mean to whip the dog: I marry doe I
(quoth hee) you doe him the more wrong (quoth he) I was
did the thing you wot of; he makes men more sade,
but whips me out of the chamber: how many Masters
would doe this for his Seruant Pray, ie be twome I haue
fat in the flockes, for puddinges he hath floone, otherwise
he had bin executed: I haue fix'd on the Pillores for
Greffe he hath kil'd, otherwise he had suffer'd for't; thou
think'st not of this now: say, I remember the tricke you
far'd me, when I took me leave of Madam Silvia: did not
not I bid thee still make me, and doe as I say;when didst thou see me, heauen vp my leg, and make water against a Gentlewoman in the Barrage? didst thou ever see me do 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 do what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt.

How now you whor-son pezant, Where have you bin these two days loystering?

La. Marry Sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the dogge you bad me.

Pro. And what fates lie to my little Jewell?

La. Marry she faire your dog was a cur, and tells you currish thanks is good enough for such a prent.

Pro. But she receiv'd my dog?

La. No indeede did he not:

Her haue I brough't him backe againe.

Pro. What didst thou offer her this from me?

La. Sir, the other Squirlis was holne from me

By the Hangmans boyes in the market place, And then I offer'd her mine 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 againe, Or your returne againe into my sight.

Away, I say: play lest thou to vexe me here;

A Slave, that fill an end, turnes me to shame:

Sebastian, I have entertain'd thee,

Pastly that I haue neede of such a youth,

That can with some discretion doe my business:

For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish Low:

But chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour,

Which (if my Augury decree me not)

Witness good bringing vp, fortune, and truth:

Therefore know thee, for this I entertain thee, Go quite, and take this Ring with thee, Deliver it to Madam Silvia;

She lound me well, delivered it to me.

In. If fames you lound not her, not let her token:

She is dead belike?

Pro. Not fo: I thinkk thelines.

In. Alas.

Pro. Why do'thou cry alas?

In. I cannot choose but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore should'though pity her?

In. Because, methinks that she lound you as well

As you doo lystate your Lady Silvia:

She dreames on him, that has forgot her loue,

You dooaste on her, that cares not for your loue.

Tis pity Loue, should be so contrary;

And thinking on it, makes me cry alas.

Pro. Well: give her that Ring, and therewithall

This Letter that's her chamber: Tell my Lady, I claim the promise for her heavenly Picture:

Your message done, hye home into my chamber, Where thou shalt finde me, and felicite.

In. How many women would doe such a message?

Alas poor Pruehew, thou haue entertained

A Foxe, to be the Shepheard of thy Lambs;

Alas, poor foole, why doe I pity him

That with his very heart despight me?

Because he loves her, he despight me;

Because I love him, I must pity him.

This Ring I gau'de him, when he parted from me,

To bide him to remember my good will:

And now am I (unhappy Melfinger).

To plead for thee, which I would not obtaine;

To carry thee, which I would have refused;

To praise his faith, which I would have disprais'd.

I am my Masters true confidante, Loue,

But cannot be true servient to my Master,

Vnleffe I proue false traitor to my selfe.

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

As (heaven it knowes) I would not hate him speed.

Gentlewoman, 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 be the f?

In. If you be thee, I doe intent your patience

To heare me speake the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

In. From my Master, Sir Pruehew, Madam,

Sil. Oh: he sends you for a Picture?

In. 1, Madam.

Sil. Y'fals, bring my Picture there,

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

One Inda, that his changing thoughts forget

Would better fit his Chamber, then this Shadow.

In. Madam, pleaste you peruse this Letter?

Pardone me (Madam) I have visadus'd

Deliter'd you a paper that I should not;

This is the Letter to Madam Silvia;

Sil. I pray thee let me looke on that again.

It may not be of good Madam pardon me.

Sil. There, hold:

I will not looke upon your Masters lines;

I know they are filled with protestations,

And full of new-found oaths, which he will breake

As easily as I doe tearce his paper.

In. Madam, he sends your Ladieship this Ring.

Sil. The more fame for him, that he sends it me;

For I have heard him say a thousand times,

His Inda gave it him, at his departure:

Though his falle finger haue prophan'd the Ring,

Mine shall not doe his Inda so much wrong.

Sil. She thanks you.

Sil. What faileth thou?

In. I thank you Madam, that you tender her:

Poor Gentlewoman, my Master wrongs her much.

Sil. Doth it know her?

In. Almost as well as I doe know my selue.

To thinke upon her woes, I doe protest

That I have wept a hundred fower full times.

Sil. Behold the things that Pruehew hath forsook her?

In. I thinke she doth; and that's her cause of sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing faire?

In. She hath bin fairer (Madam) then she is;

When shee did thinke my Master lould her well;

She, in my judgement, was a faire as you.

But since she did negleect her looking glasse,

And threw her Sun-expelling Malque away,

The ayre hath flared the roes in her cheeks,

And pinch'd the lilly-enclore of her face,

That now she is become so blacke as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

In. About her stature: for at Penterees,

When all our Pageants of delight were plaid,

Our youth got me to play the womans part,

And I was trim'd in Madam Inda gowne,

Which furred me as fit, by all mens judgements,

As if the garment had bin made for me:

Therefore I know she is about my height,

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

For I did play a lamentable part.
(Madam)'twas Arden, passioning,
For Thebus perservy, and whist flight;
Which I to Hurdy acted with my teares;
That my poor Mistres mowed there withall;
Wepen bitterly: and would I might be dead,
it I in thought felt not her very sorrow.

Sir, She is beholding to thee (gentle youth)
Alas (poore Lady) defolate, and left;
I wepe my sefe to thinke upon thy words:
Here youth: there is my purle; I give thee this (well.
For thy sweet Misfris sake, because thou lou't her. Fare.
In.
And the shall thank you too, if ere you know
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful. (her.
I hope my Matter suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my Mistres loue so much,
Alas, how loue can trifle with it sefe;
Here is her Picture: let me feel, I thinke
If I had much a Tyre, this face of mine
Were full as lovely, as is this of hers;
And yet the Painter flatter'd her a little,
Vnleffe I flatter with my sefe too much.
Her haire is Amber, pure, and perfect Yellow;
It that be all the difference in his loue,
Ile get me such a bellorl'd Perrysiag:
Her eyes are grey as glaffe, and so are mine;
I, but her fore-head's low, and mine's as high:
What should it be that he respects in her,
But I can make respecte in my sefe?
It this fond Loue, were not a blinded god.
Come shadow, come, and take this shadow vp,
For'tis thy fall; O thou felceille fortune,
Thou shalt be worship'd, kid'd, lou'd, and ador'd;
And were there fence in his Idolaty,
My substance should be flatable in thy head.
Ile vie thee kindly, for thy Mistres sake
That w'd me so: or else by loue, I vow,
I should have feratch'd out your vengeance eyes,
To make my Matter out of loue with thee. Exeunt.

Actus Quintus, Scena Prima.

Enter Eglamoure, Silvia.

Egl. The Sun begins to guild the westerm skie,
And now it is about the very houre
That Silvia, at Fryer Patrick Cell should meet me,
She will not sefe; for Loues breake not houres,
Vnleffe it be to come before their time,
So much they spur their expedition.
See where she comes: Lady a happy euening.
Sil. Amen, Amen: goo on (good Eglamoure)
Out at the Poulterne by the Abbey wall;
I fear I am attended by some Spies.
Egl. Fear not: the Forrest is not three leagues off,
If we recouer that, we are fare enough. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Threo, Proctor, Julia, Oake.

Th. Sir Proctora, what sakes Silvia to my suit?

Pro. Oh Sir, I finde her milder then she was,
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.
Th. What? that my leg is too long?
Pro. No, that it is too little.
(der.
Th. Ile weare a Boote, to make it somewhat round.
Pro. But loue will not be spard to what it loathes.
Th. What fates sfe to my face?
Pro. She sfaies it is a faire one.
Th. Nay then the wanton eyes: my face is blackes.
Pro. But Pearles are faire; and the old saying is,
Blacke men are Pearles, in beauteous Ladies eyes.
Th. 'Tis true, such Pearles as put out Ladies eyes,
For I had rather winke, then looke on them.
Th. How likes thee my discourse?
Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.
Th. But well, when I discourse of loue and peace.
Jul. But better indeed, when you hold you peace.
Th. What fayes sfe to my valour?
Pro. Oh Sir, the makes no doubt of that.
Jul. She needs not, when the knowes it cowardize.
Th. What fayes sfe to my birth?
Pro. That you are well dere'd.
Jul. True: from a Gentleman, to a foole.
Th. I confiders the my Offerions?
Pro. Oh, I, and pitteis them.
Th. Wherefore?
Jul. That such an Affe should owe them.
Pro. That they are out by Leafe,
Jul. Here comes the Duke.
Du. How now Sir Proctor, how now Threo?
Which of you saw Eglamoure of late?
Th. Not I.
Pro. Nor I.
Du. Saw you my daughter?
Pro. Neither.
Du. Why then
She's fled viso that pezant, Valentiene;
And Eglamoure is in her Company;
'Tis true: for Fryer Laurence met them both.
As he in palemace wander'd through the Forrest:
Him he knew well: and gueld that it was she,
But being mask'd, he was not sure of it.
Besides the did intend Confession
At Patrick Cell this euening, and there she was not.
Threo, I pray you haine, not to discourse,
But mounty you presently, and meece with me
Upon the rising of the Mountain foote.
That looks toward Mantua, whether they are fled:
Disparche (sweet Gentleman) and follow me.
Th. Why this is it, to be a precyous Girle,
That flies her fortune when it follows her:
Ille after; more to be recover'd on Eglamoure,
Then for the loue of reck-leffe Silvia.
Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia loue
Then harte of Eglamoure that goes with her,
Jul. And I will follow, more to croffe that loue
Then hate for Silvia, that is gone for loue. Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Sthnia, On-Love.

(ont. Come, come be pacient.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

We must bring you to our Captns.

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

2 OvIV. Come, bring her away.

SIL. Where is the gentleman that was with her?

2 OvIV. Being nimble footed she hath cutt vs.

But Mafis and Valentine follow him;

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

1 OvIV. Come, I must bring you to our Captns sure.

Fear not: he bears an honourable mind.

And will nor be a woman lawfully.

SIL. O Valentine: this I endure for thee.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, Prothusa, Silvia, Ilota, Duce, Throst, Our-laws.

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

This shadowy desert, unrespected woods
I better brooke then looking people Townes:
Here can I for the, vn-scene of any,
And to the Nightingales complaining Notes
Tune my diffrettes, and record my woes,
O thou that dost inhabit in my bref,
Leave not the Manion so long Tenamentle,
Left growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was,
Repair me, with thy presence, Silvia:
Thou gentle Nymph, cherish thy for-lorne swaine,
What hallowing, and what flier is this to day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their Law,
Have some unhappie passenger in clace;
They loue me well: yet I have much to doe
To keepe them from vntrul soultages.

Withdraw thee Valentine: who's this comes here?

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you
(Though you respekt not aught your servant doth.)
To hazard life, and reskew you from him,
That would haue for'd your honour, and your loue,
Vouchsafe me for my meade, but one faire looke:
(A smaller boone then this I cannot beg,
And lette this, I am sure you can not give.)

Val. How like a dreame is this! I see and hear:
Loue, lend me patience to forbear a while.

SIL. O miserable, vnhappy that I am.

Pro. Unhappy were you (Madam) ere I came:

But by my comming, I have made you happy.

SIL. By thy approach thou mak'st me most vnhappy.

Val. And me, when he approacheth to your presence,

SIL. Had I bee ceas'd by a hungry Lion,
I would have beene a break-fall to the Beaf,
Either then have false Proutena reskew me:
Oh heauen be judge how I love Valentine,
Whose life is as tender to me as my soulle,
And fall as much (for more there cannot be)
I doe detest false pealest Proutena:

Therefore be gone, sollicite it no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, flood it next to death
Would I not vndergoe, for one calme looke:
Oh 'tis the curse in Loue, and still approvd.

When women cannot loue, where they're below'd.

SIL. When Proutena cannot loue, where he's below'd;
Heaue on Indias heart, (by first belft Loue)
For whole desire fake, thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths, and all those oaths,
Descended into perjury, to loue me,
Thou hast no faith left now, vnlesse thou didst two,
And that's faire worse then none: better be one
Then plural faith, which is too much by one:
Thou Counterfeits, to thy true friend.

Pro. In Loue,

Who respekt's friend?

SIL. All men but Proutena.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder forme+
Ille wooro you like a Souldier, at armes end,
And loue you'gainst the nature of Loue: forset ye.

SIL. Oh heauen.

Pro. Ile force thee yield to my desire.

Val. Ruffian: let goe that rude vacuill touch,
Thou friend of an ill fashion.

Pro. Valentine,

Val. Thou comon friend, that's without faith or loue,
For such is a friend now: a treacherous man,
I hope haft beguill'd my hopes; noorth but mine eye
Could have persuad'd me: now I dare not say
I have one friend alive; thou wouldst proove me,
Who should be trusted, when ones right hand
Is periur'd to the Bo'me? Proutena
I am forry I must never trueth thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake:
The private wound is deepest: oh time, most secure.
'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst!

Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me:

Froge me Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient: Randome for offence,
I rend'mt her heart: I was as truely sufferer,
As ere I did commit,

Val. Then I am paid:

And once againe, I doe receive thee honest:
Who by Repenance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heauen, nor earth; for these are pleas'd:
By Penitence th' Eternalls wrath's appeas'd:
And that my loue may appease plaine and free,
All that was mine, in Silvia, I gue die.

Inf. Oh me vnhappy.

Pro. Looke to the Boy,

Val. Why, Boy?

Why wage, how now? what's the matter? I look vp: speake,

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

Pro. Where is that ring? boy?

Inf. Heree'tis: this is it.

Pro. How? let me see.

Why is this the ring I gau'd to Silvia.

Inf. Oh, cry you mercy sir; I have mistooke
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

Pro. But how can't thou by this ring? at my depart
I gav this vno Indias.

Inf. And Indias her felle did giue it me,
And Indias her felle hath brought it hither.

Pro. How? Indias?

Inf. Behold her, that gave syme to all thy oats, and
Entersind 'em deeply in her heart.

How oft haue thou with periure cleft the roote?

Oh Proutena, let this habit make thee bluffs.

D
Bethou aisham’d that I have tooke upon me,
Such an immodel rayment of shame liue
In a difguis of love?
It is the leffer blot modestly fnder,
Women to change their fhape,then men their minds.
Pro. Then men their minds?is true;oh heuen, were man
But Conffant,he were perfect; that one error
Fils him with faults: makes him run through all this fins;
Inconfamcy falls-off, ere it begins:
What is in Silvia’s face, but I may fpe
More frefh in Junta’s, with a conffant eye?
Val. Come,come a hand from either:
Let me be bleft to make this happy clofe:
Twere pitty two such friends should be long foes.
Pro. Beare witnes (heaven) I have my wish for ever.
Jun. And I mine.
Out.—A pris’se a pris’se a pris’se.
Val. Forbeare,forbeare I fay: It is my Lord the Duke.
Your Grace is welcome to a man disgrac’d;
Banifhed Valentine.
Duke. Sir Valentine?
Val. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia’s mine.
Val. Thurio, give backe: or elle embrace thy death:
Come not within the meafure of my wrath:
Does not name Silvia thine; if once againe,
Verona shall not hold thee: here the bands,
Take but poiftion of her, with a Touch:
I dare thee, but to breath upon my Loe.
Thur. Sir Valentine, I care not for her; I
Hold him but a foolie that will endanger
His Body, for a finge that loves him not:
I claim her not,and therefore flie is thine.
Duke. The more degrerate and base art thou
To make fuch meanes for her, as thou haft done,
And leave her on fuch fligbt conditions.

Now, by the honor of my Anceftry,
I doe applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And thine performance of an Emprefle lare:
Know then, I heere forget all former greedef,
Canel all grudge, repeale thee home ageine,
Plead a new State in thy vyn-rial d merit,
To which I thus subscribe: Sir Valentine,
Thou art a Gentleman, and well defcri’d.
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou haft defred’her.
Val. I thank your Grace; ¥ gift hath made me happy:
I now befearch you (for your daughters fate)
To grant one Boone that I shall take of you.
Duke. I grant it (for thine owne) what ere it be.
Val. Thefe banifh’d men, that I have kept withall,
Are men endu’d with worthy qualities:
Forgue them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall’d from their Exile:
They are reformed, ciufll, full of good,
And ffit for great employment (worthy Lord.)
Duke. Thou haft prefuatd, I pardon them and thee:
Dispofe of them, as thou knowst their defects.
Come,let us goe, we will include all irares,
With Triumphes, Mirth, and rare folemnity,
Val. And as we walke along, I dare be bold
With our discourse, to make your Grace to fhine,
What thinke you of this Page (my Lord?)
Duke. I think the Boy hath grace in him, he blufhes.
Val. I warrant you (my Lord) more grace, then Boy,
Duke. What meane you by that faying?
Val. Please you, let tell you, as we passe along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned:
Come Proteus, tis your penance, but to heare
The fory of your Loues difcovered,
That done, our day of marriage fhall be yours,
One Fear, one house, one mutuall happiness.

The names of all the Actors.

Duke: Father to Silvia.
Valentine. Valentine, the two Gentlemen.
Protheus. Proteus, Father to Proteus.
Thurio: a foolifh ruffal to Valentine.

Eglamour: Agent for Silvia in her escape.
Host: where Julia lodges.
Out-loues with Valentine.
Speed: a swain to Valentine.
Launce: the like to Proteus.
Panthem: Swain to Antonio.
Iulia: beloved of Proteus.
Silvia: beloved of Valentine.
Lucilia: weighing woman to Julia.

FINIS.

THE
THE
Merry Wives of Windsor.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

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

Shal. No, Sir I Hugh, peruse me not: I will make a Star Chamber matter of it, if he be twenty Sir John Falstaff, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow Equire. (Coram.

Slen. In the County of Glocefter, Justice of Peace and Shal. I (Coten Slender) and Chief-justice. (Coram. Shal. I, and Rato lorum too; and a Gentleman borne (Master Patlon) who writes himselfe Armitage, in any Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, Armigero. Shal. I that I doe, and have done any time these three hundred yeares.

Slen. All his succeffors (gone before him) hath done: and all his Ancestors (that came after him) may: they may give the dozen white Luces in their Coate. Shal. It is an olde Coate.

Evan. The dozen white Lowifes doe become an old Coate well: it agrees well pallant: It is a familiar beaute to men, and dignifies Loue. Shal. The Lute is the fresh-fish, the salt-fish, is an old Coate.

Simple. 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 has a quarter of your coat, there is but three Skirts for your fettle, in my simple concei- ctures: but that is all one: if Sir John Falstaffe have committed disparagements vnto you, I am of the Church and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make attone- ments and compensates betweene you. Shal. The Countell shall heare it, it is a Riot. Evan. It is not meet the Countell heare a Riot: there is no feste of Got in a Riot: The Countell (looketh you) shall deify to heare the face of Got, and not to heare a Riot: take your viza-mentes in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were yong age, the sword should end it.

Evan. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: there is also another device in my praine, which peraduenture prings good disfrections with it. There is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master Thoms Page; which is pretty viiginity.

Mistrefe Page: she has brown hair, and speakes small like a woman.

Evan. It is that ferry person for all the ord, as full as you will deifie, and feuen hundred ponds of Monetys, and Gold, and Siluer, is the Grand-fire vpon his death-bed, (Got deliver to a joyfull resurrection) giue, when he is able to outtake fourteen age yeares old. It wase a good motion, if we leave our pribles and prabbles, and deifie a marriage betweene Master Abraham, and Mistrefe Anne Page.

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

Evan. I, and her father is make her a petter penny. Shal. I know the young Gentlewoman, she has good gifts.

Evan. Seven hundred ponds, and possibilities, is good gifts.

Shal. Well, do we see honest Mr Page: is Falstaffe there?

Evan. Shall I tell you a lye? I doe despise a lyer, as I doe despise one that is false. They are the true: the Knight Sir John is there; and I befeech you by your well-willers; I will pear the doore for Mr. Page. What hoa? Got-pellsie your house here.

Mr. Page. Who's there?

Evan. Here is go'ts pleffing and your friend, and Ju- dice Shallow, and heere young Master Slender: that perad- ventures shall teell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

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

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you: much good doe it your good heart. I wish'd your Verilson better, it was ill kill'd; how doth good Mistrefe Page? I thank you alwaies with my heart, la: with my heart.

Mr. Page. Sir, I thank you.

Sir. Thank you: by yea, and no I doe.

M.Pa. I am glad to see you, good Master Slender. Shal. How do's your fellow Greyhound, Sir, I heard fay he was out-run on Catfaff?

M.Pa. It could not be indig'd, Sir.

Shal. You'll not confesse? you'll not confesse.

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


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

M.Pa. Sir, he is with in: and I would I could doe a good office be twene you.

Evan. This spoke as a Christians ought to speake.

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

M.Pa. Sir, he doth in some fort confesse it.
Shal. If it be confessed, it is not reddres'd: and is not that so (M. Page?) he hath wrong'd me, indeed he hath, at a word - he believe me, Robert Shallow Esquire. Soth, he is wronged.


Fal. Now, Master Shallow, you'll compel me to the King?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deere, and broke open my Lodge.

Fal. But not kill'd your Keepers daughter?

Shal. Yea, a piteus this shall answer'd.

Fal. I will answer't, I have done all this:

That is now answer'd.

Shal. The Councell shall know this.

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

Em. Pancras: (Sir John) good words.

Fal. Good words! good Cabbage; Slander, I broke your head: what matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry sir, I have matter in my head against you, and against your coney-catching. Bawbee, Barlaud, Nym, and Puffail.

Bar. You Banbery Cheese.

Slen. 1, it is no matter.

Puff. How now, Mephistophilus?

Slen. 1, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say; pace, pace. Slice, that's my humor.

Slen. Where's Simple man? can you tell, Cofin? Em. Peace, I pray you: now let us understand; there is three Vampires in this matter, as I understand it; that is, Master Page (fideliciet Malter Page,) & there is my felle, (fideliciet my selfe) and the three party is (lastly, and fin-

nally) mine Hoof of the Garter.

Ma. Pa. We three to hear it; & end it between them.

Em. Ferry goody', I will make a preie of it in my note-booke, and we will afterwards orke upon the caufle, with as great discreetness as we can.

Fal. Puffall.

Puff. He hears with ears.

Em. The Tenill and his Tam: what phrase is this? he hears with care? why, it is affections.

Fal. Puffall, did you pick M. Slanders purse?

Slen. 1, by thee! glouses did he, or I would I might

never come in mine owne great chamber against elle, of feauen grosses in mill-fitinx, and two Edward Sho-

uelboords, that coat me two shilling and two pence a piece of Tread Miller; by thee glouses.

Slen. Is this true, Puffall?

Em. No, it is falle, if it is a picke-purse.

Puff. Ha, thou mountaine Forreynier: Sir John, and Master mine, I combat challenge of this Latine Bilboe: word of denall in thy labors here; word of denial, froth, and foun thou lief.

Slen. By thee! glouses, then was he.

Nym. Be avis'd sir, and passe good humours: I will say marry trap with you if you know the nut-books hu-

umor on me, this is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it: for

though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunke, yet I am not altogether an affe,

Fal. What say you Scarlet, and John?

Bar. Why, sir, (for my part) I say the Gentleman had drunke him! he ou't of his fute sentences.

En. It is his fute fenes; f. what the ignorance is.

Bar. And being fay sir, was (as they fay) cafered: and so condictions pa'the Car-eies.

Slen. I, you spoke in Latten then; but its no mat-

er; he neere be drunke whilst? I live againe, but in honest, civile, godly company for this tricke; if he be drunke, lie be drunke with thofe that haue the feare of God, and neer with drunken knaues.

Em. So get-udge me, that is a vertuous mind.

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

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

Slen. Oh heauen: This is Misstrife. Ano. Page.

M. Page. How now Miftreffe Fowd?

Fal. Miftreffe Ford, by your troth you are very wel met: by your leau ngood Miftris.

M. Page. Wife, bid the gentlemen welcome: come, we have a hot Venion paffe to dinner - Come gentle-

men, I hope we shall drink downe all unkindneffe.

Slen. I had rather then forty thullings I leade my book of Songs and Sonnetes here: How now Simple, where have you beene? I must wait on my felle, muft i? you have not the booke of Riddles about you, have you?

Em. Book of Riddles? why did you not lend it to

Alice Short-cake upon Alhallowins laft, a fortnight af-

fore Michaelmas.

Slen. Come Coz, come Coz, we pray for you: a word with you Cozi marry this; Coz: there is a thou a tender, a kind of tender, made a face-off by Sir Hugh here; doe you underftand me?

Slen. Sir, you shall finde me reasonable; if it be so, I shall doe that is season.

Shal. Nay, but underftand me.

Slen. So I doe Sir.

Em. Give ear to his motions; (M. Slander) I will descriptio the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will doe as my Cozen Shallow saies: I pray you pardon me, he's a judifie of Peace in his Coun-

trie, limple though I stand here.

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

Shal. I, there's the point Sir.

Em. Marry is it: the very point of it, to Mi. An Page.

Slen. Why if it be so, I will marry her upon any rea-

sonable demands.

En. But can you affection the 'oman, let vs command
to know that of your mouth, or of your lips: for divers Philosophers hold,that the lips is parcel of the mouth: therefore precipitely, can you carry your good will to misd? Slen. Cofin Abraham Slander, can you lose her?

Slen. I hope fir, I will do as it shall become one that
did doe reason.

Em. Nay, go'ts Lords, and his Ladies, you must speake

profitable, if you can carry-her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must:

Will you, (upon good dowry) marry her?

Slen. I will doe a greater thing then that, upon your request (Cozen;) in any reason.

Shal. Nay conceive me, conceive mee, (sweet Coz):

what I do is to please you (Cozi:) can you louse the maid?

Slen. I will marry her (Sir;) at your request; but if there bee no great lose in the beginning, yet Heauen may decaele it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more ocassion to know one an-
other: I hope upon familiarity will grow more content: but, if you say marry-her, I will marry-her, that I am freely di folued, and disfoltely.

En. It
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Ex. Nay, it is better yet; give her this letter for it is a woman that altogether acquaintance with Miffiris Anne Page; and the Letter is to desire, and require her to oblige your Masters desires, to Miffiris Anne Page: I pray you be gone: I will make an end of my dinner, then's Pippins and Cheese to come.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaff, Ho! Ho! Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, Page.

Fal. Mine Ho! of the Garrett.

Ha. What makes my Bully Roque? he speake chollerly, and wisely.

Fal. Truely mine Ho! I must turn away some of my followers.

Ha. Dashard (bally Herecutter) cafeher; let them wag, trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pouuds a week.

Ha. That's an Emperor (Cefar, Keiser and Phalexar) I will entertaine Bardolph: he shall draw, he shall play. I well (bally Helleter?)

Fal. Doe to (good mine Ho!)

Ha. I have spake; let him follow; let me see the froth, andblue: I am at a word: follow.

Fal. Bardolph, follow him: a Tapfer is a good trade: an old Crosse, makes a new Jerkin: a wthcir's St. Enginman, a fresh Tapfer: goe, a dew.

Ha. It is a life that I have deir'd: I will thrive.

Pistol. O bale hungarian wight: why the fp. got wield.

Ha. He was gotten in drink is not the humor desired.

Fal. I am glad I am to acquit of this Tinderbox. This Thiefs were too open: his fishing was like an Ashkintill Singer, he kept not time.

Ni. The good humor is to fcale at a minutes refl.

Pistol. Conny the wife it call: Steale fol: a fico for the phraxe.

Fal. Well fir, I am almoft out at hecel.

Pistol. Why then let Kibes enufe.

Fal. There is no remedy: I must comitche, I must fliuft.

Pistol. Yong Rauens must hate foode,

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this Towne?

Pistol. I ken the wight: she is of substance good,

Fal. My honest Ladies, I will tell you what I am about.

Pistol. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now Piftof. (Indeed I am in the waife two yards about: but I am now about no waife: I am about thrife) briefly: I doe men to make lowe to Fords wife: I fipre entertainment in her: fipe fipre: fipe courfe: fipe the leere of imitation: I can continue the action of her familier fife, & the hardie voice of her behaviour (to be English'd rightly), I am Sir John Falstaff.

Pistol. He hath flid his will, and tranflated her will: out of honesty, into Englifh.

Ni. The Anchor is deep: will that humor pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husbands Purfe: he hath a legean of Angels.

Pistol. As many dilies entertain: and to her Boy say I.

Ni. The humor rifer it is good humor me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: & here another to Pages wife, who even now gave mee good eyes too examin'd my parts with all judicious illufions: sometimes the beam of her view, guided my foote: sometimes my porly belly.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

P.S. Then did the Sun on dung-burnt shine.

Vsal. Here's fare for such a humour.

Cel. O the did so course o're my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye, did scene to scourch me vp as a burning-glasse; here's another letter to her: She beares the Pastle too. She is a Region in Gaieta: all gold, and bountie; I will be Cheaters to them both, and they shall be Excliqueurs to mee: they shall be my Easf and West Indies, and I will trade to them both: Goe, beare thou this Letter to Milfris Pages; and thou this to Milfris Ford: we will thrive (Lads) we will thrive.

P.S. Shall I Sir Pandaraw o' Troy become,
And by my fide were Steele? then Lucifer take all.

Vsal. I will run no base humor: here take the humor-Letter; I will keep the humor of reputation.

Cel. Hold Sirdia, beare you these Letters tightly, Saire like my Pinnasle to these golden shores.

Rogues, hence, aununt, vanilh like halie-stones ioe, Trudge; pld away th' hoole: seek e fether, packe:
Falseffe will lerne the honor of the age,
French-thrift, you Rogues, my felle, and skirred Page.

P.S. Let Vultures gripe thy guts: for gourd, and
Fullam holds?c high and low begauges the rich & poor,
Tefer ile haue in pouch when thou shalt lroke,
Bafe Phegmum Turke.

Vsal. I have oppetions,
Which be humors of reuenge.

P.S. Wilt thou reuenge?

Vsal. By Welkin, and her Star.

P.S. With wit, or Steele?

Vsal. With both the humors, I:
I will difcouver the humour of this Loue to Ford.

P.S. And to Page shall eke vnfold
How Falseffe (variety stale)
His Doue will proue: his gold will hold,
And his foft couch defile.

Vsal. My humour shall not coole: I will incite Ford to
deale with payson: I will posdele him with yollow-
nelle, for the reuelt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour.

P.S. Thou art the Mars of Malecontents: I second the: troup on.

Scene Quarta.

Enter Milfriss Quickly, Simple, John Rugby, Doctor, 
Cafta, Froton.

Qu. What, John Rugby, I pray thee goe to the Cafe-
ment, and fee if you can see my Master, Master Doctor Cafta comning: if he doe (I think) and finde any body in
the house, there will be an old abusing of Gods pa-
tience, and the Kings Englih.

R. Ie goe vrack.

Qu. Goe, and we'll have a peel for't: foone at night,
(in faith) as the latter end of a Sea.-cole-fire: An honest, willing, kinde fellow, as enter futtaue shall come in hou-
eth withall: and I warrant you, no tel-tale, nor no bream-
dote, his wor: fault is, that he is giuen to prayer; hee is some thing peculiac 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 Slenere's your master?

St. I forsooth.

Qu. Do's he not weare a great sound Beard, like a 
Glowers pairing-knife?

St. No forsooth: he hath but a little wee-ace; with
a little yellow Beard: a noine coloured Beard.

Qu. A foftly-priviledged man, is he noe?

St. I forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands, as
any is betwene this and his head: he hath sought with a 
Warner.

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

St. Yes indeede do's he.

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

Rw. Out alas; here comes my Master.

Qu. We shall all be feint: Run in here, good young
man: goe into this Clofon: he will not fly long: what 
John Rugby? John: what Ioan I say? goe John, goe en-
quire for my Master, I doubt he be not well, that hee
comes not home: (and demme Anne, demme a. Grce.
Ca. Vat is you ling? I doe not like des-toyes: pray
you goe and vetch me in my Clofon, vnboycone vee;
be a Groenne-a-Box: do intend vat I speke? a greene-
a-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. Fine, fine, formaylle, it was for channo, I am man vo le 
Cauo la grand a faires.

Qu. Is it this Sir?

Ca. Guyettte le au mon poche, de-Meetch quickly:
Vecis is the knaus Rugby?

Qu. What John Rugby, John?

Rw. Here Sir.

Ca. You are John Rugby, and you are Jacke Rugby: 
Come, take-youe, your Rapier, and come after me heele to the 
Court.

Rw. This ready Sir, here in the Porch.

Ca. By my troth: I carry too long: od's-me: que as is 
soublie: dere is some Simples in my Clofon, dat I will nor 
fly for the world: I shall lecture behinde.

Qu. Ay-me, he'll finde the yong man there, & be mad. 
Ca. O Diable, Diable: vat is in my Clofon? 
Villania, la roone: Rugby, my Rapier.

Qu. Good Master be content,

Ca. Wherefore shall I be content—a:

Qu. The yong man is an honest man.

Ca. What shall de de honest man do in my Clofon: dere 
is no honest man dat shall come in my Clofon,

Rw. I befeech you be not so forgiving: heare the 
truth of it. He came of an errand to mee, from Parfon 
Hugh.

Ca. Vell.

St. I forsooth: to defire her to—

Qu. Peace, I pray you,

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

St. To defire this honest Gentlewoman(your Maid) 
to speake a good word to Milfris Anne Page, for my Ma-
ster in the way of Marriage.

Qu. This is all indeed-le: but ile ne re put my finge-
ner in the fire, and neede not.

Ca. Sir Hugh fend-a you? Rugly, ballow me some 
paper: tarry you a litte-a-while.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

 Qui. I am glad he is so quiet; if he had bin thoroughly moulid,you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy: but notwithstanding man, I doe yoe your Mafter what good I can: and the very yea, & the nois, y French Doctor my Mafter. (I may call him my Mafter, looke you, for I keepe his houle; and I wash, ring, brew, bake, feeoure, dress mee, and drink, make the beds, and doe all my felte.)

 Simp. This is a great charge so come vnder one bodies hand.

 Qui. Are you a uisit o'that? you shall finde it a great charge: and to be vp early, and downe late: but notwithstanding, (to tell you in your eare, I wold have no words of it) my Mafter him selfe is in love with Mystris Anne Page: but notwithstanding that I know not mind, that's neither heere nor there.

 Casu. You, Jack Nape; giue a this Letter to Sir Henry, by gar, it is a challange: I will cut his treet in de Parke, and I will teach a scurril Jack-a-nape Priet to meddle, or make: — you may be gon; it is not good you tarry here: by gar I will cut all his two fiones: by gar, he shall not have a stone to throw at his dogge.

 Qui. Alas: he spaketh but for his friend.

 Casu. It is no matter a ver dat: do you not tell a me dat I shall haue Anne Page for my selwe? by gar, I will kill de Jack-Priet: and I have appointed mine Hoft of de larteer to measure our weapon: by gar, I will my selwe haue Anne Page.

 Qui. Sir, the maid louses you, and all shall bce well: We muft giue folkes leaue to prate: what the good-tert. Casu. Rugge, come to the Court with me by gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my dore: follow my hercles, Rugbe.

 Qui. You shall have Anne—fooles head of your owne: No, I know Anne mind for that: never a woman in Winds- ter knowes more of Anne mind: then I doe, nor can doe more then I doe with her, I thanke heuen.

 Fenton. Who's with in there, hoa?

 Qui. Who's there, I trau? Come neere the house I pray you.

 Fent. How now (good woman) how do all thou?

 Qui. The better that it please your good Worship to ask?

 Fent. What newes? how do's prettie Miftris Anne?

 Qui. In truth Sir, and free is prettie, and honell, and gentle, and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I prafie heuen for it.

 Fent. Shall I doe any good thinkst thou? shall I not joole my Mafter?

 Qui. Trott Sir, all is in his hands aboute: but notwithstanding (Mafier Fenton) Ile bee vnowne on a booke free louses you: haue not your Worship a warr aboute your eye?

 Fent. Ye Saturday I, what of that?

 Qui. Well, thereby hangs a tale: good faith, it is such another Now; (but I deceipt) an honest maid as ever broke bread: wee had an hoeures talke of that war: I shall never laugh but in that maids company: but (indeed) free is giuen too much to Althoyle and muffering: but for you — well — goe too.

 Fent. Well, I shall fee hee to day: hold, there's money for thee: Let me haue thy voice in my behalfe: if thou feell her before me, commend me.

 Qui. Will I? I faith that woe will: And I will tell your Worship more of the War, the next time we have confidence, and of other wooers.
praise womans modestly: and gave such orderly and wel-
beheaved reprove to all vnaughtiness, that I would have
sworne his disposition would have gone to the truth
of his words: but they do no more adhere and keep place
together, then the hundred Dolphins to the tune of Green-
sleeues: What temperf (I trea) threw this Whale, (with
so many Tuns of oyle in his belly) a throse at Windsor?
How shal I bee reunged on him? I thinke the bell way
were, to entertaine him with hope, till the wicked fire
of luft have melted him in his owne grace: Did you e-
er hear the like?
Miss Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of
Page and Ford differs so thy great comfort in this my-
stery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy Let-
ter: but let thine inherit sink, for I profess mine
never shall: I warrant he hath a thousand of these Letters, writ
with blanke-space for different names (fure 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,
when he would put vs two: I had rather be a Giantess,
and lye vnder Mount Pelion: Well: I will find you twen-
tie Discretion, with Turtles are one chaff-e man.
Miss Ford. Why this is the very same: the very hand:
the very words: what doli he think of vs?
Miss Page. Nay I know not: it makes me almoft rea-
dict to wrangle with mine owne honesty: I entertaine
my selfe like one that I am not acquainted withall: for
fure verelle hee knowe some draine in me, that I know
not my selfe, hee would never have boorded me in this
furie.
Miss Ford. Boordine, call you it? Ie bee lye to keepers
him above decke.
Miss Page. So will I: if thee come vnder my hatches,
Ie never to Sea again: Let's bee reung'd on him: let's ap-
point him a meeting: give him a show of comfort in
his Suit, and lead him on with a fine bated delay, till hee
hath pawn'd his horfes to mine Hob of the Garter.
Miss Ford. Nay, I will confent to aday my villany against
him, that may not fully the charitell of our honesty: oh
that my husband saw this Letter: it would glue earlernal
fod to his ileafuie.
Miss Page. Why look where he comes; and my good
man too: he's as farre from ileafuie, as I am from giv-
ing him caute, and that (I hope) is an vnmeasurable di-
stance.
Miss Ford. You are the happier woman.
Miss Page. Let's consult together against this greaft
Knight: Come hither.
Ford. Well: I hope, it be not so.
Miss Hope is a curst-dog in some faires:
Sir John affects thy wife.
Ford. Why sir, my wife is not young.
Miss Ford. He woodes both high and low,both rich & poor,
both yong and old, one with another (Ford) he loues the
Gally-mawfr(y) (Ford) permend.
Ford. Loue my wife?
Miss Ford. With liuer, burning hot: present;
Or goe thou like Sir Allan be, with
Ring-wood at thy hecles: Oiousius is the name.
Ford. What name Sir?
Miss Ford. The home I say: Farewell:
Take heed,haue open eye, for theeuys doe foot by night,
Take heed,ere sommer comes, or Cuckoo-birds do sing.
Away for Corpsecall Nime:
Believe it (Page) he speakes fenc.
Ford. I wil be patient: I will find out this.

\[\text{Nim.}\] And this is true: I like not the humor of llying:
hee hath wronged mee in some hurnors: I should haue
borne the humour'd Letter to her: but I have a fword:
and it shall bite upon my necessities: he loues your wife;
There is an end of the samethe long: My name is Corporall
Nime: I speake, and I souche: this true: my name is Nim:
and Falsaffe loues your wife: sиеue, I loue not the hu-
mour of bread and chees: adieu.

Page. The humour of it (quoth's) here's a fellow
frights English out of his wit.
Ford. I will secke out Falsaffe.
Page. I never heard such a drawling-affecting rogue.
Ford. If I doe finde it: well.
Page. I will not beleue such a Caturn, though the
Prieft o'th' Towne commended him for a true man.
Ford, 'Twas a good fenfible fellow: well;
Page. How now Cmeg?
Miss Page. Whether goe you (George) harke you,
Miss Ford. How now (sweet Frank) why art thou me-
lancholy? Ford. I melancholy: I am not melancholy:
Get thee home: goe,
Miss Ford. Fart, thou haft some crochets in thy head,
Now: will you goe, Miss Page?
Miss Page. Haue with you: you will come to dinner
George: Looke who comes yonder: shal belee our
Meflenger to paltire Knigbe,
Miss Ford. Truft me, I thought on her; she'll fit it.
Miss Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?
Qu. Torloofth: and I pray how doo's good Miftrefte
Anne?
Miss Page. Go in with vs and see: we have an heurces
tale with you.
Page. How now Master Ford?
Ford. You heard what this knaue told me, did you not?
Page. Yes, and you heard what the other told me?
Ford. Doe you think there is truth in them?
Page. Hang'em flues: I do not think the Knight
would offer it: But thee that accuse him in his intent
towards our wifes, are a yoke of his disordered men: ve-
ty rogues, now they be our of servite.
Ford. Would they his men?
Page. Marry were they.
Ford. Like it neuer the better for that,
Do's he lye at the Garter?
Page. I marry do's he: if hee should intend this voy-
age towards my wife, I would turne her loose to him;
and what hee gets more of her, then sharpe words, let it
lye on my head.
Ford. I doe not misdoubt my wife: but I would bee
loath to turne them together: a man may be too confi-
dent: I would have nothing lye on my head: I cannot
be thus satisfied.

Page. Looke where my ranting-Holf of the Garter
comes: there is eyther liquor in his pate, or mony in his
purce, when hee looks so merrily: How now mine
Holf?
Holf. How now Bully-Rooke: thou'st a Gentleman
Cauleiro-Justice, I say.
Sed. I follow, (mine Holf) I follow: Good-even, and
twenty (good Master Page,) Master Page, wilt you goe
with vs: we have sport in hand.
Holf. Tell him Cauleiro-Justice: tell him Bully-
Rooke.
Sed. Sir, there is a fray to be sought, betweene Sir
Hugh the Welsh Priest, and Caule the French Doctfr.
Ford. Good
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Falstaffe, Puffall, Robin, Quickly, Bardolph, Ford.

Ford. Good mine host Hoy o'th'Master Garter: a word with you.

Host. What faist thou, my Bully-Rooke?

Fal. Will you goe with vs to behold it? My merry Host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and (I think) hath no negociated them contrary places: for (beleeue mee) I haue the Parson is no Jester or harle, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Haft thou no fuit aginst my Knightly guest-Cauleire?

Fal. None, I profess: but I laie you a pottle of burn'd fackes, to give me recourse to, and tell him my name is Broome: only for a reft.

Host. My hand, (Bully:) thus shalt haue egriffe and regrette, (said I well) and thy name shall be Broome. It is a merry Knight: will you goe An-heares?

Fal. Haue with you mine Host.

Page. I haue heard the French-man hath good skill in his Rapier.

Fal. Tut fur: I could haue told you more: in these times you stand on distancce: your Paffes, Stoccado's, and I know not what: 'tis the heart (Master Page) 'tis here, 'tis here: I haue lerne the time, with my long-towrd, I would haue made you howe farr fellowes shippke like Ractes.

Host. Haue ye boyes, heere, heere: shall we wag?

Page. Haue with you I: I laded rather them f. old, then figh.

Fal. Though Page be a secure foole, and stands fo firmly on his wines frailty; yet, I cannot put-off my opinion fo easily: fie was in his company at Pages house: and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will looke further into's, and I have a difficuitie, to found Falstaffe; if I finde her bene, I looke not my labor: if the be otherwife, 'tis labour well beflowed.

Exeunt.

II. i. 210—II. ii. 96.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Better plight for a Lender, than you are: the which hath something emboldened me to this venificent intimation: for they stay, if money go before, all waifs doe lie open.

Fal. Money is a good Souldier (Sir) and will on.
Ford. Trueth, and I have a bag of money hereon troublesome me: if you will help to bear it (Sir John) take all; or haile, for calling me the carriage.
Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to bee your Porter.
Ford. I will tell you sir, if you will giue me the heareng.
Fal. Speake (good Master Broune) I shall be glad to be your Seruant.
Ford. Sir, I heare you are a Scholler: (I will be briefe with you) and you have bene a man long knowne to me, though I had never so good manners as desirr, to make my felic acquainted with you. I shall discourse a thing to you, wherin I must very much lay open mine owne improbable. But (good Sir John) as you have one eye upon my follies, as you heare them unfold, turne another into the Register of your owne, that I may passe to a reproove the easier, fish you your felic now how ease it is to be such an offender.
Fal. Very well Sir, proceed.
Ford. There is a Gentle woman in this Towne, her husbands name is Ford.
Fal. Well Sir.
Ford. I have long loud her, and I protest to you, abused much on her: followed her with a dooes observance: Ingrate opportunitie to meete her: she descrie every flight occasion that could but negligently give mee sight of her; not only bought many pretences to giue her, but have giuen largely to many, to know what flees would have giuen: briefly, I have purd her, as Loue hath purd mee, which hath been on the wing of all occasions; but whatsoever I have merited, either in my minde, or in my meanes, need I am sure I have received none, valese Experience be a Lebanon, that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught mee to fly this.

"Love like a shadow fleeth, when influence Love pursueth, Proving that that flies, and flying what pursueth."

Fal. Have you receiued no promis of satisfaction at her hands?
Ford. Neuer.
Fal. Have you importun'd her to such a purpuse?
Ford. Neuer.
Fal. Of what qualitie was your love then?
Ford. Like a fair house, built on another mans ground, so that I have loft my edifice, by mistaking the place, where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpuse have you unfolded this to mee?
For. When I have told you that, I have told you all: Some say, that though she appeare honest to mee, yet in other places she enlarges her minde to farre, that there is shewed confucion made of her. Now (Sir John) there is the heart of my purpuse: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discurse, of great admiration, authenticke in your place and person, generally allow'd for your many warlike, court-like, and learned preparutions.
Fal. O Sir.
Ford. Beleucie it, for you know it: there is money, spedd it, spedd it, spedd more, spedd all I have, only giue
The Merry Wives of Windsor.


Rog. 'Tis paste the hour (Sir) that Sir Hugh promis'd to meet.

Cass. By gas, he has face his foul, dat be is no come; he has pray his Pible well, dat he is no come: by gas (Jack Rover) he is dead already, if he be come.

Rog. He is his wife Sir: hee knew your worship would kill him if he came.

Cass. By gas, de herring is no dead, so as I will kill him: take your Rapiers, (Jack) I will let you how I will kill him.


Cass. VillAIN, take your Rapiers.

Rog. Forbear thee, hee's company.

Shal. 'Sau you Mr. Doctor CASSIO.

Page. Now good Mr. Doctor.

Sten. 'Give you good-morrow, sir.

Cass. Vate be all you one, two, three, four, come for? Have. To see thee fight, to see thee forge, to see thee transfuse, to see thee here, to see thee there, to see thee paaste thy puncho, thy flrick, thy tearete, thy distance, thy mortants: he is dead, my Ethipian? Is he dead, my Francico? Hully! what faires my Escolapius? my Solomon's heart of Elders? ha! is he dead bully? stale he is dead?

Cass. By gas, he's de Coward-Jack. Prettis of desyrd: he is not show his face.

Hoff. Thou art a Casti-nion. VRINAIL: Historian of Greece (my Dog).

Cass. I pray you beare wissefell, that we haue flay, flay or feuon, two tree howres for him, and bee into-come.

Shal. He is the wifes man (M. Doctor) he is a crier of foules, and you a curer of bodies if you shoud fight, you goe against the haires of your professions is it not true, Master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yeere the been a great fighter through noe small of peace.

Shal. Body-kings M. Page, though I now be old, and of the peace; if I set a sword out, my finger itches to make one, though wee are luffices, and Doktours, and Church-men (M. Page) wee have some falta of our youth now, we are the sons of women (M. Page).

Page. 'Tis true, Mr. Shallow.

Shal. It will be found (M. Page) M. Doctor CASSIO. I am come to fetch you home: I am sworn of the peaces you haue shrowd your selfe a wife Physicke, and Sir Hugh hath bowne himselfe a wife and patient Church-man who may live with me, M. Doctor.

Hoff. Par.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Hoft. Pardon, G reef-Inj ickle ; a Mounfier M ockewater.
Sh. Mock-water ? vat is dat ?
Hoft. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is Valour 
(Bully.)
Cai. By gas, then I have as much Mock-wateras de Englishman: feeyun.-jack-dog-Priek: by gai, weel cut his ear.
Hoft. He will Clapper-claw thee tightly (Bully.)
Cai. Clapper-claw ? vat is dat ?
Hoft. That is, he will make thee amends.
Cai. By-gar, me doe lookie hee shall clapper-claw me, for by-gar, me weel haue it.
Hoft. And I will prouoke him to 't, or let him wag.
Cai. Metanck you for dat.
Hoft. And moreover, (Bully) but first, M. G nieff, and M. Page, Becke Caufalero Slender, goo you through the Towne to Fragmore.
Page. Sit Hugh 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 ?
Sh. We will doe it.
All. Adieu good M. Doctor.
Cai. By-gar, me weel kill de Dreff, for he speake for a Jack-an-Ape to Anne Page.
Hoft. Let him diet feathery his patience: throw cold water on thy Choller : goe about the fields with mee through Fragmore, I will bring thee where Miltons Anne Page is, as a Farmhoufe Fealting: and thou shall woue he: Cride-game, said I well?
Cai. By-gar, mee dancke you for dat: by gari I loue you: and I shall procure you a de good Gueft de Edie, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my patients.
Hoft. For the which, I will be thy aduytory toward Anne Page: said I well?
Cai. By-gar,'tis good: well said.
Hoft. Let vs wag then.
Cai. Come at my heeles,2Jack Rugby.

Enter Evan, Simple, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoft, Casus, Rugby.

Evan. I pray you now, good Master Shallow, Sovereign-man, and friend Simple by your name; which way haue you look'd for Master Caine, that calls himselfe Doctor of Phisick.
Sim. Marry Sir, the pittie-ward, the Parke-ward: euery way: olde Windsor way, and euery way but the Towne-way.
Evan. I moft vehemently deire you, you will also looke that way.
Sim. I will fir.
Evan. Pleece my soule: how full of Chollors I am, and trembling of minde: I shal be glad if he have decrived mee how melancholies I am? I will knog his Virinall about his kniues coffard, when I have good opportunities for the onke: Pleece my soule: To Shallow Rivers to whose fault: melodious Birds sing Meddigalls: There will we make one Pid of Raishe: and a boome and fragrant poife. To Shallow: 'Mercie on mee, I have a great disposition to cry.

(Half 68)

Alius Tertius: Scena Prima.

Enter Evan, Simple, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoft, Casus, Rugby.

Evan. I pray you now, good Master Shallow, Sovereign-man, and friend Simple by your name; which way haue you look'd for Master Caine, that calls himselfe Doctor of Phisick.
Sim. Marry Sir, the pittie-ward, the Parke-ward: euery way: olde Windsor way, and euery way but the Towne-way.
Evan. I moft vehemently deire you, you will also looke that way.
Sim. I will fir.
Evan. Pleece my soule: how full of Chollors I am, and trembling of minde: I shal be glad if he have decrived mee how melancholies I am? I will knog his Virinall about his kniues coffard, when I have good opportunities for the onke: Pleece my soule: To Shallow Rivers to whose fault: melodious Birds sing Meddigalls: There will we make one Pid of Raishe: and a boome and fragrant poife. To Shallow: 'Mercie on mee, I have a great disposition to cry.
Scena Secunda.

Mst. Page, Robin Ford, Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Emme, Cunl.

Mst. 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 dwarf. (Courtes.)

M. Pa. You are a flattering boy, now I see you are a Ford. Well met mistis Page, whether you go.

M.Pa. Truly Sir, to see your wife, she's at home?

Ford, and as idle as the way hang together for want of company: I think if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

M. Pa. Be sure of that, two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-coke?

M. Pa. I cannot tell what (the dickens) his name is my husband had him of, what do you call sol Knights name Rob. Sir John Falstaff,

Ford. Sir John Falstaff.

M.Pa.He,he, I can never hit on her name; there is such a league between my gentleman, and he; is your wife at Ford. Indeed she is.

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

Ford. Has page any brains? Hath he any eyes? Hath he any thinking? Sure they steep him, he hath no eye of them: why this boy will carry a letter twenty miles as saile, as a Canon will shoot point-blanke twice score: he pieces out his wives inclination; she gives him folio motion and advantage: now she's going to my wife, & Falstaff boy with her: A man may heare this shewe sing in the winde; and Falstaff boy with her is: good plot, they are like, and out revoluted wives flame damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife, plucke the borrowed rade of moyste from the so-feeming Mst. Page, divulge Page himselfe: for a secure and

Scena Tertia.

Enter M. Ford, M. Page, Sermons, Robin, Falstaff, Ford, Page, Cunl, Emme.

Mst. Ford. What John, what Robert?

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


M. Page. Come, come, come.

Mst. Ford. Here, set it downe.

M. Page. 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 Brew-house, & when I doth call you, come forth, & (without any pause, or staggering) take this basket on your shoulders: & done, trudge with it in all hast, & carry it among the Whistlers in Datchet Mead, and there empty it in the maddie ditch, close by the Thames side.

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

M. Ford. I ha told them out and out, they lack not
The Merry Wives of Windor.

Be gone, and come when you are call'd.
M. Page. Here comes little Robin. (with you?)
M. Page. You little lack-a-lent, have you bin true to vs Rob. I. Ile be sworne: my Master knowes not of your being here: and hath threatened to put me into curru-ling liberty, if I tell you of it: for he feares he'll turne me away.
M. Page. Thou is a good boy: this secrecy of thine shall be a Tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. Ile go hide me.
M. Ford. Do so: go tell thy Master, I am alone: Miftis Page, remember you her. Din.
M. Page. I warrant thee, if I do not ad it, little me.
M. Ford. Go too then? we'll se this vnwholsome humidity, this groffe-watry Pompion; we'll reach him to know Turtles from Jeyes.
Fal. Have I caugh thee, my heavenly Jewell? Why now let me die, for I have liv'd long enough: This is the period of my ambition: O this blest house.
M. Ford. O sweet Sir John,
Fal. What that Iall cog. I cannot prize (M. Ford) now shall I fin in my wight: I would my Husband were dead, Ile speake it before the being Lord, I would make thee my Lady.
M. Ford. I your Lady Sir John? alas, I should bee a pittifull Lady.
Fal. Let the Court of France chwe such another: I see how thine eye would emulante the Diamond: Thou haft the right arched-beauty of the brow, that becomes the Ship-tyre, the Tyre-valiant, or any Tire of Venetian admittance.
M. Ford. A plains Kercsche, Sir John: My browes become nothing else, nor that well neither.
Fal. Thou art a tyrant to say so: thou wouldst make an absoluite Courtier, and the firme fixture of thy foule, would give an excellent motion to thy gate, in a semi-circled Farthingale. Ie see what thou wert in Fortune thy foe, were not Nature thy friend: Come, thou canst not hide it.
M. Ford. Beleeue me, there's no such thing in me.
Fal. What made me lose thee? Let that passewade thee. There's something extraordinary in thee: Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a manie of the sliping-headsorne buds, that come like women in mens apparel, and simile-like. Bucklers-berry in simile-time I: I cannot, but I lose thee, none but thee; and thou delerit it.
M. Ford. Do not betray me sir, I fear you lose M. Page.
Fal. Thou mightest as well lay, I loue to walke by the Counter-gate, which is as halftone to me, as the recke of a Lime-kiln.
M. Ford. Well, heauen knowes how I loue you, And you shall one day finde it.
Fal. Keep in that mind, Ile defende it.
M. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you doe; Or else I could not be in that mind.
R.L.Mistis Ford,Mistis Ford: here is Miftis Page at the doore, fweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speake with you presently.
Fal. She shall not see me, I will enconce me behinde the Artes.
M. Ford. Pray you do so, she's a very taling woman, What's the matter? How now?
M. Page. O mistress Ford what have you done?
You r'sham'd, you're outthrowne, you're vdone for ever,
M. Ford. What's the matter, good Miftis Page?
M. Page. O wealday, mist.Ford, having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion,
M. Ford. What cause of suspicion?
M. Page. What cause of suspicion? Our vpnon you:
How am I mislookt in you?
M. Ford. What (alas) what's the matter?
M. Page. Your husband's comming hether (Woman) with all the Officers in Windor, to search for a Gentle- man, that he layses is here now in the houfe; by your consent to take an ill advantage of his absence: you are mislookt.
M. Ford. Tis not so, I hope,
M. Page. Pray heuen it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 's most certaine your husband's comming, with halfe Windor at his heecles, to search for such 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, counte, counte him out. Be not asaiz'd, call all your fencies to you, defend your reputation, or bid farwell to your good life for ever.
M. Ford. What John? Do? There is a Gentleman my deere friend, and I feare not mine owne frame so much, as his perill. I had rather then a thousand pound he were out of the houfe.
M. Page. For shame, never stand (you had rather, and you had rather) your husband's heare at hand, bethinke you of some conuenynce; in the houfe you cannot hide him. Oh, how haue you deci'd me? I looke, heere is a basket, if he be of any reasonable natur, he may crepe in heere, and throw fowle linnen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or it is whiting time, lend him by your two men to Datches Meade.
M. Ford. He's too big to go in there: what shall I do? 
Fal. Let me see'll, let me see'll, O let me see'll; 
Ile in. Ile in: Follow your friends counsell, Ile in.
M. Page. What Sir John Fauffe ? are these your Let- ters. Knight?
Fal. I loue thee, help mee away: let me creep in heere: ile neuer——
M. Page. Help sea your master (Boy:) Call your men (Mist. Ford:) You enshambeling Knight.
M. Ford. What John, Robert, John; Go, take vp thire clothes here, quickly: What's the Cowlie selfe? Look how you drumbie? Carry them to the Landaffe in Datche mede; quickly, come.
Fal. Praise you come never? I suspect without cause, Why then make sport at me, then let me be your left, I defende it: How now? Whether beare you this?
Ser. To the Landaffe fortooth.
M. Ford. Why, what have you to do whether they bear it? You were belt meddle with buck-washing.
Fal. Buckes how could I wahf my jell of 's buckes, buckes, bucke. I warrant you Bucke, And of the feaston too; it shal appear.
Gentlemen, I have dreamd't to night, Ile tell you my dreame: here, here, here, here bee my keyes, ascend my Chambers, feast, fecke, finde out; Ile warrant we'll vkennell the Fox. Let me stop this way first: to now vspee.
Page. Good master Ford, be contented: You wrong your selfe too much.
M. Ford. True (mater Page) vp Gentlemen, You shall see sport anon:
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Fenton, Anne, Page, Shallow, Slender, Quickly, Page, Mist, Page.

Fem: I see I cannot get thy Fathers loue, Therefore no more turne meto him (Sweet Nan) .

Anne. Als, how then ?

Fem. Why thou must be thy felle, He doth obiee, I am too great of birth, And that my flate being gal'd with my espance, I seek to healit onely by his wealth, Besides these, other barres he layers before me ; My Riots past, my wilde Societies, And tells me 'tis a thing impossible I should loue thee, but as a property.

An. May be he tells you true.

No, heaven so speed me in my time to come,

If I be conffey, thy Fathers wealth Was the fiit mottie that I wou'd thee (Anse)

Yet was seeing thee, I found thee more vawel Then Hampe in Gold, or cummes in sealed bagges ;

And tis the very riches of thy felte,

That now I syne at.

An. Gentle M. Fenton,

Yet seeke thy Fathers loue, still sycke it fis,

If opportunity and humble fitse

Cannot attaine it, why then harke you hither.

Shal. Breaks their talke Mistreis Quickly,

My Kindman shall speake for himfelfe.

Slen. He makes a shate or a bolt on't lidio, tis but ventu.

Shal. Be nordifard, (ring)

Slen. No, shew not dismay me : I care not for that, but that I am affared,

Qui. Hark ye, M. Slender would speake a word with you

As. I come to him. This is my Fathers choice

O what a world of vild ill-fauour'd faults

Lookes handlyme in thre hundred pounds a yeerte

Qui. And how do's good Master Fenton?

Pray you a word with you,

Shal. She's comming : to her Cos.

O boy, thou hadf a father,

Slen. I had a father (M. As) my uncle can teu you good 

Shal. He shall speake of the good mistakes I pray you Vnle, tel Mist. Anne the oth how my Father flote two Geese out of a Pen, good Vuckle.

Slen. Mistris Anne, my Cozen loues you.

Shal. That I do, as well as I love any woman in Clocesterfhire.

Shal. He will maintaine you like a Gentlewoman.

Slen. I that I will, come out and long-taile, under the degree of a Square.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fiftie pounds inoyure.

Anne. Good Mistref Shallow let him woo for himfelf.

Shal. Marrie I thanke you for it : I thanke you for that good comfort she calis you (Cos) I lette you leave you.

Anne. Now Master Slender.

Shen. Now good Mistris Anne, Anne. What is your will?

Shen. My will ? Odd's hart-lings, that's a prettie left indeede : I me're made my Will yet (I thanke Heaven) I am not such a fickle creature, I glue Heaven praise.

E t
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Scene Quire.

As you come kindle and proch nothing!

Sir, how would your fortune, for the bare

Come you, and be therefore—

And now the door.

To think what a man's like having of mine.

To think what a man's like having of mine.

Then I'll send her to Sir John Falstaff, and

Please to tell him you heard nothing from me.

And if you will, I'll send her to Sir John Falstaff, and

Arise, arise! I'll send one of mine, and

In the first place, I have a body full of food.

I have a body full of food.

And in the last place, I have a body full of food.

And in the last place, I have a body full of food.

To mind what a man's like having of mine.

To mind what a man's like having of mine.

And if you will, I'll send her to Sir John Falstaff, and

To think what a man's like having of mine.

To think what a man's like having of mine.

And if you will, I'll send her to Sir John Falstaff, and

To think what a man's like having of mine.

To think what a man's like having of mine.

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To think what a man's like having of mine.

And if you will, I'll send her to Sir John Falstaff, and

To think what a man's like having of mine.

To think what a man's like having of mine.
Ford. A Buck-basket?

Fal. Yes: a Buck-basket: ram'd mee in with foule Shirts and Smocks, Socks, foule Stockings, grease Naphtha, that (Master Brown) there was the tankell compound of villains smell, that ever offended no
flire.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall here (Master Brown) what I
have suffered, to bring this woman to stille, for
your good: Being thus burnt in the Basket, a couple of
Ford's knaves, his Hiddes; were call'd forth by their Mis
firs, to carry mee in the name of foule Cloathes to
Dutch-tote: they took me on their shoulders; met
the jealous knave their Master-in-the-doore; who
ask'd them once or twice what they had in their Bal-
ket? I quack'd for: fear lest the Lunaticke Knave
would have search d it: but Fate (ordering he should
be a Cuckold): held his hand; well, on went he, for
a search, and away went I, for foule Cloathes; but
make the sequel (Master Brown) I suffered the pangs
of three generall deaths: First, an insupportable fright,
not to be detected with a fealous Bellsweather:
Next to be compar'd like a good Bilbo in the circum-
ference of a Pecke, hilt to point, heele to head. And
then take hops in like a strong distillation with Bunk-
ing Cloathes, that frett in their owne grease:
thinke of that, a man of my Kidney; think of that,
that am as sublichest heath as butter; a man of con-
mial distillation, and thaw: it was a miracle to finge,
suffocation. And in the height of this Bath (when I
was more then half feed in grease like a Dutch-
diff) to be thrown into the Thames, and could,
glowing-hot, in that finge like a Hori-
fio, thinke of that; buffeting hard; thinke of that (Master
Brown).

Ford. In good fadnife Sir, I am sorry, that for my fake
you have sufferd all this. My fuite then is desperate: You'll under take her no more?

Fal. Master Brown: I will be thrown into Enemy,
as I have beene into Thames: ere I will leave her thus; her Husband is this morning gone a Birding: I
have received from her another ambaffe of meet-
in; to night eight and nine is the hour (Master
Brown).

Ford. 'Tis past eight already Sir.

Fal. Is't? I will then addreffe mee to my appoint-
ment: Come to mee at your conuenient leasure, and
you shall know how I speeded: and the conclution
shall be crowned with your enjoying her; adieu: you
shall have her (Master Brown) Master Brown, you shall
catchold Ford.

Ford. Humnrs? Is this a vision? Is this a dream? doe I sleepe? Master Ford awake, awake Master Ford: ther's a hole made in your beft costume (Master Ford) that's to be married; this to have Lyinnen, and Back-
baskets: Well, I will proclaime my felle what I am:
I will now take the Leacher: hee is at my house: hee
cannot fcape me; 'tis impoffible hee fhould: hee can-
not crepe into a half-penny purle, nor into a Pepper-
Boat: But leaft the Dwil that guides him, foild
side him, I will search impoffible places: though
what arc'}m, I cannot accurre; yet to be what I would
not, fhill not make me tame: If I have horfes, to make
one mad, let the proverbe goe with me, ille be hone-
mad.

Exeunt.

Aelius Quatorius. Scena Prima.

Enter Master Page, Quirk, William, Emanuel.

Mifl. Pag. Is he at M. Ford's already think'st thou?

Qu. Such is he by this; or will be presently: but
truely he is very courageous mad, about his throwing
into the water. Master Ford defires you to come fa-
dainly.

Mifl. Pag. I be with her by and by: I le but bring
my young-man here to Schoole: look here, where his Master
comes; in a playing day: hee, how now Sir Hugh, no
Schoole to day?

Ems. No: Master Sloter is let the Boyes leave to play.

Qu. 'Blessing of this heart.

Mifl. Pag. Sir Hugh, my husband fates my fonne
profits nothing in the world at his Bookes: I pray you ask me
him fome queftions in his Accidence.

Em. Concl thet Williams; hold vp your head come.

Mifl. Pag. Come, come Sir James; hold vp your head; an-
swer your Master, be not afraid.

Em. William, how many Numbers is in Your
Wom. Two.

Qu. Truly, I thought there had bin one Number
more, because they fay'd your Numbers.

Em. Peace, your ratings. What is (Earse) William?

Will. Puffer.

Qu. Poulcaft? there faires feetins then Poulcaft,
sure.

Em. You are a very simplicity o man: I pray you
peace. What is (Laps) Williams?

Will. A stone.

Em. And what is a Stone (William)?

Will. A Peculie.

Em. No; it is Laps: I pray you remember, in your
prate.

Will. Laps.

Em. That is a good william: what is he (William) that
do's lend Articles.

Wmt. Articles are borrowed of the Pronounce; and be
thus declined. Singuulitier notinmcation hee, hee, hee.

Em. Nominatioh big big: big; pray you make: geni-
tion lines: Well, what is your Acciatute-cafe?

Will. Acciuatute-case.

Em. I pray you have your remembrance (child) Acciu-
atae big, big, big.

Qu. Hang-hang, is lattent for Bacon. I warrant you.

Em. Leave your prables (o man) What is the Fece-
tine Cafe (William?)

Will. Of Vacuum, O.

Em. Remember what, Feceintine, is ceret.

Qu. And that's a good route.

Em. O man, forbace,


Em. What is your Generall case plus all (William?)

Will. Generall cafe?

Em. I.

Will. Generall barum, barum, barum.

Qu. Vengeance of Gyues, cafe; fie on her; never
name her child, if she be a white.

Em. For thine o man.

Qu. You do ill to teach the child fuch words; hee
teaches him to his, and to him; which they'll doe full
enough of themselves, and to call barum; fie upon you.

Em. Oman
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Scena Secunda.


Fal. Mist. Ford, Your sorrow hath eaten vp my suffrance; I fee you are obstinacious in your lye, and I proffer requity to a hairies breadth, not onely Mist. Ford, in the simple office of lye, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it: But are you sure of your husband now?

Mist. Ford, Hee's a binding (sweet Sir John.)


Mist. Ford, Step into the chamber, Sir John.

Mist. Page. How now (sweete heart) whole at home besides your selfe?

Mist. Ford, Why none but mine owne people.

Mist. Page. Indeed.

Mist. Ford, No certaynly: Speake louder.

Mist. Page, Truly, I am so glad you have no body here.

Fal. Mist. Ford, Why?

Mist. Page, way woman, your husband is in his olde lyes against he to yeeter. Flyer with my husband, to sides against all married mankind: to curs every one daughters, of what complexion toover; and do buttettes himselfe on the for-head: crying pearce-pearce, pearce-out, that any madnest I ever yet beheld, seem'd but tame-nesse, cuality, and patience to this his dissembler he is in now: I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mist. Ford, Why, do's he talk of him?

Mist. Page, Of none but him, and sweare he was caried out the last time hee search'd for him, in a Basket: Procel's 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 tulipion: But I am glad the Knight is not here noe shall fee his owne footere.

Mist. Ford, How where is he Mistres Page?

Mist. Ford, Harly, all night end: he will be here anon.

Mist. Ford, I am vsed to the Knight is here.

Mist. Page, Why then you are veryly tham'd & hee's but a dead man? What a woman are you? Away, with this away with him: Better thrane, then wicher.

Mist. Ford, Which way should he go? How should I bellow him: Shall I put him into the basket again?

Fal. No, lile come no more to the basket.

Mist. Page, Also: three of Mist. Ford brothers watch the doore with Pilots, that none shall issue out: other wise you might flie away ere hee came: But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do? lle creepe vp into the chimney.

Mist. Ford, There they alwayes vie to discharge their Birding-pieces: creepe into the Kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mist. Ford, He will seeke there on my word: Nay ther Prefreen, Chief, Trunk, Wail, but he hath an ablack for the remembrance of such places, and goe to them by his Note: There is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. lle go out then.

Mist. Ford, If you goe out in your owne fesemblance, you die Sir John, unlesse you go out disguis'd.

Mist. Ford, How might we disguise him?

Mist. Page, As the day I know not, there is no woman growne bigge enough for him: other wise he might put out, as a mugger, and a ketchifie, and fo escape.

Fal. Good master, devise something: any extreme, rather then a mischife.

Mist. Ford, My Maids Aunt the fat woman of Brainford, has a growne above.

Mist. Page, On my word it will serve him: thees as big as he is: and there's her thrum'd hat, and her mugger too: run vp Sir John.

Mist. Ford. Go, goo, sweet Sir John: Mistres Page and I will looke some linnen for your head.

Mist. Page. Quecke, quecke, we'll come dere you first put on the gowne the while.

Mist. Ford, I would my husband would mee him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brainford he sweare his a witch, forbad her my house, and hath threatened to beate her.

Mist. Page, Heauen guide him to his husbands cudgel: and the diueld guide his cudgel afterwards.

Mist. Ford, But is my husband coming?

Mist. Page, I in good fadness he is, and talkes of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mist. Ford, We'll try that: for lle appoint my men to carry the basket against, to mee him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mist. Page, Nay, but hee be here pretty lest's go drebbe him like the witch of Brainford.

Mist. Ford, lle first direct mee my men, what they shall doe with the basket: Goe vp, lle bring linnen for him straight.

Mist. Page, Hang him dishonest Varlet, We cannot misufe enough:

We'll leave a prooie by that which we will doo,

Wifes may be merci, and yet honest too:

We do not ały that often, left, and laugh,

This old but true, Stilt Swine eats all the draugh.

Mist. Ford, Go Sirs, take the basket againe on your shoulders: your Maiter is hard at doore: if thee bid you set it downe, obey him quickly, dispatch.

1 Ser. Come, come, take it vp.

2 Ser. Pray heauen it be not full of Knight again.

1 Ser. I hope not, I had lief be as beare to much load.

Ford. I, but if it prove true (Mist. Page) have you any way then to vnfoole me againe, Set downe the basket: Villaine; some body call my wife: Yeours in a basket: Oh you Panderly Rafeals, there's a knot: a pike pake, a conspiracie against me: Now shal the dieul be tham'd, What wife I say: Come, come forth: behold what ho-

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self clother you fend forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this paffes. M. Ford: you are not to goe
look any longer, you muft be gone now.

Enact. Why, this is Lunatrick: this is mad, as a
mad dogge.

Skull. Indeed M. Ford, this is not well indeed.

Ford. So I say too Sir, come hither Miftiris Ford, Mif-
tiris Ford, the honest woman, the modestwife, the veritu-
cous creature, that hath the idleous foole to her husband;
I suspect without caufe (Miftiris) do I?

Mift. Ford. Heauen be your vitonne you doe, if you
suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said Brazen-face, hold it out: Come forth
forth.

Page. This pasles.

Mift. Ford. Are you not affhamed, let the cloths alone,
Ford. I shall finde you anon.

Enact. 'Tis unreasonoble; will you take vp your wives
clothes? Come, away.

Ford. Emptie the basket I say.

M. Ford. Why man, why?

Ford. Mifter Page, as I am a man, there was one con-
yays out of my houfe yearday in this basket: why
may not he be there againe, in my houfe I am sure he is;
my Intelligence is true, my jealousie is reasonable, pluck
me out all the linnen.

Seif. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall dye a Fieas
debth.

Page. Heer's no man.

Skull. By my fideliety this is not well Mr. Ford: This
wronges you.

Enact. Mr. Ford, you must praty, and not follow the
imaginations of your owne heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, hee's not here; I feke for.

Page. No, nor no where else but in your braine.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time? I find
not what I feke, thew no colour for my extremity: Let
me for euer be your Table-fport: Let them say of me,
as jealous as Ford, that search'd a hollow Wall-nut for his
wifes Leman. Satisfie me once more, once more ferch with me.

M. Ford. What hoa (Miftris Page) come you and
the old woman downe: my husband will come into the
Chamber.

Ford. Old woman? what old woman that?

M. Ford. Why it is my maids Aunt of Brainford.

Ford. A witch, a Queane, an olde cowzening queane:
Haue I not forbid her my houfe? She comes of errands
do's the? We are simple men, wee doe not know what's
brought to paffe under the profession of Fortune-telling.
She workes by Charmes, by Spela, by th'Figure, & such
dawny as this, is beyond our Element: wee know noth-
ing. Come downe you Witch, you Hagge you, come
downe I say.

Mift. Ford. Nay, good sweet husband, good Gentlemen,
let him strike the old woman.

Mift. Page. Come mother Prat, Come give me your
hand.

Ford. Ile Prat her: Out of my doore, you Witch,
you Ragge, you Baggage, you Poulce, you Runmon,
out, our: Ile conjure you, Ile fortune-tell you.

Mift. Page. Are you not asshamed?

I think you haue kill'd the poore woman.

Mift. Ford. Nay he will doe it, 'tis a goodly credite
for you.

Ford. Hang her witch.

Enact. By yes and no, I think the o'man is a witch in-
deede: I like not when a o'man has a great peard, I pie
a great peard under his muffler.

Ford. Will you follow Gentlemen, I beftech you fol-
low: see but the issue of my jealousie: If I cry out thus
upon no trute, never trust me when I open againe.

Page. Let's obeie his humour a little further:

Come Gentlemen.

Mift. Page. Trust me he beate him most pitifullly

Mift. Ford. Nay by th'Mafe that he did not: he beate
him most unpitifullly, me thought.

Mift. Page. He have the endig'll hallow'd, and hung
over the Altar, it hath done meritorious seruice,

Mift. Ford. What think you? May we with the war-
rant of woman-hood, and the witnesse of a good confi-
pence, pursu him with any further seruence?

M. Page. The spirit of wamonnesse is sure feard out
of him, if the diuell have him not in fee-simple, with
fine and recouery, he will never (I thinke) in the way of
waffe, attempt vs againe.

Mift. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how wee haue
feru'd him?

Mift. Page. Yes, by all meanes: if he but to scrape
the figures out of your husbands brainen: if they can
find in their hearts, the poore vnwertuous Sir Knight shall
be any further afflicted, wee two will still bee the minis-
ters.

Mift. Ford. Ile warrant, they'll have him publique
ly shan'd, and me thinke there would be no period to the
leaff,should he not be publike shan'd.

Mift. Page. Come, to the Forge with it, then shape it:
I would not have things soole.

Exeunt

Scena Tertia.

Enter Hoft and Bardolf.

Bar. Sir, the Germane defires to have three of your
horses: the Duke himselfe will be to morrow at Court,
and they are going to meet him.

Hoft. What Duke should that be comes so secretly?
I heare not of him in the Court: let mee speake with the
Gentlemen, they speake English?

Bar. I Sir, Ie call him to you.

Hoft. They shall have my horses, but Ie make them
pay: Ie fance them, they have had my horses a week at
command: I haue turn'd away my other guests, they
must come off, Ie fawce them, come.

Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

Enter Page, Ford, Miftiris Page, Miftiris Ford, and Enact.

Enact. 'Tis one of the beft deirections of a o'man as e-
cuer I did looke upon.

Page. And did he fend you both these Letters at an
instantial?

Mift. Page. Within a quarter of an houre.

Ford. Pardon me (wife) henceforth do what I wilt: I
rather will fuppet the Sunne with gold,

Then thee with wamonnesse: Now doth thy honor stand

(1)
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 extremist in demolition, 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 fat-fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.
Ford. There is no better way then that they spoke of.
Page. How to fend him word they'll meete him in
the Parke at midnight? Fie, fie, he'll never come.
Em. You say he has bin throwne in the Rivers: and
has bin greeuously peacen, as an old o'eman: I thee thinks
there should be terror in him, that he should not come:
Me-thinks his felf is punifd, hee shal have no de-

Page. So think I too.
M. Ford. Deuife but how you'l fave him whe he comes,
And let vs two deuife to bring him thecher.
Miff. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the
Hunter (sometimes a keeper here in Windsor Forest)
Doth 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 fable,
And make melch-kinde yeeld blood, and makes a chaine
In a most hideous and dreadful manner.
You have heard of fuch a Spirit, and well you know
The superflitious idle-headed-Eld
Receive'd, and did deluere to our age
This tale of Herne the Hunter, for a truth.
Page. Why yet there want not me no fatee
In deepne of night to walk by this Herne's Oak:
But what of this?
Miff. Ford. Marry this is our deuife,
That Falaffe at that Oak shal meete with vs.
Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this flame, when you haue brought him thecher,
What shal be done with him? What is your plot?
Miff. Page. That likewife haue we thought upon: & thus:
Near Page (my daughter) and my little Sone,
And three or foure more of their growth, we'll drifte
Like Vrchia, Ouphes, and Fairies, green and white,
With rounds of wasen Tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands: upon a fudden,
As Falaffe, fife, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a faw-pit tw at once
With fome diffufed fong: Upon their fight
Wetwo, in great amazement fhe'll flye:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And Fairy-like to pinch the vncaul Knight
And jakie him why that hour of Fairy Renell,
In their feated pathes, he dares to tread
In fpace propleane.
Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the fuppoft Fairies pinch him, found,
And burne him with their Tapers.
Miff. Page. The truth being knowne,
We'll all pricket our felves; dif-horne the fpirit,
And mocke him home to Windsor.
Ford. The children muff
But this will do to this, or 'they'inn't dones,
Em. I will teach the children their behauiours: and I
will be like a Locke-an-Apes also, to burne the Knight
with my Taber.
Ford. That will be excellent,
He goe buy them vizards.

Miff. Page. My Nan shall be the Queene of all the
Fairies, fainfly attired in a robe of white.
Page. That fille will I go buy, and in that time
Shall M.Slender (bequea my New away,
And marry her at Eaton: go, fende to Falaffe (straight)!
Ford. Nay, Ile to him againe in name of Broomes,
He'll tell me all his purpofe sure hee'lo come.
Miff. Page. Fear not you that: Go get vs properties
And tricking for our Fayries.
Em. Let vs about it,
It is admirable pleasures, and ferre honest nhauteries.
Send quickly to Sir John, to know his minde
Lete to the Doctor, he hath my good will,
And none but he to marry with New Page:
That Slender (though well landed) is an Idiot:
And he, my husband beft of all affects:
The Doctor is well monied, and his friends
Potent at Court: he, none but he shall haue her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to ceruche.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Hoff, Simle, Falaffe, Bardolfe, Emant, Caus, Quickly.

Hoff. What wouldft thou haue? (Boore) what? (thick
skin) speaks, breahte, difcante: breathe, short quicker,
snap.
Simp. Marry Sir, I come to speake with Sir John Fal-
affe from M. Slender.
Hoff. There's his Chamber, his Houfe, his Castle,
his flanding-bed and truckle-bed: this painted about
with the flory of the Prodigall, frefh and new go, knock
and call: hee'll speake like an Anthroplopogamin into
thee: Knocke I fay.
Simp. There's an olde woman, a fat woman gone vp
into his chamber: Ile be fo bold as fay Sir till she come
downes; I come to speake with her unde.
Hoff. Ha a fat woman? The Knight may be robb'd:
Ile call, Bully-Knight, Bully Sir John: speake fromy
Lungs Military: Art thou there? It is thine Hoff, thine
Ephebean calls.
Fal. How now, mine Hoff?
Hoff. Here's a Bohemian: Tartar tories the comming
downe of thye fat-woman: Lette her defend (Bully) let
her defend: my Chambers are honourable: Fie, prufy-
Fie.
Fal. There was (mine Hoff) 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't (Mufiel-fnell) what would you
with her?
Simp. My Mafter (Sir) my mafter Slender, fent to her
feeing her go thorough the streets, to know (Sir) whe-
ther one Nm (Sir) that beguil'd him of a chaine, had the
chaine, or no.
Fal. I speake with the old woman about it.
Simp. And what fayes he, I pray Sir?
Fal. Marry fhee fayes, that the very fame man that
beguil'd Mafter Slender of his Chaine, cozen'd him of it.
Simp. I would I could have spoken with the Woman
her

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her selfe. I had other things to have spoken with her,
too, from him.

Fal. What are they? Let vs know.

Hoft. I come quicker.

Fal. I may not conceale them (Sir.)

Hoft. Conceale them, or thou diu't.

Sim. Why sir, they were nothing but about Missiris

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.

Sim. May I be bold to say to Sir?

Fal. I see she who more bold.

Sim. I thank your worship: I shall make my Matter
ghve these thyngs.

Hoft. Thou art clearly: thou art clearly (Sir John)

was there a woman with thee?

Fal. I that there was (mine Host) one that hath caught
me more wit, than ever I learn'd before in my life: and
I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learn-
ing.

Bar. Out alas (Sir) cozenage: meere cozenage.

Hoft. Where be my horses? speake well of them var-
etto.

Bar. Run away with the cozeners: for so foone as
I came beyond Eaton, they threw me off, from behinde
one of them, in a slough of myre; and set spurrees, and
away: like three Germane-duels: three Doler Fau-
flafers.

Hoft. They are gone but to meet the Duke (villaine)
do not say they defled: Germans are honest men.

Sim. Where is mine Host?

Hoft. What is the matter Sir?

Evan. I have a care of your entertainments: there is
a friend of mine come to Towne, tells mee there is three,
Coren-Iermans, that has cozened all the Host of Reading,
of Maidenhead; of Cole-brooke, of horses and money: I
tell you for good well (looke you) you are wife, and full
of gibes, and vluoting-stocks: and 'tis not cozenement
you should be cozened: Fare you well.

Cat. Ver is mine Host de lacerrre?

Host. Here (Mather Dollar) in perplexitie, and doubful
ly.

Cat. I cannot tell vse it dat: but it is tell a me, dat
you make grand preparation for a Ducle de lannimie: by
my troth: der is no Duke that the Courtis know, to
come: I tell you for good will: adieu.

Hoft. Huy and cry, (villaine) goe: affliit me Knight, I
am vn-done: fly: run, huy, and cry (villaine) I am vn-
done.

Fal. I would all the world might be cozened, for I
have beene cozened and beaten too: if it should come
to the care of the Court, how I have beene transformed;
and how my transformation hath bene wash'd, and
cudged, they would melt mee out of my fat drop by
drop, and liquor Firestems-boots with me: I warrant
they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as
trel-faine as a dride-pearce: I neuer prospred, for I
forsooke my selfe at Primero: well, if my windes were
but long enough! I would repent: Now? Whence come
you?

Qui. From the two parties forsooth.

Fal. The Diewell take one partie, and his Dam the
other: and so they shall be both befolowed: I have ful-

sent'd more for their takes: more than the villanous in-
costancy of my more disputation is able to bear.

Qui. And have not tipp (sir?) Yes! I warrant; spe-
cious one of them; Missiris Page (good heart) is beaten
blacke and blew, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of blacke, and blew? I
was beaten my felle into all the colours of the Rain-
bow: and I was like to be apprehended for the Witch
of Brainford, but that my admirable dexterity of wit,
my counterfeiting the action of an old woman deliuer'd
me: the house Comitable had set me till Stocks, th'com-
mon Stocks, for a Wrenchfell.

Qua. 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 torne heauen well, that you are so
cropp'd.

Fal. Come vp into my Chamber.

Exeunt.

Scene Sixth.

Enter Fenton, Host.

Hoft. Mafter Fenton, talk not to mee, my minde is
heavy: I will gue over all.

Fen. Yet heare me speake: affliit me in my purpose,
And (as I am a gentleman) ile gue thee
A hundred pound in gold, more then thy softe.

Hoft. I will heare you (Mather Fenton) and I will (at
the least) keep you weeke.

Fen. From time to time, I have acquainted you
With the deare loute I heare to faire Anne Page,
Who, mutually, hath anfwer'd my affection,
(So faire forth, as her selfe might be her chooser)
Euen to my wish: I haue a letter from her
Of such contents, as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof, so laied with my matter,
That neither (fingly) can be manifester
Without the shew of both: far fallaffe
Hath a great Scene; she image of the left
Ile show you here at large (harke good mine Host?)
To night at Hermes-Oly, juft twist: polce and one,
Must my sweet Nan present the Faerie-Queene;
The purpose why, is here: in which disguise
VWhile other Iefts are some ranks on foote,
Her father hath commanded her to flip
Away with Slander, and with him, at Eaton
Immediately to Marry: She hath confered: Now Sir,
Her Mother, (even strong against that match
And form for Doctor Cune) hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffe her away,
While other Iefts are tacking of their mindes,
And at the Donny, where a Chief attends
Strait marry her: to this her Mothers plot
She seemingly obediently) likewise hath
Made promis to the Dollar: Now, thus it reff,
Her Father meane she shall be all in white;
And in that habit, when Slander sees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her goe,
She shall goo with him: her Mother hath intende
(The better to devote her to the Dollar;
For they must all be mask'd, and vizarded)

That
The Exeml hee'll which Exeunt.

The Exeunt.

poore-cid-man, lately.

Shuttle) he knaue after me.

fee things (Mafftcr Brome) away.

get away; me.

wee'll fee.

Exeunt.


Scena Secunda.

Enter Page, Shalow, Slender.

Page. Come, come: we'll couch i'th Caflle-ditch, till we see the light of our Fairies. Remember for Slender, my

Slen. I forsooth, I have spoke with her, &c: we have many-word, how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry Mum; she cries Budget, and by that

Scena Quinta.

Enter Falstaff, Missis Page, Missis Ford, Evans. Anne Page, Fairies, Page, Ford, Quickly, Slender, Fenstt, Cais, Fuller.

Fal. The Windsor-bell hath broke twice: the Minute draws on now: the hot-blooded Gods affix me: Remember Louse, thou wast but a Ball for thy Europa, Louse set on thy homys. One overfull Louse, that in some respects makes a Beast a Man: in some other, a Man a beast. You were also (Jupiter) a Swan, for the louse of Leda: Omnipotent

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omnipotent Loue, how here the God drew to the comple-
ction of a Goofe: a fault done first in the forme of a
beef,(O loue, a beastly faulte: ) and then another fault,
in the semblance of a Fowle, thynke on’t (loue a fowle-
fault. Why God hate thym?” I say, what shall proper
men? For me, I am heere a Windsor Staggre, and the
fastest (I thynke) i th forest. Send me a coole tust-tume
(loue) or who can blame me to pifie my Tallow? Who
comes heere my Doe?
M.Ford. Sir Iobt! Art thou there (my Deere?)
M.My male-Deere.
Fal. My Doe, with the blacke Scut? Let the skie
raise Portatoes: let it thunde, to the tume of Greene-
flueces, haile-kissing Comfits, and how Eringoes: Let
there come a tempeft of prouocation, I will thelfer mee
heere.
M.Ford. Mrithins Page is come with me (tweat hart.)
Fal. Diside me like a brdBucke, eacH a Haunch:
I will keep my fides to my selfe, my sowders for the
fellow of this walke: and my horses I boogheart my
hursds. Am I a Woodman, ha? Speake I like Herne
the Hunter? Why, now is Capid a child of confidence,
he makes refolution. As I a true spirt, welcome,
M.Page. Alas, what waits?
M.Ford. Heauen forgive our finnes,
Fal. What shoulde this be?
Fal. I think the dumel will not have me damn’d,
Least the oyle that’s in me should set fire on fire;
He would never else croffe me thus.
Enter Fairies.
Qu. Fairies blacke, gray, green, and white,
You Moone thone thrullers, and plates of night,
You Orphan heires of fixde flettyng,
Attend your office, and your quailty.
Crier Hob-goblyn, make the Fairy Oyes.
Pife. Elyes, lift your names: Silence you strie toys.
Cricker, to Windsor-chinnies that you leape;
Where fires thou fin’d’t vnra’k’d, and heerth vnwept,
There pinch the Maids as blew as Bill-berry,
Our radiant Queene, hates Sluts, and Shuttery.
Fal. They are Fairies,he that speaks to them shall die,
He winke,and cough: No man their works must eie.
Qu. What’s Tede? Go you, and where you find a maid
That ere the flepee has thriste her prayers said,
Rafpe vp the Orans of her fantasie,
Sleepe the as found as carelesse infancte,
But tho’le as flepee, and thynke not on their fins,
Pinch them armes, legs, backes,shoulders, fides, & thins.
Qu. About, about;
Search Windsor Castle (Elses) within, and out.
Strew good lucke (Ouphes) on every facted roome,
That it may fland till the perpetuall doome,
In flate as wholesome, as in flate ’tis fit,
Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it.
The feterall Chaires of Order, looke you scowre
With myce of Balm; and every precious fower,
Each faire Infalmit, Coate, and feu’rall Creff,
With loyall Bizzon, euermore be bled.
And Nightly-meadow-Fairies, looke you sing
Like to the Girites-Compaie, in a ring,
The’prelude that heere: Greene let it be,
Mote fereft-fresh then all the Field to fee:
And, Howe Seet Qui Mal-y-Princes, write
In Emeral’d-tusses, Flowres purple, blew, and white,
Like Sapphire-pearle, and rich embrodierie,
Buckled below faire Knight-hoods bending knee;
Fairies wfe Flowres for their charactery.
Away, difperre: But till ‘tis one a clocke,
Our Dance of Cuffome, round about the Oke
Of Herne the Hunter, let us not forget.
(lect.
Fal. Heauen defend me from that Wilds Fairy,
Leath he transforms me to a peece of Cheefe,
Pife. Vilde worme, thou wart ore-looke’d even in thy
birth.
Qu. With Triall-fire touch me his finger end:
If he be chaffe, the flame will backe defend
And turne him to no paine: but if he flart,
It is the fleeth of a corrupted hart.
Pife. A triall, come,
Eua. Come, will this wood take fire?
Fal. Oh, oh, oh.
Qu. Corrupt, corrupt, and tinted in defire,
About him (Fairies) fing a forefull rime,
And as you trip, till pinch him to your time.

The Song.
Fie on sunnefullphantaffe: Fie on Luft, and Luxuries;
 Luft is no but a bloody fire, kindled with emaciate desire,
Fed in hearts whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.
Pinch him (Fairies) mutuall: Pinch him for love vnlaice,
Pinch him, and borne him, and turne him about,
Till Candle, & Star-light, & Moones fines be one.

Page. Nay do not fye, I thinke we haue watcht you now:
Vill none but Herne the Hunter fete your turne?
M.Ford. I praye you come, hold vp the left no higher.
Now (good Sir Iobt) how like you Windsor wives?
See you thefe husband? Do not thefe faire yoakes
Become the forest better then the Towne?
Ford. Now Sir, whole a Cuckold now?
M.Broune, Fairhoffs a Knawe, a Cuckoldly knawe,
Here he his horns Mafter Broune:
And Mafter Broune, he hath enjoyed nothing of.
Ford, but his Buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds
of money, which must be paid to Mr. Broune, his horses
are arrested for it, Mr. Broune.
M.Ford. Sir Iobt, we have had ill lucke: wee could
never meete: I will never take you for my Lout against,
but I will always count you my Deere.
Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an Afse.
Page. I, and an Ox too: both the proofes are ex-
tant.
Fal. And these are not Fairies:
I was three of foure times in the thought they were not
Fairies, and yet the guiltineffe of my minde, the loade
furtize of my powers, droue the groffenesse of the fopper
ity into a receiued belief, in delight of the teeth of al
time and reason, that they were Fairies. See now
how wit may be made a Lacke-a-Lent, when he is of full
importance.
Eua. Sir Iobt Falhoffs, fete Got, and leave your
defires, and Fairies will not pinne you.
Ford. VWell said Fairy Kysg,
Eua. And leave you your isdlouzies too, I pray
you.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife againe, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my braine in the Sun, and dri'd it, that it wants matter to prevent to groffe ore-reaching as this? Am I ridd from a Welch Gost? 0 se, shall have a Coxeymboll of Prize? 'Tis time I were choode with a piece of toasted Cheefe.

En. Stelle is not good to guise pater; your belly is al pater.

Fal. Stelle, and Putter? Have I lli'd to hand at the taut of one that makes Fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of luff and late-walking through the Realme.

Mist. Page. Why Sir John, do you thinke though wee would have thrull venture out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have guine our fulles with us, &amp; gone to hell, that euer the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? A bag of flax?


Page. Old, cold, witch'd, and of intolerable en- tralies?

Ford. And one that is as flanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poore as lob?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Enam. And given to Fornications, and to Tavernes, and Sacke, and Wine, and Methembis, and to drinking and swareings, and laughings? Pribles and prables?

Fal. Well I am your Thame: you haue the flare of me, Lam deiceted: I am not able to answere the Welch Flamnell, Ignorance it selfe is a plummet to me, vie me as you will.

Ford. Marry Sir, we'll bring you to Windsor to one Mr Brome, that you haue cozen'd of money, to whom you should have bin a Pander: over and abone that you haue suffier'd, I thinke, to repay that money will be a biting afflicthin.

Page. Yet be cheerfull Knight: thau hadt est a poffet to night a my house, where I will define thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughes at thee: tell her Mr Slender hath married her daughter.

Mist. Page. Doctors doubt this?

If Anne Page be my daughter, she is (by this) Docteur Cains wife.

Stelm. Whos hee, hohe, Father Page?

Page. Sonne? How now? How now Sonne, Hauet you dispaiche'd?

Stelm. Dispaiche'd? Ile make the beet in Glottershire know on't: would I were hang'd la, eche.

Page. Of what feme?

Stelm. I came yonder at Elton to marry Mistris Anne Page, and she's agreed with a boy. If it had not been this Church, I would have hung'd him, or be hauet hauet hauet hauet hym. If I did not thinke it had ben Anne Page, would I might neuer thirde, and 'tis a Post-masters Boy.

Page. Upon my life then, you tooke the wrong.

Stelm. What need ye tell me that? I think for, when I tooke a Boy for a Girle: If I had bene married to him (for all hauet was in womans apparel) I would not haue had him.

Page. Why this is your owne folly, Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter, By her garments?

Stelm. I went to her in green, and cried Mum, and the crise bidding, as Anne and I had appointed, and yet it was not Anne, but a Post-masters boy.

Mist. Page. Good George be not angry, I knew of your purpose: turn'd my daughter into white, and indeed this is now with the Doctor at the Deanerie, and there married.

Cai. Ver is Mistris Page: by gar I am cozened, I haue married an Cartoon, a boy; oon peart, by gar. A boy, it is not Anne Page, by gar, I am cozened.

Mist. Page. Why did you take her in white?

Cai. I bee gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, It raie all Windsor.

Ford. This is strange: Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart mitigues me, here comes Mr Fenton.

How now Mr Fenton?

Anne. Pardon good father, good my mother pardon

Page. Now Mistris: How chance you went not with Mr Slender?

Mist. Page. Why went you not with Mr Doctor, madam?

Fen. You do amaze her: hear the truth of it, You would haue married her most shamefully, Where there was no proportion held in louse: The truthis, the false and I (long fince contracted) Are now to sure that nothing can dissuave vs: The offence is holy, that the hath committed, And that deces lootes the name of craft, Of disobedience, or vurdacious rule, Since therein the death extaste and flun.

A thousand and irregulous curved hours

Which forced marriage would have brought upon her,

Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedy:

In Loue, the heuens themselves do guide the hate,

Money buyes Lands, and wines are told by face.

Fal. I am glau, though you have tane a special stand to strike at me, that your Arrow hath glaued.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heauen gheue thee joy, what cannot be echew'd, must be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogges run, all forts of Deere are chac'd.

Mist. Page. Well, I will make no further: Mr Fenton, Heauen gheue you many, many merry dayses:

Good husband, let vs every one go home,

And laugh this sport oere by a Countrie fire,

Fen. and all.

Ford. Let it be so (Sir John)

To Matter Bronze, you yet shall hold your word,

For he, to night, shall lie with Mistris Ford:

FINIS.

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Measure,
For Measure.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Duke, Efiltrus, Lords.

Duke.

Esf. My Lord.

(Exit, Of Government, the properties to va-
While seeme in me t affect speeche discours.
Since I am put to know, that your owne Science
Exceeds in that the heart of all advice
My strength can give you: Then no more remains
But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work: The nature of our People
Our Cities Inscriptus, and the Termes
For Common Justice, y'arre as pregnant in
As Art, and prattise, hath instricte any
That we remember: There is our Commission,
From which, we would not have you warpe; call hither
I say, bid come before vs Angles,
What figure of vs think you, he will howse.
For you must know, we have with Special soule
Elecled him our abstinence to supply:
Lent him our terror, drest him with our loue,
And gien his Deputation all the Organs
Of our owne powr: What thinke you of it?
Esf. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergoe suuch ample grace, and honour;
It is Lord Angelo.

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Look where he comes. 
Ang. Always obedience to your Graces will;
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke, Angelo.

There is a kinde of Character in thy life,
That to th'ofter, doth thy history
Fully unfold: Thy selfe, and thy belongings
Are not thine owne fo proper, as to waste
Thy selfe upon thy vertues: they on thee;
Heauen doth with vs, as we, with Torches doe,
Not light them for themselves: For if our vertues
Did not go forth of vs, twice all alike
As if we had them not; Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine ifues: nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But like a thriftif goddesse, she determines
Her felicest glory of a creditor,
Both thanks, and vfe; but I do beaide my speech.

To one that can part in him advertise
Hould therefore Angelo:
In our remoure, be thou at full, our selfe:
Mortalitie and Mercy in Vienna.
Lye in thy tongue, and heart: Old Efiltrus
Though shift in question, is thy secondary.
Take thy Commission.
Ang. Now good my Lord
Let there be some more tell, made of my mettle,
Before to noble, and so great a figure
Be flanpt vp on it.
Duke. No more evasion:
We have with a lenear'd, and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honors:
Our halfe from hence is of so quickes condition,
That it prefers it selfe, and leues vnqueslion'd
Matters of needfull value: We shall write to you
As 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 Commission,
Ang. Yet giue leasue (my Lord):-
I list we may bring you something on the way.
Duke. My haff may not admit it,
Nor neede you (on mine on) not have to doe
With any scruple: your scope is as mine owne,
So to enforce, or quallifie the Laws
As to your soule femmes good: giue me your band,
He priously away: I loue the people,
But doe not like to itage me to their eyes:
Though it doe well, I doe not reliisf well
Their lowd applause, and Aues vehement:
Nor doe I thinke the man of safe direction
That doe's affect it. Once more fare you well,
Ang. The heauen giue safety to your purpose.
Esf. Lead forth, and bring you backe in happi-
ness.
Exit.
Duke. I thank you, fare you well,
Esf. I shall desire you, Sir, to giue me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concernes me
To looke into the bottome of my place:
A powre I haue, but of what strength and nature,
I am not yet instructes.
Ang. 'Tis so with me: Let vs with draw together,
And we may foone our satisfacion have
Touching that point.
Esf. Ile wait vpon your honor.

Exeunt.

Scena.
Scena Secunda.

Enter Lucius, and two other Gentlemen.

Lucius. 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, whom

1. Gent. Heaven grant his peace, but not the King of Hungary.


Lucius. Thou conclud'st like the Sanctionious Pirate, that went to rescue the ten Commandements, but scrap'd one out of the Table.

1. Gent. Thou shalt not steal?

Lucius. I, that he raz'd?

1. Gent. Why? 'twas a commandement, to command the Captain and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to feele: There's not a Soul'dier of all, that in the thanksgiving before meat, doth callish the petition well, that praiseth for peace.

2. Gent. I never heard any Soul'dier dislike it.

Lucius. I believe thee: for I think thou wast not where Grace was said.

2. Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

1. Gent. What? in meeter?

Lucius. In my proportion, or in any language.

1. Gent. I think, or in any Religion.

Lucius. I, why not? Grace's Grace, despight of all controversy: as for example: Thou think'st art a wicked villain, despight of all Grace.

1. Gent. Well: there went but a pair of shecres between us.

Lucius. I grant: as there may betweene the Lifts, and the Veluet. Thou art the Lift.

1. Gent. And thou the Veluet: thou art good veluet: thou'rt a three-ply-piece I warrante thee: I had as lirre be a Lyth of an English Kersey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French Veluet. Do I speakfe feelingly now?

Lucius. I think thou don't: and indeed with most painfull feeling of thy speech: I will, out of charity own confequence, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I have not to drink after thee.

1. Gent. I think I have done my selfe wrong, have I not?

2. Gent. Yes: thou hast him: whether thou art tainted, or free.

Enter Bawd.

Lucius. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes. I hear purchas'd as many diseases under her Roofe,

As to come

2. Gent. To what I pray?

Lucius. Judge.

2. Gent. To three thousand Dollours a yeare.

1. Gent. And more.

Lucius. A French crown, and more.

1. Gent. Thou art always figuring diseases in me, but thou art full of error, I am found.

Lucius. Nay, not (as one would say) healthy: but so found, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow; Impiety has made a feast of thee.

1. Gent. How now, which of your hips has the most profound Catarca?

Bawd. Well, well: there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was but a hundred thousand of you all.

2. Gent. Who's that I pray? 

Bawd. Mandy Sir, that's Claudius, Signior Claudius.
Measure for Measure.

Like rats that rayn downe their proper Bane,
A thirsty eilill, and when we drinke, we die.

Luc. If I could speake so wifely ynder an arret, I
would bend for certaine of my Creditors; and yet, to say
the truth, I had as lief haue the foppery of freedome, as
the mortallity of imprisonment: what's thy offence, G"indo?

Cia. What (but to speake of) would offend againe.

Luc. What, is't murder?

Cia. No.

Luc. Lecherie?

Cia. Call it fo.

Pro. Away, Sir, you must goo.

Cia. One word, good friend:

Lucio, a word with you.

Luc. A hundred!

If they'll doe you any good: Is Lecherie to look'd after?

Cia. Thus stands it with me: upon a true contract
I got possession of Intelet bed,
You know the Lady, she is faft my wife,
Sure that we doe the denunciation lacke
Of outward order. This we came not to,
Onely for propragion of a Dowre
Remaining in the Cofer of her friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our Lone
Till Time had made them for vs. But it chances
The felow of our mutt mutual entertainment
With Character too groffe, is writ on Intelet.

Luc. With child, perhaps?

Cia. Unhappily, even so.

And the new Deputie, now for the Duke,
Whether it be the fault and glimpe of newnes,
Or whether that the body publique, be
A horfe whereon the Governour doth ride,
Who now in the Seate, that it may know
He can command; lets it first feel the fpur
Whether the Turanny be in his place,
Or in his Eminence that fills it vp
I stagger in: But this new Governour
Awakes me all the inrolled penalties
Which haue (like vn-crow'd d'Armour) hung by th'wall
So long, that nineteen Zodiacks have gone round,
And none of them beene wonted; and for a name
Now puts the drowzie and neglected Act
Firesliy on me 'tis surely for a name.

Luc. I warrant it: And th'horfe flonds so tickle on
th'you, that a milke-maid if she be in loue, may
fight it off: Send after the Duke, and appeale to him.

Cia. I have done fo, but hee's not to be found.

I prethee (Lucio) doe me this kinde service:
This day, my fitter fhould the Cloyfter enter,
And thence receive her approbation:
Acquit her with the danger of my fate,
Implore her, in my voice, that the make friends
To the virtu desirous: bid her felle allay him,
I haue great hopes in that: for in her youth
There is a prone and speechlefe dialect,
Such as mouse men: besides, she hath prosperous Art
When fhe will play with reason, and discourse,
And well she can pfervade.

Luc. I pray thee may: I swell for the encouragement
of the like, which eell would fland ynder greeuous impos-
tion; as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be
forry thou should bee thus foolishly loft, or a game of tic-
tacke. Ille to her.

Cia. I thank you good friend Lucio.
Scena Quinta.

Enter Isabella and Francesca a Nun.

O. And have you News no further pruniledges?  
Nun. Are not these large enough?  
O. Yes truly; I speak not as defying more,  
But rather with all more strict restraint.  
Upon the Sisterhood, the Visitations of Saint Clare,  
Luc. victim.  
Is. Hoa? peace be in this place.  
Nun. Who's that which calls?  
O. It is a mans voice: gentle Isabella.  
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;  
You may; I may not: you are yet unworne:  
When you have vowed, you must not speake with men,  
But in the presence of the Prior eat.  
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 answere him.  
Is. Peace and prosperitie: who's is that call?  
Luc. Haile Virgin, (if you be) as those chekke-Roies  
Proclaimed you are not of estate can you did mee,  
As bring me to the fight of Isabella.  
A Notice at this place, and the faire Sister  
To her vnhappy brother Claudius?  
Is. Why her vnhappy Brother? Let me aske,  
The rather for I now must make you know  
I am that Isabella, and his Sister.  
Luc. Gentle & faire: your Brother kindly greets you;  
Not to be weary with yee he's in prision.  
O. Woe me; for what?  
Luc. For that, which if ay felte might be his Judge,  
He should receive his punishment, in thankes:  
He hath got his friend with childe,  
Is. Sir, make me not your frie.  
Luc. This true; I would not, though 'tis my familiar sin,  
With Maidens to ease the Lap-wing, and to left  
Tongue, far from heart: play with all Virgins to.  
I hold you as a thing en-skied, and fiend'd,  
By your renunciation, an immotal spirit  
And to be call'd with inercity,  
As with a Saint.  
Is. You doe blaspheme the good, in mocking me.  
Luc. Do not beleue it: fewen, and truth; 'tis thus,  
Your brother, and his loutre haue embrac'd  
As thole that feed, grow full as blossomming Time  
That from the feedes, the bare felloe brings  
To teeming foyfon: even so her plenteous wombe  
Expresseth his full Tith, and husbandry.  
Is. Some one with child by him? my cofen Juliete?  
Luc. Is he your cofen?  
Is. Adop'tedly, as schoole-maids change their names  
By wise, though sp affection.  
Luc. She it is.  
Is. 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 hope, and hope of action: but we doe learne,  
By thole that know the very Nerues of State,  
His guing-ous, were of an infinite distance  
From his true meant designe: vpon his place,  

(And with full line of his authority.)  
Gouernes Lord Angelo; A man, whose blood  
Is very snow-broth: one, who never feels  
The wanton flings, and motions of the fence;  
But doth rebate, and blunts his natural edge  
With profits of the minde: Studie, and fall  
He to glue fear to life, and libertie,  
Which later, for long, runn, by the hideous law,  
As Mynce, by Lyons: hath lick out an a.sh,  
Vnder whose heavy fence, your brothers life  
Falls into forfit: he arrestes him on it,  
And followes close the rigor of the Statute  
To make him an example: all hope is gone,  
Vnneile you haue the grace, by your faire prier  
To felon Angelo: And that's my pith of buinelle  
'Twixt you, and your poorer brother.  
Is. Doth he so.  
Seeke his life?  
Luc. Has censur'd him already,  
And as I heare, the Prouoid hath a warrant  
For his execution.  
Is. Alas: what poore  
Abilitie's in me, to doe him good.  
Luc. Affay the powre you have.  
Is. My power fail, I doubt.  
Luc. Our doubts are traitors  
And makes us lose the good we oft might win,  
By fearing to attempt: Go to Lord Angelo  
And let him learne to know, when Maidens sue  
Men give like gods: but when they wepe and kneele,  
All their petitions, are as freely theirs  
As they themselfes would owle them.  
Is. I fee what I can doe.  
Luc. But speedily.  
Is. I will about it fraight?  
No longer stayinge, but to guie the Mother  
Notice of my affairs: I humbly thank you:  
Commend me to my brother: loose at night  
Ile send him certaine word of my successe,  
Luc. I take my lease of you.  
Is. Good sir, adieu.  

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Angelo, Eflabon, and servants, Justice.  
Ang. We must not make a fear-crow of the Law  
Setting it up to fear the Birds of prey,  
And let it keepe one shape, till sometime make it  
Their peace, and not their terror.  
Efl. I, but yet  
Let us be cene, and rather cut a little  
Then fall, and bruise to death: alas, this gentleman  
Whom I would have, had a most noble father,  
Let but your honour know  
(Whether I believe to be most frant in vertue  
That in the working of your owne affections,  
Had time concord with Place; or place with willing,  
Or that the refolute acting of our blood  
Could have straining the effect of your owne purpose,  
Whether you had not sometyme in your life  
E'd in this point, which now you censur him,  
And puld the Law upon you.)  
Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted (Eflabon)  

Another
Another thing to fall: I tis not deny
The jury passing on the Prisoners life
May in the worse-worse case have a thief, or two
Guiltier then him they try, what's open made to justice,
That justice ceizes: What knowes the Lawes
That theues do pass on theecus? 'Tis very pregnant,
The Jewell that we finde, we foope, and take'
Because we see it; but what we do not see,
We trespounce, and newthand think of it.
You may not to extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults, but rather tell me
When I, that confesse him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgement passe out my death,
And nothing come in partiall, Sir, he must dye.

Enter Prussell.

Efc. Be it as your wife dose will.

Ang. Where is the Prussell?

Pro. Here it like your honour.

Ang. Seecthan Claudio

Be executed by nine to morrow morning,
Bring him his Confessor, let him be prepare'd,
For that's the vnmoist of his pilgrimige.

Efc. Well: heauen forgive him; and forgie vs all.

Some rife by force, and some by vertue fall:
Some run from brakes of Ice, and afe to were none,
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbou, Froth, Conwe, Officers.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if thee be good people
In a Common-weale, that do nothing butiere their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.

Ang. How know Sir, what's your name? And what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poore Dukes Constable, and my name is Elbou; I doe leane upon Justice Sir, and doe bring in here before your good honor, two notorious Benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? What Benefactors are th? Are they not Malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not what they are: But prefeas villanies they are, that I am sure of; and void of all propagation in the world, that good Christians ought to hate.

Efc. This comes off well: here's a wife Officer.

Ang. Go to, what quality are they of Elbou is your name?

Why do you, you not speake Elbou?

Cla. He cannot sir, he's out at Elbou.

Ang. What are you Sir?

Elb. He Sir a Tapler Sir: parcell Bard: one that serves a bad woman: whose house Sir was (as they say) pluckt downe in the Suborbs: and now thee professes a hot-houfe; which I thinke is a very ill houfe too.

How know you that?

Ang. My wife Sir? whom I detest before heauen, and your honour.

Efe. How? thy wife?

Elb. Sir? whom I thank heauen is an honest woman.

Efe. Do you detest her therefore?

Elb. I say Sir, will detest my felowe also, as well as she, that this houfe, if it be not a Bawds houfe, it is pitty of her life, for it is a naughty houfe.

Efe. How don't thou know that, Constable?

Elb. Marry Sir, by my wife, who, if she had bin a woman Cardinaly guen, might have bin accus'd in forni-
Measure for Measure.

Eff. 1. Sir, very well.

(2.) Nay, I beseech you mark it well.

Eff. Well, I do so.

Clo. Doth your honor see any harm in his face?

Eff. Why no.

Clo. Ile be uplifted upon a book, 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 of that of your honour.

Eff. He's in the right (Constable) what say you to it?

Ellb. And it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his Mithris is a respected woman.

Clo. By this hand Sir, his wife is a more respected person then any of vs all.

Ellb. Varlet, thou lyest: thou lyest wicked varlet: the time is yet to come that thee was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Clo. Sir, she was respected with him, before he married with her.

Eff. Which is the wiser here: Infinit or Infinitis? Is this true?

Ellb. O thou cattiss, 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 file with me, let not your worship think mee the poor Dukes Officer: proue this, thou wicked Hannibal, or else iche have mine action of Barry on thee.

Ellb. If thee took thee a box 'oth' eare, you might have your action of slander too.

Ellb. Marry thanke thy good worship for it: what is't your Worships pleasure I shall doe with this wicked Cattiss?

Eff. Truly Officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst disfigure, if thou couldst, let him continue in his course, til thou knowest what they are.

Ellb. Marry I thankke your worship for it: Thou feelist thou wicked varlet now, what's come vpone thee. Thou art to continue now thou Varlet, thou art to continue.

Eff. Where wee re you borne, friend?

Froth. Here in Vienna, Sir.

Eff. Are you of fourcorder pounds a score?

Froth. Yes, and 'tis please you sir.

Eff. So: what trade are you of, sir?

Clo. A Tapster, a poore widdowes Tapster.

Eff. Your Mithris name?

Clo. Mithris Outer- doon.

Eff. Hath she had any more then one husband?

Clo. Nine, sir: Outer- doon by the last.

Eff. 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 thanke your worship: for mine owne part, I never come into any room in a Tap-house, but I am drawne in.

Eff. Well: no more of it Master Froth: farewell: Come you hether to me, Mr. Tapster: what's your name Mr. Tapster?

Clo. Pompey.

Eff. What else?

Clo. Tamm, Sir.

Eff. Truth, and your barm is the greatest thing about you, so that in the beastliest fence, you are Pompey the

great: Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey; howsoever colour is in being a Tapster, are you not? come, tell me true, it shall be the better for you.

Clo. Truly Sir, I am a poore fellow that would live.

Eff. How would you live Pompey? by being a bawd? what do you think of the trade Pompey? is it a lawfull trade?

Clo. The Law would allow it, sir.

Eff. But the Law will not allow it Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Utopia.

Clo. Do's your Worships meanes to gole and splay all the youth of the City?

Eff. No, Pompey.

Clo. Truely Sir, in my poore opinion they will too: if your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Eff. There is pretty orders beginning I can tell you: It is but heading, and hanging.

Ellb. If you head, and hang all that offend that way but for ten years together: you'll be glad to give out a Commission for more heads: if this law hold in Utopia ten yeare, ile rent the fairest house in yet three pence a Bay: if you like to see this come to passe, say Pompey told you to.

Eff. Thanke you good Pompey; and in requital of your prophetic, thanke you: I aduise 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 best you to your Tent, and proue a shrewd Cager to you: in plaine dealing Pompey, I shall have you whip; for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Clo. I thanke your Worships your good counsell; but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine. Whip me? no, no, let Carman whip his Lade, The valiant heart's not whip out of his trade. Exe.

Eff. Come hether to me, Master Elbow: come hither Master Constable: how long hauest you bin in this place of Constable?

Eff. Seven yeare, and a halfe Sir.

Eff. I thought by the readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time: you say seaven yeares together.

Ellb. And a halfe Sir.

Eff. Alas, it hath beene great paines to you: they do you wrong to put you ovt of vs'r. Are there not men in your Ward sufficient to ferue it?

Ellb. Faith Sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose them for them: I doe it for some peace of money, and goe through with all.

Eff. Lookke you bring me in the names of some five or seaven, the most sufficient of your parishes.

Ellb. To your Worships houe Sir?

Eff. To my houe: fare you well: what's a clocke, thinke you?

Ins. Eleven, Sir.

Eff. I pray you come to dinner with me, Sir.

Ins. I humbly thanke you.

Eff. It grieveth me for the death of Claudio.

But there's no remedie:

Ins. Lord Angelo is seere, Sir.

Ins. It is but needfull.

Mercy is not it selle, that oft looks so,

Pardon is all the nurse of second woe:

But yet, poore Claudio; there is no remedie.

Come Sir.  

Exeunt.  

Scene II. i. 162—309.
Scene Secunda.

Enter Prouse, Servant.

Sir, hee’s hearing of a Caue ; he will come straight, I’ll tell him of you.

Pro. ‘Pray you doe; I know
His pleasure, may be he wil relent; alas
He hath but as offended in a dreame,
All Selfs, all Ages sack of this vice, and he
To die for’t?

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what’s the matter Prouse?

Pro. Is it your will Claudio shall die to morrow?

Ang. Did not I tell thee yes t’hadst thou not order?

Why do’st thou ask again?

Pro. Left I might be too rash:
Vader your good correction, I have seene
When after execution, Judgement hath
Repented ore his doome.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine,
Doe you your office, or give vp your Place,
And you shall well be spair’d.

Pro. I crave your Honour pardon:
What shall be done Sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She’s very neere her howre.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place ; and that with speed.

Ser. Here is the sifter of the man condemn’d,
Defires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a Sitter?

Pro. I my good Lord, a very virtuous maid,
And to be shorthe of a Sitter hood.
If not alreadie,

Ang. Well: let her be admitted,
See you the Fornicatre be remond’d,
Let her have needfull, but not lauifh meanes,
There shall be order for’t.

Enter Lucio and Isabell.

Pro. ‘Sauze your Honour, (will I?

Ang. Stay a little while: I’ye are welcome: what’s your

Isab. I am a wofull Sitter to your Honour,

Please but your Honour hear me

Ang. Well: what’s your fute.

Isab. There is a vice that moft I doe abhere,
And moft defire should meet the blow of Justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I muft,
For which I muft not plead, but that I am
At warre, twixt will, and will not,

Ang. Well: the matter?

Isab. I haue a brother is condemn’d to die,
To doe beforthe you let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Pro. Heaven giue thee mourning graces.

Ang. Condemne the fault, and not the actor of it,
Why cery fault’s condemn’d ere it be done:
Mine were the very Cipher of a Function
To finde the faults, whole fine flinds in record,
And let goe by the Actor.

Isab. Oh fault, but fevere Law;
I had a brother then; heauen keep your honour.

Luc. Giue’t not ore fo to him againe, entreat him,
Kneele downe before him, hang upon his gowne,
You are too cold: if you should need a pin,

You could not with more tame a tongue defiere it:
To him, I say.

Isab. Mult he needs die t

Ang. Maiden, no remedie.

Isab. Yes: I doe think that you might pardon him,
And neither heauen, nor man giuete at the mercy.

Ang. I will not doe.

Isab. But can you if you would?

Ang. Looke what I will not, that I cannot doe.

Isab. But might you doe’t & do the world no wrong
If so your heart were touch’d with that remorse,
As mine is to him?

Ang. Hee’s sentenc’d, tis too late.

Luc. You are too cold.

Isab. Too late: why no: I that doe speak a word
May call it again: well, beleue this
No ceremony that to great ones longes,
Not the Kings Crowne; nor the deputed sword,
The Marshalls Truncheons, nor the Judges Robe
Become them with one halfe fo good a grace
As mercie does: or he had bin as you, and you as he,
You would have flapt like him, but he like you
Would not have beene fo flerne.

Ang. Pray you be gone.

Isab. I would to heauen I had your potencies,
And you were Isabell: should it then be thus?
No: I would what were to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Luc. I, touch him: there’s the maine.

Ang. Your Brother is a forfeit of the Law,
And you but waffe your words.

Isab. Alas, alas:
Why all the foules that were, were forfeit once,
And he that might the vantage beft have tooke,
Found out the remedie: how would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgement, should
But judge you, as you are? Oh, thinke on that,
And merrie then will breathe within your lips
Like men new made.

Ang. Be you content, (faire Maid)
It is the Law, not I, confound your brother,
Were he my kinman, brother, or my fonne,
It should be thus with him: he must die to morrow.

Isab. To morrow? oh, that’s fadaine,
Spare him, spare him:
Hee’s not prepar’d for death: even for our kitchen
We kill the fowle of feaon: shall we ferue heaven
With leffe respect then we doe minifter,
To our greffe feline? good, good my Lord, be thinke you;
Who is it that hath di’d for this ofience
There’s many have committed it.

Luc. I, well saide.

Ang. The Law hath not bin dead, though it hath flapt
Thofe many had not dar’d to doe that euill
If the fift, that did th’Edict infringe
Had anfwer’d for his deed: now ‘tis awake,
Takes note of what is done, and like a Prophet
Lookes in a glaffe that fhowes what future euils
Either now, or by remiflenesse, new concei’d,
And fo in progreffe to be hate’d, and borne,
Are now to have no succifellue degrees,
But here they haueto end.

Isab. Yet fliew some pitie.

Ang. I fiew it moft of all, when I fhow Justice;
For then I pitie thofe I doe not know,
Which a dimifs’d ofience, would after gaue

And
And doe his right, that answering one foule wrong,
Lues not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your Brother dies to morrow, be content.
Ifab. So you must be for that gives this sentence,
And hee, that suffers: Oh, it is excellent
To have a Giants strength: but it is tyrannous
To vie it like a Giant.
Luc. That's well said.
Ifab. Could great men thunders
As lowe himselfe do's, you would never be quiet,
For every petting petty Officer
Would vie his heauen for thunders;
Nothing but thunder: Mercifull heauen,
That rather with thy sharpe and sulphurous bolt
Splits the wan-edgable and garneted Oke,
Then the soft Merrill: But man, proud man,
Dreft in a little briefe authoritie,
Moft ignorant of what he's most affurd,
(His glauff Efficence) like an angry Ape
Plaies such phantastique tricks before high heauen,
And makes the Angels weep, who with our splenes;
Would all themselves laugh morcell.
Luc. Oh, to him, to him wench: he will relent,
Hes comming: I perceive't.
Pro. Pray heauen hee may win him.
Ifab. We cannot weigh our brother with our selfe,
Great men may set with Saints res riot in them,
But in the lattis selfe prophanation.
Luc. Thou art right (Gentle) more o'that.
Ifab. That in the Captains but a chancellors word,
Which in the Souldier is flat blasphemy.
Luc. Art asud o'that? more o't.
Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?
Ifab. Because Authoritie, though it err as others,
Hath yet a kinda of medicine in it selfe
That sking the vice o'th top: goe to your boonne,
Knoock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brothers fault: if it confesse
A naturall guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not found a thought upon your tongue
Against my brothers life.
Ang. Shee speaks, and 'tis such fenceness
That my Sence breeds with it; fare you well.
Ifab. Gentle my Lord, turne backe.
Ang. I will bethank me: come againe to morrow.
Ifab. Hark, how he brie your good Lord turne back.
Ang. How? brie me?
Ifab. I, with such gifts that heauen shall share with you,
Luc. You had mar'd all else.
Ifab. Not with fond Sickles of the tefted gold,
Or Stones, whose roote are either rich, or poore.
As fancie values them: but with true prayers,
That shall be vp at heauen, and enter there.
Ere Sunne sse: prayers from preferred foules,
From falling Muses, whose lines are dedicate
To nothing temporall.
Ang. Well, come to me to morrow.
Luc. Go to: they will agay.
Ifab. Heaven keepes your honour safe.
Ang. Amen.
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers strofe.
Ifab. At what howe to morrow,
Shall I attend your Lordship?
Ang. At any time fore-noone.
Ifab. Save your Honour.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Duke and Prouofi.
Duke. Haile to you, Prouofi; so I thinke you are.
Præ. I am the Prouofi: what's your will, good Friet?
Duke. Bound by my charity, and my beatit acier,
I come to visit the afflieted spirits
Here in the prison: doe me the common right
To let me see them: and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may ministe
To them accordingly.
Præ. I would do more then that, if more were needfull.
Enter Later.

Looke here comes one: a Gentlemaman of mine,
Who falling in the flaves of her owne youth,
Hath blisster her report: she is with childe,
And he that got is, tenden'd: a yong man,
More fit to doe another such offence,
Then dye for his.
Duke. When must he dye?
Præ. As I do think to morrow.
I have provide you for, stay a while
And you shall be conduced.
Duke. Repent you (faire one) of the sin you carry?
Ind. I doe: and beare the faine moft patiently.
Duke. I'll teache you how you shall assigne your conscience
And try your penitence, if it be found,
Or hollowly put on.
Ind. I' will gladly learn.
Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?
Ind. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.
Duke. So then it forma your most offence full a
Was mutually committed.
Ind. Mutually.
Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind then his.
Ind. I doe confesse it, and repent it (Father.)

Duke. Ti.
To pardon him, that last from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their fatal sin, whereon the last were heav'n Image
In flames that are forbid: 'tis as easy,
Fall'ly to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in restraints made
To make a false one.

Isab. 'Tis set downe fo in heav'n, but not in earth.

Ang. Say you so: then I shall poze you quickly.

Which had you rather, that the most hift Law
Now tooke your brothers life, and to redeeme him
Give vp your body to such sweet uncleanness
As fits that he hath made?

Isab. Sir, believe this.

I had rather give my body, then my soule.

Ang. I take not of your soule: our conspil'd fins
Stand more for number, then for accompl.

Isab. How lay you?

Ang. Nay lie not warrant that: for I can speake
Against the thing I say: Anfwere to this,
I now the voype of the recorded Law.

Prone to a sentence on your Brothers life,
Might there not be a charitie in fame,
To save this Brothers life?

Isab. Please you to doo's,
Ile take it as a perill to my soule,
It is no finne at all, but charitie.

Ang. Pleade you to doo's, at perill of your soule
Were equal poize of finne, and charitie.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if the finne
Heauen let me berae it: you granting of my fuit,
If that be fin, Ile make it my Morte-prayer,
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your anwer.

Ang. Nay, but heare me,
Your fentence partes not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or fee me fo crafty; and that's no good.

Isab. Let be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But gravely to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wildome wilifies to appeare most bright,
When it doth taxe it selfe: As these blacke Masques
Proclaime an en-field beauty ten times louder
Then beauty could displace: but marke me,
To be receiue plaine, Ie speake more groffe:
Your Brother is to dye.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is fo, as it appeares,
Accountant to the Law, ypon that paine.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to faue his life
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loue of question) that you, his Sifter,
Finding your selfe defi'd of such a person,
Whose credite with the Judge, or owne great place,
Could fetch your Brother from the Manacles
Of the all-building-Law: and that there were
No earthly means to faue him, but that either
You must lay downe the treasures of your body,
To this suppos'd, or else to let him suffer:
What would you doe?

Isab. As much for me poore Brother, as my selfe;
That is: were I vnder the terrors of death,
Th'impression of keen stikkes, I'd weare as Rubies,
And dripp my selfe to death, as to a bed,
That longing hane bin fickle for, ere I'd yeeld
My body vp to shame.

Ang. That.
Ang. Then must your brother die.
Ifa. And 'twill the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother died at once,
Then that a suffer, by redeeming him
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the Sentence,
That you have flander'd so?
Ifa. Ignominious in rancome, and free pardon
Are of two bounties: lawfull mericie,
Is nothing kin to foulde redemption,

Ang. You feem'd of late to make the Law a tirant,
And rather plow'd the liding of your brother
A meritment, then a vice.

Ifa. Oh pardon me my Lord, it oft fails out
To have, what we would have,
We speake not what we meane;
I something do excele the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all fraile.
Ifa. Else let my brother die,
Ifnot a fadari but only he
Owe, and succeed thy weakneffe.

Ang. Nay, women are fraile too.
Ifa. I, as the glaftes where they view themselues,
Which are as easie broke as they make fornes:
Women Help heauen: men their creation marre
In profiting by them: Nay, call vs ten times fraile,
For we are lost, as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I think it well:
And from this testimonie of your owne sex
(Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger
Then faults may frayke our framers) let me be bold;
I do arret your words. Be that you are,
That is a woman; if you be more, you'r name.
If you be one (as you are well expreit
By all externall warrants) shew it now,
By putting on the defin'd Lituerie.

Ifa. I have no tongue but one; gentle my Lord,
Let me entreat you speake the former language.

Ang. Plainlie conceiue I love you.
Ifa. My brother did loue Inlet,
And you tell me that he shall die for't.

Ang. He shal not Ifabell if you give me loue.
Ifa. I know your verue hath a licence in't,
Which semieth a lesser fouler then it is,
To placke on others.

Ang. Believe me on mine Honor,
My words expresse my purpoze.

Ifa. Hath little honor, to be much beleu'd,
And most permitious purpoze: seeming, seeming,
I will proclaime thee Ifabell, loue for't.
Signe me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an out-Hretch throate I'll tell the world aloud
What man thou art.

Ang. Who will beleuе thee Ifabell?
My vnfold name, thy beneficence of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place in this State,
Will fo your accusation over-weigh,
That you shall little in your owne report,
And smell of calamitie. I have begun,
And now I guese my sensual race, the tense,
Fit thy content to my hearty appetit.
Lay by all niceties, and proflious blustres
That banish what they use for. Redeem thy brother,
By yeeding vp thy bodye to my will,

Or else he must not onelie die the death,
But thy vnkindneffe shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance: Anfwer me to morrow,
Or by the affection that now guides me, me,
Ille prove a Tirant to him. As for you,
Say what you can; my falle, ore-weighs your truee. Exit.

Ifa. To whom should I complaine? Did I tell this,
Who would beleue me? O perillous mouchar
That base in them, one, and the feilefame tongue,
Either of condemnation, or approoche.
Bidding the Lawmake curtie to their will,
Hooking both right and wrong to th'apparite.
To follow as it drawes, Ile to my brother,
Though he hath falene by promtude of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mine of Honor,
That had he twenty heads to tender downe
On twenty bloodie blockes, he'll yield them vp,
Before his fitter fhou'd hurl his bodie Rough
To such abloind pollution.

Then Ifabell live chaffe, and brother die;
'More then our Brother, is our Chaffe.
Ile tell him yet of Angelo's requit,
And fit his mine to death, for his foules refl., Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Claudio, and Pronzi.

Duc. So then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?
Cla. The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope: I haue hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duc. Be absolute for death: either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reafon thus with life:
If I do loue thee, I do loue a thing
That none but loues would keepe: a breath thou art,
Sentile to all the skye-influences.
That doth this habitation where thou kepest
Honrely afflict: Meereely, thou art death's fool,
For him thou labou'rest by thy flight to flym,
And yet runnest toward him still. Thou art not noble,
For all thy accommodatons that thou behast,
Are naught by bafineffe: Thou'rt by no meanes valiant,
For thou dost feare the lost and tender farke
Of a poor worme: thy beth of self is fleere,
And that thou oft preuoyd, yet groifie thecaft
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thy selfe,
For thou exilts on marne a thousand graines
That issue out of dout. Happie thou art not,
For what thou haft not, full thou frit't to get,
And what thou half forgett. Thou art not certaine,
For thy complexion shift's to strange effects,
After the Moone: If thou art rich, thou art poore,
For like as Aife, whose backe with Ingos bowes
Thou beart thy beautie riches but a lourne,
And death violence thee; Friend haft thou none.
For thine owne bowels which do call thee, fire
The meree effusion of thy proper loines
Do curze the Gowe, Sapego, and the Rheume
For ending thee no sooner. Thou haft nor youth, nor age
But as it were an after-dinner sleepe
Dreaming on both, for all thy bleffed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth begge the almes
Of palpied-Ed: and when thou art old, and rich

Thou
Measure for Measure.

Thou hast neither heate, affection, limb, nor beautie
To make thy riches pleasant: what's yet in this
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lies hid mee thousand deaths; yet death we feare
That makes these oddes, all cuen.

Cla. I humbly thank you,
To sic to die, I finde I seek to die,
And seeking death, finde life: Let it come on,
Enter Isabella.

Ifa. What have I? Peace here, grace, and good compe.

Pro. Who's there? Come in, the watch descrea a welcome.

Duke. Deere sir, ere long lihe vifit you againe.

Cla. Most holie Sir, I thank you.

Ifa. My bufineffe is a word or two with Clauda.

Pro. And very welcome: lookke Signior, here's your fitter.

Duke. Prouoost, a word with you,
Pro. As man as ye please.

Duke. Bring them to hear me speake, where I may be conveale.

Cla. Now fitter, what's the comfort?

Ifa. Whys, As all compotes are: most good, most good indeede, Lord Angora having affairs to heauen Intends you for his wisft Ambassador, Where you fhall be an ever latting Leiger; Therefore your next appointment make with speede,
To Morrow you feron.

Cla. Is there no remedie?

Ifa. None; but fuch remedie, as to save a head
To cleare a heart in twaine:

Cla. But is there anie?

Ifa. Ye brotheer, you may liue;
There is a divellish merce in the Judge,
If you implore it, that will free your life,
But feeter you till death.

Cla. Perpetuall durance?

Ifa. Iff, perpetuall durance, a reftraint Through all the world's yellowd you bad
To a determined scope.

Cla. But in what nature?

Ifa. In such a one, as you confenting too't,
Would barke your honor from that trunke you beare,
And leave you naked.

Cla. Let me know the point.

Ifa. Oh, I do fear thee Clauda, and I quake,
Least thou a feature of life thou'll't entertaine,
And fice or feates winters more repelfed
Then a perpetuall Honor. If thou die too It's fene of death is mot in apprehension,
And the poore Beetle that we tread epon
In corporall fuffereance, finds a pang as great
As when a Giant dies.

Cla. Why gie you me this fhame?

Think you I can a refolution fetch From flawlie tenderneffe? If I muff die,
I will encounter darkneffe as a bride,
And hugghe in mine armes.

Ifa. There fpeak thy brother: there my fathers grave Did vteer forth a voice. Yes, thou muff die:
Thou art too noble, to confene a life
In basu appliances. This outward fainted Deputie,
Whofe fetted vifage, and delicate word
Nips youth th' head, and follies doth emmew

As Falcon doth the Fowle, is yet a duell:
His fhith within being caft, he would appear
A pond, as depe as hell.

Cla. The prenzie, Angella?

Ifa. Oh, he's the cunning Liriterie of hell,
The damneft bodie to inuent, and couer
In prenzie gardes; doft thou thinke Clauda's
If I would yeald him my virginitie Thou might't be freed?

Cla. Oh heauen, it cannot be.

Ifa. Yes, he would giue thee; from this rank offence
So to offend him still. This night's the time
That I should do what I abhorre to name,
Or else thou dieft to morrow.

Cla. Thou thinke not do.

Ifa. Oh, were it but my life,
I'd throw it downe for your deliuereance
As frankly as a pin.

Cla. Thaunke thee dear Ifabel.

Ifa. Be reade my hand, for your death to morrow.

Cla. Yes. Has he affocations in him,
That thus can make him bire, the Law by th' hone,
When he would force it? Sire it is no faine,
Or of the deadly feuen it is the leafe.

Ifa. Which is the leafe?

Cla. If it were damnable, he being to wife,
Why would he for the momentarie tricke
Be perpactible finne? Oh Ifabel.

Ifa. What faies my brother?

Cla. Death is a feareful thing.

Ifa. And thamned life, a harte full.

Cla. I, but to die, and go we know not where,
To lie in cold obftruction, and torro,
This fensible warme motion, to become
A kneaded cloath; And the delighted fpirit
To bate in fierie floods, or to recede
In thrilling Region of thicke-ribbed ice,
To be imprifon'd in the viewleffe winderes
And blowne with reftles death violent round about
The pendant worlds: or to be wore then word
Of thofe, that lawfull and uncertain thought,
Imagine howling, 'tis too horrible,
The wearei, and moft loathed worldly life
That Age, Ache, perjury, and imprifonment
Can lay on nature, is a panache
To what we feare, or death.

Ifa. Alas, alas.

Cla. Sweet Sifter, let me liue.

What finne you do, to fave a brothers life,
Nature dispentes with the deade to farre,
That it becomes a Vereue,

Ifa. Oh you beast.

Oh faithleffe Coward, oh difhonest wretch,
Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice?
Is't not a kinde of Inceft, to take life
From chine owne fifters fhamce? What should I thinke,
Heaven shield ye Mother plaid my Father fairs:
For fuch a warpe flip of wilderneffe
Nere infl'd from his blood. Take my defiance,
Die, periffe: Might but my bending downe
Repare thee from thy fate, is to proceede.
He pray's a thoufand prayers for thy death,
No word to faue thee.

Cla. Nay hear me Ifabel.

Ifa. Oh fie, fie, fie:
Thy finn's not accidental, but a trade.

Mercie
Mercy to thee would prove it selle a Bawd,
'Tis better that thou diet quickly.

Cla. Oh heare me Msgraffu.

Duk. Vouchsafe a word, young Rister, but one word.

Ifa. What is your Will.

Duk. Might you dispence with your leaflure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require, is likewise your owne benefit.

Ifa. I have no superfluous leaflure, my tlay must be stolen out of other affaires: but I will attend you a while.

Duk. Soe, I have hear, heard what hath past between you & your Rister, Angelo had never the purpofe to corrupt her; onely he hath made an affay of her wavage, to prafifice his judgement with the disposition of nature.

She (hauing the truth of honour in her) hath made him that gracious deniel, which he is most glad to receive. I am Conffessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true, therefore prepare your felle to death: do not fatisflie your Rolution with hopes that are fallible, to morrow you muft die. goe to your knees, and make ready.

Cla. Let me ask my fifters pardon. I am too out of love with life, that I will frue to be rid of it.

Duk. Hold you there: fattiell: Proufe, a word with you.

Pro. What's your Will (father?)

Duk. That now you are come, you will be gooial me a while with the Maid, my mindes promife within habit, no loffe shall touch her by my company.

Pro. In good time, Exeunt.

Duk. The hand that hath made you faire; hath made you good: the goodnes that is cleane in beauty, makes beauty briefe in goodness; but grace being the foule of your complexion, shall keep the body of it euer faire: the affaults that Angelo hath made to you. Fortune hath consuaid to my understanding: but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo, how will you doe to content this Sublitude, and to sate your Brother?

Ifa. I am now going to relide him: I had rather my brother die by the Law, when my Rome should be unlawfullie borne. But (oth) how much is the good Duke deceased in Angelo: if ever he returne, and I can speake to him, I will open my lips in vaine, or discover his government.

Duk. That fiall not be much smite: yet, as the matter now standes, he will avoid your accufation; he made trial of you once. Therefore fatten your care on my affiduous, to the loue I haue in doing good; a remeide prefente it felle. I doe make my felle beleue that you may moft vprightly do a poor wronged Lady a required benifit: redeem your brother from the angry Law; doe no fhame to your owne gracious perfon, and much pleafe the abfent Duke, if peradventure he fhall euer return to have hearing of this busineffe.

Ifa. Let me heare you speake farther: I have fpirit to do any thing that appeares not fowe in the truth of my spirit.

Duk. Vertue is bold, and gooodnes never fearefull: Have you not heard speake to Mariana the fifter of Frederick the great Soulieur, who muffacri'd at Sea?

Ifa. I have heard of the Lady, and good words went with her name.

Duk. She fhould this Angelo have maried: was affienced to her oath, and the nuptiall appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrack'd at Sea, hauing in that perished vellell, the dowry of his fitter: but make how heauily this befall to the poore Gentlewoman, there the loft a noble and renowned brother, in his loue toward her, euer most kind & natural: with him the portion and all of her fortune, her marriage dowry: with both, her combinate-husband, this well-feeing Angelo.

Ifa. Can this be fo? I did Angelo to leave her?

Duk. Left her in her teares, & died not one of them with his comfort: swallowed his vowes whole, pretending in her, difcoueries of dishonor: in fewe, buttowd her on her owne lamentation, which she yet weares for his fake: and he, a marbie to her teares, was wafted with them, but releas not.

Ifa. What a metrice were it in death to take this poore maid from the world? what corruption in this life, that it will let this man like? But how out of this can ftree a qualte?

Duk. It is a rupture that you may eafefully heal: and the cure of it not onely fates your brother, but keeps you from dishonor in doing it.

Ifa. Shew me how (good Father.)

Duk. The good fore-named Maid is yet in her: the continuation of her fift affection: his wifhit unhinder'd (that in all reafon shou'd have quenched her loue) hath (like an impediment in the Current) made it more violent and vanyly: Go to you to Angelo, anfwere his requirings with a prablease obedience, agree with his demands to the point; onely referre your felle to this aduantage; frift, that your flay with him may not be long: that the time may haue all shado, and silence in it and the place anfwerre to comenance: this being granted in courfe, and now follows all. wee shall aduise this wronged maid to feed vp your appointment, goe in your place: if the encountre acknowledge it felle hereafter, it may compell him to her recompence; and here, by this is your brother tazed, your honor vartained, the poore Mariana advanaged, and the corrupt Deputy feale. The Maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempts: if you think well to carry this as yow may, the doublenes of the benefite detends the deceit from reproue. What thank you of it?

Ifa. The image of it giveth me content already, and I trufl it will grow to a most prouerious perfection.

Duk. It is not much in your holding vp: battle you speecply to Angelo, if for this night he interest you to his bed, give him promife of fatisfa{tion: I will prefentry to S. Lukes, there at the moated-Grange reciteth this decreted Mariana; at that place call wp me, and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Ifa. I thank you for this comfort: fare you well good father.

Exit.

Enter Elbow, Clemen, Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needes buy and fell men and women like beefes, we shall have all the world drinke browne & white battard.

Duk. Oh heauen, what waftue is here.

Clm. Twas never merry world before, of two viuies the merrief was put downe, and the wrothef allow'd by order of Law; a furd goune to keep him warme, and furd with Foxe and Lamb & kinne too, to signifie, that craft being richer then Innocency, flands for the faeling.

Elb. Come your way fit: bleffe you good Father Friar.

Duk. And you good Brother Father, what offence hath this man made you, Sir?

Elb. Marry
Measure for Measure.

Eib. Marry Sir, he hath offended the Law; and Sir, we take him to be a Thief too Sir: for wee have found upon him Sir, a strange Padlock, which we have lent to the Deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah, a Bawd, a wicked bawd, The euel that thou castleft to be done, That is thy meanes to liue. Do thou but thinke What's to crom a maw, or cloath a bawde, From such a ficthe vice: say to thy selfe, From their abominable and beastly toughness, I drink, I eate away my felle, and liue. Canst thou beleue thy living is a life, So finckingly depending: Go mend, go mend. Cla. Indeed, it do's finck in some sort, Sir, But yet Sir I would profce.

Duke. Nay, if the diuell have graven thee proofs for sin Thou wilt profce his. Take him to prison Officers: Correction, and Instruction must both worke Ere this rude beast will profce. 

Eib. He mulf before the Deputy Sir, he ha's given him warning the Deputy cannot abide a Whore-maister: if he be a Whore-manger, and comes before him, he was as good go a mule on his errand. 

Duke. That we were all, as some would seeme to bee From our faults, as faults from seeming free. Enter Lucio.

Eib. His necke will come to your waist, a Cord Sir. Cla. I top comfort, I cry baile: Here's a Gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Luc. Now how noble Pompey? What, at the wheels of Caesar? Art thou led in triumph? What is there none of Prodigant Images newly made woman to bee had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, the clutches? What reply? Ha? What faileth thou to this Tune, Matter, and Method? Is't not drown'd 1th last time? Ha? What faileth thou Toot? Is the weighth as it was? Man? Which is the vay? Is't sad, and few words? Or how? The tricke of it? 

Duke. Still thus, and thus I'll vorse. 

Luc. How doth my deere Morfell, thy Multris? Procures the bill? Ha?

Cla. Troth Sir, thee hath eaten vp all her beeef, and she is her felle in the tub.

Luc. Why is't good? It is the right of it: it must be so. Euer your freth Whore, and your pouder'd Baud, an vnfron'd conuenience, it must be so. Art going to prison Pompey?

Cla. Yes faith Sir.

Luc. They 's not amifsst. Pompey: farewell, goe say I sent thee theret: for debt Pompey? Or how?

Eib. For being a bau'd, for being a bau'd.

Luc. Well, then imprison him: If imprisonment be the due of a bau'd, why 's this right? Bau'd is he double-leffe, and of antiquity too: Baud borne. Forwell good Pompey: Commend me to the prison Pompey, you will turne good husband now Pompey, you will keepe the hau'e. 

Cla. I hope Sir, your good Worship will be my baiit. 

Luc. No indeed Sir: I not Pompey, it is not the wear: I will pray (Pompey) to encreas't your bondage if you take it not patiently: Why, your mettle is the more: Adieu truefth Pompey, Bleffe you Friastr. 

Duke. And you.

Luc. Do's Broider paint bill, Pompey? Ha?

Eib. Come your waies Sir, come. 

Cla. You will not baile me then Sir? 

Luc. Then Pompey, nor now: what newes abroad Friar? What newes? 

Eib. Come your waies Sir, come. 

Luc. Go to kennell (Pompey) goe: What newes Friar of the Duke? 

Duke. I know none: can you tell me of any? 

Luc. Some lay he is with the Emperor of Russia: other some, he is in Rome: but where is he thinke you? 

Duke. I know not where: but wherefouer, I with him well. 

Luc. It was a mad fantastical tricke of him to fleaze from the State, and vspar the beggerie lee was never borne to: Lord Angelo Dukes it well in his abience: he putts tranfgeffion too.

Duke. He do's well Sir, 

Luc. A little more knitted to Lecherie would doe no harme in him: Something too crabbed that way, Friar. 

Duke. It is too general a vice: and euereit must cure it. 

Luc. Yet in good fough, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied, but it is impossiiable to extirpe it quite, Friar, till eaying and drinking be put downe. They say this Angelo was not made by Man and Woman, after this downe-right vay of Creation: is it true, thynke you? 

Duke. How should he be made then? 

Luc. Some report, a Sea-maid spawn'd him, Some, that he was begge betweene two Stock-fifties. But it is certaine, that when he makes water, his Vrines is congeal'd ice, that I know to bee true: and he is a motion genetrical, that's infallible. 

Duke. You are pleasent Sir, and speake apace. 

Luc. Why, what a subtle life thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a God-piece, to take away the life of a man? Would the Duke that is abift have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred Baffards, he would haue paide for the Nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport, hee knew the fe, and that instructed him to mercie. 

Duke. I never heard the abift Duke much detected for Woman, he was not enclisht that vay. 

Luc. Oh Sir, you are deceied. 

Duke. 'Tis not possible. 

Luc. Who, not the Duke? Yes, your beggar of fifty: and his wife was, to put a ducket in her Clack-dish; 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 fabe fellow was the Duke, and I beleue I know the cause of his vvwdraving. 

Duke. What (I prethee) might be the cause? 

Luc. No, pardon: 'Tis a secrett must be lock'd with in the teeth and the lippe's; but this I can lett you under-stand, the greater file of the subject held the Duke to be vvie.


Luc. A very superficial, ignorant, vnweighing fellow. 

Duke. Either this is Emuie in you, Folly, or misliking: The very freame of his life, and the businesse he hath helmed, must vpon a warranted necece, give him a better proclamaition. Let him be but semelomied in his owne bringings forth, and hee shall appeare to the enuisous, a Scholler, a Statefman, and a Soldier: therefore you speake unskilfully: or, if your knowledge bee more, it is much darkned in your malice.
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 beleue that, since you know not what you feake. But (as ever the Duke returne) as our praiers are he may let mee define you to make your an-
swer before him : if he bee honnf of you have spake, you have courage to maintain it : I am bound to call upon you, and I pray you your name?

Luc. Sir my name is Lucio, well known to the Duke.

Duke. He shall know you better Sir, if I may live to report you.

Luc. I tear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the Duke will returne no more: or you imagine me to vnhurtfull an opposit but indeed I can doe you little harme : You'll for-faire this a-
gage?

Luc. Ibe hang'd! Tho' you are deecu'd in mee Friar. But no more of this: Cauft thou tell if Claudio die to morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die Sir?

Luc. Why? For filling a bottle with a Timme-drift: I would the Duke we takke of were return'd againe: this vengeful Agent will vn-people the Province with Contiuence. Sparrows mult not build in houte-
ces, because they are lecherous: The Duke yet would haue darike deeds darkeclie answered. hee would never bring them to lights; would hee were return'd. Marrie this Claudio is condemned for entriving, farwell good Friar, I prethee pray for me: The Duke (I say to thee againe) would eat Mutton on Fridays. He's now pat it, yet (and I say to thee) hee would month with a begg-
ner, though five faine browne-bred and Garlske: by that I said I: Farewell. 

Duke. No might, nor greatnesse in mortality
Can enure escape : Back-wounding columnne
The white fo vertue strikes. What King so strong,
Can tie the gall vp in the flanderous tong?
But who cometh here?

Enter Effendius, Provost, and Bawd.

Eff. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my Lord be quiet to me, your Honor
is accounted a mercifull man: good my Lord.

Eff. Double, and trebble admonition, and still for-
feite in the same kinde? This would make merry swear
and play the Tarant.

Pro. A Bawd of eleven yeares continuance, may it please your Honor.

Bawd. My Lord, this is one Lucio's information a-
gainst me, Mirtha Kate Kepeped was with child by him in the Duke's time, he promis'd her marriage : his Childe is a yeare and a quarter oldle come Philip and Is-
cade: I haue kept it my selfe; and see how he goes about to abufe me.

Eff. That fellow is a fellow of much License : Let
him be call'd before vs. Away with her to prison: Go to
no more words. Proof, my Brother. Angelo will not be alter'd, Claudio must die to morrow: Let him be furnish'd with Dietines, and haue all charitable prepara-
tition. If any brother wrought by my pitie, it should not be so with him.

Pro. So please you, this Friar hath bene with him, and
adults him for th entertainement of death.

Eff. Good even, good Father.

Duke. Biffle, and goodnesse on you.

Eff. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this Countrie, though my chance is now
To vie it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious Order, late come from the Sea,
In special businesse from his Holinesse,

Eff. What news abroad i'th World?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a Favour on
goodnesse, that the dissolution of it must cure it. No-
velle is onely in requitest, and as it is as dangerous to be
aged in any kinde of cause, as it is vertuous to be con-
stant in any undertaking, there is scarce truth enough
alue to make Societies secure, but Securetie enough to
make Fellowships accurst: Much upon this riddle runs
the wisedome of the world: This newses is old enough,
yet it is quere dizes newses. I pray you Sir, of what dis-
position was the Duke?

Eff. One, that above all other strifes,
Contended especialy to know himselfe.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Eff. Rather rejoicing to see another mercy, thy-
merrie at anie thing which proffest to make him rejoice,
A Gentleman of all temperance. But leave wee him to
his events, with a praier they may prove properous, &
let them define to know, how you finde Claudio prepared?
I am made to vnderstand, that you have lent him vti-
lation.

Duke. He proffesses to have receiv'd no finitter mes-
ure from his Judge, but most willingly humbles him-
selfe to the determination of Justice: yet had he framed to
himselfe (by the instruction of his trustye) manie de-
ceyving promises of life, whereby (by my good pleasure)
have directred to helpe: and now he refolvd to die.

Eff. You have paid the heauens your Function, and
the prisoner the vere debt of your Calling. I have la-
bour'd for the poore Gentleman, to the extremest shore of
my modestie, but my brother Justice haue I found so
fevere, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, hee is indeede
litlle.

Duke. If this owne life,
Anwere the frightnesse of his proceeding,
It shall become him well: whereof if he chance to faile
he hath entenc'd himselfe.

Eff. I am going to visit the prisoner, Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you.

He who the sword of Heaven will bear,
Should be as holy, as ferueare:
Patterne in himselfe to know,
Grace to hand, and Vertue go:
More, nor leafe to others paying,
Then by selfe-offences weighing.
Shame me, there, whole crueli striking,
Kills for faults of his owne liking:
Twice trebble shame on Angelo,
To weede my vice, and let his grow.
Oh, what may Man within him hide,
Though Angel on the outward side?
How may likenesse make in crimes,
Making pruche on the Times,
To draw with ylde Spiders firings
Most ponderous and substanstial things?
Craft against vice, I must apple.
With Angelo to night shall ye
His old betrothest (but deforind.)
So diguise shall by th'disguised
Pay with falshood, false exacting,
And perforne an olde constellating.
Scene 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;
Light that doe mislead the Maure;
But let those lips bring againe, bring againe,
Scales of love, that seal'd in vaine, seal'd in vaine.

Enter Duke.

Mar. Break off thy song, and haste thee quiet away,
Here comes a man of comfort, whole advice
Hath often fill'd my brawling discontent.
I cry you mercy, Sir, and well could wish
You had not found me here to murkall
Let me excuse me, and beleve me so,
My witch it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my wo.
Duk. This good, though Muffick oft hath such a charm
To make bad good, and good prove to a harme.
I pray you tell me, hath any body enquir'd for mee here today;
Much vpon this time have I promis'd here to meete.

Mar. You have not bin enquir'd after: I have fat here all day.

Enter Isabella.

Duk. I doe confidently beleve you; the time is come even now.
I shall crave your forbearance a little, may be
I will call vpon you anon for some advantage to your self.

Mar. I am always bound to you.

Duk. Very well met, and well come:
What is the newes from this good Deputie?

Ifab. He hath a Garden circummur'd with Bricke,
Whose western fide is with a Vineyard back'd,
And to that Vineyard is a plachede 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 promise, vpon the
Heavy midle of the night, to call vpon him.

Duk. But shal you on your knowledge find this way?

Ifab. I haue tane a due, and wary note vpon't,
With whispering, and most guilitie diligence,
In action all of precepts, he did show me
The way twice oare.

Duk. Are there no other tokenes
Betwene you greed, concerning her obseruance?

Ifab. No: none but only a repairie isth darke,
And that I haue posset him, my most flay
Can be but briefe: for I have made him know,
I have a Seruant comes with me along
That flies vpon me; whose pervertisation is,
I came about my Brother.

Duk. Tis well bene vpon vp.
I have not yet made knowyne to Mariana
Enter Mariana.

A word of this: what hoa, withinge; come forth,
I pray you be acquainted with this Maid,
She comes to doe you good.

Ifab. I doe deffe the like.

Duk. Do you perivade your selfe that I respect you?

Scene Secunda.

Enter Provost and Clowne.

Pro. Come hither sirrah; can you cut off a mans head?

Clo. If the man be a Bachelor Sir, I can:
But if he be a married man, he's his wifes head,
And I can never cut off a womans head.

Pro. Come sir, loose me your snatches, and yield mee
A direct answere. To morrow morning are to doe
Claude and Barnardine: here is in our prison a common executioner,
Who in his office lackes a helper, if you will take it on you to assist him,
I shall redeeme you from your Gynes: if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonme,
And your delieuerance with an unspotted whipping;
For you have beene a notorious bawd.

Clo. Sir, I have beene an unlawfull bawd, time out of
Minde, but yet I will bee content to be a lawfull hangman: I would bee glad to receive some inducement from
My fellow partner.

Pro. What hoa, Abhorsen; where's Abhorsen there?

Enter Abhorsen.

Abh. Do you call sir?

Pro. Sirrah, here's a fellow will helpe you to morrow
In your execution: if you thinke it meet, compound with
him by the yeere, and let him abide here with you: round
Vf him for the present, and dismissed him, he cannot
plead his exculpation with you the bath beeene a Bawd.

Abh. A Bawle Sir? By vpon him, he will discredit our
mysteries.

Pro. Go to sir, you weighe qualitie: a feather will
turne the Scale.

Clo. Pray sir, by your good favour: for surely sir, a
good favour you haue, but that you have a hanging look:

Does you call sir, your occupation a MYSTERE ?

G 2

Abh. 1.
Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his Lords man.

Pro. And here comes Claudius's pardon.

Duke. My Lord hath sent you this note,

And by mee this further charge;

That you serve me from the smallest Article of it,

Neither in time, matter, or other circumstance.

Good morrow: for as I take it, it is almost day.

Pro. I shall obey him.

Duke. This is his Pardon purchas'd by such sin,

For which the Pardoner himselfe is

Hence hath offence his quick ceere.

When it is borne in high Authority.

When Vice makes Mercy; Mercy's so extended,

That for the faults loose, is th offender friend'd.

Now Sir, what news?

Pro. I told you:

Lord Angelo (be-like) thinking mee remisse

In mine Office, awakens mee

With this unwonted putting on, methinks strangely:

For he hath not vs'd it before.

Duke. Pray you let's have:

The Letter.

Whatesser you may hear to the contrary, let Claudius be exhaule by force of the clockes, and in the afternoon Bernardine:

For my better satisfacion, let mee hame Claudius

Heard for mee by fire. Let this be duly performed with a

thought that more depends on it, then we must yet deliver.

Thus I have not. to doe your Office, as you will answer it at your peril.

What say you to this Sir?

Duke. What is that Bernardine, who is to be executed tomorrow?

Pro. A Bohemian borne: But here must vp & bred,

One that is a prisoner nine yeeres old.

Duke. How came it, that the absente Duke had not either deliver'd him to his libertie, or executing him? I

have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

Pro. His friends still wroght Repreences for him:

And indeed his fact till now in the government of Lord Angelo,

came not to an undoubted full proffes.

Duke. It is now apparent?

Pro. Most manifest, and not denied by himselfe.

Duke. Hath he borne himselfe penitently in prison?

How seems he to be touch'd?

Pro. A man that apprehends death no more dreadful

fully, but as a drunken sleepe, careless, wakelefe, and

fearelefe of what's pall, pretent, or to come: infensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Pro. He will hear none: he hath extermn the lib. 

berr of the prison: give him leave to escape hence, he 

would not. Drunke many times a day, if not many daies 

entirely drunke. We have verie off swak'd him; as to 

execute him to execution, and shew'd him a seeming war-

rant for it, it hath not moued him at all.

But he must die to morrow?

Pro. None Sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, Prouost, as it is.

You shall hear more ere Morning.

Pro. Happely

You gрешing know: yet I believe there comes

No countermand: no such example have we:

Besides, upon the verie finge of suflfere,

Lord Angelo hath to the publicke care

Profeft the contrarie.

Enter a Messenger.

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Pro. And here comes Claudius's pardon.

Duke. My Lord hath sent you this note,

And by mee this further charge;

That you serve me from the smallest Article of it,

Neither in time, matter, or other circumstance.

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entirely drunke. We have verie off swak'd him; as to 

execute him to execution, and shew'd him a seeming war-

rant for it, it hath not moued him at all.
There I and not, I may yet. Caper, tiarmrdn:e, and I 'm know. I tune, this where foule you
houeofprofef:one would inter thine Miftris.

Duke. Pray Sir, in what I
Duke. In the delaying death.

Pro. Alack, how may I do? Having the house li-
Pro. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. The Contents of this, is the returne of the
Duke. I know them both.

Duke. The Contents of this, is the returne of the
Duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure: where you shall finde within the two daies, he will be
hence. This is a thing that Angles knowes not, for hee this very day receiues letters of strange tenor, per-
chance of the Dukes death, perchance enteringe into some Mon-
asterie, but by chance nothing of what is writ. Look, thinvolding Starre calles yp the Shepheard; but not your fele into amazement, how these things should be: all difficulties are but easie when they are knowne. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine head: I will give him a present thirt, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazd, but this shall absolutely re-
solve you: Come away, it is almost cleere dawne. Exit.

Duke. More of him anon: There is written in your
brow Prouof, honestly and conffiance: if I reade it not truly, my ancient skill beguille me: but in the boldnes of my cunning, I will lay my selfe in hazard: Claudio, whom heere you have warrant to execute, is no greater
forfeit to the Law, then Angelo who hath fentecp him. To
make you understand this in a manifested effect, I
crave but foure daies repite for the which, you are to
do me both a prefert, and a dangerous courtefe.

Pro. Pray Sir, in what I

Duke. In the delaying death.

Pro. Alack, how may I do? Having the house li-
Pro. What's your honour, who makes that noyse
here? What are you?

Pro. Your friends Sir, the Hingman:

Bar. A pox o'your throats: who makes that noyse
here? What are you?

Pro. Your friends Sir, the Hingman:

Bar. How now Abherson? What's the newes with
you?

Bar. You rogue, I have bin drinking all night,
I am not fitt for't.

Clo. Oh, the better Sir: for he that drinks all night,
and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleepe the
founder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Duke. Looke you Sir, here comes your ghosly Fa-
ther: do weele now thinke you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charite, and hearing how
hastly you are to depart, I am come to advise you,
Comfort you, and pray with you.

Duke. But here you:

Duke. Not a word; if you have anie thing to say to me,
come to my Ward: for thence will not I to day.

Enter Preasft.

Duke. Vnto Luie, or die: oh grauell heart.

G3. After

Scene Tertia.

Enter Clown.

Clo. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our
houe of profession; one would thinke it were Miftris

Pro. Pray Sir, in what I

Pro. Alack, how may I do? Having the house li-
Pro. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. The Contents of this, is the returne of the
Duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure: where you shall finde within the two daies, he will be
hence. This is a thing that Angles knowes not, for hee this very day receiues letters of strange tenor, per-
chance of the Dukes death, perchance enteringe into some Mon-
asterie, but by chance nothing of what is writ. Look, thinvolding Starre calles yp the Shepheard; but not your fele into amazement, how these things should be: all difficulties are but easie when they are knowne. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine head: I will give him a present thirt, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazd, but this shall absolutely re-
solve you: Come away, it is almost cleere dawne. Exit.

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Measure for Measure.

After him (Fellowes) bring him to the blocke.

Pro. Now Sit, how do you finde the prisoner?  
Duke. A creature vntrue-pard, vnmeet for death,  
And to transport him in the mind he is,  
Were damnable.  

Pro. Here in the prison, Father,  
There died this morning of a cruel Feusuor,  
One Ragazone, a most notorious Pirate;  
A man of Claudio's yeares; his beard, and head  
Iust of his colour. What if we do omit  
This Reprobate, til' he were wel enchi'd,  
And satisfy the Deputie with the vifage  
Of Ragazone, more like to Claudio?  
Duke. Oh, 'tis an accident that heaven provideth;  
Dispatch it presently, the hour draws on  
Prefift by Angelo: See this be done,  
And sent according to command, whilst I  
Perfwade this rude wretch willingly to die.  

Pro. This shall be done (good ffather) prefently:  
But Barnardine muft die this afternoone,  
And how shall we continue Claudio,  
To tune me from the danger that might come,  
If he were knowne alioe?  
Duke. Let this be done,  
Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio,  
Ere twice the Sun hath made his iournall greeting  
To yonder generation, you shall finde  
Your safetie maniFested.

Pro. I am your free dependant.  
Duke. Quicke, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo  
Now will I write Letters to Angelo.  
(Th'Proouff he shal bear then) whose contents  
Shall witnessse to him I am noere at home:  
And that by great Inunotions I am bound  
To enter publiquely: him Ile defire  
To meet me at the confercated Fount,  
A League betweene the Citie: and from thence,  
By cold gradation, and weele-ballance'd forme.  
We shall proceed with Angelo.  

Enter Procus.

Pro. Here is the head, Ile carrie it my felfe.  
Duke. Conuenient is it: Make a swift returne,  
For I would commune with you of fuch things,  
That want no eare but yours.  
Pro. Ile make all speede.  
Ifabell within.

Ifa. Peace hoa, be here.  
Duke. The tongue of Ifabell. She's come to know,  
If yet her brothers pardon be come hithe:  
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,  
To make her heavenly comforts of dispaire,  
When it is least expected.  

Enter Ifabell.

Ifa. Hoa, by your iee.  
Duke. Good morning to you, faire, and gracious daughter.  
Ifa. The better gien me by fo holy a man,  
Faft yet the Deputie fent my brothers pardon?  
Duke. He hath releas'd him, Ifabell, from the world,  
His head is off, and fent to Angelo.  
Ifa. Nay, but it is not fo.  
Duke. It is no other,  
Shew your wisdome daughter in your clofe patience.  
Ifa. Oh, I wil to him, and plucke out his eyes.  
Duke. You shall not be admitted to his fight.  
Ifa. Unhappie Claudio, wretched Ifabell.

Inußious world, most damned Angelo.  
Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a lot,  
For he is therefore, give your caufe to heaven,  
Mark what I fay, which you fhall finde  
By every fillable a faithful verifie.  
The Duke comes home to morrow: nay drie your eyes,  
One of our Couent, and his Confeffor  
Gives me this infance: Already he hath carried  
Notice to Escalus and Angelo,  
Who do prepare to meete him at the gates, (downe)  
There to guie vp their power: If you can pace your wife  
In that good path that I would it go,  
And you shall have your bomfe on this wretch,  
Grace of the Duke, reuenges to your heart,  
And general Honor.  
Ifa. I am directed by you.  
Duke. This Letter then to Frier Peter glue,  
'Tis that he fent me of the Duke returne:  
Say, by this token, I defire his company  
At Moras's houfe to night. Her caufe, and yours  
He perfich him withall, and he fhall bring you  
Before the Duke; and to the head of Angelo  
Accusfhe him home and home. For my poore felfe,  
I am combined by a Sacred Vow,  
And fhall be afiene. Wendi you with this Letter:  
Command thefe fretting waters from your eies  
With a light heart; trufi not my hoile Order  
If I percur your course: whole heares?  

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Good even;  
Frier, where's the Provouff?  
Duke. Not within Sir.  
Luc. Oh prettie Ifabell, I am pale as mine heart, to  
See thine eyes so red: thou muft be patient; I am faine  
To dine and flup with water and bran: I dare not for my  
Heart fill my belly. One fruitful Meale would fete mee  
too: but they fay the Duke will be here to Morrow.  
By my troth Ifabell I'ld tythe brother, if the ride fantastic Duke of darkie corners had bene at home, he had liued.  
Duke. Sir, the Duke's numerous little beholding  
To your reports, but the belt is, he lues not in them.  
Luc. Frier, thou knowest not the Duke fo wel as I do: he's a better woodman then thou tak't him for.  
Duke. Well: you fhall answer this one day, Fare ye well.  
Luc. Nay tarry, I'll go along with thee,  
I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke.  
Duke. You haue told me so many of him already far  
If they be true: if not true, none were enough.  
Lucia. I was once before him for getting a Wench  
With childe.  
Duke. Did you fuch a thing?  
Luc. Yes marrige did I: but I was faine to forswear it,  
They would elie marrige me to the rosten Medler.  
Duke. Sir your company is fatter then honest, ree you well.  
Luc. By my troth I'le goe with thee to the lanes end:  
If baudiy talk offended you, we'le have very little of it: nay  
Frier, I am a kind of Buttre, I shall flieke.  

Enter Angelo 

Allegro & Escalus.  
Frier. Every Letter he hath writ, hath difcou'd other.  

Scena Quarta.

Enter Angelo & Escalus.

Exeunt.
Scena Quinta.

Enter Duke and Frier Peter.

Duke. These Letters at fit time deliver me. The Proouff knowes our purpose and our plot, The master being a foote, keep your inftruction And hold you euer to our spacial drift, Though sometimes you doe blench from this to that. Ascause doth minifter : Go call at Flauia's house, And tell him where I stay : give the like notice To Valentine, Rawland, and to Craffon, And bid them bring the Trumpets to the gate: But send me Flauia first.

Peter. It shall be speeded well.

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee Varrius, thou haft made good haft, Come, we will waikte : There's other of our friends Will greet vs hereon soon : my gentle Varrius. Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Isabella and Mariana.

Isab. To speak to indirectly I am loath, I would say the truth, but to accuse him so That is your part, yet I am advis'd to doe it, Heartes, to vass full purpose.

Mar. Be ruled by him.

Isab. Besides he tells me, that if peraduenture He speake against me on the aduenture tide, I should not thinke it strange, for 'tis a phyfeke 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 moift fit, Where you may have such vantage on the Duke He shall not passe you: Twice have the Trumpets sounded, The generous, and grauent Citizens Have hent the gates, and very neere upon The Duke is entering : Therefore hence away. Exeunt.

Allus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Euslus, Lucio, Citizens at Generall draers.

Duk. My very worthy Colen, fairely met, Our old, and faithfull friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. &c. Happy returne be to your royall grace.

Duk. Many and b Carte Thankings to you both : We haue made enquirie of you, and we haue Such good neuen of your Justice, that our foule Cannot but yeeld you forth to publique thanks For running more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duk. Oh your defect speaks loud, & I should wrong it To locke it in the wards of covert boleome When it deuertes with characters of braffe A forteed rellence 'gainst the tooth of time, And raze of oblivion : Give we your hand At I let the Subiecte be, to make them know That outward ceritenees would saine proclaime Favourous that keepe with in : Come Euslus, You must walke by vs, on our other hand : And good supporter are you.

Enter Peter and Isabella.

Peter. Now is your time

Speak loud, and kneele before him. Isab. Justice, O royall Duke, rule your regard Vpon a wrong'd (I should haue faie a Maid) Oh worthy Prince, dishonor not your eye By throwing it on any other obiect, Till you have heard me, in my true complaint, And given me Justice, Justice, Justice.

Duk. Relate your wrongs; In what, by whom? be briefe: Here is Lord Angelo shall glaue you Justice, Reuende your felle to him. Isab. Oh worthy Duke, You bid me speake redemption of the diuell, Heare me your selle : for that which I must speake Must either punifh me, or being beleu'd, Or wring redresse from you: Heare me: oh heare me, heere.

Ang. My Lord, her wis I feare me are not firme She hath bin a suitor to me, for her Brother Cut off by course of Justice. Isab. By course of Justice.

Ang. And she will speake most bitterly, and straghe.

Isab. Most
Ifab. Most strange: but yet most truly will I speak,
That Angelo's torturer, is it not strange?
That Angelo's a murderer, is't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin violator,
Is it not strange? and strange?
Duke. Nay it is ten times strange?
Ifa. 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 the end of reckoning,
Duke. Away with her: a poor soul
She speaks this, in th'infirmity of sense.
Ifa. Oh Prince, I conjure thee, as thou believest
There is another comfort, then this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness: make it not impossible
That which but seems unlike, 'tis not the ground
But one, the wickedest caitiff on the ground:
May seem as fine, as grace, as dull, as absolute:
As Angelo, even so may Angelo
In all his dressings, caraets, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain: Belieue it, royal Prince
If he be leafe, he's nothing, but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.
Duke. By mine honesty
If he be mad, as I belieue no other,
Her madness hath the oddeft frame of sense,
Such a dependancy of thing, on thing,
As e're I heard in madness.
Ifab. Oh gracious Duke
Harpe not on that; or do not banish reason
For inequality, but let thy reason ferue
To make the truth appeare, where it seems hid,
And hide the fallie femeas true.
Duke. Many that are not mad
Have fure more lacke of reason:
What would you fay?
Ifab. I am the Sifer of one Lucio,
Condemn'd upon the Act of Formation
To leave his head, condemn'd by Angelo,
I, in (probation of a Siftership)
Was lent to by my Brother: one Lucio
As then the Meflenger.
Luc. That's I, like your Grace:
I came to her from Lucio, and deire her,
To her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo,
For her poore Brothers pardon.
Ifab. That she indeede.
Duke. You were not bid to speake.
Luc. No, my good Lord,
Nor with'd to hold my peace.
Duke. I wish you now then,
Pray you take note of: and when you have
A businesse for your felfe: pray heauen you then
Be perfec't.
Luc. I warrant your honor.
Duke. The warrant's for your felfe: take heed to:
Ifab. This Gentleman told me what of my Tale,
Luc. Right.
Duke. It may be right, but you are not the wrong
To speake before your time: proceed,
Ifab. I went.
To this pernicious Caiiffes Deputye.
Ifab. That's somewhat madly spoken.
Ifab. Pardon it,
Measure for Measure.

Of a strange Fever: upon his knees request

Being come to knowledge, that there was complaint

Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo, came I hither

To speake as from his mouth, what he doth know

Is true, and false: And what he with his oath

And all profession will make vp fullleare

Whensoever he's contented: First for this woman,

To inflifie this worthy Noble man:

So vulgarly and personally accus'd,

Her thall you hear disprised to her eyes,

Tell her shee confess in.

Duk. Good Frier, let's hear it:

Do you not at this time, Lord Angelo?

Oblique, the vanity of wretched looles,

Give vs some testes, Come, c一旦 Angelo.

In this I shall impart all: you judge

Of your owne Cause: Is this the Witnes Frier?

Enter Mariana.

First, let her shew your face, and after, speake.

Mar. Pardon my Lord, I will not shew my face

Vntill my husband bid me.

Duk. What, are you married?

Mar. No, my Lord.

Duk. Are you a Maid?

Mar. No my Lord.

Duk. A Widow then?

Mar. Neither, my Lord.

Duk. Why you are nothing then neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife?

Luc. My Lord, she may be a Puncke: for many of them,

are neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife.

Duk. Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause
to prattle for himselfe.

Luc. Well my Lord.

Mar. My Lord, I do confess I here was married,

And confess 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 you were to so.

Luc. Well my Lord.

Duk. This is no witness for Lord Angelo.

Mar. Now I come to't, my Lord.

She that accuseth him of Fornication,

In selfe-fame manner, doth accuse my husband,

And charges him, my Lord, with such a time,

When I'le depose I had him in mine Armes

With all its effect of Loue.

Ang. Charges the more then me?

Mar. Not that I know.

Duk. No? you fay your husband.

Mar. Why iull, my Lord, and that is Angelo,

Who thinks he knowes, that hee knew my body,

But knows, he thinke, that he knowes Isabella.

Ang. This is a strange abuse: Let's see thy face.

Mar. My husband bids me, now I will vnske.

This is ye face, thou crueell Angelo

Which once thou worst, was worth the looking on:

This is the hand, which with a vowd contract

Was fast belockt in thine: This is the body

That tooke away the match from Isabella,

And did supply thee at thy garden-houfe

In her imagin'd person.

Duk. Know you this woman?

Luc. Carnallie the faces.

Duk. Sitha, no more.

Luc. Enough my Lord.

Ang. My Lord, I must confess, I know this woman,

And five yeares since there was some speech of marriage

Between my selfe, and her; which was broke off,

Partly for that her promis'd proportions

Came front of Composition: But in chiefc

For that her reputation was dif-valued

In leuise: Since which time of five yeares

I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her

Vpon my faith, and honor.

Mar. Noble Prince,

As there comes light from heaven, and words frd breath,

As there is fince in truth, and truth in vnture,

I am affhanced this mans wife, as strongly

As words could make vp vowe: And my good Lord,

But Tuesday night past, in's garden house,

he knew me as a wife. As this is true,

Let me in safety raise me from my knees,

Or else for euer be confin'd here.

A Marble Monument.

Ang. I did but flmile till now,

Now good my Lord, give me the scope of justice,

My patience here is touch'd: I doe perceive

These poore informall women, are no more

But instruments of some more mighty member

That lets them on. Let me haue way, my Lord,

To finde this prattice out.

Luc. I, with my heart,

And punifh them to your height of pleafure.

Thou foolish Frier, and thou perciouss woman Compact with her that's gone: thankfull thou thy owne,

Though they would swear downe each particular Saint,

Were testimonies against his worth, and credit

That's faid in approbation? you, Lord Efcalu

Sit with my Cozen, lend him your kindes paine

To finde out this abuie, whence 'tis derivd.

There is another Frier that let them on,

Let him be fent for.

Peter. Would he were here, my Lord, for he indeed

Hath fet the women on to this Complainant;

Your Prouost knowes the place where he abides,

And he may fetch him.

Duk. Goe, doe it imfallion:

And you, my noble and well-warranted Cofen

Whom it concernes to heare this matter forth,

Doe with your minours as feemes you beft

In that chafflenent: I for a while

Will leave you; but for you not you ill have

Well determin'd upon these Slanderers.

Ect.

Efc. My Lord, we'll doe it throughly: Signior Lucin,

did not you fay you knew that Frier Lambard to be a
dishonest person?

Luc. Cunctillus non factus Monachum, honest in nothing

but in his Clothes, and one that hath spake most villous

speeches of the Duke.

Efc. We shall intreat you to abide here till he come,

And force them against him: we shall finde this Frier a

notable fellow.

Luc. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Efc. Call that fame Isabella here once againe: I would

speake with her: pray you, my Lord, giue me leave to

question, you shall see how Ie handle her.

Luc. Not better then he, by her owne report,

Efe. Say you?

Luc. Marry, i thinke, if you handled her privately
Measure for Measure.

She would sooner confesse, perchance publicly she'll be ashamed.

Enter Duke, Provost, Isabella.

Euf. I will goe darkely to worke with her.

Luc. That's the way: for women are light at midnight.

Euf. Come on Milthia, here's a Gentlewoman, Denies all that you have saied.

Luc. My Lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of.

Here, with the Provost.

Euf. In very good time; speake not you to him, till we call upon you.

Luc. Mum.

Euf. Come Sir, did you let these women on to flander Lord Angelo? they have confed you did.

Duk. 'Tis false.

Euf. How? Know you where you are?

Duk. Respect to your great place; and let the diuell Be sometime honour'd, for his burning throne. Where is the Duke? tis he should have me speake.

Euf. The Duke's in vs: and we will have you speake, Looke you speake truly.

Duk. Boldly, at least. But oh, poor foules, Come you to speake the Lamb here of the Fox. Good night to your redresse: Is the Duke gone? Then is your cause gone too: The Duke's vniust, Thus to retoru your manfull Appeal, And put your triall in the villaines mouth, Which here you come to accoule.

Luc. This is the rascal: this is he I spoke of.

Euf. Why thou vnreconcil, and vnhallowed Fryer: If't is not enough thou hast suborn'd these women, To accuse this worthy man? but in foule mouth, And in the witnesse of his proper care, To call him villain: and then to glance from him, To that Duke himselfe, to taxe him with insolence? I take him hence to th' racke with him: we'll to vse you joynet by joynet, but we will know his purpose:

What? vnust?

Duk. Be not so hot: the Duke dare
No more stretche this finger of mine, then he Dares rake his owne: his Subiet is not, Nor here Prouinciall: My business in this State Made me a looker on here in Venice,

Where I haue fene corruption boyle and bubble, Till it ore-rune the Stewes: Lawes, for all faults, But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong Statutes Stand like the forrestes in a Butlers shop.

As much in mocke, as marke.

Euf. Slander to the State: Away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him Signior Lucio? Is this the man that you did tell vs of?

Luc. 'Tis he, my Lord: come hither goodman bald-pate, doe you know me?

Duk. I remember you Sir, by the sound of your voice, I met you at the Prison, in the absence of the Duke.


Duk. Most notably Sir.

Luc. Do you vs Sir: And was the Duke a flesh-monger, a foole, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duk. You must(Sir) change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you indeed spake so of him, and much more, much worse.

Luc. Oh thou damnable fellow: did nor I plucke thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duk. I protest, I loue the Duke, as I loue my selfe.

Ang. Harke how the villaines would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

Euf. 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 vpou him: let him speake no more: away with those Gigletts too, and with the other confedrate companion.

Duk. Stay Sir, stay a while.

Ang. What, refists he? help him Lucio.

Luc. Come sir, come sir, come Sir: foh sir, why you bald-pate lying rascal, you must be hooded muff you? show your knaves vidige with a poxe to you: show your fleape-bring face, and be hang'd an house: will's not off?

Duk. Thou art the first knave, that ere madit a Duke.

First Provost, let me bayle thefe gentle three:

Sneake not away Sir, for the Fryer, and you, Must haue a word anon: lay hold on him.

Luc. This may proue worse then hangning.

Duk. What you have spake, I pardon: fit you downe, We'll borrow place of him Sir, by your leaque: Ha' it thou or word, or wit, or impudence, That yet can doe thee office? If thou haft rely vpou it, till my tale be heard, And hold no longer our.

Ang. Oh, my dread Lord, I should be guiltier then my guiltiness, To thinke I can be vndifferentable,

When I perswade your grace, like powre duiue, Hath look'd vnpon my pifiets. Then good Prince, No longer Sefion hold upon my flame, But let my Triall, be mine owne Confession; Immediate sentence then, and frequent death, Is all the grace I beg.

Duk. Come hither Mariana,

Say: was thou ere contrafted to this woman?

Ang. I was my Lord.

Duk. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.

Doe you the office (Fryer) which confummate, Return him here again: goe with him Provost. Exit. Euf. My Lord, I am more amaz'd at his disfonor, Then at the strangeness of it.

Duk. Come hither Isabella,

Your Fryer is now your Prince: As I was then Aduerteryng, and holy to your buniflene,

(No changing heart with habit) I am still, Attacked at your feruice.

Isab. Oh give me pardon

That I, your vallaine, haue imploide, and pain'd
Your vnoowne Soueraignty.

Duk. You are pardon'd Isabella:

And now, deere Maide, be you as freetous,

Your Brothers death I know fits at your heart:

And you may manuall, why I oblicur'd my felfe,

Labouring to faue his life: and would not rather

Make ratt remontrance of my hidden powre,

Then let him bo loft: oh moft kinde Maid,

It was the swift celestie of his death,

Which I did thinke, with flower foot came on,

That brain'd my purpose: but peace be with him,

That life is better life past fearing death,

Then that which liues to feare: make it your comfort,
Measure for Measure.

So happy is your Brother.

Enter Angelo, Mariva, Peter, Provost.

Ifab. I do my Lord,

Duk. For this new-married man, approaching here, Whole falk imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well defended honor: you must pardon
For Mariana's sake; but as he aluidg'd your Brother,
Being criminal in double violation
Of sacred chastitie, and of promise-break,
Thereon dependant for your Brothers life,
The very mercy of the Law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue.
An Angelo for Claudio, death for death:
Haste still painst haft, and leave, answers leave;
Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure:
Then Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested;
Which though thou wouldst it deny, deserved be vantage.
We do condemme thee to the very blocke
Where Claudio stoo'd 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,
Confounding to the fate-gard of your honor,
I thought your marriage fit: elle Imputation,
For that he knew, you might reproach your life,
And choose your good to come: for his Poulcellions,
Although by confusion they are ours;
We doe ordnate, and widow you with all,
To buy you a better husband,

Mar. Oh my deere Lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Neere craine him, we are definate.

Mar. Gentle my Liege.

Duke. You doe but looke your labour.
Away with him to death: Now Sir, to you,

Mar. Oh my good Lord, sweet Isabella, take my part,
Lead me your knees, and all my life to come,
I'll lend you all my life to doe you service.

Duke. Against all fense you doe importune her,
Should the kneele downe, in mercie of this fiend:
Her Brothers ghost, his paused bed would brake,
And take her hence in horror.

Mama. Isabella:
Sweet Isabella, doe yet but kneele by me,
Hold vp your hands, say nothing: I'll speake all.
They say hell men are moulded out of faults,
And for the mofl, become much more the better
For being a little bad: So may my husband.
Oh Isabella: will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isab. Most bounteous Sir.

Look if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my Brother liid I partly thinke,
A due sincerite governed his deedes,
Till he did looke me: Since it is so,
Let him not die: my Brother had but luftice,
In that he did the thing for which he diede.
For Angelo, his A & did not ore-take his bad intent,
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subiects
Intents, but meerly thoughts.

Mar. Mely my Lord,

Duk. Your fortune's unprofitable: stand vp I say:
I have bethought me of another fault.

provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded

At an unuall howre?

Pro. It was commandd so.

Duk. Had you a speciall warrant for the deed?

Pro. No my good Lord: it was by private message.

Duk. For which I doe discharge you of your office,
Give vp your keyes.

Pro. Pardon noble Lord,
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not,
Yet did repent me after more aduance,
For rellimy whereof, one in the prifon
That should by private order els have dice,
I have refered it alues.

Duk. What's he?

Pro. His name is Barnardine.

Duk. I would thou hast done so by Claudio:
Goe fetch him hither, let me looke vpon him.

Efs. I am forre, one so learned, and to wife
As you, Lord Angelo, have fit appear'd,
Should flap to groffie, both in the heat of blood
And lacke of temper'd judgement afterward.

Ang. I am forrie, that such sorrow I procure,
And soe deepe stiks it in my penitent heart,
That I one day more willingly then mercy,
'Tis my deuering, and I doe entreat it.

Enter Barnardine and Provost, Claudio, Julietta.

Duk. Which is that Barnardine?

Pro. This my Lord.

Duk. There was a Friar told me of this man.
Siths, thou art said to have a flubborne soule
That apprehends no further then this world,
And squeer't thy life according: Thou're 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 aduise him,
I leave him to your hand. What mufhed fellow's that?

Pro. This is another prisoner that I fou'd,
Who should have di'd when Claudio loft his head,
As like as moft to Claudio, as himselfe.

Duk. If he be like your brother, for his sake
Is he pardon'd, and for your louelie sake
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too: But tinner time for that:
By this Lord Angelo percevies he's fafe,
Methinks I see a quickening in his eye:
Well, Angelo, your euell quites you well.
Looke that you lose your wife, her worth, worth yours
I finde an apt remembrance in my selfe:
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon,
You fir's, that knew me for a boole, a Coward,
One all of Luxurie, an artisan, a mad man:
Wherein have I so deler'd of you
That you exell me thus?

Lee. Faith my Lord, I spake it but according to the trick
if you will hang me for it you may: but I had rather
it would please you, I might be whipt.

Duk. Whipt first, sir, and hang'd after.

Proclaim it Provost round about the Citie,
If any woman born'd by this lawes fellow
(As I have heard him swear he there's one
who mone begot with child) let her appeare,
And he shall marry her: the nuptiall fin'd,
Let him be whipt and hang'd.

Lee. I defy that your Highnesse do not marry me to a
Whore: your Highnesse said eu'n now I made you a
Duke good my Lord do not recompence me, in making me a Cuckold.

Duk. Vpen
Duke. Vpon mine honor thou shalt marie her.
Thy flanders | I forgive, and therewithal
Hem in thy other forfeits: take him to prison,
And see our pleasure herein executed.
Luc. Martyring a punke my Lord, is preffing to death,
Whipping and hanging.
Duke. Slandering a Prince deferves it.
She Claudio that you wrong'd, look you reftore.
Ioy to you Mariana, loute her Angela:
I have confess'd her, and I know her vertue.
Thanks good friend, Efiatus, for thy much goodniffe,
There's more behinde that is more gratulate.
Thanks Prout for thy care, and fervice,
We shall imployme thee in a worthier place.
Forgive him Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragazine for Claudio's,
Th'offence pardons it felfe, Deere Isabella,
I have a motion much imports your good,
Wherefore if you'll a willing eate incline;
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.
So bring vs to our Pallace, where we'll flowe
What's yet behinde, that meete you all should know.

The Scene Vienna,
The names of all the Actors.

Angelo, the Deputy.
Efiatus, an ancient Lord.
Claudio, a young Gentleman.
Lucia, a fantaffique.
2. Other like Gentlemen.
Prout.

FINIS.
The Comedie of Errors.

Alius primus, Scena prima.

Enter the Duke of Ephesus, with the Merchant of Syracuse, Taylor, and other attendant.

Merchant. This is the very man I sought for many days last past, who would fain have me avariciously press my wages, and who by the decree of death and the order of the Duke, Merchant of Sycraca, is to be dismissed. To Merchants our well-seeling Committee, who wanting气象ists to redeem their wares, have the days rigorous nature to redeem their wares, and to redeem our threatening husbands: For since the marriage and intercourse.

Twixt thy foolish Committee and ye, it hath in solemn Synodes been decreed, both by the Serafinians and their felons, to admit no trafficke to our adherence townes.

Nay more, if any born at Ephesus, believe at any Serafinian Martyrs and yeares. Again, if any Serafinian born, come to the Bay of Ephesus, he dies.

His goods confiscated to the Duke dispise. Valued a thousand marks be loosed.

To quit the penalty, and to reconcile him, thy substance, valued at the highest rate, cannot amount unto a hundred Marks, therefore by Law thou art condemned to die. Merch. Yet this my comfort, when your words are done, my woe end like wise with the evening sunne. Merch. Well Serafinian, say in breife the cause.

Why thou departest from thy native home? And for what cause thou camst to Ephesus. Merch. A heayrue taske could not have beene impos'd, Then I to speake my griefes unspokeable. Yet that the world may witnesse that my end was wrought by nature, not by vile offence, He utter what my sorrow gives me leave. In Sycraca I was borne, and wedde. Unto a woman happy but for me, And by me; had not our hap beene bad: With her I did joy, our wealth increas. By prosperous voyages I often made. To Ephesus, till my fathers death, And he great care of goods at sundrie left. Drew mee from kind embracements of my spouse; From whom my absence was not free moneths old, Before her selfe (almost as fainting under).
The Comedie of Errors.

For we may pitty, though not pardon thee,

Merch. Oh had the gods done so, I had not now

Worthily turned them cruellee to vs:

For ere the shipps could meet by twice fife leagues,

We were encountred by a mighty rocke,

Which being violently borne vp,

Our helpfull ship was splitt to the midde,

So that in this vnuit divorce of vs,

Fortune had left to both of vs alike,

What to delight in, what to forrow for,

Her paine, poure soule, seeming as burdenned

With fatter weight, but not with leffer woes,

Was carried with more speed before the winde,

And in our fight they three were taken vp

By Fishtermen of Cardisle, as we thought.

At length another ship had faiz'd on vs,

And knowing whom it was their hap to faie,

Gave healthfull welcome to their ship-wrackt guests,

And would have fet the Fishters of their prey,

Had not their barks beene very fowle of fife;

And therefore homeward did they bend their course.

That hauing you heard me feuer'd from my life,

That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,

to tell fad stories of my owne misfapts,

Duke. And for the sake of: them thou fhortenwell for,

Doe me the favour to dilate at full,

What hauing befalne of them and they till now.

Merch. My yeonge boy, and yet my eldier care,

At eighteene yeares became inquitifne.

After his brother; and importun'd me

That his attendant, fo his cafe was like,

Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,

Might bear him company in the queft of him:

Whom whilft I laboured of a loute to fer,

I hazarded the loffe of whom I lou'd.

Five Sommer's hauing I spent in fartheft Greece,

Roning cleane through the bounds of Afia,

And couning homeward, came to Ephesius

Hopefull to finde, ye nonetheless untouht

Or that, or any place that hauors men:

But here remitt end the story of my life,

And happy were I in my timelie death,

Could all my travells warrant me they lieue,

Duke. Hopefull Egon whom the fates hauue markt

To bear the extremitie of dire misfap:

Now truitt me, were it not againft our Lawes,

Agrued my Crown, my extream dignity,

Which Princes would they may not difaffault,

My foule fhoule fue as advocate for thee:

But though thou art aduflhed to the death,

And paffed fentence may not be recall'd

But to our honours great difparagement:

Yet will I favour thee in what I can:

Therefore Marchant, Ile limit thee this day

To fecke thy helpe by benefcial helpe,

Try all the friends thou haft in Ephesius,

Beg thou, or borrow, to make vp the fumme,

And liue if no,then thou art doom'd to die:

Taylor, take him to thy cuttolfe.

Taylor. I will my Lord.

Merch. Hopefull and hopefull doth Egon wend,

But to protracte his flueflife end.

Enter Antithela Eresse, a Marchant, and Dromio.

Mer. Therefore giue out you are of Epidamum,

Left that your goods too foon be confecrate:

This very day a Stracchian Marchant

Is apprehended in a riuall here,

And not being able to buy out his life,

According to the fature of the towne,

Dies ere the wearey funne fet in the Welt:

There is your monie that I had to kepe.

Ant. Goe beare it to the Centaure, where we hoft,

And flay there Dromio, till I come to thee;

Within this houre it will be dinner time,

Till that I leue the manner of the towne,

Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,

And then returne and deepre within mine June.

For with long trauaille I am fliffe and wearey.

Get thee away.

Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,

And goe indeede, having fo good a mane.

Exit Dromio.

Ant. A truffifie villainere, that very oft

When I am dull with care and melancholy,

Lightens my humour with his merry fifts:

What will you walke with me aboue the towne,

And then goe to my Inne and dine with me?

E. Merch. I am instruct frr to certaine Marchants,

Of whom I hope to make much benefite:

I crave your pardon, freeze at fue a clocke,

Please you, if it may be, to fende me to the Matr,

And afterward confort you till bed time:

My prefent buffineffe calls me from you now.

Ant. I will well till then: I will goo loafe my felfe,

And wander vp and downe to view the City.

E. Merch. Sir, I commend you to your owne content.

Exeunt.

Ant. He that commendes me to mine owne content,

Commends me to the thing I cannot get:

I to the world am like a drop of water,

That in the Ocean seeke another drop,

Who falling there to finde his fellow forth,

(For therein inquitifne) contouds hime felfe.

So I, to finde a Mother and a Brother,

In queft of them (vnhappie) loofe my felfe.

Enter Dromio of Ephesius:

Here comes the almanacke of my true date:

What now? How chance thou art return'd fo foonce.

Dro. Return'd fo foonce, rather approach too late.

The Capon burnes, the Pig falls from the spit;

The clocke hath striken twelve upon the bell:

My Miffiris made it one upon my cheeke:

She is fo hot because the meate is cold:

The meate is cold, because you come not home:

You come not home, because you have no flomeake:

You have no flomeake, having broke your falt:

But we that know what 'tis to falt and pray,

Are penitent for your default to day.

Ant. Stop in your winde fift, tell me this I pray?

Where have you left the money that I gave you.

Dro. On fiche pence that I had a wendy day laft,

To pay the Saddler for my Miffiris crupper:

The Saddler had it Sir, I kept it not.

Ant. I am not in a sportive humor now:

Tell me, and daily not, where is the monie?

We being straunders here, how dar'st thou truft

So great a charge from thine owne cuttolfe.

Dro. I pray you leffe firs as you ftit at dinner:

I from my Miffiris come to you in poff:

If I returne I fhall be poft indeede.
The Comedie of Errors.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lafit with woe: There's nothing fituate under heavens eye, But hath his bound in earth, in sea, in skie, The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowles Are their males subiects, and as their controules: Man more divin, the Master of all thee, Lord of the wide world, and wide watry seas, Indeed with intelleclual fence and foules, Of more preheminence then fist and fowles, Are masters to their females, and their Lords: Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This feruitude makes you to keep euen, We bid be quiet when we heare it eere, But were we bursed with like weight of paine, As much, or more, we should our feues complaine: So thou that haft no vinknde mate to greece thee, With wringinge hurt thy patience would releue me; But if thou like to feel like right benef. This foole beg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day but to trie: Here comes your man, now is your husband nie.

Enter Dromio Eq.

Adr. Say, is your tardie master now at hand? E.Dro. Nay, he's at too hands with mee, and that my two eares can witnere.

Adr. Sxy, didst thou speake with him? knowst thou his minde?

E. Dro. I, I, he told his minde vpon mine eare, Befirew his hand, I scarce could vnderstand it.

Luc. Speake hee so doubtfully, thou couldst not feele his meaning.

E. Dro. Nay, hee strooke me plainly, I could too well feele his blowes; and withall so doubtfully, that I could scarce vnderstand them.

Adr. But say, preethe, is he coming home? It feemes he hath great care to please his wife.

E. Dro. Why Mistrefse, sure my Master is borne mad.

Adr. Horne mad, thou villaine!

E. Dro. I meane not Cuckold mad, But sure he is flanke 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 thousand markes I gaue thee villaine? The pigge quoth I, is burn'd: my gold, quoth he: My mistrefse, sir, quoth I: hang vp thy Mistrefse: I know not thy mistrefse, out on thy mistrefse.

Luc. Quoth who?

E. Dr. Quoth my Master, I know quoth he, no house, no wife, no mistrefse: so that my arrant due unto my tongue, I thanke him, I bare home vpon my shoulders: for in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go backe againe, thou slau, & fetch him home, E.Dro. Goe backe again, and be new beaten home: For Gods sake fend some other messenger.
The Comedie of Errors.

Adr. Backe faire, or I will brake thy pate 2-croffie.

Dro. And he will blese 9 croffie with other beating.

Betweene us, I shall haue a holy head.

Adr. Hence pratting peant, fetch thy Mafer home.

Dro. Am I to round with you, as you with me,

That I like a foot-ball you do fparne me thus:

You fparne me hence, and he will fparne me hither,

If I alit in this feruice, you muft cafe me in lether.

Luci. Why is he patience lowreth in your face.

Adr. His compaine must do his minions grace,

Will it I at home forake for a merrie looke?

Hath homelick age it alluring beauty tocke,

From my poor cheeke? then he hath wafted it.

Are my dicourses dull? Barron my wit,

If voluble and fharpe diccous be mar'd,

Vnkindnes blunts it more then marble hard.

Does their gay vellments his affections baie?

That's not my fault, he's matter of my flate.

What ruines are in me that can be found,

By him not ruin'd? Then is he the ground

Of my deffurces. My decayed face,

A fumme looke of his, would foono repaire,

But, too varly Deere, he breeches the pale,

And feedes from home; poore I am but his fide.

Luci. Sefelf-harming jeallousy; he beat it hence.

Ad. Unfeeling can with fuch wrongs difpcnse:

I know his eye doth homage other-where,

Or else, what lets it but he would be here?

Sife, you know he promi'd me a claine,

Would that alone, a loye he would detain,

So hemd would keep faire quarter with his bed:

I fee the Jewell belt enameled

Will loofe his beautie: yet the gold bides full

That others touch, and oftent touching will.

Where gold and no man that hath a name,

By fallification and corruption doth it flaime:

Since that my beautie cannot pleaze his ele,

Iie weep (what's left away) and weeping die.

Luci. How mane fonic foiles terfe mad I cloufed?

Enter Antipholus Errors.

Ant. The gold I gave to Lonon is laid vp

Safe at the Centaur, and the headfull stone

Is wanded forth in care to feeke me out

By computation and mine hofs report.

I could not fpeak with Drornia, fince at first

I fent him from the centaur. fere he he coms,

Enter Drornia Sychou.

How now fir, is your merrie humor alien'd?

As you loue firoales, fof fleft with me againe

You know no Centaur? you recei'd no gold?

You Missfette feint to have me home to dinner?

My howse was at the Pho nuis. Waft thou mad,

That thus fo maude thou didft anfwere me?

S. Dro. What anfwere fir? when fpake I fuch a word?

E. Ant. Even now, euen here not half an howre fince.

S. Dro. I did not fee you fince you fent me hence.

Home to the Centaur with the gold you gaue me.

Ant. Villaine, thou didft denie the gold receit,

And toldft me of a Missfette, and a dinner,

For which I hope thou felft I was difpleas'd.

S. Dro. I am glad to fee you in this merrie vaine,

What meares this leaff, I pray you Mafer tell me?

Ant. Yes, doth thou care & flow me in the teeth?

Think'd I fee hold, take thee that, & that. Beeff Dro.

S. Dro. Hold fir, for Gods fake, now your left is earneft,

Vpon what bargain do you giue it me?

Ant. Beaff. Because that I familier fometime

Doe vfe for you my foole, and chat with you,

Your favoniffle will leaff vpon my love,

And make a Common of my fericous howres.

When the funne fhines, let foolish gnats make fport

But creep in eranties, when he hides his beames:

If you will left with me, know my afpeft,

And fufion your demeanor to my lookees,

Or I will beat this method in your feonce.

S. Dro. Sence call you it? fo you would leave bett,

I had rather haue it a head, and you wifh these hows long,

I must get a fonce for my head, and Inlence it to,

or elfe I fhall fEEK my wit in my boulders, but I pray fir,

why am I beaten?

Ant. Dof thou not know?

S. Dro. Nothing fir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. Shall I tell you why?

S. Dro. I fir, and wherefore; for they fay, every why

hath a wherefore.

Ant. Wha fir for flowing me, and then wherefore,

for vrging it the fecond time to me.

S. Dro. Was there ever man thus beaten out of feason,

when in the why and the wherefore, is neither time

nor reaftion. Well fir, I thank you,

Ant. Thank me fir, for what?

S. Dro. Marry fir, for this fomathing that you gue me

for nothing;

Ant. He make you amends next, to give you nothing

for fomathing. But fy, ifis dinner time?

S. Dro. No fir, I think the next wants that I haue,

Ant. In good time fir, what's that?

S. Dro. Bathing.

Ant. Well fir, then'll be dine.

S. Dro. If it be fir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. Your reafon?

S. Dro. Left it make you chollerick, and purifie me

another drie bafing.

Ant. Well fir, leare to leif in good time, there's a

time for all things.

S. Dro. I dunt 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 hear it.

S. Dro. There's no time for a man to recover his hair

that growes bald by nature.

Ant. May he not doe it by fince and recouverie?

S. Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a perweig, and recover

the lofte hair of another man.

Ant. Why, is it fince a nuggar of haire, being (as it is)

to plinfull an excriment?

S. Dro. Because it is a blefuming that hee beftows on

beasts, and what he hath fteamd them in haire, bee hath

given them by right.

Ant. Why, but there's manie a man hath more haire

then with.

S. Dro. Not a man of shooe but he hath the wit to lose

his haire.

Ant. Why he didt conclude hairy man plain dea

lers without wit.

S. Dro. The plainier dealer, the sooner loft; yet he loo

fels it in a kind of glasse.

Ant. For what reafon.

S. Dro. For two, and found ones to.

"Am. Nay."

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The Come die of Errors.

Ant. By Drama? Dram. by me.
Adr. By thee, and this thou didst returne from him. That he did buffet thee, and in his bloures, Denied my house for his, me for his wife.
Ant. Did you consuere fit with this gentlewoman? What is the course and drift of your compa? Ant. No, if I never saw her till this time.
Adr. Villaine thou left, for even her verie words, Didst thou deliever to me on the Mart. 
S.D. I never spake with her in all my life.
Ant. How can she thus then call vs by our names? Vuliffe it be by inspiration.
Adr. How ill agrees it with your graste, To counterfeit thus grofely with your face, Abetting him to thwart me in my mode; Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt, But wrong nor that wrong with a more contempt. Come I will fall'en on this fauce of thine: Thou art an Eline my husband, I a Vinc: Whose weakeffe married to thy Stranger flate, Makes me with thy strength to comminicate: If ought poffehe thee from me, it is droffe, Vpurpt Inue, Brier, or olle Mofe, Who all for want of prunity, with intrusion, Infeche thy fap, and fine on thy committ. 
Adr. To come thee speaks, thee moves mee for her theame: What, was I married to her in my dreame? Or sleepe I now, and thinke I heare all this? What error drives our cies and cares amisse? Until I know this sure uncertaintie, I'll entertaine the frrd fallaice. 
Luc. Dromio. goe bid the feruants sped for dinner. S. Dro. Oh for my beafts, I crosse me for a finner. This is the Fairie land, oh fright of spightes, We talke with Gobins, Owls and Sprights; If we obey them not, this will infuze: They'll luke our breath, or pinch vs blacke and blew.
Luc. Why pratt thou to thy felle, and answr't not? Dromio, thou Dromio, thou fhall, thou flug, thou for.
S. Dro. I am transformed Mafter, am I not? 
Adr. I thinke thou art in mine, and so am I.
S. Dro. Nay Mafter, both in minute, and in my shape, thou hast tyme owne forme.
S. Dro. No, I am an Abcbecke. 
Luc. If thou art chandg'd to ought, 'tis to an Alls, S. Dro. 'Tis true the fride me, and I long for graffe.
Tis too, I am an Affer, elle it could never be, But I should know her as well as she knowes me.
Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool, To put the finger in the eie and weepers; Whilffe man and Mafter laughs my wses to fcorne; Come fit to dinner, Dromio keep the gate; Husband Ile dine about with you to day, And thirue you of a thousand idle pranks: Sirs, any ask thee for your Mafter, Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter: Come fitter, Dromio play the Porter well.
Ant. Am I in earth, in heauen, or in hell? Sleeping or waking, mad or well aduife: Knowne unto thefe, and to my felle ditguife: Ile fay as they fay, and perfuue fo: And in this mift or all aduences go.
S. Dro. Mafter, shall I be Porter at the gate? 
Adr. I, and let none enter, lufal I breake your pate. 
Luc. Come, come, Antiphons, we done to late.
Thou wouldst haue chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an affe.

Enter Luce.

Luce. What a coile is there Dromio? who are those at the gate?

E. Dro. Let my Master in Luce.

E. Dro. Faith no, hee comes too late, and so tell your Master.

E. Dro. O Lord I must laugh, haue at you with a Pro.

Dromio, Shall I haue affe.

Luce. Haue at you with another, that's when can you tell?

S. Dro. If thy name be called Luce, Luce thou haft an

swer'd him well,

Luce. Do ye hear your minion, you'll let vs in I

hope?

S. Dro. And you said no.

Luce. I thought to haue askt you.

S. Dro. Do so come helpe, well brooke, 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 sake.

Ant. You'll crie for this minion, if I beat the doo
downe.

Luce. What needs all that, and a paire of stocks in the
towne?

Luce. Enter Adriana.

Adr. Who is that at the doore? keeps all this noise?

S. Dro. By my troth your townse is troubled with un

ruly boies.

Ant. Are you there Wife? you might have come

before.

Adr. Your wife sir knawe? goe get you from the
dore, E. Dro. If you went in paite Master, this knawe would
go fore.

Ant. Here is neither cheere sir, nor welcome, we

would tame haue either.

Adr. In debating which was best, wee shall part

with either.

E. Dro. They stand at the doore, Master, bid them

welcome hithe.

Ant. There is something in the winde, that we can

not hear.

E. Dro. You would say Master, if your garments

were thin.

Your cake here is warme within: you stand here in the
cold.

It would make a man mad as a Bucke to be so bought

and fold.

Ant. Go fetch me something, Ile break ope the gate.

S. Dro. Breake any breaking here, and Ile break your

knawes paire.

E. Dro. A man may break a word with your sir, and

words are but winde:

I and breake it in your face, so he brake it not behinde.

S. Dro. It temes thou wart breaking, out upon thee

hinde.

E. Dro. Here's too much out upon thee, I pray thee let

me in.

S. Dro. I when fowles have no feathers, and fishe have

no fin.

E. Dro. Well, Ile breake in go borrow me a crow.

E. Dro. A crow without feather, Master meanes you for;
For a fish without a line,\(\text{that's a fowl without a stepe,}\)
If a crow help vs in fira,\(\text{we'll plucke a crow together.}\)
\(\text{Ant. Go, get thee gone, fetch mee an iron Crow.}\)
\(\text{Bash. Hauke patience fir, oh let it be fo,}\)
Herein you warre against your reputation,
And dowe within the compass of supped,
To voultated honor of your wife.
Once this your long experience of your wifedom,
Her fober vertue, yeares, and modififie,
Plead on your part some caufe to you vnkowne;
And doubt not fir, but the well excelle
Why at this time the dores are made against you.
Be rul'd by day, depart in patience,
And let vs to the Tyger all to dinner,
And about evening come your felle alone,
To know the reason of this strange reftraint:
If by strong hand you offer to breaake in
Now in the iluring paffage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that supposd by the common rowe
Against your yet vngalled estimation,
That may vnto foule intrusion enter in,
And dwell vpoure your grate when you are dead;
For flanders lurers now inueade me withal:
For ever how's, where it is, get poftellion.
\(\text{Ant. You have prouall'd, I will depart in quiet,}\)
And in despiught of mind meane to be merrie;
I know a wench of excellent discoure,
Prettie and wittie; wilde, and yet too gentle;
There will we done: this woman that I mean,
My wife (but I proue it without defer)
Hath ofetimes vpraised me withall:
To her we will to dinner, get you home,
And fetch the chaine, by this I know 'tis made,
Bring it I pray you to the Perpendicular,
For there's the house: That chaine will I bellow
(Be it for nothing but to b'ftir my wife)
\(\text{Vpon mine hoffelle there, good fir make haste:}\)
Since mine owne doores refhule to entertaine me,
Ile knocke else-where, to see if they'll disfaine me.
\(\text{Ang. Ile meet you at that place some houre hence.}\)
\(\text{Ant. Do, to this yeell shall I fee some expecce.}\)

\(\text{Exit.}\)

\(\text{Enter Juliana, with Antipholus of Sirenia.}\)
\(\text{Julia. And may it be that you have quicke forgot,}\)
A husbands office? Shal Antipholus
Euen in the spring of Loue, thy Louete-springs rot? Shall loue in buildings grow so rarente?
If you did wed my fitter for her wealth,
Then for her wealths-fake Ibe with her more kindnesse:
Or if you like els-where doe it by fleshe,
Muffle your falle loue with fame thew of blindnesse,
Let not my firfer read it in your eye:
Be not thy tongue thy owne Shames Orator:
Looke sweet, speake faire, become disloyalite:
Apparel vice like venures harbenger:
Seare a faire prudence, though your heart be tainted,
Teach firme the carriage of a holy Saint,
Be secret falle: when need the be acquainted?
What simple thefte braggs of his owne attaine?
'Tis double wrong to trauant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy loakes at boord:
Shame hath a battard fame, well manag'd,
Ill deeds is doubled with an euill word:
AAls poore women, make vs not beleue
(Being compact of credite) that you loue vs,
Though others have the arme, shew vs the treue:
We in your motion turne, and you may moue vs,
Then gentle brother get you in againe;
Comfort my fitter, cheere her, call her wife;
Tis holy sport to be a little vaine,
When the sweet breath of fatterie conqueres firi.
\(\text{S. Ants. Sweete Milliris, what your name is else I know not;}\)
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine:
Leffe in your knowledg, and your grace you show not,
Then our earths wonder, more then earth duine,
Teache me dere creature how to thinke and speake:
Lay open to my earthe grosse conceite,
Smoothe'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weake,
The foulted meaning of your words deceat:
Against my foules pure truth, why labour you,
To make it wander in vnknowne field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transfome me then, and to your powre Ie yeeld.
But if that 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:
Oataine me not fweet: Mermaid with thy note,
To drowne me in thy fitter flood of teares,
Sing Siren for thy felle, and I will doe:
Spread ore the fitter wavies thy golden haires;
And as a bud Ie take thee, and there lie:
And in that glorious supposition thinke,
He gaine by death, that hath such means to die:
Let Loue being light, be drown'd if the finke.
\(\text{Luc. What are you mad, that doe reafon fo?}\)
\(\text{Ant. Not mad, but maded, how I doe not know,}\)
\(\text{Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye,}\)
\(\text{Ant. For gazing on your beames faire ius being by,}\)
\(\text{Luc. Gaze when you shoulde, and that will cheere your fight.}\)
\(\text{Ant. As good to finke fweet loue, as looke on night,}\)
\(\text{Luc. Why call you me loue? Call my fitter for,}\)
\(\text{Ant. Thy fitter fitter,}\)
\(\text{Luc. That's my fitter,}\)
\(\text{Ant. No: it is thy felle, mine owne feller better part:}\)
Mine eies cleere eie, my deer heartes deerer heart;
My foode, my fortune, and my sweet hopes sime;
My fule earths heauen, and my heauens claimes.
\(\text{Luc. All this my fitter is, or elle shoulde be.}\)
\(\text{Ant. Call thy feller fitter sweet, for I am thee;}\)
\(\text{Thee will I loue, and with thee lead my life;}\)
\(\text{Thou haft no husband yet, nor I no wife.}\)
\(\text{Give me thy hand,}\)
\(\text{Luc. Oh lef for, hold you still;}\)
\(\text{Ile fetch my fitter to get her good will.}\)

\(\text{Exit.}\)

\(\text{Enter Dromio, Sirena.}\)
\(\text{Ant. Why how now Dromio, where run't thou so fast?}\)
\(\text{S.Dre. Doe you know me fett? Am I Dromio? Am I your man? Am I my felle?}\)
\(\text{Ant. Thou art Dromio, they art my man, thou art thy felle.}\)
\(\text{Dre. I am an affe, I am a woman's man, and besides my felle.}\)
\(\text{Ant. What woman's man? and how besides thy felle?}\)
\(\text{Dre. Marrie fir,besides my felle, I am due to a woman: One that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will haue me.}\)
\(\text{Ant. What}\)
The Comedie of Errors.

Ant. What claimeth tells to thee?
Dro. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse, and she would have me as a beast, not that I being a beast she would have me, but that she being a very beauteous creature lays claim to me.
Ant. What is she?
Dro. A very reverent body: I such a one, as a man may speak of, without he say for reverence. I have but leave lacks in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.
Ant. How doth thou mean a fat marriage?
Dro. Marry, sir, she's the ditch wench, & great grace, and I know not what vice to put her too, but to make a Lamp of her, and run from her by her owne light. I warrant, her sagges and the Tallow in them, will burn a Winter. If the bluees still doomesday, she burn a week longer then the whole World.
Ant. What complexion is she of?
Dro. Swart like my foole, but her face nothing like so clean kept: for why? she sweats a man may goe other-flores in the grime of it.
Ant. That's a fault that water will mend.
Dro. No fir, 'tis in grame, N Nam'el could not do it.
Ant. What's her name?
Dro. Not 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 hippce: she is sphericall, 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 bagges.
Ant. Where Scotland?
Dro. I found it by the barret of her hard in the palm of the hand.
Ant. Where France?
Dro. In her forehead, arm'd and reured, making warre against her heare.
Ant. Where England?
Dro. I looked for the chattle Citizens, but I could find no whitenesse in them. But I guesse, it flambe in her chin by the fat thumbe that ranne betweene France, and it.
Ant. Where Spaine?
Dro. Faith I saw it not: but I felt it hot in her breath.
Ant. Where America, the Indies?
Dro. Oh Sir, upon her nose, all ore emblazond with Rubies, Carboncles, Saphires, declaring their rich Apparel to the hot breath of Spainne, who sent whole Armadoes of Carretts to be ballasted as her nose.
Ant. Where Flanders, the Netherlands?
Dro. Oh Sir, I did not looke follow. To conclude, this drudge or Duiner layd claim to me, call'd mee Drogo, I was affur'd to her, told me what privie marks I had about me, as the marke of my shoulder, the mole in my cheeck, the great Wart on my left arm, the great wart on her as a witch. And I think, if my breath had not beene made of fat, and my heart of flece, she had transform'd me to a Curtull dog, & made me turne i'th wheel.
Ant. Go hie thee presently, post to the roe,
And if the winde blow any way from shore,
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 ere one knowes vs, and we knowe none,
Tis time I thinkke to strudge, packe, and be gone.
Dro. As from a Bear a man would run for life,
So flye I from her that would be my wife.
Exit Ant. There's no note but Witches do inhabithe here,
And therefore 'tis his time that I were hence:
She that doth call me husband, even my soule
Doth for a wife abhorre.
But her faire fitter
Doffeth with such a gentle fouveraigne grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me Traitor to my selfe;
But lest my selfe be guilty to selfe wrong,
Ie flie mine eares againste the Mermaids song.

Enter Angelo 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 vnitised me made it stay thus long.
Ant. What is your will that I shal do with this?
Ang. What please your selfe Sir: I have made it for you.
Ant. Made it for me Sir, I bespoke it not.
Ang. Neuer, neuer twice, but twentie times you haue:
Go home with it, and please your Wife withall,
And loone at supper time Ile vist you,
And then receive my money for the chaine.
Ant. I prye you Sir receive the money now,
For feare you use it cheane, nor mony more.
Ang. You are a merry man Sir, fare you well.
Exit, Ant. What I shalck think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I shalck, there is no man is to vaine,
That would refuse so faire an offer'd Chaine.
I see a man heere needs not live by flutis,
When in the feasts he meeters such Golden gifts:
Ie to the Mart, and there for Dranis flye,
If any flup put out, then straight away.

Altus Quartus, Scena Prima.

Enter a Merchante, Goldsmiths, and an Officer.

Mer. You know since Peeter off the sum is due,
And since I have not much important you,
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Peeter, and want Gilders for my voyaze,
Therefore make prompt satisfaction,
Or Ile attach you by this Officer.
Gold. Even iu the sum that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me by Antipholus,
And in the inflant that I met with you,
He had of me a Chaine, at flue a clocke.
I shal receive the money for the saime:
Pleaste you walke with me downe to his hose,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter Antipholus Echef: Drogo from the Countires.
Off. That labour may you have: See where he comes.
Ant. While I go to the Goldsmiths house, go thou

And
The Comedie of Errors.

And buy a ropes end, that will I betow
Among my wife, and their confederate,
For locking me out of my doores by day:
But loft I fee the Goldsmith; get thee gone,
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dre. I buy a thousand pound a year, I buy a rope.

Exit Dremino

Ep. A. A man is well holp by that truths to you,
I promised your present, and the Chaine;
But neither, Chaine nor Goldsmith came to me:
Belleke you thought our love would sit too long
If it were chand'ed together: and therefore came not.

Gold. Sating your merrie humor: here's the note
How much your Chaine weight to the most charett,
The finenece of the Gold, and chargefull fashion,
Which doth amount to three vvide Duchkets more
Then I stand debted to this Gentleman,
I pray you see him presently discharge'd,
For he's bound to Sea, and stayes but for it.

Am. I am not furnish'd with the present monie:
Befides I have some businesse in the towne,
Good Signior take the stranger to my house,
And with you I will to the Chaine, I trust my wife
Disbourse the summere, on the recet thereof,
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

Gold. Then you will bring the Chaine to her your selfe.

Am. No bearer it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Gold. Well sir, I will haue you the Chaine about you.

Am. And if I haue not sir, I hope you haue:
Or else you may returne without your money.

Gold. Nay come I pray you sir, give me the Chaine:
Both winde and side stayes for this Gentleman,
And I too blame have held him heere too long.

Am. Good Lord, you vse this disdainnes to excute
Your breach of promisse to the Perpentine,
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But like a thre you first begin to brawle.

Nar. The hour steales on, I pray you sir dispatch.
Gold. You haue how he improues me, the Chaine.
Am. Why givest thou to my wife, and fetch my mony.

Gold. Come, come, you know I gait you it euene now.
Either send the Chaine, or fend me by some token.

Am. Fie, now you run this humor out of breath,
Come where the Chaine, I pray you let me see it.

Mar. My buifiche cannot brooke this disdainne,
Good fit say, who's he you'll answer me, or no:

Her. He calleth to the Officer.

Am. I answer you? What should I answer you.

Gold. The monie that you owe me for the Chaine.

Am. I owe you none, till I receive the Chaine.

Gold. You know I gait you it halfe an hour since.

Am. You gaine none, you wrong me much to say so.

Gold. You wrong me more fit in denying it.

Am. Consider how it stands upon my credit.

Mar. Well Officer, arrest him at my farte.

Off. I do, and charge you in the Duske name to obey me.

Gold. This touchesh me in reputation.

Am. Either content to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this Officer,

Am. Content to pay thee that I owe had I
Arrest me foolish fellow if thou darst.

Gold. Here is thy fee, arrest him Officer.

Am. I would not spare my brother in this cafe,
If he should come to me apparsantly.

Off. I do arrest you, you haue the suite.

Am. I do obey thee, till I gie thee baile.
But firsh, you shall buy this sport as deere,
As all the mettall in your hope will answer.

Gold. Sir, sir, I shall haue Law in Epheus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dremino Sirs, from the Bay.

Dre. Master, there's a Barke of Epidamnum,
That stales but till her Owner comes aboard,
And then sir the bears away. Our draughtage fis,
I have come'd aboard, and I have bought:
The Oyle, the Balsamum, and Aquo-vitae.
The fin is in her trim, the merrie winde
Blows faire from land: they flay for nought at all,
But for their Owner, Master, and your self.

Am. How now a Madman? Why thou peccoulish sheep.
What shipp of Epidamus stales for me.

S.Dre. A shipp you funt me to, too, to bier wafage.

Am. Thou dost worth shipe, for a rope to save:
And told thee to what purpouse, and what end.

S.Dre. You funt me for a ropes end as foonie,
You sent me to the Bay fis, for a Barke.

Am. I will debate this matter at more leisure
And teach your cares to lift me with more head.
To Adriana Villaine his shee straight:
Gue her this key, and tell her in the Deske
That's couer'd o' re with Turkifh Tapifrie,
There is a purfe of Duchkets, let her lend it:
Tell her, I am arrestted in the streete.
And that shall baile me: hie thee flaue, be gone,
On Officer to prifon, till it come.

Exeunt

S. Dremio. To Adriana, that is where we din'd,
Where Dowlabill did claim me for her husband,
She is too bigge I hope for me to compaile,
Thither I must, although against my will:
For certes must their Matters minded fullfil.

Exit

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ah Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Might'ft thou perceive auterely in his eye,
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no:
Look'd he or red or pale, or fad or merry?
What obfervation maft thou in this cafe?

Luc. Oh, his hearts Meters tilting in his face.
He spake not, but hearkned me in right.

Adr. He meant he did me none; the more the spight
Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger beere.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what permission did he tempt thy love?

Luc. With words, that in an honest fuit might move.
First, he did praise my beautie, then my speech.

Adr. Did't speake him faire?

Luc. Have patience I beffeech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not hold me still.

Luc. My tongue, though not my heart, shall haue his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and fere.
Ill-fac'd, worse booll'd, to take every where:
Vicious, vngente, foolifh, blunt, ynknde,
The Comedie of Errors.

Stigmatical in making worse in minde.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one? No ouli loft is wall’d when it is gone.

Adr. Ah but I think he better then I say: And yet would herein others eies were worse:

Farre from her he left the Lapwing cries sweeny;

My heart prays for him, though my tongue doe curse.

Enter S. Dromio.

Dro. Here goe the deske, the purfe, sweet now make haste.

Luc. How hath thou loft thy breath?

S. Dro. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy Master Dromio? Is he well?

S. Dro. No, he’s in Tartar limbo, worse then hell:

A diuell in an everlasting garment hath him;

On whose hard heart is button’d up with flece:

A Feind, a Fairie, pittilefe and ruffe:

A Wolfe, nay worse, a fellow all in buffe:

A back friend, a ouder-clapper, one that countermalls

The pallages of allies, creeces, and narrow lands;

A hound that runs Counter, and yet draws drifout well,

One that before the Judgmet carries poore foules to hel.

Adr. Why man, what is the matter?

S. Dro. I do not know the matter, he is rested on the cafe.

Adr. What is he rested? tell me at whose suite?

S. Dro. I know not at whose suite he is rested well;

but is in a suite of buffe which rested him, that can I tell,

will you send him Mistris redemption, the monie in his deske.

Adr. Go fetch it Sifler: thus I wonder at.

Thus he unknowe to me should be in debt:

Tell me, was he rested on a band?

S. Dro. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing:

A chaine, a chaine, doe you not here it ring.

Adr. What, the chaine?

S. Dro. No, no, the bell, ‘tis time that I were gone:

It was two ere I left him, and now the clocke strikes one.

Adr. The houses come backe, that did I never here.

S. Dro. Oh yes, if any house meece a Seruante, a turns backe for vertue fraine.

Adr. As if time were in debt: how fondly do’t thou reason?

S. Dro. Time is a verie bankeroute, and owes more then

he’s worth to feacon.

Nay, he’s a theefe too: haue you not heard men say,

That time comes healing en by night and day?

If I be in debt and theft, and a Seruante in the way,

Hath he not reason to turne backe an house in a day?

Exit Luciana.

Enter S. Dromio.

Dro. Go Dromio, there’s the monie, bare it straight,

And bring thy Master home immediately.

Come sifter, I am preit down with conceit:

Conceive my comfort and my miserie.

Enter Antipholus Sirachia.

There’s not a man I meete but dothe frustrate me
As if I were their well acquainted friend,

And euerie one doth call me by my name:

Some tender monie to me, some invite me;

Some other give me thanks for kindnesse;

Some offer me Commodities to buy,

Even now a tailor cal’d me in his shop,

And shew’d me Silkes that he had bought for me,

And therewithall tooke mesure of my body.

Sure these are but imaginarie wiles,

And lapland Sorcerers inhabite here.

Enter Dromio Sir.

S. Dro. Master, here’s the gold you lent me for: what have you got the picture of old Adam new apparel’d?

Ant. What gold is this? What Adam don’t thou mean?

S. Dro. Not that Adam that kept the Paradise: but that Adam that keeps the prifons; hee that goes in the calues-skin, that was kill’d for the Prodiggall; hee that came behinde you first like an euisl angel, and bid you forake your libertie.

Ant. I understand thee not.

S. Dro. No? why ’tis a plaine cafe: he that went like a Bafe-Viole in a cafe of leather; the man, that when gentlemen are tiree gives them a Sob, and rest them: he first, that takes pittance on decayed men, and gives them suites of durancce: he that sets vp his reft to doe more exploits with his Mace, then a Moris Folk.

Ant. What thou mean’st an officer?

S. Dro. Sir, the Servant of the Band: he that brings any man to answer is that breaks his Band: one that thinkes a man always going to bed, and faies, God give you good rest.

Ant. Well sir, there rest in your foothec.

Is there any ships put forth to night? may we be gone?

S. Dro. Why sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the Barkke Expedition put forth to night, and then were you hindered by the Seruantes to tarry for the Hey Delay: Here are the angels that you run for to deliver you.

Ant. The fellow is different, and so am I,
And here we wander in illusions:

Some blest power deliver vs from hence.

Enter a Curiczan.

Cur. Well met, well met, Master Antipbolus:

I see sir you have found the Gold-smith now:

Is that the chaine you promised me to day.

Ant. Master, I charge thee tempor: me not,

S. Dro. Master, is this Mistris Sabbath.

Ant. It is the diuell.

S. Dro. Nay, she is worse, she is the diuells dam:

And here she comes in the habitt of a light wench, and thereof comes, that the wenches say God dam me, That’s as much to say, God make me a light wench: It is written, they appeare to men like angels of light, light is an effect of fire, and fire will burne: ergo, light wenches will burne, come not near her.

Cur. Your man and you are maruilsous merrie sir.

Will you goe with me, we’ll mend our dinner here?

S. Dro. Master, if you expect a good meete, or blesse a long spone,

Ant. Why Dromio?

S. Dro. Marrie he must have a long spone that must eate with the diuell.

Ant. Avoid then fiend, what shall I thou me of sup-

Thou art, as you are all a forceresse: (ping)

I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone,

Cur. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,

Or for my Diamond the Chaine you promised,

And let me goe first, and not trouble you.

S. Dro. Some diuils ask for but the parings of ones naiile,
The Comedie of Errors.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Curdian, and a Schoolmistress, called a Pinch.

Ant. Come goe along, my wife is comming yonder.

Dro. Mistis repicie feem, respect your end, or rather the prophetehe like the Parrat, beware the ropes end.

Ant. Wilt thou flill talk? 

Beats Dro.

Curt. How say you now? Is not your husband mad?

Adri. His inciulity continues no leffe:

Good Doctor Pinch, you are a Conjuror,

Let him in his true face againe,

And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas how fiery, and how sharpe he lookes.

Cur. Marke, how he trembles in his exatke.

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let mee feel your pulse.

Ant. There is my hand, and let it feel your caste.

Pinch. I charge thee Sasbath, hows within this man,

To yeeld pollicion to his hoile prayers,

And to thy face of darknie hee thee fraught,

I conjure thee by all the Saints in heauen.

Ant. Peace doting wizard, peace, I am not mad.

Ad. Oh that thou wer't not, poor distresed foule.

Ant. You Misson you, are those your Customers?

Did this Companion with the saffron face

Reuell and fealt it at my house to day,

Whil'st upon me the giullie doores were shut,

And I Denied to enter in my house.

Ad. O husband, God dore' know you din'd at home

Where would you had remain'd untill this time,

Free from these flanders, and this open flame.

Ant. Din'd at home? Thou Villaine, what sayest thou?

Dro. Sir sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. Were not my doores lockt vp, and I shut out?

Dro. Perdie, your doores were lockt, and you shut out.

Ant. And did not this felfe reiul me there?

Dro. Saw Fable, thee her felfe reuill'd you there,

Ant. Did not her Kitchen inside ralle, taunt, and forceme?

Dro. Certi the did, the kitchin vefall fcon'd you.

Ant. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. In verity you did, my bones beats witnesse,

That since haue felt the vigour of his rage.

Ad. 1st to good to looth him in these contrarietys

Pinch. It is no shame, the fellow find his vaine,

And yeelding to him, humors well his frende.

Ant. Thou haft subborn'd the Goldsmith to arrest mee.

Ad. Alas, I sent you Monie to redeeme you,

By Din'me here, who came in haft for it.

Dro. Monie by haft? Have not I haue good will you might,

But surely Mafter not a rage of Monie.

Ant. Wentft not thou toher for a purs of Ducks?

Adri. He came to me, and I delius'd it.

Luc. And I am witnesse with her that she did.

Dro. God and the Rope-maker beare me witnesse,

That I was sent for nothing but a rope.

Pinch. Mistis, both Man and Mafter is poiffit,

I know it by their pale and deadly lookes,

They
They must be boun'd and laide in some darke roomes.

Ant. Say, wherefore didst thou locke me forth to day, And why dost thou deny the bagge of gold?

Adr. I did not gentle husband locke thee forth. Do's. And gentle Mr. I receiv'd no gold.

But I confess'd, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Diffembling Villain, thou speakest false in both.

Ant. Diffembling harlot, thou art false in all,
And art confederate with a damned packe,
To make a leerish abject scorn of me:
But with these nails, lye pluck out these false eyes,
That would behold in me this fametfull sport.

Enter these or faire, and after to bind him.

Her feastes.

Adr. Oh bind him, bind him, let him not come neere me.

Punch. More company, the friend is strong within him
Luc. Ay, me poore man, how pale and wan he looks.

Ant. What will you murther me, thou rafter thou?

I am thy prisoner, wilt thou suffer them to make a rescue?

Offi. Masters, let him go: he is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Punch. Go bind this man, for he is franticke too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thupeasfe Officer?

Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to-himself?

Offi. He is my prisoner, if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee,
Bear me forth with me the Creditor,
And knowing how the debt grows I will pay it.

Good Master Doctor see him safe conuey'd
Home to his house, oh most unhappy day.

Ant. Oh most unhappie franticke.

Dr. Masters, I amhere entred in bond for you,
Ant. Out on thee Villain, wherefore dost thou mad men?

Dr. Will you be bound for nothing, be mad good
Masters, cry the duel.

Luc. God help poore foules, how idly do they
talk?

Adr. Go bear him hence, fitter go you with me:
Say now, whole fuite is he arraigned at?


Off. One Angel a Goldsmith, do you know him?

Adr. I know the man: what is the fumme he owes?

Off. Two hundred Ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Off. Due for a Chaine your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a Chaine for me, but had it not.

Cur. When at your husband all in rage to day,
Came to my house, and took away my Ring,
The Ring I saw upon his finger now,
Straight after did I meete him with a Chaine."

Adr. It may be, but I did never see it.

Come later, bringing me where the Goldsmith is,
I long to know the truth thereof at large.

Enter Antipholus Syracuse with his Raper dranue,
and Drano Syracuse.

Luc. God for thy mercy, they are loose againe.

Adr. And come with naked swords,
Let's call more help to have them bound again.

Exeunt all.
Enter Lady Abbess.

_Ab._ Be quiet people, wherefore throng you hither?

_Ad._ To fetch my poor distraught husband hence, who is at my Abbey.

_Let us come in, that we may bide him safe._

And beare him home for his recreation,

_Gold._ I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

_Mar._ If so, I am sorry now that I did draw on him.

_Ab._ How long hath this posession held the man?

_Ad._ This week he hath beene besieged of woman, and much different from the man he was:

But till this afternoone his passion

_Ne’re_ brake into extremity of rage.

_Ab._ Hath he not lost much wealth by wretch of fe, & buried some dear friend, hath not else his eye

Stray’d his affection in unlawful love,

A fome prevailing much in youngfull men,

Who glue their eyes the liberty of gazng,

Which of these sorrowes is the subject too?

_Ad._ To none of these, except it be the last,

_Namely, some love that drew him of home._

_Ab._ You should for that have reprehended him.

_Ad._ Why? so I did.

_Ab._ But not rough enough.

_Ad._ As roughly as my modestie would let me.

_Ab._ Haply in pruaze.

_Ad._ And in assemblies too.

_Ab._ But, not enough.

_Ad._ It was the copie of our Conference.

In bad he kept not for my vrging it,

At board he fed not for my vrging it:

_Alonc, it was the subiect of my Thane:_

_In company I often glanced it:_

_Still did I tell him, it was vile and bad._

_Ab._ And there of came it, that the man was mad.

The venom claneus of a jealous woman,

Poiens more deadly then a mad dogs tooth.

It feemes his steepers were hindered by thy railling,

And thereof cometh that his head is light.

Thou fault his meate was laved with thy upbraiding,

Vnquiet meate makes ill digestions,

Thereof the raging fire of fever bred,

_What’s a Fever, but a fit of madness?_ Thou sayst his sports were hindered by thy bralles.

_Sweet recreation bar’d, what doth enue _

But moodie and dull melancholy,

Kinfman to grim and comfortlefe dispaire,

And at her beaues a huge infectious troope

Of pale distemperes, and foes to life?

In food, in sport, and life-prefering rest

To be disturb’d, would mad or man, or beast?

_The consequence is then, thy jealous fits. _

Hath scar’d thy husband from the vfe of wits.

_Luce._ She never reprehended him but mildly,

When he demean’d himselfe, tough, rude, and wildly,

_What beare you these rebukes, and answer not? _

_Ad._ She did betray me to my owne reprooue,

Good people enter, and lay hold on him.

_Ab._ No, not a creature enters in my house.

_Ad._ Then let your servants bring my husband forth

_Ab._ Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,

And it shall prize him from your hands,

Till I have brought him to his wits againe,

Or boast my labour in affaying it.

_Ad._ I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Therefore most gracious Duke with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for helpe.

Duke. [To the messenger.] For he was with me; and I do see this word,
When thou didst make him Master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.

Go some of you, knocke at the Abbey gate,
And bid the Lady Abbesse come to me:
I will determine this before I retire.

Enter a Messenger.

Oh Miftris Miftris, fhift and buie your feife,
My Master and his man are both broche loose,
Befeech the Maids to bow, and bound the Doctor,
Whose heard they have fent for with brands of fire,
And er it blaz'd, they threw them on.
Great pails of puddled myre to quench the faire;
My M' preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with Cizers nickes him like a foole:
And fure (vneffly you fende fome prefent helpe),
Betweene them they will kill the Conuener.

Adr. Peace foole, thy Master and his man are here,
And that is falf thou doft report to us.

Miftris, upon my life, I tey you true.
I haue not break'd a fmall fince I did fee it.
He cries for you, and vows he can take you,
To fearch your face, and to diffigure you:

Cry within.

Harke, harke, I hereheem Miftris: flie, be gone.

Duke. Come fland by me, feare nothing: guard with

Halberd.

Adr. Ay me, it is my husband: witness thee you,
That he is borne about inuifible,
Even now he hau'd him in the Abbey here.
And now he's here, past thought of humane reaion.

Enter Antipholus, and E. Dromio of Ephesius.

A
dr.

Juffice moft gracious Duke, oh grant me ju-
Even for the fervice that long since I did thee,
When I befal thee in the waies, and tooke
Deepe fearers to fure fthy life: even for the blood
That then I loft for thee, now gran' me fuffice.

Mlo. Fed. Vafele the fear of death doth make me
doire, I fee my fome Antique and Dromio.

E. Ant. Juffice (sweet Prince) againft the Woman there:
She whom thou gau't me to be my wife;
That hath abus'd and defhonor'd me,
Even in the strength and height of mine:
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That thefe this day hath framelesse thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt finde me juift.

E. Ant. This day (great Duke) the flunt the dooors
Apon me.

While with the harlot was feafted in my house.

Duke. A great reaunt: fay woman, didft thou so?

Adr. No my good Lord. My felfe, he, and my fifter,
To day did dine together: to belial my foule,
As thiff life he burdens me withall.

Luce. Ne're may I locke on day, nor fleepe on night,
But the tale to your Highneff fimple truth.

Gold. O prou'd woman! They are both forfowrne,
In this thy Madman iuffly chargeth them.

E. Ant. My Liege, I am advis'd what I fay,
Neither disturbl'd with the effect of Wine,
Nor head-rafh prou'd wiff with raging me,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wifder mad,

This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner;
This Goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could I not urge him for he was with her then,
Who parted with me to go fetch a Chaine,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where Balbafar and I did dine together.

Our dinner done, and he not comming thither,
I went to feek him. In the freet I met him,
And in his company that Gentleman.

There did this pertur'd Goldsmith fware me downe,
That this day of him receiv'd the Chaine,
Which God he knowes, I faw not. For which the,
He did arrefte me with an Officer.

I did obey, and fent my Peante home.

For certaine Duckefs he with none return'd.

Then fairely I bafpoke the Officer
To go in perfon with me to my houfe.

By thy way, we met my wife, her fifter, and a rabble more
Of vilde Confederates: Along with them
They brought one Pinch, a hungry leane-fac'd Villaine;
A mcer Anatomy, a Mountebank,
A thred-bare luger, and a Fortune-teller,
A neely-hollow-ey'd dare looking-wretch;
A lying dead man. This pernicious fluce,
Forfooth took on him as a Conuener:
And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pufle,
And with no-face (as were) out-facing me,
Cries out, I was poiffell. Then altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a dark and dampnefs vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together,
Till bowing with my teeth my bonds in funder,
I gau'd my freedom; and immediately
Run hether to your Grace, whom I beliefe
To give me ample fatisfacTion
For thefe deep fhaimes, and great indignities.

Gold. My Lord, in truth, thus far I winnes with him:
That he didn't not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he fuch a Chaine of thee, or no?

Gold. He had my Lord, and when he ran in heere,
These people faw the Chaine about his necke.

Mar. Besides, I will be fowre these cares of mine,
Heard you confeffe you had the Chaine of him,
After you firt forweare it on the Mars,
And thereupon I drew my fword on you:
And then you fled into this Abbey heere,
From whence I thinkke you are come by Miracle.

E. Ant. I neuer came within their Abbey waies,
Nor ever did I draw thy fword on me:
I neuer faw the Chaine, to helpen heauen;
And this is falf ye burren me withall.

Duke. Why what an intricate impeach is this?
I thinkke you all haue drunke of Circes cup:
If heere you haues him, heere he would haue bi:
If he were mad, he would not pleade so coldly:
You fay he didn't at home, the Goldsmith heere
Demes that faying. Sirs, what fay you for?

E. Div. Sir he dinde with her there, at the Porpentine.

Cur. He di'd, and from my fingr fhcat that Ring.

E. Ant. Tis true (my Liege) this Ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the Abbey heere?

Cur. At fure (my Liege) as I do feee your Grace.

Duke. Why this is flauenge: Go call the Abbaffe here.
I thinke you are all mated, or farke mad.
Enter the Abbess with a Steward Sir, and Dromio Sir.

Abbess. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.

Add. lest two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is genio to the other.
And so of theirs, which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

S. Dromio. I Sir am Dromio, command him away.
E. D. I Sir am Dromio, pray let me stay.
S. Ant. Egeon art thou not? else be his ghost.

Ahb. Who can bound him, I will lose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his libertie?
S. Dromio. If thou beest the man
That hadst a wife once call'd Egeon,
That bound thee at a burthen two faire terms?
Oh if thou beest the same Egeon, speake
And speake unto the same Egeon,
Duke. Why here begets his Morning Floric right:
These two Antipholus, these two fo like,
And these two Dromio's, one in semblance:
Besides her angry of her wacke at fees,
There are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.

Fa. If I can shew thee, thou art Egeon.
Fain wouldst thou shew me, where is that fonne
That ftoke with thee on the fatal rafe.

Duke. By men of Epydamms, he, and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken vp;
But by and by, rude Fishmen of Corinthe
By force tooke Dromio, and my fonne from them,
And me they left with those of Epydamms.

What then became of them, I cannot tell:
I, to this fortune that you fee mee in.

Duke. Antipholus thou canst't from Corinthe first.
S. Ant. No hit, not I, I came from Strophia.

Duke. Stay, stand apart, I know not which is which.
E. Ant. I came from Corinthe my most gracious Lord
E. Drou. And I with him.

Duke. Brought to this Town by that most famous
Warriour,
Duke Menepheus your most renowned Vnkle.

Add. Which of you two did come with me to day?
S. Ant. I, gentle Miltris.

Add. 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 Gentlewoman her fitter here
Did call me brother. What I told you then,
I hope I shall have leisure to make good,
If this be not a dreame I fee and hear.

Goldsmith. That is the Chaine fit, which you had of me.

S. Ant. I think it be fit, I deny it not.
E. Ant. And you for this Chaine arrested me,
Gold. I think I did fit, I deny it not.

Add. I sent you monie fitt to be your baile
By Dromio, but I thinke he brought it not.
E. Drou. No, none by me.
S. Ant. This purde of Duckets I receiv'd from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me:
I see we still did meete each others man,
And I was tane for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these errors are arrose.

E. Ant. These Duckets ponne I for my father heere.
Duke. It shall not neede, thy father hath his life.
Cur. Sir I must haue that Diamond from you.
S. Ant. There take it, and much thanks for my good
cheere
Add. Renowned Duke, youe shal take the paines
To goe with vs into the Abbey heere.
And hear at large disscourfed all our fortunes,
And all that are assembled in this place:
That by this sympathized one daies error
Hauing much wrong. Goe, keepe vs compaunie.
And we shall make full satisfaction.
Thirteen three years have I but gone in travaile
Of you my fonnes, and till this preuent hope
My hearie burden were delivered:
The Duke my husband, and my children both,
And you the Kalender of their Nativity,
Go to a Gossip's feast, and go with mee,
After so long travaile such Nativity.

Duke. With all my heart, Ile Gossip at this feast.

S.Dro. Master, shall I fetch your stuffe from shipboard?
E.Ant. What stuffe of mine hast thou embarkt?
S.Dro. Your goods that lay at the port in the Centaur.
E.Ant. He spakes to me, I am your master Dromio.

FINIS.
Much adoe about Nothing.

A Flus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Leonato Governor of Messina, Imagen his wife, Here his daughter, and Beatrice his Niece, with a messenger.

Leon. See 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 sweet, when the atchieuer brings home full numbers: I finde here, that Don Pedro hath bet a wed much honor on a young Florentine, called Claudia.

Meff. Much depend'd on his part, and equally remembred by Don Pedro, he hath borne himselfe beyond the promisse of his age, doing in the figure of a Lion, the feats of a Lion, he hath indeede better bretted expectation, then you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leo. He hath an Vackle here in Messina, will be very much glad of it.

Meff. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him, even so much, that joy, could not shew it vse modified without, a bag of bitterness.

Leo. Did he break out into tears?

Meff. In great measure.

Leo. A kinde over flow of kindnesse, there are no face truer, than those that are so vall'd, how much better is it to weep at joy, then to joy at weeping?

Beat. I pray you, is Signior Montague return'd from the wars, or no?

Meff. I know none of that name, Lady, there was none such in the ammie of any fort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for Neece?

Hero. My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

Meff. O he's return'd, and as pleasaunt as euer he was.

Beat. He set vp his bills here in Messina, & challeng'd Cupid at the Plight; and my Vackles foole reading the Challenge, subscrib'd for Cupid; and challeng'd him at the Barbolt. I pray you, how many hath he kill'd and eaten in these varties? But how many hath he kill'd? For indeed, I promis'd to care all of his killing.

Leon. Faith Neece, you take Signior Benedicke too much, he shall be with you, I doubt it not.

Meff. He hath done good service Lady in these wars.

Beat. You had much victed, and he hath helpte to ease it; he's a very valiant Trencher-man, he hath an excellent Romneye.

Meff. And a good fouldier too Lady.

Beat. And a good fouldier to a Lady. But what is he to a Lord?

Meff. A Lord to a Lord, a man to a man, flutt with all honourable vertues.

Beat. It is to indeed, he is no lesse then a fouldier man: but for the fluttig well, we are all mortall.

Leon. You must not (Sir) mistake my Neece, there is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick, & her; they never meet, but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, foure of his false wit went halting off, and now is the whole man gourn'd with one; so that if hee haue wit enoue to kepe himselfe warme, let him beeare it for a difference betwenee himselfe and his horse: For it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be knowne a reasome creature. Who is his companion now? He hath euerie month a new worth brother.

Meff. Tit possible?

Beat. Very eaily possible: he weares his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

Meff. Ife (Lady) the Gentleman is not in your bookes.

Beat. No, and he were, I would burne my fyldy. But I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now?, that will make a voyage with him to the duell?

Meff. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudius.

Beat. O Lord, he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught then the prifilience, and the raker runs prefently mad. God helpe the noble Claudius, if hee haue 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'll ne'er run mad Neece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Meff. Don Pedro is approach'd.

Enter don Pedro, Claudius, Benedick, Baldesfar, and John the Bosward.

Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid coit, and you encounter it.

Leon. Neuer came trouble to my house in the likenes of your Grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remaine: but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

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Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly: I think this is your daughter.

Leonato. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bened. Were you in doubt that you ask her?

Leonato. Signior Benedick, no, for then were you a child.

Pedro. You have it full Benedick, we may gheffe by this, what you are, being a man, truly the Lady fathers her: be happy Lady, for you are like an honorable father.

Bened. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Melinda, as like him as the is.

Bened. I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick, no body markes you.

Bened. What my deere Lady Difdaine! are you yet living?

Ped. Is it possible Difdaine should die, while she hath such meere food to feed it, as Signior Benedick? Curtefe it felt must convert to Difdaine, if you come in her presence.

Bened. Then is curtefe a turne-coste, but it is certaine I amou of all Ladies, onely you excepted: and I would I could finde in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truly I love none.

Ped. A deere happiness to women, they would else have beene troubled with a pertinent Sitter, I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that, I had rather heare my Dog barke at a Crow, then a man sweare he loves me.

Bened. God keep your Ladiship still in that minde, so some Gentleman or other shall scape a predefinate scratch face.

Ped. Scratching could not make it worse, and were such a face as yours were.

Bened. Well, you are a rare Parat teacher.

Ped. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beast of your.

Bened. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuance, but keep your way a Gods name, I have done.

Ped. You alwayes end with a ladestricke, I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the sumne of all; Leonato, signior Claudio, and signior Benedick; my deere friend Leonato, hath imputed you all, I tell him we shall play here, at the least a moneth, and he heartily prays some occasion may de- taine vs longer: I dare sweare he is no hypocrite, but prais from his heart.

Leon. If you sweare, my Lord, you shall not be forsworne, lest mee bid you welcome, my Lord, being reconciled to the Prince your brother: I owe you all duty.

John. I thank you, I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your grace leade on.

Pedro. Your hand Leonato, we will goe together.

Exeunt. Monet Benedick and Claudio.

Claudio. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of signior Leonato?

Bened. I noted her not, but I lookt on her.

Claudio. Is she not a modest yong Ladie?

Bened. Do you question me as an honest man should, doe, for my simple true judgement or would you have me speake after my outnome, as being a professed tyrant to their love?

Claudio. No, I pray thee speake in sober judgement.

Bened. Why yfaith me thinks thee's too low for a bie praise, too browne for a faire prais, and too little for a great prase, onely this commendation I can afford her, that were she other then she is, she were vnhanddone, and being no other, but as she is, I do not like her.

Claudio. Thou thinkst I am in sport, I pray thee tell me truly how thou lik'st her.

Bened. Would you buie her, that you enquier after her?

Claudio. Can the world buie such a jewel?

Bened. Yea, and a cafe to put it into, but speake you this with a sad brow? Or doe you play the flowings sackle, 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?

Claudio. In mine eie, she is the sweetest Ladie that euer I looke on.

Bened. I can see yet without specfacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cofin, and she were not poftled with a furie, exceeded she as much in beautie, as the fist of Maie doth the last of December: but I hope you have no intent to turne husband, have you?

Claudio. I would shee truft my selfe, though I had unworne the contrarie, if Hero would be my wife.

Bened. Il come to this: in faith hath not the world one man but he will weare his cap with suffitio? shall I not see a batcheller of three score again? goe to yfaith, and thou wilt needes thruit thy necke into a yoke, weare the print of it, and figh away sundazes: looke, don Pedro is returned to seeke you.

Enter don Pedro, Iohn the bostard.

Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato?

Bened. I would your Grace would constraine me to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bened. You here, Count Claudio, I can be secret as a dumbe man, I would you have thought so (but on my allegiance, mark ye this, on my allegiance) hee is in love, With who? now that is your Graces part: make how short his answere is, with Hero, Leonato short daughter,

Claudio. If this were so, so were it vittred.

Bened. Like the old tale, my Lord, it is not so, nor twas not so: but indeede, God forbid it should be so.

Claudio. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be other wise.

Bened. Amen, if you loue her, for the Ladie is very well worthie.

Claudio. You speake this to fetch me in, my Lord.

Pedro. By my troth I speake my thought.

Claudio. And in faith, my Lord, I spoke mine.

Bened. And by my two faiths and troths, my Lord, I speake mine.

Claudio. That I love her, I feel.

Pedro. That she is worthie, I know.

Bened. That I neither feele how shee should be loued, 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. Thou wast euer an obstinate heretique in the despight of Beautie.

Claudio. And neuer could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

Bened. That
Much ado about Nothing.

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Ben. That a woman conceived me, I thank her: that she brought me vp, I likewise glutted most humble thanks: but that I will have a rechace winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an inviolable baldricke, all women shall pardon me: because I will not do them the wrong to mistruit any, I will do my selfe the right to truette none: and the fine is, (for which I may goe the finer) I will have a Batchelor.

Pedro. I shall fee thee ere I die, looke pale with love. 

Bene. With anger, with sickneffe, or with hunger, my Lord, not with love: proue that euerr I loose more blood with love, than I will get againe with drinking, pick out my mine eyes with a Ballet-makers puin, and hang me vp at the doore of a brochel-house for the signe of blinde Cupid.

Pedro. Well, if euer thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt proue a notable argument. 

Bene. If I do, hang me in a boute like a Cat, & shoot at me, and he that's me, let him be clapt on the shoul-der, and call Adam.

Pedro. Well, as time shall trie: In time the fauge 

Bull doth beare the yoake.

Bene. The faugue bull may, but if euer the feasible Benedict beasse, pluck off the bull's bulles, and set them in my forehead, and let me be wildly painted, and in such great Letters as they write, here is good horror to hire: lest them signifie under my figure, here you may see Benedict the maried man.

Clau. If this shoule euer happen, thou wouldst bee 

borne mad.

Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his Quiner in Venice, thou wilt quacke for this shortly.

Bene. I looke for an earthquake too then.

Pedro. Well, you will temperize with the heares, in the meantime, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato, commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at supper, for indeed he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I haue almost matter enough in me for such an Embassage, and so I commit you.

Clau. To the tuition of God. From my loue, if I had it.

Pedro. The flant of July. Your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay mocke nor, mocke nor; the body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragmentes, and the guards are but lightly bastued on either, ere you flout old ends any further, examine your confence, and so I leave you.

Exit. 

Clau. My Liege, your Highneffe now may doe mee 

good.

Pedro. My loue is shene to teach, teach it but how, 

and thou shalt see how apt it is to learn. Any hard Letton that may doe thee good.

Clau. Hath Leonato any fomne my Lord?

Pedro. No childbe but Here, she's his only heire, 

Dost thou siffed her (laude)?

Clau. O my Lord, 

When you went onward on this ended action, I look'd upon her with a fouldiers eie, 

That lik'd, but had a routher taste in hand, 

Than to drie like to the name of loue: 

But nowe I am return'd, and that ware-thoughts 

Have left their places vacant: in their roomes, 

One the thronging folc and delicate defires, 

All promising mee how faire young Hero is, 

Saying I lik'd her ere I went to warres.

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover preferently, 

And tire the hearer with a booke of words:

If thou dost love faire Hero, cherish it, 

And I will breake with her: wait not to this end, 

That thou begi hast to twiff to fine a flyr? 

Clau. How sweetly doe you minifie to loue, 

That know loues grieffe by his complexion? 

But left my looking might too faire scene, 

I would have sal'd it with a longer trettice. 

Ped. What need it bridge much broader then the flood? 

The fairest grante is the necessitie: 

Looke what will sure, is first: 'tis once, thou louest, 

And I will fit thee with the remeide, 

I know we shall have reuelling to night, 

I will affume thy part in some diffique, 

And tell faire Hero I am Claudio, 

And in her boforme I will misapphe my heart, 

And take her hearing prisoner with the force 

And strong incounter of my amorous tale: 

Then after, to her father will I break, 

And the conclusion is, free shall be thine, 

In pracie let vs put it preferently. 

Enter Leonato and an old man, brother to Leonato.

Lea. How now brother, where is my coven your son: 

hast he prouided this mucelle ? 

Old. He is very bufe about it, but brother, I can tell 

you newes that you yet dreame not of. 

Lea. Are they good? 

Old. As the events flanps them, but they have a good 

couer: they flew well outward, the Prince and Count Claudio walking in a thick pleased alley in my orchard, were thus ouer-heard by a man of mine: the Prince dis- 

concered to Claudio that hee loued his niece your daugh- 

ter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance, 

and if he found her accordant, hee meant to take the 

premire time by the top , and instantly break with you of 

it.

Lea. Hast the fellow any wit that told you this? 

Old. A good flanps fellow, I will tend for him, and 

question him your ifrite.

Lea. No, no; wee will hold it as a dreame till it ap- 

pears it selfe: but I will acquaint my daughter withall, 

that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if per- 

adventure this bee true: goe you and tell her of it: cor- 

redit, you know what you have to doe, O I cry you mer- 

cie friend, goe you with mee and I will rite your e fil, 

good cosin have a care this bulfe time. 

Exeunt. 

Enter Sir John the Baffard, and Conrade his companion.

Con. What the good yeere my Lord, why are you 

thus out of mesure laid?

Iob. There is no mesure in the occasion that breeds, 

therefore the fideffie is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

Iob. And when I have heard it, what blessing bring- 

geth it?

Con. If not a preffent remedy yet a patient suffrance, 

Iob. I wonder that thou (being as thou faist thou art, 

borne under Saturne ) goest about to apply a morall med- 

icine, to a mortifying mishiffe: I cannot hide what I am : I must bee sad when I haue caufe, and smile at no mans lefts, eat when I haue flamacke, and wait for no manes leisur, sleepe when I am droowe, and tend on no mans busineffe, laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humor.

Con. Yes, but you must not make the ful shew of this, 
till you may doe it without controllment, you have of
Beatrice. He were an excellent man that were made
luft in the mid-way between him and Benedick, the one
is too like an image and lies nothing, and the other too
like my Ladies eldest sone, evermore tasting.

Leon. Well, I halfe signifie Benedick tongue in Court.

Beat. With a good legge, and a good foot winkle, 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 Nece, thou wilt never get thee
a husband, if thou be so farre from thy tongue.

Brother. Infaith shee's too curf.

Beat. Too curf is more then curf, I shall leffen Gods
fending that way: for it is said, God sends a curf Cow
short hornes, but to a Cow too curf he sends none.

Beat. So, by being too curf, God will send you no
hones.

Beat. Luft, if he fend me no husband, for which the
blessing, I am at him vpon 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.

Leon. You may light vpon a husband that hath no
beard.

Beatrice. What should I doe with him? drieffe him in
my apperel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman the
that 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 me: and he that is leffe then a man, I
am not for him: therefore I will even take experience in
earne of the Berord, and lead his Apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, goue you into hell.

Beat. No, but to the gate, and there will the Deuill
meet mee mee like an old Cuckold with horns on his head,
and say, get you to heauen Beatrice, get you to heauen,
here's no place for you maidis, so deliever I vp my Apes,
and away to S.Peter : for the heuens, hee sith mee
where the Batchellers fit, and therefore wee me as merry
as the day is long.

Brother. Well neece, I trust you will be rul'd by your
father.

Beatrice. Yes faith, it is my cofens duty to make curf,
and say, as it pleasa you: but yet for all that, cofens,
let him be a handfome fellow, or else make an other curf,
and say, father, as it please me.

Leonato. Well neece, I hope to see you one day fitted
with a husband.

Beatrice. Not till God make men of some other met-
tall then earth, would it not grievce a woman to be over-
malterd with a piece of valiant duff to make account of
her life to a clog of wattward mare? no winkle, ile none:
Adams doune are my brethren, and truly I hold it a shame
to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you, if the
Prince doe ficticel you in that kind, you know your an-
swere.

Beatrice. The fault will be in the mussiche coifie, if you
be not wode in good time: if the Prince bee too im-
portant, tell him there is measure in every thing, & so dance
out the answere, for heare me Here, wooing, wending, &
repeating, It is a Scotch jiggie, a mesarme, and a cinque-
pace: the first jiggie is hot and bally like a Scotch jiggie
(full as fantasticall) the wedding manerely modest,
(as a mesarme) full of flate & sumcheery, and then comes
repenance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinque-
pace faster and faster, till he sinkes into his grave.

Leonato.
Enter Prince, Pedro, Claudio, and Benedick, and Baldekar, or dumke John, Markers, with a drum.

Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and looke sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk, and especially when I walk away.

Pedro. Will me in your company?

Hero. I may say so when I please.

Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour, for God defend the Lute should be like the caze.

Pedro. My vifor is Putimous rooste, within the house is Ioue.

Hero. Why then your vifor should be thatch?

Pedro. Speake low if you speake loue.

Ben. Well, I would you did like me.

Hero. So would not I for your owne face; for I have mane ill qualities.

Ben. Which is one?

Hero. I say my prayers slow.

Ben. I loue you the better, the hearers may cry Amen.

Hero. God match me with a good dammer.

Balt. Amen.

Hero. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done: answer Clakc.

Btal. No more word, the Clarke is answered, Virsula. I know you well enough, you are Signior Anthonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Virsula. I know you by the wagling of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Virsula. You could never doe him so ill well, unless you were the very man: here's his dry hand vp & down, you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word I am not.

Virsula. Come, come, do you think I doe not know you by your excellent wit? can you reade his falf? do you go to, numme, you are he, grace will appeare, and there's an end.

Best. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Ben. No, you shall pardon me.

Best. Nor will you not tell me you are?

Ben. Not now, not now.

Best. The I was disdainefull, and that I had my good wit out of the hundrety merry tattles; well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.

Best. What's he?

Best. I am sure you know him well enough.

Ben. Not 1, beleue me.

Best. Did he never make you laugh?

Ben. I pray you what is he?

Best. Why be he in the Prince's estate, a very dull fool, only his gifts is, in deuising impossibl flanders, none but libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his wite, but in his villainy, for hee both pleaseth men and amers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him: I am sure he is in the Fleet, I would he had boarded me.

Ben. When I know the Gentleman, Ile tell him what you say.

Best. Do, do, hee I but breake a comparison or two on me, which peraduenture (not marks, or not laugh'd at) strikes him into melancholy, and then there's a Partridge wing fixt, for the foolc will care no upper that night. We must follow the Leaders.

Ben. In every good thing.

Best. Nay, if they leade to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning. Exiut.

Musick for the dance.

John. Sure my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath wondred rame her father to breake with him about it: the Ladies follow her, and but one visit remains.

Bened. And that is Cludio, I know him by his bea-

Hero. Are not you signior Benedick?

Clas. You know me well, I am here.

Hero. Signior, you are very neere my Brother in his love, he is enamou'd on Hero, I pray you disswade him from her, he is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claudio. How know you he loves her?

John. I heard him for eare his affection, Ie. So did I too, and he trowe he would marry her to night.

Hero. Come, let vs to the banquet. Exiunt 

Clas. Thus suuerre I in name of Benedick,

But here these ill newes with the cares of Claudio:

'Tis certaine fo, the Prince wores for himselfe:

Friendship is confinant in all other things,

Sate in the Office and affaires of house

Therefore all hearts in love vie their owne tongues.

Let eniere eye negotiate for it selfe,

And truth no Agent : for beauty is a witch,

Against whose charmes, faith melteth into blood;

This is an accident of hourly proofe,

Which I mistrusted not. Farewell therefore Hero.

Enter Benedick.

Ben. Count Claudio.

Clas. Yes, the fame.

Ben. Come, will you go with me?

Clas. Wi'ther?

Ben. Even to the next Willow, about your owne busi-

Clas. Does he know, Count.

Ben. What fashion will you weare the Glasses land off? About your necke, like an Vfurers chaine? Or vnder your arm, like a Lieutenants scarf? You must weare it one way, for the Prince hath got your Hero.

Clas. I wish him joy of her.

Ben. Why she's spoken like an honeft Drouller, so they fel Bullockes: but did you think the Prince would have ferued you thus?

Clas. I pray you leave me.

Ben. Ho now you strike like the blindman, twas the boy that rude your meate, and you'lt beat the post.

Clas. If it will not be, Ile leave you. Exit.

Ben. Als poore hurt fowle, now will he crepe into fedges: But that my Lady Beatrice should know me, & not know me: the Princes fool? Hah! It may be I goe under that title, because I am merrie: yea but so I am apt to do my felfe wrong: I am not so reputed, it is the bafe (though biter) disposition of Beatrice, that put's the world into her perfon, and so gues me out: well, Ie be revenged as I may.

Enter the Prince.

Pedro. Now Signior, where's the Count, did you see him?
**Much ado about Nothing.**

**Benedick.** Troth my Lord, I have played the part of Lady 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 forsworn, or to bind him a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

**Pedro.** To be whipt, what's his fault?

**Benedick.** The flat transgression of a Schoole-boy, who being out-of-way with finding a birds nest, shews it his companion, and he forles it.

**Pedro.** Wilt thou make a truth, a transgression? the transgression is in the fealer.

**Benedick.** Yet it had not bene amiss the rod had beene made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himselfe, and the rod hee might have beftowed on you, who(as I take it) shawe done his birds nest.

**Pedro.** I wou'd but teach them to ting, and restore them to the owner.

**Benedick.** If their singing answer your faying, by my faith you fay honestly.

**Pedro.** The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrell to you, the Gentleman that daunft with her, told her there is much wrong'd by you.

**Benedick.** O the misfide me past the indulgence of a block: an oake but with one greene leafe on it, would have anfwered her: my very vior began to affume life, and fcoff with her: I flated her, not thinking I had beene my felfe, that I was the Princes leafe, and that I was duller then a great thaw, budding leafe upon leafe, with such im- possible conuenience upon me, that I floud like a man at a marke, with a whole army floutting at me: fhe speaks poyniards, and every word flubbles: if her breath were as terrible as terminations, there were no living neere her, she would infect to the north starre: I would not marry her, though the fere were indow'd with all that Adam had left him before hee transgref; fhe would have made Herecules hate turn'd fpeec, yes, and have cleft his club to make the fte too: come, take not of her, you fhall finde her the infernafl Abe in good apparel. I would to God some flouller would conuict her, for certainly while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a fanchury, and people flanue upon poefure, becaufe they would goe thither, to indeed all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follows her.

**Enter Claudio and Beatrice. Leonato. Hero.**

**Pedro.** I looke heere the comander grace command mee any service to the worlds end? I will goe on the lightlefF arraw now to the Antypodes that you can deuile to fende me on: I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the furtheft inch of Afa: bring you the length of Prefer John's foot fetch you a hayre off the great Clamms heared: doe you any embaffage to the Piginates, then rherou shall three words conference, with this Harpy: you have no employment for me?

**Pedro.** None, but to deire your good company.

**Benedick.** O God fir, here's a difh I loue not, I cannot in- dure this Lady tongue.

**Pedro.** Come Lady, come, you have loft the heart of Signor Benedick.

**Beatrice.** Indeed my Lord, hee leant is me while, and I gave him vle for it, a double heart for a fingle one, marry once before he wou'd it of mee, with faile dice, therefore your grace may well fay I haue loft it.

**Pedro.** You haue put him downe Lady, you haue put him downe.

**Beatrice.** So I would not hee should do me, my Lord; left I shoud prooue the mother of foolees: I haue brought Count Claudio, whom you fent me to feeke.

**Pedro.** Why now Count, wherefore are you fad? Claudio. Not fad my Lord.

**Pedro.** How then fickey?

**Claudio.** Neither, my Lord.

**Beatrice.** The Count is neither sad, nor fickey, nor merry, nor well: but ciuill Count, ciuill as an Orange, and something of a lisious complation.

**Pedro.** Faith Lady, I think your blazon to be true, though Ibe fwoone, if hee be fo, his concert is falle: here Claudio, I haue woode in thy name, and fare Here is won, I haue broke with her father, and his good will obtained, name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy.

**Leonato.** Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, & all grace fay, Amen to it.

**Beatrice.** Speake Count, tie your Qu.

**Claudio.** Silence is the perfefFe Herault of joy, I were but little happy if I could fay, how much Lady, as you are mine, I am yours, I guie away my felfe for you, and doft upon the vchange.

**Beatrice.** Speake count, or if you cannot lift your mouth with a kiff, and let not him fpeak neither.

**Pedro.** Infaith Lady you haue a merry heart.

**Beatrice.** Yes my Lord I thinke it, poor foolo fhee keepe's on the windif fide of Care, my cooffin tells him in his heart that he is in my heart.

**Claudio.** And to the doth cooffin.

**Beatrice.** Good Lord for alliance: thus goes every one to the world but, and I am fun born'd, I may fit in a corner and cry, heigh ho for a husband.

**Pedro.** Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

**Beatrice.** I would rather have one cerry your father's getting: hath your Grace neere a brother like you? your father got excellent husbands, it's mind could come by them.

**Leonato.** Will you have me? Lady.

**Beatrice.** No, my Lord vifleff I might have another for working-dies, your Grace is too coffly to weare ericie day: but I defeech your Grace pardon mee, I were borne to speake all mirth, and no matter,

**Leonato.** Your flence moft offends mee, and to be merrey, beft becomes you, for out of queftion, you were born in merrie Howe.

**Beatrice.** No fure my Lord, my Mother cried, but then there was a flarre daunft, and under that was I burnet cooffins God give you joy.

**Leonato.** Neece, will you looke to those things I told you of?

**Pedro.** I trye you merrey Vnde, by your Grace pardons.

**Exit Beatrice.**

**Prince.** By my troth a pleafant splited Lady.

**Leonato.** There's little of the melancholy element in her my Lord, the is never sad; but when she fleepes, and not ever sad thenfor I haue heard my daughter fay, the hath often dreamt of unhappinesse, and wake her felfe with laughing.

**Pedro.** Shee cannot inure to heare tell of a husband.

**Leonato.** O by no means, she mocks all her woowers out of fuite.

**Prince.** She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

**Leonato.** O Lord, my Lord, if they were not a week married.
married, they would take themselves madde.

Prince. Counte Claudio, when meane you to goe to Church?

Claud. To morrow my Lord, Time goes on crutches, till Louis have all his rites.

Leont. Nut still mondy, my deare sonne, which is

here a sufste stnigh, and a time too briefe too, to have all things safer made.

Prince. Come, you shake the head at fo long a breathing,

but I warrant thee Claudio, the time shall not goe dully by, v'l I will in the interims, vndertake one of Herculeas labors, which is, to bring Signor Benedick, and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection, thone with th'othes, I would fase have it a match, and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such affiance as I shall give you direction.

Leont. My Lord, I am tory you, though it cost mee

ten nights watchings.

Clau. And my Lord.

Por. And you to gentle Hero?

Her. I will doe any meddell office, my Lord, to helpe

my rofin to a good husband.

Por. And Benedick is not the vhoheufuelt husband that I know: thus farre can I praise him, hee is of a noble staine, of approv'd valour, and confirm'd honesty, I will teach you how to humour your couine, that thee shall fall in love with Benedick, and I, with your two helpers, will so praeficie on Benedick, that in despight of his quicke witt, and his esteeme of himselfe, hee shall fall in love with Beatrice: if wee can doe this, Coupis is no lodger an Arche,

his glory shall be ours, for wee are the onely

loved, goe in with me, and I will tell you my drift. Exit. Enter John, and Bardachin.

John. It is soe, the Count Clandio shall marry the daughter of Leontae.

Bec. Yes my Lord, but I can crosse it.

John. Any barre, any crosse, any impediment, will be

medicable to me, I am fickle in ditpilse to him, and whatsoever comes shrart his affection, ranges equally with mine, how canst thou crosse this marriage?

Bec. Not honestly my Lord, but so courteously, that no
dishonestly shall appear in me.

John. Shew me breefely how.

Bec. I thinke I told your Lordship a yeere since, how much I am in the fauour of Margeret, the waiting gentle-woman to Hero.

John. I remem.ber.

Bec. I can at any vsetable infall of the night, appoint her to look out at her Ladies chamber window.

John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Por. The poxion of that lies in you to temper; goe to the Prince your brother, spare not to tell him, that hee hath wronged his Honor in marryinge the renowned Clandio, whose effimation do you mighty hold vp, to a contaminate state, such a one as Hero.

John. What proofs shall I make of that?

Por. Proofs enought, to misufe the Prince, to vexe

Claudio, to vnwoe her, and kill Leontae, looke you for a

ny other issue.

John. Oly to despight them, I will endeavour any thing.

Por. Goe then, finde me a mete howre, to draw on

Phero and the Count (Claudio alone, tell them that you

know that Hero loves me, intend a kinde of zeale both to the Prince and Clandio (as in a loue of your brothers

honor who hath made this match) and his friends reputation, who is thus like to be collen'd with the semblance of a mad, that you have onsetter'd thus you'll face

by believe this with soe trull, offer them infancies, which shall hare no left lifebellend, then to bee mee at her

chamber window, bee me call (Margaret, Hero; here

Margaret terme me Clandio, and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding, for in the mean time, I will to inflame the matter, that Hero shall be absent; and there shall appear such seeming truths of Hero transfigur'd, that mine faire shall be calld affiance, and all the preparation overthrown.

Por. Grow this to what saucy issue it can, I will put it instantly: be cunning in the working this, and thy fees is thine and duties.

Bec. Bath in confrance in the accumualtion, and my cunning

shall not blame me.

Phero. I will pretend the goe learnes her day of marri

age. Exit.

Enter Beatrice alone.

Beatrice.

Bec. My Lord.

Bec. In my chamber window lies a booke, bring it to her in the next bedchamber.

Bec. I am here already, sir.

Bec. I know that, but I would have thee hence, and see thee again. I doe much wonder, that one man seeing how much another man is in loves, when hee dedicates his behaevours to loue, shall after bee haue laught at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his owne formce, by falling in loue, & such a man is Clandio. I have known when there was no musique with him but the drum and the fife, and now I haue seene other hear the tabere and the pipe: I haue knowne when he would haue walkt ten mile about, to see a good armee, and now will he ten nightes awake earing the fifion of a newe cymball; he was wont to speake plainly, & to the purpose (I haue an honest man & a fooler) and now is heu'd orthographie, his words are a very fantastical banquet, unto many strange diuines: may I be so contented, & see with theie eyes? I cannot tell, I thinke not: I will not be fororne, but love may transforme me to an offer, but he may take my oath on it, he'll haue made an offer of me, he shall neuer make me such a foole: one woman is faire, yet I am well: another is vstious, or I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace: rich thee shall be, that's certaine: wife, or Ile none of vertuous, or Ile never cheape her: faire, or Ile never looke on her: milde, or come not for me: Noble, or not for an Angell: of good discourse: an excellent Musician; and haue faire shall be of what colour is pleasaunt to God, ha! the Prince and Monsieur Love, I will hide me in the Arbor.

Enter Prince, Leonato, Clandio, and Balthasar.

Phero. Come, shall we hear this musique?

Phero. Yea my good Lord: how fill the evening is, as muficke on purpose to grace harmony.

Phero. See you where Benedick hath hid himselfe?

Clandio. O very well my Lord; the musique ended, We'll fit the kid foxe with a penny worth.

Por. Come Balthasar, we'll heare that song again.

Balth. O good my Lord,taxe not so bad a voyce,

To hinder musique any more then once.

Por. It is the winnesse full of excellency,


To flander Musicke any more then once.

Prince. It is the witnesse full of excellency,
To put a strange face on his owne perfection,
I pray thee fing, and let me woe no more.

Balth. Because you take of wooing, I will fing,
Since many a wooster doth commence his fuit,
To her he thinks not worthy, yet he woos,
Yet will he sweate he loves.

Prince. Nay pray thee come,
Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Doe it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

Prince. Why these are very crotchets that he speakes,
Note this for toforo, and nothing.

Bene. Now divine are, now is his foule raiufl, is it not strange that theepeus guus should hale foules out of mens bodies? well, a home for my money when all's done.

The Song.

Sing no more Ladys, sing no more,
Men were destriers ever,
One foots in Sea, and one on houre,
To one thing constant never.

Then sing no more, but let them go,
And bethou thee and fomeone,
Converting all your sounds of war,
Into thy many nions.

Sing no more dutties, sing no more,
Of dups to dah and behay,
The fraud of men were ever so,
Since summer first was lew.

Then sing no more,

Prince. By my troth a good song.

Balth. And all ill finge my Lord.

Prince. Ha, no, no faith, thou fingeft well enough for a fhift.

Ben. And he had been a dog that should have howld thus, they would have hang'd him, and I pray God his bad voyce bode too mischife, I had as hie have heard the night-racen, come what plague could have come after it.

Prince. Ye amarry, doft thou have Balthafar? I pray thee get vs some excellent muffick: for to morrow night we will have it at the Lady Heroes chamber window.

Balth. The bell I can, my Lord. Exit Balthafar.

Prince. Do so, farewell. Come bither Leonato, what was it you told me of to day, that your Niece Beatrice was in love with fignior Benedick?

Clu. O! falle on, falfe on, the foulle fitts. I did neuer thinke that Lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No nor I neither, but most wonderfull, that she should fo dotate on Signior Benedick, whomfe hath in all outward behaviours seemed more to abhorre.

Bene. Is't poiffible? is't the winde in that corner?

Leon. By my troth my Lord, I cannot tell what to thinke of it, but that she loses him with an infame affec- tion, it is pat the infinite of thought.

Prince. May be the doth but counterfeit,

Clu. Faith like enough,

Leon. O God! he counterfeit? there was never counterfeit of passion, came to feere the life of passion as the dis- courtes it.

Prince. Why what effects of passion fliwes she?

Clu. Bate the booke well, this fith will buce.

Leon. What effects my Lord? fhe will fit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

Clu. She did indeed.

Prun. How, how I pray you? you amaze me, I would have her fpirit had bene inuincible against all affults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my Lord, specially against Benedick.

Bene. I think this this a gull, but that the white- bearded fellow speakes it: knuery cannot fure hide himfelfe in fuch reuerence.

Clu. He hath take this infection, hold it vp.

Prun. Hath fhee made her affection known to Benedick?

Leonato. No, and swears the never will, that her torment.

Clu. 'Tis true indeed, so your daughter fakes: hall I, fakes fhee, that have so oft encountered him with fcone, write to him that I love him?

Leon. This fakes fhee now when fhee is beginning to write to him, for fhee'll be vp twenty times a night, and there will the fit in her fnoke, till the fhee write a fhiet of paper: my daughter tells vs all.

Clu. Now you take of a fhiet of paper, I remember a pretty left your daughter told vp of.

Leon. O when fhee had writ it, & was reading it ouer, the found Benedick and Beatrice between the fhheet.

Clu. That.

Leon. O the foor the letter into a thoufand halfepece, railed at her felf that fhe were fo immodeft to write to, to one that fhee knew would fland fher: I meafure him, fakes fhee, by my owne fpirit,for I fhould flout fheer if thee write to me, yea though I love him, I fhould.

Clu. Then downe upon her knees fhe falls, weepes, fobs, beautes her heart, teares her hayre, praies, curtes, O sweet Benedick, God give me patience.

Leon. She doth indeed, my daughter fakes fo, and the extaie hath fo much ouercome her, that my daughter is fonetime afeard fhe will doe a depearte out rage to her felle, it is very true.

Prun. It were good that Benedick knew of it: by one other, if fhe will not difcover it.

Clu. To what end? he fhould but make a fport of it, and torment the poore Lady woes.

Prun. And he fhould, it were an ames to hang him, fhee's an excellent fweet Lady, and (out of all fupplication) fhe is vertuous.

Clu. And fhe is exceeding wife.

Prun. In every thing, but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O my Lord, willedo and blood combating in fo tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that bleed hath the victory, I am forry for her, as I hate left caufc, being her Venel, and her Guardian.

Prun. I would fhee had beftowed this dotage on me, I would have daft all other refpecfs, and made her halfe my felfes: I pray you tell Benedick of it, and heare what he will fay.

Leon. Were it good thinke you?

Clu. Hero thinkes furely fhee will die, for fhee fakes fhee will die, if fhee loue her not, and fhee will die ere fhee make her loue knowne, and fhee will die if fhee were her, rather than fhee will bare one breath of her accustomed croffenefs.

Prun. She doth well, if fhe fhould make tender of her loue,
Beat. I tooke no more paines for those thankes, then you take paines to thank me, if it was been painfull, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure then in the message.

Beat. Yea so much as you may take upon a knife point, and chose a daw withall: you have no stomake for, fare you well. 

Exit.

Bene. Ha, against my will I am sent to bid you come into dinner: there is a double meaning in that: I tooke no more paines for those thankes then you tooke paines to thank me, that's as much as to say, any paines that I take for you is easie so thanes: if I do not take pity of her I am a villain, if I do not love her I am a Jew, I will go get her picture.

Exit.

Athus Tertius.

Enter Hero and two Gentlemen, Margaret, and Virsula.

Hero. Good Margaret, tunne thee to the parlour, There that thou finde my Colin Beatrice, Proposing with the Prince and Claudia, Whisper her care, and tell her I and Virsula, Walk in the Orchard, and our whole discourse Is all of her, say that thou ouer-hearest: And bid her flece into the pleased bowre, Where hony-flickes ripened by the sunny, Forbid the sunny to enter: like faucuries, Made proud by Princes, that advance their pride, Against that power that bред it, there will she hide her, To lighten our purpose, this is thy office, Beare thee well in thine, and leave us alone.

Marg. Ke make her come I warrant you preftly.

Hero. Now Virsula, when Beatrice doth come, As we do trace this alley up and downe, Our talk must only be of Benedick, When I doe name him, let it be thy part, To praise him more then ever man did merit, My talk to thee must be how Benedick Is fickle in love with Beatrice; of this matter, Is little Cupids crafty arrow made, That only wounds by heart-say now begin, Enter Beatrice.

Beatrice. For looke where Beatrice like a Lapwing runt Clofe by the ground, to heare our conference.

Virs. The pleasantl'll angling is to see the fith
Cut with her golden ores the siluer streame, And greelly deuoure the treacherous bate: So angle we for Beatrice, who even now, Is couched in the wood-bine coverture, Feare you not my part of the Dialogue. 

Her. Then go we near that her ear loose nothing, Of the falle sweete bate that we lay for it: No truly Virsula, she is too disdainfull, I know her spirits are as coy and wilde, As Haggards of the rocke.

Virsula. But are you fore.

That Benedick loves Beatrice so intirly.

Her. So fates the Prince, and my now trothed Lord.

Virs. And did they bid you tell her of it, Madam? 

Her. They did intreate me to acquaint her of it, But I perfwaded them, if they lou'd Benedick.
To with him Vice with affection,  
And never to let Beatrice know of it.  

Vice. Why did you do, doth not the Gentleman  
Deferee a full as fortunate a bed,  
As ever Beatrice durst to open?  

Her. O God of love! I know he doth deferee,  
As much as may be yielded to a man:  
But Nature ne'er tram'd a woman's heart,  
Of powder stuff then that of Beatrice:  
Dlidaine and Sorcor ride sparkling in her eyes,  
Mit-prizing what they look on, and her wit  
Values it fello highly, that to her  
All matter else fieces weake; she cannot love,  
Nor take no shape nor proceuil of affection,  
She is to felle indic'd.  

Vice. Sure I think so,  
And therefore certainly it was not good  
She knew his loute, left she make sport at it.  

Her. Why you speke truth, I never yet saw man,  
How wise, how noble, yong, how rarely teur'd.  
But she would tell him backward: if faire face d,  
She would swear the gentleman should be her filder:  
If faire face d, why Nature is drawing of an anticke,  
Made a mote blote; till a launce ill headed:  
If low, an agot very wildly cut:  
If speaking, why a vase blowe with all windes:  
If silent, why a blocke moused with none.  
So turns the mery man the wrong side out,  
And never gues to Truth and Verite, that  
Which fimplemelle and ment parchefch.  

Vice. Sure, sure, such caping is not commendable.  
Her. No, not to be foude; and from all fashions,  
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable,  
But who dare tell her so? if I shold speake.  
She would mocke me into ayre, O she would laugh me  
Out of my ilece, precip' me to death with wit,  
Therefore let Benedict be covered fire,  
Confume in away fighes, waste inwardly:  
It were a better death, to die with mockes,  
Which is as bad as the with tucking.  

Vice. Yet tell her of it, beware what face will say.  
Her. No, rather I will goe to Benedict,  
And comundale to fight against his passion,  
And truly I deuise some honnest flanders,  
To flaine my colin with, one doth not know,  
How much an ill word may imposon liking.  

Vice. O do not doe your colin such a wrong,  
She cannot be so much without true judgement,  
Hauing so twift and excellent a wit,  
Are it pridle to haue, as to refuse  
So rare a Gentleman as signior Benedict.  

Her. He is the only man of Italy,  
Alwais excepted, my dear Claudia.  

Vice. I pray you be not angry with me, Madame,  
Speaking my fancy: Signior Benedict,  
For fhape, for bearing argument and valour,  
Goes for most or report through Italy.  
Here, indeed he has an excellent good name.  

Vice. His excellence did earn it ere he had it:  
When are you married Madame?  

Her. Why euer day to morrow, come goe in,  
I faw thee some attires, and haue thy counsell,  
Which is the belt to furnishe me to morrow.  

Vice. Shee's tane I warrant you,  
We haue caught her Madame?  

Her. If proue it, then loyuing goes by haps,
Much ado about Nothing.

Prin. Indeed that tells a heavy tale for him: conclude, he is in love.

Clas. Nay, but I know who loves him.

Prin. That would I know too, I warrant one that knows him not.

Clas. Yes, and all his ill conditions, and despite of all, dies for him.

Prin. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Des. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-sake, old signior, walk aside with mee, I haue studied eight or nine wise words to speake to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

Prin. For my life to breake with him about Beatrice.

Clas. To true, for Isto and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice, and then the two Beares will not bite one another when they meete.

Enter John the Tailor.

Boaf. My Lord and brother, God face you.

Prin. Good den brother.

Boaf. If it be your leisure seru'd, I would speake with you.

Prin. In private?

Boaf. If it please you, yet Count Claudio may heare, for what I would speake of concerns him.

Prin. What the matter?

Boaf. Means your Lordship to be married to morrow?

Prin. You know he does.

Boaf. I know not that when he knows what I know.

Prin. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

Boaf. You may thank I love you not, let that appeare hereafter, and syne better at me by that I now will manifest, for my brother (I think he holds you well, and in dearestness of heart) hath holpe to effect your enquiring marriage: surely future spill spence, and labour ill bestowed.

Prin. Why, what is the matter?

Boaf. I came hither to tell you, and circumstances shortened, (for she hath beene too long a talking of) the Lady is diplayl.

Clas. Who Heres?

Boaf. Even she, Leonatoes Hero, your Hero, euyet mans Hero.

Clas. Diplayl?

Boaf. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness, I could say she were worse, think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it: wonder not till further warrant goe but with mee to night, you shall see her chamber window entered, even the night before her wedding day, if you lose 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.

Boaf. If you dare not trust that you see, confesse not that you know: if you will follow mee, I will shew you enough, and when you have seene more, & heard more, proceed accordingly.

Clas. If I see any thing to night, why I should not marry her to morrow in the congregation, where I should wedde, there will I shame her.

Prin. And as I wooted for thee to obtaine her, I will joynes with thee to disgrace her.

Boaf. I will disparaage her no farther, till you are my witness, beare it coldly but till night, and let the issue shew it selfe.

Prin. O day untowardly turn'd!
Much afoe about Nothing.

Verges. If you hear a child cry in the night you must call to the nurse, and bid her flill it.

Watch. How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear vs?

Dog. Why then depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying, for the eue that will not hear her Lamb when it bakes, will never answer a calle when he blears.

Verges. This were true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge: you confable are to prevent the Princes owne person, if you meete the Prince in the night, you may flake him.

Verges. Nay brildie that I thinkke a cannot.

Dog. True shullings to one eun with anie that knows the Statutes, he may flake him, marrie not without the prince be willing, for indeed the with ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to flay a man against his will.

Verges. Bristlie I thinkke it be so.

Dog. Ha, ha, he well masters good night, and there be anie matter of weight chancers, call vp nie, keep your fellows counsaille, and your owne, and good night, come neibhous.

Watch. Well masters, we hear one charge, let vs go fite here upon the Church bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dog. One word more, honest neibhous. I pray you watch about signior Lorenzo doore, for the wedding being there to morrow, there is a great coytle to night, adiewe be vigilant I befeech you.

Excuse, Enter Ivacchro and Courade.

Bar. What, Courade?

Watch. Peace, for not.

Bar. Courade I say.

Con. Here man, I am at thy elbow.

Bar. Mas and my elbow itch, I thought there would a frable follow.

Con. I will owere thee an answer for that, and now forward with thy tale.

Bar. Stand thee close then under this penthouse, for it drieffs raine, and I will, like a true drakard, vitter all to thee.

Watch. Some teason masters, yet stand close.

Bar. Therefore know, I have cramned of Don John a thousand Ducaters.

Con. Is it possible that anie villanie should be so done?

Bar. Thou shouldst taker it; if it were anie villainie should be so done, for when rich williams have neede of poore ones, poore ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bar. That the west thou art unconfirmd't, thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a claque, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bar. I mean the fashion.

Con. Yes the fashion is the fashion.

Bar. Tuff, I may as well say the foules the soules, but feeke thou not what a deformed these this fashion is?

Watch. I know that deformed, a has bin a vile thee, this will yeares, a goes vp and doone like a gentle man: I remember his name.

Bar. Did it thou not heare some bodie?

Con. No, I was the same on the house.

Bar. Seel this thou not (I fay) what a deformed theifte this fashion is, how giddily a turns about all the Hor-}

bloods, between fouerenee & fince & thirtie, sometimes fashioning them like Phoebes fouldiers in the reeue painting, sometime like god-Bels priefts in the old Church window,sometimes like the thauen Hercules in the smirth woarm es ten tafetrie, where his cod-piece leemes as maffie as his club.

Con. All this I see, and fee that the fashion weares out more apperell then the manbut art not thou thy felle giddle with the fashion too that thou haft fluxt in of the talk into telling me of the fashions?

Bar. Not so neither, but know that I have to night wooed Margaret the LadyHettes gentle-woman, by the name of Hero, she leaves me out at her misters chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night; I tell this tale vildly. I should first tell thee the how the Prince Claude and my Mafter planted, and placed, and poiffed by my Malert Don John, law a far off in the Orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought thy Margaret was Hero?

Bar. Two of them did, the Prince and Claude, but the duell my Malert knew she was Margaret and partly by his oathes, which first poiffeth them, partly by the darke night which did decease them, but chietely by my villsenie, which did confirmse any flander that Don John had made, away went Claude enraged, twre would meeathe she was a sooned next morning at the Temple, and there before the whole congregation shame her with what he law o'the night, and send her home againe without a husband.

Watch. 1. We charge you in the Princes name land.

Watch. 2. Call vp the right master Confable, we have here recored the most dangerous piece of lechery, that ever was knowne in the Common-wealth.

Watch. 1. And one Deformd is one of them, I know him, secures a locke.

Con. Masters, maffers.

Watch. 2. Youle be made bring deformed forth I warrant you.

Bar. Masters, newer speake, we charge you, let vs obey you to goe with vs.

Bar. We are like to procure a goodly commoditie, being taken vp of these meys bits.

Con. A commoditie in question I warrant you come vvele obey you.

Excuse, Enter Hero and Margaret and Ursula.

Hero. Good Vrsa, wake my coin Beatrices, and dey her to ride.

Ursula. I will Lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Vsf. Well.

Mar. Troth I thinkse your other rebato were better.

Hero. No pray thee good Mad Blee weane this.

Marg. By my troths not te good, and I warrant your coin vvil say to.

Hero. My coin's a fool, and thou art another, ile vveane none but this.

Mar. I like the newte vwill within excellently, if the harle were a thought brower and you gows a most rare fashion ylyth, I saw the Dutchells of Mahumens gowsne that they praisse to.

Hero. O that exceeds they say.

Mar. By my troths a but a night-gowine in respecte of yours, cloth a gold and curt, and lace with flue, lace with theis, downe fluees, fine fluees, and skirts, round veins between with a blase, but for a fine quest, graceful and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten cent.

Hero. God.

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Much ado about Nothing.

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Entr. Beatrice.

Her. God morrow Coraz.
Beat. God morrow sweet Her.
Her. Why now do you speak in the sick tune?
Beat. I am out of all other tune, me thinkes.
Mar. Claps into Light a loute, (that goes without a burden,) you do fing it and lie dance it.
Beat. Ye light alone with your heele, then if your husband have fables enough, you'll looke he shall lacke no bannes.

Mar. O illegitimate construction! I come that with my heele.
Beat. 'Tis almost fits a clocke cofin, 'tis time you were ready, by my troth I am exceeding ill, hey ho.
Mar. For a hauke, a horse, or a husband?
Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.
Mar. Well, and yoube not turn'd Turk, there's no morelaying by the farre.
Beat. What means the foole trove?
Mar. Nothing, but God send every one their harts diuin.

Her. These gloues the Count sent mee, they are an excellent perfume.
Beat. I am just cofin, I cannot smell.
Mar. A maid and flufi! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O God helpe me, God help me, how long have you profett apprehension?
Mar. Ever since you left him, doth not my wit become me rarity.
Beat. It is not terme enough, you should weare it in your cap, by my troth I am sicke.
Mar. Get you some of this diffi'd carduus benedictus and lay it to your heart, it is the onely thing for a quallm.
Her. There thou prick't her with a thiffel.
Beat. Benedictheus, why benedictus? you have some morall in this benedictus.

Mar. Mortal? no by my troth, I have no morall meaning, I mean plaine holy thiffel, you may think perchance that I think you are in love, by my troth I am not such a foolie to thinke what I lift, nor I lift not to thinke what I can, nor indeed I cannot thinke, if I would thinke my hart out of thinkeing, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet Benedictheus was such another, and now is he become a man, he frowre he would never marry, and yet now in deliplight of his heart he eates his meat without grudding, and how you may be convicted I know not, but me thinke you looke with your eies as other women doe.
Beat. What pache is this that thy tongue keepes.

Mar. Not a faire gallop.

Enter fri.sula.

Fris. Madam, withdraw the Prince, the Count, signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town. come to fetch you to Church.
Her. Help to dresse mee good coze, good Music, good Fri.sula.

Enter Leonato, and the Conflable, and the Headborough.

Leon. What would you with mee, honest neighbour?

Conf. Dog. Mary sir I would have some confidence with you, that determines you nearely.

Leon. Briefly I pray you, for you see it is a busie time with me.

Conf. Dog. Mary this it is fit.

Head. Yes in truth it is fit.

Leon. What is it my good friends?

Conf. Dog. Goodman Verges sir speaks a little of the matter, an old man sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as God helpe I would desire they were, but infaith honest as the skin between his brouses.

Head. Yes I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honefter then I.

Conf. Dog. Comparisons are odorous, palabras, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Conf. Dog. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poore Duke officers, but truely for mine owne part, if I were as tedious as a King I could finde in my heart to beftow it all of your worship.

Head. All thy tediousness on me, ah?

Conf. Dog. Yea, and twere a thousand times more than this, for I heare 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 hear it.

Head. And so am I.

Leon. I would faine know what you have to say.

Marry for our watch to night, except your worships presence, have take a couple of as errant knaves as any in Messina.

Conf. Dog. A good old man sir, hee will be talking as they say, when the age is in the wit is out, God helpe vs, it is a world to fee: well said ye strait neighbour Verges, well, God's a good man, and two men ride of a hore, one mult ride behind, an honeste noble ye strait sir, by my troth he is, as euer broke breed, but God is to bee wenship, all men are not alike, alas good neighbour.

Leon. Indeed neighbour he comes too short of you.


Leon. I must leave you.

Conf. Dog. One word sir, our watch sir have indee comprehended two apifitious persons, & we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination your selfe, and bring it me, I am now in great halle, as may appeare vnto you.

Conf. It shalbe suufficienc. (Exit.

Leon. Drinke some wine ere you goe: fare you well.

Meffinger. My Lord, they say for you to giue your daughter to her husband.

Leon. Ile wait vpon them, I am ready.

Dogh. Goe good partner, goe get you to Francis Sea.

Leonato. And we shall doe it wisely.

Dogh. Wee will spare for no witte I warrant you. K

III. iv. 24—III. v. 67

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Much ado About Nothing.

Enter Prince, Balfford, Leonato, Friar, Claudius, Benedick, Hero, and Beatrice.

Leonato. Come Friar Francis, be briefe, only to the plaine forme of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Fran. You come hither, my Lord, to marry this Lady.

Clau. 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 do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoint, I charge you on your faith to utter it.

Clau. Know you amie, hero?

Hero. None my Lord.

Fran. Know you amie, Count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, None.

Clau. O, when men dare do! what men may may do! what men may do!

Bene. How now! interjections? why then, some be of laughing, as ha, ha, ha.

Lau. Stand thee by Friar, father, by your lease, Will you with free and unconstrained soule Give me this maid your daughters?

Leon. As freely done as God did give her me.

Clau. And what haste I to give you back, whole worth May counterfeit so rich and precious gift?

Fran. Nothing, valle, you render her again.

Clau. Sweet Prince, you learn menable thankfullines: These Leonato, take her back againe.

Give not this routen Orleans to your friend, She's but the figure and semblance of her honour: Behold how like a maid she blushes here! O what authority and shew of truth Can cunning finne covert it fell withall! Comes not that bloud, as modest evidence, To wittelle simple Virtue? would you not sweare All you that see her, that she were a maid, By these exterior shewes? But she is none: She knowes the heat of a luxurious bed Her bluss is guiltless, not modest,

Leonato. What do you mean, my Lord?

Clau. Not to be married.

Not to knit my foule to an approued wanton.

Leon. Deere my Lord, if you in your owne prove, Have vanish'd the restitute of her youth, And made defile of her virginity.

Clau. I know what you would say: if haue knowe You will fay, shee did embrase me as a husband, And so exstenuate the forehand shewe: No Leonato, I neuer temer her with word too large, But as a brother to his sister, showed Bathfull sincerity and comely loue.

Hero. And icem'd I ever otherwise to you?
Much ado about Nothing.

I. 115

Beat. How now cousin Hero?

Fri. Have you comfort Lady, and you too, Friar?

Les. Doth you look vp? And I, I, I have but one? Chid I, for that at your father's name? One too much by thee: why had I one? Why ever was thou Louisie in my eyes? Why had I not with charitable hand Took vp a beggar's issue at my gates, Who fnerced thus, and mir'd with infamie, I might have said, no part of it: this fhame derives it felle from unknowne loines, But mine, and mine I loud, and mine I praised, And mine that I was proud on mine so much, That I my felle, was to my felle not mine. Valuing of her, why ftre, O fhe is faine Into a pit of fne, that the wide fee Hath drops too few to wash her cleane again, And falt too little, which may leafe guie To her foule tainted fhlee.

Sen. Sir, fir, be patient: for my part, I am for retir'd in wonder, I know no what to say.

Ben. O on my fowl, my coyn is belied.

Sen. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

Ben. No truly: not although until last night, I have this twelvemonth bin her bedfellow.

Les. Confirnd, confirnd, O that is stronger made Which was before bare'd vp with ribs of iron. Would the Princes lie, and Claudio lie, Whom loud her fo, that speaking of her foulneffe, Waft'd it with tears? Hence from her, let her die.

Fri. Hear me a little, for I have onely bene tolerable long, and given waynto this course of fortune, by noting of the Lady, I have markt.

A thousand blusing apparitions,
To flart into her face, a unknowne flame, In Angel whiteneffe bare away those blushes, And in her eie there hath appeard a fire To burne the errors that thefe Princes hold Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool, Truth not my reading, nor my obfervations, Which with experimental dole doth warrant The tenure of my bookes: truft not my age, My reverence, calling, nor duunitie, If this sweet Lady lye not guiltieffe heere, Under some biting error.

Lep. Friar, it cannot be:
Thou feelst that all the Grace that hath left, Is, that the will not add to her damnation, A fame of perjury, the not denes is: Why feel'st thou then to couer with excuse, That which appeares in proper nakedneffe?

Fri. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?

Her. They know that do accuse me, I know none:
If I know more of any man alive
Then that which maiden modeftie doth warrant, Let all my names lacke mercy. O my Father, Pray you that any man with me conuerse,

At hours vnmeete, or that I yealtermight Maintain the change of words with any creature, Refume me, hate me, torture me to death.

Fri. There is some strange misprision in the Princes. Ben. Two of them have the verie bent of honor, And if their wifedoms be mifled in this: The pratifie of it lies in theo the baffard, Whole spirits toile in frame of villanies.

Les. I know not: if they speake but truth of her, These hands shall care her: if they wrong her honour, The proudt of them shall we heare of it.

Time hath not yet fo dried this blood of mine, Nor age fo eate vp my invention, Nor Fortune made such haunch of my means, Nor my bad life refi me so much of friends, But they shall finde, awak'd in fuch a kind, Both strength of limbe, and policie of minde, Ability in meanes, and choife of friends, To quire me of them throughly.

Fri. Panic awhile:
And let my counsell fway you in this cafe, Your daughter here be the Prince's heir (left for dead) Let her awhile be secretly kept in, And publish it, that she is dead indeed: Maintaine a mourning oftentation, And on your Families old monument, Hang mournfull Epitaphes, and do all rites, That appertaine unto a burial.

Les. What shall become of this? What will this do?

Fri. Marry this well carri'd, flall on her behalfe, Change flander to tomoroe, that is some good, But not for that dreame I on this strange caufe, But on this trauaile look for greater birch; She dying, as it must be fo maintaine'd, Upon the infant that she was accus'd. Shall be lamed, pixted, and excuss'd Of every hearer: for it fols out, That what we have, we prEase not to the worth, Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and loft, Why then we racle the value, then we fince The vertue that collection would not fiew as Whiles it was ours, fo will it fare with Claudio: When he fhall heare she dy'd upon his words, Th'Sidea of her life fhe weateely crepe Into his study of imagination.

And every lonely Organ of her life, Shall come apparel'd in more precious habite: More moowing, delicate, and ful of life, Into the eye and proofe of his foulneffe, Then when the lid's indeed: then fhall he moune, If euers Loue had intert in his life, And wift he had not fo accused her: No, though he thought his accusation true: Let this be fo, and doubt not but the baffe Will fashion the event in better fires, Then I can lay it done in likelihood. But if all syne but this be lesnefli false, The impofition of the Ladies death, Will quench the wonder of her infamie. And if it fort not well, you may conceale her, As beft befit her wounded reputation, In some reclaufe and religious life, Out of all eyes, tongues, minde and injuries.

Ben. Signior Leonato, let the Friar accuse you, And though you know my inwardneffe and loue Is very much unto the Prince and Claudio.
Yet, by mine honor, I will deal in this, 
As secretly and subtilly, as your soule 
Should want with your bodie.

Leon. Being that I flow in greefs, 
The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. Tis well confent, prefently away, 
For to strange forces, strangely they straine the cure. 
Come Lady, the to hew this wedding day

Perhaps is but prolong'd, hate patience & endure. Exit. 

Bens. Lady Beatrice, haue you wept all this while? 
Beat. Yes, and I will weep a while longer. 
Bens. I will not define that. 
Beat. You haue no reason, I doe it freely. 
Bens. Sure I do believe your fair coffin is wrong'd. 
Beat. Ah, how much might the man defcrue of mee 
That would right mee! 

Bens. Is there any way to shew such friendship? 
Beat. A verie even way, but no such friend. 
Bens. May a man doe it? 
Beat. It is a mans office, but not yours. 
Bens. I doe loue nothing in the world so well as you, 
Is not that strange? 
Beat. As strange as the thing I know not, it were as possible for me to lay, I loued nothing so well as you, but beleue me not, and yet I doe not, I confesse nothing, nor I deny nothing, I am forry for my confin. 

Bens. By my sword Beatrice thou loust me. 
Beat. Doe not loust by it and eat it. 
Bens. I will loust 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? 
Bens. With no tongue that can be deuided to it, I protest I loue thee. 

Beat. Why then God forgive me. 
Beatrice. What offence fauet Beatrice? 
Beat. You haue playd mee in a happy howre, I was a bout to protest I loued you. 
Bens. And doe it with all thy heart. 

Beat. I loue you with fo much of my heart, that none is left to protest. 

Benedict. Come, bid me doe any thing for thee. 

Beat. Kill Claudio. 
Bens. Ha, not for the wide world. 
Beat. You kill me to denye, farewel. 

Bens. Take sweet Beatrice. 
Beat. I am gone, though I am here, there is no loue in you, nay I pray you let me goe. 

Bens. Beatrice. 

Beat. Infaith I will goe. 
Bens. We'll be friends first. 

Beat. You dare either be friends with mee, than fight with mine enemy. 
Bens. Is Claudio shine enemy? 

Beat. Is not approvd in the height a villaine, that hath flandered, forned, dishonour'd my kinswoman? O that I were a man! what, beleue her hand untill they come to take hands, and then with publike accusation vncoudered flanderd, vnprovokt rage? O God that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place. 

Bens. Hear mee Beatrice. 

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window, a proper saying. 

Bens. Nay but Beatrice. 

Beat. Sweet Hero, she is wrong'd, she is flanderd, 

fate is vnende. 

Beat. Beat?
Would give preceptual medicine to age.
Strife strong madness in a will that is.
Charms with age, and agony with words.
No, no, his men were, to speak patience
To those that writ under the lead of sorrow.
But not mans vertue nor sufficient
To be so moral, the shall endure.
The like himselfe: therefore give me no counsaille,
My griefs cry louder then advertisement.

Broth. Therein do men from children nothing differ.
Leon. I pray thee peace, I will be flesch and blood.
For there was never yet Philosophyer,
That could endure the tooth-sake patiently,
How ever they have writ the life of gods,
And made a path at chance and suffrance.

Brother. Yet bend not all the harme upon your selfe,
Make those that doe offend you, suffer too.

Leon. There thou speakestreason, now I will do so,
My foule dost tell me, there is beleit,
And that shall Claudia know, to shall the Prince,
And all of them that thus dishonour her.

Enter Prince and Claudia.

Broth. Here comes the Prince and Claudia hastily.

Prem. Good day to both you.

Leon. Hears thou my Lords?

Prem. We have some haste Leonato.

Leon. Some haste my Lord! well, are you my Lord,
Are you so hastily now? well, all is one.

Prem. Nay, do not quarrel with vs, good old man.

Leon. If he coulditch himselfe with quarrelling,
Some of vs would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry! dost wrong me, thou dissembler, thou:
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword,
I feare thee not.

Claud. Marry before my hand,
If thou should give thy age such cause of fear,
Intaint my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leonato. Truth, truth, man, never fierce and jealst at me,
I speake not like a darrad, nor a toole,
As under priviledge of age to bragge,
What I have done being young, or what would doe,
Were I not old, knew Claudia to thy head,
Thou hast so wrung'd my innocent child, and me,
That I am forced to lay my seuerence by,
And with grey hairs and bruise of many daces,
Doe challenge thee to tr aisle of a man,
I say thou hast Helena innocens child.
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors:
O in a tomb where her faithful self,
Sawe this of hers, fram'd by thy villain.

Claud. My villany?

Leonato. Thine Claudia, thin I say.

Prem. You say not right old man.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord,
He prole on his body if he dare,
Deplight his nice fence, and his achie praelife,
His Mace of youth, and bloome of lifehood.

Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so daffe me thou hast kill my child,
If thou kill me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Broth. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed,
But that's no matter, let him kill one first.

Much ado about Nothing.
Win me and weare me, let him anwerc me, 
Come follow me boy, come sir boy, come follow me
Sir boy, let whip you from your faying fence, 
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will, 

Leon. Brother.

Bro. Content your self; God knows I loud my neece, 
And she is dead, fnder'd to death by villains, 
That dare as well anwcr a man indeed, 
As I do take a ferpent by the tongue, 
Boyes vaper, braggets, backets, milke-topes.

Leon. Brother Anthony. 

Bro. Hold you content, what man I know them, yea 
And what they weigh, euc to the worldfe feral, 
Scambling, out-facing, faching-monking boyes, 
That lye, and cog, and flour, deprafe, and fnder, 
Goe antiquely, and how outward hidiousfelfe, 
And speake of haffe a dozen dangrous words, 
How they might hurt their enemies, if they duff.
And this is all. 

Leon. But brother Anthony, 

Ant. Come, its no matter, 

Doer you meddle, let me deale in this, 

Pri. Gentlemen both, we will not waste your patienceMy heart is ferry for your fathers death: 

But on my honour fie was charg'd with nothing 
But what was true, and very full of profe. 

Leon. Mr, Lord, my Lord. 

Prin. I will not hear you. 

Enter Benedick. 

Leo. No come brother, away, I will be made, 

Exeunt ambos. 

Bro. And shall, at fome of us will finnit for it. 

Prin. See, fee, here comes the man we went to feeke. 

Clau. Now signior, what news? 

Ben. Good day my Lord. 

Prin. Welcome signior, you are almoft come to part 

almoft an fay. 

Clau. Wee had likt to have had our twos nofes fnaft off with two old men without teeth. 

Prin. Leonato and his brother, what think't thou had wee fought, I doubt we should have beene too yong for them. 

Ben. In a fafe quarrell there is no true valour, I came to feeke you both. 

Clau. We have bee ne vp and downe to feeke thee, for we are high profe melancholy, and would faine haue it beaten away, wit thou fye thy witt? 

Ben. It is in my matther, thinke I draw it? 

Prim. Doeth thou weare thy witt by thy fide? 

Clau. Never any did fo, though very many have beene beside their witt, I will bid thee drewe, as we do the min- 

frels, draw to pleaffe vs. 

Prim. As I am an honfett man he looks pale, art thou 

fick, or angrie? 

Clau. What, courage man: what though care kil'd a cat, thou haft mettle enough in thee to kill care. 

Ben. Sir, I fhall meete your wit in the careere, and you charge it againft me, I pray you chufe another sub- 

ifie. 

Clau. Nay then give him another flaflle, this laft was broke crofe. 

Prim. By this light, he changes more and more, and I think he be angrie indeeide. 

Clau. The be, he knowes how to turne his girdle. 

Ben. Shall I speake a word in your care? 

Clau. God biffle me from a challenge. 

Ben. You are a villain, I left not, I will make it good 

how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare: 
do me right, or I will protest your cowardife; you have 
killed a man, and your Ladie, and her death shall fall heauie on you, let me hear from you. 

Clau. Well, I will meete you, so I may haue good 

chears, 

Prim. What a feas, a feas? 

Clau. I faith I thank him, he hath bid me to a calues 

head and a Capon, the which if I do not carue moft cur-
riously, pay my knife's naught, shall I not finde a wood-
cooke too? 

Ben. Sir, your wit ambles weft, it goes easily. 

Prim. I tell thee how Beatrice prais'd thy witt the 

other day: I faid thou haft a fite wittrue fites fie, a fine 
little one: no faid I, a great witt; right fites fie, a great 
groffe one: nay faid I, a good witt; juft faid fie the iurt 
had no body: nay faid I, the gentleman is wife: certain faid 
the, a wife gentleman: nay faid I, he hath the tongues: 
that I beleue faid fie, for he fproe a thing to me on 
munday night, which he forfere on trowde morning: 
there's a double tongue, there's two tongues: thus did 
shee an howe together tranf-shape thy particular ver-
tues, yet at last fie fucceeded with a figh, thou waft the 
propriet man in Italie. 

Clau. For the which fie wept heartily, and faid fie 

cat'd not. 

Prim. Yea that fie did, but yet for all that, and if fiee 
did not hate him deadly, fhee would love him dearly, 
the old man daughter told vs all. 

Clau. All, all, and moreover, God faw him when 

he was hid in the garden. 

Prim. But when shall we fett the fauge Bulls hornes 
on the fentence Benedick head? 

Clau. Yea and text vnderneath, here dwell Benedick 

the married man. 

Ben. Fare you well, Boy, you know my mind, I will 

leave you now to your goffe-like humor, you brake 

tiffs as braggers do their blades, which God be thank-

ed for: now my Lord, for your manie courtefies I thank 
you, I muft difcontinue your company, your brother 
the Baffard i. Bed from Chriftina: you haifte among you, 

kill'd a sweet and innocent Ladie: for my Lord: Lick-

beard there, he and fhe meete, and till then peace be 

with him. 

Prim. He is in earneift. 

Clau. In moff profound earneift, and I ere warrant you, 

for the love of Beatrice. 

Prim. And hath challeg'd thee. 

Clau. Moff sincerely. 

Prim. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his 

doubles and hoie, and leaves off his wit. 

Enter Confiable, Caroade, and Borachio. 

Clau. He is then a Giant to an Ape, but then is an Ape 

a Doctor to fuch a man. 

Prim. But foft you, let me be, plucke vp my heart, 

and be fad, did he not lay my brother was fted? 

Conf. Come you fit, it iufetee cannot tame you, fhee 

shall here weign more reafons in her bal lance, say, and 
you be a cifing horific one, you muft be look to. 

Prim. How now, two of my brethren men bound? Bo- 

rachio one. 

Clau. Harken after their offence my Lord, 

Prim. Officers, what offence have these men don'e? 

Con. Mariel
Conf. Maste fir, they have committed false report, moreover they have spoken untruths, secondarily they are flanders, first and lastly, they have belied a Lady, thirdly, they have verified vain things, and to conclude they are lying knaves.

Pron. First I ask thee what they have done, thirdly I ask thee what's their offence, first and lastly why they are committed, and to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Clau. Rightly reasoned, and in his owne division, and by my troth there's some meaning well suffer.

Pron. Who have you offended masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned Couflag is too fine to be understanding, what's your offence?

But. Sweet Prince, let me no farther to mine answer: do you heare me, and let this Count to know me: I have deceyt euon your very eies: what your wife

domes did not discover, these shallow fooleres have brought to light, who in the night overheard me confessing to this man, how Don Iago your brother incensed me to flander the Ladies Hero, how you were brought into the orchard, and law me court Margaret in Heroes garments, how you disgrac'd her when you should marry her: my villainy they have upon record, which I had rather seal with my death, then repeat over to my shame: the Ladies are dead upon mine, and my matters false accusation; and briefelee, I define nothing but the reward of a villain.

Pron. Runs not this speech like yron through your bloud?

Clau. I have drunke poison whiles he shet it.

But. Did my Brother let thee on to this?

But. Yes, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

Pron. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery, and fled he is upon this villain.

Clau. Sweet Hero, now thy image doth appear
In the rare semblance that I coude it first.

Conf. Come, bring away the plaintiffes, by this time our Sexton hath reform'd Siguer Leonato of the matters: and masteres, do not forget to specify when & place shall have, that I am an Affe.

Con. 3. Here, here comes matter Siguer Leonato, and the Sexton too.

Enter Leonato.

Leon. Which is the villain? let me se his eies,
That when I note another man like him,
I may advise him: which of these is he?

But. If you would know your wronge, looke on me.

Leon. Art thou thou the face that with thy breath
Hath kild mine innocent childere?

But. Yes, euon I alone.

Leo. Not so villaine, thou beliest thy selfe,
Here stand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled that had a hand in it.

I thank you Princes for my daughters death,
Record it with your high and worthie dedes,
Twas brasseuely done, if you bethinke you eft.

But. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I must speake: choose your revenge your selfe,
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my finne, yet finn'd I not,
But in mistaking.

Pron. By my loufe not, I,
And yet to satisfy this good old man,

[The following scene continues with various characters discussing the events and their consequences, ending with prayers and farewells.]
Mar. Will you then write me a Sonnet in praise of my beautie?

Bent. In so high a stile Margaret, that no man living shall come over it, for in most comely truth thou deferueth it.

Mar. To have no man come over me, why, shall I always kepe below Pallas?

Bent. Thy wit is as quick as the grey-hounds mouth, it catches.

Mar, And yours, as blunt as the Fencers foiles, which his, but hurt not.

Bent. A most many wit Margaret, it will not hurt a woman: and so I pray thee call Beatrix, I give thee the bucklers.

Mar. Give vs the swords, we have bucklers of our owne.

Bent. If ye so them Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for Maides.

Mar. Well, I will call Beatrix to you, who I think hath legges.

Exit Margaret.

Bent. And therefore will come. The God of loue that fits aboute, and knows me, and knowes me, how pictifull I define. I meanes singing, but in louing, Iean the good swimmer. Trebus the first Impoler of Pandars, and a whole booke full of these quondom expert-mongers, whose name yet runne smoothlie in the euen rode of a blanke verse, why they were never so truly turned over and over as my poore selfe in loue: marry I cannot shew it rime, I have tried, I can finde out no rime to Lady but babie, an innocent rime: for soorne, borne, a hard time: for schoole soole, a babling time: verie ominous endinges, no, I was not borne vnder a rining Planet, for I cannot vvee in feuillfull teares: Enter Beatrice. Sweete Beatrice wouldnt thou come when I calld thee?

Beat. Yes Signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bent. 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 knoweing what hath passd betwene you and Claudio.

Bent. Thy selfe 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 noforme, therefore I will depart vnkind.

Bent. Thou haft triedian the word out of his right fence,so forcible is thy wit, but I must tell thee plainly, Claudio vnder goes my challenge, and either I must shortely heare from him, or I will subcribe him a coward, and I pray thee now tell me, for which of my bad parts dide thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together, which maintaineth so politiques a state of euall, that they will not admit any good part to intemingle with them: but for which of my good parts did you first suffer leue for me?

Bent. Suffer love: a good epithete, I do suffer love indeede, for I love thee againe my will.

Beat. In frite of your heart I think, alas poore heart, if you plight it for my sake, I will plight it for yours, for I will neuer loue that which my friend hates.

Bent. Thou and I are too wise to vvee peacable.

Beat. It appereas not in this confession, there's not one wise man among twentie that will prisse himselfe.

Bent. An old, an old instanche Beatrix, that lied in the time of good neighbours, if a man do not crede in this age his owne tombe ere he dies, she shall line no longer in monuments, then the Bells ringe, the Widdow weepes.

Beat. And how long is that thanke you?

Bent. Question, why an hower in cl. mor and a quarter in the same, therefore is it most expediens for the wife, if Don worme (his consience) finde no unpediment to the contrarie, to be the trumpet of his owne voices, as I am to my selfe so much for praifing my selfe, who my selfe will beare witnesse is prisse worthie, and now tell me, how doth your cofin?

Beat. Verie ill.

Bent. And how doe you?

Beat. Verie ill too.

Enter Ursula.

Bent. Stay, God, loue me, and send, there will I leue you too, for here comes one in haste.

Vrs. Madam, you must come to your Uncle, yonders old coile at home, it is proueod my Lady He-rio hath bin fullie accusde, the Prince and Claudio mightabe absnde, and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go heare this newes Signior?

Bent. I will lye in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes: and moreouer, I will goe with thee to thy Vnctes.

Exeunt.

Enter Claudio, Prince, and three or four with Tapes.

Cla. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Lord. It is my Lord.

Episteph. Done to death by slanderous tongues, Was the Hero but here lies: Death in guard of her wrongs, Grew her fame which never dies: So the life that dyed with shame, Lines in death with glorious fame. Hang thus there upon the tomb, Praising her when I am done.

Cla. Now matchet sounde & sing thy solemn hymne.

Song.

Pardon goddess of the night, Thrice that flew thy vigil lights, For the which with songs of woe, Round about her tombes they goe: Midnight he stopt our mome, brake us to sigh and groan, Heavenly, heavenly, Graces yamente yeilde thy dead, Till death be enter'd, Heavenly, heavenly.

(As right.

Le. Now wnte thy bones good night, yereely will I do Prin. Good morrow masteres, put your torches out, The worths have pried, and looke, the gentle day Before the wheels of Phoebus, round about Dapples the drowtie East with spots of grey: Thanks to you all, and leave vs, faire you well.

Cla. Good morrow masteres, each his feuerall way. Prin. Come let vs hence, and put on other weedes, And then to Leonato we will goe.

Cla. And Hymnes now with luckier issue speedt.

Then
Much ado about Nothing.

Then this for whom werend'd vp this woe.  Exeunt, Enter Leonato, Leon. Mars. Fri. Otho, Fri. Ser.  Did notc tell you thet he was innocent?  Leon. To see the Prince and Claudio promis'd her, From the envy that you heard debated:  But Margaret was in some fault for this, Although against her it will assert, In the true course of all the question.  Old. We'll, I am glad that all things fort so well.  Bene. And lo am I, being elfe by faith 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, And when I fend for you, come hither mask'd: The Prince and Claudio promis'd by this howre To visit me, you know your owne Brother, You must be fathers to your brothers daughter, And give her to young Claudio,  Exeunt Ladies.  Old. Which I will doe with confirmed countenaunce.  Bene. Fri. I must interest your paines, I think, Fri. To doe what Signor?  Bene. To bind her, or clove me, one of them: Signor Leonato, trust it is good Signor, Your necece 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 love require her.  Leo. The fight whereof I thank you had from me, From Claudio, and the Prince, but what's your will?  Bene. Your answer is in Emaugmaticall, But for my will, my will it, your good will May hand with ours this day to be contyned, In the state of honourable marriage, In which (good Friar) shall define your helpe,  Leo. My heart is with your liking. Fri. And my helpe.  Enter Prince and Claudio, with attendants.  Pri. Good morrow to this faire assembly.  Leo. Good morrow Prince, good morrow Claudio: Where we attend you, are you yet determin'd, To day to marry with my brothers daughter?  Claudio. Ile hold my minde were she an Ethiope.  Leo. Call she forth brother, here is the Friar ready.  Pri. Good morrow Beatrice, why what's the matter?  That you have such a Februous face, So full of fract, of forme, and coldewinde.  Claud. I thinke he thinkes vpon the favage bull: Tuffe, fear not man, we'll tip thy hornes with gold, And bid the dulls, the meanes, the dukes, As one Eupros did at lyuty Lawe, When he would play the noble beate in love.  Bene. Bull Lawe fir, had an amiable low, And some fuch strange bull leapt your fathers Cow, A got a Calfe in that fame noble feat, Much like to you, for you have juft his blest.  Enter brother, Fri, Beatrice, Margaret, Friilda.  Cla. For this I love you: here comes other reckonings Which is the Lady I must trie vpon?  Leo. This fame is she, and I doe give you her.  Cla. Why then she's mine, sweet let me fee your face.  Leo. No that you shall not, till you take her hand, Before this Friar, and swear to marry her.  Cla. Give me your hand before this holy Friar, I am your husband if you like of me.  Here. And when I lid I was your other wife, And when you loud, you were my other husband.  Cla. Another Friar?  Hero. Nothing certain,  One Hero died, but I doe live, And surely as I live, I am a maid, Then. The former Hero, that is dead, Hero. She died my Lord, but whiles he ledared and Friar. All this amazement can I quells, When after that the holy rites are ended, He tell you largely of faire Hero death: Meane time let wonder seeme familiar, And to the chappell let us preferably;  Bar. Soft and faire Friar, which is Beatrice?  Bene. I answer to that name, what is your will?  Bad. Do not you take me?  Beatrice. Why no, no more then reason.  Bad. Why then your Uncle, and the Prince, & Claud- de, have beene decyred, they foroe you did.  Beat. Do not you loue mee?  Bene. Troth no, no more then reft.  Beat. Why then my Cousin Margaret and Dufiue Are much decyred, for they did iowe you did.  Bene. They swore you were not alive dead for me.  Bad. They swore you were not aliv'e dead for me.  Bene. Tis no matter, so you do not loue mee?  Beat. No truly, but in friendly reconno.  Leon. Come C own, I am to you the gentlest.  Cla. And Ile be sooner spoile, that he loues her, For here's a paper written in his hand, A halting fonnnet of his owne pure braine, Fumished to Beatrice,  Hera. And here's another, Writ in my cofin hand, flone from her pocket, Containing her affection vnto Benedick.  Beat. A muckle, here's our owne hands against our hearts: come I will have shee, but by this light I take thee for putte.  Bene. I would not deny you, but by this good day, I yeold you great perwa, & pure to free your life, For I was told, you were at a conventione.  Leon. Peace a will los your mouth,  Thow. How dost thou Benedick? the married man?  Bene. Ile tell thee what Prince: a Collage of whack- ekers cannot flout mee out of my humor, doth thou think I care for a Sythceu & Epigram? no, if a man will be beaten with braine, a fide weare nothing hande me about him: in briefe, since I do purpose to marry, I will thinke nothing to any purpote that the world can say a gainst it, and therefor never fout at me, for I haveaid against it: for many cuddy thing, and this is my con- clusion: for thy part Claudine, I dul think to have beaten thee, but in that thou art like to be my kindman, hue vou- bru'd, and loue my cousin.  Cla. I had well hop'd y'would have denied Beatrice; I might have cudgel'd thee out of thy sngle life, to make thee a double dealer, which out of queflion thou wilt be, if my Cousin do not looke exceeding narrowly to thee.  Bene. Come, come, we are married, let's haue a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives heels.  Leon. We'll haue dancing afterward.  Bene. First, of my word, therefore play muzick, Prince, thou art sad, get thee a wife, get thee a wife, there is noe more reuerend then one tip with horn. Enter, Meet, Meffen. My Lord, your brother Ives is tane in flight, And brought with armed men bracke to Ufegina, Bene. Thinkse not on him till to morrow, ile devise thee brace punishments for him: strike vp Pipers Danger.  L.
Enter Ferdinand, King of Navarre, Berowne, Longavill, and Dumaine.

Ferdinand.

Ferd. That all hunt after in their lines,
Line registred upon our brazen Tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death,
Who spight of corrompt deposing Time,
Th'endeavour of this present time may buy:
That honour which shall base his father's kerne edge,
And make vs byres of all extremes.
Therefore brace Conquerour, for so you are,
That warre against your owne affections,
And the huge Arme of the world's delights.
Our late edict shall strongely stand in force,
Navar shall be the wonder of the world.
Our Court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in learning.
You three, Berowne, Dumaine, and Longavill,
Have sworn for three yeares terme, to live with me:
My fellow Schollers, and to keepe those statutes
That are recorded in this scedule here.
Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your names:
That his owne hand may strike his honour downe,
That violates the smallest branch herein:
If you are arm'd to doe, as fortunate to do,
Subscribe to your deepse oaths, and keepe it too.
Longavill, I am resolv'd, 'tis but a three yeares fast.
Theminde shall banquet, though the body pine,
Fat paunches have leane pates: and dainty bits,
Make rich the ribs, but barker out the wits.

Berowne. My loving Lord, Dumaine is mortified,
The greater manner of these worldes delights,
He throwes uppon the groose worldes faire flowers:
To showe a wealth, to pompé, I pine and die,
With all these living in Philosophie.

Berowne. I can but say their proposition over,
So much, dese Liege, I have already sworn,
That is to live and study here three yeares.
But there are other strick obseruations:
At not to see 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 an every day beside:
The which I hope is not enrolled there.
And then to sleepe but three hours in the night,
And not to be seene to wake of all the day.
When I was wont to thinke no harme all night,
And make a darke night too of hauing 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, to passe away from these.

Berow. Let me say no my Lord, and if you please.
I only swore to study with your grace,
And lay here in your Court for three yeares space.

Ferd. You swore to that Berow, and to the self.

Berow. By yea, and may it be, than I swore in lef.

Berow. Why that to know which else wee should not know.

Ber. Things hid & hard (you mean) it is common sense.

Ferd. I, that is studious god-like recollection.

Berow. Come on then, I will sweare to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus, to study where I will may done,
When I to fat expressly am forbid.
On study where to meet some Mistrelle fine,
When Mistrelles from common sense are hid.
Or having sworn too hard a keeping oath,
Studie to break it, and not break my troth.
If studie game be thus, and this be so,
Studie knowes that which yet it doth not know.

Ferd. Sweare me to this, and I will here lay no.

Ferd. These be the steps that hinder study quite,
And traine our intellects, to vaine delight.

Berow. Why all delights are vaine, and that most vaine,
Which with paine purchased, dost inherit paine,
As painefully to passe upon a looke,
To lecke the light of truth, while truth the while
Doth falsely blinde the eye; light on his looke,
Light seeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So ere you finde where light in darkness lies,
Your light growes darkie by losing of your eyes.

Studie me how to please the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fatter eye,
Who darst to, that eye shall be his need,
And give him light that it was blinded by,
Studie is like the heauen gloriouis sunne,
That will not be deepse touch d with favoy lookes:
Small hauing continual plodder ever vaine,
Saue base authorities from others Bookes.
These earthly Godfathers of heavens lightes,
That give a name to every fixed Starre,
Have no more profit of then shining nights,
Then those that wake and wondr not what they are.
Too much to know, is to know nothing but name.
And many Godfather can give a name.

Ferd. How well I see read, so reason against reading.
Loves Labour's lost.

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding.

Lor. Hee weedes the corne, and shall let grow the weeding.

Ber. The Spring is neere when Greene greaste are a breeding.

Dum. How soon will it be?

Ber. Fie in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Ber. Something then in time.

Ferd. Berowne is like an enious sneaping Frozt,

That bites the first born of the Spring.

Ber. Well, say I am, why should proud Summer boast,

Before the Birds have any caue to sing?

Why should I joy in any abortive birth?

At Christmas I no more define a Rose,

Then with a Snow in Mayes new fangled flowers:

But like of every thing that in feason growes.

So you to finde now it is too late,

That were to clyme ore the hose to unlace the gate.

Fer. Well, fit you out go home Berowne: a due.

Ber. No my good Lord, I have sworn to stay with you.

And though I have for barbarine spake more,

Then for that Angell knowledge you can say,

Yet confident I keepe what I have oworne,

And hide the penance of each three yeares day.

Give me the paper, let me read the same,

And to the great decree Ile write my name.

Fer. How well this yielding recues thee from shame.

Ber. Item. That no woman shall come within a mile

Of my Court.

Hath this bin proclaimed?

Lor. Fouré dayes agoe.

Ber. Let's see the penaltie.

On paine of loosing her tongue.

Who denis'd this penaltie?

Lor. Marry that did I.

Ber. Sweete Lord, and why?

Lor. To fright them hence with that dread penaltie,

A dangerous law against gentilitie.

Item, If any man be seen to talke with a woman within

In the time of three yeares, hee shall indure such publicke shame as the reft of the Court shall possibly denote.

Ber. This Article my Lidge your felle must break,

For well you know here comes in Embassie

The French Kings daughter, with your felle to speake:

A Maid of grace and compleat maifiet,

About surrender vp of Aquisaine:

To her depretie, fickle, and bed-rid Father.

Therefore this Article is made in vaine,

Or vaineely comes th' admired Princesse hither.

Fer. What fay you Lords?

Why, this was quite forgot.

Ber. So Studie euermore is ouerfhot,

While it doth fudy to haue what it would,

It doth forget to doe the thing it shoulde.

And when it hath the thing it hunteth moft,

'Tis won as owmes with fire, so won, so loft.

Fer. We must of force dispence with this Decree,

She must lye here on mrece necelfitie.

Necefitie will make vs all owrne.

Three thousand times within this three yeeres space:

For every man with his affeit is borne,

But by might maffed, but by special grace.

If I breake this, this word shall breake for me,

I am owrne on mrece necelfitie.
Ferdinand.

Great Depotions, the Workes, Pleasements, and doe domin- 
ations of Nauy, my faules earths God, and bodies fo- 
siring patience:

Coft. Not a sword of Coldart yet.

Ferd. So it is.

Coft. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is in telling 
true: but it.

Ferd. Peace,

Clow. Be to me, and ever that darts not fight.

Ferd. No words.

Clow. Of for the reasons secrets I becheech you.

Ferd. So it is befieged with fable coloured melancholy, I 
did command the blocks oppriving humours to the most whole- 
some Physick of the health-giving ayre: And as I am a Gentle- 
man, betooke my selfe to walke: the time: When about the 
first hour, When beftis falt grafe, birds beft pecke, and men 
fit downe to that nourishment which is called supper: So much 
for the time. Now for the ground Which I which 
mean I walked upon, it was help'd, Thy Parks. Then for the 
place Where; where I mean I did encounter that obfene and 
most propirious cunt that drown'd me in my fnow-white pen 
with a fnow coloured Lake, which bower them viewes, beheld, 
formuif, or felf. But to the place Where? It handes 
North North-east and by Eaf from the Welf corner of the 
curious knotted garden; There did I fee that low spir- 
ited Swaine, that fale Minion of thy myrth, (Clown. Meet) 
that underfert small knowing fowl,(Clow Me) that shallow 
water(Slow. Still me?) which as I remember, light Cow- 
farth, (Clow. O me) forced and comforted contrary to thy e-
stablebly proffesed Ethi and Courteus, Cannon: Which 
with, with, with, with the I paffion to say afterward.

 entered the Wench.

Ferd. With a child in her Grandamter Eric, a female; 
or thy more fweet understanding a woman: him, (as my 
ever overfeen duty directs mee) house fent to thee, to receive 
the need of punishment by this faire Graces Officer Anthony 
Dull, a man of good repue, carriage, bearing, & estimation.

Anb. Me, an! hail pleache you? I am Anthony Dull.

Ferd. For Iaponetta (to I a weakd vefell called) 
which I apprehended with the aforefaid Swain, I keepe her 
as a vefell of thy Lovers fure, and flall at the leeft of thy 
faft news, bring her ther to trie. Time in all complemen 
of denoted and heart-burning beat of duty,

Don Adriana de Armado.

Brer. This is not fo well as I lookt for, but the best 
that euer I hear.

Fer. I the best, for the worft. But frra, What fay you 
to this?

Clo. Sir I confefle the Wench.

Fer. Did you h ear the Proclamation?

Clo. I confefle much of the hearing it, but little 
of the marking of it.

Fer. It was proclaimed a yeeres imprisonment to bee 
taken with a Wench.

Clo. I was taken with none fir, I was taken with a 
Damoelfell.

Fer. Well, it was proclaimed Damoelfell.

Clo. This was no Damoelfell neither fir, shee was a 
Virgin.

Fer. It is fo varried, for it was proclaimed Virgin.

Clo. If it were, I denie her Virginite: I was taken 
with a Maide.

Fer. This Maid will not ferue your turne fir.

Clo. This Maide will ferue my turne fir.

Kw. Sir I will pronounce your fentence : You shall 
af a Weeke with Branne and water.

Clo. I had rather pray a Month with Munton and 
Porridge.

Kw. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.

My Lord Brawne, fee him deliuer'd ore, 
And goe we Lords to put in practice that, 
Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

Bere. He lay my head to any good mans hat, 
These oaths and laws will prove an idle fcone.

Sirra, come on.

Clo. I suffer for the truth fir for true it is, I was 
taken with Iaponetta, and Iaponetta's a true girl, and 
therefore we come to the wordes of proffirte, affilli-
theone may one day smile againe, and untill then fir downe 
swor.

Exit.

Enter Armado and Mathias Page.

Arma. Boy, What figne is it when a man of great 
spirit growes melancholy?

Boy. A great figne fir, that he will looke fad.

Brag. Why? fadneffe is one and the felle-fame thing 
dearc impe.

Bref. No no, O Lord fir no.

Boy. How canf't thou part fadneffe and melancholy 
your tender Innendall?

Brag. By a familiar demonstrafion of the working, my 
tough figner.

Brag. Why tough figner? Why tough figner?

Brag. Why tender Innendall? Why tender Innendall?

Brag. I fpoke it tender: Innendall, as a congregant spa-
thetan, appurtening to thy young dautes, which we may 
nominate tender.

Boy. And I tough figner, as an appertinent title to 
your oldes time, which we may name tough.

Brag. Pretty and apt.

Boy. How meanes you fir, I pretty, and my faying apt? 
or I apt, and my faying prettie?

Brag. Thou pretty because little.

Boy. Little pretty, because little; wherefore apt?

Brag. And therefore apt, because quick.

Boy. Speake you this in my prifile Mutter?

Brag. In thy condigne prifile.

Boy. I will prifce an Ecelle in the fame prifile.

Brag. What? that an Ecelle is ingenuous.

Boy. That an Ecelle is quick.

Boy. I doe fay thou art quicke in anwers, Thou 
heartt my bloud.

Boy. I am anwer'd fir.

Brag. I love not to be croft.

Boy. He fpeakes the meere contrary, croftes love not

Br. I have promis'd to fludy in youth with the Duke.

Boy. You may do it in an hour fir.

Brag. Impoffible.

Boy. How many is one thirde told.

Br. I amill at reckning, it fits the fpirit of a Tapfter.

Boy. You are a gentleman and a gamefter fir.

Brag. I confefle both, they are both the varnish of a 
compleat man.

Boy. Then I am sure you know how much the groffe 
fummme of deuf-ace amounts to.

Brag. It doth amount to one more then two.

Boy. Which the base vulgar call three.

Br. True. Boy. Why is this fuch a piece of fludy?

Now here's three Studied, ere you'll thrice wink, & how 
eafe it is to put yeres to the word threes, and fludy three 
yeres in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

Brag. A

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Boy. And that's great manuell, louv'ing a light wench.
Brag. I say sing.
Boy. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter Clowne, Cofmable, and Wrench.

Clowne. Sir, the Duke's pleasure, that you keepe Co-

Brassard safe, and you must let him take no delight, nor no

pennance, but he must first three days a week: for this

Damefull, I must keep her at the Parke, she is allowed for

the Day-woman. Faire you well.

Exit. 

Brag. I do betray my selfe with blushing; Maitre,

Maitre, Maitre.

Boy. I will visite thee at the Lodge.

Maitre. That's here by.

Boy. I know where it is situate.

Maitre. Lord how wise you are!

Boy. I will tell thee wonders.

Maitre. With what face?

Boy. I loue thee.

Maitre. So I heard you say.

Boy. And to faire.

Maitre. Faire weather after you.

Boy. Come Luquetteno, away. 

Boy. Villaine, thou shalt fast for thy effences or

thou be pardoned.

Boy. Well sir, I hope when I doer in, I shall doe it on

a full homscke.

Boy. Thou shalt be hardly punished.

Boy. I am more bound to you then your fellowes, for

they are but lightly rewarded.

Boy. Take away this villian, that he be vp.

Boy. Come you transigrefing floue, away.

Boy. Let me not bee pent vp sir, I will fast being

loose.

Boy. No sir, that were fast and loose: thou shalt to

prison.

Boy. Well, if ever I doe see the merest days of delo-

lation that I have seene, face shall fee.

Boy. What shall this fee?

Boy. Nay nothing, Maitre Maitre, but what they

look upon. It is not for prisoners to be silent in their

words, and therefore I will say nothing: I thank God,

I have a little patience as another man, and therefore I

can be quiet.

Boy. Doe affcit the very ground (which is baie)

where her bowe (which is baie) guided by her youte

(which is bate) doth tread; I shall be forsworn (which

is a great argument of fallhood,) of love. And how can

that be true love, which is falsly attempted? Loure is a

familiar, Loure is a Dunciell. There is no equal Angel but

Loure; yet Sampson was so tempted, and he had an ex-

cellent strength: Yet was Solomon so seduced, and he had

a very good witte. Cupidis Fusthat is too hard for Her-

cules Clubbe, and therefore too much odds for a Spa-

niards Rapier: The first and second caufe will not serue

my turne: the Paflado herrepeeks not, the Duncell he

regards not: his disgrace is to be called Boy, but his

glorie is to subdue men. Auo Valour, ruff Rapier, bee

hill Drum, for your manager is in loue; yes hee loueth.

Affit me some extemporal god of Rime, for I am sure I

shall turne Sonnet. Deuif Wits, write For, for I am for

whole volumes in folio.

Exit.

Finn Asia Prime.
Enter the Princess of France, with three attending Ladies, and three Lords.

Boyet. Now Madam fummon vp your dearest spirits, Consider who the King your father lends:
To whom he lends, and what's his Embassie,
Your felfe, held precious in the worlds esteeme,
To parle with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Match thefee Nature, the pleà of no lovely weight
Then Aquitaine, a Dowrie for a Queen,
Be now as prodigall of all deare grace,
As Nature was in making Graces desire,
When fie did flute the generall world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you,
Queen. Good Boyet, my beauty though but mean,
Needs not the painted flouris of your praise:
Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye,
Not vttrted by base fale of chanpons tongues:
I am lefle proud to hear you tell my worth,
Then you much willing to be counted wife,
In spending your wit in the praise of mine,
But now to task the tasker, good Boyet,
Prin. You are not ignorne all telling fame
Dorh noyfe abroad Nature hath made a vow,
Till famefull fhame call out were three yeares,
No woman may approach his filent Court:
Therefore to's feemeth it needfull course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleafure, and in that beholfe
Bold of your wortneffe, we fingle you,
As our bell mouing faire folice:
Tell him the daughter of the King of France,
On fervious funefhie crauing quicke dispatch,
Importunes personall conference with his grace.
Hale, fignifie fo much while we attend,
Like humble vifage futes his high will.
Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is fo:
Who are the Venarios my louing Lords, that are vow-
fellowes with this vertuous Duke?

Lor. Longaulith is one.
Prin. Know you the man?
1. Lady. I know him Madame at a marriage feast,
Betwene L Periors and the beauteous heire
Of Loues Fanciwordh alemonized.
In Normande law I this Longaulith,
A man of soueraigne parts he is effeem'd:
Well fitted in Arts, glorious in Arms:
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The only foyle of his faire vertues glowie,
If vertues glowie will flame with any foile.
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a Will:
Whole edge hath power to cut whole will fill wills,
It shoulde none fpare that come withinhis power.
Prin. Some merry mocking Lord be he, if fo?
Lad. 2. They say to most, that moft his humors know.
Prin. Such fHORT it's wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the ref?
2. Lady. The yong Damaine, a well accomplished youth,
Ber. I know you did.

Kes. How needlesly was it then to ask the question?

Ber. You must not be so quick.

Kes. 'Tis long of you! spur me with such questions.

Ber. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.

Kes. Not till it leave the Rider in the mire.

Ber. What time a day?

Kes. The hourse that foole should ask.

Ber. Now faire belay your marks.

Kes. Fare! fall the face it covers.

Ber. And feed you many livers.

Kes. 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 one halfe, of an entire fumme,
Disburfed by my father in his warres.

Ber. But saye that he, or we, are neither haue
Recus'd that fumme; yet there remaines unpaid
A hundred thousand more, in suretie of the which,
One part of Aquitaine is bound to vs,
Although not valued to the monies worth.

Kes. If then the King your father will rejoyce
But that one halfe which is unsatisfied,
We will give vp our right in Aquitaine,
And hold fast friendship with his Maiestie:
But that it seemes he little purpofeth,
For here he doth demand to have repairie,
An hundred thousand Crownes, and no demands
One payment of a hundred thousand Crownes,
To have his title lose in Aquitaine.

Kim. Which we much rather had depart withall,
And haue the money by our father lent,
Then Aquitaine, so guelded as it is.

Ber. Desire Princefse, were not his requites so farre
From reasons yielding, your faire fife should make
A yielding gainst fome reafon in my bref,
And goo well satisfy'd to France againe.

Prim. You doe the King my Father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unbecoming to confede rejoyce
Of that which hath so faithfullly beene paid.

Kim. I doe protest I never heard of it,
And if you proue it, I lie repay it backe.

O yeeld vp Aquitaine.

Prim. We are at your word:

Boy. You can produce acquaintances
For such a fumme, from speciall Officers,
Of Charles his Father.

Kim. Satisfie me fo.

Boy. So please your Grace, the packet is not come
Where that and other particularies are bound.

Kes. To morrow you shall have a fight of them
Kim. In shall affauce me at which interview,
All liberal reafon would I yeeld vnse:

Meane time, receiv'e such welcome at my hand,
As Honour, without breach of Honour may
Make tender of, to thy true worthynesse.
You may not come faire Princefse in my gates,
But here without you shall be receit'd,
As you shall deeme your felle lodg'd in my heart,
Though to do not further harbour in my houfe:
Your owne good thoughts excufe me, and farewel,
To morrow we shall visit you againe.

Kim. They own with th[e] shee in every place. Exit.

Boy. Lady, I will commend you to my owne heart.

La. Rec. Pray you doe my commendations,
I would be glad to see it.

Boy. I would you heard it gone.

La. Rec. Is the soule sick?

Boy. Sicke at the heart.

La. Rec. Alache, it is bloud.

Boy. Would that doe it good?


Boy. Will you prick't with your eye?

La. Rec. No poyn't, with my knife.

Boy. Now God faue thy life.

La. Rec. And yours from long liuing,

Ber. I cannot stay thankfulling. Exit.

Enter Dommic.

Dumm. Sir, I pray you a word: What Lady is that fame?

Boy. The heere of Montfau, Ralphin her name.

Dumm. A gallant Lady, Monsier: fare you well.

Boy. I beleech you a word what is fhe in the white?

La. A woman for times, if you saw her in the light.

Long. Perchance light in the light: I defire her name.

Boy. Shee hath but one for her felfe,

To deffe that were a fham:

Long. Pray you fir, whole daughter?

Boy. Her Mothers, I haue heard.

Long. Gods bleffings on your beard.

Boy. Good fire be not offended,

Shee is an heroe of Faulconbridge.

Long. N'y, my choller is ended:

Shee is a most sweet Lady. Exit Long.

Boy. Not unlike firs, that may be.

Enter Berowe.

Boy. What's her name in the cap.

Ber. Katharine by good hap.

Boy. Is the reader, an no.

Boy. To her will fir, or fo,

Ber. You are welcome fir, adiew.

Boy. Fare well to me fir, and welcome to you. Exit.

La. Ma. That isf is Berowe, the merie mad-cap Lord.

Not a word with him, but a fret.

Boy. And every felf but a word.

Prim. 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 Siceps mane:

And wherefor not Ships? (lip)

Boy. No Sheep: (I veit And two vnles we feed on your

La. You Sheep & Ipsifume shall that finifh the fift?

Boy. So you grant paffure for me.

La. Not fo gentle beft.

My lips are no Common, though feuerall they be.

Be. Belonging to whom?

La. To my fortune and one.

Prim. Good wiff will be tangling, but gentiles agree.
This ciuill warre of wiff were much better vifed
On Naue and his booke, for heere tis abus'd.

Be. If my oheration (which very feldome lies
By the hearts flill rhetorick, diflolfed with eyees)
Decreafe me not now, Naue is infected,

Prim. With what
de.

Be. With that which we Louers intitle affected,

Prim. Your reafon.

Be. Why all his behawious doe make their retire,
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough defire
His hart like an Ague with your print impreffed,
Proud with his forme, in his eie pride expressed.
His tongue all impatient to speake and not see,
Did humble with haste in his eie-sight to be,
All fences to that fence did make their repairie,
To feel onely looking on fairest of faire : 
Me thought all his fences were lockt in his eye,
As Jewels in Chriftall for some Prince to buy. (glaft,
Who tendering their own worth from whence they were
Did point out to buy them along as you paft.
His faces owne margent did coate fuch amusse,
That all eyes few his eies intanchet with gazes.
He gue you Agravine, and all that is his,
And you gius hun for my fake, but one louting Kiffe.
Prim. Come to our Pavillion, Toger is dispold.
Brat. But to speake this in words, which his eie hath dif.
I onely have made a mouth of his eie, (clso’d.
By adding a tongue, which I know will not lie.
Lad. Ra. Thou art an old Loue-monger, and speakeft
skillfully.
Lad. Ma. He is Capide Grandfather, and learners news
of him.
Lad. 2. Then was Fenius like her mother, for her fa-
ther is but grim.
Boy. Do you hear my mad wenchies?
Lad. 1. No.
Boy. What then, do you fee ?
Lad. 2. I, our way to be gone.
Boy. You are too hard for me.

Enter Braggart and Boy.

Song.

Brag. Warble childie, make passionate my fene of hear-
ing.
Boy. Conconcel.
Brag. Sweete Ayer, go tenderneffe of yeares ; take
this Key, gue enlargement to the Swaine, bring him fe-
fantly hither ; I muft imploy him in a letter to my
Lowe.
Boy. Will you win your loue with a French braule?
Brag. How meaneft thou, brauling in French ?
Boy. No my compleat malter, but to ligge off a tune
at the tongues end, canarie to it with the fecret, humour
it with turning vp your eie: figh a note and fing a note,
sometime through the throate ; if you swallowed loue
with finging, loue sometime through : note as if you
snuff vp loue by fenlicing loue with your hat pincelle-
lke ore the fhop of your eies, with your armes croft on
your thinbellie doublier, like a Rupper on a spit, or your
hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting,
and keep not too long in one tune, but a flip and away:
thee arc complements, thee are humours, thee betraie
nice wenchies that would be betrayed withoout thefe, and
make them men of note : do you note men that moft are
affected to thefe?
Brag. How haft thou purchas’d this experience?
Boy. By my penne of observation.
Brag. But O, but O.
Boy. The Hobbie-horfe is forgot.
Brag. Call thou my loue Hobbie-horfe.
Boy. No Malter, the Hobbie-horfe is but a Colt, and
and your Lowe perhaps, a Hacknie :
But haue you forgot your Loue?
Brag. Almoft I had.
Boy. Neglligent student, learnie her by heart.
Brag. By heart, and in heart Boy.
Boy. And out of heart Malter : all those three I will
proue.
Brag. What wilt thou pneue ?
Boy. A man, if I live,and this by, in, and without, vp
on the inflame ; by heart you loue her, because your heart
cannot come by her : in heart you loue her, because your
heart is in loue with her : and out of heart you loue her,
being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.
Brag. I am all thefe three.
Boy. And three times as much more,and yet nothing
at all.
Brag. Fetch hither the Swaine, he must carrie mee
a letter.
Boy. A meffage well, I am this’d, a Horfe to be em-
belladour for an Affe.
Brag. Ha, ha, What faieft thou ?
Boy. Marrie fit, you must fend the Affe vpon the Horfe
for he is verie fweet bred : but I goe.
Brag. The way is but fhort, away,
Boy. As waft as Lead fir.
Brag. Thy meaning prettie ingenious, is not Lead a
metall hueane, dull, and flow?
Boy. Metall honeft Malter, or rather Malter no.
Brag. I say Lead is flow.
Boy. You are too waft for fa, to fa fe.
Is that Lead flow which a fir’d from a Gunne ?
Brag. Sweete flome of Rhoterike,
He refpe:ces me a Cannon, and the Bullar that’s he:
I fhoote thee at the Swaine.
Boy. Thump then, and I fece.
Boy. A moll acute fue-cell, wihable and fée of grace,
By thy favoure sweet Weikin, I muft figh in thy face.
Moft rude melancholie, Valour giueth thee place.
My Herald is return’d.

Enter Page and Clowne.

Page. A wonder Malter, here’s a Buffalo broken in a
fin.
Ar. Some enigma, some riddle, come, thy lennys
begin.
Clo. No egma, no riddle, no lenney, no faue, in thee
male fir. Or his, Plantan, a plaine Plantan: no lenney,
no Salue fir, but a Plantan.
Ar. By veracle thou inforctfault, thy fillie
thought, my fpleene, the hearing of my loues prouces
me to redicous fmyling: O pardon me my farts, doth
the incoarent take faue for lennys, and the word len-
ney for a faue?
Page. Doe the wife thinke other, is not lenney a
faue ?
Ar. No Page, it is an epilogue or difcourse to make
some obfcurce precedent that hath to fore bin faine.
Now will I begin your murrall, and do you follow with
my lennys.
The Foke, the Ape, and the Humbles-Bee,
Were fell at oddes being but three.
Ar. Vntill the Goufe came out of doore,
Staying the oddes by adding foure.
Page. A good lennys, ending in the Goufe: would you
be lennys there ?
Clo. The Boy hath fold him a bargain, a Goufe, that’s
flat
Sir, your penny-worth is good, and your Goose be fat.
To tell a bargaining well it is as cunning as fast and loose:
Let me see a fat Leney, that's a fat Goose.
**Ar.*** Come hither, come hither:
*How did this argument begin?*
**Ber.*** By laying that a Coifard was broken in a thin.
Then call'd you for the Leney.
**Clow.*** True, and I for a Platan:
Thus came you ur argument in:
The Boyer fat Leney, the Goose that you bought,
And he ended the matter.
**Ar.*** But tell me: *How was there a Coifard broken in a thin?*
**Pag.*** I will tell you severely.
**Clow.*** Thou hast no feeling of it, *Madam*,
I will speak that Leney,
A Coifard running out, that was solely within,
Fell over 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 Coifard, I will infranchifie thee.
**Clow.*** O, marry me to one Francis, I well some Leney,
some Goose in this.
**Arm.*** By my sweete soule, I mean, setting thee at liberty.
Entree doming thy person: thou were enured,
restrained, captivated, bound.
**Clow.*** True, true, and now you will be my purgation,
and let me loose.
**Arm.*** I give thee thy liberty, fet thee from duration,
and in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this:
Bear this significant to the country Maid's lniquenec:
there is remuneration, for the best ward of mine honours
is rewarding my dependants. *Math, follow.***
**Pag.*** Like the fequez I.
Signeau Coifard adieu. *Exit.*
**Clow.*** My sweete ounce of mans fleas, my in-cone Iew:
Now will I looke to his remuneration.
Remuneration, O, that's the Latin word for three-farthings:
Three-farthings remuneration, What's the price of this ounce?
I, no, lie gie you a remuneration: Why?
It carries it remuneration: Why? It is a fairer name then
a French-Crowne. I will never buy and fell out of this word.

**Enter Browne.***

**Ber.*** O my good knaueCoifard, exceedingly well met.
**Clow.*** Pray you, sir, How much Carnation Ribbon
may a man buy for a remuneration?
**Ber.*** What is a remuneration?
**Coif.*** Marrie sir, half pennie farthing.
**Ber.*** O, Why then three farthings worth of Silk.
**Coif.*** I thank your worship, God be with you.
**Ber.*** O (ay flay, I wull employ thee;
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knaue,
Do one thing for me that I shall intreate.
**Clow.*** When would you have it done sir?
**Ber.*** O this after-noone.
**Clow.*** Well, I will doe it sir: Fare you well.
**Ber.*** O thou knowest not what it is.
**Clow.*** I shall know it when I have done it.
**Ber.*** Why villainous thou must know first.
**Clow.*** I will come to your worship to morrow morning.
**Ber.*** It must be done this after-noone.
**Harke, saue it is but this:
The Prince[sse] comes to hunt here in the Park.

And in her traine there is a gentle Lady:
When tongues speake sweeetely, then they name her name,
And *Reyaine* they call her, ask for her:
And to her white hand fe she too do commend
This feel'd vp countenaunt. Their's thy guidoun: goe.
**Coif.*** Garson, O sweete garson, better then remuneration,
a leutenence-farthing better: most sweete garson.
I will doe it sir in print: garson, remuneration.

*Exit.*

**Ber.*** O, and I forsooth in love,
I that have beene loves whip !
A verie Beadle to a humorous figh: A Critickke,
Nay, a night-watch Contable,
A dominering pedent ore the Boye,
Then whom no mortall so magnificant,
This wimpled, whyning, prouinblode wasdward Boye,
This signor *Lenia* gyant drawe, don Copys,
Regent of Lenoe-comes, Lord of folded armes,
Th'annointed louteraigne of sightes and groanes:
Ligedge of all lytteres and malcontentes:
Dread Prince of Placats, King of Codpees.
Sole Emperor and great general
Of tooting Parrotors (O my little heart.)
And I to be a Corporall of his field,
And weare his colours like a Tumblers hoope.
What? I love, I foe, I seeke a wife,
A woman that is like a German Cloake,
Still a repairing: euer out off frame,
And never going a right, being a Watch:
But being watcht, that it may still goe right.
Nay, to be perjure, which is worst of all:
And among three, to love the worst of all,
A whistly wanten, with a velvet brow.
With two pitch bals sticke in her face for eyes,
I stand by heaven, one that will doe the deedie,
Though Argue were her Eunuch and her garde.
And I to fighe for her, to watch for her,
To pray for her, go to: it is a plague
That Copys will impose for my neglect,
Of his almighty dreadfull little light.
Well, I will lose, write, fish, pray, true, groane,
Some true men must love my Lady, and some alone.

**Aelius Quartus.***

**Enter the Prince[sse], a Forrest[r], her Ladies, and her Lords.***

**Qu.*** Was that the King that spurred his horse so hard,
Against the steepes vertiginous of the hill?
**Boy.*** I know not, but I thike it was not he.
**Qu.*** Who ere a was, they'd a mounting mind.
Well Lords, to day we shall have our dispatch,
On Saturday we will return to France.
Then Forrest[r] my friend, Where is the Buffi?
That we must stand and play the murtherer in?
**Far.*** Hereby upon the edge of yonder Coppice,
A stand where you may make the fairest shooote.
**Qu.*** I thank my beautifull fair thee drashe, choose,
And thereupon thou speake't the fairest shooote.
**Far.*** Pardon me Madam, for I meant not so.
**Qu.*** What, what? Firth praise me, & then again say no,
**Far.*** Yes
Loves Labour's lost.

For. Yet Madam faire.

Qu. Nay, never paint me now, Where faire is not, praiue cannot mend the brow. Here (good my glasse) take this for telling true : Faire paintes [for foule words] is more then due. For. Nothing but that is which you inherit. Qu. See, see, my beauty will be faw'd by merit. O herefore in faire, fit for these dayes, A giving hand, though foule, shall haue faire praiue, But come, the Bow: Now Mercie goes to kill, And shooing wolling, is then accounted ill: Thus will I faue my credit in the floote, Not wounding, pitie would not let me do't: If wounding, then it was to shew my skill, That more for praiue, then purpoce meant to kill. And out of question, so it is sometimes: Glory groves guiltie of detestable crimes, When for Fantes fake, for praiue an outward part, We bend to that, the working of the hart.

As I for praiue alone now seekes to spill The poore Deeres blood, that my heart meenes no ill. Boy. Do not curt wive's hold that selfe-soueraigne Only for praiue fake, when they strive to be Lords o're their Lords?

Qu. Oney for praiue, and praiue we may afford, To any Lady that subdues a Lord.

Enter Clowne.

Boy. Here comes a member of the common-wealth. Clo. God dig-you-denall, pray you which is the head Lady? Qu. Thou shalt know her fellow, by the rest that have no heads. Clo. Which is the greest Lady, the higheft? Qu. The thickest, & the talllest. Clo. The thickest, & the talllest: it is so, truth is truth. And your waife Miftres, were as slender as my wit, One a shee Maides girdles for your waife should be fit. Are not you the chiefe woma? You are the thickeft here? Qu. What's your will sir? What's your will?

Clo. I have a Letter from Montier Berens, To one Lady Rafaline.

Qu. O thy letter, thy letter: He's a good friend of mine. Stand a side good bearer.

Boyet, you can care, Breaie vp this Capon.

Boyet. I am bound to ferue. This Letter is mistooke : it importeth none here : It is writ to Ugneetria. Qu. We will reade it, I sweere. Breake the necke of the Waxe, and every one giue eare. Boyet reads.

Bry heaven, that thou art faire, is most infallible: true that thou art beautuous, truth it selfe that thou art louely: more faire then faire, beautifull then beautious, true then truth it selfe: haue commination on thy heroicall Vailfall. The magnanimeous and most illustriue King Cypardas set eie upon the permicious and indiscrete Begger Zenelephon: and he it was that might rightly say, Vexet, vts, vts: Which to anothrize in the vulgar, O base and obscene vulgar vts; undeselfs, He came, See, and ouercame: hee came one; see, two; ouercame three: Who came? the King. Why did he come? to see. Why did he see? to over come. To whom came he? to the Begger. What law he? the Begger. Who ouer came he? the Begger. The conclusion is victorie: On whole side? the King: the captiue is insaic: On whole side? the Beggers. The catrophie is a Nupital: on whole side? the Kings: no, one in one, or one in both. I am the King (for so flands the comparision) thou the Begger, so to wittneffe thy lowlineffe. Shall I command thy loue? I may, Shall I enforce thy loue? I could, Shall I entreate thy loue? I will. What, that thou exchage for ragges, rooses: for tittles titles, for thy selfe mee. Thus expeclting thy reply, I prophanee my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy euerie part.

Thou in the dearest designe of industrie; Don Adriana de Armatho.

Thus doth thou haere the Nemean Lion roare, Gainf the thou Lambe, that flandells as his pray: Submisive fall his princely fecte before, And he from forrage will incline to play. But if thou falsifie (poore foule) what art thou then? Foode for his rage, repartell for his den.

Qu. What plume of feathers is hee that indistd this Letter? What veine? What Wethercocke? Did you ever hear better?

Boy. I am much deceiued, but I remember the file.

Qu. Elle your memerie is bad, going ore escewhile. Boy. This Armado is a Spaniard that keeps here in court A Phantome, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport To the Prince and his Bookes-mates.

Qu. Thou fellow, a word. Who gane thee this Letter?

Clo. I told you, my Lord.

Qu. To whom shouldt thou gieue it?

Clo. From my Lord to my Lady.

Qu. From which Lord, to which Lady?

Clo. From my Lord Keramu, a good master of mine, To a Lady of France, that he call'd Rafaline.

Qu. Thou hould inflaken his letter. Come Lords away, Here I sweere, put vp this, twill be thine another day.

Exeunt.

Boy. Who is the shooer? Who is the shooer?

Rafa. Shall I teach you to know.

Boy. My continent of beautie.

Rafa. Why the that bears the Bow. Finely put off. Boy. My Lady goes to kill homes, but if thou marrie, Hang me by the necke, if homes that yere miscarrie, Finely pur on.

Rafa. Well then, I am the shooer.

Boy. And who is your Dear? Rafa. If we chooae by the homes, your felle come not nere. Finely put on indeede.

Marina. You still wrangle with her Boyet, and face strikes at the bow.

Boyet. But she felle is hit lower:

Have I hit her now.

Rafa. Shall I come upon thee with an old sayling, that was a man when King Papin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it.

Boyet. So I may answere thee with one as old that was a woman when Quene Conquer of Britannie was a little wenche, as touching the hit it.

Rafa. Thou
His intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts: and such barren plants are not before vs, that we thankfull should be: which we twit and feeling, are for those parts that doe fruite in vs more then the.

For as it would ill become me to be raing, indiscreer, or a fool: so were there a patch fet on Learning, to see him in a Schoole.

But some bene say I, being of an old Fathers minde, Many can brooke the weather, that loue not the winde. Dul. You two are book-men: Can you tell by your vit, What was a month old at Cains birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?


Dul. *What is dilectis?*

Nath. A title to Fede, to Lune, to the Moon.

Hol. The Moone was a month old when Adam was no more, (sore. And wrought not to five-weekes when he came to five: Th'assillion holds in the Exchange.

Dul. *Tis true indeede, the Cullusion holds in the Exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity, I say the assillion holds in the Exchange.

Dul. And I say the polution holds in the Exchange: for the Moone is newer but a month old: and I say beside that, 'twas a Pricket that the Princefell kill'd.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you heare an extemporall Epytaph on the death of the Deare, and to hounour the ignominary call'd the Deare, the Princefell kill'd a Pricket.

Nath. Perge, good M. Holofernes, perge, so it shall please you to abbreviate sumptuosity.

Hol. I will something affect the letter, for it argues facilitie.

Enter Dul, Holofernes, the Pedant and Nathaniel.

Nath. Very reuerent sport truely, and done in the simony of a good confidence.

Ped. The Deare was (as you know) inquis in bloud, rape as a Povmwater, who now hangeth as a Jewell in the care of Cele the skie; the welkens the heavens, and a non falllich as a Crab on the face of Terra, the soyle, the land, the earth.

Cum. Nath. Truely M. Holofernes, the epytithes are sweettly varied as a schoeller at the leaft: but if I suffice ye, it was a Bucke of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, hand credo.

Dul. *Twas not a hand credo, 'twas a Pricket.*

Hol. Most barbarous intimation: yet a kinde of inflamation, as it were in us, in way of explication sicere: as it were replication, or rather offearth, to show as it were his inflamation after his vnderfed, vnpolisht, vnveduted, vnpruned, vntrained, or rather vnlaterned, or rather unconfirmed fashion, to interfere against my hand creo for a Deare.

Dul. I said the Deare was not a hand creo, 'twas a Pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicitie, bis callus, O thou monfier ignorance, how deformed dost thou looke.

Nath. 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 drunkne inake.
Loves Labour's lost.

Enter Jaques and the Clowns.

Jaques. God give you good morrow, Mr. Percioun.

Nath. Master Percioun, good morrow? And if one should be perfect, Which is the one?

Cl. Master M. Schoolmaster, hee that is likest to a hoghead.

Nath. Of perusing a Hoghead, a good luten of conceit in a surfeit of Fire, faire enough for a Flint,Pearle enough for a Swine's tis proue, it is well.

Jaques. Good Master Parson be so good as reade mee this Letter, it was given mee by Cefar[?], and sent mee from Don Armapo : I befeech you reade it.

Nath. Facile pesor gellida, quando pecas amnis sub umbra minat, & so forth. Ah good old Manum, I may speake of thee as the traveler doth of Venice, ven
cich,vencica, que non va vide,que non te peruche. Old Manum,old Manum. Who vnnderstande this not, or re fal la mufa: Vnder pardon sir, What are the contents? or rather as Hurraceeyes in his, What my foule veres.

Jaques. Ho! I say, and very learned.

Nath. Let me heare a flaffe, a flanne, a verse, Lige da
dmine.

If Loue make me forsworne, how shall I sweare to loue? Ah never faith could hold, if not to beautifull vowed.

Though to my wele forsworne, to thee He faithfull proue.

Tholights thought to mee were Oyes, to see like Oyers bowed.

Studie his byas leues, and makes his booke thine eyes.

Where all thoses pleasures live, that Art would compre
dend.

If knowledge be the marke, to know thee shall suffice. Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee comend.

All ignorant that foule, that sees thee without wonder.

Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire; Thy eye Loues lightning beares, thy voyce his dreadful thunder.

Which not to anger bent, is musique, and sweet fire.

Celestiall as thou art, Oh pardon loue this wrong, That singes heaven's praise, with such an earthly tongue.

Ped. You finde not the apostrophas, and fo make the accent. Let me superius the censure.

Nath. Here are onely numbers ratified, but for the elegance, facility, & golden cadence of poesie cures: Odissus Naus was the man, And why in deed Naus, for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the leeres of invention imitate is nothing: So doth the Hound his master, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horfe his ruler: But Dominae virum, Was this directed to you?

Jaques. I fir from one monster Berowne, one of the strange Queenes Lords.

Nath. I will overclare the superscript.

To the faire white hand of the most beautious Lady Rosaline: I will looke againe on the incleff of the Letter, for the nomination of the partie written to the person written unto.

Your Ladies in all defired employment, Berowne.

Per. Sir Horfeferes, this Berowne is one of the Votaries with the King, and here he hath framed a Letter to a fe
quent of the strange Queens: which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and goe my sweete, deliver this Paper into the hand of the King, it may concern them much: stay not thy complent, I forgive thy duectie, aude.

Maid. Good Cefard go with me:

Sir God faue your life.

Coff. Have with thee my girlie.

Exeunt. Sir you have done this in the feare of God very religiously: and as a certaine Father faith

Ped. Sir tell not me of the Father, I do feare colourable colours. But to returne to the Veres,Did they please you for Nathaniel?:

Nath. Maruellous well for the pen.

Ped. I do dine to day at the fathers of a certaine Pu
pill of mine, where if (being repast) it shall please you to graffe the table with a Grace, I will on my priviledge I hate with the parents of the foresaid Childre or Pupill, undersitake your bien senso, where I will prove those Veres to be very unlearned, neither favouring of Poetrie, Wt, nor Invention. I befeech your So

Nath. And thanke you to: for societie (faith the text) is the happinesse of life.

Ped. And certes the text most infallibly concludes it,

But to invite you too, you shall not say me say: foule

Away, the gentle are at their game, and we will to our reception.

Exeunt.

Berowne with a Paper in his hand, aloues.

Berowne. The King he is hunting the Deere, I am courting my tylfe.

They have patcht a Toyle, I am toyning in a pych, pitch that defiles; defile, a foule word. Well, let thee downe sorrow; but for thy soul, I, and I the foole: Well proved wit. By the Lord this Loues as mad as Ainus, it kis sphere, it kids mee, I a sphere: Well proved against a my life. I will not lose, if I do hang me: yfaith I will not. O but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not lose her;yes,for her two eyes. Well, I doe nothing in the world but lye, and lye in my throat. By heauen I doe loure, and it hath taught me to Rome, and to be mallicholie: and here is part of my Rime, and here is my mallicholie. Well, the hath one a my Sonnets already, the Clowne bore it, the Foolo lente it, and the Lady hath it: sweet Clowne, swee

ter Foolo, sweetest Lady. By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper, God give him grace to grome.

He stands aside. The King entreats,

Kim. Ay mee!

Ber. Shot by heaven procede sweet Cepid, thou haft thumped him with thy Birevold through the left pap in faith secreto thea.

King. So sweete a hiffe the golden Sunne giues not, To those fresh morning drops upon the Rose, As thy eye beames, when their fresh rayle hate fomote. The night of dew that on my checkes downe flowers. Nor shinces the siluer Moone one halle so bright, Through the transparent boleme of the deep, As doth thy face through teares of mine gue light: Thou finit in every teare that I doe wepe,

No drop, but as a Coach doth carry thee: So rided thou triumphing in my woe.

Do but behold the teares that well in me,

And they thy glory through my grief will flow:

But...
Loves Labour's lost.

Dum. would let her out in Sawyers, sweet misprision.

Dum. Once more Ile read the Ode that I have writ.

Ber. Once more Ile make how Loue can vary Wit.

Dumante reads his Sonnet.

On a day, alack the day:
Lone, whose time most is every day,
Sped a blisful peeping faire,
Playing in the wand wyns.
Through the yelmes, leaves the world,
All unseene, saw passing finds.
That the sooner ship to death,
With himselfe the heavens breach.
Ayre (quoth he) thy cheeks may blowe,
Ayre, would it might triumph fo.
But lackes my hand is forrowe,
Nere to plakke thee fro thy throne:
Vow alack for youth unstate,
Touch me as to plakke a sweet.
Doest not call it smote on me,
That I am forwarne for thee.
Then for whom Loue would farsure,
Tuno but an Adship were,
And dense himselfe for Loue.
Turning mortall for thy Loue.

This will fend, and something else more plaine.
That shall express this true Loues resting place,
O would the King Berowne and Longaulse,
Were Louers too, till to example ill.
Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note:
For none offend, where all alike doe dote.

Len. Dumante, thy Loue is farre from charitie,
That in Loues griefe deuill fercitete:
You may looke pale, but I should blisse I know,
To be ore-heard, and taken snappine go.

Kim. Come for, you blisse: as hit, your cafe is such,
You chide at him, offending twice as much.
You do not lone Maria Longaulse,
Did never Sonnet for her fake compile.

Nor never lay his wretched armes atwarte
His loving boone, to keipe downe his heart.
I have bene closely throwed in this bath,
And mark you both, and for you both did blisse.
I heard your guilty Rimes, over'd your fashion
Saw sighes recee from you, noted well your passion.
Aye me, sayes one I O Loue, the other cries!

On her haires were Gold, Chiffall the others eyes.
You would for Paradise brake Faith and troth,
And Ione for your Loue would infringe an oath.
What will Berowe saye when that he shall hear
Faith infringed, which such zeale did iware.
How will he come now how will he spend his wit?
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know too much by me.

Bera. Now rep hold to whipp hypocrisy.
Ah good my Lidge, I pray thee pardon me.
Good heart, What grace haft thou thus to reproce
These wromes for loving, that are not in love?
Your eyes doe make no couches in your teares.
There is no certaine Princeffe that appears.
You'll not be perjurd, 'tis a hateful thing.
Tuff, none but Minfrels like of Sonnetting.
But are you not asham'd? may, are your ne.

But do not loue thy selfe, then thou wilt kepe
My tears for glasses, and still make me wepe.
O Queene of Queenes, how faire dost thou excell,
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.
How shall she know my griefes? Ie drop the paper.
Sweet leaves divide folly, Who is he comes here?

Enter Longaulse.

What Longaulse, and reading liften ear.

Long. Ay me, I am for warne.

Ber. Why he comes in like a pericure, wearing papers.

Long. In loue I hope, sweet fellowship in shame.

Ber. One drunkard loues nother of the name.

Lon. Am I the first you have perused to? (know)

Ber. I could put the in comfort, not by two that I

Thou makst the triumphy, the corner cap of societe,
The shape of Loues Tiburone, that hangs vp simplicitie.

Lon. I fear thou falsborn lines lack power to mote.

O sweet Maria, Unpreffe of my Loue,

These numbers will I teare, and write in profe.

Ber. O Rimes are gards on wanton Cupids hofe,

Disfigure not his Shop.

Lon. This same hall poe. He reads the Sonnet.

Did not the heavenly Rockett rick of shine eye,

"Gaunt whom the world cannot hold argument,"

Processed my heart to this fulls posture?

Verse for verse thou dost deform cure punishment.

A Woman I loue, but I will prove,

"Though being a Godfaff, I forwarne not thee.

My Vow was earths, thou heauenly Loue,

Thy grace being gan, cures all distance in me.

Verse are but breath, and breath a vapour is,

Then thou faire Sun, which on my earth destit shone,

Exhalest this vapour vow, in thee it is:

If broken thee, it is no faults of mine:

If by me braked, If what fault is not unwarie,

To long on earth, to own a Paradise?

Ber. This is the irker veine, which makes flesh a deity.

A greene Goode, a Godfaff, pure pure I dolasry,

God amend vs, God amend, we are much out oth way.

Enter Dumante.

Lon. By whom shall I find this company? Stay.

Ber. All bad, all hid, an old infants play,

Like a true God, here fit to the skie,

And weatched fooles secretes heedfull ore-eyed.

More Sacks to the myll. O heauen I haue my wish.

Dumante transformd, loure Woodcock in a dith.

Dum. O most divine Kate.

Dum. O most prophecte Coxcomb.

Dum. By heauen a wonder of the mortall eye.

Dum. By earth shee is not corporall, there you lye.

Dum. Her Amber haires for toule hath amber coted.

Dum. An Amber colourd Rauen was well noted,

Dum. As spright as the Cedar.

Dum. Stroppe I say her shoulder is with child.

Dum. As faire as day.

Ber. I as some dates, but then no sunne must shine.

Dum. O that I had my wish?

Lon. I and I had mine.

Kim. And mine too good Lord.

Ber. Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good word?

Dum. I would forget her, but a Feuer fie.

Rages in my bloud, and will remembered be.

Ber. A Feuer in your bloud, why then me

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All three of you, to be thus much ore\thot? You But I a Beame doe finde in each of three, O a What a Scene of foot\hy aue I seece, Of fighes, of grones, of sorrow, and of teene: O me, with what fri\t patience have I faw, To see a King transformed to a Gras, To see great Hercules whipping a Giggie, And profound Salomon tuning a lyggee, And Nefer play at paff-pin with the boyes, And Criticock Ty\m laugh at idle toyes. Where lies thy grie\f? O tell me good Domains; And gentle Lou\man, where lies thy paine? And where my Liedges? all about the breaf: A Candle hoa! Kin. Too bitter is thy left. Are wee betrayed thus to thy outer-view? Ber. Not you by me, but I betrayed to you. I that am honest, I that hold it faire To breake the vow I am engaged in. I am betrayed by keeping company With men,like men of incollustence. When shall you fee me write a thing in time? Or gone forleave? or spend a minutes minute, In pinning mee, when shall you heare that I will prai\e a hand, a foot, a face, an eye : a gate, a fa\e, a brow, a breaf, a waife, a legge, a limme. Kin. Soft, Whither a\y way to falt? A true man, or a theefe, that gallipso to. Ber. I poft from Loue, good Louer let me go.

Enter Lagonetta and Cloune.

La\u. God bleffe the King. Kin. What Present half thou there? Clo. Some certaine treafon. Kin. What makes treafon here? Clo. Nay it makes nothing fir King. If it marrte nothing neither, The treafon and you goe in peace away together. La\u. I bele\ch your Grace let this Letter be read, Our perfon mifi doubts it: it was treafon he said. Kin. Ber\ome, read it ouer. He reads the Letter. Kin. Where hadst thou it? La\u. Of Co\fard. King. Where hadst thou it? Co\f. Of Dun A\maran\a, Dun A\maradie. Kin. How now, what is in your why do\t thou tear it? Ber. A toy my Liedge, a toy ; you grace needes not feare it. La\u. It did move him to paffion, and therefore let's heare it. Dum. It is Ber\ome writing, and heere is his name. Ber. Ah you whosefom logge\erhead, you were borne to doe me flame. Guely my Lord, guily: I confesse, I confesse. Kin. What? Ber. That you three foules, lackt mee foule, to make up the meffe. Hehe, and you: and you my Liedge, and I, Are picke-purses in Loue, and we defferve to die. O diffim\se this audience, and I shall tell you more. Dum. Now the number is euen. Ber\om. True true, we are fowie: will these Turtles be gonne? Kin. Hence fir\s, away. Clo. Walk aside the true folke, & let the traytors flay.

Ber. Sweet Lords,Sweet Louers, O let vs imbrace, As true we are as feth and bloud can be, The Sea will ebbbe and flow, heauen will shew his face: Young bloud doth not obey an old decree. We cannot croffe the caufe why we are borne : Therefore of all hands must we be forworne. King. What, did thefe rent lines tewe some loue of thine? (Reflaine.) Ber. Did they, quoth you? Who fees the heavenly That (like a rude and fawage man of Inde.) At the frit opening of the gorgeous East, Bowses not his raffall head, and fbrooken blinde, Kifes the bafe ground with obedient bref? What peremptory Eagle-fighted eye Dares looke upon the heauen of her brow, That is not blinded by her maeftie? Kin. What zeal, what fuite, hath infipir'd the now? My Loue(her Milfres) is a gracious Moone, Shee (an attending Starre) scarce fene a light. Ber. My eyes are then no eyes,not I Ber\owe. O,but for my Loue, day would turne to night, Of all complications the cul'd fourraretuy, Doe meete as at a faire in her faire checkets. Where feuerall Worthies make one digni\ty, Where nothing wants,that want it felle doth fecke. Lend me the flourifh of all gentle tongues, Fie painted Rethorick, O she needs it not, To things of fale, a fellers prai\e belongs: She pafles prai\e, then prai\e too short doth blet. A wicked Hermit, a fielcer winters worn, Might shake offf fifte, looking in her eye: Beauty doth varnish Age, as it new borne, And giues the Crutch the Cridles infancie. O tis the Summe that maketh all things finte. King. By heauen,y Loue is blacke as Ebonie. Berow. Is Ebonie like her? O word diuine? A wife of such wood were felicitie. O who can give an ooth? Where is a booke? That I may fwear Beauty doth beauty lacke, If that the leane not of her eye to looke: No face is faire that is not full fo blacke. Kin. O paradoxo, Black is the badge of hell, The hufe of dungeons, and the Schoole of night: And beauties creft becomes the heauens well. Ber. Diues fooneft empt refembling spirits of light. O if in blacke my Ladies bowres be deck, It mountes, that painting vurping hairr Should falfi dorees with a faire adoration: And therefore is the borne to make blacke, faire. Her faviour turns the faffion of the dayes, For native bloud is countened painted now: And therefore red that would auoy difpraise, Paints it felle blacke,to imitate her brow. Dum. To look like her are Chimmy-sweepers blacke. Lou. And since her time, are Colliers counted bright. King. And A\bips of their fweet compli\ion crake. Dum. Dark needs no Candles now, for dar is light. Ber. You miftris date never come in raine, For feare their colours should be wafted away. Kin. 'Twere good yours did: for firt to tell you plaine, Ile finde a fairer face not waft to day. Ber. Ile proue her faire, or talke till dooms-day here. Kin. No Diuell will fliet thee then to mo much as fiere. Dum. I never knew man hold vile fluffe to deere. Lou. Looke,heer's thi loue, my foot and her face fee. Ber. Oile the streets were paued with thine eyes, Her
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.

Dame. O vile, then as the goes what upward eyes? The street should fear a fine walk'd out a head.

Booker. What of this, is not all in love?

Ann. Nothing so fute, and thereby all forsworn. Then leave this chat, & good Serina now proue Our loving lawfull, and our faith not torne.

Dame. I marie there, some flattery for this cell.

Long. Some forsome author how to proceed 4 Some tricks, some quillery, how to cheat the diuell.

Dame. Some false for perijue.

Berr. O 'tis more then neede.

Hone of you then afections men at armes, Consider what you first did ware voor: To fail, to study, and to see no woman: Flat treat against the Kingsely state of youth.

Say, Can you fail? your romacks are too young: And abstinence enginser iades. And where that you have vow'd to frutic (Lords) In that each of you have forsworn his Book.

Can you still dreame and pore, and thericon looke. For when would you my Lord, or you, have found the ground of studies excellence, Without the beauty of a womans face;

From womans eyes this doctrine I derive, They are the Ground, the Books, the Academies, From whence doth spiring the true Prometheus fire.

Why, winterfall plodding payfons vp The nimble spirts in the arctices, As motion and long during sature eyes, The finnyou vigour of the trauailer.

Now for not looking on a women face, You haue in that forsworne the vis of eyes: And studie too, the caufet of your vow. For where is any Author in the world, Teaches such beauty as a womans eye: Learning is but a child's to our felle, And where we are, our Learning likewise is:

Then when our felues we fee in Ladies eyes, With our felues, Do we not likewise fee our learning there? Or we have made A vow to study, Lords, And in that vow we have forsworn our Books: For when would you (my Leon) or you, or you? In leaden contemplation have found out Such fury Numbers as the prompting eyes, Of beauties tutors have intich'd you with: Other flow. As Arts entirely keep the braine: And therefore finding banraine prattizers, Scare shew a harmes of their heady toyle.

But Loue first learned in a Ladies eye, Lites not alone emerid in the braine: But with the motion of all elements, Countes as swift as thought in every power, And gives to every power a double power, About their functions and their offices. It adds a precious seeing to the eye:

A Louers eyes will gace an Eagle blind.

A Louers care will hear the lowest sound. When the spurious head of theft is thopt. Louer seeing is more soft and lenitle. There are the tender bines of Cockled Noodles. Louers tongue prous dainty, Bacchus groffe in taste, For Valour, is not Loue a Hercules?

Still climbing trees in the Heppides.

Subtilis as Sphina, as sweet and mucifal;

As bright Apollo's Luce, shung with his hair. And when Loue seakes, the voyce of all the Gods. Make heaven drowsie with the harmonie. Never durft Poets sooth a pen to write, Vntill his lake were temped with Loues lightest.

O then his lines would raufh iusage eases, And plant in Tyrants mide humility. From womens eyes this doctrine I derive. They sparcle still the right promethean fire, They are the Bookes, the Arts, the Aclaedemes. That fhev, quante, and nourish all the world. Elle none at all in ought proues excellent. Then fooles you were these women to forsware:

Or keeping what is sworne, you will proue foolest. For Wildeomen fake, a word that all men loue: Or for Loues fake, a word that loues all men. Or for Mens fake, the author of these Women: Or Womens 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 is fellest in the Law; And who can feuer loue from Charity.

Kim. Saint Cupid then, and Soundsiers to the field.

Berr. Advance your standards, & vpon them Lords, Pell,mell,downe with them: but be first advit'd, In conflict that you get the Sunne of them.

Long. Now to plaine dealing. Lay these glozes by, Shall we not loose to wee these giutes of France?

Kim. And winne them too, therefore let vs deuife, Some entertainment for them in their Tents.

Berr. First from the Park let vs condue them thither, Then homeward every man attach the hand Of his faire Mistrefle, in the afternoone We will with some fitranges pastime solace them: Such as the shorttattes of the time can shape, For Reuel,Dances,Masles, and merry hours, Fore-ranfe hire Loue, fluwing her way with blouwes.

Kim. Away,away, no time shall be omitted, That will be time, and may by vs beffire?

Berr. Alone,alone fowled Cockell, resp'd no Corne, And Justice alwaies whirles in equall measure: Light Wouches my proue plaguies to men forsworne, Hic,our copper buyes no better creature. 

Enter the Pedant, Curate, and Dwll.

Pedant. Satia quid faciatis?

Curat. Armisque causa.

Dwll. Satis quid faciatis?

Curat. I praife God for you fit,your reasons at dinner have bene harpe & fantiosiouspleasand without fucrility, witty without afection, audacious without impudence, learned without opinion, and strange without herefie: I did conuerse this quemadom day with a companion of the Kings, who is intuted,nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado. Ped. Non homo turpe quemque. His humoure is joyfe, his discoure peremptorie: his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gate maieftall, and his general behavioure vaine,ridiculous, and traitonfull. He is to8 picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, by as it were, too peregrina,s as I may call it.
Loves Labour's lost.

Curat. A most singular and choice Epithet.

Dray. Draw out his Table-books.

Ped. He draweth out the thrid of his verbosite, finer than the staple of his argument. I labor such phantastical phantasms, such insensible and petty device companions, such rackers of orographie, as to speake dour fine, when he should fay doubt; de, when he shold pronounce deboat: e b t, not dechele a Calf, Caufe; halfe, haue thebeveh vocator nebour nebeveu breutelat beth; this is abominable, which he would call abominable; it insinueth me of infanm: ne intelliga domine, to make fantick, lunitick?

Cur. Lomtes, bene intellige.

Ped. Bome boon for boon profon, a little strachet, 'twill issue.

Enter Bragart, Boy.

Curat. Vide me qui vitit?

Ped. Vide, & gaudio.

Brag. Chiara.

Ped. Quostra, Chira, nor Sira?

Brag. Men of peace well ineunced.

Ped. Moft millenaria fit salutation.

Boy. They haue bene at a great feast of Languages, and fhone the craps.

Cleon. O they haue list'd long on the almes-basket of words. I maruell they M. hath not eaten thee for a word, for thou art not fo long by the head as honorificabilitudinantis bus: Thou art easier swallowed then a fladragon.

Page. Peace, the peace begins.

Brag. Mouniter, if you are not lettered?

Page. Yes, yes, he reaches boyes the Horne-booke:

What is Ap feld backward with the horn on his head?

Ped. By genricia with a horse added.

Page. Baff most feily Shepe, with a horn: you hearde his learning.

Ped. Quis quia, thou Confonant?

Page. The last at the five Vowels if you Repeat them, or the fit if I.

Ped. I will repeat them: a e i.

Page. The Sheepe, the other two concludes it ou.

Brag. Now by the salt waue of the mediteranium, a sweet tutch, a quike ven we of wit, finp snap, quick and homstte rejoyceth my intellect, true wit.

Page. Offered by a child to an olde man: which is wise-old.

Ped. What is the figure? What is the figure?

Page. Horones.

Ped. Thou dippes like an Infant: goe whipp thy Gigge.

Page. Lend me your Horne to make one, and I will whipp about your Infinmous ommiscia a gigge of a Cuckolds horne.

Cleon. And I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst haue it to buy Ginger bread: hold, there is the very Remuneration I had of thy Maffier, thou halfe penny pursue of wit, thou Pidgeon-egg of difterence. O & the heavens were fo pleased, that thou wert our Baffard; What a loyfull father wouldft thou make mee? Goe to, thou haft it ad dangat, at the fingers ends, as they say.

Ped. O hang falle Latin, dangble for ungram.

Brag. Artificemen preenmahat, we will bee fingled from the barbarous. Do you not educat youth at the Charg-bouse on the top of the Mountain?

Ped. Or Mow the hill.

Brag. At your sweet pleasure, for the Mountain.

Ped. I doe fay quaffion.

Brag. Sir, it is the Kings most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the Princeffe at her Paulition, in the poffierion of this day, which the rude multitude call the after-noone.

Ped. The poffierion of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the after-noone: the word is well cold, choie, sweet, and apt I doe affirm you, I doe assure.

Brag. Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my familors, I doe affure ye very good friend: for what is inward betweene vs, let it paife. I doe beseech thee remember thy curtete. I befeech thee apparel thy head; and among other importunate & moft serious desigues, and of great import indeed too; but let that paife, for I must tell thee it will please his Grace (by the world) sometime to leave upon my poore shoulder, and with his roayl finger thus dallye with my excrement, with my mutchchie; but sweet heart let that paife. By the world I recount no fable, some certaine speciall honours it pleases his greatnesse to impart to Armado a Souldier, a man of trauell, that hath feene the world: but let that paife; the very all of all is: but sweet heart, I do implore leerece, that the King would hae mee prefent the Princeffe (sweet chucke) with some delightfull offentation, or show, or pageant, or antiche, or fire-woke: Now, vnderstanding that the Curate and your sweet selfe are good at such eceptions, and sodaine breeching out of myth (as it were) I have acquainted you withall, to the end to crave your affiftance.

Ped. Sir, you shall prefent before her the Nine Wor-thyes. Sir Holofræns, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the poffierion of this day, to be rendered by our affiftants the Kings commandes; and this moft gallant, illustre, and learned Gentleman, betwixt the Princeffe: I say none to ft as represent the Nine Wor-thies.

Curat. Where will you finde men worthy enough to prefent them?

Ped. Iofa, your fel'r:my selfe; and this gallant gentle- man Iulius Machabob; & Swayne (because of his great hone or royalt) shall paife Pompey the great, the Page Hercules.

Brag. Pardon sir, error: He is not quantifie enough for that. Worthes thumbe, hee is not fo big at the end of his Club.

Ped. Shall I haue audience? he shall prefent Hercules in minoritie: his enter and eft all be strangling a Snake; and I will haue an Apologie for that purpose.

Page. An excellent deuise: so if any of the audience hille, you may cry, Well done Hercules, now thou cru- sheet the Snake; that is the way to make an offence gracions, though fewe haue the grace to doe it.

Brag. For the rest of the Wor-thes?

Ped. I will play three my selfe.

Page. Think worthy Gentleman.

Brag. Shall I tell you a thing?

Ped. We attend.

Brag. We will haue, if this fadge not, an Antique. I befeech you follow.

Ped. Via good-man Dull, thou haft spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither sir.

Ped. Alone, we will employ thee.

Dull. He make one in a dance, or fo: or I will play on

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"Enter Ladies.

Qu. Sweet hearts we shall be rich ere we depart,

Light's come thus plentifully.

A Lady w'd about with Diamonds: Look you, what I have from the losing King.

Ref. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Qu. Nothing but this: yes as much love in Banne,

As would be crum'd up in a sheet of paper.

Writ on both sides, the leafs margin all,

That he was faine to feele on Captiv'd name.

Ref. That was the way to make his god-head wax:

For he hath beene fuch thund and yeeres a Boy.

Kath. I, and a threded unhappy gallowes too.

Ref. You'll neer be friends with him, a kid your fitter.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy, and

So fhe died; had the beene Light like you, of fuch a mer-

rie nimble ftring spirit, she might a Bin a Grandam ere

she died, and so may you: For a light heart lies longer.

Ref. What sowe dark meaning moufe, of this light word?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty darke,

Ref. We need more light to finde your meaning out.

Kath. You'll marre the light by taking it in huffe:

Therefore Ile darkely end the argument.

Ref. I look what you do, you doe it ill fuch darke.

Kath. So done you, for you are a light Wench.

Ref. Indeed I laugh not you, and therefore light.

Kath. You laugh me not, O that's you can notforme.

Ref. Great reafon: for paft care, is full past care.

Qu. Well bandied both, a set of Wit well played.

But Relafine, you have a Favour too?

Who sent it? and what is it?

Ref. I would you knew

And if my face were but as faire as yours,

My Favour were as great, be wittene this.

Nay, I have Verffes too, I thanke "Berewne,

The numbers true, and were the numbering true.

I were the faireft goddeffe on the ground.

I am compar'd to two thousand fairies,

O he hath drowne my picture in his letter.

Qu. Any thing like?

Ref. Much in the letters, nothing in the praise.

Qu. Brauenteus as Incke: a good conclusion.

Kath. Faire as a text B in a Coppie booke.

Ref. What penfals. How? Let me not die your debtor,

My red Dominickall, my golden letter.

O that your face were full of Oes.

Qu. A Pox of that left, and I belittew all Showere.

But Katherine, what was fent to you

From faire Damasne?

Kath. Madame, this Glowe.

Qu. Did he not fend you twaine?

Kath. Yes Madame: and moreover,

Some thousand Verffes of a faithful Louer.

A huge translation of hypercicie,

Vilely compiled, profound simplicite.

Mar. This, and these Pearis, to me fent Lancumile.

The latter done long, by halfe a mile.

Qu. I think no leffe: Doft thou wish in heart

The Chaine were longer, and the Letter Short.

Mar. I for I would these hands might never part.

Qu. We are wife girls to mocke out Louers fo.

Ref. They are worse fools, to purchafe mocking so.

That fame Berewne ile torture ere I goe.

O that I knew he were but in by th'weeke,

How I would make him to tawne, and begge, and fecke,

And wait the feeon, and obferve the twigs,

And spend his prodigall wits in booteles times,

And shape his seruice wholly to my deuice,

And make him proud to make me proud that lefts.

So pertant like would I o'refly his state,

That he should be my foole, and I his face.

Qu. None are so fiercely caught, when they are catcht,

As Witt turn'd foole, folly in Wife docome hatch'd:

Hath widomens warrant, and the helpe of Schoole,

And Wits owne grace to grace a learned Foole?

Ref. The bloud of your burnes not with such excele,

As gruitties resolt to warriongs be.

Mar. Follie in Fools beares not to strong a place,

As foolfrey in the Wife, when Witt doth dote.

Since all the power thereof doth apply,

To prove by Witt, worth in simplicite.

Enter Boyes.

Qu. Heere comes Boyer, and mirth in his face.

Boy. O I am hab'd with laughter, Where 's her Grace?

Qu. Thy newes Boyer?

Boy. Prepare Madame,prepare.

Arme Wenches arme, in encounters mounted are,

Against your Peace, Lone doth approach, difguiz'd:

Armed in arguments, you'll be surpriz'd.

Mother your Witt, ifand in your owne defence,

Or hude your heads like Cowards, and flie hence.

Qu. Saint Dennis to S. Cupid: What are they that

Charge their breath against vs ? Say founf Fay.

Boy. Vinder the voole shade of a Sarcomore,

I thought to clofe mine eyes some halfe an houre:

When lo to interruip my purpos'd refit,

Toward that fclide I might behold addref,

The King and his companions: waily

I ftole into a neighbourhood thickety,

And over-heard, what you fhall over-diere:

That by and by difguiz'd they will be heere.

Their Heralds a pretty knownsh Page:

That well by heart hath cont'd his embraffice,

A fiton and accent did they teach him thare,

Thus mutt thou speake, and thus thy body beare.

And cure and anon they made a doubt.

Preffe meattfull would put him out:

For quoth the King, an Angell fhall thou fee:

Yet fare not thou, but speake and audios.

The Boy reply'd, An Angell is not cruel,

I should have fear'd her, had the beene a demoll,

With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the shoulder,

Making the bold wagg by their praisis bolder.

One rub'd his elboe, and flet't, and I wotne,

A better speach was never fproke before.

Another with his finge and his thumb,

Cry'd via, we will doto, come what will come.

The third he euer'd and cried, All goes well.

The fourth turn'd on the toe, and dawne he fell.

With that they all did tumbte on the ground,

With fuch a zelous laughter fo profound,

That in this plicemte ridiculouz appearets,

To checke their folly passions tomeone terrors.

Qu. But what, but what, come they to visit us?

Boy. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,

Like Moftermate, or Mufitians, as I geffe.

Their purpose is to paraile, to court, and dance,
And every one his Louts-face will advance,
Vnto his severall Misrepresent, which they'll know
By favours severall, which they did before.
Queen. And will they for the Gallants shall be taks'd:
For Ladies; we will every one be mask'd,
And not a man of them shall have the grace
Delight of fute, to see a Ladies face.
Hold Rofaline, this Favour thou shalt wear,
And then the King will count thee for his Desere:
Hold, take thou that my sweet, and give me thine,
So shall Become take me for Rofaline.
And change your Favour too, to shoul your Loutes
Woo contrary, decy'd by them removers.
Rofa. Come on then, wear the favours most in fight.
Kath. But in this changing, What is your Intent?
Queen. The effect of my intent is to cross thee this:
They doe it but in mocking merriment,
And mocke for mocke is oynle my intent.
Their feteral counells they vnsubome fhall,
To Loutes mitlooke, and to be mockt within.
Upon the next occasion that we merce,
With Vifages displayed to talke and greeete.
Rofa. But shall we dance, if they defire so too?
Queene. No, to the death we will not move a foot,
Nor to their pen'd speech render we no grace.
But while'tis spoke, each turne away his face.
Why that contempt will keep the keener heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.
Queene. Therefore I doe it, and I make no doubt,
The reft will ere come in, if he be out.
Theres no fuch sport, as sport by sport otrethzone:
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne.
So fhall we itay mocking pretended game,
And they well mocke, depart away with blame. Sound.
Boy. The Trouter founds, be mastike, the maskers come.

Enter Black mooves with mascike, the Boy with a speech,
and the reft of the Lords disfigured.

Page. All hale the reft of Beauties on the earth.
Berr. Beauties no richer then rich Taffata.
Page. A holy partell of the fairest dance that euer tourn'd
their backes to mortal mear.
The Ladies turne their backes to him.
Berr. Their eyes will shine, their eyes,
Page. That ever tourn'd their eyes to mortal mear.
Out.
Berr. True, out indeed
Page. Out of your favours heemneely sprits wouchsafe
Not to be hold.
Berr. Once to behold, rogue.
Page. Once to behold with your Sworne beamed eyes,
With your Sworne beamed eyes.
Boy. They will not answer to that Epythire,
You were blest call it Daughter beamed eyes.
Page. They do not mark me, and that brings me our
Peri. Is this your periecheffe the gone you rogue.
Rofa. What would these strangers?
Know their minds Peri.
If they doe frakke our language, 'tis our will
That fonde plaine man recount their purposes,
Know what they would?
Page. What would you with the Princes?
Berr. Nothing but peace, and gentle vifitation
Rofa. Why that they haue, and bid them to be gon,
Boy. She fairs you haue it, and you may be gon.
Kwn. Say to her we have meafur'd many miles,
To read a Measure with you on the greafe.
Boy. They say that they haue meafur'd many a mile,
To read a Measure with you on this greafe.
Rofa. It is not so. Ask them how many inches
In one mile? If they haue meafur'd mante,
The meafure then of one is eafe told.
Boy. If to come hither, you haue meafur'd miles,
And many miles the Princeffe bids you tell,
How many inches doth fill vp one mile?
Berr. Tell her we meafure them by weary steps,
Boy. She heares her felle.
Rofa. How many meane steps,
Of many meane miles you haue once-gone,
Are numbred in the trauell of one mile?
Berr. We number nothing that we spend for you,
Our dutie is for rich, so infinite,
That we may doe it fyll without accompt.
Vouchsafe to fhew the funshine of your face,
That we (like fauages) may worship it.
Rofa. My face is but a Moone and clouded too,
Kim. Bleffed are clouds, to doe as such clouds doe,
Vouchsafe bright Moone, and thefe thy flefts to fhine,
(Those clouds removed, upon our waterie eye).
Rofa. O true petitioner, beg a greatter matter;
Thou now request us but Moonefhine in the water.
Kim. Then in our meafure, vouchsafe but one change.
Berr. bid me benge, this begging is not strange.
Rofa. Play masked then: may you must doe it lone.
Nor yet no dance: thus change like the Moone.
Kim. Will you not dance? How come you this enfranched?
Rofa. You r e o o k e the Moone at full, but now fcole's changed?
Kim. Yet full fte is the Moone, and the Man.
Rofa. The maskick playes, vouchsafe some motion to it.
Our eares vouchsafe it.
Kim. But your legsges should doe it.
Rofa. Since you are strangers, & come here by chance,
Whe then be nice, take hands, we will not dance.
Kim. Why take you hands then?
Rofa. Ouele to part friends.
Curttie sweethearts, and to the Measure ends.
Kim. More meafure of this meafure be not nice.
Rofa. We can afford no more at such a price.
Kim. Prife your pleaue: What bYLES your company?
Rofa. Your abience oucele.
Kim. That can never be.
Rofa. Then cannot we be bought and fo aduce,
Twice to your Vicor, and halle once to you,
If you doeende to dance, let's hold more chat.
Ref. In private then.
Kim. I am bell pleas'd with that.
Br. Who handed Miiftirs, the sweet word with thee.
Dn. Honse, and Milke, and Sugers there is three.
Berr. Nay then two engagements, if you grow fo nice
Metheninge, Wort, and Malmife; well unne dice.
There's halle a dozen sweetes.
Dn. Seventh sweet adue, since you can cogg.
I'll play no more with you.
Berr. One word in secret.
Dn. Let it not be sweet.
Berr. Thou grea't it my gall.

Queen.
Loves Labour's Lost.

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Qu. Gall, bitter.

Ber. Therefore meete.

Duo. Will you vouche safe with me to change a word?

Mar. Name it.

Duo. Fair Ladie.


Duo. Please it you,

As much in private, and I he bid adieu.

Mar. What, was your vizard made without a tong?

Long. I know the reason Lady why you ask.

Mar. O for your reason, quickly fit, I long.

Long. You have a double tongue within your mask.

And would afford my speechelle a wizard halle.

Mar. Vale quoth the Dutch-man: is not Vale a Calfe?

Long. A Calfe faire Ladie?

Mar. No, a faire Lord Calfe.

Long. Let's part the word.

Mar. No, ile not be your halfe.

Take all and weane it, it may preye an Oxe.

Long. Looke how you but your selfe in these sharpe

mockes.

Wilt you give hornes chaft Ladie? Do not so.

Mar. Then die a Calfe before your horns do grow.

Lou. One word in private with you ere I die.

Mar. Blest foftly then, the Butcher heares you cry.

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenchens are as keen

As is the Razors edge, insuffle:

Cutting a smaller hairt then may be seen,

About the fenfe of fence so sensible:

Sweepeth their conference, their conveys house wings,

Flies then arrows, bullers wind, thought, flys things

Rofa. Not one word more my maidens, breake off, breake off.

Ber. By heauen, all drie beaten with pure mife.

King. Farewell madame Wenchens, you have simpyle wits.

Euen. 

Qu. Twente adius my frozen Muscouits.

Are the the breed of wits so wondrou?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweete breathes

puff out.

Rofa. Wel-ling kis wits they haste, greffe, greffe, fat, fat.

Qu. O poueris in wits, Kingly poor flour.

Will they not (thynke you) hang themselfes to right?

Or bored but in vizards their faces frow.

This pert Beroune was out of conreance quite,

Rofa. They were all in lamentable cafes.

The King was vewing time for a good word,

Qu. Beroune did scarce himselfe out of all foute.

Mar. Dammame was at my service, and his howd:

No poins (quoth I) my servant straites was mute.

K. Lord Longwill said I came ore his harte:

And howe you what he call dme?

Qu. Quslime perhaps.

K. Yes in good faith.

Qu. Go sickes as thou art.

Rofa. Well better wits haue worn plain stature caps,

But will you heare; the King is my ioue sworne.

Qu. And quicke Beroune hath plighted faith to me.

Kai. And Longwill was for my servante borne.

Mar. Dammame is mine as sure as barks on tree.

Boyet. Madam, and prettie misreftes giue care,

Immediately they will againe be here.

In their owne shapes: for it can neuer be,

They will digge this haftfl indignite.

Qu. Will they returne?

Boyet. They will they will, God knowes,

And leap for ioy, though they are lame with blowes:

Therefore change Pauours, and when they repair,

Blow like sweet Rofes, in this summer aire.

Qu. How blow? how blow? Speaket bee under

stood.

Boyet. Faire Ladies maskes,are Rofes in their bud:

Dismaskt, their damase sweet conmixture blowne,

Are Angels vailing clouds, or Rofes blowne.

Qu. Auant perplexite: What thali we do,

If they returne in their owne shapes to war.

Rofa. Good Madam, if by me you be advisd,

Let's mount the hill as well knowne as dilig'd:

Let vs complaine to them what foolees were here,

Dilig'd like Muscouits in shapelefe grace:

And wonder what they were, and to what end

Their shallow blowes, and prologue wildely pen'd:

And their rough carriage so ridiculous,

Should be presented at our Tent to vs.

Boyet. Ladys, withdrawe the gallantes are at hand.

Quar. Whip to our Tents, as Rooses rumes ore Land.

Enter the King and the rest.

King. Faire sir, God faue you. Where's the Princesse?

Boyet. Gone to her Tent.

Please it your Maiestie command me any lertuke to her?

King. That the vouche safe me audience for one word.

Boyet. I will, and I will the, I know my Lord. Exit.

Ber. This fellow pickes vp wit as Pigeons peale,

And vrites it againe, when Ione doth pleaze.

He is Wits Pedder, and retails his Wares,

At Wakes, and Waffals, Meetings, Markets, Faires.

And we that fell by greffe, tie Lord dooth know,

Hawe not the grace to grace it with such low.

This Gallaxx puts the Wenches on his fleece.

Had he bin Adam, he had tempted Eve.

He can carte too, and hispe: Whay this is he,

That kifft away his hand in courtesie.

This is the Apo of Pome, Monteur the riche,

That when he plaiers at Tables, chides the Dice

Inhonoraball teares; Nay he can sing

A meane mold mealy, and in Vhirtuig

In honer of whom he can: the Ladys call him sweete.

The fairest as he treads on them kille his feet.

This is the flower that smiles on euerie one,

To thaw his teeth as white as Whales bone.

And confidencies that wil not die in debs,

Pay him the dutie of honte-tongued Boyet.

King. A blifter on his sweet tongue with my hart,

That put Armadoes Page out of his part.

Enter the Ladies.

Ber. See where it comes. Behauint what we'th thou,

Till this madman thew'd thee? And what art thou then?

King. All haile sweet Madame, and faire time of day,

Qu. Fare in all Haile is foule, as I conceiue.

King. Confrue my speaches better, if you may.

Qu. Then with me better, I will give you leave.

King. We came to visit you, and purpose gow

To leade you to our Court, vouche safe it then.

Qu. This field that holde me, and so hold your vow:

Nor God, nor I, delights in pericul'd men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you proueke:

The
The verity of your eye must break my oath.

_2. You nickavome veruci; vice you should have spoke:

For veruci office never breaks men truth.

Now by my maiden honor, yet as pure

As the unchild Lady, I protest,

A world of ormons though I should endure,

I would not yield to be your house guete:

So much I hate a breaking cause to be

Of heavenly oaths, yow dwch with integre.

_Lady. You have liud in declamation heere,

Vndeene, unmit, much to our shame.

_Quin. Not to my Lord, it is not so I sweare,

We haue had pashmes heere, and plesant game,

A meffe of Russians left vs but of late,

_Clerk. How Madam? Russians?

_Quin. I in truth, my Lord.

_Tim. Gallants, full of Courtship and of base.

_Lady. Madam speake true. It is not to my Lord:

My Ladie (to the manner of the dates)

In curreste gues unde tarrning praste.

_We foure indeed confronted were with foure

In Russias habit: Heere they stayed an hour,

And call'd space: and in that house (my Lord)

They did not bleeve vs with one happy word.

_I dare not call them foules; but this I thinkke,

When they are thrulle, foules would fam/neu hauke drinke.

_This letts is drue to me, Gentle Sir,

Your wits makes wife things foolish when we greete

With eies best seeming, heauens fierie ets:

By light we loose lighe; your capacite

Is of that nature, that to your huge floore,

Wife things seeme foolish, and rich things but poore.

_What this proues you wife and rich: rot in my eie

_Ber. I am a foule, and full of poueresse.

_What but that you take what dont to you beleeing,

It were a fault to match words from my tongue.

_O, I am yours and all that I posse,

_What all the foule nine.

_Ber. I cannot give you leesse.

_What which of the Wizards what it that you wore?

_Ber. Where? when? What Wizard?

Why demand you this?

_What there, then, that wizard, that superfuisous cafe,

That hid the worle, and flewe the like creature.

_Were we drie fer, They are a wall to knowe on sight.

_Du. Let vs confesse and turne it to a ieth.

_What a God did your Late?

_Hauke your Highnes faide?

_What Helpe hold his bowes, fee I found it: why looke you pale?

_Sea-tike I thimpe comming from Mufcouie.

_Ber. Thus poure the flats down plaipes for peritry.

Can any face of brass hold longer out?

_Here stand 1 Ladie that thy skil is none,

_Briue me with scorne, confound me with a flour.

_Thrust thy sharpe wound through my ignorance.

Cut me to pices with thy keen conceite:

And I will with thee never more to dance,

Nor never more in Russias habit waste,

Nor ever will I truff to speeche pen'd,

Nor to the motion of a Schoole boxe tongue.

Nor never come in wizard to my friend,

Nor never come to thy lips like a bloud-harpes tongue,

Taste thy phaer, stolen teares precie,

Three-in-4 Hyperboles, spruce affection;

Figures pedanticall, these sumner flies,

_Have blowne me full of maggot ostentation.

_I do forswear them, and I hiee protte,

By this white Gloue (how white the hand God knows)

_Henceforth my weing minde shall be expresse

In ruflet yee, and honest kerrie woe.

And to begin Wrench, to God hepe me iau,

_My lone to thys foue blocke the cracks of flaw.

_Rafha. San, sant, I pray you.

_Ber. Yet I have a tricke

Of the old rage: beare with me, I am scharke.

_He leaueth by degrees: soft, let vs see,

Write Lord was meric on my, on thosethree,

_They are infected, in their hearts it lies:

_They hauze the pawge, and caught is of your eyes:

_These Lords are witcht, you are not fre.

For the Lords tokens on you do I fee.

_Quin. No, they are free that gave their tokens to vs.

_What our fates are forfret, feene not to vnde.

_What is it not for: for how can this be true,

_That you stand forfret, being those that sue.

_Ber. Peace, for I will not hauze to do with you.

_Esop. Nor shal not, if I do as I intend.

_Ber. Spake for your felues, my wit is at an end.

_King. Teach vs, sweeete Madame, for oure rude tras.

_grefion, some faire excuse.

_Quin. This faire is confusion.

_Were you not here but even now, disguid?

_Lord, Madam, I was.

_Quin. And were you well advis'd.

_King. I was faire Madam.

_Quin. When you then were here,

_What did you whisper in your Ladies ear?

_King. That more then all the world I did respech't her.

_Quin. When fhee shall challenge this, you will reiect her.

_King. Verus honoro Honor nob.

_Peace, peace, trothes,

_your oath once broke, you serce not to forswear.

_King. Defipe me when I brake this oath of mine.

_Quin. I will, and therefore keepe it. Reyulme,

_What did the Russian whisper in your ear?

_Rafha. Madam, he swore that he did hold me deare

_A most precoue eye-light, and did value me.

_Above this World: adding thereto more uset.

_That he would Wedde me, or else die my Louter.

_God give thay see of him: the Noble Lord

_More honorably doth vpholthi his word.

_King. What meanes you Madame?

_By my life, my troth,

_I never frowe this Ladi euē such an oth.

_What by heauen you did; and to confirme it plain,

You gave me this: but take it for again.

_King. My faith and this, the Princeff I did give,

_I knew her by this Jewell on her fleace.

_Pardon me fr, this Jewell did the weare,

_Last but love (I thaine him) is my deare.

_What? will you have me, or your Pearle again?

_Neither of either, I remit both waine,

_I fea the tricke on't: here was a confent,

_King. Knowing showfand of our serriment,

_Told to do it like a Christmas Comedie,

_Some carrry-sale, some plea-se-men, some flight Zanie,

_Some moste beaty newes, some treacherous knight, from Dick

_That smiles his cheeke in yeares, and knowes the trick

To make my Lady laugh, when she sayd thus.
Told our intents before, which once disclosed,
The Ladies did change Favour, and then we
Following the figured, wood but the figure of the
Now to our purpose, to add more terror,
We are again forewarned in will and error.
Much upon this tis and might not you
Foretell our sperte, to make us thus venture?
Do not you know my Ladies foot by th'feuer?
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
And stand between her backe fir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jelling merrile.
You put our Page out: go, you are sowed.
Die when you will, a simocke shall be your thowrd.
You leere upon me, do you? There's an eie
Wounds like a Læden sword.

By. Full merrily hath this brasse manager, this careere bene run.
Ber. Loes, he is tilting straight. Peace, I have don.

Enter Clowne.

Welcome pure wit, thou partl a false tray.
Clo. O Lord, fir, they would know,
Whether the three worthless shall come in or no.
Ber. What, there are but three? Clo.No fir, but it is vast fine.
For certe one parties thrice.

Ber. And three times thrice is nine.
Clo. Not so fir, under correction fir, I hope it is not so.
You cannot beg y'as fir, I can affure you fir, we know what we know: I hope fir three times thrice fir.
Ber. It is ninth.

Clo. Under correction fir, wee know where, vertill it doth amount.

Bar. By Iuse, I always tooke three threes for nine.
Clo. O Lord, fir, it were pitty you should get your living by reckining fir.
Ber. How much is it?

Clo. O Lord fir, the parties themselves, the actors fir will know where, vertill it doth amount; for mine owne part, I am (as they say, but to perfect one man in one poor man) Pompey the great fir.

Ber. Art thou one of the Wortheies?

Clo. I pleaded them to think me worthie of Pompey the great, for mine owne part, I know not the degree of the Worthie, but I am fland for him.

Ber. Go, bid them prepare.

Clo. We will turn it finely off, we will take some care.
King. Berowne, they will shame vs:
Let them not approach.

Ber. We are flame-proofoe my Lord: and 'tis some policie, to have one shew worse then the Kings and his companie.

Kim. I say they shall not come.

Bar. Nay my good Lord, let me ore-rule you now; That sperte bell pleates, that doth deft know how. Where Zetle strives to content, and the contents Dits in the Zetle of that which it pretents: Their forme confounded, makes most forme in mirth, When great thins labouring perish in their birth.

Ber. A right description of our sperte my Lord,

Enter Braggars.

Brax. Annoyed, I implore to much exence of thy
royall sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

Bar. Dost this man ferue God?

Ber. Why ask you?

Bar. He speakes not like a man of God's making.

Brax. That's all one my faire sweet home. Monsieur,
For I protest, the Schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical:
Too too vaine, too too vaine. But we will put it (as they say) to Fortune delaguer, I wish you the peace of mine moft royall suppleme.

Kim. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies;
He presents Herve of Troy, The Swaine Pompey's great, the Parifie Curate Alexander, Armado Page Hercules, the Pedant Indas Macholoon: And if these foure Wor-thies in their first shew thrive, these foure will change habites, and pretend the other fue.

Ber. There is fle in the first shew.

Kim. You are decieved, its not so.

Ber. The Pedant, the Braggart, the Hodge-Priest, the Poole, and the Boy,
Abate throw at Nowam, and the whole world againe, Cannot pricke out fure fuch, take each one in's vaine,
Kim. The ship is under faile, and here the cons remain.

Enter Pompey.

Clo. I Pompey am.

Ber. You he, you are not he.

Clo. I Pompey am.

Ber. With Libbards head on knee.

Ber. Well paid old mucker,
I must needs be friends with the

Clo. I Pompey am, Pompey.jung; and the big.

Du. The great.

Clo. It is great fir, Pompey.fir; and the great:
That oft in field, with Targe and Shield,
did make my face to shew;
And in traving along this coast, I here am come by chance,
And lay my Arms before the legs of this sweet Lisse of France.

If your Ladyship would say thankes Pompey, I had done.

La. Great thankes great Pompey.

Clo. Tis not so much worth: but I hope I was perfect. I made a little fault in great,

Ber. My hat to a halfe-pence, Pompey provoues the bell Worthie.

* Enter Curate for Alexander.

Covat. When in the world I live'd, I was the world's Com-
mander:

By Enf. West, North & South, I freed my conquering might.
My Sonchonplain declares that I am Alisander.

Ber. Your nose fays no, you are not:
For it stands too right.

Ber. Your nose smels no, in this most tender smeling

Knight.

Clo. The Conqueror is dismaid:

Procede good Alexander.

Covat. When in the world I lived, I was the world's Com-
mander.

Ber. Most true, 'tis right: you were so Alisander.

Bar. Pompey the great.

Clo. your entertant and Coffard.

Ber. Take away the Conqueror, take away Alisander.

Clo. O sir, you have overthrown Alisander the con-
queror: you will be scar'd out of the painted cloth for,
this: your Lion that holds his Pollax sitting on a close
thistle, will be given to Ajax. He will be the ninth wor-
thie. A Conqueror, and afraid to speak? Run me away
for shame Alcander. There is no shall please you: a foo-
lash milde man, an honest man, take you, & soon shall.
He is a most agreeable good neighbour insooth, and a ver-
ry good Bowler, but for Alcander, alas you see, how 'tis a
little ore-parted. But there are Worthy s cemning,
will speak their mind in some other fort. Exit Cus.

Que. Stand aside good Pompey.

Enter Pedant for Judas, and the Boy for Hercules.

Ped. Great Hercules is presented by this Impe,
Whole Club kid'd Cerberus that three-headed C autonomous,
And when he was a baby, a child, a trifermpe,
Thus did he slange Serpentis in his Auctor:
Quamem, he seemed in minoriterie,
Ergo, I come with this Apologue.
Keep some flat in thy ear, and vanish. Exit Boy
Ped. Judas Iam.

Dum. A Judas?

Ped. Not Hearest sir.

Iudas I am occupiđ Machtobus,

Dum. Iudas Machtobus clip, is plain Iudas.

Ber. A kising traitor. How art thou proud Iudas?

Ped. Iudas Iam.

Dum. The more shame for you Iudas.

Ped. What meanes you sir?

Ber. To make Iudas hang himself.

Ped. Begin sir, you are my elder.

Ber. Well follow'd, Iudas was hang'd on an Elder.

Ped. I will not be put out of countenance.

Ber. Because thou hast no taste.

Ped. What is this?

Boi. A Citterine head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Ber. A deaths face in a ring.

Lon. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce scene.

Boi. The pummell of Lysander Faulcon.

Dum. The cara a bone face on a Flaske.

Ber. 5. George's halfe cheeke in a brooch.

Dum. 1. And in a brooch of Lend.

Ped. 1, and women in the cap of a Tooth-drawer.

And now forward, for we have put thee in countenance.

Ped. You have put me out of countenance.

Ber. Falfe, we have given thee faces.

Ped. But you have out-fac'd them all.

Ber. And thou wert a Lion, we would do so.

Be. Therefore as he is, an Aste, let him go;
And so adieu sweet Jude. Nay, why doth thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Ber. For the Aste to the Jude: gie it him, Jude as-
away.

Ped. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boy. A light for monfieur Iudas, it growes darke, he
may humble.

Que. Alas poore Machtobus, how hath thee beene
bailed.

Enter Braggart.

Ber. Hide thy head A Achille, here comes Hector in
Armes.

Dum. Though my mockes come in by me, I will
now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.

Bai. But is this Hector?

Kim. I thinke Hector was not so deane timber'd.

Lon. His legge is too big for Hector.

Dum. More Calfe certain.

Ber. No, he is best indued in the small.

Ber. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He's a God or a Painter, for he makes faces.

Bragg. The Atrimpant Mars of Lances the almighty,
gave Hector a gift.

Dum. A gift Nutmegge.

Ber. A Lemmon.

Lon. Stucke with Cloures.

Dum. No cloues.

Bragg. The Atrimpant Mars of Lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the brie of Alcion.
A man so breathed, that certain he would fight: ye
Fray from norms till night, out of his Pavilion.
I am that Flower.

Dum. That Mint.

Lon. That Cullambine.

Bragg. Sweet Lord Long and stein thy tongue.

Lon. I must rather give it the reigne: for it runnes a
great Hicter.

Dum. 1, and Hector's a Grey-hound.

Bragg. The Sweeter War-Man is dead and rotten,
Sweet chuckees, beat not the bones of the buried:
But I will forward with my decease;
Sweet Royaltie befow on me the fence of hearing.

Become gentlemen forth.

Cle. Speak we brave Hector, we are much delighted.

Bragg. I do adore thy sweet Graces slippers.

Boy. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Bragg. This Hector fare forsworn Hannibal,
The parte is gone.

Cle. Fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on
her way.

Bragg. What meanest thou?

Cle. Faith unlesse you play the honest Troyan, the
poore Wench is call away: she's quick, the child brags
in her belly already: tis yours.

Bragg. Do not thou inforrmize me among Potemates?
Thou shalt die.

Cle. Then shall Hector be whipt for Lacontessa that
is quicke 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. Hector trembles.

Ber. Pompey is moused, more Ates more Ates flire
them, or fiire them on.

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Ber. If a' have no more mans blood in his belly, then
will I stop a Flea.

Bragg. By the North-pole I do challenge thee.

Cle. I will not fight with a pole like a Northern man;
Ile slath, he doth by the sword: I pray you let mee bor-
row my ARMes again.

Dum. Roomes for the incensed Worthies.

Cle. Ie do it in my fiirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey.

Page. Master, let me take you a button hole lowerer:
Do you not see Pompey is vexing for the combat: what
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Loves Labour's lost.

Plough for her sweet love three years. But most esteemed, great and free, will you hear the Dialogue that the two Learned men have compiled. In praise of the Owle and the Cuckow! It should have followed in the end of our play.

Ken. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

Brag. Holla, Approach.

Enter all.

This side is Summer, Winter.

This Ver, the Spring: the one maintained by the Owle, the other by the Cuckow.

Ver. begin.

The Song.

When Daffies pied, and Violets blew
And Cuckow-buds of yellow hue:
And Ladies-smockes all silver white,
Do paint the Medowes with delight.

The Cuckow then on euerie tree,
Mockes married men, for thus fings he,
Cuckow.

Cuckow, Cuckow! O word of care,
Unpleasing to a married care.

When Shepheardes pipe on Oaten strawes,
And merrie Lasses are Ploughmastes 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 fings he,
Cuckow.

Cuckow, Cuckow! O word of care,
Unpleasing to a married care.

Winter.

When lundles hang by the wall,
And Dicke the Shepheard blowes his snale;
And Tom bestres Logges into the hall,
And Milke comes froome home in pale:

When blood is nipt, and wates be lowle,
Then noughty fings the flaring Owle
Tu-whit to-who.

A merrie note,
While greasse alone doth keele the pot.

When all aloud the winde doth blow,
And coffing drownes the Parson saw;
And birds fit brooding in the lowle,
And Marriess neere lookes red and raw;

When seafted Crabs huffe in the lowle,
Then nightly fings the flaring Owle,
Tu-whit to who:

A merrie note,
While greasse alone doth keele the pot.

Brag. The Words of Mercurie,
Are hard after the songs of Apollo:

You that way; we this way.

FINIS.

V. ii. 836—940

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Enter Theseus, Hippolita, with others.

Theseus.

O my fair Hippolita, our nuptiall houre
Drawes on apace: fourre happy daies bring in
Another Moon: but oh, me thinkes, how slow
This old Moon wanes: she lingers my desires
Like to a Step-dame, or a Dowager,
Long withering out a yong mans reuenue.
Hippolita, Fourre daies will quickly steep the elues in nights
Fourre nights will quickly dance away the tyme:
And then the Moon, like to a fuller bow,
Now bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go Philostrate,
Stirre vp the Athenian youth to merriments,
Awake the pert and nimble Spirit of mirth,
Turne melancholy Staph to Funerals:
The pale companion is not for our pomp,
Hippolita, I wo'd thee with my sword,
And wonne thy love, doing thee injuries:
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pompes, with triumph, and with reciting.

Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, Lysander,
and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned Duke.

The. Thanks good Egeus: what's the news with thee ?

Ege. Full of vexation, come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.

Stand forth Lysander.

My Noble Lord,
This man hath my consent to marrie her.

Stand forth Lysander.

And my gracious Duke,
This man hath bewitch'd the bosome of my child:
Thou, thou Lysander, thou hast given her rings,
And interchang'd love tokenes with my child:
Thou haft by Moone-light at her window sung,
With faining voice, verses of loving loue,
And rofte the impression of her favrifies.

With bracelets of thy hair; rings, gawdes, concretis,
Knacks, trilles, Nose-glasses, sweet meats(mellengers
Of strong preuailment in unhardened youth).

With cunning haft thou fitch'd my daughters heart,
Turn'd her obedience (which is due to me)
To fubbortne harthife. And my gracious Duke,
Best in the will not here before your Grace,
Committ to marrige with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient priviledge of Athens;
As she is 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 case.

The. What say you Hermia? be aduant faire Maide
To you your Father should be as a God;
One that composes your beauties: ye and ye
To whom you are but as a forme in waxe
By him imprimit: and within his power,
To leave the figure, or disfigure it:
Demetrius is a worthy Gentleman,

Herm. So is Lysander.

The. In him felfe he is,
But in this kind, wanting your father's voyce.
The other must be held the worther.

Herm. I would my father lock'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

Herm. I do entreat your Grace to pardon me,
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Not how it may concern my noble father
In such a prouince beare to pleade my thoughts:
But I believe your Grace, that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to dye the death, or to obliue
For enter 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 losse of a Noble,
For you are to be in flinde Cloister men'd,
To live a barren liffe all your life,
Chantinge faint hymmes to the cold foule Moone,
Thrice blested they that matter to their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage,
But earthlike happy is the Roife diuid'd,
Then that which withereth on the virgin thome,
Growes,blues, and dies, in fingle blestnesse.

Herm.
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
Briefe as the lightning in the collied night.
That (in a sp bree) vnoolds both heaven and earth;
And ere a man hath power to say, behold,
The iaws of darknefe do deuoure it vp:
So quicke bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true Lovers have beene euer croft,
It standes as an edict in definite:
Then let us teach our triall patience,
Because it is a custome to croft.

As due to lout, as thoughts, and dreames, and sigles,
Wishes and tares; poor Fancies followers.

Lyf. A good perfection; therefore hear me Herma,
I have a Widdow Aunts, a dowager,
Of great reuerence, and the hath no childe,
From Athens is her house remou'd seven leagues,
And the reflects me, as her only toome:
There gentle Herma, may I marie thee,
And to that place, the sharpe Athenian Law
Cannot pursu'e vs. If thou loue me, then
Steele forth thy fathers houfe to morrow night:
And in the wood, a league without the towne,
(Where I did mee thee once with Helena,
To do obeisance for a morn of May)
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lyfander,
I wessre to thee, by Cupids strongest bow,
By his left arrou with the golden head.
By the simipetie of Venus Doues,
By that which knotted foules, and proper loue,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthose Quene.
When the faile Tynard vnnder faile was feece,
By all the vowes that euer men haue broke,
(In number more then euer womans spake
In that fame place thou haft appointed me,
To morrow truly will I mee with thee.

Lyf. Keepe promisie lousc, looke here comes Helena.

Enter Helena.

Her. God speede faire Helena, whither away?
Hel. Call you me faire? that faire againe may
Demetrius loues you faire: O happer faire!
Your eyes are loadfastes; and your tongue sweet ayre
More unese then Larke to the shephards ear.
When wheats is green, when hauhorne buds appeare.
Sicknesse is catching: O were fauer so,
Your words I catche, faire Herma I go.
My eare should catch your voice, my eye, your eye.
My tongue should catch your tongues sweet melodie.
Were the world mine Demetrius being bare.
The refle Queue to be you tranfu'd.
O teach me how you looke, and with what art
you swaye the motion of Demetrius hart.
Her. I frowne vpon him, yet he loues me still.
Hel. O that your frownes would teach my friendes
such skill.
Her. I glie him curses, yet he gives me lour.
Hel. O that my prayers could such affection moue.
Her. The more I hate, the more he follows mee.
Hel. The more I love, the more he hatred mee.
Hel. His folly Helena is none of mine.
Hel. None but your beauty, would that fault were mine
Hel. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face,
Lyfander and my selfe will thet this place.
Before the time I did Lyfander fee,
Seem'd Athens like a Paradis to mee.

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O then, what graces in my Loue do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven into hell.

Lyf. Helen, so you our minds we will unfold,
To morrow night, when Phace doth behold
Her flower white in the watry glass,
Dancing with liquid pearly, the blaz'd graze
(A time that Loues flight doth fill conceale)
Through Athens gates, haue we deuis'd to fleate.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I,
Upon faint Primrose beds, were wont to lye,
Emptyeing our botumse, of their counsell I weld:
There my Lyfander, and my selfe shall meeete,
And thence from Athens turne away our eyes
To seek new friends and strange companions,
Farwell sweet play-fellow, pray thou for vs,
And good lucke grant che thy Demetrius.

Kepe word Lyfander we must floure our fight,
From louers foode, till morrow deep midnight.

Exit Herma.

Lyf. I will my Hermia, Helena adieu,
As you on him Demetrius doth on you. Exit Lyfander.

Her. How happy some, oer other some can be!
Through Athens am I thought so faire as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinke not so:
He will not know, what all, but he doth know,
And as he erres, dotting on Hermias eyes;
So I, admiring of his qualities:
Things bate and wilde, holding no quantite.
Loue can transforme to forms and dignite.
Loue lookes not with the eyes, but with the minde,
And therefore is wing'd Cop'id painted blinde.

Now hath loues mind of any judgement safe:
Wings and no eyes, figure, whiche dyde sake.
And therefore is Loue said to be a childle,
Because in choife he is often beguil'd,
As waggish boyes in game theneselfes forwarc.
So the boy Loue is pier'd euery where.
For ere Demetrius lookt on Hermia's eye,
He held the dowe oathes that he was only mine.
And when this Halle some heare from Hermias foot,
So he diffus'd, and floweres of oaths did melt,
I will goe tell him of faire Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood he will, to morrow night.
Pursue her; and for his intelligence,
If I haue thankes, it is a deere expence:
But herein mean't I to enrich my paine.
To haue his fight thinder, and backe againe.
Exit.

Enter Quince the Carpenter, Snug the Joiner, Bottom the Weaver, Elise the bellowes-mender, Snout the Tinker, and Starveling the Taylor.

Quin. Is all our company here?
Bar. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scipt.

Quin. Here is the fronte of every mans name, which is thought fit through all Athens, to play in our Enterlude before the Duke and the Dutchess, on his wedding day at night.

Bar. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on: then read the names of the Actors: and so grow on to a point.

Quin. Marry our play is the most lamentable Comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisbe.

Bar. A very good piece of worke I assure you, and a
A Midsummer night's Dream

Enter a Fairie at one door, and Robin good fellow at another.

Rob. How now spirit, whether wander you? Fair. Ouer hill, ouer dale, through bush, through briar, Ouer parke, ouer pale, through flood, through fire, I do wander euere where, twisser then 5 Moons sphere; And I herne the Fairy Queen to draw her orbs upon the The Cow lips tall, her pensioners bee, In their gold coats, spots you see, Thole be Rubies, Fairie tuors, In those freckles, like their favors, I must go seake some dew drops here, And hang a pearle in euery cowlips ear. Farewell thou Lob of spirits, lit be gon, Our Queene and all her Elues come here anon. Rob. The King doth kepe his Reuelers here to night, Take heed the Queene come not within his sight, For Oberon is paiting fell and wrath,- Because that he, as her attendant, hath A lonely boy stolne from an Indian King, She neuer had so sweet a changeling, And jealous Oberon would have the childe Knight of his traine, to trace the Forrefts wilde. But the (performe) with holds the loued boy, Crowne him with flowers, and makes him all her toy, And no w they neuer meete in groue, or greene, By fountaine cleere, or spangled star-light sheene, But they do squere, that all their Elues for fear Creep into Asome cups and hide themselves. Fair. Either I mistake your shape and making quite, Or else you are that firew'd and knauffe spirit Calf Robin Good-fellow. Are you not hee, That lightes the maides of the Valagare, Skim milke, and sometimes labour in the querne, And bootstrap make the breathlesse hufwite cheme, And sometime make the drinke to beare no barne,

Misleade night-wanderers, laughing at their harme, Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Pucke, You do then worke, and they shall hau good lucke. Are not you hee? Rob. Thou speak'st right; I am that merrie wanderer of the night: I left to Oberon, and make him smile, When I a fast and beane-fed horse beguile, Neiging in likenesse of a flyly soile, And sometime lurke I in a Golgips bole, In very likenesse of a rosted crab: And when the drinke, against her lips I bob, And on her withered dewlop poure the Ale. The wifeft Aunt telling the faddest tale, Sometime for three-footed stooles, miftake me, Then flip I from her bum, downe topples fite, And taillour cries, and falls into a coffe. And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe, And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swears, A merrier house was never waitfed there. But roomie Fairy, hearre comes Oberon. Fair. And heere my Mistys! Would that he were gone.

Enter the King of Fairies at one doore with his strane, and the Queene at another with hers.

Ob. Ill met by Moone-light, Proud Tystania.

Que. What, jealous Oberon? Fairy skip hense. I have forsworne his bed and companie. Ob. Terriesth Wanpton; am I not thy Lord? Que. Then I must be thy Lady: but I know When thou wast stolne away from Fairy Land, And in the shape of Corn, late all day, Playing on pipes of Corne, and verting louse To amorous Phylida. Why art thou here Comme from the farthest stepe of India? But that forsooth the bouncing Amanzon Your buskin'd Mistreffe, and your Warrior louse To Thesue must be Wedded; and you come, To give their bed iooy and prosperite. Ob. How canst thou thus for Thomas Tystania, Glance at my credite, with Hippolata? Knowing I know why thou loose to Tystania Dusht thou not leade him through the glimmering night From Perseoginia, whom he raffided? And make him vish faire Eagles breake his faith With Arodus, and Atiosia.

Que. These are the forgeries of jealousy, And never since the middle Summers spring Met vve on hill, in dale, forrest, or mead, By paunt fountaine, or by ruffe brooke, Or in the beached margent of the sea, To dance our ringless to the whiffling Winde, But vish thy brays shoult disturb d'our sport. Therefore the Winde, piping to vs in vaine, As in vengeu, haues fluck'd d'v from the sea Contagious logges: Which falling in the Land, Hath erie pettie Ryder made so proud, That they have ouer-borne their Continents. The Ox hath therefore frett'd his yoke in vaine, The Ploughman loft his sweet, and the greene Corne Hath rotted; ere his youth attacd d's beard; The fold stands empty in the drowes edfield, And Crowes are fasted vith the murrion flocke.

A. Enthus Scendus.
A Midsummer night's Dreame.

The nine mens Morris is fild vp with nard,
And the quint Mazes in the wanton green,
For lacke of treatal are vadiungufable.
The humane mortals want their winter heare,
No night is now with lyme or carol bleit;
Therefore the Moone (the gournelle of floods)
Pale in her anger, wafhes all the aire;
That Rheumatick diseases doe abound.
And through this distemper, we see
The season alter; hoared heade froids
Fall in the fresh lap of the slimton Risc,
And on old Hyeme chime and Icic crowne,
An odorous Chaplet of sweet Sommer buds.
Is as in mockery set;
The Spring, the Summer, the chulding Autumn, angry Winter change
They wonted Luieres, and the mazed world,
By their increas, now knowes not which is which;
And this same progeny of eullis,
Comes from our debate, from out diffention,
We are their parents and original.
What! Do you entend it then, it lies in you,
Why should Titania croafe her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my Hunchman.

Set your heart at reit,
The Fairy land buyes not the child of me,
His mother was a Votresse of my Order,
And in the spiced Indian aire, by night
Full often bath the giftiff by my side,
And sit with me on Neptune dark yellow sands,
Marking the embard traders on the flood,
When we have taught to see the failes conclude,
And grow big belled with the wanton winde:
Which she with pretty and with swimming gate,
Following (her wonne then rich with my yong squire)
Would imitate, and faile upon the Land,
To fetch her trifles, and return againe,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
But she being mortall, of that boy did die,
And for her sake I doe reere vp her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.

How long were this wood intend you stay?
Perchance all to morrow? before wedding day.
If you will presently dance at our Round,
And see our Moone-light revels, goe with vs;
If I doe take you and I will have your hunts.

Give me that boy, and I will goe with thee.

Not for thy Fairy Kingdome. Fairies away:
We shall chide downe right, if I longer stay. Exit.

Well, goe thy way: thou shalt not from this grove,
Till I remember thee for this injury.
My gentle Pucke come hither; thou rememberst
Since once I left upon a promontory,
And heard a Meate-maiden on a Dolphins backe,
Vndering such dulce and harmonious breath,
That the rude tea grew eschull at her song,
And certaine flares shot madly from their Splices.
To heare the Sea-maidens mufcife.

I remember.

That very time I say (but thou couldst not)
Flying betweene the cold Moone and the earth,
Cupid arm'd; a certaine time he stode
At a faire Veil, shrouded by the West,
And lovd his love-children smarmly from his bowe
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts,
But I might see young Cupid lying shote.

Quencht in the chaste beames of the wary Moon;
And the imperiall Votresse paffed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet markt I where the bolts of Cupid fell.
It fell vpont a little westerner flower;
Before, milke-white; now purple with louses wound;
And maunders call it, Louse in idleness.
Fetch me that flower, the heare I shewld thee once.
The ioye of it, on sleeping eye-Iuds staid,
Will make or woman madly dore
Upon the next line creature that it sees.
Fetch me this heare, and be thou here again,
Ere the Loue-bomb can tisssue a league.

Pucke. He put a girdle about the earth, in forty ar-\n
utes.

Ober. Hauing once this ioyce,
I heare Titania, when the ioyce is altope,
And drop the liquor of the in her eyes,
The next thing when the waking lookes vp,
(He it on Lyon, Beere, or Wolfe, or Bull,
On medling Monkey, or on houte Ape)
Shee shall pursue, with the soule of loue.
And ere I take this charme off from her sight,
(As I can take it with another care be)
I make her render vp her Page to me.
But who comes heere? I am invisible,
And I will out-heare their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not,
Where is Lysander, and faire Hermia?
The one Ile lay, the other playthe me.
Thou toldst me they were flowne into this wood;
And here am I, and wood within this wood,
Because I am not meet my Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.
Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted Adaman,
But yet you draw not Iron, for my heart
Is true as fire, Leaue you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? do I speak thee faire?
Or rather doe I in plainest truth,
Tell you I do not, or I cannot love you?
Hel. And even for that doe I love thee the more;
I am your spaniel, and Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawne on you.
Vse me not as your spaniel; spurne me, strike me,
Negleft me, lose me; onely give me leaue
(Vnuworthy as I am) to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respected with me)
Then to be vieft as you doe your dogge.

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit,
For I am fickle when I doe looke on thee.
Hel. And I am fickle when I looke not on you.

Dem. You doe impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the City, and commit your selfe
Into the hands of one that loues you not,
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsell of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.
Hel. Your verme is my priviledge; for that
It is not night when I doe fee your face.
Therefore I think I am not in the night,
Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company,

N 3
A Midsummer night's Dreame.

For you in my respect are all the world. Then how can it be said I am alone, When all the world is here to looke on me? Dem. He rune from these, and hide me in the brakes, And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts. Hel. The wildest hart hath not such a heart as you. Runne when you will, the glory shall be chang'd: Apollo flies, and Despoin holds the chafe; The Doun pursues the Giffin, the milde Hinde Makes speed to catch the Tyger. Boottelle speede, When cowardly pursutes, and valour flies. Demet. I will not trust thy questions, let me go; Or if thou follow me, do not beleeve, But I shall doe thee mischief in the wood. Hel. In the Temple, in the Towne, and Field You doe me mishchire. Eye Demetrous, Your wronges doe set a scandal on my face: We cannot fight for love, as men may doe: We should be wood, and were not made to woe. I follow thee, and make a heauen of hell, To die vpon the hand I love so well. Exit. Ob. Fare thee well Nymph, ere he do leave this grove, Thou shalt see him, and he shall see thee true, Halt thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. I, there it is. Ob. I pray thee give it me. I know a banke where the wilde time blower, Where Oat lips and the nodding Violet growes, Quite ouer-campowped with insurrection woodbine, With sweete musick roke, and with Eglandine; There sleepe Tytauns, some time of the night, Lo'd in these flowers, with dances and delights: And there the faire thowes her enamelled d'skaine, Weed wide enough to rap a Fairy in, And with the wyche of this lle treake her eyes, And make her full of hustefull Fantasties. Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove; A sweet Athenian Lady is in love With a disdainfull youth: aman his eyes, But doe it when the next thing he espies. May be the Lady. Thou shalt know the man, By the Athenian garments he hath on, Eeect it with some care, that he may prove More fond on her, then the he upon her love; And looke thou meet me ere the first Cocke crow. Puck. Fear not my Lord, your tenant shall do so. Exit.

Enter Quene of Fairies, with her traine.

Quone. Come, now a Roundell, and a Fairy Song; Then for the third part of a minute hence. Some to kill Canckers in the muske rofe buds, Some warre with Remifer, for their leathan wings, To make my small Elues coasts, and some keepe backe, The clamorous Owe that nightly howes and wonders To our quiet spirts: Sing me now a sleep, Then to your offices, and let me call.

Fairies Song.

You spotted Snakes with double tongue, Thorny hedges beg not scene, Near a blinde wormes do no wrong, Come not near our Fairy Queen. Philomel with melodie,

Sing in your sweet Lullaby, Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby, Never harme no frend, no charme, Come our lovely Lady wye, So good night with Lullaby. 2. Fairy. Woefting Spiders cannot horse, Hence you long leg'd Spenders, hence! Beetles blacke approach no more; Worne nor Snagie doe no offence. Philomel with melody, etc. 1. Fairy. Hence away, now all is well; One asleep, flound Centinell. Sleep sleeps.

Enter Oberon.

Ober. What thou feell when thou dost wake, Doe it for thy true Loun take: Loun and languish for his take. Beit Oume, or Catte, or Boare, Pard, or Boare with brittled hair, In thy eye that thall appear, When thou wak't, it is thy dexe, Wake when some wile thing is neere.

Enter Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. Fare thee love, you faint with wandering in my woode, And to speake thou hast I have forgot our way: Wec'll rest vs Hermo, if you think it is good, And tarry for the comfort of the day. Her. Best is to Lysander; finde you out a bed, For I wold this banke will rett my head. Lys. One sure shall retire as follow for vs both, One heart, one bed, two bobulmes, and one truth. Her. Nay good Lysander, for my sake my dece Lie further off yet, do not he to neere. Lys. O tak the first sweet of my innocence, Love taketh the meaning, in louers conference, I meant that my heart into yours is spit, But that one heart can you make of it. Two bobulmes interchanged with an oath, So then two bobulmes, and a single tooth, Then by your false, no bed-commene me deny, For lying so, Hermo, I do not lye. Her. Lysander riddles very pretiely; Now much befhrew my manners and my pride, If Hermo meant to say, Lysander bed But gentle friend, for loue and courtezie Lie further off, in humane modesty, Such separation, as may well be said, Becomes a verituous bashchet, and a maid, So farre be disfiant, and good night sweet friend; Thy loue were alter, still 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, sleep githe thee all his self. Her. With halfe that with, the wither eyes be pret. Enter Puck. They sleepes.

Puck. Through the Forest haue I gone, But Athenian finde I none. One whole eye I might approve This flowers force in flirring love, Night and silence who is here? Weedhes of Athen he doth wear: This is he (my master) said Deliputed the Athenian made: And here the maiden sleeping found,
On the dank and duky ground,
Pretty soul, five durt not yee
Near this lacke-loue, this kill-true-fete.
Charle, vpho thy eyes I throw
All the power this charme doth owe:
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleepes his feate on thy eye-lid.
So awake when I am gone:
For I must now to Otho.

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 witt thou darling leave me? do not so.
De. Stay on thy perill, I alone will goe.

Exit Demetrius.

Hel. O I am out of breath, in this fond chace,
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace,
Happy is Hermia, wherefore she lies;
For she hath blessed and attribute eyes.
Now came her eyes so bright?
Not with fast tears.
If so, my eyes are oftner wash't then hers.
No, no, I am as vigy as a Bear.
For beasts that meete me, runne away for fear.
Therefore no martiale, though Demetrius
Doe as a monstir, file my presence thus.
What wicked and distembling glaife of mine,
Made me compare with Hermia's phery cyme?
But who is here? Lyfander on the ground;
Dreade or sleepe? I fee no bloud, no wound,
Lyfander, if you live, good sir awake.

Lyf. And run through fire I will for thy sweet fake.

Transparent Helena, nature her swyes art,
That through thy body makes me fee thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? oh how fit a word
Is that vile name, to perfit on my fword?

Hel. Do not say to Lyfander, say not so:
What though he love you Hermia? Lord, what thought
Yet Hermia till 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 Rauen for a Dowe?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd:
And reason faies you are the worthieth Maide.
Things growing are not ripe until their reason;
So I being yong, till now I doe not to reason,
And touching now the point of humane skill,
Reason becomes the Marshall to my will,
And leads me to your eyes, where I ordloke
Louers stories, written in Loues richett booke.

Hel. Wherefore was I so to this keen mockery born?
When at your hands did I deferue this scorn?
If not enough, Ight not enough, yong man,
That I did never, nor never can,
Defere a sweete looke from Demetrius eye,
But you must flaye in my insufficieny.
Good troth you doe me wrong (good-f也为 ther do you)
In such diSful men, man, to weeoe.
But dare you well, I will perforce I must confesse;
Oh you thought you Lord of more true gentilte.

Lyf. She fies not Hermia; Hermia sleepe thou there,
And never must thou come Lyfander near.

For as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deeppeth loathing to the stomacck brings
Or as the heretick that men do detaine,
Are batted most of those that did descigce.
So thou, my surfeit, and my heretic,
Of all be hald; but the most of one;
And all my powers adrecrfe your lovee and might,
To honour Helene, and to be her Knight.

Her. Help me Lyfander, helpe mee; do thy beft
To plucke this crawling serpent from my braet.
Aye me, for pitty; what a dremme was here?
Lyfander looke, how I doe quake with feare:
Me thought a serpent came my heart away,
And yet for smiling at his cruel prey.
Lyfander, what rennowd? Lyfander, Lord,
What, our of hearing, gone? No sound, no word?
Makc where are you? speake and if you heare,
Sape of all loues; I found almoft with freare.
No, then I well perceiue you are not mye,
Either death or you Ile finde immediately.

Exit.

Actus Tertius.

Enter the Clamors.

But. Are we all met?
Quin. Pat, pat, and here's a marauilous convenient
place for our rehearsal. This greene plot shall be our
stage, this hauethome brake our tyring houe, and we will
do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke.

But. Peter ouch...
Peter. What faith thou, bully Bottom?
But. There are things in this Comedy of Piramus and
Thysbe, that will never plesse. First, Piramus must draw
a sword to kill himselfe; which the Ladies cannot abide.
How anware you that?

Snoate. Berlainke, a parlious feare.
Star. I believe we must leave the killing out, when
all is done.

But. Not a whir, I have a deteste to make all well.
Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologuist seeme to say,
we will do no harme with our swords, and that Piramus
is not kill'd indeepe; and for the more better assurance,
tell them, that 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 eithe and fixe.

But. No, make it two more, let it be written in eight
and eight.

Snoate. Will not the Ladies be affayd of the Lyon?
Star. I fear it, I promise you.

But. Makers, you ought to confedr with your felues, to
bring in (God forthe) the Lyon among Ladies, is a more
dreadfull thing. For there is not a more fearefull wide
foule then your Lyon liuing: and wee ought to looke
unto it.

Snoate. Therefore another Prologue must teell he is not
a Lyon.

But. Nay, you must name his name, and halfe his face
must be seene 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

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requell you, or I would entreat you, not to be are, not to
tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither
as a Lyon, it were pity of my life. No, I am no such
thing, I am as other men are; and there indeed let
him in his name, and he calleth plainly be of the
loyners.

Quin. Well, it shall be so: but there is two hard
things, that is, to bring the Moone-light into a cham-
bler: for you know, Piramoun and Thoby meete by Moone-
light.

Sn. Doth the Moone shine that night wee play our
play?

Ber. A Calendar, a Calendar, looke in the Almanack,
finde out Moone-shine, finde out Moone-shine.

Enter Pack.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Ber. Why then may you issue a casement of the
great chamber window (where we play) open, and the Moone
may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Let clere one must come in with a bush of thorns
and a lanthorne, and say he comes to disfigure, or to pre-
pent the perfon of Moone-shine. Then there is a other
thing, we must hauue a wall in the great Chamber; for Pi-
ramon and Thoby (that aree the Rhory) did talk through the
chuckle of a wall.

Sn. You can never bring in a wall. What say you
Bellum?

Ber. Some man or other must pretend wall, and let
him hauve some Pilaster, or some Lome, or some tough
stuff about him, to dignifie wall; or let him hold his
fingers thus; and through that cranny, shall Piramoun and
Thoby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit
downe every mothers sonne, and rehearse your parts.

Piramoun, you begin when you have spoken your speech,
enter into that Brave, and so every one according to his
cue.

Enter Pack.

* Rob. What hemen home-sighs haue we waggling-
ring here,
So near the Cradle of the Fairerie Queen?
What a Play toward? Ile be an auditor,
An Actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speake Piramou: Thoby stand forth,
Fyr. Thoby, the flowers of odious fauors in eete.

Quin. Odours, odours.

Fyr. Odours fauors sweete,
So hath thy breath, my clearest Thoby dese.
But harke, a voyce: play thou but here a while,
And by and by I will to thee appeare.

Exeunt. Ber.

Pack. A Franter Piramoun, then ye shall please here.

Thob. Musl I speake now?

Ber. I marry must you. For you must underteil he
goes but to see a voyce that he heard, and is to come a
again.

Thoby. Most radiant Piramoun, most Lily white of hue,
Of colours like the red rofe on triumphant bryer,
Most briskly junemall, and eke most loudly Lew,
As true as trueth horse, that yet wende no tyrte,
Ille meete thee Piramoun, at Nineus toombre.

Pir. Nineus toombe maie why, youm will not speake
that yet: that you answer to Piramoun: you speake all
his parts at once, cutte and all. Piramoun enter, your eue is
pall; it is never tyrte.

Thoby. O as true as trueth horse, that yet wende no
tyrte:

Pir. If I were fawe, this thy I were onely thine.

Pir. Monstrous. Of strange. We are hanted; pray
matters, flye matters, helpe.

The Calumet all Exit.

Fyr. Ile follow you. He lead you about a Round,
Through bogge, through bush, through brake, through
Sometime a horse ile be, sometime a hound: (bryer,
A hogge, a headlefe behate, sometime a fire,
And neigh, and bate, and grunt, and roar, and bune,
Like horse, hound, hog, bate, fire, at every turne. Exit.

Enter Piramoun with the Affe head.

Ber. Why do they run away? This is a knavery
of them to make us afeard. Enter Snowe.

Sn. O Bottom, thou art changd: What doe I see on
thee?

Ber. What do you see? You see an Affe-head of your
owne, do you?

Enter Peter Quince.

Pir. Blesse thee Bottom, blesse thee; thou art transla-
ted.

Ber. I fee their knavery: this is to make an affe of me,
to fright me if they could; but I will not sitt from
this place, do what they can. I will walke vp and downe
here, and I will fign that they shall heare I am not a
fraid.

The Woosell cocke, so blacke of hew,
With Orange-tawny bill.

The Throffe, with his note so true,
The Wren and little quill.

Tyr. What Angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

Ber. The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Lurke,
The plainling Cuckow gray;
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And darst not answere, nay.

For indeed, who would let his wit to so foolish a bird?
Who would gave a bird the ey, though he cry Cuckow,
never to?

Tyr. I pray thee gentle mortall, fing againe,
Mine care is much esmaroied of thy note;
On the firt view to say, to swere I love thee,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape,
And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth move me,

Ber. Me-thinks mingyffe, you should have little
reason for that: and yet to say the truth, reason and
loure keepe little company together, nowadayes.

The more the pittie, that foure honest neighbours will
not make them friends. Nay, I can glecke upon occasion.

Tyr. Thou art as wife, as thou art beautifull.

Ber. Not so neither: but if I had wit enough to get
out of this wood, I haue enough to ferue mine owne
tyme.

Tyr. Out of this wood, do not desire to goe,
Thou shalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate:

The Summer thil dore tend upon my face,
And I doe loue thee, therefore goe with me,
Ile give thee Faireties to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deepes,
And fing, while thou on priled flowers dost sleepe.

And I will purge thy mortall grossesse of,
That thou shalt like an aine spirit goe.

Enter Pirou. Lysanfel, Calwch, Mith, Mussard-
sector, and some Fairies.

Fyr. Ready, and I loud, I, and I, Where shall we go?

Tyr. Be.
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Tita. Be kind and courteous to this Gentleman,
Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eyes,
Feed him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,
With purple Grapes, greenes Figs, and Mulberries,
The home-bags delle from the humble Bees,
And for night-tapes crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fire-side, into warming eyes,
To have my loue to bed, and to rise:
And plucke the wings from painted Butterflies,
To fan the Moone-beames from his sleeping eyes.
Nod to him Elues, and drope him curtseys.

Cab. Coubob.
Bot. I shall desire you more acquaintance, good Maitre Coubob:
If I can my finger, I shall make bold with you.
Your name honest Gentleman?
Prof. Peche boifane.
Bot. I pray you commend mee to mislrest.Spache,
your mother, and to maister Pasfod your father.
Good maitre Peche-boifane, I final desire of you more acquaintance to.
Your name I befeech you for it.
Prof. Pasfod-boifane.
Bot. Good maitre Pasfod boifane, I know your patience well:
That fame cowardly gyante-like Oxe beef hath devour'd many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good Maitre Pasfod boifane.

Tit. Come waite upon him, lead him to my bower.
The Moone me-thinks, lookes with a watter eie,
And when the weeper, weepes eueris little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tye vp my lovers tongue, bring him silently.

Exit King of Phæace.

Ob. I wonder if Titania be awak't:
Then what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must done on, in extremity.

Enter Puck.
Here comes my messenger: how now mad spirit,
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?
Wack. My Miftress with a monster is in love,
Neere to her clofe and confederate bow'r,
While she was in her dull and sleeping bow'r,
A crew of patches, rude Mechanick,
That worke for bread upon Athenian high,
Were met togerher to rehearse a Play,
Intended for great Tiffsom nuptiall day:
The shalowet thick-skyn of that barren fort,
Who Pariamus prefented in their fort,
Forsooke his Scene, and entred in a brake,
When I did him at this advantage take,
An Affet note I fixed on his head.
Anon his Thrabbe must be answer'd,
And forth my Mimmick comes: when theye him spie,
As Wilde-geese that the creeping Fowlers eye,
Or ruffled-pated thoughts, tyme in tyme in fort
(Rifing and cawing at the gunes report)
Sear theirselues, and mastic swepe the skye:

So as his fight, away his fellows flie,
And at our flambe, here ere and one one fell;
He murther cryes, and helpe from Atheni call.
Their fene thys weak, loft with their tears thus strong,
Made feneilele things begyn to do them wrong.
For briers and thomess at their apparel snatch,
Some fiercees, some bares, from yeelders all things catch,
I led them on in this distracted fear.
And left sweete Pariamus trasulated there:
When in that momet (for it came to passe)
Tytania waked, and straitly way lovd an Alfe.
Ob. This falls out better then I could dicrete:
But haft thou yet lach the Athenian eyes,
With the loue yyte, as I did bid thee doe?
Puck. I tooke him sleeping (that is timfght to)
And the Athenian woman by his side,
That when he wake, to force the must be cyde.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Ob. Stand close, this is the name Athenian.
Rob. This is the woman, but not this the man.
Demetrius. O why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lysean. To lach at me?
With what breath so bitter on your bitter foe?
Her. Now I but chide, but I should vie thee worse.
For though (I fear), I hate me caus'd to curse,
If thou hast flame Lysander in his sleepe,
Being ore fluxes in blood, plunge in the deeps, and kill me too:
The Sunne was not to true unco the day,
As he to me. WOULD he have stolen away,
From Sleepin' Hermia? He became as loone.
This whole earth may be forrd, and that the Moone
May through the Center crepe, and so displease
Her brothers noontide, with the Antipodes.
It cannot be but thou haft murthered him,
So shoul'd a murderer so looke, so dead, logrime.
Demetrius. So should the murderere looke, and so shoul'd I,
Dript through the heart with your freame cruelty:
Yet you the murderer looks as bright as cleare,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.
Her. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?
Dem. I'd rather give his cark sife to my hounds.
Hermia. Our dog, our cur, thou druf't me paft the bounds
Of maidsens patience. Haft thou slaine him then?
Henceforth be neuer numbered among men.
Oh, once tell true, even for my sake,
Durst thou a lookt upon him, bring him awake?
And haft thou kill'd him sleepeing? O bestre tutch:
Could not a woman, an Adder do so much?
An Adder did it: for with doubluer tongue
Then thine (thou serpente) never Adder stung.
Demetrius. You spend your passions on a mifprisid mood,
I am not guiltie of Lysander blood:
Nor is he dead for ought that I can tell,
Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.
Dem. And if I could, what should I get therefore?
Her. A pruillidge, never to fee me more;
And from thy hated presence I see me no more
Whether he be dead or no.

Demetrius. There is no following her in this fierce vaine,
Here therefore for a while I will remaine.

Forsoower heuninelle dove heather growe:
For debt that bankrupt the doth forrow owre,
Which now in some flight measure it pyle.

If
A Midsummer night's Dreame.

If for her tender here I make some stay.

Lye down.

O, what haste done! Thou hast mistakenly
And laid the loue truec on false true loues fight:
Of thy misprision, most profet in fine
Some true loue turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Rer. Then fate ore-tuler, that one man holding truth,
A million faile, confounding oath on oath.

O. About the wood, goe sweeter then the winde,
And Helena of Athens looke thou finde.

All fancy ficker she is, and pale of cheere,
With sighes of loue, that costis the fith-bloud desire.
By fame illation tree thou bring her heere,
Ile chance his eyes against the doth appeare.

Rer. I go, I go, looke how I goe,
Sweeter then arrow from the Tartars bowe.
Exit.

O. Flower of this purple die,
Hit with Cupids archery,
Sink in apple of his eye,
When his loue he doth eie,
Let her flinge as glorious
As the Venus of the sky,
When thou wak't if the be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our Fairy band,
Helena is here at hand,
And the youth, mistooke by me,
Pleading for a Louer fee.
Shall we their food Pagane see?
O Lord, what fools their mortals be!

O. Stand aside: the noyce they make,
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woe one,
That must needs be sport alone;
And those things due best please me,
That belal preposterously.

Enter Demetrius and Helena.

Ly. Why should you think I should woor in scorn?
Someone or derision never comes in tears:
Looke when I wase I wepe; and vowes so borne,
In their inatity all truth appears.
How can these things in me,eme to come to you?
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true.

Hel. You doe advance your cunning more & more,
When truth kils truth. O djiel holes holi fra!
These vowes are Hermia. Will you give her orz?
Weare oath with oath, and you will nothing weare.
Your vowes to her, and me (put in two scales)
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

Ly. I had no judgement, when to her I swore.
Hel. Nor none in my mind, now you give her ore.

Ly. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you. Owe.

Dem. O tiden, adde thee, minth, perfec't, diune.
To what thy loue, shall I compare thine cyne?
Christall is mudy, O low rpe in thow,
Thy lips, those killing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure conceale, that white, high Zermur know,
Faw'd with the laftere wine, turnes to a crow,
When thou holdit vp thy hand. O let me kiffe
This Princesse of pure white, this sea of blisse.

Hell. O spight! O hell! I fe ye are all bent
To fres againe me, for your merriment:
If you were ciull, and knew curese,
You would not doe me thus much injury.
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Two lovely berries molded on one stem,
So wish two frenzied bodies, but one heart,
Two of the first life costs in Heraldy,
Due but to one and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient louse alender,
To joine with men in learning your poor friend?
It is not friendly,’tis not maidenly,
Our fece as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone doe feel the inuiron.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words,
I scarce you not, It seemes that you scarce me.
Hel. Hau e you not for Lyfander, as in forome?
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other louse, Demetrius.

(Who cuen but now did spurne me with his footes)
To call me goddesse, nymph, duine, and rare.
Precious, celestial! Wherefore speaks he this?
To her he hates? And wherefore doth Lyfander?
Deny your love, for rich within his loue.
And tender me (forsooth) affection,
But by your setting on, by your content?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung vpon with love, so fortunate?
(But miserable moff, to lose valour’d)
This you shoulde pittie, rather then defpise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.
Hel. I doe, deepfeuer, counterfeite fad looks,
Make mouths vpon me when I turne my backe,
Winke each at other, hold the sweete ict vp:
This sport well carried, shall be chronied,
If you have any pittie, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument:
But fare ye well, this partly mine fault.
Which death or absence soone shall remedie.

Lyf. Stay gentle Helena, heare my excuse,
My loue, my life, my soule, faire Helena.

Hel. O excellent! Sweete, do not forborne.

Dem. If the cannot entreate, I can compel.

Lyf. Thou cannot compel, no more then the entreate.
Thy threats have no more strength then her weak prake.

Hel. I love thee, by my life I doe,
In estate by which I will live for thee,
To prove him false, that faies I love thee not.

Dem. I lay, I love thee more then he can do.

Lyf. If thou say so, with-draw and prove it too.

Lyf. Away, you Eniope.

Dem. No, no, Sir, seeme to breake loose.

Take on as you would follow,
But yet come not: you are a came man, go.

Lyf. Hang off thou cat, thou burly, vile thing let loose,
Or I will make thee from me like a serpent.

Her. Why are you groune fo rude?
What change is this sweete Louse?

Lyf. Thy love? out away Tartar, out;
Out loathed medicine; O hated poison hence.

Her. Do you not left?

Hel. Yes, footed, and so do you.

Demetrius will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond, for I perceive
A weake bond holds you; I nee truft your word.

Lyf. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, hee not harme her so.

Her. What can you do me greater harme then hate?

Hate me, wherefore? O me, what newses my Loue?
Am not I Hermia? Am not you Lyfander?
I am a faire now, as I was earlie.
Since night you loue’d me;yet since night you left me.
Why then you left me (O the gods forbid)
In earneit, shall I say?

Lyf. I, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of queستion, of doubt;
Be certaine,nothing truer: this is left,
That I doe hate thee, and love Helena.

Her. O me, you Juger, you canker blossome,
You thee of love; What, haue you come by night,
And done my loues heart from him?

Hel. Fine ysfah:
Have you no modesty, no maiden frame,
No touch of bashfullnesse? What, will you tease
Inpatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie, you counterfeit, you puppet, you.

Her. Puppet? why fo? That way goes the game.
Now I perceive that the hate made compare
Between our flutteres, the hath vrg’d her height,
And with her perfounge, her tall parchment,
Her height (forsooth) the hath pretendi’d with him.
And are you grovne so high in his efeene,
Because I am so dwarfe, and so low?
How low am I, thou pointed May-pole? Speake,
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my naiies can reach vnto chine eyes.

Hel. I pray you though you mocke me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me; I was never cuiff’d:
I haue no gift at all in firewiffnesse;
I am a right maide for my cowardize;
Let her not strike me; you perhaps may thinke,
Because she is something lower then my selfes,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower! harke again.

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be fo bitter with me,
I evermore did loue you Hermia,
Did ever keepe your counsels, never wronged you,
Save that in loue into Demetrius,
I told him of your thriftlesse into this wood.
He followed you, I feare to fellow him,
But he hath chide me hence, and threatened me
To strike me, spurne me, may to kill me too;
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly backe,
And follow you no further. Let me go.

You see how simple, and how fond I am.

Her. Why get you gone? who lift that hindres you?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind,

Her. What, with Lyfander?

Her. With Demetrius.

Lyf. Be not afraid she shall not harme thee Helena.

Dem. No sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O when she’s angry, she is keene and throughed,
She was a vixen when she went to schoolle,
And though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little a graine? Nothing but low, and little?
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

Lyf. Get you gone you dwarf, you minimus, of hindering knot-grasse made,
You bead, you acorne.

Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalfe that scorces your device.

Let
A Midsummer Night's Dream

Let her alone, speak not of Helena,
Take not her part. For if thou dost intend
Never so little flower of love to her,
Thou shalt abate it.

Her. Nay, now she holds me not,
Now follow if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow' Nay, I'll goe with thee cheake by
iowl. Exeunt Lysander and Demetrius.

Her. You Mistifis, all this coyle is long of you.
My son, goe not backe.

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 twenty wear away.

Enter Oberon and Puck.

Oh. This is thy negligence, still thou mistak'ft,
Or else commit'st thy knavery willingly.

Puck. Belieue me, King of shadowes, I mistake,
Did not you tell me, I should know the man,
By the Athenian garments he hath on?
And so faire blancketly proues the emperize,
That I have winne an Athenian eie,
And do have am I glad, if so did Fort,
As this their railing I elecume a sport.

Oh. Thou feest these Louers seake a place to fight,
He therefore Rohus, oncercat the night,
The barrie Welkin couer the thou anon,
With drooping foggie as blacke as Acheron,
And leave these thee: Reuelas to a thrall,
As one com and not within another may.
Like to Lysander, sometime frame thy tongue,
Therefore Demetrius vp with bitter wrong,
And sometime rale thou like Demetrius:
And from each other looke thou leaue them thus.
Till ore their bowres, death coounterfeiting sleepe,
With leadeen legs, and Battie-wings doth sleepe;
Then craft this hearte into Lysander eie,
Whole liquor'st thou this vertuous propertie,
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eie-balls rule with wonderd fight
When they next wake al this denfion
Shall seeme a dreame, and truftie vision,
And backe to Athenes shall the Louers wend
With leaque, whole date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affaire doe they lye,
Ile to my Queene, and beg her Indian Boy;
And then I will be comfortable to lisse.

Puck. My faire Lord, this must be done with haste,
For night with Dragons cut the Clouds full fast,
And wonder shine Austral haubinge.
At whole approche Ghosts wandering here and there,
Tropes house to Church-yards; dannon spirits all,
That in croffe-wates and flouds bace bussall,
Already to these, worme beds are gone;
For scarce euer day should looke their shamers vnpon,
They willfully themselves dye all from light,
And oure for eye comfort with blacks browd night.

Oh. But we are spirits of another bowt:
I, with the moons light truce oft made sport,
And like a Forrester, the greater may tread,
Even all the Eastern race all feste red,
Opening on Neptune, with faire bledded beams,
Tunes into yellow gold, his fast green dreames.

But nor with standing haste, make no delay:
We may effect this businesse, yet ere day.

Puck. Vp and downe, vp and downe, I will leade
them vp and downe: I am fear'd in field and company.

Gobias, lead them vp and downe: here comes one.

Enter Lysander.

Lys. Where is that thou, proud Demetrius?
Speak thou now.

Rob. Here villain, drawne & readie. Where art thou?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Rob. Follow me then to planier ground.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. Lysander, speakes againe;
Thou runnaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak in some bushe: Where dost thou hide thy head?

Rob. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushest thou look'd for in was,
And wilt not come? Come recreant, come thou child.
Ile whip thee with a rod. He is defil'd
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea, art thou there?

Re. Follow my voice, we'll try no manhood here. Exit.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on,
When I have where he calls, then he's gone.
The villain is much lighter heed'd then I:
I followed fast, but faster he did flye;
Rising place.

That felln am I in darke vnuen way,
And here will rest me. Come thou gentle day: lyd down.

For if but once thou shew me thy gray light,
I finde Demetrius, and seueinge this sight.

Enter Robin and Demetrius.

Rob. Ho, ho, ho, coward, why com'th thou not now?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st. For well I wot,
Thou runn before me, shifting every place,
And dar'ft not hand, nor looke me in the face.

Where art thou?

Rob. Come hither, I am here.

Dem. Nay then thou mock'st me; thou finisst but thine dece.
If euer I thy face by day-light see,
Now goe thy way: famall'le conatineth me,
To measure out my length on this cold bed,
By dates approacht it to be visitd.

Enter Helena.

Hel. O very night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thine hours, thine commors from the East,
That I may backe to Athenes by day-light,
From these that my poore companie deefit;
And flepe that sometime shua vp forroves eie,
Steale me a while from mine owne companie. Sleep.

Rob. Yet but three? Come one more,
Two of both kindes makes vp loue.
Here fire comes, curtif and sad,
Cupid is a knauff lad.

Enter Herus.

Thus to make poore females mad.

Her. Neuer to weare, never to be weare;
Bedabbled with the dew, and come with briers,
I can not further creade, no further create.
My legs can keep no pace with my defines.
Here will I rest me till the brake of day,
Heauens shield Lysander, if they meane a fray.

Rob. On the ground flepe found,
It applye your eie gentle lover, remembe.
When thou wake't, thou tak't
True delight in the fight of thy frether Ladies eye,
And the Country Proverb is knowne, 
That every man should take his owne.
In your wakening shall be knowne:
Lucky shall have ill, none shall goo ill,
The man shall have his Mare againe; and all shall bee well.

Enter Queene of Fairies, and Clowne, and Fairies, and the King behind them.

Tita. Come, fit thee downe upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable chekkes doe toy,
And tickle museke roses in thy faceke inotho the head,
And kiffe thy faire large eares, my gentle toy.
Clowne. Where's Peasfecha?
Cob. Ready.

Clowne. Mounteuer Cobweb, good Mounteuer get thy weapons in your hand, & kill me a red hipt humble-bee, on the top of a thistle; and good Mounteuer bring mee the hony bag. Do not frey thy selfe too much in the action, Mounteuer; and good Mounteuer haue a care the hony bag breake not, I shalbe loath to haue thee over-flowne with a hony-bag signeout. Where's Mounteuer Mustafter?

Muf. Ready.

Cob. Give me your morning, Mounteuer Mustafterseed.
Pray you leave your courtesie good Mounteuer.
Muf. What's your will?

Cob. Nothing good Mounteuer, but to help Caulery Cobweb to scratch. I must to the Barber Mounteuer, for me-thinks I am marishous hairie about the face. And I in forth a tender affe, if my hair be do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tita. What wilt thou haue same musicke, my sweete love.
Clowne. I have a reasonable good care in musicke. Let vs haue the tongs and the bones.

Musicke Tong, all Musicke.

Tita. Or say sweete Loue, what thou defirest to eat.

Cobweb. Truly a pecke of Proseender; I could munch your good dry Ques. Me-thinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hony: good hony, sweete hony hath no fellow.

Tita. I haue a venemous Fairy, That shall seke the Squirrels hoard, And fetch thee now Nut.
Clowne. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. But I pray you let none of your people thirne me, I have an expostution of hapy come upon me.

Tita. Sleepep thou, and I will wende thee in my arms, Faries bee gone, and be swifte away.
So doth the woodbine, the sweete Honisuckle, Gently entwistle the temple toy to Entangle the baky fingers of the Elme.

O how I loose thee! how I loose thee on thee!

Enter Robin goodfellaw and Oberson.

Ob. Welcome good Robin:
Seesthou this sweete sight? Her dosage now I doe begin to pity.
For meeting her at late behinde the wood, Seeking sweete favours for this hatefull foole, I did yebravid her, and fell out with her.
For his the haly temples then had roubted, With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers, And that same dew which fomontime on the buds, Was wont to swell like round and orient peales; Stayd now within the pretty flourriess eyes, Like teares that did their owne disgrace bewaile.

When I had at my pleasure caunterd her, And in the milde termes beg'd my patience, I then did ask'd her, her changeling childe, Which straight the gave me, and her Fairy frento To beare him to my Bower in Fairy Land.

And now I have the Boy, I will vndoe This hatefull imp𝗹ecʃioν of her eyes. And gentle Pocke take this transformed scalp, From off the head of this Athenesian swaine; That haue awaking when the other doe, May all to Athenes becke againe repaire, And thinke no more of these nightes accidents, But as the fierce vexation of a dreame, But first I will release the Fairy Queene.

Be thou as thou wost wint want to be; 
See as thou wost wint to see.

Dires lea, or Capiot flower, 
Hat haue such force and blissful power.

Now my Titia wakke you my sweet Queene, 
Tita. My Oberson, what visions have I seen! Me-thought I was enamoured of an Affe.
Ob. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to passe?
Oh, how mine eyes doth losse this visage now!

Ob. Silence a while, Robin take off his head:
Titania musick call, and flinke more dead
Then common sleep; of all this, I doe the rest.

Tita. Musick, he musick, such as charmeth sleepe.

Musick flinke.

Ob. When thou wake, with thine owne foolest eyes sleepe.

Ob. Sound musick; come my Queene, take hands with And rokke the ground whereon thefe sleepeare be.

Now thou and I am new in amity, And will to morrow with delight, tommelys Dance in Duke Theseus house triumphantly, And bleede it to all faire potterey, There shall the pairs of faithfull Louers be Wedded, with Theseus, all in sollicy.

Ob. Fare King attend, and marke, I doe heare the morning Lark.

Ob. Then my Queene in fience sad, 
Trip we after the nights shade; 
We the Globe can compare loone, 
Swifter then the winding Moone.

Tita. Come my Lord, and in our sights Tell me how it came this night, That I sleepeing here was found,

Sleepers Eys is sle.

With
Well, it seems I have been reading through a page of a play in English. The text is quite dense and contains references to classical literature and mythology. Here's a transcription as natural text:

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**Enter Theseus, Egeus, Hippolyta, and all his train.**

**Theseus.** Go one of you; find out the Forester, for now our obsequious is performed; and since we have the vaward of the day, my Lord shall hear the musick of my hounds.

Vasco in the wilder valley, let them go; dispatch I say, and find out the Forester.

We will fare Queene, up to the Mountains tock. And make the musick a confusion.

Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

**Hippolyta.** I was with Hercules and Cadmus once, when in a wood of Crete they bayed the Bear With hounds of Sparta; never did I hear Such gallant chiding. For besides the groose, The skis, the four stones, every region near, Seeme all one musick cry. I never heard So musick a discord, such sweet thunder.

**Theseus.** My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind, so few'd, so fanned, and their heads are hung With ears that sweepe away the morning dew, Crooke knob, and dew-lap, like Thefaul's Buls, Slow in purif, but match'd in mouch like bals, Each vnder each. A cry more tunable, Was never hallowed to, nor chear'd with horne, but in Crete, in Sparta, as in Thefaul's, judge when you heare. But sweet, what nimphs are these? **Egeus.** My Lord, this is my daughter here asleep, and this Lydus, this Demetrius is. **This Helena, old Neders Helena, I wonder of this being here together.**

**Theseus.** No doubt they rove vp early, to obserue The night of May; and hearing our intent, Came heere in grace of our solemnity But speak Egeus, is not this the day, that Hermia should give answer of her choice? **Egeus.** It is my Lord, **Theseus.** Go bid the hunt-men wake them with their hones.

**Horses and they wake.**

About within, they all start vp.

**Theseus.** Good morrow friends. Saint Valentine is past, Begin these wood birds but to couple now. **Lys.** Pardon my Lord, **Theseus.** I pray you all stand vp.

I know you two are Rival enemies. How comes this gentle concord in the world? That hatred is so farre from malice, To sleepe by harts, and feare no eminy.

**Lys.** My Lord, I shall reply amazely, Half sleepe, half waking. But as yet, I sweare, I cannot truly say how I came here. But as I think (for truly would I speake) And now I doe bethink me, for it is; I came with Hermia hither. Our intent Was to be gone from Athens, where we might be Without the peril of the Athenian Law.

**Egeus.** Enough, enough, my Lord; you have enough; I beg the Law, the Law, upon his head: They would have stolen away, they would Demetrius, Therefore to have defeated you and me; You of your wife, and me of my content; Of your content, that she should be your wife.

**Demetrius.** My Lord, fair Hermia tolde me of their health, Of this their purpose hither, to this wood, And I in furie hither followed them; **Hermia, in fancy followed me.**

But my good Lord, I wot not what power (But by some power it is) my love To Hermia (melted as the snow) Seems to me now as the remembrance of an idle guafe, Which in my childhood I did doot upon: And all the faith, the veruue of my heart, the object and the pleasure of mine eye. Is only Hermia. To her, my Lord, was I breath'd, ere I see Hermia, But like a sickeneff did I leath this food, But as in health, come to my natural taste, Now doe I with it, love it, long for it, And will for evermore be true to it.

**Theseus.** Faire Lovers, you are fortunately met, Of this discourse we shall hear more anon.

**Egeus.** I will utter-beare your will; for in the Temple, by and by with vs, these couples shall eternall be knit. And for the morning now is something wore, Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside. Away, with vs to Athens; three and three, We'll hold a feast in great solemnite.

**Come supphats.**

**Exit Duke and Lords.**

**Demetrius.** These things seems small & vridishings, like farre off mountains turn'd into clouds. **Her.** Me-thinks I see these things with parted eye, When every things seemes double.

**Hel.** So me-thinks: And I have found Demetrius, like a jeweill, Mine owne, and not mine owne.

**Dem.** It seemes to mee, That yet we sleepe, we dreame. Do not you think, The Duke was here, and bid vs follow him? **Her.** Yes, and my Father, **Hel.** And Hippolyta. **Lys.** And bid vs follow to the Temple. **Dem.** Why then we are awake; let's follow him, and by the way let vs recount our dreams.

**Bottom's waking.**

**Exit Louts.**

**Ces.** When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer.

My next is, most faire Perseus. Hey ho. Peter Quince? Take this bellows-mender? Show the tinkers? Startling? Gods my life! Stoic hence, and left me slipel I have had a most rare vision. I had a dreamt, paie the wit of man, to say, what dreamt it was. Man is but an Afe, if he goe about to expound this dreamm. Me-thought I was, there is no man can tell what. Me-thought I was, and me-thought I had. But man is but a patch'd fool, if he will offer to say, what me-thought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, mans hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballet of this dream, it shall be called Bottoms Dreame, because it hath no bottome; and I will sing it in the latter end of play, before the Duke. Pere aduenture, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.

**Exit.**

**Enter Quince, Flute, Thisbe, Snout, and Starveling.**

**Quine.** Have you sent to Bottoms house? Is he come hame yet?

**Snout.** He cannot be heard of. Our doubt he is transferred.
Enter Louers, Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.

The. Here come the louers, full of joy and mirth:
Joy, gentle friends, joy and fresh days
Of love accompany your hearts.

Lys. More then to vs, wait in your royall walks,
your board, your bed.
The. Come now, what maskes, what dances shall we have,
To weare away this long age of three hours,
Between our after supper, and bed-time?
Where is our vsual manager of mirth?
What Reuels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Egeus.

Ege. Heere mighty Theseus.
The. Say, what abridgment have you for this even-
ning?
What maskes? What musick? How shall we beguile
The lazie time, if not with some delight?
Ege. There is a breefe how many sports are rife
Make choice of which your Highnesse will see first.
Lys. The boxell with the Centaurs to be sung
By an Athenian Eunuch, to the Harpe.
The. We'll none of that. That have I told my Loue
In glory of my kinman Hercules.
Lys. The riot of the tippe Bachanals,
Tearing the Thracian finger, in their rage?
The. That is an old deute, and it was plaid
When Irom Thetis came left a Conqueror.
Lys. The threc three Muses, mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceas’d in beggerie.
The. That is some Satyre keen and critickall,
Not forting with a nuptiall cermonie.
Lys. A tedious brevett Scene of yong, Piramus,
And his loue Thysbe; very tragicall mirth.
The. The Merry and tragiwell! Teditious, and briefe? That
is, hot ice, and wondrouse strange snow. How shall we
finde the concord of this discord?
Ege. A play there is, my Lord, some ten words long,
Which is as breefe, as I scarce knowne a play;
But by ten words, my Lord, it is too long;
Which makes it tedious. For in all the play,
There is not one word sat, one Player fitted,
And tragical my noble Lord it is: for Piramus
Therein doth kill himselfe. Which when I saw
Reheart, I must confesse, made mine eyes water:
But more mettie teares, the passion of loud laughter
Never fied.

Theb. What are they that do play it?
Ege. Hard handed men, that worke in Athens heere,
Which newer laboured in their minds till now;
And now have toyled their vehemt memories
With this same play, against your nuptiall.
The. And we will heare it.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Egeus and his Lords.

Hipp. 'Tis strange my Theseus, these louers speake of.
The. More strange then true. he may beleeue
These antickke fables, not these Fairy toyes.
Louers and mad men have such fettishing braine,
Such shaping phantasies, that apprehend more
Then coole reason ever comprehends.
The Luncticke, the Louer, and the Poet,
Are of imagination all compast.
One feen more diuels than vaile hell can hold;
That is the madman. The Louer, all as franticke,
Sees Helen beauty in a brow of Egypt.
The Poets eye in a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance
From heauen to earth, from earth to heauen.
And as imagination bodies forth the fruits of things
Unknowne; the Poets pen turnes them to shapes,
And giues to write nothing, a local habitation,
And a name. Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehend some bringer of that joy.
Or in the night, imagining some feare,
How easie is a buff tops'd a Bear?

Hipp. But all the storie of the night told ouer,
And all their minds transfigur'd do together,
More wittifull than fancies images,
And groves to sommething of great conftancies
But howefuer, strange, and admirable.

Exeunt.
This greedy best (which by a knight is named)
The trucly Thoby, coming first by night,
Did forestry away, or rather did affright:
And as she fled, her mantle she did fall;
Which Lyon vyle with bloody mouth did line.
Anon comes Piramus, sweet youth and tall,
And findes his Thoby Mantle line;
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade,
He brauely broachte his boiling bloody breath,
And Thoby, trayrving in Mulberry bade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the reli,
Let Lyon, Moose, line, and Louers swaine,
At large discouer, while here they do rest remaine.
Exit all but Wall.
Thoby: I wondred if the Lion be to speake.
Deme. No wonder, my Lord: one Lion may, when many Aftes doe.

Exit Lyon, Thoby, and Moosebine.

Wall. In this same Interlude, it doth befall,
That lyme Simon (by name) pretend a wall.
And such a wall, as I would have you thinke,
That had in it a crannied hole or chink:
Through which the Louers, Piramus and Thoby
Did whisper often, very secretly.
This loame, this rough-call, and this stone doth swewe,
That I am that same Wall; the truth is so.
And this the crunny is, right and smailer,
Through which the tearfull Louers are to whisper.
Thoby. Would you desire Lime and Hair to speake better?
Deme. It is the wisestf partition, that ever I heard discouer, my Lord.

Enter Prologue.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should thinke, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To thee 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 thee. That you should here repent you,
The A.Cors are at hand: and by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know.
Thoby. This fellow doth not stand upon points.
Lyon. He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Cole: he knowes not the blow. A good morrow my Lord. It is not enough to speake, but to speake true.
Thoby. Indeed he hath plaid on his Prologue, like a childe on a Recorder, a round, but not in government.
Thoby. His speech was like a tangled chaste: nothing impaireed, but all disordered. Who is next?

Enter Pyramus and Thoby, Wall, Moose, line, and Lyon.

Pro. Gentles, perhance you wonder at this show,
But wonder on, till truth make all things plaine.
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
This beauteous Lady, Thoby is certaine.
This man, with lyme and rough-call, doth pretend
Wall, that vile wall, which did the poor Louers funder:
And through walls chink (poor loues) they are content
To whisper. At which, let no man wonder.
This man, with Lanthorne, dog, and bull of thorne,
Presenteth moose-line. For if you will know,
By moose, line did their Louers thinke no for once
To meet at Nano, battes, there, there to woe:

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Enter Lyon and Moone shine.

Lyon. You Ladies, you (whole gentle hearts do fear The smallest mist or mourle that creeps on floure.) May now perciefe, both quike and tremble here, When Lion rough in wildfet rage doth roare.

Then know that I, one Snow the loyner am A Lion fell, not eels nor Lions dam: For if I shoul'd as Lion come in strife Into this place, twere pittie of my life. 

Du. A verie gentle beaft, and of a good confequence. 

Dem. The verie beaft at a beaft, my Lord, ye eare I law. 

Lif. This Lion is a verie Fox for his valor. 

Du. True, and a Goofe for his difcretion. 

Dem. Not fo my Lord: for his valor cannot carrie his difcretion, and the Fox carries the Goofe.

Du. His difcretion I am sure cannot carrie his valor: for the Goofe carries not the Fox. It is well; leave it to his difcretion, and let vs hearken to the Moone.

Moone. This Lanthorne doth the honred Moone pre- fent.

Du. He shoul'd have wore the horns on his head. 

Du. Here is no creft, and his horns are inufible, within the circumference.

Moone. This lant horn doth the honred Moone pre- fent: My felfe, the man I'm Moone doth feeme to be. 

Du. This is the greateft error of all the reef: the man should be put into the Lanthorne. How is it els the man I'm Moone? 

Dem. He does not come there for the candle.

For you fee, it is already in fluffe.

Du. I am wearable of this Moone; would he would change.

Du. It appears by his fmal light of difcretion, that he is in the wane: but yet in courefle, in all reafon, we muft fay the time.

Lif. Proceed Moone.

Moone. All that I have to fay, is to tell you, that the Lanthorne is the Moone; I, the man in the Moone; this thorne buffe, my thorne buffe; and this dog, my dog. 

Dem. Why all thefle should be in the Lanthorne for they are in the Moone. But silence, heere comes Thubby.

Enter Thubby.

Thubby. This is old Ninnies tomb: where is my love?

Lyon. Oh. 

The Lien roars, Thubby runs off.

Dem. Well roard Lion.

Du. Well run Thubby.

Dem. And then came Piramus.

Lif. And to the Lyon vanilht.
And farewell friends, thus Thubia ends;
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Duke, Moonshine & Lion are left to bury the dead.

Duke, Moonshine & Lion are left to bury the dead.

But, No, I assure you, the wall is downe, that parted
their Fathers. Will it please you to see the Epilogue, or
to hear a Bergomask dance between 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 past Faramus, and hung himselfe in Thibius
garter, it would have beene a fine Tragedy: and if it is
truely, and very notably charg'd. But come, your
Burgomase; let your Epilogue alone.

The iron tongue of midnight hath rold twelve,
Louters to bed, 'tis almost Fairy time,
I feare we shall out-sleepe the coming morne.
As much as we this night have over-watcht,
This palpable greffe play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gate of night, Sweet friends to bed.
A forint night hold we this solemnity.
In nightly Revels; and new iollitie.

Enter Page.

Page. Now the hungry Lyons roars,
And the Wolfe beholdeth the Moone:
Whilest the heavy ploughman inore,
All with weary pace fore-done.
Now the walled brands doe glow,
Whil'st the scratch owle, stretching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a thround.
Now it is the time of night,
That the grases, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his spight,
In the Church-way paths to glide.
And we Fairies, that do runne,
By the triple Heavens teame,
From the presence of the Sunne,
Following darknesse like a dreame,
Now are frolickke; not a Mouse
Shall disturbe this hallowed house.
I am sent with broome before,
To sweep the dust behind the doore.

Enter King and Queen of Fairies, with their traine.

Ob. Through the house give glistening light,

By the dead and drowsie hert,
Euerie Elfe and Faerie spright,
Hop as light as bird from brier,
And this Ditty after me, sing and dance it trippinglie.

To each words a warbling note,
Hand in hand, with Faerie grace,
Will we sing and bleffe this place.

The Song.

Now until the breaks of day,
Through this house each Fairy strays,
To the left Brides 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 Nature's hand,
Shall not in their vine stand.
Neuer more hereby nor scarce,
Nor make prodigious such as are
Despised in Naturall,
Shall upon their children be.
With high field dew conferate,
Euer Fairy take his gate,
And each generally chamber blest,
Through this Palace with sweet peace,
Euer shall in safety rest,
As the corner of a blest,
The day, make no stay;
Meet me by day's break.

Robin. If we Oxidowses have offended,
Thynke but this (and all is mended)
That you have but flumbed herte,
While these visions did appeare.
And this weak and idle theame,
No more yeelding but a dreame,
Centles, doe not reprehend.
If you pardon, we will mend.
And so I am an honest Page,
If we have vntearne lucke,
Now to scape the Serpents tongue,
We will make amends etc long:
Else the Page's alyar call.
So good night vndr you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.

FINIS.
The Merchant of Venice.

Actus primus.

Enter Antonio, Salterio, and Salario.

Ant. No faith I know not why I am so sad, it wearies me: you say it wearies you; but how I caught it, lost it, or came by it, What's made of, whereof it is born, I am to learn: and such a want-wit fadness makes of me, That I have much ado to know my selfe.

Sal. Your minde is toising on the Ocean, there where your Argosies with portly sail, Like Signioro and rich Burgers on the flood, Or as it were the Pagantes of the sea, Do out-pierce the periss Trachhters That curse to them, do them reuerence As they flye by them with their woven wings.

Saler. Believe me sir, had I such ventur forth, the better part of my affections would be with my hopes abroad. I should be still Plucking the graffe to know where fits the wind, Peering in Maps for ports, and peers, and rodes: And euer obseru'd that might make me feare Misfortune to my venturers, out of doubt Would make me sad.

Sal. My winde cooling my broth; Would blow me to an Ague, when I thought what harne my winde too great might doe at sea, I should not see the fahrour graffe runne, But I should think of shallows, and of flats, And eemy wealthy Andrew docks in land, Vailing her high top lowest then her ribs To kishe her burial; I should goe to Church And see the holy edifice of stone, And not bethinke me straight of dangerous rocks, Which touching but my gentle Veiffels side Would fester all her spicces on the fireames, Enrobe the roting waters with my flizes, And in a word, but euen now worth this, And now worth nothing. Shall I have the thought To think on this, and shall I lacke the thought That such a thing becausa'd would make me sad? But tell not me, I know Antonio.

I'm sad to thinke upon his merchandize.

Ant. Believe me no, I thank my fortune for it, My venturers are not one bottome trusted; Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate Vpon the fortune of this present yeere: Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.

Sal. Why then you are in loue.

Ant. Ee, ee.

Sal. Not in loue neither, then let us say you are sad.

Ant. Not in loue neither, then let us say you are sad.

Sal. Because you are not merry, and 'were as eale.

Ant. For you to laugh and leap, and say you are merry.

Sal. Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed Ante.

Ant. Nature hath fram'd strange fellowes in her time.

Sal. Some that will euermore peep through their eyes, And laugh like Parrots at a bag-piper, And other of such vijner apecf, That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile, Though Nefer swear the jeit be laughable.

Enter Baffano, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Sala. Here he comes Baffano, Your most noble Kinsman, Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Faryewell, We leaue you now with better company.

Ant. Your worthe friends had not prevented me.

Sal. Your worthe is very decree in my regard.

Ant. I take it your owne busines calls on you, And you embrace this occasion to depart.

Sal. Good morrow my good Lords. (when?)

Bass. Good Signiories both, when shall we laugh here?

Ant. You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

Sal. We'll make our levities to attend on yours, Exeunt Salario, and Salario.

Lor. My Lord Baffano, since you have found Antonio, We two will leave you but at dinner time I pray you hau in minde where we must meete.

Bass. I will not saie you.

Grat. You look not well signiour Antonio,

You have too much respect upon the world: They loose it that doe buy it with much care, Beleeue me you are marvellously chang'd.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world Gratiano; A stage where every man must play a part, And mine a sad one.

Grat. Let me play the foolie, With mirth and laughter let old wrinckles come, And let my Liver rather heat with wine, Then my heart cool with mortifying groans, Why should a man whose blood is warme within, Sit like his Grandfrite, cut in Alabasters? Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the laundres
The Merchant of Venice.

By being present? I tell thee what Antionia,
I leave thee, and it is my lone that speaks:
There are a sort of men, whose whole vigrants
Do own a man and mantle like a standing pond,
And do with sillfulness entertain them.
With purpose to be drest in an opinion
Of wickedness, gravity, profound conceit,
As who should say, I am an Oracle,
And when I open my lips, let no dogge bark.
O my Antionia, I do know of thee
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; when I am venere lute
If they should speak, would almost dam those ears
Which hearing them would call their brothers fooles:
Ille tell thee more of this another time.
But this not with this melancholy bate.
For this foolde Gudgin, this opinion:
Come good Lorenzo, farywell a while,
Ile end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner time.
I must be one of those fame dumbe wife men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Grat. Well, keep me company but two yeares mo,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine owne tongue.

Ant. Far you well, Ile grow a talker for this geare.

Grat. Thanks for silence, for silence is only commendable
In a few tongue trid'd, and a maid not vendible.

Exit. Ant. It is that any thing now.

Baf. Gratiano speaks an infinite deals of nothing,
More then any man in all Venice, his reasons are two
Grains of where a hid in two buhlicks of chaffe; you shall
Feel all day ere you finde them, & when you have them
They are not worth the search.

Ant. Well: tell me now, what Lady is the fame
To whom you fivre a secret Pilgrimage
That you to day promis'd to tell me of?

Baf. Tell me unkowne to you Antionia
How much I have disable myd cene,
By something thowing a more dwelling port
Then my fame names would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make none to be abridgd
From such a noble rate, but my checle care
Is to come fairely off from the great debts
Wherein in time something too prodigious
 Hath left me ggd'd: to you Antionia
I owe the moist in money, and in love,
And from your love I have a warranct.

To whom I have my doubts and pursipets,
How to get clearc of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you good Bafio to let me know it,
And if it stand as you your selfe full do,
Within the eye of honour, be affir'd
My perf, my peron, my extremen meane
I ye all unkock'd to your occasion.

Baf. In my schoole days, when I had lost one shafft
I shot his fellow of the selfsame flight
The selfsame way, with more adoisd pheast
To finde the other forth, and by adventuring both,
I had found both. I urge this child-honde proofe,
Because what followes is pure innocenc.
I owne you much, and like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you pleasure
To shooe another arrow that selfe way
Which you did shot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the yame: Or to finde both,
Or bring your latter hazard backe againe,

And thankfully reft debter for the first.

Ant. You know me well, and herein spend but time
To warme up my cause with circumstance,
And out of doubts you doe more wrong.

In making question of my extremet
Then if you had made waffe of all I have;
Then doe but say to me what I shoule doe
That in your knowledge may be me be done,
And I am prettli into it: therefore speake.

Baf. In Belmonit is a lady richly left,
And she is faire, and faire then that word,
Of wondrouses vertues, sometimes from her eyes
I did receeve faire speechleffe messages:
Her name is Portia, nothing vnderallowed
To Cato's daughter, Brutus Portia.

Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the four windes blow in from eyery coast
Renowned futors, and her funny looks
Hang on her temples like a golden sheepe,
Which makes her feast of Belmonit Chiefeest,
And many Jasos come in quest of her.
O my Antionia, had I but the means
To hold a riall place with one of them,
I have a minde preages me fuch thrift,
That I should questiones be fortunate.

Ant. Thou knowest that all my fortunes are at sea.
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present cunning, therefore goe forth
Try what my credit can in Pune doce,
That shall be backe even to the vermonth,
To furnish thee to Belmonit to faire Portia.
Goe presently enquire, and so will I.
Where money is, and I no question make
To have it of my trust, or for my sake.

Enter Portia with her waiting woman Nerissa.

Portia. By my troth Nerissa, my little body is a weare
Of this great world.

Ner. You would be sweet Madam, if your misteries
were in the fame abundance as your good fortunes are:
And yet for ought I see, they are as sickke that wither
with too much, as they that flake with nothing; it is no fume
happineffe therefor to bee facet in the meane,
supertificio comes foder by white haires, but competence
lives longer.

Portia. Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better if well followed.

Portia. If to doe were as easie as to know what were
good to doe, Chappells had beene Churche, and poore
mens cottages Princes Palacess; it is a good Diuine that
followes his owne instructiouns; I can easie teach twentie
what were good to be done, thence be one of the twentie
to follow mine owne teaching: the braine may de
ufe lawes for the blood, but a hot temper leaspe a
cold decree, such a hate is madneffe the youth, to skip
the mether of good coumafie the cripple; but this
reason is not in fasion to choosse me a husband: O me,
the word choose, I may neither chooife whom I would,
and refuse whom I dislike, for is the wil of a living daugh
ter curd by the will of a dead father: it is not hard Ner
issa, that I cannot chooife one, nor refuse none.

Ner. Your father was ever vertuous, and holy men
at ther death had good inspirations, therefore the lette
terie that hee hath defiued in these three cheeffs of gold,
fluer, and leades, whereof who chooises his meaning,
chooses you, will no doubt never be cho'ne by any rig-
right but one who shall right lust: but what warmth
is there in your affection towards any of these Princely
Lords, they have acquainted me with their deter-
minations, which is indee to returne to their home,
and to trouble you with no more fa1xe, vnille you may
be won by some other fort than your Fathers imposi-
tion, depending on the Caskets.

Par. If I live to be as old as Sibilla, I will dye as
shafe as Dianas: vnille I be obtained by the manner
of my Fathers will: I am glad this parrell of woore
are so reasonable, for there is not one among them
but I doste on his verie absence: and I with them a fare
departure.

Par. Doe you not remember Lacie in your Fa-
thers time, a Venesian, a Scheller and a Sauldier that
came hither in company of the Marquesse of Montef-
errat?

Par. Yes, yes, it was Baffano, as I think, so was he
called.

Par. True Madam, hee of all the men that euer
my foolish eyes look'd upon, was the best decturing a faire
Lady.

Par. I remember him well, and I remember him wor-
thy of thy praife.

Enter a Serving-man.

Skr. The fourt Strangers seek you Madam to take
their leave: and there is a fore-runne com from a fit,
the Prince of Monac, who brings word the Prince his
Maister will be here to night.

Par. If I could but the fit welcome with so good
hearts as I can bid the other fore farewell, I should
glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a Saint,
and the composition of a swall, I had rather he should
be to me then wise me. Come Baffano, stirr go before;
whiles wee shus the gate vpon one wiser, another
knocks at the doore.

Execution.

Enter Baffano with Skylocke the Jew.

Skr. Three thousand ducats, well,
Baff. 1st, for three months.
Skr. For three months, well.
Baff. For the which as I told you,
Antonio shall be bound.
Skr. Antonio shall become bound, well.
Baff. May you fitted me? Will you pleasure me?
Shall I know your answere.
Skr. Three thousand ducats for three months,
Antonio bound.
Baff. Your answere to that.
Skr. Antonio is a good man.
Baff. Have you heard any imputation to the con-
trary.

Skr. How no, no, no: my meaning in saying he is a
good man, is to have you understand me that he is suf-
ficient, yet his means are in suspension: he hath an Augus-
tie bond to Tripolis, another to the Indies. I unders-
stand moreover upon the Rylla, he hath a third at Mexico
a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath
squandered abroad, but ships are but boardes, Saylers but
men, there be land rats, and water rats, water theefes,
and land theefes, I meane Pyraets, and then there is the
perill of waters, windes, and tocks: the man is not
withstanding sufficient, three thousand ducats, I think I may
take his bond.

Baff. Be assur'd you may.

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Enter Antonio.

But more, for that in low simplicity
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 redeem the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our facted Nation, and his sailes
Even there where Merchants most doe congregate
On me, my bagses, and my well-worne thrift,
Which he calls interest: Curfed be my Trybe
If I forgive him.

This is signior Antonio.

How like a fawning publican he lookes.
I hate him for he is a Christian:
But more, for that in low simplicity
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 redeem the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our facted Nation, and his sailes
Even there where Merchants most doe congregate
On me, my bagses, and my well-worne thrift,
Which he calls interest: Curfed be my Trybe
If I forgive him.

Shy. This I do protest, most confident.

Shy. I am not to be brooked in my present flore,
And by the neere present of my memorie
I cannot indue the grosse

Of full three thousand ducats: what of that?

But fill you shall have moneys, you say so?
You that did waste your runes upon my head,
And foote me as you spurn a stranger curte
Ouer your threshold, moneys is your fuite.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A curre should lend three thousand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key
With bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this: FAire sir, you spurt me on Wednesday last;
You spurted me such a day, another time
You calld me dog: and for these curtseys
He lend you thus much moneys.

And what is to be done?
To spurt on thee againe, to spurn thee too,
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends, for when did friendship take
A breede of bairanne metial of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemie,
Whoe he shall kneel and quail with better face
Exe the penalties.

Shy. Why look you how you do stand,
Would I were friends and yet have your love,
Forget the flames that you hare flamed me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doite
Of vance for my moneys, and youre not hear me,
This is kinde I offer.

Shy. This is kindnesse.

Shy. This kindnesse will I shewe,
Goe with me to a Notarie, seale me there
Your single bond, and in a merrie sport.
If you reparie me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express in the condition, let the forfeite
Be nominated for an equall pound
Of your faire meat, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body it please with me.

Shy. Content in faith, Ile seale to such a bond,
And say there is much kindnesse in the Jew.

Baff. You
The Merchant of Venice.

If I were ruled by cornets.

As is by if. If I should break his dare, what should I gaine.

By the election of the forfeiture?

A pound of man's flesh taken from a man, is not so estimable, profitable neither.

As flesh of Mutonis, Beelzebub, or Gostess, I say.

To buy his favour, I extend this friendship,

I will take it; so if not allow,

And for my loue, I praiy you wrong me not.

Then meete me to thristh at the Notaries,

Give him direction for this unsure bond,

And I will goe and put the ducats fraite.

See to my house left in the sealefull gard

Of an unsirrific knave; and pretendice

I be with you. Exeunt.

As hee the gentle Jew. This Hebrew will turne

Christian, he growes kind.

I like not faire teames, and a villaines minde,

Come on, is this there can be no dissiace,

My Shippes come home a month before the dale.

Enter Moroseus at last. More all sobbous, and three or foure followers accordingly, with Porsia, Nerrissa, and their teames.

Flo. Cornets.

Mars. Mislike me not for my complexion,

The shadowed hueste of the burnish'd sunne,

To whom I am neighbour, and nearer bred.

Bring me the fairest creature Northward borne,

Where Phoebus fire (rare and sweete to sally,

And let us make enisision for your loue,

To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.

I tell thee Lady this aipeft of mine,

Hath feared the valiant, (by my loue I sweare)

The beft regarded Virgins of our Clyme

Haueloud it to: I would not change this hue,

Except to streake your thoughts my gentle Queene.

Por. In teames of choise I am not folie led

By nice direction of a maidsens eyes:

Besides, the lustrie of my defenience

Bars me the right of voluntarie choosing:

But if my father had not trusted me,

And hedged me by his witts to yeidle my felde

His wife, who winnes me by that contenct I told you,

Your felde (renowned Prince) than flond as faire

As any commer I have look'd on yet

For my affection.

Mars. Even for that I thank you

Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets,

To trie my fortune: By this symble:

That flew the Sophie, and a Persian Prince

That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,

I would once flare the stermest ices that looke:

Out-brace the heart most daring on the earth:

Plucke the young lucking Cups from the fire Beare,

Ye, mocke the Lion when he rores for pray

To win the Lady. But alas, the while

If Heracles and Lycurgus were alive

Which is the better man, the greater throw

May turne by fortune from the weakest hand:

So is Alcidus beaten by his rage,

And lo may I, blinde fortune leading me

Mifie that which one unworthier may attaine,

And die with greying.

Por. You must take your chance,

And either not attempt to choose at all,

Or weake before you choose, if you choose wrong.

Never to speake to Ladie afterward

In way of marriage, therefore be advis'd.

Mars. Nor will not, come bring me into my chance.

Por. First forward to the temple, after dinner

Your hazard shall be made.

Mars. Good fortune then,

To make me blest or curst among men.

Enter the Clowns alone.

Cla. Certainly, my confidence will leere me to run

from this Jew my Master: the fiend is at mine elbow,

and temptes me, laying to me, Delude, Lancelot Lobbe, good

Lancedel, on good Lobbe, or good Lancedel Lobbe, ye

your legs, take the stirs, run awei: my confidence faires

no; take heed honest Lancedel, take heed honest Lobbe,

or ass-horse honest Lancedel Lobbe, doe not runne,

forone running with thye helle: well, the most coragious

fiend bids me packe, fits faiers the fiend, away faiers

the fiend, for the heauens route up a braue minde faiers

the fiend, and run; well, my confidence hanging about

the necke of my heart, faiers were wilde to me: my

honest friend Lancedel, being an honest mans fonne, or ra-

ther an honest womans fonne, for indeede my Father did

nothing: and, some grown toope he had a kind of

faire; we, my confidence faiers Lancedel loue not, loue

faire the fiend, loue not my confidence, confidence fai

you conteaile well, fiend fai you conteaile well,

to be buld by my confidence I should stave with the Jew

my Master, (who God blefe the marke) is a kind of di-

uell: and to run away from the Jew I should be ruled by

the fiend, who faying your reuerence is the diuell him

selve: certainly the Jew is the very diuell incarnation,

and in my confidence, my confidence is a kind of hard

confidence, to offer to conteaile me to stave with the Jew;

the fiend giues the more friendly counfaile: I will runne

fiend, my heelles are at your commandement, I will runne.

Enter old Godboe with a Bajet.

God. Master yong-man, you I praiy you, which is the waie to Master Jewes?

Lou. O heavenes, this is my true begotten Father, who being more than rand-blinde, high gruel blinde, knows

me not, I will trie confusions with him.

God. Master yong Gentleman, I praiy you which is the waie to Master Jewes.

Lou. Turne upon your right hand at the next turn-
The Merchant of Venice.

Not him, I will run as far as God has anie ground. O rare fortune, here comes the man, to him Father, for I am a few if serue the few anie longer.

Enter Baffino with a follower or two.

Baff. You may doe so, but let it be so haft that tupper be receiue at the farthest by fine of the clocke; see these Letters deliver'd, put the Letters to making, and define Gattiano to come anonie to my lodging.

Lan. To him Father.

Baff. God bleffe your worship.

Baff. Gramercie, would't thou ought with me.

Baff. Here's my fonne, a poore boy.

Lan. Not a poore boy fir, but the rich Ives man that would firs as my Father fhall fpecifie.

Baff. He hath a great infection firs, as one would fay to feuele.

Lan. Indeede the short and the long is, I ferue the few, and haue a definie as my Father fhall fpecifie.

Baff. His Maifter and he (faueing your worshipes reuerence) are scarce enter avec.

Lan. To be briefe, the verie truth is, that the few haue done me wepest, doth cauie me as my Father being I hope an old man fhall frutife unto you.

Baff. I have here a druff of Doones that I would beftow upon your worship, and my fuite is.

Lan. In verie briefe, the fuite is impertinent to my felle, as your worship shall know by this honest old man, and though I fay it, though old man, yet poore man my Father.

Baff. One speake for both, what would you?

Lan. Serue you firs.

Baff. That is the verie defect of the mater firs.

Baff. I know thee well, thou haft obtain'd thy fuite.

Baff. Thy Master spake with me this dtale, and haft preferc'd thee, if it be prefereable.

Baff. To leave a rich Ives tenure, to become

The followers of to poore a Gentleman.

Cle. The old preuor is verie well parted betwene my Master Shyfley and you firs, you have the grace of God firs, and he hath enough.

Baff. Thou speakest it well; go Father with thy Son, Take leaue of thy old Master, and enquire

My lodging out, give him a Lucerne

More garded then his fellows fee it done.

Cle. Father, in I cannot get a Seruice,yet, I have none more in this town, but here is a faire table which cloth offer to serue upon a booke, I shall have good fortune; goe too, here's a simple life of life, here's a fmall treffe of wines, also, fifteen wines is nothing, a leaue widdows and nine maides is a simple coming in for one man, and then to escape crowning thrice, and to be in perfon of my life with the edge of a featherbed, here are fimple fakes, I, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good woman for this gear. Father come, it take my leaue of the few in the twinking.

Exit Cleone.

Baff. I praye thee good Leonard think on this,

These things being bought and orderly betlowed

Return in haste, for I do feaft to night.

My biff offeend acquaintance, he thee geue.

Lan. My biff enuours shall be done here, enter Cleone.

Oxen, Where's your Matier.

Lan. Yonder.
Lew. Yonder is he walkes.  
Gra. Signor Baffiano.  
Bass. Gratiano.  
Gra. I have a fute to you.  
Bass. You haue obtain'd it.  
Gra. You must not assaie me, I must goe with you to Belmot.  
Bass. Why then you must: but heare thee Gratiano, Thou art to wilde, to rude, and bold of voyce, Passes that become thee happily enough, And in such eyes as ours appeare not faultes; But where they are not knowne, why then they show Something too libeall, pray thee take patience To alay with some cold drops of modestie Thy skipping spiritt, leaft through thy wilde behaviour I be misconnet in the place I goe to, And looke my hopes.  
Gra. Signor Baffiano, heare me, If I doe not put on a sober latten, Talk with refpeete, and awarde but now and than, Weare prayer bookes in my pocket, looke demurely, Nay more, while grace is flying more mine eyes Thus with my hat, and ftight and say Amen: Vfe all the obferuation of a scholar Like one well studi'd in a tadt oldent To pleae his Grandam, puer tru't me more.  
Bass. Well, weft I see your bearing.  
Gra. Nay but I bare toght, you shall not gage me By what we doe to night.  
Bass. Noe that were pittie, I would intreate you rather to put on Your boldft fute of mirth, for we haue friends That purpose merriment: but far you well, I haue none bufineffe.  
Gra. And I mutt to Lorenzo and the ref, But we will vifitate you at supper time.  

**Exit.**  
**Enter Ifficio and the Cloune.**  

**Iff.** I am forry thou wilt leaue my Father fo, Our house is hell, and thou a merrie duell Did it rob it of some taste of teodionifie; But fcarce thee well, there is a ducate for thee, And Lancelot, foone at fupper, if you thinke Lorenzo, who is thy new Master's geff, give him this Letter, doe it secretly, And fo farwell: I would not haue my Father See me takle with thee.  

**Clo.** Aude, tears exhibit my tongue, most beautifull Pagan, moft sweete Ifficio, it a Christian do not, play the knave and get thee, I am much deceiued; but adue, these foolish drops doe some what drown my manly spirit: adue.  

**Exit.**  

**Iff.** Farewell good Lancelot, Alacke, what hauious times is it in me To be affhamed to be my Fathers childe, But though I am a daughter to his blood, I am not to his manners - O Lorenzo, If thou keepe promife I shall end this strife, Become a Christian, and thy loving wife.  

**Exit.**  
**Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Starino, and Salucio.**  

Lor. Nay, we will flinke away in supper time, Diligive vs at my lodging, and returne all in an houre.  
Gra. We haue not made good preparation.  
Sul. We haue not spoke vs yet of Torch-bearers.  

**Sal.** To vse vndele it may be quantitely ordered, And better in my mindes not underftooke.  
Lor. I am now but foure of cloake, we haue two houres To fumifh vs friend Lucente what's the newest.  
**Enter Lucente with a Letter.**  
Lan. And it shall pleae you to breake vp this, shall it feeme to signifie.  
Lor. I know the hand, in faith tis a faire hand And whiter then the paper it writ on, I the faire hand that went.  
Gra. Lour newses in faith.  
Lor. By your leisure fir.  
Lor. Whither goest thou?  
Lor. Marry fir to bid my old Master the Jew to sup to night with my new Master the Christian.  
Lor. Hold here, take this, tell gentle Ifficio I will not tall her, speake it privately: Go Gentleman, will you prepare you for this Maske to night, I am prou'd of a Torch-bearer.  

**Exit.**  
**Sul.** I marry, we be gone about it ftra t.  
Sul. And to well I.  
Lor. Meet me and Gratiano at Gratiano lodging  
Some howe hence.  
Sul. To a good we do fo.  
**Exit.**  
Gra. Was not that: Letter from fair Ifficio?  
Lor. I must receaue tell thee all, she hath directed How I shall take her from her Fathers houfe, What gold and jewels she is furnifhit with, What Page five the hain in readinesse: If ere the Jew his Father come to heaven, It will be for his gentle daughters sake; And never dare misfortune croffe her foote, Vnleffe she doe it vnder this excufe, That she is afficte to a faithlefe Jew:  
Come goe with me, perufe this as thou goest, Freake ifficio fhall be my Torch-bearer.  

**Exit.**  
**Enter Ifficio, and his man that was the Cloune.**  

**Iff.** Well, thou fhal fea, thy eyes fhall be thy judge, The difference of old Shykege and Baffiano;  
What Ifficio, thou fhalt not gernanize As thou haft done with me: what Ifficio? And fpeepe, and fpeepe, and read apparell out.  
Why Ifficio I say.  
**Clo.** Why Ifficio.  
Clo. Your worship was wont to tell me I could doe nothing without bidding.  

**Enter Ifficio.**  
**Iff.** Call you? what is your will?  
Shy. I am bid forth to suppe Ifficio, There are my Keyes: but wherefor should I goe? I am not bid for love, they flatter me. But yet I goe in haste, to fee deede vpon The predigall Christian. Ifficio my guide, Looke to my houfe, I am right loath to goe, There is fome ill a burning toward my ref, For I did dreame of none but bag to night.  
**Clo.** I befeech you for goe, my yong Master Doh expet your reproach.  
Shy. So doe I his.  
**Clo.** And they have confer'd together, I will not say you shall fee a Maske, but if you doe, then it was not for nothing that my note fell a bleeding on blacke monsy.
Exit, Shy. When you have finished this scene, unlock my doors, and when you hear the drum and the vile squealing of the way-side Fife, Clamber not you up to the casements then; Nor shut your head into the publice street To gaze on Christian fools with vanitif faces: But stop my housewara ears, I measure my casements, Let not the sound of shalow topporie enter My sober houe. By Jacob's staff I care, I have no mind of lasting durt to night: But I will goe: goe you before me faire, Say I will come. Clo. I will goe before fir. Misiris looke out as window for all this: There will come a Christian by, Will be worth a lewes eye. Shy. What fates that fool^ of **Hearts** off-spring? ha. Inf. His words were farewell misiris nothing else. Shy. The patch is kind enough, but a huge leider: So with-flow in profit, but he fleeps by day. More then the wild cat: dozens have not with me, Therefore I part with him, and part with him To one that would have him helpe to waste. His borrowed purs. Well hissing goes in, Perhaps I will resuite immediately; Don't as I bid you, shut doores after you, shut binde, shut finde, A provbe be never stale in thirstie minde. Exit. Inf. Farewell, and if my fortune be not croft, I haue Fathers, you a daughter lovt. Exit. 

*Enter the Maskers, Gratiani and Saline.*

**Gratiani.** This is the penthouse vnder which **Lorenzo** Defired vto make a fland. **Saline.** His house is shalow ott. Gratiani. And it is meruall he out-dwels his house, For looters euer run before the clock. Saline. Oten times faflies **Venus** Pudiciss flye To fleale loues bonds new made,then they are wont To keepe obligeed faith Vernonster. Gratiani. That euer holds,who rife why from a feast With that keen approche that he fits downe? Where is the horse that doth ventrue againe His tedious measures with the vabated fire, That he did pace them first: all things that are, Are with more spirit chafed then enjoy'd. How like a younger or a prodigall The skarfed barke parts from her native bay, HUDG'd and embrased by the stumper windes: How like a prodigall doth she returne With ouer-wither'd ribs and ragged failles, Leane,rent, and beggar'd by the stumper windes?

*Enter Lorenzo.*

**Saline.** Neere comes Lorenzo, more of this hereafter. **Lorenzo.** Sweete friends, your patience for my long abode, Not I, but my affaires haue made you wait. When you shall pleasa to play the theesers for wives He warths as long for you then approch. 

*Enter Iffiana.*

**Iffiana.** Who is it you talke me for more certainty, Albeit lle sweare that I do know your tongue. **Lorenzo.** And thy Loue. **Iffiana.** Lorenzo certaine, and my loue indeed, For who loue I too much? and now who knowes But you Lorenzo, whether I am yours? **Lorenzo.** Haueen and thy thoughts are wildnes that thou art. **Iffiana.** Hearc, catch this caskets, it is worth the paines, I am glad 'tis night, you do not looke on me, For I am much afraied of my exchange: But loue is blinde, and louers cannot see The pretty follies that them selves commit, For if they could, *Coni* would himslef would blushe To see me thus transformed to a boy. **Lorenzo.** Defend, for you must be my torch-bearer. **Iffiana.** What, must I hold a Candle to my therns? They in themselfes good tooth are too light, Why, 'tis an office of discord Loue, And I shoul be obser'd. Lo. So you are sweet. Euen in the lowes garnish of a boy but come at once, For the clock night doth play the run-away, And we are flaid for at **Bassiano's** greet. **Iffiana.** I will make fast the doores and gild my selfe With some more ducats, and be with you straight. **Lorenzo.** Now by my head, a gentle, and no few. **Lo.** Befeev me but I love her heartily, For she is wise, if I can judge of her, And faire she is, that mine eyes be true, And true she is as she hath prou'd her selfe: And therefore like her selfe, wife, fair, and true, Shall she be placed in my constant loue. 

*Enter Iffiana.*

**Iffiana.** What, art thou come? en gentlemen, away, Our masking mates by this time for vs flay. Exit. 

*Enter Antonio.*

**Antonio.** Who's there? **Gratiani.** Signior Antonio. **Antonio.** I fee, fea, Gratiani, where are all the rest? **Gratiani.** To nine a clocke, our friends all flay for you, No maske to night, the winde is most against, **Bassiano** presently will goe aboard, I have sent twenty out to fecke for you. Gratiani. I am glad on't, I defire no more delight Then to be vnder faile, and gone to night. Exeunt. 

*Enter Portia with Morosco, and both their trains.*

**Portia.** Goe, draw aside the curtaine, and discover The fearefull Caskets to this noble Prince: Now make your choice. **Morosco.** The first of gold, who this inscription beares, Who chooseth me, shall gain what men defire, The second flater, which this promisie carrieth, Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he determination. This third, will lead with warning all as blunt, Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath, How shall I know of I doe chooie the right? **Portia.**
How shall I know if I do choose the right.

**Por.** The one of them contains my picture Prince,
If you choose that, then I am yours withall.

**Mor.** Some God direct my judgment, let me see,
I will survey the inscriptions, backe againe:
What sites this leaden casket?

Who choose thee, muft give and hazard all he hath.

Muff guess, for what? for lead, hazard for lead?

This casket threatens men that hazard all.

Done in hope of faire advantages:

A golden minde floopes not to showes of droffe,
He then nor give nor hazard ought for lead.

What sites the Siluer with her virgin hue?

Who choose thee, shall get as much as he deferves.

As much as he deferves; paufe there Maros,
And weigh thy value with an even hand,
If thou beft rated by thy estimation.

Thou dost deferve enough, and yet enough
May not extend to farre as to the Lady.
And yet to be afraid of my defering,
Were but a weak dissembling of my felfe.

As much as I deferve, why that's the Lady.
I doe in birth deferve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding:
But more then thefe, in love I do deferve.

What if there be no further, but choose her?
Let's fee once more this faying graud in gold.

Who choose thee shall gain all that many men defire:
Why that's the Lady, all the world defires her:
From the four corners of the earth they come
to kiffe this fhrine, this mortall breathing Saint.
The Hiccanion deferts, and the vaffe wildes
Of wide Arabia are as throughfare now.
For Princes to come view faire Porcia.
The waterie Kingdome, whose ambitious head
Spets in the face of heauen, is no barre
To stop the forraigne spirits, but they come
As one brooke to feare faire Porcia.

One of thefe three contains her heauenly picture.
Isn't it that Lead contains her? were damnation
To think to beafe a thought, it was too grofe.
To rib her fecret cloath in the obscure grave:
Or shall I think in Siluer she's immortall:
Being ten times undervalued to pride gold;
O finfull thought, never so rich a flem.

Was fen in worfe then gold? They have in England
A coyne that beares the figure of an Angell
Stamp't in gold, but that's infclupt upon:
But here an Angell in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliver me the key:
Here doe I choose, and thriue as I may.

**Por.** These take it Prince, and if my forme lye there
Then I am yours:

**Mor.** O hell! what have we here, a carrion death,
Within whose empie eye there is a written scroule;
I read the writing.

**Mor.** Cold indeede, and labour low,
Then farewell heare, and welcome freit:

**Por.** A gentle riddance; draw the curtain, go:
Let all of this complication choose me so.

**Exeunt.**

**Enter Salario and Solanio.**

**Sal.** Why man I saw Baffiano under fayle;
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not.

**Sal.** The villain Jew with oterries raid the Duke.
Who went with him to feach Baffianos ship,

**Sal.** He comes too late, the flip was vnderfaile;
But there the Duke was gien to vnderfland
That in a Goudilo were leone together.

Lorenzo and his amorous infidels.

Besides, Antonio certified the Duke
They were not with Baffiano in his ship.

**Sal.** I never heard a passion fo confend,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dogge Jew did vter in the streets;
My daughter, O my ducats, O my daughter,
Fled with a Chriftian, O my Chriftian ducats!

**Sal.** The law, my ducats, and my daughter;
A fealed bag, two fealed bags of ducats.

Of double ducats, flone from me by my daughter,
And jewels, two flones, two rich and precious flones,
Stone by my daughther: justice, finde the girl,
She hath the flones vpon her, and the ducats.

**Sal.** Why all the boyes in Venice follow him,
Crying his flones, his daughter, and his ducats.

**Sal.** Let good Antonio looke he keeps his day
Or he flall pay for this.

**Sal.** Marry well remembred,
I reafon'd with a Frenchman yesterdaze,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there mischared
A vellif of our countrey richly fought;
I thought vpon Antonio when he told me,
And with it in flence that it were not his.

**Sal.** To were well to tell Antonio what you hear,
Yet do not fuddainly, for it may grieve him.

**Sal.** A kinder Gentleman treads not the earth,
I saw Baffiano and Antonio part,

Baffiano told him he would make one heed:
Of his returne she anwercd, doe not fo,
Slubber not busineld for my fake Bafiano,
But flay the very ripling of the time,
And for the Iewe bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your minde ol loue:
Be merry, and impoy your chiftlef thoughts
To courtship, and fuch fawe offentts of loue
As fhall 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 fecible
He wrung Baffianos band, and fo they parted.

**Sal.** I think he only loues the world for you,
I pray thee let vs go and flut him out
And quicken his embraced heaineffe
With some delight or other.

**Sal.** Do we fo.

**Enter Nerissa and a Servante.**

**Ner.** Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain ftrait,

**P.** The

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Enter Arragon, his train, and Portia. For Comets.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble Prince, If you choose that wherein I contain'd, Straight shall our nuptial rights be solemniz'd: But if thou fail, without more speech my Lord, You must be gone from hence immediately. Arr. I am employ'd by oath to obseure three things; First, never to vield to any one Which casket was I chose; next, if I fail Of the right casket, never in my life To woe a maid in way of marriage; Lastly, if I do fail in fortune of my choice, Immediately to leave you, and be gone.

Por. To these impositions every one doth swear That comes to hazard for my worthie selfe, Arr. And so have I addrest me, fortune now To my hearts hope: gold, fluer, and base lead, Who chooseth me must giue and hazard all he hath. You shall looke faker er I give or hazard, What sies the golden chaff, ha, let me see: Who chooseth me, shall giue what many men desire: What many men desire, that may be meant By the foole multitude that chooseth by chance, Not learning more then the fand eye doth teach, Which pries not to 'nterior, but like the Martlet Builds in the weather on the outward wall, Even in the force and rode of tasteuice. I will not chose what many men desire, Because I will not ympe with common spirits, And ranke me with the barbarous multitudes. Why then to thee thou Siluer treasure house, Tell me once more, what title thou dost bear; Who chooseth me shall get as much as he defurers: And well said too: for who shall goo about To cover Fortune, and be honourable Without the flame of merit, let none presume To weare an untested dignitie: O that estates, degrees, and offices, Were not deriid corruptly, and that cleere honour Were purchas from the meritt of the wearer: How many then should couer that stand bare? How many be commended that command? How much low pleanntry would then be ginned From the true feele of honor? And how much honor Plick from the chaffe and midle of the times, To be new fassuht? Well, but to my chosse, Who chooseth me shall get as much as he defurers, I will affume defeur; give me a key for this, And instantly valooyce my fortunes here. Por. Too long a pause for that which you finde there. Arr. What's here, the portrait of a blinks cow idiot PREsenting me a feedeule, I will reade it: How much unlike art thou to Portia? How much unlike my hopes and my defurers? Who chooseth me, shall have as much as he defurers. Did I defure no more then a foole's head, Is that my prize, are my defurers no better? Por. To offend and judge are different offices, And of opposed natures. Arr. What is here? The far: some times tried this.

Senen times tried that indumet in, That did never choose amie, Some there be that shadowes kiffe, Such have but a shadowes kiffe: There be foole aline Twine'd d'ore, and so was this: Take what wish you will to bed, I will ever be your head: So be gone, you are freed.

Arr. Still more fool I shall appeare By the time I linger here, With one foole head I came to wooo, But I goe away with two. Sweet adue, let keepe my oath, Patiently to bear my wrooth. Por. Thus hath the candle fing'd the mous: O these deliberate foole when they doo chooshe, They have the wldome by their wit to loose. Ner. The ancient saying is no here,ie, Hanging and wiuing goes by definicie. Por. Come draw the curtaine Nerissa. Enter Messinger. Mef. Where is my Lady? Por. Here, what would my Lord? Mef. Madam, there is a lighted at your gate A yong Venerian,one that comes before To signifie th'approaching of his Lord, From whom he bringeth suffiuble regrets; To wit (besides commend and curteous breath) Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seen So likely an Embassador of love. A day in April never came so sweete To show how colly Sommer was at hand, As this fore-spurer comes before his Lord. Por. No more I praye thee, I am halfe a-feard Thou wilt say anone he is some kin to thee, Thou spend it rich high-day wit in praising him: Come, come Nerissa, for I long to see Quicke Cupide Polit, that comes so mannerly. Ner. Tuscan Lord, loue if thy will it be. Exeunt.

Nekus Tertius.

Enter Solano and Salario.

Sol. Now, what newes on the Ryalto? Sal. Why yet it liues there vncheck, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrackt on the narrow seas. The Goodwins I thinke they call the place, a very dangerous flat, and farall, where the carasses of many a tall ship, lie burial, as they say, if my golpits report be an honest woman of her word. Sol. I would the were at lying a golpif in that, as ever knape Ginger, or made her neighbours beleue the wept for the death of a third husband: but it is true, without any flips of prolixity, or crossinc the plaines high-way of talke, that the good Antonia, the honesf Antonia; thot I had a title good enough to keep his name company! Sal. Come, the full stop. Sal. Ha, what sayest thou, why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Sal. 1
Shy. You knew none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter’s flight.

Sal. That’s certain, I for my part knew the tailor that made the wings the fellow withal.

Shy. And Shylock for his own part knew the bird was fledged, and then it is the completion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is dam’d for it.

Sal. That’s certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel.

Sal. Out upon it old carrion, rebels it at these yeares.

Shy. I say my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Sal. There is more difference between thy flesh and her, then between let and lucret, more between thy bloods, then there is between red wine and remnant; by tell us, doth he think whether Anthony haue had ane loffe at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match, a bankrupt, a prodigall, who dare flerce his head on the Ryalco, a beggar that was vid to come so smug upon the Mart; let him look to his bond, he was wont to call me Vtiuer, let him looke to his bond, he was wont to lend money for a Christian curst, let him look to his bond.

Sal. Why I am sure I If he forfaite, thou wilt not take his flesh, what’s that good for?

Shy. To bate fifth withal, if it will feeke nothing else, it will feeke my reuenge; he hath disgrac’d me, and hindered me a halfe a million, laught at my loffes, moakt at my gains, learned my Nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies, and what’s the reason? I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a few hands, organs, aumetions, fencies, affections, paffions, fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subjeft to the same diseases, blesed by the same meanes, warmed and cooled by the same Winter and Sommer as a Christian is; if you pricc vs do we not bleed? if you tickle vs, do we not laugh? if you poison vs do we not die? and if you wrong vs shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the well, we will refemble you in that. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what is his humiliation reuenge? If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his suf- ference be by Christian example? why revenge? The vil- lany ye teach me I will execute, and it shall goe hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a man from Anthony.

Gentlemen, my maister Anthony is at his house, and desires to speake with you both.

Sal. We have beene vp, and downe to seeke him.

Enter Tuball.

Sal. Here comes another of the Tribe, a third cannot be march’d, yelasse the diuell himselfe turne lew. * Exeunt Gentlemen.

Shy. How now Tuball, what news from Genova? hath thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did heare of her, but could not finde her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there, a diamond gone oit me two thousand ducats in Frankland, the curst neuer fell upon our Nation till now, I never felt it till now, two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, preci-
How manie cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As flayers of land, were ye yet upon their chins
The heards of Hercries and crowning Mars,
Who inward searches, have yous white as milke,
And yet in forme but vables exremest,
To render them redeemed. Looke on beautie,
And you shall fee its purshta by the weight,
Which therein workes a miracle in nature,
Making them lightweight that weare moft of it:
So are those crisp'd fineke golden locks
Which makes such wanton symbols with the winde
Upon surposed faireneffe, often knowne
To be the downe of a second head,
The feul that bred them in the Sepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore.
To a most dangerous sea: the beautious scarfe
Vailign an Indian beautie; In a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To infrap the wisefe. Therefore then you gauide gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee.
Nor none of thee thou pale and common drudge.
Thus man and man: but thou, thou meaner lead
Which rather threatneft then doft promise ought,
Typhaleneffe moues me more then eloquence,
And here choose I, to be the consequency.

Por. How all the other passions fleet to ayre,
As doubtfull thoughts, and rath imbaces defpaire:
And fludding feare, and greene-eyed jealousie.
O loue be moderate, alay thy extafie,
In measure rain this toy, fo canst this excelle,
I feel too much thy bleffing, make it keepe,
For feare I surfeit.

Bajf. What finde I here?
Faire Portia counterfeit. What demic God
Hath come to neere creation? moue these ets?
Or whether riding on the backs of mine
Seeme they in motion? Here are seuer'd lips
Parted with fnger breath, fo sweet a bare
Should funder [such sweer] friends: here in her haires
The Painter plaies the Splder, and hath wounen
A golden meath tinsrap the hearts of men
Faller then gnats in cobweb: but her ets,
How could he fee to do them? having made me,
I thinks she should have power to fleale both his
And lee it felie vnfinifht: Yet looke how farre
The tubfance of my praffe doth wrong this shadow
In vnderling it, to fale this brand
Doth limpe behinde the subfiance. Here's the scroule,
The continent, and fummari of my fortune.

Bajf. A gentle scroule: Faire Lady, by your leue,
I come by noe to glue, and to receave,
Like one of two contending in a prize
That thinks he hath don wel in peoples ets:
Hearing applause and vnderfalle thow,
Giddie in spirit, full gazin in a doubt.
Whether those peales of praffe be his or no.

The Merchant of Venice.
So thrice faire. Lady stand I even so,
As doubtfull whether what I see be true,
Vntill confirmd, sign'd, ratifh'd by you.

Fayr. You see my Lord Baffiano, where I stand,
Such as I am. though for myselfe alono
I would not be ambitious in my wife.
To such my selfe much better yet for you,
I would be rebeld twenty times my selfe.
A thousand times more faire, than thousand tyngs
More rich, that only to stand high in your account,
I might in vertue, beauties, hanging, friends.


Junior account: but the full summe of me
Is sum of nothing: which to terms in grace,
Is unfeled gude, unseeld, unparadiz'd,
Happy in this, this is not yet so old:
But she may leane, I happler then this.
She is not bred to dull but she can learn;
Happest all of all, that is her gentle spirit
Commits it selfe to yours to be directed,
As from her Lord, her Governor, her King.
My selfe, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now commutted. But now I was the Lord
Of this faire manufactory of my fortunes,
Queen ere my selfe: and even now but now,
This howse, these straunes, and this fame my selfe
Are yours, my Lord, I give them with this ring,
Which when you part from, loose, or glue away,
Let it preface the name of your loues,
And be my vantage to exclame on you.


Baff. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Oonly my blood speakes to you in my vaines,
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As after font oration fairly spoke
By a blessed Prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing piésed multitude,
Where every thing being blent together,
Tunes to a wilde of nothing, tayke of joy
Express, and not express: but when the ring
From this finger, then parts life from hence,
Or then he must be said Baffiano's dead.

Nor. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time
That haueth stood by: and since our wishes prosper,
To cry good myd, good myd my Lord and Lady
My Lord Baffiano, and my gentle Lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish:
For I am fort you can with none from me:
And when your Honours means to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I doe beseech you
Even at that time I may be married too.

Baff. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Nor. I thank your Lordship, you gave me one.
My eyes my Lord can looke as twirt as yours:
You saw the mistres, I beheld the maid:
You lovd, I lovd for intermision,
No more pertinates to me my Lord then you
Your fortune flound upon the caskets there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls:
For vwoing heree untill I vvoe againe,
And sweating till my very rough was dry
With oaths of loue, at last, if promise faile,
I got a promise of this faire one here.
To have her holy, provided that your fortune
Arche'd other mistres.

Nor. Is this true Nerrissa?

Baff. Madam it is so, so you fland pleas'd withall.

Nor. And do you Gratitude mean good faith?

Baff. Yes faith my Lord.

Nor. Our feast shall be much honored in your marriage.

Baff. Weeke play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Nor. What and make downe?

Baff. No, we shall here win at that sport, and make downe.

But who comes heree? Lorenzo and his Infidel?
What and my old Venitian friend Salerio?

Enter Lorenzo, Ezzico, and Salerio.

Baff. Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hether.
If that the youth of my new interest here.
Hauing power to bid you welcome: by your issue
I bid my very friends and Countitmen.

Nor. So do my Lord, they are intirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honors; for my part my Lord;
My purpose was not to haste thee you here,
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did intreate mee passe all saying nay
To come with him along.

Saf. I did my Lord,
And I haue reason for it, Signior Antonio
Commends him to you.

Baff. Ere I open this Letter
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.

Nor. Not fickle my Lord, vnlke it be in minde,
Nor wel, unufle in minde: his Letter there
Will shew you his effay.

Open the Letter.

Baff. Norreisa, desire you a stranger, bid her welcom.
Your hand Salerio, what's the newes from Venice?
How doth that royal Merchant good Antonio?
I know he wil be glad of our succeffe,
We are the benefactors, we have won the breez,
Saf. I would you had won the fiece that hee hath left.

Nor. There are some fine word, contents in yond same paper,
That shews the colour from Baffiano's cheeke,
Some deere friend dead, else nothing in the world
Could come to much the confitution
Of any conflagrant man. What, worse and worse?
With issue Baffiano I am half your felfe,
And I must freely have the half of any thing
That this name paper brings you.

Baff. O sweet Portia,
Heere are a fewe of the unpleasent wordes
That ever blotst paper. Gentle Ladi,
When I did first impart my loue to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
Ran in my vailors, I was a Gentleman,
And then I told you true: and yet deere Ladi,
Rating my felfe at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a Braggart, when I told you
My date was nothing, I should then haue told you
That I was worse then nothing: for indeede
I have ingag'd my felse to a deere friend,
Ingeg'd my friend to his more enemie
To feede my meanings. Heere is a Letter Ladi,
The paper as the bodie of my friend,
And euerie word in a gaping wound
Ifiging life blood. But is it true Salerio,

Hath.

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This is the fool that lends out money gratis.

laylor, look to him.

Ant. Heare me yet good Shylock,

lov. He have my bond, speake not against my bond,

I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.

 Thou call'd me dog before thou hadst a caule,

But since I am a dog, beware my phangs,

The Duke shall grant me justice, I do wonder

Thou noughty laylor, that thou art so fond

To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee hear me speake,

lov. He have my bond, I will not hear thee speake,

He have my bond, and therefore speake no more.

It be not made a soth and dull ey'd foolo,

To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yeeld

To Christian intertollers: follow not,

He have no speaking, I will have my bond.

Exitlov.

Sal. It is the most imperetetible curte

That euer lapers with men.

Ant. Let him alone.

He follow him no more with bootless prayers:

He secket my life, his reason well I know;

I oft deliver'd from his forsetures

Many that have at times made more to me,

Therefore he hates me.

Sal. I am sure the Duke will never grant,

this forsetures to hold.

Ant. The Duke cannot deny the courte of law.

For the comonwealth that strangers have

With us in Venice, it be demeaned,

Will much impeach the outtie of the State.

Since that the trade and profit of the city

Confinth of all Nations. Therefore gce,

These greetes and toffes have to bated me,

That I shall hardly space a pound of fleth

To morrow, to my bloody Creditor.

Web Taylor, on pr'y God Baffano come

Twice me pay his debt, and then I care not.

Exeunt.

Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, and a man of

Porti.

Lor. Madam, although I speake it in your presence;

You have a double and a true concei

Of god like entity, which appeareth most strongly

In bearing the silence of your Lord.

But if you knew to whom you shew this honour,

How true a Gentleman you send releafe,

How deer a lover of my Lord your husband,

I know you would be prouder of the worke

Then cunonary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did report for doing good,

Nor shall I now set in companions

That conceife and waste the time togethertogether,

Whose soules doe bear an egal yoke of foule;

There must be needs be like proportion

Of lymaments, of manner, and of spirit;

Which makes me thinke that this Ambtun

Being the bosoner lour of my Lord,

Muff needs be like my Lord. Ift be so,

How little is the cost I have bestowed

In purchasing the semblance of my soule;

From out the face of hellshs cruelty,

This comes too necer the praiing of my fele;

Therefore no more of it: here other things

Lorenz's commit into your hands,
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Vntill my Lords returne, for mine owne part
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Onely attened by Nerrissa heere,
Vntill her husband and my Lords returne :
There is a monitory two miles off,
And there we will abide. I doe desire you,
Not to deme this imposition,
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you.

Loren. Madame, with all my heart,
I shall obey you in all faire commands.
Per. My people doe already know my minde,
And will acknowledge you and Iffica
In place of Lord Bassano and my selfe.
So far you well till we shall meete againe.
Lor. Fare thought, & happy hours attend on you.
Iff. I with your Ladship all hearts content.
Per. I thanke you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wirh it backe on you: tarryouresel Iffica. Exeunt.
Now Batista, as I have euer found thee honest true,
So let me finde thee still: take this same letter,
And use thou all the deuice of a man,
In speed to Mantua, see thou render this
Into my coffin hand, Doctour Beatrix,
And looke what nores and garments he doth giue thee,
Bring them I pray thee with imagin'd speed
Vnto the Tractet, to the common Peregre
Which trades to Venice; wast no time in words,
But get thee gone, I shall be there before thee.
Balt. Madam, I goe with all contentment speed.
Per. Come on Nerris, I have worke in hand
That you yet know not of; we'll see our husbands
Before they think of vs?

Nerris. Shall they see vs?
Peris. They shall Nerrissa: but in such a habit,
That they shall thinke we are accomplished
With that we lacke; Ile hold thee any wager
When we are both accoutr'd like yong men,
Ile proue the prettier fellow of the two,
And weare my dagger with the brawe grace,
And speake betweene the change of man and boy,
With arescia voice, and turn two miniing steps
Into a manly frinde; and speake of frayses
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quints lyes.
How honourable Ladies bought my love,
Which I denying, they fell thick and died,
I could not doe withall: then Ie repent,
And with all that, that I had not kill'd them;
And twente of these punke lies Ie tell
That men shall swear I have discontinned school
Aboute a tweleue moneth: I haue within my minde
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will proue.

Nerris. Why shall we come to men?
Peris. Fie, what questions that?
If thou went were a lewd interpreter:
But countward heaven brent, Ie tell
When I am in my coach, which frays for vs.
At the Parke gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to day.

Enter Clownes and Iffica.

Clown. Yes truly; for looke you, the fortunes of the Fa-
there are to be laid upon the children, therefore I promise
you, I fear you, I was alwaies plaine with you, and to
now I speake my agitati of the matter: therefore be of
good cheere, for truly I thinke you are damn'd, there is
but one hope in it that can doe you any good, and that is
but a kinde of bastard hope neither.

Iffica. And what hope is that I pray thee?

Clown. Marrie you may partie hope that your father
got you not, that you are not the Jews daughter.

Iff. That were a kinde of bastard hope indeed, to the
fins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Clown. Truly then I fear you are damned both by fa-
ther and mother; thus when I thinke Stella your father,
I fall into Christus your mother; well you, you are gone both
wales.

Iff. I shall be sauid by my husband, he hath made me
e a Christian.

Clown. Truly the more to blame he, we were Christi-
an before, ere as many as could well believe one by a-
other: this making of Christians will raise the price of
Hogs, if wee grow all to be poore-eaters, wee shall not
shortlie haue a raffler on the coales for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Iff. He tell my husband Lancelet what you say, heere
he comes.
Loren. I shall grow wealeous of you shortly Lancelet,
if you thus get my wife into corners.

Iff. Nay, you need not feare vs Lorenzo; Lancelet
and I are out, he tells me flatly there is no mercy for mee
in heauen, because I am a lewes daughter: and hee fayes
you are no good member of the common wealth, for
in converting lewes to Christians, you raise the price
of Porke.

Loren. I shall sufioe that better to the Common-
wealth, than you can the getting vp of the Negroes bel-
tie: the Moore is with childe by you Lancelet?

Clown. It is much that the Moore should be more then
reason: but if the belefe then an honest woman, fisce
is indeed more than I took her for.

Loren. How euer foole can play upon the word, I
think the bell grace of witte will shortly turne into fi-
cence, and discourse grow commendable in none onely
but Partrass: goe in ferra, bid them prepare for dinner?

Clown. That is done Sir, they have all foemacks.

Loren. Goodly Lord, what a witche-shapper are you,
then bid them prepare dinner.

Clown. That is done to Sir, onley couer is the word.

Loren. Will you couer then Sir?

Clown. Not to Sir neither, I know my dutie.

Loren. Yet more quarrelling with occasion, wilt thou
shew the whole wealth of thy wit in an infante: I pray
thee understand a plaine man in his plaine meaning: goe
to thy fellowes, bid them couer the table, forsoe in the
meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Clown. For the table Sir, it shall be fet in, for the
meat Sir, it shall bee couered, for your comming in to
dinner Sir, why let it be as honoros and conceits shall
goe.

Exit Clown.

Loren. O dear discretion, how his words are lust,
The foole hath planted in his memory
An Armie of good words, and I doe know
A many fooles that fland in better place,
Garnishfett like him, that for a trifle tive word
Defie the matter, how wreche'th thou Iffica,
And now good sweet say thy opinion,
The Merchant of Venice.

How do you like the Lord Bassiano’s wife?
Yep. Paft all expressing is very meere.
The Lord Bassiano grew an upright life.
For having such a blessing in his Lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth,
And heaven he does not mean it.
Is reason he should not come to heaven?
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women.
And certainty there must be something else
Pound with the other, for the poor rude world.
Hath not her fellow.

Unren. Even such a husband
Half of you, as she is for a wife.
Yep. Nay, but take my opinion to of that?
Lor. I will none, first let us go to dinner?
Yep. Nay, let me praise you while I have a good mark.
Lor. No pray thee, let it serve for table talk,
Then how some of thou speakst among other things,
I shall digest it.
Yep. Well, I let you forth.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Duke, the Magnifico, Antonio, Bassiano, and Gratiano.

Duke. What, is Antonio here?
Ant. Ready, so please your grace.
Duke. I am sorry for thee, thou art come to answer
A stone aduersary, an insomniable wretch,
Uncapable of pity, voyd, and empty
From my dram of mercy.
Ant. I trust heard
Your Grace hath taken great pains to qualify
His rigorous course: but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his enemie, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am arm’d
To suffer with a quiescent spirit.

The very tyrany and rage of his.

Duke. Go one and call the Jew into the Court.
Sal. He is ready at the door; he comes my Lord.

Enter Shylock.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.
Shylock the world thinks, and I think so too.
That thou but leastest this fashions of thy malice
To the Ift hour of eight, and then ’tis thought
Thou’lt shew thy mercy and remorse more strange,
Than is thy fange apparent cruelty;
And where thou now exact’st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor Merchant’s flesh,
Thou wilt not lose the forfeit,
But touch’d with human gentleness and love:
Forgive a mynte of the principall,
Glancing an eye of pity on his looses.
That house of lasse so huddled on his backe,
Enow to preffe a royall Merchant downe;
And plucke commeration of his flate
From traffike bottomes, and rough hearts of flints,
From stubborn Turk and Tatter never tried
To offices of tender curtesie,
We all except a gentle answer Jew?
Jew. I have poftiff your grace of what I purpose,
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To hate the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your Chastity, and your Cities freedom.
You take me why I rather chose to haue
A weight of caron flesh, then to receive
Three thousand Ducats? Do not answer that:
But say it is my humor; Is it answered?
What if my house be troubled with a Rat,
And I be pleasa’d to giue ten thousand Ducates
To have it bain’d? What are you answer’d yet?
Some men there are none but a gaping Pigge:
Some that are mad, if they behold a Cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe fings’th noise,
Cannot contain their Vene for affiction.
Matters of passion swayts to the moode.
Of what it likes or loathes, now for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be rendred.
Why he cannot abide a gaping Pigge?
Why he a barmless neelesse Cat?
With a woollen bag-pipe, but of force
Must yield to such insomniable flame,
As to offend himselfe being offended:
So can I giue no reason, nor I will not,
More then a lodg’d hare, and a certaine loathing
I bear a Atrocity, that I follow thus
A looking hue against him? Are you answer’d?
Jew. If he is no answerer you unfewithing man.
To exceed the current of thy cruelty.
Jew. I am not hour’d to please thee with my answer.
Jew. Do all men kill the things they do not love?
Jew. Hate say what the thing he would not kill?
Jew. Euerie offence is not a hate at all.
Jew. What wouldst thou have a Serpent fling thee twice?
Ant. I pray you thinkke you question with the Jew:
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the maine foall bun his waist height,
Or even as well vfe question with the Wale,
The Ewe biete for the Lambe:
You may as well forbid the Mountain Pines
To wagge their high tops, and to make no noise
When they are fretted with the guffs of heaven:
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soffen that, then which what harder?
His Jewish heart. Therefore I do before you
Make no more offeres, vfe no further means,
But with all briefe and peace conscience
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.
Jew. For thy three thousand Ducates heere fix.
Jew. If euerie Ducat in five thousand Ducates
Were in five parts, and every part a Ducate,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond?
Duke. How shal I hope you for mee, rendering none?
Jew. What judgment shall I dread doing wrong?
You have among you many a punchast scabe,
Which like your Afees, and your Dogs and Mules,
You vfe in abject and in lowish parts,
Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your harts.
Why sweate they under burthen? Let their beds
Be made as soft as yours: and let their haues
Be fedon’d with rich Vinda: you will answer

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The Merchant of Venice.

The p cumbersome letters which I demand of him

is deeply bought, its mine, and I will have it.

If you deny me, fie upon your Laws.

There is no force in the decrees of Venice;

I stand to judgment, answer, Shall I have it?

Do. Upon my word, I may dissemble this Court,

Vintifer Bellario a learned Doctor,

Whom I have determined to determine this,

Come here to-day.

Lis. My Lord, here be fays without

A Messenger with Letters from the Doctor,

Now come from Padua.

Do. Bring vs the Letters, Call the Messengers,

Baff. Good cheer Antonio. What man, corage yet.

The Jew shall have my heart, blood, bones, and all,

Ere thou shalt lose me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted Western of the rocks,

Mereft for death, the weakest kind of fruit

Drops extant to the ground, and so let me;

You cannot but employ'd Bellario,

Then to hue full, and write mine Epitaph.

Enter Nerissa.

Do. Came you from Padua from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my Lord Bellario greets your Grace.

Do. In what do you think my knife to constrictly?

Law. To cut the forfeiture from that banknote there.

Gr. Not on thy facile: but on thy facile hast few

Thou makest thy knife keen; but no mettall can,

No, not the hangman Axe beafle halfe the keannes.

O thy thong may. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Law. No, none that thou haft wit enough to make,

Gr. O be thou damn'd, inexorable dogge,

And by thy life let justice be acceded;

Thou almost mak'st me weep in my vision;

To hold opinion with Pithagoras,

That foules of Animals infringe themselves

Into the trunks of men. Thy currish spirit.

Gouten's a Wolfe, who hang'd for humane slaeft,

Even from the gallowes did his fell feule fret;

And whililst thou stayest in thy unhallowed dam,

Indit it fertile in thee: For thy defies

Are Woulful, bloody, fiur'd, and ravenous,

Law. Till thou canst raise the seale from off my bond.

Thou but offend if thy Legos to speake so loud;

Repair thy wit: good youth, or it will fall

To endlesse ruine. I stand here for Law.

Du. This Letter from Zulpho doth commend

A young and Learned Doctor in our Court;

Where he? Nero. He attendeth here hard by

To know thy answer, whether thou wilt admit him.

Do. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go give him curteous conduct to this place,

Mean time the Court shall haue Bellari's Letter.

Our Gracefull underrind, that as the reicite of your

Letter I am very giddy: but the inoiuate that your meif-

fanger came, to longing xification, was with me a young Do-

lor of Rome. His name is Balthasar. I acquainted him with the

confent in extraordinary, between the Law and Anthonio the

Merchant: we sent we many Books together: he is in

frained with my opened, which betted with his own learn-

ing, the great use whereof I cannot enough commend, comes

with him at my impartiality, to fill up your Graces request in

my friend. I beseech you, let this lack of years be no impeiment

to like his lack of a rendered estimation: for he never knew so

young a body, with so old a head. I have him to your gracious

acceptance, my chiefest kind, that better publish his commendation

Lenten Pitta for Baldorazar.

Duke. You hear the learned Bellario what he writes,

And here I take it is the Doctor come.

Cauce your hand. Come you from old Bellario?

Por. I did my Lord.

Do. You are welcome: take your place;

Are you acquainted with the difference

That holds this preti question in the Court.

Por. I am informed throughly of the cause.

 Which is the Merchant hence? and what's the law?

Do. Salerno and old Sylverke, both stand toth.

Por. Is your name Shylverke?

Law. Shylverke is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the fate you follow,

Yet in such rule, that the Venices Law

Cannot imagine you as you do proceed.

You stand within his daigier, do you not?

Ant. I, to him says.

Por. Do you confend the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be mercifull.

Law. On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not stramm'd,

It drop pro as the gentle raise from heaven

Upon the place benth. It is twice blett,

It dleath him that giv's him, and him that takes,

Tis mightier in the mightiest, it becomes

The throned Monarch better then his Crowne.

His scepter soves the force of temporall power,

He attribute to awe and Majest,

Wherein doth the dread and fear of Kings;

But mercy is above this leaped sway,

It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,

It is an attribute to God himselfe;

And earthly power doth then aver liket Gods

When mercie leasons Justice. Therefore, ew,

Though justice be the nies, confider this,

This in the corre of Justice, none of us

Should see fution: we do pray for mercy,

And that same prayer, doth teach vs all to render

The deeds of mercy. I have spoken thus much

To mutate the justice of thy ple.

Which if thou follow, this first course of Venice

Multinesters give severence against the Merchant there.

Sly. My deists upon my head, I charge the Law,

The penalty and forfeite of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Enf. Yes, here I tender it for him in the Court,

Yes, twice the summe, if that will not suffice,

I will be bound to pay it ten times ore,

On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.

If this will not suffice, it must appear

That malice bears downe truth. And I beseech you

Wret once the Law to your authority,

To do a great right, do a little wrong,

And curbe this cruel diuell of his will.

Por. It must not be, there is no power in Venice

Can alter a decree established:

Twill be recorded for a President,
And many an error by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

Iew. A Daniel come to judgment, says a Daniel.
O wife young Judge, how do I honour thee.
Per. I pray you let me looke upon the bond.

Iew. Here is't most reverend Doctor, here it is.
Per. Shylock, there's thire thiny money offered thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I break a promise upon my foole?
No not for Venice.

Per. Why this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Necessft the Merchants heart; be mercifull,
Take thine thiny money, bid me tear the bond.

Iew. When it is paid according to the tenure,
It doth appear you are a worthy Judge:
you know the Law, your expostion
Hath beene most sound. I charge you by the Law,
Whereof you are a well:deferving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: By my foule I weare,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

An. Most heartily I do beleech the Court
To give the judgement.
Per. Why then thus it is:
you must prepare your bosome for his knife.

Iew. O noble Judge, O excellent young man,
Per. For the intent and purpose of the Law
Hath full relation to the penalitie,
Which heere appeareth due upon the bond.

Iew. 'Tis verie true: O wife and upright Judge,
How much more elder art thou then thy lookes?
Per. Therefore lay bare your bosome.

Iew. I, his brest,
So layoffs the bond, doth it not noble Judge?
Neeere his heart, those are the very words.

Per. It is so: Are there balsale heere to weigh the flesh?

Iew. I have them ready.

Per. Have by some Surgeon Shylock on your charge
To chop his wounds, lest he should bleed to death.

Iew. It is not nominated in the bond.

Per. It is not so expressi but what of that?
'Twere good you do to much for charitie.

Iew. I cannot finde it, 'tis not in the bond.

Per. Come Merchant, have you any thing to say?

Iew. But little: I am arm'd and well prepar'd.

Ghee me your hand Baffano, fare you well,
Greaten not that I am falne to this for you:
For heerein fortune flewes hereselle more kinde
Then is her cussifie. It is full her leve
To let the wretched man out live his wasthe,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty. From which lingering penance
Of such misery, doth force the me off
Commend me to your honourable Wife,
Tell her the proceed of Antonio's end:
Say how I look'd you; speake me faire in death:
And when the tale is told, bid her be wise,
Whether Baffano had not once a Loan
Repeat nor you that you shall loose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt.
For the Jew do cut but deep enough,
He is in instant, with all my heart.

Baffo. Antonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life it selfe,
But life it selfe, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me estem'd aboute thy life.
I would loose all, I sacrifice them all
Here to this deuil, to deliever you.

Per. Your wife would give you little thanks for that:
If it were by to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife whom, I protest I love,
I would be borne in heaven, so the could.
Intrest some power to change this errunish Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it beside her backe,
The wife would make else an unquiet house.

Iew. Thrice be the Christian husbands I have a daught.
Would any of the flocke of Barabbas
Had bene her husband rather then a Christian.
We trite time, I pray thee pursue sentence.

Per. A pound of that name merchants flesh is thine,
The Court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Iew. Most rightfull Judge.

Per. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast,
The Law allows it, and the Court awards it.

Iew. Most learned Judge, a sentence, come prepare.

Per. Tarry a little, there is something else,
This bond doth give thee here no iot of blood,
The words expressly are a pound of flesh:
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh,
But in the cutting it, if thou dost not do
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are by the Laws of Venice confiscate
Vnto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright Judge,
Marke Jew, O learned Judge.

Shy. Is that the law?

Per. Thy selle shalt fee the Ait,
For as thou warest iustice, be affurd
Thou shalt have iustice more then thou defiere.

Gra. O learned Judge, mark Jew, a learned Judge.
Iew. I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian goe.

Baffo. Here is the money.

Per. Soft, the Jew shall have all iustice, soft, no baffe,
He shall have nothing but the pelatry.

Gra. O Jew, an upright Judge, a learned Judge.

Per. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh,
Shed thou no bloud, nor cut thou leffe not more
But iust a pound of flesh: if thou tak' it more
Or leffe then a tiue pound, be it so much
As makes it light or heavy in the subsistance,
Or the deuision of the twentith part
Of one poor scruple, say if the scale doe turne
But in the estimation of a hayre,
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel Jew,
Now infidell I hate thee on the hip.

Per. Why doth the Jew paue, take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principall, and let me goe.

Baffo. I hate it ready for thee, here it is.

Per. He hath refus'd it in the open Court,
He shall have mercy iustice and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel still say I, a second Daniel,
I thank the Jew for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have bately my principall?

Per. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be taken se at thy perill Jew.

Shy. Why then the Devil shall give him good of it:
He say no longer question.

—For Tarry

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HAVE by your wife done been this day acquitted
Of grievous penatles, in lieu whereof,
Three thousand Ducats due unto the Jew
We freely cope your censure pains withall,
And stand indebted ever and above
In love and seruice to you euermore.

Per. He is well paid that is well satisfied,
And I delivering you, am satisified,
And therein doe account my selfe well paid,
My minde was neuer yet more meriteane.
I pray you know me when we meete againe,
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bast. Deare 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 denote me, and to pardon me.

Per. You preffe mee faire, and therefore I will yeeld,
Give me your golues, Ile weare them for your sake,
And for your loue Ie take this ring from you,
Doe not draw back your hand, ite take no more,
And you in loue shall not deny me this?

Bast. This ring good sir, alas it is a trifle,
I will not shame my selfe to give you this.
Per. I will have nothing else but only this,
And now methinks I have a minde to it.

Bast. These is more depends on this then on the valew,
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And finde it out by proclamation,
Onely for this I pray you pardon mee.
Per. I see sir you are liberal in offers,
You taught me first to beg, and now me thinkes
You teach me how a beggar should be anwer'd,

Bast. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife,
And when she put it on, the made me vow
That I should neither fell, nor giue, nor lose it.
Per. That feule fences many men to faue their gifts,
And if your wife be not a madwoman,
And know how well I have defec't this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for euer.
For giving it to me: well, peace be with you.

Exeunt.

Ant. My L. Baffiano, let him haue the ring,
Let his deferuing and my loue withall
Be valued against your wifes commandement.

Bass. Go to Graiano, run and ouer take him,
Give him the ring, and bring his if thou canst
Vnto Antonius house, away, make haste.
Exit Gratian.
Come, you and I will chisme present.
And in the morning early will we both
Flie toward Belmanto, comte Antonius.

Exeunt.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Per. Enquire the Jewes house out, give him this deed,
And let him figure it, wee' ll away to night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Exit Gratiano.

Grat. Faice sir, you are well o'taste,
My L. Baffiano upon more advice,
Hath sent you hear this ring, and doth intreat
Your company at dinner.

Per. That cannot be;
His ring I doe accept most thankfully,
And do I pray you tell him: furthermore,
I pray you show my youth old Sylvesrzs house.

Grat. That will I doe.

Ner. Sir, I would speake with you:

Per. Tarry Jew,
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is ensnird in the Laws of Venice;
It be prooued against an Alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts
He leke the life of any Citizen,
The party gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall loose one halfe his goods, the other halfe
Comes to the priuie coffere of the State,
And the offender lies in the mercy
Of the Duke onely, gainst all other voice.

In which predicament I say thou standst:
For it appeares by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly to,
Thou haft contruid against thee very life
Of the defendant and thou haft incurr'd
The danger formerly by merchezrft.

Downe therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

Grat. Beg that thou maist have leave to hang thy selfe,
And yet thy wealth being forfeitt to the state,
Thou haft not lost the value of a cord.
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the states charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our punit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou askest it:
For halfe thy wealth, it is Antonius's,
The other he haue comes to the general state,
Which humblenesse may drive oune to a fine.

Per. For the sake out for Antonius.

Syr. Nay, take my life and all pardon not that,
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth suffice my house: you take my life
When you do take the meanes whereby I live.

Per. What mercy can you render him Antonius?


Ant. So please my Lord the Duke, and all the Court
To quitt the fine for one halfe of his goods,
I am content: so he will let me haue
The other halfe in life, to render it
Vpon his death, vnto the Gentleman
That lately stole his daughter.

Twothings provided more that for this favour
He presentely become a Christian :
The other, that he doe record a gift
Here in the Court of all he dies possi'ff
Vnto his sonne Lorenzo, and his daughter.

Duke. He shall doe this, or else I doe retake
The power that I late pronounced here.

Per. Art thou contented Jew? what doth thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Per. Clarke, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you give me leave to goe from hence,
I am not well, send the deed after me,
And I will signe it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but doe it,

In chaffing thou shalst haue two god fathers,
Had I been judge, thou shouldest have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallowes, not to the font.

Duke. Sir I intreat you with me home to dinner.

Deu. Humbly doe desire your Grace of pardon,
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meere I presentely let forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your levyure fenes you not:
Antonius gratifies this gentleman,
For in my mind you are much bound to him.

Exeunt Duke and his traine.

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend

Grat. In trust you were well o'taste,
My L. Baffiano upon more advice,
Hath sent you hear this ring, and doth intreat
Your company at dinner.

Per. That cannot be;
His ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so I pray you tell him: furthermore,
I pray you shew my youth old Sylvesrzs house.

Grat. That will I doe.

Ner. Sir, I would speake with you:


Atus Quintus.

Enter Lorenzo and Ieffica.

Lor. The moon doth shine bright. In such a night as this, When the sweet wind doth gently kiss the trees, And they did make no noise, in such a night Troylus me thinks mounted the Trojan walls, And light his foole toward the Grecian tents Where Creffid lay that night.

Ieff. In such a night Did Tuba with a Willow in her hand, Vpon the wild lea bankes, and waft her Love To come againe to Cuthage.

Ieff. In such a night Medea gathered the unchancted herbs, That did renew old E/on.

Lor. In such a night Did Ieffica steal from the wealthy jewe, And with an Vnfright Loue did runne from Venice, As tare as Belmont.

Ieff. In such a night Did young Lorenzo last be loud her well, Stealing her foule with many vowes of faith, And not a true one.

Lor. In such a night Did pretty Ieffica (like a little throw) Slander her Loue, and he forgave it her.

Ieff. I would our night you did no body come: But harke, I hear the footings of a man.

Enter Mifringer.

Lor. Who comes so late in silence of the night?

Mifr. A friend.

Lor. A friend, what friend? your name I pray you.

Mifr. Stephanie is my name, and I bring word My Miftrife will before the break of day Be heere at Belmont, she doth first say:

Lor. When she is come, who comes with her?

Mifr. None but a holy Hermit and her maid:

Lor. I pray you it my Miftrife yet return'd?

Mifr. He is not, we have not heard from him, But goe we in, I pray thee Ieffica,

And ceremoniously let vs prepare

Some welcome for the Miftrife of the house.

Enter Clowes.

Clo. Sola, fola: we ha ho, fola, fola,

Lor. Who calls?

Clo. Sola, did you see M.Lorenzo, & M. Lorenzo, sola, Lor. Leave hollowing man, heere, (sola)

Clo. Sola, where, where?

Lor. Here, heere.

Clo. Tell him there's a Post come from my Master, with his home full of good news, my Master will be here at morning sweet foule.

Lor. Let's in, and there expect their comming,

And yet no matter: why shoulde we goe in?

My friend Stephen, signifie you pray

Within the house, your Mistrife is a hand,

And bring your musique forth into the aire,

How sweet the moones-light fleapes vpon this banke, Heere will we sit, and let the founds of musique

Creep in our ears soft flinches, and the night

Become the tutches of sweet harmony:

Sit Ieffica, looke how the floore of heaven

Is thick inlaid with patten of bright gold,

There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdst,

But in his motion like an Angel fings,

Still quering to the young ey'd Cherubins;

Such harmony is in immortal soules,

But whilft that mudy vefture of decay

Doth grovly clothe in, we cannot hear it:

Come her, and wake Diana with a hymne,

With sweetly tutches parse your Mistrife ear,

And draw her home with musique.

Ieff. I am notwarry when I heare sweet musique.

Play musique.

Lor. Therefore, your spirits are attentive

For doe but note a wilder and warier heard

Or race of youthful and valiant colts,

Petching round bounds, bellowing and weighing loud,

Which is the hot condition of these bleed,

If they but hear a perchance a trumpet sound,

Or any eye of musique touch their ears,

You shall perceive them make a mutuell frond,

Their fadge eyes turnd to a modest gate,

By the sweet power of musique theirefore the Poet

Did faine that Orpheus drew the trees, fongs, and floods,

Since naught so toucheth, hard, and full of rage,

But musique for once doth change his nature,

The man that had no musique in humefic,

Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,

Is fide for treason, stratagems, and spoyles,

The motions of his spirit are dull as night,

And his affections dale as Ethba,

Let no such man be trusted: make the musique.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. This night we see King in our hall:

How faire that little cardell throws his beames,

So bright, so pow'rful, in a naughty world.

(Exit)

Ner. When the moones flame we did not see the can

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the leffe,

A Sublimate flines brightly as a King

Vntill a King he by, and then his flare

Empties it selfe, as doth an inland brooke

Into the maine of waters: musique, harke.

Musique.

Ner. It is your musique Madame of the house.

Por. Nothing is good I see without repsect,

Methinks it sounds much sweeter then by day.

Ner. Silence before those that venture on it Madam.

Por. The Crow doth sing as sweetly as the Lake
The Merchant of Venice.

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When neither is attend'd: and I think
The Nightingale if she should sing by day
When every Goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a Musitian than the Wren?

How many things by seamen, seamen dare
To their right praise, and true perfection:
Peace, how the Moone sleept with Endimion,
And would not be awak'd.

Musicke crosst.

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd of Portia.

Per. 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 your 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.

Per. Go in, Portia,
Gue order to my menants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence,
Nor you Lorenzo, Jefco or you,
On Tucket founds.

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I have his Trumpet,
We are no tell-tales Madam, feare you not.

Per. This night methinkes is but the daylight fickle,
It looks a little paler, 'tis a day,
Such as the day is, when the Sun is hid.

Enter Baffania, Antinoius, Gratiano, and their followers.

Baf. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walke in abscence of the sunne.

Per. Let me guie light, but let me not beleit,
For a light wife doth make a heittie husband,
And never be Baffania so for me,
But God for all, you are welcome home my Lord.

Baf. I thank you Madam, guie welcom to my friend
This is the man, this is Antionius,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Per. You should in all fonce be much bound to him,
For as I heare was much bound for you.

Ant. No more then I am well acquittance of.

Per. Sir, you are verie welcome to our house:
It muf appear in other wais then words,
Therefore I scant this breathing curtfees.

Gra. By yonder Moone I live are you do me wrong,
Infair I guie it to the Judges Cleark,
Would he were gett that had it for my part,
Since you do take it. Loue so much at hart,

Per. A quarrel how alreadie, what is the matter?

Gra. About a hoole of Gold, a patrye Ring
That the did give me, whole Poeticke was
For all the world like Cutlers Poetry
Upon a knife, Love mee, and leave mee not.

Ner. Whate talk you of the Poeticke or the valew:
You (wore to me when I did guie it you,
That you would ware it till the houre of death,
And that it should lye with you in your grave,
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have bene respetfule and haue kept it.

Gauie it to Judges Cleark: but wel I knew
The Cleark will were ware haire on his face that had it.

Per. You were too blaine, I must be blaine with you,
To part so lightly with your wives first gift,
A thing fluceke on with oaths upon your finger,
And so rusted with faith unto your heath.
I guie my Loue a Ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it, and here he stands:
I dare be sworne 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 guie your wife too vnkind a caufe of griefe,
And twere to me I should be mad at it.

Baf. Why I were best to cut my left hand off,
And Iware I left the Ring defending it.

Gra. My Lord Baffania guie his Ring away
Vato the judge that beg'd it, and indeed
Defend'd it too: and then the Boy his Cleareke
That tooke some paines in writing, he begg'd mine,
And nether man nor matter would take oght
But the two Rings.

Per. What Ring guie you my Lord?
Not that I hope which you receiv'd of me.

Baf. If I could aide a heavt a fault,
I would dey it that you see my finger
Hath not the King your part, it is gone.

Per. Even fo void it your vsile heart of truth.
By heuren I will are come in your bed
Vntil I see the Ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours, til I gaine fee mine.

Baf. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gauie the Ring,
If you did know for whom I gauie the Ring,
And how it was mine, I had gauied it,
When ought would be accepted but the Ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure?

Per. If you had knowne the vertue of the Ring,
Or halfe her worthinesse that gauied the Ring,
Or your owne honour to containe the Ring,
You would not then have parted with the King:
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleaed to have defended it
With any termes of Zeal: wanted the modelie
To vige the thing held as a ceremonial
Neriffia reaches me what to beleue,
He die for't, but some Woman had the Ring.

Baf. No by mine honor Madam, by my soule
No Woman had it, but a ciell Doctor,
Which did refue three thousand Ducaties of me,
And beg'd the Ring: the which I did denie him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away:
Even he that had hald up the verie life
Of my deare friend, What should I say sweete Lady?
I was inforced to send it after him.
I was best with frame and curtsees,
My honor would not let ingratitude
So much bemeane it. Pardon me good Lady,
And by thefe bleffed Candles of the night,
Had you bene there, I thinke you would have begg'd
The Ring of me, to guie the worthie Doctor?

Q. 2

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FINIS.
As you Like it.

Actus primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orlando.

I remember Adam, it was upon this fashion I beseeched you by word, but no more a thousand Crowns, and as thou safest, charged my brother on his helping to breed me well: and there begins my father's: My brother Leques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his parts; for my part, he keeps me suitably at home, or to speak more properly it was me here at home unkept: for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differst not from the stuffing of a Ox? his horses are bred better, for besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end Riders dearly bid'd: but I (his brother) gaineth nothing under him but growth, for the which his Aminals on his dung-hills are as much bound to him as I; besides this nothing that he to plentifully giveth me, the something that nature giveth me, his countenance seemeth to take from me: he lets me seek with his Hinds, barres mee the place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mine my gentility with my education. This is it Adam that grieveth me, and the spirit of my Father, which I think is within mee, begins to mutine against this feititude, 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.

Orl. Go to a pauc-Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me vp.

Orl. Now Sir, what make you here?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Orl. What may you then be?

Orl. Marry sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poore unworthy brother of yours with idleness.

Oliver. Marry sir be better employed, and be taught a while.

Orl. Shall I keepe your hogs, and eat husskes with them? what prodigall portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Orl. Know you where you are sir?

Orl. Of Sir, very well: heere in your Orchard.

Orl. Know you before sir?

Orl. I, better then him I am before knowes me: I know you are my eldest brother, and in the gentle condition of bloud you should fo know me; the courtesie of nations allows you my better; in that you are the first born of the same tradition take not away my bloud, were there twenty brothers betwixt us I have as much of my father in mee, as you, albeit I confess your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Orl. What day?

Orl. Come, come elder brother, you are too young in Olr. What thou lay hands on me villain?

Orl. I am no villain: I am the yongest formes of Sir Rowland de Boys, he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that fasheth such a father begot villains: were thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had puld out thy tongue for saying so, thou hast raised on thy felf.

Adam. Sweet Masters bee patient, for your Fathers remembrance, be at accord.

Orl. Let me see thee say.

Orl. I will not til I pleasure: you shall hear mee: my father charg'd you in his will to give me good education: you have train'd me like a peazzant, obseruing and hiding from mee all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father growes strong in mee, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or gue mee the poore allotry of my father lett mee byssistment, with that I will goe buy my fortunes.

Orl. And what wilt thou do? beg when that is spent? Well sir, get you in. I will not longe be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will, I pray you leave mee:

Orl. I will no further offend you, then becomes mee for my good.

Orl. Get you with him, you ole dogge.

Adam. Is old dogge my reward? most true, I have left my teeth in your jaws: God be with my ole master, he would not have spoke such a word. Exe.Orl. Ad.

Orl. Is it even so, begin you to grow upon me? I will physick your ranckenesse, and yet give no thousand crownes neyther: holla Dennis.

Enter Dennis.

Denn. Calls your worship?

Orl. Was not Charles the Dukes Wafller here to speake with mee?

Denn. So please you, he is heere at the doore, and importunates accessee to you.

Orl. Call him in't will be a good way: and to morrow the waflling is.

Enter Charles.

Ch. Good morrow to your worship.

Orl. Good Mounther 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 old Duke is banished by his younger brother the new Duke, and three or foure loving Lords
Fortune and if i. therefore and yet vnlelfeyou and hee came and emulator fori I I (hall is him loucs ftay that of Gentlemen with is fhall come vnder-hand thy doft graceuer I wonder* after fo come cleave her many a Vncie,then if my Vncele thy banished father had banished thy Vncele the DukeMy father , fo thou hadst beene full with me, i could haue taught my love to take thy father for mine; so wouldft thou,if the truth of thy love to me were to righteously tempter,d as mine to thee.

Ref. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to revenge in yours.

Ref. From henceforth I will Coz, and deuise sports to make thee, where to take you of falling in Love.

Col. Let vs fit and mocke the good houfwife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ref. I would we could doe so; for her beneftes are mightily misplaced, and the bountifull blinde woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Ref. Nay now thou goest from Fortune office to Na
tures: Fortune reignes in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Col. No; when Nature hath made a faire creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? though nature hath given vs to flout 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.

Ref. Paraduenture this is not Fortunes work neither, but Natures, who perceiuch our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddeshes, hath sent this Na
tural for our whistle. for alwayes the dunelle of the foole, is the whistoffe of the wits. How now Witte, whether wander you?

Collect. Mistrefle, you must come away to your father.

Col. Were you made the meffenger?

Col. No by mine honor, but i was bid to come for you
As you like it.

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Refr. Where learned you that oath foole?

Cel. Of a certaine Knight, that swore by his Honour
179 that they were good Pancakes, and swore by his Honour the Muffets were bought; now I fand lead to it, the Pancakes were bought, and the Muffet was good, and yet was not the Knight fooure.

Cel. How prove you that in the great heape of your knowledge?

Refr. I marry, now unmuzzle your wisedome.

Cel. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chinnes, and shave your beardes that I am a knaue.

Refr. By our beads (if we had them) thou art.

Cel. By my knaieri (if I had it) then I were: but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: this knight swearing by his Honor, for he never had none; or if he had, he had sworn it away, before ever he saw those Pancakes, or that Muffet.

Refr. Prithee, who is't that thou meanest?

Cel. That old Father you your Father loues.

Refr. My Fathers loue is enough to honor him enough; speak no more of him, you shall be whipt for taxation one of these daies.

Cel. The more pittie that fools may not speak witty, what Witenes do foolishly.

Refr. By my truth thou fact it true: for since the little wit that fools haue was felened, the little foolerie that wise men make is a great shew; Hecce comes Monfieur the Beu.

Enter le Beu.

Refr. With his mouth full of newes.

Cel. Which he will put on vs, as Digeons feed their young.

Refr. Then that we be newses-cram'd.

Cel. All the better, we shall be the more Marketable.

Duke. Monfieur le Beu, what's the newes?

Le Beu. Faire Princesse,
you haue loth much sport.

Cel. Sport: of what colour?

Le Beu. What colour Madame? How shall I aun-
twery you?

Refr. As wit and fortune will.

Cel. Or as the delinies decares.

Cel. Well said, that was laid on with a crewel.

Cel. Nay, if I keep not my raine.

Refr. Tho fool'd thy old timell.

Le Beu. You amaze me Ladies: I would haue told you of good wrestling, which you haue loth the fight of.

Refr. Yet tell vs the manner of the Wrahting.

Le Beu. I will tell you the beginning and all it please your Ladiships, you may see the end, for the bell is yet to doe, and here where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

Le Beu. There comes an old man, and his three fans.

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beu. This proper young men, of excellent growth and presence.

Refr. With bills on their neckers: Be it knowne vnto all men that these presents.

Le Beu. The elde of the three, wrastled with Charles the Dukes Wrahter, which Charles in a momenct threw him, and broke three of his ribbes, that there is little hope of life in him: So he sent'd the second, and fo the third: ynder they lie, the poore old man their Father, making such pittifull dole over them, that all the behol-
ders take his part with weeping.

Refr. Alas.

"Cel. But what is the sport Mounfier, that the Ladies have lost?"

Le Beu. Why this that I speake of.

Cel. Thus men may grow wiser every day. It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribbes was sport for Ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promis thee.

Refr. But is there any else longs to see this broken Muffecke in his fides? Is there yet another doestes upon rib-breking? Shall we see that wrastling Cosin?

Le Beu. You must if you stay here, for here is the place appointed for the wrastling, and they are ready to perfume it.

Cel. Yonder fence they are comming, let vs noy stay
and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendant.

Duke. Come on, since the youth will not be intreated
His owne persill on his forward hefe.

Refr. Is yonder the man?

Le Beu. Even he, Madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young: ye he looks successully
Dn. How now daughter, and Cousin:

Are you crept hither to see the wrastling?

Refr. I my Liege, so please you giue vs leave.

Dn. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you
there is much oddes in the man: In pitie of the challen-
gers youth, I would faine dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him Ladies, see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hether good Monfieur Le Beu
Duke. Do so: He not be by.

Le Beu. Monfieur the Challenger, the Princesse calls
for you.

Orl. I attend them with all respect and dutie.

Refr. Youngman, haue you challeng'd Charles the
Wrahter?

Orl. No faire Princesse: he is the general challenger, I come but in as ethers do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Yong Gentleman, your spirits are too bold for
your ceyes: you haue seen cruel proofs of this mans strength, if you saw your selfe with your cyes, or know your selfe with your judgment, the fear of your adven-
ture would consell you to a more equall enterprise. We pray you for your owne sake to embrace your owne sa
tic and gauge over this attempt.

Refr. Do young Sir? your reputation shall not therefore be mispriz'd: we will make it our fuite to the Duke, that the wrastling might not go forward.

Orl. I brench you, punish mee not with your hard
thoughts, wherein I confesse me much guiltie to denie to faire and excellent Ladies anie thing. But let your faire eies, and gentle wiffes go with mee to my triall; wherein if I bee fald, there is but one shal't d that was
never gracieus: if kil'd, but one dead that is willing to be fo: I shal do my friends no wrong, for I have none to
lament me: the world no inuere for it: I haue nothing: onely in the world I flipp a place, which may bee better supplied, when I haue made it emptie.

Refr. The little strength that I haue, I would is vvere
with you.

Cel.
As you like it.

Cel. And mine to eke out hers.

Ref. Fare you well; praise heaven I be deceiv'd in you.

Cel. Your hearts desires be with you.

Char. Come, where is this young gallant, that is so destrous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Readie Sir, but his will hast in it a more modest working.

Duk. You shall trie but one fall.

Che. No, I warrant your Grace you shall not entertain him to a second, that haue so mightlie perswaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mocke me after: you should not have mock'd me before: but come your wares.

Ref. Now Hercules, be thy speeche yong man.

Cel. I would I were insensible, to catch the strong fellow by the legge.

Ref. Oh excellent yong man.

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eie, I can tell who should downe.

Duk. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes I befeech your Grace, I am not yet well breath'd.

Ref. How do's thou Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speake my Lord,

Duk. Besee him awake.

What is thy name yong man?

Orl. Orlando my Liege, the yongest sonne of Sir Roland de Boys.

Duk. I would thou hadst beene son to some man else,
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did finde him full mine enemie:
Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deede,
Hadst thou descented from another house:
But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth,
I would thou hadst told me of another Father.

Exit Duke.

Cel. Were I my Father (Coze) would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Roland's sonne,
His yongest sonne, and would not change that calling
To be adopt'd heir to Frederick.

Ref. My Father loud Sir Roland at his soule,
And all the world was of my Fathers minde,
Had I before knowne this young man his sonne,
I should have given him tears into entreaties,
Ere he should thus haue vent'd,

Cel. Gentle Cozen,
Let us goe thank him, and encourage him:
My Fathers rough and mutious disposition
Sticks me at heart: Sir, you haue well deserv'd,
If you doe keepe your promises in love,
But solly as you haue exceed'd all promise,
Your Mistresse shall be happy.

Ref. Gentleman,
Weare this for me: one out of fortunes with fortune
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we goe Coze?

Cel. Is faire you well faire Gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you! My better parts
Are all in worse downe, and that which here stands vp
Is but a quittance, a mere jettise blocke.

Ref. He saies vs backes: my pride fell with my fortunes,
He take him what he would: Did you call Sir?

Cel. You have wrasht well, and ouerthrown.

More then your enemys.

Cel. Will you goe Coze?

Ref. Have with you: fare you well. Exit.

Orl. What passion hanges these weighty vpo you toong?
I cannot speake to her, yet the vrg'd conference.

Enter Le Beau.

O poore Orlando! thou art ouerthrown.
Or Charles, or something weaker masters thee.

Le Beau. Good Sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place; albeit you haue deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and loue;
Yet such is now the Dukes condition,
That he misconfers all that you have done:
The Duke is humorous, what he is indeede
More suite you to conceive, then I to speake of.

Orl. I thank you Sir, and pray you tell me this,
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,
That here was at the Wrastling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners,
But yet indeede the taller is his daughter,
The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her ybearling Yncle
To keepe his daughter companion, whole loues
Are deere then the natural bond of Sisters:
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
Hath gone in pleade for'gainst his gentle Niece,
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praise her for her vertues,
And pittee 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 deifie more loue and knowledge of you.

Orl. I tell much bounden to you: fare you well.
Thus must I from the snaile into the snother,
From tyrant Duke, into a tyrant Brother.

But heavenly Rosaline.

Exit.

Scene Tertius.

Enter Celia and Rosaline.

Cel. Why Cozen, why Rosaline? Cupid haue mercie,
Not a word?

Ref. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away
Upon curs, though some of them at me; come, come mee with reasons.

Ref. Then there were two Cozens laid vp, when the one should be land'd with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your Father?

Ref. No, some of it is for my childer Father: Oh how full of bitters is this working day world.

Cel. They are but burs, Cozen, introwne vpon thee
In holiday foolerie, if we wake not in the stodden paths
Our very petty coates will catch them.

Ref. I could make them off my coate, these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ref. I would try if I could cry hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrashtle with thy affections.

Ref. O they take the part of a better wrashtler then my selfe.

Cel. Of a good with vpon you: you will trie in time in

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in sight of all: but turning these lefts out of her face, let us talk in good earnest: Is it possible on such a matter you should fall into such a slumber with so reverend a soul as yourself?

Ref. The Duke my father lov'd his father dearly. 

Cel. Doth. it therefore ensue that you should lose his son? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I have not Orlando.

Ref. No faith, hate him not for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve it well?

Enter Duke with Lords.

Ref. Let me love him for this, and do you love him because I do. Look, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his cens full of anger.

Duk. Misstrue, dispatch you with your selfish haste, And get you from our Court. 

Ref. Me Vnle. 

Duk. You Cofen, 

Within these ten days it that thou best found So more our publicke Court at twenty miles, Thou dost it for. 

Ref. I do beseech your Grace, Let me the knowledge of my faults bear me: With my felie I hold intelligence, Or have acquaintance with mine owne desire, If that I do not dreame, or be not frantic, (As I do be true I am not) then deere Vnle, Neuer so much as in a thought rabbone, Did I offend your highnesse.

Duk. This doe all Tractors, If their purgation did consist in words, They are as innocent as grace it selfe; Let it suffice thee that I truft thee not.

Ref. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a Traitor; Tell me whereon the likelihoods depends?

Duk. Thou art thy fathers daughter, there's enough.

Ref. So was I when your highnesse took his dukedom, So was I when your highness banish'd him; Treston is not inherited my Lord, Or if we did derive it from our friends, What is that to me, my father was no Traitor, Then good my Lege, mistake me not so much, To shunke my povertie is treachery.

Cel. Deere Soveraigne hearse me speake.

Duk. 1 Cofen, we flaid her for your sake, Else she had with her father rang'd along. 

Cel. I did not then intent to have her stay, It was your pleasure, and your owne remore, I was too young that time to value her, But now I know her: if she be a Traitor, Why so am I, as I still have slept together, Rofe at an infante, learn'd, praid, estate together, And wherefore we went, like honest Swans, Still we went coupled and insepert.

Duk. She is too subtle for thee, and her smoothnesses; Her vertue fincere, and per patience, Speake to the people, and they pattie her: Thou art a foole, the rob thee of thy name, And thou wilt show more bright, & feem more vertuous When she is gone: then open not thy lips. 

Firme, and irreuocable is my doome, Which I haue paft upon her, she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me my Lege, I cannot live out of her company.

Duk. You are a foole: you Nece prome you selfe, If you out-stay the time, you have mine honor, And in the greatnesse of my word you die. 

Exeunt. Duke, &c.

Ref. 0 my poore Roseline, whether wilt thou goe? Wilt thou change Fathers? I will give thee mine: I charge thee be not thou more grieu'd then I am. 

Ref. I haue more cause. 

Cel. Thou haft not Cofen, Percebe thee be cheerfulfull, know'ft thou not the Duke Hath banish'd me his daughter? 

Ref. That he hath not.

Ref. No, hath not? Roseline lacks then the love Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one, Shall we be bound? shall we part? weete girle? No, let my Father seeks another here: Therefore deuise with me how we may flee Whether to goe, and what to beare with vs, And doe not trosse to take your change upon you, To bear your grieues your selfe, and leaue me out: For by this heaven, now at our sorrowes palse, Say what thou canst, I goe along with thee.

Ref. Why, whether shall we goe? 

Cel. To trosse my Vnle in the Forreft of Arden. 

Ref. Alas, what danger will it be too,es, (Mades as we are) to trussell forth to farre? Because roudo the theeues sooner then gold. 

Cel. He put my felle in poore and meane attire, And with a kind of vmbler smirch my face, The like do you, so shall we passe along, And neuer his affillants. 

Ref. Were it not better, Because that I am more then common tall, That I did fitte one all points like a man, A gallant eartrax upon my thigh, A bare speare in my hand, and in my heart Lye there what hidden woman fare there will, Weele have a swasing and a marshall outide, As manie other manifieth towards, 

Cel. That doe oufassie it with their semblances, That shall I call thee when thou art a man? 

Ref. I haue no worse a name then honest owne Page, And therefore looke you call me Gauntwych. 

But what will you by call'd? 

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my face: No longer Cela, but Aliena.

Ref. But Cofen, what if we affaid to feale The clownsnes Foose out of your Fathers Court? Would he not be a comfort to our trauaille? 

Cel. Heege goe along ore the wide world with me, Leave me alone to woe him; Let's away And get our Jewells and our wealth togither, Deuise the fittest time, and safest way To hide vs from pursuifte that will be made After my flight now goe in we content To libertie, and not to banishment. 

Exeunt.

Atius Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke Senior: Almagis, and two or three Lords' like Forefeters. 

Duk. Sen. Now my Cove-waste, and brosers in exile: Hath not old culome made this life more sweeet.
Then that of painted pomps? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the ensiuous Court?
Here fate we not the penalty of Adam,
The lessons difference, as the Icie change
And curstish chiding of the winters winde,
Which when it bites and blows upon my body
Euen till I shrunke with cold and fierce, and lay
This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am:
Sweet are the vies of adversity
Which like the toad, ougly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life eexed prom publicke haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, bookes in the running brookes,
Sermon in stones, and good in every thing.

Amien. I would not change it, happy is your Grace
That can translate the rubbarmelle of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Du Sen. Come,shall we goe and kill a venefion?
And yet itrikes me the poore dappled foole
Being natue Burgers of this detest City,
Should inther Owne confines with forked heads
Hawe their round hanches garded.

1. Lord. Indeed my Lord
The melancholy Iapers grieves at that,
And in that kinde (wears you do more wyppe)
Then doth your brother that hath banished you:
To day my Lord of Amien, and my selfe,
Did stelte behind him as he lay along
Vnder an oak, whose antick rooste peepe out
Upon the brooke that braviles along this wood,
To which the place a poore quefitical Stag,
That from the Hunters ayme had tane a hurt,
Did come to languysh; and indeed my Lord
The wretched animal heald forth such groanes
That their dischare did frighten his leathern coat
Almoft to buftling, and the big round teates
Cours'd one another downe his innocent nole
In picteous chafe: and thus the haerie foole,
Much marked of the melanchole Iapers,
Stood on the treemell verge of the fine brooke,
Augmenting it with teares.

Du Sen. But what said Iapers?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?
2. Lord. O yes, into a thousand families.
First, for his weeping into the needleles strea\nS; Poor Deere quoth he, thou makst a testament
As wooldling doe, giving thy hum of more
To that which had too mutt: then being there alone,
Left and abandoned of his veluer friend;
Theright quoth he, thus melteth dute part
The fluxe of companie: anon a carelesse Hearde
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
And never flaes to greet him: I quoth Iapers,
Sweepye on you fat and greattie Citizens,
'Tis not the fashion; wherefore do you looke
Upon that pouse and broken bankrupt there?
Thus most innocently he pierce through
The body of Country, Citie, Court,
Yea, and of his owne life, sweareing that we
Are meere vuppers, tyrants, and whatso worde
To fright the Animals, and to kill them wp
In their affifed 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 sobbing Deere.

Du Sen. Show me the place,
I loue to cope him in the fullen fis,
For then he's full of matter.

1 Lor. He bring you to him strait.

Exeunt.

Scene Secunda.

Enter Duke, with Lordes.

Duke. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be, some villaines of my Court
Are of confent and suffereance in this.

1. Lor. I cannot heare of any that did see her,
The Ladies her attendants of her chamber
Saw her a bed, and in the morning early,
They found the bed victasur'd of their Mistres.
2. Lor. My Lord, the roynish Clown, at whom to off,
Your Grace was wont to laugh is also miffing,
Hijeria the Princefle Gentlewoman
Confesseth that she secretely one-heard
Your daughter and her Cofen much commend
The parts and graces of the Wrasler
That did but lately goe the Fynowch Charlet,
And the beleues where euer they are gone
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke. Send to his brother, fetch that gallant hither,
If he be abente, bring his Brother to me,
He make him finde him: do this foadily;
And let not search inquisition quallie,
To bring against these foolish runaways.

Exeunt.

Scene Tertia.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orl. Who's there?

Ad. What my yong, Master, oh my gentle Master,
Oh my sweet Master, you remember
Of old Sir Rowland; why, what make you here?
Why are you vertuous? Why do poor people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcomne
The bonnie prifer of the humorious Duke?
Your prais is come too swift the home before you.

Know you not Master, to seeme kind of men,
Their graces liue them but as enemies,
No more doe yours: your vertues gentle Master
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you:
Oh what a world is this, when what is comely
Emnenous him that bears it?
Why, what's the matter?

Ad. O unhappie youth,
Come not within these doore: within this roome
The enemie of all your graces liue:
Your brother, no brother, yet the fon
(Yet not the foud, I will not call him fon)
Of him I was about to call his Father,
Hath heard your praires, and this night he means,
To burne the lodging where you vse to lye,
And you within its: if he faile of that.
As you like it. 191

He will have other means to cut you off;
I hearder him: and his practises:
This is no place, this house is but a butcherie;
Abhorre it, fear it, do not enter it.

As. Why whether Adam wouldst thou have me go?
Ad. No matter whether, so you come not here.
Or. What wouldst thou have me goke beg my food,
Or with a bale and boistrous Sword enforce
A threnthiish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, so how I can,
I rather will submitt me to the malice
Of a diereted blood, and bloudie brother.

Ad. But do not so: I have five hundred Crownes,
The thriftie hire I faued under your father,
Which I did store to be my latter Nurse,
When seruice should in my old limbs be lame,
And vregarded age in corners throwne,
Take that, and he that doth the Raunts feede,
Yea providently eaters for the Sparrow,
Be comfort to my age: here is the gold,
All this I give you, let me be your feuant,
Though I looke old, yet I am strong and lustie;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot,and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unblest full forehead woe,
The meanes of weaknesse and debilite,
Therefore my age is as a lustie winter,
Frolick, but kindly; let me goe with you,
He do the service of a yoong man.
In all your businesse and necessitie.

Or. Oh good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When seruice sweate for dutie,not for meede:
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweate, but for promotion,
And hating that do choose their seruice vp,
Even with the hauing, it is so not with thee:
But poor old man, thou prunft a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossome yeeld,
In lieu of all thy paines and husbandrie,
But come thy waies, wee cle doe along together,
And ere we hauie thy youthfull wages spent,
Wee cle wepe vpon somet danger low content.

Ad. Master goe on, and I will follow thee
To the left galle with truth and loyallie,
From levantene yeers, till now almoost foure score.
Here I layd, but now lye here no more
At leasstenee yeers, many their fortunes fecke
But at foure score, it is too late a wecke,
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Then to die well, and not my Makers dearter.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Rosaline for Ganison, Celia for Alcina, and Clowne, alias Touchstone.

Ros. O Jupiter, how merry are my spirits?
Cle. I care not for my spirits, if my legges were not wearie.
Ros. I could finde in my heart to disgrace my mans apperell,
And to crye like a women: but I must comfort
the weakest vellell, as doublet and hose ought to show it
felie coragious to pettie-coate; therefore courage good
Alcina.

Cle. I praye you beare with me, I cannot goe no further.

Cle. For my part, I had rather beare with you, then
beare you: yet I should beare no crosse if I did beare you,
for I think you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the Forrest of Arden.
Cle. I now am I in Arden, the more foole I,
when I was at home I was in a better place, but Travellers must
be content.

Enter Corin and Silvia.

Ros. I be so good Touchstone: Lock you, who comes here,
a young man and an old in solemn talk.
Cor. That is the way to make her scarce you stiill.
Sil. Oh Corin, that thou knewst how I do love her.
Cor. I partly gueffe: for I have lou'd e're now.
Sil. No Corin, being old, thou canst not gueffe,
Though in thy youth thou wast at true a louer,
As euer figh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy loue were euer like to mine,
As fate I think did never man loue fo:
How many actions most ridiculous,
Hast thou beene drawn to by thy pastasie?
Cor. Into a thoufand that I have forgotten.
Sil. Oh thou didst then neuer loue fo bartely,
If thou remembreft not the flight teff folly,
That euer loue did make thee run into,
Hast thou haft not lound.
Or if thou haft not as I do now,
Wearing thy heart in thy Militia praise,
Thou haft not lound.
Or if thou haft not broke from companie,
Abruptly as my passion now makes me,
Thou haft not lound.
P. Phebe, Phebe, Phebe.

Ros. Alas poore Shepheard searching of they would,
I haue by hard adventure fou'd mine owne.

Cle. And I mine: I remember when I was in Loue,
I broke my fword vpon a stone, and bid him take that for
comining a night to Loue Sonne, and I remember the kifing
of her baser, and the Cowes dugs that her prettie chophsands had milkg'; and I remember the wooling
of a peaces instead of her, from whom I tooke two
cods, and giuing her them againe, said with wepeing
tears, weare thefe for my fake: wee that are true Lou-
eers, runne into strange capers; but as all is mortall
in nature, so is all nature in loue, mortall in folly.

Ros. Thou speakst wiser then thou art ware of.

Cle. Nay, I shall nere be ware of mine owne wis, till
I break my fhrins against it.

Ros. Loue, Loue, this Shepheardes passion,
Is much upon my fashion.

Cle. And mine, but it grows something fiale with me.

Ros. I pray you, one of you queffion you'd man,
If he for gold will giue vs any foode,
I faine almoft to death.

Cle. Holla, you Clowne.

Ros. Peace fool, he's not thy kindman.

Cle. Who callst

Cle. Your betters Sirs.

Ros. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace
your but that they call complements like th'encounter of
two dog-Apes. And when a man thanks me hatfully,
me thinks he has given me a penie, and he renders me
the beggarly thanks. Come sing; and you will not
hold your tongues.

Amy. Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, court the while,
the Duke will drink vnder this tree; he hath bin all this
day to looke you.

IQ. And I haue pin all this day to avoid him:
He is too disputable for my companie:
I think of as many matters as he, but I glue
Heaven thankes, and make no boast of them.
Come, warble, come.

Song.

Altsgether heare,
Who dare ambition brame,
And looke to Rae and Smittes:
Seeking the food be care,
And peace it with what he gets:
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Hear shall be fee, &c.

IQ. He giveth you a venite to this note,
That I make yesteray a deputation of my Intention.

Amy. And he sing it.

Amy. Thus it goes,

If he do come to pluff, that any man turne Asse:
Leaving his wealth and care,
A fiddle borne will to please;
Died one, faire one, ad-vadone:
Here shall he for no enemies,
As she will come to me.

Amy. What's that Dead come?

IQ. This is a Greeke instruction, to call fools into a cir-
cle. He go sleepe if I can: if I cannot, I'll raise against all
the first borne of Egypt.

Amy. And he go tecke the Duke,
His banke is prepar'd.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Orlando, & Adam.

Adam. Dearth Master, I can go no further:
O I die for food. Here I lie downe;
And mutter out my grasse. Farve of kindes matter.

Or. Why how now Adam? No greater heart in thee
Liueth little, consorts a little, cheere thy selfe a little.
If this voucouch Forrest yield any thing saucy,
I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee:
Thy conceit is neeter death, then thy powers,
For my face be comfortable, hold death a while
At the armes end: I will beere be with thee presently,
And if I bring thee not something to eate,
I will give thee leave to die: but if thou diest
Before I come, thou art a snacker of my labor.
Wel said, thou look it cheerely,
And I be with thee quickly: yet thou liest
In the bleake air. Come, I will bring thee
To some shelter, and thou shalt not die
For lacke of a dinner,
If there liue any thing in this Defert.
Cheerly good Adam.
Scene Septima.

Enter Duke Sen. Of Lords, like One-alone.

Du. Sen. I think he be transform'd into a beast, for I can no where find him, like a man.

1. Lord. My Lord, he is but even now gone hence, Here was he merry, hearing of a Song.

Du. Sen. The compact of jarrings grow Musical; We shall have shortly discord in the Spheres: Go seek him, tell him I would speake with him.

Enter Falstaff.

1. Lord. He saws my labor by his owne approach.

Du. Sen. Why how now Monstre, what a life is this That you poor friends must woe your companie, What, you looke merrily.

Iaq. A Foole, a foole: I met a foole i' th' Forest, A motley Foole (a miserable world!)

As I do live by foode, I met a foole, Who laid him downe, and bask'd him in the Sun, And rai'd on Lady Fortune, good reallly, they med for terms, and yet a motley foole.

Good morrow foole (quoth I): no Sir, quoth he, Call me not foole, till heauen hath sent me fortune, And then he drew a dial from his pocke, And looking on it, with lacke-lustre eye, Sayes, very wisely, it is ten a clocke: Thus we may see (quoth he) how the world waggis This but an hour agoe, since it was nine, And after one hour more, 'twill be eleven, And so from hour to hour, we ripe, and ripe, And then from hour to hour, we rot, and rot, And the eby hangs a tale. When I did hear The motley Foole, thus morall on the time, My Lungs began to grow like Chanticleere, That Fools should be so depe contemptuous: And I did laugh, fans intimation

An hour by his dial. Oh noble foole, A worthy foole: Motley's the onely weare.

Du. Sen. What foole is this?

Iaq. O worthie Foole: One that hath bin a Courtier And sayes, if Ladies be but young, and faire, They haue the gift to know it: and in his braue, Which is as drie as the remainder bustet After a voyage: He hath strange places cram'd With observation, the which he vents In mangled formes. O that I were a foole, I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Du. Sen. Thou shalt haue one.

Iaq. It is my onely suite, Prouided that you weed your better judgements Of all opinion that growes rank in them;

That I am wise, I must haue liberty

Winshall, as a large a Charter as the winde,

To blow on whom I please, for so foolees have:

And they that are most gaude with my selfly,

They mote miff laugh: And why? for methy they so?

The why is plain, as way to Parnell Church:

Hear, that a Foole doth very wisely hit,

Dogh very toodliilly, although he loath

Scene tenelle the bob. If not,
The Wilke-man tooilly is unaccomad:

Even by the squandering glinces of the floole.

Insteff me in my motley: Gie me leave To speake my minde, and I will through and through Cleanse the foule body of this intieded world, If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Du. Sen. Iie on thee. I can tell what shoule would do.

Iaq. What, for a Counter, would I do, but good?

Du. Sen. Most mifcheuous foule fin, in hiding fin:

For thou thy selfe haft bene a Librettine,

As fenfual as the brutifh ting it selfe,

And all th'inboffed fores, and headed sues,

That thou with licencse of free foot haft caught,

Would it disgorge into the generall world,

Iaq. Why who cries out on pride,

That can therein take any private party:

Doth it not flow as hugely as the Sea,

Till that the weare very incanies do obbe,

What woman in the Citie do I name,

When that I say the City woman bears

The cost of Princes on unworthy shoulders?

Who can come in, and say that I meane her,

When such a one as free, such is her neighbor?

Or what is he of basefll function,

That layes his braue: it is not on my cost,

Thinking that I meane him, but therein suitez His folly to the mettie of my speech,

There then, how then, what then, let me fee wherein My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,

Then he hath wrong'd himselfe: if he be free,

why then my taxying like a wild-goofe flies

Vitclain'd of any. man But who come here?

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Forbeare, and eare no more.

Iaq. Why I haue eare none yet.

Orl. Nor shall not, till nesciety be set.

Iaq. Of what kinde should this Coccke come of?

Du. Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd man by thy diftres? Or elle a rude despiser of good manners,

That in cunsiety thou art'to emptie?

Orl. You touchd my veins at first, the thorny point Of bare diftresse, hath tane from me the shew Of smooth cuenity: yet am I in-land bred,

And know somr nourtire; But forbeare, I say,

He dies that touches any of this fruites,

Till I, and my affaires are answerd.

Iaq. And you will not be answer'd with reason,

I must dye.

Du. Sen. What would you have?

Your gentlese shall force, more then your force

Moue vs to gentilesse.

Orl. I alnoft die for food, and let me have it.

Du. Sen. Sit donee and feed, & welcme to our table

Orl. Speake you so gently? Pardon me I pray you,

I thought that all things had bin saufage here,

And therefore put on the countenance

Of freme commandment. But what ere you are

That in this defert inceffible,

Vnder the shade of melancholy boughes,

Loafe, and neglect the countenecing hours of time?

If yee have you look'd on better dayes:

If yeuer beene where belles haue knoweld to Church:

If yeuer fate at any good mans feast:

If yeuer from your eye-hids wip'd a teare,

And know what itis to pitie, and be pitied:

Let gentleesse my strong eonfentemence be,

In the which hope, I blush, and hide my Sword.

R.
At till giue
\[\text{Exeunt.}\]

And bring
\[\text{fet.}\]

And

And

Whiles (like a Dog) I go to finde my Fawne,
And giue it food. There is an old poore man, Who after me, hath many a weary steppeLimpt in pure loue: still he be first buff'd d', Opprest with two weak eul's, age, and hunger, I will not touch a bit.

\[\text{Duke Sen.} \text{ Go finde him out.}\]

And we will nothing waste till you returne.

\[\text{Ol.} \text{ thanke ye, and be blest for your good comfort.}\]

\[\text{Da Sen.} \text{ Thon feeth, we are not all alone vnhappy: This wide and winerfall Theater Presents more woofull Pagents then the Scene Wherein we play in.}\]

\[\text{Ia.} \text{ All the world's a stage, And all the men and women, merrily Players; They have their Exits and their Entrances, And one man in his time plays many parts, His Act being feuen ages, At first the Infant, Mawling and puking in the Nurfes armes : Then, the whining Schoole-boy with his Satchell And thinning morning face, creeping like snale vowingly to schoole. And then the Louer, Sighing like Furnace, with a woofull ballad. Made to his Militreff eye-brow. Then, a Soldier, Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the Pard, Jelous in honor, fondsome, and quicke on quarrell, Seeking the bubble Reputation Even in the Canons mouth: And then the Jusice, In faire and wond'ry belt, with good Capon loin'd, With eyes feuer, and beard of formall cut, Full of wise fuses, and modern infernities, And so he plays his part. The first age shifns Into the leane and flippard Pantaloone, With fpeciacles on nose, and pouch on side, His youthfull hoope well fau'd, a world too wide, For his shrunkne, and his bigge manly voice, Turning againe toward childish treble pipes, And whistles in his sound. Last Scene of all, That ends this strange euenfull historie, Is second childishness, and mere oblivion, Sans teeth, fans eyes, lasse tale, fans euerie thing.

\[\text{Enter Orlando with A lam.}\]

\[\text{Dn Sen.} \text{ Welcome: let downe your venerable burthen, and let him feede.}\]

\[\text{Ol.} \text{ I thanke you most for him.}\]

\[\text{Ad.} \text{ So had you need. I scarce can speake to thank you for my selfe.}\]

\[\text{Dn Sen.} \text{ Welcome, fall too; I will not trouble you, As yet to question you about your fortunes: Give vs some Musick, and good Cozen, fing.}\]

\[\text{Song.}\]

\[\text{Blow, blow, thou winter winds, Thou art not so unkind, as many surmised}\]

\[\text{Thy coen is not fo keen, because thou art not seen, although thy breath be rude.}\]

\[\text{Hughe bo, sing heigh bo, unto the greene holly, Christen friendship, is singing: mea Loung, meere soye: The heigh bo, the holly, This Life is mea soye.}\]

\[\text{Friens,friens, thou bitter skye that doest not blow so nigh as benefitt forges : Though thou the wasters warpe, thy fying is not so harpe, as friend remembered not.}\]

\[\text{Hughe bo, sing etc.}\]

\[\text{Duke Sen.} \text{If that you were the good Sir Rowlands man, As you haue whippard faithfully you were, And as mine eye doth his effigies winnethe, Most truly lim'd, and luing in your face, Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke That lou'd your Father, the residue of your fortune, Go to my Cawe, and tell mee. Good old man, Thou art right welcome, as thy matters is: Support him by the arme: give me your hand, And let me all your fortunes understand.}\]

\[\text{Exeunt.}\]

\[\text{Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.}\]

\[\text{Enter Duke, Lords, & Oliver.}\]

\[\text{Dn.} \text{ Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be: But were I not the better part made mercie, I should not feede an absolel argument Of my reuenge, thou present: but looke to it, Find out thy brother wherefore he is, Seek him with Candle: bring him dead, or living Within this twelve month, or turne thou so more To feede a lining in our Territorie. Thy Lands and all things that thou doest call thine, Worth feirze, do we feirze in our hands, Till thou canst quit thee by thy brothers mouth, Of what we thinke against thee.}\]

\[\text{Ol.} \text{ Oh that your Hughenbee knew my heart in this: I never lou'd my brother in my life.}\]

\[\text{Duke.} \text{More villain thee thou. Well push him out of doors: And let my officers of such a nature Make an extenc ypon his house and Lands: Do this expeditiously, and turne him going.}\]

\[\text{Exeunt.}\]

\[\text{Scena Secunda.}\]

\[\text{Enter Orlando.}\]

\[\text{Ol.} \text{ Hang there my verse, in winnethe of my loue, And thou three crowned Queene of night furry With thy chaste eye, from thy pale glorie shone Thy Huntrefe name, that my full life doth way. O Ruffian, these Trees shall be my Booke, And in their barks my thoughts Ile charactere, That everie eye, which in this Forrest lookes, Shall fee thy vertue winnethe every where. Run, run Orlando, cause on every Tree, The faire, the chaste, and vnsprefull stee.}\]

\[\text{Exit.}\]

\[\text{Enter Corin & Cleone.}\]

\[\text{O.} \text{ And how like you this Shephersd lifes life My Touchstone? Cle.}\]
As you like it.

Clow. Truly Shepheard, in respect of it selfe, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepheardes life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very quick life. Now in respect that it is in the fields, it pleased mee well; but in respect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a sparke life (lookes) it fits my humor well: but as there is no more pleasure in it, it goes much against my Romackle. Has any Philosophy in thee Shepheard?

Cor. No more, but that I know the more one seekes, the worse is eafe he is: and that hee that seekes money, meanes, and concit, is without three good frends. That the propertie of sine is to wet, and fire to burne: That good passeur makes for thepeare: and that a great caufe of the night, is lacke of the sunne: That hee that hath learned no wit by Nature, nor Art, may 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 damnd:

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Clo. Truly thou art damnd, like an ill roaste Eggs, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at Court? your reason.

Clo. Why, if thou never wast at Court, thou never sawst good manners: if thou never sawst good manners, then thy manners must be wicked, and wickednes is sin, and Sinnes is damnation: Thou art in a pernicious estate 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 Countryis most mockable at the Court. You told me, you felte not at the Court, but you kiffe your handes; that courtiers would be vncleane, if Courtiers were shepheards.

Clo. Infance, briefly: come, infance.

Cor. Why we are still handling our Ewes, and their Felts you know are greasse.

Clo. Why do not your Courtiers hands sweate and is not the greasse of a Mutton, as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallows, shallow: A better instance I say: Come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Clo. Your lips will feel thee the sooner. Shallows again: more founder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over, with the suruyge of our sheepe: and would you have vs kisfe Tarre? The Courtiers hands are perfoun with Citue.

Clo. Most shallow man: Thou wormes meat in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed: leaue of the name and perpend: Citue is of a baster birth then Tarre, the vertue vnmeanly fluxe of a Cat. Mend the infance Shepheard?

Cor. You haue too Courtly a wit, for me, he reft.


Cor. Sir, I am a true Labourer, I canne that I eat: get that I wear: owe no man hate, enue no mans happiness: glad of other mens good content with my barren: and the greatest of my pride, is to see my Ewes graze, & my Lambes fatten.

Clo. That is another simple finne in you, to bring the Ewes and the Rammes together, and to offer to get your living, by the capulation of Castle, to be bawd to a Belweather, and to betray a shee-Lambe of a twelvemonth

to a crooked-pated old Cuckoldlye Ramme, out of all reasonable match. If thou be not damnd for this, the diuell himselfe will have no shepherdes, I cannot fee clee how thou shouldest speake.

Cor. Heere comes young Mr Gamined, my new Myllifles Brother.

Enter Rosalinde.

Ros. From the soft to weare I come, no ire at my Rosalinde,

Hir worth being mantained on the winde,

through all the world bears Rosalinde.

All the picture fairest Lindsie,
are but blackes to Rosalinde:

Let no face be kept in mind,

but the faire of Rosalinde.

Clo. il time you so, right years together: dinners, and dippers, and sleeping houses excepted: it is the right Butter-womens rank to Market.

Ros. Of Foole.

Clo. For a taffle.

If a Hart die lacke a Hinde,

Let him seeke out Rosalinde:

If the Cat will after kinde,

so be fare will Rosalinde:

Wintred garment must be lende,

so must fender Rosalinde:

They that rep must be fende and kinde,

then to carrt with Rosalinde.

Sweetenut, both fawrz and rinde,

such a nut is Rosalinde.

He that fawz both, rt will with foole,

must sende Lovez praise, & Rosalinde.

This is the verie falte gallop of Verstes, why do you infect your felles with them?

Ros. Peace you dull foole, I found them on a tree.

Clo. Truly the tree yesterdays bad fruite.

Ros. If I graffe it with you, and then I shall graffe it with a Meller: then it will be the earliest fruit in that country: for you will rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right venue of the Meller.

Ros. You have said: but whether wisely or no, let the Forrest judge.

Enter Celia with a writing.

Ros. Peace, here comes my bitter reading, stand aside.

Cel. Why should this Dsert bee,
for it is onepoled? Noe:

Touger hee hang a core tree,
that shall send sayings floye.

Some, how briefe the Life of man
runs his course pilgrimage,

That the stretching of a bow,

huckles in his summe of age.

Some of violated owes,

swest the soules of friend, and friends.

But upon the fairest bowes,
or at longest sentence end;

Will I Rosalinde write,

teaching all that read to know

The quintessence of our spirit,

heavenly would in little flow.

Therefore beamen Nature chang'd,

that one bode should be full'd

With all Graces wide enlarg'd,

nature profumptly defil'd

R 3

Eliot.
As you like it.

Helena cheketh, but not his heart, Cleopatra's Maistrie:
Attalaunt's better part:
sad Lucrècia's Maistrie.
Thim Roſandine of manie parts,
by Heavenly Synode was deuised,
Of manie faces, eyes, and heerites,
to hate the cothouches ofr préd.
Heaven would that these gifts shoude beane,
and I to live and die her flame.

Ref. Of molf gentle Jupiter, what tedious horriblie of Loue haue you waried your paritions withall, and neuer cri'de, haue patience good people.
Cel. How now backe friends: shepheard, go off a little: go with him thrath.

Ref. Come Shepheard, let vs make an honorable retreat,
though not with bagge and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

Exe. Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?
Ref. O yes, I heard them all, and more too, for some of them in had more feete then the Veris would beare.

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might beare to verses.
Ref. T, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verie, and therefore foond lamely in the verie.

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering, how thy name should be hang'd and causd upon these trees?
Ref. I was feuen of the nine daies out of the wonder, before you came: for looke heere what I found on a Palme tree; I was neuer fo bemind of fince Cybgaras time that I was an Inff Rat, which I can hardly remembred.

Cel. Tro 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 prethee who?
Cel. O Lord, Lord, its a hard matter for friends to meete; but Mountains may bee remoued with Earth-quakes, and fo encounter.

Ref. Nay, but who is it?
Cel. Is it possible?
Ref. Nay, I prethee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderfull, wonderfull, and most wonderfull wonderfull, and yet againe wonderful, and after that out of all hooping.

Ref. Good my complection, doth thou think though I am captiori d like a man, I have a doublt e and hofe in my diposition? One inch of delay more, is a South sea of difcourse. I prethee tell me, who is it, quickly, and speake space: I would thou couldst fiammer, that thou might it power this conceale d man out of thy mouth, as Wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bouteleither too much at once, or none at all. I prethee take the Corke out of thy mouth, that I may drinke thy tydings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.
Ref. Is he of Gods making? What manner of man is? Is his head worth a hat? Or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.
Ref. Why God will fend more, if the man will bee thankfull: let me fay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripp vp the Wrafflers heele, and your heart, both in an instant.

Ref. Nay, but the diuell take mocking: speake sadde brow, and true maid.
Cel. T'thief(Coz) tis he.

Ref. Orlando?
Cel. Orlando.

Ref. Alas the day, what shall I do with my doublt e and hofe? What did he when thou fawf h him? What fayde he? He left you? Wherein went he? What makes hee heere? Did he aske for me? Where remaines he? How parted he with thee? And when shall thou fhee him a-again? Answere me in one word.

Cel. You muft borrow me Gargantua mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any; mouth of this Age, to say I and no, to these particulars, is more then to answere in a Catechisme.

Ref. But doth he know that I am in this Forrest, and in mans apparell? Looks he as freilly, as he did the day he Waffled?

Cel. It is as easy to count Atomys as to refolve the propositions of a Louer: but take a taste of my finding him, and relifh it with good obloquie. I found him under a tree like a drop'd Acorne.

Ref. It may vveel be cal'd loues tree, when it droppes forth fruite.

Cel. Gius me audience, good Madam.
Ref. Proceed.
Cel. There lay hee fretch'd along like a Wounded knight.

Ref. Though it be pittie to see such a fight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry bulles to the tongue, I prethee; it currettes unreasonably. He was furnished like a Hunter.

Ref. O ominous, he comes to kill my Hart.

Cel. I would finge my song without a Butter, thou bringit me out of tune.

Ref. Do you not know I am a woman, when I think, I muft speake swee't, fay on.

Enter Orlando & Jaques.

Ref. You bring me out. Sotr, comes I not here?

Cel. 'Tis he, flanke by, and note him.

Jaq. I thank you to your company, but good faith I had as heere have bene myセル alone.

Orl. And to fuch I, but yet for fashion fake I thank you too, for your lovetrie.

Jaq. God by oes, let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do defire we may be better Strangers.

Jaq. I pray you marre no more trees with Writing Lous-fongs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you marre no moc of my verses with rea- ding them ill-fauouredly.

Jaq. T'is true is your loues name? Orl. Yes, Juft.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when thee was chriften'd.

Jaq. What firte is the of?

Orl. Tutt as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answeres: shauce you not bis ac- quainted with goldsmiths wisues, & cond the out of things.

Orl. Not for: but I answere you right pointed cloaths, from whence you have fludied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit: I thinke 'twas made of Attalanta's heele. Will you fitte downe with me, and wee two, will raile against our Mistis the world, and all our miserie.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but my felle against
As you like it.

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against whom I know no faults.

1. ag. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Orl. This is a fault I will not change, for your best virtue; I am weary of you.

1. ag. By my truth, I was seeking for a Foolie, when I found you.

Orl. He is drowned in the brooke, look but in, and you shall see him.

1. ag. There I shall see mine owne figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a foolie, or a Cipher.

1. ag. He carries no longer with you, farewell good fellow Loue.

Orl. I am glad of your departure: A dieu good Monsieur Melancholy.

Ref. I spake to him like a fawcie Lucky, and unter that habit play the knave with him, do you hear Forre? Verie wel, what would you? (seltet)

Ref. I pray you, what it is a clocke?

Orl. You should ask me what time o’day: there’s no clocke in the Forre.

Ref. Then there is no true Louer in the Forre, else figuring euerie minute, and groaning euerie houre would dete the lazie foot of time, as well as a clocke.

And why not the wisque foote of time? Had not that bin as proper?

Ref. By no meanes sir; Time trauels in diuers paces, with diuers per sons: I tell you who Time ambes withall, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he flandes withal.

Orl. I profess, who doth he trot withal?

Ref. Marry he trots hard with a yong maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemniz’d: if the interim be but a fennight, Times pace is so hard, that it feemes the length of euerie year.

Orl. Who ambes Time withal?

Ref. With a Priest that lacks Latine, and a rich man that hath not the Count: for the one sleepes ealily because he cannot study, and the other lues merrily, because he feeleth no paine: the one lacking the burthen of lean and wastfull Learning the other knowing no burthen of heauie tedious perturbe. These Time ambes withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ref. With a theefe to the gallowes: for though he go as loftly as a toote can fall, he thunke he himselfe too soon there.

Orl. Who slates it fill withal?

Ref. With Lawyers in the vacation: for they sleepe betwixte Terme and Terme, and then they perceive not how time moues.

Orl. Where dwell you prettie youth?

Ref. With this Shephardesse my sister: heere in the skirts of the Forre, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ref. As the Coone that you fee dwell where fierce is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer, then you could purchase in so remoued a dwelling.

Ref. I haue bin told so of many: but indeed, an olde religious Vnkle of mine taught me to speake, who was in his yOUTH an infault man, one that knew Courtship too well: for there he fel in Loue, I haue heard him read many of Lefbours against it, and I thank God, I am not a woman to be touch’d with soe many giddy offences as he hath generally tax’d on their whole sex withall.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principall euls, that he laid to the charge of women?

Ref. There were none principal, they were all like one another, as halfe pence are, equete one fault seeming more straunge, till his fellow-fault came to match.

Orl. I prethee give me a recuenta of them.

Ref. No: I wil not cast away my physicke, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the Forre, that abusing our yong plants with caruing Rosalinde on their barks; hangs Oades upon Hauhotmes, and Elegies on brambles; all (forsooth) defying the name of Rosalinde.

If I could meet that Faunte-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seemes to hate the Quotidian of Loue upon him.

Orl. I amle that is so Loue-fish’d, I pray you tel me your remedy.

Ref. There is none of my Vnckles marks vpon you; he taught me how to know a man in love: in which case of suffrers, I am sure you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ref. A leane checke, which you have not: a blew eie and sunken, which you have not: an unquesionable spirit, which you have not: a beard neglectful, which you have not: but I pardon you for that, for simly having in beard, is a yonger brothers recrenew.

Then your hoope should be vnsettled, your bonnet vnbanded, your sleete vnbout’d, your shoo vntie’d, and euerie thing about you, demonstrating a carelesse deloration: but you are no fuch many you are rather point deuice in your accoutrements, as losing your selfe, then seeming the Louer of any other.

(II. Loue)

Orl. Fare youth, I would I could make thee beleue

Ref. Me beleue it? You may affonne make her that you Loue beleue it, which I warrant the is ater to do, then to confesse the do’s: that is one of the points, in the which women fill glue the lie to their confidences. But in good sooth, are you he quo hangs the verise on the Trees, wherein Rosalinde is so admired?

Orl. I sweare to thee youth, by the white hand of Rosalinde, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ref. But are you so much in Loue, as your times speake?

Orl. Neither time nor reason can express how much.

Ref. Loue is meerly a madness, and I tel you, defenses as well a darkhouse, and a whip, as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so pouiss’d and cured, is that the Lunacie is so arbitrarie, that the why pers are in love too: yet I prophete cuting it by counsil.

Orl. Did you euer cure any so?

Ref. Yes one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his Loue, his Miftris: and I let him euerie day to woe me: At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be extinguish, changeable, longing, and singing, pround, fantatical, apsii, shallow, inconstant, ful of teares, full of fin’s; for euerie passion something: and for no passion truly any thing; as boyes and women are for the most part, calle of this colour: would now like him, now lost him: then entertaine him, then forswear him: now weepe for him, then spit at him: that I drewe my Sutor from his mad humor of Loue, to a living humor of madness, and so to forswear the full stream of it would, and to live in a nooke morely Monsaffectick: and thus I cur’d him, and this way will I take vpon mee to wash your Li ner as clean as a sound sleepe, that there finall 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 R. I. Lord, and come euerie day to my Cost, and woe me.
As you like it.

Orlando. Now by the faith of my loue, I will; Tel me where it is.

Rey. Go’ with me to it, and Ile shew it you; and by the way, you shall tell me, where in the Forreft you live? Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart; good youth.

Rey. Nay, you must call mee Rosalind: Come sifter, will you go?

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clowne, Audrey, & Jaques.

Clo. Come apace good Audrey, I will fetch vp your Goates, Audrey: and how Audrey am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your feature, I ord warre not what features?

Clo. I am heere with thee, and thy Goates, as the most capicious Poet honett God was among the Goates.

Iag. O knowledge ill inhabited, worse then lace in a thatch’d house.

Clo. When a mans veres cannot be vnderstood, nor a mans good wit confounded with the forward child, vnderstanding; 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 honett in der’d and word: is it a true thing?

Clo. No trulie: for the truell poetrie is the most faiing, and Lovers are giuen to Poetic: and what they sweare in Poetrie, may be fai as Lovers, they do feigne.

Aud. Do you will then that the Gods had made me poetical?

Clo. I do truly: for thou swe’rt it to me thou art honett: Now if thou wert a Poet, I might have some hope thou didst feigne.

Aud. Would you not haue me honett?

Clo. No truly, vtille thou wert hard fauour’d: for honettie coupled to beautie, is to haue thonie a fawce to Sugar.

Iag. A matieriall fowle.

Aud. Well, I am not faire, and therefore I pray the Gods make me honett.

Clo. Truly, and to cast away honettie vppon a foule flat, were to putt good meate into an vnconuenient dish.

Aud. I am not a flat, though I thanke the Goddes I am foule.

Clo. Well-prai’d be the Gods, for thy soultelle, glutifhnelle may come hereafter. But best, as it may bee, I will marrie thee: and to that end, I haue bin with Sir Oliver Mar-text, the Vicar of the next vllage, who hath pronoun’d to meete mee in this place of the Forreft, and to couple vs.

Iag. I would faine see this meeting.

Aud. Wel, the Gods give vs joy.

Clo. Amen. A man may if he were of a fentiial heart, flagger in this afertment, for heere wee haue no Temple but the wood, no affensibly but horse-beasts. But what thought Courage? As horses are odious, they are necessfarse. It is said, many a man knowes no end of his goods; right! Many a man has good Horses, and knowes no end of them. Well, that is the downe of his victre, this none of his owne getting: horses, then, to prove men alone:

No, no, the noblest Deere hath them as huge as the Raifcall: Is the single man therefore bleffed? No, as a wall’d Towne is more worther then a vllage, so is the fore- head of a married man, more honouurable then the bare browe of a Bacheller: and by how much defence is bettere then no skill, by so much is a horse more precious then to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Iag. Hows comes Sir Oliver? Sir Oliver Mar-text you are wel met. Will you dispacht where vnder this tree, or shall we go with you to your Chappell?

Clo. Is there none here to giue the woman?

Iag. I will not take her on guilt of any man.

Aud. Truly the she must be giuen, or the marriage is not lawfull.

Iag. Proceed, proceede: Ile giue her.

Clo. Good even good Mr what ye call: how do you Sir, you are verie well met: good all for you for your left companie, I am verie glad to see you, even a toy in hand here Sir Nay, pray be couer’d.

Iag. Will you be married, Motley?

Clo. As the Ox has his bowr sir, the horese his curv, and the Falcon her bels, so man hath his defires, and as Pigeons bill, so vnderlocke would be nilling.

Iag. And will you (being a man of your breeding) be married vnder a biff as a begger? Get you to church, and have a good Priest that can reli you what marriage is, this fellow will but. since you gather, as they sayon Wakefowt, then one of you will prowe a fawne preach, and like greenes timber, warpe, warpe.

Clo. I am not in the minde, but I was better to bee married of him then of another, for he is not like to marrie me well: and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter, to leave my wife.

Iag. Goeth thou with me, And let me counsel thee.

Clo. Come sweetes, audrey, We must be married, or we must live in bandle:

Farewel good Mr Oliver: Now Oliver, Oliver leave me not behind thee: But winde away, bee gone I say, I will not to wedd with thee.

Iag. Tho’ thar is no matter: Ne’er a fantastical kraue of them all shall flout me out of my calling.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Rosalind & Celia.

Rey. Neuer talke to me, I will wepe.

Cel. Do I prethee, but yet haue the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.

Rey. But haue I not caufe to wepe?

Cel. As good caufe as one would deffire.

Rey. His very head.

Cel. O tis of the dillembing colour.

Rey. Something browner then ludesaffes:

Cel. Marrie his kisfes are ludesaffes owne children.

Rey. I praihe his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour:

Your Chelesnot was ever the onely colour.

Rey. And his kisfing is as tull of lenitue,

Cel. At the touch of holy bread.

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As you like it.

Col. Hee hath bought a pair of carbines of Diana: a Nun of Winter's Sisterhood kill'd not more religiously, the very yeare of chastity is in them. 
Ref. But why did he sweare he would come this morning, and come not?
Col. Nay certainely there is no truth in him.
Ref. Do you thinke so?
Col. Yea, I thinke he is not a picke purfe, nor a horfe-flaeker, but for his verity in love, I doe thinke him as concave as a cornered goblet, or a Worme-eaten nut.
Ref. Not true in love?
Col. Yes, when he is in, but I thinke he is not in.
Ref. You have heard him sweare downright he was.
Col. Way, is not it so? besides, the oath of Louer is not stronger then the word of a Tapster, they are both the confumers of false reckonings, he stands here in the forrell on the Duke your father.
Ref. I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question with him: he asked me what I was: I told him of a good as he, so he laugh'd and let mee goe. But what tale wee of Fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando!
Col. O that's a braue man, he sweares braue veriies, speaks braue words, sweares braue oaths, and breaks them brauely, quite trouers atwaist the heart of his louer, as a punny Tiler, yipurs his horfe but on one sole, breaks his shaffe like a noble goose, but all's braue that youth mounts, and folly guides: who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Corin. Mistreffe and Matter, you haue oft enquired After the Shephard that complained of love, Who you sawe sitting by me on the Turph, Praising the proud disdainfull Shepherdesse That was his Mistreffe.
Col. Well: and what of him?
Cor. If you will see a pageant truly plaid Betweene the pale complexion of true Loue, And the red glowe of feme and proud disdain, 
Goe hence a little, and I shall conduce you If you will make it.
Ref. O come, let vs remoue, The fight of Louers seedeth those in love: Bring vs to this fight, and you shal say Hee prove a bulfe actor in their play. 

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Silvius and Phoebe.

Sil. Sweet Phoebe do not forshe me, do not Phoebe Say that you love me not, but say not to In bitterneffe, the common executioner Whole heart that accustom'd right of death makes hard Falls not the axe upon the humbered neck, But first begs pardon: will you ferene be Then he that dies and lies by bloody drops?

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.

Phoe. I would not be thy executioner, I fly thee, for I would not mine thee: Thou tellst me there is murder in mine eye, It is very sure, and very probable,

That eyes that are the fairest, and fairest things, Who thinke their coward gates on stomac, Should be called tyrants, butchers, murderers. Now I doe frowne on thee with all my heare, And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee: Now counterfei't to frownd, why now fall downe, Or if thou canst not, oh for shame, for shame, Lye not, to say more eyes are murderers. 
Now shew the wound mine eye hath made in thee, Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains Some feares of it: Lase upon a rush 

The Cicatrice and capable impressure Thy palate some moment keeps: but now mine eyes Which I have dared at thee, hurt thee not, Nor I am sure there is no force in eyes That can doe hurt.

Sil. O deere Phoebe, If euer (as that euer may be neere) You meet in some fresh chekke the power of lance, Then shal you know the woundes insuflible That Loues keene arrows make.
Phoe. But till that time Come not thou here mee: and when that time comes, All & me with thy meeker, pity mee not, A till that time I shall not pity thee.
Ref. And why I pray you who might be your mother That you insult, exult, and all at once Ouer the wretch'd: what though you haue no beauty As by my faith, I se no more in you Then without Candle may goe darke to bed: Must you be therefore proud and pittifull? Why what means this? why do you looke on me? I se no more in you then in the ordinary Of Natures sole-work'es ous my little life, I thinke the meanes to tangle my eies too: No faith proud Mistreff, hope not after it, 
Tis not your inke broues, your blacke filke haire, Your bugle eye-ball, nor your cheeks of creame That can ename my spirites to your worship: You foolish Shephard, wherefore do you follow her Like foggy south, puffing with winde and raine, You are a thousand times a properer man I then fire a woman. 1 is such foules so you That makes the world full of ill-souerd children: Tis not her glaffe, but you that slatters her, And out of you she sees her felles more proper Then any of her lineaments can show her: 
But Mistref, know your felles, downe on your knees, And thanke heauen, foisting, for a good mans loue; For I must tell you friendly in your ear, Sell when you can, you are not for all markets: Cry the man mercer, loue him, take his offer, Fan is most foule, being foule to be a scoffer. 
So take her to thee Shephard, fare you well.

Phoe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a yere together, I had rather here you chide, then this man weoe.
Ref. Hees false in love with you foulreff, & thee'll fall in love with my eyes, if he be so, as faith As hee answers thee with browning looks, heeifle Her with bitter words: why looke you so upon me?
Phoe. For no ill will I brese you.
Ref. I pray you do not fall in love with mee, For I am sfate thenXowes made in wine: Befides, I like you not: if you will know my houfe, Tis at the tuff of Olivare, here hard by: Will you goe Silter? Shepheardigly her hard :
As you like it.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Rosalind, and Celia, and Jaques.

Jaq. I prethee, pretty youth, let me better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so: I do looke it better then laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either, are abhominable fellows, and betray themselues to every modern cenfure, worse then drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why 'tis good to be a poete.

Jaq. I haue neither the Scholler melancholy, which is emulation: nor the Musitians, which is fantasiefull; nor the Courtiers, which is proud: nor the Souldiers, which is ambitious: nor the Lawyers, which is Politick: nor the Ladies, which is nice: nor the Louers, which is all thefe: but it is a melancholy of mine owne, compounded of many simples, extracted from many obiects, and indeed the sundrie contemplation of my travels, in which by often rumination, wrapes me in a most humo

Ros. A Traveller: by my faith you have great rea

Jaq. Nay then God buy you, and you talke in blanke verse.

Ros. Farewell Mounfeur Traveller: looke you flie, and weare strange faires; diffolue all the benefites of your owne Countrie: be not a lime with your damaske, and unclose your mouth for making that contente you are: or I will learne you how you have beene in a Granvelle. Why how now Orlando, where have you bin all this while? you a louer? and you feerne me suchanother tricke, never come in my fighth.

Orl. My faire Rosalind, I come within an houre of my promife.

Ros. Breake an houres promife in loue? hee that will diuide a minute into a thousand parts, and breake but a part of the thousand part of a minute in the affauns of loue, it may be said of him that God hath clapt him oth' shoulder, but I warrant him heart hole.

Orl. Pardon me deere Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, and you be fo tardie, come no more in my fighth, I had as lief be wo'd of a Snail.

Orl. Of a Snail?

Ros. If, of a Snail: for though he comes lowly, he carries his house on his head, a better frock: I thinke then you make a woman: besides, he brings his detie with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why hones? wch as yourare faie to be beholdine to your wies for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and presents the flander of his wife.

Orl. Verue
Ori. Venite, no horse-maker: and ye Risalind is
venous.

Ref. Sir, I am your Rofalind.

Col. It please him to call you so: but he hath a Rofa-
land of a better leer than you.

Ref. Come, wooe me, woone mee: for now I am in a
holy-day humour, and like enough to consent: What
would you say to me now, and I were your wife, verie
Rofalind?

Ori. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ref. Nay, she be more speaks first, and when you
were grave'd, for lacke of matter, you might take oc-
casion to kiss: verie good Orators when they are out,
they will pitty, and for louters, lacking (God warne vs)
matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Ori. How if the kiss be demide?

Ref. Then he puts you to entreatie, and there begins
new matter.

Ori. Who could be out, being before his beloved
Mirth?

Ref. Marrie that should if you were your Mirthis,
orl should think my honestie ranker then my wit.

Ori. What, of my fuitie?

Ref. Not out of your appretell, and yet out of your
fuitie:

Am not I your Rofalind?

Ref. I take some joy to say you are, because I would
not be laughing of her.

Ori. Well, in her person, I say I will not have you,

Ref. Then in mine owne person, I die.

Ori. No faite, die by Attorney: the poore world is
almost six thousand yeares old, and in all this time there
was not one man died in his owne person (exsclent)
in a loue caufe: Tyrone had his braines dash'd out with a
Grecian club, yet he did what hee could to die before,
and he is one of the patternes of loue. Leader, he would
have liue'd manie a fayer yeere though Hero had tum'd
Nun: if it had not bin for a hot MidSomner-night, for
(good youth) he went but forth to wathim in the Hel-
lepsont, and being taken with the cramp, was drown'd,
and the foolish Chronicales of that age, found it was
Hero of Ceflos. But these are all lies, men haue died
from time to time, and womes have eaten them, but not
for loue.

Ref. I would not have my right Rofalind of this mind,
for I protest her frowne might kill me.

Ref. By this hand, it will not kill a flye: but come,
now I will be your Rofalind in a more comming-on dis-
position: and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Ori. Then loue me Rofalind.

Ref. Yes faith will, fridases and faterdies, and all.

Ori. And wilt thou have me?

Ref. I, and twenty fuch,

Ori. What faiete thou?

Ref. Are you not good?

Ori. I hope so.

Rofalind. Why then, can one define too much of a
good thing: Come sifter, you shall be the Priefft, and
marrie vs: give me your hand Orlando: What doe you
say sifter?

Ori. Pray the marrie vs.

Ref. I cannot say the words.

Ori. You must begin, will you Orlando.

Col. Goe too: wil you Orlando, have to wife this Rof-
alind?

Ori. I will.
As you like it.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Jaques and Lords, Forresters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the Deere?

Lords, Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the Duke like a Roman Conqueror, and it would doe well to fet the Deeres horns upon his head, for a branch of Victory; have you no song Forrester for this purpose?

Lords. Yes Sir.

Jaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it bee in tune, so it make noysie enough.

Musicke, Song.

What shall be house that hold the Deere?

His Leather skin, and horns to weare:

Then sing him home, the roff shall bear this burden;

Take thou no forme to wear the horns,

It was a craftie wight wofulle borne,

By fathers father wore it,

And the fathcr bore it,

The horn the horn, the lustrous borne,

It was a thing to laugh to see.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. How say you now, is it not past two a clock?

And here much Orlando.

Celt. I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain,

Enter Silvius.

He hath tane his bow and arrows, and is gone forth

To sleepe: looke who comes here.

Sil. My errand is to you, faire youth,

My gentle Phedre did bid me give you this:

I know not the contents, but as a gentle

By the Same bow, and wafli a fhotation,

Which she did verse, as she was writing of it,

It beares an angry tenure; pardon me,

I am but as a guillette mel linger.

Ros. Patience her felle would starrle at this letter,

And play the swaggerer, bear this bear all:

Shee fayes I am not faire, that I lacke manners,

She calls me proud, and that she could not come

We were men as rare as Phenis: 'tis od my will,

Her love is not the Hare that I doe hunt,

Why wacst thou to me? well Shepheard, well,

This is a Letter of your owne desire.

Sil. No, Phoebe, I know not the contents,

Phoebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool

And turn'd into the extremity of love.

I saw her hand, she has a leatherne hand,

A freethone coloured hand: I verily did thynke

That her old gloes were on, but twas her hands:

She has a hufwes hand, but that's no matter:

I say the other did invent this letter,

This is a mans invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boyishands and cruell filee,

A file for challengers: why, fie defense,

Like Tuk to Christian: wondrous gentle braine

Could not drop forth such gaint rude motion,

Such Ebiop wordes, slacker in their effect

Then in their countenance: will you heare the letter?

Sil. So, please you, for I never heard it yet:

Yet heard too much of Phedb worthlie.

Ros. She Phedeb me: mark how the tyrant writes.

Read, Art thou glad, to Shephead turning'd?

That a maiderd heart hath eard of?

Can a woman sale thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. Read. Why, thy godhead looks a part,

Worft thou with a womans heart?

Did you ever heart such railing?

Wouldst thou the eye of man did weare me,

That couldst no vengeance to me.

Meaning me a beast.

If the forme of your brighte shine

Hame power to raise such loe in mine,

Alacke, in me, what strange effect;

Wouldst thou make in malefic power?

Whilest thou chide me, I did looke,

How then might your princes more?

He that brings this love to thee,

Little knowes that Love in me:

And by him sake up thy munde,

Which doeth thys youth endeuore

Will the faithful offer take

Of me, and all that I can make,

Or skill by mine own love done,

And then he finishe her to.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Celt. Alas poore Shepheard.

Ros. Does he pity him? No, he defeutes no pity:

With all thou lovest such a woman? what to make thee an

instrument, and play false (frains upon thee) not to be endur'd.

Well, goe your way to her; (for I see Loue hath

made thee a stane once) and say this to her; That if she

love me, I charge her to love thee: if she will not, I

will never have her, whilest thou intent for her: if you bee

a true lover hence, and not a word, for here comes more

company.

Ent. Sil.

Enter Oliver.

Ol. Good morrow, faire one: pray you, (if you

Where in the Pulewes of this Forrest, stant

A

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When from the first to last between vs two,
Tears our encounters had most kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that Delite place.
I brieve, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me reft, and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brothers love,
Who led me into that his Caege.
There stript him selfe, and beece upon his arme
This Lyonne hadde borne some fleeth away,
Which all this while he bled; and now he fainted;
And crime in faining upon Rosefand.
Brieve, I recouer'd him, bound vp his wound,
And after some small space, being strong at heart,
He fent me hither, stranger as I am.
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin
Died in this bloud, unto the Shepheard youth,
That he in sport doth call his Rosefand.

Cecil. Why how now Gunned, sweet Gunned.
Oli. Many wil fnoon when they do look on bloud.

Cecil. There is more in it; Cofen Gunned.
Oli. Look, he recouers.

Rose. I would I were a home.

Cecil. We'll eeele you thither:
I pray you will you take him by the arme.

Oli. Be of good cheere youth: you a man?

You lasc a mans heart,

Rose. I doe fo, I confesse it:
Ah, hiera, a body would thinke this was well counterfei-
ted, I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfei-
ted: height-ho.

Oli. This was not counterfeit, there is too great te-

mmony in your complexion, that it was a passion of ear-

Rose. Counterfeit, I affure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Rose. So I doe: but yfaith, I should haue beene a wo-

man by right.

Cecil. Come, you looke paller and paller, pray you draw homewards: good firs, goe with vs.

Oli. That will I doe: I must ftrete anfvere backe
How you excufe my brother, Rosefand.

Rose. I fhall devote something: but I pray you commen-
my counterfeiting to him: will you goe?

Enter Clown and Andrie.

Clown. We fhall finde a time Andrie, patience gen-
tle Andrie.

Andrie. Faith the Prieft was good enought, for all the 
olde gentleman faying.

Clown. A moft wicked Sir Oliver, Andrie, a moft vile

Mar text. But Andrie, there is a youth beere in the 
Forrest lays claimes to you.

Andrie. I, I know who tis: he hath no intereft in me
in the world: here comes the man you mean.

Enter Will.

Clown. It is meat and drinke to me to fee a Clowne, by
my troth, we that have good wits, have much to answer for: we shall be floating: we cannot hold.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, Sir.

Clo. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head: Nay prehice bee couer'd. How olde are you Friend?

Will. Fune and twentie Sir.

Clo. A rige age: Is thy name William?

Will. William, Sir.

Clo. A faire name. Was't borne with Forrehe heere?

Will. I sir, I thank You, 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, so, so:

Art thou wise?

Will. I sir, I have a prettie wit.

Clo. Why, thou faulst well. I do now remember a flying: The Foole doth think his wit, and the witteman knowes himselfe to be a Foole. The Heathan Philosoph, when he had a desire to eate a Grape, would open his lips when he put it in his mouth, meaning thereby, that Grapes were made to eate, and lippes to open.

You do loue this maid?

Will. I do sir.

Clo. Gue me your hand: Art thou Learned?

Will. No sir.

Clo. Then leare this of me, To hauue, is to base. For it is a figure in Rhetoricke, that drink being power'd out of a cup into a glasse, by filling the one, doth empty the other. For all your Writers do content, that 

ghie is here: now you are a wise: for I am he.

Will. Which he sir?

Clo. He sir, that must marrie this woman: Therefore he Clowone, abandon: whose in the vulgar, loose the focisstre: which in the breth, is: some of, of this female: which in the commone, it woman: which together, is, abandon the society of this Female, or Clowone thou persiffl or to thy better understand, dyce: or (to wit) I kill thee, make thee away, tranflate thy life into death, thy libertie into bondage: I will seize in poynson with thee, or in battallino, or in steale: I will bandy with thee in faction, I will cow:see thee with police: I will kill thee a hundred and fifty wyes, therefore tremble and depart.

And do goo wylliam.

Will. God reit you merry sir.

Exit Corin.

Cor. Our Master and Mistris seekes you: come away, away.

Clo. Trip Audry, trip Audry, I attend, I attend.

Exit Corin.

Enter Orland, & Other.

Orl. Let no body, that ono to little acquaintance you trust, like her that, but seeing, you should love her?

And loowing wo? and wooling. We should granst? And will you preface to enjoy her?

Orl. Neither call the giddiness of in question; the puertie of her, the small acquaintance, my fadone wooling, nor fadone confenting: but say with mee, I love Alina: say with her, that the loves mee: content with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good: for my fathers house, and all the reuennow, that was old Sir Rowlande will I estafe vpon you, and keepe line and die a Shepherd.

Enter Refaldin.

Orl. You have my content.

Let your Wedding be to morrow: thither will I

Inute the Duke, and all conscience followers: Go you, and prepare Alina; for looke you,

Hence comes my Refaldine.

Ref. God issue you brother.

Orl. And you faire sister,

Ref. Oh my deere Orlando, how it greeues me to see thee warre thy heart in a scarie.

Orl. It is my arme.

Ref. I thought thy heart had beene wounded with the chaves of a Lion.

Orl. Wounded it is but with the eyes of a Lady.

Ref. Did your brother tell you how I counteryeted to found, when he thowt me your handkerchier?

Orl. I, and greater wonders than that.

Ref. O, I know where you are may, tis true: there was never any thing to fadone, but the figh of two Ramers, and Cesars Thranacall bragge of I came, saw, and overcame. For your brother, and my sister, no fooner met, they look'd: no sooner look'd, but they loud: no sooner loud: but they sigh'd: no sooner sigh'd: but they ask'd one another the reason: no sooner knew the reason, but they bought the remedie: and in those degrees, hauing made a passe of flaves to marriage, which they will cline inconstant, or else bee incontinent before marriage; they are in the vaste wrath of lone, and they will together.

Chubbies cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to morrow: and I will bid the Duke to the Nuptiall. But O, how bitter a thing it is, to looke into happyes through another mans cleer: by so much the more shall I to morrow be at the height of heart hezimess, by how much I will thanke my brother happe, in hauing what he wishes for.

Ref. Why then to morrow, I cannot issue your turnes for Refalind.

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ref. I will wearie you then no longer with idle taking. Know of me then (for now I speake to some purpose) that I know you are a Gentleman of good conceit. I speake not this, that you should beare a good opinion of my knowledge: insomuch (I say) I know you steacher, nor do Labor for a greater success 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 have since I was three years old conversed with a Magitian, most profound in his Art, yet not damnable. If you doe love Refalinde to necere the hart, as your gutter enteres it out: when your brother marries Alina, as all you marrieth. I know in to what straights of Fortune her desires, and it is not impossible to me, if it appeare not it comethent to you,

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to get her before your eyes to morrow, humane as she is, and without any danger.

Orel. Speak't thou in sober meanings?

Ref. By my life I do, which I render dearly, though I say I am a Magician: Therefore put you in your bell-ows, bid your friends: for if you will be married to morrow, you shall: and to Rofalinde if you will.

Enter Silvius & Thebe.

Look, here comes a Lovers of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much unwarrantable, To shew the letter that I writ to you.

Ref. I care not if I have it, it is my studie To see one self full of eyes and modestly To you. you are therein folowed by a faithful shepheard, Look you upon him, looke him: he worships you.

Phe. Good shepheard, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighes and tearcs, And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orel. And so am I for Rofalinde.

Ref. And so am I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasie, All made of passion, and all made of wishers, All adoration, dutie, and obseruance, All humbleness, all patience, and impatience, All puritie, all triall, all obseruance:

And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orel. And so am I for Rofalinde.

Ref. And so am I for no woman.

Ref. This be so, why blame you me to love you?

Orel. Do you speak too, Why blame you me to love you.

Orel. To her, that is not here, nor doth not here.

Ref. Pray you no more of this, 'tis like the howling of those Witches against the Moone: I will heare you if I can; I would loure you if I could:

To morrow meet me together: I will marry you, if ever I marry Woman, and be married to morrow: I will satisfie you, if ever I satisfie Man, and you shall be married to morrow. I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to morrow: As you love Rofalinde meet, as you love Phebe meet, and as I have no woman, I have you left you commands.

Sil. Ile not faile, if I lIue.

Phe. Nor I.  

Orel. Nor I.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Claudio and Audrey.

Or. To morrow is the joyfull day Audrey, to morrow will we be married.

And, I do defire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest defire, to defire to be a woman of your world?

Here come two of the banish'd Dukes Pages.

Enter two Pages.


Cla. By my troth we met: come, sit, sit, and a song.

2. Pa. We are for you, sit'th middle.

Or. Shal we clap into't roundly, without bawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice.

2. Pa. I faith, y'faith, and both in a tune like two gypies on a horse.

Song,

It was a Lover, and his lyfe,  
With a key, and a he, and a key noming:

That he's the greene cornes field did passe,  
In the spring time, the only pretty ryme time,  
When Birds do sing, hey dyes a dyes dyes.  
Sweet Lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,  
With a key, a she, and a key noming,  
For I am crowned with the proune.  
In spring time, &c.

Betweene the sexes of the Rye,  
With a key, and a she, and a key noming:

The pretie Country folks would like,  
In spring time, &c.

This Carroll they beguine at home,  
With a key, and a she, and a key noming:

How that a life was but a flower,  
In spring time, &c.

Cla. Truly young Gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet 'tis not worse.  

1. Pa. you are deceiv'd Sir, we kept time, we hath no time.

Cla. By my troth yet: this count is but time loit to heare such a foolish song. God buy you, and God men your voices. Come Aude.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Launcelot, Orleas,  
Ober, Celia.

Da.Sen. Doth thou believe Orlando, that the boy  
Can do all this that he hath promised?  

Orel. I sometimes do believe, and sometymes do not,  
As those that fear they hope, and know they feare.

Enter Rofalinde, Silvius, & Phebe.

Ref. Patience once more, whiles our copartie is vrg'd  
You say, if it bring in your Rofalinde,

You will bowler her on Orlando here?  

Da. Sen. That would I had I kinegloms to giue with hir  
Ref. And you say you will have her, when I bring her?  

Orel. That would I were i of all kinegloms King.  
Ref. You say, you'll giue me, if I be willing.

Phe. That will I, should I die the house after.  

Ref. But if you do refuse to marry me,  
You'll give your selfe to this most faithfull Shepherd.  

Phe. So is the bargaine.

Ref. You say that you'Jl have Phebe if she will.

Sil. Though to haue her and death, were both one thing.
As you like it.

Ref. I have promised to make all this matter even:
Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter,
You yours Orlando, to receive his daughter:
Keep you your word, O Duke, that you may marry me,
Or else referring me to you that you may shew me:
Keep your word, Sirrah, that you may marry her.
If the reft be me, and from hence I go
To make their doubts all even. Exit Ref. and Celia.

Duke. I do remember in this shapeless boy,
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.
Orl. My Lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Mc 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 vncle,
Whose he reports to be a very great Magitian.

Enter Clowne and Audrey.

Obfcrue in the circle of this Forrest.

Jag. There is sure another flood toward, and these
couples are coming to the Ake. Here comes a payre
of vere strange beafts, which in all tongues, are call'd
 Foolers.

Clo. Salutation and greeting to you all.

Jag. Good my Lord, bid him welcome: This is the
Morley-minded Gentleman, that I have so often met in
the Forrest; he hath bin a Countrier he sawtes.

Clo. If any man doe thot, I thot him put me to
my purgation, I have trod a measure, I have flarret a Lady,
I have bin polinickte with my friend, floum with mine
enemies. I have wandr'd three Tailors, I have had four
quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jag. And how was thot man vp?

Clo. 'Faith we met, and found the quarrel was upon
the feuenthe caufe.

Jag. How feuenthe caufe? Good my Lord, like this
fellow.

Don. Sir, I like him very well.

Clo. Good sir, I do desire you of the like I preffe
in heare fir, amongst the rest of the Country copulacies
to sawtes, and to for sawtes, according as marriage binds
and blood breaks: a poore virgins fir, an ill-favor'd thing
in, but mine owne, a poore honour of mine fir, to take
that no man elle will: such honettie dwells like a mifer
der, in a poore houfe, as your Pearle in your foule oy-
fer.

Don. Sir, By my faith, he is very swift, and sententious
Clo. According to the foolses bolt fir, and such dilett
dilies.

Jag. But for the feuenthe caufe. How did you finde
the quarrel on the seuenthe caufe?

Clo. Vpon a lye, seuenthe times removed: (beare your
bodie merci leeming Aduers) as thus fir: I did dislike the
cut of a certain Countres beaft: he fent me word, if I
paid his beaft was not well well, he was in the mude it
was: this is call'd the returne courteses. If I fen him
word again, it was not well well, he wold fende me word
he cut it to pleafe hisfelfie: this is call'd the quip modest.
If againe, it was not well well, he disabled my judgment:
this is called, the reply churlifh againe it was not well
well, he woulde anwer I faked not true: this is call'd the
reprofe valiant. If againe, it was not well well, he wold
lay, lie: this is call'd the counter-checke quarrelome:
and so the lyce circumstantial, and the lye direfled.

Jag. And how oft did you fay his beat was not well
well?

Clo. I durft no further then the lye circumstantial:

not he durft no fay that the lye direft: and so we mea-
mured lye, and parted.

Jag. Can you nominate in order now the, degrees of
the lyce.

Clo. O fir, we quarrel in print, by the booke: as you
have booke for good manners: I will name you the
degrees. The firft, the Retort courteous: the second, the
Quip-modell: the third, the reply Churlifh the fourth,
The Reprofe valiant: the fifth, the Counter-checke quar-
relome: the fift, the Lye with circumftance: the fe-
teenth, the Lye direft: and you may avoid, but the
Lye direft: and you may avoide that too, with an If. I
know when feuen luffices could not take vp a Querrell,
but when the parties were met themfelues, one of them
thought but of an If; as if you faide fo, then I faide fo:
and they thooke hands, and twore and therte. Your If, is
the onely peace-maker: much vertue in it.

Jag. Is not this a rare fellow my Lord? He is as good
at any thing, and yet a foole.

Don. Sir, He fies his folly like a falking-here, and un-
der the preftentation of that he fhoots his wife.

Enter Hymen, Rafolded, and Celia.

Still muffeke.

Hymen. Then thore mourr in heven,
Where earthly things are made cannon take another.

Good Duke receivs thy daughter,
Hymen from Heven brought her,
Tea brought her heither.

That then might I have my band with his,
Witho, the heart in his is true fite.

Ref. To you I giue my telle, for I am yours.
To you I giue my telle, for I am yours.

Don. Sir, If there be truth in fight, you are my daughter.
Orl. If there be truth in fight, you are my Rafoldind.

If fight & shape be true, why then my loue adieu,

Ref. He have no Husband, if you be not he.

Nar ne te wed woman, if you be not thee.

Hr. Peace bow: I bare copulfion,

Tis I must make conclufion

Of thefe moff strange events:

Here's eight that muff take hands,
To Ioyne in Hymenes bands, the
Truth holds true concems.

You are my young ones, no croffe Shall part;
You and you, are Hart in hart;
You, to his loue muff accord,
Or have a Woman to your Lord.
You and you, are fere togeth;

As the Winter to fowle Weather:
Whiles a Wedlocke Hymne weinge,
Feede your felues with queftioning:
That reason, wonder may diminuith.
How thus we met, and these things finifh.

Sing.

Wedding in great Ioues crownne,
O blefted bond of board and bed:

To Hymen peoples euerie towne,
High wedlocke joye be honored:

Honer, hight owne and renowne.

To Hymen, God of euerie Tongue.

Don. Sir, O my dearer Neece, welcome thou art to me,
Even daughter, welcome, in no lesse degree.

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Enter Second Brother.

2. Br. Let me have audience for a word or two:
I am the second sonne of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this faire assembly.
Duke Frederick, hearing how that euerie day
Men of great worth referred to this forset,
Addres 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 skirts of this wilde Wood he came:
Where, meeting with an old Religious man,
After some questio[n with him, was conwer'd
Both from his enterprize, and from the world:
His crowne begaunging to his banish'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 young man:
Thou offer'ft faithly thy brothers wedding:
To one his lands with-held, and to the other
A land not fife at large, a potent Duke's done.
First, in this forset, let vs doe those ends
That heere were well begun, and well begun:
And after, euery of this happy number
That have endur'd their dales, and nights with vs,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meane time, forget this new faine dignitie,
And fall into our Rusticke recrecit:
Play Museke, and you Brides and Bride-grooms all,
With meafeur heap'd in joy, to th'o Meafeur'd fall.

1. Br. Sir, by your patience sist'd I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a Religious life,
And throwne into neglect the pompos Court.

As you like it.

2. Br. He hath.

1. Br. To him will I: out of these ceremonies,
There is much matter to be heard, and learnt:
you to your former Honor, I bequeath
your patience, and your vertue, well deserues it.
you to a soule, that your true faith doth merit:
you to your land, and loose, and great allies:
you to a loug, and well-deferced bed:
And you to wrangling, for thy joyous voyages
Is but for two moneths vs quall'd: So to your pleasures,
I am for other, then for dancing measures.


1. Br. To see no paletime, is what you would have,
Ile stay to know, at your abandon'd cause.

Duke. Proceed, proceed: we'll begin these rights,
As we do trufl, they'll end in true delights.

Ref. It is not the fashion to see the Lady the Epilogue:
but is no more unhandome, then to see the
Lord the Prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs
no bufl's, 'tis true, that a good play needs no Epilogue.
Yet to good wine they do have good butties: and good
players pronounce the better by the help of good Epilogues:
Whaa a cafe am I then, that am neither a good Epilo-
logue, nor cannot inteinue with you in the behalf of a
good play? I am not furnish'd like a Beggar, therefore
to begge will not become mee. My way is to conurie
you, and Ie begin with the Women. I charge you (O
women) for the loose you beare to men, to like as much
of this Play, as please you: And I charge you (O men)
for the loose you beare to women (as I perceive by your
fimping, none of you hates them) that betwixtene you,
and the women, the play may please. If I were a Wo-
man, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that
pleas'd me, complication that bid'd me, and breaths that
I deside 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 cutt'le, bid me farewell.

FINIS.

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Enter Beggar and Host. Christ Have Mercy Sirs.

Beggar.

Le see this world butt.

Host. Why do you stand so rash and so rude? Look you not how the Beggar is treated by our Lady and gentle Lord?

Beggar. I am not a beggar, but a worthy gentleman. All the world is my oyster, and I mean to eat of it.

Host. Go eat, and be not a rogue.

Beggar. I am not a rogue, but a gentleman. I mean to eat of all the world.

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Beggar. No, I will not.

Host. Then take him vp, and manage well the jest:

Carrie him gently to my fairest Chamber,

And hang it round with all my vantong pictures:

Balm his foul head in warme distilled waters,

And burne sweet Wood to make the Lodging sweete:

Procure me Musicke ready when he wakes,

To make a ducate and a heavenly found:

And if he chance to speake, be readie straight

(And with a lowe submissive reverence).

Say, what is it your Honor will command:

Let one attend him with a faire Banfe

Full of Rose-water, and beftrew'd with Flowers,

Another bear the Exter: the third a Diaper,

And fay wilt please your Lordship which your hands.

Some one be ready with a costly suite,

And make him what apparel he will wear;

Another tell him of his Hounds and Hors,

And that his Ladie mounnes at his dilet.

Petisade him that he hath bin Lunaticke,

And when he fayes he is, say that he dreams.

For he is nothing but a mighty Lord;

This do, and do it kindly, gentle Sirs,

It will be pattmore passions excellent,

Hisse banded with modelline.

Lord. Take him vp gently, and to bed with him,

And each one to his office when he wakes.

Sound trumpets.

Sirrah, go see what Trumpet's that sounds,

Belike some Noble Gentleman that meanes

(Travelling some Journey) to repose him here.

Enter Servauntes.

How now, who is it?

Sir. An't please your Honor, Players

That offer service to your Lordship.

Enter Players.

Lord. Bid them come nearer.

Now fellows, you are welcome.

Players. We thank your Honor.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to night?

Player. So please your Lordship we accept your dutie.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,

Since once he plaid a Farmers eldest Sonne,

'Twas where you woot the Gentlewoman so well;

I have forgot your name: but sure that part

Was
The Taming of the Shrew.

Was aptly fitted, and naturally performed.

Sir Eat. I think twas Sires that your honor meant.

Lord. This were true, thou didst it excellent:
Well you are come to me in happy time,
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can affistle me much.

There is a Lord who will have you play to night;
But I am doubfull of your modesties,
Left (over-eying of this odd behaviour,
For yet his honor never heards a play)

You break into some merrie passion,
And to offend him: for I tell you firs,
If you should famine, he grows impatient.

Plaie. Fears our Lord, we can contain our felues,
Were he the vertell amitie in the world.

Lord. Go sirra, take them to the Batterie,
And glue them friendly welcome euerie one,
Let them want nothing that your houfe affordes.

Exit one with the Players.

Sirra go you to Bardolphew my Page,
And fee him drest in all fuites like a Ladie:
That done, conduct him to the drunkards chamber,
And call him Madam, do him obeisance:
Tell him from me (as he will win my love)
He bear himselfe with honourable action,
Such as he hath obseru'd in noble Ladies:
Vnto their Lords, by them accomplished,
Such dute to the drunkard let him do:
With soft love tongue, and lowly curtesie,
And fay: What is't your Honor will command,
Wherein your Ladie, and your humble wife,
May shew her duty, and make know owre love.
And then with little embracements, tempting killer,
And with declining head into his bofonce
Bid him flend tear, as being ouer-joyed
To fee her noble Lord refolvd to health,
Who for this seven yeares hast ouer-reared him.
No better then a poore and losthorne beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman guift.
To raine a flower of commanded tears,
An Onion will do well: for fuch a shift,
Which in a Napkin (being clofe conuiled)
Shall in delight enforce a waterie eie:
See this dispatch'd with all the hatth thou canst,
Anon Ile give thee more instruction.

Exit a Servant.

I know the boy will wel vfurpe the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a Gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband,
And how my men will flay themselues from laughter,
When they do homage to this simple peafant,
He in to counfell them: haply my presence
May well abate the outer-merrie pleasure,
Which other wise would grow into extreames.

Enter Sir Theadward with attendants, fome with apparel,
Bafen and Ewer, & other apperances, & Lord.

Sir. For Gods sake take a pot of small Ale.

2d Serv. Wilt pleafe your Lord drink a cup of facke?

2d Serv. Wilt please your Honor taste of these Conferu'es?

3d Serv. What raiment will your honor weare to day.

Ben. I am Christopher Sly, call not me Honour nor
Lordship: I ne're drank facke in my life: and if you give me any Conferu'es, give me conferu'es of Beefe; here ask me what raiment I'le weare, for I have no more dou-

lea then backes: no more stockings than legges: nor
no more floates then feet, may sometyme more feett then
floazes, or such floazes as my toes look through the oth-
er-leather.

Lord. Heauen eafe this idle hunter in your Honor.
Oh that a mightie man of such ducite,
Of such pollietions, and so high esteeme
Should be infliffed with the foule a fit.

Sir. What would you make me mad? Am not I Chris-
fopher Sly, old Sies fonne of Burton-heath, by blyske
Pedler, by education a Cardmaker, by transmutatiou a
Bare-heard, and now by present profeflion a Tinker.

Afeke Mariano Hacker the fat Alweife of Wincot, if they
know me not: if they say I am not xvised, on the score
for thence Ale, score me vp for the lyingk knowe in Christen
dome. What I am not besfraught: here's—

5. Mas. Oh this it is that makes your Ladie mourning.

2d Mas. Certes it is that makes your fervants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it, that your kindred fluns your
As best refine by your strange Lunacie,

Honour, but this, your heavenly birth,
Call honn thy ancient thoughts from baniennent,
And banish hence these abject lowlie dreams:

Looke how thy servants do attend on thee,
In his office ready at thy becke,
Will thou have Musick? Horake Apollo plaies, 
Musick and sweetly caged Nightingales do sing.
Or will thou sleep? We'll have them to a Couch,
Sofer and sweeter then the lufiull bed
On purpose trim'd vp for Seminaries.

Say thou wilt wake: we will bestrow the ground,
Or wilt thou ride? Thy horses shall be trap'd,
Their harnesse fludded allwith Gold and Pearle.

Doo thou loue hawking? Thou hast hawkes will foare
Above the morning Looke. Or wilt thou hunt,
Thy hounds shall make the Welshmen shiver them:
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1. Mas. Say thou wilt courfe, thy gray-hounds are at
As breathed Stage: I fletcher then the Roce.

(Exit.)

2. Mas. Doit thou loue pictures we'll fetch thee a
Adonis painted by a running brooke,

And Citherone all in fedges hid,
Which feene to move and wainton with her breath,
Ever as the waung fedges play with windes.

Lord. Well thought, thee was a Maid,
And how she was beguiled and surpriz'd,
As lute-live painted, as the deede was done.

3. Mas. Or Daphne roving through a thornie wood,

Scratching her legs, that one fiall sweare the bleed,
And at that fight fialf sad Apollo weep,
So worldamite the blood and teares are drawne.

Lord. Thou art a Lord, and nothing but a Lord:
Thou haft a Ladie faire more Beautifull,
Then any woman in this waining age.

1. Mas. And till the teares that he hath fre'd for thee,
Like enuious floods ore-run her loyfull face.
She was the faireft creature in the world,
And yet thee is inferior to none,

2d Mas. Am I a Lord, and have I such a Ladie?
Or do I dream? Or haue I dream'd till now?

I do not sleepe: I fee, I hear, I speake:
I felle sweet favours, and I feel foth things:
Vpon my life I am a Lord indeed,
And not a Tinker, nor Christopher Sly.

Well, bring our Ladie hither to our fight,

And once againe a pot o'th smallest Ale.

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2. Man. Wilt please your mightiness to wash your hands:
Oh how we joy to see your wit restored,
Oh that once more you knew but what you are:
The fifteene yeeres you have bin in a dream,
Or when you wak'd, so walk'd as you slept.

Beg. Thefe fifteene yeeres, by my fay, a goodly nap,
But did I never speake of all that time.

1. Man. Oh yes my Lord, but vte ye idle words,
For though you lay heere in this goodlie chamber,
Yet would you fay, ye were beaten out of doore,
And raile upon the Hoftefe of the houfe,
And fay you would prefent her at the Leete,
Because the brought flame-lights, and no feall'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Beg. I, the womanes made of the houfe.

3. man. Why fir you know no houfe, nor no fuch maid
Nor no fuch men as you have reckon'd vp,
As Stephan Slie, and oll John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turph, and Henry Tempered,
And twentye more fuch names and men as thefe,
Which never were, nor no man ever faw.

Beg. No, none Lord be thanked for my good amends.

All. Amen.

Enter Lady with Attendants.

Beg. I thank thee, thou shalt not look by it.

Lady. How fares my noble Lord?

Beg. Marrie I fare well, for heere is cheere enough.
Where is my wife?

La. Here noble Lord, what is thy will with her?

Beg. Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?

My men should call me Lord, am I 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 maft I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Beg. Alc Madam, or Jou Madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else, fo Lords call Ladys.

Beg. Madame wife, they fay that I have dreamed,
And slept aboute fome fifteene yeares or more.

Lady. 1, and the time feeme's thirty vnto me,

Being all this time abandoned from your bed.

Beg. Tis much, fervants leave me and her alone:

Madam vnrefle you, and come now to bed.

La. Thrice noble Lord, let me intered you

To pardon me yet for a night or two:
Or if not fo, vntill the Sun be fet,

For your Phyfianes have exproprie charg'd,
In perill to incurke your former malady,
That I should yet abient me from your bed:

I hope this reafon flands for my excufe.

Beg. I lift flands fo that I may hardly tarry fo long:
But I would be both to fall into my dreams again;
I wil therefore tarry in defpite of the fleth & the blood.

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. Your Honors Players hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleafant Comedie,
For fo your doctors hold it very meete,
Seeing too much fadneffe hatti congall'd your blood,
And melancholy is the Nourse of frenzie,
Therefore they thought it good you heare a play,
And frame your minde to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thoufand barren, and lengthens life.

Beg. Marrie I will let them play, it is not a Comon-
tie, a Christmas gambold, or a tumulting tricke?

Lady. No my good Lord, it is more pleafing fluffe.

Beg. What, houfhold ftuffe.

Lady. It is a kind of hisfory.

Beg. Well, we'll fee:

Come Madam, let my fignor by my fide,
And let the world flipp, we fhall neer be younger.

Flourish. Enter Lucinda, and her Man Travio.

Luc. Travio, fince for the great defire I had
To fee faire Padua, nurferie of Arts,
I am arrri'd for fruitful Lombardies, 
The pleafant garden of great Italy,
And by my fathers love and leane am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company
My trueffe fervant well approu'd in all,
Heere let us breath, and haply inftruite
A course of Learning, and ingenious studies.

Paffa renowned in grave Citizens
Gave me my being, and my father frift
A Merchant of great Traffick through the world:
"Fanciul's come of the Brightly,
Fanciul's firme, brough vp in Florence,
It fhall become to ferue all hopes conceived
To decke his fortune with his vertuous deeds,
And therefore Travio, for the time I flude,
Verue and that part of Philosophie
Will I applie, that treats of Happineffe,
By verue specially to be archeu'd.
Tell me thy minde, for I have Paffa left,
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plaffe, to plunge himmelf in the depe,
And with feticie seeks to quench his defire.

Trav. O faire Paduan, gentle matter mine
I am in all affeeted as your felfe,
Glad that you thus continue your refolute
To tucke the fweetes of fweete Philosophie,

Oney (good matter) while we do admire
This verue, and this meruell discipline,
Let's be no Strokes, nor no Stroke's I pray,
Or fo denote to Artificies checks
As Ouid, be an out-call quite absurd:

Balke Lodgicke with acquaintance that you have,
And pratts Rhetoricke in your common talke,
Muficke and Poeticke fife, to quicken you,
The Mathematics, and the Metaphyfickes
Fall to them as you finde your fhamecke fide:

No profit growes, where is no pleafure tone:

In briefe fite, whatfe ever you moft wifh.

Luc. Gramercies Travio, well doth thou admire,
I fhould like thou wert come afoare,
We could at once put vs in readineffe,
And take a Lodging fit to entertaine
Such friends (as time) in Padua shall beget,
But why a white, what company is this?

Trav. Mafter home fliue to welcome vs to Towne.

Enter Raphe with his two Daughters, Katerina & Bianca,

Gremio a Pantalono, Horanzo fitter to Bianca.

Luc. Travio, flandby.

Rap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am relou'd you know:

That is not to beflow my yongeft daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder:

Neither of you both love Katherina,

Because
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.
Gre. To cast her rather. She's to rough for neat.
Kate. Be it not so, Mr. Wits.
Gre. To make a rule of me amongst these mates?
Kate. How mean you that?
Gre. To make a rule of me amongst these mates?
Kate. Aye, it is your will.
Gre. For what?
Kate. Aye, as you will.
Gre. To make a rule of me amongst these mates?
Kate. Master mine, how mean you that?
Gre. To make a rule of me amongst these mates?
Kate. Master mine, how mean you that?
Gre. To make a rule of me amongst these mates?
Kate. Master mine, how mean you that?
Gre. To make a rule of me amongst these mates?
Kate. Master mine, how mean you that?
Gre. To make a rule of me amongst these mates?
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Kate. Master mine, how mean you that?
Gre. To make a rule of me amongst these mates?
Kate. Master mine, how mean you that?
Gre. To make a rule of me amongst these mates?
Kate. Master mine, how mean you that?
Gre. To make a rule of me amongst these mates?
Kate. Master mine, how mean you that?
Gre. To make a rule of me amongst these mates?
Kate. Master mine, how mean you that?
Because she will not be annoyed with suitors.

Luc.

Ab Tranio, what a cruel Father he is:

But art thou not adus'd, he took some care
To get her cunning Schoolmather to instruct her.

Tra.

I marry am I fur, and now 'tis plotted.

Luc.

I have it Tranio.

Tra. Maffer, for my hand.

But our intentions mee, and lumps in one.

Luc.

Tell me thine first.

Tra.

You will be schoolmather,

And understand the teaching of the maid:

That's your device.

Luc.

It is: May it be done?

Tra.

Not possible: for who shall bear your part,

And be in Padua here Lucienio's sonne,

Keep house, and play his books, welcome his friends,

Virt his Countriemen, and banquet them?

Luc.

But, content thee: for I have it full.

We have not yet bin leene in any house,

Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,

For man or woman: then it follows thus:

Though that be matter, Tranio in my head:

Keep house, and ports, and entertainers, as I should,

I will form other be, some Florentine,

Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Figa.

'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so: Tranio at once

Vinceahe t: take my Conlord hat and cloake,

When Biondello comes, he waits on thee,

But I will charge him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you neede:

In breede Sir, find it your pleasure is,

And I am tyed to be obedient,

For so your father charg'd me at our parting:

Be feruinceable to my sonne (quash he)

Although I think 'twas in another fence,

I am content to bee Lucienio,

Because so well I love Lucienio:

Luc.

Traino be so, because Lucienio loves,

And let me bee a faire, t'achieve that name,

Whose tendre right hand thats'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.

Here comes the rogue. Sirra, where have you bin?

Bion.

Where have I beene? Nay how now, where are you? Maffier, he's my fellow Tranio holne your clothes, or you holne his, or both? Pray what's the newest?

Sirra comes hither, 'tis no time to left,

And therefore frame your manners to the time

Your fellow Tranio heere to face my life,

Put's my apparel, and my countenance on,

And for my escape have put on his:

For in a quarrel since I came a shooe,

I kill'd a man, and fear I was defenced:

Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes:

While I make way hence to issue my life:

You understand me?

Bion.

I will, yet in the hast.

Luc.

And shot a bullet Tranio in your mouth,

Bion. The better for him, would I were so too.

Tra. So could I shooe boy, to have the next with after, that Lucienio indeed had Biondello youget daughther:

But fear, not for my sake, but your matters, I advice you to frame your manners directly in all kind of companies: When I am alone, why then I am Tranio: but in all places else, you maist Lucienio:

Luc.

Tranio let's go:

One thing more tells, that thy selfe execute,

To make one among these woorers: if thou ask me why,

Sufficeth my reasons are both good and weighty.

Exit Tranio, The Provosts Lent lodges.

1. Mum. My Lord you nod, you do not minde the play.

Beg. Yer by Saint Anne do I, a good matter surely;

Comes there any more of it?

Lady. My Lord, 'tis but began.

Beg. This a very excellent piece of worke, Madame

Lady: would 'twere done.

They fit and make.

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 self beloved and approved friend

Hortensio: & I torow this is his house:

Here sirs Grumio, knocke I say

Grun. Knocke sir, whom should I knocke? Is there

any man here's rebus'd your worship?

Petr. Villaine I say, knocke me heree foundly.

Grun. Knocke you beere sir? Why sir, what's am I,

that I should knocke you here sir.

Petr. Villaine I say, knocke me at this gate,

And rap me well, or lkee knocke your knuckles pate.

Grun. My Mr. is growne quarrelsome:

I should knocke you sir,

And then I know after who comes by the worste.

Petr. Will it not be?

Faith firrah, and you not knocke, lie ring it,

Ile trie how you can sol, Fa, and ring it.

Herings kindly the cause.

Grun. Help me fithe helps, my mallets is mad.

Petr. Now knocke when I bid you: sirrah villain.

Enter Hortensio.

Hort. How now, what's the matter? My oleth friend

Grumio, and my good friend Petruchio! How do you all at Verona?

Petr. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?

Comites leere bene trovato, ma i tay.

Hort. Ab nontra cafo bene venire multo hnnaro rite,

o nos Petruchio.

Rife Grumio tyle, we will compound this quarrell.


If this be not a lawfull caufe for me to loose his feruice, knocke you sir: He bid me knocke him, & rap him foundly.

Sir, was it for a servant to suo his master be,

being perhaps (for I fee) twoe and thirty, a peape out? Whom would to God I had well knocke at first,

then had not Grumio come by the worste.

Petr. A fencelfe villaine: good Hortensio,

I bad the ruffell knocke upon your gate,

And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Grun. Knocke at the gate? O heavens: spake you not those words plaine? Sirra, Knocke me here, rappe me here: knocke me well, and knocke me foundly: And come you now wish knocking at the gate?

Petr. Sirra be gone, or talke not I advife you.

Hort. Petruchio patience, I am Grumio's pledge:

Why this a heaue chance twixt him and you,

Your ancient truthe pleasant serviant Grumio:

And tell me now (sweet friend) what happe gale

Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

Petr. Such wind as flashes youngmen through 5 world,
To feake their fortunes farther then at home,
Where small experience grows but in a few.
Signior Hortenza, thou liest with me,
Among my father's decrees,
And I have thrust my selfe into this maze,
Happily to wise and thrive, as best I may
Groundes in my purse I have, and good 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 thwart'd ill-faunt'd wife? I
Thou didst make me but a little for my counsell,
And yet I promis thee that shal be rich,
And very rich: but th'art too much my friend,
And Icnot with thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortenza, twice such friends as we,
Few words suffice: and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife:
(As wealth is burthen of my woing dance)
Be she as faine as was Florizelle Loue,
As sad as Sabel, and as curst and throw'd
As Socrates Zentrup, or a worse;
She moves me not, or not remoues at least
Affections edge in me. Were the is as rough
As are the dwelling Astratice lass.
I come to wise it wealthily in Padua:
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, looke you for't, but shal you flary what your minds is:
your give him Gold enough, and marry him
to a Puppet or an Agile babet, or an old trot with ne'rea
tooth in her head, though she have as manie diseases as
two and fifteene horses. Why nothing comes amiss, so
monie comes withall.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are flep thus farre in,
I will continue that I breach'd in left,
I can Petruchio helpe thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and yong and beautious,
Brought vp as best becomes a Gentlewoman.
Her only fault, and that is faults enough,
Is, that she is intolerable curst,
And throw'd, and forced, so beyond all meare,
That were my (late) faire worser then it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of Gold.

Pet. Hortenfia peace: thou know not golds effect,
Tell me her fathers name, and 'tis enough:
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in Autumn crake.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courtous Gentleman,
Her name is Katherine Minola,
Renown'd 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 deep. Hortenfia all I see her,
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To giue you over at this first encounter,
Wills ye will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you Sir let him go while the humor lasts.
A my word, and she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would doe little good upon him. Shee may perhaps call him halfe a scorne Knaut, or so: Why that's nothing; and he begin once, he'll rale in his rope tricks. Ile tell you what shee, and shee him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and doe disfigure her with it, that shee shal bauano more, cies to see withall
This Cat: you know him not fit.

Hor. Tartie Petruchio, I must go with thee,
For in Baptista keepe my treasure is:
He hath the Jewel of my life in hold,
His youthful daughter, beautiful Bianca,
And her with-holds from me, Other more:
Sueres to her, and rivalues in my Loue:

Supposing it a thing imposible,
For chose defects I have before rehearst,
That euer Katherine will be wood:
Therefore this order hath Baptista tane,
That none that have access unto Bianca,
Till Katherine the Curst, have got a husband.
Gru. Katherine the curst,
A title for a made, of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now that my friend Petruchio do me grace,
And offer me disgui'd in labor robes,
To old Baptista as a schoole-master
Well see in Muticke, to instruct Bianca,
That so I may by this deuce as least
Haue loose and losenbre to make love to her,

And was specd court her by her selfe.

Enter Grumio and Lucentio disguis'd.
Gru. Here's no knaunee. See, to bogueil the old
Folkes, how the young folkes lay their heads together.
Master, matter, looke about you: Who goes there? ha.

Hor. Peace Grumio, it is the riuall of my Loue,
Petruchio stand by a while.

Gru. A proper skilful, and an amorous,
Grumio. O very well, I have perus'd the note:
Hearske you fir, Ile hear them verei fairly bound,
All bookes of Loue, see that at any hand,
And see you reade no other Lectures to her,

You understande me. Ouer and befire
Signior Baptista liberalitie,
Ile mend it with a Large fee. Take your paper too,
And let me haue them verei well perfum'd;
For she is sweeter than perfum it felte.
To whom they go to: what wil you reade to her,
Luce. What ere I reade to her, Ile pleade for you,
As for my patron, stand you to affur'd,
As firmlie as your felle were still in place,
Yea and perhaps with more successfull words
Then you ac, where you were a scholler fit;
Gru. Oh this learning, what a thing it is.
Gru. Oh this Woodcocke, what an Affete it is.
Petr. Peace sirra.
Gru. Grumio mum: God saw you signior Grumio,
Gru. And you are wel met, Signior Hortenfia.

Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista Minola,
I promit to enquire carefully.
A bout a schoolmaister for the faire Bianca,
And by good fortune I have lighted well
On this young man: For learning and behavour
Fit for her turne, well read in Poetrie
And other bookes, good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well and I haue met a Gentleman
Hath promit me to helpe one to another,
A fine Musitian to instruct our Milits,
So that I no whate be behind in dutie
To faire Bianca, So belov'd of me.
Gru. Beloved of me, and that my deeds shal prove.
Gru. And that his bags shal prove.
Hor. Grumio, 'tis now no time to vent our loue,
Litten to me, and if you speake me faire,
Ile tel you newes indifferent good for either.
Here is a Gentleman whom by chance I met.
Upon agreement from vs to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katherine,
Yes, and to marry her, if her dowrie please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well:

Hortensia, haue you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know his is an inkefome brawling scold:
If that be all Makers, I heare no harme.

Gre. What, sayest thou to this Gentleman? What Countryman?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Diamon setonne:
My father dead, my fortune lites for me,
And I do hope, good days and long, to see.

Gre. Oh sir, such a life with such a wife, were straunge:
But if you have a homaace, too o Gods name,
You shall haue me afflicting you in all.

But will you woo this Wilde cat?

Pet. Will I love?

Gre. Wilde woo her? Is't lic hang her.

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?

Think you a little dine can daunt mine cares?

Haue I not in my time heard Lions roare?

Haue I not heard the sea, putt vp with winde,
Rage like an angry Boare, chafed with sweat?

Haue I not heard great Orchonde in the field?
And heauen's artillery thunder in the skies?

Haue I not in a pitched battel heard
Loud harmonies, neighing freuds, & trumpets clangue?

And do you tell me of a womans tongue?

That gives not halle to so great a blow to heare,
As will a Cheefe-nut in a Farmers fire,

Tuft, tuft, feare boyes with bags.

Gre. For he feares none.

Gremio. And yet he speak.

This Gentleman is happily arrisse,
My minde pretumes for his owne good, and yours,

Hor. I proue it we would be Contributors,
And beare his charge of wooing whatsoeere,

Gremio. And so we will, prouided that he win her.

Gre. I would I were as free of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio, brace, and Bundello.

Tran. Gentlemen God fauour you. If may be bold
Tell me I beseech you, which is the readest way
To the house of Signior. Battiuse Minola?

Bass. He that's his the two faire daughters: if he you mean?

Tran. Even he Bundello.

Gre. Hearkie you sir, you are not her to——

Tran. Perhaps him and her wife, what have you to do?

Pet. Not her that claires for any hand I pray.

Tranio. I haue no childer sir; Bundello, let's away.

Lect. We'll begin Tranio.

Hor. Sir, a word ere you goe.

Are you a frende to the Maid you talk of, yea or no?

Tran. And if I be sir, is't any offence?

Gremio. No: if without more words you will get you hence.

Tran. Why sir, I pray are not the frends as free
Formed as you?

Gre. But so is not free.

Tran. For what reason I beseech you.

Gre. For this reason if you thinke,
That she the choice love of Signior Hortensio.

Hor. That she the chosen of Signior Hortensio.

Tran. Softly my Masters: I pray be Gentleman
Do me this righe: hear me with patience.

Battiuse a noble Gentleman,

To whom my father is not all vnowne,
And were his daugther fairer then she is,
She may more futures have, and me for one,

Faire Lucrecia daugther had a thousand wooers,
Then well one more may faire Triana have;

And so the haule Lucentio shall make one,

Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What, sayest thou to this Gentleman will ou-talks vs all,

Lect. Sir, give him head, I know he'll prove an Iade.

Pet. Hortensia, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be bold as ask you,

Did you yet euer see Battius as daughter?

Tran. No sir, but haue I do that he hath two:

The one, as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other, for beauteous modestie.

Pet. Sir, for, the frif's for me, let her go by.

Gre. Yes, leave that labour to great Hercules,
And let it be more then Alcides twelue.

Pet. Sir understand you this of me (inf broth)
The yongel daugther whom you haue seen for,

Her father keepes from all access of futurs,
And will not promise her to any man,

Until the elder sister frif be wedd.

To which the yeonger is free, and not before.

Tranio. It is to be, for you that are the man

Must feeke vs all, and me amongst the rest:

And if you break the ice, and do this fecke,

Achieue the elder; fet the yonger free,

For our access, where he shall be to haue her,

Will not so gracefull be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir you fay well, and wel you do conceiue,

And since you do professe to be a futur,

You must as we do, gratifie this Gentleman,

To whom all rest generally behoulding.

Tranio. Sir, I shall not be slacke, in signe whereof,

Please ye we may continue this afternoone,

And quarte crowleys to our Mirthfull health,

And doubt no further in our fashionable,

Strene meungly, but eare and drinke as friends.

Gre. Enlarg. Oh excellent motion: fellows let's be gone.

Hor. The motions good indeed, and be it so,

Petrouch. That is, you shall. When season.

Exit.

Enter Kathrina and Bianca.

Bass. Good fift wrong me not, nor wrong your self,

To make a bondmamed and a flave of mee,

That I did blame: but for these other goods,

Vebindings, my hands, I pubisht them to my felle,

Yes all my raiment, to my pecunia,
Or what you will command me, will I do,

So well I know my dutie to my eldrie,

Kate. Of all thy futurs heere I charge thee
told

Whom thou loue'st beit: see thou dispensible not.

Bianca. Before me, or, on all the men alive,

I neuer yet beheld that specula face,

Which I could scarce, more then any other.

Kate. Mityn thou lyest? Is't not Hortensia?

Bass. If you affect him fifer, here be I sure

He pleade for you my felle, but you shall have him.

Kate. On then beke you latter riches more,

You will have Gremio to keepe you faire.

Bass. Is it for him you do enuise mee for?

Nay then you left, and now I wel perceiue

You haue but serfed with me all this while.

I preece fifer Kate, vntie my hands.

Kate. If that be left, then all the rest was in. Striket her

Enter.
When Talke But Hif trc.cal'•tuous She Of doing. More Accept muft do am is ft. tcr. ret. Enter Gre. Gre. ftt. ftt. ft. of my bold like forward. petrttcht*t of Gre. and Latine qualities, which a daughter and doe haue, and of their modeftie, behauiour, and their fciences, which I haue bettered rather then decreafed, Thentell me, if I get your daughters loue, What dowrie fhall I haue with her wife. Eap. After my death, the one halfe of my Lands, And in poffeffion twentie thousand Crownes, Pet. And for that dowrie, Ile aflure her of Her widow-houfe, be it that the furniture me In all my Lands and Leaff whatfoever, Letfpecialties be therefore drawn between vs, That covenants may be kept on either hand. Eap. I, when the fpecial thing is well obtain'd, That is her loue: for that is all in all. Pet. Why that is nothing: for I tell you father, I am as pereptorie as the proud minded: And where two raging fires meete together, They do confume the thing that feeds their furie, Though little fire grows great with little winde, yet extreme gults will blow out fire and all: So I to her, and fo the yeelds to me, For I am rough, and woo not like a babe. Eap. Well maift thou woo, and happy be thy speed: But be thou arm'd for some unhappie words. Pet. I to the proofe, as Mountaine are for winde, That that makes not, though they blow perpetually.
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**Bett.** How now my friend, why dost thou look so pale?  
**Her.** For fear I come you, if you look so pale.  
**Bett.** What, will my daughter prove a good Musitian?  
**Her.** I think she doth sooner prove a souldier.  
**Bett.** Why then cannot she break to the Lute?  
**Her.** Why no, for she hath broke the Lute to me: I did but tell her she mistook her frets, and bow'd her hand to teach her fingering, when (with a most impatient distemper spirit) frets call you theorist (quaint fife) he fume with them: and with that word fife struck me on the head, and through the affliction my pate made way, and then I flood amaze for a while, as on a Pillorie, looking through the Lute, while she did call me Rascal, Fiddler, and swangling lacke, with twenty fuch vile stammers, as had fhe studied to miffpe fhe.  

**Teft.** Now by the world, it is a buffe Wench, I fhoue her tentimes more then ere I did, Oh how I long to have fome chat with her.  
**Bett.** Well go with me, and be not to difconfine.  

Proceed in her life with my younger daughter, she's apt to learn, and in her words for good tunes:  

Signior Petruchio, will you go with vs, or fhall I fend my daughter Kate to you.  

**Exit Petruchio.**

**Pet.** I pray you do. Ile attend her here, and woo her with fome spirit when fhe comes, say that the wife, why then Ile tell her plain,  

She fings as sweetly as a Nightingale:  

Say that the Trowne, ile fay the lookes as cleare  

As morning Rofes newly waking with dew:  

Say thee be mute, and wilt not speake a word, Then ile commend her volubility, and say the verereth piercing eloquence:  

If she do bid me packe, Withe gife her thanks,  

As though she bid me lay by her a wecke:  

If she deie to wecl, ile craue the day  

When I shallake the banes, and whene married.  

But here he fome, and now Petruchio speake.  

**Enter Kate.**

**Kate.** Good morrow Kate, for thatts your name I heare,  

**Kate.** Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing:  

They call me Kate, they do call me of,  

Pet. You may in faith, for you are call'd plain Kate,  

And bony Kate, and sometimes Kate the curs:  

But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Chrifletendome.  

Kate of Kate-hall, my super-dainty Kate,  

For dainties are all Kate's, and therefore Kate  

Take this of me, Kate of my conflation,  

Hearing thy mildneffe prais'd in every Towne,  

Thy vertues spoke of, and thy beautey foured,  

Yet not fo deeply as to thee belongs,  

My felfe am moud'd to wone thee for my wife.  

**Kate.** Mou'd, in good time, let him that moud thee better  

Remoue you hence: I knew you at the first  

You were a monible.  

**Pet.** Why, what's a monible?  

**Kate.** A loyn'd fwole.  

**Pet.** Thou haft hit it: come fit on me.  

**Kate.** Affers are made to beare, and lo are you,  

**Pet.** Women are made to beare, and lo are you.  

Kate. No such fadles as you, if you meane.  

**Pet.** Alls good Kate, I will not burneth thee,  

For knowing thee to be but young and light,  

Kate. Too light for fuch a fwaume as you to catch,  

And yet as beauteous as my weight fhoule be.  

**Pet.** Shoule be, shoule be,  

Kate. Well tane, and like a buzzard.  

**Pet.** Oh flawing'f Turtell, flaw a buzzard take thee.  

Kate. I for a Turtell, as he takes a buzzard.  

**Pet.** Come, come you Waife, y faith you are too angrie.  

**Kate.** If it be waife, beft beware my fling.  

**Pet.** My remedy is then to plucke it out.  

**Kate.** I, if the foolle could finde is where it lies.  

**Pet.** Who knowes not where a Waife doth weare  

his fling? In his tale.  

**Kate.** In his tongue?  

**Pet.** Whole tongue.  

**Kate.** Yours if you take of tales, and so farewell.  

**Pet.** What with your tongue in your tale.  

Nay, come againe, good Kate, I am a Gentleman,  

Kate. That Ie trie.  

**Pet.** I fwear Ie cufye you, if you flake againe.  

Kate. So may you loose your armes,  

If you flrike me, you are no Gentleman,  

And if no Gentleman, why then no armes.  

**Pet.** A Herald Kate? Oh put me in thy bookes.  

**Kate.** What is your Cref, a Cofcomb?  

**Pet.** A combileffe Cocke, fo Kate will be my Hen.  

Kate. No Cocke of mine, you crow too like a crazed  

**Pet.** Nay come Kate, come: you must not looke fo fawre.  

Kate. It is my fation when I lea a Crayb.  

**Pet.** Why here's no crayb, and therefore looke not sawre.  

**Kate.** There is therefit.  

**Pet.** Then flrow it me.  

**Kate.** Had I a gaffe, I would.  

**Pet.** What, what you meane my face.  

Kate. Well aym'd of fuch a yonge 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 no.  

**Pet.** Nay heare you Kate. Inbotho you fcape not fo.  

Kate. I fear you if I carrie. Let me go.  

**Pet.** No, not a whit, I finde you paffing gentle:  

**Twst** told me you were rough, and coy, and fallen,  

And now I finde report a very list:  

For thou art pleafant, gambolme, paffing courteous,  

But flow in speech: yet sweet as spring-time flowers.  

Thou canst not frowne, thou canst not looke a fcone,  

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,  

Nor had thou pleasure to be coldre in talke:  

But thou with mildneffe entertain the woowers,  

With gentle conference, foft, and affable.  

Why does the world report that Kate doth limpe?  

Oh flandyou world: Kate like the bazzle twig  

Is fraught, and fnder, and as browne in hue  

As hazle nuts, and sweeter then the kernels.  

Oh let me fee thee walke: thou doft not hait.  

Kate. Go foole, and whom thou keepit command.  

**Pet.** Did ever Diom to become a Grouse  

As Kate this chamber with her princely gait:  

O be thou Diom, and let her be Kate,  

And
Then let Kate be chaste, and Diana sportfull.

Kate. Where did you study all this goodly speech? Petr. It is extempore, from my mother's wit. Kate. A witty mother, yet else she's not so wise. Petr. Am I not wise? Kate. Yes, keep you warme. Petr. Marry so. I meant sweet Katherine in thy be. and therefore forget all this chaff aside, thus in plainest terms: your father hath confessed That you shall be my wife; your dowry greed On, and will you, I will marry you. Now Kate, I am a husband and for your turne, For by this light, whereby I fee thy beauty, Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well, Thou must be married to no man but me.

Enter Bap. Gremio, Tranio.

For I am he am borne to tame you Kate, And bring you from a vile Kate to a Kate Conformable as other household Kate: Here comes your father, neuer make denial, I must, and will have Katherine to my wife. (daughter.) Petr. Now Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my Pet. How but well and how but well? It were impossible I should speed amisse. (jump.) Petr. Why how now daughter Katherine, in your Kate. Call you me daughter now? I promise you You have found a tender fatherly regard To with me wed to one halfe Lunaticke, A mad-cap ruffian, and a svering jacke, That thinkes with othes to face the matter out. Petr. Father, 'tis thus, your selle and all the world That talk'd of her, haue talk'd amisse of her: If the be court, it is for policie, For shee's not froward, but more as the Douce, Shee is not hot, but temperate as the nurse. For patience shee will prove a second Grisell, And Romane Laurece for her chastitie. And to conclude, we haue greed so well together, That upon Sunday is the wedding day. Kate. Hee see thee hang'd on Sunday first. (first.) Petr. Hee Petruchio, the face thee'll see thee hang'd Petr. In this thy speed, saith the god of our part. Petr. Be patient gentlemen, I choose her for my selfe: If she be, and I be pleased, what's that to you? This bargain'd twist vs twain being alone, That she shall be court in company. I tell you 'tis incredible to beleue How much she loves me: oh the kindred Kate, Shee hang about my necke, and kiss on Kate Shee will do, protesteth oath on oath, That in a winke she woule to her love. Oh you are noicees, 'tis a world to see How tame when men and women are alone, A meacoock wretch can make the curseft fistraw: Giv mee thy hand Kate, I will unto Venice To buy apparel gainst the wedding day: Promote the feast father, and bid the guest, I will be sure my Katherine shall be fine. Petr. I know not what: to say, but give me your hds, God lend you joy, Petruchio, 'tis a match.

Grem. To amen say we, we will be wittincker, Petr. Father, and wife, and gentlemen adjure, I will to Venice, fonday comes space, We will haue rings, and things, and fine array, And kiss me Kate, we will be married a fonday.

Grem. Was ever match clapt vp so foddaily? Petr. Faith Gentlemen now I play a merchants part, And venture madly on a desperace Mart. Tran. Twas a commoditie lay frettting by you, Twill bring you gaine, or perifh on the seas. Petr. The gaine I feake, is quiet me the match. Grem. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch: Put now B. on, to your yonger daughter, Now is the day we long haue looked for, I am your neighbour, and was fater first, Tran: And I am one that loue Diana more Then words can wittnefe, or your thoughts can guffle. Grem. Yonging thou canst not loue so deare as I. Tran. Gray-beard thy loue doe thine freeze. Grem. But thinke doue fee, Skipper hand backe, tis age that nourisht. Tran. But youth in Ladies eyes that flowerith. Petr. Content you gentlemen, I will ecompound this strife Tis deeds must win the prize, and he or both That can aflire my daughter greatest dowr, Shall have my Bapfies loue. Say signior Gremio, what can you aflire her? Grem. First, as you know, my house within the City Is richly furnishd with plate and gold, Binions and ewers to laue her dimity hands: My hangings all of rarest teffe: In lucyly coers I have fluft my crownes: In Cypres cheefts my arras counterpoints, Coffily apparel, tents, and Canopics, Fine Linnen, Turky cushions bost with pearle, Valens of Venice gold, in needle worke: Pewter and braffe, and all things that belongs To house or house-keeping: then I may fay I haue a hundred milch-kine to the pale, Six-tore atm Oxen standing in my stalls, And all things anfwerable to this portion. My felle amfrooke in yeare I must confefle, And if I die to morrow this is hers, If whilft I live the wil be onely mine. Tran. That onely came well in: fir, lift to me, I am my fathers heere and onely fonne, If I may haue your daughter to my wife, I cleave her houfes three or foure as good Within rich Pfa walls, as any one Old Signior Gremio has in Padua, Befides, two thousand Duckes by the yeere Of fruitfull land, all which shall be her ijyneter. What, haue I pinche you Signior Gremio? Grem. Two thoufand and Duckers by the yeere of land, My Land amounts not to fomuch in all: That the fhall haue, besides an Argosie That now is lying in Marcellus roade: What, haue I choockt you with an Argosie? Tran. Gremio, 'tis knowne my father hath no leffe Then three great Argosies, besides two Galliasse And twelueite Galliasse, thefe I will affure her, And twice as much what ete thou offert next. Petr. Nay, I have offerd all, I have no more, And shee can haue no more then all I haue, If you like me, the fhall haue me and mine. Tran. Why then the maid is mine from all the world By your fyme promife, Gremio is out vied. Petr. I must confefle your offer is the beff, And let your father make her the affurance,
The Taming of the Shrew.

She is your owne, elie you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where is her dowry?

Tua. That's but a caust: he is of good age.

Gre. And may not young men die as well as old?

Bap. Well gentlemen, I am thus resolute,
On fonday next, you know

My daughter Katherine is to be married;
Now on the fonday following shall Bianca
Be Bridie to you, if you make this suffurance:
If not, to Signior Gremio:
And so I take my leave, and thank you both.

Gre. Adue good neighbour; now I scarce the not:
Sira, young gentle, your father was a foolo
To give thee all, and in his waying age
Set foot vnder thy table: out, a toy,
An odd Italian foxe is not to kinde my boy.

Tua. A vengeance on your craftsie withered hide,
Yet I have fac'd it with a card often:
'Tis in my head to doe my matter good:
I see no reason but suppos'd Lucentio
Muff get a father, call'd suppos'd Unscincho,
And that's a wonder: fathers commonly
Doe get their children: but in this case of wuing,
A child shall get a fire, if I faile not of my cunning.

Actus Tertia.

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.

Luc. Frield forbear, you grow too forward Sir,
Hau you to loue forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katherine welcomed you withall.

Hort. But wrangling pedant, this is
The patroonete of harmony,
Then give me leave to have proueguage,
And when in Musick we have spent an hour,
Your Lecture shall have pleasure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous Aife that never read so farre,
To know the cause why musick was ordain'd:
Was it not to refresh the minds of man
After his fluxes, or his visaul paine?
Then give me leave to read Philosophy,
And while I paue, ferue in your harmony.

Hort. Sira, I will not beare these braues of shine.

Bian. Why gentlemen, you doe me double wrong,
To frirue for that which refresh in my choice:
I am no breeching feholier in the schoolies,
Ile not be tied to howres, nor pointed times,
But leame my Lessons as I please me felle,
And to cut off all frirue therre fit we downe,
Take you your instrumen, play you the whites,
His Lecture will be done ere you haue tund.

Entr. You shall loose his Lecture when I am in tune?

Luc. That will be neuer, tune your instrumen.

Bian. Where left we left?

Luc. Here I Madam: Hic ibat Simoain, hie est sgregia tellus, hic hie Setare Porimagi regia Celsa luna.

Bian. Contref them.

Luc. Hic ibat, as I told you before, Simeo, I am Lucenio, hie est, sgregia Vincenzi de Pfa, Sigeretelcus, dippugues thus to get your loue, hie estare, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing, prencis, is my man Tranio, regia, bearing my porr, celsa fema that we might be

The end of Pantalowne.

Hort. Madam, my Instrumen's in tune.

Bian. Let's hear, oh sir, the treble stayer.

Luc. Spirt in this holie man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can confirce it.

Hort. That's false, I know you not, his est sgregia tellus, I trust you not, his estare Porimagi, take heed he haue not estare prencis, Celsa luna, defaire not.

Hort. Madam, is now in tune.

Luc. All but the bafe.

Hort. The base is right, 'tis the base knowe that is.

Luc. How ftirry and forward our Pedanxis,
Now for my life the knowe dueth court my loue,

Pedanxis, He watch you better yet;
In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Bian. Mistrust it not, for sure Ecides.

Was Ann said so from his grandfather.

Hort. I must believe my matter, elle I promyse you,
I shold be arguing still upon that doubt,
But let it reft, now Leto to you:
Good matter taketh it not vondly pry
That I have bene thus pleasant with you both.

Hort. You may go walk, and glue me leave a while,
My Leffons make no musicke in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, Sir, well I must wait
And watch withall, for but I be deuided,
Our fine Mutian growth amorous.

Hort. Madam, before you touch the instrumen,
To leave the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of Arts,
To teach you gamothe in a briefe fort,
More pleasant, pitty, and effectuall,
Then hath bene taught by any of my trade,
And there is in writing fairely drawn.

Bian. Why, I am pait my gamothe long agoe,

Hort. Yet read the gamon of Hortensio.

Bian. Gamon I am, the ground of all accord:
Are, to plead Hortensio's passion:

Become, Bianca take him for thy Lord
Cares, that loves with all affection
Do faire, one Clifte, two notes have I,
Elami, throw pity or I die,
Call you this gamon Truste you like it not,
Old Qlionons please me bille, I am not fonder
To charge true rules for old mentiones,

Enter a Pedanxis.

Nicky Mistrecce, your father prays you leave your
And helpes to drefs her sisters chamber vp,

Bian. You know to morrow's the wedding day.

Bian. Farewell sweet matters both, I must be gone.

Luc. Faith Mistrecce then I have no care to say.

Hort. But I haue caute to pay into this pedant,
Methinckes he looks as though he were in loue.
Yet if thy thoughts Bianca be so humble
To caft thy wandering eyes on every stale:
Seize thee that Lift, if once I finde thee ranging,

Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.

Exit.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katherine, Bianca, and ouers, attendants.

Bap. Signior Lucentio, this is the pointed day
That Katherine and Patriccho should be married,
And yet we heare not of our fonne in Law:
What will be said, what mockery will it be?
To want the Bride-groom when the Priest attends
To speake the ceremoniell rites of marriage?
What fates Lucentio to this flame of ours?

No
Kate. No shame but mine, I must forsooth be for
To give my hand opposite against my heart.
Eres a mad-braine rusedly, full of spleene,
Whoe'wood in haue, and meanes to wed at leyure:
I told you, I, he was a frantike toole,
Hiding his bitter islets in blunte behavours,
And to be noted for a merry man;
He'll weare a thousand, point the day of marriage,
Make freinds, inure, and proclaime the banes,
Yet never meanes to wed where he hath wood:
Now muft the world point at poor Katherine,
And say, loe, there is maid Petruchio's wife
If it would please him come and marry her.

Patience good Katherine and Baptista too,
Upon my life Petruchio meanes but well,
Whateuer fortune flayes him from his word,
Though he be blate, I know him palling wife,
Though he be merry, yet withal he is honest.
Kate. Would Katherine had never seen him though.

Bap. Goegirl, I cannot blame thee now to weare,
For such an injury would vease a very faine,
Much more a shew of impatient humour.

Enter Bian. Bian. Matfer, mafter, newes, and such newes as you never heard of.

Bap. Is new and old too? how may that be?

Bian. Why, is it not newe to heard of Petruchio's
Bap. Is he come? (comming)

Bian. Why no fir.

Bap. What then?

Bian. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bian. When he flands where I am, and fees youthere,
Bap. But say, what to thine olde newes?

Bian. Why Petruchio is comming, in a new hat and
an old kerne, a paire of olde breeches thrice turnd;
A paire of bootees that have beene candle-cases, one buckled,
another lac'd: an olde ruffy sword taine out of the
Towne Armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapellest: with
Two broken points: his horfe hop'd with an olde mothe
shaddle, and fitrrops of no kindles: besides poefit with
the glanders, and like to move in the chine, toulled
with the Lampatle, infected with the fashions, full of
Windgalls, sped with Spuanis, riad with the Yellowes,
Pattit curs of the jayfe, flakefe you'd with the
Staggers, begunawne with the Boys, Wall in the backe,
And shoulder-flatten, necke leg'd before,
And with a halfe-chek late & a headell of the cheepes leather, which
Being refrain'd to keep him from stumbling, hath been
often burft, and now repaired with knots; one girth five
times peec'd, and a womans Grupper of velure, which
Deth two letters for her name, falsely set down in fuds,
And these and there peec'd with packthred.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bian. Oh fir, his Lackey, for all the world Caparison'd like the horfe: with a linnen flocke on one leg, and
a kesley boot-hose on the other, garnished with a red and
blew lift, an old hat, & the humour of forsty fancies pricket in
for a feather: a monfieur, a very monfieur in apparel,
& not like a Christian foot-boy, or a gentlemans Lacky.

The ftrange good humor pricks him to this fashion,
Yet oftemphmes he goes but meane apparel'd.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howsore he comes.

Bian. Why fir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say he comes?
And watch our vantage in this busineis,
We'll over-reach the grey-arsed Gremio,
The narrow prying fathers Minola,
The quaint Musician, amorous Licia,
All for my Mothers sake Lucentio.

Enter Gremio.

Signior Gremio, came you from the Church?
Gremio. As willingly as ere I came from school.

Exeunt.

Gremio. And is the Bride & Bridgroom coming home?
Gremio. A bridgroom say you? 'tis a groome indeed,
A grumling groome, and that the girk shall finde.

Enter Gremio.

Gre. Corifer then she, why 'tis impossible.
Gre. Why she's a deedill, a deedill, a very fiend.
Gre. Why she's a deedill, a deedill, the deed is damme.
Gre. Tur, she's a Lambe, a Doue, a foolie to him:
I tell you for Lucentio; when the Priest
Should ask if Katherine should be his wife,
I, by goosse woones quoth he, and swore so loud,
That all amaz'd the Priest left fall the bookes,
And as he floopp'd against to take it vp,
This mad-brain'd bridgroom tooke him such a cuffe,
That downe fell Priest and booke, and booke and Priest,
Now take them vp quoth he, if any lift.

Exeunt.

Gre. What said the wench when he rode againe?
Gre. Trembled and blooke: for why, he lump'd and swore,
as if the Vicar meant to cozen him: but after many ceremonies done, hee calls for wine, a health quoth he, as if he had beene abroad carowing to his Mates after a fformre, quafst of the Mufedall, and threw the fops all in the Sextons face: hauing no other reason, but that his beard grew thinne and hungry, and feem'd it to take him fops as hee was drinking: This done,hee tooke the Bride about the necke, and kill her lips with such a clamorous ffaceke, that at the parting all the Church did echoe; and I seeing this, came hencethat for very shame, and after mee I know the rout is comimg, such a mad marryage neuer was before: harke, harke, I hear the miniftres play.

Musicke plays.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Bianca, Hortensio, Baptista.

Pet. Gentlemen & friends, I thank you for your pains,
I know you thinke to dine with me to day,
And haue prepar'd a great store of wedding cheere,
But so it is, my haffe doth call me hence,
And therefore hence I meant to take my leave.

Bap. Is it possible you will away to night?
Pet. I must away to day before night come,
Make it no wonder: if you knew my buttocke,
You would intrest me rather goe then stay:
And honest company, I thank you all,
That haue beheld me give away my selfe
To this most patient, sweet, and vertuous wife,
Dine with my father, drinke a health to me,
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Exeunt.

Pet. I was intrest you flay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gremio. Let me intrest you,
Petr. It cannot be.
Kate. Let me intrest you.
Set. I am conteent.
Kate. Are you content to flay?
Petr. I am content you shall entrest me flay,
But yet not flay,entrest me how you can.

Pet. Now if you love me stay.


Gremio. I sir, they be ready, the Oates have eaten the horses.

Kate. Nay then,

Doe what thou canst, I will not goe to day,
No, not to morrow, nor till I please my selfe,
The dore is open for, there liest your way,
You may be logging whiles your bootsre are greene:
For me, I be not gone till I please my selfe,
'Tis like you'll prove a folly furnly groome,
That take it on you at the first so sounding.

Pet. O Kate content thee, prettice be not angry.
Kate. I will be angry, what haft thou to doe?
Father, be quiet, he shall flay my leisure.

Pet. I marry sir, now it begins to worke.

Kate. Gentlemen, forward to the bridall dinner,
I see a woman may be made a foolie
If she had not a spirit to retell.

Pet. They shall goe forward Kate at thy command,
Obey the Bride you that attend on her.

Go to the feast, reuell and dinnere,
Caroile full measure to her maiden-head,
Be modest and merry, or goe hang your felices:
But for my bonny Kate, the muff with me:
Nay, looke not big, nor flatte, nor flate nor fret,
I will be matter of what is mine owne.
She is my goods, my chastels, she is my house,
My bouldr old-fuffle, my field, my barsne,
My horte, my owne my self, any thing,
And hence the flonds, touch her who euer dare,
Ile bring mine action on the proudleste
That fells my way in Padna: Gremio

Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with theues,
Refuse thy Mistrefs if thou be a man:
Fear not the wench, they shall not touch thee Kate,
Ile buckler thee against a Million.

Exeunt. P.Ka.

Bap. Nay, let them goe, a couple of quiet ones.

Pet. Wenst they not quickly, I shold de with laugh.

Exeunt. Of all mad matches newer was the like.

Luc. Mistresse, what's your opinion of your fifter?

Bian. That being mad her felie, the smally mated.

Gremio. I warrant him Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though Bride & Bridegrome
Supply the places at the table,

(Groom wants
You know there wants no jentlesman at the feast:
Lucentio, you shall supply the Bridgroomes place,
And let Bianca take her fisters room.

Pet. Shall sweet Bianca prattle how to bride it?

Bap. She shall Lucentio; come gentillers let goe.

Enter Gremio.

Gremio. Fie fie on all tied ladies, on all mad Maffers,
And all foule waisters; was euer man to beares? was euer man to faide? was euer man to weaze? I am sente before to make a fire, and they are comming after to warme them:
now were no: I a little pot, & boone hot; my very lippes might freeze to my teeth, my tonge to the roofe on my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I shold beone a fire to thaw me, but I with blawing the fire shall warme my selfe: for considering the weather, a taller man then I will take cold: Hollis, hoi Caris.

Enter Currie.

Curis. Who is that calls so coldly?

Gremio. A piece of Ice: if thou doubte it, thou must slide from my shoulder to thy heele, with no greater
greater a run but my head and my necke. A fire good Curtain.

Cur. Is thy master and his wife coming Grumio?

Grum. Oh! I Curtiss, and therefore fire, fire, call on no

Cur. Is the foot to a Sirene as the report's

Grum. She was good Curtiss before this frost: but thou

knowest winter turns man, woman, and beast: for it

hath used my old master, and my new mistress, and

my felé fellow Curtiss.

Cur. Away you three inch fool, I am no beast.

Am. But three inches! Why thy horse is a foot

and so long am I at the left. But wilt thou make a fire,

or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand

(the being now at hand) thou shalt synce feel, to thy

cold comfort, for being flown in thy hot office.

Cur. 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 haue thy due, for my

master and mistis is almost frozen to death.

Cur. There's the readye, and therefore good Grumio

thee newes.

Grum. Why lacke boy, ho boy, and an swich newes

as wilt thou.

Cur. Come, you are so full of conidcting.

Grum. Why therefore fire, for I have caught extreme

cold. Where's the Cooke, is supper ready, the house

trust, witches threw'd, cobwebs swept, the servingmen

in their new suittn, the white stockings, and every offi-

cer his wedding garment on? Be the lackes faire with-

in, the Gils faire without, the Carpetts laide, and euerie

thing in order?

Cur. All reade: and therefore I pray thee newes.

Cur. First know my horse is tired, my master & mistis

false out.

Cur. How?

Grum. Out of their saddles into the durr, and thereby

had a tale.

Cur. Let's ha' good Grumio.

Grum. Leave that care.

Cur. Here.

Grum. There.

Cur. This 'tis to feele a tale, not to hear a tale.

Grum. And therefore 'tis calld a fitable tale: and this

Coffe was but to knocke at your care, and beleeach lfit-

ting: now I begin, Inprimis wee came downe a foulte

hill, my Master riding behinde my Mistis.

Cur. Both of one horse?

Grum. What's that to thee?

Cur. Why a horse.

Grum. Tell thou the tale: but hadst thou not crost me,

thou shouldst haue heard how her horse fel, and she

under her horse: thou shouldst haue heard in how mery a

place, how she was bremlit, how she left her with the

horse upon her, how she beat me because her horse stum-

bled, or the wante through the durt to plucke him off

me: how she swore, how the praid, that neuer praid be-

fore: how I cried, how the horses ranne away, how her

bridle was burst: how I loft my crupper, with mane

things of worthye memorie, which now shalt fell in obli-

ution, and thou returnne inexperienced to thy grace.

Cur. By this teckning he is more threnow than fife.

Grum. I, and that thou and the proudlest of you all shal

fine when he cometh home. But what tale I of this?

Call forth Nathaniel, Ioseph, Nichoole, Philip, Walter, Su-

graye and the rest: let their heads belickely com'd,

their blew coats brughtes, and their garters of so indiffer-

ent knit, let them curtiss with their left legges, and not

preume to touch a haire of my Masters horse-tale, till

they kiss their hands. Are they all readie?

Cur. They are.

Grum. Call them forth.

Cur. Do you hear he: you must make my mistis to

concieuance my mistis.

Grum. Why the hath a face of her owne.

Cur. Who knowes not that?

Grum. Thou it tesmes, that calls for company to coun-

terue her

Cur. I call them forth to credit her.

Grum. Why she comes to borrow nothing of them:

Nat. Welcome home Grumio.

Phll. Now grumio.

In. What Grumio.

Nick. Fellow Grumio.

Nat. How now old lad.

Cur. Welcome you: show now you: what you: fel-

low: and thus much for greeting. Now my i sperce

companions, is all readie, and all things neate?

Nat. All things is readie, how secure is our mistas?

Cur. Fine a hand, slighted by this: and therefore be

not— Cockes passion, silence, I hear my mistas.

Enter: Petruchio and Kate.

Pet. Where be she? knowes What no man at doore

To hold my fitting, not to take my horse?

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip.

Alfre. Here, here sir, here sir.

Pet. Here sir, here sir, here sir, here sir.

You logger-headed and vnpollisht grooms: What

no attendance? no regard? no dutie?

Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Grum. Here sir, as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You pesant, swain, you horison malte-horse drawg

Did I not bid thee mee me in the Parke,

And bring alonge these rafcai knaues with thee?

Grumio. Nathaniels cause sir was not fully made,

And Gabrets pumpes were all vapike i'th helle.

There was no Linke to colour Peir's hat,

And Walters dagger was not come from sheathing:

There were none fine, but Adams, Rafe, and Gregorys,

The rafcai were ragged, old, and beggarly.

Yet as they are, here are they to come meet you.


Where is the life that late I led? Where

Are thoues? Sit downe Kate,

And welcome. Soud, soud, soud, soud.

Enter seruants with supper.

Why when I say? Nay good sweet Kate be merrie.

Of off with my boots: you rogues: you villains, when?

It was the Friar of Orders grey,

As hee forth walked on his way.

Out you rogue, you plucke my foote awrie,

Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.

Be merrie Kate: Some water heere: what ha's.

Enter one with water.

Where's my Spanish Troilus? Sirra, get you hence,

And bid my cozen Ferdinand come hither:

One Kate that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.

Where are my Slippers? Shall I have some water?

Com Kate and wash, and welcome heartily:

you horson villains, will you leat fall?

Kate.


**The Taming of the Shrew**

*Kate.* Patience I pray you, 'tis a fault unwilling.
*Pet.* A horrid bitish-headed flap-eard knave.

Come Kate sit down, I know you have a famacke.
Will you giue thanks, sweete Kate, or else shall I?
What's this, Mutton?

1. *Ser.* I.

*Pet.* Who brought it?

2. *Peter.* I.

'Tis burnt, and so is all the meate:
What dogges are these? Where is the rerfall Cooke?
How durt you villaines bring it from the dretler
And ferue it thus to me that love it not?

There, take it to you, tretchers, cups, and all:
You needleff iolt-heads, and waifmanned flauces.

Kate. I pray you husband be not so diuilid, This meate was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee Kate, 'twas burnt and alired away;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it.
For it engenders choller, plaintful anger,
And better 'twerp that both of vs did fail,
Since of our felues. ourselves are chollerick,
Then feede it with fuch eu-rolled stiffe:

Be patient, to morrow it shall be mendid,
And for this night wef through for comuds.

Come I will bring thee to thy Brishel chamber. 

**Enter Seniors senates.**

*Nath.* Peter did ever live the like.

*Peter.* He kills her in her owne humor.

**Granio.** Where is he?

**Enter Curtis a Servant.**

Cur. In her chamber, making a lamentation concress to her, and raile, and swears, and rates, that fhee (poore foule) knowes not which way to stand, to looke,

To speake, and fitts as one new eftien from a dreame.
Away, away, for he is comming hither.

Pet. Thus have I pollictickly begun my enemye.
And 'tis my hope to end fully:
My Faucon now is sharpe, and paffing empeire,
And till the flooe, the must not be full gorg'd,
For then the fener lookes vpon her lure.

Another way I have to run my Haggard,
To make her come, and know her keepers call:
That is, to watch her, as we watch thefe Kites, That baftes, and beate, and will not be obedient:
She eat no meate to day, nor none shall eate.
Laff night fhe flept not, nor to night fhe fiall not:
As with the meate, some undeferued fault
She finde about the making of the bed,
And heere fhe fling the pillow, there the boulfer,
This way the Coureret, another way the fluccs:
I, and amidst this hurlic I intend,
This all is done in reuered care other,
And in conflufion, the fiall watch all night,
And if the chance to nod, fhe raile and brawle,
And with the clamor keep her fill awake:
This is a way to kis a Wife with kindneffe,
And thus fhe curbe her mad and headstrong humor:
He that knowes better how to tame a fheare,
Now let him speake, 'tis charity to shew.

**Exeunt Tranio and Hortensia.**

**Tra.** It po{ible friend Lufia, that milfirs *Bianca*
Doth name any other, but *Lucetia*.
I tel you fir, the heares me faire in hand.

*Luc.* Sir, to satisfie you in what I have fay'd,

Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

**Enter Bianca.**

*Her.* Now Milfirs, profite you in what you reade.

*Bian.* What Master read you first, resolute me that?

*Her.* I reade, that I profite the Art to love,

*Bian.* And may you prove it Master of your Art,

*Luc.* While you yet dece peere Milfrefs of my heart.

**Her.** Quecke procedere marry, now tel me I pray,

You that darft fwear that your milfirs *Bianca*

Loud me in the World so well as *Lucetia*.

**Tra.** Oh delightfull Lufia, vifcountant womankind,

I tel thee Lifio this is wonderfull.

*Her.* Milfike no more, I am not Lufia,

Nor a Musitian as I feeme to bee,

But one that forci to live in this disfrige,

For fuch a one as leaues a Gentleman,

And makes a God of fuch a Citizen;

Know fir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

**Tra.** Signior Hortensio, I have often heard

Of your entire afection to *Bianca*.

And fine mine eyes are witneffe of her lightneffe,

I wil with you, if ye be fo contented,

Forfware *Bianca*, and her love for euer.

*Her.* See how they kiffe and court Signior Lucetia,

Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow

Never to woo her more, but do forsworne her,

As one who owch all the former faueres

That I haue fondely flater'd them withall.

**Tra.** And here I take the like unfaithed oath,

Never to marry with her, though fhe wil intente,

Fix on her, fee how beafily the doth court hir.

*Her.** Would all the world but he had quite forsworn

For me, that I may surely keep mine oath.

I will be married to a wealthy Widdow,

Ere three dayes paife, which hath as long lou'd me,

As I haue lou'd this proud disdainful Haggard,

And fo farewell Signior Lucetia,

Kindneffe in women, not their beauteous looks

Shal win my love, and fo I take my leaue;

In refolucion, as I fpoke before.

**Her.** Milfirs *Bianca*, bleffe you with fuch grace,

As longeth to a Louers bleffe caue:

Nay, I haue tane you napping gentle Loue,

And haue forsworne you with *Lucetia*.

**Bian.* Tranio you left, but haue you both forsworne me?**

*Her.* Milfirs we haue.

**Luc.** Then we are rid of Lufia.

**Tra.** I faith he'll haue a lustic Widdow now,

That shall be wood, and wedded in a day.

*Bian.* God guie him joy.

**Tra.** I, and hee I tamer hir.

*Lucetia.** He layses fo Tranio,

**Tra.** And in thys heys gone into the taming fricole.

*Luc.* The taming (choole) what is there inuch a place?
**Tra.** I milfirs, and Petruchiois the master,

That teacheth trickes eleuen and twentie long,

To tame a shrew, and charme her chattering tongue.

**Exeunt Tranio, and Lucetia.**

*Luc.* Oh Milfir, master I haue watch'd fo long,

That I am dogge-ware, but as I fpoke

An ancient Angel comming down the hill,

Will ferue the turne.

**Tra.** What in your *Friends*?

**Bian.* Master, a Marcantor, or a pedant, who...**

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The Taming of the Shrew.

I know not what, but formal in apparel,
In gate and countenance surely like a Father.
Are. And what of him I mean?

Theo. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
He makes him glad to seem Fervente,
And give assurane to Baptista Minola.
As if the were the sight. Ucimia.

Par. Take me your love, and then let me alone.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you sir.

Theo. And you sir, you are welcome,
Trausile you fatre on, or are you at the fasthead?

Ped. Sir at the fasthead for a weeke or two,
But then, if fasther, and as fastre as Rome.

And to Tripolje, if God lend me life.

What Countricaymen I pray?

Of Mantua.

Of Mantua. Sir, ma"rie God forbid,
And come to Padua carelesse of your life.

My life sir? how I pray for that goes hard.

To die for any one in Mantua.

To come to Padua, know you not the cause?
Your ships are laid at Venice, and the Duke
For private quarrel twist your Duke, and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaimed it openly.

To see, but that you are but newly come,
you might haue heard it else proclaimed about.

Alas sir, it is worue for me then so,
For I haue bills for monie by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Well sir, so do you courtse,
This will I do, and this I will advise you.

First tell me, haue you euer beene at Pisa?

In Pisa haue I often bin,
Pisa renown'd for grace Citizens.

Among them know you one Vincenzo?

I know him not, but I haue heard of him:
A Merchant of incomparable wealth.

He is my father sir, and sooth to say,
In count'nance somewhat dooth ressemble you.

As much as an apple doth an oytter, & all one.

To fame your life in this extremitie,
This fauer will I do you for his fake,

And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to Sir Fervente.
His name and credite shall you verterke,
And in thy house you shall be friendly lodg'd,
Looke that you take upon you as you shald,
you standare me sir: so that you stay
Till you haue done your businesse in the City:
If this be courtse' sir, accept of it,

Oh sir, do, and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and libertie.

Then goe with me, to make the matter good,
This by the way I let you understand,
My father is here. He look'd for me to day,
To passe assurance of a dower in marriage
Twist me, and one Baptista daughter hear.
In all these circumstances Ill instruct you,
Go with me to cloath you as becomes you.

Enter Petruchio, and HORTENSIO.

Petr. How fares my Kate, what sweeting all a round?
Hort. Misfitness, what sheere?

Kate. Faith as cold as can be.

Plucke vp thy spirits, looke cheerfully vp
Here I loue, thou feell how diligent I am.
To dresse thy meate, and bring it thee.
I am sure sweet Kate, this kindnesse merites thankes.
What, not a word? Nay then, thou loue it not,
And all my painses is forced to no proofs.
Here take away this dith.

Petr. I pray you let iceland.

The poorest service is repaid with thankes.
And so shall mine before you touch the meate.

Kate. I thank you sir.

Signior Petruchio, fie you are too blame.

Come Misfitres Kate, I loue you, you compound.

Petr. Eat it vp. All Hortensio, if thou louest me.

Much good do it into thy gentle heart.

Kate este space; and now my honie Love,
Will we returne unto thy Fathers house,
And renelle it as brauely as the beft,
With flitten coats and caps, and golden rings.
With Rohenne and Caftles, and Pardineales, and things:
With Scarfes, and flames, & double change of brauty.
With Amber Bracelets, Bezares, and all this knetty.
What hast thou done? The Tailor fates thy leasure.
To decke thy bodie with this ruffling treasur.

Enter Tailor.
Come Tailor, let vs see thesee ornaments, 

Enter Flabberdasher. 

Lay forth the gowme. What newes with you sir? 

Flab. Heere is the cap your Worship did bepeake. 

Pet. Why this was moulded on a porrengar, 

A Velvet ciff : Fie, fie, this lewd and filthy, 

Why is this caffle or a wunet-thell, 

A knacke, a toy, a tricke, a babies cap: 

Away with it, come let me have a bigger. 

Kate. Ie have no bigger, this doth fit the time, 

And Gentlemwomen weeare such caps as theye. 

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too, 

And not till then. 

Her. That will not be in haste, 

Kate. Why sir I trull I may have leaue to speake, 

And speake I will. I am no child, no babbie, 

Your betters have haue indu'd me fay my minde, 

And if you cannot, beft you stop your ears. 

My tongue will tell the anger of my heart, 

Or els my heart concealing it will breake, 

And rather then it fall, I will he free, 

Euen to the vtermost as Ipleas in words. 

Pet. Why thou falt true, it is patric cap, 

A cuffard coffen, a babble, a filken pie, 

I loue thee well in that thou lik't it not. 

Kate. Loue me, or loue me not, I like the cap, 

And it I will haue, or I will haue none. 

Pet. Thy gowme, why I: come Tailor let vs fee't. 

Oh but the God, what making fluffe is this? 

What fhit a fluffe? this is like deems cannon, 

What, vp and downe cauld like adapple Tart, 

Heeres snap, and nip, and cut, and fish and flaff, 

Like to a Cenfor in a barbers floppes: 

Why what a deuils name Tailor call thou this? 

Her. I fee feees like to have neither cap nor gowme. 

Tailor. You bid me make it ordeike and well, 

According to the fashion, and the time, 

Pet. Marrie and did he; but if you be remember'd, 

I did not bid you make it to the time. 

Go hop me ouer every kennell home, 

For you shall hop without my cutome firs: 

I none of it; hence, make your beh of it. 

Kate. I never saw a better fashion'd gowme, 

More quaint, more pleafing, nor more commendable: 

Belike you meanes to make a puppett of me. 

Pet. Why true, he meanes to make a puppett of thee. 

Tailor. She laies your Worship meanes to make a puppett of her. 

Pet. Oh monitrous arrogance: 

Thou leaft, thou thred, thou thimble, 

Thou yard three quarreurs, half yard, quarter, axle, 

Thou Flea, thou Nit, thou冬天 crickes thou: 

Braud in mine owne house with a skene of thred: 

Away thou Ragge, thou quantitie, thou remnant, 

Or I shall lo be mette thee with thy yard, 

As thou shalt thinke on prating whilst thou leuat: 

I tell thee I, that thou haft mar't her gowme. 

Tailor. Your worship is deceu'd, the gowme is made 

Lift as my master had direction: 

Grumia gauze order how it should be done. 

Grumia. I gave him no order, I gave him the stuffe. 

Tailor. But how did you define it should be made? 

Grumia. Marrie fit with needle and thread. 

Tailor. But did you not requeft to haue it cut? 

Grumia. Thou haue fit'd many thing. 

Tailor. I haue.

Grumia. Face not mee: thou haft brau'd mane mem- 

brous not mee; I will neither beffe face'd nor brau'd. 

I say vnto thee, I bid thy Master cut out the gowme, but I did 

not bid him cut it to pieces. Ergo thou left. 

Tailor. Why heere is the note of the fashion to teftify, 

Pet. Read it. 

Grumia. The note lies in's threat if he say I said so, 

Tailor. Inpintim, a loole bodied gowme. 

Grumia. Master, if euer I said loole-bodied gowme, low 

me in the skirts of it, and beate me to death with a bot- 

tome of browne thred: I faid a gowme 


Tailor. With a small compact cape. 

Grumia. I confesse the cape. 

Tailor. With a trunke fleece. 

Grumia. I confesse two fleeces. 

Tailor. The fleeces curiously cut. 

Pet. There's the villain. 

Grumia. Error i'th bill fir, error i'th bill? I commanded 

the fleeces should be cut out, and would vp againe, 

and that Ile proue uppon thee, though thy little finger be ar- 

med in a thimble. 

Tailor. This is true that I fay, and I had thee in place 

where thou shouldest know it. 

Grumia. I am for thee freight: take thou the bill, give 

me thy meat-yard, and spare not me. 

Her. God-a-mercif Grumia, then hee shall have no 

other. 

Pet. Well fit in breefe the gowme is not for me. 

Grumia. You are i'th right fir, this for my mistrie. 

Pet. Go take it vp vnto thy masters fve. 

Grumia. Vllaine, not for thy life: Take vp my Mistrefse 

gowme for thy masters fve. 

Pet. Why fir, what's your conceit in that? 

Grumia. Oh fir, the conceit is deeper then you think for, 

Take vp my Mistrefse gowme to his masters fve. 

Oh fie, fifte. 

Pet. Herr's, fay thou will fsee the Tailor paid: 

Go take it hence, be gone, and lay no more. 

Her. Tailor, Ie pay thee for thy gowme to morrow, 

Take no vundiabe or of this hoffle words: 

Away I fay, commend me to thy master. 

Exit Tailor. 

Pet. Well, come my Kate, we will vote thy fathers, 

Euen in thesee hoffle meanes habillemens: 

Our purfes shall be proud, our garments poore: 

For this the minde that makes the bodie rich, 

And as the Sunne breaks through the darkeft clouds, 

So honor goether in the meanefl habit. 

What is the lay more precius then the Laske? 

Because his feathers are more beautifull. 

Or is the Adder better then the Elee, 

Because his painted skin containes the eye. 

Oh no good Kate, neither art thou the worfe 

For this poore furniture, and meane array, 

If thou accounted it shame, lay it on me, 

And therefore trifle, we will hence forthwith, 

To feall 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 thinke more on fcoote, 

Let's fee, I thinke 'tis now some feuens a clocke, 

And well we may come there by dinner time. 

Kate. I dare affure you firs, it is almost two, 

And 'twill be fupper time ere you come there. 

Pet. It fhall be fennent I go to hande: 

Look what I fpeak, or do, or thinke to doe,
The Taming of the Shrew

The Actor. When do you think the business will be finished, and the play be done?

The Player. In time, sir, we shall do it. But I must first speak to you, sir. I have some matters to attend to, and I must go at once. If you please, sir, you may come with me. I have some business to attend to, and I must go at once. If you please, sir, you may come with me.
And wander we to see thy honest sone,  
Who will of thy service be full joyous.  
Vince.  
But is this true, or is it else thy pleasure,  
Like pleasant travailors to break a left  
Vpon the company thou owestake?  
Hort.  
I doe assure thee father is it.  
K.  
Come got along and bee the truth hereof,  
For our lift instrument hath made thee jealous.  
Exeunt.  
Hort.  
Well Petrucho, this hath put me in heart;  
Hau to my Widdow, and if the froward,  
Then haft thou taught Hortensio to be vnoward,  
Exeunt.

Enter Biondello, Lucanio and Bianca, Greenio  
in our before.  

Bion.  
Softly and softly sit, for the Priest is ready.  
Luc.  
I fte Biondello; but they may chance to neede  
thee at home, therefore leafe vs.  
Exeunt.  
Bion.  
Nay fairies, He see the Church a your backe,  
and then come backe to my mistis as soones as I can.  
Gre.  
I marrie Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter Petrucho, Kate, Lucanio, Grumio  
with Attendants.  

Pet.  
Sir here doeth the doo, this is Lucanioe honest,  
My Fathers beastes more toward the Market-place;  
Thither muft I, and here I lease you fir.  
Gre.  
You shall not choose but drinke before you goe,  
I think I shall command your welcome here;  
And by all likelihood some cheer is toward.  
Knock.  
Grim.  
They're bute within, you were bute knocke lower.

Pedant looks out of the window.  
Pead.  
What's he that knockes as he would beat downe  
The gate?  

Vin.  
Is Signior Lucanio within?  
Pead.  
He's within fir, but not to be spoken withall.  

Vin.  
What if a man bring him a hundred pound or  
two to make merrie withall.  
Pead.  
Keeps your hundred pounds to your selfe, hee  
shall neede none so long as I live.  

Pet.  
Nay, I told you your sone was well belaued  
In Padua: doe you hear it, to leafe frivolous circumstancies,  
I pray you tell signior Lucentio that his Father is  
come from Pisa, and is here at the doore to speake with him.  
Pead.  
Thou left his Father is come from Padua, and  
here looking out at the window.  

Pet.  
Art thou his father?  
Pead.  
I tru, for his mother sakes, if I may beleue her.  
Pet.  
Why how now gentleman? why this is flat kna-  
urotie to take upon you another maintaine.  
Pead.  
Say hands on the villaine, I beleue a meanes  
to collen some bodie in this Citie under my countenance.  


to change me.  
Pead.  
I have seene them in the Church together, God  
sendem good flippin; but who is here? mine old Ma-  
ster Vincentio? now wee are endone and brought to no-  
thing.  

Vin.  
Come hither crack hempe.  
Pead.  
I hope I may choose Sir.  

Vin.  
Come hither you rogue, what have you forgot  
mee?  
Pead.  
Forgot you, no fir: I could not forget you, for  
I never saw you before in all my life.  

Vin.  
What, you notorious villaine, didst thou never  
see thy Mistis fathers, Vincentio?  

Pead.  
What.
Enter Petruchio, with servants, Baptista, Tranio.  

**Tra.** Sir, what are you that other to beate my ser-

**Vnc.** What a! I say what are you first? oh immortal

**Goddes** oh fine villain, a filken doublet, a vel-

**et-hope, a feather cloak, and a copastaine hat** : oh I am

**vndone, I am vndone** : while I place the good husband

at home, my fortune and my servant spend all at the ven-

**turier.**

**Tra.** How now, what's the matter?

**Bap.** What is the man lunatick?

**Tra.** Sir, you frame a fober ancient Gentleman by

your habit, but your words shew you a mad man: why

**Bap.** What serves it you, if I wearie and goldish thank

my good Father, I am able to maintain it.

**Vnc.** Thy father: oh villain, he is a solc-maker in

**Bergamo.**

**Bap.** You mistake sir, you mistake sir, praise what do you

think he is his name?

**Vnc.** His name, as if I knew not his name: I have

brought him vp ever since he was three yeares old, and

his name is Tranio.

**Petruchio.** Lucienio, oh he hath murdered his Master; late

held upon him, I charge you in the Dukes name: oh my

fonne, my fonne, tell me thou villain, where is thy son

Lucienio?

**Tra.** Call forth an officer: Carrie this mad knave to the

late father Baptista, I charge you that he be

forth coming.

**Vnc.** Carrie me to the Isle?

**Gre.** State officer, he shall not go to prison.

**Bap.** Take heede signor Baptista, lest you be con-

cathed in this businesse: I dare swear this is the right

**Baptista.**

**Pedro.** Swear if thou darst.

**Gra.** Naie, I dare not swear it.

**Tra.** Then thou wert best faire that I am not Lu-

*centio.

**Gre.** Yes, I know shee to be signior Lucienio.

**Bap.** Awaie with the dotard, to the Isle with him.

Enter Bianculla, Lucentio, and Katerina.

**Vnc.** Thus strangers may be hald and abased: oh mon-

**strous villain.

**Bian.** Oh we are spoil'd, and yonder he is, denie him,

for swear him, or else we are all vndone.

**Luc.** Pardon sweete father.

**Katerina.**

**Vnc.** Liues my sweete fonne?

**Bian.** Pardon deere father.

**Bap.** How haft thou offended, where is Lucienio?

**Luc.** Here's Lucentio, right sonne to the right Lu-

*centio.

That haue by marriage made thine daughter nine,

While counterfeit supplys blest thine one.

**Gre.** Here's packing with a minnesse to deceive vs all.

**Vnc.** Where is that damned villain Tranio,

That faid he was mad in this matter too?

**Bap.** Why, tell me is not this my con*bour?

**Bian.** Cambio is chang'd into Lucienio.

**Luc.** Loue wrought these miracles. Biancullas loue

Made me exchange my fiate with Tranio,

While he did baze my countenance in the towne,

And happilie I have arrived at the at.

**Vnc.** To the wished haven of my blisse:

What Tranio did, my fette entreat me to;

Then pardon him sweete Father for my fake.

**Vnc.** He fitte the villains note that would haue sent

me to the Isle.

**Bap.** But doe you haere sir, haue you married my
daughter without asking, my good will?

**Vnc.** Fear not Baptista, we will content you, goe to:

but I will in to revenged of this villain.  

**Exeunt.**

**Bap.** And I to sound the depth of this woe.

**Luc.** Look not pale Biancullas thy father will not frown.

**Exeunt.**

**Gre.** My aske is doue, but he is in among the reft.

Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast.

**Kate.** Husband let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

**Petruchio.** First kisse me Kate, and we will.

**Kate.** What is this somet of the three.

**Kate.** What art thou ashamed of me?

**Kate.** Mo fir, God forbid, but ashamed to kisse.

**Petruchio.** Why then let's home againe: Come Sira let's

awaie.

**Kate.** Nay, I will give thee a kisse, now praise thee

Loue sempe.

**Petruchio.** Is not this well? come my sweete Kate.

Better once then uter, for neuer to late.  

**Exeunt.**

**Atius Quintus.**

Enter Baptista, Vincenzio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, and

Bianculla, Tranio, Bianculla Gremio, and Widow:

The Seruengmen with Tranio bringing

in a Banquet.

**Luc.** At laft, though long, our iarring notes agree,

And time is when raging warre is come,

To smilke at scapers and perils ouerblowne;

My faire Biancullas bid my father welcome,

While I with selfsame kindnesse welcome this:

Brother Petruchio, sifter Katerina,

And thou Hortensio with thy louing Widow:

Feast with the best, and welcome to my house,

My Banker is to close our fromakes vp

After our great good cheete: praise you fit downe,

For now we fit to chaer as well as eate.

**Petruchio.** Nothing but fit and fast, and eate and eate.

**Baptista.** Padua affords this kindnesse, fenne Petruchio.

**Petruchio.** Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

**Hortensio.** For both our fakes I would that word were true.

**Petruchio.** Now for my life Hortensio fears his Widow,

Wid. Then neuer trust me if I be affraid.

**Petruchio.** You are very tenible, and yet you misse my

fence:

I mean Hortensio is a scard of you.
The Taming of the Shrew.

Wid. He that is giddie thinks the world turns round.


Kat. Miftris, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me, how likes Hortensia that?

Hor. My Widdow faire, thus the conceives her tale.

Pet. Verey well mended; kisst him for that good Widdow.

Kat. He that is giddie thinks the world turns round,
I praise you what you meant by that,
Wid. Your husband being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.

Kat. A verey mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kat. And I am mean indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her Kate.

Her. To see Widdow.

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Her. That's my office

Pet. Spoke like an Officer: hit to the lad.

Drink to Hortensio.

Bap. How likes Cremio these quick witted folkes?

Gre. Belleeue me sir, they But together well.

Bian. Head, and bat an haffie witted bodie,
Would say your Head and But were head and home.

Vit. I Miftris Bride, hath this awakend you?

Bian. I, but not frighted me, therefore Ile sleepe a-gaine.

Pet. Nay that you shall not since you have begun:
Hauiep for you a better left or too.

Bian. Am I your Bird, I mean to shift my bullis,
And then pursue me as you draw your Bow.

You are welcome all.

Pet. She hath prevented me, here sight: Transi,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit he, not,
Therefore a health to all that shot and miff.

Tri. Oh sir, Lucrison fhad like his Gray-hound,
Which runs himselfe, and catches for his Mafter.

Pet. A good swift female, but something currie.

Tra. 'Tis well that for you hunted for your felle:
'Tis thought your Deere does hold you at a bair.

Bap. Oh, or Petruchio, Transi hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird good Petruchio.

Hor. Confesse, confesse, hath he not hit you here?

Pet. A has a little gald me I confesse:
And as the left did glance awaie from me,
'Tis ten to one man'd you too out right.

Bap. Now in good fadnecf' Jonte Petruchio,
I think thou hit the veriety shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say no: and therefore firc affurance,
Let's each one fend unto his wife,
And he whole wife is most obedient,
To come at fift when he doth fend for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propofe.

Luce. Content, what's the wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns,
Ile venture to much of my Hawke or Hound,
But twenty times so much upon my Wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.


Hor. Who shall begin?

Luce. That will I.

Goec Bionella, but your Miftris came to me.

Bap. Igoce.

Luce. Ibe by your hafle, Bionella comes.

Luc. Ile have no halves: Ile beare it all my felke,

Enter Bionella.

How now, what news?

Bian. Sir, my Miftris sends you word
That she is busie, and she cannot come.

Pet. How? she's busie, and she cannot come: is that an answer?

Gre. I, and a kinde one too:

Praise God fit your wife send you not a worfe.

Pet. I hope better.

Hor. Sirra Bionella, goe and intreate my wife
to come to me forthwith.

Bap. Oh, oh, intreate her, nay then shee must needs come.

Hor. I am afraid sir, doe what you can

Enter Bionella.

Yours will not be entreated: Now, where's my wife?

Bian. She faies you have tome goodly left in hand,
She will not come: the bids you come to her.

Pet. Worfte and worfe, she will not come:

Oh, well, intolerable, not to be undr'd:

Sirra Cremio, goe to your Miftris,
Say I command her come to me.

Hor. I know her anfvere.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end,

Enter Katherine.

Bap. Now by my boolldam here comes Katherine,
Kat. What is your wife, that you fend for me?

Pet. Where is your fifter, and herefor fix wife?

Kate. They fit conferring by the Parler fire.

Pet. Goe fetch them bifer, if they deny to come,

Swinge them fould forth vou into their husbands:
Away Ilay, and bring them fither ftraight.

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talke of a wonder.

Hor. And to this I wonder what it bodes.

Pet. Maffie peace it boades, and loue, and quiet life.

An awfull rule, and height fupprecie:
And to be forth, what not, that's sweete and happier.

Bap. Now faire beall thee good Petruchio;

The wager thou haft won, and I will addde
Vnto their loffer twenty thicchand crowns,
Another dowrie to another daughter,
For the is chang'd as she had never bin.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And shew more fign of her obedience,

Her new built vertue and obedience:

Enter Kate, Bionella, and Widdow.

See where the comes and brings your froward Wives
As prisoners to her womanlie paffion:
Katherine, that Cap of yours be comes you not,
Off with that bable, throw it underfooe.

Pet. Lord let me never have a cane to figh,
Till I be brought to fuch a fickle paffe.

Bian. Fie what a foolish dutie call you this?

Luc. I would your dutie were as foolish too:
The wildome of your dutie faire Bionella,
Hath cough me fice hundred crownes fince supper time.

Bian. The more fooles you for laying on your dutie.

Pet. Katherine I charge thee tell these head-true women,what dutie they doe owe their Lords and hufbands.

Wid. Come,
Finis.
ALLS

Well, that Ends Well.

Actus primus. Scena Prima.

Enter young Bertram Count of Rossneke, his Mother, and Helena, Lord Laffan, all in blacke.

Mother.

In delivering my fonne from me, I burie a second husband.

Laf. And I going Madam, weep on my fathers death anew; but I must attend his mislies command, to whom I am now in Ward, evermore in tublication.

Laf. You shall find of the King a husband Madame, you see a father. He that is generally is all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you, whose worth hee would shew it vp where it wanted rather then lack it where there is much abundance.

Mons What hope is there of his Maiesties amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his Positions Madam, under whose protection he hath percutted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the proceede, but only the looking of hope by time.

Mons This young Gentlewoman had a father, O that had, how sad a passage tis, whose skill was almost as great as his honesty, had it stretch'd so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lacke of works. Would for the Kings like hee were living, I think it would be the death of the Kings desire.

Laf. How call'd you the man you speake of Madam?

Mons He was famous for his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Navar.

Laf. He was excellent indeed Madam, the King very late spoke of him admiringly, and moreover hee was skill'd enough to have had knowledge could be let vp against mortallitie.

Laf. What is it (my good Lord) the King languisht of?

Laf. A fitfull my Lord.

Reyn I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this Gentlewoman the Daughter of Gerard de Navar?

Mons His Isle childe my Lord, and besought to my outer looking. I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises: her dispositions free inherits, which makes faire gifts fairest: for where an uncleane mind carrieth vextuous qualities, there commendations go with strie, they are vextures and vittories too: in her they are the better for their simplicity; she derives her honesty.
Must he comforted, not in his sphere;  
The ambitious in my love thus plagus in spite:  
The bane that would be staled by the line;  
Must die for love, 'twas prettie, though a plague  
To see him euerie hour to fit and draw  
His arched brows, his hawking eie, his cutles  
In our hearts table; heart too-capable  
Of euerie line and tricke of his fierce favour.  
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancie  
Must fanfihic his Religues: Who comes here?  

Enter Parolles.

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake,  
And yet I know him a notorious liar,  
Think him a great way toole, folle a coward,  
Yet these six calls fit for fit in him,  
That they take place, when Verusch flee bones  
Looks blaskeith cold wind: withall, full ofte we see  
Cold wife dominated on superfluous follie.  

Par. Saye you faire Queene,  
Hel. And you Monarch,  
Par. No,  
Par. Are you meditating on virginitie?  
Hel. Ye have some place of foulde in you: let  
me ask you a question. Man is enemie to virginitie,  
how may we barracade it against him?  
Par. Keep him out.  
Hel. But he affaitles, and our virginitie though valiant,  
in the defence yet is weak: vtile ford to vs some warlike  
refinance.  
Par. There is none: Man setting downe before you,  
will vndermine you, and blow you vp.  
Hel. Bleffe our pure Virginity from vnderminers  
and blowers vp. Is there no Military policy how  
Virginys might blow vp men?  
Par. Virginity beeing blowne downe, Man will  
quicklier be blowne vp: many in blowing him downe  
againe, with the breach your felles made, you lose your  
Citty. It is not politike, in the Common-wealth  
of Nature, to preserve virginity. Losse of Virginity, is  
reasonall encreas, and there was never Virgin ge, till  
virginitie was first loft. That they were made ofvs mettall  
to make Virginys. Virginity, by beeing once loft,  
may be ten times found: by being euer kept, it is euer  
lofts: its too cold a companion: Away with it.  
Hel. I will stand for vs a 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 part of virginitie, is  
to accuse your Mothers; which is most infallible disobe-  
dience. He that hangs himselfe is a Virgin: Virginitie  
murthers it selfe, and should be buried in highways  
oft all fattish Limit, as a desperate Offendedre ag-  
ainst Nature. Virginiti beeectes mites, much like a  
Cheethe, consumes it selfe to the very payring, and so  
dies with feeding his own flamacke. Besides, Virginitie  
is peevish, proud, ylde, made of selfe-loue, which is  
the most inhibited flame in the Cannon. Keep it not,  
you cannot choose but loose by't. Our wit't: within  
ten yeare it will make it selfe two, which is a goodly in-  
crease, and the principal it selfe not much the worse.  
Away with't.  
Hel. How might one do fir, to loose it to her owne  
liking?
Get thee a good husband, and vie him as he vies thee: So farewell.

What Exit but if whofe Such this quickly Let fill whofe It Nature f

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What Exit but if whofe Such this quickly Let fill whofe It Nature f
of the rich are damn'd, but if I may have your Ladiships a good will to go to the world, such the woman and w
will do, as may.

Com. Why needs be a begger?

Clo. I doe beg your good will in this case.

Com. In what case?

Clo. In libels, cafe and mine owne; for such is no heritiage, and I thinke I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue my bodye: for they say bartes are bles-
sings.

Com. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry?

Clo. My poore bodie Madame requires it, I am driven
only by the flesh, and hee must needs goe that the dull
drive.

Com. Is this all your worshippe's reason?

Faith Madam I have other bothe reasons, such as they are.

Com. May the world know them?

Clo. I haue beene Madame a wicked creature, as you
and all flesh and blood are, and imbrue I doe matric that I may repent. 

Com. Thy marriage foore then thy wickednesse.

Clo. I am not a friend Madame, and I hope to have
friends for my owne sake.

Com. Such friends are shorne enemies knoue.

Clo. Ye are shallow Madame in great friends, for the
knoues come to doe that for which I am a wastrie:
that he erys my Land, spoiles my name, and gues mee
leave to inner the crop: if he be his cuckold here's my
dridge: he that conforts my wife, is the chenifer of
my flesh and blood: hee that enchafes my flesh and
blood, hee that loves my flesh and blood is my friend, he that killeth my wife is my
friend: they must be contented to be what they are,
there were no fears in marriage, for yong Charbon
the Parisian, and old Pajam the Papit, how forserc
their hearts are secer'd in Religion, their heads are both one,
they must oule unions together like any Desse'th Herd.

Com. With whom bese a foule mouth'd and calam-
ouis young?

A Prophet Madame, and I speake the truth the
next waze, for the Ballad will repeat, which we full
true shall find, your marriage comes by definiue, your
Cuckow flings by kinde.

Com. Get you gone sir. I'll take with you more anon.

Sire. May it please you Madame, that hee bid Helen
come to you, of whom I am to speake.

Sire. Sirra tell my gentewoman I would speake with
her, Helen lorne.

Com. Was this faire face the cause, that she,
Why the Gregians fack'd Troy,
Fond done, done, fond was this King Priam's toy,
Withaith she fighed as the flood,
And gave this sentence then, among nine bad if one be
good, among nine bad if one be good, there's yet one
good in ten.

Com. What, one good in tenne? you corrupt the song
sirra.

Clo. One good woman in ten Madame, which is a pu-
ifying th'fong: would God would secure the world fo
all the verry, weede fond not fault with the swe the
woman if I were the Tarbon, one inten thment and wee might
ever have a good woman borne but one ame blazing faire, or an earthquake, twould mend the Lorticewell, a
man may draw his heart out ever a pluckle one.

Com. You be begone for kinde, and doe I command
you?

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and
yet no hurt done, though honestie be no part of it, yet
it will doe no hurt, it will wear the Surplis of humiditie
over the blacke-Gowne of a bigge heart: I am go-
ing forsooth, the businesse is for Helen to come hither. 

Exeunt Helen.

Enter Helen.

Old.Cou. Euen so it was with me when I was yong.
If euery we be natures, there are ours, this thone
Doth to our Rof of youth rightlie belong.
Our blood to vs, this to our blood is borne,
It is the show, and felle of natures truth,
Where loues strong passion is impaird in youth,
By our remembrance of daies forgon,
Such were our faulty, or then we thought them none,
Her eie is feke on't, I obserue her now.

Hell. What is your pleasure Madame?

Old. Cou. You know Helen I am a mother to you.

Hell. Mine honorable Mirth.

Old. Cou. Nay a mother, why not a mother? when I
feed a mother

Me thought you saw a serpent, what's in mother,
I that you start at it? I say you my mother.
And put you in the Catalogue of thine.
That were enwombed mine, it's often seen
Adoption fits with nature, and chose breedes
A native flipp to vs from sovereigne feedes:
You were opprct me with a mothers groane,
Yet I expresse to you a mothers care.

(Gods mercie maiden) dost it curdt thy blood
Today I am thy mother? what's the matter,
That this dippempered messenger of wet?

The
The manie colour’d Iris rounds thine eye?

_Hell._ That I am not.

_Old. Cow._ I say I am your Mother.

_Hell._ Pardon Madam.

The Count ReSham cannot be my brother;

I am from humble, he from honored name;

No note upon my Parents, his all noble,

My Maller, my deere Lord he is and I

His tender line, and will his will full die;

He must not be my brother.

_Old. Cow._ Nor I your Mother.

_Hell._ You are my mother Madam, would you were

So that my Lord your sonne were not my brother,

Indeed my mother, or were you both our mothers,

I care to more for, then I do for heaven,

So I were not his sister, cant no other,

But I your daughter, must not be my brother.

_Old. Cow._ Yes _Hellen_, you might be my daughter in law,

God shield you meant it, nor, daughter and mother

So sience upon your pulse; what pale agen?

My feare hath catcht your fondness! I know I see

The misrife of your lowlineffe, and finde

Your falt tears head, now to all fence its grofte;

You love my lone, intention is aharm’d

Against the proclamation of thy paffion

To say thou dost not: therefore tell me true,

But tell me then ’tis fo, for looke, thy chekes

Comme as I trust to the other, and thine eyes

See it so grofely flowne in thy behavious,

That in their kinde they speake it, oneely fume

Annd hellish obstinacie thy tongue thy tongue

That truth should be supfected. speake it fo?

If it be fo, you have wound a goodly clewe.

If it be not, for my wont how ere I charge thee,

As heaven full work in me for thine sake

To tell me truelie.

_Hell._ Good Madam pardon me.

_Cow._ Do you love my Sonne?

_Hell._ Your pardon noble Multrin.

_Cow._ Loue you my Sonne?

_Hell._ Do not you love him Madam?

_Cow._ Goe not about, my loue hath in a bond

Whereof the world takes note: Come, come, disclofe:

The face of your affection, for your passion

Have to the full applie’d.

_Hell._ Then I confesse

Here on my knee, before high heauen and you,

That before you, and extre into high heauen, I love your Sonne:

My friends were poor 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 prefumptuous fute,

Nor would I hate him, still I doe detest him,

Yet never know how that detest should be:

I know I love in vaine, truce against hope:

Yet in this captious, and intemible Site,

I still pore in the waters of my loue

And lacke not to kneel still; thus iman like

Religious in mine ens, I adore

The Sunne that lackes upon his worshipper,

But knowes of him no more. My deere Madam,

Let not your late encounter with my loue,

For loosing where you doe; but if your felle,

Who aged honor cites a vertuous youth,
All's Well; that Ends Well.

After well entred fouldiers, to returne
And finde your guilt in health.
King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Would confede he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege: farwell young Lords,
Whether I live or die, be you the bonnes
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy
(Tho' heate that inherit but the fall
Of the last Monarchy) fee that you come
Not to worse honour, but to wed it, when
The bruitel quellant shrinke's: finde what you feke,
That fame may cry you loud: I say farewell.
L.G. Heales it at your bidding ferve your Majeflty.
King. Thofe giries of Italy, take heed of them,
They say our French, lacke language to deny
If they demand: beware of being Captive
Before you ferece.
'Sa. Our hearts receive your warnings.
King. Farewell, come hether to me.
1. L.G. Oh my sweet Lord you will fay behind vs.
Parr. 'Tis not his fault the spark.
2. L.G. Oh 'tis braue warres.
Parr. Most admirable, I have fene thofe warres.
Roff. I am commanded here, and kept a coyle with,
Too young, and the next yeere, and 'tis too early.
Parr. And thy minde fland not too boyl,
Stale away brately.
Roff. I shall lay here the for-horse to a smocke,
Checking my fmanes on the plaunc Mainy
Tell honour be bought vp, and no fword worne
But one to dance with: by heaven, Hee flalez away.
1. L.G. There's honour in the theft.
Parr. Commit it Count.
2. L.G. I am your accofary, and fo farewell.
Roff. I grow to you, & our parling is a tortu'd body
1. L.G. Farewell Captaine.
2. L.G. Sweet Mounfer Paroles.
Parr. Noble Horses; my fword and yours is kinne,
Good sparkes and lucrous, a word good metaus.
You fhall finde in the Regiment of the Spus, one Captaine
Spris his fiatecre, with an Embleme of warre hereon
On his finiftre cheeke: it was this very fword entrench'd it: fay
to him I live, and obferue his reports for me.
L.G. We fhall noble Captaine.
Parr. Mær doace you on for his noyces, what will
ye doe?
Roff. Stay the King.
Parr. Vie a more spacios ceremonie to the Noble
Lords, you haue reftrain'd you felle within the Lift
Of too cold an adieu: be more expreffive to them for they
Weare themfelves in the cap of the time, there do murder
true gate; eat, fpeak, and moft under the influence of the
moll receiv'd ftrare, and though the devil luiates the
meafure, fuch are to be followed: after them, and take a
more diſfared warre.
Roff. And I will doe fe.
Parr. Worthy fellowes, and like to procure moft fi-
newe fword-men. Exeunt.

Enter Lafe.
1. Laf. Pardon my Lord for me and for my tidings.
King. Ile fee thee to fland vp. (pardon.
2. Laf. Then heres a man flands that has brought his
I would you had kneeld my Lord to ake me mercy,
And that at my bidding you could to fland vp.
King. I would I had, fo I had broke thy pate
And ask thee mercy for't.
Laf. Goodfaith a-croute, but my good Lord 'tis thus,
Will you be call'd of your infirminet?
King. No.
Laf. O will you eat no grapes my royall foxe?
Yes but you will, my noble grapes, and if
My royall foxe could reach them; I have seen a medicine
That's able to breath life into a stone,
Quick'n a rocke, and make you dance Canari
With fprightly fire and motion, whole simple touch
Is powerfull to arayfe King Pippet, nay
To give great Charlemame a pen in's hand
And write to her a love-line.
King. What her is this?
Laf. Why doctors fre: my Lord, there's one arra'd,
If you will fee her: now by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may conuay my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one, that in her fexe, her yeeres, profeflion,
Wifdomome and confantly, hath amaz'd me more
Then I dare blame my weakeffe: will you fee her?
For that is her demand, and know her busineffe?
That done, laugh well at me.
King. Now good Lafe,
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off theine
By wondering how thou tookst it.
Laf. Nay, hee fit you,
And not be all day neither.
King. Thus he his peculiar nothings ever prologues.
Laf. Nay, come your waies.

Enter Helene.
King. This haffe hath wings indeed,
Laf. Nay, come your waies,
This is his Majefly, lay your minde to him,
A Traitor you doe lookke like, but fuch Traitors
His Majefly feldome feares: I am Crifled Vnle,
That dare leauze two together, far you weel.
Exit. King. Now faire one, doe your busines follow vs?
Hel. I my good Lord,
Gerard de Narbon was my father,
In what he did profefle, well found.
King. I knew him.
Hel. The rather will Ipare my praiſes towards him,
Knowing him is enough: on's bed of death,
Many receiue he gave me, chieflie one,
Which as the deareft iflike of his præife
And of his olde experience, thonifie darling,
He bad me flore vp, as a triple eye,
Safere then mine owne two: more deare I have fo,
And hearing your high Majefly's touch
With that malignat caue, wherein the honour
Of my deare fathers gift, ftands cheere in power,
I come to tender it, and my praiſes
With all bound humblesse.
King. We thank you maiden,
But may not be fo credulous of cure,
When our moft learned Doctors leauze vs, and
The congregated College haue concluded,
That labouring Art can never rafomstrate
From her inadible efface: I fay we muft not
So flaine our judgement, or corrupt our hope,
To proffite our paft-cure mafladie
To empericks, or to diffeuer fo
Our great felle and our credit, to effete
A feneffe helpe, when helpe paft fence we deeme.

Hel. My
And well designed: not helping, death's my fee,
But if I help, what does you promise me.

Kim. Make thy demand.

Helt. But will you make it soon?

Kim. I by my Scepter, and my hopes of helpe,

Helt. Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly hand

What husband in thy power I will command:

Exempted be from me the arrogance

To choose from forth the royal bed of France,

My low and humble name to propagate

With any branch or image of thy face:

But such a one thy vassal, whom I know

Is free for me to ask, thee to befofe.

Kim. Here is my hand, the premiess obstera'd,

Thy will by my performance shall be found;

So make the choice of thy owne time, for I

Thy releas'd Patient, on thee still relyes:

More should I question thee, and more I must,

Though more to know, could not be more to trust:

From whence thou cant'st, how tended, but rest

Vnquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.

Gue me fame helpe here he, if thou proceed,

As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

Floris. Exit.

Enter Countesse and Clowns.

Lady. Come on for, I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clown. I will livest my selfe highly fed, and lowly taught, I know my businesse is but to the Court.

Lady. To the Court, why what place make you specially, when you put off that with such contempt, but to the Court?

Col. Truly Madam, if God haue lent a man any manner, hee may eallie parke it off at Court, thee that cannot make a legge and put off the caps, kiffe his hand, and lay nothing, has neither legge, hands, lippe, nor cap: and indeed such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the Court, But for me, I have an answer we will ferue all men.

Lady. Marry that's a boutnist answer that fits all questions.

Col. If it is like a Barbers choice that fits all buttockes, the pin buttocke, the quitch buttocke, the brawn buttocke, or any buttocke.

Lady. Will your answer feste fit to all questions?

Col. As I sayt ten greats is for the hand of an Attorny, as your French Crowne for your treffy punke, as

The ruff for Tom's fore-finger, as a pancake for Shroudeday, a Morris for May-day, as the naille to his hole, the Cuckold to his hole, as a scoolding quene to a wrangling knave, as the Nuns lippe to the Friets mouth, stay as the pudding to his skin.

Lady. Have you, I say, an answer of such finetie for all question?

Col. From below your Duke, to beneath your Constable, it will fit any question.

Lady. It must be an answer of most monstrouse, that must fit all demands.

Col. But a trifle neither in good faith, if the learned should speake truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to it.

Ask me if I am a Courties, it shall doe you no harme to learne.

Lady. To be young againe if we could: I will bee a fool in question, hoping to bee the wiser by your answere.

Lady,

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La. I pray you sir, are you a Courteir?

Cla. O Lord, sir here a simple putting off: more, more, a hundred of them.

La. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Cla. O Lord sir, thirteen, thirteen, spare not me.

La. I think sir, you can execute none of this homely meate.

Cla. O Lord sir, may put me too, I warrant you.

La. You were lately whipper as I think he.

Cla. O Lord sir, spare not me.

La. Do you call O Lord sir at your whipping, and spare me? Indeed your O Lord sir, is very frequent to your whipping: you would adwell very well to a whipping, if you were buckbound too.

Cla. There had worse luck in my life in my O Lord sir: I fee things in vertelling, but not verse ever.

La. I play the noble husband with the time, to entertain it mercurially with a boole.

Cla. O Lord sir, why there's serves well again.

La. And end sir to your beneficence: give Helen this, and urge her to a present answer backe.

Cla. O Lord sir, was I not much commanded to her, and my house, This is not much.

La. Not much commendation to them.

Cla. Nor much employment for you, you understand.

(fio. Moll faithfully, I am there, before my legges.

La. Haft you again.

Exeunt

Enter Count, Lafeur, and Paroles

Old La. They say miracles are past, and we have our Philosophicall persons, to make modern and familiar things supernatural and counterfeit. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrene, enforcing our fables into seeming knowledge, when we should submit our fables to an unknowing fiece.

Par. Why is't the rarest argument of wonder, that hath finest out in our latter times.

Tad. And to'tis.

Old La. To be relinquish of the Arcate.

Par. So I say both of Galen and Paracelsus.

* Of all the learned and authentick followers.

Par. Right so I say.

Old La. That gave him our incredible.

Par. Why there's, I say too.

Old La. Not to be help'd.

Par. Right, as twice a man stand'd o'er a ---

Old La. Vernacularize, and rare death.

Par. I'd, you say well: so would I have said.

Old La. I may truly say, it is a monsite to the world.

Par. It is indeede if you will have it in the same, you shall reside in it. what do ye call that.

Old La. A flowing of a heavenly effect in an earthy Aether.

Par. That's it, I would have said, the very fame.

Old La. Why your Dolphin is not timorr: for mee.

I speak in eclipsed.

Par. Nay so strange, it's very strange, that is the brute and the rhodium of it, and he's of a most fantastic curiosity, and he'll not acknowledge it to be the.

Old La. Very hand of heauen.

Par. I fo I say.

Old La. In a most weake ---

Par. And debile mutter great power, great transcendance, which should indeede gives us a further vie to

be made, then alone the reknown of the king, as to bee.

Old La. Generally thankfull.

Enter King, Helen, and attendants.

Par. I would have faid it, you play well: there comes the King.

Old La. Luithique, as the Dutchman fayes: He like a maid the Better whistle. I have a tooth in my head: why he's able to lead her a Carranto.

Par. Mor ave visager, is not this Helen?

Old La. Fore God I think so.

King. Goe call before mee all the Lords in Court, Sir my preferer by thy patient fide, And with this healefull hand whole banfield fence Then half peefe it, a second time receive The confirmation of my promis'd gift, Which but attends thy naming.

Enter 3 or 4 Lords:

Faire Maid, send forth thine eye, this yongfull parcell Of noble Batchelours, hand at my bellowing, One whom both Souveraine power, and fathers voice I have to weake thy ftrane elec: match, Thou hast power to choo:ee, and they none to look for.

Hel. To each of you, one faire and veruious Miftris, Fall when pleafe mee, marry to each but one.

Old La. I'de give bay curtall, and his furniture My mouth no more were broken then these broyes, And ven as little beard.

King. Penfe them well:

Not one of these, but had a Noble father.

She admires her to a Lord.

Hel. Gentlemen, heauen hath through me, set o'er the king to health.

All. We understand it, and thanke heauen for you.

Hel. I am a simple Male, and therein wealthi
t	That I proue, I amly more a Male

Pleaze it your Malefice, I have done already:

The blusses in my cheeks thus whisper mee,

We bluse that then should not choose, but be refuited:

Let the white death fite on thy cheek: for ever,

We'll never come there again.

King. Make chooie and ice, and

When thoust the houre, fumns all his love in mee.

Thou. Now Then from thy Asgard do I say.

And to imperiais tow: God most high

Do my fighes fieme: sir, will you hear my fuite?

1. La. And grant it.

Hel. Thanke for it, all the reft is mure.

Old La. I'd rather be in this chooie, then throw

Ames-ace for my life.

Hel. The hone for that flames in your faire eyes,

Before I speake too threateningly repljes:

Lows make your fortunes twenty times above

Her that to vs, and her humble lowe.

2. La. No better if you please.

Hel. My with receve,

Which great lowe grant, and so I take my haurte.

Old La. Do all they deicne her? And they were fans of mine, I'de have them whipt, or I would fende them toth Turk to make Bunchees of.

Hel. Be not afaid that I your hand shoule take,

He never doo you wrong for your owne fake:

Blessing your your vowes, and in your bed

Find faire fortune, if you ever wed.

Old La. These broyes are boyes of ice, they're none
Shall weigh thee to the balance: That will not know,
That in V is to plant those Honour, where
We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt:
Obey Our will, which travailes in thy good:
Beleeue not thy didaine, but pretentie
Do think 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 pale
Of youth and ignorance: both my revenge and hate
Loosring upon thee, in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pitie. Speak, then, answere.

Bar. Pardon my gracious Lord; for I submit
My fancie to your eyes, when I consider
What great creation, and what dole of honour
Flies where you bid it: I finde that she which last
Was in my Nobler thoughts, molt base: it is now
The praied of the King, who so ennobled,
Is as were borne in.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her sine is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoize: If not to thy estate,
A ballance more repeat.

Bar. It take her hand.

Kim. Good fortune, and the favour of the King
Smile upon this Contract: whose Ceremonie
Shall seeme expedient on the now borne briefe,
And be perform'd to night: the solemn Feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou loue'th her,
Thy louer's to me Religious: elsee, do not erre.

Exit Paroles and Lovers stay behinde, commencing
of this wedding.

Laf. Do you hear Monsieur? A word with you.

Par. Your pleasure.

Laf. Your Lord and Mafter did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation? My Lord? my Mafter?

Laf. I: Is it not a Language I speake?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to bee understood
without bloudie successor.

Mafter. Shall I be exprest to the Count Rosiliano?

Par. To any Count, to all Counts: to what is man.

Laf. To what is Counts man: Counts mafter is of
another fite.

Par. You are too old sir: Let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee this, to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did thinke thee for two ordinaries: to bee a prettie wife fellow, thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travell, it might passe: yet the feares and the ban
cers about thee, did manifestlie diswade me from be
leecing thee a vesell of too great a burthen, I hauenow
found thee, when I loose thee again, I care nor: yet art
thou good for nothing but taking vp, and that thou
swerst worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the priviledge of Antiquity upon thee.

Laf. Do not plunde thy selfe to farre in anger, least thou hasten thy trial: which if, Lord hauue mercie on
thee for a men, so my good window of Lettece fare thee well, thy calmer I neede not open, for I look through thee.

Give me thy hand.

Par. My Lord, you give me most egregious indignity.
He weares his honor in a boxe vnsete,
That hugges his kickte wicke heare at home,
Spending his manlie marowe in her armes
Which should suffaine the bound and high curte,
Of Master fierie fixe to other Regions,
Yea, she is a fable, were that dwell in't Isabel,
Therefore too the warre.

Ref. It shall be so, He selle her to my hourse,
A cysaint my mother with my love to her,
And wherefore I am fied: Write to the King
That which I dirst not speake. His precente gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields
Where noble fellows strike: Warres is no flese
To the darke house, and the detected wife.

Par. Will this Capricho hold in thee, art fure?
Ref. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me,
He selle her staight away: To morrow,
He to the warre, flie to her single forrow.

Par. Why thence bals bound, ther's neife in it. Tis hard
A young man married, is a man that's mard:
Therefore away, and leaue her bruely: go,
The King ha's done you wrong: but hush this so. Exit

Enter Helena and CLOWN.

Hel. My mother gretes me kindly, is she well?
CLO. She is not well, but yet she has her health, she's very merrie, but yet she is not well: but thanks be gien she's very well, and wants nothing in the world: but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very wel, what do's the ayle, that she's not very well?
CLO. Truly she's very well indeed, but for two things
Hel. What two things?
CLO. One, that she's not in heauen, whether God send her quickly: the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly.

Exit Parallels.

Par. Eft's you my fortunate Ladie.
Hel. I hope sir I haue your good will to haue mine owne good fortune.

Par. You had my prayers to leade them on, and to keep them on, haue them still. O my kine, how do's my old Ladie?
CLO. So that you had her wrinkles, and her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why I say nothing.

CLO. Marry you are the wisest man: for many a mans tongue shakes out his matters 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 verie little of nothing.

Par. Away, sh'art a knaue.
CLO. You should haue saide sir before a knaue, that's a knaue, that's before me that's a knaue: this had beene truth sir.

Par. Go too, shou'dst a wittie fool, I haue found thee.
CLO. Did you finde me in your felte sir, or were you taught to finde me?
CLO. The search sir was profitable, and much Foole may you find in you, even to the worlds plasure, and the encrease of laugher.

Par. A good knaue if it, and well fed.

Madam, my Lord will go awaie to night,
A verie ferous businesse calls on him:
The great pretentions and title of law,
Which as your due time claims, he do's acknowledge,
Because it off a compuls'd restraint:
Whole want, and whole delay, is flower'd with sweets
Which they dillill now in the cursed time,
To make the coming hour one way to become,
Exit Par.
Exit Helena.

That you will take your infant lost a king,
And make this halfe as your owne good proceeding,
Strengthened with what Apologie you thinke
May make it probable neede.

If. What more commands hee?
Par. That charging this obstay'd, you pretend
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I write upon his will
Par. I shall report it so.
Exit Par.

Enter Lefan and Bertram.

Laf. But I hope your Lordshippe thinkes not him a foileller.
Ber. Yes my Lord and of verie valiant approaxs.
Laf. You have it from his owne deliverance.
Ber. And by other warranted testimonie.
Laf. Then my Diall does not true, I tooke this Looke
for a bucking.
Ber. I doe assure you my Lord he is very great in knowlidge,
and accordingly valiant.
Laf. I have then found against his experience, and
transgriff against his valour, and my farte that way is
dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent:
Here he comes, pray you make vs frends, I will pur-
fyle the amitt.

Enter Proctor.

Par. These things shall be done sr.
Laf. Pray you sir whose his Lader?
Par. Sir?
Laf. O know him well, I fir, hee has a good work-
man, a very good Yobn.
Ber. Is faire gone to the king?
Par. She is.
Ber. Will she come away to night?
Par. As you have her.
Ber. I have writ my letters casketed my treasure,
Gitten order for our horses, and to night,
When I should take possession of the Bride,
And ere I doe begin.
Laf. A good Tranfarr is something at the latter end
of a dinnr, but on battells three thirds, and vies a
known truth to passe a thousand nothing's wish, should
bee once hard, and thrite beaten. God save you Cap-
taine.
Ber. Is there any vnkindnesse betweene my Lord
and you Monfeur?
Par. I know not how I have deferred to run into
my Lords displeasure.
Laf. You have made shift to run into, bootes and
spartes and all, like him that leapt into the Caffard, and
our of it you are none againe, rather then suffer question
for your residence.
Ber. It may bee you have mistak'en him my Lord.
Laf. And shall doe soever, though I took him at's
prayers. Fare you well my Lord, and believe this of
me, there can be no kerrnell in this light Nut the foule
of this man is his clothings: Trust him not in matter of
heautie consequence: I have kept of them none, & know
their natures. Farewell Monfeur, I have spoked better
of you, than you haue or will to defensse at my hand, but
we must doe good attraill.

Par. An idle Lord, I sweare.
Ber. I thinke fo.
Par. Why do you not know him?
Ber. Yes, I do know him well, and common speech
Gives him a worthy paffe. Here comes my clog.

Aulus Terius.

Enter the Duke of Florence, the two Frenchmen,
with a troop of Soldiars.

Duke. So that from point to point, now haue you heard
The
Enter Clowne and Lawyne.


coum, If hath happen'd as, all, as I would have had it, save that he does not come along with her.

Clo. By my troth I take my young Lord to be a very melancholy man.

Coun. By what observance I pray you.

Clo. Why he will look vp on his boote, and sing: mend the Ruffs and sing, sake questions and sing, picke his teeth, and sing. I know a man that has this tricke of melancholy hold a goodly Manor for a song.

La. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come.

Clown. I have no minde to Iftill since I was at Court. Our old Lingo, and our lings with Country, are nothing like your old Ling and your Lings with Courtesie. The brains of my Cupid's knock'd out, and I beginne to loue, as an old man loutes money, with no stomacke.

Lad. What have we here?

Clo. In that you have there

A Letter.

I have sent you a daughter-in-law, your hat recover'd the King, and undone me: I have wedded her, not bedded her, and sworn to make the not uncertain. You shall have I am sworn away, know it before the report come. If she be breake enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.

Your unfortunate Sorrow,

Bertram.

This is not well rath and unbridled boy, To flye the favours of so good a king, To plucke his indignation on thy head, By the misprizing of a Madge, too venous. For the contempt of Empire.

Enter Clowne.

Clown. O Madam, yonder is beauteousnesse within between two soildiers, and my yong Ladie.

La. What is the matter.

Clo. Nay is there some comfort in these, some comfort. Your fonne will not be kild to loose as I thought he would.

La. Why should he be kill'd?

Clo. So say I Madam, if the rume away, as I heare he does, the danger is in standing too, that's the losse of men, though he be the getting of children. Hereby they come will tell you more. For my part I only heare your fonne was run away.

Enter Hellen and two Gentlemen.

French E. Saw you good Madam.

Hel. Madam, my Lord is gone, for ever gone.

French G. Do not say so.

La. Think not upon patience, pray you Gentlemen, I have feate so many quirkes of joy and greefe, That the first rate of neither on the other Can woman me vnto. Where is my fonne I pray you?

French G. Madam he's gone to ferue the Duke of Florence.

We met him thitherward, for thence we came:

And after some dispatch in hand at Court,

Thither we bend again.

Hel. Lookes on his Letter Madam, here's my Passport.

When thou canst get the Ring upon my finger, which never shall come of, and those are a child of fashion of thy body, that I am father too, then shall I call me husband, but in mother's (then) I write a Neuer.

This is a dreddfull sentence.

La. Brought you this Letter Gentlemen?

I. G. I Madam, and for the Contents take are forrie for our pangs.

Old La. I prethee Ladie have a better cheere,

If thou engroffe, all the greefe's are thine,

Thou rob't mee of a moysty. He was thy fonne,

But I do wash his name out of my blood,

And thou art all my children. Towards Florence is he?

French G. I Madam.

La. And to be a soildier.

French E. Such is his noble purpose, and bleem't

The Duke will lay vp on him all the honour

That good conveniency claims.

La. Resume you thither.

French E. I Madam, with the twisftest wing of speed.

Hel. Till I have no wife, I have nothing at France,

'Tis better

La. Findes you that there?

Hel. I Madam.

French E. 'Tis but the boldnesse of his hand haply, which his heart was not confenting too.

La. Nothing in France, until he have no wife:

There's nothing there that is too good for him:

But onely the, and the desires a Lord:

That twenty such rude boys might attend sport,

And call her hourly Miftris. Who was with him?

French E. A servant only, and a Gentleman: which I have sometime known.

La. Parver was it not?

French E. I say good Ladie, hee.

La. A firft rate of fellow, and full of wickednesse,

My fonne corrupts a well devided nature

With his inducement.

French E. Indeed good Ladie the fellow has a desire of that, too much, which holds him much to hate.

La. 'Fare welcome Gentlemen, I will interrete you

When you fee my ingenious, to tell him that his sword can never winne the honor that he looses: more ile interrete.
you written to bearalong.

Frn.G. We know you Madam in that and all your worthish affairs.

La. No Sir, but as we change our courtesies,

Will you draw near?

Frn. Till I have no wife I have nothing in France.

Nothing in France until he has no wife:

Thou shalt have none Raffilion, none in France,

Then hast thou all again: poor Lord, is't I

That chafe thee from thy Country, and expose

Thou tender limbers of thine, to the event

Of the none-sparing warre? And is it I,

That drive thee from the Spurtwine Court, where thou

Wast'st that at with faire eyes, to be the mark

Of imskoole Muskers? O you leden messengers.

That ride upon the violent speedes of fire,

Fly with false symne, moue the still-peering aire

That fings with piercing, do not touch my Lord

Who ever shootes at him, I fet him there.

Who ever charges on his forward brest

I am the Gauiffe that do hold him too't,

And though I kill him not, I am the caufe

His death was so effect'd; Better't were

I met the saigne Lyon when he rost'd

With sharpe constraint of hunger: better't were,

That all the miferies which nature owes

Were mine at once. No come thou home Raffilion,

Whence honor but of danger winnes a scare,

As oft it looses all. I will be gone:

My being here it is, that holds thee hence,

Shall I paye here to do't? No, no, although

The ayre of Paradise did fan the house,

And Angles oftho'c'd all: I will be gone.

That pittifull rumour may report my flight

To confolate thine ease. Come night, end day,

For with the darke (poore theefe) ll ite ale away. Exit.

Flouris. Enter the Duke of Florence, Raffilion,

drummers, and soldiers, Parrioles.

Duke. The Generall of all our horse thou art, and we

Great in our hope, lay our bell loute and credence

Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir it is

A charge too heavy for my strength, but yet

We'll strive to bear it for thy worthy sake,

To th'extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go thou forth.

And fortune play upon thy prosperous helme

As thy auspicious mistis.

Ber. This very day

Great Mars I put my felle into thy stile,

Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove

A loner of thy drumme, litter of loue. Exeunt

Enter Countesse & Stewarde.

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. Read it again.

Letter.

I am S. Jaqur Pilgrims, brother gone:

Ambitious lust hath so in me offended,

That base-foot plaid I the cold ground upon

Wils, fainted vom my faults to hence amended

Write, write, that from the blinded cons of warre,

My dear Sir! After your dear friends, may hit.

Bliff him at home in peace. Well I from faire:

His name with aailiein former foule e is;

His taken labours bid him me forgive;

I his delightfull June sent him forth.

From Courtly friends, with Campings fact to line,

Where death and danger diggs the beale of worth:

He is too good and faire for death, and more

Whom I my self embrase, to set him free.

Ah what sharpe things are in her inlaidt words?

Rynlado, you did never lacke aduice so much,

As letting her paffe so: had I spoke with her,

I could have well diuerst her intents,

Which thus she hath presented.

Sir. Pardon me Madam,

I had given you this at oer-night,

She might have beene oere-tane: and yet the writes

Purfaire would be but vain.

La. What Angelle shall

Blesse this unworthy husband, he cannot thrive,

Vnlike her prayers, whom heaunt delightes to hear.

And loue to grant, repective from the wrath

Of greatste Juficie. Write, write Rynlado,

To this unworthy husband of his wife,

Let euerie word weigh heauie of her worth,

That he does weigh too light: my greatste greffe,

Though little he do feel it, set downe sharply.

Dispatch the moff covenient messenger,

When haply he shall hear that she is gone,

He will returne, and hope I may that face

Hearing so much, will speede her foot again.

Lest fithere by pure loue: which of them both

Is deare to me, I have no skill in science.

To make distinction: prouide this Meffenger:

My heart is heauie, and mine age is weake,

Greffe would haute eares, and sorrow bids me speake,

Exeunt

A Tuckett aftarre off.

Enter old Widdow of Florence, her daughter, Violante

and Mariane, with other

Citizens.

Widdow. Nay come, For if they do approach the Citie,

We allslue all the fight.

Diana. They say, the French Count has done

Moff honourable service. Ind. It is reported,

That he has taken the greatste Commander,

And that with his owne hand he flew

The Dukes brother: we haue loft our labour,

They are gone a contrarie wayes hark.

You may know by their Trumpets.

Marian. Come lets returne again,

And suffice our felues with the report of it.

Well Diana, take heed of this French Earl,

The honer of a Maide is her name,

And no Legacie is so rich

As honerice.

Widdow. I have told my neighbour

How you have bee solicited by a Gentleman

His Companion.

Mark

III. ii. 97—III. v. 15

260
Maria. I know what knave, hang him, one Parolles, a filthy Officer he is in those suggesstions for the young Earl, beware of them: their promises, entellishments, oaths, tokens, and all their engines of force, are not the things they go vnder: many a maide hath beene seduced by them, and the miferie is extreme, that so terrible has been the wracke of maidenhood, cannot for all that disswade force, but that they are lined with the twiggles that threatnes them. I hope I neede not aduise you further, but I hope your owne grace will keepe you where you are, though there were no further danger knowne, but the modefity which is so loof.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Parol. I hope so. I hooke here comes a pilgrim, I know she will sete at my house, thither they send another, He question her. God fave you pilgrim, whether are bound.

Hel. To St. Jaques la grand. Where do the Palmers lodge, I do beleefe you?

Parol. At the St. Francis here be the Port.

Hel. Is this the way?

Parol. I marrie it. Harke you, they come this way?: If you will carrie holy Pilgrime. But till the troops come by, I will conduct you where you shall be lodged, The rather for I think I know your hostellie. As simple as my felfe.

Hel. Is it your felfe?

Parol. If I shal please fay Pilgrime.

Hel. I thanke you, and will lay upon your leisure.

Parol. Why came I think from France?

Hel. I did so.

Parol. Here you shall see a Countriman of yours. That has done worthy feruice. Hel. His name I pray you?

Parol. The Count Raffilion, know you such a one?

Hel. But by the care that heuerly nobly of him: His face I know not.

Parol. What somere he is. He is rarely taken here. He floate from France.

As it is reported: for the King had married him.

Against his liking. Think you it is so?

Hel. I there see more the truth, I know his Lady.

Dia. There is a Gentleman that serves the Count.

Reports but courteful of her.

Hel. What is his name?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. Oh, I believe with him, In argument of praise, yet on the worth.

Of the great Count himselfe, he is too mean to have her name repeated, all her deferuing. Is a referral honest, and that.

I have not heard examin'd, 1.

Dia. Alas poore Lady.

'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife Of a deserving Lord.

Parol. I worte a good creature, wherefore she is, Her hart weightes sadly: this yong maide might do her a shrewd turne if she pleas'd.

Hel. How do you mean?

May be the amorous Count solicites her.

In the vnlawfull purpose.

And broches with all that can in such a fater.

Corrupt the tender honour of a Maide:

But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard

In honeylef defence.

Drumme and Colours.

Enter Count Raffilion, Parolles, and the whole Army.

Mar. The goddess forbid else.

Parol. So, now they come,

That is Anthony the Duke eldest sonne,

That Eufalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. Hee,

That with the plume, 'tis a most gallant fellow,

I would he loud his wife: if he were honester He were much gooditer. It's not a handsum Gentleman

Hel. I like him well.

Parol. His pitty he is not honest: yonds that same knave

That lends him to these places: were I his Lady,

I would poison that yile Raffall.

Hel. Which is he?

Parol. That lacke an apes with feares. Why is he

Melancholly?

Hel. Perchance he's hurts in battale.

Parol. Loose out our drum? Well.

Mar. He's threadly west at something. Lookes he

has spied vs.

Wild. Marie hang you.

Mar. And your custodie, for a ring-carrie.

Exit. Wid. The troope is past: Come pilgrim, I will bring you, Where you shall hoff: Of injoynd penitents.

There's four or five, to great St. Jaques bound,

Alreadie at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you:

Please it this Matron, and this gentle Maide

To eate with us to night, the charge and thanking

Shall be for me, and to requite you further,

I will bellowe some precepts of this Virgin,

Worthy the note.

But wh. We'ltake your offer kindly, Exeunt.

Enter Count Raffilion and the Frenchmen

at as oft.

Cap.E. Nay good my Lord put him not: let him have his way.

Cap.G. If your Lordshippe finde him not a Hilding, hold meno more in your respect.


Ber. Do you think I am so faire

Deceived in him.

Cap.E. Believe it my Lord, in mine owne direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinman, hee's a most notable Coward, an infinite and endless Lyer, an hourly promisse-breake, the owner of no one good qualitie, worthy your Lordships entertainment.

Cap.G. I were not so know you him, least repeating too farre in his verite which he hath not, he might at some great and trulifie businesse, in a maine danguer, sayle you. Ber. I would I knew in what particular a how to try him.

Cap.G. Note better then to let him fetch off his drumme, which you heare him so confidentely undertake to do.

C.E. I with a troop of Florentines will sodainly sur

prize
All's Well that ends Well.

prize him such I will hate whom I am sure he knowes not from the enemie: we will binde and hoodwinkle him so, that he shall supposse no other but that he is carriied into the Legers of the aduersaries, when we bring him to our owne tents; be but your Lordship presett as his examination, if he do not for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base feare, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the diame forteste of his soule upon oath, never truft my judgemen't in anie thing.

Cap. G. O for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drunmes, he sayes he has a fragagenta for't: when your Lordship fees the bottome of this susceffe in't, and to what mettle this counterfeyt lamp of ours will be mettel'd if you give him not John drunmes entertainement, your inosluting cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter Parolles.

Cap. E. O for the love of laughter hinder not the hono'r of his defigne, let him fetch off his drunmes in any hand.

Ber. How now Monsieur? This drunmes ficks forely in your disposition.

Cap. G. A poxon's, let it go, 'tis but a drunme. Par. But a drunme! lift but a drunme! A drum fo loft. There was excellent command, to charge in with our harte upon our owne wings, and to rend our owne soulldiers.

Cap. G. That was not to be blam'd in the command of the seruice: it was a disaffar of warre that Cesar him selfe could not have prevented, if he had beene there to command.

Ber. Well, wee cannot greatly condemne our susceffe: some difhonour wee had in the loffe of that drum, but it is not to be recouered.

Par. It might have beene recouered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recouered, but that the merit of seruise is fildome attributted to the true and exact performer, I would have that drunme or another, or his saecet.

Ber. Why if you have a stomache, too to Monsieur: if you thinke your mylteryne in stratagem, can bring this infirmity of honoure againe into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise and go on, I will grace the attempts for a worthy exploit: if you speeke well in it, the Duke shall both speake of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatnesse, even to the virtuous sillable of your worthinesse.

Par. By the hand of a soullder I will vndertake it.

Ber. But you must not now flumber in it.

Par. He about it this evening, and I will presently pen downe my dilemnes, encourage my selfe in my ceramite, put my selfe into my most regret preperation: and by midight looke to heare further from me.

Ter. May I bee bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it.

Par. I know not what the susceffe will be my Lord, but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know that you shall, And to the possibility of thy loyalls, it Will add the fire to thee: Farewell.

Par. I love not many words.

Exit

Cap. E. No more thena fifth lonnes water. Is not this a strange fellow my Lord, that so confidetely deemes to vndertake this businesse, which he knowes is not to be done, damnes him selfe to do, & dare better be damned then to do't.

Cap. G. You do not know him my Lord as we doe, certaine it is that he will steale him selfe into a mans fauour, and for a weake escape a great deal of difficulties, but when you finde him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why do you thinke he will make no deede at all of this thing so seriouse he doeth address him selfe vnoe?

Cap. E. None in the world, but returne with an inuention, and clap vpon ywo or three probable lies: but we have almoost imbof him, you shall fee his fall to night; for indeed he is not for your Lordships respect.

Cap. G. Weele make you some sport with the Foxe ere we care him. He was first smock'd by the old Lord Lafeur, when his difguife and he is parted, telle me, what a sprat you shall finde him, which you shall see this very night.

Cap. E. I must go looke my twiggges,

He shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother he shall go along with me.

Cap. G. As pleasse your Lordship, He leave you,

Ber. Now will I leade you to the house, and shew you The life I spoke of.

Cap. E. But you say she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with him but once, And found her wondrous cold, but I bent to her By this same Coxcombe that we haue't winde Tokens and Letters, which did reftand, And this is all I have done: She's a faire creature, Will you go fetcher? I

Cap. E. With all my heart my Lord.
From some to some, some were the glee of this,
Since the first father he wrote it. This Ring he holds
In most rich choice: yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
How ere repented after.

Now I see the bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see in lawfull then, it is no more,
But that your daughter ere she seemes as woman,
Defies this Ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Her selfe most chalby absent: after
To marry her, she adds three thousand Crownes
To what is past already.

Thou yelded:
Instruct my daughter how the best perferrer,
That time and place with this deceite to lawfull
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With Mischicks of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her vnconcieffe: It nothing needes,
To child him from our eues, for he perferrs
As if his life lay on.

Hel. Why then to night,
Let us say our plot, which if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawfull deed;
And lawfull meaning in a lawfull act,
Where both not finite, and yet a finnfull fact.
But let's about it.

Aetas Quintus.

Enter one of the Frenchmen, with five or sixe other
Soldiers in arms.

1. Lord E. He can no other way but by this hedge
corner: when you fallate upon him, speake whatterrible
Language you will: though you understand it not your
false, no matter; for we must not seeme to vnderstand
him, vilifie some one among vs, whom wee must pro-
duce for an Interpreter.

2. Sal. Good Capitaine, let me be th' Interpreter.

3. Le. E. Are not acquainted with him? knowes he not thy
voice?

4. Sal. No sir I warrant you.

5. Le. E. But what lineat wolff hath thou to speake to vs
again.

6. Sal. En fath, as you speake to me.

7. Le. E. He must think, vs some band of strangers, 1th
aduertraries entertainment. Now he hath a smake of all
neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be
a man of his owne fanchie, not to know what we speake
one to another: so we seem to know, is to know straight
our purpose: thoughts language, gibber enough, and
good enough. As for you interpreter, you must seeme
very politike. But coach ho, here hee comes, to be-
guile two houre in a sleepe, and then to returne & swear
the lies he forges.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Ten clocke: Within these three houres I will be
time enough to goe home. What shall I say I have
done? It must bee a very plausable intention that caries
it. They begin to fomake me, and digraces like of
late, knock'd too oft at my door: I finde my tongue
is too foole-harde, but my heart hath the cause 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 diuell should moue me to undertake
the recovery of this drunke, being not ignorant of the
impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpoe? I
must give my selfe some hurts, and say I got them in
exploit: yet flight ones will not carrie it. They will lay,
come you off with so little? And great ones I dare not
give, wherefore what the instance. Tongue, I must put
you into a Butter-womans mouth, and buy my selfe
another of Bancke's Mule, if you prattle mee into these
perillles.

Le. E. Is it possible he should know what he is, and
be that he is.

Par. I would the cutting of my garments wold serue
the turne, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

Le. E. We cannot afford you to.

Par. Or the baring of my beard, and to say it was in
stratagem.

Le. E. 'Twould not do.

Par. Or to drowne my cloathes, and say I was a tript.

Le. E. Hardly serue.

Par. Though I swore I kept from the window of the
Citadell.

Le. E. How deepe?

Par. Thirty fadome.

Le. E. Three great oakes would scarce make that be
beleued.

Par. I would I had any drunke of the enemies, I
would sweare I recovered it.

Le. E. You shall hear one anon.

Par. A drunke now of the enemies.

Alorum within.

Le. E. Thrice a comonfua, cargo, cargo, cargo.

All. Cargo, cargo, cargo, villandra per corbo, cargo.

Par. O ranfome, ranfome,

Do not hide mine eyes.

Inter. Baske the embo the baske.

Par. I know you are the Muske Regiment,
And I shall loose my life for want of language.
If there be one German or Dane, Low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speake to me,
I'll discover that, which shall endo the Florentine.

Int. Baske vanwade, I vnderstand thee, & can speake
thy tongue: Kerelybuno frs, batake thee to thy faith,
for fourteenne ponycardes are at thy bosome.

Par. Oh.

Inter. Oh pray, pray, pray,

Allan, resuma dutche.

Le. E. Offrebande oh, salutant.

Int. The General is content to spare thee yet,
And hooowinke as thou art, will leade thee on
to gather from thee. Haply thou mayst informe
Something to saue thy life.

Par. O let me live,

And all the secrets of our camp Ie shew,
Their force, their purpuses: Nay, Ie speake that,
Which you will wonder at.

Inter. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damme me.

Inter. Accordi lima,

Come on, thou are granted space.

Exit

A short Allorum within.

{o X 3

Le. E

III. vii. 24—IV. i. 93

263
Bequeathed downe from many Ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloque 11th world,
In mee to loose. Thus your owne proper wifedome
Brings in the Champion honor on my part,
Against your vaine selfe.

But, hear, take my Ring,
My house, mine honor, yea my life be thine,
And let be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window:
Ille order take, my mother shall not heare.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yer maide-bed,
Remaine there but an houre, nor speake to me:
My reasons are most strong, and you shall know them,
When backe against this Ring shall be deliver'd:
And on your finger in the night, Ile put
Another Ring, that what in time proceed,
May taken to the future, our paist deeds.
Adieu then, then faile not: you have wonne
A wife of me, though there my hope be done:

Dia. A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee.
Dia. For which, Iue long to thank both heaven & me,
You may fo in the end.
My mother told mee how hee would woo,
As if the fate in his heart. She says, all men
Have the like oaths: he had sworn to receive
When his wife's dead: therefore Ile lye with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are to braise,
Marry that will, I lye and die a Maid:
Onely in this difguise, I think not it fine,
To colne him that would vnfaithfully want.

Enter two French Capitaine, and some two or three
Soldiours.

Cap.G. You have not given him his mothers letter.
Cap.E. I have deuoutly as an houre since, there is som thing in't that stings his nature: for on the reading it,
he chang'd almost into another man.

Cap.G. He has much worthy blame laid upon him,
For breaking off to a good wife, and so sweet a Lady.

Cap.E. Especially, hee hath incurred the exceeding displeasure of the King, who had expected his bounty to ring happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

Cap.G. When you have spoken tis dead, and I am the grater of it.

Cap.E. Hee hath persecuted a younge Gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown, & this night he fetches his will in the spoyle of her honours hee hath given her his monumentall Ring, and thinkes himselfe made in the vnchaste composition.

Cap.G. Now God delay our rebellion as we are in our selves, what things are we.

Cap.E. Mereely our owne traitours. And as in the common course of all treasons, we shall see them redeem themselves, till they attaine to their abhorred ends: to be that in this action contrives against his owne Nobility in his proper fireame, once flows himselfe.

Cap.G. Is it not meant damnable in vs, to be Trumpeters of our vnlawfull intents? We shall not then have his company to night.

Cap.E. Not till after midnight: for hee is diered to his house.

Cap.G. That approaches space: I would gladly have
him fee his company anathemaz'd, that hee might take.

IV. i. 94—IV. iii. 38
a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously
he had set this counterfeit.

Cap. E. We will not meddle with him till he come;
for his presence must be the whisper of the other.

Cap. G. In the mean time, what hast thou of these
Warrors?

Cap. E. I heare there is an outure of peace.

Cap. G. Nay, I assume you a peace concluded.

Cap. E. What will Count Raffilion do then? Will he
traverse higher, or returne againe into France?

Cap. G. I perceive by this demand, you are not alto-
gether of his council.

Cap. A. Let it be forbid him, soould I be a great
deale of his a2.

Cap. G. Sir, his wife some two months since fledde
from his house, her presence is a pilgrimage to Saint
Jacques le Grand; which holy undertakings, with most su-
liere landcharmes, nor complaint: and there refiding,
the tenderness of her Nature, became as a prey to her
griefe; in fine, made a groane of her last breath, & now
the fings in heaven.

Cap. E. How is this justified?

Cap. G. The stronger part of it by her owne I letters,
which makes her fiorie true, even to the point of her
death; her death is false, which could not be her office
to say, is done: I was faithfully confirmed by the Rechtor
of the place.

Cap. E. Hath the Count all this intelligence?

Cap. G. I, and the particular confirmations, point
from point, to the full arming of the veriste.

Cap. E. I am heartily forris that he'll be gladde of
this.

Cap. G. How mightily sometime, we make vs com-
forts of our loffers.

Cap. E. And how mightily some other times, wee
drawne our gaine in teares, the great dignitie that his
valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be
encountred with a fame as ample.

Cap. G. The webbe of our life, is of a mingled yarn,
good and ill together: our vertues would bee proud, if
our faults whip them not, and our crimes would dis-
pair if they were not cherished by our vertues.

Enter a Messenger.

How now? Where's your master?

Sir. He met the Duke in the street, fir, of whom hee
hath taken a solemn lease: his Lordhippe will next
morning for France. The Duke hath offered him Let-
ters of commendations to the King.

Cap. E. They shall be no more then needfull there;
if they were more then they can commend.

Enter Count Raffilion.

Ber. They cannot be too severe for the Kings tart-
nesse, here's his Lordship now. How now my Lord,
I ffl think noon wars?

Ber. I have to night dispach'd sixseene busineses, a
moneths length a piece, by an abstract of sixe cafe: I
have congied with the Duke, done my advice with his
necessitie: buried a wife, mourn'd for her, writ to my La-
die mother, I am returneing, enter'd my Connoy, &
beuene these maine parcels of dispach, affected ma-
nier needs: the last was the greatnest, but that I have
not ended yet.

Cap. E. If the businesse bee of any difficulty, and this
morning your departure hence, it requires halft of your
Lordship.

Ber. I mean the businesse is not ended, as fearing
to heare of it hereafter: but shall we have this dialogue
betweene the Poole and the Soldiour. Come, bring
forth this counterfeet module, he's decree'd mee, like a
double meaning Propherser.

Cap. E. Bring him forth, he's face I the flockes all night
poore gaultian knau.

Ber. No matter, his hecles haue deperado it, in vir-
ping his figures so long. How does he carry himselfe?

Cap. E. I have told your Lordship alreadie: The
flockes carrie him. Butto answer you as you would be
vnderstood, bee weepes like a vrench that had fled her
mile, he hath conffent himselfe to Muson, whom bee
fupposeth to be a Friar, fro the time of his remembrance
to this very infant infatater of his fetting forth flockes:
and what thinkes you he hath conffent?

Ber. Nothing of me, he's a?

Cap. E. His conffention is taken, and it shall bee read
to his face, if your Lordshippe be in't, as I beleue you
are, you must have the patience to heare it.

Enter Parlells by his Interpreter.

Ber. A plague upon him, muflell he can say nothing
of me: hum, hum.


Inter. He calleth for the tortures: what will you say
without em.

Par. I will conffess what I know without conftraint,
I ye pinch me like a Pauly, I can say no more.

Int. Bale Charnsche.

Cap. G. Faiths churche.

Int. You are a mercifull General: Our General
bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a Note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

Int. First demand of him, how many hosfe the Duke
is strong. What say you to that?

Par. Five or fixe thousand, but very weake and un-
feruicible: the troopers are all scattered, and the Com-
manders were poore rogues, upon my reputation and
credit, and as I hope to live.

Int. Shall I set downe your answer for t?

Par. Do, be take the Sacrament on't, how & which
way will you: all's one to him.

Ber. What a paff-faving face is this?

Cap. G. Y'are decid'd my Lord, this is Mounsieur
Parrelles the gallant militairift, that was his owne phare
that had the whole theorike of warre in the knot of his
fcarfe, and the prafide in the chape of his dagger.

Cap. E. I will never trust a man againe, for keeping
his sword cleane, nor beleue he can have euerie thing
in him, by wearing his apparrel nearly.

Int. Well, that's set downe.

Par. Five or fixe thousand here I fed, I will fry true,
or thereabouts set downe, for lie feakes truth.

Cap. G. He's very necer 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 say.

Int. Well, that's set downe.

Par. I humbly thank you fir, a truth's a truth, the
Rogues are maruilsous poore.

Interp. Demaund of him of what strength they are a
foot. What say you to that?

Par. By my troth fir, if we were to live this present
houre, I will tell true. Let me fee, Spars a hundred &


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fifte, Sebaftian so many, Carembus so many, Agues so many: Gulliams, Cymo, Lodwicks, and Gratty, two hundred fifte each: Mine owne Company, Cisphor, Daumond, Denny, two hundred fifte each: so that the mutter file, rotten and found, vnpon my life amounts not to fifteene thousand pole, halfe of which, dare not flake thev none from oft their Callcockes, leis they flake themselues to pecces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?
Cap. G. Nothing, but let him have thankes, Demand of him my condition: and what credite I have with the Duke.

Int. Well that's set downe: you shall demand of him, whether one Captaine Damauan bee it Campe, a Frenchman: what his reputation is with the Duke, what his valour, benefite, and expertness in waues: or whether he thinks it were not possible with well-waighting stannes of gold to corrupt him to a revolt, What say you to this? What do you know of it?

Par. I beleef you let me answer to the particular of the interrogatories. Demand them singly.

Int. Do you know this Captaine Damauan?
Par. I know him, was a Butchers Demitez in Paris, from whence he was whipt for getting the Shriennes fool with childe, a dume innocent that could not say him nay.

Ber. Nay, by your lease hold your hands, though I know his brannes are forfite to the next tile that falls.

Int. Well, is this Captaine in the Duke of Florence's campe?
Par. Vpon my knowledge he is, and lowlie.

Cap. G. Nay looke not so vpon me: we shall hear of your Lord anon.

Int. What is his reputation with the Duke?
Par. The Duke knowes him for no other, but a poore Officer of mine, and vnto vnto this other day, to turne him out a tabb band. I thank him to have his Letter in my pocke.

Int. Marry well we search.
Par. In good fashione I do not know, either it is there, or it is vpone a file with the Duke's other Letters, in my Tent.

Int. Herec'tis, here's a paper, will I reade it to you? Par. I do not know it be or no.

Ber. Our Interpreter doth it well.

Cap. G. Excellently.

Int. Dian, the Count's a fool, and full of gold.
Par. That is not the Duke's letter let: that is an advertisement to a proper man in Florence, one Diawo, to take heed of the alienement of one Count Coffillius, a foolish idle boy: but for all that very vuttifh. I pray you for pur it vp again.

Int. Nay, he read it first by your favour.
Par. My meaning in't I protest was very honest in the behalfe of the mind: for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and licentious boy, who is a whale to Virginia, and deuours vp all the try it finds.

Ber. Damnable both sides to goe.

Int. L. When he suerves other, kill him drop gold, and taketh:

After hee seere, he never payes the sore:

Him weep to match well made: match and well make it,
He rare payes after debts, take it before,
And by a farther (Dian) told thee this:
Men are to well with, losses are not to his.

For count of this, the Count a fool I know it,
Whose heart before, but not when he does one it.
'Thine as he vow'd to thee in thine eare,
Parlour.

Ber. He shall be whipt through the Armye with this rim. Cap. E. This is your devoted friend sir, the manifold
Lingwiff, and the army potent foullier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a Cat, and now he's a Cat to me.
Int. I perceiue sir by your Generals lookes, you shall be faise to hang you.

Par. My life sir in any case? Not that I am afraid to dye, but that my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of Nature. Let me lie fir in a dungeon, as a flecker, or any where, so I may live.

Int. We'll see what may be done: so you confesse freely: therefore once more to this Captaine Damauan: you have answr'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour. What is his honifie?

Par. He will faile in an Egge out of a Cloister: for rapes and raufflinges he paralles Neufius. He professes not keeping of oaths, in breaking em he is stronger then Hercules. He will lyfe fit, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a foule drunkennefis his best vertue, for he will be swme-drinke, and in his sleepe he does little harme, save to his bed clothes about him: but they know his conditions, and lay him in strawe. I have but little more to say for his honestly, he's a curie thing: that an honest man shold not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

Cap. G. I begin to loue him for this.

Ber. For this description of shine honifie? A pox upon him for me, he's more and more a Cat.

Int. What say you to his experton in warre?

Par. Faith sir, he's led the drumme before the English Tragedians: to belye him I will not, and more of his foullie: I know not, except in that Country, he had the honour to be the Officer at a place there called Mistelend, to inuinct for the doublet offifles, I would doe the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certaine.

Cap. G. He hath ou't villain'd my selfe so farre, that the rantie redeemes him.

Ber. A pox on him, he's a Cat still.

Int. His qualities being at this poore price, I neede not to aske you, if Gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a Cardcuse he will fell the fee-fimpole of his salvation, the inheritance of it, and cut th'inteitale from all remainderes, and a perpetuall successe for it perpetually.

Int. What's his Brother, the other Captaine Damauan?

Cap. E. Why doe's he ask him of me?

Int. What's he?

Par. Een a Crow sh'fame neft: not altogether so great as the first in goodhife, but greater a great deal in euill. He exelst his Broder for a coward, yet his Brother is reputed one of the beas that is. In a recreate he out runs any Lackey; marry in comming on, hee ha's the Crampa.

Int. If your life be safed, will you vnderake to betray the Florentine,

Par. I, and the Captaine of his horse, Count Roffillon.

Int. He whisper with the Generall, and knowes his pleasure.

Par. He no more drumming, a plague of all drummers, onely to ferme to defend well, and to begufe the suspifion.
fition of that illustrious yong boy the Count, haue I run into this danger: yet who would have suspected an amb-
assad where I was taken.

Int. There is here a remedy, but you must dye: the
General says, you that have fortrausorly discovered
the secrets of your army, and made such perfidious re-
ports of men very nobly held, can suffer the world for
no honore life: therefore you must dye. Come head-
man, off with his head.

Par. O Lord I fir le meme, or let me see my death.

Int. That shall you, and take your leave of all your
friends:
So, looke about you, know you any here?
Capt. Good morrow noble Captaine.
Laf. God bless you Captaine Paralle.
Cap. G. God true you noble Captaine.
Le. F. Captaine, what greetings will you to my Lord
Lafen? I am for France.
Cap. G. Good Captaine will you give me a copy of
the former wrote to Diana in behalfe of the Count.
Koffhce, and I weare not a verry Coward, I doe compel
it of you, but for you well.

Exeunt,
for You are undone Captaine all but your feafe,
that has a knot on tyt.

Par. Who cannot be truff'd with a plot?

Int. If you could finde out a Countrie where but
women were that had received so much flame, you
might begin an impudent Nation. Fare ye well sir, I
am for France too, we shall speake of you there. Exeunt.

Par. Yet am I thankfull if my heart were great.

Int. Would buft at this, Captaine Ile be no more,
But I will ear, and demeke, and sleep as soft
As Captaine shall. Simply the thing I am
Shall make me liue; who knowes himselfe a bragget
Let him feare this; for it will come to paff,e,
That every bragget shall be found an Affe.
Ruff fword, coole blushes, and Parreller lieue
Safest in thame: being foule by footie trieue;
There's place and measures for every man alio.
Ile after them.

Ent. Enter Helen, widow, and Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not
wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my juretie: for whole throne tis needfull
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneele.
Time was, I did him a defired office
Dure almost as his life, which gratitude
Through blithe Tardis bosome would pese forth,
And wither thankes, I duly ant inform'd,
His grace is at Marselle, to which place
We haue convenient courty; you must know
I am suppos'd dead, the Army breaking,
My husband lies him home, where heaven aying,
And by the leave of my good Lord the King,
We hope to returne with ease.
Wed. Gentle Madam,
You never had a seruante to whose trust
Your bufines was more welcome?

Hel. Nor you Misfirs
Euer a friend, whose thoughts more truly labours
To recompence your love: Doubt not but heaven
Hath brought me vp to be your daughters doyver,
At it hath freed her to be my moissige,

And helper to a husband, But O strange men,
That such sweete vice make of what they hate,
When faire trufing of the most constant thoughts
Defiles the piteous night, to foul death play
With what it leaseth, for that which is away,
But more of this heresafter: you Diana,
Vnder my poore instruccion yet must suffer
Something in my behalfe.

Dian. Let death and honestie
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet I pray you:

But with the word the time will bring on summer,
When Briars shall have leaves as well as thornes,
And be as sweet as sharpe: we must away,
Our Wagon is prepar'd, and time requires us,
All's well that ends well, still the fones the Crowne;
What ere the course, the end is the renome. Exeunt.

Enter Clowne, old Lady, and Latier.

Laf. Na, na, no, your sonne was misled with a Swift
tallia fellow there, whose villanous sisson would have
made all the vnbak'd and dowd youth of a nation in his
colour: your daughter-in-law had bene alive at this
hour, and your fonne here at home, more aduaned
by the King, then by that red-tail'd humble Bee I speak
of.

Laf. I would I had not knowne him, it was the death
of the most veruous gentlewoman, thtat ever nature
had prais for creating. If she had persent of my flethes
and cloth mee the decrepit groans of a mother, I could
not haue owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. Twas a good Lady, twas a good Lady. Wee
may picka thousand falles are wee light on such another
beare.

Clou. Indeed sir she was the sweete Margerome of the
faller, or rather the beare of grace,

Laf. They are not beares you knowe,they are noble
beares.

Clowne. I am no great Notchades nor sir, I have not
much skill in grace.

Laf. Whether deoth thou profess thy selfe, a kneas
or a fool?

Clo. A foolo sir at a womans servise, and a knave at a
man.

Laf. Your definition.

Clo. I would confen the man of his wife, and de his
servise.

Laf. So you were a knave at his servise indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble sir to doe
her servise.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave
and foule.

Clo. At your servise.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as
great a prince as you are.

Laf. Whole that, a Frenchman.

Clo. Fitath sir has an English mane, but his fino
mice is more hotter in France then there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The blacke prince sir, alias the prince of darkne.

Laf. Hold thee there's many purses, I give thee not this
to suggest thee from thy matter thou talk't off, serve
him still.

Clow.

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Cl. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire, and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire, but sure he is the Prince of the world, let his Nobility remain 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 themselfes may, but the main will be too chill and tender, and they like the forrowe way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

La. Go thy ways, I begin to be a wearie of thee, and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways, let my horses be wel look'd too, without any tricks.

Cl. If I put my tricks upon em, sir, they shall bee Jades tricks, which are their owne right by the law of Nature.

La. A fiend's knave and an unhappie.

Lady. Soazis. My Lord that's gone made himselfe much sport of him, by his authoritie he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his favonine, and indeed he has no pace, but runnes where he will.

La. I like him well, 'tis not amiss, and I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good Ladies death, and that my Lord your fonne was upon his returne home, I mov'd the King my master to speake in the behalfe of my daughter, which in the minority of thet both, his Maiestie out of a selle gracious remembrance did first propole, his Highnesse hath promis'd me to doe it, and to stoppe vp the diplasfure he hath conceived against your fonne, there is no fitter matter. How do's your Ladyship like it?

La. With very much content my Lord, and I wish it happily effect'd.

La. His Highnesse comes post from Marcellus, of so able bodie as when he number'd thirty, a will be heree to morrow, or I am deceiv'd, by him that in such intellegence hath feldome faile'd.

La. It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my fonne will be heree to night: I shall before your Lordship to remayne with mee, till they doe meete together.

La. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

La. You neede but pleade your honourable privilege.

La. Ladies, of that I have made a bold charater, but I thank my God, it holds yet.

Enter Clowne.

Cl. O Madam, yonders my Lord your fonne with a patch of velvet on his face, whether there bee a feare vader or no, the Velvet knowes, but it is a goodly patch of Velvet, his left cheeke is a cheeke of two pile and a half, but his right cheeke is wore bare.

La. A facee nobly got, or a noble facee, is a good little of honor, so belike is that.

Cl. My Lord is your carbinado face.

La. Let vs goe to

your fonne I pray you, I long to talke

With the yong noble ladde.

Clowne. Faith there's a dozen of em, with delicate finne faces, and most convenient cheeks, which bow the head, and nod at euery man.

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Aulus Quintus.

Enter Helen, Wildam, and Diana, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding putting day and night, Must wear your spirits low, we cannot help it: But since you have made the daies and nights as one, To weare your gentle limbs in my affaires, Be bold you do so grow in my requisiuall, As nothing can wrouse you. In happy time,

Enter a gentle Attornge.

This man may helpes me to his Maudities ear, If he would spend his power. God faue you sir.

 Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have scene you in the Court of France.

 Gent. I have beene sometymes there.

 Hel. I do prelume sir, that you are not faine
 From the report that goes vp your goodnesse, And therefore goaded with most sharpe occasions, Which laynice manners by, I put you to
 The ve of your owne vertues, for the which I shall continue thankfull.

 Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you
 To give this poor petition to the King,
 And sayde me with that store of power you have
 To come into his presence,

 Gen. The Kings not heere.

 Hel. Not heere sir?

 Gen. Not indeed,

 Hel. He hence remou'd last night, and with more haift
 Then is his ve.

 Wid. Lord how we looie our paines.

 Hel. Allis well that end's well yet,
 Though time seeme to aduerse, and means vatisf.
 I do beseech you, whither he is gone?

 Gen. Marris saithke to Ruffion,
 Whether he is going.

 Hel. I do beseech you sir,
 Since you are like to see the King before me,
 Command the paper to his gracious hand,
 Which I presume shall reader you no blame,
 But rather make you thanke your paines for it,
 I will come after you with what good speede
 Our meanes will make vs meanes,

 Gent. This Ile do for you.

Hel. And you shall finde your selle to be well thanke
 What e'er fallers more. We must to horte againe, Go, go, prepare.

Enter Clowne and Parrottes.

Par. Good Mr' s Lauatsh give my Lord Lauatsh this letter, I have ere now for bene better knowne to you, when I have held familiaritie with frether clothing: but I am now sir muddied in fortunes mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Cl. Truly, Fortunes displeasure is but fluttish ifr

 sniff mould so strongly as this speak't of, I will henceforth ease no Fifth of Fortunes ifr but ring, Pre thee allow the winde.

Par. Nay you neede not to stop your note for I take it but by a Metaphor.

Cl. Indeed sir, if your Metaphor finke, I will stop

my note, or against any mans Metaphor. Preste get thee further.
Humbly call'd Mist'res.

Kin. Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear. Well, call him thither,
We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition: Let him not ask our pardon,
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion, we do burie
The incendiary reliques of it. Let him approach
A stranger, no offender; and informe him
So 'tis our will he should.

Gen. I shall my Liege.

Kin. What sayes he to your daughter,
Have you spoke ?

Laf. All that he is, hath reference to your Highness.

Kin. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent
me, that sets him high in fame.

Enter Jaime Bermam.

Laf. He looks well on't.

Kin. I am not a day of season,
For thou must see a sun-shine, and a bale
In me at once! But to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way, fo fland thou forth,
The time is faire again.

Ber. My high repented blame
Dece Souraigne pardon to me.

Kin. All is whole,
Not one word more of the confermed time,
Let's take the infant by the forward top:
For we are old, and on our quick it decrees
This inaudible, and noiseless foot of time
Steales, ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this Lord?

Ber. Admiringly my Liege, as first
I bucke my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the imprudense of mine eye enflaing,
Contemps his scornfull Perseverence did lead me,
Which warped the line, of euerie other favour,
Scorn'd a faire colour, or expresst it (thome,
Extended or contrasted all proportions
To soe hideous oblest. Thence it came,
That fire which all men prais'd, and whom my selfe,
Since I have lost, have lou'd; was in mine eye
The dut that did offend it.

Kin. Well excused:
That thou didst lose her, strik'st some scores away
From the great compt: but loue that comes too late,
Like a remortfull pardon slowly carried
To the great fender, turns a false offence,
Crying, that's good that's gone: Our rath faults,
Make trouishall price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their graue.

Off our displeasures to our selves vniust,
Destroy our friends, and after werepe their dut:
Our owne loue waking, cries to see what's done,
While shamefull hate sleepe out the aftercume,
Beth this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for faire Maudlin,
The maine contents are had, and here we'll lay
To see our widowers second marriage day:
Which better then the first, O deere heaven bleffe,
Or, ere they meete in me, O Nature effe.

Laf. Come on my fonne, in whom my houses name
Must be digellet: give a favour from you
To sparkel in the spirt's of my daughter,

That
All's Well that ends Well.

That she may quickly come. By my old beard, And cutie hirse that's so run, Helen that's dead. Was a sweet creature, such a ring as this, The last that ere I took her leave at Court, I saw upon her finger. 

Bor. Hers it was not. 

King. Now pray you let me see it. For mine eye, While I was speaking, oft was fallen'st one; This Ring was mine, and when I gave it Helen, I had her; if her fortune ever rose Necesitated to help, that by this token I would relieve her. Had you any craft to rescue her Of what should dead her muff? 

Bor. My gracious Bourage, How ere it pleased you to vouch it for, The ring was never hers. 

Old Lu. Some, on my life I have seen her wear it, and she reckond it At her last rate. 

Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it. 

Bor. You are deceiv'd in my Lord, she never saw it: In Florence was it from a casement throwne one, Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name Of her that threw it: Noble she was and thought I loved ungag'd, but when I had subscrib'd To mine own fortune, and unform'd her fully, I could not answer in that course of Honour As she had made the outward, she cast In beauty satisfaction, and would never Receive the Ring again. 

Kim. Plaw his ownself, That knowes the tinct and multiplying med'cine, Hath not in nature mysteries more science, Then I have in this Ring. Twas mine, twas Helen's, Who ever gave it you: then if you know That you are well acquainted with your life, Confesse twas hers, and by what rough enforcement You got it from her. She said to the saints to fireste, That she would not put it from her finger, Vnlesse she gave it to your selfe in bed, Where you have never came: or intende vs. 

Upon her great disfaire. 

Bor. She never saw it. 

Kim. Thou speakest it falsely: as I have mine Honor, And make it common to scarce to come into me, Which I would have shut out: if it should prove That thou art to shunne, 'twill not prove so: And yet I know not, thou shalt hate her deadly, And the is dead, which nothing but to close Her eyes my selfe, could wilt me to beleue, More then to see this king. Take him away, My forepath proofes, how e're the matter fall Shall daze my leaves of little vantage, Having vainly feared too little. Away with him, We'll fit this matter further. 

Bor. If you shall prove This Ring was ever hers, you shall as easie Peace that I husbanded her bed in Florence, Where yet the never was. 

Enter a Gentleman. 

King. I am wrapt in diffaines thinkings. 

Gen. Gracious Soveraigne: Whether I have bene too blame or no, I know not, Here's a petition fro a Florentine, Who hath for fourre or five moneths com short, To tender it her selfe: I vnderrook it, 

Varouf'sh'd thereto be the faire grace and speech Of the poor foppish man, who by this I know Is hieere attending: her businesse lookes in her With an importing visage, and I told her In a sweet verball breefe, it did concerne Your highnesse with her felic.

A Letter.

Upon his many protestations to marry me when his wife was dead, I kindly say to him, he wroune me. Now in the Count Ruff, follow a Widdower, his owne are forfet to mee, and my honors payed to him. Her Floe from Florence, taking to leave, and I follow him to his Country for justice: Great is it, O King, in you it best lieth, otherwise a slender flourished, and a poor Maid in wade. 

Diana Capilet.

Laf. I will buy me a sonne in law in a faire, and coule for this. Then none of him. 

Kim. The heuens have thought well on thee Lafort, To bring forth this difficure, seeke theire fathers: Go speightly, and bring againe the Count. 

Enter Bertram. 

I am a feare the life of Helen (Lady) Was fowly inacht. 

Old Lu. Now justice on the doers. 

King. I wonder fir, fir, whies are moneths to you, And that you lyfe them as you are waue them Lordship, Yet you desire to marry. What woman's that? 

Enter Widow Francis, and Parolles. 

Dis. I am my Lord a wretched Florentine, Deem'd from the ancient Capilet, My suche as I do understand you know, And therefore know how faire I may be pitied. 

Iud. I am her Mother fir, whole age and honour Breake bofer under this complaint we bring, And both fhall crease, without your remedie. 

Kim. Come hither Count, do you know these Women? 

Bor. My Lord, I neither can nor will deeme, But that I know them, do they charge me further? 

Dis. Why do you looke so strange upon your wife? 

Bor. She's none of mine my Lord. 

Dis. If you shall marrie 

You give away this hand, and that is mine, You give away heuens vowses, and those are mine: You give away my selfe, which is knowne mine: For I by vow am so embolden'd 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. 

Bor. My Lord, this is a fond and delp rate creature, Whom sometime I have laught with: Let your highnes Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour, Then for to thinke that I would flinke it heere. 

Kim. Sir for my thoughts, you have thee it to friend, Till your deeds gaine them faire sproue your honor, Then in my thought it lies. 

Dis. Good my Lord, 

Ask him upon his oath, if hee do's thinke He had not my virginity. 

Kim. What failest thou to her? 

Bor. She's impudent my Lord, 

And was a common gamelle to the Camps. 

Dis. He do's not know my Lord: If I were so, He might have bought me at a common price.
Is he a good drummer? A poor man, and at your Majesty's command?

Par. Do you know he promises me marriage?

Par. Faith! I know more than I speak.

Kim. But will you not speak all you know?

Par. Yes to please your Majesty; I did go between them as I said, but more than he knew her, for indeed he was made for her, and took of such, and of Limbo, and of Furies, and I know not what; yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed, and all motions, as promising her marriage, and things which would deserve a wish to speak of; therefore I will not speak what I know.

Kim. Thou hast spoken all already, vouch safe you can't by they are married, but they are too fine in thy answer, therefore I find wise. This Ring you say was yours.

Dis. I am a poor man,

Kim. Where did you buy it? Or who gave it you?

Dis. It was not given me, nor I did buy it.

Kim. Who lent it you?

Dis. It was not lent me neither.

Kim. Where did you finde it then?

Dis. I found it not.

Kim. If were yours by none of all these ways, How could you give it him?

Dis. I never gave it him.

Kim. This woman's an else gone my Lord, she goes off and on at pleasure.

Kim. This Ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

Dis. It might be yours or he's for ought I know.

Kim. Take her away, do not like her now,

To prison with her: and away with him,

Vouchsafe thou tell me where thou hast this Ring,

Then die within this hour

Dis. He never tell you.

Kim. Take her away.

Dis. He put in baile my lady.

Kim. I think she now some common Curtamer.

Kim. By love of her I knew man was you.

Kim. Wherefore hal she accuse him at this while.

Dis. Because he's guite, and he is not guilty.

He knows I am no Maid, and he I ware so too:

He swears I am a Maid, and he knows not.

Great King I am no trumpet, by my life,

I am either Maid, or else this old man's wife.

Kim. She does abuse our ears, to prison with her.

Dis. Good mother fetch my bayle. Stay Royalty,

The waster that owes the Ring is few for,

And he shall sure me. But for this Lord,

Who hath abusive me as he knows himselfe,

Though yet he never harm'd me, hence I quit him.

He knows himselfe my bed he hath defil'd,

And at that time he got his wife with child:

Though dead the he, she fees her young one kick:

So there's my riddle, one that's dead is quicker,

And now behold the meaning.

Enter Hellen and Widow.

Kim. Is there no exorcist

Beguiles the true Office of mine eyes?

It's rascal that I see?

Hel. No my good Lord,
Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.  
Rej. Bath, both, O pardon.  
Hel. O my good Lord, when I was like this Maid,  
I found you wondrous kinde, there is your Ring,  
I found you wondrous kinde, there is your Ring,  
And looke you, hearres your letter: this it syes,  
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?  
Rej. If the my Liege can make me know this clearly,  
He love her dearly, eier, euer dearly.  
Hel. If it appeares not plaine, and proue vntrue,  
Deadly divorce step betwenee me and you.  
O my deere mother do I see you living?  
Laf. Mine eyes small Onions, I shall weepe anon:  
Good Tom Drumme lend me a handkercher.  
So I thanke thee, waite on me home, Ile make sport with thee: Let thy curties alone, they are fcury ones.  

King. Let vs from point to point this storie know,  
To make the euen truth in pleasure flow:  
If thou best yet a fresh vncrepted flower,  
Choose thou thy husband, and Ile pay thy dower.  
For I can guesse, that by thy honest syde,  
Thou keipt a wife her selfe, thy selfe a Maide.  
Of that and all the progresse more and leffe,  
Refoldedly more leasure shal expresse:  
All yet formes well, and if it end so meete,  
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.  
Flourish.  

The Kings Begger, now the Play is done,  
All is well ended, if this swete be wonne.  
That you expresse Content: which we will pay,  
With strefs to please you, day exceding day:  
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts,  
Your gentle bands lend vs, and take our hearts. Exeunt omu.  

FINIS.
Twelve Night, Or what you will.

Aequus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter Othello Duke of Venice, Cassio, and other Lords.

Duke. If Musick be the food of Love, play on: Give me excess of it that surfeits. The appetite may sicken, and so die. That then again, it had a dying fall; O, it came ere my care, like the sweet sound That breathes upon a bank of Violets; Stealing, and giving Oubour. Enough, no more, Thus not to feed too much, as it was before. O Spring of Love, how quaketh and frets at thou, That now withstanding thy capacity, Receiveth as the Sea. Nought enters there, Of what validity, and pitch too ere, But filleth into abatement, and low price Even in a name; to full of shades is fancy, There alone, is high fantastical.


Duke. Why so I do, the Noblest that I have: O when mine eyes did see Olina first, Methought the spurg'd the very speare of pettishness; That infant was I turn'd into a Hart, And my desires like fell and cruel hounds, Feverish and hasty. How now what news from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So please my Lord, I might not be admitted, But from her handmaid do return this answer: The Element it fellte, till seven yeares hence, Shall not behold her face at amiable view: But like a Clayfigure she will vailed walk, And water once a day her Chamber round With eye-offending brine: all this to leason A brothers dead love, which the she would keepen fresh And lafting, in her mind remembrance. Do. O thee that hast a heart of that fine frame To pay this debt of love but to a brother, How will the mens, when the rich golden flowes Hath kill'd the flocke of all affections fife That lies in her. When Limer, Braine, and Heart, Those foungarne Etheres, are all supply'd and fill'd Their sweete perfection with one felle king: A way before me, to sweetes beds of flowres, Love-thoughts I ye rich, when canope it with bowres.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Viola, a Captaine, and Sylvers.

Vio. What Country (Friends) is this? Cap. This is Illlyria, Lady. Vio. And what should I do in Illlyria? My brother he is in Edium. Perchance he is not drown'd: What thinke you Sylvers? Cap. It is perchance that your selfe were faine. Vio. O, my poor brother, and no perchance may he be. Cap. True Madam, and so comfort you with chance, Affaire your selfe, after our ship did fliue, When you, and those poore numbers faine with you, Hung on our driving boates: I saw your brother Most prouident in peril, binde hymselfe. (Courage and hope both teaching him the pradice) To a strong Mifte, that thid upon the sea; Where like Orphee on the Dolineous backe, I saw him hold an acquittance with the waues, So long as I could fee.


Cap. And to is now, or was so very late: For but a month ago I went from hence, And then I was feath in murmur (as you know What great ones do, the leffe will prattyle of,) That he did feake the loane of faire Olina. Vio. What's faire? Cap. A vertuously maid, the daughter of a Count. That dide some trelaemoonth since, then leaving her In the protection of his soune, her brother, Who shortly also dide: for whose dear soune (They say) the hath abur'd the fight And company of men.

Vio. O that I knew'd that Lade, And might not be deliuere to the would
Till I had made nine owne occasion mellow 
What my effaire is.
  Cap. That were hard to compass. Because she will admit no kind of suite, No not the Duke.
  Van. There is a faire behaviour in thee Captaine, And though that nature, with a beauseous wall, Duthe not close in pollution yet she will beleeue thou hast a minde that suits With this shye faire and outward character, I prethee (and I say thee countenantly) Conceale me what I am, and be my syde, For such disguise as haply shall become The forme of my intent. I feare this Duke, Thou shalt present me as an Eunuch to him, It may be worth thy paines; for I can sing, And speake to him in many sorts of Mufick, That shall give every worth his service. What elfe may hap, to time I will commit, Onely shape thou the silence to my wit. Cap. Be ye his Eunuch, and your Merc I belee, When your tongue blubs, then let mine eyes not see. O he, I thanke thee: Lead me on.  

\section*{Scene Tertia.}

\textbf{Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.}

\textbf{Sir To.} What a plague means my Niece to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure I care an enemy to life.

\textbf{Mar.} By my troth in Toby, you must come in early nights: your Cousin, my Lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

\textbf{To.} Why let her except, before excepted.

\textbf{Mar.} I, but you must confine your selfe within the modest limits of order.

\textbf{To.} Confine? Ile confine my selfe no finer then I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in, and bee these boots too: and they be not, let them hang themselues in their owne frans.

\textbf{Mar.} That quaffing and drinking will valde you: I heard my Lady talk of it yesterdai: and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here, to be her wed.

\textbf{To.} What, Sir Andrew Ague-clokke?

\textbf{Mar.} He, he.

\textbf{To.} He's still a man as any's in Illyria. 

\textbf{Mar.} What's that to th'purpose?

\textbf{To.} Why he's three thousand ducats a yeare, 

\textbf{Mar.} I, but he'll have but a yeare in all these ducates: He's a very foole, and a prodigall.

\textbf{To.} Regular at your lay to: he players o'th Viol.de-gaun boys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without books, & hath all the good gifts of nature.

\textbf{Mar.} He had, indeed, doubt quarelling; for besides that he's a foole, he's a great quarreller, and but that hee hath the gift of a Coward, to play the faultless in quarrelling: 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

\textbf{To.} By this hand they are foundred, and substra- 

\textbf{Mar.} In what fpy to them. Where are they? 

\textbf{To.} They ad libitum, he's drunk nightly in your company.

\textbf{To.} With drinking healths to my Niece: He drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat, & drink in Illyria: he's a Coward and a Coftrill that will not drink to my Niece till his braines are o'th toe, like a parish tap. What wench? Coftrill on wing: for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-clokke. 

\textbf{Enter Sir Andrew.}

\textbf{And.} Sir Toby Relch. How now sir Toby Relch?

\textbf{To.} Sweet sir Andrew.

\textbf{And.} Bless you faire Shrew.

\textbf{Mar.} And you too sir.

\textbf{Toh.} Accost Sir Andrew, accost.

\textbf{And.} What's that? 

\textbf{To.} Your Neeces Chamber-maid.

\textbf{Mar.} Good Miftris accost, I desire better acquaintance 

\textbf{Mar.} My name is Mary sir.

\textbf{And.} Good miftris Mary, accost.

\textbf{To.} You milflake knight: Accost, is front her, board her, woe her, play the her.

\textbf{And.} By my troth I would not undarske her in this company. Is that the meaning of Accost?

\textbf{Mar.} Far you well Gentlemen.

\textbf{To.} And that leet past to Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again: 

\textbf{And.} You and past to miftris, I would I might never draw sword again; for I prays you bring you hand to'th Entry bare, and let it drink.

\textbf{To.} Wherefore (except-heart) What's your Mephras?

\textbf{Mar.} It's dry fi.

\textbf{To.} And why I think to. I am not much an off, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your left?

\textbf{Mar.} A day tell Sir.

\textbf{And.} Are you full of them?

\textbf{Mar.} Sir, I have them in my fingers, end marry now I let go your hand, I am boron.

\textbf{Exeunt.}

\textbf{To.} Of knight, thou Xt'd a cup of Cafrick when did I live thee to pass downe?

\textbf{Mar.} Neater in your life I thinke, unless ye see Cafrick put me downe: how thanks sometimes I have no more what then a Christians, on an ordinary man he's: but I am a great eater of beefe, and I believe that does harms to my wye.

\textbf{To.} No question.

\textbf{Mar.} And I thought that I'd forewears it. He ride home to borrow for 7 days.

\textbf{To.} Pur quoy my desire knights?

\textbf{Mar.} What is purgo? Do, or not do? I would I had beflowed that time in the tongue, that I have in fencing dancing, and bare-baying; O had I but followed the Arts.

\textbf{To.} Then haflfl thou had an excellent head of haire.

\textbf{Mar.} Why, would that have mended my haire?

\textbf{To.} Paff question, for the streets it will not cool my

\textbf{And.} But it becomes we well enough, both not. (nature

\textbf{To.} Face, let things like fis fis upon a disfaire: and I hope to see a woman take them between her lips, & spin it off.

\textbf{Mar.} Sir, I come here to borrow Sir Toby your niece will not be seen, or if the he's four to one, I none of me: the Corner haflfl be here bard, withowes her.

\textbf{To.} She'll none o'th Count, she hath match above her degree neither in estate, years, nor wit: I have heard her

\textbf{And.} There's he's not man.

\textbf{Exeunt.}
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

And. He stay a monach longer. I am a fellow o'th strange mide' th world: I delight in Maskes and Re-\nveals sometimes altogether.
To. Art thou good at thine kickche-cawlies Knight? 
And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters, 
\& yet I will not compare with 
an old man. 
To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight? 
And. Faith, I can cut a caper.
To. And I can cut the Motion too.
And. And I think I have the backe-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.
To. Wherefore are these things bid? Wherefor have 
these two a Carrant before 'em? Are they like to take 
duff, like mixture'd Mistre picture? Why dost thou not goe 
to Church in a Galliard, and come home in a Carrant? 
My very walke should be a ligge: I would not]so much 
as make water but a make a pace?: What doest thou 
mean? Is it a world to hide venemens in? I did think by 
the excellent constitucion that thy legge, it was fooned 
under the sale of a Carrant.
And. I, I, I think it. And it does indifferent well in 
a stand colour'd Jolde. Shall we be about some Revels? 
To. What shall we do else? were we not borne under 
Taurus?
And. Taurus? That sides and heart.
To. No for, it is legs and thighs: let me see thee 
catch. Ho, higher sha, thy excellent.
Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, and Viola in masque attire.
Val. If the Duke continue these tales towards you 
Cesario, you are like to be much advanced, he hath known 
you but three days, and already you are no stranger. 
Vi. You either feare his humour, or my negligence, 
that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he insufficient for, in his favours. 
Val. No beleue me.
Enter Duke, Conio, and Attendants.
Val. I thank you; here comes the Count.
Duke. Whosefaw Cesario box? 
Val. On your attendance my Lord here.
Duke. Stand you a white aloofe. Cesario, 
Thou knowest no life, but all : I have vnedapd 't 
To thee the bookes even of my secret foule. 
Therefore good youth, addresse thy gate unto her, 
Be not demiss'd, accesse, land at her doores. 
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow 
Till thou have audience.
Vi. Sure my Noble Lord; 
If he be so abandoned to her sorrow 
As it is spoke, the newer will admit me. 
Thou, be clamorous, and heap all envy bounds, 
Rather then make reproved returnes.
Val. Say I do speake with her (my Lord) what then? 
Duke. Often, vnfold the passion of my love, 
Surprize her with discourse of my deere faith; 
It shall become thee well to act my woes: 
She will attend it better in thy youth, 
Then a Nuntio's more grave aspel.
Vi. I think not so, my Lord. 
Duke. Deere Lad, beleue it; 

For they shall yet before thy happy yeares, 
That say thou art a man. 
Dance up 
Is not more smooth, and rousous: thy small pipe 
Is as the maids organ, shrill, and found, 
And all is feantius a woman's part. 
I know thy contellation is right age. 
For this affayre: some tourne or fine attend him, 
All if you will: for I felie an belt 
When tell in companie a proper well in this, 
And thou shalt live as freely as thy Lord, 
To call his fortunes three.
Duke. Ile do my bel.
To wooe thy Lady: yet a barefull firte, 
Who ere I woe, my felie would be his wife. 
Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Maria, and Cleone.
Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hale bin, or 
I will not open my lippes to wide as a brasile may enter, in 
way of thy excufe: my Lady will hang thee for thy absence.
Cleo. Let her hang me: shee that is well hangde in this 
world, needs to feare no colours.
Mar. Make that good.
Cleo. He shall see none to feare.
Mar. A good lenent answer: I can tell thee where 
yaying was borne, of I feare no colours.
Cleo. Where good misfris Mary?
Mar. In the wars, &c that you be bolede to fay in 
your foolerie.
Cleo. Well, God give them wisedome that hive it: & 
thoere that are fools, let them wite their talents.
Mar. Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent, 
or to be turned away: is not that as good as a hugging 
to you?
Cleo. Many a good hanging, presents a bad marriage: 
and turning away, let summer bear it out.
Mar. You are refolute then?
Cleo. Not fo meythre, but I am resolved on two points 
Mar. That if one brake, the other will hold or if both 
brake, your gaine fall.
Cleo. He's in good faith, very apt: well go thy way, if 
for thy sake should I leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of 
Enti fisht, as any in Illrria.
Mar. Peace you rogue no more o'th; here comes my 
Lady: make your excrets widely, you were belst.
Enter Lady Olivia, with Malvolio.
Cleo. Will you not be thy self, put me into good footing: 
these wits that thouke they have thee, doe very of proue 
foole: and I that am sure I lacke thee, may passe for a wife. 
for what faees Quips and blasts, better a witty fool, 
then a fool d witt. God blefe thee Lady.
Ol. Take the fool ease away.
Cleo. Do you not heare fellow, take away the Lady.
Ol. Go to, you're a dry fool: else more of you obe-
side you grow dis-honerd.
Cleo. Two faults Madona, that drinke & good counell 
will amend: for give the dry foolo drink, then is the foolo 
not dry: bid the diffonned man mende him, if he mend, 
he is no longer diffonned; if he cannot, let the Botcher 
mend him: any thing that's mended, is but patch'd ewer 
that tranfgrettes, is but patches with finne, and fin that a-
monds, is but patchr with puncture. If that this simple 
Stilling line will sere, for it will not, what remedy?

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As there is no true Cuckold but calumniy, so beautes a flower; the Lady bad take away the fool, therefore I say againe, take her away.

Ol. Sir, I bad them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree. Lady, Cucullus non factis monachos: that's as much to say, as I were not mov'd in my braine: good Madona, gie me leave to proove you a foolce.

Ol. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteroisly, good Madona.

Ol. Make your proove.

Clo. I must entreate you for it Madona, Good my Moose of virtue answer mee.

Ol. Well sir, for want of other idente, ile bide your proove.

Clo. Good Madona, why mourne thou? O. Good foole, for my brothers death.

Clo. I thinke his foole is in hell, Madona.

Clo. I know his foole is in heauen, foole.

Clo. The more foole (Madona,) to mounre for your Brothers foole, being in heauen. Take away the Foole, Gentlemen.

Ol. What thinke you of this foole Maluolio, doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and gulli do, till the pangs of death flanke him: Infamity that detayes the wife, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God fend you sir, a speedie Infalluity, for the better increasing your folly: Sir Toby shall be sworn that I am no Fox, but he will not pafs his word for two pence that you are no Foole.

Ol. How say you to that Maluolio?

Mal. I maruell your Ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascall: I saw him put down the other day, with an ordinary fool, that has no more braine then a floone. Looke you now, he's out of his gard already: viles you laugh and minfier occasion to him, he is gag'd. I protest I take these Vilemen, that cross how these let kinde of fools, no better then the foolies Zamas:

Ol. O you are ficke of selfe love Maluolio, and raffe with a dillemper'd appetite. To be generous, guileffe, and of free disposifion, is to take thofe things for Bird-boles, that you deeme Cannon bullets: There is no flander in an allow'd foolce, though he do nothing but rage: nor no railing, in a knowe disreverent man, though he do nothing but reproce.

Clo. Now Mercury induceth thee with loving, for thou speakst well of foolces.

Entrp Maria.

Mnr. Madam, there is at the gate, a young Gentleman, much defires to speake with you.

Ol. From the Count Orsino, is it?

M. I know not (Maluolio) 'tis a faire young man, and well attended.

Ol. Who of my people hold him in delay:

M. Sir Toby Madam, your kinman.

Ol. Fetch him off I pray you, he speakes nothing but madman: Fie on him. Go you Maluolio; if it be as fait from the Count, I am ficke, or not at home. What you will, to difmiss it.

Exit Maluolio.

Now you see sir, how your fooling growes old, & people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for vs (Madona) as if thy eldest fonere should be a foolce: who if full, lose creames with braines, for here he comes. 

Enter Sir Toby.

One of thy kin has a most weake head, what is he at the gate Orsino?

Ol. By mine honor halfe drunke. What is he at the gate Orsino?

To. A Gentleman.

Ol. A Gentleman? What Gentleman?

To. This Gentleman here. A plaue of these pickle herring: How now Sot.

Clo. Good Sir Toby.

Ol. Orsino, Orsino, how haue you come so early by this Lethargie?

To. Letcherie, I defie 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: gie me faith sir. Well, it's all one, Exit Ol. What's a drunken man like, foolce?

Clo. Like a downright man, a foolce, and a madde man:

Ol. One draughts about heute, makes him a foolce, the second maddes him, and a third drownes him.

Ol. Go thou and seek the Crowner, and let him take o' my Coz: for he's in the third degree of drinke: he's drown'd: go looke after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet Madona, and the foolce shall looke to the madman.

Enter Maluolio.

Mal. Madam, yong young fellow sweares hee will speake with you. I told him you were sicke, he taakes on him to vnderstand 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 is terrified against any denial.

Ol. Tell him, he shall not speake with me.

Mal. He's bence told so: and he sapes he'll stand at your doorste like a Sherifes poft, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speake with you.

Ol. What kinde o'man is he?

Mal. Why of mankind.

Ol. What manner of man? Mal. Of very ill manner: he'll speake with you, will you, or no.

Ol. Of what perfonage, and yeeres is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy: as a squash is before it is a pece, or a Codling when its almost an Apple: This with him in flanding water, betweene boy and man. He is very well-fauour'd, and he speakes very showringly: One would thinke his mothers milk were scarce out of him.

Ol. Let him approach: Call in my Gentlewoman,

Mal. Gentlewoman, my Lady calles.

Exit Maluolio.

Ol. Glue me my vail I come throw it o'er my face, We'll once more hear Orsino Embasifie.

Enter Viola.

Vi. The honorable Ladie of the house, which is she?  Ol. Speake to me, I shall answer for her: your will.

Vi. Most radiant, exquisite, and incomparable beautie. I prye you tell me if this bee the Lady of the house, for I never saw her. I would bee loath to cast away my speech: for besides that it is excellently well pend, I have taken great paines to conit. Great Beauties, let mee faue none: I am very compitable, even to the least finister vgage.

Ol. Whence came you sir?

Vi. I can say little more then I have studied, & that qutation's out of my part. Good gentle woman, give mee modest affurance, it you be the Ladie of the house, that
Twelve Night, or What you Will.

Ol. Are you a Comedian?

Vi. No, my profound heart: and yet (by the verie phang of malice, I swear) I am not that I play. Are you the Lady of the house?

Ol. If you do not usurp my fefe, I am.

Vi. Most certainly, if you are the, you do usurp your fefe: for what is yours to betowe, is, not yours to re- serve. But this is from my Commissione: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my affege.

Ol. Come to what is important in it: I forgive you the praise.

Vi. Alas, I took great pains to fludie it, and 'tis a Poetrical.

Ol. It is the more like to be reigned. I pray you keep it in. I heard you were fawce at my gates, & allow'd your approach rather to wonder at you, then to heare you. If you be not mad, be gone: if you have reason, be breve: 'tis not that time of Monto with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Ul. Will you hoyst fayle fir, here lies your way.

Ol. No good fawcher, I am to hold here a little longer. Some mollification for your Giant, sweete Ladie; tell me your mind, I am a meffenger.

Vi. Sure you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the curtesie of it is so fearfull. Speake your office.

Ul. It alone concerns your care: I bring no overture of warre, no taxation of homage; I hold the Olyfe in my hand: my words are as full of peace, as matter.

Ol. Yet you began rudely. What are you? What would you?

Vi. The rudeness that hath appea'd in me, haue I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secreat as maiden-head: to your ears, Diuinity; to any others, prophanation.

Ol. Give vs the place alone.

We will hear this dramatie. Now fir, what is your text?

Vi. Moll sweet Ladie.

Ol. A comfortable doctrine, and much may bee aside of it. Where lies your Text?

Vi. In Orfonsr bofome.

Ol. In his bofome? In what chapter of his bofome?

Vi. To answer by the method, in the fift of his hart.

Ol. I, haue read it: it is here. Have you none more to? What is it?

Vi. Good Madam, let me fee your face.

Ol. Have you any Commissione from your Lord, to negotiate with my face: you are now out of your Text: but we will draw the Curtain, and shew you the picture. Look you fir, such a one I was this prefent: if not well done?

Ul. Exceffently done, if God did all.

Vi. In graine fir, 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vi. In beauty truly blent, whose red and white, Nature owne sweet, and cunning hand laid on: Lady, you are the cruellest shee alive, If you will lease the graces to the graue, And leaze the world no copie.

Ol. If I fir, I will not be so hard-hearted: I will give our lites forders of your beautie. It fialbe Incorromptible and every particle and venefile label'd to my wills: As Item two lippes indifferent redde, Item two grey eyes, with lids to them: Item, one nekke, one chun, & so forth. Were you fent hither to praise me?

Vi. I see you what you are, you are too proud:
But if you were the dwuell, you are faire: My Lord, and matter loues you: O such love Could be but remembre'd, though you were crown'd The non-paralel of beautie.

Ol. How dothes he love me?

Vi. With adorations, fentill tears, With groanes that thunder loue, with fighes of fire.

Ol. Your Lord does know my mind, I cannot love him Yet I suppose him vertuous, know him noble, Of great estate, of freth and flameffe youth; In voyces well divulg'd, free, learn'd, & valiant, And in dimenion, and the shape of nature, A gracious perfon; But yet I cannot love him: He might have took his answer long ago.

Vi. If I did love you in my matter flame, With such a fuffling, such a deadly life: In your denial, I would finde no fenece, I would not underrand it.

Ol. Why, what would you?

Vi. Make me a willow Cabine at your gate, And call upon my fottle within the house, Write layall Canons of contemned loue, And fing them loud even in the dead of night: Hallow your name to the reverberate hilles, And make the babling Goilip of the aire, Cry ou Oliver: O you should not refit Betweene the elements of ayre, and earth, But you should pittie me.

Ol. You might do much:
What is your Parentage?

Vi. Above my fortunes, yet my ftece is well: I am a Gentleman.

Ol. Get you to your Lord: I cannot love him: let him fend no more, Violette (perchance) you come to me again, To tell me how he takes it: Fare you well: I thank you for your pains: spend this for mee.

Vi. I am no feather fowl, Lady, keep your purfe, My Maller, not my felfe, lacks recompence. Love make his heart of flint, that you shal loue, And let your fercour like my mailers be, Pla'ted in contempt: Farewell fayre cruellie.

Ol. What is your Parentage?

Vi. Above my fortunes, yet my ftece is well; I am a Gentleman. I be twome thou art, Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, thine actions, and spirit. Do you thee fuch-fold blazon: not too falt: soft, soft, Violette the Maller were the man. How now? Even fo quickly may one catch the plague? M I thinkes I feel this youths perfections With an inuible, and tuble flenath To crepe in at mine eyes. Well, let it be. What houe, Malvolio.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Heere Madam, at your fenence.

Ol. Run after that fame peuciff Meffenger The Counters man he left this Ring behind him Would I, or not: tell him, Ie none of it. Defire him not to flatter with his Lord, Nor hold him vp with hopes, I am not for him: If that the youth will come this way to morrow, Ile glue him reafons for't: fie the thee Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will.

Ol. I do I know not what, and feare to finde Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mindes

Farewell.

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Fate, shew thy force, our felvies do we not owe, 
What is decreed, must be: and be this so.

Fine, Action primus.

**Actus Secundus, Scena prima.**

Enter Antonio & Sebastian.

Ant. Will you stay no longer: nor will you not that I go with you.

Seb. By your patience, no: my fingers thine darkely outs me: the malignancy of my fate, might perhaps disfigure yours: therefore I shall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my eunus alone. It were a bad compensation for your love, to lay any of them on you.

An. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No stop. sir: my determinate voyage is mere extravagance. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modellie, that you will not extort from me, what I am willing to keep em: therefore it charges me in manners, the rather to express my felle: you must know of me, then Antonio, my name is Schiffen (for which I call'd Rodrigo) my father was that Schiffen of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him, my felle, and a fitter, both borne in an house: if the Heavens had beene pleas'd, would we had so ended. But you sir, after'd that, for some houre before you took me from the breach of the lea, was my fitter drown'd.

An. Alas the day.

Seb. A Lady sir, though it was said faire much remembred me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but though I could not with such eunus worthy a fitter, being that yet fairer I will boldly publish her, faire bore a minde that ensy could not but call faire: Shee is drown'd already fair with salt water, though I fente to drowne her remembrance against with more.

An. Pardon me sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

An. If you will not murder me for your lose, let me be your tenant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is kill him, whom you have recover'd, defend it not. Fare ye well: at once, my bosome is full of kinde, and I am yet to recee the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tale of me: I am bound to the Count Orsino's Court, farewell.

Exit.

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee: I have many enemies in Orsino's Court, Else would I very shortly fee thee there: But come what may, I do adore thee so, That danger shall come spoit, and I will go.

Exit.

**Scena Secunda.**

Enter Viola and Malvolio, at several doors.

Mal. Were not you eu'n now, with the Countesse Orsino?

Vio. Even now sir, on a moderate pace, I have since arriv'd but hither.

Mal. She returns this Ring to you (fur) you might have faied mee, my pains, to have taken it away your selfe. She adds moreover, that you should put your Lord into a desperate assurance, she will none of him. And one thing more, that you be never so hardie to come againe in his affaires, vsellest bee to report your Lords taking of this: receive it so.

Vio. She take the Ring of me, I lie none of it.

Mal. Come sir, you pernecly threw it to her: and she will it, it should be to return'd: If she bee worth flopping for, there it lies, in your eye: if not, bee it his that finds it.

Exit.

Vio. I left no Ring with her: what means this Lady? Fortune forbid my out-side have not charm'd her: She made good view of me, indeed too much, That me thought her eyes had lost her tongue, For she did speake in flarts distraffedly, She loues me fure, the cunning of her passion Invites me in this chastifレス messenger: None of my Lords Ring? Why he sent her none; I am the man, it is before astis, Poor Lady, she were better looue a dream: Disgufite, fie thou art a wickedwille, Wherein the pregnant enemie does much, How eafe is it, for the proper tale In women wasen hearts to let their forms: Alas, O frailtie is the caute, not wee, For such as we are made, if such we bee: How will this fadge? My master loues her deere, And I (poore moniter) fond allmush on him: And (mifaken) fente mee to dote on me: What will become of this? As I am man, My flate is depreate for my matteres looue: As I am woman (now alas the day) What thriftlefs lightes shall poor Orsina breath? C time, thou muft contang this, not I, It is too hard a knot for me t'ouvy.

**Scena Tertia.**

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

To. Approach Sir Andrew, not to be a bedle after midnight, is to bee wp betimes, and Delicato sujurge, thou know'st.

And. Nay by my troth I know not: but I know, to be wp late, is to be wp late.

To. A falle conclusion: I hate it as an unfild Canne. To bee wp after midnight, and to go to bed then is early: so that to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Does not our burns confilt of the foure Elements?

And. Faith so thry fay, but I thinkc is rather confilt of eating and drinking.

To. That's a Scholler; let us therefore eate and drink. Marano I say, a floupe of wine.

Enter Clown.

And. Heere comes the foole yesth.

CIt. How now my harte? Did you not fee the Picture of we threere?

To. Welcome soe, now let's have a catch.

And. By my troth the foole has an excellent breath. I had rather then forly shinlings I had such a leggo, and to sweate a breath to sing, as the foole has. Inſomthes what was in very gracious looking last night, when thou Spoke of the Operation of Progromutis, of the Vapors paling the Equinoxial of Qunomus: twas very good yath. I feene thee fine pace for I. v. 331—II. iii. 27
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

We did keep time in our Catches, Snecke vp.

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My Lady bad me tell you, that though the harkes you as her kin-
man, she's nothing sly'd to your disorderly. If you can
separate your sely and your midlemannes, you are wel-
come to the house; for, and it would please you to take
leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

To. Farewell dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mar. Nay good Sir Toby.

To. His eyes do shew his dayes are almost done.

Mal. It's even so?

To. But I will never dye.

Mal. Sir Toby there you lye, Mal. This is much credit to you.

To. Shall I bid him go.

Clow. What and if you do?

To. Shall I bid him go, and fare not? clo. O no, no, no, you dare not.

To. Our oute sire, relye: Art any more then a down.

Mar. Dost thou thinke because thou art ven-true, there
shall be no more Cakes and Ale?

Tob. Yes by S.Anne, and Ginger shall bee hotte y th
mouth too.

To. That's thright. One sir, rub your Chaine with
coins, A hope of Wine Maria.

Mar. Milton Mary, if you priz'd my Ladies fauour
at any thing more then contempt, you would not give
meanes for this you will rule: she shall know it by this
hand.

Exit

Mar. Go shake your ears.

An. Twereas a good deed is to drink when a man
is hungrye, to challenge him the field, and then to break
promis with him, and make a foole of him.

To. Don't knyght, Ile write the Challenge: or Ile
deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby be patient for to night: since
the youth of the Counts was to day with my Lady, the is
out of quiet. For Monieur Maltsolio,let me alone
with him: If I do not pull him into any word, and make
him a common recreation, do thinke I have write en-
ough to lye thrall in my bed: I know I can do it.

Poif. vse, Polly, and tell vs something of him.

Mar. Marrie sir, sometimes he is a kite of Puritane.

An. If, if I thought that, Ile beare him like a dogge.

To. What for being a Puritan, thy exquisite reason,
deer knight.

An. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I haue reason
good enough.

Mar. The diu'll a Puritane that hee is, or any thing
constantly but a time-pleaser, an affection'd Affe, that
else where without bookes, and vsers it by great thrauths.

The bell perrivaded of him: be came (as he thiknes)
with excellences, that is his grounds of faith, that all
that look on him, lye him: and on that vice in him,
will my reuse finde notable caufe to worke.

To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in my way some obscure Epilfes of
luke, whereby in the colour of his beard, the shape of his
legges, the manner of his gare, the exprefure of his eye,
forhead, and complexion, he shall finde himfelfe most
feelingly perforated. I can write very like my Lady
your Neece, on a forgotten Coziers Catches without any
figuration or remose of voice?

Mal. My mothers are you mad? Or what are you?
Have you no wit, manners, nor honefie, but to gabble
like Tinkers at this time of night? Do yee make an Ale-
houfe of my Ladies house, that ye squeeak out your Cozi-
c Catches without any mitigration or remose of voice?
Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?
that they come from my Niece, and that she's in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is indeed a horrid of that colour.

An. And your horrid now would make him an Asse.


O twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royall I warrant you: I know my Phylis will work with him, I will plant you two, and let the Foolo make a third, where he shall finde the Letters: observe his construction of it: for this night to bed, and dream on the event: Farewell.

To. Good night Penthisela.

An. Before me she's a good wench.

To. She's a bargele true bred, and one that adores me: what of that?

An. I was ador'd once too.

To. Let's to bed knight: Thou hadst neede send for more money.

An. If I cannot recover your Neece, 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, I go burne fame Sacke, 'tis too late to go to bed now: Come knight, come knight.

Enter Dike, Viola, Curio and others.

Du. Give me some Mufick: Now good morow friends.

Now good Cefario, but that piece of song,
That old and Anticke song we heard last night;
Me thought it did relieve my passion much,
More then light ayes, and recollected terms
Of these molt briske and guldy-paced times.
Come, but once verfe.

Cur. He is not here (to please your Lordshippe) that should fing it?

Du. Who was it?

Cur. Fife, the officer my Lord, a fool that the Lady
Olivettes Father took much delight in. He is about the house.

Du. Seeke him out, and play the tune the while.

Mufick plays.

Come bithor Boy, if thou must shew love
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me:
For such as I am, all true Lovers are,
Unfluid and quittith in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is belou'd. How doth thou like this tune?

Vo. It gives a verie echo to the foate
Where love is throned.

Du. Thou dost speak matterly,
My life upon's young though thou art, thine eye
Hath shined upon some faviour that it loves:
Hast it not boy?

Vo. A little, by your favour.

Du. What kinde of woman is it?

Vo. Of your complexion.

Du. She is not worth thee then, What yeares is she?

Vo. About your yeares my Lord.

Du. Too old by heaven: Let full the woman take

An elder then her fitter, to weares she to him:
So sways the leuell in her husbands heart:
For boy, however we do praise our felues,
Our fancies are more giddie and vnsirme,
More longing, wauering, sooner loft and wone,
Then womens are.

Du. I think it well my Lord.

Du. Then let thy Leue be yonger then thy selfe,
Or thy effection cannot hold the bent:
For womens are as Roses, whose faire flore
Being once diplaid, doth fall that verie hauore.

Vo. And so they are: alas, that they are so:
To die, begun when they to perfection growe.

Enter Curio & Clarine.

Du. O fellow come, the song we had last night;
Marke it Cefario, it is old and plaine;
The Spinsters and the Knitters in the Sea,
And the free maides that weave their thread with bones,
Do we to close it: it is sily loue,
And dailies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready Sir?

Dike. I prethee sing.

Mufick.

The Song.

Come away, come away death,
And so sad effecfe let me be laid.
Eye away, for eye abroad,
I am frame by a faire craft beside.
My thread of white, flack all with Em, O prepare it.
My part of death no one but me did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweete
On my blanches face, let these be freeme:
Not a friend, not a offered friend.
My poor clore, where my bones shall be burrowne:
A Tramp and a thousand fancies to sene, to my beloved,
Sad tune I never, I never my grace to wepe there.

Du. There's for thy painter.

Clo. No paints sir, I take pleasure in singing sir.

Du. He say this pleasure shone.

Clo. Truly sir, and pleasure we will be made one time or another.

Du. Give me now leaves, to leaue thee.

Clo. How the melancholy God protect thee, and the Tailor make thy doubtles and changeable Taffira, for thy mindes is a very Oppall, I would have men of such confance
Put to Sea, that then butifneffe might be every thing, and their intent enerie, where for that his, that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell.

Du. I let all the rett-gius place: Once more Cefario,
Get thee to yond fame fowre signe eredule:
Tell her my love, more noble then the world,
Prizes not quantity of these kinds,
The parts that fortune hath bellow'd upon her:
Tell her I hold as giddily as Fortune,
But as that mirilage, and Queenes of Iems
That nature prakses her in, attract my foule.

Vo. But is the cannot live you sir.

Du. Ic; Ic, must not be answer'd.

Vo. Sooth but you must.

Say that some lady, as perehapes there is,
Hath for your love as great a pangs of heart
As you haue for Olima: you cannot loose her
You tell her for Muff the next then be answer'd?

Du. There's no women fides
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Can bide the beating of so strong a passion,
As love doth gibe my heart: no woman's heart
So bigg'd, to hold so much, they lacke retention,
Alas, their love may call'd appetite.
No motion of the Liver, but the Pallet,
That suffer shutting, clowing, and teuelo,
But mine is all as hungry as the Sea,
And can digest as much, make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear to me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Do. But I know.

Du. What dost thou know?

Do. Too well; what love to women to men may owe:
In faith they are as true of heart, as we.
My Father had a daughter loud a man
As it might be perhaps, were a woman
I should your Lordship,

Du. And what's her history?

Vos. A blanke my Lord: she ne'er told her love,
But let conceit like a worme in th' budde
Feede on her damaste cheeke: the pond'm in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholly,
She gane like Patience on a Monument,
Smiling at greefe. Was not this love indee?
Women may say more, sweare more, but indeed
Our fluresse are more then will: for still we prose
Much in our ownes, but little in our love.

Du. Put did she shere of her love my Boy?

Vos. I am one of all the children of my Fathers house,
And all the brother too: and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this Lady?

Du. I that's the Threame,
To her in hafe: glie her this Jewell: say,
My love can give no place, bide no delay, 

Scena Quinta.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Toby. Comely wayes Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay I come: if I looke a frapule of this sport,
Let me be boy'd to death with Melancholy.
To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the riggard-
ly Raschely sheepes-biter, come by some notable flame?
Ga. I would exult man: you know he brought me out
ofavour with my Lady, about a Barre, bartting here.
To. To anger him we'll have the Beere againe, and
we will foule him blacke and blew, shall we not sir Andrew?

An. And we do it, nor it is pittie of our liues.

Maria. Enter Maria.

To. Here comes the little villain: how now my
Mettle of India?

Maria. Get ye all three into the box tree: Malvolio's
coming down this walk, he has beene yonder 'tis
the Sunne praischly behavinge to his own shadow this hafe
houre: obtaine him for the love of Mockerie: for I know
this Letter will make a contemptible Idea of him. Cloze
in the name of casting, Iyre shut there: for here comes
the Towre, that must be caught with ticking. Exit
Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but Fortune, all is fortune. Maria once
told me she did affe her, and I have heard her selfe come
this neere, that should fere fancie, it should bee one of
my compleiion. Besides the vies me with a more ex-
alted respect, then any one else that follows her. What
should I thinke on?

To. Here's an ouer-weening rogue.

Ga. Oh peace: Contemplation makes a rare Turkey
Cocke of him, how he lets under his adven't plumes.

And. Slight I could to beate the Rogue,

To. Peace I say.

Mal. To be Count Malvolio,

To. Ah Rogue.


To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is example for't: The Lady of the Stra-
chy, married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

An. Fie on him Isabella.

Ga. O peace, now he's deeply in: looke how imagi-
nation blows him.

Mal. Having borne three moneths married to her,
fitting in my state.

To. O for a flone-bow to hit him in the eye.

Mal. Calling my Officers about me, in my branch'd
Velvet gowne: having come from a day bedde, where I
have left Olivia sleeping.

To. Fire and Brimstone.


Mal. And then to have the humor of state: and after
a durene trustle of regard: telling them I knowe my
place, as I would they should doe theirs: to aske for my
kinman Toby

To. Boltes and shackles,

Ga. O peace, peace, peace, now, now.

Mal. Seeing, Cofine Toby, my Fortunes having cast
me on your Neece, give me this priographer of speeche.

To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drunkennesse.

To. Out feb.

Fab. Nay patience, or we breake the finewes of our
plot?

Mal. Besides you waste the treasurie of your time,
with a foolish knight.

And. That's mee I warrant you.

Mal. One sir Andrew,

And. I knew'twas I, for many do call mee foole.

Mal. What employment have we here?

Ga. Now is the Woodcocke neere the gin.

To. Oh peace, and the spirit of humors intimate rea-
dings aloud to him.

Mal. By my life this is my Ladies hand: these be her
very C's, her U's, and her T's, and thus makes thee her
great P's. It is in conemp of question her hand.

An. Her C's, her U's, and her T's why that?

Mal. To the unknowne bodie, thus, and my good sisters:

Her very Prayles: By your leaue was. Soft, and the im-
pressure her Lady, with which the vies to seal: tis my
Lady: To whom should this be?

Fab. This winnes him, Luer and all.

Mal.
Twelfe Night, or, What you will.

Mal. True knowes I love, but why, Lips do not move, no man must know. No man must know, What followes? The numbers alter d: No man must know, If this should be thee Malvolio? To. Marry hang thee brooke.

Mal. In command where I adore, but silence like a Lucrece knave: With bloodtie I broke my heart do die, C.M.O.A.I. doth swill my life.

Fob. A fustian riddle.

To. Excellent Wench, say I.

Mal. C.M.O.A.I. doth way my life. Nay but first let me see, let me see, let me see.

Fob. What dills a pocon has the drest him? To. And with what wung the falcon checks at it? Mal. I may command, where I adore : Why thee may command me: I ferne her, she is my Lady, Why this is evident to any formal capacitie. There is no obfuscation in this, and the end: What should that Alphabetical position portend, if I could make that refeble something in me? Softly, C.M.O.A.I.

To O, make up that, he is now at a cold fent.

Fob. Sooner will cry won't for all this, though it bee as rank as a Fox.

Mal. M. Malvolio, at why that begins my name.

Fob. Did not I say he would work it out, the Cure is excellent at faults.

Mal. But then there is no confusion in the sequell that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O. does.

Fob. And O shall end, I hope.

To. I, or Ile cudgel him, and make him cry O.

Mal. And then I comes behind.

Fob. I, and you had any eye behind you, you might see more desolation at your heelees, then Fortunes before you.

Mal. M.O.A.I. This inulation is not as the former: and yet to crush this a little, it would bowe to mee, for every one of these Letters are in my name. Soft, here follows prose: If his fall into thy hand, rehearse. In my thys I am about thee, but be not affraid of greatness: Some are become great, some steeues gleaneth, and some have greatness drafte upon em. The fites open they hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them, and to inure thy fells to what thou art like to be: cut thy humble floygl, and appear freeth. Be opposite with a knifman, furly with feruants: Let thy tongue tang arguments of flate; put thy felly into the tricke of singularitie, Shee thus aduises thee, that, fights for thee. Remember who commend thy yellow stockings, and will to see thee ever crose partie: Fay remember, goe too, thou art made if thou defire it to be so: If not, let me see thee one ward still, the fellow of feruants, and not weathre to touch Fortunes fingers. Farewell, Shee that would alter devices with thee, the fortunate unhappy daylight and champion dffencors not more: This is open. I will bee proud, I will rede politike Authors, I will battle Sir Toby, I will walk off grave acquaintance, I will make point of the, the very man. I do not now spoil my fells, to let imagination lade mee; for every reason excites to this, that my Lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, fée did praise my legge being crose gartered, and in this thee manifests her felte to my love, & with a kind of induction drives mee to these histories of her liking. I thank my staries, I am happy: I will bee strange, flour, in yellow stockings, and crose Garter'd, even with the swiftnesse of putting on. Ioue, and my staries be praisel. Here is yet a postscript. They can't not choose but know who I am. If thou enter'st again my love, let it appeare in the flashing, thy senses become the well - There fore in my presence still smile, deare my freewe, I praieth. Ioute I thanke thee, I will freewe, I will do euerthing that thou wilt have mee. Exit. Tho. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Soppy.

To. I could marry this wench for this delicate.

An. So could I too.

To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another left.

Enter Maria.

An. Nor I neither.

To. Here comes my noble gall catcher.

An. Or o'mine either.

To. Shall I play my freedome at trio-trip, and become thy bondfiaue?

An. If I'faith, or I either.

Tho. Why, thou laff put him in such a dreaume, that when the image of it leaves him, he must tum mad.

Mai. Nay but say true, do's it work upon him?

To. Like Aquia wine with a Midwife.

Mai. If you will then see thee, the truth of thee, mark his first approach before my Lady: hee will come to her in yellow stockings, and a colourlie shawes, and crose gartered, a fashion free details: and hee will finde upon her, which will now be so unfortable to her disposition, being addicted to a rachtanchily, as theeis, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempl: if you will see it follow me.

To. To the gates of Tartis, thou most excellent dweller of wit.

An. And, he make one too.

Exeunt.

Alitus Tertius, Scena prima.

Enter Viola and Clonew.

Clon. Saw thee Friend and thy Musick: doth thou live by thy Tabor?

Cri. No fis, I live by the Church.

Clon. Art thou a Churchman?

Cri. No such matter fis, I do live by the Church: For, I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the Church.

Clon. So thou must say the Kings syes by a begger, it's a begger dweller in him: or the Church stands by thy Tabor, if thy Tabor stand by the Church.

Cri. You have saide fis: To see this age: A lenience is but a churl's gloue to a good-witte, how quickly the wrong fide may be turn'd outward.

Clon. Nay this's certaine: they that daily nicely with words, may quickly make them wanted.

Cri. I would therefore my fitter had had no name Sir.

Clon. Why man?

Cri. Why fir, her names a word, and to dulle with that word, might make my fitter wanted: But indeede, words are very Rafeals, since bonds disgrace'd them.

Cri. Thy reason man?
Poor Man. O, I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and can't for nothing.

Cle. No; I do care for something; but in my conscience, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, I would it would make you insensible. art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?  

Cle. No indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly, she will keep no fool for, till she be married, and fools are as like husbands, as Pilchers are to Herrings, the Husband the bigger, I am indeed not her fool, but his corrupter of words.

Pros. I saw thee late at the Count Orsini's.

Cle. Foolery, sir, does walk about the Orsini like the sun; it shines every where. I would be forry for, but the fool should be as oft with your Master, as with my Mistresse: I think I saw your wife done there.

Pros. Nay, and thou passest down, I see no more with thee; Hold there's excesse for thee.

Cle. Now I joinest in his next commodity of hayde, fend thee aboard.

Pros. By my troth I tell thee, I am almost sick for one, though I would not have it grow on my chime. Is thy Lady within?

Cle. Would not a pair of these have bored fit?

Pros. Yes being kept together, and put to vice.

Cle. I would play Lord Pandarus of Platys fit, to bring a Cressida to this Troyan.

Pros. I understand you firs, till well begg'd.

Cle. The master I hope is not great firs, begging, but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My Lady is within firs. I will confer with them wherefore you come, who you are, and what you would are out of my walking. I might say Element, but the word is our-worne.

Exit.  

Pros. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool, and to do that well, creates a kind of wit: He must observe their mood on whom he sits, the quality of persons, and the time: And like the Haggard, check at every Feather that comes before his eye. This is a practice, as full of labour as a Wife-mans Art: For folly that he wildly shewes, is fit; But wifemen's folly false, quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir Toby, and Andrew.

Sir Toby. Say you Gentleman.

Andrew. Who do you speak to?

Pros. Ee wos, orfite soffe furniture.

Andrew. I hope firs, you are, and I am yours.

Pros. Will you encounter the house, my Niece is distant you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Pros. I am bound to your Niece firs, I mean firs is the lift of my voyage.

Pros. Take your legs firs, put them to motion.

Pros. My legs do better understand me firs; then I understand what you mean by bidding me take my legs.

Pros. I meant to go firs, to enter.

Pros. I will answer you with gate and entrance, but we are present.

Enter Olivia, and Gentlemen.

Moft excellent accomplished Lady, the heauen's raine O-dours on you.

Pros. That youth's a rare Courter, raine odours, wel.

Pros. My matter hath no voice Lady, but to your owne

most pregnant and vouchsafed care.

And. O'dours, pregnant, and vouchsafed: Ie get'em all three already.

Ol. Let the Garden door be shut, and leace mee to my hearing. Give me your hand fir.

Pros. My dutie Madam, and mott humble service.

Ol. What is your name?

Pros. Cesarine is your servants name, faire Princesse.

Ol. My servants fir? I was never mott werry world, since lowly feigning was call'd complement: y'are servant to the Count Orsini youth.

Pros. And he is yours, and his mott needs be yours: your servants servant, is your servant Madam.

Ol. For him, I thinke not on him: for his thoughts, Would they were blankes, rather then fill'd with me.

Pros. Madam, I come to what your gentle thoughts On his behalf.

Ol. O by your leve I pray you.  

Pros. I bad you neuer speake againe of him: But would you vnderstand another suite I had rather heare you, to solict that,

Then Mufccke from the spheres.

Pros. Dearce Lady.

Ol. Give me leave, befeech you: I did send,

After the last enchantment you did heart, A ring in chace of you. So did I humble My selfe, my servant, and I feare you me: Vnder your hard constution muff I fit, To force that on you in a stemefull cunning Which you knew none of yours. What might you think? Have you not set mine Honor at the stake,

And brained it with allthy mused thoughts That tyrannous heart can think: To one of your receiuing Enough is thew, a Ciprefle, not a boleone, Hides my heart: so let me hear you speake.

Pros. I pittie you.

Ol. That's a degree to love,

Pros. No not a grize: for this a vulgar prose That weue off we witty enemies.

Ol. Why then me thinkes this time to smile agen:

O world, how apt the poor are to be proud If one should be a prey, how much the better To fall before the Lion, then the Wolfe?

Clock strikes.

The clocke upbraides me with the waste of time: Be not afraid good youth, I will not have you. 

And yet when wit and youth is come to hauell, your wife is like to despeare a proper man: There lies your way, due Well.

Pros. Then Welford hau.

Grace and good disposition attend your Ladyship you're nothing Madam to my Lord, by me:

Ol. Stay: I prether tell me what thou thinkest of me?

Pros. That you do thinke you are not what you are.

Ol. If I thinke so, I thinke the fate of you.

Pros. Then thinke you right: I am not what I am.

Ol. I would you were, as I would have you be.

Pros. Would it be better Madam, then I am? I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

Ol. O what a deale of sorne, lookses beautifull? In the contempt and anger of his lip, A mordace guile shewes not it fellre more soone, Then loue that would seeme hid: Loues night, is noone. Cesarine, by the Roies of the Spring, By maid-hood, honor, truth, and every thing, I loue thee so, that mucre all thy pride,
Not wit, nor reason, can my passion hide:
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore haft no cause;
But rather reason thus, with reason better:
Love sought, is good; but given vnought, is better.

Whoso innocence I swear to, and by youth,
I have one heart, one bosome, and one truth,
And that no woman has, nor neuer none
Shall mirths be of it, fast I alone.
And so alien good Madam, nevermore,
Will I my Matters teares to you deplore.

Oh! Yet come againe: for thou perhaps mayst more
That heart which now abhorres, to like his love. 

Scena Secunda.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

And. No faith, Ile not stay a far longer:
To. Thy reason doth venem, give thy reason.
Fab. You must needs yeeld to your reason, Sir Andrew.
And. Marry I saw your Necee do more fautors on the
Counts Seruing-man, then cares the better you knew me:
I saw with the Orchard.
To. Did she thee the while, old boy, tell me that.
And. At plaines as I see you now.
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 Sir, upon the Oathes of the
Judge, and reason.
To. And they have beene grand tirie men, since before
Nob was a Saylor.

Fab. Shee did shew favour to the youth in your fight,
only to exasperate you, to awake your dormant soule,
To purifie in your Heart, and brimstone in your Livers:
You shou'd then have accoast her, and with some excellent acts,
Tis new from the mint, you should have bagn'd
The youth into damnable off, this was look'd for as at your
hand, and this was built with the double gift of this opportunitie
you let me wash off, and you are now fayld into the
North of my Ladies opinion, where you will hang,
like a yekele on, Dutchmen beard, vntill you doe deeme it,
by some lablect attempt, either of Valour or policke.

And. And at the axe way, it must be with Valour, for
policke I hate: I had a hife be a Brownit, as a Polititian.
To. Whyle then build me thy fortunes upon the basis of
Valour. Challenge me the Counts youth to fight withalam
lurth in eleven places, my Necee shall take note of it,
And affifie thy felfe, there is none in the world,
can more prarke in mans commendation with woman,
then report of valour.

And. There is no way but this Sir Andrew.

Ant. Will either of you beare me a challenge to him?
To. Yea, write it in a marial hand, be curt and briefe;
it is no matter how witty, so it bee eloquent, and full of
invention, taunt him with the licence of Joke: if thou
wouldst him twice thricce, it shall not be amisse, and as
many Lyes, as will lye in thy fether of paper, although the
fleete were bigge enough for the bedde of

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sebastian and Antonio.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you,
But since you make your pleasure of your paines,
I will no further chide you.
And. I could not but behind you my desire
(More sharp then filed fleete) did spurr me forth,
And not all loute to see you (though so much
As might have drawnne one to a longer voyager)
But letaloufe, what might befal your reare
Being skilfle in the heapes parts which to a stranger
Vanguard, and unfriend, often prove
Rough, and vnbaptizble. My willing loute,
The rather by these arguments of feare
Sect forth in your purporte.

Seb. My kinde Antonio,
I can no other answer make, but thanker,
And thanker: and ever off good tunes,
Are flumefd off with such vurrent pay.
But were my worth, as is my confident assurance,
Twelve Night, or, What you will. 267

You should finde better dealing: what's to do?
Shall we go see the relics of this Towne?
Ste. To morrow, sir, be off first go see your Lodging?
Ste. I am not weasty, and tilis long to night.
I pray you let not fastifie your eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame
That do renowne this City,
Ste. Would you'll pardon me:
I do not without danger walke thefe Preeters,
Once in a fea-fight gainst the Count his galleys,
I did some service, of such note indece,
That were I take heere, it would scarce be answer'd.
Ste. Belike you flew great number of his people.
Ste. The effence is not of such a bloody nature,
Abett the quality of the time, and quarrell
Might well have given us bloody argument:
It might have since bene answer'd in repaying
What we took from them, which for Tragfiques fife
Most of our City did. Oney my felfe stood out,
For which if I be tapp'd in this place
I shall pay dere.
Ste. Do not then walke too open.
Ste. It doth not fit me: hold fi, here's my purfe,
In the South Suburbs at the Elephant
is best to lodge: I will beforef our dyet,
Whilst you begin the time, and fend your knowledge
With viewing of the Towne, there shall you have me.
Ste. Why your purfe?
Ste. Haply your eye fhall light upon fome toy
You have defire to purchafe: and your store
I thinke is not for idle Markets, fir.
Ste. Ile be your purfe-bearer, and leafe you
For an houre.
Ste. To th' Elephant.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Ol. I haue fent after him: he fayes hee'1 come:
How fhall I fea him? What befow of him?
For youth is bought more oft, then begg'd, or borrow'd.
I fpeak too loud: Where's Malvolio, he is fad, and ciulill,
And luttes well for a fonitur with my fortunes,
Where is Malvolio?
Mar. He's comming Madame:
But in very ftrange manner. He is fure poftell Madame:
Ol. Why what the matter, do you raze?
Mar. No Madame, he does nothing but fmile: your Lady
ship were best to have done guard about you, if hee
come, for fure the man is tainted in's wits.
Ol. Go call him hither.

Enter Malvolio.

I am as madde as hee,
If fad and merry madneffe equall bee.
How now Malvolio? 
Mal. Sweet Lady, ho, ho.
Ol. Smiff thou, a fad fer thee upon a sad occafion.
Mal. Sad lady, I could be fad:
This fее make fome obftacule in the blood:
This croffe-gar'tering, but what of that?

If it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true
Sonnets: Plea't one, and pleafe all.
Ol. Why, how doft thou man? What
is the matter with thee?
Mal. Not blacke in my minde, though yellow in my
legges: It did come to his hands, and Commands fhall
be executted, I thinke we doo know the fweet Rom[an
hand.
Ol. Will thou go to bed Malvolio?
Mal. To bed! I fweet heart, and Ile come to thee.
Ol. God comfort thee. Why def't thou smilefo, and
kifie thy hand fo oft?
Mar. How do you Malvolio?
Mal. At your request:
Yes Nightingales anfwerd Dawes.
Mar. Why appeare you with this ridiculous bold-
neffe before my Lady.
Mal. Be not afraid of greatneffe'to was well writ.
Ol. What meanit thou by that Malvolio?
Mal. Some are borne great.
Ol. Ha?
Mal. Scant acheuee greatneffe.
Ol. What fayft thou?
Mal. And fone have greatneffe thrift upon them.
Ol. Heaven reforce thee.
Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow stock-
ings.
Ol. Thy yellow stockings?
Mal. And with'd to fee thee croufe garter'd:
Ol. Croffe garter'd?
Mal. Go too, thou art made, if thou defirft it to be so.
Ol. Am I made?
Mal. If not, let me fee thee a fervant still.
Ol. Why this is very Midsummer madneffe.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madame, the young Gentleman of the Count
Or fond's is return'd, I could hardly entreate him bacce: he
attends your Lady'ship pleafure.
Ol. He come to him.
Good Marz, let this fellow be look'd too. Where's my
Coffine Toby, let fome of my people have a speciall care
of him, I would not have him miscarrie for the halfe of
my Dowry.

Exeunt.

Mal. Oh ho, do you come neere me now: no worfe
man then firs Toby to looke to me. This concures direct-
ly with the Letter, he fends him on purpose, that I may
appeare fubborne to him: for he incites me to that in
the Letter.caf't hy humble flough fayes he be oppofite
with a Kintman, furly with foniturts, let thy tongue
langer with arguments of faze, putry felfe into the
trick' of singularite: and confequently fets downe the
manner how: as a fad face, a treuered carriage, a flow
tongue, in the habit of late Sir of note, and fo fourth.
I haue lynde her, but it is lues doing, and loue make me
thankfull. And when she went away now, let this Fel-
low be look'd too: Fellow? Not Malvolio, nor after my
degree, but Fellow. Why every thing aheres togethe,
that no dranno of a fcruple, no ftcruple of a fcruple, no
obfinate, no incredulous or vnife Circumflance: What
can be faine? Nothing that can be, can come betwenee
me, and the full profped of my hopes. Well loue, not I,
is the doer of this, and he is to be thankfull.

Enter Toby, Fabian, and Maria.

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Twelve Night, or, What you will.

To. Which way is Jue in the name of sanctity, If all the dews of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himselfe, possest him, yet I speake to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is: how lift with you sir? How lift with you man?

Mai. Go off, I discard you: let me enjoy my private.

Fab. And, I, how hollow the fiend (speakes within him;) did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my Lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mai. Ah ha, does he so?

To. Go too, go too: peace, peace, wee must deale gently with him: Let me alone. How do you Malvolio? How lift with you? What man, defie the dews; consider, he’s an enemy to mankind.

Fab. Do you know what you say?

Mai. In you, and you speak ill of the dews, how he takes it at heart. Pray God he be not bewitch’d.

Fab. Carry his water to the wifes woman.

Mai. Marry and it shall be done to morrow morning if I live: My Lady would not lose him for more then he say.

Mai. How now mistress?

Fab. Oh Lord.

To. Prethee hold thy peace, this is not the way: Do you not fee you move him? Let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentlelimes, gently, gently: the Priefd is rough, and will not be roughly vv’d.

To. Why how now my bowcock how doy chack?

Mai. Sir, I biddie, come with me. What man, tis not for gravity to play at chessmen, pit with fathan. Hang him foul Collar.

Fab. Get him to fay his prayers, good fit Toby gette him to pray.

Mai. My prayers Minc.

Mai. No I warrant you, he will not hear of godly-nelle.

Mai. Go hang your felues all: you are ydle shallowe things: I am not of your element, you shall knowe more hereafter.

To. Ift possible?

Fab. If this were plaid upon a stage now, I could con-demne it as an improbable fiction.

To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the deuise man.

Mai. Nay pursue him now, leaff the deuise take ayre, and staiit.

Fab. Why shal we make him mad indeede.

Mai. The house will be the quieter.

To. Come, weel haue him in a darke room & bound. My Nece is already in the beleefe that he’s mad: we may carry it thus for our pleasure, and his penance, til our ve-ry payntyme tyre out of breath, prompt vs to have mercy on him: at which time, we will bring the deuise to the bar and crown the thee for a finder of madmen; but fee, but fee.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

An. Here’s the Challenge, reade it: I warrant there’s vinegar and pepper in’t.

Fab. Ift too fancy?

And. 1,1, I warrant him: do but read.

To. Give me.

Youth, when better thou art, thou art but a fancy fellow.

Gent. And valiant.

To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy minde why I doe call

thee so, for I will form thee no reason for’t.

(Law. A good note, that keeps you from the blow of)

To. Thou comft to the Lady Olivia, and in my right five, the kindely: but thou art in thy threats, that is not the master. I challenge thee for.

Fab. Very breathe, and to exceeding good fence, leffe.

To. I will my lyer gone home, where if he be the chance to kill me.

Fab. Good.

To. Thou lyft me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keepeth w. windie side of the Law: good, Toby. Farewell, and God have merce upon one of our foes. He may have merce upon mine, but my hope is better, and so looks to thy selfe. This friend as thou wouldest him, or thy fancy enemies, Andrew Ague-checkke.

To. If this Letter move him not, his legges cannot.

He giu’t him.

Mai. You may have verie fit occasion for: the is now in some commerce with my Lady, and will by and by depart.

To. Go for Andrew: scoot me for him at the corner of the Orchard like a bum-Baylue: so toone as ever thou refellt him, draw, and as thou draw’st, teweare horrible: for t’es to paifie of, that a terrible ooth, with a swagger-

ring accent thrappily twanged’d off, giues manhood more approbation, than ever probe of selfe would haue eared him. Away.

And. Nay let me alone for swearing.

To. Now will not I deliuer his Letter: for the behavi-

oue of the young Gentleman, giues him too to be of good capacity and breeding: his employment betweene his Lord and my Nece, confirms no leffe. Therefore, this Letter being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a Clodde-pole. But sir, I will deliuer his Chellenge by word of mouth; let upon Ague-checkke a notable report of valor, and drive the Gentleman (as he knoweth his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fortune, and impiemotiti. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the lookes, like Cockatrices.

Enter Olivia and Viola.

Fab. Heere he comes with your Nece, giue them way till he take leauze, and presently after him.

To I will mediate the white upone some horrid message for a Chellenge.

Ol. Have said too much was a hint of, And laid mine honour too whereby on’t: There’s something in me that reproves my fault: But such a head-forent potant fault it is, That it but makes reproofs.

Vio. With the fame hautour that your passion doth, Goes on my Matters grees.

Ol. Heere, wear this Jewell for me, tis my picture: Refute it not, it hath no tongue, to vex you: And I beforth you come againe to morrow. What shall you aske of me that Ie deny, That honores (faud) may upon asking giue.

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my mater. Ol. How with mine honor may I giue him that, Which I have giuen to you.

Vio. I will acquie you.

Ol. Well, come againe to morrow: far-thee-well, A Fiend like thee might beare my soule to hell. Enter Toby and Fabian.

To. Gentleman, God save thee.
To make the motion: stand here, make a good shew on't, this shall end without the perdition of souls; marry I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Enter Fabian and Viola.

I have his horse to take vp the quarrell, I have persuaded him the youths a duell.

He is as horribly conceited of him: and pants, & looks pale, as it's Bearc were at his heels.

There's no remedy, he will fight with you for your oath fake: matric hee hath better bethought him of his quarrell, and he finds that now scarce to bee worth talking of: therefore draw for the supputation of his worse, he procels he will not hurt you.

Pray God defend me: a little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Gue ground if you see him furious.

Come sir Andrew, there's no remedy, the Gentleman will for his honors fake have one bout with you: he cannot but by the Duello anioide it: but hee has promised me, as he is a Gentleman and a Solidour, he wilt not hurt you. Come on, too.

Pray God he keepe his oath.

Enter Antonio.

I do assure thee against my wili.

Put vp your word: if this young Gentleman have done offence, I take the fault on me:
If you offend him, I tor him defaye you.

To, You sir? Why, what are you?

One, fir, that for his loose dares yet do more
Then you hate heard him brag to you he will,

Nay, if you be an uidtaker, I am for you,

Enter Officers.

O good sir Toby hold: hence come the Officers;

Ile be with you anon.

Pray sir, put your sword vp if you please.

And, Marry will I fir: and for that I promis'd you Ile be as good as my word. Hes: will bear you easily, and raises well.

1. Off. This is the man, do thy Office.


Ae. You do mistake me fir.

1. Off. No fir: not a: I know your favour well:

Though now you have no sea-cap on your head:

Take him away, he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey. This comes with seeking you:
But there's no remedy, I shall answer it:

What will you do: now my necessitie
Makes me to ask you for my purse. It greets mee

Much more, for what I cannot do for you,

Then what befalls my selfe: you stand amaz'd,

But be of comfort.

2 Off. Come sir away.

Ae. I must entreat of you some of that money.

1. Off. What money fir?

For the fayre kindnesse you have shew'd me here,
And part being promised by your present trouble,

Out of my leane and hard ability
I leud you something: my hosuing is not much,

Ie make division of my present with you:
Hold, there's half my Coffe.

Ant. Will you deny me now,

Itt possible that my defferts to you

Can lacke perwaision. Do not tempt my misery,

Leaft that it make me so unfound a man

As to upbraid you with those kindnesse
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

That I have done for you,
Fie, I know of none,
Nor know I you by voyage, or any feature:
I have ingratitude more in a man,
Then lying, vainness, babbling drunkennesse,
Or any taint of vice, whose living corruption
Subsides our frail blood.
Ant. Oh heavens themselves.

Ant. Let me speake a little. This youth that you see
I sawch'd one halfe out of the jaws of death, (here, Relee'd him with fuch fadneffe or fottie;
And to his image, which I thought did promise
Molt venerable worth, did I devotion.
1. Off. What's that to vs, the time goes by? Away.
Ant. But oh, how wide an idol proves this God:
Thou haft Sebastian done good feature, fame,
In Nature, there's no blemiffh but the minde:
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind.
Vertue is beauty, but the beauteous euiil
Are empty trunks, ore-fourish'd by the deuill.

1. Off. The man groves mad, away with him:
Come, come sir.
Ant. Leave me on.

Fie. Me thinks his words do from such passion flye
That he belieues himselfe, fo do not I:
Proue true imagination, oh prove true,
That I deere brother, be now rane for you.
To. Come hither Knight, come hither Fabian: Weel
whisper ore a couplets or two of mist fage fawes.
Fie. He nam'd Sebastian: Yet my brother know
Yet living in my foffie: even fuch, and fo:
In favour was my Brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornamente,
For him I immite: Oh ift prove,
Tempests are kinde, and falt waues frefh in loue.

To. A very dillinent paltry boy, and more a coward
then a Hare, his dillineffe appeares, in leaving his friend
here in neceffity, and denying him: and for his coward
chip flake Fabian.
Fal. A Coward, a moft detruet Coward, religious in
it.

And. Shal I eie after him againe, and beate him,
To. Do, buffe him founlyly, but never draw thy fword
And. And I do not.
Fal. Come, let's fee the event.
To. I dare lay any money, will be nothing yet.

Actus Quartus, Scena prima.

Enter Sebastian and Clowne.

Cio. Will you make me beleue, that I am not fent for
you?
Sob. Go too, go too, thou art a foolish fellow,
Let me be clement of thee.
Cio. Well beli eu faith: No, I do not know you,
or I am not fent to you by my Lady, to bid you come
speak with her: nor your name is not Maffier Csfan,
or this is not my name neyther: Nothing that is fo, is fo.
Sob. I prighte vntilly fome where elfe, thou know not me.

Cio. Vntill my folly: He has heard that word of some
great man, and now applyes it to a foole. Vntill my fol-
ly: I am afraid this great lubber the World will prose
a Cockney: I prighte now vngird thy strangenes, and tell
me what I shall vnto my Lady? Shall I vnto her that
 thou art comming?
Sob. I prighte foolish greake depart frome me, there's
more of thee, if you tarry longer, I fhal give worse
paiments.

Cio. By my troth thou haft an open hande: these Wise-
men that giue foole money, get themfelves a good re-
port, after fourteen yeares purchase.

Enter Andrew, Toby, and Fabian.

And. Now fit, hauce I met you again: ther's for you.
Sob. Why there's for thee, and there, and there,
Are all the people mad?
To. Hold fit, or Ile throw your daguer oer the house.
Cio. This will I tell my Lady straight, I would not be
in some of your coats for two pence.
To. Come on fir, hold.
An. Nay let him alone, Ile go another way to worke
with him: Ile haue an action of Battery against him, if
there be any law in Illyria: though I stroke him firft, yet
it's no matter for that.
Sob. Let go thy hand.

To. Come fit, I will not let you go. Come my yong
fouldeir put vp your yron: you are well felleth; Come on.

Sob. I will be free from thee. What would I now?
If thou disturbe me further, draw thy fword.
To. What, what? Nay then I must haue an Ounce or
two of this malaper blood from you.

Enter Clytie.

O1. Hold Toby, on thy life, charge thee hold.
To. Madam.
O1. Will it be euer thus? Vngracious wretch,
Fit for the Mountains, and the barbarous Caucus,
Where manners were were preach'd out of my right,
Be not offended, deere Cfsaro:
Rudeby be gone. I prighte the gentle friend,
Let lybe, ye waterone, not the passion way
In this your caule, and with what intent.
Against thy peace. Go with me to my houfe,
And there thou there how many fmallle pranks
That Raffian hath botch'd vp, that thou thereby
Mayst smale at this: Thou shalt not fhoue but goe:
Do not denie, beftrew his foule for mee,
He flarted one perfe heart of mine, in thee.
Sob. What reliefs is in this? How runs the streame?
O1. I am mad, or else this is a dreame.
Let fame thall my refe in Leche ftepe,
If it be thus to dreame, thall let me sleepe.
O1. Nay come I prighte, would thou shalt be rul'd by me
Sob. Madam, I will.
O1. O lay to, and be.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Maria and Cloume.

Mar. Nay, I prighte put on this gown, this hearde,
make me beleue thou art Sir Topas the Curate, doe it
quickly. Ie call for Toby the whilte.

Cio. Well, Ile putt on it, and will dispence my felte
in it, and I would were the first that ever diffbembl'd in

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Scena Tertia.

Enter Sebastian.  

This is the ayre, that is the glorious Sunne,  
This pearle fie gave me, I do feel, and feele,  
And though tis wonder that enravisheth us,
Yet is not madness. Where's Anthony then, I could not finde him at the Elephant, Yet there he was, and there I found this credite, That he did range the town to seize me out, His conceill now might doe me golden service, For though my foule disputes well with my sense, That this may be some error, but no madness, Yet doth this accident and flood of Fortune, So farre exceed all instance, all discourse, That I am ready to distrust mine eyes, And wrangle with my reason that perplexes me To any other trust, but that I am mad, Or else the Ladies mad; yet if 'twere so, She could not lay her house, command her followers, Take, and give backe aliasseyes, and their dispatch, With such a smooth, discreet, and stably bearing As I perceive the do's; there's something in't That is deceivable. But here the Lady comes.

Enter Olima, and Prikt.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine; if you mean well No way go with me, and with this holy man Into the Chantry by: there before him, And vnderneath that consecrated roof, Plight me the full assurance of your faith, That my most leauish, and too doublesfull soul May live at peace. He shall conclude it, Whiles you are willing it shall come to note, What time we will our celebration keepe According to my birth, what do you say? 
Seb. 1 do follow this good man, and go with you, And hauing drawn truth, ever will be true. Oli. Then lead the way good father, & heauen so fine, That they may fairely note this side of mine. 

Enter Eliza, and Scotchman.

Eliza. Now as thou lou'st me, let me see his Letter. 
Clo. Good M. Fabian, grant me another request. 
Fab. Any thing. 
Clo. Do not desire to see this Letter. 
Fab. This is to giue a dogge, and in recompence desire my dogge againe.

Enter Duke, Viusta, Chirch, and Lords.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Olima, friends?
Clo. I sir, we are some of her trappings.
Duke. I know thee well; how dost thou my good Fellow?
Clo. Truly sir, the better for my foeces, and the worse for my frend's.
Duke. Juit me contrary the better for thy frend.
Clo. No sir, the worse.
Duke. How can that be?
Clo. Marry sir, they praise me, and make an idle of me, now my foeces tell me plainly, I am an Afe: so that by my foeces sir, I profit in the knowledge of my selfe, and by my friends I am abused: so that conclusions to be as killes, if your foure negates make your two affirmations, why then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foeces.

Du. Why this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth sir, so: though it please you to be one of my frends.
Du. Thou shalt not be the worse for me, there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double dealing, I would you could make it another.
Du. O you give me ill counsell,

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket sir, for this once, and let your fleirs and blood obeye it.

Du. Well, I will be so much a fisner to be a double dealer: there's another.

Clo. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play, and the olde saying is, the third payes for all; the triplex fitr, is a good tripping measure, or the belles of S. Bennetts, may put you in minde, one, two, three.

Du. You can foule no more money out of mee at this throw: if you will let your Lady know I am here to speake with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry sir, lullaby to your bountytill I come a gen. I go sir, but I would not have you to thinke, that my defe of hauing is the same of countouinelsite: but as you say sir, let your bounty take a nappie, I will awake it anon.

Enter Anthony and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man sir, that did rescue mee.

Du. That face of his I do remember well, yet when I saw it last, it was benifated As blacke as Vulcan, in the instake of warre: A bawbling Velfell was the Captaine of, For shalow draught and bulke unprizable, With which such a frail and grapple did he make, With the most noble battaone of our Fleet; That very euyy, and the tongue of loose Crude fame and honor on him: What's the matter? 

Off. Orfuce, this is that Anthony That tookke the Phoenix, and her fraught from Candy, And this he that did the Tiger board, When your yong Nephew Thos. left his legge; Here in the streets, desperate of shame and hate, In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindnesse sir, drew on my side, But in conclusion put strange speecch upon me, I know not what twas, but dratation.

Du. Notable Pyrate, thou full-water Theefe, What foolish boldnesse brought thee to their merces, Whom thou in termes so bloudie, and so deere Hatt made thine enimyes?

Ant. Orfuce. Noble Sir, 
Be not afy. I stakke off these names you giue mee, Anthony newer yet was Thoese, or Pyrate, Though I confess, on base and ground enough Orfuce's enimyes. A witchcraft drew me bither: That most ingratefull boy there by your side, From the rude fees enng'd and foamy mouth Did I redeem: a wraek path hope he was: His life I gue, and did thereto addde My love without retention, or restraint, All his in dedication. For his sake, 

Did I expose my selfe (pure for his lone) Into the danger of this audeire Towne, Drew to defend him, when he was befed: Where being apprehended, his falle cunning (Not meaning to partake with me in danger,) Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance.
And grew to twentie yeares remov'd thing
While once would wink: I desire me mine owne purge,
Which I had recommend'd to his wife,
Not halfe an houre before.

V. How can this be?
Do. When came he to this Towne?
Ant. To day my Lord: and for three months before,
No in strait, nor a minutes vacancie,
Both day and night did we neglect company.

Int. Olivia and Attendants.

Do. Here comes the Counsellor, now heauen walks on
earth:
But for the most, fellow, fellow thy words are madeness,
Three months this youth hath tended upon mee,
But more of that anon: Take him aside.

O. What would my Lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seeme scarce capable?

Olivia. You do not keep the promise with me.

Do. Gracious Olivia,
O. What do you say Cofaro? Good my Lord.
Do. My Lord would speake, my dutie hitt me.
O. If he be ought to the old tune my Lord:
It is at last and fullsome to shine care.

As howling after Musick.

Do. Still so cruel?
O. Still so constant Lord.

Do. What to procure her? you woulde Ladie
That woulde engage me, and so audacious Aria.
My soul she hathfull of offers, have breath'd out
That ear devotion tender'd: What shall I do?
O. Even what it please my Lord, that shall become him
Do. Why should I not, (had I the heart to do it)
Like to th' Egyptian thief, at point of death
Kill what I love (a fagine infolue,
That some time iours nobly) but heare me this:
Since you to non-regardance call my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That serves me from this true place in your favoure:
Like you the Marble-breasted Tirant still.
But this your Minion, who an I know you love,
And whom, by heauen I sweare, I tender dearly,
Will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he is crowned in his matters sight.
Come boy with me, my thoughts are ripe in mischife:
He facieth the Lambe that I doe love,
To spight a Rauens heart within a Doure.

U. And I most locum, apt, and willinglie,
To do you reft, a thousand deaths would dye,
O. Where goes Cofaro?

V. After him I houre,

More then I love these eyes, more then my life,
More by all morees, then ere I shal lose wife.
If I do bring you witnesse such
Punish my life, far taiming of my love.

O. Aye me detested, how am I beguil'd?
U. Who does beguil my? who does who wrongs you?
O. Halfe thou forget thy selfe is it so long?

Call forth the holy Father,

Do. Come away,
O. Whether my Lord? Cofaro, Husband flay,

Do. Husband?

O. I Husband, Can he that deny?!

Do. Her husband, ifsh?

V. No my Lord, not I.

O. Alas, it is the bafineffe of thy fear,
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

D.S. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to. Enter Sebastian.

Sh. I am sorry, Madam. I have hurt your kinman:
But had it been the brother of my lord,
I must have done it less with wit and safety.
You thaw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you.
Pardon me (sweet one) even for the voices
We made each other, but to late ago.

D.S. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,
A natural Perspective, that is, and not.

Sh. As you say, O my dear Anthinias,
How have the hours stuck'd, and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee? Ant. Sebastian are you?

Sh. Fear it thou that Anthinias?
Ant. How have you made division of your selfe,
An apple eaten in two, is not more twin.
Then these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

D.S. Most wonderfull.

Sh. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
Nor can there be that Deity in my nature
Of heer's, and every where. I had a fitter,
Whom the blinde wastes and furies haue devoured;
Of charity, what kinne are you to me?
What Countryman? What name? What Parentage?

D.S. Of Christ; but Sebastian was my Father,
Such a Sebastian was my brother too:
So wen he fust to his watery tombe:
If spirits can affume both forme and face,
You come to fright vs.

Sh. A spirit I am indeed,
But am in that dimension grossely clad:
Which from the wounde I did partake.
Where you a woman, as the red goes euen,
I should yeares let fall upon your cheeks,
And say, thrice welcome dwoncast Flora.

Vir. My father had a masque upon his brow.
Sh. And so had mine.

Vir. And did that day when Flora from her birth
Had numbered thirteene yeares.

Sh. Othertwoe is truly in my soule,
He finish'd indeed his mortall aile.
That day that made my fitter thirteene yeares.

Vir. If nothing lets to make vs happie both,
But this my maladie vforp d attyre:
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance,
Of place, time, fortune, do co-here and unme.
That I am Flora, which to confirme,
He bring you to a Captain in this Towne,
Whereby my maiden weedeys: by whose gentle helpe,
I was prefer'd to ferve this Noble Count:
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath beene betweene this Lady, and this Lord.

Sh. So comes at Lady, you have bene mistooke:
But Nature to her bias drew in that,
You would have bin contract to a Maid,
Nor are you therein (by my life) deceu'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

D.S. Be not amaz'd, right noble is his blood:
If this be fo, as yet the gaffe fumes true,
I shall have store in this most happy wracke,
Boy, thou hast faide to me a thousand times,
Thou never stould not lose woman like to me.

Vir. And all those sayings, will I ouer swear,
And all those swearings keepe as true in foule,
FINIS.
The Winters Tale.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Camillo and Archdeacon.

Arch. If you shall chance (Camill'e) 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.

Cam. I think, this comming Summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the Visitacion, which hee

Arch. Wherein our Entertainments fhall fhine; we will be inflfted in our Loues: for indeed—

Cam. Bleffeth you—

Arch. Verely I speak it in the freedome of my knowledge; we cannot with fuch magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to fay—Wee will give you fleepie Drinks, that your Sences (in-intelligent of our insufficiency) may, though they cannot prafiue vs, as little accufe vs.

Cam. You pay a great deale to deserve, for what's given freely.

Arch. 'Believe me, I fpeak as my understanding inftueth me, and as mine honfelel puts it to vnterarce.

Cam. Sicilia cannot fhew himfelfe over-kind to Bohemia: They were trayd together in their Child-hoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an afffection, which cannot chufe but branch now. Since their more mature Dignities, and Royall Neceffities, made separation of their Societie, their Encounters (though not Perfonall) hath been Royally arranged with enter-change of Gifts, Letters, loving Embafties, that they have seem'd to be together, though almoft: fhall hands, as over a Vaffal, and embrac'd as it were from the ends of oppofed Winds. The leaften their Loues.

Arch. I thinke there is not in the World, either Malice or Matter, to alter it. You have an unfpoken comfort of your young Prince Mamillius: it is a Gentleman of the greatest Promife, that euer came into my Note.

Cam. I very well agree with you, in the hopes of him: It is a gallant Child; one, that (indeed) Payficks the Subjeft, makes old hearts fresh; they that went on Cruizes ere he was borne, defire yet their life, to fee him a Man.

Arch. Would they elfe be content to die?

Cam. Yes, if they were not other excuse, why they should defire to live.

Arch. If the King had no Sonne, they would defire to live on Cruizes till he had one.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Polixenes, Camillo.

Pol. Nine Changes of the Warre-State hath been.

The Shepheards Note since we have left our Throne Without a Burthen: Time as long againe Would be fill'd vp by my Brother with our Thanks, And yet we fhould, for perpetuation, Goe hence in debt: And therefore, like a Cypher (Yet standing in rich place) I multiply With one we thank you, many thousands moe, That 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 abstinence, that may blow No heaping Winds at home, to make vs fay, This is put forth too truly: besides, I hate fay'd To tire your Royaltie.

Leo. We are rougher (Brother) Then you can put vs to.

Pol. No longer fay, Leo. One Seize night longer.

Pol. Very looth, to morrow.

Leo. We'rele part the time betwixt's then and in that he no gaine-faying.

Pol. Prefe me not (beleech you) to:

There is no Tongue that moues none, none 'th World So foon as yours. could win me: so it should now, Were there necellite in your requelt, although 'twere needful I deny'd it. My Affairs Doe even drag me home-ward: which to hinder, Were (in your Loue) a Whip to me; my fay, To you a Charge, and Trouble: to faue both, Farewell (our Brother.)

Leo. Tongue-ty'd our Queene? speake you.

Her. I had thought (Sir) to have held my peace, until You had drawne Oathes from him, not to fay: you (Sir) Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure All in Bohemia's well: this fatisfaction,

The by-gone-day proclaym'd, fay this to him;

He's beat from his broth word.

Leo. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to fee his Sonne, were strongs;

But let him fay fo then, and let him goe;

But let him fwear fo, and he fhall not fay,

We'll thwack him hence with Diffafte.

Yet of your Royall prefence, Ie adventure

The borrow of a Weake, When at Bohemia,

You take my Lord, Ie give him my Commination,

To let him there a Moneth, behind the Geft

Prefh'd for the parting; yet (goodeed) Leontes,

I loue thee not a Jarrre o'th'Clock, behind

What

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What Lady theher Lord. You'd eay ?

Pol. No, Madame.

Her. Nay, but you will ?

Pol. I may not verely.

Her. Verely?

You put me out with limber Vowes: but I,
That Lady would feek t'otherplace the Stars with Oaths,
Should yet say, Sir, no going: Verely
You shall not goe; a Ladies Verely is
As potent as a Lords. Will you goe yet?

Force me to keepe you as a Prisoner,
Not like a Guest: so you shall pay your Fees
When you depart, and faue your Thanks. How lay 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, lest eafe to commit,
Then you to punish.

Her. Not your Gaoler then,
But your kind Hostelsse. Come, Ile question you
Of my Lords Tricks, and yours, when you were Boys:
You were pretty Lording then ?

Pol. We were (faire Queene.)
Two Lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to morrow, as to day,
And to be Boy eternall.

Her. Was not my Lord
The verier Wag o'th' two ?

Pol. We were as wrym'd Lambs, that did frisk i' th' Sun,
And bleat the one at the other what we chang'd,
Was Innocence, for Innocence: we knew not
The Doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did: Had we purf'd that life
And our weke Spirits he're been higher read
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd Heaven
Boldly, not guilty; the Impostion clear'd.
Heredianse ours.

Her. By this we gather
You have tript since,

Pol. O my most facet Lady,
Temperations have since then been borne as's for
In those unled'd days, was my Wife a Gifie;
Your precious selfe had then not crost'd the eyes
Of my young Pha. fellow.

Her. Grace to boor:
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say
Your Queene and I are Devils: yet got on,
Th'o' offences we have made you doe, we're answer'd,
If you first find'd with us: and that with us
You did continue faults; and that you flippes not
With any, but with vs.

Leo. Is he woon yet ?

Her. Here he lay (my Lord.)

Leo. At my request he would not.

Vermina (my dearest) thou never spake't
I better purpose.

Her. Neuer ?

Leo. Neuer, but once.

Her. What haste I twice said well? when was't before?
I perswade tell me: cram's with prystle, and make's
As fas as same thing: One good deed, dying tongueleffe,
Slaughters a thouand, weeping upon that,
Our prayers are our Wages. You may ride.
With one soft Kifle a thouand Furlongs, ere
With Spur we hear an Acre. But to th' Goalse:

My last good deed was to entreat his flay.
What was my first it's an older Sifter,
Or I mistake you: O, would her Name were Grace,
But once before I spoke to th' purpose' when?
Nay, let me haue't: I long.

Her. Why, that was when
Three cruelled Months had fowrd' themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white Hand:
A clap th'fely my Lust; then didst thou viter,
I am yours for ever.

Her. 'Tis Grace indeed,
Why do you now, I haue spoke to th' purpose twice:
The one, for ever earn'd a Royall Husband;
The other, for some while a Friend.

Leo. Too hot, too hot:
To mingle friendship farre, is mingling bloods,
I haue Trimmer Cardu on me: my heart daunces,
But not for joy: not joy. This Entertainment
May a free face put on: desire a Libertie
From Heartrin'fle, from Bountie, fertile Bosome,
And well become the Agent; may; grant;
But to be palming Palmes, and pinching Fingers,
As now they are, and making prach'd Smiles
As in a Looking-Glasse; and then to figh, as 'twere
The Moors o'th' Deece: oh that is entertainments
My Bosome likes not, nor my Browes. Mammaeus,
Art thou my Boy?

Mom. I, my good Lord.

Leo. Flicks :
Why that's my Bawcock; what's that 'smuch't dhy Nefz?
They lay is a Coppy out of mine. Come Captaine,
We must be near; not near, but cleanly, Captaine;
And yet the Steere, the Heycer, and the Calfe,
Are all call'd Near. Still Virginalling
Upon his Palmes: How now (you wanten Calfe)
Art thou my Calfe ?

Mom. Yes, if you will (my Lord.)

Leo. Thou want'st a rough path, & the shouts that hint
To be fell, like me: yet they say we are
Almof as like as Eggs: Women say fo,
(That will say any thing.) But were they false
As to the'd y'd Black's, as Wind, as Waters, false
As Dice are to be wiff'd, by one that tries
No borne 'twixt him and inne: yet were it true,
To say this Boy were like me. Come (Sir Page)
Looke on me with your Welkin eye: sweet Villain,
Most dear of, my Collops: Can thy Dam, may't be
Affection? thy Intention flabs the Center.
 Thou d'ot make possible things not so held,
Communists it with Dreams (how can this be?)
With what's vnreal: thou enuahge art,
And fellow'd nothing. Then's it very credent,
Thou may'lt co-syme with something, and thou d'ot.
(And that beyond Commission) and I find it,
(And that to the infection of my Braines, And harding of my Browes.)

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems uneftted.

Pol. How? my Lord?

Leo. What chearst? how is't with you, best Brother?

Her. You look as if you held a Brow of much distracion.
Are you moud' (my Lord?)

Leo. No, in good earnest.

How somevme Nature will betray it's folly?
It's tenderrife? and make it felte a Pafime
To harder bofomes? looking on the Lynes
Of my Boyes face,me thoughts I did requoyle
Twentie three yeares, and saw my felfe vn-breech'd d'
In my greene Vellut Coat,my Dagger muzzel d,
I left it shold bire it's Matter, and so preue (An Ornaments o't do's) too dangerous:
How like we thought i't then was to this Kennel,
This Squaith, this Gentleman More honfet Friend,
Will you take Eages for Money?

Cam. No (my Lord) He fight.
Leo. You will why happy man b'ts dote My Brother Are you fo fond of your young Prince, as we
Do seem to be of our?
Pol. Et at home (Sir)
It's all my Exercise,my Mirth,my Matter;
Now my true Friend: and then mine Enemy;
My Parfite my Souldier State-m'f:I,
He makes a holidays day,short as December,
And with his varying child-nelle, cures in me
Thoughts,that would thich my blood,
Leo. So stands this Squire.
Off'd with me: We two will walke (my Lord)
Andleave to your grauer steps. Herewore,
How thou lassn't,shew in our brothers welcome;
Let that be due in Sicily be cheap:
Next to thy felfe, and my young Ruler,he's
Apparent to my heart.
Her. If you would feek vs,
We are yours i't Garden: shall's attend you there?
Leo. To your owne bents dispotie you: he'll be found,
Be you beneath the Sky: I am angling now,
(though you perceive me not how I guise Lync)
Go to, goe too.
How this holds up the Neft: the Bill to him?
And arrane her with the boldneffe of a Wife
To her allowing Husband. Gone already,
Yneh-thick, knee-deeptree head and ears a fork'd one.
Goe play (Boy)? play thy Mother play.
I play too: but dirig'd a part, whose ifue
Will hince me to my Grace. Contemt and Clamer
Will be my Kneill. Goe play (Boy)? play, there have been
(Or I am much deceu'd) Cuckolds ere now,
And many a man there is (even at this present,
Now while I speak this) holds his Wife by th'Arme,
That little thinks the he's have flue'd in's abfence,
And his Pond fild by his next Neighbor (by
Sir Smite, his Neighbor): say, there's comfort in't,
While other men have Gates, and thofe Gates open'd
(As mine) against their will. Should all deprize
That have resouled Wifes, the tenth of Mankind
Would hang their Faces, Physick for't, there's none:
It is a bawdy Planet, that will strike,
Where it's prominent and its powerfull: think it is,
From Eaf't, Wett, North, and South, it is concluded,
No Barricade for a Belly. Knows,
It will let in and out the Enemy,
With bag and baggage: many thonfand on's
Have the Diife and feel not. How now Boy?

Cam. I am like you say,
Leo. Why, that's some comfort.
What? Camillo there?
Cam. I, my good Lord.
Leo. Goe play (Mamillum) thou hast an honfet man:
Camillo, this great; Sir will yet flay longer.
Cam. You had much ado to make his Anchor hold,
When you call out, it flill came home.
Leo. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not flay at your Petitions, made
His Buinneffe more mater.ILL.
Leo. Didst perceive it?
They're here with me already; whifpering rounding:
Sicilia is a fo forth: this farre gone,
When I fhall giue it left. How can't (Camillo)
That he did flay?

Cam. At the good Queenes entresettie.
Leo. At the Queenes b't: Good shoold be pertinent,
But for it i't, it is now. Was thia taken
By any understanding Pate but thine?
For thy Conceit is looking, will draw in
More then the common Blocks. Not noted, is't,
But of the finer Nature's by some Seuealls
Of Head-piece extraordinarie; Lower Meffes
Perchance see to this Bufonelle purblind? say,
Cam. Bufonelle, my Lord? I thinke yett vnderland
Telleftas stays here longer.

Cam. Ha?

Cam. Stays here longer.
Leo. 1, but why?

Cam. To satisfi your Highntffe, and the Entretaxies
Of our most giouious Miffellie.

Leo. Satisfi?

Theentretaxies of your Miflord? Satisfye?
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee (Camillo)
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My Chamber-Connects, wherin (Priet-like) thou
Hast clame'd my Befome; from thee departed
Thy Penitent reform'd: but we have been
Decei'd in thy Integrste, decei'd
In that which feemes so.

Cam. Be it forbid (my Lord.)
Leo. To hide vpont: thou art not honest of
If thou inclin't that way, thou art a Coward,
Which hoxes honestie behind, reftafining
From Courfe requir'd: or else thou must be counted
A Scoundrel, graffed in my feros Truth,
And therein negligent; or else a Foole,
That fees a Game play'd home, the rich Stake drawne,
And tak'st it all for reft.

Cam. My gracious Lord,
I may be negligent foolifh, and fcatrefull,
In every one of thoe, no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fcare,
Among the infinite doings of the World,
Sometime puts forth in your affaires (my Lord).
If euere I were willful negligent,
It was my folly: if indulgiously
I play'd the Foole, it was my negligence,
Not weigthing well the end: if euere featrefull
To doe a thing, where I the ifue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non performance (twas a fcare
Which oft infects the wifeft those (my Lord)
Are fuch allow'd Infamities, that honestie
Is neuer free of. But befiech your Grace
Be plaine with me, let me know my Trait
By it's owne wilfe, if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.
Leo. Ha' not you feene Camillo?
(But that's paft doub: you have, or your eye-glaffe
is thicker then a Cuckolds Home) or heard?
(For to a Vision fo apparant, Rumor
Cannot be mute) or thoughtes (for Cognition
Refides not in that man, that do's not thinke)
My Wife is flippere? If thou wilt confesse,
Or eke be impudently negatue,
To have nor Eyes, nor Eares, nor Thought, then say
My Wife's a Holy Horfe, deferves a Name
As rank as any Fiax-Waft, that puts to Before her troth-night: fey, and trifly's.
Cam. I would not be a flander-ey, to hearse
My Soueraigne Miftrefte clouded fo, without
My prefent vengeance taken: threw my heart,
You never spoke what did become you elfe
This thinf, which to reiterate, were fin
As deepe as that, through true.
Lee. Is whispering nothing?
In leaning Cheek to Cheek? is meeting Noises?
Kifling with in-fide Lip? clapping the Caifer
Of Laughter, with a fight? (a Note infallible
Of breaking Hornefe) horfing foot on feet?
Skulling in corners? withving Clacks more toift?
Hours, Minutes? Neone, Mid-night? and all Eyes
Blind with the Pin and Web, but theirs; theirs only,
That would viforne be wicked? is this nothing?
Why then the World, and all that's right, is nothing.
The covering Skifte is nothing, Behemis nothing,
My Wife is nothing, nor Nothing haue thole
Nothing, if this be nothing.
Cam. Good my Lord; be cur'd
Of this difeafe Opinion, and betimes,
For'tis most dangerous,
Lee. Say it be'ts true.
Cam. No, no, my Lord.
Lee. But, I pr'ythee, pray eyes:
I pray thou lyft Contflag, and hate thee,
Proonounce thee a gifle Low, a monifeue Stare,
Or eke a hourting Temporizer, that
Can't with thine eyes at once fee good and eull,
Indulging to them both: were my Wiues Liner
Infected (as her life) she would not live
The running of one Gaffe.
Cam. Who do's infet her?
Lee. Why he that wearest her like her Medall, hanging
About his neck (Behemis) who, if
Had Servants true about me, that bare eyes
To feé like mine Honor, as their Profits,
(Their owne particulr Thrifts) they would doe that
Which should vnde more doing: I, and thou
His Cyp-Bearer, whom I from neater forme
Have Bench'd, and throw'd to Worship, who may't fe
Plainly, as Heauen fees Earth, and Earth fees Heauen,
How I am gald', might't be-spice a Cup,
To give mine Enemy a lafting Wunke:
Which Draught to me, were cordiall,
Cam. Sir (my Lord)
I could doe this, and that with no rafh Potion,
But with a ftringing Dram, that should not worke
Maliciously, like Boyfon. But I cannot
Beate this Cracke to be in my dread Miftrefte
(Not incomparably being Honourable.)
I have lost the'd.
Lee. Make thy queftion, and goe not:
Do't think I am fo muddy, fo unferfed,
To appoint my felfe in this vexation?
Sully the purifie and whiteneffe of my Sheetes
(Which to preferre, is Sleepes, which being fpoiled
Is Gnoades, Thoemes, Neetles, Tayles of Waptes)
Gave fuchall to the blood of the Prince, my Sonne,
(Who I doe thinkes is mine, and love as mine)
Without ripe mowing to? Would I doe this?
Cam. I must beleue you(Sir)
I doe, and will fetch off Behemis: for'
Provided, that when hee's remould, your Highneffe
Will take againe your Queenne, as yours at firft,
Even for your Sonnes fake, and thereby for containing
The Injurie of Tongues, in Courts and Kindomes
Knowne, and aludy'd to yours.
Lee. Thou dost not advise me,
Even fo as I mine owne courfe haue fet downe:
He guef no blemiff to her Honor, none.
Cam. My Lord,
Goe then; and with a countenance as ele"fere
As Friendship weares at Seas, keep with Behemia,
And with your Queene: I am his Cup-Bearer,
If from me he haue wholesome Beveridge,
Account me not your Servant.
Lee. This is all:
Do't, and thou haft the one halfe of my heart;
Do't not, thou split't thine owne.
Cam. He do't, my Lord.
Lee. I will ferene friendly, as thou haft advis'd me, Exit
Cam. O miserable Lady. But for me,
What cafe fland I in? I must be the pooyoner
Of good Felxeneus, and my ground to do't,
Is the obedience to a Master; one
Who in Rebellion with him elfe, will have
All that are his, fo too. To doe this deed,
Promotion follows: If I could find example
Of thousand's that had stuck unapted Kings,
And flourifh'd after, I'd not do't: But since
Nor Brat, nor Stone, nor Patchem bears not one,
Let Villanie it felle forwar't. I maft
Forfake the Court: to do't, or no, is certaine
To me a breake-neck. Happy Starre raigne now,
Here comes Behemia. Enter Felxeneus.
Pc. This is strange: Me thinks
My favor here begins to warepe. Not speake?
Good day Camus.
Cam. Haile moft Royall Sir.
Pc. What is the Newes th' Court?
Cam. None rare,(my Lord.)
Tes. The King hith on such a countenance,
As he had lof't Prouince, and a Region
Loud, as he loues himfelfe: even now I met him
With culhumate complemente, when hee
Wrafting his eyes to th' contrary, and falling
A Lippe of much contempt, speaks from me, and
So leaves me, to confider what is breeding,
That changes thus his Mannets.
Cam. I dare not know (my Lord.)
Pc. How dare not doe not doe you know, and dare not?
Be intelligent to me: 'tis thereabouts:
For to your felfe, what you doe know, you muft,
And cannot fay, you dare not. Good Camus,
You that yet are alfo, that have done
This, and fay you, that yet are well.
Cam. There is a ficknefe
Which puts some of vs in distemper, but
I cannot name the Diseafe, and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well.
Pc. How caught of me?
Make me not fighted like the Bafnilique.
I hate
I have look'd on thousands who have sped the better
By my sagacity, but kill'd none to Comma.
As you are certainly a Gentleman, thereto
Clerke-like experience'd, which no lefe adores
Our Gentry, then our Parents Noble Names,
In whose success we are gen'le: I beseech you,
If you know ought which do's behove my knowledge,
That of, to inform'd, imprison't not
In ignornant concealment.

Camilla. I may not answer.

Pet. A Sickavell caught of me, and yet I well?
I must be answer'd. Do thou heare Comma,
I continue 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 incendence thou dost gheefe of harme
Is creeping toward me, how faire off, how nere,
Which way to be prevented, if to be
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you,
Since I am charg'd in Honor, and by him
That I heinke Honorablest therefore make my counsall,
Which must be cut as swiftly follow'd, as
I mean't to utter it; or both your selfe, and me,
Cry loud, and so good hight.

Pet. On, good Comma.

Cam. I am appointed him to murth she.

Pet. By whom, Comma?

Cam. By the King.

Pet. For what?

Cam. He thinkes, may with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen't, or beene an instrument
To vice you to, that you haue toucht his Queene
Forbiddenly.

Pet. Oh then, my best blood turned
To an infected Goly, and my Name
Be post'd with others, that did betray the best
Turne them my frensh Reputation to
A favour, that may strike the dullest Norvilll
Where I arrive, and my approacht be smother'd,
Nay hasted too, worfe then the greatest Infection
That ere was heard, or read.

Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular Starre in Heaven, and
By all their Inclinations you may as well
Forbid the Sea for to obey the Moone,
As (or by Oath) remove, or (Counsall) shake
The Fabrick of his Folly, whose foundaton
Is py'd upon his Faith, and will continue
The standing of his Body.

Pet. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not: but I am sure 'tis safer to
Avoid what's gowem, then question how 'tis borne.
If therefore you doe truth in mine honest
That eyes enclosed in this Trunke, which you
Shall bear long impawed, away to Night,
Your Followers I will whisper to the Befbrnifie,
And will by tways, and threes, at severall Poffortem,
Clear them o'th Citie : For my selfe, I'll put
My fortunes to your forseue, (which are here
By this diversitie) lost. Be not uncertaine,
For the honor of my Parents, I
Have sterr'd Truth, which if you seek to prove
I date not stand by; nor shall you be safer,
Then one condemn'd by the Kings owne mouth:
Threton his Execution sworn.

Pet. I doe believe thee:
I saw his heart in's 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 Isolomie
Is for a precious Creature: as flees's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his Person's mightie,
Must it be violent: and, as he do's conceive,
He is difhonor'd by a man, which ever
Prefer'd to him, why his Reuenges muft
In that be made more bitter. Fear one shades me:
Good Expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious Queene part of his Theame, but nothing
Of his ill-then suspension. Come Camilla,
I will respect thee as a Father, if
Thou bearst my life off, hence: Let vs astoud.

Cam. It is in mine authoritie to command
The Keys of all the Palfotem. Please your Highnesse
To take the urgent boare. Come Sir, away. Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, Ladies: Lovers,
Antique Lords.

Her. Take the Boy to you: he so troubles me,
Tis past enduring.

Lady. Come (my gracious Lord)
Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, I le none of you.

Lady. Why? (my sweet Lord?)

Mam. You'll kille me hard, and speake to me, as if
I were a Baby still. I love you better.

2. Lady. And why so? (my Lord?)

Mam. Not for because
Your Browes are blacker (yet black-browes they say
Become some Women best, so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a Cemicircle,
Or a halfe-Moone, made with a Pen.)

2. Lady. Who taught this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of Women's faces: pray now,
What colour are your eye-browes?

Lady. Blew (my Lord.)

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a Ladies Nose
That he's beene blew, but not her eye-browes.

Lady. Harke ye,
The Queene (your Mother) rounds space: we shall
Present our servitures to a fine new Prince
One of these dayes, and then you'll wanton with vs,
If we would have you.

2. Lady. She's spread of late
Into a goodly Bulke (good time encounter her.)

Her. What wildsome firs amongst you? Come Sir, now
I am for you again: 'Pray you fit by vs,
And tell's a Tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, that'll be.

Her. As merry as you will,

Mam. A sad Tale's best for Winter:
I have one of Spritres, and Goblins.

Her. Let's have that (good Sir)

Come on, sit downe, come on, and doe your best.
To fright me with your Spritres, you're powerfull at it.

A 3.  Man. There
The Winter's Tale

Mam. There was a man.

Her. Nay, come sit down: then on.

Mam. Dwell by a Church-yard: I will tell it softly,
Yond Cricketers shall not hear it.

Her. Come on then, and giu't me in mine ear.

Mam. Was he met with? his Traine? Camillo with him?

Lord. Behind the tuft of Pines I met them, never
Saw I men cower so on their way: I eyed them
Even to their Ships.

Leo. How blest am I

In my true Chearle? in my true Opinion?
Alack, for letter knowledge, how accurst?
In being so blest? There may be in the Cup
A Spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart;
And yet partake no venom: (for his knowledge
Is not infected) but if one present
Thabbard's Ingredient to his eye, make knowne
How he hath drunkke, he cracks his gorge, his sides
With violent Heels: I haue drunkke, and seen the Spider.

Camillo was his helpe in this, his Pandar:
There is a Plot against my Life, my Crowne;
All's true that is misrouted: that false Villaine,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He ha's discouer'd my Designe, and I
Remaine a pinch'd Thing; yea, a very Trick
For them to play at will: how came the Patternes
So easily open?

Lord. By his great authoritie,
Which often hati no letter principle, then so,
On your command.

Leo. I know't too well.

Give me the Boy, I am glad you did not nurse him:
Though he do's bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? Sport?

Leo. Beare the Boy hence, he shall not come about her,
Away with him, and let her sport her selfe
With that thee's big- with, for 'tis Peroleses
Hath made thee dwell thus,

Her. But I'll say he had not;

And Ile be sworne you would beleeme my saying,
How e're you learn to th' Nayward.

Leo. You (my Lord)

Looke on her, marke her well: be but about
To say she is a godly Lady, and
The lufhice of your hearts will thereto adde
'Tis pity thee's not honest: Honorable,
Pray thee, hurt not this her without-dote-forme,
(Which on my faith defers this high speech) and Strait
The Shaggs, the Humor, Ha's, the Petry-brands
That Camullie doth vfe; Oul, I am out,
That Mercy do's, for Camullie will fear
Verse it selle: these Shrugs, these Hum's, and Ha's,
When you haue told thee's godly, come betwene,
Ere you can say thee's honest: But be't knowne
(From him that ha's most cause to griete it should be)
She's an Adulteresse.

Her. Should a Villaine say so,
(The most repleant'st Villaine in the World)
He were as much more Villaine: you (my Lord)
Doe but mistake.

Leo. You haue mistooke (my Lady)

Peroleses for Perotes: O thou Thing,
(Which Ile not call a Creature of thy place,
Leaf 't arb巴菲特e (making me the precedent)

Should a like Language vie to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguisht leave out,
Betwixt the Prince and Beggar: I hate said
She's an Adulteresse, I hate said with whom:
More; she's a Traitor, and Camillo is
A Treacher with her, and one that knowes
Wh. the should blame to know her felie,
But with her most vild Principal; that thee's
A Bed-fuwarer, even as bad as thine
That Vulgars gue boldeft Titles; and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No (by my life)

Privy to none of this: how will this griete you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus haue publish'd? me? Gentile my Lord,
You scarce can right me throughly, then, to say
You did mistoke.

Leo. No: if I mistake

In these Foundations which I build vpon
The Centre is not bigge enough to bear
A Schoole; Boyes Top. Away with her, to Prisfon:
He who shall speake for her, a farre off guiltie,
But that he speakes.

Her. There's some ill Planet raigned:
I must be patience, till the Heavens looke
With an aspect more favorable. Good my Lords,
I am not pioone to weeping (as our Sex
Commonly are) the want of which vaine dew
Perchance shall dry your pitties: but I have
That honorable Griefe lodg'd here, which burnes
Warre this Teares downe: beleeve you all (my Lords)
With thought is too quiesced, as your Charitie
Shall left infrutue you, poor, and me, and so
The Kings will be performed.

Leo. Shall I be heard?

Her. Who is't that goes with me? before your Highness
My Women may be with me, for you see
My plight requites it. Doe not wepe (good Poole)
There is no cause: When you shall know your Milites
He's defent'd: Prisoner, then abour in Teares,
As I come out; this Action I now goe on,
Is for my better grace. Adieu (my Lord)
I never will'd to see you sorry now
I trust I shall my Woman come, you haue laisse.

Leo. O, doe our budding: hence,

Lord. Before your Highness call the Queene againe.

Antig. Be certaine what you do (Sir) lest your luffice
Prone violence, in the which three great ones suffer,
Your Selle, your Queene, your Name,
Lord. For her (my Lord)

I dare my life lay downe, and will doe't (Sir)
Please you accept it; thus the Queene is spotelle
I'he eyes of Heauen, and too you (I meane)
In this, which you accuse her.

Antig. If it proue

She's other wife, Ile keep her Stables where
I lodge my Wife, Ile goe in couples with her
Then when I feel, and see her, no farther truthere:
For every ynych of Woman in the World,
I, every dram of Women flesh is stale,
If the be.

Leo. Hold your peace.

Lord. Good my Lord,

Antig. It is for you we speake, not for our selves.
You are abus'd, and by some putter on,
That will be damn'd for't: would I knew the Villaine,
I would
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Scena Secunda.

Enter Pans, a Gentleman, Cqual, Emilia.

Paul. The Keeper of the prison, call to him:
Let him his knowledge who I am. Good Lady, No Court in Europe is too good for thee, What doth thou then in prison? Now good Sir, You know me, do you not?

Gen. For a worthy Lady, And one, who much I honour. 

Pans. Pray you then, Conduct me to the Queen.

Gen. I may not (Madam) To the contrary I have express commandment, Here's a do, to locke you honestly & honour from These hee of gentle visitors. It's lawfull pray you To see her Women? Any of them? Emilia?

Gen. So please you (Madam) To put a part thereof, you attendants, I Shall bring Emilia forth.

Pans. Pray now call her: With draw your felues.

Gen. And Madam, I must be present at your Conference. Pans. Well: be't so: prethee. Here's such a doe, to make no blame, a blame, As pales colouring. Dear Gentlewoman, How fares our gracious Lady?

Emil. As well as one to great, and so forborne May hold together: On her tights, and greeves (Which never tender Lady hath borne greater) She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

Pans. A boy?

Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe, I wish, and like to live: the Queene receiveth Much comfort in't: She's, my poor prisoner, I am innocent at you.

Pans. I dare be wisome; These dangerous, volatile Lunes' th' King, be theed them: He must be hold on, and he shall the office becomes a woman beft. He take's upon me, If I prove hony-mouth'd, let my tongue blister, And never to my red-lou'd Angier bee The Trumpet any more: pray you (Emilia) Command my best obedience to the Queene, If the dares trust me with her little babe, I'll shew't the King, and undertake to bee Her Advocate to th' Law'd, I do not know How he may sozen at the sight o' th' Child: She silence often of pure innocence Periwades, when speaking failles,

Emil. Most worthy Madam, your honor, and your goodnesse is so evident, That your face renders not his mistake, A thrilling yells: there is no Lady living So meete for this great errand: please your Ladiship To visit the next roome, Ile presently Acquaint the Queene of your most noble offer, Who, but to day hammer'd of this designe, But durst not tempt a minister of honour Least she should be deny'd,
Enter Lords, Seruants, Paulina, Antigonus, and Lords.

Lea. Night nor day, nor rest: 'tis but weakness To bear the matter thus: mere weakness, if The cause were not in being; part of it, Cause, she, th'o'dul'tesse: for the harlot-King Is quite beyond mine Arme, out of the blanke And leuell of my braine: plot-proof: but thine, I can hooke to me: say that she were gone, Given to the fire, a moysty of my rest Might come to me againe. Whole there? Ser. My Lord. Leo. How do's the boy? Ser. He tooke good rest to night: 'tis hop'd. His fickle'st is discharge'd.

Leo. To see his Nobleness, Conceyuing the d honour of his Mother. He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply, Faintly, and fix'd the shame on't in himselfe: Threw-off his spirit, his Appetite, his Sleep, And down-right languishing. Leave me alone: goe, See how he fares: Prithee, no thought of him, The very thought of my Revenge that way Receiv'd upon me: in himselfe too mightie, And in his partes, his Alliance: Let him be, Vntill a time may serue. For present vengeance Take it on her: Camilla, and Polixenes.

Laughter me: make their pastime at my sorrow: They should 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 coud to me: Fear you his tyrannous passion more (als) Then the Queenes life? A gracious innocent soule, More free, then he is jealous.

Ante. That's enough.

Ser. Madam; he hath not slept to night, commanded None should come thim. 

Paul. Not for her (good Sir) I come to bring him sleepe. 'Tis such as you That creeps like shadowes by him, and doth fight At each his needlesse heaving: such as you Nourish the cause of his awaking. I Do come with words, as medicinally, as true; (Honest, as others,) to purge him of that humor,] That presse him from sleepe.


Leo. How? With whom? Ant. With this audacious Lady, Antigonus, I charg'd thee that she should not come about me, I knew she would.

Ser. I told her to (my Lord) On your displeasures persill, and on mine. She should not visit you.

Leo. What can't not rule her? Paul. From all dishonestie he can: in this (Vatilefe he take the course that you have done) Commit me, for committing honer, truth, He shall not rule me.

Ant. Lay you now, you hear, When she will take the sake, I let her run, But fhee I not stumble.

Paul. Good my Lord, I come: And I beleach you hear me, who prufessles My felle you loyall Seruant; your Phisitian, Your moft obedient Counsellor: yet that dares Lefle appear to, in conforting you Emilies, Then fuch as moft i_FREE your. Say, I come From your good Queene.

Leo. Good Queene? Paul. Good Queene (my Lord) good Queene, I fay good Queene, And would by combate, make her good fo, were I A man, the world about you.

Leo. For her lence. Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes First hand me: an own accord, lie off, But first, fhe do my errand. The good Queene (For she is good) hath brought you with a daughter, Heere firs. Commends it to your bleafing.


Paul. No lo: I am as ignorat in that, as you, In entitling me: and no fette honest Then you are mad: which is enough, Ile warrant (As this world goes) to paffe for honeft.

Leo. Traitors: Will you not pull her out? Give her the Baffard, Thou dotard, thou art woman-ty: unrefolved By thy dame Pufh here. Take vp the Baffard, Take vp, I say: giue t' thy Croze.

Paul. For ever Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou Tak't up the Princefe, by that forced bafeneffe Which he has put vp't

Leo. He dreads his Wife.

Paul. So you would I did: then were pain all doubt You'd call your children, yours,

Leo. A nebl of Traitors.

Ant. I am come, by this good light,

Paul. Not I: nor any But one that's here: and that's himselfe for me;
The Winters Tale.

The sacred Honor of himselfe, his Queene,
His hopefull Sonnes, his Babes, bearayes to Stander,
Wherefore thing is sharper then the Swords, and will not
(For as the cafe now stands, it is a Curse
He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove
The Root of his Opinion, which is rotten,
As ever Orke, or Stone was found.

Leo. A Callat
Of boundlesse tongue, who late hath beat her Husband,
And now bayes me: This Blat is none of mine,
It is the Ilice of Palamon.

Hence with it, and together with the Dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours:
And might weely thold Proverb to thy charge,
So, like you, is the worse. Behold (my Lords)
Although the Print be little the whole Matter
And Copy of the Father: Eye, Nose, Lippe,
The trick of 3 Frowne, his Fore-head, arm, the Valley,
The pretty damps of his Chin, and Cheeker, his Smiles:
The very Mold, and name of Hand, Nasal, Finger,
And thou good Goddesse Nature, which haft made it
So like to him that got it, at thou haft
The ordering of the Mind too, mongall Colours
No Yellow in't, still the suspic, as he doth,
Her Children, not her Husband.

A groffe Hippge:
And Lozell, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That will not slay her Tongue.

Antig. Hang all the Husband
That cannot doe that Fest, you'll issue your selfe,
Hardly one Subject.

Leo. Once more take her heare.

Paul. A most vnworthy, and unnatural Lord
Can doe no more.

Leo. Ie ha'the burne, burnt,
Paul. I care not:

It is an Heretique that makes the fire,
Not the which burns in't. Ie not call you Tyrant:
But this most cruel vigule of your Queene
(Not able to produce more acculation
Then your owne weake-hand'd Fancy) somthing favour
Of Tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yes, scandalous to the World.

Leo. Or your Allegance,
Out of the Chamber with her. Were I a Tyrant,
Where were her life? the durft not call me so,
If the did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you do not puth me, I'll be gone.
Look to your Babe (my Lord) it is yours: fear her
A better guarding Spirit. What needs their hands?
You that are thus to tender o're his Follies,
Will never doe him good, not one of you,
So, Farewell, we are gone.

Leo. Thou (Trayto) last set on thy Wife to this.
My Child? away with't! even thou that hast
A heart to tender o're it, take it hence,
And ite it instantly confirm'd with fire.
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it vp straightly:
Within this houre bring me word 'tis done.
(And by good femeime) or Ie feize thy life,
With what thou art call'd thine: if thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my Wrath, say fo;
The Ballard, braynes with thine my proper hands
Shall Idfn out, Grecce is it to the fire,
For thou fent it on thy Wife.

Antig. I did not, Sir:
Thefe Lords, my Noble Fellowes, if they please,
Can cleare me in's.

Lords. We can: my Royall Liege,
He is not guilty of her comming hither.

Leo. You're lyers all.

Lord. Befeech your Highness, give vs better credit,
We haue always truly ler'd you, and befeech'
So to esteeme of vs: and on our knees we begge,
(As recompence of our desire fruities
Paff, and to come,) that you doe change this purpose,
Which being fo horible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foule blisse. We all kneele.

Leo. I am a Feather for each Wind that blows:
Shall I live on, to see this Ballard kneele,
And call me Father? better burne it now,
Then curse it then. But be it: let it live.
It shall not neyther. You Sir, come you bither:
You that have beene so tenderly officious
With Lady (2 Laurer) your Mid. wife there,
To faue this Ballards life, for 'tis a Ballard,
So sure as this Beards grey, What will you aduenture,
To faue this Brats life?

Antig. Anything (my Lord)
That my abilitie may vsere,
And Noblenesse impofo: at least this much;
Ie pone the little blood which I have left,
To faue the Innocents: any thing possible.

Leo. It shall be possible: So ease by this Sword
You will performe my bidding.

Antig. I will (my Lord.)

Leo. Make, and performe it: feel those, for the faire
Of any point in's, shall not only be
Death to thy selfe, but to thy lwd-creag'd Wife,
(Whom for this time we pardon) We enioy one thee,
As thou art Liege-man to vs, the thou carry
This female Ballard hence, and that thou bearst it
To some remote and defart place, quite out
Of our Dominions; and that there thou leave it
(Without more mercy) it owne protection,
And favour of the Climate : as by strange fortune;
It came to vs, doe in justice charge thee,
On thy Soules perill, and thy Bodyes torture,
That thou commend it strangely to some place,
Where Chance may musr, or end it: take it vp.

Antig. I swear to doe this; though a prefent death
Had beene more mercifull. Come on (poore Babe)
Some powerful Spirit infruck the Kyres and Rausens
To be thy Nurces. Wolves and Bears, they say,
(Calling their husagennce alike) have done
Like offices of Pitty. Sir, be prosperous
In more then this deed do's require; and Blessing
Against this Crueltie, fight on thy fide
(Poore Thing, condemn'd to loffe.)

Leo. No: Ie not reare

Antig. Enter a Servant.

Sera. Plesse your Highness, Poets
From thence you lent to th'Oracle, are come
An houre since: Cleomenes and Dido,
Being well arraiv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Haling to th' Court.

Lord. So plesse you (Sir) ther speed
Hath beene beyond accomplis.

Leo. Twentie three days
They have beene abente 'tis good speed: fore-tells
The great Apolls suddenly will issue

The
The truth of this appear'd: Prepare you, Lords, Summon a Session, that we may arrange Our most disloyal Lady: for as the hand Been publicly accus'd, so shall the hau A suit and open Triall. While the leaves, My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me, And think and upon my bidding. Exeunt.

Enter Cleomenes and Dion.

Cle. The Cymar's delicate, the Ayre most sweet; Fertile the life, the Temple much surprising The common prayse it beares. 

Dion. I shall report, For now it caus'd me, the Celestial Habits, (Me thinks I fo should term the) and the reverence Of the great Weares. O, the Sacrifice, How ceremonious, solemn, and vs. earthly It was i'th'Offering; 

Cleo. But of all, the buft And the rare-dest'ning Voyce o'th'Oracle, Kin to Loius Thunders, so surpriz'd my Sense, That I was nothing. 

Dio. If thou'rent o'th' Journey Proue as successefull to the Queene (O be't so) As it hath beene to vs, rare, pleasant, speedy, The time is worth the vie on. 

Cleo. Great Apollo Turns all to th'best: these Proclamations, So forcing faults upon Hermione, I little like. 

Dio. The violent carriage of it Will please, or end the Bufnette, when the Oracle (Thus by Apollo's great Divine seal'd vp) Shall the Content decree: something rare Even then will rush to knowledge. Go, forth Herse; And gracious be the shue. Exeunt.

Enter Leontes, Lords, Officers. : Hermione (as to her Trial) Ladies: Cleomenes, Dion.

Leo. This Seffions (to our great grieve we pronounce) Even puffs 'g'sull our heart. The partie try'd, The Daughter of a King, our Vite, and one Of vs too much belou'd. Let vs be clear'd Of being tyrannous, since we are openly Proceed in justice which shall have due course, Even to the God or the Purgation: Produce the呼声. 

Officr. It is his Highnesse pleasure, that the Queene Appeare in person, here in Court. Silence. 

Leo. Reade the Indictment. 

Officr. Hermione, Queene is to the worthy Leontes, King of Sicile, thus art her accused and arraigned of High Treason, on committing Adultery with Polixenes King of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the Life of our Sovereign Lord the King. By Royal Indictment, the sentence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, though Hermione con- trary to the Faith and Allegiance of a true Subject dost commit faile and oyle them, for their better safety, to be arraigned by Night.

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that Which contradicts my Accusation, and The testimonie on my part, no other But what comes from my selfe, it shall scarce boot me To say, Not guiltie: mute Integritie Being counted Falsehood, shall as I express it) Be so receiv'd: 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 leafl will I come to doe so,) my past life Hath beene as continent, as chaste, as true, As I am now unhappy; which is more Then Historie can pattern, though deuils'd, And play'd, to take Spectators. For behold me, A Fellow of the Royal Bed, which owe A Motte of the Throne: a great King's Daughter, The Mother to a hopeful Prince, here standing To prove, and to take his Life, and Honor, for Who pleas'd to come, and hear. For Life, I prize it As I/weigh Grieifs (which I would spare:) For Honor, 'Tis a derogation from me to mine, And onely that I stand for. I appeale To your owne Conscience (Sir) before Polixenes Came to your Court, how I was in your grace, How merited to be so: Since he came, With what encounter to your Person, I have stray'd: it appearsthus: if one not beyond The bound of Honor, or in act, or will That way enchanting, hardened be the hearts Of all that hear me, and my heatr of Run Cry ite upon my Grace. 

Leo. I am heard yet, That any of these bolder Visitors would Livel Impudence to game-fay what they did, Then to perform it full. 

Her. That's true enough, Though 'tis a saying (Sir) not due to me. 

Leo. You will not owne it. 

Her. More then Mistrust of, Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not At all acknowledge. lea Polixenes (With whom I am accus'd) do confess I love him, as in Honor he require'd: With such a kind of Love, as might become A Lady like me; with a Love, reun fuch, So, and no other, as your selfe commanded: Which, not to have done, I think I been in both Disobedience, and Ingratitude To you, and toward your Friend, whose Love had spoke, Even since it could speake, from an Infant, freely, That it was yours. Now for Conspiracie, I know not how it tafteth, though it be diffil'd For me to try how: All I know of it, Is, that Camillo was an honor man; And why he left your Court, the Gods themselves (Writing no more then) are ignorant. 

Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know What you have vnderde to doe in's absence.
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Her, Sir, you speake a Language that I understand not: My Life stands in the leuell of your dreames, Which I lay downe.

Lee. Your actions are my dreames, You had a Baffard by Polixenes, And I but dream'd it: As you were past all shame, (Those of your Fact are so) so past all truth;

Which to deny, concernes more then suaites: for as Thy Brat hath beene cast out, like to it selfe, No Father owning it (which is indeed More criminal in thee, then it shou'd) Shalt feel our Judgement, in whole easiest passage, Looke for no lesse then death.

Her, Sir, spare your threats: The Bugge which you would fright me with, I seek:

To me can Life be no commodity: The crowne and comfort of my life (your favor) I doe give loath, for I doe feel it gone, But know not how it went. My second joy, And first fruits of my body from his presence I am bar'd like one infectious, My third comfort (Star'd most vnluckily) is from my breast (The innocent milke in most innocent mouth)

Hal'd out to mutter. My feife on every post
Proclaim'd a Strumpet: With impudent hatred The Child-bed privilidge deny'd, which Lord's To women of all nation. Lately her'd Here, to this place, 'tis open ayre, before I have not strength of limit. Now (my Liege) Tell me what blessings I have here alue,

That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed:
But yeares this: mistake me not, no Life, (I prize it not a straw) but for mine Honor, Which I would free; if I shou'd be condemn'd Upon furriers (all proofes sleeping life, But what your Jealousies awake) I tell you This rigor, and not Law. Your honors all, I doe referre me to the Oracle:

Apolo be my judge.

Lee. This your request
Is altogether just: therefore bring forth (And in Apolo's name) his oracle.

Her. The Emperor of Ruffia was my Father, Oh that he were alive, and here beholding His Daughters Tryall: that he did but see The baneffe of my miferie yet with eyes Of Pity, not Reuenge.

Officer. You have here swears upon this sword of Justice, That ye (Clemens and Dix) have been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought this feal'd-yp Oracle by the hand deliuer'd Of great Apolo's Priest; and that since then, You have not daring to break the holy Seale, Nor read the Secrets in't.

Cleopatra. All this we sweare.

Lee. Steake up the Seales, and read.

Officer. Hernonoe is chief, Polixenes blamelle, Camillo a true Scylla, Leontes a false Tyrant, his innocent Bake unjustly iudge, and the King shall liue without an heir: if that which is left for be not found.

Lords. Now blest be the great Apolo.

Her. Pray'd.

Lee. Haft thou read truth?

Officer. I (my Lord) even so as it is here set downe.

Lee. There is no truth at all in the Oracle:

The Sessions shall proceed: this is meree falfhood.

Ser. My Lord the King? the King?

Lee. What is the purpose?

Ser. O Sir, I shall be bate to report it.

The Prince your Sonne, with more conceit, and ease Of the Queene speed, is gone.

Lee. How gone?

Ser. Is dead.

Lee. Apollo's angry, and the Feaumens themselves
Do not strike at my Insuffices. How now there? Paul. This neyves most call to the Queene: Look downe And see what Deatht is doing.

Lee. Take her hence.

Her. Her heart it but o're-charg'd: she will recover.

I have too much beleu'd mine owne suspicion, 'Befeech you tenderly apply to her Some remedies for life. Apollo pardon
My great prophaneesse gainst thine Oracle. Ilee reconcile me to Polixenes,
New woe my Queene, recall the good Camillo (Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of Mercy:)

For being transported by my Jealousies
To bloody thoughts, and to revenge, I chose Camillo for the minifter, to payton
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command: though I with Death, and with Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he (most humane,
And fill'd with Honor) to my Kingly Grace
Vndesp'd my pracie, put his fortunes here (Which you know great) and to the hazard
Of all Incertainties, himselfe commended,
No richer then his Honor: How he gipsters
Through my Ruff, and how his Pietie
Do's my deeds make the blacker?

Paul. Woe the while;
O cut my Lace, slash my heart (cracking it)
Beseeche too.

Lee. What shat is this good Lady?

Paul. What studied torments (Tyrants) haft for me?

Muft I receive? whole every word deserues
To talest of thy mortal wooff. Thy Tyranny
(Together working with thy Jealousies,
Pances too weeke for Boys, too green and idle
For Girlers of Nine) O think what they have done,
And then unmad indeed: flake-mad: for all
Thy by-gone fouleries were but spases of it.

That thou betrayedst Polixenes, it was nothing,
(That did but shew thee, of a Fool, inconstant, And damnable ingratitude;) Nor was't much,
Thou wouldst have pay'd not good Camillo's Honor
To have him kill a King? poor Trelpases,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The calling forth to Creues, thy Baby-daughter,
To be or none or little: though a Deuell
Would have fced water out of fire, ere don'ts;
Nor is it dearly layd to thee, the death
Of the young Prince, whose honorable thoughts
Thoughts high for one so tender) left the heart
That could conceit a groffe and foolish Sire
Blemish'd his gracious Dam; this is not, no
Lay'd to thine answer: but the left O Lord,
When I have said, cry woe: the Queene, the Queene,
The sweet fit, dier't creature's dead: & vengeance for't
Not drop'd donevye yet.
Lord. The higher powres forbid.

Pam. I say she's dead: Ile sweer t. If word, no oath
Preserue nor, go and fee: if you can bring
Tinture, or tincture in her lip, her eye
Haete outewardly, or breath within, Ile serene you
As I would do the Gods. But, O thou Tyrant,
Do not spend these things, for they are heavier
Then all thy woes can pierre: therefore betake thee
To nothing but dispise. A thousand yere,
Ten thousand yearts together, naked, falling,
Upon a barren Mountain, and till Winter
In fame perpetuall, could not move the Gods
To looke that way thou wert.

Lea. Goon, go on:
Thou canst not speake too much, I have defer'd
All tongues to talke to their bitts.

Lord. Say no more;
How ere the businesse goes, you haue made fault
I thold bollythelf of your speach.

Pam. I am forty for't;
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent; Als, I have thew'd too much
The rashnesse of a woman the is toucht
To th'Noble heart. What's gone, and what's past helpe
Should be past: greefe: Don not receive affliction
At my petition! beleevt you, rather
Let me be puni'th, that haue minded you
Of what you should repent. Now (good my Liege)
Sir, Royall Sir, for't goodlthy women:
Ile speake of her no more, nor of your Children:
Ile not remember you of my owne Lord,
(Who is left too) take your patience to you,
And Ile say nothing.

Leo. Thou didst speake but well,
When moost the truth: which I receave much better,
Then to be prided of thee. Prteche bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queen, and Sonne,
One graue shall be for both: Upon them shall
The caus'es of their death appeare (unto
Our shame perpetuall) once a day, Ille visit
The Cappell where they ly, and reare fixed there
Shall be my recreacion, so long as Nature
Will beare up with this exercice, so long
I dayly vow to we ft. Come, and lead me
To these foreover.

I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your beft haffe, and go not
Too-farre'th Land: its like to be lowd weather,
Besides this place is famous for the Creatures
Of prey, th't keep'e vpon't.

Ant. Go thither away,
Ile follow infantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be ridde o'th businesse.

Exeunt.

Ant. Come, poore babe;
I haue heard (but not beleev'd) the Spirits o'th'dead
May walke againe: if such thing be, thy Mother
Appeard'to me the night yere: for ne're was dreame
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one fide, some other,
I neuer saw a vessell of like forrow
So fill'd, and so bconning: in pure white Robes
Like very fancie the did approach.
My Cabine where I lay: th'throw b'ow'd before me,
And (gaping to begin some speche) her eyes
Become two spoues; the fire frant, anon
Did this breake from her. Good Antigone,
Since Fate (against thy better disposition)
Hath made thy perfon for the Flower-out
Of my poore babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Boboena,
There wpepe, and leaue it crying: and for the babe
Is counted loot for ever, Perdita
I prether call't: For this vngleth businesse
Put on thee, by my Lord, thou ne'ret thall fee.
Thy Wife Paulina more: and so, with shrieks
She melted into Ayre. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect my selfe, and thought
This was fo, and no flumber: Dreams, are toys,
Yet for this once, yea superflitiously,
I will be quire by this. I do beleevc
Hermione hath suffer'd death, and that
Apella would (this being in leade the issue
Of King Pelagon) she should here be lade
(Either for life, or deathly) upon the earth
Of'ts right Father. Blefsore, speche well ther,
There lye, and there thy character: these thee,
Which may it Fortune please, both brend thee (pretty)
And till thine time. The thome beginnes poore wretch,
That for thy mothers fault, art thin expos'd
To loife, and what may follow. Woe ye cannot,
But my heart bleed's and melly perceiv't am I
To be by oath enioy'd to this. Farewell,
The day trownes more and more: thou'lt like to have
A lullable too good: I neuer saw
The heatens so dim'd, by day. A laughe clamon:
Well may I get a boord: This is th'Chace,
Iam gone for ever.

Exeunt anst and Boboena.

Shop. I would there were no age betwixt ten and
thirt, nor twenty, or that youth would fleep out the rit:
for there is nothing (in the betweene) but getting wench's
with childe, wronging the Accent, fleeing, fighting,
haete you now: would any but theye boyd-
blaines of nineteen, and two and twenty hunt this weather?
They have scdre'd away: two of my beft Sheeps,
which I fear the Wolfe will sooner finde then the Ma-
ter: if any where I have them, 'tis by the fes-fue, hous-
ing of lay. Good-lucks (and be th'y will) what have
we here? Mercy an's, a Barne? A very pretty barn? A
boy. ora Childle I wonder? (A pretty one, a very prettie
one) fare some Scape; Though I am not bookish, yet I

Scena Tertia.

Enter Antigone, a Murtherer, Babe, Sheepes-
brond, and Clowne.

Ant. This are perfect then, our ship hath toucht upon
The Detaicts of Boboena.

Mar. I (my Lord) and feare
We have Landed in ill time: the skies looke grimly,
And threaten preser f Uttarles. In my confidence
The heavens with that we have in hand, are angry,
And look to what we vpon's.

Art. Their faced will be done: go get a boord,
Looke to thy barte, ille not be long before

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Addus Quartus. Sceena Prima.

Enter Time, the Chorus.

Time. I that please home, try all: both joy and terror Of good, and bad: that makes, and unfolds error. Now take upon me (in the name of Time)
To vie my wings: Impute not it a crime To me, or my swift passage, that I slide O'er fourteen yeares, and leave the growth untrue Of that wide gap, since it is in my power To o'rethrow Law, and in one felloe-borne howse To plant, and ore-welke Cufome. Let me paffe The lane I am, ere ancient It Order was, Or what is now receiv'd. I wende to The times that brought them in, so shall I do To thre'felf things now reigning, and make stile The glistering of this presens, as my Tale Now see's to it: your patience this allowing, I turne my glasse, and give my scene such growing As you had slept betweene: Leucos leaving The effects of his fond souleslue, so greatening That he shus vp himselfe. Imagine me (Gentle Spectators) that I know may be In faire Bohemia, and remember well, I mentioned a fomite the Kings, which Floriss I know name to you: and with speed to pace To speake of Persius, now growne in grace Equall with word ring. What of her intuces I lift not prophete: but let Times newes Be knowne when tis brought forth. A shepheards daug. And what to her adheres, which follows after, (ter Is th'argument of Time: of this allow, If ever you have spent time worse, ere now: 'Tis true, yet that Time himselfe doth lay, He willis cennlessly, you never may.

Scene Secunda.

Enter Palixnes, and Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee (good Camillo) be no more importune: this is a sickness denying thee any thing: a death to grant this.

Camillo. It is fourteen yeares since I saw my Countrie: though I have (for the most part) bin ayerd abroad, I de
tire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent King (my Master) hath fent for me, to whose feeling forrowes I might be forse aly, or I cowtene to thinke (to which is another fpire to my departure,

Pol. As thou loue me (Camillo) wipe not out the teall of thy soules, by leaving me now: the neede I have of thee, thine owne goodnes hath made: better not to have hadd thee, then thus to want thee, thou hauing made me Businesse, (which none (without thee) can suffici
tely manage)must either flay to execute them thry felse, or take away with thee the very soules thou hast done: which if I have not enough considerd (as too much I cannot) to bee more thanfull to thee, this will be my flue
die, and my profite therein, the heaping friend shippe. Of that factall Countrie Sicilia, priceth itpeak no more, whole very naming, punnishes me with the remembrance

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Scene Tertia.

Enter Antiochus singing.

When Daffadis begin to pierce,
While high the Dye son the dale,
Why then comes the sweet after yeare.
For the cold ragus in my winters pale.

The white Swete sleeching on the hedges,
With her the sweet birds, O how they sing.
Dob let my poynting tooths an edge,
For a quart of Ale is as good for a King.

The Larks that tirr Lyra clamours
With might, the Thrushes and the Jay
Are Summer songs for me and my auntes.
While we lay tumbling in the bay.

I have eren'd Prince Florzell, and in my time wore three pile, but now I am out of fume.

But still I go mourning for that (my deere)
the pale Morn flowes by night.
And when I wander here and there
I then do most go right.

If Timbers may have it use to line,
And beare the Sonne to Wouget.
Then my account I will make gues,
And in the Stocke anowbe it.

My Traficke is fleeters; when the Kite builds, looke to better Linnen.
My Father nant'd me Antiochus, who be-

(As I am) byter'd under Mercurie, was likewise a
snapper-yer of unconsidered triffes: With Dye and drab,
I purchase this Caproner, and my Returne is the fullly
Cheere, Gallowes, and Knocke, are too powerfull on
the Highway, Bearinge and hanging are certes to mee:
For the life to come, I sleepe out the thoughts of it.
A prize, a prize.

Enter Cloten.

Clot. Let me see, every Leason-weather troder,
every tod yeeldes pound and oddle fulling; fifteen hundred
thorne, what comes the wood then?

Ant. If the prindge hould, the Cocke's mine.

Clot. I cannot do without Competers. Let me see:
what am I to buy for our Shepe-sherigar-Feast?
Three pound of Sugar, five pound of Currence. Rice:
What will this fitter of mine do with Rice? But my father hath
made her Militis of the Feast, and the layout is on: She
hath made me four and twenty Nofe-gaye for the sheare
(threes-man longmen, all, and very good ones) but
they are most of them Meanes and Dales; but one Purit
amongst them, and he fings Psalmes to home-piper.
I must have Saffron to colour the Warden Bed, Music
Dates, none that's out of my note: Nutmegs, lences,
A race or two of Ginger, but that I may begge
four pound of Prewys, and as many of Reytons ob Sun.

Ant. Oh, that euer I was borne.

Clot. I thinke of me.

Ant. Oh helpe me, helpe mee: plucke but off these
rages: and then, death, death.

Clot. Alas poor man, thou hast need of more rest
lay on thee, rather than loose thee off.

Ant. Oh Sir, the lostest sonett of them ower mee,
more then the fripes I haue receiv'd, which are mighty
ones and millions.

Clot. Als poore man, a million of bearing may come
to a great matter.

Ant. I am rob'd Sir, and beaten my money, and,
apparent tane from mee, and thefe detestable things put
on mee.

Clot. What, by a booke-man, or a footman?

Ant. A footman (sweet Sir) a footman.

Clot. Indeed, he should be a footman, by the generous
hebds left with these: if this bee a bartonman Cawre,
it hath feene very her feene. Lend me thy hand, and helpe
thee. Come, lend mee thy hand.

Ant. Oh good Sir, tenderly, oh.

Clot. Als poore foule.

Ant. Oh good Sir, softly, good Sir: I feare (my
shoulder-blade is out.

Clot. How now? Canst finde

Ant. Softly, I desire Sir, softly, you ha ha
me a charitable offic.

Clot. Doest lacke any money? I have a little mony for
thee.

Ant. No, no, no, soft Sir, no, I beleeve you frighte
a Kinnenman not past three quarters of an houre, into
whome I was going: I shall these tane monny, or one
thing I want: Offer mee no money I pray thee, that kills
my heart.

Clot. What manner of Fellow was she that rebuke
you?

Ant. A fellow (Sir) that I have knowne to go about
with Troll-my-dames: I knew him once a tenant of the
Prince: I cannot tell good Sir, for which of his
Ventures it was, but he was certes one to mee.

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Hath not beene vs'd to feare) even now I tremble
To think of your Father, by some accident
Should passe this way, as you did: Oh the Fates,
How would he looke, to see his works, so noble,
Vividly band vp? What would lie say? Or how
Should I (in thefe my borrowed Chauntas) behold
The strenueffe of his preference?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but Iolity: the Goddes themselves
(Humbling their Dexters to lefte) have taken
The shapes of Beasts vpon them. Jupiter,
Became a Bull, and bellow'd: the greene Neptune
A Ram, and bleate'd: and the Fire-roard d'God
Golden Apollo, a poore humble Swaine,
As I feeme now. Their transformations,
Were neer for a pece of beauty, rarer,
Nor in a way to chaife: since my defires
Run not before mine honor: nor my Lufs
Burse hotter then my Faith.

Perd. O but Sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when'tis
Oppos'd (as it must be) by the powre of the King:
One of these two must be necessitez,
Which then will speake, that you must change this purs.
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou darest Perdita?
With these forc'd thoughts, I prethee daren not
The Mirth o'th' Feaft: Or I'll 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 confaine,
Though deftiny fay no. Be merry (Gentle)
Strange such thoughts as thefe, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are comming:
Lift vp your countenance, as it was the day
Of celebration of that nuptiall, which
We two have sworne shall come.

Perd. O Lady Ffortune,
Stand you auspicious.

Flo. See, your Guests approach,
Adдресse your felte to entertaine them privightly;
And let's be red with mirth.

Stop. Fy (daughter) when my old wife liu'd: vpon
This day, she was both Pantler, Butler, Cooke,
Both Dame and Servant: Welcom'd all the day:
Would sing her song, and dance her tunes: now heere
At upper end o'th Table; now, t' th' midde:
On his shoulder, and his: her face of fire
With labour, and the thing theooke to quench it
She would to each one sip. You are retreyd,
As if you were a fated one: and not
The Hostellie of the meeting: Pray you bid
These unknowne friends to's welcome, for it is
A way to make vs better friends, more knowne.
Come, quench your blushtes, and present your felte
That which you are, Misfirs o'th'Feast. Come on,
And bid vs welcome to your fielte-shearing,
As your good flockes shall prosper.

Perd. Sir, welcome.
It is my Fathers will, I should take on mee
The Hostellship o'th day: you're welcome Sirs,
Gin me those flowers there (Dorcas): I recende Sirs,
For you, there's Rosemary, and Rue, thence keepe
Seeming, and fauour all the Winter long:
Grace, and Remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our Shearing.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Florizell, Perdita, Lord, Shepherd, Clowne, Poesiowen, Camellis, Mayes, Dorcas, Servants, Auctoile.

Flo. These your unfalll weeds, to each part of you
Do's give a life: no Shepherdefe, but Flora
Peering in Aprils front. This your sheepe-shearing,
Was a meeting of the petty Gods,
And you the Queene on't.

Perd. Sirs my gracious Lord,
To chide at your extremities, itt not becomes me:
(Oh pardon, that I name them) your high elfe
The gracious marke o'th Land, you have obser'd
With a Swaines wearing: and me (poore lowly Maide)
Mof Goddeffe-like prank'd vp: But that our Feasts
In every Meffe, have foly: and the Feeders
Diget with a Cuffome, I should blush
To see you so stripp'd: fome one thinkes, I think,
To thow my selle a glasse.

Flo. I bleffe the time,
When my good Falcon, made her flight a-croffe
Thy Fathers ground.

Perd. Now lease afford you cause:
To me the difference forgets dread (your Grueanneff}

Song. Joy on, joy on, the fast path way,
And marry bin the Sile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a Mule-a.

Exeunt.

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Pol. Shepherdesse,
(Fare you are ye?) well you sit for your ages
With flowers of Winter.

Perd. Sir, the yeare growing ancient,
Not on Linters death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fairret flowers o’t h season
Are our Carnations, and steak’d Gilly-voss,
(Which some call Natures bards) of that kind
Our Rustick Gardens barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore (gentle Maiden)
Do you neglect them,
Perd. For I have heard it said,
There is an Art, which in their pudineffe flies
With great creatyng-Nature.

Pol. Say there be:
Yet Nuture is made better by no meane,
But Nature makes that Meanes: for outher that Art,
(Which you lay addresse to Nature) is an Art
That Nature makes: you fee (sweet Maid) we marry
A gentler Sten, to the wildill Stooke,
And make conceyue a backset of better kinde
By bud of Nobler race. This is an Art
Which doo’s mend Nature: change it rather, but
The Art is false, it Nature.

Perd. So it is.

Pol. Then make you Garden rich in Gilly’vors,
And do not call them baftards.

Perd. Hee ne’er put
The Dible in earth, to see one slip of them:
No more then were I painted, I would with
This youth should lay twower well: and onely therefore
Dent to breede by me. Here’s flowers for you:
Hot Lauender, Mints, Savory, Maronorum,
The Mary-gold, that goes to bed with Sun,
And with him riseth, weeping: These are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they are greene
To men of middle age. Yare very welcome.

Cam. I shold leave graving, were I of your flocke,
And onely hue by gazyn.

Perd. Our slat:
You’d be fo lean, that blast of January
(Would blow you through and through. Now (my faih)
I would I had some flowers o’t h Spring, that might
Become your time of day: and yours, and yours,
That weare upon your Vigin-branches yet
Your Maidenheads growing: O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that (frighted) shoulde’t fall
From Dryfle Wagpons: Daffords,
That come before the Swallow wares, and take
The Winder of March with beauty: Violents (dim,
But sweeter then the lids of Innes eyes,
Or Cythera’s breath) pale Prime-rofs,
That dye vanisht, ere they be holden
Bright Phoebus in his strength (a Malade)
Most incident to Mardis) bold Olyps, and
The Crowne Imperial: Ladies of all kinds,
(The Flora de Luskeing one.) O, then I lacke,
To make you Garlands of: and my sweeter friend,
To fire hee over, and are.

Flo. What like a Cossette?
Perd. Non, like a hankie, for Love to ley, and play on:
No like a Cossette: or if: not to be buried,
But quite, and in mine armes. Come, take your flowers,
Methink I play as I have love them do
In Whitton-Patronelle: Sure this Robe of mine

Do’s change my disposition:
Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speake (Sweet)
I’d have you do it euer: When you sing,
I’d have you buy, and fell to: doe gine Alines,
Pray for: and for the ord’ring your Affayres,
To figne them too. When you do euer, I wish you
A waue o’t h Sea, that you might euer do
Nothing but that: monefull, still to:
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 Acts, are Queens.

Perd. O Daunces,
Your stairs are too large: but that you youth
And the truth blood which peeps fairly through’s,
Do plainly give you out an untain’d Shepheard,
With wisdome, I might feare (my Daunces)
You wou’d me the fallye way.

Flo. I think you hate
As little skill to feare, as I haue purpofe
To put you to. But come, our dance I prays,
Your hand (my Perdine) to Turtles partes
That you might mean to part.

Perd. He sweare for’tem.

Po. This is the prettiest Low-horne Laff, that euer
Ran on the greene-forde: Nothing do the do’s, or fecmes
But smakes of something greater then her selfe,
Too Noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood looke on’t: Good sooth she is the
The Queen of Cards and Creame.

Clo. Come on: strike vp.

Dorcie. Mosse must be your Misfris: marry Gartick
to mend her kifing with.

Mtop. Now in good time.

Clo. Not a word, a word, we fland upon our manners,
Come, strike vp.

Here a Daunce of Shepherds and
Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray good Shepheard, what faire Swaine is this,
Which dances with your daughter? shopt.
They call him Dorcie, and bosht his life.
To haue a worthy Feeding; but I haue it
Upon his owne report, and I believe it;
He lookes like Southe: he fayes he loues my daughter,
I think he too; for neuer gae’d the Moore
Upon the water, as hee’s friend and reada
As ‘tware my daughters eyes: and to be plaine,
I think there is not half a kife to chose
Who leaves another better.

Pol. She dances freely.

Shopt. So she doo’s any thing, though I report it
That should be flient: if yong Dorcie
Do light upon her, the shall bring him that
Which he nor dreames of,

Enter Servant.

Sr. O Matter: if you did but heare the Pedder at the
doore, you would never dance againe after a Tabor and
Pipe: neuer the Bag pipe could not move you: hee fingers
(fwarl) Tunes, taffer then you’ll tell money: hee wertes
them as he had eaten ballads, and all mens ears
grew to his Tunes.

Clo. He could never come better: hee shall come in:
I haue a ballad but euen too well, it be dolefull matter
merely set downe: for a very pleafant thing indede, and
flung lamentably.
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Ser. He hath songs for man, or woman, of all sizes: No Milliner can so fit his customers with Clothes; he has the prettiest Long-Dresses and Songs for Maids, (without baudrie) with such delicate burthen of Dis-do's and Saddles: Jump'er, and thump'er; and where the froe-throst-mouth'd Rascall, would (as it were) make a twink, and breaks a fowle egg into the Matter, he makes the maid to antwcre, Whoop, dot me bravery good men: put his self off, flies himself, with whom dot me no harme good man.

Pet. This is a base fellow.

Clo. Beleeeue one, thou etalk of an admittable conceited fellow, has he any unbraid'd Wares?

Ser. Hee hath Ribbons of all the colours fith Rainebow: Points, more then all the Lawyers in Bohemis, can learnedly handle, though they come to him by th'groffe: Jackies, Caddisflyes, Cambrickes, Lawnes: where he flyings over, as they were Gods, or Goddeses: you would thincke a Smocke were a fiew-Angeill, hee chaunter to the fitter-hand, and the worke about the figure on't.

Clo. Pre'theee bring him in, and let him approach singing.

Pet. Forewarn him, that he vse no frivolous words in these.

Clo. You have of thefe Pedlers, that have more in them, then you'd thinke (Sister).

Pet. I good brother, or go about to thinke.

Enter Acrobats singing,

Lawne as white as driven Snow,
Cyperole blacke as ever was Crow,
Clothes as sweete as Damaskke Robes,
Makkes for faces, and P sonrasıes:
Bagle-bracket, Neck lace Amber,
Perfume for a Ladiest Chamber:
Golden Queues, and Stomacars
For my Ladi, to guane their dresses:
Flue, and compos'd Pickets of Steele.
What Moultis lackes from head to heele:
Come buy of me, come come buy, come buy,
Buy Ladies, or elf your Ladies cry, come buy.

Clo. If we were not in love with Cable, then should't take no money of me, but being enthral'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certaine Ribbons and Cloaths. Clo. I was promis'd them against the Feast, but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more then that, or else beares. Clo. He hath paid you all he promis'd you; May be he has paid you more, which will flame you to giue him againe.

Pet. Is there no manner left among maids? Will they wear their plackets, where they should best be their faces? Is there no walking-time? When are you going to bed? Or kill-hole? To whistlle of these secrets, but you must be little talking before all our guests? This well they are whispering en a forge your tongues, and not a word more.

Clo. I have done; Come you promis'd me a stay-way, and a pair of sweete Cloths.
Clo. Have I not told thee how I was covet'd by the way, and loft all my money.

Pet. And indeed Sir, there are Cozeners abroad, therfore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Clo. I hope so, for I have about the many parcels of charge.

Clo. What haft heere? Ballads?

Map. Pray now buy some: I loue a ballad in print, a life, for then we are sure they are true.

Aue. Here's one, to a very dolfell tune, howe Vinters was brought to bed of twenty shes charg'd at a burthen, and how the long'd to eate Adders heads, and Toads carombado'd.

Map. Is it true, thinke you?

Aue. Very true, and but a moneth old.

Dor. Bliefe me from martying a Vinter.

Aue. Here's the Midimused name to't: One Mift.Tale-

Petur, and five of six honest Vinters, that were present. Why should I eay eyes abroad?

Map. Pray you now buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: and let's first see more Bal-
lads: We'll buy the other things anon.

Aue. Here's another ballad of a Pity, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the four score of April, for thou find stadm about water, & sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought the wo. Woman, and was made in a cold fift, for the world not to change this within one that fould her: The Ballad is very pitifully, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, thinke you?

Aue. Lay it by too another.

Aue. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Map. Let's have for merry ones.

Aue. Why this is a passling merry one, and goes to the tune of two maids wooing a man: there's a sere Maiden wellward but she's his: 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Map. We can both sing it: if thou'st beares a part, thou shalbe hear, 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't, a month ago.

Pet. I can bear my part, you must know 'tis my occupation. Haue at it with you:

Song. Get you hence, for I must go.

Aue. Where it fits you not to know.

Dor. Whether?

Map. What whether?

Dor. Whether?

Map. It becomes thy path full well, 
Thou to me thy secret tell.

Dor. - Map too, let me go thither?

Map. Or thou seem'ld as Grange, or still,

Dor. If to either thou dost il, 

Aue. Neither.

Map. What whether?

Dor. That thou hast command my Love to be,

Map. Thou hast scarce or scarce so met.

Dor. Then whether good? Say weather?

Clo. We'll have this song our anent by our felus: My Father, and the Gent. are in sad tale, & we'll not trouble them: Come bring away thy pack after me, Wenches He buy you for both: Pedler let's have the first choice, follow me girls. 

Aue. And you shall pay well for 'em.

Clo. My dainty Ducks, my dace at-

Any Silke, any Torder, any Tyme for your head.

Of the new't, and five, you're merr.

Come to the Pedler, Money is a mediator,

That doth enter all mens war.

Aue. Servant, Mayster, there is three Carters, three Shep-

heards, three Next-herds, three Swine-herds y have made

B b 3 them.

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The pray you I were Kin, but khantment, 1
That theefe theefe four-e-threees of Heartmen.

Ser. One of them, by their own report (Sir),
has danc'd before the King: and not the worst of the three,
but ympe twelve foote and a halfe by th'fquire.

Sho. Leave your prating, since these good men are
pleas'd, let them come in: but quickly now.

Ser. Why, they stay at doore Sir.
Here a Dance of twelve Satyres:

Pol. O Father, you'll know more of that hereafter:
Is it not too farre gone? 'Tis time to part them,
He's fimpel, and tells much. How now (faire fhepheard)
Your heart is full of somethings, that do's take
Your minde from feeling. Sooth, when I was yong,
And hanned love, as you do; I was wont
To load my Shee with knackes: I would haue ranfackt
The Pedlars fllen Treasury, and haue pow'd it
To her acceptances: you have let him go,
And nothing marred with him. If your Laffe
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lacke of love, or bounty, you were straied
For a reply at leaft, if you make a care
Of happie holding her.

Flo. Old Sir, I know
She prizes not fuch miles as thefe are:
The gifts thee lookest from me, are packt and lockt
In my heart, which I haue gien already,
But not declin'd. O haue me breach my life
Before this ancient Sir, whom (it foole fheme)
Hath sometime lou'd: I take thy hand, this hand,
As fof as Douces downe, and as white as it,
Or Ethyopian tooth, or the faul'd know, that's bolted
By th'Northernm blacks, twice o're.

Pol. What followes this?
How prettily th' yong Swaine fereemes to waft
The hand, was faire before I haue put you out,
But to your profutations: Let me hear
What you profuct.

Pol. Do, and be winneffe too.

Pol. And this thine neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and inne
Then be, and men: the earth, the heavens, and all;
That wold I crowne the most Imperial Monarch
These of moff worthy: were I the faireft youth
That ever made eye twane, had force and knowledge
More then was ever man, I would not priz them
Without her Loue; for her, employ them all.
Commend them, and commend me to her terture,
Or to thine owne perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This theefe a found affection.

Serp. But my daughter,
Say you the like to him,

Per. I lea not speake
So well, (nothing so well) no, nor meane better
By th'parture of mine owne thoughts, I cut out
The picture of his.

Sho. Take hands, a bargaine:
And friends vnsnnowne, you shall heare witnessse to't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her Portion, eual his.

Flo. O, that muft bee
I th'Verture of your daughter: One being dead,
I shall have more then you can dreame of yet,
Enough then for your wunders: but come-on,
Come vs vs vs vs three Witnesses.

Sho. Come, your hand:
And daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft Swaine a while, befteach you,
Have you a Father?

Flo. I haue: but what of him?

Pol. Knowes he of this?

Flo. He neither do's, nor shall.

Pol. Me-thinks a Father,
Is at the Nuptiall of his fonne, a guest
That beft becomes the Table: Pray you once more
Is not your Father grown ineapceable
Of reasonable affayres? Is he not fupid
With Age, and altering Rheumes? Can he speake I heare?
Know man, from man? Dispute his owne effayre?
Lies he not bed-rid? And againe, doe nothing
But what he did, being childifh?

Flo. No good Sir:
He has his health, and amplet strength indeepe
Then muult hauue of his age.

Flo. Me by my white heard,
You offer him (if this be) a wrong
Something wilfull: Reafon my fonne
Should choose himfelfe a wife, but at good reaon
The Father (all whofe ioy is nothing else
But faire pottency) shou'd hold fome counfaile
In fuch a bufinefe.

Flo. I yeeld all this;
But for fome other reafons (my greue Sir)
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquainting
My Father of this bufinefe.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He fhill not.

Pol. Prethlee let him.

Flo. No, he muft not.

Sho. Let him (my fonne) he fhall not need to grEase
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he muft not:
Mark out our Contraft.

Pol. Mark your distances (yong flu)
Whom fome I dare not call: Thou art too base
To be acknowledged. Thou a Scepterfe leire;
That thus affefts a fiepe-feaue-book: Thou, old Traiter,
I am fury, that by hanging thee, I can
but thoffen thy life one weake. And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent Witchcraft, whom of force muft know
The royal Foleu thou coap fl with.

Sho. Oh my heart.

Pol. He haue thy beauty foratches with briers & made
More homely then thy flace. For thee (fond boy)
It I may ever know thon doft but fighe,
That thou no more fhalt never see this knacke (as neuer
I meane thou fhalt) wee I barre thee from succeifion,
Not hold thee of our blood, no out kin,
Fare the then Denuclion off: (mark thou my words)
Follow vs to the Court. Thou Chalfe, for this time
(Though full of our diuipleasure) yet we ierve thee.
From the dead blow of it. And thou Enchantment.
The Winters Tale.

Worthy enough a Heardsman: yes him too,
That makes him selfe (but for our Honors therein)
Vvorthv thee. If ever henceforth, thou
These rurall Latches, to his entrance open,
Oor hope his body more, with thy embraccs,
I will doue a death, as cruell for thee
As thou art tenderer.

Exe. Even heere vn-done:
I was not much a-fear'd: for once, or twice
I was about to speake, and tell him plainly,
The felle. same Sun, that flanxes upon his Count,
Hides not his village from our Cottagc, but
Looks on alike. Wilt please you (Sir) be gone?
I told you what would some of this. Beseech you
Of your owne free take care: This dreame of mine
Being now awake, He Queene is no Rich father,
But make I my Eyes, and weep.

Cam. Why how now Father,
Spoke ere thou dyed.

Stop. I cannot speake, nor thinke,
Nor dare to know, thus which I know: O Sir,
You have vndone a man of fowre-score three.
That thought to fill his grave in quiet: yes,
To dye upon the bed my father dy'd,
To yse close by his honest bones; but now,
Some Hungre must put on my throw'd, and lase me
Where no Prie? thinkes to data. Oh curled wretch,
That knew it this was the Prince, and wouldst adventure
To mingle faith with him. Vndone, vn-done.
If I might dye within this house, I have hu'd
To do when I shou'd.

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but very, not afraied: delaid,
But nothing alst: What I was, I am:
Moreлистing on, for plucking backe; not following
My leas vvillingly.

Cam. Gracious my Lord,
You know my Fathers temper: at this time
He will allow no speech: (which I do grieve
You do not purpose to him:) and as hardly
Will he endur the ftrife, as you I fear;
Then till the fury of his, I highesett settle
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.
I think Camillus.

Cam. Euen he, my Lord.
Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus?
How often faint my dignity would lift
But till your knowledge?
Flo. It cannot fall, but by
The violation of my faith, and then
Let Nature crush the fides of o'er earth together,
And marre the fedes within. Lift vp thy lookes:
From my succesion wipe me (Father)!
Am heayce to my affection.

Cam. Be assured.
Flo. I am: and by my fancie, if my Reason
Well there be oblecture: I hate reason:
If not, my trauels better pleas'd with madneffe,
Do but it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate (Sir.)
Flo. So call it: but it do's command my vow:
Needs must! thinken honestly. Camillus,
Not for Babylon, nor the pompe that may
Be thereae gle meae: for all the Sun fees, or
The clofe earthe wombs, or the profound seas, hides
In unknowne fadomes, will I breake my oath
To this my faire belou'd: Therefore, I pray you,
As you haue eruer bin my Fathers honour'd friend,
When he shall mime me, as (in faith I meane
To see him any more) call your good counsellors
Vpon his passion: Let my selfe, and Fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deluere, I am put to Sea
With her, who heere I cannot hold on shore:
And most opportunr to her needle, I haue
A Veffel rides faft by, but not prepar'd
For this deigne. What course I meane to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my Lord,
I would your spirit were eaiser for advice,
Or stronger for your neede.

Flo. Heareke Perillus,
He heare you by and by.

Cam. Hee's irremovable.
Refold'd for flight: Now were I happy if
His going, I could frame to terme my turne,
Sane him from danger, do him love and honors,
Purdie the fight againe of sicilias,
And that unhappy King, my Master, whom
I so much thurst to see.

Flo. Now good Camillus,
I am to sught in curious businesse, that
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I thinke
You have heard of my poore services, I'ch love
That I have borne your Father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you defended': it is my Fathers Mufecle
To speake your deedes: not little of his care
To have them recompeased, as thought on.

Cam. Well (my Lord)
If you may please to thinke I love the King,
And through him, what's nearest to him, which is
Your gracious selfe; embrace but my direction.
If your more ponderous and setled proiect
May suffer alteration. On mine honor,
I point you where you shall have such receiuing
As shall become your Highnesse, where you may
Enjoy your Miseries; from the whom, I fee
There's no disposition to be made, but by
(As heauen's foreordain'd) your ruine: Marry her,
And with my selfe endeavours, in your absence,
Your discontenting Father, praise to qualifie
And bring him vp to liking.

Flo. How Camillus
May this (almost a miracle) be done?
This I may call thee something more then man
And after that thruft to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereunto you go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as th'vnhought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, to we proleffe
Our felues to be the flaves of chance, and flyes:
Of every wunde that blowes.

Cam. Then let me to:
This followes, if you will not change your purpose
But undergo this flight: make for Sicillia,
And there present yourself, and your fayre Prince, (End)
(For so I see the mufc be) rose Leonatus;

Shew

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She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your Bed. Me thinks I see
Letter, opening his free arms, and weeping
Him. Weep, for there's yet there Sonne forgivennesse,
As 'twere the Father perform'd kisses the hands
Of your fresh Princess, 'ere and afore divides him,
'Twixt his vnkindness, and his Kindnesse: ch'one
He chides to Hell, and bids the other grow
Fatter then Thought, or Time.
Flo. Worthy Camilla,
What colour for my Visitation, shall I
Hold vp before him?
Cam. Sent by the King your Father
To greeve him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you (as from your Father) shall deliver,
Things knowne betwixt vs three, I write you downe,
The which shall point you forth at every fittig
What you must say, that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your Fathers Bosome there,
And speake his very Heart.
Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some hope in this.
Cam. A Course more promising,
Then a wild dedication of your felues
To vnpath'd Waters, and dream'd Shores: most certaine,
To Miseries enough: no hope to help you,
But as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing so certaine, as your Anchors, who
do their bett office, if they can but flay you,
Where you be least to be: beside you know,
Proper'ise the very bond of Love.
Whole freth complexion, and whole heart together,
Affilation alters,
Perd. One of these is true:
I think Affilation may subdue the Checke,
But not take-in the Mind.
Cam. Yes? say you so?
There shall not, as your Fathers Houfe, these feven yeares
Be borne another: Sibh.
Flo. My good Camilla,
She's as forward, of her Breeding, as
She is th'her'se' our Birth.
Cam. I cannot say, its pity
She lacks Instructions, for the femes a Miftrasse
To moft that teach.
Perd. Your pardon Sir, for this,
Ile blushe you Thanks.
Flo. My prettie Perdita,
But O the Thrones we band vpon: (Camilla)
Prefeurer of my Father, now of me,
The Medicine of our Houfe: how shall we doe?
We are not fathom'd like Behemus' 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, at this
The Scene you play, were mine. For inffance Sirs,
That you may know you shall not want one word.

urtle Auctoritas.
Aux. Ha, ha, what a Feoffe Honeftie is? and Truthe (this
sworne brother) a very simple Gentleman. I have told
all my Troperies: not a counterfeit Stone, not a Ribbon,
Giffe, Pomander, Drowch, Table-books, Ballad, Knife,
Tape, Gloue, Shoos-eye, Bracelet, Horne-Ring, to kepe
my Pack from falling: they throng who should buy first,
as if my Trinkets had beene hallowed, and brought a be-
nefitcion to the buyer: by which meanes, I jaw wholie
Purse was left in Picture: and what I saw, to my good
vie, I remembered. My Clowne (who wants but some-
things to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the
Wenches Song, that he would not flire his Petty-toes,
till he had both Tune and Words, which so drew the reft
of the Heard to me, that all their other Sences flucke in
Eares: you might have pinch'd a Placket, it was fience-
leffe; 'twas nothing to guld a Cod-peece of a Purfe: I
would have fill'd Keyes of that hung in Chaynes: no
hearing, no feeling, but my Biss Song, and admiring the
Nothing of it. So that in this time of Lecherity, I pickd
and cut most of their Pefull!! Purfes: And had not the
old-man come in with a Whoo-bub against his Daugh-
ter, and the Kings Sonne, and sean't my Chawthes from
the Chaffe, I had not left a Purfe alyne in the whole
Army.
Cam. Nay, but my Letters by this means, being there
So foomo as you arrive, shall declare that doubt.
Flo. And thate you yeI procure from King Leoneric
Cam. Shall satisfy our Father.
Perd. Happy be you:
All that you speake, fliewes faire.
Cam. Who hau'e we here?
We'll make an Infrumens of this: omit
Nothing may give vs aide.
Aux. If they have ouer-heard me new:why hangg.
Cam. Haw now (good Fellow)
Why fhal I throw to? Fears not (nay)
Here's no harme intended to thee.
Aux. I am a poore Fellow, Sir:
Cam. Why,be so still? here's no body will fleale that
from thee: yet for the ouerside of thy potterie, we must
make an exchange; therefore difcffe thee infantly (thou
mullt think there's a trea fefcifie in') and change Garments
with this Gentleman: Though the penny-worth (on his
side) be the worft, yet hold thee, there'some boot.
Aux. I am a poore Fellow, Sir: (I know ye well
enough)
Cam. Nay prettie dispatch: the Gentleman is halfe
flled already.
Aux. Are you in earneft, Sir (I fintell the trick not')
Flo. D'arche, I prettie,
Aux. Indeed I have had Earneft, but I cannot with
conference take it.
Cam. Valuable, valuable,
Fortunately Mr. Thistle (let my prophecy
Come home to ye) you must reie your feife
Into some Courte; take your sweet-hearts Hat
And pluck it on your Browes, muffle your face,
Dif-mantle you, and (as you can) dilkken
The truth of your owne seemg, that you may
(For I do feare eyes outer) to Ship-board
Get vnfeafly'd.
Perd. I see the Play so lyes,
That I must bear a part.
Cam. No remitall
Have you done there?
Flo. Should I now meet my Father,
He would not call me Sonne.
Cam. Nay, you shall have no Hat:
Come Lady, come: Farewell (my friend.)
Aux. Alius, Sir,
Flo. O Perditas: what have we twaine forgot?

Pray

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Clio. Your Worship had like to have given vs one, if
you had not taken your selfe with the manner.
Ship. Are you a Courter, and't like you Sir?
Ant. Whether it like me, or no, I am a Courtier. Sceft
thou not the ayr of the Court, in these enfoldings? Hath
not my gate in it, the mesure of the Court? Receives not
thy Noble Court-Ordour from me? Reflet I not on thy
Bafinelle, Court-Contempt? Think it thou, for that I
inimitate, at toaze from thee thy Bafinelle, I am there-
fore no Courtier; I am Courtier Cap-a-pie; and one that
willeyer pulsifu-on, or pluck-back, thy Bafinelle there:
whereupon I command thee to open thy Affaire.
Ship. My Bafinelle, Sir, is to the, the.
Ant. What Advocate ha't thou to him?
Ship. I know not (and't like you).
Clio. Advocate the Court-word for Pheazant: say
you have none.
Ship. None, Sir. I haue no Pheazant Cock, nor Hen.
Ant. How blefled are we, that are not simple men? Yea,
Nature might have made us these are,
Therefore I will not difdain.
Clio. This cannot be but a great Courter.
Ship. His Garments are rich, but lie weares them not
handsomely.
Clio. He seems to be the more Noble, in being fantas-
ically: A great man, Ile warrant; I know by the picking
of his Tell-tale.
Ant. The Fartell there? What's i'th' Fartell?
Wherefore that Box?
Ship. Sir, those Iyes such Secrets in this Fartell and
Box, which none must know but the King, and which hee
shall know within this hour, if I may come to th' speech
of him.
Ant. Age, thou haft loft thy labour.
Ship. Why Sir?
Ant. The King is not at the Palace, he is gone aboard
a new Ship, to purge Melancholy, and ayr himselle: for
if thou be'ft capable of things serious, thou must know
the King is full of griefe.
Ship. So'tis said (Sir). about his Sonne, that should
have married a Shepherds Daughter.
Ant. If that Shepherbe be not in hand-faft, let him
flyes the Curles he shall haue, the Tortures he shall feele,
will breake the back of man, the heart of Monifter.
Clio. Think you so, Sir?
Ant. Not hee alone shall suffer, what Wit can make
heauti, and Vengeance bitter, but those that are ternarie
unto him (though remou'd fiftie times) shall all come vnder
the Hang-man: which, though it be great pity, yet it is
neceffary. An old Sheepe-whiffling Rogue, a Ran-tend-
er, to offer to have his Daughter, come into grace: Some
fay hee shall be fliou'd, but that death is too fote for him
(fay I). Draw our Throne into a Sheept-Coft: all deaths
are too few, the harp is too eafe.
Clio. Ha's the old-man ere a Sonne Sir (doe you heare)
and't like you, Sir?
Ant. Hee ha's a Sonne: who shall be flayed alive, then
noyanted out, with Honey, set on the head of a Wafpes
Neff, then fland till he be three quarters and a dram dead;
then recover'd againe with Aquavite, or some other hot
Infuion; then, raw as he is (and in the hottest day Prognof-
tication proclaymes) shall he be set again a Brick-wall,
the Sonne looking with a Southward eye vpon him;
where bee is to behold him, with flyes blown to death.)
But what talk we of thee Traitorie, Rasfeal, whose mi-
sieres are to be fmild at, their offences being fo capitall?
Tell me (for you seem to be honest plain men) what you have to the King: being something gently consider'd, Ile bring you where he is aboord, tender your person to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and if it be in man, befriend the King, to effect your Suits, here is man that can do it.

Cleo. He seems to be of great authoritie: cloe with him, give him Gold; and though Authoritie be a stubborn Bear, yet hee is oft led by the Nose with Gold: shew the in-side of your Purse to the out-side of his hand, and no more adoe. Remember for'd, and say'd alio.

Sho. And please you (Sir) to undertake the Bussineffe for vs, here is that Gold I have: Ile make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Sho. I Sir.

Aut. Well, give me the Moetie: Are you a partie in this Bussineffe?

Cleo. In some sort, Sir: but though my cafe be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. Oh, that's the cafe of the Shepherds Sonne: hang him,蜂ce be made an example.

Cleo. Comfort, good comfort: We must to the King, and shew our strange fights: he must know'ts none of your Daughter, nor my Sifer: wee are gone elfe. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man do's, when the Bussineffe is performed, and remaines(as he fay's) you pawned till it be brought you.

Aut. I will truft you. Walk before toward the Seafide, goe on the right hand, I will but looke upon the Hedge, and follow you.

Cleo. We be blefs'd, in this man: as I may fay, even blefs'd.

Sho. Let's before, as he bids vs: he was provided to doe vs good.

Aut. If I had a mind to be honeft, I fee Fortune would not suffer me: thee drops Booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion: (Gold, and a means to doe the Prince my Master good; which, who knows how that may turne backe to my advancemeng ?) I will bring these two Moales, thefe blind-ones, aboord him; if he think it fit to fioare them againe, and that the Complaint they have to the King, concerns him nothing, let him call me Rogue, for being fo farre officious, for I am proce against that Title, and what shame elfe belongs to't: To him will Iprefent them, there may be matter in it.

Enter Leontes, Cleominus, Dirn, Paulina, Servants:

Florizel, Perdite.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd A Saint-like Sorrow: No fault could you make, Which you have not redeem'd; indeed pay'd downe More penitence, then done trepans: At the last Doe, as the Heauens have done too; forget your sullen, With them, forgive your sels.

Len. Whilest I remember Her, and her Vertues, I cannot forget.
Paul. I should do:
Were 't the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't
You chose her: then 'twould surprise, that such a care
Should rive to hear me, and the words that follow'd,
Should be, Remember mine.

Leo. Stares, Stares,
And all eyes else, dead coals: fear thou no wife,
She have no wife, Paulina.
Paul. Will you swear?
"Ne'er to marry, but by my free lease?"
Leo. Ne'er (Paulina) to be blest'd my spirit.
Paul. Then good my lord, beare witness to his Oath.
Cleo. You tempt him out at once.
Paul. Vilest another,
As like Hermione, as is her picture,
Affront his eye.
Cleo. Good Madame, I have done.
Paul. Yet if my lord will marry: if you will, Sir;
No remedy but you will; give me the office
To slay a queen; she shall not be so young
As was your former, but she shall be such
As (walk'd your first queen's ghost) it should take joy
To see in your arms.
Leo. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry, till thou bidst vs.
Paul. That
Shall be when your first queen's again in breath.
Ne'er till then:
"Enter a servant."
Sir. One that glues out himselfe Prince Florizell,
Sonne of Polonius, with his prince (the
The fairest I have yet beheld) desires accefe
To your high presence,
Sir. What with him? he comes not
Like to his fathers greatness, in his approch
(Season of circuſtance, and sudden piece) tells vs,
Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What Trayne?
Sir. But few,
And tho' but meanes,
Leo. His prince (say you) with him?
Sir. As the most peerleſſe piece of earth, I think,
That ere the sunne shone bright on.
Paul. Oh Hermione,
At every prefent time doth boast it felpe
Aboue a better, gone; so mutt thy Graue
Giv way to what's fene now. Sir, you your felpe
Haued faid, and writ fo; but your writing now
Could fit then that Theane: she had not beene,
Nor was not to be equal'd, thus your verfe
Flow'd with her beautie once; 'tis fhirley elly ebb'd,
To say you haue seene a better,
Sir. Pardon, Madame:
The one, I haue almoft forgot (your pardon:) The other, when he's obay'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature, Who begin a Seach, might quench the zeale
Of all professors else; make Proteleyse
Of who she but bid follow.
Paul. How? not women?
Sir. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth then any man; men, that she is
The rareft of all women.
Leo. Get Clemrines,
Your felpe (affh'd with your honor'd friends)

Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange,
He thus should fleas upon vs
Paul. Had our prince
(rewrite of Children) come this hour, he had pay'd
Well with this lord; there was not full a moneth
Betwixt their births.
Leo. "Prethee no more; ceafe: thou know'st
He dyest to me againe, when talk'd of: sure
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Unframe me of reason. They are come,
Enter Florizell, Serleines, Cleomines, and others.
Your mother was most true to Wedlock, prince,
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty one,
Your fathers image is so hit in you,
(He very ayre) that I should call you brother,
As I did him, and speake of something wildly
By perform'd before. Most dearly welcome,
And your faire prince (Goddefe) oh; alas,
I loft a couple, that twixt heauen and earth
Might thus have Iould, begetting wonder,
You (gracious Couple) doe: and then I loft
(All mine owne folly) the Societie,
Armitio too of your brave father, whom
(Though bearing Misster) I define my life
Once more to looke on him.
Fla. By his command
Hau, I here touch'd: Scilla, and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king (at friend)
Can send his brother: but infirmity
(Which wait's upon wornen times) hath something fein'd
His wife's Abilitie, he had himfelfe
The lands and waters, twixt your throne and his,
Mazar'd, to looke upon you, whom he loues,
(He had me fay) more then all the scepters,
And tho' that bear them, living.
Leo. Oh my brother,
Good Gentleman the wrongs I have done thee, firre
Are fenth within me: and thence thys offices
(So rarely kind) are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand blacknelfe. Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth, and bath he too
Expos'd this Paragon to that fairefull vifage
(At leat vngentle) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man, not worth her pains; much leffe,
Th' adornement of her perfon?
Fla. Good my lord,
She came from Lubiia.
Leo. Where the warlike Smalju,
That noble honor'd lord, is feared, and lou'd?
Fla. Most royall sir,
From thence: from him, whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his parting with her: thence
(A profound South-Wind friendly we have cros'd),
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highnesse; my best traine
I haue from your Siciliano shores difin'd
Who for Bohemia, I end, to signifie
Not onely my facecfe (in Lubiia Sir)
But my arrival, and my wife, in latezze
Here, where we are.
Leo. The bleffed Gods
Purge all infection from our ayre, whileft you
cloer Clymate here: you have a holy father,
A graceful Gentleman, against whose perfon
The Winters Tale.

Enter I and Tor.

Lord. Molt Noble Sir,

That which I shall report, will bear no credit.

Were not the proofs so strong. Plead ye great Sir

Bohemia greets you from himselfe, by me;

Defays you to attach his Sonne, who ha's

(His Dignity, and Dutie both cast off)

Pled from his Father, from his Hope, and with

A Shepheard's Daughter.

Leo. Where's Bohemia? speake?

Lord. Here, in your Cotie: I now came from him.

I speake amazedly, and it becomes

My meruaile, and my Meffage, To your Court

While he was hafting (in the Chafe, it seemes,

Of this faire Couple) meetes he on the way

The Father of this seeming Lady, and

Her Brother, having both their Coutry quitted,

With this young Prince.

Flo. Camilla he's betrayd me;

Whose honor, and whose honetie till now,

Endur'd all Weathers.

Lord. Lay's to his charge:

He's with the King your Father.

Leo. Who & Camilla?

Lord. Camilla (Sir) I speake with him; who now

Ha's thole noble man in question. Never saw I

Wretches so quakes: they kneel, they kisse the Earth;

For Swears them selves as often as they speake:

Bohemia flops his eares, and threatens them

With divers deaths, in death.

Perc. Oh my poor Father:

The Heauen lets Spyes vpon vs, will not bave

Our Contract celebrated.

Leo. You are married?

Flo. We are not (Sir) nor are we like to be:

The Starres (I fee) will kiffe the Valleyes firt:

The oddes for high, and low's alike.

Leo. My Lord,

Is this the Daughter of a King?

Flo. She is,

When once ftre is my Wife.

Leo. That once (I fee) by your good Fathers speed,

Will come on very well.

I am lorry

(Most lorry) you haue broken from his liking,

Where you were ty'd in dutie: and as lorry,

Your Chaise is not fo rich in Worth, as Beautie,

That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, looke vp:

Though France,visible An Enemy,

Should chafe vs, with my Father: powre no ioe

I hath fire to change our Loues. Beleeche you (Sir)

Remember, since you owd no more to Tune

Then I doe now: with thought of such Affections,

Step forth mine Advocate: at your request,

My Father will grant you precious things, as Trifles.

Leo. Would he doe so, I'd beg your precious Miftris,

Which he counts but a Trifle.

Pant. Sir (my Liege)

Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a moneth

'Fore your Queene dy'd, he was more worth such gazes,

Then what you look on now.

Leo. I thought of her,

Even in these Looke I made, But your Petition

Is yet yn-anwer'd: I will to your Father:

Your Honor not o'th-throwne by your desires,

I am friend to them, and you: Vpon which Errand

I now goe toward him: therefore follow me.

And make what way I make: Come good my Lord.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Amelius, and a Gentleman.

Ant. Beleeche you (Sir) were you present at this Re-

lation?

Genl. 1. I was by at the opening of the Farthell, heard

the old Shepheard deliver the manner how he found it:

Whereupon (after a little amaz'd ene) we were all com-

manded out of the Chamber: only this (me thought) I

heard the Shepheard say, he found the Child.

Ant. I would moft gladly know the title of it.

Genl. 1. I make a broken delibritie of the Bufiness;

but the changes I perceived in the King and Cami-

la, were very Notes of admiration: they seem'd almost with fla-

ting on one another, to tear the Cafes of Their Eyes.

There was speech in their dumbneffe, Language in their

very gestures: they look'd as they had heard of a World

random d, or one destroy'd: a notable passion of Won-

der appeared in them: but the wiseft beholder, that knew

no more but seeing, could not say, if in't importance

were toy, or Sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it mutt

be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a Gentleman, that happy knowes more:

The Newes Rogers.

Genl. 2. Nothing but Bon-fires: the Oracle is full'd,

the Kings Daughter is found: such a deale of wonder is

broken out within this hour; that Bull-damas cannot be

able to expressive it.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady Paulina's Steward, hee can deliver you more. How goes it now (Sir) This News (which is
call'd true) is so like an old Tale, that the vertice of it is

in strong fulpicion: He's the King found his Heire?

Genl. 3. Most true, if eter Truth were pregnant by

Circumstance: That which you hear, you're wise to see

you fee, there is such virtue in the proveces. The Mantle of

Queen Hermione: her lawell about the Neck of it:

the Letters of Argu'men found with it, which they knew

to be his Character: the Matriff of the Creature, in re-

semblance of the Mother: the Affection of Noblesse,

which Nature finewes about her Breeding, and many o-

ther Evidences, proclayme her, with all certeume, to be

the Kings Daughter. Did you see the meeting of

the two Kings?

Genl. 2. No.

Genl. 3. Then have you left a Sight which was to be

dene,cannot bee spoken of. There might you have be-

held one Joy crose another, so and in such manner, that

it seem'd sorrow wept to take leave of them: for that

Joy wanted in terror. There was calling vp of Eyes, hold-

ing vp of Hands, with Countenance of such digitation,

that they were to be knowne by Garment, not by favor.

Out.
Our King being ready to leave out of himselfe, for joy of his found Daughter: as if that joy were now become a Loose, eyes, Oh, thy Mother, thy Mother: then asks Bohemia forgiveness, and then embraces his Sonne-in-Law: then again worries he his Daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old Shepheard (which stands by, like a Weather-bitten Conduit, of many Kings Reignes.) I never heard of such another Encouter; which shames Report to follow it, and vando's description to doe it.

Gent. 2, What, 'pray you, because of Antiquity, 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 eye open; he was borne to pieces with a Beare: This stouche the Shepheards Sonne; who has not only his Innocence (which feemes much) to inuflle him, but a Hand-kachteif and Kings of his, that Paulina knows.

Gent. 1, What became of his Barke, and his Followers?

Gent. 3, Wrackt the same infant of their Masters death, and in the view of the Shepheard: so that all the Instruments which ayd to expose the Child, were even then left, when it was found. But oh the Noble Combat, that twixt Joy and Sorrow was fought in Paulina. Shee had one Eye declin'd for the loss of her Husband, another eueristas, that the Oracle was full fill'd: Shee lifted the Prince from the Earth, and so locks her in embrasing, as if she would put her to her heart, that shee might no more he in danger of flooding.

Gent. 1, The Dignitie of this Act was worth the audience of Kings and Princes, for by such it was acted.

Gent. 3, One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which ang'd for mine Eyes (caught the Water, though not the Fith) was, when at the Relation of the Quenes death (with the manner how shee came to't, brassyely confess'd, and lamented by the King) how attentuenee wounded his Daughter, till (from one signe of dolour to another) shee did(with an Aha) I would fay, bleed tears: for I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was molt Marble, there changed colour: some 2ounded, all sorrowed: if all the World could have seen't, the Woe had bene universe.

Gent. 1, Are they returned to the Court?

Gent. 3, No: The Princehee hearing of her Mothers Stcalce (which is in the keeping of Paulina) a Pece of many scenes to doing, and now newly perform'd, by that rare Italian Master, felio Romano, who (had he himselfe Emer- mined, and could put Breath into his Workes) would be- guile Nature of her Custome, to perfectly he is her Ages: He loo neere to Hermione, hath done Hermione, that they one would speake to her, and stand in hope of answer. Thither (with all greedinesse of affection) they goe, and there they intend to Sup.

Gent. 2, I thought the had some great matter there in hand. for she hath privily, twice or three a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that morned House, Shall wee thinke, and with our companie pecee the Replying?

Gent. 1, Who would be thence, that he's the benefit of Accesse? every winke of an Eye, some new Grace will beborne: our Abstinence makes vs vnfrivile to our Knowledge. Let's along.

Exit.

Act. 1. Now (had I not the darh of my former life in me) would Preffeminat drop on my head. I brought the old man and his Sonne aboard the Prince; told him, I heard them talke of a Fishetl, and I know not what: but

be at that time over-fond of the Shepheards Daughter (to he then took her to be), who began to be much Sea-sick, and himselfe little better, extremite of Weather continuing, this Mysterie remained vndiscover'd. But's all one to me: for had I beene the finder-out of this Secret, I would not have relish'd among my other differend.

Enter Shepheard and Clowne.

Here come thole I have done good to against my will, and alreadie appearing in the blossomes of their Fortune.

Shop. Come Boy, I am past mee Children; but the Sonnes and Daughters will be all Gentlemen borne.

Clow. You are well met (Sir.) you deny'd to fight with mee this other day, because I was no Gentleman borne. See you these Clothes? say you fee them not, and thinke me still no Gentleman borne: You were beft fay these Robes are not Gentlemen borne. Give me the Lye: doe: and try whether I am not now a Gentleman borne.

Ask. I know you are now(Sir) a Gentleman borne.

Clow. I stand have been in any time these foure hours. Shop. And so haue I, Boy.

Clow. So you haue: but I was a Gentleman borne before my Father: for the Kings Sonne took mee by the hand, and called mee Brother: and then the Two Kings call'd my Father Brother: and then the Prince (my Brother) and the Princele (my Sister)call'd my Father, Father: and so wee wept: and there was the fift Gentleman-like teares that ever we fild.

Shop. We may huse (Sonnes) to fied many more.

Clow. 1: or else were hard-luck, being in fo prepositous eiate as we are.

Ask. I humbly beleeve you (Sir) to pardon mee 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?

Ask. I, and it like your good Worship.

Clow. Give me thy hand: I will sware to the Prince, thou art as honest a true Fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shop. You may sware it, but not sware it.

Clow. Not sware it, now I am a Gentleman? Let Boores and Franchises sware it, I sware it.

Shop. How it be fale (Sonnes)?

Clow. If it be not fale, a true Gentleman may sware it, in the behalfe of his Friend: And I sware to the Prince, thou art a tall Fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be dranke; but I know thou art no tall Fellow, thou wilt be dranke: and that thou wilt be dranke: but, I sware it, and I would thou wilt not be a tall Fellow of thy hands.

Ask. I will prose so (Sir) to my power.

Clow. I, by any means prose a tall Fellow, if I do not wonder, how thou don't venture to be dranke, not being a tall Fellow, trust me not. Harke, the Kings and the Princes (our Kindred) are going to see the Quenes Picture. C'me, follow vs: we'll be thy good Masters.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizell, Ferdinand, Camillo, Paulina. Hermione (like a Statue:) Lords &c.

Lee. O graue and good Paulina, the great comfort That I have had of thee.
The Winters Tale.

Paul. What (Souraigne Sir)
I did not well, I meant well: all my Services
You did not stay at home. But that you have taught me
(With your Crown'd Brother, and thee your contracd
Heires of your KINGdomes) my poor House to visit;
It is a surplus of your Grace, which never
My life may laft to anfwere.

Les. Of Paulina,
We honor you with trouble: but we came
To fee the Statue of our Queene, Your Gallerie
Hau we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we fau not
That which my Daughter came to looke upon,
The Statue of her Mother.

Paul. As the liu'd peculiar
So her dead likenesse I do well believe
Excell what euer yet you look'd vpon,
Or hand of Man hath done: therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart. But here it is: prepare
To fee the Life as luvely mock'd, as euer
Still sleep'e mock'd Death: beheld, and fay'tis well,
I like your fience, it the more fhes-off
Your wonder: but yet fpeak, first you (my Liege)
Comes it not fomathing neere
Lea. Her natural Politue,
Chide me (deare Stone) that I may fay indeed
Though art Harmoune; or rather, thou art the
In thy not chiding: for the was a tender
As Infancy, and Grace. But yet (Paulina)

Harmoune was not fo much wrinkle'd, nothing
So aged as this feeme.

Paul. Oh, not by much.
Paul. So much the more our Carers excellence,
Which lets goe by some fixteene yeares, and makes her
As the liu'd now.

Lea. As now thee might have done, is
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my Soule. Oh, thus the flood,
Euen with such Life of Maiestie(ware Life),
As now it coldly (hands) when first I woold her,
I am afham'd: Do's not the Stone rebuke me,
For being more Stone then it? Oh Royall Peace
There's Magick in thy Maiestie, which has his
My Euis coniur'd to remembrance: and
From thy admiring Daughter tooke the Spirits,
Standing like Stone with thee.

Perd. And give me leaue,
And do not fay'tis Superfition, that
I kneele, and then implore her Blessing, Lady,
Deere Queene, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours, to kiffe.

Paul. O, patience!
The Statue is but newly liad ; the Colour's
Not da\.

Caw. My Lord, your Sorrow was too foon lay'd-on,
Which fixteene Winters cannot blow away,
So many Summers dry: scarce any joy
Did euer fo long time; now Sorrow,
But kill'd it felle much sooner.

Paul. Deere my Brother,
Least that was the caufe of this, have powre
To take-off for much griefe from you: as he
Will pecee wp in himselfe.

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 fhev'd it.

Les. Doe not draw the Curtaine,
Paul. No longer fhall you gaze on't, leaft your Fancy
May think'm anon, it moves.

Les. Lo be, let be:
Would I were dead, but that me thinkes already,
(What was he that did make it?) See (my Lord)
Would you not deeme it breath'd, and that thofe veines
Did verily bear blood?

Paul. Mafflyer done:
The very Life feemes warme vpon her Lippe.

Les. The figure of her Eye ha's motion in't,
As we are mock'd with Art.

Paul. Ile draw the Curtaine:
My Lord's almoft fo farre transport'd, that
He'le think it anon it lives.

Les. Oh fweet Paulina,
Make me to thinke fo twenty yeares together:
No fettled Sences of the World can match
The pleaure of that maffifie. Let't alone,
Paul. I am forry (Sir) I haue thus farre fhit you: but
I could affift you further.

Les. Doe Paulina:
For this Affiction ha's a taffe as fweet
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 will kiffe her,

Paul. Good my Lord, forbear:
The rudiflinefe vpon her Lippe, is wet:
You'll make it, if you kiffe it: then your owne
With Ouly Painting: fhall I draw the Curtaine,

Les. No: not fo late twenty yeares.

Perd. So long could I

Stand-by, a looker-on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quickly enter Chappell, or resolute you
For more amezement: if you can behold it,
I'll make the Statue move indeed; defend,
And take you by the hand: but then you'll think
(Which I proteft again!) I am affift
By wicked Powers.

Les. What you can make her doe,
I am content to looke on what to fpeak,
I am content to hear: for'tis as eafe
To make her speake, as moue.

Paul. It is requir'd
You doe awake your Faith; then, all hand flill:
On thofe that think it is vnauxfull bufinefe
I am about, let them depart.

Les. Proceed:

No foot fhall firre.

Paul. Mufick; awake her: Stroke:
'Tis time; defend; be Stone no more: approach:
Strike all that looke upon with meruelle:
Come: I'll fill your Graue wp: firrer: nay, come away:
Because to Death your nummefle; (for from him,
Dear Life redeemes you) you perceive the firrer:
Start not: her Actions fhall be holy, as
You hear my Spell is lawfull: doe not fhun her,
Virtue you fee her dyu againe; for then
You kill her double: Nay, prefent your Hand:
When she was young, you woold her: now, in age,
Is she the Suisor?

Les. Oh she's warme:
If this be Mufick, let it be an Art

Law-

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The Winters Tale.

Lawfull as Eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his necke,

If she pertaine to life, let her speake too.

Pol. And make it manifeft where she ha's liu'd,

Or how done from the dead?

Paul. That she is living.

Were it but told you, should be hooted at

Like an old Tale: but it appears fhe lives,

Though yet fhe speake not. Marke a little while;

Pleafe you to interpole (faire Madam) kneele,

And pray your Mothers blesling: tune good Lady,

Our Perdita is found.

Her. You Gods looke downe,

And from your sacred Voils pourre your graces

Vpon my daughters head: Tell me (mine owne)

Where haft thou bin prefer'd? Where thou bin prefer'd

Thy Fathers Court? For thou (fares hearre that)

Knowing by Paulina, that the Oracle

Gave hope thou walt in being, haue prefer'd

My felfe, to fee the yssue.

Pol. There's time enough for that,

Leaft they desire (vpon this puesl) to trouble

Your loyces with like Relation. Go together

You precious winners all: your exaltation

Partake to every one: I (an old Turtle)

Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there

My Mate (that's never to be found again)

Lament, till I am loft.

Lee. O peace Paulina:

Thou shouldest a husband take by my content,

As I by thine a Wife. This is a Match,

And made betwixt's by Vowes. Thou haft found mine,

But how, is to be question'd: for I law her

(As I thought) dead: and haue (in vaine) said many

A prayer upon her graue. Hee not fecke faire

(For him, I partly know his minde) to finde thee

An honourable husband. Come Camillo,

And take her by the hand: whose worth, and honestly

Is richly noted: and here iustified

By V5, a pairre of Kings. Let's from this place.

What looke upon my Brother: both your pardons,

That ere I put betwixt your holy looks,

My ill-suspition: This your Son-in-law,

And Sonne unto the King, whom heaven directing

Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,

Lead vs from hence, where we may leyfully

Each one demand, and anfver to his part

Perform'd in this wide gap of Time, since first

We were diuerce'd: Haftily lead away.

Exeunt.

The Names of the Actors.

L EONETES, King of Sicilia.

MaLouina, young Prince of Sicilia.

Cassio.

ANTIGonus.

Ant. Lords of Sicilia.

Diom. Perdita, Daughter to Leonetes and Hermione.

Paulina, wife to Antigonus.

Emilia, a Lady.

Polixenes, King of Bohemia.

Florizell, Prince of Bohemia.

Old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.

Clowne, his Sonne.

Ameletus, a Rogue.

Archidamus, a Lord of Bohemia.

Other Lords, and Gentlemen, and Servants.

Shepherds, and Sheparagus.

FINIS.
The life and death of King John.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter King John, Queen Eleanor, Pembroke, Essex, and Salisbury, with the Chastilions of France.

King John, How now, Chastillon, what would France with us?  
Chast. Thus (after greeting) speaks the King of France.

In my behaviour to the Maiestie,
The borrowed Maiestie of England here.

Elsa. A strange beginning: borrowed Maiestie?

K. John. Silence (good mother) hearst the Embassifie.

Chast. Peace of France, in rights due behalfe
Of thy deceased brother, Geoffrey sonne,
Arthur Plantaganet, leaves most lawful claim
To this faire land, and the Territories:
To Ireland, Poitiers, Audience, Trarague, Maine,
Defining thee to lay aside the sword:
Which favours wistfully the freecall titles,
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
The Nephew, and right roially Souveraigne.

K. John. What follows if we disallow of this?

Chast. The proud contest of fierce and bloody warre,
To enforce their rights, so forcibly with-keid,

K. John. Here's war, war, and blood for blood,
Contreleme or controlemente: so answer France.

Chast. Then take my Kings defiance from my mouth,
The fairest limit of my Embassifie.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace,
Be thou as lightning in the skies of France;
For ere thou canst report, I will be there;
The chandar of my Cannon shall be heard.
So hence the loud the trumpet of our wrath,
And fullen preface of your owne decaye:
An honourable conduct let him have,
Pembroke looke to't: farewell Chastillon.

Exit Chast. and Pemb.

Es. What now my sonne, haue I not ever said
How that amissious Confidence would not eafe
Till she had kindled France and all the world,
Upon the right and parity of her sonne.
This might have beene prevented, and made whole
With very good argument of love,
Which now the marriage of two kingdomes must
With fearfull bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong passion, and our right for vs.

Es. Your strong passion so much more then your right,
Or else it must goe wronge with you and me,
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,

Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall heare.

Es. My Liege, here is the strangest controuersye
Come from the Country to be judg'd by you.
That ere I heard: shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach:

Our Abbies and our Priorites shall pay
This expensious charge: what men are you?

Enter Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip.

Philip. Your faithful subject, a gentleman,
Borne in Northampton, and eldest sonne
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,
A Souderie by the Honor-guing-hand.

Of Cordial, Knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Robert. The fon and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heyre?

You came not of one mother then it seems.

Philip. Most certain of one mother, mighty King,
That is well knowne, and as I think one father:
But for the clearne knowledge of that truth,
I put you here to heare, and to my mother,
Of that I doubt, as all mens children may.

Es. Out on thee rude man,  
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Thib. I know not why, except to get the land;
But once he flandered me with battardly:
But where I be as true begote or no,
That shall I lay upon my mothers head,
But that I am as well begote my Liege
(Faire Iall the bones that tooke the pains for me):
Compare our faces, and be judge your selfe
If old Sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this sonne like him:
O old Sir Robert, Father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why what a mad-care hath heaven lent us here?

Elen. He hath a trickke of Cordial's he.

The accent of his tongue affects him:

Doe you not read some tokens of my sonne
In the large composition of this man?

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The life and death of King John.

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard; firs speake,
What doth move you to claim your brothers land?
Phil. Because he hath a half face like my father?
With whose face he would be hale in my lady's,
A half face's great, five hundred pounds my due.
Rob. My gracious Liege, when that my father ru'd,
Your brother did employ my father much.
Phil. Well say, by this you cannot get my land,
Your tale must be now he employ'd by any mother.
Rob. And once dispaith'd him in an Embassie
To Germany, there with the Emperer.
To treat of high affairs touching that time:
The advantage of his absence took the Kings,
And in the mean time founnd at my fathers
Where how he did preseale, I shame to speake:
But truth is truth, large lengths of feas and shores
Betweene my father, and my mother say,
As I have heard my father speake himselfe
When this false luydy gentleman was got:
Upon his death-beefie by well bequeathed
His lands to me, and took it on his death
That this my mother's issue was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time;
Then good my Lieutenante have what is mine,
My fathers land, as was my fathers will.
K. John. Sirra, your brother is Legitimate,
Your fathers wife did after wedlocke bear him:
And if she did play fafe, the tait was hers,
Which fault lyes on the hardships of all husbands
That marry wives; tell me, how if my brother
Who as you say, took impeachment to get this sonne,
Had of your father claim'd this sonne for his,
Insooth, good friend, your father might have kept.
This Calle, bred from his Cowe from all the world.
Insooth he might then; if he were my brothers,
My brother might not claim him, nor your father
Being none of his, refife him this concludes,
My mothers sonne did you: father beyne,
Your fathers beyne must have your fathers land.
Rob. Shall then my fathers Will be no force,
To dispose of that child which is not his.
Phil. Of no more force to dispose of me sir,
Then was his will to get me, as I think.
El. Whether hath thou them be a Fountenebridge,
And like thy brother to enjoy thy land:
Or the reputed fortune of Cordelot,
Lord of thy ente, or the lady be beside.
Haf. Madam, and many brother had his shape
And I had his, Sir Robert his like him,
And if my legs were two rich riding rods,
My atome, such eile skims that, my face to thin,
That in mine ear I shall not hit a roke.
Left men should fell, fooke where these eartings go,
And to the shape we were heere to all this land,
Would I might more neatly from off this plant,
I would give it empty foot to have this face:
It would not be inborn in any case.
Elon. I like thee well wait thou for fake thy fortune,
Bequests thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a Souldier, and now bound to France.
Haf. Brother, take you my land, Ite take my chances;
Your face hath got five hundred pounds a yeere,
Yet fell your face for fine pence and this decreet.
Maslam, Ile follow you into the death.

Elon. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.
Balf. Our Country manners give our better way.
K. John. What is thy name?
Balf. Philip my Liege, so is my name begyn,
Philip, good old Sir Robert was eldest sonne.
K. John. From henceforth bear his name
Whoe formes thou bearest?
Kneele thou downe Philip, but rise more great,
Arise Sir Richard, and Plantagenet.
Balf. Brother by thymother side, give me your hand,
My father gave me honor, yours gave land:
Now blest be the house by night or day
When I was got, Sir Robert was away,
Elr. The very spirit of Plantagenet:
I am thy grandame Richard, call me so.
Balf. Madam by chance, but not by truth, what tho:
Something about a little from the right,
In at the window, or else oer the hatch:
Who dares not play in stay, waile waile by night;
And haue a hue, how euer men doe catch:
Neece or faire off all womne is thill well shot,
And I am here, I was begot.
K. John. Con, Fountenebridge, now halfe thou thy desire,
A landleesse Knight, maketh thee a landed Squire?
Come Madam, and come Richard, we must sped
For France, for France, for it is more than need.
Balf. Brother adieu, good fortune come to thes,
For thou wilt go in way of honestly.

Exeunt all but boilard.

Balf. A foot of Honor better than we,
But many a many foot of Land the waife.
Well, now can I make any teane a lady.
Good den Sir Richard, Godamercy follow,
And if his name be George, Ile call him Peter;
For now made honor doth forget men names:
'Tis two refpeetive, and too fociable
For your confection, now your traveler,
Here and his tooke-pike at my worshipes meffe,
And when my knightly Iamacke is fufed,
Why then I scarce my teeth, and catherine
My picked must of Countries: my deere Sir,
Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin,
I shall beleев: that is question now,
And then comes anwerer like an Abley booker:
Ors, tayes anwer, at your left command,
At your employment, at your feme se:
No sir, ladies question, I tiewest at yours,
And if they know what question would,
Saying in Dialogue of Complement,
And talking of the Alpes and Appenines,
The Perencian and the river Poe,
It drawes towards fupper in conclusion fo.
But this is worthipfull lectery,
And this the mounting spirit like my felse;
For he is but a taught to the time
That doth not know a pleaece of obseruation,
And so am I whether I amacke or no
And not alone in habits and deuice,
Exterior forme, outward accourentem;
But from the inward motion to delier
Sweet, sweet, sweet posion for the ages tooth,
Which though I will not practice to deceiue,
Yet to sound deceit I meane to leare;
For it shall flrew the footsteps of my rising:
But who comes in such haste in rising robes?
Enter Lady Faulconbridge and James Cornoay.

_Lady._ Where is that flae thy brother? where is he?

_Exit James._

_Madam._ I was not old Sir Roberts, his brother; but he might have his part in me.

_Baft._ My brother Robert, old Sir Roberts sonne; Colbrand the Groat, that famous mighty man;
Is it Sir Roberts sonne that you seek to?

_Lady._ Sir Robert sonne, I know you are a noble boy,
Sir Roberts sonne? why scornst thou at Sir Robert?
He is Sir Roberts sonne, and so art thou.

_Baft._ James Gourrie, wilt thou giue vs leave a while?

_Guer._ Good leve, good Philip.

_Baft._ Philip, sparrow, James,
There's toyes abroad, anon I'll tell thee more.

_Exit James._

_Madam._ My brother, I am not Sir Roberts, Sir Roberts, sir Roberts might have his part in me.
Upon good Friday, and there broke his faith?
Sir Robert could doe well, marry to confesse
Could get me Sir Robert could not doe it.
We know his handy worke, therefore good mother
To whom am I beholding for these himmes?
Sir Robert ouer holpe to make this legge.

_Lady._ Haft thou confir'd with thy brother too,
That for thine owne game thouft defend mine honor?

_Baft._ My brother, I am not Sir Roberts, sir Roberts, sir Roberts might have his part in me.

_Her._ What, am I dubb'd, I haue it on my shoulder:
But mother, I am not Sir Roberts sonne,
I haue dissembl'd 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?
_Her._ Lady. Haft thou denied thy felte a Faulconbridge?

_Baft._ As faithfully as I denie the duiull.

_Lady._ King Richard Cordelton was thy father,
By long and vehement fiuit I was seduc'd
To make roome for him in my husbands bed:
Heauen lay not my transgression to my charge,
That art the ifue of my deere offence
Which was so strongly&Bd paift my defence.

_Baft._ Now by this light were I to get againe
Madam, I would not with the better father:
Some finnes doe beare their priuiledge on earth,
And doth yours: your faule, was not your folly
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
Subiected tribute to commanding love,
Against whose furie and vnmatched force,
The awleffe Lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keepe his Priucely heart from Richards hand:
He that performe robs Lion of their hearts,
May easely winne a woman: aye my mother,
With all my heart I thanke thee for my father:
Who lines and dares but fay, thou didst not well
When I was got, lie fent his foule to hell.
Come Lady I will fhew thee to my kinne,
And they fhall fay, when Richard mine begote,
If thou had not fayd him nay, it had beene finne
Who fayes it was, he lyes, I fay vnnaue.

_Exit._

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Enter before Angiers, Philip King of France, Lewis, Dandelphon, Austria, Confluen, Archier.

_Lewis._ Before Angiers well met braue Austria,
Archier that great fore-runner of thy bloud,
Richard that robd the Lion of his heart,
And fought the holy Wars in Palestyne,
By this braue Duke came early to his grave:
And for amends to his pofterity,
At our importance he is come,
To spread his colours boy, in thy behalfe,
And to enclude the visitation
Of thy unnatural Uncle, English John,
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hether.
_Archi._ God shall forgive you Cordelton's death
The rather, that you gie his off-spring life,
Shadoeing their right under your wings of warre:
I giue you welcome with a powerlesse hand,
But with a heart full of vnflained loue,
Welcome before the gates of Angiers Duke.

_Lewis._ A noble boy, who would not doe thee right?

_Auft._ Upon thy cheeke lay I this zealous kisse,
As feale to this indenter of my louse:
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 Oceans roaring tides,
And coopes from other lands her handers,
Even till that England hedd'd in with the maine,
That Water-walled Bulwarke, fell secure
And confident from forereine purpofes,
Even till that vnmoit corner of the Welt
Salute thee for her King, till then faire boy,
Will I not thinke of home, but follow Armer.

_Coat._ O take his mothers thanks, a widdowes thanks,
Till your strong hand shall helpe to give him strength,
To make a more requital to your louse.

_Auft._ The peace of heauen is theirs I lift their swords
In such a iuft and charitable warre.

_King._ Well, then to worke our Cannon shall be bent
Against the browes of this refilling townes;
Call for our cheefest men of discipline,
To pull the plots of best advantages;
Woe will lay before this townie our Royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in French-men bloud,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

_Con._ Stay for an answer to your Embaiffe,
Dift vnnaus'd you faine their swords with bloud,
My Lord Chastilation may from England bring
That right in peace which heere we vrg in warre;
And then we will repent each drop of bloud,
That hot rash hate to indirectly shed.

_Enter Chastilation._

_King._ A wonder Ladylo upon thy with
Our Meflenget Chastilation is arriv'd,
What England lies, say brefely gentle Lord;
We coldly paffe for thee, Chastilion speake.

Chat._ Then turne your forces from this paltry fieghe,
And firre them vp against a mightier task:
England impatient of your iuft demands,
Hath put himselfe in Armes, the aduerie winnes

_Whose._

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I. i. 218—II. i. 57
The life and death of King John.

Who's leisure I have said, have given him time
To land his Legions all as soon as I;
His march's are despatched to this town;
His forces strong, his Soldiers confident;
With him along is come the Mother Queen,
An Angel flaming to blood and strife,
With her her Niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain,
A Dauphine, a Bastard of the King's deceit,
And all her valiant heroes of the Land,
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntary,
With Ladies fair, and fierce Dragons sable,
Have sold their fortunes, to their native homes;
Bearing their birth-right proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here:
In brief, a bower choyse of daintie spirits
Then now the English houses base wattle, o'er,
Did never flow upon the bleeding tide
To do offence and feathe in Christendome;
The interruption of their churlish drums;
Cuts off more circumstance, they are at hand,

Enter K. of England, Balfard, Queen, Blanch, Pembroke, and others.

K. John. Peace be to France: If France in peace permit
Our luff and lineall entrance to our owne;
If not, blest be France, and peace Ascend to heaven.
While we Gods wrathfull agent doe correct
Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heaven.
France. Peace be to England, if that warre returne
From France to England, there to live in peace:
England we loue, and for that Englands sake,
With burden of our armor here we weare;
This cope of ours should be a work of thine;
But thou from Ionin and England art to fare,
That thou halt vnder-wooth his lawfull King,
Cutoff the sequence of posterity,
Out-saced Infant State, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the Crown;
Looke heare upon thy brother Geoffrey face,
These eyes, these browses, were moulded out of his;
This little abstraite doth contain that large,
Which did in Geoffrey and the hand of time,
Shall draw this breefe into as huge a volume:
That Geoffrey was thy elder brother borne,
And this his fonne, England was Geoffrey right,
And this is Geoffrey in the name of God.
How comest it then that thou art call'd a King,
When huing blood doth in these temples bear
Which owne the owne of others, that thou ownest not?
K. John. From whom haue thou this great commision
To draw my answer from thy Articles?

Fra. From that supernal Judge that fits good thoughts
In any beast of strong authority,
To lookes into the blots and stains of sight,
That judgement hath me guardian to this boy,
Vnder whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whose helpe I mean to chastifie it.

Fra. Exceeles it is to beat vvipting downe.
Queen. Who is it thou doest call vnipte France?
Conj. Let me make anwser: thy vnipting fonne.
Queen. Out infolent, thy bastard shall be King,
That thou maist bee a Queen, and check the world.
Con. My bed was ever to thy fonne as true
As he that was to call husband, and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geoffrey
Then thou and John, in manner being as like,
As raine to water, or deuell to his damme;
My boy a bastard: by my soyle I think
His father neuer was so tru begeot,
It cannot bee, and if thou wert his mother.

Queen. There is a good mother boy, that blots thy ly-

Conj. There's a good grandam boy
That would blot thee.

Aunf. Peace.
Balf. Hear the Cryer.
Aunf. What the deuill art thou?
Baff. One that will play the deuill for wish you,
And a may cayth your hide and you alone:
You are the bane of whom the Proverbe goes
Whose sullen puds laste Lyon by the beard;
He fumeke your skin-coat and I catch you right,
Sits roke too's, yfaith I will, yfaith.
Blais. O well he did become that I ons robe,
That did disrobe the Lion of that robe.
B afl. It lies as lightly on the backe of him
As great Alcest shooes upon an Affe;
Balf. Let take that burchen from your backe,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders cracke.
Aunf. What cracker is this fame that desaies our cases
With this abundance of superfluous breath?
King Lewis, determine what we shall doe slait.

Low. Women & fool's, break off your conference.

King John, this is the very summe of all:
England and Ireland Angiers, Toronde, Maine,
In right of Arthur doe I claime of thee;
Wilt thou resigne them, and lay downe thy Armes?
John. My life as fonne; I doe defie thee France,
Arthur of Britaine, yeld thee to my hand,
And of my deere loue I lie give thee more,
Then er the coward hand of France can win;
Submit thee boy.

Queen. Come to thy grandame child.

Con. Doo childe, goe to yt grandame child.
Gise grandame kingdome, and it grandame will
Give yt a plum, a cherry, and a figge,
That's a good grandame.

Arthur. Good my mother peace,
I would that we were lawd laid in my grave,
I am not worth this coyle that's made for me, (weepes.
Qu. Mo. His mother shames him so, poore boy hee
Con. NOW shame upon you where the doe do no,
His grandames wrongs, and not his mothers shame.
Drawes thofe heautn-mouing peartes for his poor eere,
Whose a good grandame.

Arthur. Good my mother peace,
I would that we were lowd laid in my grave,
I am not worth this coyle that's made for me, (weepes.
Qu. Mo. His mother shames him so, poore boy hee
Con. NOW shame upon you where the doe do no,
His grandames wrongs, and not his mothers shame.
Drawes thofe heautn-mouing peartes for his poor eere,
Whose a good grandame.

Qu. Thou monstrous flanderer of heaven and earth.

Con. Thou monstrous Insurer of heaven and earth,
Call not me flanderer, thou and thine viupe
The Dominations, Royalties, and rights
Of this oppressed boy; this is thy eldett fones fonne,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:

Thy
The life and death of King John.

Thy fittes are visit'd in this poor child;
The Canon of the Laws is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sinner-conceiving wombe.


Cow. I haue but this to say,
That he is not only plagued for his fin,
But God hath made her inne and her, the plague
On this removed ilie, piqued for her,
And with her plague her finnes his injury
Her iniurie the Beadle to her finne,
All punifh'd in the person of this child,
And all for her, a plague upon her due.
On this right hand, ye Cittizens, I can produce
A Will, that bars the title of thy sonne.

Cow. I who doubts that, a Will: a wicked will,
A womans will, a cankered Grandams will.

Fra. Peace Lady, pave, or be more temperate,
If he elseseeme this presence to crystme
To thefe ill tuned repetitions:
Some Trumpet fummon hither to the walls.
These men of Angiers, let vs hear them speake,
Whose title they admit, Arthurs or Iohns.

Trumpet sounds.

Enter a Citizen upon the walls.

Cit. Who is it that hath war'd vs to the walls?

Fra. This France, for England.

Iohn. England for it selfe:
You men of Angiers, and my loving Subiects,
Fra. You loving men of Angiers, Arthurs Subiects,
Our Trumpet call'd you to this gentle pare.

Iohn. For our advantage, therefore hear vs vs first:
These haggis of France that are advanced here
Before the coniection and prospect of your Towne,
Hau't hither march'd to your endengagement.
The Canons have their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they to spift forth
Their iron indigation gainst your walles:
All preparation for a bloody siege
And mericles proceeding, by these French.
Comfort yours Citties eies, your winking gates:
And but for our approach, thefe sleeping ftones,
That as a waife doth girdle you about
By the compulion of their Ordinances,
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had bin difhabitcd, and wide hauocke made
For bloody power to ruff vp your peace.
But on the right of vs your lawfull King,
Who painfully with much expedient march
Hau'c brought a counter-checke before your gates,
To fave vnrich'd your Citties threaten'd checkes:
 Behold the French amaz'd, you fhalde a pate:
And now indeed of bulleta, wrap'd in fire,
To make a flaming feare in your wallet,
They fstrike but calm words, foldcd vp in smoke,
To make a faithfle error in your ears,
Which fruit accordingly kinde Cittizens,
And let vs in. Your King, whose labour'd spirits
Peer-wearesd in this action of swift speede,
Craued harbouarge within your Cittie walles.

France. When I haue fadly, make anqwer to vs both,
Lay in this right hand, vpick your proportion
Is moft dumbly vproad upon the right.
Of him it holds, by fonde your fhawnting,
Some to the elder brother of this man,
And King or vs, and all thace he enioies:
For this downe-trodan equity, we tread
In warlike march, thefe gentlemen before your Towne,
Being no further enemy to you.
Then the confraint of hopitable zeale,
In the releafe of this oppreffed child,
Religiously provokes. Be pleade then.
To pay that dute which you truly owe,
To him that owes it, namely, this yong Prince,
And then our Armes, like to a muzzled Beare,
Safe in afechte, hath all offence feal'd vp:
Our Cannons malice vainly fhall be spent
Against th'inviolable clouds of heaven,
And with a bleffed and vn-vext reyse,
With wnaack'd swords, and Helmes all unbruis'd,
We will beare home that lyffe blood againe,
Which herc we came to pount againt your Towne,
And leave your children, wives, and you in peace.
But if you foonly paffe our proffer'd offer,
Tis not the rounder of your old-fac'd walles,
Can hide you from our meffengers of Warre,
Though all thefe English, and their discipline
Were harbour'd in their rude circumfence:
Then tell vs, Shall your Cittie call vs Lord.
In that behalfe which we haue challegg'd?
Or shall we give the signall to our rage,
And fllake in blood to our poftefion?

Cit. In breue, we are the King of Englands Subiects
For him, and in his right, we hold this Towne.

Iohn. Acknowledgen the then the King, and let me in.

Cit. That ear we not: but he that proues the King
To him will we proue loyall, till that time
Have we ranni'd vp our gates againft the world.

Iohn. Doth not the Crowne of England, proue the King?
And if not that, I bring you Witnesss
Twice fiftene thouand hearts of Englands breed.

Baft. Bairdards and eife.

Iohn. To verify our title with their lies.

Fra. As many and as well-borne bloods as thefe,

Baft. Some Bairdards too.

Fra. Stand in his face to contradicte his claime.

Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthifull,
We for the worthy hold the right from both.

Iohn. Then God forgive the time of all those foules,
That to their everlafting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, fhall fethce
In dreadful triall of our kingdomes King.

Fra. Amen, Amen, mount Cheiftaiers to Armes

Baft. Saint George that fwindg'd the Dragon,

And ere finced's son's horfeback at mine Hostell e dor
Teach vs fome fence. Sirrah, were I at home
At your dea farah, with your Lionette,
I would let an Oxe-head to your Lyons hide
And make an anfwer of you.

Auff. Peace, no more.

Baft. On tremble for you hear the Lyon rote.

Iohn. Vp higher to the plains, where we'll let forth
In beft appointment all our Regiment.

Baft. Speed then to take advantage of the field.

Fra. It shall be fo, and at the other hill.

Command the reft to stand, God and right, Exennt
Here after excursions, Enter the Herald of France
With Trumpets to the gates.

F. Her. No men of Angiers open wide your gates,
And let yong Arthur Duke of Britaine in.
The life and death of King John.

Who by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much warre for tears in many an English mother,
Whose womanly eye festered on the bleeding ground:
Many a widow wept a hissing sigh,
Coldly embracing the discoloured earth,
And victorie with little loffe doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand triumphantly displayed
To the Conquerors, and to proclaime
Arthur of Britaine, Englands King, and yours.

Enter English Herald with Trumpets.

E.Har. Rejoyce 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 hence to soluble light,
Hither returne all gift with Frenchmens blood:
There blussc no plume in any English Creft,
That is remoyd by a gaffe of France
Our colours do returne in those same hands
That did display them when we first marched forth:
And like a sally troope of Huntmen come
Our lustie English, all with pulped hands,
Died in the dying slaugther of their foes,
Open your gates, and grace the Victors way.

Hindes. Herald, from off our townes we might behold
From first to last, the yoke and rename;
Of both your Armies, whole equality
By our best eyes cannot be confir'd:
Blows: Blood hath bought blood, and blowses have answered
Strength matchet with strength, and power confronted power.
Both are alike, and both alike we like:
One must prove greatest.
While they do favour one,
We hold our Towne for neither: yet for both,

Enter the two Kings with their power, at general doores.

John. France, haft thou yet more blood to call away?
Say, shall the currant of our right come on,
Whose paffage vext with thy impediment,
Shall leave his nature channell, and ere-fwell
With contes disturb'd even thy confining shores,
Vnleffe thou let his poynted bay be keppe
A peace full progression to the Ocean.

Fra. England shoult haft not sou'd one drop of blood
In this hot triall more then we of France,
Rather lost more. And by this hand I sweare
That sways the earth this Climate over-lookes,
Before we will lay downe our lift-borne Armes.
We'll put thee downe, against whom these Armes wee
Or add a royall number to the dead:
(bears)
Grating the scroule feetlesse of this warres loffe,
With slaugther coupled to the name of kings.

Raf. Ha Maiestie: now high thy glory crownes,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire:
Oh now doth death line his dead chaps with fleete,
The swords of souldiers are his teeth, his phangs,
And now he feasts, mowing the fleete of men
In vndetermined directions of kings.
Why stand these royall fronts amazed thus?
Cry lay to kings, backes to the thinned field
You equal Paixons, fierce kindled spirits,
Then let confusion of our part confirm
The others peace: till then, blowes, blood, and death.

John. Whose party do the Townemen yet admite?
Fra. Speaketh Citizens for England, whose your king,
Hub. The king of England, when we knew the king,
Fra. Know him in vs, that here hold vp his right.
John. In vs, that are our owne great Depuie,
And beate possession of our Person here,
Lord of our preence Angiers, and of you.

Raf. A greater powre then We denies all this,
And till it be undeniable, we do locke:
Our former scruple in our strong hand's gates
Kings of our feare, untill our feares refault'd
Be by some certaine king, purg'd and depos'd.

Raf. By heauen, these scroyle of Angiers flaws you
And stand fearefully on their battellments,
(kings,
As in a Theater, whence they gape and point
At your induftrious Scens and acts of death.
Your Royall preences be rule'd by mee,
Do like the Mutines of Jerusalem,
Be friends a while, and both conveniently bend
Your sharpest Deeds of malice on this Towne.
By East and West let France and England mount.
Their battering Canon charged to the mouthes,
Till their soule-tearing clamours have brans'd downe
The flintie ribbes of this contemptuous Citie,
I'de play incendiary upon their Iades,
Euen till vnfenced defolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgaraye:
That done, dissipate your visited strengths,
And part your mingled colours once againe,
Turne face to face, and bloody point to point:
Then in a moment Fortune shall call forth
Out of one side her happy Minion,
To whom in favour shee shall give the day,
And kiffe him with a glorious victory:
How like you this wildc counfей mighty States,
Smakes it not b'athing of the policie.

John. Now by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well. France, shall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground,
Then after fight what shall be king of it?

Raf. And if haft the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd as we are by this pucuih Towne:
Turne thou the mouth of thy Artillerie,
As we will ours, against these favtie wallers,
And when that we haue destryed the ground,
Why then desie each other, and pitt-nells,
Make warke upon our felues, for heauen or hell.

Fra. Let it be so: say, where will you assault?

John. We from the West will send destruction
Into this Cites before.

Aff. I from the North.

Fra. Our Thunder from the South,
Shall raine their drift of bullets on this Towne.

Raf. O prudent discipline! From North to South:
Aurifia and France shoot in each others mouth,
Ilke threatenings to them: it Come, away, away.

Hub. Heare vs great kings, vouchsafe awhile to stay
And I shall shew you peace, and faire-fac'd league:
Win you this Citie without stroke, or wound,
Refecte those breathing lines to dye in beds,
That here come sacrifaces for the field.
Perfeuer not, but heare me mighty kings.

John. SPEAK on with favour, we are here to hear.

Hub. That daughter there of Spaine, the Lady Blanche
Is necere to England, looke vpon the yeares
Of Lewis the Dolphin, and that lonely maid.
If lustie loush shoulc go in quest of beautie,
The life and death of King John.

Where should he find it fairer, then in Blanche?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer then in Blanche?
I like ambitious, sought a match of birth,
Whole reigned bound richer blood then Lady Blanche?
Such she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dolphin every way complete,
If not complete of, say he is not free,
And the agame wants nothing to name want,
If want it beon, that she is not hee.
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finish'd by such as hee,
And she faire Guided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O two such flour climates when they joyne
Do glorifie the bances that bound them in:
And two such shores, to two such freemans made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To the two Princes, if you marry them:
This Virgin shall do more then battery can
To our faile closed gates: for at this match,
With fairest spleenie then powder can enforce
The breath of passion shall pass from this side one,
And give you entrance: but without this match,
The enraged is not halfe so deafe,
Lion more confident, Mountains and rocks
More free from motion, nor death himselfe
In mortal fuse half so peremptorie,
As we to keep this Citte.

Baff. Here's a flaw,
That makes the rotten raffle of old death
Out of his rags. Here's a large mouth indeede,
That lips forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas,
Talks as familiarly as roaring Lyons,
As maids of thirteene do of puppy-dogges,
What Cannoneere begot this halfe blood,
He speaks plain Cannon fire, and sooke, and bounce,
He gives the buffinado with his tongue:
Our eares are cudeg'd, not a word of his
But buffets better then a bill of France:
Zounds, I was never to be bumpt with words,
So I first call'd my broth, and my father Dad.
Old Laj. Son, lift to this continuance, make this match
Give with our Neece a dowrie large enough,
For by this knot, thou shalt so fully eie
The now unfur'd disaffiance to the Crowne,
The yon green boy shall haue no Sunne to ripe
The bloomes that promiseth a mightie fruit.
I see a yeilding in the looke of France:
Mark how they whisper, vrg by them while their foules
Are capable of this ambition,
Least zeal now melted by the windie breath.
Of soft petitions, pittie and remorse,
Coole and congesse againe to what it was.
Hub. Why answer not the double Maries,
This friendly treatise of our threatened Towne.

Fra. Speake England! fifth, that hath bin forward fifth.
To speakeunto this Cittie: what say you?
John. If that the Dolphin there thy Princely fonne,
Can in this bouke of beautie read, I loue:
Her Dowrie shall weigh equal with a Queene:
For Auger, and faire, and faire, and faire,
Peyhier, And all that are upon this side the Sea.
(Except this Cittie now by vs belied,d)
Faire lible to our Crowne and Dignitect,
Shall gift her bridall bed and make her rich
In titles, honors, and promotions,
As she in beautie, education, blood,
Holdes hand with any Prince off the world.

Fra. What saith thou boy? looke in the Ladies face,
Dol. I do say, and in her eie I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of my isle form'd in her eye,
Which being but the shadow of your fonne,
Becomes a fonne and makes your fonne a shadow:
I do protest I neuer lou'd my isle
Till now, infixed I beheld my felle,
Drawne in the flattering table of her eie.

Baff. Drawne in the flattering table of her eie,
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow,
And quarter'd in her heart, bee doth eie.
Himselfe loues traytor, this is pittie now;
That hang'd, and drawne, and quarter'd there should be
In such a love, folo est a out at he.

Elan. My wickes will in this respect is mine,
If hee sech outh in you that makes him like,
That any thing he sech's which moves his finge,
I can with eie truely vouchsafe that to my self.
Or if you will, to speake more properly,
I will enforce it estle to my love,
Further I will not flatter you, my Lord,
That all I see at you is worthie eie.
Then this, that nothing do I see in you,
Though eurchills thoughts themselves should bee your Judge,
That I can finde, should merit any hate.

John. What face thee fong-ones? What say you my Neece?
Elan. That she is bound in honor still to do
What you in wisecome still vouchsafe to say.

John. Speake then Prince Dolphin, can you love this Lady?

Dol. Nay make me if I can restrain from loue,
For I doe loue her most unfinadly.

John. Then do I give Doulgerfe, Tarraine, Steine,
Peakers and Anzoun, these five Provinces
With her to the, and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand Markes of English cyme
Philip of France, ih shoule be prised withall,
Command thy fonne, and bathet to joyne hands.

Fra. It likes vs well young Princes: close your hands
Anst. And your lipes too, for I am well affin'd,
That I did lo when I was first affin'd.

Fra. Now Citizens of Angiers ope your gates,
Let in that amitiue which you haue made,
For at Saint Marius Chappell pretintly,
The right of marriage shallbe solemnis'de.
Is not the Ladie Conte in this troope?
I know she is not for this match made vp,
Her presence would have interrupted much.
Where is she and her fonne, tell me, who knowes ?

Dol. She is sad and passionate at your highest Tent.

Fra. And by my faith, this league that we haue made
Will give her ladyness very little cuse :
Brother of England, how may we content
This widower Lady? in her right we came,
Which we God knowes, haue turn'd another way,
To our owne vantage.

John. We will heale vp all,
For we'll create young Arthur Duke of Britaine
And Earle of Richmond, and this rich faire Towne.
The life and death of King John.

Opprest with wrongs, and therefore full of tears,
A widow, husbandles, lubece to tears;
A woman naturally borne to tears;
And though thou now confesse thy fault but left
With in some measure (spite her fo,
That we shall stop her exclamation,
Go we as well as hurt will suffer,
To this vnlook'd for vicinaged pompe.

Exeunt.

Baff. Mad world, mad kings, mad composition:
John to stop Arthur's Title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part,
And France, whose armes, Confidence buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As Gods owne fouldier, roudned in the care,
With that same purpose-changer, that flye duel,
That Brocket, that full breaks the name of faith,
That dayly breake-vow, he that winnes of all,
Of kings, of beggers, old men, yong men, maid's,
Whoe hauing no extraillum to loose,
But the word Maid, cheats the poore Maid of that.
That thousands-fac'd Gentleman, this Maid, commodity,
Commodity, the byas of the world,
The world, who of its felfe is pyefed well,
Made to run euen, upon eu en ground;
Till this advantage, this vile drawing byas,
This way of motion, this commodity,
Maketh it take head from all kind serency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent.
And this fame byas, this commodity.
This Bawd, this Brocket, this all-changing-word,
Claped on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawne him from his owne determin'd ayd,
From a refolu'd and honourable warre,
To a moit base and vile-concluded peace.
And why rayle I on this Commodity?
But for because he hath not wooked me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his faire Angells would faine my palmes,
But for my hand, as vnamempted yet,
Like a poore begger, raleth on the rich.
Well, whilst I am a begger, I will take,
And say there is no fin but to be rich:
And being rich, my vertue then shall be,
To say there is no vice, but beggerie:
Since Kings blake faith upon commodity,
Gainc be my Lord, for I will worship thee.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Conference, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Con. Gone to be married? Gone to sweare a peace?
Fallest blood to fallest blood inoyd, Gone to be friends?
Shall we see the Blanche, and Blanche those Provinces?
I am no snow, thou haft mufle, mifheard,
Be well adiu'd, tell the next age againe.
It cannot be, thou do it but fay'5 fo.
I tryst I may not tryst thee, for thy word
Is but the third breath of a common man.
Believe me, I doe not believe thee man.
I have a Kings oath to the contrary,
Thou shalt be punish'd for this fghting me,
For I am fickle, and capable of feares.
The life and death of King John.

Enter King John, France, Dolphin, Blanch, Eleanor, Philip, Auffria, Confidence.

Fra. Tis true (faire daughter) and this blessed day,
Euer in France shall be kept festiall:
To solemnize this day the glorious funne
Stayes in his course, and playes the Alchymist,
Turning with splendor of his precious eye
The meager cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course that brings this day about,
Shall neuer fee it, but a holy day.
Con. A wicked day, and not a holy day,
What hath this day defend'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters be set
Among the high tides in the Kalender?
Nay, rather tinct this day out of the wecke,
This day of shame, opprobrium, perriety.
Or if it must stand still, let wisues with childe
Pray that their burthen may not fall this day,
Left that their hopes prodigiously be croft:
But (on this day) let Sea-men fear not the sea,
No barren seas breaketh that are not this day made;
This day all things begun, come to ill end,
Yea, fruitful of it to hollow falshood come.

Fra. By heauen Lady, you shall have no caufe
To curfe the faire proceedings of this day:
Have I not pown'd to you my Maitrely?
Con. You have begun'd me with a counterfeit
Reembling Maiftry, which being touch'd and trie'd,
Pours valueless: you are forsworne, forsworne,
You came in Armes to spil mine enemies blood,
But now in Armes, you strengthen it with yours.
The grasping vigor, and rough frowne of Warre
Is cold in amzie, and painted peace,
And our opprobrium hath made vp this league:
Arms, arms, you heauen, against these peri't Kings,
A widowe cries, be husband to me (heauens)
Let not the howres of this vragodly day
Warre out the dais in Peace; but ere Sun-set,
Set armed dide against these peri't Kings,
Hear me, Oh, heare me.

Aust. I say Confance, peace.
Con. War, war, no peace; peace is to me a warre:
O Lymoges, O Auffria, thou dost shame
That bloudy spoyle: thou flaue, thou wretch, y' coward,
Thou little vaunt, great in villainie,
Thou cuer strong vp the stronge fierde
Thou Fortunes Champion, that do'tt never fight
But when her humourous Lulidhip is by
To tetch thee safety: thou art peri't too,
And tooth it vp greatnesse.
What a scole art thou, a ramping foole, to brawl, and ftrump, and fwear,
Upon my partie: thou cold bloody flaue,
Haft thou not spoke like thunnder on my fide?
Beene frowne my Souldeir, bidding me defend
Upon thy fhares, thy fortune, and thy strength,
And dost thou now fall out to my foes?
Thou wreate a Lyons hide, doft it for fame,
And hang a Calues-skin on that recreat limbs.

Aust. Oh that a man should speake those words to me.
Phil. And hang a Calues-skin on those recreat limbs
Aust. Thou dar' not say to villainie for thy life.
The life and death of King John.

And by differing hands hell losethe soule.

Asth. King Philip, listen to the Cardinalis.

Bap. And hang a Calues-skin on his rezent limbis.

Asth. Well right, I meet pocket vp these wrongs,

Because,

Bap. Your breethes beft may carry them.

Deim. Philip, what faith thou to the Cardinalis?

Caa. What should he say, but as the Cardinalis?

Dolph. Bethink you father, for the difference

Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,

Or the right liofe of England, for a friend:

Forget the easer.

Bla. That is the curse of Rome.

Caa. O Lewis, stand fall, the devil tempt thee here

In like one of a new wartrimm'd Bride.

Bla. The Lady Constance speaks not from her faith,

But from her need.

Caa. Oh, if thou grant my need,

Which onely liues but by the death of faith,

That need, with mult needs prevails this principle,

That faith would live again by death of need:

O then take downe my need, and faith mounts vp,

Keep me my need vp, and faith is crost downe, I

Asth. The king is removed, and answers not to this.

Bla. O be removed from him, and answere well.

Asth. Doe su king Philip, hang no more in doubt.

Bla. Hang nothing but a Calues skin most sweeter loue.

Fra. I am perplexed, and know not what to say.

Fae. What canst thou say, but will pleases thee more?

If thou stand excommunicate, and cut

Fra. Good reverend father, make my perfom yours,

And tell me how you would bellow your felle?

This royall hand and mine are newly knit,

And the contoudion of our inward foules

Married in league, coupled, and link'd together

With all religions strength of sacred vowes,

The latest breath that gave the found of words

Was deepes-swoone faith, peace, amity, true loue

Betweene our kingsdomes and our royall chuses,

And even before this truce, but new before,

No longer then we well could wath our hands,

To clap this royall barraye vp of peace,

Heauen knowes they were belseas'd and ouer-flaind

With flaughters pencil, where reverence did paint

The fearfull difference of incensed kings:

And shall these hands to lately purged of blood?

So newly ioyn'd in loue? so strong in both,

Vnyoke this feasure, and this kinde regrete?

Play part and looue with faith? do with heaven,

May the wcondit children of our felues

As now againe to smutch our palme from palme:

Vn-swoone faith foweone, and on the marriage bed

Of smiling peace to march a bloody hoast,

And make a rout on the gentle brow

Of true sinceritie? O holy Sir

My reverend father, let it not be so;

Out of your grace, deasie, ordaine, impose

Some gentle order, and then we shall be blest

To doe your pleasoure, and continue friends.

Pand. All forme is formelesse, Order orderlesse,

Save what is opposite to Englands loue.

Therefore to Armes, be Champion of our Church,

Or let the Church our mother breathe her curfe,

A mothers curfe, on her revolted binne:

France, thou maist hold a serpant by the tongue,

A cafed Lion by the mortall paw,

A fasting Tyger later by the tooth,

Then keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

Fra. I am difloyne my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So makeeft thou faith an enemy to faith,

And like a ciuill warre lefts oath to oath,

Thy tongue against thy tongue. O let thy vow

First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd,

That is, to be the Champion of our Church,

What since thou swarest, is fwoone against thy felle,

And may not be performed by thy felle,

For that which thou haft fwoone to doe amiffe,

Is not amiffe when it is truly done:

And being not done, where doing tends to ill,

The truth is then moft done not doing it.

The better Act of purposes miflike,

Is to mislike again, though indirecct,

Yet indirection thereby growes direcct,

And falshood, falshood cures, as fire cooles fire

Within the forerched veins of one new burn'd:

It is religion that doth make vowes kept,

But thou halft swnone against religion:

By what thou swarest against the thing thou swarest it,

And mak'st it an oath the sware for thy truth,

Against an oath the truth, thou art unfalse.

To swoone, swoose onely not to be forsworne,

Else what a mockery should it be to swoone?

But thou doft swoone onely to be forsworne,

And meft forsworne, to keep what thou dost swoone,

Therefore thy later vowes, against thy sself.

Is in thy felle rebellion to thy felle:

And better conquest never canst thou make,

Then arme thy conflant and thy nobler parts

Against the giddy loose suggotions:

Vpon which better part, our prays come in,

If thou wouldst be cleane. But if not, then know

The peril of our curves light on thee

So heauy, as thou shalt not shake them off

But in defpair, dyde under their black weight.

Asth. Rebellion, flat rebellion.

Bla. Whyt not be?

Will not a Calues-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Daul. Father, to Armes.

Blanch. Vpon thy weding day?

Against the blood that thou hast quarrel'd

What,shall our feast be kept with slaughtered men?

Shall braying trumpets, and loud churchdrums

Clamors of hell, be measures to our pomp?

O husband hear me: aye, alacke, how new

Is husband in my mouth? even for that name

Which till this time my tongue did dare pronounce;

Vpon my knee I begged, goe not to Armes

Against mine Vnle.

Conf. O, vpon my knee made hard with kneelings,

I doe pray thee, thou reverent Daunthum,

Alter not the doome fore-thought by heauen.

Blon. Now shall I fee thy loue, what motiue may

Be stronger with thee, then the name of wife?

Daul. That which vpholdeth him, that thee vpholds,

His Honor, his true honor, Lune, his honor.

Dolph. I mufe your Majestie doth feeme to cold,

When such profound respect doth pull you on?

Pand. I will denounce a curfe vpon his head.

Fra. Thou shalt not need, England, I will fall for thee.

Conf. O faire returne of banits of Maiestie.

Elec. O sole resolt of French inconfancy,

Eng. France, y shal heue this house within this houte,
The life and death of King John.

Exeunt.  

Scene Secunda.

Alarums, Excursions : Enter Baffard with Austria's head.

Baff. Now by my life, this day grows wondrous hot. 
Some very dennis houses in the side, 
And soul's downe mischief. Austria head lyeth there, 
Enter Iohn, Arthur, Hubert.

While Philip breathes. 

Iohn. Hubert, keep this boy: Philip make vp, My Mother is afayed in our Taint, 
And cause I fear. 

Baff. My Lord I refuced her, 
Her Highnesse is in safety, fear you not: 
But on my Liege, for very little paines 
Will bring this labor to an happy end. 

Exit. 

Alarums, Excursions, Retreat. Enter Iohn, Eleanor, Arthur Baffard, Hubert, Lord, 

Iohn. So shall it be: your Grace shall stay behind 
So strongly guarded: Colen Jonke not fail, 
Thy Grandame loues thee, and thy Ynde will 
As deere be to thee, as thy father was, 
Arth. O this will make my mother die with grief. 
Iohn. Colen away for England, haste before, 
And ere our comming fee thou take the bags 
Hooing Babbins, impiated angels 
Set at liberty: the far rabs of peace 
Muff by the hungry now be fed vp on: 
Ioll the Commision in his armof force.

Baff. Bell, BOoke, & Candle, shall not drive me back, 
When gold and fluer beckes me to come on, 
I sue your highnesse: Grandame, I will pray, 
(If ever remember to be holy) 
For your faire safety: I will kiffe your hand. 
Iohn. Farewell gentle Colen.
The life and death of King John.

Scena Tertia.

Enter France, Dolfin, Pandolph, Attendants.

Fra. So by a roaring Tempest on the flood,
A whole Army do of conquest fail
Is scatter'd and dis-lost from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort, all shall yet go well.

Fra. What can goe well, when we have runne too ill?

Are we not beaten, is not Angier lost?

Arthur take prisoner? divers dear friends flaine?
And bloody England into England gone,

Ore-bearing interruption spight of France?

Dol. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a speed, with such aduince dispor'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example: who hath read, or heard
Of any kindred-action like to this?

Fra. Well could I beare that England had this praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame:

Enter Constance.

Look(ke who comes hence? a grace unto a soule,
Holding the external spirit against her will,
In the vilde prision of afflicted breath:
I prethee Lady goe away with me:

Con. Lady no: I will now see the issue of your peace.

Fra. Patience good Lady, comfort gentle Constance.

Con. No, I defie all Counsell, all redresse
But that which ends all counsell, rude Redresse:

Death, death, O amiable, lovely death,
Thou odorous feren: found rotteneffe,
Arie forth from the couch of lafting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperite,
And it will kiffe thy detestible bones,
And put my eye-Balls in thy vauolte browses,
And ring thefle fingers with thy howl'd worms
And stop this gap of breath with fulltome dutt,
And be a Carrion Monster like thy felle;

Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smil'st it,
And buffle thee as thy wife: Milites Lour,
O come to me.

Ora. 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 psalme would I flake the world,
And rowze from sleepe that fell Anatomy
Which cannot bear a ladies feeble voyce,
Which forms a madame Invocation.

Pand. Lady, you weter madmene, and not sorrow

Con. Thou art holy to beleve me so,
I am not mad: this hair I teare is mine,
My name in Constance, I was Geoffrey 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 felle:
O, if I could, what griefe should I forget?
Preach some Philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be Canoniz'd (Cardinal.)
For, being not mad, but tender of greene,
My reasonable pure produces reason.
How may I be deliver'd of these woes,
And reaches mee to kille or hang my felle:
If I were mad, I should forget my fonne,

Or madly think a babe of clownes were he;
I am not mad: too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

Fra. Binde vp those teftes: 0 what loue I note
In these multitude of those珩 haires;
Where but by chance asluer drop hath faine,
Euen to that drop ten thousand weary friends
Doe glow themselues in sociable griefe,
Like true, inteparable, faithfull loues,
Sticking together in calamity.

Con. To England, if you will.

Fra. Binde vp your haires.

Con. Yes that I will rend and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds, and cite aloud,
O, that these hands could fo redeeme my fonne,
As they have giv'n these hayres their libertie:
But now I enuie at their libertie,
And will againe commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.

And Father Cardinall, I haue heard you say
That we shall fee and know our friends in heauen:
If that be true, I shall fee my boy againe;
For since the birth of Caine, the first male-child
To him that did but yesterdaie fupire,
There was not such a gracious creature borne:
But now will Canker-trowe eat my bed,
And chafe the natiue beauty from his cheere,
And he will looke as hollow as a Ghoul,
Aim and meager as an Agues frail,
And so he'll dye: and rising fo again,
When I shall meet him in the Count of heauen
I shall not know him: therefore never, never
Mull I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heynous a respect of greefe.

Con. He talke to me, that never had a fonne.

Fra. You are as fond of greefe, as of your childre.

Con. Greefe filts the roome vp of my absent childre:
Lies in his bed, walkes vp and downe with me,
Puts on his prettie lookes, repeats his words,
Remembret me of all his gracious parts,
Stufets up his vancat garments with his forme;
Then, have I reason to be fond of griefe?

Fareyou well: I bad you such a loffe as I,
I could give better comfort then you doe.
I will not heape this forme upon my head,
When there is foich disorder in my write:

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.

Fra. I feare some out-rage, and flee follow her. Exit. Dol.

There's nothing in this world can make me joy,
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Veing the dull ease of a drowze man;
And better shame hath spoild the sweet words taffe,
That if ye mediate but shame and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong diseale,
Even in the inflant of repairs and health,
The fit is strongest: Eulls that take leave
On their departure, moff of all they eull:
What have you loft by lofing of this day?

Dol. All dates of glory, joy, and happinesse.

Pan. If you had won, certainly you had:
Not now: when Fortune means to turne most good,
Shee lookes upon them with a threatening eye:
Tis strange to thinke how much King John hath lof
In this which he accounts so clearely wonne.
Aulus Quattuor. Scena prima.

Enter Hubert and Executioner.

Hub. Hear me, thee iron hot, and looke thou stand
Within the Armes: when I take my foot
Upon the bottome of the ground, thus forth
And binde the boy, which thou shalt finde with me
Fall to the charge: be heedfull hence, and watch.

Exe. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Vnecelently scruples fear not you: looke to't.

Yong Lad come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Ar. Good morrow Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little Prince.

Ar. As little Prince, having to go great a Title
To be more Prince, as may be you are sad.

Hub. Indeed I have beene merrie.

Ar. Mericce on me:

Me thinks no body should be sad but I:
Yet I remember, when I was in France,
Yong Gentlemene would be sad as might
Onely for wantonne\ v. by my Christendome,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheepe.
I should be merry as the day is long:
And to I would be here, but that I doubt,
My Nuckle pegsities more barren to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:

Is it my fayls, that I was Goggridore sonne?

No in desire it not, and I would to heaven
I were your sonne, to you would love me:
Hubert. If I talk to him, with his innocente pratte
He will awake my mercie, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be fadisme, and dispatch.

Ar. Are you tickle Hubert, you looke pale to day;
Indeed I would you were a little fickes,
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 possession of my boarme.

Reade heere yong Arthur. How now foolish theame?
Turing dispasion too much out of doore?
I must be brest, let's resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womans heartes.
Can you not read it? Is it not faire writ?

Ar. Too farily Hubert, for to louete the?

Wit you with hot Irons, buone out both mine eyes?

Hub. Yong Boy, I must.

Art. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Art. Have you the heart? When your head did but ake,

I knit my hand, kercher about your browses
(The bell I had, a Princessse wroght it me)
And I did never ask it you agane:
And with my hand, at midnight held your head;
And like the watchfull minutes, to the house,
Still and anon cheere'd vp the heavy time;
Saying, what lacke you? and where lies your greffe?
Or what good lour may I performe for you?
Many a poore mans sonne would have beene fill,
And nere have scopes a louing word to you;
But you, at your fickle seruice had a Prince;
Nay, you may thynke my louse was craftie lour,
And call it cunning. Do, and if you will,
The life and death of King John.

If heaven be pleas'd that you must vie me all
Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall
So much as frown on you?

And with hot Irons must I burne them out.

Art. Ah, none but in this Iron Age, would do it:
The Iron of it felle, though heate red hot,
Approaching near the eyes, would drink my teares,
And quench this fierce indignation.
Even in the matter of mine innocence:

Nay, after that, conlude away in ruth,
But for containing fire to harme mine eye:
Are you more stubborn hard, than hammer'd Iron?
And if an Angell should have come to me,
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have beleued him: no tongue but Huberts.


Art. O sake me Hubert, faue me: my eyes are out
Even with the fierce looks of thefe bloody men.

Hub. Gueue me the Iron I fay, and bide him here.

Art. Alas, what neede you be so hittous rough?
I will not struggle, I will fland fiose still:
For heauen fake Hubert let me not be bound:

Nay heare me Hubert, drive thefe men away,
And I will fit as quiet as a Lambe.

I will not flire, nor winch, nor speake a word,

Nor looke upon the Iron angrily:
Thrust but thefe men away, and Ie forgive you,
What euerr torment you do put me too.

Hub. Go fand within: let me alone with him.

Ever. I am bleft pleas'd to be from such a deede.

Art. Alas. I then hauue child away my friend,
He hath a feme looke, but a gentle heart:
Let him come backe, that his compанию may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come (Boy) prepare your felfe.

Art. Is there nowe no change?

Hub. None, but to folve your eyes.

Art. O heauen: that there were but a mohl in yours,
A graine, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious fenfe:
Then efpecting what fmall things are boytiffle there,
Your wilde infent must needs feeme horrorible.

Hub. Is this your promife? Go too, hold your toong

Art. Hubert, the viciance of a brace of tongues,
Muff needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:

Let me not hold my tongue: let me not Hubert,
Or Hubert, if you will cut out my tongue,
So I may keepe mine eyes. O spare mine eyes,
Though to no vie, but fhit looke on you.

Loe, by my troth, the Instrument is cold,

And would not harme me.

Hub. I can heare it, Boy.

Art. No, in good footh: the fire is dead with griefe,
Being caufe for comfort, to be v'd
In withdefence extremities: See else your felte,
The e is no malice in this burning cole,
The breath of heaven, hath blowne his spirit out,
And flrew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can reume it Boy.

Art. And if you do, you will but make it blushe,
And grow with fame of your proceeding, Hubert:

May it perchance will fprinkle in your eyes:
And, like a dogge that is compell'd to fhit,
Snatch at his Mafter that doth tare him on.

All things that you fhould vfe to do me wrong
Deny their office: only you do lacke
That mericle, which fierce fire, and Iron extender,
Creatures of none for mercy, lacking vies.

Hub. Well, fee to it: I will not touch thine eye,
For all the Treasure that chaffe Vincelle owes,
Yet am I owne, 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 difguis'd.

Hub. Peace: no more. Axieu,
Your Vincelle mutt not know but you are dead.
He ftille dogged Spies with false reports:
And, pretty childe, sleepe doubleiffe, and fecure,
That Hubert for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Art. O heauen! I thank you Hubert.

Hub. Silence, no more: go cloffely in with mee,
Much danger do I vndergo for thee.

Scena Secunda.

Enter John, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lords.

John. Heere once againe we fite: once against crown'd
And looke'd upon, I hope, with thine full eyes.

Pem. This once again (but that you Highnes pleade),
Was once superfluous: you were Crown'd before,
And that high Royalty was mere pluck'd off.

The faiths of men, were flaine with revals,
Fretfull expecfation troubled not the Land
With any long'd-for change, or better State,

Sal. Therefore, to be poftell'd with double pompes,
To guard a Title, that was rich before,
To glide refined Gold, to paint the Lilly,
To throw a perfume on the Violet,
To smooth the yce, or add a little new,
Into the Raine-bow, or with Titan-light
To fette the brefelce eye of Jefuc to gaffh
Is waftefull, and ridiculous exceffe.

Fen. But that your Royall pleafure muft be done.
This safe, is as an antient tale new tell'd,
And, in the fmall repeating, troublesome,
Being veged at a worke vnfeemable.

Sal. In this the Antick, and well noted face,
Of plaine old formes, is much defigur'd,
And like a fifted winde vnto a faile,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,
Sartelles, and friguites confideration.

Makes found opinion ficke, and truth fufpended.
For putting on to new a fashion'd robe.

Fen. When Workemen fource to do better then well,
They doe confound their skill in couetousiffe,
And oftemtines excufing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worfe by the excufe:
As patches fet upon a little break,
Differed more in midling of the fault,
Then did the fault before it was fet patch'd.

Sal. To this eféal, before you were new crown'd
We breath'd our Counsellor: but it pleas'd your Highnes,
To counterheare it, and we are all well pleas'd,
Since all, and ever part of what we would.
Doch make a fand, at what your Highnene will.

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No certaine life stiethd by others death:
A fairefull euy thou haft. Where is that blood;
That I haue seenes inhabiteth in those cheekes?
So soule a skye, clerest not without a thorne,
Poure done thy weather: how goes all in France?

Msf. From France to England, neuer such a powre
For any forraigne preparation,
Was feard in the body of a land.
The Copie of your spede is leard by them:
For when you should be told they do prepare,
The tydings comes, that they are all arriued.

Ioh. On where hathe our Intelligence bin drunke?
Where faith it slipt? Where is my Mothers care?
That such an Army could be drawne in France,
And the not heare of it?

(What. My Liege, her care
Is flopt with dust: the first of April di'de
Your noble mother; and as I heare, my Lord,
The Lady Constance in a frenzie di'de
Three dayes before: but this from Rumors tongue
I freely heard: if true, or false I know not.

John. With-hold thy speed, dreadedfull Occasion:
O make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My discontented Peeres. What? Mother dead?
How wildeely then will I walk my Eflate in France?
Vnder whyle how muche came those powres of France,
That thou for truth must out our landed heare?

Msf. Waue the Halphest.

Entere Richard and Peter of Pomfret.

Ioh. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tydings: Now! What faies the world
To your proceeding? Do not feke to stuffe
My head with more ill newes: for it is full.

Ioh. But if you be a-feard to heare the worfe,
Then let the world vs-heard, fall on your head.

John. Beare with me Colen, for I was amaz'd
Vnder the rule: but now I breath againe
Aloft the faire, and can give audience
To any tongue, speake it of what it will.

Ioh. How I have spied among the Clergy men,
The summers I have collected shall expose!
But as I trau'led hither through the land,
I finde the people strangely fantasied,
Poss'd with rumors, full of idle dreames:
Not knowing what they feare, but full of care.
And here's a Prophecy that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hardes treading on his head:
To whom he rung in rude harsh sounding times,
That ere the next Ascension day at noone,
Your Highnes should deliver vp your Crowne.

Ioh. Thou idle Dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?
Pet. Foresknowing that the truth will fall out so.

Ioh. Fulbert, away with him: imprision him,
And on that day at noone, whereon he sayes
I shal yield vp my Crowne, let him be hang'd,
Deliver him to safety, and returne,
For I must vie thee. O my gentle Colen,
Heat it thou the newes abroad, who are assitu'd?

Ioh. The French (my lord) mens mouths are full of it:
Besides I met Lord Biggs, and Lord Salisbury
With eyes aresd as new enkindled fire,
And others more, going to feke the graue
Of Arthur, whom they say is kill'd to night, on your

Ioh. Gentle knifeman, go
(suggestion)
And thus thy selfe into these Companies,
The life and death of King John.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. My Lord, they say five Moones were seene to 

foure fixed, and the fift did whirle about. (night) 

The other foure, in woundous motion.

John. Five Moones?

Hub. Old men, and Beldamès, in the streets 

Do prophesie upon it dangerously: 

Young Arber's death is common in their mouths, 

And when they talk of him, they flake their heads, 

And whisper one another in the eare. 

And he that speaks, doth gripe the hearts with 

Whilfe he that heares, makes fearfull action 

With wrinkled browses, with looks, with rolling eyes.

I saw a Smith fland with his hammer (thus)

The whiff't his hand did on the Anoie coole, 

With open mouth sullying a Taylors newes, 

Who with his Sheere, and Measure in his hand, 

Standing on flippers, whose nimble falfie 

Had fafely fliff'd upon contrary feete, 

Told of a many thousand warlike French, 

That were embattasted, and rank'd in Kent.

Another leane, vnwaft'd Artificer, 

Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arber's death.

Is. Why seekst thou to possesse me with these feares? 

Why yeft thou to of young Arber's death? 

Thy hand hath murdred him: I had a mighty cause 

To witf'h him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him. 

H. No had (my Lord) why did you not prouoke me? 

John. It is the curfe of Kings, to be attented 

By flues, that take their humors for a warrant, 

To brake within the bloody houfe of life, 

And on the winkings of Authoritie 

To vnderfand a Law; to know the meaning 

Of dangerous Maiesty, when perchance it fownes 

More vnpo's humors, then aduis'd reftred. 

Hub. Here is your hand and Scale for what I did.

Is. Oh, when the left acompt twist heaven & earth 

Is to be made, then fill all this hand and Scale 

Wittnes against vs to damnation.

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds, 

Make deeds ill done? Had it not thou beene by, 

A fellow by the hand of Nature mark'd, 

Quoted, and fing'd to do a deed of flame, 

This mother had not come into my minde. 

But taking note of thy abhor'd Alpef, 

Finding thee in that bloody villaine: 

Apt, like to be employ'd in danger, 

I faintly broke with thee of Arber's death: 

And thou, to be endeed to a King, 

Made it no confidence to deffroy a Prince.

Hub. My Lord.

Is. Had't thou but sflooke thy head, or made a pause 

When I spake darlly, what I purposed: 

Or turn'd an eye of doubts upon my face; 

As bid me tell my tale in express words: 

Deepe flame had frackt me dumbe, made me break off, 

And thro' thy fears, might have wrought fears in me. 

But, thou didst vnderfand me by thy signes, 

And didft in signes againe parley with shame, 

Ye, without shop, didft let thy heart content, 

And confequently, thy rude hand to arte. 

The deed, which both our tongues held vilde to name. 

Out of my sight, and never fee me more: 

My Nobles leave me, and my State is brained, 

Even at my gates, with ranks of forraigne powres; 

Nay, in the body of this fleathly Land, 

This kingdom, this Confine of blood, and breathe 

Hearts and civill tumult reignes. 

Betweene my confidence, and my Confi death.

Hub. Arme you against your other enemies: 

Ile make a peace betweene your soule, and you. 

Yong Arthur is alue: This hand of mine 

Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand. 

Not painted with the Cordin spots of blood; 

Within this bosome, never enter'd yet 

The dreadful motion of a murderous thought, 

And thou hast fnder'd Nature in my forms, 

Which howsoever rude exteriorly, 

Is yet the couer of a fayere minde, 

Then to be butcher of an innocent child. 

John. Both Arthur live? O haft thee to the Peeres, 

Throw this report on their increaf'd rage, 

And make them tame to their obedience. 

Forguie the Comment that my paffion made 

Upon thy feature, for my rage was blinde, 

And foule imaginacue eyes of blood. 

Prentended thee more hideous then thou art. 

Oh, an yeer not; but to my Clofet bring. 

The angry Lords, with all expedient haft, 

I comune thee but floucly: run more falt.

Exeunt.

Scene Tertia.

Enter Arber on the waftes.

Ar. The Wall is high, and yet will I leape downe. 

Great ground be pitiful, and hurt me not: 

There's few or none do know me, if they did, 

This Ship-bayes femeance hath difguis'd me quite, 

I am all hide, and yet I venture it. 

If I get downe, and do not breake my timbers, 

He finde a thousand shifting to get away; 

As good to dye, and go; as dye, and stay. 

Oh me, my Yackles spirit is in thefe flones, 

Heuen take my foule, and England keep my bones. Die.
The life and death of King John.

Big. To morrow morning let's meet him then.
Sol. Or rather together forward, for 'twill be
Two long days journey (Lord) or ere we meet,

Enter Baldard.

Bald. Once more to day well met, dis temper'd Lords,
The King by me requests your presence straight.

Sol. The king hath disposed himselfe of vs,
We will not lyne his thin-beftained cloke
With our pure Honors: nor attend the foure
That leaves the printe of blood where e't walke.
Returne, and tell him we know the word.

Big. What ere you thinke, good words I thinke
were best.

Sol. Our greeves, and not our manners reason now.

Big. But there is little reason in your greefe.
Therefore t'were reason you had manners now.

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his pickledudge

Big. 'Tis true, to hurt his mutter, no man else,

Sol. This is the prison: What is he lyes here?

P. Oh death, made proud with pure & princely beauty,
The earth had not a hole to hide this dedde.

Doth, as hating what himselfe hath done,
Dost lay it open to urge on reuenge.

Big. Or when he doen' this Beautie to a grave,
Found it too precious Princely, for a grave.

Sol. Sir Richard, what thinke you? you have beheld,
Or have you read, or heard, or could you thinke?
Or do you almost thinke, although you fee,
That you do see? Could thoghth, without this obiect
 Forbes such another? This is the very top
The heighness, the Creff: or Creff into the Creff
Of murders Arms: This is the bloodieft frame,
The wildeft Sauagery, the wildeft stroke
That cruel wall-e'ye'd wrath, or flaring rage
Presented to the tears of off't remorse.

Pem. All murders path, do stand excus'd in this:
And this fole, and fo unmatchable,
Shall give a helmet, a parricre,
To the yet vagabond finne of times;
And prove a deadly blood-shed, but a left,
Examples by this heynous specacle.

Big. It is damned, and bloody worke,
The gracelesse adion of a heavy hand,
If that it be the worke of any hand,

Sol. If that it be the worke of any hand? We had a kind of light, which would enuok
It is the flamefull worke of Huberts hand,
The practice, and the purpose of the king:
From whose obedience I forbid my soule,
Kneeling before this ruine of sweete life,
And breathing to his breathlesse Excellence
The Incence of a Vow, a holy Vow:
Neuer to tale the plesuries of the world,
Neuer to bainfetled with delight,
Neuer conuerfant with Greece, and Ilenenne,
Till I haveuer a glory to this hand,
By givin it the worship of Reuenge.

Pem. Big. Our foules religiously confirm thy words.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with halfe, in seeking you,
Arise doth liue, the king hath sent for you.

Sol. Oh he is bold, and blushes not at death,

But thou hatefull villain, get thee gone: (the Law?

Sol. I am no villain.

Hub. Your sword is bright er, put is vp again.

Sol. Not till I seath it in a mutherers shin.
The life and death of King John.

How came thou that all England vp, From forth this morcell of dead Royalty? The life, the right, and truth of all this Realme Is fled to heaven: and England now is left To tug and struggle, and to part by sheer The worldly power of proud dwelling State: Now for the bare-pick bone of Malefice, Doh dogged warre brilte his angry crest, And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace: Now Powers from home, and discontentes at home Meet in one line: and vait confusion wails As doth a Reuen on a sickle-faine beart, The imminent decay of wrestled pompe. Now happy he, whose cloke and center can Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child, And follow me with speed: Ite to the King: A thousand businesse are briefe in hand, And heauen it selfe doth frowne upon the Land. Exit.

Exit John, and Randolph, attendants.

The Circle of my glory. PAS. Take again From this my hand, as holding of the Pope Your Sovereigne greatness and authority. JOHN. Now keep your holy word, go meet the French, And from his holinesse vse all your power To stop their marches, 'till we are content With our discontented Countesse doe resolve: Our people quarrell with obedience, Swearing Allegiance, and the loue of soyle To strange-bloud, to forreyn Royalty; This inundation of mistempred humor, Refs by you only to be qualified, Then purge us for the present time's so sick, That presse medicine must be ministrd, Or otherwise incurable enfeeb.

PAS. It was my breath that blew this Tempest vp, Upon your Rubens' fage of the Pope: But since you are a gentle conversaire, My tongue shall thus against this flame of warre, And make faire weather in your bluffling land: On this Ascension day, remember well, Upon your oath of fervice to the Pope, Go I to make the French lay downe their Armes. Exit JOHN. Is this Ascension day did not the Prophet Say, that before Ascension day at noone, My Crowne I should give off? even so I have: I did purpose it should be on contraint, But (heain? be thank'd) it is but voluntary. Enter Bp. PAS. All Kent hath yecold: nothing there holds out But Dover Castle: London hath receiv'd I like a kinde Hoft, the Dolphin, and his powers. Your Nobles will not heare you, but are gone To offer fervice to your enemy: And wilde amazement hurry vp and downe The little number of your doubtfull friends. JOHN. Would not my Lords returne to me againe After they heard young Arthur was slue?

Bull. They found him dead, and cast into the streets, An empty Casket, where the Jewell of life By some damnd hand was rob'd, and tane away. JOHN. That villainous Hubert tell me he did itt. Bul. So on my soule he did, for ought he knew: But wherefore doe you droope? why looke you sad? Be great in aff, as you have beene in thought: Let not the world see scare and sad distrust Gouerne the motion of a kinglye eye: Be stirrings the time, be fire with fire, Threaten the threatenr, and out-face the brow Of bragging horror: So shall inferior eyes That burrow their behavioirs from the great, Grow great by your example, and put on The dauntleffe spiritt of refolution. Away, and glister like the god of warre When he intendeth to become the field: Shew boldneffe and aspiring confidence: What, shall they feekte the Lion in his denne, And fright him there? and make him tremble there? Oh let not be said: for rage, and rumne To meet displeasure farther from the dores; And grapple with him ere he come to nere.

JOHN. The Legat of the Pope hath beene with mee, And I haue made a happy peace with him, And he hath promis'd to dismisst the Powers Led by the Dolphin.

Bull. Oh inglorious league: Shall we upon the footing of our land, Send fayre-play-orders, and make comprimise, Infestation, parly, and base truce To Armes Insufficiante: Shall a basefille boy, A cocked-filen wanton brace our fieldes, And stifte his spirit in a warre-like foyle, Mocking the syre with colours idly spred, And finde no checke? Let vs my Liege to Armes: Perchance the Cardinal cannot make your peace; Or if he doe, let it be at least be fayd They saw we had a purpose of defence.

JOHN. Haue thou the ordering of this present time. Bull. Away then with good courage: yet I know Our Partie may well meet a prouder foe. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter (in Armes) Dolphin, Salisbury, Melone, Pembroke, Bigge, Souldiers.

Dol. My Lord Alcxon, let this be coppied out, And keep it safe for our remembrance: Returne the pre_LCDent to these Lords againe, That hauing our faire order written downe, Both they and we, perusing ore these notes May know wherefore we took the Sacrament, And keepe our faithes firme and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken, And Noble Dolphin, albeit we sweare A voluntary zeale, and an vn-surg'd Faith To your proceedings: ye beleue me Prince, I am not glad that such a force of Time Should seake a platter by commodi't reuolt, And heale the inueterate Canker of one wound.
The life and death of King John.

By making many: Oh it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this mettle from my side
To be a widow-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 physick of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of terme immulti, and confuted wrongs:
And it's not my friends, oh my grievous friends
That we: the innocents and children of this life,
Was borne to see so sad an hour as this,
Wherein we leap after a stranger, march
Upon her gender before, and fill wp
Her Enemies rankes: I must withdraw, and weep
Upon the spot of this inforced caite,
To grace the Gentry of a land remote,
And follow vain acquainted colours here:
What beere? O Nation that thou couldst remove
That Neptune Armies which clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thy selfe,
And cripple thee into a page shone,
Where those two Christian Armies might combine
The blood of males, in a vaine of league,
And not to spend it to vn-neighbourly,
Dolph: A noble temper doth thou shew in this,
And great affections wrestling in thy bosome
Doth make an earth-quake of Nobility:
Oh, what a noble combat hast fought
Between compulsion, and a brave respect:
Let me wipe off this honourable dewe,
That filiously doth progress on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a Ladies teares,
Being an ordinary Indignation:
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shovel, blowne vp by tempeft of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amazed,
Then had I seene the vauite top of heaven
Figur'd quite ore with burning Meteors,
Lift up thy brow (renowned Salut borie)
And with a great heart heave away this storme:
Command these waters to those baby-eyes
That never saw the giant-world engag'd,
Nor met with Fortune, as thou hast met:
Full warm of blood, of midst of golpiffling
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity
As Lewis himselfe: so (Nobles) shall you all,
That knit your finewes to the strength of mine.

Enter Pandulfus.

And even there, methinks an Angell spake,
Look where the holy Legase comes space,
To give vs warrant from the hand of heauen,
And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath.

Pand. Haile noble Prince of France:
The next is this : King John hath recogniz'd Himselfe to Rome, his spirit is come in,
That to flood ours against the holy Church,
The great Monarchy, and Sea of Rome:
Therefore thy threatening Colours now winde vp,
And tame the savage spirit of wilde waere,
That like a Lion fofeterd vp the hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harneft full shen in sheve.

Del. Your Grace shall pardon me, I will not backe:

I am too high-borne to be proportion'd
To be a secondary controller,
Or veffull furying-man, and Instrument
To any Soueraigne State throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coale of waere,
Betweene this chaftiz'd kingdome and my selfe,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now its farre too huge to be blowne out
With that fame wakde wilde, which enkindled it:
You taught me how to know the face of Right,
Acquainted me with interef by this Land,
Yes, thrust this enterprise into my heart,
And come ye now to tell me John hath made
His peace with Rome? is what that peace to met
I (by the honour of my marriage bed)
After yong, Arthur, claim this Land for mine,
And now it is halfe conquer'd, must I backe,
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's Slave? What penny hath Rome borne?
What men prouided? What munition sent
To vnder-prop this Action? Is't not I
That vnder-go this charge? Who clife but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this businesse, and maintain this waere
Hawe I not heard thee Flanlanders shout out
Once le Roy, as I have bank'd their Townes?
Have I not heard the best Cards for the game
To winne this easie match, plaid for a Crown?
And shall I now give ore the yeilded Set?
No, no, on my soules it neuer shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the out-side of this worke.

Dol. Out-side or in-side, I will not returne
Till my attempt so much be glorified,
As to my ample hope was promis'd,
Before I drew this gallant head of waere,
And call'd thee fiery spirits from the world.

Enter Lookes Conquest, and to winne renowne
Even in the laws of danger, and of death;
What liftie Trumpet thus doth summon vs?

Enter Baftard.

Dol. According to the faire-play of the world,
Let me haue audience: I am sent to speake:
My holy Lord of Millanne, from the King
I come to learn how our just due returne for him:
And, as you answe're, I doe know the scope
And warranty limited into my tongue.

Pand. The Dolphins is too wilfull opposite
And will not temporize with my intrestes:
He flatly fies, hee ll not lay downe his Armes.

Dol. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth fies well. Now hearse our Euclie King,
For thus his Royaltie doth speake in me:
He is prepar'd, and reason to he should,
This afpih and vnnameterly approach,
This haurnis d Maske, and vnsahufed Reuell,
This vn-heard favoynefflie and boyish Troopes,
The King doth smie at, and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish waere, this Pigmy Armes
From out the circle of his Territorie.
That hand which had the strength, even at your doore,
To cudgel ye, and make you take the hatch
To diuell like Buckets in concealed Welles,
To crowch in litter of your fable planks,
To lye like pawnes, lock'd vp in chessts and truncks,
To hug with swine, to seek swee safety out
In vaults and prisongs, and to thrill and shake,
### Scena Quarta.

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<tr>
<td><strong>Sal.</strong></td>
<td>I did not think the King</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Pemb.</strong></td>
<td>Vp once again</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If they miscarry: we miscarry too.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Sal.</strong></td>
<td>That misbegotten duell Falenbridge.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Pemb.</strong></td>
<td>They say King John fore sick, hath left the field,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Enter Melon wounded.</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Mel.</strong></td>
<td>Lead me to the Reuols of England here.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Sal.</strong></td>
<td>When we were happe, we had other names,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Pemb.</strong></td>
<td>It is the Count Meloone.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Sal.</strong></td>
<td>Wounded to death.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Scena Tertia.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Actors</th>
<th>Enter John and Hubert.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>John.</strong></td>
<td>How goes the day with you? oh tell me Hubert.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Hub.</strong></td>
<td>Sadly I fear, how fares your Maiestie?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>John.</strong></td>
<td>This Feauer that hath troubled me so long,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Enter, a Messenger.</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Mel.</strong></td>
<td>My lord: your valiant kinman Falenbridge,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Defiles your Maiestie to leue the field,</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>And send him word by me, which way you go.</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>John.</strong></td>
<td>Tell him toward Smifned, to the Abbey there.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Kief.</strong></td>
<td>Be of good comfort for the great supply,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>That was expedted by the Dolphin here.</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Apprak'd three nights agoon Goodnewlands.</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>This news was brought to Eichard but euen now,</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>The French fight coldly, and rayze themselves.</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>John.</strong></td>
<td>Aye me, this tyrant Feauer burnes mee vp,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>And [did] not let me welcome this good news.</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Set on toward Smifned, to my Lister straight,</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Wishonne pufeth me, and I am faint.</strong></td>
<td>Exeunt.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The life and death of King John.

For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye. Away, my friends, new flight,
And happy newness, that intends old rights.

Enter Dolphin, and his Train.

Dol. The Sun of heaven (me thought) was loth to set;
But hid, and made the Western Weikin blush,
When English meare backward their owne ground
In faint Retire: Oh brawely came we off,
When with a volley of our accelelelfe shot,
After such bloody toile, we bid good night,
And won'd our tost'sing colours clearly vp,
Lai in the field, and almoft Lords o'fist.

Enter a Messengers.

Mes. Where is my Prince, the Dolphin?

Mes. The Count Melion is slain: The English Lords
By his persuavions. are againe failed off,
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cifl away, and funk in Coonemall fans.

Dol. Ah fowlie, fhwed'newes, Heffrew thy very
I did not thinke to be fo sad tonight
(hart: As this hath made me. Who was he that said
King John did flie an hour or two before
The tumbling night did part our weary powres?

Mes. Who euer spoke it, it is true my Lord.

Dol. Well: keepe good quarter, & good care to night,
The day shall not be vp fo loone as it,
To try the faire adventure of to morrow.

Enter Baffard and Hubert, generally.

Hub. Whose there? Speake ho! speake quickly, or
I thiate.

Baff. A Friend, What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Baff. Whether dost thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee?

Why may not I demand of thine affairs,
As well as thou of mine?

Baff. Hubert, I thinke.

Hub. Thou haft a perfect thought:
I will upon all hazards well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well
Who art thou?

Baff. Who thou wilt: and if thou please,
Thou must be friend me to much, as to thinke
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Vakind reemembrace: thou, & endless night,
Have done me shame: Brute Soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue,
Should ape the true acquaintance of mine care.

Baff. Come, come: thin complcement, What news
abroad?

Hub. Why here walk I, in the black brow of
To finde you out.

Baff. Briefest then: and what's the newes?

Hub. O my sweet fire, newes fitting to the night,
Blacke, fearfull, comforlable, and horrible.

Baff. Shew me the very wound of this ill newes,
I am no woman, Ile not frownd at it.

Hub. The King I feare is pow'd for by a Monke,
I left him almoft speechlile, and broke out
To acquaint you with this wull, that you might
The better arm you to the fodeaine time,
Then if you had at leasure knowne of this.

Baff. How did he take it? Who did taile to him?

Hub. A Monke I tell you, a relufed villain
Whose Bowels sodainly burft out: The King
Yet speaks, and peraduenture may recouer.

Baff. Who didst thou leave to send his Maiestye?

Hub. Why know you not? The Lords are all come
backe,
And brought Prince Henry in their companie,
At whose requer the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his Maiestie.

Baff. With-hold thine indignation, mighty heauen,
And tempt vs not to beare about our power.
Lie tell thee Hubert, haft my power this night
Passing these Flats, are taken by the Tide.
These Lincolne-Washe have design'd them,
My elfe, well mounted, hardly have espac'd.
Away before: Conduif me to the king,
I doubt he will be dead, or ere I come.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury, and Bages.

Hen. It is too late, the life of all his blood
Is touch'd, corruptibly: and his pure braise
(Whiche some suppost the soules frail dwellings house)
Doth by the idle Comments that it makes,
Fore-tell the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. His Highnes yet doth speak, & holds belefe,
That being brought into the open ayre,
It would alay the burning qualitie
Of that fell poison which asayleth him.

Hen. Let him be brought into the Orchard here
Doth he still rage?

Pem. He is more patient
Then when you left him; even now he floug.

Hen. Oh vauntie of sick geffe: fierce extreme
In their continuance, will not feele themselves,
Death hauing pride upon the outward parts
Leaves them insufiible, and his seige is now
Against the winde, the which he prickes and wounds
With many legions of strange fantifie,
Which in their thong, and preffe to that athold,
Countound them selves. "This strange death field fing:
I am the Symet to this pale faint Swan,
Who chauus a dolefull hymne to his owne death,
And from the organ-pipe of fraility fings
His foule and body to their lastih, eft.

Sal. Be of good comfort (Prince) for you are borne
To let a forme upon that indigfeft
Which he hath leff to fhapelefe, and forude.

John. I marrie, now my foule hath elbow roomes,
The life and death of King John.

It would not out at windowes, nor at doores, 
There is so hot a summer in my boosome, 
That all my bowels crumble vp to dust:
I am a stribled forme drawne with a pen
Upon a Parchment, and against this fire.
Do I think of vp.

Hen. How fares your Maiestie?

Sal. Poyson'd, ill fare: dead, forsooke, call off,
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdoms Rivers take their course.
Through my burn'd bosome: nor interest the North
To make my bleake windes kisse my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you much,
I begge cold comfort: and you are so straight
And ingrateful, you deny me that.

Hen. Oh that there were some vertue in my tears, 
That might receive you.

John. The tale in them is hot.

Within me is a hell, and there the poyson
Is, as a fiend, confined to tyrannize,
On unreprennable condemned blood.

Enter Suffolk.

Baff. Oh, I am scalded with my violent motion
And spleene of speede, to see your Maiestie.

John. Oh Cozen, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart, is crack'd and burn't,
All the thow'rs wherewith my life should fail,
Are turned to one thred, one little hair:
My heart hath one poore string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy newes be vitered,
And then all this thou feelest, is but a clod,
And module of confounded royaltie.

Baff. The Dolphin is preparing hitler-ward,
Where heaven he knowes how we shall find him,
For in a night the beft part of my powre,
As I upon advauntage did remoue,
Were in the water all vnwarly,
Devoured by the unexpect-ed flood.

Sal. You breath these dead newes in as dead an ear
My Liege, my Lord: but now a King, now thus,
Hen. Even so, dull I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what flay,
When this was now a King, and now is clay?

Baff. Art thou gone so? I do but thy behinde,
To do the office for thee, of revenue,
And thynne soule shall waite on thee to heaven,

As it on earth hath bent by servante still,
Now, now you Starres, that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powres? Shew now your remedial faith,
And instantly returne with me againe,
To push destruction, and perpetuall flame.
Out of the weake doore of our faining Land:
Straight let vs seeke, or straight we shall be sought,
The Dolphine rages at our veree heelees.

Sal. It seemes you know not then so much as we,
The Cardinall Pandolph is within at rest,
Who halfe an houre since came from the Dolphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace,
As we with honor and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this warre.

Baff. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Our issue well finewd to our defcence.

Sal. Nay, 'tis in a manner done already,
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the sea side, and put his caufe and quarrell
To the disposing of the Cardinall,
With whom your selfe, my selfe, and other Lords,
If you think mee, this afternoone will poasht
To confonnamate this buffetefully happily.

Baff. Let it be so, and you my noble Prince,
With other Princes that may beft be fard
Shall waie vp your Fathers funerall.

Hen. At Worlifer must his bodie be inter'd,
For so he will'd it.

Baff. Thither shall it then,
And happily may your sweet felf be put on
The lineall flute, and glorie of the Land,
To whom with all submisson on my knee,
I do beseech my faithfull seruices
And true subjection everlastingl.

Sal. And the like tender of our loue we make
To rest without a spot for evermore.

Hen. I have a kinde foule, that would give thankes,
And knowes not how to do it, but with tears.

Baff. Oh let vs pay the time: but needfull woe,
Since it hath beene before hand with our griefes,
This England never did, nor never shal
Lye at the proud foote of a Conqueror,
But when it first did help; to wound it fell,
Now, these her Princes are come home againe,
Come the three corners of the world in Armes,
And we shall flayke them: Naught shall make vs rue,
If England do vs felse, do rest but true,
Enter King Richard, John of Gaunt, and other Nobles.

KING RICHARD.

What! A Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Then, I haue my Liege.

At this time, the vglour seeme the cloudes that in it flye:
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foule Traitors name thufe I thy throate,
And with (to please my Soveraigne) are I moue;
What my tong speakes, my right drawn sworde may proue
Mow. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeale:
Tis not the trial of a Womans ware,
The biter clamour of two raging foes,
Cau arbitrate this cause betweene us twaine:
The blood is hot that muft be coole'd for this,
Yet can I not of such same patience boaue,
As to be hufht, and nought at all to say.
First the faire renounce of your Highnesse curues mee,
From giving reines and spurreys to my free speech,
Which elle would poift, vntill it had return'd
Thee tearsmes of treason, double downe his throat.
Setting aside his high bloods roylty,
And let him be no Kindman to my Liege,
I do defe his, and I spit at him,
Call him a hangerous Coward, and a Villaine:
Which to maintaine, I would allow him oddes,
And mecte him, were I tide to runne afoote,
Even to the frozen rides of the Alpes,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where euer Englifhman durft set his foote.
Meane time, let this defend my loyaltie,
By all my hopes most safely doth he lie.

BUL. Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my gage,
Difclaiming here the kindred of a King,
And lay aside my high bloods Royalty,
Which feare, not reuerence makes thee to except,
If guilty dread hath left thee so much strengthe,
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 armes to armes,
What I haue spoken, or thou canft defile.
Mow. I take it vp, and by that Iword I freaze,
Which gently laid my Knight-hood on my shoulder,
Ie anfwer thee in any faire degree,
Or Chivalrous defigne of knightly trial:
And when I monte, alue may I not light,
If I be Traitor, or villufly fight.

KING. What doth our Coftin lay to Mowbrayes charge?
It must be great that can inherit vs,
So much as of thought of ill in him.

BUL. Look what I faid, my life shal proue it true,
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand Nobles,
The life and death of Richard the Second.

In name of lendings for your Highness Soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for low employments,
Like a false Traitor, and miserably Village.
Refuses 1 say, and will be barrable proud.
Or heere, or elsewhere to the utmost Verge.
That euer was survey'd by English eye.
That all the Treasons for these eighteen yeares
Complotted, and contrived in this Land,
Fetched from false Mapes of their first head and spring.
Further I say, and that traitors will maintain
Upon his bad life, to make all this good.
That he did plot the Duke of Gloucester death,
Suggest his base beluming adulteries,
And consequently, like a Traitor Coward.
Shed'd out his innocent blood through the streams of blood;
Which blood, like sacrificing.judicious crimes.
(Given from the rogue's cruelest of the earth)
To me for justice, and rough chafelement:
And by the glorious worth of my defcent,
This armes shall do it, or this life be spent.

KING. How high a pitch his execration soars:

Thomas of Norfolk, what sayest thou to this?

MOW. Oh let my Sovereigne turne away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf.
Till haue told this slanderer of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate to soule a lyar.

KING. Sovereign,
Impartial our own, and ears,
Were he my brother, or my kinsmen's heyre,
As he is but my fathers brothers sonne;
Now by my Steppers awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour-neereoxetine to our sacred blood,
Should nothing priuilege him, or pastialize
The ven-flouping firmeness of my youth's soule.
He is our sibiect (Mowbray) to hear thine,
Free speech, and Learlus, I do thee allow.

Then. Let us hear this as to thy heart,
Through the false pallage of thy throat; thou lyest:
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calice.
Disburth 1 to his Highness soldiers,
The other part refer'd I by content,
For that my Sovereigne Liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a deere Accompt,
Since left I went to France to fetch his Queene:
Now swallow downe that Lyre. For Glousters death,
I flie him not; but (to mine owne disgrace)
Neglected my owne duty in that case:

For you my noble Lord of Lancafter,
The honourable Father to my life,
Once I did lay an ambush for your life,
A trepasse that doch vex my greanced soule:
But ere I left receiv'd the Sacrament,
I did confesse it, and exactly begg'd
Your Grace's pardon, and I hope I had it,
This is my fault: as for the reft appeal'd,
It illu's from the parancl of a Villaine,
A rencant, and most degenerate Traitor,
Which in my felle 1 boldly will defend,
And interchangably hurtle downe my gage
Upon this over-weeing Treasons footes,
To prove my felle a loyal Giant, Gentleman,
Euen in the best blood chamber'd in his bosome.
In Old whereof, most heartily 1 pray
Your Highness to affigne our Trial day.

KING. Worthy-kindled Gentlemen be rul'd by me:
Let's purge this cheller without letting blood:
This we prescribe, though no Phylision,
Depee malice makes too deep incision.
Forgets, forgives, concludes, and begaves.
Our Doctors say, This is no time to bleed.
Good Vauke, let this end where it begin,
We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk's son, your fon.

GAUNT. To be a make peace shall become my age,
Throw downe (my sonne) the Duke of Norfolkes gage.

KING. And Norfolk, throw downneth,

GAUNT. Where is the Duke of Norfolk's gage,
Obedience bids I should not bid a gage.

KING. Norfolk, throw downe, we bidde; there is
no boote.

MOW. My felte I throw (dread Sovereigne) at thy foot,
My life thou striat command, but not thy shame,
The one my dutie owes, but my faire name
Displeat of death, that lives upon my graue
To darke diffonours vie, thou shalt not hau.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffe'd therre.
Pier'd to the soule with flanders fren'me'd iphere:
The which no balsem can cure, but his heart blood
Which breath'd this poysen.

KING. Rage must be with blood:
Give me his gage: Lyons make Leopards tame.

MOW. Yes, but not change his spot stake but my heart.
And I refuse my gage. My deere, deere Lord,
The purest treasure not all times afford
Is spotlesse reputation: that away,
Men are but gilded foame, or painted clay.
A Jewell in a ten times bare'd vp Cheek,
Is a bold spirit, in a loayl brest.
Mine Honor is my life; both grow in one:
Take Honor from me, and my life is done.
Then (deere my Liege) mine Honor let me trye,
In that I live; and for that I will die.

KING. Confin, throw downe your gage,
Do you begin.

But, Oh heaven defend my soule from such foule sin,
Shall I see my Creel-sin in my fathers sight,
Or with pale beggar face impeach my hight
Before this out-dad's at last? Ere my roome,
Shall I see mine honor with such feeble wrong,
Or found in base a parle of my teeth shall see
The flambo moture of reanting feare,
And spoile it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth habbour, even in Membranes face:

Exit Gaunt.

KING. We were not borne to sue, but to command,
Which since we cannot do to make your friends,
Be ready, (as your lives shall anwer it)
At Couentrence, upon S. Lamberts day:
There shall your sword and Lance arbitrate
The dwellinge difference of your fetelde hate:
Since we cannot atone you, you shall see
Justice deigne the Victors Chiristie.
Lord Marshall, command our Officers at Armes,
Be ready to direct thes home Armes.

Enter Gaunt, and Dunsheffs of Gloucestere.

GAUNT. Alas, the part I had in Glouirsts blood,
Dost more folciere me then your exclaimes,
To strirres against the Butchers of his life.

Scene Seconda.

Enter Gaunt, and Dunsheoff of Gloucestere.
The life and death of Richard the second.

But since correction lyeth 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 rainge hot vengeance on offenders heads.

Doth. Findes brotherhood in thee no sharper spurre?
Hath bone in thy old body no living fire?

Edward. Some fell (whereof thy self art one)
Were as feuen violles of his sacred blood,
Or feuenti branches springing from one roote:
Some of those feuen are draine by nature courte,
Some of those branches by the destinies cut:

But Thomas, my deere Lord, my life, my Glaoufer,
One Veal full of Edward's Sacred blood,
One Nourishing branch of his most Royall roote
Ferzak'd, and all the precious liquor spile,
Is hackt downe, and his fammer leaves all vaid
By Enemies hand, and Murder's bloody Axe.

Ah Gaunt! His blood was thine, that bed, that worme,
That mistle, that felle-mould that fashion'd thee,
Made him a man: and though thou liuft, and breath'st,
Yet art thou alone in him: thou dost confent
In some large measure to thy Fathers death,
In that thou feltst thy wretched brother dye,
Who was the model of thy Fathers life.
Call it not patience (Gaunt) it is chaire,
In feffing thus thy brother to be laughter'd,
Thou fhou'd the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching thee to be like as it should be,
That which in mean men we mistake patience
Is pale cold, cowardice in noble brefts:
What fhall I say, to safegard thine owne life,
The belt way is to venge thy Glaoufers death.

Gaunt. Heauens is the quarrell: for heauens substitue
His Deputie appointed in his sight,
Hath caus'd his death, the which if wrongfully
Let heauen reuenge: for I may never lift
An angry arm against his Ministre.

Dua. Where then (as I may) I complaint my felle?

Gau. To heauen, the widowes Champion to defence

Dua. Why then I will: farewell old Gaunt,
Fruished of Courtrene, there to behold
Our Counsel perished, and fell Mowbray fight:
Of my husbands wrongs on Herfords speare,
That it may enter butcher Mowbrayes breft:
Obtain fortune mist the first carree,
To Mowbrayes finnes so heavy in his bosome,
That they may breake his bowinge Courtes backe,
And throw the Rider headlong in the Lifs,
A Caryatife reccant to my Colne Herfard:
Farewell old Gaunt, thy sometimes brothers wife
With her companion Greefe, muft end her life.

Gau. Sifter farewell! I muft to Courtrene,
As much good fhy with thee, as go with mee.

Dua. Yet one word more: Greefe boundeth where it
Not with the emptie hollower, but weight:
(fall, I take my leave, before I have begun.
For sorrow ends not, when it feemeth done.
Commend me to my brother Edmund Tyre.

Lee. This is all: nay, yet depart not so,
Though this he all, do not to quickly go,
I shall remember more. Bid him, Oh, what?
With all good speech at Plathie visit mee,
And see, and what shall good old York see:
Save empty lodgings, and unfurnished vailles,
Vn-people'd Offices, entrouden ftones?

And what heare there for welcome, but my granes?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there,
To seek out forrow, that dwells every where:
Defolate, defolate will I hence, and dye,
The last leave of thee, takes my weeping eye.

Enter Marfhall, and Aumerle.

Mar. My L. Aumerle, is Harry Herford am'd.
Aum. Year, at all points, and longs to enter.

Mar. The Duke of Norfolk, with all the comforts of the Appliances Trumpet,
Aum. Why then the Champions, are prepar'd, and lay
For nothing but his Maitelies approache.

Enter King, Gaunt, Blufhy, Bagot, Greene, & others: Then Mowbray in Armor, and Harrold.

The caine of his annual life here in Armes,
Ask he him name, and orderly proceed
To forreare him in the induce of his caufe.
Aum. In God's name, and of the Kings lay who parts,
And why thou com in thus knightly clad in Armes?
Against what man that com'st, or what's thy quarrell,
Speake truly on thy kingdome, and thine oath,
As to defend thee heauen, and thy valour.

Gau. My name is Tho. Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
Who hither comes engaged by my own
(Which heauen defend a knight should 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 mine arme,
To prooue him (in defending of my felie)
A Traitor to my God, my King, and me,
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.

Tucket. Enter Hereford, and Harrold.

Rich. Marshall: Aske yonder Knight in Armes,
Both who he is, and why he commeth hither,
Thus placed in habitments of warre:
And formerly according to our Law
Denpote him in the induce of his caufe.

Mar. What is thy name? and wherefore com'st thou hither,
Before King Richard in his Royall Lifs?
Against whom com'st thou? and what's thy quarrell?
Scope like a true Knight, so defend thee heauen.

Bal. Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Am I: who ready here do stand in Armes,
To prooue by heauens grace, and my bodies valour,
In Lifes, on Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolk,
That he's a Traitor foule, and dangerous,
To God of heauen, King Richard, and me,
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.

Mar. On paine of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring hardie as to touch the Lifes,
Except the Marshall, and such Officers
Appointed to direct the fate faire delignes.

Bal. Lord Marshall, let me kisse my Soueraigns hand,
And bow my knee before his Maitelie.
For Mowbray and my selfe are two men,
That vowe a long and weary pilgrimage,
The life and death of Richard the second.

Then let us take a ceremonious leave
And losinge farwell of our feuerall friends.
Mar. The Apellant in all duty greeteth your Highness,
And craves to kisse your hand, and take his leave.
Rich. We will defend, and fold him in our arms.
Cofin of Herford, as thy cause is wift,
So be thy fortune in this Royall fight:
Farewell, my blood, which to day thou sheddest,
Lament we may, but not reneume thee dead.
Bull. Oh let no noble eye prophane a teare
For me, I'll be gor'd with Mowbray's speare:
As confident, as is the Falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.
My loving Lord, I take my leave of you,
Of you (my Noble Cofin) Lord Annerie;
Nor fecke, although I have to do with death,
But luffie, yong, and cheerly drawing breath.
Loc. as at English Feasts, so I reccegre.
The dauntlesse falt, to make the end most sweet.
Oh thou the earthy author of my blood,
Whose youthfull spirit in me regenerate,
Dost with a two-fold rigour lift mee vp
To reach at victory above my head,
Addo prooife vnto mine Armoure with thy praysers,
And with thy blessings flame my Lances point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen Coate,
And furnish new the name of John a Gaudit,
Euen in the lutfy hauiet of his fonne.
Gauer. Heauen in thy good caufe make thee profous
Be swift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,
Fall like an amazing thunder on the male
Of thy smailes pernicious enemy.
Rouse vp thy youthfull blood, be valiant, and last.
Mon. How euer heaven or fortune call my lot,
There lues, or dies, true to Kings Richard Throne,
A loyall, luff, and vpright Gentleman:
Neuer did Captive with a freer heart,
Caft off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden vncontroll'd enanuchishment,
More then my dancing foule dost celebrate
This Feast of Sylvestre, with mine Aderfairie.
Moff mighty Lige, and my companion Peetes,
Take from my mouth, the with of happy yeares,
As gentle, and as incond, as to feel,
Go I to fight: Truth, hath a quiet breith.
Rich. Farewel, my Lord, securely I lep't
Vertue with Valour, encirc'd in thine eye
Order the tiall Marthall, and begin.
Mar. Haure of Herford, Lancafter, and Derby,
Receiue thy lance, and heaven defend thy right.
Bull. Strong as a towere in hope, I cry Amen.
Mar. Go bear this Lance to Thomas D. of Norfolke.
1. Haure of Herford, Lancafter, and Derby,
Stands heere for God, his Soueraigne, and himselfe,
On paine to be found false, and recreant,
To prove the Duke of Norfolke, Thomas Mowbray,
A Traitor to his God, his King, and him,
And dare he bring thee forwards to the fight.
2. Haure. Here fhand thine Mowbray Duke of Norfolke
On paine to be found false, and recreant,
Both to defend him selfe, and to appeare
Henry of Herford, Lancafter, and Derby,
To God, his Soueraigne, and to him diolly:\nCouragiously, and with a free defire

Attending but the signall to begin. 
A charge founded
Mar. Sound Trumpetes, and as forward Combattants.
Stay, the King hath throwne his Warder downe.
Rich. Let them lay by their Helmes, & their Speares,
And both returne backe to their Chaires againe:
Withdraw with vs, and let the Trumpetes sound,
While we returne thefe Duke's which we desire.
Adieu Edward.

Draw neere and lift
What with our Councell we haue done.
For that our kindeomes earth should not be fouled
With that deere blood which it hath suffered,
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of eniust wounds plough'd vp with neighbours swords,
Which so rou'd vp with boystfoud vntend'd drummes,
With hard reounding Trumpets dreadful bray,
And grating thocke of wrathfull yon Armes,
Might from our quiet Confines fright faire peace,
And make vs Wade euen in our kindred blood:
Therefore, we banish you our Territories.
You Cofin Herford, vpon paine of death,
Till twice five Summers have enriuch'd our fields,
Shall not enregret our faire dominions,
But creese the stranger papes of banishment.
But, You will be done: This mutt my comfort be,
That Sun that warmes you Lucifer, shall shine on me:
And thofe his golden beames to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.
Rich. Norfolke: for thee remaines a heauder donce,
Which I with some vnwillningneffe pronounce,
The flye flowe hours shall not determinate
The dateleffe limet of thy deere exile,
The hopeleffe word, of Neuer to returne,
Breath I against thee, vpwn paine of life.
How. A late tem[e, my most Soueraigne Lige,
And all vlook'd for from your Highnesse mouthe:
A deere mearst, not so depee a maine,
As to be catt forth in the common sylve,
Hau I defended at your Highnesse hands.
The Language I have leart'd these foure yeares
(My native English) now I must forget,
And now my tongues ye is sayned no more,
Then an unfringled Vyll, or a Harpe,
Or like a cunning Instrument cas'd vp,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knowes no touch to tune the harmony
Within my mouth I have engaile'd my tongue,
Doubly perruccled with my teeth and lippes,
And dull, vnteeling, barren ignorance,
Is made my Goaler to attend on me:
I am too old to fawn upon a Nurfe,
Too farre in yeeres to be a pupil now:
War is thy sentene, then, but speechelesse death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing nature breath?
Rich. It boosts thee not to be compassionat,
After our sentene, palingen comes too late.
Stull. Then thus I turne me from my countreys light
To dwell in folemne shades of endlesse night.
Ret. Returne againe, and take an oath with thee,
Lay on our Royall word, your banisht handes;
Sware by the duty that you owe to heav'n
(Our part therin we banish with your relues)
To keepe the Oath that we administer:
Youuer snall (to helpe you Truth, and Heauen)
Embrace each others loose in banishment,
Nor euer looke vpon each other face.
The life and death of Richard the second.

Nor ever write, regrette, or reconcile—
This lowring temppest of your home-bred hate,
Nor ever by advised purpose meet,
To plot, contrive, or compleat any ill,
Gainst Vs, our State, our Subjects, or our Land.
But I swear,

Mom. And I, to keep all this,
Norselle, so farre, as to mine enemy,
By this time (had the King permitted vs)
One of our foules had wandered in the syre;
Banish'd this fraile spechule of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this Land.
Confesse thy Treasons, thou flye this Realme,
Since thou hast fare to go, beare not along
The clogging burden of a guilty soule.

Mom. No Bullying: I hear I were Traitor,
My name be blotted from the booke of Life,
And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence:
But what thou art, heauen, thou, and I do know,
And all too foone (I fear) the King shall trae.
Farewell (my Liege) now no way can I fray,
Saue backe to England, all the world my way.

Exit. Rich. Vnle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy greeted heart: thy face appear'd
Hath from the number of his by eight yeares
Pluck'd foure away: Six frozen Winters spent,
Returne with welcome home, from banishment:

But how long a time lies in one little word:
Foure lagging Winters, and foure wanton springs
Find in a word, iuch is the breach of Kings:

Gaut. I thankke my Liege, that in regard of me
He shouls toke four yeares of my fomnes exile
But little vantage shal I reape thereby.
For ere the five yeares that he hath to spend
Can change their Moones, and bring their times about,
My eyle-ride Lampre, and time-bewisted light
Shall be extinct with age, and endleffe night:
My inch of Taper, will be burnt, and done,
And blindfold death, not leaue me see my fomne.

Rich. Why Vnle, thou hast many yeares to live.
Gaut. But not a minute (King) that thou canst giue;
Shed not thy days thou canst, nor heave thy tears,
And plucke kights from me, but not lend a morrow:
Thou canst not heipe time to furrow me with age,
But too much in my pilgrimage:
Thy words is currant with him, for my death,
But dead, thy kingdom can not buy my breath.

Ric. Thy somne is banish'd upon good advice,
Where my tongue a party-verb'd guile,
Why at our Justice seem't thou then to lose?

Gas. Things sweet to saue, preuie in digestion sovere
Your'g'd me as a judge, but I had rather
you would haue bid me argue like a Father.
Alas, I look'd, when some of you should say,
I was too strict to make mine owne away:
But you gaue leave to my unwilling tong,
Against my will, to do my part poor wrong.

Rich. Cofine farewell; and Vnle bid him so:
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

Exit. Florish.

As. Cofine farewell: what preface must not know
From where you do remain, lest paper show;

Mar. My Lord, no leasttake I, for I will ride
As fast as I can to let me know your side.

Gaut. Oh to what purpoe was all this bold thy words,
That thou returnst no greeting to thy friends?

Bull. I have too few to take my lease of you,
When the tongues office should be prodigal,
To breath th'aibundant doour of the heart,

Gant. Thy greefe is but thy abfence for a time;

Bull. Thy absence greefe is preferre for that time,

Gant. What is faire Winters, they are quickly gone

Bull. To men in thy, but greefe makes one hour ten,

Gant. Call it a travaill that thou take'st for pleasure.

Bull. My heart will figh, when I miscall it so,
Which indues it an inforced Pilgrimage.

Gant. The fullens passage of thy wearsy steepe
Effeeeme a foyle, wherein thou art to fet
The precious Jewell of thys home returne;

Bull. Oh who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the profite of Caufefate?
Or clay the hungry edge of appearre,
By bare imagination of a Feall?

Or Wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantaflie keizers heart?
No no, the apprehension of the good

Gues but the greater feeling to the worst?
Fell forrowes tooth, doth euer rankle more
Then when it bites, but largethe not the fore.

Gant. Come, come (my fomne) let bring thee on thy way
Had I thy youth, and caufe, I would not flye.

But Then Englands ground farre well, sweet soil aduer,
My Mother, and my Nurse, which bears me yet:
Where eere I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banish'd, yet a true-borne Englishman.

Scene Quarta.

Enter King, Anmelle, Greene, and Bragot.

Rich. We did obferne, Cofine Anmelle,
How far brought you high Hereford on this way?

Anm. I brought hight Hereford (if you call him fo)
But to the next high way, and there I left him.

Rich. And fay, what frote of parting tears were shed?

Anm. Faith none for me, except the Northenest wond
Which then grew bittere against our face,
Awak'd the sleepie dreame, and by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.

Rich. What faid our Cofin when you parted with him?

As. Farewell: and for my hart DISCLAIMER my tongue
Should fo prophanne the word, that taughte me craft
To counterfeit oppreffion of such greate,
That word leam'd buried in my forrowe greate.
Marry, would the word Farewell, late lengthen'd hours,
And added yeeres to his short buanishment,
He should haue had a volume of Farewells,
But since it would not, he had none of me.

Rich. He is our Cofin (Cofin) but's doubt,
When time shall call him home from buanishment,
Whether our kinman come to fee his friends,
Our selfe, and Baptiffe; his brother Greene.
Obern't his Courtship to the common people:
How he did ferme to duee into their hearts,
With humble, and familie courteffe,
What reuerence he did to tow away on flames,
Wooing p'oes: trufel-men, with the craft of foules,
And patient under-bearing of his Fortune,
As were to banish their affections with him.
Off goes his buanish to an Oyler-wooth.
The life and death of Richard the second.

A brace of Dray-men bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his fullip knee,
With thanks to his Countrymen, my loving friends,
As were our England in refection his,
And his subjests next degree in hope.

Or. Well, he is gone, & with him go these thoughts:
Now for the Rebels, which stand out in Ireland,
Expedient manage must be made my Liege
Ere further levy, yield them further means
For their advantage, & your Highness's Lahore.

Rec. We will our felle in person to this warre,
And for our Coffers, with too great a Court,
And liberall Largefe, are grown somewhat light,
We are inc'd to serve our royal Realme,
The Reuennent whereof shall furnish vs
For our affayres in hand: if that come short
Our Subsittuates at home shall have Blanke-charters:
Whereas, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subfcrbe them for large summes of Gold,
And lend them after to supply our wants.

Rec. To serve the Ireland prefently.

Enter Bispy.

Bispy. What news?

Bu. Old John of Gaunt is very sick my Lord,
Sodainly taken, & hath fent post hafe
To entreat your Maitly to visit him.

Fie. Where lies he?

Bu. At Ely house.

Rec. Nor put it (hesues) in his Physicians minde,
To helpe him to his grave immediately:
The lining of his coffers will make Coates
To decke our fouldiers for these ith warres.
Come Gentleman, let's all go visit him:
Pray heauen we may make half, and come too late. Exit.

Abridged. Scena Prima.

Enter Gaunt, sickle with Tarks.

Gaunt. Will the King come, that I may breath my last
In wholome counsel to his worthy youth?

Tor. Ver not your felle, nor frame not with your brea,
For all in vaine comes counsel to his care.

Gaunt. Oh but (they say) the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention like deepie harmony;
Where words are scarce, they are feldom spent in vaine,
For they breath truth, that breath their words in paine.
He that no more must fay, is liu'd more
Then they whom youth and ease have taught to glose,
More are mens ends made, then their liues before,
The setting Sun, and Mufeke is the close
The last fable of sweetes, is sweetest last.
Write in memborance, more then things long past;
Though Richard my liues counsell would not heare,
My deathes sad tale, may yet vnde his care.

Tor. No, it is flopt with other flat'ting sounds
As praises of his flate: then there are found
Luscious Meters, to whose Scarmon found
The open care of youth doth always liuer.
Report of favours in proud Italy,
Whole manners fill our tardies spight 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 buzz'd into his eates?
That all too late comes counsell to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wis regard:
Direct not him, whose way himselfe will choose,
His breath thou lackst, and that breath willeth loue.

Canst. Me thinkes I am a Prophet new inspired,
And thus excaping, do forsettell of him,
His rash fierce blaze of Ryot cannot laft,
For violent fires foame burne out themselfes,
Small showers last long, but sodain flames are short,
Hys tyres become, that flurs too fast betimes:
With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder:

Light vanity, infaite corromant,
Consuming meanes soone preyes upon it felle.
This royall Throne of Kings, this stedfast life,
This earth of Maitly, this feste of Mars,
This other Edens, demy paradise.
This Fortrefle built by Nature for her felle,
Against infition, and the hand of warre:
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious Stone, set in the fluer sea,
Which ferves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a Moate defenfue to a house,
Against the envy of leffe happier Lands,
This bleffed plot, this earth, this Realme, this England,
This Nure, this reeming wombe of Royall Kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth,
Renowned for their deeds, as farre from home,
For Christian seruice, and true Chiuialrie,
As the fepulchre in flubborne Italy
Of the Worlds randome, bleffed Maurit Sonne.
This Land of such dere foules, this dere-dere Land,
Deere for her reputation through the world,
Is now Lea'd out (I dye pronouncing it)
Like to a Tenderer of pelting fame.
E-Gland bound in with the triumphant fea,
Whose rocky shore beates back the envious fledge
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With Inky blotes, and rotten Parchment bonds.
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of it felle.
Ail would the fandall vamish with my life,
How happy then were my engulfed death?

Enter King, Queene, Anornelle, Bispy, Greene,
Bogger, Roy, and Villaghecy.

Tor. The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,
For young hot Celibs, being rag'd do rage the more.

Canst. How fates our noble Vnkle Lancaster?

R. What comfort man? How it with sped Gaunt?

Gaunt. Oh how that name before my composition:
Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt In being old:
Within me greeke hath kept a tedious falt,
And who allaynes from meate, that is not gaunt.
For sleeping England long time hause I waschi,
Watching breets Jeannesfe, Jeannesfe is all gaunt.
The pleasures that some Fathers feeke upon,
Is my fridt falt, I mean my Children looke,
And therein fastig, haft thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the graue, gaunt as a graue,
Whole hollow wombe inheriteth naught but bones.

Canst. Can fickle men play fo finely with their names?

Gaunt. No, raillery makes sport with their names:
Since the day, I feeke to kill my name in me,
I mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee.

Ric. Should dying men flatter those that live?

Gau. No, no, men liuing flatter those that dye.

Ric. Thou now a dying, say'st thou flatter if me.

Gau. Oh no, thou yeell, though I the ficker be.

Ric. I am in health, I breath, I see thee ill.

Gau. Now he that made me, knowes I fee thee ill:

I'll in my felle to see, and in thee, seeing ill,

Thy death-bed is no better then the Land,

Wherein thou lyest in reputation fickle,

And thou too care-lesse patience at thou art,

Committ's thy moufled body to the cure

Of thofe Phyficians, that fift wounded thee,

A thoufand flatterers fit within thy Crowne,

Whofe compaffe is no bigger then thy head,

And yet incaged in fo small a Venge.

The waife is no whift letter then thy Land.

Oh had thy Grandifine with a Prophet's eye,

Scene how his fonnes fomne, should deftroy his fonnes,

From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,

Depofing thee before thou wert poffef,

Which art poffef now to defpofe thy felle.

Why (Cofine) were thou Regent of the world,

It was a flame to let his Land by leafe:

But for thy would enjoying but this Land,

Is it not more then fhame, to blame it in?

Landlord of England art thou, and not King:

Thy fiate of Law, is abfolute to the law,

And

Ric. And thou, a lunaticke lanele-witted foole,

Prefuming on an Agens pruifledge,

Darft with thy frozen admiration

Make pale our cheekes, claffing the Royall blood

With fury, from his native residence?

Now by my States right Royal Maielfie,

Wert thou not Brother to great Edwards fomne,

This tongue that runs foroudly in thy head,

Should run thy head from thy vnrecurent shoulders.

Gau. Oh spare me not, my brothers Edwards fomne,

For that I was his Father Edwards fomne:

That blood alreadie (like the Pellican)

Thouffnt rap't out, and drunckingly carow'd.

My brother Gloucefter, plaime well meaning foule

(Whom faire befell in leauen 'mongt fappe doule)

May be a prefid, and winneffe good,

That thou requifite it not fpilling Edwards blood:

Joyne with the preffent ft. kneelle that I have,

And thy vnikindneffe be like crooked age,

To crop at once a too-long winther'd flowre.

Lute in thy thame, but dye not frame with thee,

Those words hereafter, thy tormentors bee.

Come ye to my bed, then to my grave,

Loue they to lie, that loue and honor hafe.

Ric. And let them dye, that age and fullers hafe,

For both haft houf, and both become the grave.

Tor. I do befeech your Maielfie impute his words

To wayward ficklineffe, and age in him:

He knows you on my life, and holds you deere

As Harry Duke of Herfard, were he aire.

Ric. Right, you fay true: as Herfard love, fo his,

As theirs, fo mine: and all be as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

Ner. My Liege, old Queene commendes him to your Maielfie.

Ric. What fayes he? 

Ner. Nay nothing, all is faid:

His tongue is now a stringelife instrument,

Words, life, and all, old Lancafher hath spent.

Tor. Be Torke the next, that must be bankrupt fo,

Though death be poor, it ends a maffall wo.

Ric. The ripfe fruit fifts falls, and fo dodd he,

His time is fpent, our pilgrimage must be:

So much for that. Now for our {Irach waures,

We must fupplant thofe cough rug-headed Kernes,

Which line like venom, where no venom elfe

But only they, have priviledge to fue.

And for thefe great affayes do aske fome charge.

Towards our affiaance, we do feize to vs

The plate, coined, renewmes, and muebles;

Whereof our Uncle Queene did fland poffef.

Tor. How long shall I be patience? Oh how long

Shall tender duece make me fuffer wrong? 

Not Glawfes death, nor Herfords banishment,

Nor Gauftes rebukes, nor Englands private wrongs,

Nor the preuention of poore Eclingbrooke,

About his marriage, nor my owne dilgrace

Have euer made me fowre my patent cheeks,

Or bend one wrinkle on my {oueraigne face:

I am the laft of noble Edwards fomne,

Of whom thy Father Prince of Wales was fift,

In waure was never Lynn rag'd more fierce:

In peace, was newer gentle Lambemore milde,

Then was that yong and Princely Gentleman,

His face thou haft, for euer fo look'd he

Accomplifh'd with the number of thy houres:

But when he frownd, it was a giftn the French,

And not againft his friends: his noble hand

Did win what he did spend: and fpent not that

Which his triumphat fathers hand had won:

His hands were guile of no kindreds blood,

But bloody with the enemies of his kneue.

Oh Richard, Turke is too faire gone with greefe,

Or else he neuer would compare betwene.

Ric. Why Yorke,

What's the matter?

Tor. Oh my Liege, pardon me if you pleafes it not

I pleas' not to be pardon'd, am content with all:

Seekke you to feere, and gripe into your hanues

The Royalties and Rightes of banf'd Herfard 

Is not Queene dead? and doth not Herfard live?

Was not Queene iuft? and is not Harry true?

Did not the one defeue to have an heye?

Is not his heye a well-deferuing fomne?

Take Herfords rightes away, and take from time

His Charters, and his cufommarie rightes

Let not to morrow then infue to it

Be not thy felle. For how art thou a King

But by faire fquence and fucceffion?

Now afore God, God forbid I fay true,

If you do wrongfullie teize Herfords right,

Call in his Letters Patents that he hath

By his Atrunuymes generall, and fue

His Liuerie, and denne his offer'd homage,

You plaice a thoufand dangers on your head,

You loafe a thoufand well-difpofed hearts,

And pricke my tender patience to thofe thoughts

Which honor and allegance cannot thinke.

Re. Thinke what you will: we feite into our hands,

His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

Tor. Ie not be by the while: My Liege farewell,
The life and death of Richard the second.

What will enflue hereof, there's none can tell,
But by bad cause may be understood,
That their events can never fall out for good,
Exit.

Re-enter  Go Bumby to the Earl of Wiltshire, &c.
Bid him repair to vs to Fig house,
To see this buffoon to us now more.
We will for Ireland, and this time, I trov:
And we create in absence of our selfe
Our Uncle Yortse, Lord Governor of England:
For he is just, and always good and well.
Come on our Qunee, to morrow must we part,
Be merry, for our time of day is short.

Nor. Well Lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.
Rey. And living too, for now his sonne is Duke,
Wilt. Barely in title, in rest unnewen.
Nor. Richly in both, if fadness had her right.
Rey. My heart is great: but it muft break with silence,
Er't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.
Nor. Nay speake thy mind: & let him ne'er speake more
That speakes thy words againe to do thee harme.
Wilt. Tends that thou'lt speake to th' Duke of Hereford,
If it be so, out with it boldly man,
Quince is mine care to heare of good towards him.
Rey. No good at all that I can do for him,
Vale you call it good to please him,
Beereft and gelded of his patrimonie,
Nor. Now ahere heauen, vs shame such wrongs are borne,
In him a royall Prince, and many mee
Of noble blood in this declining Land.
The King is not himselfe, but bareely led
By Flatterers, and what they will informe
Merryly in hate 'gainst any of vs all,
That will the King feuerely prosecute
'Gainst us, vs, our flues, our children, and our heires.
Rey. The Commons hath he ple'd with greuous taxes
And quite loft their hearts: the Nobles hath he finde
For ancient quarrels, and quite loft their hearts.
Wilt. And daily new exactions are dued't,
As blanke, benevolences, and I wont not what:
But what o'Gods name doth become of this?
Nor. Warts hath not wafted it, for war'd he bath not.
But bareely yeelded upon comprimize,
That which his Auncetors stetch'd with blowes:
More hath he spent in peace, then they in waflcs.
Rey. The Earl of Wiltshire hath the reatime in Farne.
Wilt. The Kings gowyn bankrupt, like a broken man.
Nor. Reproach, and diffolation hanghe over him.
Rey. He hath not monie for these liffe waflcs:
(Not bareness exactions notwithstanding)
But by the robbing of the banth'd Duke.
Nor. His noble Kinship, must degenerate King:
But Lords, we hear this searefull tenent ling,
Yet fecke no furer to amend the forme:
We fee the wind fix fore vs on our tales,
And yet we finde not, but feuerely perished
Rey. We fee the very wracke that we must suffer,
And many a deads is the danger now.
For suffering to the caufes of our wrake,
Nor. Not so: even through the hollow eyes of death,
I spie life peering, but I dare not lay
How neere the tindings of our comfort is,
Pit. Nay let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours,
Rey. Be confident to speake Northumberland,
We there, are but thy feele, and speaking so.
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II. ii. 34—II. iii. 6

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The life and death of Richard the second.

Enter Berkeley.

North. Is it my Lord of Barkley, as I glhefe.

Burk. My Lord of Hereford, my Message is to you.

Bull. My Lord, my Answer is to Lancaster,
And I am come to secke that Name in England,
And I must finde that Title in your Tongue,
Before I make reply to soute you say.

Bark. Mistake me not, my Lord, it’s not my meaning
To roze 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 York, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time,
And fright our Native Peace with selfe-borne Armes.

Enter York.

Bull. I shall not need transport my words by you,
He comes his Grace in Perdon.
My Noble Vnckle,
York, Shewe me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose dutie is decentable, and false,

Bull. My gracious Vnckle.

York. Tis, tis, Grace me no Grace, nor Vnckle me,
I am no Traysors Vnckle; and that word Grace,
In an vngracious mouth, is but prophan.
Why hau e thee banis’d, and forbidden Legges,
Dare donce to touch a Dutif of Englands Ground;
But more then why, why hau e they dared to match
So many miles upon her peacefull Bofome,
Frighting her pale fae’d Villages with Warre,
And oftentation of despieted Armes?
Com’t thou because th’aneyted King is hence;
Why foolish Boy, the King is left behid,
And in my loyall Bofome lies his power.
Were I but now the King of such hot youth,
As when braue Gaunt, thy Father, and my selfe
Recu’d the Black Prince, that yong Clouns of men,
From forth the Ranks of many thouand French;
Oth then, how quickly should this Arme of mine,
Now Puisner to the P. licie, chastife thee,
And minifter correction to thy fault.

Bull. My gracious Vnckle, let me knowe my Faults,
On what Condition standst thou, and wherein?

York. Even in Condition of the world degree,
In gouttie Rebellion, and detested Reason:
Thou art a banis’d man, and here art come
Before the expiration of thy time, out.
In braving Armes against thy Soueraigne.

Bull. As I was banis’d, I was banis’d Hereford,
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.

And Noble Vnckle, I beseech your Grace
Looke on my Wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my Father, for me thinkes in you
I see old Gaunts awe.
Oh then my Father,
Will you permit, that I shal stand condemed
A wandring Vagabond, my Rights and Royalties
Pluckt from my Armes perficte, and given away
To vntake Vnckles Wherefore was I borne?
If that my Cousin King, be King of England,
It must be grunted, I am Duke of Lancaster.
You have a Sonne, Amurrolls, my Noble Kinman,
Had you first died, and he were trst trode downe,
He should have found his Vnckle Gaunt a Father,
To vrowse his Wrongs, and chafe them to the bay.
I am demyde to sue your Liciere here,
And yet my Letters patent give me leave:
My Fathers goods are all distrayd, and fold,
And thefe, and all, are all amife employd.

What
The life and death of Richard the second.

What would you have me do? I am a Subject,
And challenge Law: Attorneyes are deny'd me; 3
And therefore personally I lay my claim.

To my Inheritance of free Difent.
North. The Noble Duke hath been too much abus'd,
Raff. It stands your Grace upon, to doe him right,
wife. Safe men by his endowments are made great.

North. My Lords of England, let me tell you this,
I have had feeling of my Colens Wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to doe him right; 5
But in this kind, to come in brauing Armes,
Be his owne Careuer, and cut out his way,
To find out Right with Wrongs, it may not be;
And you that doe abett him in this kind,
Cherish Rebellion, and are Rebels all.

North. The Noble Duke hath sworn his comming is 6
But for his owne; and for the right of that,
We all have strongly sworn to give himyd,
And let him neer fee Joy, that breaks that Oath.
Tork. Well, well, I see the sicke of these Armes,
I cannot mend it, I must needs confesse,
Because my power is weake, and all ill:
But if it could, by him that gave me life,
I would strach you all, and make you fume
Vno the Soueraigne Mercy of the King.
But since I cannot, be it known to you,
It doe remaine at Neuter. So fare you well,
Vnlesse you please to enter in the Caff,
And there respole for this Night.

Bull. An offer Vncke, that wee will accept;
But wee must winne your Grace to see with vs
To Briflow Caffle, which they lay is hold
By Envy, Rages, and their Complices,
The Carpersitters of the Commonwealth,
Which I have towne to weed, and plucke away.

Tork, I may be I will go with your: but yet Ie paws
For I am loth to breake our Countries Lawes:
Nor Friends, nor Foes, to me welcome you are,
Things past redresse, are now with me past care. Extremet.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, and a Captaine.
Cpr. My Lord of Salisbury, we have flayd ten dayes,
And hardily kept our Countrymen together;
And yet we heare no tidings from the King:
Therefore we will dispersue our forces, farewell.
E. Stay yet another day, thou traitour Welchman,
The King repoch't all his confidence in thee.
Cpr. 'Tis thought the King is dead, we will not stay;
The Bay-tree's in our Country all are wither'd,
And Meteor frithe the fixed Starres of Heauen;
The pale-faced Moone lookest bloody on the Earth,
And eae-couk'd Prophets whisper fearfull change;
Rich men looke sad, and Ruffians dance and leape,
The one in fear to looke what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by Rage, and Warre:
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 hauncie mind,
I see thy glory, like a foosting Starre,
Fall to the base Earth, from the Firmament:
Thy Sunne sets weeping in the lowly Weft,
Winnowing Stormes to come, Wee, and Vareet:
Thy Friends are fled, to wait upon thy Foes,
And crostely to thy good, all fortune goes. Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Tork, Salisbury, and their Complices.
Bull. Bring forth these men:
Tooke and Crane. I will not vex your soules,
(Since presently your soules must part your bodies)
With too much urging your pernicious fries,
For twere no Charite: yet to wash your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men,
I will vaild some cause of your deaths.
You have is led a Prince, a Royall King,
A happie Gentleman in Blood, and Lineaments,
By you unhappied, and disgrac'd cleane;
You have in manner with your insolent houres
Made a Diuorce between his Queene and him.
Broke the possession of a Royall Bed,
And Byad't the beautie of a faire Queens Cheekes,
With tears drawn from her eyes, with your soule wronged.
My selfe a Prince, by fortune of my birth,
Neere to the King in blood, and neere in lour.
Yf you did make him mis-interprete me,
Have flopt my neck under your injuries,
And figh'd my English breath in tornaine Clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment;
While you have fed upon my Seignouries,
Dil-park'd my Parkes, and tell'd my Forrell Woods;
From mine owne Windows torne my Household Coat,
Raz'd out my Impreff, leaving me no signe,
Sawe mens opinions, and my living blood,
To shew the World I am a Gentleman.
This, and much more, much more then twice all this;
Condemnes you to the death, to see them deliuered over
To execution, and the hand of death.

Bull. More welcome is the froake of death to me,
Then Bulleynbrook to England.
Greene. My comfort is, that Heauen will take our soules,
And plague Injustice with the paines of Hell.
Bull. My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'd
Vncke, you say the Queene is at your Houfe.
For Heauens sake take fairly her head to empris,
Tell her I end to her my kind commendments,
Take special care my Greetings be deliuer'd.

Tork. A Gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
With Letters of your due, to her at large.
Bull. Thanks gentle Vncke, I come Lords away,
To fight with Glendare, and his Complices
A while to worke, and after holidaies. Extremet.
The life and death of Richard the second.

Scena Secunda.

Drums: flourish, and Colours.

Enter Richard, Anne, Aureole, Carle, and Souriers.

Richard. Backsliding Castile call you this at hand?

Anne. Yes, my Lord; how brooks your Grace the ayre,
After your late toiling on the breaking Seas?

Richard. Needs must I like it well: I weep for my
To stand upon my Kingdom once again.
Deere Earth, I do desire thee with my hand,
Though Rebels wound thee with their Hories hooves:
As a long parted Mother with her Child,
Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting;
So weeping, smiling, greet I thee my Earth,
And doe thee favor with my Royall hands.
Feed not thy Sovereigns Foe, my gentle Earth,
Nor with thy Sweeters, comfort his raucous fence.
But let thy Spiders, that suck vp thy Venome,
And hasten the Balm from yon Posts away,
Doing annoyance to the trecherous feete,
Which with withering feeps doe trample thee.
Yield ringer Needles to mine Enemies;
And when they from thine Bosome pluck a Flower,
Guard it I prethee with a lurking Adder,
Whose double tongue may et with a mortall touch
Throw death upon thy Sovereigns Enemies.
Mock not my fencelle Convocation, Lords;
This Earth shall have a feeling, and these Stones
Proue armed Sourdiers, ere her Natue King
Shall falte under sole Rebellious Armes.

Car. Fear not my Lord, that Power that made you King
Hath power to keepe you King, in fipght of all.

Anne. He meanes, my Lord, that we are too remissful,
Whillest Blossombrooke through our feuerite,
Grewet strong and great, in interwince and in friends.

Richard. Discomfortable Cousin, know well thou not,
That when the searching Eye of Heaven is hid
Behind the Globe, that lights the lower World,
Then Theeues and Robbers range abroad weuent,
In Murthers and in Oure rage bloody here:
But when from vnder this Terrestriall Ball
He fires the proud tops of the Easterne Pines,
And darts his Lightning through every guilte hole,
Then Murthers, Treausons, and deteiled stines
(The Clocke of Night being pluckt from off their backs)
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves.
So when this Thrice, this Traytor Blossombrooke,
Who all this while hath revell'd in the Night,
Shall see vs rising in our Throne, the East,
His Treausons will fit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the fighte of Day;
But felle-affrighted, tremblng at his fonne.
Not all the Water in the roughe Sea
Can gull the Balme from an honest King;
The breath of worldly men cannot depoje
The Deputie elected by the Lord:
For every man that Blossombrooke hath prevet,
To lift thredad Steele against our Golden Crowne,
Heaven for his Richard hath in heauenly pay.

A glorious Angell: then if Angells fight,
Wseke men must fall, for Heauen full guards the right.

Enter Salwey.

Welcome my Lord, how faire off I sees your Power?
Salwey. Nor neere, nor farther off, my gracious Lord,
Then this weake armie; & discomfite guides my tongue,
And bids me speake of nothing but deliapre:
One day too late, I feare (my Noble Lord)
Hath clouded all thy happee days on Earth:
Oh call backe yesterday, bid Time returne,
And thou shalt haue twelve thousand fighting men:
To day, to day, vnappie day too late
Orethrowes thoy Joyce, Friends, Fortune, and thy State,
For all the Wellmen hearing thoy were dead,
Are gone to Blossombrooke, disperfit, and fled.

Anne. Comfort my Liege, why looks your Grace so pale?

Richard. But now the blood of twentie thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled,
And till so much blood thither come againe,
Hate 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.

Anne. Comfort my Liege, remember who you are.

Richard. I had forgot my felle: I am not King?
Awake thou bugle! May the thoy keep thee deepet?
Is not the Kings Name fortie thousand Names?
Anne, among my Name: a prime facet strikes
At thy great glory, Looke not to the ground,
Yet auditories of a King: are wee not high?
High be our thoughts: I know my Vindle Terms.
Hath Power enough to terue our turne.
But who comes here?

Enter Scroop.

Scroop. More health and happyneffe beside my Liege,
Then can my ear-runng tongue deliuere him:

Richard. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd:
The worthe is worldly losse, thou canst unfold:
Say, is my kingdom loit? why was my Care:
And what felle is it to red of Care?
Strives Blossombrooke to be great as wee are
Greater he should not be: if thee terue God,
We'll terue thee last, and be his Fellow so.
Remit our Substrate: that we cannot mend,
They breake their Faith to God, as well as vs:
Cry Woe, Defallution, Ruine, Lofe, Decay,
The worthe is Desyn, and Death will haue his day.

Scroop. Glad am I, that your Highnesse is so amind
To bear the ridings of Calamite,
Like an unfeasonable longtime day,
Which make the Silver Knes, drwe the thoy Shores,
As in the World were all diftraight to tears:
So much, above his Limes, fee the Rage
Of Blossombrooke, counting wee are for all Land.
With hard bright Steele, and hearts harder then Steele:
White Beares haue amind their thin and histrelle Scauls.
Agains thy Musetie, and loyaxes with Waems Voyces,
Strikes Vtpros bigge, and clap their female joints
In fife wondrfulie Arms? against thy Crowne.
Thy very Beautifull men to bend their Bowes
Of noble vnsulend English, against thy Face.
Yes Drinck! Waems manage the furealls.
Against thy Seat both young and old rebell,
And all goes worst when I have power to sell.

Richard. Too well too well thou tellst it. Tale so ill.
Where is the face of Wiltshire? where is Bangor?
What is become of Cambrai, where is Greece?

Text.

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To change Blowes with thee, for our day of Doome:  
This ague fit of feare is ever-blowne,  
An easie task is it to winne our owne,  
Say Scroope, where lyes our Vnkle with his Power?  
Speake sweetely man, although thy lookes be lowere,  
Scroope, Men judge by the complection of the Skie  
The face and inclination of the day;  
So may you by my dull and base Eyne:  
My Tongue hath but a heavier Tale to say:  
I play the Torturer, by small and small  
To lengthen out the woift, that must be spoken.  
Your Vnkle Torke is joynd with Bullyngbrokes,  
And all your Northen Cattles yeilded vp,  
And all your Sothene Gentlemen in Arms  
Vpon his Faition.  

Reeb. Thou hast said enough,  
Befirew thee Cousin, which did lead me forth  
Of that sweet way I was in, to despair:  
What say you now? What comfort have we now?  
By Heaven I heale him evertallingly,  
That biss me be of so fort any more,  
Goe to Flint Castle, there Ile pine away,  
A King, Woes flue, flill Kingly Woe obey;  
That Power I haue, dicharge, and let em goe  
To ease the Land, that hath some hope to grow,  
For I have none, Let no man speake againe  
To alter this, for consolatie is but vaine.  
Ann. My Diege, one word.  
Reeb. He doth me double wrong,  
That wounds me with the fateries of his tongue,  
Ditchcharge my followers: let them hence away,  
From Richards Night, to Bullyngbrokes faire Day.  
Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Bullyngbrokes,  
Torke, Northumberland, Attendants.  

Bull. So that by this intelligence we learne  
The Welchmen are dispers'd, and Salisbury  
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed  
With some few private friends, upon this Coast.  

North. The mostrar is very faire and good, my Lord,  
Richard, not forre from hence, hat hid his head.  

Torke. It would beforme the Lord Northumberland,  
To say King Richard: slack the beaute day,  
When such a facred King should hide his head.  
North. Your Grace mistakes: onely to be briefe,  
Left I this Title out.  

Torke. The time hath beene,  
Would you have beene to briefe with him, he would  
Haue beene in briefe with you to shorten you,  
For taking to the Head, your whole heads length.  

Bull. Mistake not (Vnkle) farther then you should.  

Torke. Take not (good Cousin) farther then you should.  
Least you mistake the Heauens are ore your head.  

Bull. I know it (Vnkle) and oppose not my selfe  
Against their will, but who comes here?  

Enter Perse.  
Welcome Harry: what, where in this Castle yeild?  
Pers. The Castle royally is made, 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 lies
Within the limits of yon Linn and Stone,
And with him, the Lord Amherst, Lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop, besides a Clergie man
Of holy reverence; who, I cannot leaue.
North. Oh, belieke it is the Bishop of Carlisle.
Bull. Noble Lord,
Goe to the rude Ribes of that ancient Caftle,
Through Brazen Trumpets fend the breath of Parle
Into his vain'd Eares, and thus declare:

Henry Bullington brook upon his knees doth kiffe
King Richard's hand, and lends allegiance
And true faith of heart to his Royall Person; hither come
Euen at his feet, to lay my Armes and Power,
Proued, that my Baniishment repeal'd,
And Lands returf'd againe, be freely granted:
If not, I'll use th'advantage of my Power,
And lay the Summers dull with flowers of blood,
Ray'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen;
The breath, how farre off from the mind of Bullington brooke
It is, such Cufnon Tentem shall bedrench
The fresh green Laps of faire King Richard's Land,
My floopying dutie tenderly flie well.
Goe signifie as much, while here we march
upon the Grasfe Carpet of this Plains:
Let's march without the joyse of threatening Drum,
That from this Caftles rau'd Battlements.
Our faire Appointments may be well perus'd,
Methinks King Richard and my telle should meet
With no slighter terror then the Elements
Of Fire and Water, when their thundering fmoake
At meeting teares the cloudie Chekers of Heauen:
Be he the fire, I'll be the yeelding Water,
The Rage be his, while on the Earth I raine
My Waters on the Earth, and not on him.
March on, and marke King Richard how he lookes,
Parle without, and auffle with in: then a Flourife,
Enter on the Walls, Richard, Carlile, Amherst, Scroop,
Salisbury.

See, (for) King Richard doth himself appeare
As doth the blushing incomernt Sume,
From out the fetic Portall of the East,
When he perceives the eminse Cloudes are bent
To dimme his glory, and to finte the tract
Of his bright paffage to the Occident.
Tonges, Yet looke he like a King: behould his Eye
(As bright as is the Eagles) lightens forth
Controlling Maffeife: a slack, slack, for woe,
That any finne should flaine to faire a fhow.
Rich. We are amaz'd, and thus long have we flood
To watch the carefull bending of thine knes,
Because we thought our feife thy lawfull King:
And if we be, how dare thy laws forren
To pay their awfull dutie to our prefence?
If we benot, fiue vs the Hand of God,
That hath difmis'd vs from our Stewardhip,
For well wee know, no Hand of Blood and Bone
Can ftriue the fered Hundle of our Specter.
Vilifie he doe prophefe, feale, or vifiate,
And though you think, that all, as you have done,
Have which, how farre off from the mind of Bullington brooke,
And we are barren, and bereft of Friends:
Yet know, my Maller, God omnipotent,
Is influting in his Clouds, on our behalfe,

Armies of Pefilence, and they fhall ftrike
Your Children yet vaborne, and vnbege,
That lift your Vaftall Hands againe my Head,
And burn the Glory of my precious Crowne,
Tell Bullington brooke, for yond I thinkes he is,
That every frilde he makes vpon my Land,
Is dangerous Trefon: He is come to ope
The purple Taftement of bleeding Warres.
But ere the Crowne he lookes for, flie in peace,
Ten thoufand bloody crownes of Mothers Sonnes
Shall ill become the flower of Englands face,
Change the complexfion of her Maid-pale Peace
To Scarlet Indignation, and befread
Her Paftors Grasfe with fainfull English Blood.

North. The King of Heauen forbid our Lord the King
Should fo with ciuill and vnauiil Armes
Be ruflf'd vpon: Thry thirce-noble Cousin,
Harry Bullington brooke, doth humble kiffe thy hand,
And by the Honorable Tombe he fwearres,
That thanks vpon thy Royall Grandies Bones,
And by the Royalties of both thy Bloods,
(Corrupts that fpring from one moft gracious Head)
And by the buried Hand of Washle Gaunts,
And by the Worth and Honor of himelfe,
Comprizing all that may be shrone, or fad,
His comming hither hath no further scope,
Then for his Lineall Royalties, and to begge
Infranchifement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy Royall partie grantt'd once,
His glittering Armes he will commend to Ruff,
His Barred Steedes to Stables, and his heart
To faiffull feruice of your Majesty
This fweares he, as he is a Prince, is bal,
And as I am a Gentleman, I credit him.

Rich. Northumberland lay thus: The King returnd
His Noble Cousin is right welcome hitter,
And all the number of his faire demands
Shall be accomplished without contradiction:
With all the gracious vterror thou haft,
Speake to his gentle hearing kind commends.
We doe debaue our felue(Cousin) lee we nor,
To looke to poorely, and to speake to laue:
Shall we call back Northumberland, and fend
Defiance to the Traytor, and to die?

Amm. No, good my Lord, hit's with gentile 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 Baniishment
On yond proud man, should take it off againe
With words of founs: On that I were as great
As is my Griefe, or leiffer then my Name,
Or that I could forget what I have borne,
Or not remember what I must be now:
Swell it thou proud heart? Ile giue thee scope to beat,
Since foules have scope to beat both thee and me.

Amm. Northumberland, comes backe from Bullington brooke.

Rich. What muft the King doe now? muft he submit?
The King fhall doe it: Muft he he depo'd?
The King fhall be contented: Muft he lookee
The Name of King or Gods Name let it goe.
Let me giue my jewels for a fall of Beales,
My glorious Pallace,for a Hemitage,
My gay Apparell, for an Aines-mans Gowne,
My figurn'd Goblets, for a Difh of Wood,
My Scepter, for a Paimers walking Staffe,
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

Scena Quarta.

Enter the Queen, and two Ladies.

Q. What sport shall we devise here in this Garden, To drive away the heaust thought of Care?

L. Madame, wee'le play at Bowles.

Q. Twill make me thinke the Worldis full of Rubs, And that my fortune runnes against the Byes.

L. Madame, wee'le Dance.

Q. My Legges can keepe no measure in Delight, When my poor Heart no measure keeps in Grief. Therefore no Dancing (Girls) some other sport.

L. Madame, wee'le tell Tales.

Q. Of Sorow, or of Grief?

L. Of eyther, Madame.

Q. Of neyther, Girls.

For if of Joy, being alotegeth wanting, It don't remember me the more of Sorow : Or if of Grief, being alotegeth had, It adds more Sorow to my want of Joy : For what I haue, I need not to repeat; And what I want, it booteth not to complaine.

L. Madame, Ile sing.

Q. Tis well that thou haft saufe : But thou shoul'le plaise me better, wouldst thou weepe.

L. I could weepe, Madame, would it doe you good.

Q. And I could sing, would weeping doe me good, And never borrow any Trye of thee.

Enter a Gardener, and two Servants.

But sty, here comes the Gardeners,
Let's flep into the shadow of their Trees.
My wretchedselfe, into a Rowe of Dines,
They're talkes of State: for every one doth fo,
Against a Change: Woe is fore-runne with Woe,
Gard. God binde thou vp yonder danging Apricocks,
Which like vntruly Children, make their Syne
Souppe with oppreßion of their prodigall weight:
Guie some soppornance to the bending twigges.
Goe thou, and like an Executioner
Cut off the heads of too tall growing sprays,
That looke too loftie in our Common-wealth:
All must be euen, in our Government.
You thus impol'd, you will goe root away
The noylike Weeds, that without profitt sucke
The Soyles fertillite from wholefome flowers.

Ser. Why should we, in the compasse of a Pale,
Keep Law and Forne, and due Proportion,
Shewing as in a Modell our irme Effure?
When our Sea-walled Garden, the whole Land,
Is full of Weeds, her fairest Flowers choak vp,
Her Fruit-trees all vnprouid, her Hedges ruin'd,
Her Knots disorder'd, and her wholefome Heartes
Swarming with Caterpillers.

Gard. Hold thy peace.
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd Spring,
Hath now him selfe met with the Fall of Leaue.
The Weeds that his broad-spreaing Leaues did fuster,
That seem'd' in eating him, to hold him vp,
Are pull'd vp, Root and all, by Bulstrode.
I mean, the Earl of Wiltshire, Bulstrode, Greene.

Flourish. Exit.
Now bag, freely speake thy minde,
What thou dost knowe of Noble Glousters death:
Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd
The bloody Office of his Tyrannicall end.

Bag. Then let before my face, the Lord Aumerle.
Bul. Cofin, stand forth, and looke upon that man.
Bag. My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scoons to vnsay, what it hath once deliver'd.
In that deadtime, when Glousters death was plotted,
I heard you say, Is not my name of length,
That reacheth from the restfull English Court.
As fast as Cullis, to your Vlykes head,
Amongst much other tales, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand Crownes,
Then Bullogbrokes returne to England; adding withall,
How blest this Land would be in this your Cofins death.

Anm. Princes and Noble Lords:
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I too much dis Honor my face Stares,
On equall terms to give him chaggiment?
Either I must, or have mine honor hoyl'd
To be betrayd, be it by such a sinister.

There is my Gage, the manfull Scale of death
That markes thee out for Hell. Thou lyest.
And will maintaine what thou hast said, is false,
I thy heart blood, though being all too base
To sans the temple of my Knightly Lord.

Bul. Bagges to beare, thou shalt not take it vp.

Anm. Excepting one, I would he the belt
In all this presence, that hath mould me too.
First, that thy valor that thy fame shew,
That is my Gige. Anuere, in Gage to shone:
By that bare Samne, that shewes me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say (and wafting then speakest it)
That thou wert caitof Noble Glousters death.
If thou dene it, twenty times thou lyest,
And I will turne thy faithfull to thy hart,
Where it was forg'd with my Rapiers point.

Anm. Thou darst not (Courage) line to fee the day.
Fitz. Now by my booke. I would it were this hour.
Anm. I am water thou art damn'd to h. If for this.
Fitz. Anuere, thou lyest; this Honor is a true
In this Apelles, as thou art all enuio.
And that thou art so, there I throw my Gage
To praue it on thee, to th'extreme point
Of mortal breathing. Seize it, if thou darst.

Anm. And if I do not, may my hands rott off,
And never brandish more reueng'full Steele.
Oner the glittering Glimes of my Fue.
Surrey. My Lord Fitz-water.

I do renounce well, the very time
Anuere, and you did talk.
Fitz. My Lord,
'Tis very true: You were in presence then,
And you can winneffe with me, this is true.

Surrey. As true, by heauen,
As Heaven it selfe is true.
Fitz. Surrey, thou lyest.

Surrey. D honourable Brey.
That Lyce, shall lie to heauy on my Sword,
That it shall render Vengeance, and Reuenge,
Till thou the Lyce-guer, and that Lyce, doe lyce
In earth as quiet, as thy Fathers Sould.
In profe whereof, there is mine Honors powne,
Engage it to the Triall, if thou darst.
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The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

Richard. I pr'yse, no; for I wot nothing better.

Therefore no, for I entreat you to hear me.

Now, mark me how I wait under my seat.

I give this heretic Weight from off my head,
And this Violent Scepter from my hand;
The pride of Kingly sway from out my heart,
With mine own Teares with away my Balmes,
With mine own Hands to away my Crosses.
With mine own Tongue to deny my Sacrament, 
With mine own Breath to refuse all daturas Oaths;
All Forfeiture and Malefice I do forswear:
My Manors, Rents, Revenues, I forgo;
My Acts, Decrees, and Statutes I denie.

God pardon all Oaths that are broke to me,
God keep all those voices unbreake to thee.
Make me, that nothing hurt, with nothing grieve'd,
And thou with all pleasure that hast all removed:
Long may I live in Richards State to sit,
And Doone Tyr Richard in an Earthise State.

God save King Henry, vni-King'd Richard, sayes,
And fent him many yeeres of Sunne-shine days.

What more remains?

North. No more: but that you read.

These Accusations, and these generous Oyntes,
Committ'd by your Person, and your followers,
Against the State, and Profite of this Land:
That by confounding them, the Soules of men may decease, that you are worthyly depos'd.

Richard. Must I doe so? and must I taunt out
My weard-up follyes? Gentle Northumberland
If thy Offences were upon Record,
Would it not shame thee, if to faire a troup
To read a Lecture of them? If thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou finde one heinous Article,
Contamyning the depoing of a King,
And cracking the strong Warrant of an Oath,
Mark'd with a Blot, damn'd in the Books of Health.

Nay, all of you, that hand and looke upon me,
Whilest that my wreathed feafe doth bare my felle,
Though some of you, with pilate, with your hands,
Shewing an outward pitty: yet you pilates
Hau'e here delin'd me to my owne Cradle,
All Water cannot wash away your foune.

North. My Lord dispatch, read o're these Articles.

Richard. More Eyes are fall of Teares, I cannot see,
And yet falt—Water blindez them not fo much,
But they can see a Fort of Traitors here.

Nay, if I turne mine Eyes upon my felle,
I finde my felle a Traitor with the rest.
For I have gien here my Soules content,
To deuide the pompous Body of a King;
Made Glorie bale, a Soereainglie, a Slaue;
Prowe Malefiek, a Subiect; Slaue, a Pefant.

North. My Lord.

Richard. No Lord of thine, thou haught-infurling man;
No, nor no mans Lord; I have no Name, no Title;
No, that Name was given me at the Font,
But its vliart: slack the heaut day,
That I have none to manie for my owne out,
And know not now, what Name to call my felle,
Oh, that I were a Mockerie, King of Snares,
Standing before the Sunne of Beuinebrookes,
To stelz my felle away in Water-drops.
Good King, great King, and yet not greatly good,
And if my word be Starling yet in England,
Let it command a Mirror thither bright.
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What ever I shall happen to deuise.
I see your Browes are full of Diſcentent,
Your Heart of Sorow, and your Eyes of Teares.
Come home with me to Supper, He lay a Plot
Shall they vs a merry day.

Exeunt.

Enter Queen, and Ladies.

Qu. This way the King will come: this is the way
To Lulian Cafar: ill-erected Tower:
To whose Wilt Boſome, my condemn'd Lord
Is doom'd a Prisoner, by proud Bullyingbrooke.
Here let vs relitate this rebellious Earth
But any relitius for her true Kings Queene.
Enter Richard, and Guard.

Rich. Joyne not with griefe, faire Woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden: faire good Soule,
To thinke our former State a happy Dreame,
From which a walk'd, the truth of what we are,
Shewes vs but this. I am sworne Brothers (Sweet)
To grie Neceffite; and here and I
Will keepe a League till Death. High thee to France,
And Clofther thee in some Religious House:
Our holy liues must winne a new Worlds Crowne,
Which our prophane hours here have fricken done.

Qu. What, is my Richard both in shape and minde
Transform'd, and weaken'd? Harth Bullyingbrooke
Depot thine Intellè? hath he beene in thy Heart?
The Lyon dying,shrou'd forth his Paw,
And wounds the Earth,if nothing elfe, with rage
To be o're-pow'd: and wilt thou, Pupil-like,
Take thy Correction mildly, kiffe the Rodde,
And fave me on Rage with base Humilitie.
Which art a Lyon, and a King of Beasts?
Rich. A King of Beasts indeed: if aught but Beasts,
I had beene still a happy King of Men.

Good(thetime Queene) prepare thee hence for France:
Think of my death-bed, my laft living leue,
In Winters tealous Nights for the fire.
With good old folks, and let them tell thee Tales
Of woefull Ages, long agoe betide:
And ere thou bid good-night, to quit their griefe,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And tend the hearers weeping to their Beds:
For why? the fenceliefe fands will sympathize
The heauie accent of thy mourning Tongue,
And in compaffion, wepe the fire out:
And done will moue in after, some coale-black,
For the deposing of a rightfull King.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Lord, the mind of Bullyingbrooke is chang'd.

You must to Pomfret, no into the Tower.
And Madame, there is order taie for you:
With all swift speed, you must a way to France,
Rich. Northumberland, thou Ladder wherewithall
The mounting Bullyingbrooke affends my Throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age,
More then it is, ere foule finne, gathering head,
Shall breake into corruption, thou fhall thinke,
Though he divide the Realeme, and glue thee halfe,
It is too little, helping him to all:
He fhall thinke, that thou which know'rt the way
To plant vertuefull Kings, wil know againe,
Being ne'er fo little wrapt another way,
To pluck him headlong from the vurped Throne,
The Loke of wicked friends converts to Fear;
That Fear, to Hate; and Hate turns one, or both,
To worthie Danger, and defended Death,
North. My guilt: be on my Head, and there an end:
Take leave, and part, for you must part forthwith.
Rich. Doubly diuorce'd? (bad men) ye violate
A two-fold Marriage: 'twixt my Crowne, and me,
And then betwixt me, and my married Wife.
Let me vn-kiffe the Oath 'twixt thee, and me;
And yet not fo, for with a Kiffe twas made.
Part vs, Northumberland: I towards the North,
Where flivering Cold, and Sickneffe plints the Clyne:
My Queene to France: from whence, let forth in pome,
She came adorned, like forcer May;
Sent back like Hollowmas, or short't of day.

Qu. And must we be diuided? must we part ?
Rich. I hand from hand (my Loue) and heart fro heart,
Qu. Banfifs vs both, and send the King with me.
North. That were some Loue, but little Policy,
Qu. Then whither he goes, thither let me goe.
Rich. So two together weeping make one Woe.
Wepe thou for me in France:我心里 are heere;
Better fare off, then nere be we the neter.
Goe, count thy Way with Sighes; I mine with Greyes.

Qu. So longeft Way shall have the longeft Moanes.
Rich. Twice for one flep I goe; they Way being short,
And pece the Way out with a heauie heart.
Come, come, in weeping Sorow let's be brieve,
Since wedding it, there is fuch length in Griefe:
One Kiffe shall hop our mouthes, and dumbely part;
Thus gue me mine, and thus take thy heart.
Qu. Give me mine owne againe, twere no good part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart.
So, now I have mine owne again, be gone,
That I may trie to kill it with a groane.
Rich. We make Woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more a dew; the reft, let Sorow lay.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter York, and his Duchefse.

Duch. My Lord, you told me you would tell the reft,
When weeping made you breake the flory off,
Of our two Cousins comming into London.
York. Where did I leue ?

Duch. At that fad Boppe, my Lord,
Where rude mif-gouern'd hands, from Windowes tops,
Threw durt and rubbifh on King Richards head.

York. Thou
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Tork. Then, as I said, the Duke, great Bullingbrooke, Mounted upon a horse and senior Steed, Which his aspiring Rider seem'd to know, With flow, but slaty pace, kept on his course: While all tongues cried, God save thee Bullingbrooke. You would have thought the very windowes ipake, So many greedy looks of young and old, Through Cafements darted their defining eyes Upon his vishage: and that all the walls, With painted Imagery had stain at once, Iles & prefere thee, welcom Bullingbrooke. Whil't he, from one fide to the other turning, Bare-headed, lower then his proud Steeds necke, Befpake them thus: I thank you Countrimen: And heus still doing, thus he paft along.

Dutch. Alas poor Richard, where rides he the whilfe? Tork. As in a Theater, the eyes of men After a well grace'd After leaves the Stage, Are idly bent on him that enters next, Thinking his prattice to be tedious: Even fo, or with much more contempt, mens eyes Did fcoole on Richard: no man cries, God faue him: No joyfull tongue gauz him his welcome home, But durt was thowne upon his Sacred head, Which with fuch gentle farrow he fhouke off, His face full combating with tears and fmites (The badges of his griefe and patience) That had not God (for fome strong purpofe) fhewed The hearts of men, they muff perfoure haue melted, And Barbarifme it felle paitned him. But heauen hath a hand in thole events, To whose high will we bound our cafe contents. To Bullingbrooke, are we fwarne Subiects now, Whole State, and Honor, I for aye allow. Enter Aumerle.

Dut. Heere comes my Sonne Aumerle. Tor. Aumerle that was, But that is loft, for being Richards Friend, And Madam, you mutt call him Rutland now: I am in Parliament pledge for his truth, And letting fealeis to the new-made King. Dut. Weleome my Sonne: who are the Violets now, That threw the green lap of the new come Spring? Aumer. Madam, I know not. pray do not greatly care not, God knowes, I had as lief be none, a one. Tork. Well, beare you well in this new-spring of time Left you be cropt before you come to prime. What newes from Oxford? Hold thofe lufts & Triumphs? Aumer. For ought I know my Lord, they do. Tork. You will be there I know. Aumer. If God preuent not, I purpofe fo. Tor. What Seale is that that hangs without thy bosome? Yes, look'd thou pale? Let me fee the Writing. Aumer. My Lord, 'tis nothing. Tork. No manner then who sees it, I will be fatisfied, let me fee the Writing. Aumer. I do befeech your Grace to pardon me, It is a matter of small conuenience, Which for fome reafons I would not haue seene. Tork. Which for fome reafons firs, I mean to fee: I feare, I feare. Dut. What? Whofe you feare? 'Tis nothing but fome bond, that he is enter'd into For gay apparell againft the Triumph. Tork. Bound to himselfe? What doth he with a Bond That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.

Boy, let me fee the Writing.


Tor. Bring me my Boots, I will into the King. Dut. Strike him Aumerle. Poor boy, what amaz'd.' Hence Villaine, neuer more come in my right. Tor. Gie my Boots, I say. Dut. Why Yorker, what wilt thou do? Wilt thou not hide the Trefpafe of thine owne? Have we more Sonne? Or are we like to haine? Is not my teening date drunke vp with time? And wilt thou now make my faire Sonne from mine Age, And to me of a happy Mothers name? Is he not like thee? Is he not shine owne? Tor. Thou fond mad woman: Wilt thou conceale this dark Conspairy? A dozen of them here haue tane the Sacrament, And interchangeably set downe their hands To kill the King at Oxford. Dut. He shall be none:

Weel keep him here: then what is that to him? Tor. Away fond woman: were bee twenty times my Son, I would appeach him. Dut. Hadst thou grow'd for him as I haue done, Thou wouldeft be more phiftfall: But now I know thy minde, thou doft fulifle That I haue bene dillydall to thy bed, And that he is a Bailard, not thy Sonne? Sweet Yorker, sweet husband, be not of that minde: He is as like thee, as a man may bee, Not like to me, nor any of my Kin, And yet I love him.

Tork. Make way, vndly Woman. Exit Dut. After Aumerle. Mount thee upon his horror, Spreue poft, and get before him to the King, And begge thy pardon, ere he do accufe thee, Ile not be long behind: though I be old, I doubt not but to ride as fast as Yorker: And never will I rate vp from the ground, Till Bullingbrooke haue pardon'd thee: Away be gone. Exit

Scena Tertia.

Enter Bullingbrooke, Perse, and other Lords.

Edw. Can no man tell of my vnfruite Sonne? 'Tis full three months once, I did fee him laft. If any plague hang out vs, 'tis he, I would to heaven (my Lords) he might be found: Enquire at London, amongst the Taurernes: For
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For thee (the)v be daily doth frequent,
With unexercised bank Companions,
Even such (they say) as stand in narrow lanes,
And rob our Watch, and beate our passengers,
Which he, young wanton, and effeminate Boy
Sits on the point of Honour, to support
So dissolute a crew.

Per. My Lord, some two days since I saw the Prince,
And told him of these Triumphs held at Oxford.
Bul. And what said the Gallant?
Per. His answere was: he would unto the States,
And from the common creature pluck a Gloue
And wear it as a favour, and with that
He would vanquish the rebell Challenge
But, as dissemble at a deep rate, yet through both,
I see some sparkes of better hope; which elder dayes
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?
Enter Anon. Israel,
Anon. Where is the King?
Bul. What means our Cofin, that hee goes
And looks so wildly?

Anon. God save your Grace, I do before your Maiestie
To have some conference with your Grace alone.
Bul. Withdraw your feltes, and leave us here alone:
What is the matter with our Cofin now?

Anon. For ever may my kneeis grow to the earth,
My tongue clese to my rooke within my mouth,
Vnlefle a Pardon, ere I rise, or speake.
Bul. Intended, or committed was this fault?
If on the first, how heennent ere it bee,
To win thy after love, I pardon thee.

Anon. Then give me leave, that I may turne the key,
That no man enter, till my tale me done.
Bul. Have thine desire. Turk within.
Tor. My Liege beware, looke to thy selfe,
Thou haft a Traitor in thy presence there.
Bul. Villaine, Ile make thee fast.

Anon. Stay thy reuengefull hand, thou haist no caufe
to fear.

Tok. Open the doore, secure foole-hardy King:
Shall I for loue speake treason to thy face?
Open the doore, or I will breake it open.
Enter Turk.

Bul. What is the matter (Vnkle) speak, recover breath,
Tell us how neere is danger,
That we may arme vs to encounter it.

Tor. Peruse this writing heere, and thou shalt know
The reason that my hafts forbids me from.

Anon. Remember as thou read it, thy promise past:
I do repent me, methinks not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

Tor. It was (Villaine) ere thine hand did let it downe.
I tore it from the Traitors bosome, King.
Fear, and not loue, begers his penitence;
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prowe
A Serfent, that will flinge thee to the heart.

Bul. Oh heinous, strong, and bold Conspiracie,
O loyal Father of a treacherous Sonne:
Thus should we frame, through muddie passages
Hath had his current, and defied himselfe.
Thy overflow of good, convertes to bad,
And thy abundant goodnesse shall excute
This deadly blot, in thy digreffing sonne.

Torke. So shall my Vertue be his Vices bawd,
And he shall spend mine Honour, with his Shame;

As shrill, shrill, Soones, their scrapings Fathers Gold,
Mines honor lustes, when his diffhonor dies,
Or my shand in his life, in his diffhonor lies:
Thou killst me in his life, giving him breath,
The Traitor lustes, the true man's part to death.

Dut. What has (my Liege) for heavens sake let me in,
But, What shrill, voice'd Suppliant, makes this eager cry?

Bul. A woman, and thine Aunt (great King) tis I.
Speake with rite, pitty me, open the doore,
A Begger begs, that neuer begg'd before.
Bul. Our Scene is alter'd from a serious thing,
And now change's to the Begger, and the King.
My dangerous Cofin, let your Mother in,
I know he's come, to pray for your foule.

Torke. If thou do pardon, who soever pray,
More names for this forgueneffe, prosper may.
This felter'd loynes cut off, the refl rests found,
This let alone, will all the rest confound.
Enter Dutcheffe.

Dut. O King, beleue not this hard-hearted man,
Loure, louing not it selfe, none other can.
Tor. Thou frantick woman, how dost thou make here,
Shall say old duggers, once more a Traitor rage?
Bul. Sweet Yorke be patient, hear me gentle Liege.
Dut. Rife vp good Aunt.

Dut. Not yet, I thee beleech.
For ever will I kneele upon my knees,
And never fee day, that the happy sees,
Till thou guls joy: until thou bid me joy.
By pardoning Rutland, my trauagling Boy.

Anon. Vnto my mother prayers, I send my knee.

Torke. A gaing them both, my true joyes bended be.

Dut. Pledges he in earnest? Looke upon his Face,
His eyes do drop no teares: his prayers are left:
His words come from his mouth, ours from our brei.
He prayes but faintly, and would be done.
We pray with heart, and tongue, and all beside:
His weary joyes would gladly rife, I know.
Our knees shall kneele, till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrisie,
Our prayers of true zeal, and deeps integritie:
Our prayers do out-pray his, then let them haue
That mercy, which true prayers ought to haue:

Bul. Good Aunt stand vp.

Dut. Nay, do not say stand vp.
But Pardon me, and afterwar'd stand vp.
And if I were thy Nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon should be the first word of thy speach.
I never long'd to haue a word till now.
Say Pardon (King), let pity teach thee how.
The word is there: but soe short as sweet
No word like Pardon, for Kings mouth's to meet.

Torke. Speake it in French (King) say: Pardon me say.
Dut. Doft thou teach pardon, Pardon to deffrey?
Ah my fower husband, my hard-hearted Lord,
That let's the word is false, against the word.
Speak Pardons as the current in our Land,
The changing Frenchmen, we do not understand:
Thine eye's begin to speake, let thy tongue speech,
Or in thy pittious heart, plant thou chine care,
That hearing how our plaines and prayers do please.
Pity may move thee, Pardon to releafe.

Bul. Good Aunt stand vp.

Dut. I do not sue to stand.
Pardon is all the fuite I have in hand.

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Bul. I pardon him, as heaven shall pardon me.

Dor. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I sick for fear: Speake it againe,
Twice sayeing Pardon, doth not pardon suaine,
But makes one pardon strong.

Bul. I pardon him with all my hart.

Dor. A God on earth thou art.

Bul. But for our truely brother-in-Law, the Abbot,
With all the rest of that conforted crew,
Destruction straights shall dogge them at the heles:
Good Vnckle helpe to order general powers.

To Oxford, or where ere these Traitors are:
They shall not live within this world I sweare,
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Vnckle farewell, and Cosin adieu:
Your mother well hath praid, and proye you true.

Dor. Come my old fien, I pray heauen make thee new.

Enter Exton and Servants.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Richard.

Rich. I have bin studding, how to compare
This Prision where I lie, into the World:
And for because the world is populous,
And heere is not a Creature, but my felfe,
I cannot do it: yet I am hammer' out.
My Braine, He proue the Female to my Soule,
My Soule, the Father: and these two begot
A generation of still breeding Thoughts:
And these same Thoughts, people this Little World
In humors, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better fort,
As thoughts of things Divine, are intermixt
With frivules, and do set the Faith it selfe
Against the Faith; thus Come little ones: & then again,
It is as hard to come, as for a Camell
To thrad the pollerne of a Needles eye:
Thoughts tending to Ambition, they do plot
Vulke wonders: how these vaine weakes make.
May seare a passage through the Flinty ribbes
Of this hard world, my ragged prision walls:
And for they cannot, dye in their owne pride.
Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themselves,
That they are not the fift of Fortunes slaves,
Nor shall not be the fift. Like filly Beggars,
Who sitting in the Stockes, refuse their shame
That many hate, and others must fit there;
And in this Thought, they finde a kind of ease,

Bearing their owne misfortune on the backe
Of this bare house before indur'd the like,
Thus play I in one Prision, many people,
And none contented, Sometimes am I King;
Then Treafor makes me with my felse a ligget,
And so I am. Then crushing penurie,
Perfwades me, I was better when a King:
Then am I king'd againe: and by and by,
Thynke that I am vntake by Bullingbrokes,
And stright am nothing. But what e re I am,
Mufick
Nor I am any man, but that man is
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till be be eadi
With being nothing. Muficke do I heare?

Ha, ha, keep tnme: How softe sweet Mufick e is,
When Time is broke, and no Proportion kepe?
So is it in the Muficke of mens liues:
And heere have I the daintiness of ear:
To heare time broke in a disorder'd string:
But for the Concord of my State and Time,
Had nor an eare to heare my true Time broke.
I waited Time, and now doth Time waffe me:

For now hast Time made me his numbering clocke;
My Thoughts, are minutes: and with Sighes they irre:
Their watches on intto mine eyes, the outward Watch;
Whereunto my finger, like a Dialls point,
Exerting full, in cleansing them from tears.
Now sit, the found that tels what house it is,
Are clamorous groanes, that strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell: to Sighes, and Tears, and Groanes,

Shew Minutes, Hours, and Times: that my Time
Runa postling on, in Bullingbrokes proud toy.
While I stand foolling heere, his ticke o'th Clocke,
This Muficke makes me, let it found no more,
For though it have holpe madmen to their wits,
If me it seeme, it will make wife-men mad:
Yet blicking on his heart that givest it me;
For its a signe of Love, and love to Richard,
Is a strange Brooch, in this all-hating world,

Enter Grome.

Gro. Haile Royall Prince.

Rich. Thanke: Noble Peer,
The cheesepoft of vs, is ten goasses too deere.
What art thou? And how com'st thou lither?
Where no man ever comes, but that dogge
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

Gro. I was a proud Grome of thy Stable (King)
When thou were King whose travelling towards Yorke,
With much ado, at length have gerrten leave
To looke upon my (somtimes Royall) matters face.
O how it yerd't my heart, when I beheld
In London streets, that Coronation day,
When Bullingbrokes rode on Roane Barbary,
That horse, that thou so often haft befird,
That horse, that I so carefully haue dreft.

Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me gentle Friend,
How went he under him?

Gro. So proudly, as if he had disdain'd the ground.

Rich. So proud, that Bullingbroke was on his backe;
That Iade hath ease bread from my Royall hand.
This bane hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not flumble? Would he not fall downe
(Since Pride must have a fall) and break the necke
Of that proud man, that did vurpe his backe?
For givennesse horse: Why do I raise on thee,
Since thou creasted to be aw'd by man
Was't borne to bear? I was not made a horse,
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

And yet I see a burthen like an Afe, Spur-gall'd, and ty'd by learning Balleflence. Enter Keeper with a Dift. Keep. Follow, gentleman, hence we are no longer stay. Rich. If thou lose me, thy time thou lost away. Good. Whate my tongue doth, fear thy heart doth say. Exit.


Enter Exton with Servants.

Ex. How now, what means Death in this rude affair? Villaine, thine owne hand yeelds thy death's instrument, Go thou and fill another room in hell. Exton strikes him downe. That hand shall burst in, quenching fire, That stagger sicke my perishe. Exton, thy fierce hand, Hath with the Kings blood, lain'd the Kings own land. Mount, mount my fowle, thy fiate is vp on high, Whil'st my groafe flesh sinks downward, there to dye. Exton. As full of Valor, as of Royal blood, Both haue I split: Oh would the deed were good. For now the duell, that told me I did well, Sayes, that this deede is cencilled in hell. This dead King to the living King he beare, Take hence the rest, and give them buriall here. Exit.

Scena Quinta.

Flourish. Enter Bulingbrooke, Tork, with other Lords & attendants.

Bul. Kind Voule Yorke, the last newes we heare, Is that the Rebels haue confin'd with fire Our Towne of Cieeter in Gloucefter shire, But whether they be tame or faine, we heare not. Enter Northumberland.

Welcome my Lord: What is the newes? Nor. First to thy Sacred State, with all happinesse: The next newes is, I haue to London sent The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Baines, and Kenne.

The manner of their accident may appeare At large discourses in this paper here.

But. We thank thee gentle Percy for thy pains, And to thy worth will add right worthy gaines. Enter Fitmers.

Per. Two of the greatest confeences, Two of the dangers confeined, That took at Oxford, thy dire overthrow. But. Thy pains in these matters shall not be forgot, Right Noble is thy merit, well I wot. Enter Percy and Carlile.

Per. The grand Conspirator, Abo of Westminister, With cloy of Confeience, and Cowre Melancholy, Hath yeelded vp his body to the grave: But here is Carlile, living to abide Thy Knawy doome, and tendency of his pride. But. Carlile, this is thy doome: Choose out some secret place, some secret room: More then thoy halt, and with it joy thy life: So as thou dost't in peace, dye free from guilt. For though my enemy, thou haist ever bene, High ipalke of Honor in thy haue I fteen. Enter Exton with a Coffin.

Exton. Great King, within this Coffin I present Thy buried leare. Herein all breathlesse lies The mightitf of thry greatest enemies Richard of Buredeaux, by me hither brought. But. Exton, I thank thee not, for thou haist wrought Adecide of Slaughter, with thy fathall hand, Vpon my head, and all this famous land. Ex. From your owne mouth my Lord, did I this deed. But. They love not poynson, that do poynson neede, Nor do I thee: though I did with him dead, I hate the Murthurers, love him mother ed. The guilt of confience take thou for thy labour, But neither my good word, nor Princely favoure. With Cause go wander through the shade of night, And never shew thy head by day, nor light. Lords, I proffeth my soule is full of woe, That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow, Come mounte with me, for that I do lament, And put on fallen Blacke incontinency: He maketh a voyage to the Holy-land, To waft this blood off from my guilty hand. March sadlie after, grace my mourning here, In weeping after this untimely Beere.

FINIS.

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The First Part of Henry the Fourth,
with the Life and Death of HENRY
Surnamed HOT-SPVRRE.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, Lord John of Lancaster, Earle
of Pemberton, with others.

King.

Of shaken as we are, to want with care,
Yea, and yea, and yea, and yea.
And leading over when the time is come,
No more the thorny entrance of this soul,
Shall daub her lips with her own children blood;
No more shall trenching Warre channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowers with the armed hooves
Of hostile paces. Tho' e fired eyes,
Which like the meteors of a troubled Heauen,
All of one Nature, of one substance breed,
D. lately meet, in the intestine shockes,
And furious cloze of civil Bache, any
Shall now in mortal well-bearing ranks
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Against Acquaintance, Kindred, and Allies.
The edge of Warre, like an ill-shod'd knife,
No more shall cut his matter. Therefore friends,
As far as to the Sepulcher of Christ,
Where Souldier now yield'st whole bleed Crofle.
We are imprifon'd and ingag'd to fight,
For what a power of English shall we leav,
Whole arms were moulded in their Mothers wombe,
To chase the Pagans in these holy fields,
Our whole Acres walk'd tho' bleed'd fierce
Which four and twenty hundred years ago were nail'd
For our advantage on the better Crofle,
But this our purpose is a trench's month old,
And bootleth his to tell you we will go:
Therefore we meete not now. Then let me heart
Of your my gentle Cousin Westminster,
What yeal'se this with our Councell did decre,
Jo forwarding this steepe expedit.

King. My Lord: This houre was hot in question,
And many limbus of the charge set downe
But yearesth: when all at harte there came
A Post from Wales, laded with heavy News;
Whole word was, that the Noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight,
Against the regular and wilde Gildarwav,
Was by the rude hands of that Woffown taken,
And a thousand of his people butchered.

Upon whose dead corpes there was such misrule,
Such beastly, shameless, transformation,
By tho' the Welshmen done, as may not be
(Without much shame) re-told or spoken of.
King. It seems then, that the tidings of this broyle,
Brake off our business for the Holy land.

This match't with other like my gracious Lord,
Farre more serious and unwelcome News.

Come from the North, and that it did report.

On Holy-roode day, the gallant Hufluerst there,
Young Harry Percy, and braves beArchibald,
That euer-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmeden met, where they did spend
A sad and bloody houre.
As by discharge of their Artillerie,
And shape of likely-hood the news was told;
For he that brought them, in the very houre
And pride of their contention, did take hofs;
Veseyran of the issue any way.

King. There is a deere and true industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his Horfe,
Strain'd with the variation of each foyle,
Betwixt that Holmeden, and this Seat of ours;
And he hath brought vs smooth and welcome news,
The Earl of Douglas is disinfect,
Ten thousand bold Scots, tree and many Knights
Balk'd in their own blood did Sir Walter ice
On Holmeden Plaines. Of Prisoners, HaCbrttook
Mordake Earl of Fife, and eldeft sonne
To beat the Douglas, and the Earl of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Monteh.
And is it not an honourable joye?
A gallant prize? Ha Cofin, is it not? Infaith it is.

King. A Conquest for a Prince to boast of.

King. Yes, there shall mak't me sad: & mak'me sin.

In eny, that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the Father to be blast a Sonne:
A Sonne, who is the Thence of Honours tongue;
Amongst a Groue, the very straightest Plant,
Who is sweet Fortunes Minion, and her Pride:
Whil't by looking on the praise of him,
See Royd and Difhonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O that it could be proud,
That stousk Night-tripping Paery, had exchang'd
In Crofle clothe, our Children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagew.
Enter Henry Prince of Wales, Sir John Falstaff, and Punctuates.

Fal. Now Hal, what time of day is it, Lad? Prince. Thou art to rat-witted with drinking of old Sacke, and unbuttoning thee after Supper, and sleeping upon Benches in the afternoon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly, which thou wouldst truly know. What a duell hast thou to do with the time of the day? unстве hours were cups of Sacke, and minutes Capons, and clockes the tongues of Bwodes, and dialls the Insignes of Leaping-houses, and the bleffed Sunne himselfe a faire hot Wench in Flame-colourd Tartaffa; I fea no reafon, why thou shouldest bee so frivolous, to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed ye come neere me now Hal, for we that take Purdes go by the Moone and Tenent Stares, and not by Placethere, that wanting Knight to faire. And I prythee sweet Wagge, when thou art King, as God faue thy Grace, Maiely I shoulde say, for Grace thou wilt have none.

Prim. What none?

Fal. No, not so much as will serue to be Prologue to an Eggge and Butter.

Prim. Well, how then? Come roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then sweet Wagge, when thou art King, let not vs that are Squares of the Nightes bodie, bee call’d Theeues of the Diues beautie. Let vs be Diuines Forrefters, Gentlemen of the Shade, Minions of the Moone; and let men say, we be men of good Government, being governed as the Sea is, by our noble and chaffy Mistres the Moone, under whose countenance we feate.

Prim. Thou sayst well, and it holds weltoo for the fortune of vs that are the Moones men, doeth ebebe and fluf the like the Sea, being governed as the Sea is, by the Moone: as for proofe. Now a Purde of Gold most absolutely snarch’d on Monday night, and most diſfolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with sweate, Lay by: and spent with crying, Bring in now, in low an ebebe as the foot of the Ladder, and by and by as high a frow as the rudge of the Sallows.

Ed. Thoufay’t true Lad: and is not my Hauflfe of the Tauerne a moff sweet Wench?

Prim. As is the hony, my old Lad of the Coble: and is not a Buffe leark a moff sweet rote of the morn?

Ed. How now, how now mad Wagge? What in thy quips and thy quiddities? What a plague have I to doe with a Buffe le Kun?

Prim. Why, what a peaxe have I to doe with my Hofteffe of the Tauerne?

Ed. Well, thou haft call’d her to a reckning many a time and oft.

Prim. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Ed. No, he giue thee thy due, thou haft paid all there.

Prim. Yes and elsewhere, I lare as my Come would ftrech, and where it would not, I haue vs’d my credt.

Ed. Yes, and vs’d it, that were it there apparent, that thou art Heere apparent. But I prythee sweet Wag, shall there be Gallowes standing in England when thou art King? and resolution thus fobbed as it is, with the ruſtile burbe of old Father Antecke the Law? Doe not thou when thou art a King hang a Theefe.

Prim. No, thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rater Ibe a brave Judge.

Prim. Thou ingrett talls already. I mean, thou shalt haue the hanging of the Iheues, and so become a rare Hangman.

Ed. Well Hal, well: and in some fort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

Prim. For obtaining of luftes?

Ed. Yea, for obtaining of luftes, whereof the Hangman hath no lean Warbodre. I am as Melancholly as a Gyb-Cat or a lugg’d Beare.

Prim. Or an old Lyon, or a Louers Lute.

Ed. Yea, or the Drone of a Lincolnshire Bagpipe.

Prim. What sayst thou to a Hare, or the Melancholly of Moore Ditch?

Ed. Thou haft the moft vanitye vrayes, and art indeed the moft comparatise rascallef sweet young Prince. But Hal, I prythee trouble me no more with vany, I vould thou and I knew, where a Commodity of good names were to be bought, an old Lord of the Counsellor rate the other day in the street about you for, but I mark’d him not, and yet he talk’d very wisely, but I regarded him not, and yet he talk’d very wisely, in the street too.

Prim. Thou didst well: for no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration, and are indeeable to corrupt a Saint. Thon haft done much harme vnto me Hal, God forgive thee for it. Before I knew thee Hal, I knew nothing: and now I am (if a man had of prate truly) told better then one of the wicked. I must give ovs, this life, and I will give it ouer: and I do not. I am a Villaine, He be damned for ever a Kings Sonne in Christendome.

Prim. Where shall we take a purse to morrow, lacke?

Fal. Where thou wilt Lad, be make one: and I do not, call me Villaine, and beffe me.

Prim. I fee a good amendement of life in thee: From Praying, to Purde-taking.

Fal. Why, hal, is my Vocation Hal: 'Tis no fln for a man to labour in his Vocation.

Purde. Now shal we wee know if Gads hill haue bese for a Watch. O, if men were to be faued by merit, what hole in Hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omni-potent Villaine, that ever dyed, Stand, to a true man.

Ed. Good morrow Ned.
Prim. Sir John stands to his word, the deal shall have his bargain, for he was never yet a Breach of Promises:
He will give the deal his due.
Pye. Then art thou damn’d for keeping thy word with the dell.
Prim. Else he had damn’d for counteracting the dell.
Pye. But my Lord, my Lord, to morrow morning, by four a clocke, there will be Pilgrimes going to Canterbury with rich Offerings, and Traders riding to London with fat Purces. I have wizards for you all; you have bouses for your selues: Gods-hill lies to night in Rochester, I have bespake Supper to morrow in Eastcheape; we may doct it as weather asleep: if you will go, I will thuffe your Purces full of Crownes: if you will not, tarry at home and be hang’d.
Fal. Heare ye Yedward, I tarry at home and go not, I hang you for going.
Pye. You will chop, Fal. Ed. wilt thou make one?
Ed. There’s neither honestye, manhood, nor good fel-lowhip in thee, nor thou canst not of the blood-royall, if thou darst not stand for ten shillings.
Prim. Well then, once in my dayes Ibe a mad-cap.
Ed. Why, that’s well said.
Prim. Well, come what will, I tarry at home.
Fal. Ile be a Trainer then, when thou art King.
Prim. I care not.
Pye. Sir John, I pray thee leave the Prince & me alone, I will lay him downe such reason for this adventure, that he shall go.
Fal. Well, methinkes thou hast the Spirit of persuasion; and he the eares of provoking, that thou speakest, may move; and what he heares may be beleaued, that the true Prince,may for recreation sake, preue a falsie thee; for the poore absaives of the time, want countenance. Farewel, you shall finde me in Eastcheape.

Scena Tertia.

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worscester, Humberre, Sir Walter Blount, and others.

King. My blood hath beene too cold and temperate, Vnap to thire at thee indignities, And you have found me; for accordingly, You tread upon my patience: But be sure, I will from henceforth rather be my Selfe, Mighty, and to be feared, than my condition Which hath beene smooth as Oyle, soft as yong Downe, And therefore loth that Tittle of respect, Which the proud foulne seene, but to the proud, How! Our house (my Soveraigne Liege) little defences The scourge of greatnesse to be vended on, And that same greatnesse too, which our owne hands Have helped to make so portly.

Nor. My Lord.

King. Worscester gethe thee gone: for I do see Danger and disobedience in thine eye.

Off. your presence is too bold and peremptory, And Majestie might never yet endure The moody Frontier of a furious brow,
You have good leave to leave vs, When we need Your wee and counsell, we shall fend for you,
You were abowt to speake.

Nor. Yes, my good Lord.

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Those Prisoners in your Highness's demand,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon tooke,
Were (as he saies) not with such strength denied
As was delivered to your Maiesty:
Who either through envy, or prisifion,
Was guilty of this crime, and not my Sonne.

Hot. My Liege, I did deny no Prisoners.
But, remember when the fight was done,
When I was dry with Rage, and extreme Toyle,
Bazarethle, and Fear, leaning upon my Sword.
Came thence a certain Lord, near and trimly drest.
Fresh as a Brave-groom, and his Chin new reipt,
Shaw'd like a fullblooded Lyke at Harret's home.
He was perfumed to a Mulliner,
And twixt his finger and his Thumbe, he held
A Pousette box, which euer and anon
He gately his Nose, and took't away againe:
Who thereon with angry, where she came there,
Tooke it in Sneeze. And still he stood and talk'd.
And as the Soildiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them stooke knowes, Vanmanely,
To bringing a fluently unhandsome Coarfe
Bestows the Wind, and his Nobility.
With many Holiday and Lady travisse.

He questioned me: Among the rest, demanded
My Prisoners, in your Maiesties behalf.
I then, all smiling, with my wounds being cold,
(Tobe so prisseted with a Poppingay)
Out of my Grecie, and my Impatiencie,
Answer'd (negligently) I know not what,
He should, or should not: For he made me mad,
To see thfe franticke to briske, and finelio sweet,
And talk so like a Dancing-Wenchwoman.
Of Guns & Drums, and Wounds: God save the mark;
And telling me, the Sovereign thing on earth
Was Parnassick, for an onward bruise:
And that it was great pitty, so it was,
That villainous Salt-peter should be digg'd.
Out of the Bowels of the hordus Earth,
Which many a good Tall fellow had destroy'd
So Cordially. And but for these vile Gunnes,
He would himselue have bene a Soildier,
The bold, unspoyled, and Not a Lord)
Made me to answer indirecly (as I said).
And I beseech you, let not this report
Come currant for an Accusation,
Betwixt my Love, and your high Maiestie.

Blunt. The circumstance considered, good my Lord,
What ever Harry Percy then had saie,
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the ret retold,
May reasonably dye, and never rife.
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, to be vaine it now.
King. Why yet doth deny his Prisoners,
But with Profumo and Exception,
That we at our owne charge, shall ransom straight
His Brother-in-law, the foolish Martimer,
Who in my soule hath wilfully betray
The lives of thofe, that he did ende to right,
Against the great Magicians, dam'd & Glendower:
Whose daughter (as we hear) the Earle of March
Hath lately married. Shall we Coffer them,
Emptied, to redeem a Traitor home?
Shall we buy Treacon, and indend with Feares,
When they have loit and torcetct themselves.

No: on the barren Mountain let him stexe.
For I shall never hold that man my Friend;
Whole tongue shall aske me for one petty coil.
Torransome home resolved Martimer.

Hot. Resulted (Left)?:
He never did fall off, my Sovereigne Liege,
But by the chance of Warre to prove that true.
Needs no more but one tongue. For all those Wounds,
Those mouthed Wounds, which violently he tooke,
When on the gentle Severnes fidege banke,
In Singe Opposition hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of his house.
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breathed, and three times did they drink.
Upon agreement, of twelft Seuernes blood;
Who then affrighted with their bloody lookes,
Ran fearfullly among the trembling Reeds,
And hid his visage-head in the hollow banke,
Blood-drimned with these Valiant Combattants.
Never did base and rotten Policy
Colour her working, with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Martimer
Receive so many, and all willing-
Then let him not be flamin'd with Reolu,
King. Thou dost bely him Percy, thou dost bely him.
He never did encounter with Glendower:
Tell thee, he durst as well haste met the diuell alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
As thou not abash'd but Surrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speake of Martimer,
Send me your Prisoners with the speedest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kinde from me
As will displease thee. My Lord Northumberland,
We Licence your departure with your lonne.
Send us your Prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

Exe King.
Hot. And if the dull come and roste for them
I will not fend them. I will offer straight
And tell him so: for I will eafe my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.
Nor what drunk with clohler stay & pause awhile,
Here comes your Vnkle.

Enter Worcester.

Hot. Speake of Martimer.?
Yes, I will speake of it. and let my soule
Want mercy, if I do not toyne with him,
In his behalf, I euey all these Vtines,
And fixed my deere blood drop by drop I' th dust,
But I will lift the downfall Martimer.
As high by Ayre, as this Vnthankfull King,
As this Ingrate and Cankred Bellifingbrooke.
Nor. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad.
War. Who stroke this heate vp after I was gone?
Hot. He will (fortoth) have all your Prisoners.
And when I urg'd the ransom once again
Of my Wifes Brother, then his cheque look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd a snee of death,
Trembling eten at the name of Martimer.
War. I cannot blame him: was he not proclaim'd
By Rerward that dead in the next of blood?
Nor. He was: I heare the Proclamation,
And then it was, when the unhappy King
(Whose wrongs in vs God pardon) did set forth
Upon his Irish Expedition.
From whence he intercepted, did returne
To be depos'd, and shortly murthered.
War. And for whose death, we in the worlds wide mouth
Liuie scandaliz'd, and fouly spoken of.

Hot.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Hot. But soft! I pray you, did King Richard then
Proclaime my brother Mortimer,
Heyre to the Crowne?
Nor. He did, my selfe did heare it.
Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his Cousin King,
That stepp'd him on the barren Mountains hard.
But shall it be, that you that let the Crowne
Vpon the head of this forgetfull man,
And for his sake, wore the detestfull blot
Of murthrous subornation? Shall it be,
That you a world of curses vndergo,
Being the Agents, or base second meanes,
The Ceeds, the Lackier, or the Hangman rather?
O pardon, if that I defend so low,
To draw the Line, and the Predicament
Wherein you range vnder this fiend King.
Shall it for shame, be spoken in these dyes,
Or fill vp Chronicles in time to come,
That men of your Nobility and Power,
Did gage them both in an vnuit behalfe
(As Both of you, God pardon it, haue done)
To put downe Richard, that foret loneely Rose,
And plant this Thorne, this Canker Bullingbrooke?
And shall in more shame be further spoken,
That you are foole, disordered, and shame'd off
By him, for whom these Shames ye vndergoe?
No: yet time serues, wherein you may redeeme
Your banish'd Honors, and restore your selves
Into the good Thoughts of the world againe.
Reuenge the getting and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who foundations day and nght
To answer all the Debt he owes us to you,
Even with the bloody Payment of your deaths:
Therefore I say—

War. Peace Cousin, say no more.
And now I will vaclaspe Secret booke,
And to your quicke conceyng Diuisionets,
Ile reade you Matter, deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and dangerous Spirit,
As to o're-walk a Current, roaring loud
On the vnclift footing of a speare.

Hot. Nay, if in good night, or sinnen or swinnen:
Send danger from the East unto the West,
So Honor croffe it from the North to South,
And let them grapple: The blood more flurres
To rowse a Lyon, then to flat a Hare.
Nor. Imagination of some great exploit,
Drives him beyond the bounds of Patience.
Hot. By heauen, me thinks it were an ease leap,
To plucke bright Honor from the pale-fac'd Moone,
Or Drug into the bottom of the deep,
Where Falcondine line never touch the ground,
And plucke vp downright Honor by the Lockes:
So he that doth redeeme her thence, might weare
Without Co-russia, all her Dignities.
But out upon this half-fac'd Fellowship,
War. He apprehends a World of figures here,
But not the forme of what he should attend:
Good Cousin, he gue me audience for a while,
And let to me.
Hot. I try you mercy.
War. Thos sfame Noble Scottes
That are your Prisoners.
Hot. Ile keepe them all.
By heauen, he shall not have a Scot of them:
No, if a Scot would face his Soule, he shall not.
Enter a Carrier with a Lantern in his hand.

1. Car. Heigh-ho, an't be not foure by the day, Ibe hand'g. Charles masai is over the new Chimny, and yet our horse not packt. What Offler?

Of. Anon, anon.

1. Car. I prethee Tom, beste. Cuts Saddle, put a few Flockes in the point: the poore Jade is wrong in the withers, out of all cesse.

Enter another Carrier.

2. Car. Pease and Beanes are as danke here as a Dog, and this is the next way to seize poor Ladies the Botes: This horse is turned aside downe since Robin the Offler dyed.

1. Car. Poore fellow neyer joy'd since the price of oats rife, it was the death of him.

2. Car. I think this is the most villanous house in London rode for Fles: I am flung like a Tench.

1. Car. Like a Tench! There is ne the King in Christendome, could be better bit, I then have beene since the first Cocke.

2. Car. Why, you will allow vs ne're a Jourden, and then we take in your Chimny: and your Chamber-lie breeds Flesa like a Loach.


2. Car. I haue a Gammon of Bacon, and two rates of Ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-crofe.

1. Car. The Turckies in my Panter are quite starved. What Offler? A plague on thee, hal' thou neuer an eye in thy head? Canst not heare? And were not as good a deed as drinke, to break the pate of thee, I am a very Villaine. Come and be hand'd, haft no faith in thee?

Enter Gods Hill.


1. Car. I prethee lend me thy Lanthorne to see my Gel-

The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

And then the power of Scotland, and of Yorke
To joyn with Mortimer, Ha.

War. And fo they shall.

Hst. Infight it is excessively well aym'd.

War. And'tis no little reason bid vs speed,
To sue our heads, by raising of a Head:
For, bease our felues, as even as we can,
The King will alwayes thinke him in our debts,
And thynke, we thinke our felues unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And fee already, how he doth beginne
To make vs strangers to his looks of love.

Hst. He does, he does; we'll be reueng'd on him.

War. Cousin, farewell. No further go in this,
Then I by Letters shall direct your course
When time is ripe, which will be sofetainly:
Ile steele to Glendower, and-loe, Mortimer,
Where you, and Dowlas, and our powers at once,
As I will fhalion it, shall happily meece,
To bear our fortunes in our owne strong armes,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

Nor. Firewell good Brother, we shall thinke, I truff.

Hst. No, let the houses be flors,
Till fields, and blowes, and grones, applaud our sport.

Attus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Chamberlain.

Gad. What ho, Chamberlain?

Cham. At hand quoth Pick-purse.

Gad. That's even as faire, as at hand quoth the Chamberlain: For thou variest no more from picking of Pur-

Fees, then gluing direction, doth from labouring. Thou lay'ft the plot, how?

Cham. Good morrow Master Gads-Hill, it holds curr-

tant that I told you yesterday. There's a Franklin in the wilde of Kent, hath brought three hundred Marke with him in Goud; I heard him tell it, is of this company last night at Supper; a kine of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too (God knows what) they are vp al-

ready, and call for Eggs and Butter. They will away presently.

Gad. Sirrs, if they meet not with S.Nicholas Clarks, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, he none of it: I pritty keep that for the Hangman, for I know thou worshipst S.Nicholas as tru-

ly as a man of falsity may.

Gad. What call'st thou to me of the Hangman? If I hang, Ile make a fat payce of Gallowes. For, if I hang, old Sir John hangs with mee, and thou know'lt he's no Starving. Tut, there are other Troians that y' dream't not of, the which (for sport fake) are content to doe the Profession some grace that would (if matters should bee look'd into) for their own Credit fake, make all Wholes.

I am injoyed with no Foot-land-Rakers, no Long-flaite

six-penny strikers, none of their mad Mustachio-purple-

h'd-Malwormes, but with Nobility, and Tranquilitie;
Bourgomassters, and great Oneyers, such as can hold in,

such as will strike sooner then speake; and speake sooner then drinke, and drinke sooner then pray: and yet I leye, for they pray continually into their Saint the Common-

wealth; or rather, not to pray to her, but pray on her:for they ride vp & downe on her, and make her their Boots.

Cham. What, the Commonwealth their Bootest Will she hold out water in foule way?

Gad. She will, she will; Justice bath liquor'd her. We steale as in a Caffle, cockscure; we haue the receit of Fern-

feede, we walke invisible.

Cham. Nay, I think rather, you are more beholding to the Night, then to the Fernfeed, for your walking in-
vible.

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 faire

Theefe.

Gad. Goe tooo: Home is a common name to all men.

Bid the Offler bring the Gelding out of the stable. Fare-
well, ye muddy Kraue.

Enter Chamberlain.

Gad. What ho, Chamberlaine?

Cham. At hand quoth Pick-purse.

Gad. That's even as faire, as at hand quoth the Chamber-
laine: For thou variest no more from picking of Pur-
fes, then gluing direction, doth from labouring. Thou lay'ft the plot, now.

Cham. Good morrow Master Gads-Hill, it holds curr-
tant that I told you yesteray. There's a Franklin in the wilde of Kent, hath brought three hundred Marke with him in Goud; I heard him tell it, is of this company last night at Supper; a kine of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too (God knows what) they are vp already, and call for Eggs and Butter. They will away presently.

Gad. Sirrs, if they meet not with S.Nicholas Clarks, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, he none of it: I pritty keep that for the Hangman, for I know thou worshipst S.Nicholas as truly as a man of falsity may.

Gad. What call'st thou to me of the Hangman? If I hang, Ile make a fat payce of Gallowes. For, if I hang, old Sir John hangs with mee, and thou know'lt he's no Starving. Tut, there are other Troians that y' dream't not of, the which (for sport fake) are content to doe the Profession some grace that would (if matters should bee look'd into) for their own Credit fake, make all Wholes. I am injoyed with no Foot-land-Rakers, no Long-flaite six-penny strikers, none of their mad Mustachio-purple-h'd-Malwormes, but with Nobility, and Tranquilitie; Bourgomassters, and great Oneyers, such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner then speake; and speake sooner then drinke, and drinke sooner then pray: and yet I leye, for they pray continually into their Saint the Commonwealth; or rather, not to pray to her, but pray on her: for they ride vp & downe on her, and make her their Boots.

Cham. What, the Commonwealth their Bootest Will she hold out water in foule way?

Gad. She will, she will; Justice bath liquor'd her. We steale as in a Caffle, cockscure; we haue the receit of Fernfeede, we walke invisible.

Cham. Nay, I think rather, you are more beholding to the Night, then to the Fernfeed, for your walking invisible.

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 faire Theefe.

Gad. Goe tooo: Home is a common name to all men. Bid the Offler bring the Gelding out of the stable. Farewell, ye muddy Kraue.
Scena Secunda.

Enter Prince, Poynes, and Petr.

Poynes. Come shelter, shelter, I have remoied Falseft Horse, and he flees like a gund Vulture.

Prin. Stand close.

Enter Falseft.

Fal. Poynes, Poynes, and be hang'd Poynes.


Fal. What Poynes. Hal

Prin. He is walk'd vp to the top of the hill, He go seek him.

Fal. I am about to rob in that Theeucs company: that Falseft hath remoied my Horse, and tied him I know not where. If I tranell but four foot by the squire further a foote, I shall brake my winde. Well, I doubt not but to dye a faire death for all this; if I escape hanging for killing that Rogue, Those forworne his company hourly any time this two and twenty yere, & yet I am bewitched with the Rogues company. If the Falseft haue not given me medicines to make me losse him, He hang'd nought could not be effe: I haue drunke Medicines, Poynes, Hal, a Plague upon you both. Bardolph, Poines: he sware ere I rob a foote further. And 'were not a good a deede as to drinke, to turne True-man, and to leave thee Rogues, I am the verieft Villainet that ever chewed with a Tooth. Eight yards of unneat ground, is three foot & ten miles afoot with me: and the foxy-hearted Villaines know it well enough. A plague vpon't, when Theeucs cannot be true one to another. They Whistle. Where a plague light upon you all, Give my Horse you Rogues: give me my Horse, and be hang'd.

Prin. Peace ye fat gutters, ye eawne down, lay thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou can hear the talk of Travellers.

Fal. Have you say Leoners to lift me vp again being downe? He not beare mine owne flesh so far afoot again, for all the coine in thy Fathers Exchecuer. What a plagued meane ye to cotl me thus?

Prin. Thou lyft thou not colted, thou art uncotted.

Fal. I prehace good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good Kings loose.

Prin. Out you Rogue, shall I be your Offere?

Fal. Go hang thy felte in thine owne heire-apparent Garnets: If I be caste, I eacch for this: and I haue not Ballads made on all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a Cup of Sacke be my poyon: when a siff is so forward, & a foote too, I hate it.

Enter Gods hill.

Gad. Stand.

Fal. So I do against my will.

Pain. O'tis our petition, I know his voyce:

Bardolfe, what neves?

Bar. Caze ye, caze ye; on with your Wizards, there's many of the Kings comming downe the hill, 'tis going to the Kings Exchecuer.

Fal. You le ye rogue, his going to the Kings Tavern.

Gad. There's enoughe to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

Scena Tertia.

Prin. You are the shall front them in the narrow Lane: Ned and I, will walke lovvver, if they scape from your encounter, then they light on vs.

Peto. But how many be of them?

Gad. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Will they not rob vs?

Prin. What, a Coward Sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed I am not John of Gants your Grandfather, but yet no Coward, Hal.

Prin. We'll leave that to the poore.

Pau. Sirra Iacke, thy horse standes behinde the hedges, when thou need'st him, there thou shalt finde him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Noow cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

Prin. Ned, where are our discourses?

Pain. Here hard by: Stand close.

Fal. Now my Master, happy man be his dose, say I: every man to his butinice.

Enter Travellers,

Trav. Come Neighbours, the boy shall lead our Horses downe the hill: We'll walke a foot a while, and eave our Legges.

Theeu. Stay.

Trav. Ielu blewes vs.

Fal. Still e with them, cut the villains throats; a wheron Caterpillars: Bacon-fed Knaves, they hate vs yours; downe with them, flecte them.

Trav. O, we are undone, both we and oues for ever.

Fal. Hang ye gret bellowed Knaves, are you undone? No ye Fat Chuffets, I would your (tice were heeze. On Bacoons on, what ye knaves? Young men must live, you are Grand lurers, are ye? We'll have vs in slaine. Here they rob them, and binde them. Enter the Prince and Poynes.

Prin. The Theeucs have bound the True-men: Now could thou and I rob the Theeucs, and gome to London, it would be argument for a Weke, Laughter for a Moneth, and a good leff for euer.

Poynes. Stand close, I hear them comming.

Enter Theeucs again.

Fal. Come my Masters, let vs share, and then to hostile before day: and the Prince and Poynes bee not two orand Cowards, there's no equity fibring. There's no more valour in that Poynezahan in a wild Ducke.

Prin. Your money.

Pain. Villaines.

As they are bearing the Prince and Poynes for upon thorns. They all run away leaving the boats behind them.

Prince. Got with much ease. Now merrily to Horse: The Theeucs are fearted, and poifled with fear so strongly, that they dare not meet each other: each takes his fellow for an Officer. Away good Ned, Falseft sweates to death, and Lords the lane earth as he walke along wont not for laughing, I should pitty him.


Enter Hooffwarre solme reading a Letter.

But for none ownes part, my Lord, I could be well contented; be there, in behalf of the love I bear your honie.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

He could be contented: why is not the desert loft of the loue he bears out house. He flowes in this, he loves his owne Barre better than he loves our house. I fee some more. The purpoze you undertake is dangerous. Why that's certaine: this dangerous to take a Coiide, to sleepe, to drinke: but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this Nestle, Danger, we plucke this Flower, Safety. The purpoze you undertake is dangerous, the friends you have naught entertaine, the time it raffed on, and your whole plot too: for the counterfeit of so great an Opponition.

Say you, say you so: I lay to you againe, you are a fillowe cowardly Hinde, and you Lye. What a lacke-braine is this? I protest, our plot is so good a plot as euer was laid; our Friend true and constant: A good Plote, good Friends, and full of expectation: An excellent plot, very good Friends. What a Trothy-lifed rogue is this? Why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this Actall, I could braine him with his Ladies Fan. Is there not my Father, my Vockle, and my Sife, Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of Torke, and Owen Glendower? Is there not butles, the Dorothy? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in Armes by the ninth of the next Month? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a Pagan it faileth is this? An Infidell. Ha, you shall see now in very sinceritie of Fear and Cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could dunde my letters, and go to battle, for nothing such a drift of Cash'd Milk with to honourable in Action. Hang him, let him tell the King we are prepared. I will set towards to night.

Enter the Lady.

How now Kate, I must leve you within these two hours. La. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone? For what offence have I this fortunat woman A banished woman from my Harrat bed? Tell me (sweet Lord) what it that takes from thee Thy flowers, pleasur, and thy golden slepe? Why doth thou bend thine eyes upon the earth? And Steel so often when thou first it alone? Why haft thou lost the freth blood in thy cheeks? And given my Troubles and my rights of thee, To thine-e-y'nd gomming, and evert melancholy? To my Saint-Numbers, I by thee have wacht, And heard thee many tales of Iron Warers: Speake tewmres of manage to thy bounding Steed, Cry courage to the field. And thou haft tak'd Of Salvies and Retires; Trenches, Tents, Of Palizadoes, Frontiers, Parapets, Of Basonske, of Canon, Culterie, Of Prisoners ranforme, and of Soldiers slaine, And all the emponse of a headly fight. Thy spirit within thee hast bence so at Warre, And thus haft so bertheed thee in the sleepe, Thas beds of sweete hast flood upon thy Brow, Like bubbles in a last-difurbed Streame; And in thy face strange motions have appear'd, Such as we see when men refraine their breath On some great dissolve half. O what portent are these? Some heaine butcher hath my Lord in hand, And I must know it: else he loves me not.

Hon. What ha'sc, is Colnesse with the Packet gone? Ser. He is my Lord, an houre agoe.

Hon. Hath Butler brought those horses for the Sheriffe?
they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am to good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any Tinker in his own Language during my life. I tell thee Ned, thou hast lost much honor, that thou wert not with me in this action; but sweet Ned, to twenten which name of Ned, I glie thee this pennyworth of Sugar, clap even now into my hand by an under Skinker, one that never spake other English in his life, theo Eight Bollings and six pence, and, thou art welcome: with this thril addition, Anon, Anon for, Score a Part of Baffard in the Hele Moon, or so. But Ned, to drive away time till Falstaff come, I prithee doe thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny Drawer, to what end thee gave me the Sugar, and do never loose calling Francis, that his Tale to me may be nothing but, Anon: Rep aside, and he flew thee a President.

Poin. Francis.

Poin. Thou art perfect.

Poin. Francis.  

Enter Drawer.

Fran. Anon, anon Sir, looke downe into the Pomgranet, Kaff.

Francis. Come hither Francis.

Fran. My Lord.

Poin. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth five years, and as much as to.

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon Sir.

Poin. Five yeares: Be laddy a long Leave for the clinking of Pewter. But Francis, dareft thou be so valiant, to play the coward with thy Indenture, & shew in a faire pair of heele, and run from it?

Fran. O Lord Sir, I be sworn upon all the Books in England, it could finde in my heart.

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon Sir.

Poin. Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shallbe.

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon sir, pray thou play a little, my Lord.

Poin. Nay but harke you Francis, for the Sugar thou gauest me, ’twas a penyworth, was it not?

Fran. O Lord Sir, I would it had bene two.

Poin. I will giue thee for it a thousand pound: Ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon.

Poin. Anon Francis? No Francis, but to Morrow Francis: or Francis, on Thursday: or indeed Francis when thou wilt. But Francis.

Fran. My Lord.


Fran. O Lord Sir, who do you mean?

Poin. Why then your browne Baffard is your only drinker: for booke you Francis, your white Canusa doublet will frely. In Burbasy Sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What Sir?

Poin. Francis.

Poin. Away you Rogue, doth thou heare them call?

Here they both call haust, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.

Enter Winter.

Vis. What standst thou still, and hear’st such a cal-

ling? Lookke to the Guests within: My Lord, old Sir John with halfe a dozen more, are at the doore: shall I let them in?

Poin. Let them alone awhile, and then open the doore.

Poin. Enter Poin.

Poin. Anon, anon Sir.

Poin. Sirra, Falstaff and the rest of the Theeure, are at the doore, shall we be merry?

Poin. As merrie as Crickets my Lad. But harke yee, What cunning match haste you made with this teff of the Drawer? Come what’s the issue?

Poin. I am now of all hurnors, that bace fiswed them, felues hurnors, since the old dayses of goodman Adam, to the pupil age of this present twelue a clock at midnight, What’s a clocke Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon Sir.

Poin. That ever this Fellow should have fewer words than a Parret, and yet the fonne of a Woman, His industry is vy-fissors and downy-fissors, his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Incarctis mind, the Hotspur of the North, he that kills me some fire or seauen dozen of Scots at a Breakfast, waffles his hands, and faires to his wife; Fie upon this quiet life, I want worke. O my sweet Harry says he, how many hast thou kill’d to day? Give my Roane hous a drench (fayes bee) and anweres, some foure teen, an hour after: a triffe, a triffe. I presume call in Falstaff, I ple play Perey, and that damned Brawme shall play Dams Morton his wife, Rine, sayes the drunkeard. Call in Ribc, call in Tallow.

Enter Falstaff.

Poin. Welcome Jacke, Where halft thou beeene?

Fal. A plague of all Cowards I say, and a Vencence too, marry and Amen. Give me a cup of Sacke Boy. Ere I leade this life long, I leve fowt flockes, and trend them too. A plague of all cowards. Give me a Cup of Sacke, Roge. Is thereno Vertue extant?

Poin. Didst thou never see Titian kiffe a duff of Butter, pitifull hearted Titian that melted at the sweete Tale of the Sunne? If thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You Roge, here’s a Lim in this Sacke toothere is nothing but Rogeury to be found in Villanous manyest, but a Coward is worse then a Cup of Sacke with int. A villanous Coward, go thy wayes old Jacke, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgett upon the face of the eart, then am I a shotten Herring; there lies not three good men unhang’d in England, & one of them is fat, and groves old, God helpe the while, a bad word I say. I would I were a Weaver, I could fing all manner of songs. A plague of all Cowards, I say full.

Poin. How now Woelfack, what manner you?

Fal. A Kings Sonnet Iff do not beatre thee out of thy Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and drive all thy Subiects afore thee a like of Wickle-Widde-geefe. I leve no wearis hare on my face more. You Prince of Wales?

Poin. Why you horfon round many what’s the matter?

Fal. Are you not a Coward? Anfwer me to that, and Poinet there?

Poin. Ye fatch paunch, and yee call mee Coward, Ile flab thee.

Fal. I calle thee Coward? He fice thee damned ere I call the Coward: but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who fees thy backe: Call you that
The First Part of Henry the Fourth.

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 drank to day.

Prine. O Villaine, thy Lippes are scarce wis'd, since thou drinkest it falf.

A plague of all Cowards till they fay L.

Prine. What's the matter? He drinks.

Falf. What's the matter? here be four of vs, have taken a thound round this Morning.

Prine. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Falf. Where is it? taken from vs, it is: a hundred upon poore foure of vs.

Prine. What, a hundred, man?

Falf. I am a Rogue, if I were not at halfe Sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have scape by miracle, I am eight times thruf through the Double, foute through the Hole, my Buckler cut through and through, my Sword hack like a Hand-faw, ece! sigann. I never dealt better for once I was a man: all would not doe. A plague of all Cowards: let them fpeak; if they fpeak more or leffe then truth, they are villaines, and the fonn of darkine.

Prine. Speak for how was it?

Gad. We foure fett upon foune dozen.

Falf. Sixteene, at leaft, my Lord.

Gad. And bound them.

Pete. No, no, they were not bound.

Falf. You Rogue, they were bound, every man of them, or I am a lew elf, an Ebrew lew.

Gad. As we were fhares, fome fize or feuen freh men fett upon vs.

Falf. An unbound the reftr, and then come in the other.

Prine. What, fough't you with them all?

Falf. All? I know not what yee call all: but if I fought not with fifie of them, I am a bunch of Radifh: if there were not two or three and fitty upon poore olde Jack, then am I no two-leggd Creature.

Pon. Pray Heaven, you have not murder'd fome of them.

Falf. Nay, that's past praying for. I have pepper'd two of them: Two I am sure I have pay'd, two Rogues in Buckrom Sutes. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a Lye, fpit in my face, call me Horfe: thou knoweft my olde word: here I lay, and thus I bore my points; foure Rogues in Buckrom let drive at me.

Prine. What foure? thou fay'd it but two, even now.

Falf. Foure Hal, I told thee foure.

Pon. He fay'd foure.

Falf. Thafe foure came all at once, and mainly thruf at me: I made no more adoe, but tooke all their feven points in my Targuet, thus.

Prine. Seuen? why there were but foure, even now.

Falf. In Buckrom.

Pon. I foure, in Buckrom Sutes.

Falf. Seuen, by thefe Hills, or I am a Villaine elfe.

Prin. Preserve him, what if thee fhall have more anon.

Falf. Do not thou hear me, Hal?

Pon. I amke thee too, Jack.

Falf. Doe fo, for it is worth the lifting too: thefe nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Pon. So, two more already.

Falf. Their Points being broken.

Pon. Downe fell his Horfe.

Falf. Began to give me ground: but I followed me
Prin. How now, my Lord, the Hoolette, what sayst thou to me?

Hoolette. Marry, my Lord; there is a Nobleman of the Court at door would speake with you: hee fayes, hee comes from your Father.

Prin. Give him as much as will make him a Royall man, and send him backe againe to my Mother.

Hoolette. What manner of man is hee?

Prin. An old man.

Hoolette. What doth Graiutus out of his Bed at Midnight?

Shall I give him his answer?

Prin. Prethee doe lacke.

Hoolette. Faith, and hee send him packing.

Exit.

Prince. Now Sirs: you fought fare: so did you Peto, to did you Bardol: you are Lyons too, you ramme away vs instantly: you will not touch the true Prince; no, he.

Bard. Faith, I taine when I saw others runne.

Prin. Tell mee now in earnest, how came Falstaff Sword so hacked t

Peto. Why, he hackes it with his Dagger, and said, hee would sweate truth out of England, but hee would make you beleue it was done in fight, and perfwsed vs to doe the like.

Bard. Yes and to tickle our Noses with Spear-graffe, to make them bleed, and then to belabour our garments with it, and tewe it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not that euen yeeres before, I blusht to brase his monstros devces.

Prin. O Villaine, thou stolst a Cup of Sacke eighteene yeeres agoe, and went taken with the manner, and euer since thou hast blusht extempore: thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ranst away: what instant hadst thou for it?

Bard. My Lord, do you fece thefe Methoes? doe you behold these Exhalations?

Prin. I do.

Bard. What thinkes you they portend?

Prin. Hot Luers, and cold Purfes.

Bard. Choler, my Lord, it rightly taken.


Enter Falstaff.

Here comes leane Lacky, here comes bare-bone. How now my sweet Creature of Joniball, how long is't agoe, Lacky, since thou faw'th thine owne Knee?

Falstaff. My owne Knee? When I was about yeerees (Hol) I was not an Exiles Talents in the Wafe, I could haue crept into any Aldermans Thume-Ring: a plague of fighing and griefe, it blowes a man vp like a Bladder. There's villainous News abroad: here was Sir John Braby from your Father: you must goe to the Court in the Mornig. The faine mad fellow of the North, Percy: and hee of Wales, that gave Amanu the Ballispado, and made Lycifer Cuckold, and swore the Deuil his true Liege-man upon the Croffe of a Welsh-hooke: what a plague call you him?

Poyn. O, Chandeler.

Falstaff. Owen, Owen; the fame, and his Sonne in Law Merfinger, and old Northumberland, and the spightfully Scott of Scotts, Douglafe, that runnes a Horfe-backe vp a Hill pendicular.

Prin. Hee that rides as high speedy, and with a Piftoll kilt: a Sparrow flying.

Iff. You have hit it.

Prin. So did he neuer the Sparrow.

Falstaff. Well, that Raffell hath good mettall in him, hee will not runne.

Prin. Why, what a Raffell art thou then, to praysifie him so for running?

Falstaff. A Horfe-backe (ye Buckner) but a foote hee will not pugge a foot.

Prin. Yes Lacks, upon intinct.

Falstaff. I grant ye, upon intinct. Well, hee is the goe, and the Morland, and a thousand bloome-Cappes more, 

Perusal is Borne away by Night: thy Fatheres Beard is tuned white with the Nerves; you may buy Land now as cheape as flinking Mackrel.

Prin. Then'tis like, if there come a hot Sunne, and this chilli buffeting hewe, wee shall buy Maiden-heads as they buy Hob-Suylers by the Hundredes.

Falstaff. By the Maffe Lad, thou sayst true. it is like wee shall have good trading that way. But tell me Hal, art thou not very afraid? thou being Heire apparent, could the World pick thee out three such Enemies again, as that Friend Doughties, that Spirit Pery, and that Deuell gledome? Art thou not very afraid? Dost not thy blood thrill at it?

Prin. Not a whit: I lacke some of thy intinct.

Falstaff. Well, thou wilt be horrible childe to morrow, when thou committ to thy Father: if thou doe loue me, practise as wee are.

Prin. Doe thou stand for my Father, and examine me upon the particular of my Life.

Falstaff. Shall it? content: This Chayre shall bee my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cushion my Crowne.

Prin. Thy State is taken for a Loynd-Stool, thy Golden Scepter for a Leaund Dagger, and thy precious rich Crowne for a pitfull bald Crowne.

Falstaff. Well, and the fire of Grace be not quite out of thee now, that thou be moued. Give me a Cup of Sacke to make some eyes looke rede, that it may be thought I have wept, for I must speake in passion, and I will doe it in King Cambyses vaine.

Prin. Well, here is my Legge.

Falstaff. And here is my speche: fland side Nobilitie, Falstaff. This is excellent sport, ye faith.

Falstaff. Weepe not, sweet Queensie, for trickling tears are value.

Huff. O the Father, how bee he holdest his countenance?

Falstaff. For Gods sake Lords, consiy my truthfull Queen, for teares doe flop the fload-gates of her eyes.

Huffe. O Rare, he doth as like as one of thee harlotry Players, as euery I fe.


Harry. I do not unely manuall where thou spendest thyme: but also, how thou art accompanied: For though the Camomile, the more it is taken, the fatter it grows: yet Youth, the more it is wasned, the foner it weares.

Thou art my Sonne: I have partly thy Mothers Word, partly my Opinion; but chieflie, a villainous tricke of thine Ese, and a foolish hanging of thy nether Lippe, that doth warrant me. If then thou bee Sonne to mee, heere lyeth the point: why, being Sonne to mee, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed Sonne of Heauen proue a Miacher, and eate Black-berryes? a question not to bee askte. Shall the Sonne of England proue a Theefe, and take the onees? a question to be askte. There is a thung, Harry, which thou haft often heard of, and it is knowne to me.

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The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

many in our Land, by the Name of Pitch: this Pitch (as
Ancient Writers do report) doth defile; so doth the com-
pany thou keepest: for Harry, now I do not speake to
thee in Drink; nor in Teares; nor in Pleasure, but in Pas-
fion; nor in Words only, but in \textit{Woes} also: and yet
there is a vertuous man, whom I have often noted in
this company, but I know not his Name.

\textbf{Prince.} What manner of man, and it like your Ma-
tiffc? 

\textbf{Falst.} A goodly portly man yafith, and a corulent,
of a cheerefull Looke, a pleasing Eye, and a mott noble
Carriage, and as I thinkke, his age some fiftie, or by my
Vtile inclining to three-score; and now I remember well his
Name is Falstaff: if that man should be truly guen,
hee deceueth mee; for Harry, I see Vrune in his Looke.
If then the Tree may be knowne by the Fruit, as the Fruit
by the Tree, then peremptorily I speake it, there is Vrune
in that Falstaff: hee keepe with the reft banished. And
tell mee now, thou naughtie Varie, tell mee, where haft
thou beene this month?

\textbf{Prince.} Do't thou speake like a King? doe thou fland
forme, and Ile play my Father.

\textbf{Falst.} Depart me: if thou do'tt it halfe so gravely, so
fateileth, both in word and manner, hang me vp by the
heels for a Rabbeister, or a Poulers Hare.

\textbf{Prince.} Well, here I am fet.

\textbf{Falst.} And here I fland: judge my Masters.

\textbf{Prince.} Now Harry, whence come you?

\textbf{Falst.} My Noble Lord, from Falstaffe.

\textbf{Prince.} The complaints I here of thee, are grievous.

\textbf{Falst.} Yafith, my Lord, they are faltie: Nay, hee tickle
ye for a young Prince.

\textbf{Prince.} Swereft thou, vngracious Boy! henceforth
we're looke on thee: thou art violently carried away from
Grace: there is a Deuill haunts thee, in the likenesse of a
tat old Man; a Tunnie of Man is thy Companion: Why
do'tt thou contrefte with that Trinke of Humors, that
Bourling-Hutch of Befillifie, that twenty Portell of
Dropetis, that huge Bombardr of Sacke, that haute Cloake-
bagge of Guts, that roffed Manning, Tree Oxe with the
Pudding in his Belly, that reuerend Vice, that grey In-
quity, that father Ruffian, that Vanite in yeeres? wherein
is he good, but to faile Sacke, and drinke it? wherein
newt and cleanly, but to carue a Capon, and eat it? where
in Cunning, but in Craft? wherein Craftie, but in Villa-
nie? wherein Villanous, but in all things? wherein wor-
thy, but in nothing?

\textbf{Falst.} I would your Grace would take me with you:
which methinks your Grace?

\textbf{Prince.} That villous abominable mis-leader of
Youth, Falstaffe, that old white-bearded Sathan.

\textbf{Falst.} My Lord, the man I know.

\textbf{Prince.} I know thou do'ft.

\textbf{Falst.} But to fay, I know more harme in him then in
my felle, were to fay more then I know. That hee is olde
(he the more pistie) his white hayres doe winneffe it:
but that hee is (lauguing your reverence) a Whore-ma-
ter, that I drecey deny. If Sacke and Sugar bee a fauit,
Heuen helpe the Wicked; if to be olde and merry, be a
faine, then many an olde Holfte that I know, is damned:
if to be fat, be to be hated, then \textit{Phaenox} leaue Kine are
to be loue: No, my good Lord, banish Petru, banish
Bardolph, banish Poynets: but for sweete Sacke Falstaffe,
kinde lucke Falstaffe, true lucke Falstaffe, valiant lucke
Falstaffe, and therefore more valiant, being as hee is olde
Falstaffe, banish not him thy Harrys companies, banish
not him thy Harrys companies banish plumes Sacke, and
banish all the World.

\textbf{Prince.} I doe, I will.

\textbf{Enter Bardolph running.}

\textbf{Bard.} O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sheriffo, with a most
mott monitory Watch, is at the doore.

\textbf{Falst.} Out you Rogue, play out the Play! I have much
to say in the behaffe of that Falstaffe.

\textbf{Enter the Holfes.}

\textbf{Holfes.} O, my Lord, my Lord,

\textbf{Falst.} Heigh, heigh, the Deuill rides upon a Fiddle-
flkce: what's the matter?

\textbf{Holfes.} The Sheriffo and all the Watch are at the
doore: they are to search the House, shall I let
them in?

\textbf{Falst.} Do'tt thou heare Hal, neuer call a true preece of
Gold a Counterfeiter: thou art essentially made, without
seeming so.

\textbf{Prince.} And thou a natural Coward, without infin-
fet.

\textbf{Falst.} I deny your Major: if you will deny the
Sheriffo, 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 be foose be strangled with a Halter, as anoth-
er.

\textbf{Prince.} Go'ee hide thee behind the Arras, the reft
walk vp aboue. Now my Masters, for a true Face and
good Conscience.

\textbf{Falst.} Both which I have had: but their date is out,
and therefore Ile hide me.

\textbf{Exit.}

\textbf{Prince.} Call in the Sheriffo.

\textbf{Enter Sheriffo and his Carrier.}

\textbf{Prince.} Now Master Sheriffo, what is you will with
me?

\textbf{She.} First pardon me, my Lord. A Hue and Cry hath
followed certaine men unto this house.

\textbf{Prince.} What men?

\textbf{She.} One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord,
a groffe fat man.

\textbf{Car.} As fat as Butter.

\textbf{Prince.} The man, I doe affure you, is not heere.
For I my felle at this time haue employd him:
And Sheriffo, I will engage my word to thee,
That I will by to morrow Dinner time,
Send him to anfwer wee thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charg'd withall:
And fo let me entreat you, leave the house.

\textbf{She.} I will, my Lord: there are two Gentlemen
Hauie in this Robererie loft three hundred Markes.

\textbf{Prince.} It may be so: if he haue robb'd thes men,
He shall be anfwerable: and so farewell.

\textbf{She.} Good Night, my Noble Lord.

\textbf{Prince.} I think it is good Morrow, is it not?

\textbf{She.} Undede, my Lord, I think it be two a Clocke.

\textbf{Exit.}

\textbf{Prince.} This oylly Rascall is knowne as well as Poules,
go'ee call him forth.

\textbf{Peto.} Falstaffe? felt alleape behind the Arras, and
nothing like a Horle.

\textbf{Prince.} Harke, how hard he fetches breath: search his
Pocktes.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

The searcheth his Pockets, and findeth certain Papers.

Prince. What hast thou found?

Petr. Nothing but Papers, my Lord.

Prince. Let's see, what be they? read them.

Item, a Capon. iii. s. ii. d.

Item, Sack, two Gallions. v. s. viii. d.

Item, Antiques and Sacke after Supper. ii. s. vi. d.

Petr, Bread. ob.

Prince. O monitory, but one halfe penny-worth of Bread to this intolerable deal of Sack! What there is else, keepe it, we'll reade it at more advanced than let him sleep till day. Ile to the Court in the Morning: Were muffs all to the Waters, and thy place shall be honorable. Ile procure this fat Rogue a Charge of Foot, and I know his death will be a Match of Thwelve-score. The Money shall be pay'd backe againe with advantage. Be with me betimes in the Morning: and so good morrow Petr.

Petr. Good morrow, good my Lord. 

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Hotspur, Wexcester, Lord Mortimer, Owen Glendower.

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties sure, and our inducition full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, and Cousin Glendower, will you sit downe? And Vnckle Wexcester: a plague upon it, I have forgot the Mappe.

Glend. No, here it is:

Sit Cousin Percy, sit good Cousin Hotspur:
For by that Name, as oft as Lucacber doth speake of you, His Cheekes both pale, and with a rising figh,
He witheth you in Heauen.

Hot. And you in Hell, as oft as he heares Owen Glendower speak of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: At my Nativitie,
I was a Prince, and in our Power,
And downe at my Birth,
Shall I doe shew the same,
If your Mother, when she was in her prime,

Glend. I say the Earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say the Earth was not of my minde,
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shooke.

Glend. The Heavens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

Hot. Oh, then the Earth shooke
To see the Heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your Nativitie.

Died fit Nature oftentimes breakes forth
In strange eruptions; and the teeming Earth
Is with a kind of Collick pinches and vexes,
By the imprisonment of varyly Winde,
Within her Womb: which for enlargement thriving,
Shakes the old Beddane Earth, and rumbles downe

Steeple, and mossie-grownie Towers. At your Sirth,
Our Grandam Earth, having this distemperance,
In passion shooke,

Glend. Cousin of many men,
I do not bear their Crossings: Give me leave
To tell you once againe, that at my Birth,
The front of Heauen was full of fife shapes,
The Goaters came from the Mountains, and the Harts
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields:
These figures haue markt me extraordinary,
And all the courtes of my Life doe shew,
I am not in the Roll of common men.
Where is the Lining, clipe in with the Sea,
That chides the Bankes of England, Scotland, and Wales,
Which calls me Pupillor hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but Womans Soune,
Can trace me in the tedious wayes of Arts,

Hot. I thinke there's no man speaks better Welsh
Ile to Dinner.

Mort. Peace Cousin Percy, you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call Spirits from the wide Depe.

Hot. Why so I can, I or so can any man:
But will they come, when you doe call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee, Cousin, to command the Deuil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, Cousin, to frame the Deuil,
By telling truth, Tell truty, and frame the Deuil.
It then have power to rytie him, bring him hither,
And let be fonder, I have power to frame him herefore.
Oh, where is your line, tell truth, and frame the Deuil.

Chser. Come, come, no more of this unprofitable Chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Redimake made head
Against my Power: three from the Banks of Wye,
And fandy-bottom'd Seuerne, haue I hent him
Bootefull home, and Weather-beaten backe.

Hot. Home without Booter, and hopeful Weather too.

How scapes he Agues in the Deuil's name?

Glend. Come, heres the Mappe:

Shall wee diuide our Right,
Accoruding to our three-fold ordre there.

Mort. The Arch-Deacon hath diuided it
Into three Limits,very equally:
England, from Trent, and Seuerne bitherto,
By South and East, is to your part assignd,
All Wexcester, Wales, beyond the Seuerne shore,
And all the forense Land within that bound.

Glend. To Owen Glendower: and dear Cousin, to you
The remnant Northward, laying off from Trent,
And our indentures Tripartite are drawne:
Which being seal'd enterchangeably,

(A Businnesse that this night may execute)
To morrow, Cunin Percy, you and I,
And my good Lord of Wexcester, will set forth,
To see our Father, and the Scotland Power,
As is appointed vs at Shrewsbury.

My Father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall wee neede his helpe these fourteen dayes:
Within that space, you may haue drawn togetherto
Your Tenants, Friends and neigbouring Gentlenese.

Glend. A shorter time shall tend me to you, Lords:
And in my Conduct shall your Ladies come,
From whom you now must ferales, and take no lese,
For there will be a Worp of Water find.

Vpon
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Upon the meeting of your Wives and you, 

Halp. Me thinks my Moity, North from Burton here, 

In quantite equals not one of yours. 

See how this Riter comes to cracking in, 
And curse to the thing of all my Land. 

A huge half Moon, a monstrous Candle, 

He has the Currant in this lane dam'd vp, 

And there the slug and Silver Trest shall run, 

In a new Channel, fared and evenly. 

It shall not wind with such a deep indent, 

To rob me of so rich a Bottom here. 

Glend. Not wind it is all, it must, you see it doth. 

Mort. Yes, but mark how he bears his course, 

And runners me up, with like advantage 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 winne this Cape of Land, 

And then he runs straight and even. 

Halp. I lie hue it is, a little Charge will doe it, 

Glend. He now hate it alter'd. 

Halp. Will not you? 

Glend. No, nor you shall not. 

Mort. Why shall any nay? 

Glend. Why, this will not. 

Halp. Let me not understand you then, speak it in 

Welsh. 

Glend. I can speake English, Lord, as well as you: 

For I was train'd vp in the English Court; 

Where, being but young, I framed to the Harpe 

Many an English Distir, louely well, 

And gaue the Tongue a helpefull Ornament; 

A Verset that was never knewe in you. 

Halp. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart, 

I had rather be an Elfin, and crie now. 

Then one of these same Mister Ballad-mongers: 

I had rather hear a Brazen Candelstick turn'd, 

Or a dry Wheel grace on the Axle-trees, 

And that would set my teeth nothing an edge, 

Nothing so much, as mincing Poetry; 

'Tis like the force's gate of a Stilling Nage. 

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd, 

Halp. I don't care, I am more please to so much Land. 

Te you all well-defering friends; 

But in the way of Bargain, make ye me, 

Are the Indentures drawne? shall we be gone? 

Glend. The Moone shines faire, 

You may away by Night. 

Halp. I hate the Writer; and what 

Break with your Wives of your deponent hence, 

I am afraid my Daughter will runne madde, 

So much file doted on by Martiners. 

Mort. Fie, Cauis Percey, how you crooke my Fa-ther. 

Halp. I cannot chuse; sometime beangers are, 

With telling me of the Moldwarpe and the Ani, 

Of the Dreamer Merlin, and his Prophesies, 

And of a Dragon, and a feene-leaf Fish, 

A clip-wing'd Griffin, and a mounten Rauen, 

A touching Lyon, and a ramping Cat, 

And such a deal of skimmable stuffe. 

As puts me from my Faith. I tell you what, 

He held me left Night, at last, nine howers, 

In reckoning vp the general Devils Names, 

That went his Lancieys; 

I cry'd hum, and well, goe too, 

But mark'd him not a word. O he is as tedious 

As a tyred Horse, a raying Wife, 

Worse then a smocke House. I had rather liee 

With Cheefe and Gantick in a Windmill farre, 

Then feede on Cases, and have him take to me, 

In any Summer House in Christendome. 

Mort. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman, 

Exceeding well read, and profited, 

In strange Concealements: 

Vahant as a Lyon, and wondrous affable, 

And as bountifull, as Myynes of India. 

Shall I tell you, Cauin, 

He holds your temper in a high respe: 

And econs him self, even of his natural scope, 

When you doe crooke his humor, faith he doce, 

I warrant you, that man is not alive, 

Might as have temptt him, as you have done, 

Without the safe of danger, and reproofs: 

But doe not vie it off, let me entreat you, 

Wor. In faith, my Lord, you are too willfull blame, 

And since your comming hither, have done enough, 

To put him quite besides his patience. 

You must needs learn, Lord, to amend this fault: 

Though sometimes is them Greatmane, Courage, Blood, 

And that's the dearest grace it renders you; 

Yet oftentimes is doth present harsh Rage, 

Defect of Manners, want of Government, 

Pride, Haughtiness, Opinion, and Distain: 

The least of which, haunting a Noble man, 

Loseth mans hearts, and leaves behind a flayne 

Upon the beautie of all parts besides, 

Beguiling them of commendation. 

Halp. Well, I am school'd: 

Good-manners be your speeche: 

Heere come your Wyes, and let vs take our leave. 

Enter Glendover, with the Ladies. 

Mort. This is the deadly spight, that angels me, 

My Wife can speake no English, I no Welsh. 

Glend. My Daughter weeps, shee's not part with you, 

Shee's a Soul desire. Ile sleele, I sleele, to the Wares. 

Mort. Good Father tell her, that shee, and my Aunt Percey 

Shall follow in your Conduite speedily. 

Glendover spake to her in Welsh, and she 

answers him in the same. 

Glend. Shee is despetate here: 

A peaculer self-will'd Halperty, 

One that no perfwation can doe good upon. 

The Lady speake in Welsh. 

Mort. I understand thy Lookes: that pretty Welsh 

Which thou pow'rs'd down from these swelling Heauens, 

I am too perfect in: and but for shame, 

In such a parlour I susved thee. 

The Lady cryes in Welch. 

Mort. I understand thy Kisses, and thou mine, 

And that's a feeling disposition: 

But I will never be a Traunt, Loue, 

Till I have learned thy Language for thy tongue. 

Makes
The first Part of King Henry the Fourth.

The Firft Exeunt

Sung by a faire Queene in a Summers Bowre, With rauffing Diuision to her Lute.

Glend. Nay, her death, then will the runne madde. 320

The Lady fleakes againe in Welfh.

Gled. Why, shee speakes not a word.

Mort. O, I am Ignorante it selfe in this, Gled. She bids you,

On the wanton Rufhes lay you downe, And reft your gentle Head upn her Lappe, And she will sing the Song that pleafeth you, And on your Eye-lids Crowne the God of Sleepe, Charring your blood with pleafing heauineffe; Making fuch difference betwixt Wake and Sleepe, As is the difference betwixt Day and Night, The houre before the Heavently Harnef'd Teeme Begins his Golden Progress in the East.

Mort. With all my heart I fay, and heare her fing:
By that time will our Booke, I thinke, be drawnne.

Glend. Doe fo:
And those Musitian that shall play to you,
Hang in the Air a thousand Leagues from thence; And straight they fhall be here: hit, and attend.

Hoifie. Come Kate, thou art perfect in lying downe:
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my Head in thy Lappe.

Lady. Goe, ye giddy-Gosse.

The Musick plays.

Hoifie. Now I perceufe the Deuill underfaunds Welfh,
And 'tis no maruell he is fo humorous:
Byrlady ball's a good Musitian.

Lady. Then would you be nothing but Musicall,
For you are altogether governed by humors:
Lye still ye Theefe, and heare the Lady fing in Welfh.

Hoifie. I had rather heare (Lady) my Brach howle in
Irill.

Lady. Would it haue thy Head broken?

Hoifie. No.

Lady. Then be still.

Hoiffe. Nehyther, it is a Woman's fault.

Lady. Now God helpe thee,

Hoifie. To the Welfh Ladies Bed.

Lady. What's that?

Hoifie. Peace, three fings.

Here the Lady fings a Welfh Song.

Hoifie. Come, Ile haue your Song too.

Lady. Not mine, in good ftoth.

Hoifie. Not yours, in good ftoth?

You swears as a Comit-makers Wife:
Not you, in good ftoth; and, as true as I live;
And, as God fhall mende me; and, as sure as day:
And giuent fuch Sarcenc freute for thy Oathes,
As if thou never walk'd futher then Finbury.
Swears me, Kate, like a Lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling Oath: and leaue in ftoth,
And fuch profett of Pepper Ginger-breadd,
To Veluet-Guards, and Sunday-Citizens.

Come, fing,

Lady. I will not finge.

Hoifie. 'Tis the next way to turne Taylor, or be Red-

breast reafer: and the Indentures be drawnne, I'c away

within these two bowres: and so come in, when ye will.

Exit

Gled. Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are as low, As hot Lord Percy is on fire to goe.

By this our Booke is drawnne: wele but fcarce,
And then to Harf immediately.

Mort. With all my heart.

Scene Secundae.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.

King. Lords, giue vs leaue:
The Prince of Wales, and I,
Must haue some private conference:
But beere at hand.

For wee hall presently haue neede of you,

Lords.

I know not whether Heauen will haue it fo,
For some difpleasing feruice I have done;
That in his fecret Doome, out of my Blood,
Hee'tr breede Reuengement, and a Scourge for me:
But thou doft in thy paffages of Life,
Make me beleefe, thou art oneely mark'd
For the lenfe vengeaunce, and the Rod of Heauen
To punife my Mifreadings. Tell me elfe,
Could fuch inordinat and low defiues,
Sich poore, fuch bare, fuch lewd, fuch meane attempts,
Such basen pleasures, rude foeitie,
As thou art matcht withall, and graffed too,
Accompanie the greatneffe of thy blood,
And hold their lenfe with thy Princey heart?

Prince. So pleafe your Maietie, I would I could
Quit all offences with as cleare conuerf,
As well as I am doubleffe I can purge
My felfe of many I am charg'd withall:
Yet fuch extenuation let me begge,
As in reproufe of many Tales deceiv'd,
Which oft the Ear of Greatneffe needs: make heare,
By fming Plick-thankes, and bafe Newes-mongeth;
I may for some things true, wherein my youth
Had faultie wandred, and irregular,
Finde pardon on my true fulmination.

King. Heauen pardon thee:
Yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which doe hold a Wing
Quite from the flight of all thy affeotions.
Thy place in Counsell thou haft rudely left,
Which by thy younger Brother is supply'd:
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.
The hope and expetation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the Soule of every man
Prophecically doe fore-thinke thy fall.
Had I fo lauifh of my prefence beene,
So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So ifate and cheape to vulgar Company;
Opinion, that did helpe me to the Crowne,
Had till kept loyalty to profition,
And let me in reputeffe banishment,
A fellow of no marke, nor likelyhood.
By being feldome feene, I could not feare,
But like a Comet, I was wonder'd at.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

...That men would tell their Children, This is hee: Others would say: Where, Which is Bullingbrooke. And then I hole all Courtierse from Heauen, And drest my selfe in such Humilitie, That I did plucke Allegiance from mens hearts, Lowd Shows and Salutations from their mouths, Even in the presence of the Crowened King. Thus I did keepe my Person freth and new, My Presence like a Robe Pomficient, Not seen, but wonder at: And by my State, Seldom but fumpuous, shewed like a Feast, And wonne by raresness such Solennitie. The skipping King bee ambled vp and downe, With shalow letters, and raff Basin Wits, Soon kindled, and soone burnt, carded his State, Mingled his Royaltie with Carping Poole. Had his great Name prophaned with their Scones, And gaine his Comemence, against his Name, To laugh at gybing Boys, and hold the puffs Of every Britifh vaine Comparature; Grew a Comparent to the common Streetes, Enfeoff'd himselfe to Popularetie: That being dayly swallowed by mens Eyes, They suffered with Honey, and began to lose The taste of Sweetmeat, whereof a little More then a little, is by much too much. So when he had occasion to bee seen, He was, but as the Cockow is in June, Heard, not regarded: seen but with such Eyes, As fike and blunted with Commonie, Afford no extraordinary Grace, Such as is bent on Sunne-like MAVESTIE, When it thinke, and feldom in admiring Eyes: But rather drownd, and hang their eye-lids downe, Slept in his face, and render'd inch-spect As Cloudie men vie to doe to their subalterns, Being with his prefence, glued, gored, and ful. And in that very Line, Harry, hande thou: For thou haft left thy Princely Priudelowe, With vittie participation. Not an Eye, But is awearie of thy common fight, Save mine, which hath defert to fee thee more: Which now doth that I would not haue it doe, Make blindde it fellee with foolish tendernesse. 

Price. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord, Be more my selfe. 

King. For all the World, As thou art to this houre, was Richard then, When I from France fet foot at Rouenburgh; And even as I was then, is Percy now: Now by my Scepter, and my Soule to boot, He hath more worthy interest to the State Then thou, the fadnow of Succession; For of no Right, nor colour like to Right. Had eth full fielde with Hameis in the Realme, Turnes head against the Lyons armed Iwes; And being no more in debt to yeeres, then thou, Leades ancient Lords, and reuerent Bishops on To bloody Battales, and to bruishing Armes: What never-dying Honor hath he got, Against renowned Douglas? whoe high Deedes, Whole hot IncurIONS, and great Name in Armes, Holds from all Souldiers chiefe Maioritiie, And Militarie Title Captall. Through all the Kingdomes that acknowledge Christ, Thrice hath the Heifer Mars, in swathing Clothes, This Infant Warrior, in his Enterprizes, Diseomfit great Douglas, sae him once, Enlarged him, and made a friend of him, To fill the mouth of deep Defiance vp, And shake the peace and fafetie of our Throne. And what fay you to this? Percy, Northumberland, The Arch-bishops Grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer, Capitulate against vs, and are vp. But wherefore doe I tell thee these Newes to thee? Why, Harry, doe I tell thee of say Poes, Which art my near fit and dearfit Enemye? Thou art as like enough, through vaflall Fear, Safe Inclination, and the fars of Splicene, To fight againft me under Percy pay, To dogge his heels, and curfie at his frowns, To shew how much thou art degenerate. 

France. Do not thanke fo, you shall not finde it fo: And Heauen forgive them, that so much haue fway'd Your MAVESTIES good thoughts away from me: I will redeem all this on Perces head, And in the clofeing of some glorieous day, Be bold to tey you that I am your Sonne, When I will weare a Garment all of Blood, And flaine my fauours in a bloody Maske: Which wafith away, shall feowe my name with it, And that shall be the day, when er it lightes, That this fame Child of Honor and Renowne, This gallant Harry, this ill-prayed Knight, And your wothought of Harry chance to meet: For every Honor fitting on his Helme, Would they were multitudes, and on my head My fames redoubled. For the time will come, That I shall make this Northerne 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 his fit account, That he shall render every Glory vp, Yea, even the heightest worship of his time, Or I will tear the Reckoning from his Heart. This, in the Name of Heauen, I promise here: The which, if I performe, and doe lurtuie, I doe befeech my MAVESTIE, may falue The long-growne Wounds of my intemperature: If not, the end of Life cancels all Bands, And I will dye a hundred thousand Deaths, Ere breake the smallest parcel of this Vow. 

King. A hundred thousand Rebels dye in this: Thou shalt haue Charge, and foueraigne truth herein. 

Enter Blain. How now good Blain? thy Lookes are full of speed, 

Blain. So hath the Bufinesse that I come to speake of. Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath fent word, That Douglas and the English Rebels met The eleuen of this moneth, at Shrewsburie: A mightie and a farrefull Head they are, (If Promises be kept on every hand) As ever offered foule play in a State. 

King. The Earl of Westmeiland fet forth to day: With him my fonne, Lord John of Lancafter, For this adueritement is five dayes old. On Wednesday next, Harry thou shalt fet forward: On Thursday, wee our felues will march, Our meeting is Bridgenorth: and Harry, you shall march f 

Through
Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

**Falstaff.** Bardolph, am I not faint away vilely, since this last acton? doe I not bate? doe I not dwindle? why my skime hangs about me like an olde Ladies loose Gowne: I am wittered as an olde Apple John. Well, Il repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking: I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall be out of strength to repent. And I have not forgotten what the in-side of a Church is made of. I am a Pepper-Comme, a Brewers Horse, the in-side of a Church. Company, vili-

**Enter Sir John.**

**Bardolph.** Why you are so firtfull, you cannot live long.

**Falstaff.** Why there is it: Come, finge me a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as vertuously gonne, as a Gentle-
man need to be; vertuous enough, I wore little, did not about seven times a week, went to a bawdy-house not about once in a quarter of an hour; paid Money that I borrowed, three or four times: figned well, and in good compasse: and now I live out of all order, out of com-

**Bardolph.** Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compasse; out of all reasonable compasse. Sir John.

**Falstaff.** Doe thou amend thy Face, and Ie amend thy Life: Thou art out, Admiral, thou bearest the Lanterne in the Poole, but tis in the Nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the burning Lampes.

**Bardolph.** Why, Sir John, my Face does you no harme.

**Falstaff.** No, Ie be in one: I make as good voice of it, as many a man doth of a Death. Heed myt *Memenio dies.* I never see thy Face, but I thinkke upon Hell-fire, and Dantes that liued in Purple; for there he is in his Robes burning, burning. If thou were any way gonne to vertue, I would swerde by thy Face: my Oath should bee, By this Fire: But thou art altogether gonne out; and were indeede, but for the Light in thy Face, the Sunne of with Darke-

**Bardolph.** When thou ranst vp Gates-Hill in the Night, to catch my Horse, I did not thinke that thou hadst beene an *Ignis fatui,* or a Ball of Wild-fire, there's no Purchafe in Money. O, thou art a perpetuall Triumph, an ever-

**Falstaff.** So should I be sure to be heart-burn d.

**Bardolph.** How now, Dame Portia the Hen, have you enquir'd yet who pick'd my Pocket?

**Falstaff.** Why Sir John, what doe you thinke, Sir John, doe you thinke I keepe Theures in my House? I have search'd, I have enquired, so haue my Husband, Man by Man, Boy by Boy, Servant by Servant; the light of a hayre was never lost in my house before.

**Falstaff.** Ye lye. Hostess: Bardolph was thatd, and lost many a hayre; and Ie be furnowe my Pocket was pick'd; goe to, you are a Woman, goe.

**Hostess.** Who I? I defiere thee: I was never call'd so in mine owne house before.

**Falstaff.** Go to, I know you well enough.

**Hostess.** No, Sir John, you do not know me, Sir John; I know you, Sir John: you owne me Money, Sir John, and now you pick a quarrel, to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of Shirts to your Backe.

**Falstaff.** Doulas, filthy Doulas: I haue given them away to Bakers Wines, and they haue made Boulters of them.

**Hostess.** Now as I am a true Woman, Holland of eight shillings an Ell: You owne me Money here before, Sir John, for your Dyets, and by-Drinkings, and Money lent you, four and twentie pounds.

**Falstaff.** Hee had his part of it, let him pay.

**Hostess.** Hee? alas hee is poor, hee hath no-

**Hostess.** How? Poore? Looke upon his Face: What call you Rich? Let them coatye his Nose, let them coyne his Cheekes: Ie not pay a Denier. What, will you make a Younger of me? Shall I not take mine eafe in mine inne, but I shal haue my Pocket pick'd? I haue loft a Seal-

**Bardolph.** Do you know the Prince tell him, I know not how of that ring was Copper.

**Falstaff.** How? the Prince is a Jacke, a Sneake-Cupper; and if hee were heere, I would cudgell him like a Dogge, if hee should cry so.

**Falstaff.** How now Laat is the Window that Doore? Mult we all March?

**Bardolph.** Yes, two and two, Newgate fashion.

**Falstaff.** My Lord, I pray you hear mee.

**Prince.** What say'ft thou, Millesse Lecky! How does thy Husband? I love him well, hee is an honest man.

**Hostess.** Good, my Lord, heere mee.

**Falstaff.** Preach let her alone, and lift to mee.

**Prince.** What say'ft thou, Jacke?

**Falstaff.** The other Night I fell asleepe beere behind the Arras, and had my Pocket pick'd: this House is turn'd Bawdy-house, they picke Pockets.

**Prince.** What didst thou loose, Jacke?

**Falstaff.** Wilt thou beleue me, Hal? Three or foure Bonds of fortie pound speece, and a Scale-Ring of my Grand-

**Prince.** A Trifie, some eight-penny master.

**Falstaff.** So I told him, by my Lord; and I said, I heard your Grace say to: and (my Lord) hee speakes most vilely of you, like a four-mouth'd man as hee is, and said, hee would cudgell you.

**Prince.** What doe he did not?

**Falstaff.** There's neyther Faith, Truth, nor Woman-hood in me eile.

**Falstaff.** There's


**The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.**

**Fal.** There's no more faith in thee then a th't de Prune, nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Fox: and for Woman-hood, Maid-marian may be the Deputies wife of the Ward to thee. Go you nothing: go.

**Hal.** Say, what thing? what thing?

**Fal.** What thing? why a thing to thank heaven on. Hal. I am as answer to thank heaven on, I wold thou shouldst know it: I am an honest man's wife: and setting thy Knightshood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

**Hal.** Setting thy woman-hood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

**Fal.** Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

**Hal.** What beast? What an Otter.

**Fal.** An Otter, Sir John? Why an Otter?

**Hal.** Why? She's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

**Fal.** Thou art a nauseous man in saying so: thou, or anie man knows where to have me, thou knave thou.

**Prince.** Thou say'st true Holefelle, and he flanders thee most grievly.

**Hal.** So he doth you, my Lord, and sayeth this other day, You ought him a thousand pound.

**Prince.** Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

**Fal.** A thousand pound Hal? A Million. Thy love is worth a Million: thou now'lt me thy love.

**Hal.** Nay my Lord, he call'd you Jacke, and said hee would cudgel you.

**Fal.** Did I, Bardolph?

**Bard.** Indeed Sir John, you said so.

**Fal.** Yes, if he said my Ring was Copper.

**Prince.** I say 'tis Copper. Darst thou be 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 fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the Lyons Whelp.

**Prince.** And why not as the Lyon?

**Fal.** The King himselfe is to bee feared as the Lyon: Don't thou thinke I be as good as thee, as I thinke thy Father! Nay if I do, let my Girele break.

**Prince.** O, if it should, how would thy gutes fall about thy knees. But Sirra: There's no room for Faith, Truth, nor Honesty, in this bottom of thinge: it is all full'd vp with Gutes and Middrife. Charge an honest Woman with picking thy pocket? Why thou horidon impudent imbold it call'd, if there were any thing in thy Pocket but Tobacco Recknings, Memorandum of Bandie-houses, and one poore penny-worth of Sugar-candy to make thee long-wind'd: if thy pocket were enrich'd with anie other injuries but thee, I am a Villaine: And yet you will fland to it, you will not Pocket vp wrong. Art thou not affraid'd?

**Fal.** Doth thou hear Hal? Thou know'st in the state of Innocency, Adam fell: and what should poore Jacke Falstaffe do, in the days of Villany? Thou seest, I have more flesh then another man, and therefore more frailty. You confette then you pick my Pocket?

**Prince.** It appears so by the Story.

**Fal.** Holefelle, I forgive thee: Go make ready Breakfast, loue thy Husband, Looke to thy Servants, and cherish thy Guesse: Thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: Thou seest, I am paciied still. Nay, I prethee be gone.

**Exit Holefelle.**

Now Hal, to the newes at Court for the Robbery, Lad? How is that answered?

**Prin.** O my sweet Beefe: I must fill be good Angel to thee. The Monie is paid backe againe.

**Fal.** O, I do not like that paying backe, 'tis a double Labour.

**Prin.** I am good Friends with my Father, and may do anything.

**Fal.** Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou doft, and do it with a wifh'd hands too.

**Bard.** Do my Lord.

**Fal.** I have procured thee Sacke, a Charge of Foot.

**Fal.** I would it had beene of Horse. Where shal I finde one that can cleale well? O, for a fine threeth, or two or threetwice, or thereabout. I am hewnely unprovided. Wel 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 Westminister, Go toes, to horse: for thou, and I, Have thirtie miles to ride yet ere dinner time.

**Jacke.** Meet me to morrow in the Temple Hall.

**Fal.** At two a clocke in the afternoon, There shal I know whys Charge, and there receive Money and Order for their Furniture. The Land is burning, Peace stands on hye, And either they, or we must lower hye. Fal. Rare words! brave word.

**Holefelle** my breakfast, come: Oh, I could with this I wene were my drumme.

**Exit Holiffsle.**

**Enter Harrie Haffbure, Waceffer, and Dowglas.**

**Hari.** Well said, my Noble Scot, if speaking truth In this fine Age, were not thought flatterie, Such attribution should the Dowful have, As not a Soulier of this seasons flame, Should go fo generall currant through the world. But heauen I cannot flatter: I deie The Tongues of Soothers. But a Brauer place In my heartes loue, hath no man then your Selve. Nay, take me to your word: approue me Lord, Dow. Thou art the King of Honor: No man so potent breathes upon the ground, But I will Bear him.

**Enter a messenger.**

**Hari.** Do so, and 'tis well. What Letters haft there? I can but thank you.

**Meff. Thes Letters come from your Father.**

**Hari.** Letters from him?

**Meff.** He cannot come, my Lord, He is greeuous sick.

**Hari.** How? has he the leuitive to be sick now? In such a stormy time? Who leads his power? Vnder whose Government come they slung?
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Dong. At heart can thinke:
There is not such a word spake in Scotland,
As this Drame of Fears.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Heij. My Cousin Vernon, welcome by my Soule.
Vern. Pray God my news be worth a welcome, Lord,
The Earl of Westminster, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hither-wards, with Prince John.
Heij. No harme: what more?
Vern. And further, I haue learned,
The King himselfe in person hath set forth,
Or hither-wards intended speedily,
With strong and mightie preparation.
Heij. He shall be welcome too.

Where is his Sonne,
The nimble-footed Mad-Cap, Prince of Wales,
And his Cumrades, that daft the World aside,
And bid it passe?

Vern. All furnish'd, all in Armes,
All plumm'd like Eftridges,that with the Winde
Bayed like Eagles, haunging lately bath'd,
Glistening in Golden Coates,like Images,
As full of spirit as the Moneth of May,
And gorgeous as the Sunne at Mid-summer,
Went on as youthfull Goates,wilde as young Bulls.
I saw young Harry with his Beuer on,
His Cauhes on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rife from the ground like feathered 
Mentrey,
And vaulted with such esto into his Seat,
As if an Angell dropt downe from the Clouds,
To turne and winde a fetiche Pagana,
And witch the World with Noble Horsemanship.
Heij. No more, no more,
Worle then the Sunne in March:
This prysfe doth nourish Agues: let them come,
They come like Sacrifices in their trimme,
And to the fire-eid Maid of smooke Ware,
All hot, and bleeding, will wee offer them:
The mayled Mars shall on his Aiar fit
Up to the ears is blood. I am on fire,
To heare this rich reprizzall is so nigh,
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my Horse,
Who is to beare me like a Thunder-bolt,
Against the boosome of the Prince of Wales.
Harry to Harry, shall not Horfe to Horfe
Meece, and neere part, till one droppe downe a Coaste
Oh, that Glendower were come.

Vern. There is more newes:
I learned in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his Power this fouretyne daies,
Dong. That's the worst Tidinges that I heare of yet.

Vern. I by my faith, that beares a froste foun.
Heij. What may the Kings whole Bataille reache vnto?

Vern. To thirty thousand,
Heij. Fortye thouand be,
My Father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of 
ws, may serue to great a day,
Come, let vs take a mutter speedily:
Doomesday is near, dyce all, dye merrily.

Dong. Tale not of dying, I am out of feare
Of death,or deaths hand, for this one hale yeare.

Exeunt Omnes.

Scene
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Falstaff. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry, fill me a Bottle of Sack, our Soldiers shall march through: we'll go to Sutton-cop-hill to Night.

Bardolph. Will you give me Money, Captain?

Falstaff. Lay out, lay out.

Bardolph. This Bottle makes an Angell.

Falstaff. And if it doe, take it for thy Labour: and if it make twenty, take them all: I am anfwere the Coynage. But my Lieutenant Pete meece me at the Townes end.

Bardolph. I will Captain; farewell.

Falstaff. If I be not afeam'd of my Souldiers, I am a fowle-Grumet: I have mi-nd'd the Kings Prefs damaged. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty Souldiers, three hundred and oddie Pounds. I preffe me none but good Howfe-holders, Yeomens Sonterequirc me out confuted Batcheler, fuch as had beene ask'd twice on the Banes: fuch a Commodity of warme flauces, as had as lieue heare the Deuell, as a Drumme: fuch as fear the report of a Caliuer, worse then a ftruck-Foole, or a hurt wilde-Ducke. I preffe me none but fuch Toffes and futter, with Hearts in their Belyes no bigger then Princes heads, and they have bought out their feurities; And now, my whole Charge confits of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaves as raged as Lucarn in the painted Cloath, where the Glutton Dogges licked his Sores; and fuch, as indeed were neuer Souldiers, but dif-carded mifqu Servingmen, younger Sonnes to younger Brothers, reftored Taffers and Offerers, Trade-faine, the Cankers of a calme World, and long Peace, tenne times more di-honorable ragged, then an old fac'd Anciant; and fuch haue to fatisfie the roomes of them that have brought out their fenues: that you would thinke, that I had a hundred and fiftie tower'd Prodigallly lately come from Swayne-keeping, from eating, Daffle and Huske. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloade all the Gibbets, and preffe the dead bodies. No eye hath feene fuch skar-Crowes. Ile not march through Coventry with them, that's flat. Nay, and the Villaines march wide betwixt the Legges, as if they had Gyues on; for indeed, I had the molt of them out of Prison. There's not a Shirt and a halfe in all my Company: and the halfe Shirt is twen Napkins tacked togethe, and throwne out the Shoulders like a Heralds Coat, without fleeues: and the Shirt, to fay the truth, fllone from my Hoft of S. Albones, or the Red-Nece Inne-keeper of Daintury, But that's all one, they'd finde Linnen enough on every Hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Westmerland.

Prince. How now gooone Jack? how now Quilt?

Falstaff. What Haif! How now mad Wag, what a Devill don't thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of Westmerland, I cry you mercy, I thought your Honours alreadie beene at Shrewsbury.

Welf. Faith, Sir John, 'tis more then time that I were there, and you too: but my Powers are alreadie. The King can tell you, lookes for vs all: we must away all to Night.

Prince. I thinke to freacle 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 fuch pitiful Rafcals.

Falstaff. Sir, Sir, good enouhe to toffe foode for Powder, foode for Powder: they'll fill a Pit, as well as better: tuff, man, mortall men, mortall men.

Welf. But Sir John, me thinke they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggarly.

Falstaff. Faith, for their pourette, I know not where they had that, and for their batemen, I am sure they never learnt that of me.

Prince. No, Ile be fwoone, yllefe you call three fingers on the Ribbes bare. But firme, make halfe, Percy is already in the field.

Falstaff. What, is the King encamp'd?

Welf. Hee is, Sir John, I fear wee shall, fay too long.

Falstaff. Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feit, fift a dull fighter, and a keen Gueft.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Hotspur, Wroecefter, Douglas, and Vernon.

Hotspur. We'll fight with him to Night.

Worcester. It may not be.

Douglas. You giue him then adantage.

Vernon. Not a whit.

Hotspur. Why fay you fo? looke he not for supply?

Vernon. So do we.

Hotspur. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

Worcester. Good Cousin be advis'd, firme not to night.

Vernon. Doe not, my Lord.

Douglas. You doe not counfaile well:

You speake it out of feare, and cold heart.

Vernon. Doe me no fclide, Douglas: by my Life, And I dare well maintaine it with my Life, If well-repected Honor bid me on, I hold as little counfaile with weake feare, As you, my Lord, or any Scot that this day lives, Let it be leene to moralize in the Barrell, Which of vs ffeares.

Douglas. Yes, or to night.

Vernon. Content.

Hotspur. To night, Say I.

Vernon. Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much, being me of fuch great leading as you are, That you fere fee not what impediments

Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horse Of my Cousin Vernon are not yet come vp, Your Vnacle Wroecefter Horse came but to day, And now their pride and mettall is alfepe, Their courage with hard labour tame and dull, That not a Horse is halfe the halfe of himselfe.

Hotspur. So are the Horfes of the Enemy In general journey bate, and brought low: The better part of ours are full of reft.

Exeunt.
The Trumpet "Hark! a Trumpet." Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt: Peace! With gracious offers from the King;
If you would save me hearing, and respect.

Enter: Sir Walter Blunt.

And would to God you were of our determination.

Some of us fear you well: and some those some
Envy your great desertings, and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us, as an Enemy.

Blunt, And Heaven defend, but still I should stand so,
So long as out of Limit, and true Rule,
You stand against my noble Margaret,
But to my Charge.

The King hath lent to know
The nature of your Grievances, and whereupon
You continue from the Brest of Civil Peace,
Such bold Hostilities, teaching his doughty Land
Audacious Cruelties. If that the King
Have any way your good Deeds forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your Grievances, and with all speed
You shall have your defence, with intent to
And pardon absolute for your selfs, and these,
Herein mis-led by your biggness.

Hast. The King is kind:
And well wee know, the King
Knowes at what time to promis, when to pay.
My Father, my Vnkle, and my selfe,
Did give him that fame Royaltye he weares:
And when he was not fixed and twentie strong,
Sicke in the Worlds regard, wretched, and low,
A poore vnmind'd Out-law, sneaking home,
My Father gave him welcome to the shre:
And when he heard him sweare, and vow to God,
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To fue his Lurie, and begge his Peace,
With teares of Innocencye, and tearmes of Zeale;
My Father, in kinde heart and pitty mou'd,
Sware him allittance, and perform'd it too.

Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realme
Percev'd Northumberland did leave to him,
The more and more, came in with Cap and Knee,
Med him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attended him on Bridges, stood in Lanes,
Lord Gifts before him, proffer'd him their Othe,
Gave him their Heires, as Pages followed him,
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
He presently, as Greatnesse knowes it fell;
Steps me a little higher then his Yow
Made to my Father, while his blood was poore,
Upon the naked shore at Rauenburgh:
And now (forlooth) takes on him to reforme
Some certaine Eftists, and fame first Decrees,
That lay too heauie on the Common-wealth;
Cryes out upon abuses, seems to weep
Ouer his Countries Wrongs: and by this Face,
This seeming Brow of Justice, did he winne
The hearts of all that hee did angle for.
Proceeded further, cut me off the Heads
Of all the favourers, that the obfient King,
In depuration left behinde him here,

When hee was perfomall in the Irish Warre.
Blunt. Turn, I came not to beekee this.
Hast. Then to the point.
In short time after, bee depos'd the King.
Some after that, did put him of his Life;
And in the neck of that, cast it the whole State;
To make that worse, fuffer'd his Kindred Marches,
Who is, if every Owner were plac'd,
Indeed hee the King, to bee engag'd in Wales,
There, without Ranfome, to be ye forfited:
Disgrac'd me in my happie Victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
Raced my Vnkle from the Counsellor-Board,
In rage difmis'd my Father from the Court,
Broke Oath on Oath, committ'd Wrong on Wrong,
And in conclusion, drove vs to seek out
This Head of fafeties; and withall, to prie
Into his Title; the which wee finde
Too indirekt, for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I returne this answer to the King?
Hast. No so, Sir Walter,
Were with-draw a while:
Goe to the King, and let there be impawnd
Some sureties for a safe returne again,
And in the Morning early shall my Vnkle
Bring him our purpose: and to farewell,
Blunt. I would you would accept of Grace and Loue.
Hast. And I may be, so were shall.
Blunt. Pray Heaven you doe.

Exeunt.

Scene Quarta.

Enter the Arch Bishop of York, and Sir Michell.

Arch. Hee, good Sir Michell, bear this sealed Brieve
With winged haste to the Lord Marshall,
This to my Cousin Scroope, and all the rest
To whom they are directed.
If you knew how much they doe import,
You would make haste.

Sir Mich. My good Lord, I guesse their tenor,
Arch. Like enough you doe.
To morrow, good Sir Michell, a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Muft bide the touch. For Sir, as Shrewsbury,
As I am truly giv'en to vnderstand,
The King, with mightie and quick-rayfed Power,
Meetes with Lord Harry: and I fear, Sir Michell,
What with theickneffe of Northumberland,
Whole Power was in the first proportion;
And what with Owen Glendowers absence thence,
Who with them was rated firmly too,
And comes not in, over-rul'd by Prophecies,
I feare the Power of Percy is too weake,
To wage an infaunt tryst all with the King.

Sir Mich. Why, my good Lord, you need not feare,
There is Douglas, and Lord Martimer.

Arch. No, Martimer is not there.

Sir Mich. But there is Morrice, Ferrow, Lord Henry Percy,
And there is my Lord of Woreceler,
And a Head of gallant Warriors,
Noble Gentleman.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

[ACT] And so there is, but yet the king hath drawne
The spireall head of all the lande together:
The prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Whittemeirland, and wastike Blount;
And many more Corialants, and dear men more.

Of eftimation, and command in Armes.

Sir M. D. Doubt not my lord, he shall be well oppo'd
Arch. I hope no leaster. Yet needful is to feare,
And to prevent the worst, Sir Mitchell sped;
For if lord Percy thrive not, etc. the king
Dislike his power, he means to visit vs.
For he hath heard of our Confederacie,
And, 'tis but Wisdome to make strong against him:
Therefore make hait, I must go write against
To other Friends: and so fare well, Sir Michell. Exeunt.

Atius Quintus. Scene Prima.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
Eustach Whittemeirland, Sir Walter Blount,
and Frallafe.

King. How bloodily the Shame begins to presse
Above you buske hill: the day looks pale
At his distemperature.

Pron. The Southern winde
Doth play the Trumpet to his purpose,
And by his hollow whistling in the Leaues,
Forres a Tempest, and a打猎 ring day.
King. Then with the Infers best it symphazize,
For nothing can seeme faculties to those that win.

Enter Worcestr.

King. How now my Lord of Worcest? 'Tis not well
That you and I should meet upon such terms,
As now we meet. You have decended our truftr,
And made vs doffe our ears, Roberts of Peace.
To clothe our sad limbs in vngentle Steele:
This is not well, nor may I fancy your reasons:
What say you to it? Will you again vnske
This churlifh knot of all-abhorred Warre?
And more in that obdurate Obie agayne,
Where you did give a faire and naturall light,
And be no more an exhal'd Meteor,
A prodigie of Peace, and a Portent
Of broached Mischeefe, to the vnborne Times?

War. Hear me, my Liege:
For mine owne part, I could be well content
To entreate the Largeness of my life,
With quiet hours: For I do prostrate,
I have not fought the day of this dislike.

King. You have not fought it: how comes it then
This rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

Pron. Peace, Cheuwet, peace, peace,
War. It pleas'd your Maiestie, to turne your looks
Of Pfavour, from my Selfe, and all our Houfe;
And yet I must remember you my Lord,
We were the first, and dearest of your Friends:
For you, my state of Office did I broke
In Richard's time, and gaftated day and night
To meete you on the way, and kifte your hand,

When yet you were in place, and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I:
It was my Selfe, my Brother, and his Sonne,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
The danger of the time. You swore to vs,
And you did sware that Oath at Doncastere,
That you did nothing of purpose gainst the State,
Nor can I further, then your new-fallne rights,
The cause of Gavant, Duke done of Lancaster,
To this, we sware our side: But in short space,
It cannot downe Fortune rowling on your head,
And such a fould of Greatneffe fell on you,
What with our help, what with the albeit: King,
With what the injuries of wanton time,
The seeming insufficiences that you had borne,
And the contrarious Windes that held the King
So long in the vaulty Irish Warres,
That all in England dipt repuke him dead:
And from this swarme of faire advantageous,
You took occasion to be quickly woor'd,
To stripe the general way into your hand,
Forgot your Oath to us at Doncastere,
And beene led by vs, you did so.
As that gentleull gack the Cockowes Bird,
Vith the Sparrow, did oppress our Neck,
Grew by our feeding, to goe a great bulke,
That euen our Loue dipt not come neere your sight
For fears of swelling: But with nimble wing
We were suffered to safety sike, to flye
Out of your sight; and raise this present Head,
Whereby we stand opposed by such meanes,
As you your selfe, haue fortg'd against your felie,
By wenzde viage, dangerous courtesie,
And violation of al faith and truth.
Swoone to vs in younger enterprize.

Kim. These things indeede you have articulated,
Proclaim'd at Market Crosses, read in Churches,
To face the Garment of Rebellion
With some fine colour, that may plese the eye
Of tickle Changelings, and poore Discontents,
Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the newes
Of hury burly Innovation:
And more yet did infranction want
Such water-calfe, to impaint his cause:
Not moodly Beggar's, flattering for a time
Of pell-mell haustock, and confusion.

Pron. In both our Armies, there is many a soule
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they inoyne in triall. Tell your Nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth inoyne with all the world
In Praife of Henry Percy: By my Hopes,
This present enterprize set off his head,
I do not thinke a braver Gentleman,
More afhie, valiant, or more valiant poyng,
More daring, or more bold is now alive,
To grace this latter Age with Noble deeds.

For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a Trustee beene to Chivalry,
And so I hear, he doth account me too:
Yet this before my Fathers Maiesty,
I am content that he shall take the oddes
Of his great name and eftimation,
And will, to face the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him, in a Single Fight.

King. And Prince of Wales, so dace we render thee,
Albeit, considerations infinite.

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The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Do make against it: no Good Worlde, no, We lose our people well; yet those 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 I'll be his, So tell your Cousin, and bring me word, What he will do. But if he will not yield, Rebuke and dread correction wait on vs, And they shall do their Office. So bee gone, We will not now be troubled with reply, We offer faire, take it advisedly.

Exit Worcester.

Prin. It will not be accepted, on my life, The Despatch and the Heaturre 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.

Mant Prince and Falstaff.

Ful. Hal, if thou fee me downe in the battell, And befriend me, fo 'tis a point of friendship.

Prin. Nothing but a Celophius can do thee that friendship Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Ful. I would it were bed time Hal, and all well,

Prin. Why, thou ow'st heauen a death.

Fal. 'Tis not due yet: I would bee loath to pay him before his day. What neede I bee fo'ward with him, that all not on my part? Well, let no master, Honor prick me on. But how if Honour prick me off when I come on? How then? Can Honour fact too a legget? No: or an arme? No: or take away the greefe 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'de a Wednesday. Doth he fee? No. Doth he hear? No. Is it inefable thing yet, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it, therefore I none of it. Honour is a mere Scutcheon, and so ends my Catechisme.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.


War. O no, my Nephew must not know, Sir Richard, The liberal kind of offer the King.

Ver. I were best he did. War. Then we are all vndone. It is not possible, it cannot be, The King would keep his word in louing vs, He will subiect vs still, and finde a time To punisht this offence in others faults: Supposition, all our hues, shall be fluke full of yeas; For Treason is but trodled like the Plaine. Who are't that name, so chearful, and lock'd vp, Will have a wilder tricke of his Ancestors? Looke how he can, or sad or merrily, Interpretation will misquote our looks, And we shall seee like Oxen at a stall, The better chearish, still the nearer death. My Nephewes treipasse may be well forgot, It hath the exuse of youth, and heart of blood, And an adopted name of Pitusedge, A haire-brain'd Heaturre, governed by a Speene. All his offences flue upon my head, And on his Fathers, We did traine him on, And his corruption being tane from vs, We at the Spring of all, shall pay for all; Therefore good Cousin, let not Harry know In any case, the offer of the Kings.

Ver. Deliuer what you will, he say's tis fo. Here comes your Cousin.

Enter Heaturre.


War. There is no seeming mercy in the King. Hot. Did you begge any? God forbid. War. I told him gently of our grievances, Of his Oath-breking: which he mended thus, By now forswearing that he forsworne, He calls vs Rebels, Traitors, and will scourge With haughty armes, this hatefull name in vs.

Dow. Arme Gentlemen, to Armes, for I have thrown A braue defiance in King Henry's teeth: And Westmerland that was inag'd did beare it, Which cannot choo se but bring him quickly on.

War. The Prince of Wales stopt 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 brash to day, But I and Harry Moonswin, Tell me, tell me, How thow'd this Talking? Seen'd it in contempt? Ver. No, by my Soule: I neuer in my life Did hear a Challenge urg'd more modestly, Vinelle a Brother should a Brother dare To gentle exercise, and Proofe of Armes. He gue you all the Duties of a Man, Triunn'd vp your praisers with a Princeuely tongue, Spoke your detrurings like a Chronicle, Making you ever better then his prais, By full dispraisng prais, valew'd with you: And which became him like a Prince indeed, He made a blushing cajle of himselfe, And chid his Treatant youth with such a Grace, As if he mistarded there a double spirit Of teaching, and of learning Infauntly: There did he paule, But let me tell the World, If he out-luste the enie of this day, England did never owe so sweet a hope, So much mist onfurred in his Wamontiffe, War. Confin. I think he ware thus enamored On his Follies: never did I beare Of any Prince so wilde at Liberty. But he as he will, yet once ere night, I will embrace him with a Souldiers armes, That he shall shrinke under my curstelle. Arme,armes with speed. And Fellow's,Soldiers,Friends, Better consider what you have to do, That I that have not well the gift of Tongue,

Can

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The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Mf. My Lord, here be Letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.

Gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortness safely, were too long.
If life did ride upon a Dialls point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour,
And if we live, we live to read on Kings;
If dye, brace death, when Princes dye with us.
Now for our Conferences, the Armes is faire,
When the intent for bearing them is just.

Enter another Mfessinger.

Mf. My Lord prepare, the King comes on space.

Hot. I thank you, that he eates me from my tale:
For I professe not talking: Onely this,
Let each man do his beth. And here I draw a Sword,
Whose worthy temper I intend to flame
With the belted blood that I can mete withall,
In the aduenture of this perillous day,
Now Efferance Percy, and set on:
Sound all the lusty Instruments of Warre,
And by that Mufick, let vs all embrace:
For heaven to earth, some of vs never shall,
A second time do such a curtefe.
They embrace, the Trumpets sound, the King entereth with his power, armes unto the battell, Then enter Douglas, and Sir Walter Blunt,

Blu. What is thy name, that in battell thus \\crost thee? What honor doth thou feck upon my head? Dom. Know then my name is Douglas,
And I do haunt thee in the battell thus,
Because some tell me, that thou art a King.
Blunt. They tell thee true.
Dom. The Lord of ScotfFord deere to day hath bought
Thy likeness for anfe of thee the King Harry,
This Sword hath ended him, so shall it thee,
Vnlesse thou yeld thee as a Prisoner.

Blu. I was not borne to yeld, thou haughty Scot,
And thou shalt finde a King that will revenge:
Lords ScotfFords death.

Blunt. Fie, Blunt is Blame, then enters Hovwar.

Hot. O Douglas, hast thou fought at Holmedon thus
I never had triumphed o're a Scot.

Dom. All's done, all's won, here brethlesst lies the king

Hot. This Douglas? No, I know this face full well:
A gallant Knight he was, his name was Blunt,
Semblibly furni'd like the King himselfe,

Dom. Ah foole: go with thy foule whether it goes,
A borrowed Title haft thou bought too deere.
Why didst thou tell me, that thou wert a King?
Dom. The King hath many marching in his Coats.

Hot. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coates,
He murther all his Wardrobe piece by piece,
Until I meet the King.

Hot. Vp, and away.

Our Soulilders stand full fairely for the day.

Exeunt Armes, and enter Falstaffe folus.

Fal. Though I could scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here: here's no scorning, 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 heavy too: heaven keeps Lead out of me, I neede no more weight then mine owne Bowelles. I have led my rag of

Muffins where they are pepper'd; there's not three of my 1 y 0. left alive, and they for the Townes end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter the Prince.

Prin. What, stand'st thou idle here? Lend me thy sword, Many a Nobleman likes flanke and thistle
Vnder the hooves of vaunting enemies,
Whole deathes are vinegar'd. Pray lend me thy sword
Fal. O Hal, I prethee give me leave to breake white: Turk Gregory never did such deeds in Armes, as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him fate.
Prin. He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee:
I prethee lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay Hal, if Percy bee alive, thou gettest not my Sword; but take my Pitfoll if thou wilt.

Prin. Give it me: What, is it in the Cave?

Fal. I Hal, tis hot: There's that will Sack a City.
The Prince draws out a Bottle of Sacke.

Prin. What, is it a time to left and daily now. Exit. Throws it at him.

Fal. If Percy be alive, I lie hirsh: if he do come in my way, do: 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 mee life, which if I can fate, I do, if not, honour comes vnlook'd for, and then's an end.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Allarms, excursions, enter the King, the Prince,
Lord John of Lancaster, and Earl of Westermiland.

King. I prethee Harry withdraw thy selfes, thou bleedest too much: Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.
P. Joh. Not I, my Lord, vnlesse I did bleed too.

Prin. Ife beseach thy Maiestie make vp,
Left thou retirements do amaze your friends.

King. I will do so:
My Lord of Westermiland lead him to his Tent.

Weft. Come my Lord, Ile lead thee to your Tent.

Prin. Lead me my Lord? Do I not need your helpe;
And heauen forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where fail'd Nobility lies troden on,
And Rebels Armes triumph in maefeare.

John. We breath too long; Come coyn Westermiland,
Our duty this way lies, for heat's sake take come.

Prin. By heauen thou haft deceiv'd me Lancaster,
I did not think thee Lord of such a spirit: Before, I loo'd thee as a Brothet, John;
But now, I do respect thee as my Soule.

King. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point,
With lighter mainteinance then I did look for
Of such an ungrowne Warrior.

Prin. 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 thohe
That wear those colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeitst the person of a King?

King. The King himselfe: who Douglas grieues at hart

So

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The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

A Kingdome for it was too small a bound:
But now two pieces of the vilest Earth
Is room enough. This Earth that bears the dead;
Bestes not alike to foure a Gentleman,
If thou wer't enfile of curteu,
I should not make so great a shew of Zeale,
But let my favours hide thy mangled face,
And even in thy behalf, Ile thanke my felse
For doing these fayre Rites of Tendernesse.
A dieu, and take thy pralfe with thee to heaven,
Thy ignomy flepe with thee in the grave,
But not remembered in thy Epitaph.
What? Old Acquaintance? Could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poorle lacke, farewell;
I could have better fpar'd a better man,
O, I should have a heavy miste of thee,
If I were much in love with Vanitye.
Death hast not strucke to cut a Decree to day,
Though many deester in this bloosy Fray:
Imbowell'd I wil life thee by and by,
Till then, in blood,by Noble Perciye eye.

The

So many of his shadowes thou haft met,
And not the very King, 1 bare two Boyes
Seeke Percy, and thy felle west about the Field:
But seeing thou fell, I have no lucke,
I will alay thee: so be laide thy felle.

Thou art another counterfeit;
And yet infaith thou fere it thee like a King;
But mine I am sure thou art, wherefore thou be,
And thus I win thee. They fight, the K'ing in danger, to Enter Prince.

Prim. Hold vp they head vile Scot, or thou art like
Neuer to hold it vp vsinge the Spirits.
Of vaillant Shrewes, Staffords, Pented, are in my Armes;
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,
Who never promifie, but he meanes to pay.

They Fight, Dorglas ftritt.

Cheerely My Lord: how fare thy Grace?
Sir Nicholas Gaushey hath for face count, And to haft Ciffon: Ile to Cliffon ftraight.

King. Stay, and breath awhile.
Thou haft oerefent thy loff opinion,
And shew'd thou make'st some tender of my life
In this faire recepts thou haft brought to me
Prim. O heauen, they did me too much injury,
That ever fayed I heartned to thy death.
If it were fo, I might have let alone
The infulting hand of Dorglas over thee,
Which would have beene so speedy in your end,
As all the poyonous Potions in the world,
And fay'd the Techerous labour of your Sonne.

X. Make wp to Ciffon, Ile to Sir Nicholas Gaushey. Exit Enter Halfe.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Mounmouth.
Prim. Thou speakeft it as I would deny my name,
Hot. My name is Harue Percio.

Prim. Why then I faw a very vaillant rebel of that name,
I am the Prince of Wales, and think not Percio,
To fhare with me in glory any more:
Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Sphere,
Nor can one England brooke a double trage,
Of Harry Percy, and the Prince of Wales.
Hot. Not fithen Harry, for the hour is come
To end one day, and to begin new.
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.
Prim. Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee,
And all the budding Hones on thy Cheef,
Ile crop, to make a Earl, mad for my head.
Hot. I can no longer brooke thy Vanities. Fight. Enter Faliffy.

Fal. Well fayd Hot, so Hal. Nay you fhall finde no
Boyes play here, I can tell you.

Enter Dorglas, for fighes with Faliffy, who fells down as the two were dead, The Prince killeth Percio.

Hot. Oh Harry, thou haft rob'd me of my youth:
I better brooke the losse of bratle life,
Then thoat proud Titles thou haft wonne of me,
They would my thoughts worfe, then the fword my flesh:
But thought's the flame of Life, and Life, Times foole;
And Time, that takes faire away the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could Prophesie,
But that the Earth, and the cold hand of death,
Lyes on my Tongue: No Percy, thou art duft
And food for—

Prim. For Womer, bratve Percy. Farewell great hearts;
It wou'd Ambition, how much art thou fhrunk?
When that this bodie did contain a Spirit.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Come bring your luggage nobly on your backe:
For my part, I joy may do thee grace.
He gild'st with the happiest tearmes I have.
A Retreat is founded.
The Trumpets sound Retreat, the day is ours:
Come Brother, let's to the highest of the field,
To see what Friends are living, who are dead.
Excuse me, I follow as they lay, for Reward, see that re-
wards me, heuere to ward him. If I do grow great again,
He grow full leffe? For He purge, and leave Sacke, and live
cleanly, as a Nobleman should do.

Scene Quarta.

The Trumpets sound.
Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
Earle of Westmoreland, with Worcester &
Worcester Prisoners.

King. Thus ever did Rebellion finde Rebuke,
Ill-spired Worcester, did we not send Grace,
Pardon, and tearmes of Love to all of you:
And wouldst thou turne our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenor of thy Kinsman truth?
Three Knights upon our party shine to day,
A Noble Earle, and many a creature else,
Had beene alowe this hours,
If like a Christian thou hadst it truly borne
Betwixt our Armies, true Intelligence.
Now. Whate I have done, my Safety urg'd me to,
And I embrace this fortune patientely,
Since not to be annoyed, it falls on mee.
King. Beare Worcester to death, and Vernon too:
Other Offenders we will pult upon.


How goes the Field?

Prim. The Noble Scot Lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The Noble Percy then, and all his men,
Upon the foot of fear, 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.

Prim. Then Brother John of Lancaster,
To you this honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomlesse and free:
His Valour shewne upon our Crefts to day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosome of our Adversaries.

King. Then this remains: that we divide our Power.
You Sonne John, and my Cousin Westmoreland,
Towards Yorke shall bend you, with your deereft speed
To meet Northumberland, and the Prelate Scroope,
Who (as we hear) are busi in Armes,
My Selfe, and you Sonne Harry will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower, and the Earle of March,
Rebellion in this Land shall lose his way,
Meeting the Checke of such another day:
And since this Butineffe so faire is done,
Let us not leave till all our owne be wonne.

Exeunt.
The Second Part of Henry the Fourth, Containing his Death: and the Coronation of King Henry the Fift.

AUS Primus. Scena Prima.

INDUCTION.

Enter Rousnor.

Pen your Eares: For which of you will stop The vent of Hearing, when loud Rumor speaks? \(\text{E}^\text{r}\), from the Orient, to the drooping Wolf (Making the windes my Pashborne) still unfold The acts commenced on this Ball of Earth, Vpon my Tongue, continuall Slanders ride, The which, in every Language, I pronounce, Stuffing the Eares with false Reports: To speak of Peace, while euer Emtime (Vnder the smile of Safety) wounds the World: And who but Rumor, who but only I Make heartfull Matters, and prepare Defence, Whilst the bigge yeares, foolone with some other griefes, Is thought with childe, by the sterile Tyrant, Warre, And no such matter? Rumor, is a Pipe Blowne by Swrries, Ieloufes, Conicetures; And of so eafe, and to plaine a stop, That the blunt Moniter, with uncounted heads, The Hill discordant, wawering Multitude, Can play upon. But what neede I thus My well knowne Body to Aanthomize Among my household? Why is Rumor here? I run before King Harries victory, Who in a bloodie field by Shrewsbury Hath bearest downe Yong Hostylarie, and his Troopes, Qenishing the same of bold Rebellion, Even with the Rebels blood. But what meane I To speake so true at thift? My Office is: To noyse abroad, that Harries Monmouth fell Under the Wrath of Noble Hostylaries Sword: And that the King, before the Douglas Rage Stoopd his Anointed head, as lowe as death. This hauie I rumonied through the peafant-Townes, Betweene the Royall Field of Shrewsbury, And this Wone,-eaten-Hole of ragged Stone, Where Hostylarie Father, old Northermberland, Lyes crasty suche, The Poles come tyring on, And not a man of them brings other newes Then they hauie learn'd of Me. From Rousnour Tongues, They bring smooth-Comforts-falle, worste then True-wrongs.

Enter Lord Bardolf, and the Porter.

L.Bar. Who keepeth the Gate here? Where is the Earl? Por. What shall I say you are? Bar. Tell thou the Earl This is the Lord Bardolf doth attend him here. Por. His Lordship is walk'd forth into the Orchard, Plesse it your Honor, knocke but at the Gate, And he himselfe will anwer.

Enter Northumberland.

L.Bar. Heere comes the Earl. Nor. What newes Lord Bardolf? Ev'ry minute now Should be the Father of some Stratagem; The Times are wild: Contention (like a Horse Full of high Feeding) madly hath broke loose, And beares downe all before him. L.Bar. Noble Earl, I bring you certaine newes from Shrewsbury. Nor. Good, and heaven will.

L.Bar. As good as heart can wish; The King is almost wounded to the death: And in the Fortune of my Lord your Sonne, Prince Harris (alone out-right) and both the Blunts Kill'd by the hand of Dymghar, Yong Prince John, And Wellmberd, and Stafford, Red the Field, And Harris Munnsmouths Brawne (the Hulke Sir John) Is prisoner to your Sonne, O, such a Day, (So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly wonne) Came not, till now, to dignifie the Times Since Caffor Fortunes.

Nor. How is this derlue? Saw you the Field? Came you from Shrewsbury? L.Bar. I spake with one (my L.) that came from thence, A Gentleman well bred, and of good name, That freely render'd me these newes for true.

Nor. Heere comes my Seruant Travers, whom I sent On Tuesday last, to litten after newes. Enter Travers.

L.Bar. My Lord, I ouer-rod him on the way, And he is furnish'd with no certainties, More then he (haply) may retaile from me. Nor. Now Travers, what good tidings comes fro you?

Enter.
Your Spirit is too true, your Features too certain,
North. Yet for all this, say not that Percys dead.
I see a strange Confession in thine Eye:
Thou hast’t thy head, and hold it if Fears, or Sinne,
To speak a truth. I be blame, say fo:
The Towne offends not, that reports his death:
And he doth thinke that doth belye the dead:
Nor he, which sayes the dead is not alive:
Yet the first brings of an Welcome News:
Hath but a loosing Office: and his Tongue,
Sounds euer after: as a fullen Bell
Rememberd, knolling a departing Friend.

L. Bar. I cannot thinke (my Lord) your son is dead,
Mar. I am fortys, I should force you to beleue
That, which I would to heauen, I had not feene.
But these mine eyes, saw him in bloody statte,
Rendring faire quittance (wastred, and out-breath’d)
To Heaven, Memphis, whose (wit wildest beast downe)
The newer-dann’d Percis to the earth,
From whence (with life) the newer more sprung vp:
In few: his death (whose spirit lent a fire,
Euen to the dulles Pezant in his Campe)
Being bruited once, tooks fire and heat away
From the belt tempter’d Courage in his Troopers.
For from his Mestie, was his Party fleed’d;
Which once, in him abated, all the reft
Turn’d on themselues, like dull and heavy Lade:
And as the Thing, that’s heavy in it selfe,
Vpon enforcement, eyes with greatest Spede,
So did our Men, heame in Hostilies loffe,
Lend to this weight, that lightness with their Fears,
That Arrowes fled not swifter toward their ymme,
Then did our Soldiers (yamning at their safety)
Fly from the field. Then was that Noble Worcestre
Too fonene ta’ne prisoner: and that iusts Scoot,
(The bloody Douglas) whose well-labelling sword
Had three times slaine th’appearance of the King,
Gan vaille his stomacke, and did grace the shme
Of those that turn’d their backes: and in his flight,
Stumbling in Fears, was tooke.
The fumme of all,
Is, that the King hath wonne: and hath sent out
A speeding power, to encounter you my Lord,
Vnder the Conduit of yong Lancaster
And Westminster. This news I mean at full:
North. Far this, I shall have time enough to ewoce,
In Poyfon, there is Physicke: and this newes
(Hauning bee welle) that would haue made me sickes,
Being fickle, haue in some measure, made me well.
And as the Wretch, whose Fears-weakned lyoms,
Like freneticklde Flander, buckke vnder life,
Impatient of his Fit, breaks like a lite
Out of his keepers arms: Euen fo, my Limbes
(Weake’d with griefes) being now inrag’d with griefes,
Are thrice themselfes. Hence therefore thou nise cruch,
A faile Gauntlet now, with lyoms of Steele
Must gloeue this hand, And hence thou sickly Quofo
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which Princes, shad’t with Conquest, symne to hit.
Now Sinde my Bowes with Iron and approach
The rage’d here, the Time: with sight dare bring
To frowe upon th’enrag’d Northumberland,
Let Heauen kiffe Earth: now let not Natures hand
Kepe the wide Flood confin’d: Let Order dye,
And let the world no longer be a stage
To feeue Contention in a ling’ring Act:
But let one spirit of the First-borne Caine

Reigne

I. i. 34—157

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The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Reign'd in all bosomes, that each heart being set
On bloody Countres, the rude Scene may end,
And darkeesse be the burer of the dead.

Honors.

L. Bar. Sweet Earle, divorce not wisdome from your

Stor. The lilies of all your looming Complizes
Leane-on your health, the which if you give o't
To stormy Passion, mutil perfecte decay,
You call the event of Warre (my Noble Lord)
And sum'd the accompt of Chance, before you said
Let vs make head: It was your preturminute,
That in the dale of blowes, your Son might drop,
You knew he walk'd o're peril, on an edge
More likely to fall in, then to get o't:
You were advis'd his flesh was capabele
Of Wounds, and Scarcers; and that his forward Spirit
Would lift him, where most trade of danger rag'd,
Yet did you fay go forth: and none of this
(Though strongly apprehended) could refraine
The flitte-born Action: What hath then befalne?
Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,
More then that Being, which was like to be?

L. Bar. We all that are engaged to this losse,
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous Seas,
That if we wrought out life, was ten to one:
And yet we ventur'd for the gaine propos'd,
Choak'd the refecf of likely peril fear'd,
And yet we ventur'd, venture again
Come, we will all put forth: Body, and Goods.

Stor. Tis more then time: And (my most Noble Lord)
I hear for certaine, and do speak the truth:
The gentil-Arch-bishop of Yorke is vp
With well appointed Powres: he is a man
Who with a double Surety binds his Followers,
My Lord (your Sonne) had onely but the Copres,
But hadoves, and the throughes of men to fight.
For that fame word (Rebellion) did divid
The action of their bodiys, from their foules,
And they did fight with queuinesse, constrain'd
As men drinke Potions; that their Weapons only
Seem'd on our side: but for their Spirits and Soules,
This word (Rebellion) it had froze them vp,
As Fish are in a Pond. But now the Bishop
Turnes Infrucktion to Religion,
Support'd fancie, and holy in his Thoughts:
He's follow'd both with Body, and with Minde:
And doth enlarg[e his Rising, with the blood
Of faire King Richard, ferap'd from Pompier flies,
Deriuies from heauen, his Quarrrell, and his Caufe:
Tels them, he doth bedreife a bleeding Land,
Graipign for life, vnder great Endings,
And more, and leffe, do froke to follow him,

North. I know'd of this before. But to speake truth,
This present greefe had wip'd it from my minde.
Go in with me, and conceall every man
The apett for wayty, and revencge:
Get Polls, and Letters, and make Friends with speed,
Neuer to few, nor neuer yet more need.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaff, and Page.

Fal.Sirra, you giant, what fates the Doct to my water?

Pag. He fay'd fir, the water is felle was a good healthy
waters but for the party that ow'd it, he might have more
difefes then he knew for.

Fal. Men of all lors take a pride to gird at mee: the

braine of this foolish compounded Clay-man, is not able
to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more then I
invent, or is inventen on me, I am not onely witty in my
fells, but the caufe that war is in other mens. I do heere
walk before thee, like a Sow, that hath o'rewhelm'd all
her Litter, but one. If the Prince put thee into my Ser-
vice for any other reason; then to set mee off, why then I
have no judgement. Thou horion Mandrake, thou art
fitter to be worne in my cap, then to wait at my heelles.
I was never mami'd with an Agot till now: but I will lette
thee neither in Gold, nor Siluer, but in wise apparel,
and lend thee backers againe to thy Master, for a lewell. The
leunetts (the Prince your Master) whom Chins is not yet
fledg'd, I will sooner haue a beard grow in the Palme
of my hand, then he shall get one on his checke: yet he will
not fellite to fay, his Face is a Face-Royall. Heaven may
finifh it when he will, it is not in mine affimat yet: he may
keep it still a Face-Royall, for a Barber shall never
come, with me out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if
he had writt man ever since his Father was a Batchellour.
He may keep his owne Grace, but he is almost out of
mine, I can affume it. What faid M. Dombledon, about
the Sutton for my short Cloake, and Slops?

Pag. He faid sir, you should procure him better Afla-
ence, then Bardolf: he would not take his Bond & yours,
he lik'd not the Security.

Fal. As be bee damn'd like the Glutton, may his

Tongue be hotter, a horion Achitophel: a Raffec-ye-
forsooth-knawe, do bee Gentleman in hand, and then
and fand upon Security: The horion smooth-pacee does now
wear no thing but high shoes, and bunches of Keyes at
their girdles: and if a man is through with them in
howell Taking- vp, then they must fand upon Security: I
had as like they would put Rats-bane in my mouth, as
offer to fpoppe it with Security. I look'd hee should not yet
fent me two and twenty yards of Sutton (as I am true
Knight) and he fends mee Security. Well, he may fleep in
Security, for he hath the Horne of Abundance: and the
lightnesse of his Wife fimes through it, and yet cannot
he fee, though he have his owne Lanthorne to light him.
Where's Bardolf?

Pag. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship
a house.

Fal. I bought him in Pauls, and he bee buy mee a boufe
in Smithfield. If I could get mee a wife in the Stewes, I
were Mann'd, Hors'd, and Wit'd.

Enter Chief Justice, and Seruant.

Pag. Sir, heere comes the Nobleman that committed
the Prince for striking him, about Bardolf.

Fal. Wait cloze, I will not fee him.

Ch. Juff. What's he that goes there?

Ser. Falstaff, and pleas your Lordship.

Juff. He that was in question for the Robbery?

Ser. He my Lord, but he hath fince done good fervice
at Shewsbury: and (as I heare) is now going with some
Charge to the Lord Iohn of Lancaster.


Ser. Sir John Falstaff.

Fal. Boy, tell him, I am dese.

Pag. You must impeake lower, my Master is dese.

Juff. I am fure he is, to the hearing of any thing good.
Go plucke him by the Elbow, I must impeake with him.

Ser. Sir Iohn.

Fal. What a fong knave and beggar, I there is not want is
there not employment? Doth not the K. lack fubjects? Do
not the Rebels want Soldiers? Though it be a shame to be

I. i. 158 — I. ii. 86

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The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

The vuiquest time, for your quiet o'te-polit'g that Action.

Fal. My Lord e (Wolfe).

Inf. But since all is well, keep it for wake not a sleeping

Fal. To wake a Wolfe, is as bad as to smell a Fox.

Inf. What you are as a candle, the better part burnt out

Fal. A Waffell-Candle, my Lord; all Tallow: if I did say of war, my Grace which would approve the truth.

Inf. There is not a white hare on your face, but thou have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of grany, grany, grany.

Inf. You follow the young Prince vp and downe, like his cuill Angeli.

Fal. Not so (my Lord) your ill Angelis light; but I hope, he that looks upon mee, will take me without, weighing; and yet, in some respects I grant, I cannot go: I cannot tell, Verstis is of so little regard in these Confor-

mengers, that true valor is turn'd Beare-heard, Pregnan-

cie is made a Toper, and hath his quickie wit wrested in giving Recknings: all the other gifts appertaining to man (as the malice of this Age shapes them) are not woorath a Gooseberry. You that are old, consider not the capaci-

ties of vs that are young: you maste the heat of our Li-

uers, with the bitterness of your galls: & we that are in the warden of our youth, I mull confide, are wages too.

Inf. Do you set downe your name in the crowle of youth, that are written downe old, while all the Chars-

acteres of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a

yellow cheekers white beard? a decreasing leg? an inge-

ling belly? Is not your voice broken? your winds short? your wit fingle? and every part about your blasted with Anti-

quity, and will you call your selfe young? fy, fy, fy, list John.

Fal. My Lord, I was borne with a white head, & for-

thing a round belly. For my voice, I have left it with hal-

lowing and singing of Anthemes. To approve your youth

father, I will not the truth is, I am onely olde in judg-

ement, and vnderstanding: and he that will espere with mee for a thousand Mares, let him lend me the mony, & have

at him. For the boxe of th'earth that the Prince gave you, he gave it like a rude Prince, and you took it like a peni-

sible Lord. I have cheks for him, and the young Lion

regents. Marry not in afts and shape-cloths, but in new

Silke, and old Sacke.

Inf. We, heauen fend the Prince a better companion.

Fal. Heauen fend the Companion a better Prince: I
cannot rid my hands of him.

Inf. Well, the King hath feuer'd you and Prince Har-

ry, I heare you are going with Lord John of Lancaster, ag-

ainst the Archibishop, and the Earle of Northumberland.

Fal. Yes, I thank your pretty sweet wis for it: but look ye pray, all you that kiffe my Lady Petruce, as he

hath our Armies, sion in a hot day: for if I take

but two Sixe's out with me, and I meane not to swet ex-

traordinari: if he be a hot day, I will brandish any thing but my Bottle, would I might never spit white againe: There is not a dangerous Action can peepe out his head, but I am thrust upon it. Well, I cannot sleeuer.

Inf. We, be honest, be honest, and heauen blest your Expedition.

Fal. Will your Lordship lend mee a thousand pound, to furnish me forth?

Inf. Not a penny, nor not a penny: you are too impatient to beare croffes. Fare you well. Commend mee to my Cousin Wulfenrider.

Fal. If I do, fillop mee with a three-man-Beetle. A man
can no more separate Age and Coquetouche, then he can part yong limbs and leathery; but the Gove gallest the
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

one, and the poppins the other; and fo both the Degrees present my curtesy. Boy?

Page. Sir.

Edw. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two pence.

Edw. I can get no money against this Consumption of the purse. Borrowing only lingers, and lingers it out, but the disburse is insupportable. Go bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster, this to the Prince, this to the Earle of Westmister, and this to old Misiris Urso, whom I have weekly sworn to marry, since I perceive'd the first 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 one or the other players the rogue with my great toe: It is no matter, if I do halt; I have the warres for my colour, and my Pension shall seeme the more reasonable. A good wit will make war of any thing: I will turne dif-305

Seena Quarta.

Enter Archbishops, Halleye, Mowbray, and Lord Bardolph.

A'r. Thus haue you heard our caufes, & know our Means: And my moft noble Friends, I pray you all Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes, And firft (Lord Marshall) what say you to it?

Mar. I well allow the occasion of our Armes, But gladly would be better satisfie, How (in our Means) we should advance our felues To looke with forhead bold and big enough Upon the Power and puifance of the King.

Hal. Our present Mullers grow upon the File To free and twenty thouland men of choice: And our Supplies, live largely in the hope Of great Northumberland, whole bofonie burnes' With an intencd Fire of Injuries.

L. Bar. The question then (Lord Halley) landeth thus Whether our present fife and twenty thouland May hold vp-head, without Northumberland: Hal. With him, we may.

L. Bar. Sir, there's the point: But if without him we be thought to feeble, My judgemen is, we should not repp too farre; Till we had his Aflifance by the land.

For in a Thame so bloody fax'd, as this, Conrieure, Experiment, and Surniffe Of Aydes in certaine, should not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true Lord Bardolph, for indeed It was young Hallyeffe cafe, at Shrewsbury.

L. Bar. It was (my Lord) who mad himselfe with hope, Eating the ayre, on promife of Supply, Plaing himfelfe with Proiect of a power, Much smaller, then the smallest of his Thoughts, And so with great imagination (proper to mid men) led his Powers to death, And (winking) leap'd into destruction.

Hal. But (by your leave) it never yet did hurt, To lay downe likely-hood, and formerly of hope.

L. Bar. Yes, if this pretent quality of warre, Indeed the inhumation cause on foot, Lies so in hope: As in an early Spring, We fee th'appearing buds, which to proue fruite, Hope guine not so much warrant, as Difpaire.

That Froft will bite them. When we meane to build, We fift furvey the Pofet, then draw the Modell, And when we fee the figure of the house, Then must we rate the cof of the Erection, Which if we finde out-wights Ability, What do we then, but draw a new the Modell In fewere offices Or at leaft, deficit To build at all? Much more, in this great worke, (Which is almost) to plucke a Kindome downe, And (yet another vp) should we labour The plot of Situation, and the Modell: Content upon a pure Foundation: Question Surveyors, know our owne estate, Howable such a Warke to vndergo, To weigh against his Opposite? Or elle, We forthe in Paper, and in Figures, Vning the Names of men, instead of men: Like one, that draws the Modell of a house Beyond his power to build it; who (after through) Givs o're, and leaves his part-created Cost A naked subiect to the Weeping Clouds, And waffe, for churlifh Judges tyrannee.

Hal. Grant that our hopes (yet likely of faire buyth) Should be still-horne; and that we now poffett The vnoft man of expectation:

I think we are a Body strong enough (Even as we are) to equall with the King.

L. Bar. What is the King but fife & twenty thouland? Hal. To vs no more: may not so much Lord Bardolph, For his diuisions (as the Times do brazal)

Are in three Heads: one Power against the French, And one again Glendor: Perforce a third Must take vp vs: So is the enemie King In three diuided; and his Coffers found With hollow Poverty, and Emptineffe.

A'r. That he should draw his feveral strengthes together And come against vs in full puifance

Need not be dreaded.

Hal. If he should do so. He leues his backe vnarm'd, the French, and Welsh Baying him at the heele: never feare that.

L. Bar. Who is it like should lead his Forces hither? Hal. The Duke of Lancaster, and Westmester: Againft the Welsh himselfe, and Harrisie Monmouth. But who is substituted against the French, I have no certaine notice.

Arch. Let vs see, and publith the occasion of our Armes. The Common-wealth is fickle of their owne Choice, Their outer-greedie loue hath forfeiture; An habitation giddy, and vnure

Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart. O thou fond Many, with what loud applause Did it thou beare heaven with blesing Barking brooks, Before he vs, what thou wouldft hate him be? And being now trimm'd in thine owne defires, Thou (beaftly Fedar) art so full of him.

That thou proukst thy felfe to caft him vp. So do,(thou common Dogge) didst thou difgoufe Thy gluton-bosome of the Koyall Richard, And now thou wouldft ele thy dead vomit vp, And howl it to finde it. What truff in thee thes Times? They, that when Richard liard, would have him dys, Are now become en/mour'd on his grave.

Thou that chew'st & foften upon thy goody head When through proud London he came fighting on, After th'admir'd heales of Barking brooks, Crift now, O Earth, yeeld vs that King againe, And
Enter Holofer, with two Officers. Fang, and Snare.
Holofer. Mr. Fang, have you entered the Action?
Fang. It is entered.
Holofer. What's your Yeoman? Is it a lusty yeoman? Will he hold to it?
Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?
Holofer. I, good M. Snare, I have entered him, and all.
Sn. It may change cost some of us our lines: he will stab Holofer.
Holofer. Also the day: take heed of him: he flabbed me in mine own house, and that most badly: he cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out. He will foyne like any dull, he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.
Fang. If I can clofe with him, I care not for his thrift.
Holofer. No, nor I: neither I be at your elbow.
Fang. If I but fild him once if he come but within my Vicc.
Hof. I am vndone with his going: I warrant he is an infinite thing upon my score. Good M. Fang hold him fast, and good M. Snare let him not escape, he comes continually to P Venice (sauing your mammocks) to buy a faddle, and he is incited to dine to the Lubeckas head in Lombardstreet, to M. Smooths the Silksman: I pra ye, since my Exion is enter'd, and my Cafee of openly knowne roble world, let him be brought in to his answer: A too. Maize is a long one, for a poore woman to bracce: & I have borne, borne, and borne, and have bin fabb'd, and fabb'd off, from this day to that day, that it is a fame to be thought on. There is no honesty in fuch dealing, wives a woman Should be made an Affe and a Beast, to brace e very Knutes wrong. 
Enteer Falstaff and Bardolf. Yonder he comes, and that warrant Malmeley-Note Bar- dolf with him. Do your Offices, and do your Offices: M. Fang, & M. Snare, do me, do me, do your Offices.
Fang. How now, whose Maret's dead what's the matter?
Fang. Sir John, I areth you, at the fuit of Milly Quickly.
Fal. Away Varlets, draw Bardolf out. Cut me off the Villaineshead: throw the Queene in the Channel.
Ch. Justice. What's the matter? Keep the Peace here, hoas. 
Hof. Good Mr. Justice, be good to me, I befeech you stand to me.
Ch. Justice. Now fo Sir John? What are you broiling here? Doth this become your place, your time, and busineffe? Thou should bene well on your way to Yorke. Stand from his Fellow, wherefore hang it upon him?

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Fal. Gluttony, gluttony, is the onely drinking: and for thy walles a pretty flight Drollery, or the Scene of the Prodigall, or the Germaine hunting in Waterhouse, is worth a thousand of these Bead-hanging; and these Fly-bitten Tapitantes. Let it be tenne pound (if thou canst.) Come, if we were not for thy hunters, there is not a better Weach in England. Go, swath thy face, and draw thy Action: Come, thou must not bee in this humour with me; come, I know thou was't fée on to this.

Hoy. Prebesh (Sir John) it be but twenty Nobles, I hoath to pawn my Place in good earnest.

Fal. Let it alone, He make other shift: you'll be a fool.

Hoy. Well, you shall haue it although I pawn my Gowne. Hope you'll come to Supper. You'll pay me altogether?

Fal. Will I line? Go with her, with her: hooke-on, hooke-on.

Hoy. Will you have Doll Trease? meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words. Let's have her.

Ch. full. I have heard bitter newes.

Fal. What's the newes. (my good Lord?)

Ch. In. Where lay the King left night?

Mts. At Basingtouke my Lord.

Fal. I hope (my Lord)all's well. What is the newes my Lord?

Ch. full. Come all his Forces backe.

Mts. Not. Estimable hundred Foot, five hundred Horse Are march'd vp to my Lord of Lancaster, Against Northumberland, and the Archbishop.

Fal. Comes the King backe from Wales, my noble Earl?

Ch. suft. You shall have Letters of me presently.

Come, go along with me, good M. Gower.

Fal. My Lord.

Ch. full. What's the matter?

Fal. Maller Gower, shall I entreate you with mee to dinner?

Gow. I must wraite upon my good Lord here.

I thank you, good Sir John.

Ch. full. Sir John, you layer heere too long being you are to take Souldiers vp, in Countries as you go.

Fal. Will you fip with me, Maller Gower?

Ch. full. What foolish Maller taught you these manners, Sir John?

Fal. Maller Gower, if they become mee not, bee was a Foolke that taught them mee. This is the right Fencing grace (my Lord) tap for tap, and so fairely.

Ch. full. Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great Foolke.

as to remember to weake a Composition.

Prince. Belike then, 'my Appetite was not Princely got for (in truth) I do now remember the poor Creatures, Small Beere. But indeede their humbe considerations make me out of towe with my Greatnesse. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? Or to, to know thy face to morrow? Or to take note how many paire of Silk stockings & baftes (Viz. thick, and those that were thy peach-coloured ones:) Or to bear the Inventorie of thy shirts, as one for superfluity, and one other. For that the Tennis-Court Keeper knowes better then I, for it is a low ebie of Linnen with thee, when thou kepest it not Racket there, as thou haft not done a great while, because the rest of thy Low Countries, haue made a shift to eare vp thy Holland.

Pohn. How ill it followes, after you have laboured so hard, you should talk so idlely? Tell me how many good yong Princes would do so, their Fathers lying to fickle, as yours is.

Pohn. Shall I tell thee one thing, Points &

Pohn. Yes: and let it be an excellent good thing.

Pohn. It shall ferve among wittes of no higher breeding then thine.

Tone. Go to: I stand the puff of your one thing, that you'll tell.

Pohn. Why, I tell thee, it is not meet, that I should be fad now my Father is fickle altho I could tell to thee (if to one it please me, for fault of a better, so call my friend) I should be fad, and fad indeed too.

Pohn. Very hardly, upon fuch a subiect.

Pohn. Thou think'st me as farre in the Dinell Book, as thou, and Falstaff, for obduracie and persifletice. Let the end trye the man, But I tell thee, my hart bleeds inwardsly, that my Father is fickle: and keeping such wild company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me, all envision-
tation of sorrow.

Pohn. The reason?

Pohn. What would'thou think of me, if I should wepe?

Pohn. I would thinke thee a most Princeely hypocrite,

Pohn. It would be every mans thought; and thou art a bleeved Fellow, to thinke as every man thinks: neuer a mans thought in the world, keeps the Rode-way better then thine: every man would thinke me an Hypocrite indee. And what assietes thy most worthful thought, to thinke for?

Pohn. Why, because you have beene so lewde, and so much ingrusted to Falstaff.

Pohn. And to thee.

Pohn. Nay, I am well spoak of, I can hear it with mine owne ears:the worst that they can say of me, is, that I am a fcond Brother, and that I am a proper Fellow of my hands: and both two things I confesse I cannot help. Lookke, lookke, here comes Bardulfe.

Prince. And the Boy that I gave Falstaff, he had him from me Christian, and see if the far villain have not trans fornd him Ape.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prince Henry, Prince, Bardulfe, and Page.

Prince. Trustme, I am exceeding wearey.

Pohn. Is it come to that? I had thought wearines durt not have attach'd one of so high blood.

Pohn. It doth me: though it discroas the complexion of my Greatnesse to acknowledge it. Doth it not shew wildly in me, to defire small Beere?

Pohn. Why, a Prince should not be so loosely studied,
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Page. None my Lord, but old Miftris quickly, and M. Dell Treesheet.

Prin. What Pagans may that be?

Page. A proper Gentlemewman, Sir, and a Kinswoman of my Masters.

Prin. Even such Kin, as the Parish Hayfers are to the Towne-bull?

Shall we sleepe upon them (Ned) at Supper?

Prin. I am your shadow, my Lord, I 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 governe it.

Prin. Fare ye well: go.

This Doll Treesheet should be some Rode.

Prin. I warrant you, as common as the way betweene S. Albans, and London.

Prin. How might we see Falstaff beflow himselfe to night, in his true colours, and not our felipes be fetned?

Page. Put on t'wo Leather Jerkins, and Aprons, and waife upon him at his Table, like Drawers.

Prin. From a God, to a wall! A heusey declension; it was Iower cafe. From a Prince, to a Pretence, a low trans.

formation, that shall be mine: for in every thing, the pur.

poe mult weigh with the follow. Who fee me Ned. Event

Scena Tertia.

Enter Northumberland, his Lady, and Harry Percy, Lord.

North. I prethee loying Wife, and gentle Daughter,

Gue an euell way into my rough Affaires:

Put not you on the vifage of the Times,

And be like them to Percie, troublesome.

Wife. I have giuen euuer, I will speake no more,

Do what you will: your Wifedome, be your guide.

North. Alas (victive Wife) my Honor is at pawn,

And but my going, nothing can redeem it.

Lo. Oh! yet, for heauens sake, go not to these Warres;

The Time was (Father) when you broke your word,

When you were more endeuer to it, then now,

When your owne Percy, when my heare-deere Harry,

Trew many a Norward looke to see his Father

Bring vp his Powres: but he did long in vaine,

Who then perfuaded you to stay as home?

There were two Honors left; Yours, and your Sonnes.

For Yours, may heavently glory brighten it:

For his, it fluke vp upon him, as the Sunne

In the gray vaul of Heauen: and by his Light

Did all the Chealeie of England mue

To do brave Acts. He was (indeed) the Glaffe

Wherein the Noble-Youth did drefle himselves.

He had no Leger, that prach'd not his Game;

And speaking thicke (which Nature mad his blemish)

Became the Accents of the Vailant.

For tho'se that could speake low, and tardily,

Would turne their owne Perfection, to Abufe,

To feeme like him. So that in Speech, in Gate,

In Dier, in Affections of delight,

In Militarie Rules, Humors of blood,
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

He was the Marke, and Glaife, Coppe, and Brooke,
That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous him,
O Miracle of Men! Him did you leave
(Second to none) vin-seconded by you.

To looke upon the hideous God of Warre,
In disadvantage, to abide a field,
Where nothing but the found of Hotspur's Name
Did scene defensible: so you left him.

Neuer, O neuer doe his Ghost the wrong,
To hold your Honor more prettie and nice
With others, then with him. Let them alone:
The Marshall and the Arch-bishop are strong.

Had I my sweet Harry but halfe their Numbers,
To day might I (hanging on Hotspur's Necke)
Have ta'ld of <Mamouth's Graue.>

North. Befrew your heart,
(Faire Daughter) you doe draw my Spirites from me,
With new is nestling ancient Outer-fights:
But I must goe, and meet with Danger there,
Or it will ferke me in another place,
And finde me worfe provis'd,
Wife. O Bye to Scotland,
Till that the Nobles, and the armed Common,
Hau e of their Puifance made a little taste,
Lady. If they get ground, and vantage of the King,
Then lyone with you them, like a Ribbe of Steele,
To make their strength stronger. But for all our louses,
Fifth, it makes them tryke themselues. So did your Sonne,
He was so suffer'd; so came I a Widow:
And neuer (hail hau e length of Life enough,
To raine upon Remembrance with mine Eyes,
That it may grow, and sprout, as high as Heaven,
For Recordeation to my Noble Husband,
North. Come, come, goe in with merit with my Minde
As with the Tyde, swell'd vp into his height,
That makes a full-Hand, running neyther way,
Faine would I goe to meet the Arch-bishop,
But many thouland Resions hold me backe,
I will refolute for Scotland: there am I,
Till Time and Vantage craze my company. Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter two Drawers.


2. Drawer. Thou fay'ft true: the Prince once fet a Dift of Apple-Johns before him, and told him there were fute more Sir John: and, putting off his Hat, fai'd, I will now take my leave of thee free drie, round, old, wi'th'd Knights. It anger'd him to the heart; but hee hath forgot that.

1. Drawer. Why then courer, and let them downe: and see if thou canst finde our Sneaky Noble; Misfit Travellors would have fone Musique.

2. Drawer. Sirhna, here we fhall be the Prince, and Master Poins anon: and they will put on two of our Jerkins, and Aprons, and Sir John muft not know of it: Bardeleph hath brought word,

1. Drawer. Then here will be old Fis: it will be an excellent faragam.

2. Drawer. I fee if I can finde out Sneaky. Exit.

Enter Hotstaff, and Sir John.

Hot. Sweet-heart, me thinkes now you are in an excellent good temperatlie: your Pulsidge bestes as extraordinarily, as heart would desire; and your Colour (I warrant you) is as red as any Rofe: But you haue dronke too much Canaries, and that's a maruellous reaiching Wine; and it perfumes the blood, ere wee can say what's this. How doe you now?

Sir John. Better then I was. Hot.

Hot. Why that was well fai'd: A good heart's worth Gold. Lookke, here comes Sir John.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. When Arthur first in Court, (emptie the Jordan) and was a worthy King: How now Misfit Sir John?


Fal. So is all her Sett: if they be once in a Calme, they are fiek.

Sir John. Did you muddie Rascalls, is that all the comfort you gitte me?


Sir John. I make them! Gluttonie and Diseases make them, I make them not.

Fal. If the Cooke make the Gluttonie, you helpe to make the Diseases (Dol) we catch of you (Dol) we catch of you: Grant that, my poor Vertue, grant that.

Dol. I merry, our Chaynes, and our Jewells.

Fal. Your Brooches, Pearles, and Owches: For to lerre bruely, is to come halting off: you know, to come off the Breach, with his Pike bent bruely, and to Surgetie bruely; to venture upon the chaff'd-Chambers bruely.

Hot. Why this is the oldf fashion: you two neuer meane, but you fall to some discord: you are both (in good truthe) as Rheumatike as two drie Toftes, you cannot one beare with anothers Continuities. What the good-yeare? One muft beare, and that muft bee you: you are the weake Vereell; as they say, the emptier Vereell.

Dol. Can a weake emptie Vereell beeze such a huge full Hogs-head? There's a whole Marchants Venture of Burdeux-Stuffe in him: you have not fene an Hulke better fhu in the Hold. Come, Ile be friends with thee Jacks: Thou art going to the Warres, and whether I flall euer thee take anayse, or no, there is no body cares.

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Sir, Ancient Piffall is below, and would speake with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering Rascall, let him not come hither: it is the foule-mouth'd Englifh in England.

Hot. If hee swagger, let him not come here: I must live amongt my Neighbours, Ile no Swaggerers: I am in good name, and fame, with the very belt: fluth the doore, there comes no Swaggerers heere: I have not li'd all this while, to have swaggering now: fluth the door, I pray you.

Fal. Doft thou haue, Hosteffe?

Dol. Pray you pacifie your felle (Sir John) there comes no Swaggerers heere.
Fadl. Do't thou hear'st? it is mine Ancient.

Holl. Tilly-fally (Sir John) never tell me, your ancient Swaggerer comes not in my doores. I was before Master Tisbe, the Deputer, the other day: and as hee said to me, it was longer agoe then Wednesday last: Neighbour Swiftly (fayes hee) Master Dunt, our Master, was by then? Neighbour Swiftly (fayes hee) receiveth those that are Gull's. For (fayes hee) you are in an ill Name: now hee said so, I can tell whereupon: for (fayes hee) you are an honneste Woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed where what Gull's you receive: Recieve (fayes hee) no Swaggering Companions. There comes none here; You would bleepe you to hear what hee said. No, Ile no Swaggerers.

Fadl. He's no Swaggerer (Hoffele): I am Cheater, heer; you may brooke him as gently, as a Puppie Greyhound: hee will not Swagger with a Barbarie Henne, if her feathers turne backe in any shew of refiaince. Call him vp (Drawer.)

Hoff. Cheater, call you him? I will barre no honnest man my house, nor no Cheater: but I doe not loue Swaggering; I am the worse when one fayes, Swagger: Feele Matters, how I flake: looke you, I warrant you. Dole Do you doe, Hoffelle.

Hoff. Doe you? ye, in very truth doe I, fit were an Apen Leaf: I cannot abide Swaggerers.

Enter Pistifl, and Bardolph and his Boy.

Pistifl. 'Sau you, Sir Iohn.

Pistifl. Welcome Ancient Pistifl. Here (Pistifl) I charge you with a Cup of Sacke; doe you discharge vpon mine Hoffele.

Pistifl. I will discharge vpon her (Sir Iohn) with two Bullets.

Pistifl. She is Pistiff-proofe (Sir) you shall hardly offend her.

Holl. Come, Ile drink no Proofee, nor no Bullets: I will drink no more then will doe you me good, for no mans pleasure, I.

Pistifl. Then to you (Miftris Dorothee) I will charge you.

Dole. Charge me? I come you (scutare Companion) what? you poore, base, rafecally, cheating, lacke-Linnen-Mare: away you mouldle Rogue, away; I am meate for your Mister.

Pistifl. I know you Miftris Dorothee.

Dole. Away you Cut-purfe Rascal, you filthy Bung, away: By this Wine, Ile thruft my Knife in your mouldle Chapper, if you play the favare Cuttle with me. Away you Bottle-Ale Rascal, you Basket-hilt flate Juguier, you. Since when, I pray you, Sir? what, with two Points on your shoulder? much.

Pistifl. I will starue your Ruffe, for this.

Holl. Nevagood Captain Pistifl: not heere, sweete Captain.

Dole. Captain? thou abominable damned Cheater, are thou not ashamed to be called Captain? If Captains were of my minde, they would trunchion you out, for taking their Names vpon you, before you have eord'd them. You a Captain? you flue, for what? for tearing a poore Whores Ruffe in a Bawdy-house? Hee a Captain? hang him Rogue, hee lisst upon mouldle worth'd-Punnes, and dry'de Cakes. A Captain? Thee Villaines will make the word Captain odious: Therefore Captains had neede looked to it.

Bard. Pray thee goe downe, good Ancient.

Pistifl. Heare thee bither, Miftris Dole.

Pistifl. Not 1: I tell thee what, Corporall Bardolph, I could teare her: Hee be trerving'd on her.

Page. Pray thee goe downe.

Pistifl. Ie see her damnd first: to Pluto's damnd Lake, to the Infernal Deepe, where Erebos and Tortures vtilde also. Hold Hooke and Line, say I: Downe: downe Doggers, downe Faces: have wee not Heron here?

Bard. Good Captain Peesed be quiet, it is very late: I beleefe you now, aggravate your Choler.

Pistifl. Thete be good Humors indeede. Shall Pack-Horles, and hollow-pammer'd Iades of Asf, which cannot goe but thirtee miles a day, compare with Cefer, and with Caniballs, and Troian Greeks? ruy, rather damne them with King Cerberus, and let the Welkin roar; shall wee fall foule for Toyes?

Holl. By my troth Captaine, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good Ancient: this will grow to a Brawle anon.

Pistifl. Do me men like Dogges; give Crownes like Pinnes. Haue we not Heron here?

Holl. On my word (Captaine) there's none such here. What the good-yeare, doe you think I would deny her? I pray be quiet.

Pistifl. Then feel, and be fat (my faire Calpolia.) Come, give me some Sack, If fortune me tormente, Ierate me content. Fare wee broad-sides! No, let the Fiend giue fire: Give me some Sack: and Sweet-heart lye thou there: Come wee to full Points here, and are et ceteris nothing?

Fal. Pistifl I would be quiet.

Fal. Sweet Knight, I keepe thy Nefse: what wee haue scene the feuen Starres.

Dole. Thrilfe him downe staves, I cannot endure such a Fultian Rafcall.

Fal. Thrilfe him downe staves? know we not Galloway Nagges?

Fal. Quoit him downe (Bardolph) like a thowe-groat shilling: say, if hee doe nothing but speake nothing, hee shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you downe staves.

Dole. What? shall wee have Inception? shall weem brewe? then Death rokeh me salpe, abridge my dolefull days: why then let, grieuous, filthy, gaping Wounds, wontin the Sifters three: Come Arrep, I say.

Holl. Here's good stuffe toward.

Fal. Give me my Raper, Boy.

Dole. I prethee Jack, I prethee doe not draw.

Fal. Get you downe staves.

Holl. Here's a goodly tumult: Ile forswearke keeping houle, before Ile be in thee tirits, and frights. So: Murder 1 warrant now. Alas, alas, put vp your naked Weapons, put vp your naked Weapons.

Dole. I prethee Jack be quiet, the Rafcall is gone: ah, you whorson little valiant Villaine, you.

Holl. Are you not hurt? th' Groyne? me thought hee made a threel'd Thrilfe at your Belly.

Fal. Have you turnd him out of doores?

Bard. Yes Sir: the Rafcall's drunken you have hurt him (Sir) in the shoulder.

Fal. A Rafcall naked me.

Dole. Ah, you sweet little Rogue, you: alas, poore Ape, how thou sweast? Come, let me wipe thy Face: Come on, you whorson Chops: Ah Rogue, I loove thee: Thou

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art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worthier of Agamemnon, and ten times better then the nine Worthies: ah Villaine.

Fal. A rascally Slave, I will send the Rogue in a Blanket.

Dor. Do, if thou dar'st for thy heart: if thou dar'st, I canus thee between a pair of Sheetes.

Enter Musique.

Page. The Musique is come, Sir.

Fal. Let them play: play, Sirs. Sit on my Knee, Del. A Rascal, bringing Slave: the Rogue fled from me like a Quick-foofer.

Del. And thou followedst him like a Church: thou whoreson little tyde Sartholomew Bore-pigge, when wilt thou issue fighting on days, and soining on nights, and begin to patch vp thine old Body for Heauen?

Enter the Prince and Poets disguised.

Fal. Peace (good Del.) do not speake like a Death's-head: do not bid me remember mine end.

Del. Sirs, what humor is the Prince of?

Fal. A foolish young fellow: hee would have made a good Pantler, hee would have chipp'd Bread well.

Del. They say I once had a good Wit.

Fal. Hee a good Wit? hang him Bobbee, his Wit is as thick as Tewkesbury Millard: there is no more conceit in him, then is in a Mallet.

Del. Why doth the Prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their Legges, are both of a bignest; and hee plays at Quoits well, and eates Conger and Fenname, and drinks off Candles ends for Flap-adragons, and rides the wild Merse with the Boys, and outps upon Toyt-dfooles, and twears with a good grace, and weares his Bree fmirror, like unto the Signe of the Legge; and breedes no busie with telling of discreete fittes: and such othere Gamboll Faculties halth, that fllew a weake Mind, and an able Body, for the which the Prince admitts him; for the Prince hissefle is such another: the weight of an hayre will turne the Scales betweene their Hader-de-poes.

Prince. Would not this Nose of a Whale haue his Eares cut off?

Poe. Let us beseech him before his Whore.

Prince. Looke, if the witcher'd Eldar not hath his Polly clawe'd like a Parrot.

Poe. Is it not strange, that Dare should so many yeeres out-line performance?

Fal. Kisse me Del.

Prince. Saturne and Venus this yeare in Conjunction? What faies the Almanack to that?

Poe. And looke whether the Starre Tri<fug>, his Man, be not dipping to his Masters old Tables, his Note-Booke, his Counsell-keeper?

Fal. Thou don't gleue me flattering Busses.

Del. Nay truly, I kisse thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Del. I have thee better, then I love e're a frether young Boy of them all.

Fal. What Stuffe wilt thou issue a Kittle of? I shall receive Money on Thursday: thou shalt have a Cappe to mourne: A merrie Song, come: it growes late, wee will to Bed. Thou wilt forget me, when I am gone.

Del. Thou wilt let me a weeping, if thou say'st so: proue that euer I dresse my selfe handsome, till thy returne: well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some Sack, Francis.

Poe. Pum. Anon, anon, Sir.

Fal. He? a Buffard Sonne of the Kings? And art not thou Poine, his Brother?

Prince. Why thou Globe of sinfull Continents, what a Life doe'ft thou lead?

Fal. A better then thou: I am a Gentlemang, thou art a Drawer.

Prince. Very true, Sir: and I come to draw you out of the Eares.

Hif. Oh, the Lord prefury th' good Grace: Welcome to London. Now Heauen bleffe that fweet Face of shine: what, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreson and Compound of Maiffele: by this light Heele, and corruppe Blood, thou art welcome.


Poe. My Lord, hee will drue you out of your reuerence, and turne all to a mettrum, if you take not the heare.

Prince. You whorsone Candle-myne youe, how wildly did you speake of me even now, before this honest, vertuous, cuill Gentlewoman?

Hife. Bleffing on your good heart, and do fhee is by my testh.

Fal. Didst thou heare me?

Prince. Yes: and you knew me, as you did when you rose at the Gadd-hill; you knew I was at your back, and speke it on purpose, to trie my patience.

Fal. No, no, no: not so: I did not thinke, thou woule within hearing.

Prince. I shall drue you then to confesse the willfull abufe, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abufe (Hall) on mine Honor, no abufe.

Prince. Not to disprays me? and call me Pantler, and Bread-chopper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abufe (Hall).

Poe. No abufe?

Fal. No abufe (Ned) in the World: honest Nednone, I disprays'd him before the Wicked, that the Wicked might not fall in love with him: In which doing, I haue done the part of a carefull Friend, and a true Subject, and thy Father is to give me thankes for it. No abuse (Hall) none (Ned) none; no Boys, none.

Prince. See now whether pure Fesse, and entire Cowards, doth not make thee wrong this vertuous Gentlewoman, to clofe with vs: is fhee of the Wicked? Is thine Hofleffe here, of the Wicked? Or is the Boy of the Wicked? Or honest Bardolph (whofe Zeale burnes in his Nofe) of the Wicked?

Poe. Answer youe thou dead Elms, answere.

Fal. The Friend hath prickt downe Bardolph intirecable, and his Face is Luceffers Priuy-Kitchen, where hee doth nothing but rost Mault-Worimes: for the Boy, there is a good Angel about him, but the Deuell outbids him too.

Prince. For the Women?

Fal. For one of them, thee is in Hell alreadie, and burnes more soules: for the other, I owe her Money; and whether thee doe damn'd for that, I know not.

Hife. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No,
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The King, your Father, is at Westminister, and there are twenty weak and wearied Postes, that thou mayst come to Court soon, before they slippe away.

Exit Falstaff.

Enter excelent Postes.

Prince. What are these Postes, and what news? postes. The King, your Father, is at Westminister, and there are twenty weak and wearied Postes, that thou mayst come to Court soon, before they slippe away.

Exit Falstaff.

Enter the King with a Page.

King. Go, call the Earles of Surrey, and of Warwick. But ere they come, bid them one reader of these letters, and well consider of them: make good speed. Exit.

Enter the King with a Page. How many thousand of my poorest Subjects?

War. Many good morrowes to your Maiestie.

King. Is it good morrow, Lords?

War. 'Tis One a Clock, and past.

King. Why then good morrow to you all (my Lords): Have you read the Letters that I sent you?

War. We have (my Liege).

King. Then you perceiue the Body of our Kingdome, how foule it is: what ranke Discreet grows, and with what danger, is the Heart of it? War. It is but as a Body, yet distemper'd, which to him former strength may be restored, with good advice, and little medicine:

My Lord Northumberland will stone 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 Continuer (Wearie of solide firmenesse) melt it selfe into the Sea: and other Times, to see the beache Girdle of the Ocean, too wide for Neptune's horses; how Chances mocks, and Changes fill the Cuppe of Alteration:

With divers Liquors. 'Tis not tenne yeares gone, since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends, Did leaft together, and in two yeares after, Were they at Warres. It is but eight yeares since, this Perse was the man, receiued the Soule, who, like a Brother, soyl'd in my Affaires, and laid his Lawe and Life under my foot:

You, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard, Gave him defiance. But which of you was by (You Confin Nemi, as I may remember)

When Richard, with his Ear, brim full of Teares, (Then check'd, and rated by Northumberland) Did speake these words (now proud a Prophecie):

How many thousand of my poorest Subjects?

Are these this howre or alaste? O Sleep, O gentle Sleepe, Nature solke Nurse, how hauie I frighted thee,

That thou no more wilt weign my eye-lids downe, And fleape my Sences in Forgetfulness?

Why rather (Sleepe) lyest thou in the Watch Cribs, Vpon whose Paladins stretching thee,

And buith with buffing Nightes, flyes to thy slumber, Then in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great?

Vnder the Canopies of costly State,

And lull'd with sounds of sweeteest Melodie?

O thou dull God, why lyest thou with the vilde,

In losthome Beds, and leaueth the Kingly Couch,

A Watch-cave, or a common Lurum-Bell?

Well thou, upon the high and giddie Moul,

Seale vp the Ship-boyes Eyes, and rock his Brains,

In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge,

And in the vifitation of the Winds,

Who take the Russian Billowes by the top,

Curling their monftrous heads, and hanging them With deaft ning Clamors in the flipp'ry Clouds,

That with the hurte, Death is fettle awake:

Can it thou (O partial Sleepe) give thy Repose

To the wet Sea-Boy, in an hour to rude:

And in the calmeft, and most stillst Night,

With all apparells, and means to southe,

Deny it to a King? Then happy Lowe, lyke downe,

Vnasifie the Eye, that weares a Crownes,

Enter Warwick and Surrey.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

My Cousin Bellingbroke attends my Throne:
(Though then, Heaven knows, I had no such intent,
But that necessitie to bow’d the State,
That I and Greatnesse were compell’d to kisse;) The Time shall come (thus did hee follow it.)
The Time will come, that foule Sinne gathering head,
Shall break into Corruption : to went on,
Fore-telling this same Time Condition,
And the division of our Amities.

War. There is a Historie in all mens Lives,
Figuring the nature of the Times decreas’d: The which obser’d, a man may prophecie
With a neere syme of the maine change of things, As yet not come to Life, which in their Seedes
And weake beginnings ly entreatured: Such things become the Hatch and Brood of Time; And by the necessitie forme of this,
King Richard might create a perfect gueffe,
That great Northumberland, then falle to him, Would of that Seed, grow to a greater fallensesse,
Which should not finde a ground to roote vp on,
Valleife on you.

King. Are these things then Necessitie? Then let vs meet them like Necessitie; And that same word, even now cries out on vs: They say, the Bishop and Northumberland Are fiftie thousand strong.

War. It cannot be (my Lord;) Rumor doth double,like the Voice, and Eccho,
The numbers of the feared. Please it your Grace To goe to bed, vp on my Life (my Lord) The Powr is that you alreadie have (ent forth,
Shall bring this Prize in very early.
To comfort you the more, I have recei’d:
A certaine incidence, that Glendower is dead,
Your Maiestie hath beene this fort-night ill, And these vnfeard’ of howses perforce must addde
Vnto your Sickness,

King. I will take your counsafe: And were thefe inward Warses once out of hand, Wee would (deare Lords) vnto the Holy-Land,

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Shallow and Silence with Monks, Shadow, Wart, Feele, Bull-calf.

Shal. Come-on,come-on,come-on: give mee your Hand,Sir; giuer mee your Hand, Sir : an early thire, by the Road, And how doth my good Cousin Silence?

Sil. Good-morrow,good Cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my Cousin, your Bed-fellow? and your faireft Daughter, and mine, my God-Daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a blake Oxwell (Cousin Shallow.)

Shal. By yea and nay, Sir, I dare fay my Cousin William is become a good Scholler? hee is at Oxford still, as hee not?

Sil. Indeede Sir, to my coft.

Shal. Hee must then to the Innes of Court shortly: I was once of Clenemies inne; where (I thinke) they will talke of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were call’d Haffe Shadow then(Cousin.)

Shal. I was call’d any thing: and I would have done any thing indeed too, and roundly too. There I was, and little John Deit of Staffordhure, and blakke George Bare, and Francis Pickborne, and will Spritt a Const-fal-man, you had not foure such Swindge-bucklers in all the Innes of Court againe: And I may say to you, wee knew where the fault lay. Wee Knew, and had the belt of them all at commandement. Then was Jack Halface(now Sir John,) a Boy, and Page to Thomas Monbrooke, Duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This Sir John (Cousin) that comes lither anon about Soulidors?

Shal. The fame Sir John, the very fame: I saw him break Staggon’s Head at the Court-Gate, when he was a Crack, not thus high: and the very fame day did I fight with one Stempson Stagg, fifh, a Fraterere, behind Greyes-Inne. Oh the mad days that I haue spent! and to see how many of mine olde Acquitaine are dead?

Sil. Wee shall all follow (Cousin.)

Shal. Certaine: its certaine: very sure, very sure: Death is certaine to all, all shall dye. How a good Yoke of Sullockes at Stamford Bayre?

Sil. Truly Cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certaine. Is old Double of your Towne liuing yet?

Sil. Dead,Sir.

Shal. Dead? See, fee: hee drew a good Bow: and dead? hee flot a fine shote. John of Gaunt loued him well, and betted much Money on his head. Dead? hee would haue clapt in the Clowt at Twelue-score, and carried you a fore-hand Shaff at foureteene, and foureteene and a halfe, that it would haue 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. Here comes two of Sir John Falstaffs Men (as I think.)

Shal. Good-morrow, honest Gentlemen.

Bard. I bence you, which is Justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow(Sir) a poore Esquire of this Countie, and one of the Kings Jutifies of the Peace: What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My Captaine (Sir) commends him to you: my Captaine,Sir John Falstaff: a tall Gentleman, and a most gallant Leader.

Shal. Hee greets me well: (Sir) I knew him go a good Back-Sword-man. How doth the good Knight? may I ask, how my Lady his Wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon: a Soullidor is better accommodated, then with a Wife.

Shal. It is well said,Sir; and it is well said, indeed, too: Better accommodated? it is good, yes indeede is it: good phrafe there forely, and every where very comenable. Accommodated , it comes of Accommoda: very good, a good Phrafe.

Bard. Pardon, Sir, I have heard the word: Phrafe call you it? by this Day, I know not the Phrafe: but I will maintain the Word with my Sword, to bee a Soullidors-like Word, and a Word of exceeding good Command. Accommodated : that is, when a man is (as they say) accommodated : or, when a man is, being whereby

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Let him so, as looke, where comes good Sir John. Give me your hand, give me your Worship,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 Shal-
low; Master Sure-card as I thinke.

Shal. No fit John, it is my Coyn Silence: in Commis-
on with mee.

Fal. Good M. Silence, It is well befits you should be of the peace.

Sir. Your good Worship is welcome.

Fal. Fye, this is hot weather (Gentlemen) have you pro-
vided me here half dozen of sufficient men?

Shal. Marry have we sir: Will you sir? 

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. fo, fo, fo: 

you marry Sir. Roger Moule and let them appear as I call: let them do so, let them do so: Let mee see, Where is 

Moule?

Moule. Heere, fit please you. 

Shal. What thinke you (Sir John) a good limb'd fellow: yong, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Moule? 

Moule. Yes, sir please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wast vp.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, most excellent. Things that are moul-
die, lacke wise: very singular good. Well said Sir John, very well said.

Fal. Prick ye him.

Moule. 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 litter to goe: out then.

Fal. Go too: peace Moule, you shall goe. Moule, it is time you were spent.

Moule. Spent?

Shallow. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: Know you 
where you are? For the other Sir John: Let me see Simon Shallow.

Fal. I marry, let me have him to sit vnder: he's like to 
his a cold fouldier.

Shal. Where's Shallow?

Shal. Heere sir.

Fal. Shalow, whose some art thou?

Shal. My Mothers sonne, Sir.

Fal. Thy Mothers sonne: like enough, and thy Fa-
ters shadow: so the sonne of the female, is the shadow of the Male: it is often so indee, but not of the Fathers subfance.

- Shal. Do you like him, sir John?

Fal. Shadow will terue for Sumner; pricke him: For 
wee have a number of shadowes to fill upp the Mutter-
Booke.

Shal. Thomas Wart?

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Heere sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yes sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged Wart.

Shal. Shall I pricke him downe.

Sir John?

Fal. It were fupriffous: for his apparel is built up 
/on his backe, and the whole frame stand: you may say palp
him no more.

Shal. If you, sir, you can do it: you can do it: I 
commend you well.

Francis Feeble.

Feeble. Heere sir.

Shal. What Trade art thou Feeble?

Feeble. A Womans Taylor sir.

Shal. Shall I pricke him, sir?

Fal. You may:

But if he had bene a mans Taylor, he would have prick'd 
you. Will thou make as many holes in an enemies Bat-
tale, as thou haft done in a Womans petticoate?

Feeble. I will doe my good will sir, you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good Womans Tailour: Well sayde 
Couragious Feeble: thou wilt bee a valiant as the wraith-
full Doue, or most magnanimous Moule. Prick the wo-
mans Taylor well Master Shalow, deepse Master Shal-
low. 

Feeble. I would Wart might have gone fir.

Fal. I would thou wert a mans Tailor, that y might'l 
mend him, and make him fit to goe. I cannot put him 
to a privete fouldier, that is the Leader of so many 
thousands. Let that fuffice, sholt Forcible Feeble: 

Feeble. It shall fuffice.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble. Who is 
the next ?

Shal. Peter Balckaffe of the Greene.

Fal. Ye a marry, let us see Balckaffe.

Balckaffe. Heere sir.

Fal. Trust me, think, Cowte. Come pricke me Bal-
caffe till he roarre again.

Wart. Oh, good my Lord Captain.

Fal. What do you thinke before this prick? 

Wart. Oh sir, I am a defeated man.

Fal. What defeate haft thou?

Bal. A whorion cold fir, a cougher firm, which I 
caught with Ringing in the Kungs affayres, upon his Coronation 
day, fir.

Fal. Come thou shalt go to the Wares in a Gowne: we 
will have away thy Cold, and I will take fuch order, 
that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is heere all ?

Shal. There is two more called then your number: you 
must have 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 
carry dinner. I am glad to see you in good tround, Master 
Shalow.

Shal. Sir John, doe you remember since wee lay all 
night in the Wunde-mull in S Georges Field.

Falsaffe. No more of that good Master Shalow: No 
more of that.

Shal. Ha! it was a merry night. And isu 8one Night-
works alive ?

Fal. She lines, M. Shalow.

Shal. She never could away with mee.

Fal. Never, she would always say thee could not 
abide M. Shalow.

Shal. I could anger her to the heart: thee was thes a
Bona-Roba. Doth shee held her owne well.

Fal. Old,old, M. Shalow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old, she cannot choose but be 
old.
old: ceritaine thee's old: and had Robin Night-works, by old Night-words, before I came to Clements inne.

Sir. That's thirteene yeere agoe.

Shal. Hah, Cousin Silvius, that thou hast seen thee; that thou Knight and I have seene: hah, Sir John, said I well?

Falstaff. Wee haue heard the Chymes at mid-night, Maister Shallow.

Shal. That wee haue, that wee haue; in faith, Sir John, wee haue: our watch-word was, Hem-Boyse. Come, let's to Dinner; come, let's to Dinner. Oh the days that we haue seene. Come, come.

But, Good Maister Corporace Baldulphe, stand my friends, and here is foure Harry tyme shufflings in Crownes for you: in very truth, sir, I had as lief be hang'd sir, as goe: and yet, for mine owne part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and for mine owne part, have a desire to play with my friends: else, sir, I did not care for mine owne part, so much.

Bard. Go-too: stand aside.

Mouldie. And good Maister Corporal Captaine, for my old Damnes fake, stand my friend: thee hath no body to do any thing about her, when I am gone: and she is old, and cannot help her felle: you shall have fortie, sir.

Bard. Go-too: stand aside.

Fleeble. I care not, a man can die but once: wee owe a death. I will never beare a base minde: if it be my defile, so: if it be not, so: no man is too good to serve his Prince: and let it goe which way it will, he that dies this yeere, is quit for the next.

Bard. Well saide, thou art a good fellow.

Fleeble. Nay, I will beare no base minde.

Falstaff. Come sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you: I haue three pound, to free Mouldie and But-calf.

Bard. Go-too: well.

Shal. Come, Sir John, which foure will you have?

Bard. Doe you chuse for me,

Shal. Martyr then, Mouldie, But-calf, Fleeble, and Shadow.

Faste. Mouldie, and But-calf: for you Mouldie, they at home, till you are past service: and for your part, But-calf, you shall come for you: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, doe not your felle wrong, they are your likelyest men, and I would have you fere'd with the best.

Falstaff. Will you tell me (Maister Shallow) how to chuse a man? Care I for the Limbe, the Theives, the nature, bulke, and bigge assenblance of a man? give mee the spirit (Maister Shallow) Where's Warts? you see what a ragged appearance it is: hee shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a Pewterers Hammer: come off, and on, wifter then hee that gibbetts on the Brewers Bucket. And this fame halfe-fac'd fellow, Shadow, give me this man: hee pretents no marke to the Eemie, the foe-man may with a great ayme louse at the edge of a Pen-knife: and for a Retract, how swiftly will this Fleeble, the Womans Taper, runne off, O, give me the space-men, and space me the greatest. Put me a Calyuer into Warts hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold Wher, Tranqueve: thus, thus, thus.

Falstaff. Come, manage me your Calyuer: so very well, go-too, very good, exceeding good. O, give me always a little, lean, old, chop't, bald Shot. Well said Wher, thou art a good Scab; hold, there is a Teller for thee.

Shal. Hee is not his Crafts-matter, hee doth not doe it right. I remember at Mile-end-Greene, when I lay at Clements Inne, I was then Sir Dagost in Arthur's Shute: there was a little quater fellow, and hee would manage you his Peace thus: and hee would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in; Rah, tah, tah, would hee say, Bownce would hee say, and away againe would hee goe, and againe would he come: I shall neuer see such a fellow.

Falstaff. These fellows will doe well, Maister Shallow. Farewell Maister Silvius, I will not vie many wordes with you: fare you well, Gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to night; Bardolph, give the Souildiers Coates.

Shal. Sir John, Heauen bleffe you, and prosper 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 Courte.

Exit.

Falstaff. Fare you well, gentle Gentlemen. On Bardolph, lead the men away. As I returne, I will fetch off these Ifufeys: I doe see the bottome of Ifusfe Shallow. How foulebe was old men are to this vice of Lying? This fame Ifasfu Ifusfe hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildenesse of his Youth, and the Perfections hee hath done about Turnhall-street, and every third word a Lye, dure pay'd to the hearters, then the Turkes Tribute. I doe remember him at Clements Inne, like a man made after Supper, of a Cheefe-pasing. When hee was naked, hee was, for all the world, like a forke Riddif, with a Head fantastically car'd upon it with a Knife. Hee was so forlorne, that his Dimensiones (to any thick cleaste) were imposible. Hee was the very Genius of Famine: hee came ever in the rearward of the Fashione: And now is this Vices Daggar become a Squire, and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if hee had beene twome Brother to him: and hee be sworne hee neuer saw him but once in the Tith-yard, and then he burn't his Head, for crowding among the Marshals men, I saw it, and told John of Gaunt, hee beat his owne Name, for you might have trust'd him and all his Apparrel into an Eere-staine: the Cafe of a Tribble Hobbay was a Mansion 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 Philosopher two Stones to me. If the young Dace be a Baye for the old Pake, I fee no reaon, in the Law of Nature, but I may stop at him. Let time flye, and there an end.

Exeunt.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

To ope in the Throng of Militia men:  
But rather shew a while like fearfull Warre,  
To dye, ranke, Minde, fickle of hapiness,  
And pinget thee obstruutions, which begin to stop  
Our very Veines of Life: hearre us more plainly.  
I have in equall balance iutly weight'd,  
What wrongs our Arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,  
And finde our Griefes beacon then our Offences.  
Wee fee which way the streame of Time doth runne,  
And are enford'd from our most quiet there,  
By the rough Torrent of Occaion,  
And have the tumulte of all our Griefes  
(When time should ferue to shew in Articles)  
Which long ere this, wee offer'd to the King,  
And might, by no Suit, gyne our Audience:  
When wee are wrong'd, and would unfold our Griefes,  
We are deny'd access into his Person,  
Euen by those men, that most havne done vs wrong.  
The dangers of the dayes but newely gone,  
Whose memorie is written on the Earth  
With yeet appearing bloody, and the examples  
Of every Monutes influence (present now)  
Hath put vs in these ill-becoming Arms:  
To breake Peace, or any Branch of it,  
But to establishe a Peace in deede,  
Concerning both in Name and Qualitie.

When ever yet was your Appeale deny'd?  
Wherein have you beene galled by the King?  
When Preece hath beene labored, to grace you,  
That you shoule finde this ultimate bloody Booke  
Of for'd Rebellion, with a Scale diuine?  
My Brother general, the Common-wealth,  
I make my Quarrell, in particular.

There is no neede of any such redresse:  
Or if there were, it not belongeth to you.  
Why not to him in party, and to vs all,  
That feele the brunes of the dayes before,  
And suffer the Contagion of those Times  
To lay a heauie and vnsaill Hand upon our Honors?  
O my good Lord Mowbray,  
Continue the Times to their Necessities,  
And you shal say (indeede) it is the Time,  
And not the King,that doth you injuries.  
Yet for your part, it not appeares to me,  
Either from the King,or in the present Time,  
That you shoule have any of any ground  
To build a Griefe on: were you not relle'd  
To all the Duke of Norfolkes Seignories,  
Your Noble, and right well-remembered Fathers?  
What thing, in Honor, had my Father loth,  
That need to be resu'd, and breath'd in me?  
The King that cou'd him, as the State flood then,  
Was forde, performe compell'd to banish him:  
And then that Henry Bolingbrooke: and hee  
Being mounted, and both rowed in their Seates,  
Their neigbiring Couriers daring of the Squire,  
Their armed Staes in charge, their Beasuers downe,  
Their eyes of fire, sparkling through lights of Steele,  
And the lowd Trumpeter blowing them together:  
Then, then, when there was nothing coule have flay'd  
My Father from the Breath of Bolingbrooke;  
When the King did throw his Walder downe,  
(Howse Life hung upon the Staffe hee threw)  
Then threw hee downe himselfe, and all their Lives,  
That by Indisment, and by dint of Sword,  
Have since mis-carried vnder Bolingbrooke.

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The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

We've speak'd (Lord Marshal) now you know not what.

The Earle of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant Gentleman.

Who knowes, on whom Fortune would then have staid?
But if your Father had bene Victor there,
Here's he had borne him out of Countrey.
For all the Countrey, in a general voyce,
Cry'd haste upon him: and all their prayers, and loue,
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,
And blest, and graci'd, and did more then the King.

But this is meerely digression from my purpose.
Here come I from our Princely Generall,
To know your Grievances to tell you, from his Grace,
That hee will give you Audience: and wherein
It shall appear, that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them, every thing set off,
That might so much as think you Enemies.

Now, but hee hath forc'd vs to compel this Offer,
And it proceeds from Pollicy, not Loue.

Wife, Marshal, you ouer-weene to take it for.
This Offer comes from Mercy, not from Fears.
For loe, within a Ken our Army lies,
Upon mine Honor, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of faire.
Our Bataille is more full of Names then yours,
Our Men more perfect in the Vfe of Armes,
Our Armor all is strong, our Caufe the best;
Then Reson will, our hearts should be as good.

Say you not then, our Offer is compelld.

Now, well by my will, wee shall admit no Parley.
Well. That argues but the blame of your offence:
A rotten Café abides no handling.

Haste, hath the Prince told a full Commission,
In very ample vertue of his Father,
To heare, and absolutely to determine
Of what Conditions we shall stand upon.

That, is intended in the Generall Name:
I mute you make to flight a Question.

But, then take (my Lord of Wetterland) this Schedule,
For this contains our general Grievances:
Each severall Article herein herefor'd,
All members of our Caufe, both here, and hence,
That are indivis'd to this Action,
Accompted by a true substantall forme,
And present execution of our wills,
To vs, and to our purposes confin'd,
Wooe come within our awfull Banks againe,
And kniue our Powers to the Arme of Peace.

This will I shew the Generall. Please you Lords,
In flight of both our Batailles, wee may meete
At either end in peace: which Hearsue so frame,
Or to the place of difference call the Swords,
Which must decide it.

My Lord, we will doe so.
There is a thing within my Boforme tells me,
That no Conditions of our Peace can stand.

Fear you not, that if wee can make our Peace
Upon such large terms, and so abreast
As our Conditions shall confin upon
Our Peace shall stand as firm as a Rockie Mountains.
Till, but our valuation shall be such,
That every flight, and false-derived Caufe
Yes, every idle, nice, and wanton Reason,
Shall, as the King, taste of this Action:
That were our Royall faiths, Marryes in Loue,
Wee shall be winnowed with so rough a winde.

That cunning our Corne shall come as light as Chaff,
And good from bad finde no partition.

No, no (my Lord) note this: the King is wearable
Of dainty, and such fick Grievances:
For hee hath found, to end one doubt by Death,
Reniues two greater in the Heires of Life.

And therefore will hee wipe his Tables cleane,
And keep no Tell-tale to his Mermorie,
That may repeat, and Historie his loffe,
To new remembrance. For full well hee knowes,
That hee cannot so precisely weede this Land,
As his mis-doubts present occasion;
His foes are so en-rooted with his friends,
That plocking to vnfixe an Enemy,
Hee doth vsalt it, and shake a friend,
So that this Land, like an offitive wife,
That hath enrag'd him on, to offer flokes,
As hee is flinking, holds his infant vp,
And hangs resolvd Correehien in the Arme,
That was spread'd to execution.

Besides, the King hath wasted all his Rods,
On late Offenders, that he now doth lacke
The very Instruments of Chaffiment:
So that his power, like to a Fangleble Lion
May offer, but not hold,
'Tis very true:
And therefore be suffer'd (my good Lord Marshal)
If we do now make our attestation well,
Our Peace, will (like a broken Limbe united)
Grow stronger, for the breaking.

Be it so:
Here's return'd my Lord of Wetterland.

The Prince is here as hand to hand heareth your Lordship
To meet his Grace, in just distance 'twixt our Armies

Your Grace of Yorke, in heauen's name then forward.

Before, and greet his Grace (my Lord) we come,

You are well encountered here (my cousin Howley)
Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbishop,
And so to you Lord H[l]e[ng]age[s], and all.
My Lord of Yorke, it better fhew'd with you,
When that your Flocke (assembl'd by the Bell)
Encircled you, to heare with reuerence
Your exposition on the holy Text,
Then now to see you heare an Iron man
Changing 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 fauer,
Would hee abuse the Countenance of the King,
Alack, what Mischiefes might hee fret abrooch,
In fhadow of such Greatnesse? With you, Lord Bishop,
It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken,
How deep ye were within the Bookes of Heauen?
To vs, the Speaker in his Parliament;
To vs, the Image of Heauen it felle:
The very Opera, and Intelligence
Betweene the Grace, the Saneties of Heauen,
And our dull workings. O, who shall beleeue,
But you mis-vse the reuerence of your Place,
Employ the Countenance, and Grace of Heauen,
As a faile Favour doth his Princes Name,
In deeds difi-honorable? You have taken vp,

Vnder

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The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

When the counterfeeted Zeal of Heaven.

The Subiects of Heaven's Substitute, my Father,
And both against the Peace of Heaven, and him,
Have here vp-swarm'd them.

B. B. Good my Lord of Lancaster,
I am not here again against your Fathers Peace:
But (as I told my Lord of Welfelmeaid)
The Time (mis-order'd) doth in common fence
Crowd vs, and crush vs, to this monstrous Forme,
To hold our fadie vp. I fent your Grace
The parcels, and particulars of our Griefe,
The which hath been with fcorne fhou'd from the Court:
Whereon this Hydra-Sonne of Warre is borne,
Whofe dangerous eye's may well be charm'd asleep,
With graunt of our moft soft and right defiet;
And charge the tender youngest Paine I little cur'd,
Sponge teemly to the foot of Maietie.

Mor. If not, wee readie are to trye our fortunes,
To the last man.

Hauf. And though wee here fall downe,
We have Supplies, to fecond our Attempt:
If they mis-carry, their fhall fecound them.
And euen if this exprete be beleeue
And Heire from Heire fhall hold this Quarrell vp,
While England fhall have generation.

John. You are too shallow (Hauing) Much too shallow,
To found the bottome of the after-Times.

Mor. Pleseth your Grace, to anwser them direcly,
Haus. Wee forth you doth my Articles.

John. I like them all, and doe allow them well:
And sweare here, by the honor of my blood,
My Fathers purposse have beene mistook'd,
And some, about him, have too laufily
Wreathed his meaning, and Authorize.
My Lord, thefe Griefes fhall be with fpeed redreft:
Upon my Life, they fhall. If this may pleafe you,
Discharge your Powers vnto their Generall Countires,
As wee will our; and here betwixt the Armies,
Let's drinke together friendly, and embrace,
That all their eyes may beare thofe Tokens home,
Of our refored Loue, and Amity.

B. B. I take your Princeely word, for these redreffe,
Hauing it, and will maintaine my word:
And thereunto I drinke vpon your Grace.

Hau. Go to Captaine, and deliver to the Armie
This news of Peace: let them have pay, and part:
I know, it will well pleafe them.

High the Captaine. Exit.

B. B. To you, my Noble Lord of Welfelmeaid,
I pledge you my Grace:
And if you knew what pains I have befor'and,
To breed this prefent Peace,
You would drinke freely: but my loue to ye,
Shall fiew it feldomore openly hereafter.

B. B. I doe not doubt you.

W. If. I am glad of it.

Health to my Lord, and gentle Cousin Munbray.

Mor. You with me wealthe in very happy feafon,
For I am, on the fadane, something ill.

B. B. Against ill Chances, men are ever merry,
But henniffe fore-runnes the good event.

W. If. Therefore be merry (Cozze) since fadane forbrew
Serues to fay that som good thing comes to morrow.

B. B. Believe me, I am paffing light in spiritt.

Mor. So much the worfe, if your owne Rale be true.

John. The word of Peace is entered: hearknow how they flow.

Mor. This had beene cheerfull, after Vctorie.

B. B. A Peace is of the nature of a Conquest:
For then both partie nobly are subdu'd,
And neither partie loofer.

John. Go to (my Lord)
And let our Army be discharged too:
And good my Lord,(to plesse you) let our Traines
March by vs, that we may perufe the men.

W. If. Wee fhould have copped withall,

B. B. Go, good Lord Hauffing.

And ere they be difmif'd, let them march by.

John. I truft Lords wee fhall lye to night together.

Enter Welfelmeaid, and John.

Now Cousin, wherefore stands our Army still?

W. If. The Leaders hauing charge from you to fland,
Will not goe out, untill they hear you speake.

John. They know their duties. Enter Hauffings.

Hau. Our Army is dispers'd:
Like you thall Sieteres, my very, d. they tooke their course Eau, Weft, North, Southor like a Schoole, brake vp,
Brooke hurrtys to theer home, and fpotting place.

W. If. Good tidings (my Lord Hauffing) for the which,
I do not thee thee (Trewor) of high Trefion:
And you Lord Arch-bishop, and you Lord Monbray,
Of Capitall Trefion, I attach you both.

Mor. Is this proceeding iuff, and honorable?

W. If. Is your Assembly fo?

B. B. Will this break your faith?

John. I am pawn'd thee none.

I proformed y redreff here of thefe Grieuances
Whereof you did complaine; which, by mine Honor,
I will performe, with a molt Christian care.
But for you (Rebell) looks to taffe the due
Meet for Rebellion, and such Acts as yours,
Mofl hollowly. Enter the fheriffes commerces,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly tryed hence:
Strike vp our Drummes, purfue the feater'd fray,
Heauen, and not we, have safely fought to day.
Some guard thefe Trestors to the Block of Death,
Trefions true Bed, and yeilder vp of breath. Exeunt.

Enter Falstaff and Coluells.

Fal. Whose is your Name, Sir? of what Condition are you?
And of what Place, I pray you?

Col. I am a Knight, Sir:
And my Name is Coluells of the Dale.

Fal. Well then, Coluells is your Name, a Knight in your Degree, and your Place, the Dale. Coluells fhall by your Name, a Trauer your Degree, and the Danagen your Place, a place deep enought: so fhall you be full Coluells of the Dale.

Col. Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as hee fir, whores I am: doe ye yeilde fir, or fhall I sweate for you? if I doe sweate, they are the drops of thy Loueres, and they weep for thy death, therefore rowse vp Pearre and Trembling, and doe obseruerance to my mercy.

Col. I think you are Sir John Falstaff, & in that thought yeeld me.

Fal. I haue a whole Schoole of tongues in this belly of mine, and noe Tongue of them all, speakes anot her word but my name: and I had but a belly of any indifferencie, I were limply the moft active fellow in Europe; my wombe, my wombe, my wombe, men mee. Here comes our General.

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Enter Prince John, and Westminster.

John. The heat is past, follow no farther now: Call in the Powers, good Collews Westminster.

Now Faff, where have you been all this while? Whatever thing is ended, when you come. These tarded Tricks of yours will (on my life) One time or other, break some Gallows back.

Faff. I would be sorry (my Lord) but it should be thus: I knew you yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of Valour. Do you think me a Swallow, an Arrow, or a Bullet? Have I, in my poore and old Motion, the expedition of Thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest ynych of possibility. I have townded nine score and odd Postles: and here be (travelli-taunted as I am) have, in my pure and immaculate Valour, taken Sir John Collews of the Dale, a most furious Knight, and valorous Enemy: But what of that! I see fawmee, and yeilded: that I may fully say with the hooke-no'd fellow of Rome, I came, faw, and out-came.

John. It was more of his Courtezie, then your defurung.

Faff. I know not: here he is, and here I yeeld him: and I befeech your Grace, let it be book'd, with the rest of this days deede; so I swear, I will have it in a particular Ballad, with mine owne Picture on the top of it (Collews stuffing my foot.) To the which course, if I be cast, I shall do not all this life like g silent two-pences to me; and, in the cleare Skie of Fame, o're-thine you as much as the Full Moon doth the Cyndres of the Element (which shew like Pinnese-heads to her) beleue not the Word of the Noble: therefore let mee have right, and let defert mount.

John. Thine's too heastie to mount.

Faff. Let it shine then.

John. Thine's too thick to shine.

Faff. Let it doe something (my good Lord) that may doe me good, and call it what you will.

John. Is thy Name Collews?

Col. It is (my Lord.)

John. A famous Rebel art thou, Collews.

Faff. And a famous true Subject tooke him.

Col. I am (my Lord) but as my Betteres are, That led me hither: had they beene rule'd by me, You should have wonne thene deare then you have, Faff. I know not how they told themselfes, but thou like a kinde fellow, gau'li thy selfe away; and I thanke thee for thee.

Enter Westminsterland.

John. Have you left pursuitt?

Faff. Retire is made, and Execution stay'd.

John. Send Collews, with his Confederates, To York, to pretend Execution.

Blows, lead him hence, and see you guard him sure. 

Exit with Collews.

And now dispatch we toward the Court (my Lords) I bear the King, my Father, a sure foike. Our News full goe before vs, to his Maiestie, Which (Colllws) you shall bear to, content him: And wee with faster speede will follow you.

Faff. My Lord, I befeech you, give me leave to go through Gloucestershire: and when you come to Court, stand my good Lord, pray, in your good report.

John. Farewell, Fass. I am my condition, Shall better speake of you, then you desire

Exit.

Faff. I would you had but the wit: I were better then your Duke's. Good faith, this fame young forber-blooded Boy doth not love me, nor a man cannot make him laugh: but that's no matter, he drinks no Wine. There's neuer any of thole demure Boys come to any prove: for thine Drinke doth not so ouer-coole their blood, and making many Faff-Meales, that they fall into a kinde of Male Greene-lickkynyn: and then, when they marry, they get Wenches. They are generally Fools, and Cowards; which some of vs shoul have beto, but for infallation. A good Sheris-Sack hath a two-fold operation in it: it assends me into the Braine, dryes me there all the foolish, and dull, and crude Vapours, which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quicke, forgettive, full of nimble, Serie, and delectable shapes: which deliver'd o're to the Voyce, the Tongue, which is the Birth, becomes excellent Wit. The second property of your excellent Sheris, is, the warming of the Blood: which before (cold, and setted) left the Livers white and pale; which is the Badge of Paleunanimity, and Cowardize: but the Sheris warms it, and makes it course faster, and so to the parts extremest, it illuminateth the Face, which (as a Beacon) gues warning to all the rest of this little Kingdom (Man) to Arme: and then the Vital Commoners, and in-land Pettle Spirits, mustere all to their Captain, the Heats; who great, and pufp up with his Retinue, doth any Deed of Courage: and this Valoun comes of Sheris. So, that skill in the Weapon is nothing, without Sack: for that, as a workman, I Learning, a meere Hoord of Gold, kept by a Dervill, till Sack commences it, and sets it in ac, and vie. Hereof comes it, that Prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood he did naturally inherite of his Father, bee hath, like leane, fitrill, and bare Land, manured, husbanded, and tyl'd, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good Blood of Tertile Sheris, that bee is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thouand Sons, the first Principle I would teach them, should be to forsware thine Phoeto, and to addicth themeselves to Sack. Enter Bardolph.

How now Bardolph?

Bard. The Arme is discharged all, and gone.

Faff. Let them goe: Ihe through Gloucesterfhire, and there will I with Master Robert Shallow, Eliquore: I haue him ahide, or tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I leale with him. Come away. 

Exit.

Scene Secunda.

Enter King, War scyes, Clarence, Gloucester.

King. Now Lords, if hevene doth give successfull end To this Debate that bleekest at our doores, Wee will our Youth lead on to higher Fields, And drawe no Swords, but what are fadisticke. Our Naus is addressid, our Power collected, Our Substitues, in absence, well invested, And every thing lies level to our wish; Oneley wee want a little personal Strength: And paisse vs, till these Rebels,now at foot, Come underneath the yoke of Gouernment.

War. Both which we doubt not, but your Maiestie Shall soone enjoy.

King. Hum.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Orne Humphries (my Sonne of Gloucester) where is the Prince, your Brother?

Glo. I think he’s gone to hunt (my Lord) at Windsor.

King. And how accompanied?

Glo. I do not know (my Lord).

King. Is not his Brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

Glo. No (my good Lord) hee is in presence here.

Clar. What would my Lord, and Father, say?

King. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.

How chance thou art not with the Prince, thy Brother?

Hee loyseth thee, and doth not neglect him (Thomas).

Thou haft a better place in his Affection, Then all thy Brothers: cherish it (my Boy).

And Noble Offices thou may effect

Of Mediation (after I am dead)

Betweene his Greatneffe, and thy other Brethren.

Then shall hee not blam thee not his love,

Nor loose the good advantage of his Grace,

By seeming cold, or careless of his will.

For hee is gracious, if hee be obserued:

Hee hath a Teare for Pite, and a Hand

Open (as Day) for melting Chrystie:

Yet notwithstanding, being unseem’d, hee’s Flint,

As amorous as Winter, and as sudden,

As Flowers conceale in the Spring of day.

His tempest therefore must be well obserued:

Chide him for faults, and doe it reverently,

When you persecute his blood endless to mirth:

But being moodie, give him Line, and scope,

Till that his passions (like a Whale on ground

Confound themselfe) with working. Leave this Thomas,

And thou shalt prove a Father to thy friends,

A Hoopoe of Gold, to bind the Brothers in.

That the visited Veuell of their Blood

(Mingled with Venome of Suggestion,

As force, perforce, the Age will powre it in)

Shall never leake, though it doe work as strong

As Acrimony, or raft Cypower.

Clar. I shall observe him with all care, and love.

King. Why art thou not at Windsor with him (Thomas)?

Clar. Hee is not there to day: hee dines in London.

King. And how accompanied? Canst thou tell that?

Clar. With Prince, and other his continuall followers.

King. Mofly subiect is the fatter Soyle to Weedes:

And hee (the Noble Image of my Youth)

Is out-spered with them: therefore my griefe

Stretches it selfe beyond the howre of death.

The blood weepes from my heart, when I doe形状

In former imaginacion) the ungarded Days,

And rotten Times, that you shall looke upon,

When I am sleeping with my Ancestors.

For when his head-strong Riot hath no Curbe,

When Rage and hot-Blood are his Counsellors,

When Meanes and laugh Manners meece together;

Oh, with what Wings shall his Affections flye

Towards frauding Perill, and opposed Decay?

War. My gracious Lord, you seeke beyond him quites

The Prince but fludies his Companions,

Like a strange Tongue: wherein, to gaine the Language,

Tis needfull, that the most immodest word

Be looke’d upon, and learn’d: which once assynd,

Your Highneffe knowes, comes to no farther vse,

But to be knowne, and hated. Sodike grossie termes,

The Prince will, in the perfectneffe of time,

Cast off his followers: and their memorie

Shall as a Pattern, or a Mesure, due,

By which his Grandse may meece the lines of others,

Turning past-euills to advantaages.

King. Tis fett-one, when the Bee dooth leave her Combe

In the dead Carnese.

Enter Weftmoreland, Who’s here? Westmoreland?

Welf. Health to my Soveraigne, and new happinesse

Added to that, that I am come to deliver.

Prince Iohn, your Sonne, doth kiss your Grace’s hand;

Mundane, the Bishop, Strange, Haining, and all,

Are brought to the Correction of your Law,

There is not now a Rebel Sword unbreak’d,

But Peace puts forth her Olive every where:

The manner how this Action hath beene borne,

Here (at more lystere) may your Highneffe reade,

With every course, in his particular.

King. O Westmoreland, thou art a Summer Bird,

Which ene in the branch! of Winter wings

The lifting vp of day.

Enter Harcourt.

Looke, here’s more newes.

Harc. From Enemies, Heaven keeps 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 Bardolfe,

With a Great power of English, and of Scots,

Are by the Sheriff of Yorkshire ouerthrown;

The manner, and true order of the fight,

This Packet (please it you) contains at large.

King. And wherfore should these good newes Make me sicke?

Will Fortune never come with both hands full,

But write her faire words full in foule Letters? Shee eyther gueses Stomack, and no Foodie,

(Such are the poore, in health) or else a Feast,

And takes away the Stomack (such are the Rich,

That have a bundance, and enioy it not.)

I should rejoice now, at this happy newes,

And now my Sight fyset, and my Braine is giddie.

O me, come necesse me, now I am much ill.

Glo. Comfort your Majestie.

Clar. Oh, my Royall Father.

Welf. My Soveraigne Lord, peace vp your selfe, looke vp:

War. Be patient (Princes) you doe know, these Fits Are with his Highness very ordinarie,

Stand from him, gue him ayrce:

Hee’s straigtlye well.

Clar. No, no, hee cannot long hold out: these pangs,

Thricecane, care, and Labour of his Minde.

Hath wrought the Mure, that should confine it in,

So thonne, that Life lookes through, and will break out.

Glo. The people feare me: for they doe obserue

Vsfather’s Heires, and lastlye Births of Nature:

The Seafons change their manners, as the Yeere

Had found some Mens thes allreape, and leap’d them ouer.

Clar. The Rice, and nest thricse flowd, no ebe betweene:

And the old fullre (Times doting Chaucer)

Say it did so, a little time before

That our great Grand-sire Edward d’cd, and dy’d.
Queen. Whither do you leave me here alone (my Lords)?
Glo. We left the Prince (my Brother) there (my Liege).
King. Who understands me and watches by you.
Queen. The Prince of Wales? where is he? let me see him.
This door is open, he is gone this way.
Glo. He came not through the Chamber where we stayed.
King. Where is the Crowne? who took it from my Pillow?
War. When we withdrew (my Liege) we left it here.
Queen. The Prince hath taken it hence:
Goe fetch him out.
Is he so haughty, that he doth suppose
My deere, my death? finde him (my Lord of Warwick)
Chide him hither: this part of his coniomy
With my discourse, and helpes to end me.
See Sonnes, what things you are:
How quickly Nature falls into revolt,
When Gold becomes her Object?
For this, the foolish out of carefull Fathers
Have broke their deere, with thoughts,
Their brames with care, their bones with joyfull,
For this, their haire ingravd and pyld vp
The anckers deeres of strange-achieved Gold:
For this, they have beene thoughtful, to insert
Their Sonnes with Arts, and Martiall Exercitcs:
When, like the Bee, euljing from every flower
The vernal Sweetnesse, our Thighes: pack with Wax,
Our Mouthes with Honey, we bring it to the Hue;
And like the Bees, are murthered for our paines.
This bitter taste yields his engrossment,
To the ending Father.

Enter Warwick.
Now, where is he, that will not stay so long,
Till his Friend Sickness hath determined it.
War. My Lord, I found the Prince in the next Room,
Washing with kindly Teares his gentle Cheeks,
With such a deepemeasure, in great sorrow,
That Tyranny, which neutron quaff but blood,
Would (by beholding him) have wasth'd his Knife
With gentle eye-drops. Her is comming hither.
King. But wherefore did hee take away the Crowne?

Enter Prince Henry.
Loe, where he comes. Come hither to mee (Harry)
Depart the Chamber, leave us here alone. Ext.

P. H.en. I never thought to heare you speake again.
King. Thy wish was Father (Harry) so to that thought:
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Do't thou to hangre for my emipty Chayre,
That thou wilt needs inuest thee with mine Honors,
Before thoy howre be ripe? Of foolish Youth!
Thou seest the Greatnesse, that will ouer-whelme thee
Stay but a little: for my Cloud of Dignitie
Is held from falling, with so weake a winde,
That it will quickly drop: my Day is dimme.
Thou hast holme that, which after some few howres
Were thine, without offence: and at my death
Thou hast seald vp my expectacion.
Thy Life did manifest, thou lowd me not,
And thou wilt have me dye asul'd of it.
Thou hast not a thousande Daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast wethet on thy stony heart,
To flie or halfe an howre of my Life.
What canst thou not forbear me halfe an howre?
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Let heaven, for ever, keep it from my head,
And make me, as the poor soul of Quaino,
This death with a smile, and never curse more:
King, Of my some pain!

Heaven put it in thy mouth, at my death, hence,
That thou might'st beguile the more thy father's love,
Pleading to wallow, in my office of it.
Come bitter Horatio, sit thou by my bed; And beare, I think, the very leaft of Councell! That euer I shall have the honour known, my some,
By what you, parishes, and indifferently crooked way,
Lost this crown, and I myself know well
How troublesome it was upon my head.
To thee, it shall defend with better Queere.
Better Opinion, better Confirmation.
For all the while, the affection sent goes.
Withme, into the Earth. It seemed there,
But am Honour match'd with boy from word,
And I had many times, to upbrade
My game off, by their Affurances,
Which daily grew to Quaino, and to blood-dried,
Wounding oppofed Peace.

All these bold Beares,
Thou fekest with peril. I have answered:
For all my rice, hast beene, but as a Beacon,
A thing that is ague to thinke on, which will thinke on it,
Chang'st the Moundes: For what in me, was purchas'd,
Falles upon thee, in a more Jovian fort.
So then, the Goathward wasn't necessary y
Yet, though thou hast it more, then I could do,
Thou art not borne enough; since greters are greeters:
And all thy friends, which thou movt majeftis thy friends
Have but their flings, and teeth newly taken out,
And without working, I was first advau'd,
And by whole power, I well mightledge it, to care
To be againe shiphard: Which to avoid,
I cut them off: and had a purpose new
To lead our mory to the Holy Land;
Leaff reft, and fying full, might make them looke
Too neere unto my state,
Therefore (my Horace)
Be it thy course to bring giddy Mindeis
With foreign Queere; that, as Action hence borne out,
May waffe the memory of the former doyes.
More would I, but my Wings are waited for,
That strength of Speech is verily deme nece.
How came I by the Crowne, O heauen forgive
And grace it may, with thee, in true peace line.
Prince, My gracious Lige,
You wou'dst, wou'dst it keep, at any rate,
Then plane and right muff my poffecution be;
Which I, with more, then with a Common paine,
Gainst all the World, will rightfully maintaine.

Enter Lord Join of Lancaster,
And Warwick.

King. Look, look, looke,
Here comes my John of Lancaster:
John. Health, Peace, and Happinnesse,
To my Royall father.

King. Though bring the happyntesse and Peace
Some lawne
But health (slacke) with youthfull wings is bewray
From this bare, wittred I makeke. Upon thy fight
My worlde businesse makes a period.

Where
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Where is my Lord of Warwick?

Prince, My Lord of Warwick.

King. Doth any name particular, belong

Vnto the Lodging, where I first did sawd o'?

War. 'Tis called Jerualem, my Noble Lord.

King. Laid be to heauen:

Even there my life must end.

It hath beene prophesied to me many yeares,

I should not dye, but in Jerualem:

Which (vainly) I suppose'd the Holy Land.

But beare me to that Chamber, there I'll ly:

In that Jerusalem, shall Harry dye.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Shallow, Silence, Falstaff, Bardolph, Page, and Damion.

Shal. By Cooke and Pye, you shall not away to night.

What Damy, I say.

Fal. You must excuse me, M. Robert Shallow.

Excuse shall not be admitted: there is no excuse to ferve: you shall not be excused.

Why Damion.

Damin. Hicke frin.

Shal. Damy, Damy, Damy, let me see (Damy) let me see: William Cooke, bid him come hither. Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Damy. Marry frin, thus: those Pigeons cannot bee freed: and againe frin, shall we fcorne the headland with Wheet?

Shal. With red Wheete Damy. But for William Cook: are there no yong Pigeons?

Damy. Yes Sir.

Here is now the Smithes note, for Shooing,

And Plough-brass.

Shal. Let it be caft, and payde: Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Damy. Sir, a new linke to the Bucket muft needes bee had: And Sir, doe you mean to ftoppe any of Williams Wagers, about the Sacke he left the other day, at Hawkley Fayre?

Shal. He shall answr it:

Some Pigeons Damy, a couple of short-legged Hemes: a joyn of Mutton, and any pitty little the Kickshaws, tell William Cooke.

Damy. Doth the man of Warr, play all night frin?

Shal. Yes Damy:

I will vie him well. A Friend with Court, is better then a penny in purse. Wth his men well Damy, for they are arnt Knauers, and will backe-bite.

Damy. No worr: then they are bitten. Sir. For they have innumerable favile liners.

Shaliam. Well consider Damy, about thy Buttnells,

Damy. I beleeth you Sir,

I have a complaint with William Usfer of Woncor, against Cle.

Shal. There are many complaints Damy, against that.

Damy. That Usfer is an arnt Knauer, on my know-

Damy. I graunt your Wrisht, that he is a knauer Sir.

But yet heauen forbid Sir, but a Knauer should have some Compenence, as his Friends request. An honneft man Sir, is able to speake for himfelfe, when a Knauer is not. I have ferved your Worlhippe truly Sir, of the eight yeares yeares: if I cannot once or twice in a Quarter beare out a knauer, against an honneft man, I hauue but a very little erédice with your Worlshippe. The Knauer is mine honnest Friend Sir, therefore I beleeech your Worlship, let him bee Counte-

Shal. Go too,

I say he shall have no wrong: Look out about Damy,

Where are you Sir John? Come, off with your Boats.

Give me your hand M. Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to fee your Worlship.

Shal. I thank thee, with all my heart, kinde Master Bardolph: and welcome to my tall Fellow:

Come Sir John.

Falstaffe. I fliow you good Master Robert Shalow.

Bardolph, looke to our Horfes. If I was fawde into Quantities, I should make foure dozen of fuch bearded Hermits flaues, as Master Shalow. It is a wonderfull thing to fee the lemmible Coherence of his mean spirits, and his: They by obernery of him, do bear themselves like with Jaffices: Hee, by conternynge with them, is turnd into a Jaffice-like Stringman. Their spirits are fommarried in Companionship, with the participation of Soecy, that they flocke together in content, like so many Wildlief-Geife. If I had a fuiue to Mayster Shalow, I would humour his men, with the imputation of being neere their Mayster. If this Men, I would currie with Master Shalow, that no man could better command his Servants. It is certaine, that either wife beating, or igno-

nant Carriage is caugh, as men take disafte, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their Companie. I wil deaffe matter enough out of this Shalow, to keeppe Prince Harry in continual Laughter, the wearing out of five Fuffions (which is foure Tarnes) or two Ac-

tions, and he flall laugh with Internallife. O it is much that a Lye (with a flight Oath) and a left (with a fadde brow) will doe, with a fiiow, that nearer had the Ache in his flourles. O you fliow him laugh, till his face be like a wet Cloake, ill laid vp.

Shal. Sir John.

Falstaff. I come Master Shalow, I come Master Shalow.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Earle of Warwick, and the Lord Chiefc Justice.

Warwick. How now, my Lord Chiefc Justice, where away?

Ch.Juft. How doth the King?

War. Exceding well: his Cases are now, all ended.

Ch.Juft. I hope not dead.

War. Hee will do the way of Nature,

And to our purpose, hee lieth no more.

Ch.Juft. I would his Mastro had allee me with him.

The famce, that I truly did his life.

Hath lets me open to all injuries.
War. Indeed I think the young King lourcs you not.
Ch. Inf. I know he doth not, and do ame my felfe.
To welcome the condition of the Time,
Which cannot look more hideously upon me,
Then I have drawn it in my fantifie.

Enter John of Lancaster, Gloucester, and Clarence.

War. Here come the heavy fife of dead Harry:
O, that the living Hadrye had the temper
Of him, the worf of the three Gentlemen:
How many Noblest then, should hold their places,
That must strike faile, to Spirits of wilde fort?
Ch. Inf. Alas, I faint, all will be over-turn'd.
John. Good morrow Cofin Wauick, good morrow.
Clow. Cofine, Good morrow, Cofin.
John. We meet, like men, that had forgot to fpeake.
War. We do remember: but our Argument
Is all too beaute, to admit much talke.

Iob. Well! Peace be with him, that hath made weahty
Ch. Inf. Peace be with vs, left we be beller.
Glo. O, good my Lord, you have loft a friend indeed:
And I dare fure, you borrow not that face
Of the ftrewed, forrowfull felfe of mine.
John. Though no man can afford what grace to finde,
You stand in coldeft expeftation.
I am the tertor, wou'd be otherwifie.
Clow. Wel, you must now fpeake Sir John fadly for fime,
Which fummes againft your freame of Quality.

Ch. Inf. Sweet Princes; what I did, I did in Honor,
Loy by the Imperiall Conrufte of my Soule,
And neuer fhall you fee, that I will bagge
A raged, and fore-fall'd Remifion.
If Truth, and uprigh Innocency fayle me,
Ile to the King (my Mafter) that is dead,
And tell him, who hath fent me after him.
War. Here come the Prince.

Enter Prince Henry.

Ch. Inf. Good morrow: and heaven fave your Maiety.
Prince. This new, and gorgeous Garment, Maietty,
Sits not fo faire on me, as you thinke.
Brothers, you mine your Sadeffe with Some Peare;
This is the English, not the Turkifh Court:
Not Amnurah, in Amnurah fucceeds,
But Henry, Henry, You are my befie Brothers)
For (to fpeake truth) it is very welcom beseom you:
Sorrow, fo Royally in you appeares,
That I will deeply the Fashion on,
And were it in my heart. Why then be fad,
But entreate now more of it (good Brothers)
Then a lyome burtthen, laid upon vs all.
For me, by Heaven (I bid you be affur'd)
Ile be your Father, and your Brother too:
Let me but bear your Loun, Ile bare your Cares;
But weep not that Harries dead, and fo will I,
But Harry, liues, that shall conrue thofe Teares
By number, into houres of Happineffe.

Ps. We have no other from your Maiesty,
Ch. Inf. I know he doth not, and me: and you moft,
You are (I think) after d, I love you not.
Pr. No? If I be misjudg'd rightfully.
Your Maiesty hath no affuir to hate mee.
Ps. How might a Prince of my great hopes forget
So grefc Indignities you laid upon me?

War. What Race? Rebuffd? and roughly tend to Prifon?
Th' immediate Heire of England? Was this eale?
May this be wafh'd off in Lorde, and gone yon?
Ch. Inf. I then did vie the Perfons of your Father:
The Image of his power, by then in me,
And in th'administration of his Law,
Whiles I was fufp for the Commonwealth,
You Highneffe pleadt to forget my place,
The Maienity, and power of Law, and Induce.
The Image of the King, whom I prefented,
And ftroke me in my very State of Judgment.

Whereon (as an Offender to your Father),
I gaue bold way to my Authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the Garland,
To have a Sonne, let your Decreas be athoug'd?
To plucke downe Induce from your owne Fall Bench?
To trip the comity of Law, and blunt the Sword
That guards the peace, and safety of your Perfons?
Nay more, to ipume at your moft Royall Image,
And mocke your wouking, in a Second body?

Pr. You are right Induce, and you weight this well;
Therefore fll bear the Balancie, and the Sword;
And I do with your Honors may enerease,
Till you do liue, to fee a Sonne of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did,
So fhall I liue, to fpreak my Fathers words:
Happy am I, that have a man fo bold,
That dares do Induce, on my proper Sonne;
And no leffe happy, having such a Sonne,
That would deliver vp his Greatneffe fo,
Into the hands of Induce. You did commit me:

For which, I do commit into your hand,
Th'untainted Sword that you have vs'd to beare;
With this Remembrance, That you vfe the fame
With the like bold, and in the fentiment of spirit
As you have done gaincl in me, There is my hand,
You fhall be as a Father, to my Youth:
My voice fhall found, as you do prompt mine cares;
And I will foape, and humbly my Intents,
To your well-praf'd, wife Directions.
And Princes all, beleee me, I befeech you:
My Father is gone wide into his Grave,
(For in his Tombe, lyee my Affections)
And with his Spirits, fadly I fufaine,
To mocke the expeftation of the World;
To frustrate Prophecies, and to racle out
Rotten Opinion, who hath writ me downe
After my femeing. The Tide of Blood in me,
Hath prouedly flow in Varity, to flow;
Now dark it turns, and ebbie backe to the Sea,
Where it fhall mingle with the state of Floods,
And flow henceforth in formal Maiety.
Now call we our High Court of Parliament,
And let vs choofe fuch Limbes of Noble Courafi,
That the great Body of our State may go
In equal rame, with the best governed Nation,
That Warre, or Peace, or both at once may be
As things acquaint and familiar to vs,
In which you (Father) shall have formof hand.
Our Coronation done, we will accite
(As I before rememberd) all our State,
And heauen (confusing to my good intents)
Not once, nor twice, shall have suffe to stay,
Heauen shorten Harry's happy life, one day. Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Bardolph, Page, and Poftall.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine Orchard: where, in an
Ashtree, we cut a ladie yeeres Pippin of my owne grafting,
with a dnh of Carts away, and so forth (Come Co
tinuam), when ten to bed.

Fal. Ye shall have here, a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barn, barren, barn, Barn: Beggars all, beggars all
Sir John: Marry, good ayre. Spread Dams, Spread Dams:
Well said, Dame.

Fal. This, Dame, fumes you for good vies; he is your
Serving-man, and your Husband.

Sil. A good Varlet, a good Varlet, a very good Var
let, Sir John: I have drunk too much Saack at Supper. A
good Varlet. Now fit downe, now fit downe: Come Co

Sil. Al firs (quoth-a) we shall doe nothing but eate,
and make good cheere; and praise heauen for the merrie
yeere: when flesh is cheape, and Females deere, and lufthe
Lads come heere, and there fit merryly, and ever among
fit merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart, good M. Silence. I gle
you a health for that anon.

Shal. Good M.Bardolph: some wine, Dame.

Da. Sweet Sir, Ile be with you anon: most sweete
fit, fit, Matter Page, good M. Page, fit: Profase. What
you want in meae, we'll have in drinkes: but you beare,
the heat's all.

Shal. Be merry M. Bardolph, and my little Souliour
there be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife ha's all.

For women are shewes, both (hor, and tall):
Tis merry in Hall, when Beards wagge all;
And welcome merry Shriouette. Be merry, be merry,
Fal. I did not thinke M. Silence had bin of this
Mettle.

Sil. Who If? I have beene merry twice and once, ere
now.

Da. There is a dith of Leech-costs for you.

Shal. Da.

Da. Your Worship: Ile be with you straight. A cup
of Wine, sir.

Sil. A Cup of Wine, that's briake and fine, & drinke
into the Leman mine: and a merry heart lues long-a.

Fal. Well said, M. Silence.

Sil. If we shall be merry, now comes in the sweete of
the night.


Sil. Fill the Cuppe, and let it come, Ile pledge you a
mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honell Barbadoe: welcome to you, man: I'll any
thing, and will now call, beswore thy heart. Welcome my
little tyue theefre, and welcome indeed too: I thee drink to
M. Barbadoe, and to all the Quelleroes about London.

Dau. I hope to see London, since ere I die.

Bar. I'll make thee see there, Daun.

Shal. You'll trake a quart together? Ha, will you not
M. Barbadoe?

Bar. Yes Sir, in a pottr pot.

Shal. I thanke thee: the knave will flicke by thee, I
can affure thee that. He will not out, he is true bred.

Bar. And I'll flicke by him, sir.

Shal. Why there spoke a King: lack nothing, be merry.

Looke, who's at doore there, ha: who knockes?

Fal. Why now you have done me right.

Sil. Do me right, and dub me Knight, Saminges. It's
not so?

Fal. Tis so.

Sil'st for Why then say an old man can do somwhat.

Dau. If it please your Worshippee, there's one Piffo
come from the Court with newes.

Fal. From the Court? Let him come in.

Enter Piffo.

How now Piffo?

Pif. Sir John, I tause you sir.

Pif. What windes blow you hither, Piffo?

Pif. Not the ill windes which blowes none to good,
Sweate Knight: Then now one of the greatest men in
the Realme.

Sil. Indeed, I thinke he be, but Goodman Puffe of
Basfon.

Pif. Puffe? puffe in thy teeth, most reurent Coward
base. Sir John, I am thy Piffo, and thy Friend: heiter
skelter have I rode to thee, and rydings do tbring, and
lucky ioyes, and golden Times, and happy Newes of
pia..

Fal. I prethee now deliuer them, like a man of this
World.

Pif. A footra for the World, and Worldings bafe
I speake of Afflicte, and Golden ioyes.

Fal. Gabe al Affrion Knight, what is thy newes?

Let King Cawufl know the truth therefor.

Sil. At Robin-hood, Scarlet, and John.

Pif. Shall daunghill Cawffes contemn the Halleions?

And shall good newes be baffe'd?

Then Piffo lay thy head in Fusses lappe.

Shal. Honell Gentleman, I

know not your breeding.

Pif. Why then Lame therefore.

For if you come with news from the Court. I take it ther
is but two wayes, either to vitter them, or to conceale
them. I am Sir, under the King, in some Authority.

Pif. Vnder which King?

Becanion, speake, or dye.

Shal. Vnder King Harry.

Pif. Harry the Fourth! or Fifth?

Sil. Harry the Fourth.

Pif. A footra for shine Office.

Sir John, thy tender Lamb-kinne, now is King.

Harry the Fifts the man, I speake the truth.

When Piffoe lyes, do this, and figne me, like
The bragging Spaniard,

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V. ii. 136 - V. iii. 122
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Hotspur quickly, Del Teare-scheite, and Beatrix.

Hotspur. No, thou arrant knave: I would I might dye, that I might have thee hang'd: Thou hast drawne my shoulder out of toyoy. Off. The Confables have deliver'd her out ere to mee: and shee shall have Whipping cheere enough, I warrant her. There hath beene a man or two (lately) kill'd about her.

Del. Nut-hooke, nut-hooke, you Lyce: Come on, hee tell thee what, thou damn'd Tripe-viag'd Rascal, if the Childe I now go with, doe miscarie, thou had'st better thou had'st strooke thy Mother, thou Paper-fac'd Villaine.

Hot. O that Sir John were come, she would make this a bloody day to some body. But I would the Frute of her Wombe might miscarry.

Off. If it do, you shall have a dozen of Cushions againe, you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me: for the man is dead, that you and Piffol bear among you.

Del. Ile tell thee what, thou thin man in a Cenfor; I will have you as soundly swing'd for this, you blew-Bottel'd Rogue: you filthy famili'd Corroctitioner, if you not swing'd, Ile fasten you halfe Kistles.

Off. Come, come, you thee-Knight-arrant, come.

Hot. Os, that right foulth thus o'recometh me. Wel of Officinance, comes safe.

Del. Come you Rogues, come.

Bring me to a luffice.

Hot. Yes, come you curry'd Blood-hound.

Del. Goodman death, goodman Bones.

Hot. Thou越来, thou me.

Del. Come you thimble Things: Come you Rascall.

Off. Very well.

Exit.

Scena Quinta.

Enter two Groomes.

1. Groom. More Ruffian, more Ruffian.

2. Groom. The Trumpets have sounded twice.

1. Groom. It will be two of the Clocke, ere they come from the Coronation.

Exit Grooms.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Piffol, Bardolph, and Page.

Falstaff. Stand here by me, M. Robert Shallow, I will make the King do you Grace. I will leere wpon him, as he comes by: and do and mark the countenance that hee will give me.

Piffol. Bleffe thy Lungs good Knight.

Fal. Come heere Piffol, stand behind me. O if I had had time to have made new Lineiers, I would have be-flowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But it is no matter, this poore thing doth better: this doth inferre the zeale I had to see him.

Shal. It doth fo.

Fal. It strewes my earnestnesse in affection.

Piff. It doth fo.

Fal. My devotion.

Piff. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to side day and night, And not to deliberate, not to remember, Not to have patience to shifte me.

Shal. It is moft certain.

Fal. But to stand thain'd with Tramble, and sweating with desire to fee him, thinking of nothing else, putting all affyres in obtusion, as if there were nothing els to bee done, but to see him.

Piff. 'Tis fomper ideam: for oh sym bol nihil el. 'Tis all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis fo indeed.

Piff. My Knight, I will enflame thy Noble Liuer, and make thee rage, Thy Del, and Helen of thy noble thoughts is in base Durance, and contagious prison: Hal'd this day by moft Mechanicall and durnay hand. Rowze vppe Refuge from Ebon den, with fell Alecto's Snake, for Del is in: Piffol, speakes nought but troth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

Piffol. There roard the Sea: and Trumpet Clangour founds.

The Trumpets sound. Enter King Henry the Fifth, Brothers, Lord Chief Justice.

Fal. Save thy Grace, King Hell, my Royall Hell.

Piff. The heauens thee guard, and keepe, most Royall Impe of Fame.

Fal. *Save thee my sweet Boy.

King. My Lord Chief Justice, speake to that vaine man,

Ch.инф. Have you any wits?

Know you what 'lis you speake?

Fal. My King, my loure; I speake to thee, my heart.

King. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy Prayers:

How ill white hairs become a Poole, and leffer?

I have
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Sed. I cannot well perceive how, vaine you should give me your Doubler, and stifle me out with Straw; I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thoufand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that you heard, was but a colour.

Sed. A colour I fear, that you will dye, in Sir John.

Fal. Fear no colour, go with me to dinner:

Come Lieutenant Pilgrif, come Bardinfe.

I shall be fent for loome at night.

Ch. Inf. Go carry Sir John Falfaff to the Fletche,

Take all his Company along with him.

Fal. My Lord, my Lord.

Ch. Inf. I cannot now speake, I will hear you foonere:

Take them away,

Pfi. Sir fortune me torment, ferne me contente,

Exit. Mant Lancifer and Chief Inflice.

John. I like this faire proceeding of the Kings:

He hath inteme his wonted Followers

Shall all be very well provided for:

But all are banift, till their converfations

Appeare more wife, and modell to the world.

Ch. Inf. And fo they are.

John. The King hath call'd his Parliament,

My Lord.

Ch. Inf. He hath.

John. I will lay odders, that ere this yeere expire,

We beware our Ciull Swords, and Natuere fire

As fate as France. I heare a Bird fo fing,

Whole Mufique (fo my thinking)pleas'd the King.

Come, will you hence? 

FINIS.

V. v. 54—115
EPILOGUE.

I FIRST, my Fears: then, my Curtse: last, my Speech. My Fears, is your Delight: My Curtse, my Duty: And my Speech, to Begge your Pardons. If you looke for a good Speech now, you endure me: For what I have to say, is of mine owne making: and what (indeed) I should say, will (I doubt) prove mine owne marvling. 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 dishelving Play, to pray your Patience for it, and to promise you a Better: I did meane (indeede) to pay you with this, which if (like an ill Venture) it come undeluckily home, I breake, and you, my gentle Creditors love. Here I promise you I would be, and here I commit my Bodie to your Mercies: Bate me some, and I will pay you some, and (as most Debtors do) promise you infinitely.

If my Tongue cannot entreat you to acquite me: will you commande me to wipe my Legges? And yet that were but light payment, to Dancce out of your debt: But a good Conscience, will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the Gentlewomen heere, have forgiven me, if the Gentlemen will not, then the Gentlemen do not agree with the Gentlewomen, which was never scene before, in such an Assembly.

One word more, I beseech you: if you be not too much cloud with Fat Meat, 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) Falsestaff shall dye of a sweat, Confesse already be kill'd with your hard Opinions: For Old-Castle dyed a Martyr, and this is not the man. My Tongue is weary, when my Legs are too, I will bid you good night, and so kneele downe before you: But (indeed) to pray for the Queene.
THE
ACTORS
NAMES.

MOV\R the Pretender.

King Henry the Fourth.

Prince Henry, afterwards Crowned King Henry the Fifth.

Prince John of Lancaster.

Humphrey of Gloucester.

Sons to Henry the Fourth & brethren to Henry 5.

Thomine of Clarence.

Northumberland.

The Arch Bishop of York.

Mowbray.

Halings.

Lord Bardolph.

Trauers.

Morton.

Coeur de Lion.

Warwicke.

Welsmberland.

Surrey.

Gower.

Harecourt.

Lord Chief Justice.

Shallow. Both Country.


Davit, Servant to Shallow.

Phang and Snare, 2. Sergeants.

Mouldie.

Shadow.


Feeble.

Bulldafe.

Pointz.

Falstaff.

Bardolph.

Irregular.

Piffol.

Peto.

Page.

Northumberlands Wife.

Percies Widdow.

Hoistaffe Quickly.

Doll Teare-shriekte.

Epiloge.
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

Enter Prologue.

For a Muse of Fire, that would ascend
The brightest Heavens of invention:
A Kingdom for a Stage, Princes to All,
And Monarchs to behold the surging Scene,
Then should the History, like himself,
Assume the Port of Mars, and at his heels
(Leave in, the Humilitie) should Pages, Sword, and Fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, Gentlest all:
The flat unraised Spirits, that hath dar'd it,
On this unworthy Scaffold, to bring forth
So great an Oak. Can this Cook's Pat'rol'd
The genius fields of France? Or may we examine
Within that Wooden O, the very Cocks
That did affright the Are in Agincourt?
O pardon: since a cracked Figure may
Absurd in little place a Million,
And let us, Olypers to this great Attempt,
On your imaginative Forces works,
Suppose within the Girdle of the Wall.
Are now confid two mightie Monarchies,
Whose high, up-reared, and burning Fronts,
The perilous warrant Octave parts asunder.
Teece out our impression with your thoughts:
Into a thousand parts divide one Man,
And make imaginative Puffresses.
Think when we talk of Harfey, that you set them.
Printing their proud Harfey's rich remaining Earth:
For in your thoughts that now must deck our King,
Carry them here and there: Insomning o're Times;
Turning th' accomplishment of many yeeres
Into an Harpe-glasse: for the which stopple,
Admit me Chorus to this Historie;
Who Prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to heare, kindly toudge our Play.

Exit.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter the two Bishops of Canterbury and Els.

Bisb. Cant. 
Y Lord, Ile tell you, that selfe Bill is wrig'd,
Which in the eleventh yere of last Kings reign
Was like, and had indeed age; 2 vs past,
But that the lambling and vnquiet time
Did pull it out of further question.

Bisb. Els. But how my Lord shall we refid it now?
Bisb. Cant. It must be thought on: it is past against vs,
We lose the better half of our Possession:
For all the Temporall Lands, which men deuot
By Testament have given to the Church,
Would they stripp from vs; being val'd thus,
As much as would maintaine, to the Kings honor,
Full fiftene Earles, and fiftene hundred Knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good Esquires:
And to reliefe of Lazars, and weake age
Of indigent *aint Souls, paup corporall toyle
A hundred Almes-houses, right well supply'd:
And to the Coffers of the King beside,
A thousand pounds by th'yeere. Thus runs the Bill.

Bisb. Els. This would drinke deeper.
Bisb. Cant. T'would drink the Cup and all.

Bisb. Els. But what prevention?

Bisb. Cant. The King is full of grace, and faire regard.

Bisb. Els. And a true lover of the holy Church,
Bisb. Cant. The course of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no sooner left his Fathers body,
But that his wildneffe, mortif互通 id in him,
Seem'd to dye too: yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an Angell came,
And whipt the offending Adam out of him;
Leaving his body as a Paradise,
Tintelow and contains Celeftiall Spirits.
Neuer was such a Fodaine Scholler made:
Neuer came Reformation in a Flood,
With such a heady curance flowing faultes:
Nor neuer Hydra-headed Wilfulneffe
So soone did loose his Seat: and all at once;
As in this King.

Bisb. Els. We are blest in the Change.
Bisb. Cant. Hearse him but reason in Dumitie;
And all adorning with an inward with
You would desire the King were made a Prelate:
Hearse him debate of Common-wealth Affairs;
You would say, it hath been all in all his study:
Lift his discourse of Warre: and you shall here
A fearefull Battale rendred you in Musique.

Ch. 1—L. i. 44

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Turn him to any Cause of Policy,
The Gordian Knot of it he will undo,  
Familiar as his Garter: that when he speaks,  
The Ayre, a Character'd Liberator, is still,  
And the mute Wonder stucketh in men's ears,  
To recite his sweet and mangled Sentences:  
So that the Art and Præcaute part of Life,  
Must be the Medifice to this Theorium  
Which is a wonder how his Grace should gleaze it,  
Since his addition was to Courses wins,  
His Companies unletter'd, rude, and fashlow,  
His Hotes fill'd up with Nyss, Banquets, Sports;  
And never noted in him any Bedsie,  
Any retrench, any sequestration,  
From open Huangs and Populane.  
B. Ely. The Strawberry grows underneath the Nettle,  
And holestone Berrys thrive and open beef,  
Neighbour'd by Fruit of bacer quality:  
And so the Prince observ'd his Contemplation  
Vnde; the Veyle of Wildnffe, which (no doubt)  
Grew like the Summer Grasse, fallent by Night,  
Vdiee, yet crefuite in his facetie.  
B. Cant. It must be for, 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 Majeftie  
Incline to it, or no?  
B. Cant. He femeis indifferenc:  
Or rather fwaying more upon our part,  
Than cherifhing the exhibitors against vs:  
For I have made an offer to his Majeftie,  
Vpon our Spiritual Convocation,  
And in regard of Caufes now in hand,  
Which I have open'd to his Grace at large,  
As touching France, to give a greater Sumine,  
Then ever at one time the Clergie yet  
Dio to his Predeceflors part withall.  
B. Ely. How did this either feme receiv, my Lord?  
B. Cant. With good approbation of his Majeftie:  
Sauz that there was not tune enough to hear,  
As I percénd his Grace would faine done more,  
The feeralles and wherein paffages  
Of his true Titles to some certaine Dakedomes,  
And generally to the Crown and Sitt of France,  
Deri'd from Edward. his great Grandfather.  
B. Ely. What was the impediment that broke this off?  
B. Cant. The French Embaffador upon that infite  
Crud' audience and the howre I thinkes is come,  
To give him hearing: Is it fome a Clock?  
B. Ely. It is.  
B. Cant. Then goe we in, to know his Embaffador:  
Which I could with a ready grefsle declare,  
Before the Frenchman speake a word of it.  
B. Ely. He wait upon you, and I long to hear it.  
Exeunt.  
Enter the King, Humphrey, Bedforp, Clarence,  
Warwick, Wempton, and Exeter.  
King. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?  
Exeunt. Not here in presence.  
King. Send for him, good Vuckie.  
William. Shall we call in the Embaffador, my Liege?  
King. Not yet, my Cousin: we would be refolvd,  
But to the hear him, of some things of weight,  
That take our thoughts, concerning vs and France.  
Enter two Bifhops.  
B. Cant. God and his Angels guard your sacred Throne,  
And make you long become it.  
King. Sure we thank you.  
My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed,  
And fully and religiously unfold,  
Why the Law Salle,that they have in France,  
Or Claim of it or should not barre us in our Clayme:  
And God forbid, my dear and faithfull Lord,  
That you should fashion, weft, or bow your reading,  
Or licelly charge your underftanding Soul,  
With opening Titles miscreate, whole 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 reuerence shall incite vs to,  
Therefore take heed how you impugne our Persou,  
How you awake our sleeping Sword of Warre;  
We charge you in the Name of God take heed:  
For never two such Kingsdomes did contend,  
Without much fall of blood, whose guiltlesse drops  
Are every one a Woot, a fore Complaint,  
'Gainfi him, whose wrongs gincs edge into the Swords,  
That makes such waft ale in briefe moralie.  
Vnder this Coniuration, speake my Lord:  
For we will heare, note, and beleue in heart,  
That what you speake, is in your Confiquence well,  
As pure as ftme with Baptisme.  
B. Cant. Then heare me gracious Sovereigne, &c. Peers,  
That ovo your velues, your hues, and features,  
To this imperatull Throne. There is no barre  
To make againft your Highnesse Clayme to France,  
But this which they produce from Pharamond,  
To terram Salicam: Assertions we refceind,  
No Women fhall fucceed in Salie Land:  
Which Salle Land, the French vniually choye  
To be the Realm of France, and Pharamond  
The founder of this Law. and Fe male Barre.  
Yet there our Authors faithfully affinance,  
That the Land Salle is in Germanie.  
Betweene the Friends of Sala and of Elts:  
Where Charles the Great hanging fubdied the Saxons,  
There left behind and settled certaine French:  
Who holding in disdain the German Women,  
For some difmifler manners of their life,  
Efflibh'd then this Law, to wit, No Female  
Should be Phentrix in Sala Land:  
Which Salle (as I fayd) twent. Elks and Sala,  
Is at this day in Germanie, call'd Meffen.  
Then doth it well appear, the Salle Law  
Was not denied for the Realm of France:  
Nor did the French poftiffe the Salle Land,  
Vntill four hundred one and twentie yeares  
After declaration of King Pharamond,  
Fully approv'd the founder of this Law,  
Who died within the yeere of our Redemption,  
Four hundred twentie fix: and Charles the Great  
Subdu'd the Saxons, and did feat the French  
Beyond the River Sala, in the yeere  
Eight hundred fixe. Before, their Writers fay,  
King Pepin, which depofed Childerke,  
Did as Heire Generall, being defended  
Of Blisht, which was Daughter to the King Clovis,  
Make Clayme and Title to the Crowne of France.  
Hubb Capet also, who viurpt the Crowne  

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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 shame of truth, Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught, Conuey'd himself as th'Heire to th'Lady Liona, Daughter to CHARLEMAGNE, who was the Sonne To Lewer the Empeur, and Lewer the Sonne Of Charles the Great: so King Lewer the Tenth, Who was sole Heire to the Vnuper Capet, Could not keep quiet in his conscience, Wearing the Crowne of France, till satisfied, That Hare Queenes I said, his Grandmother, Was Lineall of the Lady vermogna, Daughter to Charles the forefaid Duke of Loraine: By the which marriage, the Lyne of Charles the Great Was reнииted to the Crowne of France. So, that as cleare is as the Summers Sunne, King Pepus Title, and Hugh Capet Cyvme, King Lewre his satisfaction, all appeare To hold in Right and Title of the female: So doe the Kings of France vnto this day. Howbeit, they would hold up this Salique Law, To barre your Highnesse clayming from the Female, And rather chuse to hide them in a Net, Then amably to imbarre their crooked Titles, Vnleast from you and your Progenitors. King May I have right and conscience make this claim? By Cant. The fame vpon my head, dread Sovereign: For in the Bookes of Numbers it is writ, When the man dyes, let the inheritance Defend vnto the Daughter. Gracious Lord, Stand for your owne, vnwind your bloody Flagge, Looke back into your mightie Ancestors: Who on the French ground play'd a Tragedie, Making deface on the full Power of France: Whiles his most mightie Father on a Hill Stood smiling, to behold his Lyons Whelp Enrage in blood of French Nobilitie, To Noble English that could entertaine With halfe their Forces, the full pride of France, And let another halfe band laughing by, All out of worke, and cold for action. By Cant. Awake remembrance of thse valiant dead, And with your puissant Arme renew their Fears: You are their Heire, you sit upon their Throne: The Blood and Courage that renowned them Run in your Vessse: and my thrice-puissant 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 rowee your selfe, As did the former Lyons of your Blood. Wooff. They know your Grace hath heart, and means, and So hath your Highnesse: newer King of England Had Nobles richer, and more loyall subjects, Whole hearts have left their bodies here in England, And lye palely d in the fields of France, Wooff. Cant. O let their bodies follow my deare Liege With Bloods and Sword and Fire, to win your Right, In that whereof, we of the Spiritualitie Will royce your Highnesse such a mightie Summe, As vnto the Clergie at one time Bring in to any of your Ancestors.

King. We must not only armes invade the French, But lay downe our proportions, to defend Against the Scot, who will make roade up on vs, With all advantages.

Bish. Cant. They of those Marchers, gracious Sovereign, Shall be a Wall sufficient to defend Our in-land from the piffering Borderers.

King. We do not meane the couring finachers onely, But feare the maine intendment of the Scot, Who hath been fill a giddy neighbour to vs: For you feall ready, that my great Grandfather Neues went with his forces into France, But that the Scot, on his unformift Kingdome, Came pouring like the Tyde into a breach, With ampie and brim fulleffe of his force, Gilling the gleaned Land with hot Affayes, Girding with grieuous finge, Castles and Townes: That England being empiue of Defence, Hath broke, and trembled at this ille neighbours.

Exe. She hath bin the more feard the harder, my Liege: For heare but expaml'd by her selfe, When all her Chesaue hath been in France, And thee a mourning Widdow of her Nobles, Since hath her selfe not onely well defended, But taken and impoundd as a Stray, The King of Scots with them hee did dispoze to France, To fill King Edward's name with prisoner Kings, And make their Chronicle as rich with pratyse, As is the Owle and botteme of the Sea With funder Wrack, and fan-leffe Treasures.

Bish. Ely. But there's a faying very old and true, If that you will France won, then with Scotland foil begin. For once the Eagle (England) being in prey, To her vnguarded Nest, the Weazell ( Sco) comes sikeing, and to fucks her princely Eagles, Playing the Moule in abence of the Cat, To tame and tucke more then the canecate.

Exe. It followes thes, the Cat must stay at home, Yet that is but a cruelld necessity, Since we have lockes to safeguard necessaries, And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves. While that the Armed hand doth fight abroad, The adduned head defends it selfe at home: For Government, though high, and low, and lower, Put into parts, doth keep in one content, Congreeting in a foul and natural close, Like Musick.

Cant. Therefore doth heaven divide The face of man in divers functions, Setting endeavour in continuall motion: To which is fixed as an ayre or butt, Obedience for to worke the Hony Beer, Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach The Act of Order to a peopled Kingdome, They have a King, and Officers of orts, Where none like Magistrates correct at home: Others, like Merchants venter Trade, abroad: Others, like Soullers armed in their king, Make boose vpon the Summers Velvet budders: Which pillage, they with merry march bring home: To the Tent-royal of their Emperor: Who bluyed in his Mislies suruyes, The singing Mafons building roofes of Gold, The civil Citizens kneeling up the hony: The poore Mechurickes Porters, crowding in Their heayy burthenes at his narrow gate:

The

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The tid-e'y'd justice with his furyu humane,
Delivering one to Executors pale
The laziest yawning Drone: This inferne,
That many things having full reference
To one consent, may work contrarioty,
As many Arrowes loosed feverall ways
Come to one mark: as many ways meet in one towne,
As many fresh streams meet in one fall sea;
As many Lynes close in the Dial's center:
So may a thousand actions once a foole,
And in one purpofe, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my Liege,
Diuide your happy England into foure,
Whereof, take you one quarter into France,
And you withall shall make all Gallia shake.
If we with thirfe fuch poweres left at home,
Cannot defend our owne doores from the dogge,
Let vs be worried, and our Nation lofe
The name of hardestifhe and policie.

King. Call in the Meffengers sent from the Dolphin.
Now are we well resolu'd, and by God's helpe
And yours, the noble finewes of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our Awe,
Or brake it all to pieces. Or there we'll fit,
(Ruling in large and ample Empire,
Of France, and all her (almost) Kingly Dukedomes)
Or lay their bones in an awful pyre,
Tomblifie, with no remembrance over them:
Either our History shall with full mouth
Spake freely of our Acts, or efe our grave
Like Turkifh mure, shall have a tongueefe mouth,
Not worhipt with a waxen Epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.
Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our faire Cadin Dolphin to vs we heart,
Your meeting is from him, not from the King.

Amb. May't please your Maiestie to give vs leave
Freely to render what we have in charge:
Or shall we sparingly throw you farre off
The Dolphins meaning, and our Embafsie.

King. We are no Tyrant, but a Chriftian King,
Vnto whose peace our passion is as Subiect
As is our watchfull fentinel in your potitons,
Therefore with franke and with incurv'd plainneffe,
Tell vs the Dolphin s minde.

Amb. Thus in few:

Your Highneffe lately fending into France,
Did declare none certaine Dukedomes, in the right
Of your great Predecessor, King Edward the third.
In answere of which claime, the Prince our Mafter
Syes, that you favour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advis'd: There's noth in France,
That can be with a nimble Galliard wonne:
You cannot rewnt into Dukedomes there.
He therefore fends you meeter for your spirit
This Tun of Treafure; and in lieu of this,
Defire you let the dukedomes that you claime
Have no more of you. This the Dolphin speaks.

King. What Treafure vche?

Exe. Tennis balles, my Liege.

King. We are glad the Dolphin is fo pef tent with vs,
His Prefent, and your paines we thonke you tor:
When we haue matched our Rackets to thofe Balles,
We will in France (by Gods grace) play a fett,
Shall thiik his fathers Crowne into the hazard,
Tell him, he hath made a match with fuch a Wrangler,

That all the Courts of France will be duffer'd
With Chaces. And we understand him well,
How he coms so vs with our wilder dayes,
Not measuring what wee we made of them.
We are but valv'd this poore fear of England,
And therefore liking hence, did give our felte
To barbarous licence: As 'tis cures common,
That men are merry, when they are from home.
But tell the Dolphin, I will keepe my State,
Be like a King, and fwee my fayle of Greatneffe,
When I do rowifie me in my Throne of France,
For that I have laded by my Maietie,

Exe. This was a merry Meffage.

King. We hope to make the Sender blefte at it:
Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy hooure,
That may give furthance to our Expedition.
For we hate now no thought in vs but France,
Saufe thofe to God, that runne before our bull che.
Therefore let our proporftions for thefe Wares
Be loone collected, and all things thought upon,
That may very well be fulfilled in our purposes,
More Feathers to our Wings: for God before,
We'll chide this Dolphin at his fathers doeire.
Therefore let every man now tafke his thought,
That this faire Action may on foot be brought.

Enter Ambassadors.

Exe. Now all the Youth of England are on fire,
And filk Dalliance in the Wardrobes byes:
Now thruithe the Armorers, and Honors thought
Reignes folely in the broat of euy man.
They fell the Pallure now, to buy the Horfe;
Following the Mirror of all Chriftian Kings,
With winged heales, as English Mercureis,
For now ifs Expectation in the Ayre,
And hides a Sword, from hills yotto the Poine,
With Crownes Imperiall, Crownes and Coronets,
Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.
The French advis'd by good intelligence
Of this molt dreadfull preparation,
Shake in their feare, and with pate Policy
Seek to divert the English pursuits.
O England! Modell to thy inward Greatneffe,
Like little Body with a mighty Heart:

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What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do, Were all thy children kind and natural? But fie, thy faults France hath in thee found out, A nest of hollow bonemotes, which he filles With treacherous Crownes, and three corrupted men: One, Richard Earle of Cambridge, and the second Henry Lord Scroope of Masham, and the third Sir Thomas Grey Knight of Northumberland, Hau for the Gifts of France (O guilt indeed) Confirm'd Conspiracy with trearell France, And by their hands, this grace of Kings must dy. If Hell and Treason hold their promises, Ere he take ship for France; and in Southampton, Linger your patience on, and we'll digest Till that of force; for the time is past. The summer is payde, the Traitors are agreed, The King is set from London, and the Scene Is now transported (Gentles) to Southampton, There is the Play, house now, there must you fit, And thence to France shall we convey you safe, And bring you backe: charming the narrow seas To give you gentle Paff: for if we may, We'll not offend one homage with our Plays: But till the King come forth, and not till then, Vnto Southampton do we flatter our Scene.

Exit Enter Corporall Nym, and Lieutenant Bardolf. Bar. Well met Corporall Nym. Nym. Good morrow Lieutenant Bardolf. Bar. What, are Ancient Pifallo and you friends yet? Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little: but when time shall ferve, there shall be Smiles, but that shall be as it may. I dare not fpeak, but I will wake and holde out mine roomes as a faire one, but what though? It will toffe Cheefe, and it will endure cold, as another mans fword will: and there's an end. Bar. I will belowe a breakfeft to make you friends, and we'll be all three fome brothers to France: Let's be fo good Corporall Nym. Nym. Faith, I will live fo long as I may, that's the certaine of it: and when I cannot live any longer, I will doe as I may: That is my reft, that is the rendezou of it. Bar. It is certaine Corporall, that he is married to Neil Quickly, and certainly the did you wrong, for you were troth-plighted to her. Nym. I cannot tell, things must be as they may: men may flpee, and they may have their throats about them at the morning of their un. I one, Horr: howes have edges: it must be as it may, though patience be a tyed name, yet fire will plodde, there must be Conclusions, well, I cannot tell. Enter Pifallo, & Quickly. Bar. Here comes Ancient Pifallo and his wife: Good Corporall be patient here. How now mine Hostle Pifallo? Pif. Bafe Tyke, call thee me Hoft, now by this hand I fowe ye I forne the termes: nor shall my Nest keep Lodgers. Hoft. Not by my troth, not long: For we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourenee Gentlewomen that live honestly by the pricke of their Neecles, but it will bee thought we keep a Bawdwy-house Gentlemen. O weithday Lawe, if he be a gentlewoman now, we shall fee wilfull adultery and murther committted. Bar. Good Lieutenant, good Corporall offer nothing here. Nym. Pif.

Pif. Pith for thee, Island dogge: thou pricked ear of Island. Hoft. Good Corporall Nym thee thy valor, and put vp your fword. Nym. Will you thongge off? I would have you folus. Pif. Solus, egregious dog? O Viper vile; The folus in thy most menstruous face, the folus in thy teeth, and in thy throat, and in thy hateful Lungs,yea in thy Maw perdy; and which is worse, within thy naffle mouth. I do recrout the folus in thy bowels, for I can take, and Pifallo cocke is vp, and flashing fire will follow. Nym. I am not Bardofon, you cannot confine mee: I have an humor to knocke you indifferentely well: If you grow fowle with me Pifallo, I will confue you with my Rapiar, as I may, in fayre tearest: If you would walke off, I would pricke your guts a little in good tearest, as I may, and that's the humor of it. Pif. O Braggard vile, and damned furious wight, The Graue doth gape, and doing death is nere, Therefore exahle. Bar. Hear me, hear me what I fay: Hee that strikes the firit Stroke, He run him vp to the hifts, as I am a foldiuer. Pif. An oath of mickle might, and furious fhall abate. Give me thy lifh, thy fore-foote to me giue: Thy fpirites are modell: Nym. I will cut thy throat one time or other in faire terms, that is the humor of it, Pifallo. Couple a garage, that is the word, I defire thee againe.O hound of Creec, think'ft thou my fpoone to get? No, to the fippele gree, and from the Pondring tub of infamy, fetch forth the Lazar Kite of Crifall kinde, Doll Teenoe, flerte, the by name, and her epouie. I haue, and I will hold the Quandam Quincey for the onely thee: and Fancia, there's enough to goe. Enter the Bay. Bay. Mine Hostle Pifallo, you must come to my Mayfler, and your Hostleffell,Hie is very ficke, & would to bed. Good Bardolf's, put thy face betweene his fheets, and do the Officer of a Warming-fan: Faith, he's very ill. Bard. Away you Rogue. Hoft. By my troth he'yleed the Crow a pudding one of thefe days: the King has kild his heart. Good Hufband come home prefently. Exit Bar. Come, I shall make you two friends, Wee muft to France together:why the duell shou'd we keep knytes to cut one another throats? Pif. Let floods ore-fwell, and fire for fowle hon. Nym. You take me the eight fhillinges I won of you at Beting? Pif. Bale the Slawe that payes, Nym. That now I will have: that's the humor of it. Pif. As manhood fliall compound: Ships home, Draw Bard. By this fword, bee that makes the firit thraff, I'le kill him: By this fword, I will, Pif. Sword is an Oath, & Oaths muft have their courfe. Bar. Corporall Nym, & thou wilt be friends be friends, and thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me to prethee put vp. Pif. A Noble fruit thou have, and prefent pay, and Liquor likewise will I glue to thee, and friendlifh frill combyne, and brotherhood. I'le buy by Nymmes, & Nymmes fruit hie by me, in not this suit? For I'le buy a -Sulier be unto the Campe, and profits will accrue.Give mee thy hand.

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Nym. 1 shall have my Noble?
Pijf. In cash, most suitily paid.

Nym. Well, then that the humor of it.

Enter Exeter.

Hoe. At even you come of women, come in quickly to sir John: A poor heart, hee is full of a burning quondam Tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The King hath run bad humors on the Knights, that's the even of it.
Pijf. Nym, thou hast spoke the right, his heart is frail and suretorolate.

Nym. The King is a good King, but it must bee as it may: the paffes some humour, and carresees.
Pijf. Let vs condole the Knight, for (Lambekins) we will live.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, & Westminster.

Bed. True God his Grace is bold to trust these traitors.

Exe. The King is pleased to do nothing, come with me.

Well, how smooth and even do they bear themselves, as if allegiance in their bosomes fate

Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend,

By interception, which they dreame not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfelowe,

Will cut their paffage through the force of France?

Doing the execution, and the act,

For which we have in hand assembled them.

Sero. No doubt my Liefge, each man do his best.

King. I doubt not that, since we are well perfwaded

We carry not a heart with vs from hence,

That grows not in a faire content with us,

Nor leave not one behinde, that doth not with

Successe and Conquest to attend on vs.

Cam. Never was Monarch better fear'd and loud,

Then is your Majestie; there's not I thinkke a subject

That first in heart-greede and vnclaffinell

Under the sweet shadie of your government,

That the many desire that were your Frenemies enemies,

Haue steep'd their gauls in honoy, and do fere vs with

Hearts creaste of duty, and of zelze.

King. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness,

And shal forget the office of our hand

Sooner then quittance of defect and merit,

According to the weight and worthinell.

Sero. So farre as shall with feeded lineswore stye,

And laboure shall requite it selfe with hope

To do your Grace incessant services.

King. We Judge no leffe, Vukle of Exeter,

Inflarge the man committed yesterdies,

I hat rayd against our person; We consider

It was exercte of Wine that let him on,

And on his more allience, We pardon him.

I must say, he was such trafffe,

Let him be punish'd Souzergie, least example

Bred (by his sufferance) mote of such a kind.

King. O let vs yet be mercifull.

Cam. So may your Highnesse, and yet punish too.

Gray. Sir, you shew great mercy if you give him life.

After the cause of much correction.

King. Also, your too much louse and care of me,

And my Office* gainst this poor wretch:

That little faults proceeding on diftemper,

Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we fetthe our eye

When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and diggell,

Appeare before us? We'll yet inflarge that man,

That though Cambridge, Scope, and Gray, in their deere care

And tender prefervation of our person

Would have him bar'd, And now to our French caues.

Who are the late Commissioners?

Cam. I one my Lord,

Your Highnesse bad me ask for it to day.

Sera. So did you my liege.

Gray. Sir, I my Royal Souzergie.

King. Then Richard Estle of Cambridge, there is yours:

There you may to Scope of Mathiam, and Sir Knight:

Gray of Northumberland, this fame is yours:

Reade them, and know I know your worthinesse,

My Lord of Westminster, and Vukle Exeter.

We will appord to night. How why now Gentlemen?

What fee you in thole papers, that you looke

So much complexion? Looke ye how they change:

Think they are paper. Why, what reader you there,

That have to coward and chuse your blood.

Out of apperance.

Cam. I do confesse my fault,

And do submite to you your Highnesse mercy.

Gray. Sera. To which we all appeale.

King. The mercy that was quick in vs but late,

By your owne cause he is appeale and kill'd:

And thou shalt not that thou tooke of mercy,

For your owne reasons turne into your bosomes,

As dogs upon their masters, worrying you:

See you my Princes, and my Noble Peeres,

These English monisters: My Lord of Cambridge heere,

You know how apt our love was, to accord

To furnish with all apporitions

Belonging to his Honours; and this man,

Hath for a few light Crownes, lightly confpir'd

And sworne into the pratticess 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 sworn. But O,

What shall I say to thee Lord Scope, thou cruel,

True unkind, and inhuman Creature?

Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsell,

That knewst the very bastoure of my soule,

That almost it might haue come into Godes,

Wouldst thou have praer'd on me, for thy vie?

May it be poble, that foreigner hyer

Could out of thee extract one spark of cuillus

That mightst light my finger? In so strange,

That though the truth of it stands off as grotele

As blacke and white, my eye will fearely see it.

Treason, and murther, ever kept together,

As two yoke diesles sworne to eythers purpose,

Working to grotelesly in aneuallcause,

That admiration did not hoope at them.

But thou (painted all proportion) deptt bring in

Your to wites his murther, and on murtherer:

And whatsoever connell fend it was

That wrought in vs thee so perpetually,

Hath got the voyce in hell for excellence:

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And other duels that suggest by treasons,
Do both and bungle vp damnation,
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetched:
From glistening feances of petty:
But he that temper'd thee, bad thee hand vp.
Gaue thee no inefface why thou shouldst do treason,
Vnliefe to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that fame Damon that hath guld thee thus,
Should with his Lyon-gate walke the whole world,
He might returne to vatile Tarar hacke,
And tell the Legions, I can never win.
A soule fo easie as that Englishmans.
Oh, how halfe thou with jealoous infected
The swartnesse of affiance? Shew me duftself,
Why so didst thou: seeke they graue and learned?
Why so didst thou. Come they of Noble family?
Why so didst thou. Smeee they religious?
Why so didst thou. Or are they price in diet,
Free from grofe passion, or of mirth, orangeri,
Constant in spirit, not twerwing with the blood,
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,
Not working with the eye, without the ear,
And in pure judgement trufing neither,
Such and so finely bounteou as thou feeme:
And that the fall hath left a kind of blote,
To make thee fully fraught man, and belt indued
With some sippitation, I will wepe for thee.
For this retoul of shine, me thinkes is like
Another fall of Man. Their faults are open,
Arrereth them to the anwser of the Law,
And God acquit them of their praetiches.

Exe. I arrereth thee of High treason, by the name of
Richard Exlie of Cambridge.
I arrereth thee of High treason, by the name of Thomas
Lord Sroope of Meres.
I arrereth thee of High treason, by the name of Thomas
Grey, Knight of Northumberland.
Sure, Our pursipes, God dutly hath disscour'd,
And I repent my fault more then thy death,
Which I befrech thy Highe Noise to forger.
Although my body paye the price of it.

Cam. For me, the Gold of France did not seduce,
Although I did admit it as a motuie,
The sooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for prevention,
Which in sufferance heartely will rejoyce,
Befeech God, and you, to pardon mee.

Gray. Neuer did faithful fubiecte more rejoyce
At the discovery of most dangerous treason,
Then I do at this houre joy or my felle,
Prevent'd from a dammed enterprise;
My fault, but not my body, pardon Soveraigne.

King. God quitte you in his mercy. Hear your sentence
You have conspir'd againft Our Royal person,
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 slaughter,
His Princes, and his Peeres to feritude,
His Subjectes to oppression, and contempt,
And his whole Kingdome into defolation:
Touching your person, feeke we no revenge,
But we the Kingdomes safety wuff to tenure.
Whose ruine you sought, that to her Lawes
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
(Doore miserable wretches) to your death:
The tale whereof, God of his mercy gue

You patience to induce, and true Repentance
Of all your deare offences. Bear them hence. Exit.
Now Lords for France: the enterprize whereof
Shall be to you as, like glorious.
We doubt not of a faire and lucchie Warre,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason, lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginings. We doubt not now,
But every Rubble is smoothen'd on our way,
Then forthe, deare Countreymen: Let vs deliuer
Our Puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Chearely to Sea, the signes of Warre aduance,
No King of England, if not King of France.

Flowers. Enter Piffes, Nim, Bardolph, Boy, and Holfife.

Holfife. Prty thee honey sweet Husband, let me bring thee to Staines.
Piffes. No: for my manly heart doth erre. Bardolph, be blythe:
Nim, rowle thy vaunting Veines: Boy, bristle thy Courage vp:
for fast of thee is dead, and wee must eme therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, whereofmere hee is,
Cyther in Heauen, or in Hell.

Holfife. Nay, there be not in Hell: h'res is in Arthur.
Bofonce, if every man went to Arbitr Bofoone: a made
a finer end, and went away it and it had bee ne any Christlome
Child: a parted eu'n between T velve and One, eu'n
at the tournung o'th Tydes: for after I saw him tumble with the
Sheets, and play with Flowers, and smile upon his fingers
end, I knew there was but one way: for his Noise was
as sharp as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields. How now
Sir Lok (quoth I') what man? be a good chere: so a
cryed out, God, God, God, three or four times: now I,
to comfort him, bid him a should not think of God; I
hop'd there was no neede to trouble himselfe with any
such thoughtes yet: so a bad me lay more Clothes on his
feet: I put my hand into the Bed, and felt them, and they
were as cold as any stone: then I felt to his knees, and to
vpc peer'd, and upwaerd, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nim. They say he cryed out of Sack.

Holfife. I, that a did.

Bard. And of Women.

Holfife. Nay, that a did not.

Boy. Yes that a did, and fayd they were Deules incinate.

Woman. A could neuer abide Carnation, 'twas a Co-

Boy. A fayd once, the Deule would haue him about

Woman. Holfife. A did in some fort (indeed) handle Women:
but then hee was rumatie, and talkd of the Whore of
Babylon.

Boy. Doe you not remember a faw a Flee fliecke vpon
Bardolphs Noise, and a faid it was a blacke Soule burning in
Hell.

Bard. Well, the fule is gone that maintaine't that fader:
thats all the Riches I got in his service.

Nim. Shall we flogg? the King will be gone from

Southampton.

Piff. Come, let's away. My Loue, give me thy Lippes
Look to my Chantels, and my Mouserables: Let Sence
rule: The world is Pitch and pay: truth none: for Oaches
are Strawes, mens Faiths are Wafer-Cakes, and hold-daf
is the onely Dogge: My Ducke, therefore Camill be
thy Counseller. Go, cleare thy Chyrstalls. Yoke
fellowes in Atmes, let vs to France, like Horfe-
leches
And he is bred out of that bloodie fhaine,
That haunted vs in our familiar Paths:
Whencefe our too much memorabile fhame,
When Crefiy Battell fatally was frucke,
And all our Princes captivid,by the hand
Of that black Name,Edward,black Prince of Wales:
Whiles that his Mountain fire, on Mountain flanding
Vp in the Ayre,crowned with the Golden Sunne,
Saw his Heroicall Seed, and imdi to fee him
Mangle the Worke of Nature, and deface
The Patternes, that by God and by French Fathers
Had twenty yeares been made. This is a Stem
Of that Vitorious Stock: and let vs fcare
The Natije mightineffe and fate of him.

Enter a Mefinger.

Meff. Embassadors from Harry King of England,
Do crave admittance to your Maffeau.
King. We ele give them prefent audience.
Goe, and bring them,
You fee this Chafe is hootely followed, friends.

Dolphin. Turne hede, and stop pursuite for coward Dogs
Moft fpend their mouths, whet they feem to threaten
Runs fake before them. Great your Soueraigne
Take vp the English short, and let them know
Of what a Mountaine you are the Head;
Selfe-loue,my Liege, is not to fole a time,
As felfe-neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

King. From our Brother of England?
Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Maietie;
He wills you in the Name of God Almighty,
That you decaff your felfe and lay apart
The borrowed Glories, that by gift of Heaven,
By Law of Nature, and of Nations, Longs
To him and to his Heires, namely the Crowne,
And all wide-stretched Honors, that pertaine
By Cultane, and the Ordinance of Times,
Into the Crowne of France: that you may know
To be fit fit para with an awkward Clayre,
Pucke from the worne holes of long, vanitl dayes,
Not from the dull of old Obfution rakt,
He fends you this most memorabile Lyne,
In every Branch truly demonstrative;
Willing you ouer-looke this Pedigree:
And when you find him evenly derived
From his mefll fband, of famous Anceftors,
Edward the third; he bids you then regaine
Your Crowne and Kingdome, indifferently held
From him, the Natije and true Challeger.

King. Or elfe what follewes?
Exe. Bloody contraint: for if you hide the Crowne
Fuen in your heartes, there will he rafe for it,
Therefore in force, Tempefl is he comming,
In Thunder and in Earth-quake, like a faire:
That if requiring tale, he will compell
And bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord,
Delive vp the Crowne, and to take mercie
On the poore Soules,for whom this hungry Warre
Opens his vaffe Iawes: and on your head
Turning the Wideowers Teares, the Orphans Cryes,
The dead-men Blood, the pruy Maidens Groazes,
For Husbands, Fathers, and betrothed Louers,
That shall be swalled in this Controouerie.

This is his Clayne, his Threatening; and my Melfage:
Vnifeffe the Dolphin be in prefence here;
To whom expreflly I bring greeeting to,

King. Fai.
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

King. For vs, we will consider of this further:
To morrow shall you bene 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, fleight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not mis-become
The mighty Sender, God have you at.
Thus fayes my Kingd and if your Fathers Highmeale
Do not, in grante of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter Mock you fent my Maileft.
Hee call you to fo hot an Answer of it,
That Caues and Wombie Vaulages of France
Shall chide your Trefpas, and return you my Mock
In second Accent of his Ordinance.

Dolph. Say, if my Father render faire return,
It is againft my will: for I desire
Nothing but Odds with England,
To that end, as matching to his Youth and Vaince,
I did preient him with the Paris-Bulls,

Exe. Hee le make your Paris Louer finte for it,
Were it the Miftrust Court of mightie Europe:
And be affcied, you'll ferve him as you at.
As we his Subiects base in wonder found,
Betweene the promife of his greener daies,
And thefe he mafteres now: how he weighs Time
Even to the vtmoff Graine: that you fhall reade
In your owne Loffes, if he flye in France.

King. To morrow shall you know our mind at full.

Exe. Dispatch vs with all speed, leaff that our King
Come here himfelfe to queftion our delay;
For he is foote in this Land already.

King. You fhall no fooner dispatch, with faire conditions.
A Night is but small breathe, and little pavie,
To answer matters of this confirmation.

Exit.

Alarum. Sealing Ladders at Harflew.

King. Once more vnto the Breach,
Dearc friends, once more;
Or clofe the Wall vp with our English dead:
In Peace, there's nothing fo becomes a man,
As modell finifhine, and humbleffe:
But when the blood of Brave blifes in our eres,
Then imitate the action of the Tyger:
Stiffen the finewes, commune vp the blood,
Difguife faire Nature with hard-fauour'd Rage:
Then and the Edge a terrible aspect:
Let it pry through the portage of the Head,
Like the Braife Cannon: let the Brow of ethelme
As fearfully as doth a galled Redbreake,
Ofe-haung andusty his confounded Bafe,
Swil'd with the wild and wallifull Ocean.
Now let the Teeth, and ftrech the Norfolk wide,
Hold hard the Breed, and bend vp euerie Spirit
To his full height. On, on, you Nobiliff English,
Whofe blood is fent from Fathers of Warre-proofe:

Fathers, that like fo many Alexanderes,
Have in their parts from Morne till Even fought,
And bleafe'd their Swords,for lack of argument.
Difhonour not your Mothers: now attell,
That thofe whom you cull'd Fathers, did beget you,
Be Coppy now to me of groffer blood,
And teach them how to Warre, And you good Yeomen,
Whofe Lycns were made in England: thow vs here
The mettell of your Paffure: let vs vearce,
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not:
For there is none of you fo mean and bafe,
That hath not Noble lufter in your eyes.
I fee you fland like Grey-hounds in the flips,
Staying vpon the Start. The Game's afioot:
Follow your Spirits: and vpon this Charge,
Cry, God for Harry, England, and S. George.

Alarums, and Chamber's get off.

Enter Nim, Bardolp, Pijfol, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on, to the breach to the breach.

Nim. Praye thee Corporall flay, the Knocks are too hot:
And for mine owne part, I have not a Case of Limes:
The humor of it is too hot, that is the very plaine:

Pijf. The plaine Song is most ioft:
For humors doe abound: Knocks goe and come:
Gods Vpflais drop and dye: and Sword and Shield,
in bloody Field, doth winne immortal fame.

Boy. Would I were in an Ale-house in London,
I would giue all my fame for a Pot of Ale, and faftie.
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Pist. And I: If wishes would presiyle with me, my purpose should not fayle with me; but thither would I hie.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly, as Bird doth fing on bough.

Enter Fuscus.

Fusc. Vp to the breach, you Dugges; saunt you Calions.

Pist. Be metrefull great Duke to men of Mould: a-bate thy Rage, a-bate thy namely Rage; a-bate thy Rage, great Duke. Good Bawcock bate thy Rage; vie lenient sweet Chuck.

Nim. These be good humors: your Honor wins bad humors.

Boy. As young as I am, I have euer'd these three Swatheds: I am Boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would weeue me, could not be Man to me; for indeed three such Antiques do not amount to a man: for Bardolph, he is white-flitter'd, and red-fac'd; by the meanes whereof, a faces it out, but fghts not; for Piffell, he hath a killing Tongue, and a quiet Sword; by the meanes whereof, a breaks Worlds, and keeps whole Weapons: for Nim, he hath heard, that men of few Words are the belf men, and therefore hee comes to say his Prayers, left a should be thought a Coward: but his few bad Words are macht with as few good Deeds; for a neuer broke any mans Head but his owne, and that was againft a Poft, when he was drunke. They will freke any thing, and call it Purchafe. Bardolph flate a Little-cate, borne twelve Leagues, and fold it for three halfe-pence. Nim and Bardolph are sworne Brothers in th'other, and in Callicke they flate a fire-shouewell. I knew by that piece of Service, the men would carry Cosles. They would have me as famillies with mens Pockets, as their Glouses or their Hand-kercchers; which makes much againft my Manhood, if I shoulde take from another Poft, to put into mine; for it is plainke pokering vp of Wrongs. I muft free them, and seekke thee better Service: their Villany goes againft my weake stomack, and therefore I muft call it vp. 

Exit.

Enter Gower.

Gower. Captaine Finellen, you must come preffemy to the Myner; the Duke of Gloucefter would speake with you.

Fin. To the Myner? Tell you the Duke, it is not fo good to come to the Myner: for looke you, the Myner is not according to the disciplines of the Warre; the conuertes of it is not sufficient: for looke you, th'other faie, you may difcuffle into the Duke, looke you, is digt himselfe foure yard under the Countermine: by Chriftus, I thynke a will powre vp all, if there is not better direction.

Gower. The Duke of Gloucefter, to whom the Order of the Siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irish man, a very valiant Gentleman ysfate.

Welch. It is Captaine Mackesca, is it not?

Gower. I thinke it be.

Welch. By Chriftus he is an Aife, as in the World, I will venge as much in his Beard: he ha's no more directions in the true discipines of the Warres, looke you, of the Rouen discipines, then is a Puppy-dog.

Enter Mackesca, and Captaine Iamy.

Gower. Here a comes, and the Scotts Captaine, Captaine Iamy, with him.

Welch. Captaine Iamy is a maruellous famous Gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and knowledge in the auncient Warres, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Chriftus he will maintain his Argument as well as any Militia man in the World, in the discipines of the Prifftine Warres of the Romans.

Scott. I say gudday, Captaine Finellen.

Welch. Godden to your Worship, good Captaine Iamy.

Gower. How now Captaine Mackesca, haue you quit the Myner? haue the Pioners gien oute?

Ifris. By Chriftus Law thif ill done: the Warke thif gueuer, the Trompet found the Retreat. By my Hand I swarre, and my fathers Soule, the Warke thif ill done: it thif gueuer: I would have blowed vp the Towne, for Chriftus faue me law, in an houre, thif ill done, thif ill done: by my Hand thif ill done.

Ifris. Captaine Mackesca, I beseech you now, will you yrove safe, looke you, a few disputation with you, as partly touching or concerning the discipines of the Warres, the Roman Warres, in the way of Argument, looke you, and friendly communication: partly to satisfie my Opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, looke you, of my Mind as touching the direction of the Militia disipines of the Towne.

Scott. It fell be very gud, god feith, god Captaine Iamy, and I fall quity you with gud leue, as I may pick occasion: that fall I may.

Ifris. It is no time to discuss, for Chriftus faue me: the day is hot, and the Weather, and the Warres, and the King, and the Dukees: it is no time to disscuss, the Towne is take, and the Trumpet call vs to the breech, and we talke, and be Chriftus do nothing, tis flame for vs all: for God faie his flame to fand full, it is thame by my hand: and there is Threats to be cut, and Workes to be done, and thif thif nothing done, for Chriftus faie law.

Scott. By the Mes, ere theie eyes of mine take themelles to fomber, ayle de gud feiere, or ile lige fife ftronge for te; ay, or goe to death: and ile pay as avouzouze as I may, that fall I fute do, that is the breft and the long: mary, I was fulll tale heard fome queation thence you sway.

Welch. Captaine Mackesca, I think, looke you, under your correction, there is not many of your Nation.

Ifris. Of my Nation? What ifth my Nation? ifth a Villaine, and a Backerd, and a house, and a Plarcall, What ifth my Nation? Who taketh of my Nation?

Welch. Looke you, if you take the master otherwise then is meant, Captaine Mackesca, peradventure I shall think you do not vfe me with that affability, as in discretion you ought to vfe me looke you, being as good a man as you fete, both in the discipines of Warre, and in the derivation of my Birth, and in other particularities.

Ifris. I do not know you so good a man as my felle: for Chriftus faue me, I will cut off your Head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will matteach each other.


Gower. The Towne founds a Parley.

Welch. Captaine Mackesca, when there is more better opportune time to be required, looke you: I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the discipines of Warre; and there is an end.

Exit.

Enter the King and all his Traine before the Gates.

King. How yet refolves the Gouvernour of the Towne?

This is the laft Parie we will admit:

There.
Therefore to our belt mercy give you felues,  
Or like to men proud of destruction,  
Defile vs to our woor: for as I am a Souldier,  
A Name that in my thoughts becomes me belst;  
If I begin the batt'rie once againe,  
I will not leave the halfe-architected Harlesw,  
Till in her ashes the lyte burn'd.  
The Gates of Mercy shall be all shut vp,  
And the heft'd Souldier, rough and bard of heart,  
In libertie of bloody hand shall range  
With Confidence wide as Hell, moving like a Graftle.  
Your fresh faire Virgin, and your flattering Infants.  
What is it then to me, if impious Warre,  
Arrayed in Iames like to the Prince of Friends,  
Doth with his snyre-complexion all feel feast,  
Enlynetk to waff and defolation?  
What is't to me, when your felues are caste,  
If your pure Maydens fall into the hand  
Of hot and forcing Violation?  
What Reyne can hold hirnous Wickedness,  
When downe the Hill he holds his fierce Carriage?  
We may as boostfull spend our valiue Command  
Upon th'engraven Souldiers in their speyle,  
As send Precepts to the Lewisian, to come a-shore.  
Therefore, you men of Harlesw,  
Take pitty of your Towne and of your People,  
While yet your Souldiers are in my Command,  
Whiles yet the coole and temperate Wind of Grace  
Oblows the filthie and contagious Clouds  
Of headly Murther, Spoyle, and Villany,  
If not: why in a moment tooke to see  
The blind and bloody Souldier, with foule hand  
Desire the Locks of your thrills-finkling Daughters:  
Your Fathers taken by the filver Beards,  
And their moost tearend Heads dash'd to the Walls:  
You naked Infants fitton upon Pykes,  
While the mad Mothers, with their howles confund'd,  
Do breake the Clouds up, and the Wines of Iewry,  
At Herods bloody-hunting daunger-men.  
What say you? When will you yeeld, and this auoyd?  
Or vnguile in defence, be thus deftroy'd.  

Enter Gourder.  
Gourder. Our expectation hath this day an end:  
The Dolphin, whom of Successe we entreated,  
Returns vs, that his Poweres are yet not ready,  
To rayle so great a Siege: Therefore great King,  
We yeeld your Towne and Lives to that soft Mercy:  
Enter our Gates, dispose of vs and ours,  
For we no longer are defensible.  
King. Open your Gates: Come Vuckle Exeter,  
Goe you and enter Harlesw: there remaine,  
And fortifie it strongly' gainst the French:  
Vie mercy to them all, for vs deare Vackle.  
The Winter comming on, and Sickleew growing  
Upon our Souldiers, we will retire to Calis.  
Tonight in Harlesw will we be your Guest,  
To morrow for the March are we addreth.  
Flourish, and enter the Towne.  

Enter Katherine and an old Gentlewoman.  
Kath. Alice, in are offe in Angleterre, & in bien parlay  
le Language.  
Alice. En peu Madame.  
Kath. Le prie m'enignisz, je faut que je apprend a parler:  
Comment appelez vous le main en Anglez?  
Alice. Le main s't appel le Hand.
To buy a Dobby and a dusty Farne
In that neke-shotten Ille of Albion.

Conf. Dies de Battallis, where have they this mettell?
Is not their Cymasce foggy,raw, and dull?
On whom, as in delight, the Sunne lookes pale,
Killing their Fruit with frownes. Can sodden Water,
A Drench for furn-eys'd Iades, their Batly broth,
Decoct their cold blood to fuch valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood,spried with Wine,
Scenned the 2. Or, honor of our Land,
Let vs not hang like roping Jyckles
Upon our Houres Thatch, whilsts a more friolite People
Sweat drops of gallant Youth in our rich fields:
Poor we call them, in their Natuie Lords.

Dolphi. By Faith and Honor,
Our Madames mock at vs, and plainly say,
Our Mettell is bred out, and they will give
Their bodies to the Luff of English Youth,
To new-store France with Ballad Warriors.

Brit. They bid vs to the English Dancing-Schooles,
And teach Lowsities high, and Swift Carronet,
Saying, our Grace is onely in our Heels,
And that we are most lotter Run-awayes.

Rong. Where is Montoy the Herald, sped him hence,
Let vs to France, and with our Horse defiance,
Vp Princes, and with spirit of Honour edged,
More sharper then your Swords,high to the field:
Charles de Robreth, High Constable of France,
You Dukes of Orleance, Barkon, and of Berry,
A. Allen, Braban, Bar, and Burgenie,
Louris Castillon, Ramurter, Fundemex,
Montoy, the excellent Princes Bardolphs of Roan,
Loy, Leflrate, Buicapul, and Charsley.
High Dukes, great Princes, Baron, Lords, and Kings;
For your great Seats,now quit you of great Shames:
Barre Harry England, that you steepes through our Land
With Penons painted in the blood of Harpew:
Ruth on his Horse, doth melt the melted Snow
Upon the Valleys, whole low Valfall Seat,
The Alps doth Git, and void his thewse upon.
Goe downe upon him, you haue Power enough,
And in a Captive Chariot, into Roan
Bring him your Prisoner.

Conf. This becomes the Great.
Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His Souldiers sick, and famifie in their March:
For I am sure, when he shall fee our Army,
Heelle drop his heart into the lack of scare,
And for thevtechement,esier vs his Ranfome.

King. Therefore Lord Constable, haft on Montoy,
And let him say to England, that we fend,
To know what willing Ransome he will give.
Prince Dolphi, you shall try it with vs in Roan.
Dolphi. Not so, I doe beseech your Maiestie,
King. Be patient, for you shall remaine with vs.
Now forth Lord Constable, and Princes all,
And quickly bring vs word of England fall.

Enter Captaine, English, and Welch, Gower
and Fluellen.

Gower. How now Captaine Fluellen, come you from the Bridge?
Flu. I assure you there is very excellent Services com-
manded at the Bridge.
Gower. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?
Flu. Ths Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Aga-

Flu. Here is the man.

Psal. Captain, I thee beseech to doe me favour:
the Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.
Flum. I prays God, and I have merited some loue at his hands.

Psal. Bardolph, a Souldier firme and found of heart,
and of bosome valour, hath by cruell Fate, and giddie
Fortunes furious fickle Wheels, that Goddefe blinde, that
stands upon the rolling restlesse Stone.

Flu. By your patience, amnicht Psall. Fortune is
pained blinde, with a Muffer afore his eyes, to signifie too,
that Fortune is blinde; and Fortune is painted also
with a Wheel, to signifie to you, which is the Morall of
it, that Fate is turning and inconstant, and mutability,
and variation: and her foot, looke you, is fixt upon a
Spherical Stone, that rolleth, and rowlere, and rowlere;
in good truth, the Poet makes a most excellent descripti-
on of Fortune: Fortune is an excellent Morall.

Enter Captaine Psall, I doe partly understand your
meaning.

Psal. Why me reioyce therefore.
Flu. Certainly Amnicht, it is not a thing to reioyce at:
for, if youk, you were my Brother, I would define
the Duke to vie his good pleasire, and put him to execu-
tion; for discipline ought to be vifed.
Psal. Dye, and be damned, and frye for thy friendship.
Flu. It is well.

Psal. The Figgie of Spaine.
Lit. Very good.

Gower. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit Raflall, I
remember him now: a bawd, a Gut-purse.

Flu. It affore you, a wicked as prause words at the Bridge,
as you shall fee in a Summers day: but it is very well
what he ha's spokto me, that is well I warrant you,
when time is seere.

Gower. Why 'tis a Guilla, Foole, a Rogue, that now
and then goes to the Wares, to grace himselfe at his returne
into London, under the forme of a Souldier: and such
fellowes are perfec in the Great Commanders Name, and
they will learne you by rote where Servises were done; at
such and such a Scene, at such a Breach, at such a Con-
voy: who came off brashly, who was ftoet, who dis-
graced,what termes the Enemy flood on: and they
come perfecly in the phraze of Ware; which they tricke
up with new-tuned Oaths: and what a Beard of the Generals Cut, and a horrid Suite of the Campe, will doe among fomong Bottles, and Ale-wafth Wits, is wonderfull to be thought on: but you must learne to know such flanders of the age, or else you may be marcellously mislooked.

Flt. I tell you what, Captaine Gower: I doe perceiue he is not the man that bee would gladly make them to the World bee is: if I finde a hole in his Coat, I will tell him my minde: hearke you, the King is comming, and I must speake with him from the Pridge.

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Drum and Colours. Enter the King and his poore Souleides.

Flt. God pleafe your Maiestie.

King. How now Fluellen, canst thou from the Bridge?

Flt. I do pleafe your Maiestie: The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintaine the Pridge; the French is gone off, loose you, and there is gallant and most prauie pasages: marry, that atheruere was haue possession of the Pridge, but he is enforced to retyre, and the Duke of Exeter is Maiest of the Pridge: I can tell your Maiestie, the Duke is a praue man.

King. What men have you loft, Fluellen?

Flt. The pertition of that atheruere haue beene very great, reasonable great: marry for my part, I thinke the Duke hath loft neuer a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a Church, one Bardolph, if your Maiestie know the man: his face is all bubeckles and whealke, and knobs, and flames a fire, and his lipes blowes at his nose, and it is like a coale of fire, some times plew, and some times red, but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

King. Wee would have all such offenders so cut off: and we give expresse charge, that in our Marches through the Countrie, there be nothing compell'd from the Villages; nothing taken, but pay'd for: none of the French vprayed or abused in dildainfull Language; for when Lestie and Crueltie play for a Kingdom, the gentle Gameletter is the foolisht winner.

Flt. Enter Mountjoy.

Mountjoy. You know me by my habit.

King. Well then, I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

Mountjoy. My Maiesties mind.

King. Unfold it.

Mountjoy. Thus saith my King: Say thou to Harry of England, though we flewe'd dead, we did but sleepe: Advantag is a better Soultier then all. Tell him, wee could have rebuked him at Hastings, but that wee thought not good to bruife an innocient, till it were full ripe. Now we speake upon our Q, and your voyce is imperial: England shall repent his folly, fee his weake-nerfe, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore confider of his randome, which must proportion the losse we have borne, the subiects we have lost, the disgrace we have digg'd; which in weight to re-awante, his pettinefe would bow ynder. For our losse, his Exchequer is too poore; for the effusion of our blood, the Moffer 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 adde deffeance: and tell him for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose commision is pronounc'd: So farre my King and Maiest, so inuch my Office.

Mountjoy. What is thy name? I know thy qualitie.

Mountjoy. King. Thou doo't thy Office fairely, Turne thee back, and tell thy King, I doe not fecke him now, but could be willing to march on to Callice, Without impeachment: for to say the truth, 'tis no wildome to conquifie so much Vnto an enemy of Craft and Vantage, My people are with ficknefe much embesseled, My numbers lefser'd: and those few I have, Almost no better then so many French: Who when they were in health, I tell thee Heralds, I thought, upon one payre of English Legges Did march three Frencemen. Yet forgive me God, That I doe bragge thus: this your syre of France Hath blowne that wise in me. I musit repent; Goe therefore tell thy Maiest, here I am;

My Ransome, is this frayle and worthleffe Tranke; My Army, but a weake and sickly Guard:
Yet God before, tell him we will come on, Though France himselfe, and such another Neighbor Stand in our way. There's for thy labour Mountjoy, Goe bid thy Mafter well aduife himselfe.

If we may paffe, we will: if we be hindred,
We shall your tannie ground with your red blood Discolour: and to Mountjoy, face you well.
The summe of all our Answer is but this: We would not fecke a Battali as we are, Nor as we are, we say we will not than it:
So tell your Maiest.

Mountjoy. I shall deliver so: Thanks to your Highnes.

Glosse. I hope they will not come upon us now.

King. We are in Gods hand, Brother, nor in theirs: March to the Bridge, it now drawes toward night, Beyond the River we'll encamppe our felues,
And on to morrow bid them march away, Extant.

Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Rambour, Ordinance, Dolphins, with others.

Conf. Tut, I have the best Armour of the World: would it were day.

Ordeance. You haue an excellent Armour: but let my Horfe haue his due.

Conf. It is the best Horfe of Europe.

Ordeance. Will it never be Morning?

Dolph. My Lord of Ordinance, and my Lord High Constable, you talk of Horfe and Armour?

Ordeance. You are as well prouided of both, as any Prince in the World.

Dolph. What a long Night is this? I will not change my Horfe with any that treads but on fourre postures: ch'a: he bounds from the Earth, as if his entrails were hayeres: le Chenaud volanta, the Pegatis, ob the marines de feu. When I bestride him, I loake, I am a Hawke: he trots the syre: the Earth fings, when he touches it: the baseft horfe of his hoofe, is more Musickall then the Pipe of Hermes.

Ordeance. Hee's of the colour of the Nutmeg.

Dolph. And of the heat of the Ginger. It is a Beast for Perfons: hee is pure Ayre and Fire; and the effential Elements of Earth and Water neuer appear in him, but onely in patient fillinesse while his Rider mounts him: hee is indeede a Horfe, and all other Jades you may call Beasts.
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Conf. Indeed my Lord, it is a most absolute and excellent Horse.

Dolph. It is the Prince of Palfrayes, 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 riling of the Larke to the lodging of the Lambe, variue deferred prayse on my Palfray: it is a Theame as fluent as the Sea. Turne the Sands into eloquent tongues, and my Horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subiect for a Soueraigne to reason on, and for a Soueraigne Soueraigne to ride on: And for the World, familiar to vs, and vkwonowe, to lay apart their particular Functions, and wonder at him, once write a Sonnet in his praise, and began thus, Wonder of Nature.

Orleance. I haue heard a Somn begin so to ones Mistreffe.

Dolph. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my Cousier, for my Horse is my Mistreffe.

Orleance. Your Mistreffe bears well.

Dolph. Me well, which is the preffcript prayse and perfection of a good and particular Mistreffe.

Conf. Nay, for me thought yesterdye your Mistreffe shrewhly shooke your back.

Dolph. So perhapes did yours.

Conf. Mine was not bullied.

Dolph. O then belike she was old and gentle, and you rode like a Serue of Ireland, your French Horse off, and in your first Stroffers.

Conf. You have good judgement in Horseman-ship.

Dolph. Be won'd by me then: they that ride so, and ride not wantily, fall into foule Boggs: I had rather have my Horse to my Mistreffe.

Conf. I had at late haue my Mistreffe a Tail.

Dolph. I tell thee Confiable, my Mistreffe weares his owne hayre.

Conf. I could make as true a bault as that, if I had a Sow to my Mistreffe.

Dolph. Le chien est retourne, je m'en servis au besoin.

Conf. In this case an hour should make as much of any thing.

Conf. Yet doe I not warie my couple for my Mistreffe, or any thing Proverb, so little kin to the purpole.

Remb. My Lord Confiable, the Armour that I saw in your Tent to night, are thefe Stannes of Sunnes upon it.

Conf. Stare 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 bear a many superflu-ously, and there more honore were away.

Conf. Even as your Horse bears your prayses, who would trott as well, were some of your braggis dismoun-ted.

Dolph. Would I were able to loose him with his de- fect. Will it scarce be day? I willt trott to morrow a mile, and my very selfe be paied with English Faces.

Conf. It will encrea multiply, for there should be face out of my way, but I would it were morning, for I would finebe about the faces of the English.

Remb. Who will goe to hazarde with me for twentie Prisoners?

Conf. You must stauffe goe your felle to hazarde, ere you haue them.

Dolph. This Mid-night, he goe some my felle.

Orleance. The Dolphine songs for mourning.

Ramb. He longs to eate the English.

Conf. I think he will eate all he kills.

Orleance. By the white Hand of my Lady, hee's a gallant Prince.

Conf. Swear by her Foot, that she may tread our the Oath.

Orleance. He is simply the most aduiz Gentlemen of France.

Conf. Doing is actitious, and he will still be doing.

Orleance. He neuer did harme, that I heard of.

Conf. Nor will doe none to morrow: hee will keep that good name still.

Orleance. I know him to be valiant.

Conf. I was told that, by one that knowes him better then you.

Orleance. What's hee?"
Orchide. Now entertain't conteitice of a time, When creeping Murmurre and the poring Darke Falls the wise Visells of the Vintners. From Camp to Camp, through the foule Womb of Night The humme of eyer Army Philip sounds; That the five Centurias almost receive, The secret Whispers of each others Watch, Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames Each Battale fees the others victors face. Steed threats Steed, in high and boatfull Neighs Piercing the Nights dull Ear: and from the Tents, The Armourers accomplishing the Knights, With buske Hammers coldly headers vp, Glue dreadfull noise of preparation, The Country Cocks doe crow, the Cocks doe towle: And the third hoorve of drowse Morning mannd, Proud of their Numbers, and segure in Soule, The confident and outer-luffe French, Doe the low-rated English play at Dice; And chide the treple-tardy-gasted Night, Who like a foule and ougly Witch doth limpe So tedious away. The poore condemned English, Like Sterfices, by their watchfull Fires Sit patientely, and only ruminate The Mornings danger: and their felace fail, Iuetting lank-leane Checkess, and Waste-worne Costs, Prefented them into the gazing Moon. So many horrid Ghosts. O now, I will behold The Royall Captain of this rustfull Band. Walking from Watch to Watch, from Tent to Tent, Let him cry, Prayle and Glory on his head: For forth he goes, and visits all his Host. Bids them good morrow with a meddle Smyle, And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Countrymen. Upon his Royall Place there is no note, How dreed an Army hath enroosed him; Nor doth he dedicate one int of Colour. Vnto the warrie and all-watchted Night: But freshely lookers, and outer-beates Attaint, With chearefull semblance, and sweet Maecielie: That every Wretch, pining and pale before, Beholding him, plucks comfort from his Lookes, A laughe without fail, like the Sunne, His liberal Eyes doth give to every one, Thawing cold fears, that means and gentle Behold, as may vnworthinesse define. A little touch of Harry in the Night, And so our Scene mutt to the Bataille flye: Where, O for pity, we shall much disgrace, With frome or fine most vile and ragged joyful, (Right ill dispos'd, in bravile ridiculous)

Achus Tertius.

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1st. but the English are thorough out of Beef. Concl. Then shall we finde, morrow, they have only flankers to esce, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm our selves, shall we about it? Orclude. It is now two Clock: but let me see, by ten Wee shall have each a hundred English men, Execut.

The Name of Agincourt: Yet fit and fee, Minding true things, by what their Mockries bee. Exie.

Enter the King, Bedford, and Gloucester.

King. Glofler, tis true that we are in great danger, The greater therefore should our Courage be. God morrow Brother Bedforl: God Almighty, There is some foule of goodnesse in things euill, Would men obtrusingly dishill it out. For our bad Neighbour makes us easily flitter, Which is both healthfull, and good husbandry. Besides, they are our outward Conferences, And Preachers to vs all; admonifhing, That we should drefle vs fairly for our end. Thus may we gather Honey from the Weed, And make a Morall of the Duelle himselfe.

Enter Englands.

Good morrow old Sir Thomas Englands: A good lost Pillow for that good white Head, Were better then a churchfull curse of France. Erping. Not to my Liege, this Lodging likes me better, Since I may lay, now byt I like a King.

King. 'Tis good for men to lose their present paints, Upon example, so the Spirit is eas'd: And when the Mind is quickned, out of doubt The Orains, though distant and dead before, Break vp their deuice Grace and newly moue With called flouge, and first ilegetie.

Lend me thy Cloake Sir Thomas: Brothers both, Commend me to the Princes in our Campes; Doe my good morrow to them, and anon Desire them all to my Pavillion.

Gloufher. We shall, my Liege, Erping. Shall I attend your Grace? King. No, my good Knight: Goe with my Brothers to my Lords of England: I and my Boforme must debate a while, And then I would no other company.


King. God a mercy old Heart, thou speakest cheerfully. Enter Piffall.

Piff. Can you say it? King. A friend. Piff. Discurfe unto me, art thou Officer, or art thou bale, common, and popular? King. I am a Gentleman of a Company. Piff. Tray'll thou the purisant Dyke? King. Elen fo: what are you? Piff. As good a Gentleman as the Emperor. King. Then you are a better than the King. Piff. The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold, A Lad of Life, an Impe of Fame, of Parents good, of Fift most valiant I kife his dudgeio Face, and from heart'ring I love the lovely Bully. What is thy Name? King. Harry the Rey. Piff. Le Rey's Cornish Name; art thou of Cornish Crew? King. No, I am a Welshman. Piff. Know'th thou Gwelben? King. Yes.

Piff. Tell him Ile knock his Lecke about his Paste upon S. Douwe day. King. Doe not you wear your Dagger in your Cappe that day, leat he knock that about yours.
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Pep. Are thou his friend?
King. And his kinsman too.
Pep. The Fleepe for thee then.
King. I thank you: God be with you.
Pep. My name is Fleepe Child.
Exit. King.
It forts well with your fierce nesse.

Enter Flourish and Gower.

Gower. Captaine Flamell.

Flour. 'So, in the name of Jefus Chrift, speake fwerer: it is the greateft admiration in the univerfl World, when the true and anfracent Prerogatives and Laws of the Warres is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the Warres of Pompas lhe great, you fhall finde, I warrant you, that there is no fiddle tone nor pufible baile in Pompas Camp: I warrant you, you fhall finde the Ceremonies of the Warres, and the Cute of it, and the Formes of it, and the Subfie of it; and the Modelle of it, to be otherwife.

Gower. Why the Enemy is lowed, you hear him all Night.

Flour. If the Enemy be an Affe and a Foole, and a prafting Coxcombe; is it meet, think you, that wee fhould alfo, looke you, be an Affe and a Foole, and a prafting Coxcombe, in your owne conftance now?

Gower. I will fpeakfe lower.

Flour. I pray you, and beleech you, that you will. Exit. King.
Though it appeare a little out of fafion, There is much care and valour in this Welchman.

Enter three Souleiers, John Bates, Alexander Courts, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the Morning which breakes yonder?
Bates. I think it be, but wee have no great caufe to defire the approach of day.
Williams. Wee fee yonder the beginning of the day, but I think wee fhall never fee the end of it. Who goes there?

King. A Friend.

Williams. Vnder what Captaine ferve you?
King. Vnder Sir John Erpingham.
Williams. A good old Commander, and a moft kinde Gentleman: I pray you, what thinkes he of our estate?
King. Even as men wrack upon a Sand, that looke to be walk off the next Tyde.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King.

King. No: mor it is not meet he fhould: for though I fpeak it to you, I think the King is but a man, as I am; the Violet smels to him, as it doth to me; the Element fhews to him, as it doth to me; all his Senses have but humane Conditions: his Ceremonies layd by, in his Nacked he appears but a man: and though his affections are higher mounted then ours, yet when they floape, they floape with the like wing: therefore, when he fees the raiion of fears, as we do; his fears, out of doubt, be of the fame raiion as ours are: yet in reason, no man fhould poffeffe him with any appearance of fear; left he, by fhewing it, fhould dis-hearten his Army.

Bates. He may flow what overward courage he will: but I beleue, as cold a Night as this, hee could with himsfelfe in Thames up to the Neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, fo we were quit here.

King. By my troth, I will fpeak my conftance of the

King: I thinke bee would not with himfelfe any where, but where hee is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alones, so he fhould be sure to be rafonned, and a many poor men lyes faued.

King. I dare fay, you loue him not fo ill, to wit him here alone: howioever you fhpeak this to feele other mens minds, me thinkes I could not dye any where fo contented, as in the kings company, his Caufe being laufi, and his Quarell honorables.

Williams. That is more then we know.

Bates. For more then wee fhould fecke after, for we know enough, if wee know we are the Kings Subjects; if his Caufe be wrong, our obedience to the King wipe the Cryme of it out of vs.

Williams. But if the Caufe be not good, the King himself hath a heauen Reichonning to make, when all thofe Legges, and Armes, and Heads, chopp'd off in a Batallie, fhall joinne together at the latter day, and cry all, Wee dyed at fuch a place, fome fwearinge, some crying for a Suf- fume; fome upon their Wifes, left poore behind them; fome upon the Debas they owe, fome upon their Children fairly left. I am afear'd, there are fewe dye well, that dye in a Batallie. But how can they chauncely difpose of any thing, when Blood it their argument? Now, if their men doe not dye well, it will be a black matter for the King, that led them to it; who to difobey, were against all proportion of subiection.

King. So, if a Sonne that is by his Father fent about Merchandize, doe finfully miftake upon the Sea; the imprefion of the wicked caufe, by your rule, fhould be impofed upon his Father that fent him: and a Servant, under his Masters command, transporting a fumme of Money, be affayled by Robbers, and dye in many ineconct Inquiries; you may call the bufineffe of the Matter the author of the Servants damnation: but this is not fo.

The King is not bound to anfwer the particular endings of his Souleiers, the Father of his Sonne, nor the Master of his Servant; for they purpofe not their death, when they purpofe their fervices. Besides, there is no King, be his Caufe never fo spotles, if it come to the attignment of Swords, can trye it out with all vertifed Souleiers: some (peraduenture) have on them the guilt of premeditated and condured Murder; fome, of befugg- ing Virgins with the broken Scales of Fortune; fome, in making the Warres their Subwarke, or if by fome re- gled the gentle Bofome of the are with Pallage and Robber- rie. Now, if these men iue defeated the Law, and out- runne Nature punifhment; though they can out-fripe men, they have no wings to flye from God. Warre is his Beadle, Warre is his Vengeance: fo that here men are punifhed, for before break of the Kings Lawes, in now the Kings Quarrell: where they fteened the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perifh. Then if they dye unprompted, no more is the King guiltie of their damnation, then hee was before guiltie of those Impieties, for the which they are now vifted. Every Subiefts Dutie is the Kings, but every Subiefts Soule is his owne. Therefore fhould every Souleier in the Warres doe as every fick man in his Bed, with every Man Moth out of his Confequence: and dying fo, Death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was bleffedly loft, wherein fuch preparation was gayered: and in him that escapes, it were not finne to thinke, that making God fo free an offer, he let him outlive that day, to fee his Greatnesse; and to teach others how they fhould prepare.
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Enter Epiphanium.

Erp. My Lord, your Nobles jealous of your absence, Seek ye through your Campe to find you:

King. Good old Knight, collect them all together

At my Tent: I'll be before thee,

Erp. I shall do't, my Lord.

King. O God of Dauntles, free my Soulsiders hearts,
Poffeile them not with faire: Take from them now

The fence of reckning 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 compaing the Crowne.

I Richards body have interred new,
And on it he bellowed more contrite tears,
Then from it flowed forceful drops of blood.

Five hundred poore I have in yeerly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold vp

Toward Heaven, to pardon blood:
Aid I have built two Chaunties,
Where the sad and solene Priefts sing still
For Richards Soule. More will I doe:

Though all that I can doe, is nothing worth;
Since that my Penitence comes after all,
Imploiring pardon.

Enter Gloucester.

Glou. My Liege.

King. My Brother Gloucester's voice? I:

I know thy errand, I will goe with thee:
The day, my friend, and all things stay formed.

Exit.
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

Enter the Dolphin, Orleance, Ramurres, and Beaumont.

Orleance. The Sunne doth gild our Armour vp, my Lords.  
Orleance. Ob'raute Spirit.  
Dolph. Fa'let yer et terre.  
Orleance. Run pas se air de feu.  
Dolph. Cein, Couin Orleance. Enter Confiable.

Now my Lord Confiable?  
Conf. Hearke how our Streedes, for present Service neig.  
Dolph. Mount them, and make junction in their Hides, 
That their blood may spin in English eyes, 
And doubt them with superfluous courage sa ha.  
Ram, What wil you have them weep our Horiz blood?  
How shall we then behold their natural teares?  
Enter Melfong.

Melfong. The English are embattail'd, you French Peers.  
Conf. To Horiz you gallant Princes, straight to Horiz.  
Doe but behold yond peare and letter Band, 
And your faire swall shew lack away their Soules, 
Leaving them but the skiles and huskes of men.  
There is not warke enough for all our hands, 
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly Veines, 
To giue each naked Courage a flame.  
That our French Gallants shhall to day draw out, 
And sheath for lack of sport. Let vs but blow on them, 
The vapour of our Valour will o'retume them.  
Tis positio against all exceptions, Lords, 
That our superfluous Laequies, and our Peants, 
Who in vanncelliarion action warwe 
About our Squares of Battale, were enow 
To purge this field of such a bloodling Foe; 
Though we upon this Mountains Battay, 
Tooke land for idle speculation: 
But that our Honours muft not, What's to say? 
A very little little let vs doe, 
And all is done: then let the Trumpets sound 
The Tucket Soundance, and the Note to mount: 
For our approach shall so much dare the field, 
That England shall couche downe in feare, and yeeld.  
Enter Grandgrees.

Grandgrees. Why do you stay so long, my Lords of France? 
Yond Iland Carrions, depreate of their bones, 
Ill-favoredly become the Morning field: 
Their ragt Curtains poorley are let loofe, 
And our Ayre shakes them paffing scornfully, 
Bigge MARS, stemes banquit out in their begger d Hoast, 
And faintly through a ruffie Beater peepes,  
The Horsemen, for like fixed Candelstucks,  
With Torches-braues in their hands: and their poore lades 
Lob downe their heads, dropping the hides and hips: 
The gummes downe roping from their pale-dead eyes, 
And in their pale dull mouthes the Jynold Bitt 
Lyes foule with chaw'd-graffe, still and motionleefe, 
And their executors, the kaffush Crowes, 
Flye of them all impatient for their howre.  
Description cannot fite it felte in words, 
To demonstrate the Life of such a Battale, 
In life fo luicelife, as it fhev'es it felte.  
Conf. They have paid their prayers, 
And they fay fry for death.  
Dolph. Shall we goe fend them Dinners, and feath Sutes, 
And giue their fafting Horiz Prouender, 
And after fight with them?  
Conf. I fly but for my Guard: on 
To the field, I will the Banner from a Trumpet take, 
And we is for my haife. Come, come away, 
The Sunne is high, and we out weare the day.  
Exit.

Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham with all his Hoast: Salisbury, and Woflermand.

Glou. Where is the King?  
Bedf. The King himelfe is rode to view their Bataile. 
Wofl. Of fighting men they haue three thousand.  
Exe. There's five to one, besides they all are freeth. 
Salb. Gods Arme strike with vs, its a fearfull odder. 
God buy you Princes all; He to my Charge: 
If we no more mett, till we meet in Heauen; 
Then joyfully, my Noble Lord of Bedford, 
My dear Lord Glouceter, and my good Lord Exeter, 
And my kind Kniman, Warriors all, adieu. 
Bedf. Farwell good Salisbury, & good luck go with thee; 
And yet I doe thee wrong, to mind thee of, 
For thou art fram'd of the firme truth of valor. 
Exe. Farwell kind Lord: fight valiantly to day. 
Bedf. He is as full of Valour as of Kindneffe, 
Princely in both.  
Enter the King.  
Wesl. O that we now had here 
But one thousand of trustie men in England, 
That doe no worke to day.  
Keg. What's he that wishes so? 
My Cousin Woflermand. Nanny faire Cousin: 
If we are marke to dye, we are now 
To doe our Countrie loffe: and if to harr, 
The fewe men, the greater flare of honour. 
Gods would, pray thee with not one man more. 
By Iove, I am not courteous for Gold, 
Nor care I who doth feed upon my caft: 
It yentes me not, if meu my Garments weare; 
Such outward thinges dwell not in my defires. 
But if it be a finne to courte Honor, 
I am the most offending Soule alive, 
No faith, my Couser, with not a man from England: 
Gods peace, I would not looke to great an Honor, 
As one man more me thinkes would flaire from me, 
For the belf hope I have, O, doe not with one more; 
Rather proclaine it (Woflermand) through my Hoast, 
That he which hath no flomack to this fight, 
Let him depart, his Pasport shal be made, 
And Crownes for Comoy put into his Purse: 
We would not dye in that mans companie, 
That feares his fellowship, to dye with vs. 
This day is call'd the Feast of Criptian: 
He that out-lies this day, and comes safe home, 
Will fland a tip-toe when this day is named, 
And rowse him at the Name of Criptian. 
He that shall fee this day, and live old age, 
Will yeere orly on the Vigil feath his neighbours, 
And fay, to morrow is Saint Criptian. 
Then will be fripp his fleue, and thew his skates; 
Old men forget, yet all shall be forgot: 
But hee'll remember, with advantages, 
What feasts he did that day. Then shall our Names, 
Familiar in his mouth as houehold words, 

Harry
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter, Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester, Be in their flowing Cups freely remembered.

This flow'ry shall the good man teach his sonne: And Cirse me Cuffion shall ye goe by, From this day to the end of the World, But we in it shall be remembered; We fea, we happy few, we band of brothers: For he to day that dyes his blood with me, Shall be my brother: be he're fo vile, This day shall gentlle his Condition. And Gentlemen in England, now a bed, Shall think the richness sects if they were not here; And hold their Manhoods cheape, whiles any speakeus, That fought with us upon Saint Crispen's day.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. My Swerceign Lord, bellow your felspe with speed: The French are bravenely in their bataile set, And will with all experience charge on vs.

King. All things are ready, if our minds be fo.

King. Thou doft not with more helpe from England, Cousin?

King. God's will, my Lige, would you and I alone, Without more helpe, could figh this Royall bataile.

King. Why now thou faint viniwhifte thee thousand men: Which likes me better, then to wifh vs one. You know your places: God be with you all.

Tucket. Enter Mowbray.

Mow. Once more I come to know of thee King Harry, If for thy Ranfome thou wilt now compound, Before thy moft aflured Queretowers; For certainly, thou art fo near the Gulfe, Thou need'st must be englutted. Befides in mercy The Conftable defires thee, thou wilt mind Thy fellows of Repentance; that their Soules May make a peacefull and a sweet retyre From off thefe fields where(wherettes) their poore bodies Muft lye and fete.


King. I pray thee bear my former Anfwers back: Bid them achttch me, and then fell my bones. Good God, why should they mock poore fellows thus? The man that once did fell the Lyons skin While the befit luf't, was kill'd with hunting him. A many of our bodies fhall no doubt Find Nathe Graues: upon the which, I troft Shall winne late in Braffe of this dayes worke, And tho'to that leave their valiant bones in France, Dying like men, though buryed in your Dunghills, They fhall be famd: for there the Sun fhall greet them, And draw their honors seeking vp to Heauen, Leaving their earthly parts to choose your Clyme, The fhew whereof shall breed a Plague in France.

Marke then abounding valour in our Englifh: That being dead, like to the bullets craffing, Break out into a fcond course of mufficfe, Killing in relapse of Mortalitie. Let me fpeake provedly: Tell the Conftable, We are but Warriors for the working day: Our Grenfull and our Gibbet all be murther With raynte Marching in the painfull field, There's not a piece of Feather in our Hoof: Good argument: (I hope) we will not flye: And time hath wrought vs into follemne.

But by the Maffe, our hearts are in the trim: And my poore Souldiers tell me, yet ere Night,

They'll be in brefter Robes, or they will pluck The gay new Coats of the French Souldiers heads, And turne them into Service. If they do this,

As if God pleas, they shall, my Ranfome then Will foon be leyued.

Herald, fawe thou thy labour: Come thou no more for Ranfome, gentile Herald, They fhall have none, I fware, but thefe my joynts:

Which if they have, as I will leave v'n them, Shall yeeld them little, tell the Conftable.

Mow. I fhall, King Harry. And fo fay thee well:

Thou neuer fhall hear Herald any more. Exit.

King. I fear thou wilt once more come againe for a Ranfome.

Enter Turke.

Turke. My Lord,moft humbly on my knee I begge The leading of the Vaward.

King. Take it, braue Turke.

Now Souldiers march away,

And how thou pleafest God, dispose the day. Exeunt.

Alain. Escourfants,

Enter Piffell, French Souldier, Boy.

Piff. Yeldl Curre,

French. Je prefe que vous efef le Gentilhomme de bon qua-
litere.

Piff. Qualitie calme culture me, Art thou a Gentle-
man? What is thy Name? defcuife.

French. O Saigneur Dien.

Piff.* O Saigneur Deve should be a Gentlemens: per-
peld my words O Saigneur Deve, and make: O Saigneur Deve, thou dyest on point of Fox , except O Saigneur thou doce give to me egregous Ranfome.

French. O prenez infercndec aye prie de moy.

Piff. May shall not lerne, I will have fortie Mynes: for I will fetch thy rymme out at thy Throat, in droppe of Creffon blood.

French. Eff il impossifble d'efchapper le force de ton bras.

Piff. Braffe. Cure thou damned and luxurious Moun-
taine Goats, effe'tl me Braffe.

French. O perdone moy.

Piff. Say'ft thou me fo? is that a Tonne of Mynes? Come hither boy, ask me this flame in French what is his Name.

Boy. Enfant comment eftes vous appele?

French. Monsieur le Fer.

Boy. He fayes his Name is M.Fer.

Piff. M.Fer: ile fer me, and firke him, and ferret him: defcuife the fame in French into him.

Boy. I doe not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firke.

Piff. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his threat.

French. Quoi dit il Monsieur?

Boy. Il me commande a vous dire que vous faie vous preuf, car ce coldat icy eff difpo'de de couper votre gorge.

Piff. Ovy, cuppele gorge permayfo peffant, vnfele thou glu me Crownes, braue Crownesor mangled fhal thou be by this my Sword.

French. O le vous faupre pour l'amour de Dieu ma par-
donner, le fuit le Gentilhomme de bon maifon, gaude non vive, & le vous donneray devez cent avens.

Piff. What are his words?

Bay, He
Boy. He prays you to save his life, he is a Gentleman of a good house, and for his ransom he will give you two hundred Crownes.

King. Lives he good Nuncle; thrice within this house I saw him downe; thrice vp againe, and fighting, From Helme to the spurre, all blood he was.

Exe. In which array (brave Soldier) doth he ly, Larding the plaine: and by his bloody side, (Yorkes-fellow to his honour-owing-wounds) The Noble Earl of Suffolke all lyes. Suffolke first dyed, and Yorke all baged over Comes to him, where in gore he lay inflam'd, And takes him by the Beard, kisses the fagges That bloodyl did yawe upon his face. He eyes aloud; Tarry my Cofin Suffolke, My Soule shall thinke heeke company to heaven: Tarry (toret soule) for mine, then flye a-brest: As in this glorious and well-foughten field We kept together in our Chusrialie. Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him vp, He finil'd me in the face, raught me his hand, And with a feeble gripe, says: Deere my Lord, Command my servitute to my Soueraigne, So did he turne, and our Suffolkes necke He throwed his wounded arme, and kill his lippes, And to espoit's to death, with blood hee land A Testament of Noble-ending-loue: The prettie and sweet manner et forc'd Those waters from me, which I would have stop'd, But I had not so much of man in me, And all my mother came into mine eyes, And gave me vp to teares.

Boy. I blame you not, For hearing this, I must perforce conclud With mixful eyes, or they will influe to. But heare, what new alarmus is this fame? The French haue re-entered their foster'd men: Then evry fouldour kill his Prisoners, Give the word through.

Enter Cawfable, Oracie, Burnon, Dolphi, and Kamburs.

Can. O Diabe.

Orl. O signeuer the loor and perdice, tose and perdice.

Dol. Alas Damen ma se, all is confoundall, Reproach, and everlasting flame Sits mocking in our Plumes. A hort Alarmus. O me. Alas haste fortune, do not runne away.

Can. Why all our ranks are broke.

Dol. O perishable flame, let's stab our felows: But there the wretches that we plaid at dice for.

Orl. Is this the King we seek too, for his ransom? Bor. Shame, and eternall flame, nothing but flame, Let vs dye in once more backe againe, And he that will not follow Burnon now, Lechim go hence, and with his cap in hand Like a sad Pandar hold the Chamber doores; Whilst a bale flaye, no gentler then my dogge, His fairt daughter is contaminated.

Can. Disorder that hath spoyl'd vs, friend vs now, Let vs on heapes go offer vp our looves.

Orl. We are now yet living in the Field, To soother vp the Englishe in our throug, If any order might be thought upon.

Bor. The diuell take Order now, ile to the throng; Let life be short, the flame will be too long. Exit.

Armifer. Enter the King and his traine, with Prisoners.

King. Well haue we done, thrice valiant Countrimen, But all is not done, yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The D. of York commends him to your Maiestie.
The Life of Henry the First.

Km. I tell thee truly Herald, I know not if the day be ours or no, For yet a many of your horsemen please, And I gallop ore the field.  
Her. The day is yours.  
Km. Praised be God, and not our strength for it: What is this Cattle call’d that stands hard by.  
Her. They call it Agincourt, King. Then call we this the field of Agincourt, Fought on the day of Christ’s Crjstmas.  
Fla. Your Grandfather of famous memory (an’t please your Majesty) and your great Uncie Edward the Placke Prince of Wales, as I have read in the Chronicles, fought a most proue battel here in France.  
Km. They did Finshon.  
Fla. Your Majesty savyes very true: If your Maiesties is remembred of it, the Welches did good service in a Garden where Leekes did grow, wearing Leckes in their Monmouth caps, which your Majesty know to this hour is an honourable badge of the feruce: And I do beleue your Majesty takes no scorn to weare the Lecke ypon S. Tanies day.  
King. I weare it for a memorable honor: For I am Welsh you know good Countizman.  
Fla. All the water in Wye, cannot wash your Maiesties Welth blood out of your body, I can tell you that: God pleffe it, and preferre it, as long as it pleaseth his Grace, and his Maiestie too.  
Km. Thankest good my Countizmen.  
Fla. By Ibelu, I am your Maiesties Countizman, I care not who know it: I will conffe it to all the Orid, I need not to be ashamed of your Maiestie, praiied be God so long as your Maiestie is an honett man.  
King. Good keepe me fo.  
Enter Williams.  
Our Heralds go with him, Bring me just notice of the numbers dead On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hithe,  
Exe. Souldier, you must come to the King.  
Km Souldier, why wasn’t thou that. Glouces thy Cappe?  
Exe. And I please your Maiestie, tis the gage of one that I should fight with half, I be alue.  
Kin. An Englishman?  
Wtl. And I please your Maiestie, a Rascal that wagge’d with me last night: who if alue, and ever dare to challenge this Glouce, I have sworn to take him a box half his head: or if I can see my Glouce in his cappe, which he wore as he was a Souldier he would weare(if alue) I will strike it out soundly.  
Kin. What thinke you Captaine Flueiden, is it fit this souldier keepe his oath.  
Fla. He is a Crazien, and a Villainne elle, and please your Maiestie in my confession.  
King. It may bee, his enemy is a Gentleman of great fort quite from the answere of his degree.  
Flu. Though he be as good a lenteeman as the dueel is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himselfe, it is necessarie (locke your Grace) that he keepe his vow and his oath: If hee bee periu’d (see you now) his reputation is as arrant a villainne and a lacke Lawe, as euer his blacke shoos trodd vpun Gods ground, and his earth, in my confession law  
King. Then keep thee woy sirrah, when thou meett the fellows.  
Wtl. So, I wil my Liege, as I lute.  
King. Who for’t thou vnder?  

A M a t i c. Enter King Harry and Barbon with pricers.  

King. I was not angry since I came to France, Vntill this instant. Take a Trumpet Herald, Ride thou unto the Horsemen on yond hill: If they will fight with vs, bid them come downe, Or voyde the field: they do offend our fight, If they’d do neither, we will come to them, And make them skier away, as swift as fones Enforced from the old Affyrnian fings. Before, weill cut the throats of those we hate, And not a man of them that we shall take, Stall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.  

Enter Mioncy.  
Exe. Here comes the Herold of the French, my Liege  
Glo. His eyes are humberl then they ve’d to be.  
King. Now how, what meanes this Herald? Knowst thou not, That I have fin’d these bones of mine for ranfome? Com’t thou againe for ranfome?  
Her. No great King: I come to thee for charitable Licenfe, That we may wander ore this bloody field, To booke our dead, and then to bury them, To fort our Nobles from our common men. For many of our Princes (wre the while)  
Eye drawnd & foaked in mercurial blood: So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbes In blood of Princes, and with wounded bleededs First set-locche deepe in gore, and with wilde rage Juice out the armed heries at their dead matters, Killing them twicce. O grieve vs laue great King, To view the field in safety, and dispoze Of their dead bodiies.

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Will. Vnder Captaine Gower, my Liege.

Fla. Gower is a good Captaine, and is good knowledge and litertature in the Warres.

King. Call him hither to me, Souldier.

Will. I will my Liege.

Exit.

King. Here Fluellen, were thou this favour for me, and strike it in thy Cappe: when Alazon and my felle were downe together, I plucke this Gloue from his Helme: If any man challenge this, hee is a friend to Alason, and an enemy to our Prifoners; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, and thou do'st me,

Flu. Your Grace doe's me as great Honors as can be def'ed in the hearts of his Subjects: I would faine see the man, that he's but two legs, that shall find himselfe agree'ed 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 if thou Gower?

Flu. He is my deare friend, and please you.

King. Pray thee goe fecke him, and bring him to my Tent.

Exit.

Flu. I will fetch him.

Exit.

King. My Lord of Warwick, and my Brother Cliffor.

Follow Fluellen closely at the heeles.

The Gloue which I have given him for a favour. May haply purchase him a box of a 's ease.

It is the Souldiers; I by bargaining should Wear it my life. Follow good Cousin Warwick;

If that the Souldier strike him as he should.

By his bloud bearing, he will keep his word; Some sodaine mishief may arise of it:

For I doe know Fluellen valiant,

And toucht with Choler, hot as Gunpowder,

And quickly will returne an iniurie.

Follow, and see there be no harme between them.

Goe with you mee, Vvickle of Exeter.

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to Knight you, Captaine.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Gods will, and his pleasure, Captaine, I befeech you now, come space to the King: there is more good toward you paranademe, then is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this Gloue?

Flu. Know the Glouet I know the Gloue is a Gloue,

Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it.

Strikes him.

Flu. Sblud, an arrant Traitor as anye in the Vnterfall world, or in France, or in England.

Gower. How now Sirr? you Villaine?

Will. Do you think it be forsworne?

Flu. Stand away Captaine Gower, I will glue Trefon his payment into gloves, I warrant you.

Will. I am no Traitor.

Flu. That's a Lyke in thy Throat. I charge you in his Maiesties Name apprehend him, he's a friend of the Duke Alaslass.

Enter Warwick and Gloucester.

Warn. How now, how now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, heere is praified be God for it, a molt contagious Trefon come to light, looke you, as you shall define in a Summers day. Heere is his Maiestie.

Enter King and Exeter.

King. How now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Liege, here is a Villaine, and a Traitor, that looke your Grace, he's shooke the Gloue which your Maiestie is take out of the Helmet of Alaslass.

Will. My Liege, this was my Gloue, here is the fellow of it, and be that I gave it to change, promis'd it wear in it 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 Maiestie heere now, fauing your Maiesties Manhood, what an arrant rascally, beggerly, lowlie Knave is it: I hope your Maiestie is brace me testimonie and witness, and will auzuchement, that this is the Gloue of Alaslass, that your Maiestie is give me, in your Consciencenow.

King. Give me thy Gloue Souldier;

Lookke, here is the fellow of it:

Twas I indeed thow promis'd it to strike,

And thow halft given me most bitter terms.

Flu. And please your Maiestie, let his Neck anfwer for it, if there is any Marshall Law in the World.

King. How canst thou make me faint upon?

Will. All offences, my Lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your Maiestie.

King. It was our felle thou didst abuse.

Will. Your Maiestie came not like your selfe: you appear'd to me but as a common man: winitie the Night, your Garments, your Low linne: and what your Highness faide: I vnder that there, I befeech you take it for your owne fault, and not mine: for had you beene as I looke you tor, I made no offence: therefore I befeech your Highness pardon me.

King. Here Vvickle Exeter, fill this Gloue with Crownes, and give it to this fellow. Keppe it fellow, and wear it for an Honor in thy Cappe,

Till I doe challenge it. Give him the Crownes:

And Captaine, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this Day and this Light, the fellow's ma- tell enough in this belly: Hold, there is twelve-pence for you, and I pray you to ferue God, and keepe you out of prawties and prubbles, and quarrels and discontents, and I warrant you it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your Money.

Flu. An arrant good will: I can tell you it will serue you to mende your shooes: come, wherefore should you be so paffily, your shooes is not so good: 'tis a good filling I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter Hereald.

King. Now Hereald, are the dead numbed?

Hereald. Here is the number of the slaine French.

King. What Prisoners of good sort are taken, Vvickle?

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleanc, Nephew to the King.

John Duke of Burbon, and Lord Beaupleal:

Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires,

Full fiftie hundred besides common men.

King. This Note doth tell me of ten thousand French

That in the field ly'd slaine: of Princes in this number, And Nobles bearing Banners, there ly'd dead

One hundred twentie six: added to thefe,

Of Knights, Esquires, and gallant Gentlenen,

Eight thousand and foure hundred: of the which, Five hundred were but yesterday dub'd Knights.

So that in these ten thousand they zue lost,

There are but fiftie hundred Mercenaries:

The reft are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, Squires,
And Gentlemen of blood and quality,
The Names of those their Nobles that lye dead:
Charles: Delabreth, High Constable of France,
Incaunt of Chatillon, Admiral of France,
The Master of the Croye-bowes, Lord Rambourgh,
Great Master of France, the brave Sir Guichard Dolphin,
John Duke of Alanson, Anthony Duke of Srbants,
The Brother to the Duke of Burgundie,
And Edward Duke of Bari: of Jaffie Earle, Grandpre and Laiffe, Fanscombe and Bynes,
Beaumont and Marie, Vandonia and Lofinale.
Here was a Royal fellowship of death,
Where is the number of our English dead?
Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolke,
Sir Richard Kezz, Dass Cam Elifique;
None else of name: and of all other men,
But fine and twenty.
O God, thy Arme was here:
And not to vs, but to thy Arme alone,
Atribe we all: when, without stragagem,
But in plaine shock, and even play of Battallie,
Was euer knowne to great and little life?
On one part and on the other, take it God,
For it is none but thine.
Exe. 'Tis wonderfull.
King. Come, goe me in procession to the Village:
And be is death proclaim'd through our Hoall,
To boast of this, or take that praiseful from God,
Which is his onely.
Flu. Is it not lawfull and please your Maiestie, to tell
how many is killd?
King. Yes Captain: but with this acknowledgement,
That God bought for vs.
Flu. Yet, my confidence, he did vs great good.
King. Doe we all holy Rights?
Let there be sung Now mon and Te Deum,
The dead with charitable eulogies in Clay:
And then to Callice, and to England then,
Where ne're from France ar'th'ld more happy men.
Exeunt.

Adus Quintus.

Enter Chorus.
Vouchsafe to thole that have not read the Story,
That I may prompt them: and of such as hae,
I humbly pray them to admit th'excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life,
Be here presented. Now we brace the King.
Toward Callice: Grunt them there; there leene,
Heaue him away upon your winged thoughts,
Athrow the Sea: Behold the English beach
Pales in the flood; with Men, Wives, and Boyes,
Whole hounds & claps out-voyce the deep-mouth'd Sea,
Which like a magitie Whirlifor the King,
Seemes to prepare his way: So let him land,
And folomey fee him in the ation of London.
So swift a pace hath Thought, that euen now
You may imagine him upon Black-Heath:
Where, that his Lords desire him, to haue borne
His bruis'd Helmet, and his bended Sword
Before him, through the Citie: he forbids it,
you to day a skirte of low degree. I pray you fall to, if you can make a Lecke, you can eat a Lecke.

Cur. Enough Captaine, you have altonish'd him.

Flm. I ray, I will make him eat some part of my lecke, or I will pece his pate four days; bite I pray you, it is good for your greene wound, and your pookie Coxcomb.

Pif. Must I bite.

Flm. Yes certainly, and out of doubt and out of question too and ambiguities.

Pif. By this Lecke, I will most horribly renouce I eate and eate I sweare.

Flm. Eate I pray you, will you have some more sauce to your Lecke: ther is not enough Lecke to sweare by.

Pif. Queasy thou Cudgell, thou dost fee I eare.

Flm. Much good do you feale, hailey, Nay, pray you throw none away, the skinner is good for your broken Coxcomb when you take occasions to fee Leeks hereafter, I pray you moack at'em, that is all.

Tul. Good.

Flm. 1, Leeks is good: hold you, there is a great to heal your pate.

Pif. Me a glass at.

Flm. Yes verily, and in truth you shall take it, or I have another Leek in my pocket, which you shall eare.

Pif. I take thy great in enearth of renouche.

Flm. If I once you any thing, I will pay you in Cudgell, you shall be a Woodmonger, and buy nothing of the but cudgell: God buy you, and keep you, & heal your pate. 

Exit Tul. All hell shall flire for this.

Gam. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly Knave, will you mock at an ancient Tradition begin vpon an honourable respect, and wore as a memorable Trophee of profecrated valor, and dare not shew in your deeds any of your words. I have seen geelleek & galley at this Gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speake English in thate garb, he could not therefore handle an English Cudgell; you finde it other wise, and henceforth let a Welsh correction, teach you a good English condition, faire ye well. 

Exit Pif. Doeth fortune play the husband with me now? Newes have it that my Dolls is dead rith Spittle of a unlaydy of France, and therey my rendlesse is quite cutt off: Old I do waze, and from my wearie limbes honour is Cudgell. Well, Baud Ie turne, and something leave to Cut-purce of quicke hand: To England will I cleare, and there ile cleare:

And patches will I get vnto these cudgel lances, and I swore I got them in the Gallia warres. 

Enter at one door, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwick, and other Lords. As another, Queen Isabel, the King, the Duke of Bourgony, and other French.

King. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met; vnto our brother France, and to your Sitter.

Wilk. And face time of day: toy and good wishes to our most faire and Princely Cosine Katherine: And as a branch and member of this Royalty, by whom this great assembly is contriv'd, we do salute you Duke of Burgone, and Princes French and Peeres health to you all.

Pur. Right joyous gae we to behold your face, 
Not weary our brother England, fairly met, 
Sare are Princes (English) every one. 

Que. So happy be the ifue brother Ireland Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting, 
As we are now glad to behold your eyes, 
Your eyes which hither have borne 
In them against the French that met them in their bent, 
The fatal Balls of morturing Battelikes: 
The charmeome of this Leeks we foie hope 
Have loft their qualite, and that this day 
Shall change all griefes and quarrells into love. 

Eng. To cry Amen to that, thus we appease. 

Que. You English Princes all, I doe salute you. 

Burg. My dutie to you both, on equall love.

Great Kings of France and England: hat I have laboured 
With all my wits, my paines, and strong endevours, 
To bring your most Imperial Lusties 
Vnto this Barre, and Royall interview; 
Your Mightineffe on both parts beft cannot witness. 
Since then my Office hath so faire prey'd, 
That Face to Face, and Royall Eye to Eye, 
You can contegetted: let it not disgree me, 
If I demand before this Royall view, 
What Reb, or what Impediment there is, 
That your naked, poore, and mangled Peace 
Dear Naurie of Arts, Prettyes, and joyfull Batres, 
Should not in this belt Garden of the World, 
Our fertile France, put vp her lovely Vifage? 

Fla. Alas free hath from France too long been chas'd, 
And all her Husbandry doth lye on heapes, 
Corrupting in it owne fertilite.

Her Vine, the merry clearer of the heart, 
Vowed, Iyes: her Hedges even pleached, 
Like Penionyes wildly out-grownne with hayre, 
Put forth disorder'd Twigs: her fallow Leas, 
The Darnell, Hembak, and ranke Fenery, 
Don't roost upon, while that the Colter rules 
That should deracinate such Sugarey; 
The euin Mealest, that erst brought fuchly forth 
The fickerd Cowflill, Burnet, and grente Clover, 
Wanting the Spight, withall uncorded, rankes 
Conceiued by ideness, and nothing serene, 
But Indishead Docks, rough Thistles, Kk'Jyes, Burnes, 
Loveline both beautie and vitulicie; 
And all our Vineyards, Fallowes, Meales, and Hedges, 
Deluche in their natures, grew to wildnettie. 
Euen to our Houles, and our selues, and Children, 
Hau not, or do not learnes, for want of time, 
The Sciences that should become our Country; 
But grow like Sausages, as Souldiers will, 
That nothing doe, but meditate on Blood, 
To Swanerding, and Royall Lookes, defat's Attys, 
And every thing that scemes vanisual.

Which to reduce into our former favour, 
You are assembled: and my speech entreats, 
That I may know the Let, why gentle Peace 
Should not expel their inconuences, 
And blisse vs with her former qualities. 

Eng. If Duke of Burgonie, you would the Peace, 
Whoate want giues growth to th'impertections 
Which you have citiz'd: you must buy that Peace 
With full accord to all our iuif demands, 
Whose Tenures and particular effects 
You have esteemed'd briefly in your hands. 

Burg. The King hath heard them to the which, as yet 
And is in no anwer made. 

Eng. Well then the Peace which you before for vrg'd, 
Lyes in his Answer.

France. 1. 

V. i. 38—V. ii. 76
Exeunt Manet could norlhaie but le then mud dat Saint how will weare for moft To Any vnderf And me gaine thou will aske me, if I am not brokenly Faure, or that you have been in pretension; onely downe-right Oathes, which I never weill wrig'd, nor neuer brake for vrging. If thou canst loue a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth Sunne-burning that never looks in his Glaffe, for loute of my thing he fees there? let thine Eye be thy Cooke. I speake to thee plaine Souldier. If thou canst loue me for this, take me? not to faie to thee that I shall dye, is true, but for thy loue, by the L. No: yet I looke thee too. And while thou wilt, dear Kate, take a fellow of plaine and vncyonyed Confliance, for he perfore ce muft do thee right, becau he hath not the gift to roose in other places for these fellowes of infinit tongue, that can syme themselves into Ladies fauours, they doe alwaies receipt themselves our againe. Whate a speaker is but a pofter, a hymne is but a Ballad; a good Legges will fall, a short Backe will floope, a blacle Bedd will turne white, a curl'd Patre will grow bald, a faire Face will wither, a full Eye will wax hollow: but a good Heart, Kate, is the Sunne and the Moone, or rather the Sunne, and not the Moone; for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou woulde bave such a one, take me? and take me, Kate, take a Souldier, take a Souldier, take a King. And what say’st thou then to my Loue? I speake my face, and fairely, I pray thee.

Kate. Is it possible dat I could lose de emenie of France?

King. No, it is not possible you should loue the Enemie of France, Kate; but in louing me, you should loue the Friend of France: for I loue France so well, that I will not part with a Village of it; I will have it all mine: and Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

Kate. I cannot tell was is dat.

King. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which I am sure will hang upon my tongue, like a new-married Wife about her Husbandes Neckes, hardly to be shocke off: Je quand sur le paffifm de France, & quand vous en es le paffifm de moy? Let me fee, what then? Saint Dennis bee my Speake) Done votre off France, & vous autre misere. It is as easy for me Kate, to conquest the Kingdome, as to speake fo much more French: I shall neuer moute thee in French vniſſele it be to laugh at me.

Kate. Sunt votre honoe, le francois qves vous parles, il & milieux que l’Anglais lequel il porte.

King. No, no honor, Kate; but thy speaking of my Tongue, and I thine, most cruelly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But Kate, doest thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

Kate. I cannot tell.

King. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? Ile ask them. Come, I know thou loue me: and at night, when you come into your Cloths, you’r quesshow this Gentlewoman about me, and I know, Kate, you will to her dispaysre those parts in me, that you loue with your heart: but good Kate, mock me mercifully, the rather gentle Princeſſe, because I loue thee cruelly, if euer thou besh mine, Kate, as I have a saving Faith within me tell me thou that; I get thee with skambling, and thou must therefore needs prov'e a good Souldier-breeder. Shall not thou and I, between Saint Denoe and Saint George, compound a Boy full French half English, that
that shall goe to Confinatiple, and take the Turk by the Beard. Shall wee not? what sayst thou, my faire Flower-de-Luce.

Kate. I do not know dat.

King. No: this hereafter to know, but now to promise: doe but now promise Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a Boy; and for my English moytie, take the Word of a King, and a Battcheke. How answer you, La plus belle Katherine du monde non regret & demy deedy.

Kate. Your Maiestie swe swe true Frenche enough to decease de moit tage Damoisell dat is en Fraunce.

King. Now fe ye upon my faire Frenshe, bin mine Honor in true English, I loue thee Kate; by which Honor, I doe not sweare thou louest me, yet my blood begins to flatter me, that thou dost not, notwithstanding the poor and vittupering effect of my Vifage. Now beffrew my Fathers Ambition, hee was thinking of Cuiul Wares when hee got me, therefore was I creatted with a stubborne out-lide, with an apect of Iron, that when I come to wooe Ladies, I fright them; but in faith Kate, the eldest Lady of my Court, I flall appeare. My comfort is, that Old Age, that ill Layter of Beauitie, can doe no more spoyle upon my Face. Thou haft me, if thou haft me, at the worst; and thou shalt weare me, if thou weare me, better and better: and therefore tell me, most faire Katherine, will you haue me? Put off your Maiden Blushes, aucthe the Thoughts of your Heart with the Looks of an Emprresse, take me by the Hand, and say, Harry of England, I am thine: when Ward thou shalt no longer bleff me mine Eare withall, but I will tell thee slowe, 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 butt King, thou shalt finde the butt King of Good-fellowes. Come your Anwer in broken Mufick; for thy Voyce is Mufick, and thy English broken; Therefore Queene of all, Katherine, breake thy minde to me in broken English; wilt thou have me?

Kate. Dat is as it shal plesse de Rey mou pore.

King. Nay, it may please him well, Kate; it shall plesse him, Kate.

Kate. Den it fall also content me.

King. Upon that I kiffe your Hand, and I call you my

Queen.

Kate. Laiffe mon Sieurier, laiffe, laiffe, mai far. Je ne vouo point que vous absoisse voctre grandeur, en bâissant le main d'une volta Sieurier oufice fournir ce que je vous supplie mon tres-pouissant Sieurier.

Then will I kiffe your Lippes, Kate.

Kate. Les Dames & Damoyeles pour effe baisser devront leur npecte il n'est pas le coutume de Fraunce.

King. Madame, my Interpreter, what sayes thee?

Lady. Dat it is not be de fashon pour le Ladies de Fraunce: I cannot tell was is buiffle en Angllis.

King. To kiffe.

Lady. Your Maiestee entende boste que moy.

King. It is not a fashon for the Maidis in Fraunce to kiffe before they be married, would the fay?

Lady. Ony vertugement.

Deare Kate, you and I cannot be confin'd within the weake Lyttl of a Courtyees fashon: wee are the maunders, Kate, and the liberty that follows our Places, flippes 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 paitiently, and yeelding. You have Witch-craft in your Lippes.

Kate: there is more eloquence in a Sugar touch of them, then in the Tongues of the French Council; and they should sooner perishe as Harry of England, then a generall Petition of Monsachs. Here comes your Father.

Enter the French Power, and the English Lords.

Burg. God sauue your Maiestie, my Roayl Coyn, teach you our Princelesse English?

King. I would haue her learne, my faire Couyn, how perfefftly I loue her, and that is good English.

Burg. Is shee not apt?

King. Our Tongue is rough, Coze, and my Condition is not smooth: To that hauing neyther the Voyce nor the Heart of Fiacerie about me, I cannot so conuere vp the Spirit of Loue in her, that hee will apprear in his true likenesse.

Burg. Pardon the frankneffe of my mirth, if I infuer you for that. If you would conuere in her, you must make a Circle: if conuere vp Loue in her ist his true likenesse, hee must apprear naked, and blinde. Can you blame her then, being a Maid, yet rost ouer with the Virgin Crimsof of Modellie, if shee deny the apperance of a nacked blinde Boy in her nacked seeing felle? It were (my Lord) a hard Condition for a Maid to confinge to.

King. Yet they doe wink and yeld, as Loue is blinde and eniores.

Burg. They are then executd my Lord, when they fee not what they doe.

King. Then good my Lord, teach your Couyn to confent winking.

Burg. I will wink on her to confent, my Lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for Maides well Summer'd, and warme kept, are like Flies at Bartholomew-waye, blinde, though they have their eyes, and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

King. This Morall tyes me ouer to Time, and a hot Summer; and I shall catch the Flye, your Couyn, in the latter end, and thee must be blinde to.

Burg. As Loue is my Lord,before it loves.

King. It is so: and you may, some of you, thank Loue for my blindneffe, who cannot see many a faire French Citie for one faire French Maid that flands in my way.

French King. Yes my Lord, you see them perspectively: the Cities turn'd into a Maid; for they are all gyrdled with Maidens Walls, that Warre hath entred.

England. Shall Kate be my Wife?

France. So please you.

England. I am content, so the Maidens Cities you take of, may wait on her: so the Maid that stood in the way for my Wifhe, shall shew me the way to my Will.

France. We have consetted to all terms of reason.

England. It's so, my Lords of England?

The King hath granted every Article: His Daughter first; and in sequel, all, According to their famed proposed nations.

Extr. Only.
The Life of Henry the Fift.

End. Onele he hath not yet subscribed this:
Where your Majestie demands, That the King of France
having any occasion to write for matter of Grant, shall
name your Highness in this forme, and with this addi-
tion, in French: Nous troy cher fili, Henry Roy d'Angletere
Heretere de France: and thus in Latine: Proclamominus
Filii nostror heuereu Rex Anglia & Heres Franciae.
France. Nor this I have not Brother so deny'd,
But your request shall make me let it passe.
England. I pray you then, in love and dearer alliance,
Let that one Article rank'd with the rest,
And thereupon give me your Daughter.
France. Take her faire Sonne, and from her blood rayse vp
issue to me, that the contending Kingdomes
Of France and England, whose very flowers looke pale,
With emy of each others happiness,
May ceale their hatred; and this dear Conjunction
Plant Neighbour-hood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet Bosome: that neuer Warre advance
His bleeding Sword twixt England and faire France.
Lords. Amen.
King. Now welcome Kate: and bear me wittesse all,
That here I kiffe her as my Soueraigne Queene,
Flourish.
Queen. God, the best maker of all Marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your Realmes in one:
As Man and Wife being two, are one in love,
So be these twixt your Kingdomes such a Spoufall,
That never may ill Office, or fell Jealousie,
Which troubles oft the Bed of blest Marriage,
Thrust in betweene the Patience of these Kingdomes,
To make divorce of their incorporate League:
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other. God speake this Amen.
King. Prepare we for our Marriage to morrow:
My Lord of Burgundy we'll take your Oath
And all the Peere, for suretie of our Leaguers,
Then shall I Iwete to Kate, and you to me,
And may your Oathes well kept and propretious be.
Sent.
Exeunt.

Enter Clowns.

Thus farre with rough, and all-vaible Pen,
Our bending Author hath pursu'd the Story,
In little roomie confuing mightie men,
Mangling by startes the full course of their glory.
Small time: but in that small, most greatly lisen
This Starre of England, Fortune made his Sword;
By which, the Worlds best Garden he achieved:
And of it left his Sonne Imperiall Lord.
Henry the Sixt in Infant Bands crown'd King
Of France and England, after this King succeed:
Whole State so many had the managing,
That they loft France, and made his England bleed:
Which oft our Stage hath showne; and for their sake,
In your faire minds let this acceptance take.

FINIS.

k 2 The
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Dead March.

Enter the Funeral of King Henry the Fifth, attended on by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France, the Duke of Gloucester, Protector, the Duke of Lancaster, Sir Warkwyck, the Bishop of Winchester, and the Duke of Somerset.

Vng be heavens with black, yield day to night; Some impious change of Times and States, Brandish your Cynthia Trelles in the Sky, And with them shorten the bad reuailing Stars, That have contented into Henry's death:
King Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long, England hee left a Kings of so much worth. Gloucester England hee had a King vntill his time: Virtue he had, defending to command, His brandish Sword did blinde men with his beames, His Armes spred wider then a Dragons Wings: His sparkling Eyes, repliet with wrathfull fire, More dazled and drone back his Enemies, Then mid-dway S anne, fierce bent against their faces, That should I say his Deeds exceed all speech: Hee was a life vp his Hand, but conquered.

Exit. We mourne in blacke, why mourn we not in blood?

Henry is dead, and never shall reuene: Upon a Wooden Coffin we attend; And Drachs dishonourable Victorie, We with our flately professe glorie, Like Captives bound to a Triumphant Cart, What shall we curfe the Planets of Misloving, That plotted thus our Glories overthrow? Or shall we thinke the fabulous writen French, Conquerors and Sorcerers, that slipt from him, By Magicke Verities have corner'd his end. Whoch. He was a King, left of the King of Kings.

Vnto the French, the dreadfull Judgement-Day So dreadful will not, as was his fight, The Battales of the Lord of Holis Ie fought: The Churches Prayers made him to prosperous
Gloft, The Church? where is it?
Had not Church-men pray'd, His thred of Life had not so soune decay'd, None doe you like, but an exterminate Prince, Whom like a School-boy you may over-awe. Whch. Gloster, what ere we like, thou art Protector, And lookest 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 lou'st the Flesh, And nee through all the yeere to Church thou go'st, Except it be to pray against thy foes, Bedecke, cease thy Jarras, & tell thy minds in peace: Let's to the Altar: Heralds way on vs; In stead of Gold, wee le offer vp our Armes, Since Armes assure not, now that Henry's dead, Politieer aitwait for wreathed yeeres, When at their Mothers mifformed eyes, Babes shall suck, Our Ile be made a Nourish of tall Teares, And none but Women left to weale the dead. Henry the Fifth, thy Ghost Linous are: Prosper this Realme, keep it from Cuill Broyles, Combat with aduerce Planetes in the Heavens; A faire more glorious Starre thy Soule will make, Then Infens afar, or bright---

Enter a Messenger.

Mesll. My honourable Lords health to you all: Sad tidings bring: I to you out of France, Of late the most famous and discomfiture: Guets, Champaignes, Richines, Outlance, Paris Grypowr, Poysiers, are all quite loit, Bedes.what by fit thou man, before dead Henry's Cause? Speake fully, or the loit of those great Townes
Will make him burth his Lead, and rie from death. Glost. Is Paris loit? Is Ross yealded vp? If Henry were recall'd to life againe, These news would cause him once more yeeld the Ghost. Exe. How were they loit? what treacherie was vs'd?

Mesll. No treacherie, but want of Men and Money.
Amongst the Soultiers this is muttered, That here you maintaine fourcull Factions: And whil a Field should be dispairest and fought, You are disputing of your Generals, One would have singing Varies, with little cost; Another would dye swift, but wanteth Wings: A third thinke, without experience at all, By guilefull faire words, Peace may be obtrayd. Awake, awake, English Nobilitie, Let not soule thorn your Honors, new begor; Crope are the Flower-de-Luces in your Armes Of Englands Coast, one halfe is cut away. Exe. Were our Teares wanting to this Finerall, These Tidings would call forth her flowing Tides. Bede. Me they concern, Regent I am of France; Give me my fleeced Coat, Ile fight for France. Away with these disguisefull waying Robes; Wounds will I lend the French in stead of Eyes, To wepe their intermediate Miseries.
Enter to them another Messenger.

MESS. Lords view the Letters, full of bad mischiefe. France is resoled from the English quite, Except some petty Townes, of no impor.
The Dolphin Charter is crowned King in Rhemens: The Baffard of Orleans with him is joyn'd:

Reynold. Duke of Anjou, doth take his part,
The Duke of Alenion flyeth to this fide.  

Exit.  

Exit. The Dolphin crownd King: all flye to him:  
O whither shall we flye from this reprofe?

GLO. We will not flye, but to our enemies throw.  

Bedfort, if thou be flacke, he fight it out.  

Glo. Gad for, why doublift thou of my forwardneffe?

An Army hauie I muft'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is over-run.

Enter another Messenger.

MESS. My gracious Lords, to adore to your laments, 
Wither which you now below King Henry heir:  
I must informe you of a damnable right, 
Between the long Lord Talbot, and the French, 

Whence Talbot overcame, is to fto?

MESS. O no: wherein Lord Talbot was o'thrown: 
The circumfance I tell you more at large, 
The death of August lift, this dreadful Lord, 
Retiring from the Siege of Orleans, 
Having full feaue fix thousand in his troope, 
By threes and twenty thousand of the French 
Was round incompaft, and fet upon: 
No layure he had to enraine his men. 
He wanted Pikes to fet before his Archers: 
In stead whereof,差tre Stakes pluckt out of Hedges 
They pitch'd in the ground contadually, 
To keep the Horfemen off, from breaking in, 
More then three hours the fight continued: 
Where valiant Talbot, shou'd humane thought, 
Enacted wonders with his Sword and Lance. 
Hundreds he fent to Hell, and none durft stand him: 
Here, there, and euery where enrag'd, he flew.

The French exclaim'd, the Devill was in Armes, 
All the whole Army Began aga'd on him. 
His Souldiers fying his undaunted Spirit, 
A Talbot, a Talbot, cry'd out amain, 
And ran into the Bowells of the Bataile, 
Here had the Conqueft fully been feth'd up, 
If Sir John Falfeffe had not playd the Coudar. 
He being in the Vauward, plac'd behind, 
With purpose to relieue and follow them, 
Cowardly fled, not hauing ftronge o'frankefto. 
Hence grew the generall wrack and maflaftre: 
Enclofed were they with their Enemies, 
A bare Wallon, to win the Dolphins grace, 
Thrift Talbot with a Spare into the Back, 
Whom al France, with their chiefes asfembled strength, 
Durf not proume to looke once in the face.

BEFF. 1 am Talbot blame these I will lay my felfe, 
For hauing olye here, in pome and cafe, 
Whilft fuch a worthy Leader, wanting hye, 
Vno his difarray foe-men is betray'd.

MESS. O no, the liues, but it was Proifenor, 
And Lord Scalier with him, and Lord Humferford: 
Most of the refhaft'd, orroke likewise. 
BEFF. His Ranzome there is none but I shall pay, 
Ile hide the Dolphin headlong from his Thron, 
His Crowne fhall be the Ranzome of my friend: 
Foure of their Lords Ile change for one of ours.

Farwell my Maters, to my Tafe will I, 
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make, 
To keep our great Saint George Feast withall. 
Ten thousand Souldiers with me I will take, 
Wholfe bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake. 

MESS. So you had need, for Orleans is befeig'd, 
The English Army is grown weake and faint: 
The Earle of Salisbury craneh fupply, 
And hardly keeps his men from mutinie, 
Since they to few, watch eacuh a multitude.

MESS. Remember Lords your Oathes to Henry sworne: 
Fuyth to quell the Dolphin utterly, 
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke. 

BEFF. I doe remember it, and here take my leave, 
To goe about my preparation.  

Exit Bedford.  

MESS. He to the Tower with all the hilt I can, 
To view th Artillie and Armition, 
And then I will proclaime young Henry King.  

Exit Gilder.

Exit. To Eitzam will I, where the young King is, 
Being ordraw'd his peculiar Gouvernor, 
And for his fafety there he left defigne.  
Exit.  

Thank you, his Place and Function to attend: 
I am left out, for me nothing remains: 
But long I will not be lack out of Office. 
The King from Eitzam I intend to fend, 
And fit at chiefift Scene of publique Wazle, 

Exit.

Sound a Trumpet.

Enter Charles, Alaron, and Reiniger, Marching, with Drum and Souldiers.

Charles, enter his true meaning, even as in the Heavens, 
So in the Earth, to this day is not knowne, 
Lace did he thine upon the English face: 
Now we are Victors, upon vs he smiles, 
What Townes of any moment, but we have: 
At pleasure here we lye, nere Orleans: 
Otherwhiles, the famit English,like pale Ghofts, 
Fainely befeige vs one houre in a moneth, 

Alaro, they want their Poffedge, & their fat Bal thees: 
Eyther they must be dyed like Males, 
And haue their Prouenderyn's out of their mouths, 
Or pitfeous they will looke, like drowned Mice. 

Reiniger, Let's raife the Siege: why Luke we idle here? 

Talbot is taken, whom we want to leaue: 
Remayneth none but mad-braynd Salabury, 
And he may well in fretting spend his gall, 
Nor men nor Money hath he to make Warte. 
Charles, Sound,found Alaron, we will ruff on them, 
Now for the honour of the fafone French: 
Him I forgive my death, that killeth me, 
When he lesse me goe back one foot, or flye.  

Here Alaron, they are beeaen back by the 
English,with great toffe.  

Enter Charles, Alaron, and Reiniger.

Charles, Who ever saw the like?what men have I? 
Doggies, Cawards, Daffards: I would we haue flid, 
But that they left me midill my Enemies. 

Reiniger. Salabury is a desperate Homicide, 
He figheth as one weary of his life: 
The other Lords, like Lyons wanting foode, 
Doe rufh vp vn vs as their hungry prey.
The first Part of Henry the Six.

Alas! for Fosford, a Countryman of ours, records, England all Orients and Rosedale breeds, During the time Edward the third did reign: More truly now may this be verified; For note but Sampfons and Guelphs.

It fended forth to skirmish: one to one? Lange ran bod'fad Rafaela, who would e'ft suppo're, They had such courage and audacity! Charles. Let's leave this Towne, For they are hay're-bray'd Slaves, And hunger will enforce them to be more eas'er. Of old I know them; rather with their Teeth The Walls they le yeare downe, then for the Siege, Reigneir. I think by some odd Gimmres or Deuce Their Armes are set, like Crooks, still to strike on; Elfe ne're could they hold out for as they doe: By my consent, we're even let them alone.

Alas! for Fosford. Enter the Basford of Orleans.

Basford. Where's the Prince Dolphin? I hate newes for him. Basf. Basford of Orleans, prizce welcome to us, Basf. Me thinks your looks are sad, your chear app'd. Haste the late ouerthrow brought this offence? Be not dismay'd, for fucour is at hand: A holy Maid hither with me I bring, Which by a Vision sent to her from Heaven, Ordain'd is to rayse this tedious Siege, And drive the English forth the bounds of France: The spirit of deep Prophecy the bath, Exceeding the nine Sydy of old Rome: What's past, and what's to come, the can defery. Speake, shall I call her in? beleue your words, For they are certaine, and vnfallible. Basf. Go e call her in: but first, try her skill, Reigneir stand thou as Dolphin in my place, Question her proudyly, let thy Lookes be flenme, By this means shall we found what skill the hath.

Enter Isaac Puzel.

Reigneir. Faire Maid, is't thou wilt doe these wondrous feats? Puzel. Reigneir, is't thou that think'st to beguile me? Where is the Dolphin? Come, come from behind, I know thee well, though never seen before. Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me; In prizme will I talke with thee apart: Stand back you Lords, and giue vs leave a while. Reigneir. She takes upon her brayely at first fash. Puzel. Dolphin, I am by birth a Shepheard's Daughter, My wit vnstray'd in any kind of Art: Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd: To shine on my contemptible estate, Loe, whilst I weyted on my tender Lambs, And to bunnes parching heat display'd my checkes, Gods Mother design'd to appeare to me, And in a Vision full of Mairiele, Will durst to leave my base Vocation, And free my Country from Calamities: Her syde the promis'd, and shake flou'riece. In compleat Glory flou' relace'd her felie: And whereas I was black and stout before, With those clear Rayes, which shine infused on me, That breaste am I blest with, which you may fee.

Aske me what question thou canst possible, And I will answer unpremeditated: My Courage tire by Combat, if thou dar'st, And thou shalt finde that I exceed my Sex. Refole on this, thou shalt be forunate, If thou receiue me for thy Warlike Mate, Thou shalt affonish me with thy high terms; Onely this proofe, Ile of thy Valour make, In single Combat thou shalt buckle with me; And if thou vanquish'th, thy words are true, Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

Puzel. I am prepar'd: here is my keen-edg'd Sword, Deckt with fine Flowers-de-Luces on each side, The which at Touraine, in S. Katherine's Church-yard, Out of a great deale of old Iron, I chose forth. Delph. Then come a Gods name, I fee no woman, Puzel. And while I live, I'll ne're flye from a man, Here they fight, and hence do Puzel overcome.

Delph. Stay, stay thy hands, thou art an Amazon, And fight with the Sword of Deborah. Puzel. Crafts Mother helps me, else I was too weake.

Delph. Who e'ft helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me: Imperatily I burne with thy desire, My heart and hands thou haft at once fabdu'd, Excellent Puzel, if thy name be so, Let me thy fervant, and not Soueraigne be, 'Tis the French Dolphin sueth to thee thus. Puzel. I must not yield to any rights of mine, For my Propojition's far reste from above: Where I have chas'd all thy Foes from hence, Then will I think upon a reconempne. Delph. Meane time lookke gracious on thy profetare Thral.

Reigneir. My Lord I thinkes I'm very long in talke. Alas! with moste I finnes this woman to her smock, Elle ne'cres he so longe protract his speech. Reigneir. Shall we disturbe him, since hee keeps no mean's. Alas! he may meane more then we poor men do knowe, These women are fireuw temuers with their tongues, Reigneir. My Lord, where are you? What doyou you? Shall we give e'ft Orleans, or no? Puzel. Why no, I say; diffcultfull Recreants, Fight till the last galpe: He be your guard. Delph. What these sakes, Ile confine we'e fight it once. Puzel. Affign'd I am to be the English Scourge. This night the Siege squar'dly is rayse: Expect Saint Martin Summer, Helgyton days, Since I have entred into these Warres. Glory is like a Circle in the Water, Which never ceaseth to enlarge it selfe, Till by broad spreaching, it disperseth to naught. With Henry's death, the English Circle ends, Dispersed are the glories it included: Now am I like that proud insulting ship, Which Cesar and his fortune bare at once.

Delph. Was Diadem inspired with a Doue? Thou with an Eagle att inspired then. Helen, the Mother of Great Constante, Nor yet, 5. Philip's daughters were like thee. Bright Scare of Venus, faire downe on the Earth, How may I reverently worship the enough? a Alas! for Fosford. Leave off delays, and let vs rayse the Siege.

Reigneir. Wo-
**The first Part of Henry the Sixt.**

Regner. Woman, do what thou canst to serve our honors, Drive them from Orleans, and be immortal'd.

Dolph. Pretently we'll try: come, let's away about it, No prophet will I trust, if thee prove false.

**Exit Glosier, with his Servant-men.**

Glos. I am come to survey the Tower this day; Since Henry's death, I fear there is Conspicacy: Where be these Warders, that they wait not here? Open the Gates, its Glosier that calls.

1. Warder. Who's there, that knocks so imperiously? Glos. 1. Man. It is the Noble Duke of Glosier, 2. Warder. Who ere he be, you may not be let in.

1. Man. Villains, visit you for you the Lord Protector? 2. Warder. The Lord sets him, so we answer him, We do no otherwise then we are will'd.

Glos. Who willed you'd enter whole will'd bake? but mine?

There's none Protector of the Realm, but I: Break up the Gates, I'll be your warrantize; Shall I be bound thus with dunghill Groomes? Glosiers men rush in the Tower Gates, and Wooduelc The Lieutenant breaks within, Wooduelc. What noyse is this? what Traytors have we here?

Glos. Lieutenant, is it you whom voyce I hear? Open the Gates, here's Glosier that would enter. Wooduelc. Haue patience Noble Duke, I may not open, The Cardinall of Winchesters forbids: From him I have exprolile commandment, That thou not none of thine shall be let in.

Glos. Faint-hearted Wooduelc, prizest thouforme? Arrogant Wincheffter, that haughtie Prelate, Whom Henry our late Souveraine ere could brooke? Thou art no friend to God, or to the King: Open the Gates, or lie flint thee out shortly.

Warder-men. Open the Gates to the Lord Protector, Or we'll burn them up, if that you come not quickly.

**Enter to the Protector at the Tower Gates Wincheffter, and his men in Tawney Coats.**

Wincheff. How now ambitious Primefr, what means this?

Glos. Priet'd Priest, don't thou command me to be shut out? Winn. I do, thou most injuring Prodior, And not Protector of the King or Realm.

Glos. Stand back thou manifest Conspiritor, Thou hast continued it to murther our dead Lord, Thou art guilty Whores Indulgence to sinne, Ile cannot thee in thy broad Cardinalls Hat, If thou proceed in this thy insolence. Winn. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot: This be Damascus, be thou curtied Coat, To flay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt. Glos. I will not fly thee, but I lie drue thee back: Thy Scarlet Robes, as a Childs bearing Cloth, Ile, to carry thee out of this place.

Winch. Doe what thou darst, I hear thee to thy face.

Glos. What am I darr'd, and heard to my face? Draw men, for all this priviledged place, Blew Costs to Tawny Costs. Priet, beware thy beard, I mean to tug it, and to cause thee foundly, Vnder my feet I stamp thy Cardinalls Hat:

In sight of Pope, or dignities of Church, Here by the Checkers ile drag thee vp and downe. Winn. Glosier, thou wilt anfwer this before the Pope, Glos. Wincheffter Goofe, tere, a Pope, a Pope, Now have thee hence, why do you let them stay? Thee ile chase hence, thou Woole in Sheepes array, Our Tawney-Coats, our Scarlet Hypocrite.

Here Glosiers men beat out the Cardinalls men, and enter in the hury, hury the Master of London, and his Officers.

Majc. Eye Lords that you being supreme Magistrates, Thus contumeliously should break the Peace.

Glos. Peace Majc, thou knowst little of my wrongs: Here's Steamford, that regards nor God nor King, Hath here drayn'd the Tower to his wife,

Winn. Here's Glosier, a bar to Citizens, One that still motions Warre, and neuer Peace, Or re-charging your free Purlates with large Fines; This sects to overthrow Resonon, Because he is Protector of the Realm; And would have Armour here out of the Tower, To Crowne himfife King, and suppreffe the Prince.

Glos. I will not anfwer thee with words, but blows,

Here they storm'd agane.

Majc. Naught relefs for me, in this tumultuous strife, But to make open Proclamation.

Come Officer, as lowd as e're thou canst cry:

All manner of men, assembled here in Armes this day, Against God, Peace and the Kings, we charge and command you, in his Highnes Name, to repayre to your several dwelling places, and not to warre, handle, or use any Sword, Weapon, or Dagger henceforward, upon paine of death.

Glos. Cardinall, he be no breaker of the Law: But we shall meer, and breaks our minds at large. Winn. Glosier, we're meet to thy coit, be sure: Thy heart-blood I will have for this dayes worke, Majc. Ile call for Clubs, if you will not stay; This Cardinall's more baugtie then the Deuill.

Glos. Majc farewell: thou dost not but what thou mayst.

Winn. Abominiabull Glosier, guided thy Head, For I intend to have it ere long.

Majc. See the Costt clear'd, and then we will depart. Good God, thse Nobles should such fomackes bese, I my felle figh not once in fowre yeares.

**Enter the Master Gunner of Orleans, and his Boy.**

M. Gunner. Sir, ha, thou knowst how Orleans is beleag'd, And how the English haue the Suburbs wonne. Boy. Father I know, and oft haue that at them, How're we unfortunate, I mis'rd my ayme.

M. Gunner. But now thou shalt not, Be thou told by me: Chiefle Master Gunner am I of this Towne, Something I must doe to procure me grace: The Princes espyalls have informed me, How the English, in the Suburbs close entrench, Went through a secret Grace of Iron Barres, In yonder Tower, to outer-peepe the City, And thence discover, how with most advantage They may ves vs with Shot or with Affault. To intercept this inconvenience, A Peace of Ordinance 'gainst I haue place'd,
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

And even these three days haue I watcht, if I could see them. Now dothou watch, for I can stay no longer. If thou livest any, runne and bring me word, and thou shalt finde me at the Governors. Exit. 

Burt. Father, I warrant you, I take you no care, I never trouble you, if I may trye them. Exit.

Enter Salisbury and Talbot on the Turret, with others.

Sal. Talbot, my life is my joy, againe return'd? How went thou handle, being Prisoner? Or by what meanes got's thou to be releas'd? Disconcert I prethee on this Turret top.

Talb. The Earle of Bedford had a Prisoner,

Call'd the braue Lord Pontes de Sandrestye,

For him was I exchang'd, and ransom'd,

But with a better man of Armes by farre,

Once in contemp's they would have bate'd me:

Which I disdaining, scord'd, and craued death,

Rather then I would be foeld releas'd:

In fine, releas'd I was as I des'd.

But, O, the trecherous Faltaffe wounds my heart,

Whom with my bare fists I would execute,

If I now had him brought into my power.

Sal. Yet tellst thou not, how thou wert entertain'd?

Talb. With scoffes and frowns, and contumelious taunts,

In open Market-place produc'th they me,

To be a publique spectacle to all:

Here, sayst thou, the Terror of the French,

The Scar-Crow that affrights our children too.

Then broke I from the Officers that led me,

And with my nails dugg'd ftones out of the ground,

To barle at the beholders of my shame.

My griffy countenance made others fye,

None durst come near, for feare of fudden death.

In fou Walla they dende'd me no socoure:

So great feare of my Name mongeth them were spread,

That they suppos'd I could rend Barres of Steele,

And spaire in pieces Pellets of Adamant.

Wherefore a guard of chosen Shot I had,

That walkt about me every Minute while:

And if I did but firre out of my Bed,

Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the day with a L. and R. necker.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torment's you endur'd,

But we will be reacon'd sufficiently,

Now it is Supper time in Oileantce:

Here, through this Grate, I count each one,

And view the Frenchmen how they fortie:

Let vs looke in, the fight will much delight thee:

Sir Thomas Garanesse, and Sir William Glanmfale,

Let me have your expresse opinions,

Where is best place to make our Battle next?

Glanmfaile. I thinke at the North Gate, for there stands Lords.

Glumpydale. And I heare, at the Bailwalkes of the Bridge.

Talb. For ought I see, this Citie must be famish'd,

Or with light Sarmattes encleab'd.

Sal. Here they foot, and Salisbury falls downe.

Garanesse. O Lord have mercy on vs, wretched sinners.

Glanmfaile. O Lord have mercy on me, woful man.

Talb. What chance is this, that suddenly hath croft vs?

Speak Salisbury; at leaft, if thou canst, speake:

How far it thou, Mirror of all Martall men?

One of thy Eyes, and thy Checkes fide struck off?

Accurr'd Tower, accurr'd fault Hand,

That hath contin'd this woeful Tragedie,

In thirtene Battallies, Salisbury o'ertake,

Henry the Fift be far tran'st'd to the Warres,

Whil'st any Trumpet did found, or Drum struck vp,

His Sword did ne'er leave stricking in the field.

Yet lift not thou Salisbury? though thy spech doth fayle,

One Eye thou haue to look to Heaven for grace.

The Sunne with one Eye vieweth all the World,

Heauen be thou gracious to none aloue,

If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands.

Besee his body, I will help to buie it.

Sir Thomas Garanesse, haft thou any life?

Speak vnto Talbot, may look vp to him.

Salisbury cease thy Spirit with this comfort,

Thou shalt not dye whiles

He beckens with his hand, and smiles on me:

As who should fay, When I am dead and gone,

Remember to auenge me on the French.

Plantaginet I will, and like thee,

Play on the Lute, beholding the Townes bunet:

Wretched fail France be onely in my Name.

Here an Alarum, and it Thunders and Lightnes.

What fire is this? what tumult's in the Heauens?

Whence commeth this Alarum, and the noyse?

Enter a Messinger.

Mes. My Lord, my Lord, the French have gather'd head.

The Dolphin, with one Ioane de Pascau boy'd

A holy Prophete, new rifen vp,

Is come with a great Power, to rafe the Siege.

Here Salisbury fifteth himselfe vp, and groans.

Talb. Haue, haue, how dyng Salisbury doth groane,

It like's his heart he cannot be reueng'd.

Frenchmen, be I a Salisbury to you.

Pascau or Pascau, Dolphin, or Dog, &c.

Your heart still flaie out with my Horces hecules,

And make a Quagmire of your mingled brains.

Conuey me Salisbury into his Tent,

And then wee le trv what thefe daftard Frenchmen dare.

Alarum. Exit.

Here an Alarum againe, and Talbros purseth the Dolphin,

And drawneth him: Then enter Ioane de Pascau,

draving Englishmen before her.

Then enter Talbros.

Talb. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?

Our English Troupes retire, I cannot flay them,

A Woman clad in Armor chaffeth them.

Enter Pascau.

Here, here thee comes. 
He haue a bowe with thee

Desult, or Deuils Dam, hee cometh thee,

Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a Witch,

And bring awaye thy Soule to him thou feru'd,

Pascau. Come, come, this only I that must disgrace thee.

Here they fight.

Talb. Heauens, can you suffer Hell to prevaile?

My brief Ile burn with straining of my coura,

And from my shoulders crack my Armes sarder,

But I will chaffe this high-minded Strumpet.

They fight againe.

Pascau. Talbros farewell, thy house is not yet come,

I must goe Vindue Oileantce fortheith:

A short Alarums: then enter the Towne

with Soldiers.
Enter a Sergeant of a Band, with two Sentinels.

Ser. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:
If any noisier or souldier you perceive
Neere to the walls, by some apparant signe
Let vs have knowledge at the Court of Guard.
Sent. Sergeant you shall. Thus are poore Souldiers
(When others sleepe upon their quiet beds)
Constraining to watch in darknesse, raine, and cold.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy, with scaling
Ladders: Their drummers beating a
Dead March.

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy,
By whole approach, the Regions of Artois,
Wallon, and Picardy, are friends to us:
This happy night, the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banquetted,
Embrace we them this oppurtunitie,
As fitting bell to quetsch: their decease,
Contriv'd by Art, and basefull Sorcerie.
Bed. Coward of France, how much he wrongs his land,
Disparring of his owne armes for焗nte,
To joyn with Witches, and the helpes of Hell,
Bmr. Traitors have neuer other company,
But what's that Pucel whom they term'd to pure?
Tal. A Maid, they say.
Bmr. A Maid? And be in martial?
Bmr. Pray God the prove not masculine ere long:
If underneath the Standard of the French
She carrie Armour, as the hath begun.
Tal. Well, let them prate: and tonnesse with spirits,
God is our Fortresse, in whole conquering name
Let vs resolve to scale their flinty bulwarke.
Bed. Ascend braue Talbot, we will follow thee.
Tal. Not altogether, better fare I guesse,
That we do make our entrance euenter ways:
That if it chance the one of vs do faile,
The other yet may rise against their force.
Bed. Agreed, Ie to yon corne.
Bmr. And I to this.
Tal. And here we will Talbot mount, or make his graue.
Now Salisbury, for thee and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in dury, I am bound to both.
Sent. Arme, arme, the enemy doth make a Saul's
Cry, St. George, A Talbot.

The French leaue the walls in their spirites, Enter
certain wayes, Bedford, Alenfon, Regnier,
halflye ready, and halffyeready.

Alen. How now my Lords? what all uneasie to a
Sent. Veresday? and glad we feared so well.
Reg. Twas time (I trau'd) to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing Alarums at our Chamber doores.
Alen. Of all exploits once first I follow'd Armes,
Nere heard I of a warlike enterprise

The first Part of Henry the Sixth.
More venemous, or desperate then this.

Bast. I think this Talbot be a Fellow of Hell.

Reg. If not of Hell, the Heavens sure favour him.

Alasf. Here commeth Charles, I marvel how he sped?

Enter Charles and Joane.

Bast. Tut, holy Joane was his defense Guard.

Charles. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitfull Dame?

Didst thou at first, to slatter vs withall,

Make vs partakers of a little gayne,

That now our loafe might be ten times so much?

Joane. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?

At all times will you have my Power alike?

Sleeping or waking, must I still preasure,

Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?

Imprudent Souldiers, had your Watch been good,

This sudden Mischiefe never could have faile.

Charles. Duke of Alston, this was your default,

That being Captain of the Watch to Night,

Did look no better to this weightie Charge.

Alasf. Had all you Quarteres been as safely kept,

As that whereof I had the government,

We had not beene thus shamefully surprizd.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reg. And so was mine, my Lord.

Charles. And for my selfe, most part of all this Night,

Within her Quarter, and mine owne Precinct,

I was impoy'd in passing to and fro,

About relieving of the Centurys,

Then how, or which way, should they first break in?

Joane. Question (my Lords) no further of the cafe,

How or which way, 'tis sure they found some place,

But weakely guarded, where the breach was made:

And now there rests no other shift but this,

To gather our Souldiers, faster'd and dispaire,

And lay new Plane-forms to endanger them.

Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter a Souldier, crying, a Talbot, a Talbot:

they fly, leaving them Clothes behind.

Sould. He be so bold to take what they have left:

The Cry of Talbot lures me for a Sword

For I coute lend me with many Spoyles,

Ving no other Weapon but his Name.

Exeunt.

Enter Talbot, Bedfor, Bagyanda.

Bast. The Day begins to break, and Night is fled,

Whose pitych Mantle ower-wray'd the Earth.

Here sound Retreat, and cause our hot pursuite.

Retreat, Taliot. Bring forth the Body of old Suffolk,

And here advance it in the Market-Place,

The middle Curret of this cursed Towne,

Now have I pay'd my Vow unto his Soule:

For every drop of blood was drawn from him,

There hath at least five Frenchmen dyed to night,

And that beforest Ages may behold

What ruine happened in revenge of him,

Within their chiefest Temple 11 eccles.

A Tombe, wherein his Corps shall be inter'd:

Upon that which, that every one may read,

Shall be engras'd the Face of Olsene,

The treacherous manner of his mournfull end,

And what a terror he had beene to France.

But Lords, in all our bloody Mafiacre,

I make we met not with the Dolphine Grace,

His new-comen Champion, venemous Lionne of Acre,

Nor any of his false Confederates.

Bast. Tis thought Lord Talbot, when the fight began,

Rows'd on the sudden from their drouble Beds,

They did amongst theire troops of armed men,

Leape o're the Walls for refuge in the field.

Jury. My selfe, as farre as I could well discerne,

For smoke, and duske vapours of the night,

Am sure I fear'd the Dolphin and his Trull,

When Arme in Arme they both came swiftly running,

Like to a payre of louing Turtle-Doves,

That could not huse anudder day or night.

After that things are set in order here,

We'll follow them with all the power we haue.

Enter a Messanger.

Mess. All hail, my Lords, which of this Princeley tranye

Call ye the Warlike Talbot, for his Acts

So much applaued through the Realme of France?

Talbot. Here is the Talbot, who would speak with him?

Mess. The venemous Lady, Countesse of Ouerpie,

With modifite admiring thy Renowne,

By me entreats (great Lord) thou wouldt vouchsafe

To visit her poor Caste where the lyes,

That thay may boast the bath beheld the man,

Whose glory fill the World with lowd report.

Jury. Is it ever so? Nay, then I see our Wares

Will turne vert a peacefull Comick sport,

When Ladys eyes can not be encountered with

You may not (my Lord) despite her gentle fuit.

Talbot. Ne're trust me then: for when a World of Men

Could not preusyse with all their Orators,

Yet hath a Woman kindnesse out-sald:

And therefore tell her, I returne great thankes,

And in submission will attend on her.

Will not your Honors bearre me company?

Bast. Too truly, ten more then munest will:

And I have heard it say'd, Unbidden Guardels

Are often welcommett when they are gone.

Talbot. Well then, alone (since there's no remedie)

I mean to prove this Ladies cumpass,

Cousin her Captaine, you perceive my minde.

Volunteers.

Capt. I doe my Lord, and meane accordingly.

Exeunt.

Enter Countesse.

Countesse. Porter, remember what I gave in charge,

And when you have done so, bring the Keyes to me.

Port. Madame, I will.

Exeunt.

Countesse. The Plot is luyed, if all things fall out right,

I shall be famous be this exploit,

As a Seychian Tempest by Cyprys death,

Great is the rumour of this dreadful Knight,

And his achivements of no leffe account:

Faine would mine eyes be witnesse with mine ears,

To give their tenours of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and Talbot.

Mess. Madame, according as your Ladyship desired,

By Messengers clad, so is Lord Talbot come,

Countesse. And he is welcome: what is this the man?

Mess. Madame, it is.

Countesse. Is this the Scurge of France?

Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad?

That with his Name the Mothers fill their Babes?

I see Report is fabulous and faile.
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

I thought I should have scene some Hercules, A second Hector, for his grim appeare, And large proportion of his strong knit Limbes, Alas! this is a child, a silly Dwarfe: It cannot be, this weake and wittles Sirime Should strike such terror to his Enemies. Talk. Madame, I haue beene bold to troubl you: But since your Ladyship is not at juice, I haue some other time to visit you. Count. What means he now? Goe ask he, whether he goes? Meaf. Stay my Lord Talbot, for my Lady craves, To know the caufe of your abrupt departuare? Talk. Many, for that flew is in a wrong beleefe, I goe to conclude her Talbouts here, Euer Porter with Keyes. Count. If thau be he, then art thou Prisoner. Talk. Prisoner? to whom? Count. To me, blood-thristie Lord: And for that caufe I trayned thee to my Houfe. Long time thy shadow hath beene thrall to me, For in my Gallery thy Picture hanges: But now the substance hath endure the like, And I will change thefe Leges and Armes of thine, That haif by Tyrannie thefe many yeares Wafted our Country, blame our Citizens, And sent our Sons and Husbands captuarte. Talk. Ha.ha.ha. Count. Laugheth thou Wretch? Thy murther shall turne to moane, Talk. I haue to fee your Ladyship so fond, To think, that you haue caught but Talbots flidow, Whereon to pracie your feuerice. Count. Why art not thou the man? Talk. I am indeed. Count. Then haue I fubftance too. Talk. No, no, I am but shadow of my felfe: You are deceiu'd, my fubftance is not here: For what you fee, is but the fleafe part, And leaft proportion of Humane: 'Twill you Madame, were the whole Frame here, It is of fuch a spacious loftie pitch, Your Roofe were not fufficient to contain't. Count. This is a Riddling Merchant for the nonce, He will be here, and yet he is not here: How can these contrarieties agree? Talk. That will I fliew you prefently. Winds his Horns, Drummes strike up a Peale of Ordinance: Enter Soldiers. How far thy Madame? are you now perfwad'd, That Talbot is but shadow of himfelfe? There are his fubftance, finewes, armes, and strength, With which he yoaketh your rebellious Neckes, Raeth your Cities, and subuerets your Townes, And in a momenr makes them defolate. Count. Victorious Talbot, pardon my abused, I finde thou art no leafer, nor thy fame hath brutted, And more then may be gathered by thy fhape, Let my prefumption not prouoke thy wrath, For I am forry, that with reveuerce I did not entertaine thee as thou art. Talk. Be not difmay'd, faire Lady, nor misconquer The minde of Talbot, as you did maffeke The outward compofition of his body. What you have done, hath not offended me: Not other fatisfaction doe I crave,
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

...The argument you held, was wrong in you; Inigne whereof, I pluck a white Rose too, 

...Now Somerset, where is your argument? 

...Here in my Scabbard, meditating, that Shall dye your white Rose in a bloody red. 

...Meane time your cheeks do counterfeitt our Rose: For pale they looke with fear, as witnesing 

...The truth on our side. 

...No Plantagenet: 

...Tis not for fear, but anger, that thy cheeks Blush for pure flame, to counterfeitt our Roses, And yet thy tongue will not confesse thy errest. 

...Hath not thy Rose a Canker, Somerset? 

...Hath not thy Rose a Thorne, Plantagenet? 

...He, sharp and piercing to maintaine his truth, Whiles thy contaming Canker eats his falsehood. 

...Well, Ile find friends to weare my bleeding Roses, That shall maintaine what I have saide is true, Where faile Plantagenet dare not be seene. 

...Now by this Maiden Blossome in my hand, I scarce thee and thy fashion pleasant Boy. 

...Turne not thy face this way, Plantagenet. 

...Proud Poole, I will, and scarce both him and thee. 

...Ile turne my part thereof into thy breast, 

...Away, away, good William de la Poole, We grace the Yeoman, by conversing with him. 

...Now by Gods will thou wrong'st him, Somerset: 

...His Grandfather was Euyal Duke of Clarence, 

...Third Sonne to the third Edward King of England: 

...Spring Cretile Yeomen from to depeve a Root? 

...He bears him on the place's Priviledge, Or durst not for his开an heart say thus. 

...By him that made me, Ile maintaine my words On any Plot of Ground in Christendome. 

...Was not thy Father, Richard, Earle of Cambridge, 

...For Treson execused in our late Kings dayes? 

...And by his Treson, stand it not thou strained, Corrupted, and exempt from ancient Gentry? 

...His Trepay yet lyes giyne in thy blood, 

...And till thou be refer'd, thou art a Yeoman, 

...My Father was attactted, not attraite, 

...Condemn'd to dye for Tiscation but no Traitor; 

...And that Ile prove to better men then Somerset, 

...Were growing time once ripened to my will. 

...For your partake Poole and you your l interesse, 

...Ile note you in my Booke of Memorie, 

...To scourge you for this apprehension: 

...Looketo it well, and say you are well warnd. 

...Ah, thou shalt finde us readiness for thee fill, 

...And know v, by these Colours for thy Foes, 

...For these, my friends in sight of thee shall weere. 

...And by my Soul, this pale and angry Rose, 

...As Cognizance of my blood-drinking hate, 

...Will I for ever, and my Faction weare, 

...Untill it wither with me to the Grave, 

...Or flourish to the height of my Degree. 

...Goe forward, and be chock'd with thy ambition: 

...And to farwell, untill I meet thee next. 

...Have with thee Poole: Farwell ambitious Richard. 

...How I am braud', and must perfourde et it? 

...This blot that they obiect against your House, 

...Shall be whip out in the next Parliament, 

...Call'd for the Truce of Winchester and Gloucester: 

...And if thou be not then created York, I will not live to be accounted Warricke. 

...Meane time, in signall of my love to thee, 

...Against proud Somerset, and William Poole, 

...Will I upon thy partie wearre this Rose. 

...And here I propheticke: this brawl to day, 

...Grown to this Faction in the Temple Garden, 

...Shall fent between the Red-Rose and the White, 

...A thousand Souls to Death and deadly Night. 

...Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you, 

...That you on my behalfe would pluck a Flower. 

...Ver. In your behalfe fill will I weare the fame. 

...Lawyer. And so will I, 

...Thankes gentle. 

...Come, let vs touch to Dinner: I dare say, 

...This Quartrell will drinke Blood another day. 

...Enter Mortimer, brought on a Chariot, 

...and Taylors. 

...Mort. Kind Keepers of my weake decaying Age, 

...Let dying Mortimer here rest himselfe. 

...Even like a man new bailed from the Wrick, 

...So fare my Limbes with long Imprisonment; 

...And these gray Locks, the Puffins wantes of death, 

...Now aged, in an Age of Care, 

...Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer. 

...These Eyes, like Lamps, whose waving Oyle is spent, 

...Waxe dimme, as drawing to their Exigent. 

...Weake Shoulders, mure-born with balthening Griefe, 

...And pyrple-leafe Armes, like to a withered Vine, 

...That droptes his fappe-leffe Branches to the ground, 

...Yet are these Feet, whose strength-leffe flay is numeare, 

...Visible to support this Lumper of Clay. 

...Swift-winged with desire to get a Grave, 

...A writing I no other comfort hauie. 

...But tell me, keeper, will my Nephew come? 

...Keeper. Richard Plantagenet, any Lord, will come: 

...We fente unto the Temple, into his Chamber, 

...And answer was return'd, that he will come. 

...Mort. Enough: my Soule shall then be satisfied. 

...Poore Gentleman, his wrong doth equall nine. 

...Since Henry Memon'st first began to reign, 

...Before whole Glory was great in Armes, 

...This loathsome sequestration haue I had; 

...And even since then, hath Richard beene obfusc'd, 

...Depeird of Honor and Inheritance. 

...But now, the Arbitrator of Disparities, 

...Just Death, kinds Vampyr of mens entitleys, 

...With fweat enlargement doth dismist me henc: 

...I would his troubles likewise were expir'd, 

...That so he might recover what was lost. 

...Enter Richard. 

...Keeper. My Lord, your loving Nephew now is come, 

...Mort. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come? 

...Richard. Noble Vnkle, thus I ought to vnder. 

...Your Nephew, late defirid Richard, comes. 

...Mort. Direct mine Armes, I may embrace his Neck, 

...And in his Bosome spend my latter gaspe. 

...Oh tell me when my Lippes due touch his Chekkes, 

...That I may kindely give one fainting Kiss. 

...And now declare weare stem from Yorkes great Stock, 

...Why did thou say of late thou were defirid? 

...Rich. Fuit.
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Rich. First, I'll enquire thine aged Back against mine Arme, and in that case, I'll tell thee mine Dileasure. 
This day in argument upon a Case, some words there grew out what affair for me: Among which treatises, he said his faulst tongue, and did virtually me with my Fathers death; which oblique let bosom before my tongue, Elfe with the like I had required him. Therefore good Vackle, for my Fathers sake, in honor of a true Plantagenet. And for Alliance sake, declare the cause. My Father, Earle of Cambridge, lost his head. More. That cause (sure Nephew) that imprison'd me, and hath desayd me all my thriving Youth, Within a loathsome Dungeon, there to yyne, was curst Instrument of his decease. Rich. Do consider at what large a cause that was, For I am ignorant, and cannot geffe. More. I will, if that my fading breath permit, and Death approach not, ere my Tale be done. Henry the Fourth, Grandfather to this King, Depose'd his Nephew Richard Edwardc Ston. The first begotten, and the Lawfull Heire Of Edward King, the third of that Defenc. During whose Reigne, the Persers of the North, finding his Vrappion most vniuit, Endeavor'd my advancement to the throne. The reason most thes Worlike Lords to this, Was for that (young Richard thus remov'd, Leaving no Heire begotten of his Body) It was the next by Birth and Paternage: For by my Mother, I deriv'd 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 Heroick Lynce. But marke: as in this haughty great attempt, They laboure'd to plant the rightfull Heire, I lost my Liberie, and they their Lives. Long after this, when Henry the Fift (Succeeding his Father Bullyingbrook) did reigne; That Father, Earle of Cambridge, then deriv'd, From famous Edward Langler, Duke of Yorke, Marrying my Sister, that thy Mother was; and in pitty of my hard diffire, I issued an Army, wending to redeem me. And hauing intoll'd me in the Disaine: But as the rest, fo fell that Noble Earle, And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers, in whom the Tite rest'd, were supprr't. Rich. Of wch, my Lord, your Honor is the last. More. True: and thou feest, that I no illue haue, And that my fainting words doe warrant death; Thou art my Heire; the rest, I with thee gather: But yet be wary in thy fluous care. Rich. Thy grace a monstruous preuail with me: But yet me thinkes, my Fathers execution Was nothing lew'd then bloody Tyranny. More. With silence, Nephew, be thou pollutick, Strong fixt is the Houfe of Lancaster, And like a Mountain, not to be remov'd. But now thy Vackle is removing hence, As Princes doe their Courts, when they are clay'd With long continuance in a needless place, Rich. O Vackle, would some part of my young yeeres Might but redeem the passage of thy Age.

Mort. Thou do't then wrong me, as thou haist. Which gusest many Wounds, when one will kill. Mourn me, not, except thou forrow for my good, Onely give order for mine execution, And to farewell, and fare be all thy hopes, And prosperous be thy Life in Peace and Warre. 
Lyce. Rich. And Peace, no Warre, hercall thy parting Soule. In Prayer shalt thou spend a Pilgrimage, And like a Hermit ouer- spill thy dayes, Well, I will locke his Countesse in my Breit, And what I doe imagine, let that rest. Keepers conuey him hence, and thy selfe, Will sce his Doytfull better then his Life. Here dyes the durske Torch of Montesor, Cloos'd with Ambition of the meaner fort. And for those Throes, thes bitter injuries, Which Somerzet hath offer'd to thy Houfe, I doubt not, but with Honor to redrecete. And therefore haffe I to the Parliament, Eyther to be retor'd to my Blood, Or make my will that dammidge of my good. 

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Flourn. Enter King, Exceor, Glacer, Winccester, Warwick, Somerzet, Saffils, Richard Plantagenet, Glacer offers to put up a Bill; Winccester offers, it is at your names. Winc. Can it thow with deep preechanized Linke? With written Pamplhets, studdously deu'd? Hamflery of Glacer, if thou canst accele, Or ought intend to lay into my charge, Doe it without intention, suddenly, As I with sudden, and extemporal speech, Purpose to answer what thou canst obiect. Cbe. Presumptuous Priest, this place comands my patience, Or thou shalt fit fiend thou hast dis-honor'd me. Thinkes not, although in Writing I prefer'd The manner of thy vile outrageous Crymes, That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able Under-stand to rehearse the Method of my Punne. No Prelace, such is thy audazious wickednesse, Thy test, petiforous, and delentious prankes, As very Infants prattle of thy pride. Thou art a snott permittous Vunter, Froward by nature, Eneemie to Peace, Lascivious, wanton, more then well beames A man of thy Profession, and Degree, And for thy Treacherie, what's more manifest? In that thou lay'dst a Trap to take my Life, As well at London Bridge, as at the Tower, Befide, I fear me, if thy thoughts were fitt, The King, thy Soueraigne, is not quixt exempt From eneous mallice of thy swelling heart. Winc. Glacer, I doe defie thee, Lords vouchsafe To give me hearing what I shallfull reply. If I were courteous, amitious, or pueruse, As he will have me: how am I to poores? Or how haps it, I seek new to advance Or rayse my selfe? but kepe my wonted Calline. For and Diffention, who preferreth Peace More then I doe? except I be prouk'd. No, my good Lords, it is not that offend, It is not that, that hath incents the Duke: It is because no one shoulde sway but thee, No one, but thee, should be above the King; And that engenders Thunder in his breath,
And makes him rise these Accusations forth.
But he shall know I am as good.
Glo. As good?
Thou Baffard of my Grandfather.
Winb. 1, Lordly Sir: for what are you, I pray,
But one inopinsious in another's Throne?
Glo. Am I not Protestor, favorie Priest?
Winb. And am not I a Prelate of the Church?
Glo. Yes, as an Out-law in a Castle keeps,
And vouch it, to patronize his Thiefs.
Winb. Vouchsuerent Gloucester.
Glo. Thou art reverent,
Touching thy Spiritual Function, not thy Life.
Winb. Rome shall remade this.
Warw. Remove thither the Treason.
My Lord, it were your duty so forbear.
Sum. I see the Bishop be not over-borne:
Me thinks my Lord should be Religious,
And know the Office that belongs to fuch.
War. Me thinks his Lordship should be humbler,
It fitteth not a Prelate so to plead.
Sum. Yes, when his holy State is toueht to secure.
War. State holy, or villainlow'd, what of that?
Is not his Grace Peter to the King?
Rich. Plentegious I see must hold his tongue,
Lest it be said, Speake Sirrah when you should;
Must your bold Devicetenter talk with Lords?
Eliz. would I have a fling at Winchester.
King. Vackles of Glofier, and of Winchefter,
The speical! Watch-men of our English Weale,
I would preuyle, if Prayers might preuyle,
To layne your hearts in love and amite.
Oh, what a Scaudall is it to our Crownes,
That two fuch Noble Princes as ye should iare?
Beleeue me, Lords, my tender vceres can tell,
Cunful diffufion is a viperous Warne,
That gnawes the Bowels of the Common-wealth.
A warre within, Deuce with the Taryn-Conti.
King. What tumult's this?
War. An Vpcre, I dare warrant,
Began through malice of the Bishops men.
A warf against, Stones, Stones.

Enter Ezel Major.
Maier. Oh my good Lords, and veruus Henry,
Pitty the City of London, pitty vs:
The Bishops, and the Duke of Glofier men,
Forbad the Towne to gather any Weapon,
Have fill'd their Warders full of people, thenes;
And hauing made them fale in contrary parts,
Dread fcear at one another Partes,
That many haue their giddy braynes knockt oue.
Our Windows are brake downe in every Street,
And we know not, compell'd to fiue our Shops.

Enter to them with bloody Pates.
Mon. We charge you, en allegiance to our felle,
To hold and keep the driving bands, and keep the Peace:
Pray Vackles to rattle this fierce.
1. Serw. May we be forbidden Stones, weele fall
it with our Teeth.
2. Serv. Doe what ye dare, we are as refolute.

Glo. And the vaft parings of our Naves
Shall pitch a Field when we are dead.

Glo. Stay, stay, I say:
And if you loue me, as you fay you doe,
Let me perfwade you to forbear a while.
King. Oh, how this discord doth affaile my Soule,
Can you, my Lord of Winchefter, behold
My fighes and teares, and will not once relent
Who fhould be pitifull, if you be not?
Or who fhould ftrive to preterre a Peace,
If holy Churches-may delight in broyles?
Warw. Yeld my Lord Proteter, yeld Winchefter,
Except you meane with obfolute repuile.
To fly you Soueraigne, and defory the Realmes.
You fee what Mr Promtie, and what Mother too,
Hath beene enfafted through your enmities:
Then be at peace, except ye thirt for blood.
Winb. He fhall submit, or I will neuer yeeld.
Glo. Compaffion on the King commands me floupe,
Or I would fee his heart out, ere the Priet
Should ever get that prouidele of me.
Prot. Behold my Lord of Winchefter, the Duke
Hath band'd the moodle discontented furry,
As by his smoothed Browes it doth appeare:
Why looke you full to ferne, and tragical?
Glof. Here Winchefter, I offer thee my Hand,
King. Fer Vackles Benford, I have heard you præcha,
That Mallice was a great and grievous fame,
And will not you maintaine the thing you teach,
But pruent a cheife offender in the fame.
War. Sweet King! the Bishop hath a kindly gyrd;
For shame my Lord of Winchefter relent;
What, shall a Child infract you what to doe?
Winb. Well, Duke of Glofier, I will yeeld to thee.
Lone for thy Lone, and Hand for Hand I giue.
Glof. But I fear me with a hollow Heart.
See here my Friends and louing Counrymen,
This token feruenth for a Flagge of Truce,
Betwixt our fiefes, and all our followers:
So helpe me God, as I difemble not.
Winb. So helpe me God, as I entend it nor.
King. Oh, loyng Vackles, kindke Duke of Glofier,
How iroynefull and made by this Contraft,
Away my Masters, trouble vs no more.
But staye in friendship, as your Lordes haue done.
2. Serw. And to will.
3. Serw. And I will see what Physick the Tauerne affords.

Ends.

Warb. Accept this Scurwhole, most gracious Soueraigne,
Which in the Right of Richard Plenteagenet,
We doe exhiciate to your Maietie.
Glo. Wee well vrg'd, my Lord of Warwick; for sweet Prince,
And if your Grace marke every circonvenues,
You have great resolue to doe Richard rights,
Especially for those occations.
At Elizam Place I told your Maietie.

King. And

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The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

King. And tho' those occasions, Vackle, were of force: Therefore my loving Lords, our pleasure is, That Richard be restored to his Blood.

War. Let Richard be restored to his Blood, So still his Father's wrongs be recompense.

War. As will the rest, so will which Watchfuler.

King. If Richard will be true, not that all alone, But all the whole Inheritance I give, That doth belong unto the House of York, From whence you spring, by Linelill Defeint.

Rich. Thy humble servant vows obedience, And humble service, till the point of death.

King. Stoope then, and let your Knee against my Foot, And in regard of that durie done, I gyre thee with the valiant Sword of York: Riche Richard, like a true Plantagenet, And ris created Princeley Duke of York.

Rich. And to thriue Richard, as thy foes may fall, And as my dutie springs, so perish they, That grudge one thought against your Maiestie.

Ad. Welcome high Prince, the mighty Duke of York.


Cade. Now will it beft suit ye your Maiestie, To creste the Seas, and to be Crown'd in France: The presence of a King engenders love Amongst his Subiects, and his loyal Friends, As it dis-animates his Enemies.

King. When Cifler says the word, King Henry goes, For friendly counsail cut off many Foes.

Gloft. Your Ships atreade are in readiness, Stays. Flourish, Exeunt.

Manet Exeunt.

Exeunt. Iwe may march in England, or in France, Not seeing what is like to enufe: This late situation grovne between the Peers, Burns under fained aires of forf'd lour, And will at last break out into a flame, As furred members rot but by degree, Till bones and flesh and finewes fall away, So will this bafe and enuisant disord breed. And now I feare that lastall Prophecie, Which in the time of Henry, nam'd the Fift, Was in the mouth of euycking Ilabe, That Henry borne at Monmouth should winne all, And Henry borne at Windler, looke all: Which is to plane, that Exeunt death with, His days may finneth, ere that haplesse time.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Pucell disguis'd, with some Souldiers with Sacks upon their backs.

Pucell. These are the Citie Gates, the Gates of Roan, Through which our Policy must make a breach. Take heed, be wary how you place your words, Talk like the vulgar sort of Market men, That come to gather Money for their Com. If we have entrance, as I hope we shall, And that we finde the flouthall Watch but weake, lie by a figne gue 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. Cis le.

Pucell. Pray you, look on the people de France, Poor Market folk who come to sell their Com. Watch. Enter, goe in, the Market Beel is rang.

Pucell. Now Roan, Ihe flake thy Bulweakes to the ground, Exeunt Enter Charles, Baffard, Afloaton, Charler. Saint Dennis biete this happy Stratageme, And once againe were'd Depeé sence in Roan.

Baffard. Here enterd Pucell, and her Prachmonts:

Now the is there, how will the specific? Here is the bafe and fiftt passage in. Reg. By thurfling out a Torch from yonder Tuer, Which once difcrim, fhowes that her meaning is, No way to that (for weakefire) which the entred. Enter Pucell on the top, thurfling out a Torch burning.

Pucell. Behold, this is the happy Wedding Torch, That togeth Roan into her Countreymen, But burning fatal to the Talboters.

Baffard. See Noble Charles the Beacon of our friend, The burning Torch in yonder Turret stands. Charler. Now shine it as a Commet of Reuenge, A Prophet to the fall of all our Foes. Reg. Defere no time, delays haue dangerous ends, Enter and cry, the Dolphin, preferably, And then doe execution on the Watch. Alarum.

An Alarum. Talbot in an Exeuffn.

Talk. France, thou shalt rue this Treson with thy tears, If Talbot but furinate thy Trecherie.

Pucell that Witch, that damned Sorceresse, Hath wrought this Helilith Mischief vnawares, That hardly we expt the Pride of France.


Enter Talbot and Burgonie without: within. Pucell.


Pucell God morrow Gallants, want ye Corn for Bread? I think the Duke of Burgonie will fall, Before he be buy againe at such a rate. Two's full of Darnell: doe you like the taste? Enr. Scoffe on vyle Fried, and flanneleffe Curizan, I truft ere long to choske thee with thine owne, And make thee curfe the Hantel of that Com. Charles. Your Grace may flame (perhaps) before that time. Befi. Oh let no words, but dedes, seuenge this Treson.

Pucell. What will you doe, good gray-beard? Breake a Luunce, and summe-Tilt at Death, Within a Chayre.

Talk. Foule Fiend of France, and Hag of all despyt, Incompas'd with thy lyffalll Paramours, Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant Age, And euer with Cowardise a man halfe dead? Darnell, he have a bowe with you again, Or doe let Talbot perfeith with this flame.

Pucell. Are ye so hot, Sir yes, Pucell hold thy peace, If Talbot doe but Thunder, Raine will follow. They whisper together in counfel.

God speed the Parliament: who shall be the Speaker? 13 Talk, Dare.
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.  

Exit.  

Enter, Exeunt, &c.  

Seuca Tertia.  

Enter Charles, Baffard, Alansou, Pucell.  

Pucell. Difmay not (Princes) at this accident,  

But grieve that Roan is so recovered.  

Care is no cure, but rather corruftion,  

For things that are undone be not remedied.  

Let fairlie Taltob triumph for a while,  

And by a Peacock swepe his altitude.  

Wee'll pull his Plumes, and take away his Traine,  

If Dolphin and the refl will be but rul'd.  

Charles. We have been guided by thine hitherto,  

And of thy Cunning had no difference,  

But the Generall shall never breed difficult.  

Baffard. Search out thy witt for secret policies,  

And we will make thee famous through the World.  

Alansou. Wee'll set thy Statute in some holy place,  

And oute the reverent like a blest Saint.  

Employ thee then, sweet Virgin, for our good.  

Pucell. Then that it must be, this doth tisne devise:  

By faire persuasions, mixt with sagred words;  

We will entice the Duke of Burgonie.  

To leave the Taltob, and to follow vs.  

Charles. I marry Sweecting, if we could doe that,  

France were no place for Heuenies Warriors,  

Nor should that Nation boast it so with vs,  

But be extirped from owr Pronounces.  

Alansou. For entour shoule they be expuls'd from France,  

And not have Title of an Exalted One.  

Pucell. Your Honor's shall perceiue how I will worke,  

To bring this matter to the wished end.  

Dramme is to be play'd.  

Hearte, by the found of Dramme you may perceiue  

Their Powers are marching vnto Parisward.  

Here is an English March.  

There goes the Talbot, with his Colours flared,  

And all the Troupes of English after him.
The first Part of Henry the Sixt. 109

French March.
Now in the Reversall comes the Duke and his:
For in his srow he makes him legge behind,
Summon a Parly, we will talke with him.
Trumpets sound a Parly.

Charles. A Parly with the Duke of Burgonie.
Burg. Who creates a Parly with the Burgonie?
Pucell. The Princeely Charles of France, thy Countryman.

Charles. Speake Pucell, and enchant him with thy words.
Pucell. Braue Burgonie, undoubted hope of France,
Stay, let thy humble Hand-maid speak to thee.
Burg. Speake on, but be not over-tedious.
Pucell. Look on thy Country, look on fertile France,
And see the Cities and the Townes defaet,
By wafting Ruines of the cruel Foe,
As lookest the Mother on her lowly Babe,
When Death doth cloe his tender-dying Eyes,
See, see the pining Maid of France:
Behold the Wounds, the most immensurall Wounds,
Which thou thyselfe hast given her wofull Birth.
On turne thy edged Sword another way,
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that helpe:
One drop of Blood drawnne from thy Countries Bosom,
Should giue thee more then fireames of forsake.
Returne thee therefore with a flood of Tears,
And waite away thy Countries flayed Spots.

Burg. Either the hath bewitcht me with her words,
Or Nature makes me suddenly relent.
Pucell. Besides, all French and France exclaimes on thee,
Doubling thy brist and lawfull Progenie.
Who ioyneth thou with, but with a Lordly Nation,
That will not truft thee, but for profits fake?
When Talbot hath for fouling once in France,
And fafonsd thee this Inflammation of Ill,
Who then, but English Henry, will be Lord,
And thou be thrust out, like a Fugitive?
Call we to minde, and marke 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 thine Enemy,
They fet him free, without his Ransome pay'd,
In spight of Burgonie and all his friends.
See then, thou fightst against thy Countrymen,
And ioyn'th with them, will be thy slauhers-men.
Come, come, returne; returne thou wandring Lord,
Charles, and the rest will take thee in their armes.

Burg. I am vanquished:
These haughty wordes of hers
Hate basted me like coaring Cannon-flots,
And made me almost yeeld upon my knees.
Forgive me Country, and sweet Countrymen:
And Lords accept this haering kind embrace,
My Forces and my Power of Men are yours.
So farwell Talbot, lie no longer truft thee.
Pucell. Done, done like a Frenchman; turne and turne a-

Charles. Welcome braue Duke, thy friendship makes
vs freth.

Ballard. And doth beget new Courage in our
Breaths.

Alas! Pucell hath braily play'd her part in this,
And doth defend a Coronet of Gold.

Charles. Now let vs on, my Lords,
And toyne our Powers,
And feke how we may prejudice the Foe.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter the King, Gloucester, Winchester, York, Suffolk,
Somerset, Warwick, Exeunt: To them, with his Sonildaws, Talbot.

Talk. My gracioues Prince, and honorable Peeres,
Hearing of your arrivall in this Realme,
I have a while giuen Truce unto my Wasres,
To doe my dutie to my Soueraigne,
In figne whereof, this Arme, that hath reaquym'd
To your obedience, fiftie Fortrefles,
Twelue Cities, and feuen walled Townes of stregthe,
Before fute hundred Prifoners of effenece;,
Letts fall his Sword before your Highneffe feet:
And with subminifie loyalitie of heart.
Atribes the Glory of his Conquest got,
First to my God, and next unto your Grace.

King. Is this the Lord Talbot, Vnkle Gloucester,
That hath fo long beene resident in France?
Glouc. Yes, if it plaife your Maiestie, my Liege.

King. Welcome braue Captain, and victorious Lord.
When I was young (as yet I am not old)
I doe remember how my Father faid,
A flouter Champion never handled Sword,
Long fame we were refoluted of your truth,
Your faithfull ferteus, and your toyle in Warre;
Yet never haue you tafted our Reward,
Or beene reguerdond with fo much as Thanks,
Because till now, we never faw your face.
Therefore hand vp, and for these good deferts,
We here create you Earle of Shrewsbury,
And in our Coronation take your place.

Servants. Flowers.
Exeunt.

Manet Person and Baffes.

Vns. Now Sir, to you that were fo hot at Sea,
Disgracing of the Colours that I werte,
In honor of my Noble Lord of York?
Darst thou maintaine the former words thou spak'rt?

Baff. Yes Sir, as well as you dare patronage
The enuous backing of your fawce Tongue,
Against my Lord the Duke of Somerset.

Vns. Sir, the Lord I honour as he is.

Baff. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

Vns. Heurle yet not fo: in warre take ye that,
Strike him.

Baff. Vaille, thou knowest

The Law of Armes is such,
That who so draws a Sword, doth preuent death,
Or else this Blowe should broach thy drawell Blood.
But I will to his Maiestie, and crave,
I may have libertie to venge this Wrong,
When thou shalt fee, I meere thee to thy coift.

Vns. Well miscreant, Ile be there as soonc as you
And after meet thee, sooner then you would.

Exeunt.
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter King, Gloucester, Winchester, York, Stafford, Somerset, Warwick, Talbot, and Governor Exeter.

Glo. Lord Bishop, set the Crowne upon your head.


Glo. Now Governor of Paris take your oath, That you elect to no other King but him;

Elseweaie none Friends, but such as are his Friends, And none your Foes, but such as shall pretend 

Malicious practices against his State: This shall ye do, to help you righteous God.

Enter Talbot.

Tal. My gracious Sovereaigne, as I rode from Calice, To halle you unto your Coronation;

A Letter was deliver'd to my hands, Writ to your Grace, from the Duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy, and thee :

I wold (aske Knight) when I did meete the next,

To receaie the Garter from thy Cruens legge;

Which I haue done, because (unworthily)

That it is install'd in that High Degree,

Pardone me Princely Henry, and therewith:

This Dallard, at the battell of Poitiers,

When (but in all) I was fixe thousand strong;

And that the French were almost ten to one,

Before we met, or that a stroke was gien,

Like to a truite Squire, did run away.

In which affault, we lost twelue hundred men.

My felle, and divers Gentlemen beside,

Were there surprized, and taken prifoners.

Then judge (great Lords,) if I have done smifhe

Or whether that such Cowsards ought to weare

This Ornament of Knighthood, yes or no?

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,

And ill befieemng any common man :

Much more a Knight, a Captain, and a Leader.

Tal. When first this Order was ordain'd my Lords,

Knights of the Garter were of Noble birt; 

Valiant, and Vertuous, full of haughtie Courage,

Such as were growne to credit by the worthy:

Not fearing Death, nor thinkeing for Diftriefe,

But always resolute, in most extremes.

He then, that is not furnish'd in this fort,

Doth but where the Sacred name of Knight,

Prophaneing this most Honourable Order,

And shoud (if I were we rol by to be hudge)

Be quite degraded, like a Hedge-burne Swaine,

That doth presume to boast of Gentle blood.

R. Stame to thy Cormynren, thou haes't thy doom:

Be packing therefore, thou that was't a knight :

Henceforth we banne thee on paine of death.

And now Lord Protector, view the Letter

Sent from our Victull Duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What means his Grace, that he hath charg'd

his Sele.

No more but thinke and blush not? (Tell the King.)

Hath he forgetten his Sovereaigne? 

Or doth this cattell Superfcription

Pretend some alteration in good will?

What's here? I have upon great deal confes,

Exhautd with cormonlions from Commotion wrecks,

Together with the pittifull complaints

Of such as your oppression feets upon,

For sake your permittious Patience,

And joynd with Charler, the rightfull king of France.

O monifirous Treachery: Can this be true?

That in alliance, amity, and oaths,

There should be found such false diffembling guile?

King. What doth my Vackle Burgundy reuel?

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 Talbot there shal talk with him,

And give him chaffiment for this abufe.

How say you (my Lord) are you not content?

Tal. Content, my Lige? Yes: But I am preuented,

I should have begg'd I might have bene employd.

King. Then gather strength, and march into him straight:

Let him perceive how ill we broke his Treaty,

And what offence it is to flbout his Friends.

Tal. I go my Lord, in heart desiring still

You may behold confusion of your foes.

Enter Verneon and Berjei.

Ver. Grant me the Combatte, gracious Sovereaigne.

Baf. And me (my Lord,) grant me the Combatte too.

Ver. This is my Servant, heare him Noble Prince,

Some. And this is mine (sweet Henry) favour him.

King. Be patient Lords, and give them leave to speak.

Say Gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaine,

And wherefore crase you Combatte? Or with whom?

Ver. With him (my Lord,) for he hath done me wrong.

Baf. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.

King. What is that wrong, whereof you both complain

First let me know, and then Ile answer you.

Baf. Croffing the Sea, from England into France,

This Fellow heere with envious courting tongue,

Vpraised me about the Rule I weare,

Saying, the fomige colour of the Leues

Did represent my Masters blushing checkes;

When stubbornly he did repugne the truth,

About a certaine question in the Law,

Argued be the Duke of York, and him:

With other vile and ignominious teemes.

In confutation of which rude reproach,

And in defence of my Lords worthifulle,

I crave the benefit of Law of Armes.

Der. And that is my petition (Noble Lords)

For though he seeme with forged queint conceite

To fer a gloue upon his bold intent,

Yet know (my Lord,) I was prou'd by him,

And he first took exceptions at this badge,

Prnoncing that the paleneffe of this Flower,

Bewray'd the finnettie of my Masters heart.

York. Will not this miscle Somerset be left?

Som. Your private grudge my Lord of York will out,

Though it be cunningly you smother it.

King. Good Lord, what madefulle rules in braine-

When for fo flight and frivoulos a cause,

Such fictious simulations shall arise?

Good Cofines both of Yorke and Somerset,

Quiet your flouris (I pray) and be at peace.

York. Let this differtation first be tried by flight,

And then your Highness shall command a Peace.

Som. The quarterd tongues mine but we alone,

Betwixt our felicomen vs decide it then.

York. These is my pledge, accept it Somerset,

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.
Enter Talbot with Trumpet and Drumme, before Burdeaux.

Talb. Go to the Gates of Burdeau Trumpeter, Summonmon their Generall into the Wall. Sounds.

Enter General

English John Talbot (Captaine) call you forth, Servant in Armes to Henry King of England, And thus he would, Open your Citie Gates, be humble to vs, call my Sostraigne yours, And do him homage as obedient Subjectts, and Ie withdrew me, and my bloody power. But if you frowne upon this proffer'd Peace, You tempt the fury of my three attendants, Leane Famine, quartering Steele, and climbing Fire, Who in a moment, eaten with the earth, Shall lay your lasty, and appareling Towers, If you forcile the offer of their love.

Cep. Thou ominous and fearfull Owle 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 forfifted, And strong enough to influe out and fight. If thou retare, the Dolphin well appointed, Stands with the share of Warre to sangle thee. On either hand thee, there are squadrions pitcht, To wall thee from the liberty of Flight; And no way canst thou turne thee for redripe, But death doth from thee with apparant foyle, And pale destrution meets thee in the face: Ten thousand French haue taken the Sacrament, To ryse their dangerous Artillery Upon Christian foule but English Talbot: Loc, there thou foundd a breathing valiant man Of an invincible vnconquer'd spirit.

This is the latest Glorie of thy praise, That I thy enemy dew thee withall: For ere the Glasse that now begins to rumme, Finish the proesse of his familie house, Their eyes that see thee now well coloured, Shall fee thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.

Enter the Prince, for he is thereto.
Enter Somerset with his Arme.

Soms. It is too late, I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by York and Talbot,
Too rashly plotted. All our general force,
Might with a fall of the very Towne,
Be buckled with: the outer daring Talbot
Hath full'd all his gloste of former Honor
By this vnheedfull, desperate, wilde adventure:
York let him on to fight, and dye in flame,
That Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.
Cap. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our one-match forces forth for aye.
Soms. How now Sir William, whether were you fent?
Luc. Whether my Lord, from bought & sold L.Talbot,
Who ring'd about with bold audacia,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beare sflaying death from his weake Regions,
And whiles the honourable Captain there
Drops bloody fores from his warre-wearied Limbs,
And in advantage lingking lokes for revenge,
You his false hopes, the truth of Englands honor,
Kepee off aloe with worthless emulation:
Let not your private discord keeepe away
The leued succours that should lend him aye,
While he renowned Noble Gentleman
Yeld vp his life into a world of oddes.
Orleance the Battard, Charles, Dargwelles,
Alfonse, Reipourd, compasse him about,
And Talbot perished by your default.
Soms. Yorke set him on, Yorke should have sent him aye,
Luc. And Yorke as fall vp on your Grace exclamies,
Sweating that you with-hold his leade host,
Collected for this expedition.
Soms. Yorke lyes: He might have fent; & had the Horfe:
I owe him little Dutie, and lefle Lone,
And take foule forfee to fame on him by sending.
Lw. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now inrapt the Noble-minded Talbot:
Neuer to England shall he bear his life,
But dies betraid to Fortune by your fritte.
Soms. Come go, I will dispatch the Horfemen strait:
Within five hours, they will be at his aye.
Lw. Too late comes rescue, he is rane of flaine,
For fly he could not, if he would have fled:
And fly would Talbot never though he might.
Soms. If he be dead, brace Talbot then advise.
Lw. His fame lived in the world: His Shame in you.

Enter Talbot and his Sowne.

Tal. O young John Talbot, I disdend for thee
To touter thee in frayragens of Warr.
That Talbots name might be in thee reuid,
When fapfel Age, and weake vnacible Limbs
Should bring thy Father to his drooping Chaire.
But Omalignant and ill-boarding Starres,
Now thou art come into a Feast of death,
A terrible and vnauoydéd danger:
Therefore deere Boy, mount on my fwiseft horse,
And Ile direct thee how thou shalt escape
By fafaine flight. Come, dally not, be gone.
John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your Sowne?

The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

1. York. Are not the speedy scouts returned againe,
That dog'd the mighty Army of the Dolphin?
2. Mfs. They are returned my Lord, and gile it out,
That he is march'd to Bordeaux with his power.

Enter another Messenger.

Soms. Thou Principall Leader of our English strenghe,
Never to needfull on the earth of France,
Sperre to the rescue of the Noble Talbot,
Who now is girdled with a waft of Iron,
And hent about with grim destrucction:
Tp Burdeaux warlike Duke, to Burdeaux Yorke,
Ellie farwell Talbot, France, and Englands honor.

Tal. O God, that Somerset who in proud heart
Doth hop my Cornets, were in Talbouts place,
So should we have a valiant Gentleman,
By forsteying a Traitor, and a Coward:
Madr ire, and waftfull fury makes me wepe,
That thus we dye, while remiffe Traitors flepe.

Mfs. O fend some succour to the disstrust Lord.
Tal. He dier, we looke: I brake my warlike word:
We mount, France smiles: We loofe, they dayly get,
All long of this vile Traitor Somerset.

Mfs. Then God take mercy on brave Talbots soule,
And on his Sonne yong fawb, who two hours since,
I met in troueble toward his warlike Father;
This fuen yeere did not Talbot fee his fonne,
And now they meeke where both their lines are done.

Tal. Alas, what joy fhall noble Talbots have,
To bid his yong fonne welcome to his Graue:
Away, vexation almost stoppeth my breath,
That fanned friends greeete in the house of death:
Lance nor Arme, no more my fortune can,
But curfe the caufe I cannot ayde the man.
Mfs. Thus while the Vulture of fedition,
Feedes in the bones of such great Commanders,
Sleeping neglection does betray to lofe:
The Conquest of our fave-cold Conqueror,
That we may beginne our ventures in France.

Enter Talbot and his Sowne.

Shall
The first Part of Henry the SEXT.

And shall I flye? O, if you love my Mother, Dishonour not her Honorable Name, To make a Bastard, and a Slave of me: The World will say, he is not Talbott's blood, That baptism fled, when Noble Talbott fled.

Talk. Flye, to reuenge my destitute, I'll be flame.

John. He that flies so will, no more return again.

Talk. If we both fly, we both are sure to dye.

John. Then let me stay, and Father doe you flye: Your loyfe is great, so your reward should be; My worth willed to be knowne, no loyfe is knowne in me, Upon my death, the French can little boast; In yours they will, all your hopes are loft.

Flights cannot staye 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 tell it was for fear.

There is no hope that ever I will fly, If the first hour I flanke and run away.

Here on my knee I begge Mortallity, Rather then Life, perish'd with Infame.

Talk. Shall all thy Mothers hopes lye in one Tombe? John. I rather then life he frame my Mothers Wombes, Talk. Upon my Blessing I command thee goe.

John. To fight I will, but not to flye the Poe.

Talk. Part of thy Father may be found in thee.

John. No part of him, but will be flame in mee.

Talk. Thou hast doe, what I never could not doe it.

John, Yes, your renowned Name, shall flight abuse it?

Talk. Thy Fathers charge that cleare thee from the flame.

John. You cannot witness for me, being flame.

If Death be so apparant, then both flye.

Talk. And leave my followers here to fight and dye? My Age was never tainted with such flame.

John. And all thy Youth be guilty of such blame?

No more can be feared from your side, Then can your selfe, your cell in swaine divide;

Stay, goe, doe what you will, the like doe I;

For lye I will not, if my Father dye.

Talk. Then here I take my leave of thee, faire Sonne, Borne to eclipse thy Life this afternoone:

Come, hide by hide, together line and dye,

And Soule with Soule from France to Heavens flye. Exit.

Alarum, Excursions, Enter old Talbot lid.

Talk. Where is my other Life? mine owne is gone.

O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?

Triumphant Death, mete'd with Captivity,

Young Talbot Valour makes me smile at thee.

When he perceiued he shrinke, and on my Knee,

His bloody Sword he brandish'd over mee,

And like a hungry Lyon did commence,

Rough deeds of Rage, and ferne Impatience:

But when my angry Guardian drownd alone,

Tending my rime, and alias'd of none,

Dizziness Feare, and great rage of Heart,

Suddenly made him from my side to start

Into the eflurbing Battale of the French:

And in that Sea of Blood, my Boy did drench

His ouer-mounting Spirit; and there did

My scarce, my Blossome, in his pride.

Enter with John Talbot, faire.

Sire, O my dear Lord, locate where your Sonne is borne.

Talk. Thou antique Death, which laugh'st vs here to scorn,

Anon from thy intolling Tyrannye,

Coupled in bonds of perpetuitie.

Two Talbots winged through the lither Skie,

In thy despart shall escape Mortallity.
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

O thou whose wounds have made a bloody day, 
This day to speak of thee, and to thee yeald thy breath, 
Thou art the cause of death by speaking, whither he will or no: 
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy Foe. 
Poore Boy, he faileth, he thinkes, as with a Fovt should say, 
 Had Death been French, then Death had dyed to day. 
Come, come, and lay him in his Fathers armes, 
Whose sin can no longer bear these harms. 
Souldiers, aduise: I have what I would have, 
Now my old arms are yong. John Talbot's graue, 

Enter Charles, Alenfon, Burgundie, Bourbon, and Race. 

Char. Had Yorke and Somersey brought reuce in, 
We should /ave found a bloody day of this, 
Baff. How the yong whelp of Talbot raging wood, 
Did fleth his pumice-sword in Frenchmen's blood. 
Puc. Once I encountered him, and thus I taid: 
Thou Maiden youth, be vanguitst by a Maide. 
Burt. But with a proud Maitescall high flame 
He answer'd thus: Yon yong Talbot was not borne 
To be the pillow of a Gigot Wench: 
So rumbling in the bowels of the French. 
He left me proudly, as vnworthy fight. 

Burt. Doubtlesse he would hawe made a noble Knight: 
Where he yere inhered in the arms 
Of the most bloody Nuflle of his harmer, 
Baff. He tow them to pieces, hack their bones alunder, 
Whole life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder. 
Char. Oh no forbeare: For that which we have fled 
During the life, let vs not wrong it dead. 

Enter Lucie. 

L. W. Herald, conduct me to the Dolphins Text, 
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day. 
Char. On what false subtile meitle ag thou feft? 
Lucy. Submisyon Dolphin! Tis a more Fewords: 
We English Warrours were not what it meanes, 
I came to know what Prisoners thou haft taine, 
And to seuey the bodies of the dead. 
Char. For prisoners seft thou? Hell our prison is, 
But tell me whom thou feckst? 
Luc. But where's the great Alcides of the field, 
Valiant Lord Talbot Earl of Shewsbury? 
Created for his rare succeffe in Armes, 
Great Earl of Walforde, Waterford, and Valence, 
Lord Talbot of Guinness and Richfield, 
Lord Strange of Blackmore, Lord Vermon of Alien, 
Lord Framwell of Wingfield, Lord Farnham of Sheffield, 
The three vicinous Lord of Falkhorshe, 
Knight of the Noble Order of S. George, 
Worthy S. Michael, and the Golden Fleece, 
Great Marlborow to Henry the fist, 
Of all his Warrs, with in the Realm of France. 
Par. Here's a filly forte that invade; 
The Tike that two and fiftie Kingdomes hath, 
Writers not to redinus a Stile as this. 
Him that thou magniffit with all these Tides, 
Sunking and fly-blowne yere here at our feetes. 
Lucy. 1st Talbot's fame, the Frenchmen only Scourge, 
Your Kingdomes terror, and blacke Nemesis? 
Oh were mine eye-balls into the Bullers turn'd, 
That I might might float them at your faces. 
Oh, that I could but call these dead to life, 
It were enough to fright the Realm of France. 
Were but his P澹6ce left among you here, 

It would amaze the prowdes of you all. 
Giveme their Bodys, that I may bear them thence, 
And givem them Burial, as beuences their worth. 
Pucell. I think this yfpart is old Talbouts Ghost, 
He speakes with such a proud commanding spirit: 
For Gods sake let him haue him, to keepe them here, 
They would but flinke, and purfifie the ayre. 
Char. Go take their bodys hence, 
Lucy. He beare them hence but from their ashes shall be read 
A Phoenix that shall make all France affear'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, new bloody Talbot's Blaine. 

Exit.

Scena secunda.

SENET.

Enter King, Glauceller, and Exeter. 

King. Have you perus'd the Letters from the Pope, 
The Emperour, and the Earle of Armynack? 
Gla. I have my Lord, and their intent is this, 
They humbley fawe unto your Excellency, 
To have a gandy peace concluded of, 
Betweene the Realmes of England, and of France. 
King. How doth your Grace affect their motion? 
Gla. Well (my good Lord) and as the only means 
To stop effusion of our Christian blood, 
And habish quietesse on every die. 
K. g. I marry Vackle, for I always thought 
It was both impious and unsatral, 
The irk immynity, and bloody strife 
Should reigne among Proflitees of our Faith. 
Gla. Bede me Lord, the sooner to effect, 
And furter binde this knot of anistie, 
The Earl of Armynacke nere kisht to bearies, 
A man of great Authoritie in France, 
Proferes his onely daughter to your Grace, 
In marriage Vackle: Altis my yeares are young; 
And fiter is my studie, and my Books; 
Thane wanton dalliance with a Paramour, 
Yet call th Embassadors, and as you please, 
So let them haue their answeres every one: 
I shall be well content with any choyce 
Tends to Gods glory, and my Countries weale. 

Enter Wincefeft, and three Ambassaders. 

Exit. What, is my Lord of Wincefeft infall'd, 
And call'd into a Cardinall degree? 
Then I perceive, that will be verified 
Henry the Pifie did sometime propheticke, 
I once he come to be a Cardinall, 
He'll make his cap coequall with the Crowne. 
King. My Lords Ambassadors, your severall suites 
Have bin confider'd and debated on, 
Your purpose is both good and reasonable: 
And therefore are we cerryly resolve'd, 
To draw conditions of a friendly peace, 

Which

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The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Which by my Lord of Wincheste we meane
Shall be transported prefently to France.

Gl. And for the proffer of my Lord your Maiest,
I have inform'd his Highnesse to at large,
As liking of the Ladies vertuous gifts,
Her Beauty, and the valet of her Dowr.
He doth intend she shall be Englands Queene.

King. In argument and prooffe of which concur,
Beside her this Jewell, pledge of my affection,
And to my Lord Protector let them guarde,
And safely brought to Dowr, wherein shal'd
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

Exeunt.

Win. Stay my Lord Legate, you shall first receiue
The funne of money which I promis'd
Should be deliver'd to his Holinesse,
For cloathing me in these grave Ornaments.

Legat. I will attend upon your Lordships pleasure,
Now Wincheste will not submit, I trost,
Or be inferior to the proudtf Peere.

Humfrey of Gloffter, thou shalt well perceive,
That neither in birth, or for authority,
The Bishop shal be over-borne by thee:
He either make thee floope, and bend thy knee,
Or facke this Country with a mutiny.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alarfon, Bayfard,
Eigneur, and those.

Char. These newes (my Lords) may cheere our drooping spirits:
This said, the stout Parifians do retort,
And turne againe within the warlike French.

Alarfon. Then march to Paris Royall Charle of France,
And keepe out baffle your powres in dailiance.

Puccl. Peace be amone them if they turne to vs,
Else suue combate with their Palleces.

Enter Scouts.

Scout. Succeede vnto our valiant Generall,
And happinesse to his accompies.

Char. What tidings send our Scouts?I prithee speake,

Scout. The English Army that diuided was
Into two partie, is now coniug'd in one,
And meanes to give you barcell presently.

Char. Somewhat too fcondaine Sirs, the warning is,
But we will preficte prouide for them.

Bar. If truth the Ghost of Tadow is not there:
Now he is gone my Lord, you neede not feare.

Puccl. All basee pajions, France is most affick.
Command the Conquest Charle, it shall be thine:

Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.

Char. Then on my Lords, and France be fortunate,


Enter the de Puccl.

Puccl. The Regent conquers, and the Frenchmen flye.
Now helpe ye charming Spelles and Peraps,
And ye choife spirits that admonifh me,
And give mesfiges of future accidents.

Vnder the Lordly Monarch of the North,
Appeare, and ayde me in this enterprize.

Exeunt.

This speedy and quicke appearance argues prooffe
Of your accufion'd diligence to me.
Now ye Familiar Spirits, that are call'd
Out of the powerfull Regions vnder earth,
Help me this ouce, that France may get the field.

They make, and speake not.

Oh hold me not with silence ouer-long:
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
Ile top a memer off, and give it you,
In earneft of a further benefite:
So you do condidenc to helpe me now.

They facke their heads,
No hope to have redresse: My body shal.
Pay recompence, if you will graunt my fuite.

They facke their heads,
Cannot my body, nor blood-lacrifice,
Intreate you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my foule; my body, foule, and all,
Before that England and the French the foyle.

They depar.

See, they forsack me. Now the time is come,
That France must vale her lofty plum'd Creft,
And let her head fall into Englands lappe.
My ancient Incantations are too weake,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with.
Now France, thy glory droopeth to the duff.

Exeunt.

Enter Scouts. Burgundie and I take fight hand to hand, French flye.

Tourke. Damfeff of France, I think I have you faft,
Vncheate your spirits now with spelling Charmes,
And try if they can graze your liberty.

A goodly prize, fit for the duels grace,
See how the ugly Witch doth bend her browes,
As if with Cercle, she would change my fhape.

Puccl. Chang'd to a worfer fhape thou canst not be:

Tourke. Oh, charle the Daphine is a proper man,
No fhape but his can please your dainty eyes.

Puccl. A plaguing milfoole light on Charles, and thee,
And may ye both be fominly surpriz'd
By bloudy hands, in sleeping on your beds.

Tourke. Fell bannning Haggie, Inchantreffe hold thy tongue.

Puccl. I prithee give me leave to curse awhile.

Tourke. Curse Mifcreant, when thou confef to the flake.

Enter Alarfon. Enter Sufflake with Margaret in his hand.

Suff. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prifoner.

O fairest Beautie, do not fafe, nor flye:
For I will touch thee but with reverend hands,
I kiffe these fingers for eternall peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender fide.

Oh fairest, beauteous, for I may honor thee.

Char. Margaret my name, and daughter to a King,
The King of Naples, who so eft thou art.

Suff. An Earlie I am, and Suffolke am I call'd.
Be not offender Nature's myracle,
Thou art allotted to be tame by me:

Thou shalt:

Oh stay;
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

Keeping them prisoner vnderneath his wings:

Yet if this foule vage once offend,
Go, and be free again, as Suffolkes friend,
She is going
Oh stay: I have no power to let her passe,
My hand would free her, but my heart sayes no,
As playes the Sunne vpon the glasse fireames,
Twinkling another counterfeited beame,
So seemes this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes,
Paine would I woe her, yet I dare not speake:
Ile call for Pen and Ink, and write my mindes:
Eye De la Pole, dible not thy felde:
Haste not a Tongue? Is she not here?
Wilt thou be daunted at a Woman fight?
I: Beauties Princely Maiesty is such,
Confounds the tounge, and makes the senes rough.

Mar. Say Earle of Suffolke, if thy name be to,
What ranomue I playe before I pall?
For I beseeme I am thy prisoner.

Suf. Why canst thou tell thee will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a trial of her lone?

Mar. Why speakest thou not? What ranomue must I pay?
Suf. She is beautifull, and therefore to be Wood:
She is a Woman; therefore to be Wonne.

Mar. Will thou accept of ranomue, yea or no?
Suf. Pond man, remember that thou haft a wife,
Then how can Margret be thy Paramour?
Mar. I were belte to lease him, for he will not heare.
Suf. There is all mar d: heere lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talleth at roand: for the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a diftabation may bee had.
Mar. And yet I would that you would answer met
Suf. He win this Lady Margaret. F it whom?
Why for my King: Tuft, that's a woodden thing.
Mar. He talleth of wood: it is faire Carpenter.
Suf. Yet to my fancy may be satisfied,
And peace established between these Realmes.
But there remains a scruple in that too:
For though her Father be the King of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poore,
And our Nobility will foreme the match.

Mar. Heare ye Capsten? Are you not at leyure?
Suf. It shall be so, dissemble they're too much.

Henry is youthfull, and will quickly yeeld.
Madam, I have a secret to reuelse.

Mar. What though I be intarled, he seems a knight
And will not any way dishonour me.

Suf. Lady, vouche safe to vntell what I say.
Mar. Perhaps I shall be refud by the French,
And then I need not crase my curtse.
Suf. Sweet Madam, give me hearing in a cause.
Mar. Tuft, women have bene capacitae ere now.
Suf. Lady, wherefore talke you so?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but Quod for Quo.
Suf. Say gentle Princeffe, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a Queene?
Mar. To be a Queene in bondage, is more vile,
That's a fluze, in base fertality:
Princes should be free.
Suf. And to shall you,
If happy Englands Royall King be free.

Mar. Why what concerns his freedome vnto thee?
Suf. He vnderstakke to make thee Henrys Queene,
To put a Golden Scepter in thy hand,
And set a precious Crowne vpon thy head,
If thou wilt condemne to be my ——

Mar. What?
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

But Madame, I must trouble you again.
No louing Taken to his Malfie.
Maer. Yes, my good Lord, a pure unpointed heart,
Neuer yet tainted with lout, I fend the King,

Soft. And this withall. /Nifheth.

That for thy felf, I will not so preface,
To fend fuch peevish tokens to a King.

Soft. Oh vew thou for my felfe: but Soufflige flay,
Thou myfelfe not wander in that Labyrinth,
There Minotours and egly Trefons lurke,
Sollicite Henry with her wonderous prafie.

Bethink thee on her Vertues that fomount,
Mad naturall Graces that extingui fh Art,
Repente their famblance on the Seas,
When that thou comitt to kneele at Heavies feete,
Thou myfelfe because of his wifs withoat.

Exit Torke.Harriwcke, Shephard, Poetst.

Tor. Being forth that Sorrowfet condemn'd to burne.
Sho. At loves, this kills thy Fathers heart out-right,
I howe I fought every Country farte and nere,
Now and it is my chance to finde thee out.
Muff I behold thy timelife cruel death:
Ah love, (tooze daugther love, I die with thee.
Soft. Decreet Mifer, fableigne Wretch, I
I am defended of a gentiler blood.

This no Father, no Mother, nor Wife.

Sho. Ouf, our, my Lords, and pleafe, 'tis not so
I did beget her, all the Parrish knowes:
Her Mother lineath yet, can teefe thee.
She was the first fruit of my Bache-fhip,
War. Gracelefle, wilt thou deny thy Parentage?

Torke. This argues what her kind of life hath beene,
Wicked and vile, and fo her death concludes.

Sho. Eye love, that thou wilt be fo oldfeale:
God knowes, thou art a collop of my flesh,
And for thy like hauo I flud many a teare:
Deny me not, I praythee, gentle love.

Pencle. Peaceantuant. You have suborn'd this man
Of parpole, to obfoure my Noble birth.
Sho. Their true, I gaue a Noble to the Prieff,
The morne that I was wedded to my Noble mother,
Kneele downe and take my bleffing, good my Gytle.
Wilt thou not floue? Now can I be the time
Of thy Satyte: I would the Mulke
Thy mother gaue thee when thou fook'ft it her breft,
Had bin a little Rus-fane for thy fake.
Or elfe, when thou didst keepe my Lambs a-field,
I with fonme ravenous Wolfe had eaten thee,
Doeft thou deny thy Father, curfed Drab?
O burn thee, burn thee, hangling is too good.

Exit Torke. Take her away, for the hath lid too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Pur. First let me tell you whom you haue condemned;
Not me, begotten o a Shephard Swaine,
But ifled from the Progeny of Kings.
Veritous and Holy, choien from above,
By inspiration of Celestial Graces,
To weake exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked Spirits.
But that you are pollutted with your lustes;
Stained with the guiltifleede blood of Innocents,
Corrupt and taint'd with a thousand Vice's:
Because you want the grace that others hau;
You live after a straight a thing impossible
To compass Wonders, but by helpe of diuels.
It shall be with such strict and severe Courousaas,
As little shall the Frenchmen gainsie thereby.

Enter Charles, Marshal, Biflord, Requiror.

Char. Since Lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peacefull truce shall be proclaimed in France,
We come to be informed by your seules,
What the conditions of that league must be:

Turks. Speake Wincklefter, for boyling choller chokes
The hollow passage of my poynson'd voyce,
By fhye of these our bailefull enemies.
Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That in regard King Henry giues content,
Of meece compaffion, and of lenity,
To eafe your Courtrye of diiftrefful Warre,
And suffer you to breathe in full peace,
You shall become true Liegemen to his Crowne.
And Charles, vpon condition thou wilt trrue
To pay him tribute, and submit thy feile,
Thou shalt be plac'd as Viceroy under him,
And full enjoy thy Regall dignity.

Altan. Must he be then as freeholder of himselfe?
A dorne his Temples with a Coronet,
And yet in subulance and authority,
Retaine but privdidgel of a private man?
This proffer is abfull, and reasonable.

Char. This knowe you already that I am poiffed
With more then halfe the Gallias Territories,
And therein renuered for that lawfull King:
Shall I for lucce of the self vn-vanquift,
Detraa so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole?
No Lord Ambasclador, Ie rather keepe
That which I have, than courting for more
Be call'd from possibility of all.

Turks. Infalting Charles, hath thou by secret means
V'd interceffion to obtaine a league,
And now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'thou aloofe vpon Compaffion.
Either accept the Tidle thou v'rpft,
Of benefit proceeding from our King,
And not of any challenge of Dextor,
Or we will plague thee with incensel Warres.

Reg. My Lord, you do not well in obligatory,
To comm in the course of this Contract:
If once it be neglet'ted, ten to one
We shall not finde like opportunity.

Altan. To fay the truth, it is your policie,
To raise your Subiects from such mesacrse
And ruffiaf'laughters as are daily leene
By our proceeding in Hohility,
And therefor take this compact of a Truce,
Although you brake it, when your pleasure ferves.

War. How fayes thou Charles?
Shall our Condition stand?

Char. It Shall:

Onely refer'd, I claim no interef
In any of our Townes of Garlon.

Turks. Then trrue the Allegiance to his Maiesty,
As thou art Knight, tenter to disobey,
Not be Rebellious to the Crowne of England,
Thou not thy Nobles, to the Crowne of England;
So, now dismiufe your Army whifey prays;
Hang vp your Ensignes, let your Drummes be still,
For betre we enterraine a solemne peace.

Enter Saffolck in conference with the King, Gloucefer, and Ester.

King. Your wondroues rare description (noble Earl)
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish't me;
Her vertues grased with externall gifts,
Do breed Loues Iettled passions in my heart,
And like as vigour of tentenulous gutes
Provokes the mightief Chatle against the tide,
So am I driv'n by breath of her Renowne,
Either to suffer Shipwraske, or starue.
Where I may have fruition of her Loun.

Saff. Tuff thy good Lord, this superfussiall tale,
Is but a preface of her worthy praffe;
The cheefe perfection of that Louely Dame,
(Had I sufficiens skill to utter them)
Would make a volume of stinging lines,
Ably to raife any dull conceit,
And which is more, she is not fo Diutin,
So full replete with choice of all Delights,
But with as humble lowliness of minde,
She is content to be at your command:
Command I meant, of Verueous chaile intents,
To Loue, and Honor Henry as her Lord.

King. And otherewife, will Henry nowe preface
Therefore my Lord Pretecho, gine contentes,
That Margaret may be Englands Royall Queene.

Saff. So should I gine content to flatter fortune,
You know (my Lord) your Highnesse is betroath'd
Vnito another Lady of vtilitee,
How shall we then dispesne with that contra,?
And not decaye you Honor with reproach?

Saff. As doth a Ruler with unlawfull Oather,
Or one that at a Triumph, hating yow'd
To try his strength, forlacketh yet the Littes
By reason of his Adversaries oldes.
A poore Earles daughter is veinqual oldes,
And therefore may be broke without enetence,
Gloucefer. Why what (I praye) is Margaret more
then this?

Her Father is no better than an Earle,
Although in glorious Titles he excell.

Saff. Yes my Lord, her Father is a King,
The King of Naples, and Jerusaleem,
And of such great Authoritie in France,
As his alliance will confrrme our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Glou. And to the Earl of Arminacke may doe,
Because he is nexte Kinfman unto Charles.

Exm. But his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,
Where Requiror loomet will receive, than glue.

Saff. A Dowre my Lord? Disgrace not to your King,
That he should be so obiecte, base, and poore,
To choose for thenet, and not for perfect Loue.

Henry. Is able to enrich his Queene,
And not to fexe a Queene to make him rich,
So worthie Pennan bargaine for their Wives,
As Magallen men for Oxen, Sheetes, or Hore.

Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Then to be dealt in by Attorney-ship:
Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,

V. iv. 114—V. v. 57

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The firft Part of Henry the Sixt.

Mufh be companion of his Nuptiall bed:
And therefore Lords, once he s Elects her most,
Mofl of all thefe reasons bindeth ws,
In our opinions thef should be preferre'd.
For what is wedlocke forfake but a Hell,
An Age of difcord and continual strife,
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliffe,
And is a patttern of Celestiall peace.
Whom fhould we match with Henry being a King,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a King:
Her peaceable feature, loyed with her birth,
Approves her fit for none, but for a King.
Her valiant courage, and undauncted spirit,
(More then in women commonly is seen)
Will anfwer our hope in like of a King.
For Henry, fonne vnto a Conqueror,
Is likely to beget more Conquerors,
With a Lady of fo high refolar,
(As is faire Margaret) he be lik'd in love.
Then yield my Lords, and here conclude with mee,
That Margaret fhall be Queene, and none but fhee.
King, Whether it be through force of your report,
My Noble Lord of Suffolk: Or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaine
With any paffen of inflaming love,
I cannot tell: but this I am aflert'd,
I feele such sharpe diflention in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of Hope and Feare,
As I am fick with working of my thoughts.
Take therefore fhipping, polle my Lord to France,
Agree to any conditions, and procure
That Lady Margaret do yowghtife to come
To croffe the Seas to England, and be crown'd
King Henry faithfull and anointed Queene.
For your expences and fufficient charge,
Among the people gather vp a tenth,
Be gone I fay, for till you do returne,
I reft perplexed with a thousand Cares.
And you (good Vnkle) banifh all offence:
If you do cenfure me, by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excufe
This fudden execution of my will.
And fo conduct me, where from company,
I may reuife and ruminate my greafe.

FINIS.

V. v. 58—108

473
The second Part of Henry the Sixt,
with the death of the Good Duke
HV MFREY.

Aulus Primus. Scena Prima.

Fleurish of Trumpets: Then Hubayes.

Enter King, Duke Humphrey, Salisbury, Warwick, and Beaumonde on the one side.
The Queen, Suffolk, York, Somerset, and Buckingham, on the other.

Suffolk.
Such by your high Imperial Majesty,
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As Proctor to your Excellence,
To marry Princes Margaret for your Grace;
So in the Famous Ancient City, Tours,
In presence of the Kings of France, and Sicil,
The Dukes of Orleans, Calhier, Brissigny, and Alazon,
Seven Earles, twelve Barons, & twenty reverend Bishops
I have perform'd my Task, and was espous'd,
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In fight of England, and her Lordly Princes,
Deliver vp my Title in the Queene
To your most gracius hands, that are the Substance
Of that great Shadow I did represent;
The happy Gift, that ever Marguerite gave,
The Pairest Queene, that ever King receiv'd,
King. Suffolk, assemble. Welcome Queene Margaret,
I can express no kinder signe of Love
Then this kind Queene: O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart repose with thankfulness;
For thou hast given me in this beauteous face
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If Sympathy of Love raise our thoughts,
Queene. Great King of England, & my gracious Lord,
The mutual conference that my mind us'd had,
By day, by night; wakings, and in my dreams,
In Courtly company, or at my Beater,
With you mine Adler is my Soueraigne,
Makes me the bolder to salute my King,
With ruder terms, such as my wits afford,
And over my heart is minister,
King. Her fight did rankish, but her grace in Speech,
Her words ycad with wife'somes Masterly,
Makes me from Wondring, fall to Weeping joyes,
Such is the Fullest of my hearts content.
Lords, with one chearful voice, Welcome my Queene.
Adieu. Long live Que. Margaret, England's happiness,
Queene. We thank you all.
Flourish

Suf. My Lord Protector, most please your Grace,
Here are the Articles of contracted peace,
Between our Soueraigne, and the French King Charles;
For eighteen months concluded by content.

Glo. Read's, Imprints, It is agreed between the French K. Charles, and William de la Pole Marquess of Suffolk, Ambassadors for Henry King of England; That the said Henry shall espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter and Heiress King of Naples, Sicil, and Jerusalem, and Crown her Queene of England, on the thirtieth day next ensuing.

Item, That the Dutie of Annes, and the County of Main, shall be released and demitted to the King her father.


Pardon me gracious Lord,
Some sudden qualmes hath strucke me at the heart,
And dad mine eyes, that I cannot see further.

King. Vinkle of Winchelsea, I pray read on.

Win. Item, It is further agreed between them, That the Dutie of Annes and Maine, shall be released and demitted over to the King her father, and she sent over the King of England some proper Cofl and Charges, without bating any Dowry.

King. They please vs well. Lord Marques kneel down,
We here present the first Duke of Suffolk,
And give thee with the Sword, Coasne of Yorke,
We here discharget your Grace from being Regent 1st parts of France, till termes of Eighteen Moneths
Be fullly expir'd. Thanks Vinkle Winchelsea,
Gloffer, Yorke, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwick.

We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my Princely Queene.
Come, let vs in, and with all speede proceed
To see her Coronation be perform'd.

Exit King, Queene, and Suffolk.

Music the rest.

Glo. Brave Peeres of England, Pillars of the State,
To you Duke Humphrey must unfold 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 so often lodge in open field?
In Winters cold, and Summers parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford royle his wits,
To keepe by policy what Henry got:
Have you your felues, Somerset, Buckingham,
Braue Torke, Salisbury, and viciosus Warwicke
Receivd deepse fates in France and Normandie:
Or hath mine Vnkle Desanford, and my selfe,
With all the Learned Counsell of the Realme,
Studied fo long, fat 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,
Crown'd in Paris in despit of foes,
And all their Labours, and these Honours dye?
Shall Henrys Conquell, Bedford's vigilance,
Your Deeds of Warre, and all our Counsell dye?
O Peeres of England, thatenfull is this League,
Fatail this Marriage, cancelling your Fame,
Blotting your names from Bookes of memory,
Racing the Charactres of your Renowne,
Defacing Monuments of Conquer'd France,
Vindewing all as all had neuer been.

Car. nephew, what means this passionate discours?
This preperation with such circumference:
For France, its ours; and we will keep it still.
Glo. I Vnkle, we will keepe it, if we can:
But now it is imposible we shou'd,
Suffolke, the new made Duke that rules the rold,
Hath guen the Dutche of Answ and Hugene,
To the greatest King, Regenier, whole large style
Agree not with the Juneelle of his purfe.

Sal. Now by the death of him that dyed for all,
Their Countrie were the Keyes of Normandie:
But wherefore weepes Warwick, my valiant frond?
War. For greefe that they are paft recouerie.
For were there hope to conquer them againe,
My sword shou'd shed hot blood, mine eyes no teares.
Anson and Maine? My felfe did win them both:
These Provinces, their Armes of mine did conquer,
And are the Citiees that I got with wounds,
Deline'd vp againe with peacefull words?

Mart. Diesu. Torke.
For Suffolkes Duke, may be he fuffocate,
That dim the Honor of this Warlike lfe:
France shou'd have horne and rent my very hart,
Before I would have yeelded to this League.
I never read but Englands Kings have large fumnes of Gold, and Dowerie with their wifes,
And our King Henry glues 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 Costs and Charges in transporting her:
She shou'd have flaid in France, and staid in France before.

Car. My Lord of Glofters, now we grow too hot,
It was the pleasure of my Lord the King.

Hum. My Lord of Wincheltor, I know your mind.
Tis not my speoches that you do mislike:
But its my presence that doth trouble ye,
Rancour will out, proud Prelate, in thy face
See thy furie: If longer stay,
We shall begin in our ancient bickerings:
Rendings farerwell, and fay when I am gone,
I prophesied, France will be loffe for long, Exit Humfray.

Car. So, there goes 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 fear me to the King;
Consider Lords, he is the next of blood,
And heyre apparent to the English Crown:
Had Henry got an Empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy Kingdomes of the West,
There's reafon he should be displeased at it:
Looke to it, Lords, let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts, be wise and circumfert.
What though the common people fownd him,
Calling him, Humfrey the good Duke of Suffolk,
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voyce,
Jes maintaine your Royall Excellence,
With God preferr the good Duke Humfrey:
I fear me Lords, for all this flattering gloffe,
He will be found a dangerous Protector.

War. Why should he then protect our Sovereigne?
He being of age to gouerne of himfelfe.
Coun of Somerset, Ioyne you with me,
And al together with the Duke of Suffolk,
We'll quickly hoyde Duke Humfrey from his feast.
Car. This weighthy businesse will not brookes delay,
Let to the Duke of Suffolkle presently. Exit Cardinal.
Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humfray's pride
And greateffe of his place be greefe too,
Yet let vs watch the haughty Cardinal,
His infolence is more intolerable.
Then all the Princes in the Land before,
If Gloftor be diplaid, he'1 be Protector.

Car. Or thou, or I Somerfet will be Protectors,
Depifie Duke Humfrey, or the Cardinal.

Exit Buckingham, and Somerfet.

Sult. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
While these doe labour for their owne preferveme,
Behoues it vs to labor for the Realme.
I neuer faw but Humfrey Duke of Gloftor,
Did b rave him like a Noble Gentlemen:
Oft have I f teen the haughty Cardinal,
More like a Soulthren then a man o'fh Church,
As fliut and proud as he were Lord of all,
Sware like a Ruffian, and demeaned himfelfe
Unlike the Ruler of a Common-wealth.
Warwick my fonne, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainence, and thy houfe-keeping,
Hath wonne the greateft favour of the Commons,
Excepting none but greate Duke Humfrey.
And Brother Yorke, thy fads in Ireland,
In bringing them to civil Discipline:
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert Regent for our Soueraigne,
Hau'e made thee fear'd and honord of the people,
Ioyne we together for the publike good,
In what we can, to bride and tuppiffle
The pride of Suffolk, and the Cardinal,
With Sompertons and Buckinghames Ambition,
And as we may, cherish Duke Humfrays deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the Land.

War. So God helpe Warwick, as he loves the Land,
And common profit of his Country.

Tor. And fo fayes Yorke,
For he hath greateft caufe.

Sallibery. Then lets make bafe all,
And looke into the mains.

Warwick. Vnto the mains? Oh Father, Maine is loff,
That Maine, which by maine force Warwick did winne,
And would have kept, so long as breath did left:
Main-chance fatter you meant, but I meant (Maine),
Which I will win from France, or else be blame.
Exit Warwick, and Salisbury. 
Maine Yorks.
York, Aven and Maine are given to the French,
Paris is lost, the state of Normandie.
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
Suffolk concluded on the Articles,
The Petes aged, and Henry was well pleas'd,
To change two Duke-domes for a Duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all, what is to them?
'Tis thine they give a way, and not their owe.
Pirates may make cheap peny-worths of their pillage,
And purchase Franks, and give to Currizans,
Still reveling like Lords till all be gone,
While the silly Owner of the goods
Weepes over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
And makes his head, and troubling lands aloofe,
While all is shai'd, and all is borne away,
Ready to fteuce, and dare not touch his owne.
So Yorke mutt fit, and freat, and bite his tongue,
While his owne Lands are bargain'd for, and fold:
Me thinks the Realmes of England, France, and Ireland,
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
As did the fallat brand of Atheus burn,
Where the Princes of Caduan:
Aven and Maine both gien unto the French:
Cold newses for me: for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile Englandes fpole.
A day will come, when Yorke fhall claim his owne,
And therefore I will take the Nemis parts,
And make a fhow of love to proud Duke Hunfry,
And when I fpy advantage, claim the Crown,
For that's the Golden mark I feake to hit:
Nor flall proud Lancaster vpore my right,
Nor hold the Scepter in his childifh frit,
Nor weare the Diadem upon his head,
Whole Church-like humoris fift not for a Crowne.
Then Yorke be fitt a while, till time do fere:
Watch thou, and wake when others be ifleepe,
To prie into the fecrets of the State,
Till Avenie fperating in joyes of fount:
With his new Bride, & Englands deere bough Queen,
And Hunfry with the Peeres be faine at iares:
Then will Iaffe aloft the Milke-white-Roie,
With whole white fmeill the Ayre fhall be perfumed,
And in my fandard bear the Armes of Yorke,
To grapple with the house of Lancater,
And force perfere Ie make him yend the Crowne,
Whole bowche, bath pul'd England downe.

Exit York.

Enter Duke Hunfry and his wife Eleanor.

Elius. Why droope my Lord like over-rigent'd Coin,
Hanging the head at Ceres plentiful load?
Why doth the Great Duke Hunfry knit his browes,
As frowning at the Favouris of the world?
Why are thine eyes five to the fallen earth,
Gazing on thifh Rule which feemes to fhaire thy fight?
What feefs thou there? King Henry Diadem,
Incnead with all the Honors of the world?
If to, Gaines on, and growell on thy face,
Vntill thy head be circled with the fame.
Put forth thy hand, reach out the glorious Gold.
What, is't too short? Ie lengthen it with mine,
And having both together head it up,
We'll both together on our head's to happen,
And never more shall our fght follow,

As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Hun. O Ne, Sweet Ne, if thou doft love thy Lord,
Banifh the Canker of ambitious thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my King and Nephew, vertuous Henry,
Be my laf breathing in this mortall world.
My troublous dreams this night, doth make me sad.

Eili. What dreams did my Lord, tell me, and Ie require it
With sweet rehefalt all of my morning's dream?

Hun. Me thought this faffe mine Office-badge in Court
Was broke in twaine by whom, I hate forgot,
But as I think it, was by th' Cardinal,
And on the peeces of the broken Wand
Were plac'd the heads of Edmond Duke of Somerfet,
And William de la Pole thift Duke of Suffolke.
This was my dreame, what it doth bode God knowes.
Eius. Tut, this was nothing but aargument,
That he that breaks a fickie of Glofters grous,
Shall loafe his head for his prefumption,
But lift to me my Hunfry, my sweete Duke:
I me thought I fate in Seate of Maiefty,
In the Cathedral Church of Welfmim-fetter,
And in that City where Kings & Queens are crowd,
Where Henry and Dame Margaret lived to me,
And on my head did fet the Diadem.

Hun. Nay Eleanor, then muft I chide outright:
Presumptuous Dame, ill-nurtur'd Eleanor,
Art thou not second Woman in the Realme?
And the Protecrors wife beloue of him?
Halt thou not worldly pleafure incommand,
Above the reach or compaffe of thy thought?
And wilt thou full be hammering Treachery,
To tumble downe thy husband, and thy fife,
From top of Honor, to Disgrace, fffeet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.

Eius. What, what, my Lord? Are you so chollicke:
With Eleanor, for telling but her dreame?
Next time Ie keepe my dreames vnto my felfe,
And not be check'd.

Hun. Nay be not angry, I am pleas'd againe.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. My Lord Protecrors, his his Highnes pleafure,
You do prepare to ride vnto S. Albans,
Where as the King and Queene do meane to Hawke.

Hun. I go, Come Nei thou wilt ride with vs?
Eius. Yes my good Lord, Ie follow prefently.


Hun. But by the grace of God, and Humes advice,
Your Grace Title fhall be multiplied.

Eius. What fay thou man? Hafl thou as yet conferd
With Margerie lordane the cunning Witch,
With Roger Bollingbroke the Comuter?
And will you undertake to do good or ill?
This they have promis'd to sweeve your Highnes
A Spirit-race'd from depth of under ground,

That
The second Part of Henry the Sixte.

That shall make answer to such Questions.
As by your Grace shall be proppounded him.

Eliz. It is enough, I'll think upon the Questions.
When from Saint Albans we doe make residence,
Wee see these things effectuated to the full.
Here Hume, take this reward and make merry man
With thy Confederates in this weightie cause.

Exit Eliz.

Hume. Hume must make merry with the Dukeัส Gold.
Marry and all; but how now, Sir John Hume?
Scale vp your Lips, and give no words but Hum.
The busi sulphet intera terece.
Dame Eliz. gives Gold, to bring the Witch.
Gold cannot come amisse, were it a Deall,
Yet have I Gold eyes from another Cost.
I do not say to the rich Cardinal,
And from the great and now-made Duke of Suffolk;
Yet I doe make use for to be phine,
They (knowing Dame Eliz.aspiring humor)
Have hyed me under mine the Duchease,
And buzz the thee Comotions in her brayne.
They say, A crafty Knaves doe need no Brokers,
Yet am I Suffolk and the Cardinells Broker.
Hume, if you take no heed, you shall see me.
To call them both a preyre of craftie Knaves.
Well, so it stands; and thus I fear at last.
Knave. Knaves; will be the Duchease Wacke,
And her Atainture, will be Humpreys fall.
Sure how it will, I shall have Gold for all.

Exit

Enter three or some Petitioners, the Armours.
Man being one.

1. Pet. My Masters, let's fland close, my Lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then wee may deliver our Supplications in the Quill.
2. Pet. Marry the Lord protect him, for he's a good man, tell him of mee.

Enter Suffolk, and Queen.

Peter. Here a comest me thinker, and the Queen with him. He be the first bite.

Suff. How now fellows, would it any thing with mee?

Queen. To my Lord Protector? Are your Supplications to his Lordship? Let me see them: what is there?
2. Pet. Mune is, and please your Grace, against John Goodman, my Lord Cardinals Man, for keeping my House, and Lands, and Wife and all from me.

Suff. Thy Wife too? that's some Wrong indeed.
What's yours? What's here? Against the Duke of Suffolk, for encloasing the Commons of Melford. How now, Sir Knaue?

Peter. Against my Master Thomas Fower, for saying, That the Duke of York was rightful Heire to the Crowne.

Queen. What say'st thou? Did the Duke of York say, he was rightful Heire to the Crowne?

Peter. That my Master was? No forsooth; my Master said, That he was, and that the King was an Vn正品s.

Suff. Who is there?

Enter Servant.

Take this fellow in, and fend for his Master with a Purveyor prently: we'll be here more of your matter before the King.

Queen. And as for you that love to be protected
Under the Wings of our Protectors Grace,
Begin your Suites anew, and sue to him.

Tear the Supplication.

Away, barke Callions; Suff. I'll then goe.

All. Come, let's be gone.

Queen. My Lord of Suffolk, why is this the guise?
Is this the Fashions in the Court of England?
Is this the Government of Britaines He?
And this the Royaltie of Albions King?
What, shall King Henry be a Pupill still,
Vnder the fouly Glidesft Governance?
Am I a Queene in Title and in Stile,
And must be made a Subject to a Duke?
I tell thee Dukes, when in the Cutie Tours
They ran't a tilt in honor of my Love,
And hol' 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 Holinelle,
To number Acts Moines on his Bodes:
Hi. Champions, are the Prophets and Apostles,
His Weapons, holy Swords of Sacred Writ,
His Studie is to fill the Land, and his Love
Are brazen Images of Canoned Saints,
I would the Colledge of the Cardinalls
Would chuse him Pope, and carry him to Rome,
And let the Triple Crowne upon his Head;
That were a State fit for his Holinelle.
Suff. Madame be parent: as I was cause
Your Highness came to England, so will I
In England make your Grace full content.
Queen. Beside the haughtie Protector, have we Beauchamp
The imperious Churchman, Sayers, Buckingham,
And grumbling Tylke, and not the least of thieves,
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 Amenis:
Suff. A fairnesse and wise, no more a Fauolyer.
Queen. Not all these Lords doe vex me halfe so much,
As that proud Dame, the Lord Protector's Wife
She tveepest it through the Court with groups of Ladies
More like an Empresse, then Duke Humphreys Wife.
Strangers in Court, doe take her for the Queene;
She bears a Dukes Reuenews on her backe,
And in her heart she coloured with Pride:
Shall I not be to be aunged on a Conspicuois base-born Callus as she is,
She waunted 'mongst her Minions other day,
The very trayne of her worst wearing Gowne,
Was better worth then all my Fathers Lands,
Till Suffolk gave two Duckedomes for his Daughter,
Suff. Madame, my selfe have lynd a Bush for her,
And plac'd a Quiet of such enticing Birds,
That she well light to listen to the Layers,
And nevermore to trouble you againe.
So let her rest: and Madame lett to us,
For I am bold to counsafe you in this.

Entr. Although we fancie not the Cardinall,
Yet must we oweyn with him and with the Lords,
Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.
Enter the King, Duke Hamfray, Cardinall, Bucking-
ham, Talbot, Salisbury, Warwick, and the Duke of.

**King.** For my part, Noble Lords, I care not which, Or Souerain, or Turk, all's one to me.

**Turke.** If Turk have ill demand'd himselfe in France, Then let him be desty the Regent-ship.

**Souerain.** If Souerain be unworthy of the Place, Let Turk be Regent, I will yield to him.

**War.** Whether your Grace be worthy, yes or no, Dispute nor that, Turk is the worthy.

**Card.** Ambitious Warwick, let thy better's speake.

**War.** The Cardinall's not my better in the field.

**Buck.** All in this presence are thy better's Warwick.

**Warr.** Warwick may live to be the best of all.

**Salis.** Peace, Sonne, and thee some reason Buckingham.

Why Souerain should be prefer'd in this?

**Queene.** Because the King fortooth will haue it so.

**Humf.** Make way, the King is old enough himselfe.

To give his Censure: These are no Women's ship.

**Queene.** If he be old enough, what needs your Grace

To be Protecor of his Excellence?

**Humf.** Madame, I am Protecor of the Realme, And at his pleasure will reigne my Place.

**Suff.** Resigne it then, and leaue thine influence.

Since thou wert: Kings as who is King, but thou?

The Common-wealth hath daly run to rack,

The Dolphin hath presuyd beyond the Seas,

And all the Peres and Nobles of the Realme

have beene as Bond-men to thy Soueraigne.

**Card.** The Commons hath thou rackt, the Clergies Bags Are lanke and leaue with thy Extortions.

**Somm.** Thys famious Buildings, and thy Witiues Attyre

Hau been a madde of publike Treasurie.

**Buck.** This, Toy Crueltie in execution

Upon Offenders, hath exceed Law,

And left thee to the mercy of the Law.

**Queene.** Thy tale of Offices and Townes in France,

If they were knowne, as the fupject is great,

Would make thee quickly hop without thy Head.

**Humf.** Take him away.

**Queene.** Give me my Fame: what, Mycion, can ye not?

She gives the Duke some box on the ear.

I cry thee mercy, Madame?was it you?

**Duch.** Wast 17? year, it was proud French-woman:

Could I come neere thy Beautie with my Nayles, I

could see thy ten Commandements in thy face.

**King.** Sweet Aune be quiet, was against her will.

**Duch.** Against her will, good King, locke not in time,

Sheelle banster thee, and dandle thee like a Baby:

Though in this place most Matter weare no Breachos,

She shall not strike Dame Eleanor vnrequeng'd.

**Exit Eleanor.**

**Buck.** Lord Cardinall, I will follow Eleanor,

And listen after: Hamfray, how he procedes

She's tickled now, her Fume needs no spurs,

She'll gallop faster enough to her destruction.

**Exit Buckingham.**

The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

**Humf.** Now Lords, my Choller being over-blowne,

With walking once about the Quadrangle,

I come to take of Common-wealth Affairs.

As for your spightfull falle Objections,

Prowe them, and I lyce open to the Law:

But God in mercie so deale with my Soule,

As I in dutie loue my King and Countrie.

But to the matter that we haue in hand:

I say, my Souerain, Turk is meete 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 Turk is most vnmeet of any man.

**Turke.** I tell thee, Suffic, why I am vnmeet.

First, for I cannot flatter thee in Pride:

Next, if I be appointed for the Place,

My Lord of Souerain, wilt keep me here,

Without Discharge, Money, or Furniture,

Till France be wonne into the Dolphins hands:

Last time I danc't attendance on his will,

Till Paris was befeg'd, famish'd, and lost.

**War.** That can I winneffe, and a fouler fact

Did never Tryator in the Land commit.

**Suff.** Peace, here, the Duke Warwick.

**War.** Image of Pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Armorer and his Man.

**Suff.** Because here is a man accused of Treacon,

Pray God the Duke of Yorkie excuse himselfe.

**Turke.** Both any one accuse Turk for a Tryator?

**King.** What mean'th it, Suffic? tell me, what are these?

**Suff.** Please it your Maiestie, this is the man

That doth accuse his Master of High Treacon;

His words were these: That Richard, Duke of Yorkie,

Was rightfull Heire into the English Crowne,

And that your Maiestie was an Usurer.

**King.** Say maniere these thy words?

**Armorer.** And shall please your Maiestie, I never sayd

nor thought any such matter: God is my witneffe, I am

falsely accused by the Villaine.

**Petir.** By these tbene bones, my Lords, hee did speake

them to me in the Garret one night, as we were lcowing

my Lord of Yorkers Armor.

**Turke.** Safe Dunghill Villain, and Mechanicall,

He bare thy Head for this thy Tryator's speche.

I doe beseech your Royall Maiestie,

Let him baue all the rigor of the Law.

**Armorer.** Alas, my Lord, hang me if ever I spake

the words; my accuser is my Prentice, and when I did cor-

rect him for his fault the other day, he did vowe upon

his knees he would be true with me: I have good witneffe

of this: therefore I beseech your Maiestie, do not eft

away an honest man for Villaines accusation.

**King.** Vnkle, what shall we dase to this law?

**Humf.** This doone, my Lord, if I may judge:

Let Souerain be Regent o're the French,

Because in Turk this breedes sullipition;

And let thee have a day appointed them

For single Combat, in convenient place,

For he hath winneffe of his servantes malice:

This is the Law, and this Duke Hamfray's doome.

Semi. I
Enter the Duke of York and the Duke of Buckingham with their Guard, and break in.

York. Lay hands upon those Traytors, and their trait'ish Beldam: I think we watch you at an ync; What Madame, are you there? the King & Commonwealth Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains; My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not, See you well guarded for these good deferts.

Elianor. Not halfe so bad as thine to Englands King, Injurious Duke, that threst at whose no cause, Buck. True Madame, none at all: what call you this? Away with them, let them be clapt vp close, And kept sunder: you Madame shall with vs, Stafford: take her to thee.

We'll see your Trinkets here all forth-coming, All away. Exit. York, Lord Buckingham, me thinks you watch her well: A pretty Plot, well choen to build vp. Now pray my Lord, let's see the Details Writ. What have we here? Reads. The Duke yet lovers, that Henry shall depose: But him out-line, and dye a violent death, Why this is jest, As A Tarquins Romanes vincere poffe, Well, to the rest: Tell me what fate aows the Duke of Suffolk? By Water shall he dry, and take his end; What shall beute the Duke of Somerset? Let him licorne Cathles, Safer shall he be upon the sande Plains, Where Cathles mounted stond, Come, come, my Lords, These Oracles are hardly attaing, And hardly underflood. The King is now in progeffte towards Saint Albans, With him, the Husband of this lowly Lady: Thither goes thefe Newes, As fast as Horfe can carry them: A lorry Breakfast for my Lord Protector. Bock, Your Grace fhall give me leave, my Lord of York, To be the Poffie, in hope of his reward, Yorks. At your pleasure, my good Lord, Who's within the there, here's: Enter a Strivingmen.

Inuite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick To fuppe with me to morrow Night. Away. Exit. Enter the King, Queene, Protetor, Cardinal, and Suffolk, with Fancklers halloeing.

Queene. Beleeue me Lords, for flying at the Brooks, I faw not better fpot thefe feven yeares day: Yet by your leave, the Winde was very high, And ten to one, old Joane had not gone out. King. But what a point, my Lord, your Fauclon made, And what a petich the few about the reft: To fee how God in all his Creatures works, Yea Man and Birds are fyne of climbing high. Swif. No maruell, and it like your Maietie, My Lord Protectors Hawkes doe towre so well, They know their Mafter loyes to be aloft, And bears his thoughts about his Fauclons Pitch. Giff. My Lord, tis but a base ignoble minde, That mounts no higher then a Bird can fete.
Enter the Mayor of Saint Albans, and his Brother, bearing the man between two in a Cloake.

Card. Here comes the Towne, men, on Proceediment, To present your Highness with the man.
King. Great is his comfort in this Earthly Vale, Although by his fight his sinne be multiplied.
Glof. Stand by, my Masters, bring him here the King, His Highness pleasur is to talk with him.
King. Good-fellow, tell vs here the circumstance, That we for thee may glorifie the Lord.
What, haue they beene long blinde, and now restor'd?
Simpe. Borne blinde, and prays for your Grace.
Wife. I induce was he.
Suff. What Woman is this?
Wife. His Wife, and like your Worship.
Glof. Hadst thou beene his Mother, thou couldst have better told.
King. Where were thou borne?
Suff. At Barbick in the North, and like your Grace.
King. Poor Soul.
Gods goodnesse hath beene great to thee:
Let never Day nor Night unhallowed passe,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.
Queene. Tell me, good-fellow, Canst thou here this shine, or of Detourn,
To this holy Shrine?
Simpe. God knowes of pure Devotion,
Being call'd a hundred Times, and oftner,
In my sleepe, by good Saint Alphonz:
Who said, Simpe, come come offer at my Shrine,
And I will help thee.
Wife. What? Mistris,ATEST, etc.; And many time and of my selfe have heard a Voyce,
To call him so.
Card. What, art thou lame?
Simpe. I, God Almighty helped me,
Suff. How canst thou so?
Simpe. A fall off of a Tree.
Wife. A Plum-tree, Master.
Glof. How long haue thou beene blinde?
Simpe. O borne so, Master.
Glof. What, and wouldst climbe a Tree?
Simpe. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.
Wife. Too true, and bought his climbing very deare.
Glof. Maffe, thou loudst Plunmes well, that would it ventur so.
Simpe. Alas, good Master, my Wifedesired some
Damous, and made me climbe, with danger of my Life.
Glof. A subtile Knave, but yet it shall not serue:
Let me see thine Eyes; winke now, now open them,
In my opinion, yet thou feest not well.
Simpe. Yes Master, clear as Day, I thank God and Saint Alphonz.
Glof. Sayst thou me so: what Colour is this Cloke 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 Jet.
King. Why then, thou knowest what Colour Jet is of?
Suff. And yet I think, Jet did he never see.

Glof. But
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

Of Lady Eleanor, the Protectors Wife,
The Ring-leader and Head of all this Rout, 
Hauing pradis'd dangernously against your State, 
Dealing with Witches and with Conjurers, 
Whom we haue apprehended in the Fact, 
Raying vp wicked Spirits from under ground, 
Demanding of King Henries Life and Death, 
And other of your Highnes Privie Council, 
As more at large your Grace shall understand, 
Card. And to me your Lord Protecter, by this means, 
Your Lady is forth-coming, yest at London, 
This Newes I think haue turn'd you Weapons edge; 
'Tis like, my Lord, you will not keep your house, 
Card. Ambitious Churchman, I have to affift my heart. 
Sorrow and griefe have vanquished all my powers, 
And vanquished as I am, I yeld to thee, 
Or to the meanef Groome. 
King. O God, what mischiefes work the wicked ones! 
Thro'ing confusion on their owne heads thereby. 
Queen. Glitter, see here the Tainture of thy Neft, 
And looke thy selfe be faultleffe, thou wast best. 
Card. Madame, for my selfe, to Heaven I doe appeale, 
How I haue fou'd my King, and Common-weale: 
And for my Wife, I know not how it stands, 
Sorry I am to heare what I haue heard. 
Noles there is: but thence have forgot. 
Honor and Virtue, and conquer't with such, 
As like to Pyrche, defile Nobilitie; 
I banish her my Bed, and Company, 
And give her as a Prey to Law and Shame, 
That hath dis-honored Glitter, honest Name. 
King. Well, for this Nighte we will repose vs here: 
To morrow toward London, back againe, 
To looke into the Buttifie thoroughly, 
And call their foule Offenders to their Answeres, 
And paye the Caufe in Judicce equal Scales, 
Whole Beante stands sure, whole righteous caufe prevails. 
Flourish. Exeunt. 

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick. 

York. Now my good Lords of Salisbury & Warwick, Our simple Supper ended, giue me leaue, 
In this clofe Walke, to satisfy my selfe, 
In a great opinion of my Title, 
Which is infullible, to Englands Crowned. 
Salib. My Lord, I long to heare it at full, 
Warw. Sweet Torke begin, and if thy clayne be good, 
The Newes are thy Subjects to command. 
Torke. Then thus: 
Edward the third, my Lords, had feuen Sonnes; 
The first, Edward the Black-Prince, Prince of Wales; 
The second, William of Hainfet; and the third, 
Lionel, Duke of Clarence; next to whom, 
Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster; 
The fift, was Edward Leofrey, Duke of York; 
The fift, was Thomas of Woodflock, Duke of Glofter; 
William of Windsor was the fourth, and left, 
Edward the Black-Prince dyed before his Father, 
And left behinde him Richard, his onely Sonne, 
Who after Edward the third's death, raigned as King, 
Till Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster, 
The eliſt 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 Queen to France, from whence the came, 
And

Gloft. But Cloakes and Gownes, before this day, a many. 
Wife. Neuer before this day, in all his life, 
Gloft. Tell me Sirrha, what's my Name? 
Simpe. Alas Mafter, I know not. 
Gloft. What's his Name? 
Simpe. I know not. 
Simpe. No indeede, Mafter. 
Gloft. What's thine owne Name? 
Simpe. Sawdler Simpeower, and if it please you, Mafter. 
Gloft. Then Sawnder, sit there, 
The lying A Knace in Chriftendome. 
If thou hadst beene borne blinde, 
Thou mightst it as well haue knowne all our Names, 
As thus to name the feuerall Colours we doe weare. 
Sight may dilinguifh of Colours; 
But suddenly to nominate them all, 
It is impossible. 
My Lords, Saint Albot here hath done a Miracle; 
And would ye no think it, Cumming to be great, 
That could reftore this Cripple to his Legges againe. 
Simpe. O Mafter, that you could? 
Gloft. My Masters of Saint Albot, 
Have you not Bedeug in your Towne, 
And things call'd Whippers? 
Major. Yet, my Lord, if it please your Grace. 
Gloft. Then rendt for one prefently. 
Major, Sirrha, goe fetch the Beadle hither straight. 
Exit. 
Gloft. Now fetch me a Stoole hither by and by, 
Now Sirrha, if you mean to face your felle from Whipping, 
Leape me over this Stoole, and runne away. 
Simpe. Alas Mafter, I am not able to flande alone; 
You goe about to torture me in vaine. 

Enter a Beadle with Whippers. 

Gloft. Well Sir, we must haue you finde your Legges. 
Sirrha Bedeug, whippe him till he leape ouer that lame Stoole. 
Bedeug. I will, my Lord. 
Come on Sirrha, off with your Doublets, quickly. 
Simpe. Alas Mafter, what shall I doe? I am not able to flande. 
After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leapes over the Stoole, and runnes awaie: and they 
follow, and cry, A Miracle. 
King. O God, hadst thou this, and beare it fo long? 
Queen. It made me laugh, to see the Villaine runne. 
Gloft. Follow the Knace, and take this Drab away. 
Wife. Alas Sirrha, we did it for pure need. 
Gloft. Let the be whips through every Market Towne, 
Till they come to Barkwicke, from whence they came. 
Exit. 
Card. Duke Hemfry ha's done a Miracle to day. 
Suff. True: made the lame to lape and flye awaie. 
Gloft. But you have done more Miracles then I: 
You made in day, my Lord, whole Townes to flye. 

Enter Buckingham. 

King. What Tidings with our Cousin Buckingham? 
Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold: 
A forte of naughtie persons, Lewdly bent, 
Vnder the Countenance and Confederacie
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,
Harmeleffe Richard was murthered traitorously.

For, Father, the Duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the House of Lancaster the Crown.

Torke. Which now they hold by force, and not by right:
For Richard, the first Sonne Heire, being dead,
The Issue of the next Sonne shoulde have reign'd,
Salib. But William of Hatfield dyed without an Heire,

Torke. The third Sonne, Duke of Clarence,
From whose Line I cayme the Crowne,
Had issue Philip, a Daughter,
Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earle of March:
Edmund had issue, Roger, Earle of March;
Roger had issue, Edmund, and Eleanor.

Salib. This Edmund, in the Reigne of Bullegreke,
As I haue read, layd clayne vnto the Crowne,
And but for Owen Glendower, had beene King;
Who kept him in Captaines, till he dyed,
But, to the rest-

Torke. His eldest Sitter, Anne,
My Mother, being Heire into the Crowne,
Married Richard, Earl of Cambridge,
Who was to Edmund Langley,
Edward the third, fift Sonne Sonne;
By her I clayne the Kingsdome.
She was issue to Roger, Earle of March,
Who was the Sonne of Edmund Mortimer,
Who married Philip, sole Daughter
Vnto Lionel, Duke of Clarence.
So, if the Issue of the elder sonne
Succeed before the younger, I am King.

Warw. What paine proceedings is more plain then this?

Henry doth clayne the Crowne from John of Gaunt,
That he, and his Sonne, Torke claymes it from the third:
Till Lionel's issue failles, his should not reigne.

It failes not yet, but flourishes in thee,
And in thy Sonnes, faute flippes of such Stock.
Then Father Salisbury, kneele we together,
And in this privy Plot be we the first,
That shall salute our rightfull Soueraigne.

With honor of his Birth-right to the Crowne.


Torke. We thankke you Lords:
But I am not your King, till I us Crow'd,
And that my Sword be shew'd
With heart-blood of the House of Lancaster:
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice and silent secrecy.

Do you as I doe in these dangerous days,
Winke at the Duke of Suffolkes insolence,
At Beaufortes Pride, at Somerset Ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the Crowe of them,
Till they have fear'd the Shepphaed of the Flock,
That vertuous Prince, the good Duke Humfry:
Tis that they seekke; and they, in seeking that,
Shall find their death, if Torke can prophesie.

Salib. My Lord, break we off; we know your minde at full.

Warw. My heart assoures me, that the Earle of Warwick
Shall one day make the Duke of Yorkes a King.

Torke. And Nemel, this I doe assoure my selfe,
Richard shall liue to make the Earle of Warwick
The greatest man in England, but the King.

Enter.

Sound Trumpets. Enter the King and State,
with Guard, to benigne the Dunciakes.

King. Stand forth Dame Eleanor Cobham,
Glousters Wife:
In sight of God, and vs, your guilt is great,
Receiv the Sentence of the Law for sinne,
Such as by Gods Booke are asshed to death.

You foure from hence a Prifon, back againe;
From thence, unto the place of Execution:
The Witch in Smithfield shall be bunt to ashes,
And your three shall be hanged on the Gallowes.
You Madame, for you are more Nobly borne,
Delipoyed of your Honor in your Life,
Shall, after three days open Penance done,
Lye in your Country here, in Banishment,
With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.

Eleanor. Welcome is Banishment, welcome were my steps.

Glof. Eleanor, the Law thou hast hath judg'd thee,
I cannot infifie whom the Law condemnes;
Mine eyes are full of teares, my heart of griefes.

Ah Humfry, this diffurther in the case,
Will bring thy head with ferrow to the ground.
I believe your Maiestie gaue me leave to goe;

Nowrow would I justice, and mine Age would eie.

King. Stay Humfry, Duke of Gloffer,
Ere thou goe, giue vp thy Staffe,
Henry will to hisfelfe Protector be,
And God shall be my hope, my stay, my guide,
And Lanthome to my feete;
And goe in peace, Humfry, no leffe belou'd,
When then thou went Protector to thy King.

Glof. I fee the reason, why a King's yeeres
Should be to be pretended like a Child.

God and King Henry governe Englands Realme:
Give vp thy Staffe, Sir, and the King his Realme.

Glof. My Staffe? Here, Noble Henry, is my Staffe:
As willingly doe I the lame reigne,
As ere thy Father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feete I leave it;
As others would ambitiously receiv'e it.

Well come good King: when I am dead and gone,
May honorable Peace attend thy Throne.

Exeunt Glousters.

Queen. Why now is Henry King, and Margaret Queen,
And Humfry, Duke of Gloffer, secure him selfe,
That beares to throwd a name:
Two Pulls at once;
His Lady banished, and a Limbe loft off
This Staffe of Honor raught, there let it stand,
Where it beft fitte to be, in Humfry hand.

Suff. Thus droops this lobbie Pyne, & hangs his prayers,
Thus Eleanor Prize dyes in her youngell days.

Torke. Lordes, let him goe. Please it your Maiestie,
This is the day appointed for the Combat,
Andready are the Appellante and Defendant,
The Armorer and his Man, to enter the Lifts,
So please your Highnesse to behold the fight.

Queene. I good my Lord: for purposely therefore
Left I the Court, to fee this Quarrel try'd.

King. A Gods Name see the 1.yl, and all things fit,
Here let them end it, and God defend the right,
Torke. I never saw a fellow worse bestead,
Or more afraid to fight, then is the Appellante,
The terrour of this Armower, my Lords.

Enter.
Enter at one Door the Armorer and his Neighbours, drinking to him, so much, that he is dronk; and he enters with a Drumme before him; and his Staffe, with a Sack-bagge fastened to it: and at the other Door his Man, with a Drumme and Sand-bagge, and Prentices drinking to him.

1. Neighbour. Here Neighbour Harner, 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 Charme.

3. Neighbour. And here's a Pot of good Double-Breere Neighbour, drink and fear not your Man.

Armorer. Let it come yfaith, and I leade you all, and a ffige for Peter.

1. Peter. Here Peter, I drink to thee, and be not afraid.

2. Peter. Be merry Peter, and fear not thy Master, Fight for credit of the Prentices.

Peter. I thank you all, I drink, and pray for me, I pray you, for I think I have taken my last Drinke in this World. Here Robin, and if I dye, I give thee my Aporne; and Will, thou shalt have my Hanger: and here Tom, take all the Money that I have. O Lord bleffe me, I pray God, for I am never able to deal with my Master, he hath learnt to much fience already.

Salib. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blowes. Sirrah, what's thy Name?

Peter. Peter Forthope.

Salib. Peter, what more?

Peter. Thumpe.

Salib. Thumpe? Then fee thou thumpe thy master well.

Armorer. Masters, I am come hither as it were upon my Mans instigation, to prove him a Knave, and my felfe an honest man: and touching the Duke of Yorkes, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the King, nor the Queene: and therefore Peter have at thee with a downs-right blow.

Toke. Dispatch, this Knaves tongue begins to double. Sound Trumpets, Alarm to the Combatants.

They fight, and Peter Strokes him downe.

Armorer. Hold Peter, hold, I confesse, I confesse Treaf.

Toke. Take away his Weapon: Fellow thank God, and the good Wine in thy Masters way.

Peter. O God, have I overcome mine Enemies in this presence? O Peter, thou hast proued th'right.

King. Go, take hence that Traitor from our sight, For by his death we doe perceiue his guilt, And God in Justice hath reueld to vs The truth and innocenc of this poor fellow, Which he had thought to have murther'd wrongfully. Come fellow, follow vs for thy Reward.

Sound a flourish. Exit.

Enter Duke Humfrey and his Men in Mourning Cloathes.

Glof. Thus sometimes hath the brighteft day a Cloud: And after Summer, euermore fucceeds Barren Winter, with his wrathfull nipping Cold: So Carees and loves abound, as Seafons feet.

Sir, what's a Clock?

Sera. Time, my Lord.
Why yet thy scandall were not wip't away,
But I in danger for the breach of Law.
 Thy greeseft helpe is quiet, gentle Ned:
I pry thee fort thy hearty to patience,
That fewe days wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your Grace to his Majestie Parliament,
And laden at Burry, the first of this next Moneth.
Gloft. And my concerngethe ask'd herein before?
This is clofe, dealing. Well, I will be there.--
My Ned, I take my issue: and Master Sherif.
Let not her Penance excede the Kings Commision.
My Grace, Enfent her not the worfe; in that I pray.
You wise thee, the world may laugh againe,
And I may like to doe you kindnesse, if you doe it her.
And so, Sir John, farewel.

Elacom. What, gone my Lord, and bid me not farewel?

Gloft. Witnesse my teares, I cannot stay to speake.

Elacom. Art thou gone to? all comfort goe with thee.
For none abides with me: my joy, is Death;
Death, at whose Name I oft haue beene afeard,
Because I wish'd this Worlds eternity.
Stanly. I prethee goe, and take me hence,
I care not whither, for I begge no faune;
Onely conuey me where thou art commanded.
Stanly. Why, Madame, that is to the lie of Man,
There to be vs'd according to your State.

Elacom. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And shall I then be vs'd reproachfully?

Stanly. Like to a Duchesse, and Duke Humfray's Lady,
According to that State you shall be vs'd.

Elacom. Sherif fairewel, and better then I fare,
Although you haft bene Conduit of my flame.
Sherif. It is my Office, and Madame pardon me.
Elacom. If I farewel, thy Office is dishong'd:
Come Stanly, if I live we goe?

Stanly. Madame, your Penance done,
Throw off this Sheet, and goe we to attyre you for our journey.

Elacom. My shame will not be hitfed with my Sheet:
No, it will hang upon my shafft Robes,
And heare it fell, attyre me how I can.
Goe, leade the way, I long to see my Prison,

Sound a Street. Enter King, Queen, Cardinal, Suffolk,
York, Buckingham, Salisbury, and Warwick, to the Parliament.

King. I mufe my Lord of Gloftor is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
What e're occasion keepes him from vs now.

Queen. Can you not feel or will ye not obserue
The Vngenerall of his alterd Countenance?
With what a Mafiifie he bears himselfe,
How influent of late he is become,
How proud, how peremptorie, and unlike himselfe,
We know the time since he was milde and affable,
And if we did but glasse a face out of Looke,
Immediately he was upon his Knee,
That all the Courts admird him for submission.
But meet him now, and be in the Morne,
When every one will giue the time of day,
He knitts his Bow, and shews an angry Eye,
And palfeth by with blisse unbownd Kneese,
Disdaining dutie that to vs belongs.
Small Curres are not regarded when they gyrne,
But great men tremble when the Lyon rores,
And Humfray is no little Man in England.
First note, that he is nearer you in affect,
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me feemeth then, it is no Pollicie,
Respecting what a rancorous mirde he beares,
And his advantage following your decease,
That he should come about your Royall Person,
Or be admitted to your Highnesse Council.
By flatterie hath he wonne the Commons hearts:
And when he pleace to make Commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
Now'z the Spring, and Weeds are shalloon-rored,
Suffer them now, and they'll e're growe the Garden,
And choake the Herbes for want of Husbandry.
The reuerent care I bare vnto my Lord,
Made me collect these dangers in the Duke,
If it be fond, call it a Woman's fear:
Which fear, by better Reasons can supplant,
I will subscende, and lay I wrong'd the Duke.
My Lord of Suffolk, Buckingham, and Yorke,
Reproue my alllegation, if you can,
Or else conclude my words effectuall.

Niff. Well hath your Highnesse scene into this Duke:
And had I frist bene put to speake my minde,
I think I should have told you your Graces Tale.
The Ducheese, by his subordination,
Upon my Life began her dullish pratifies:
Or if he were not privote to those Faults,
Yet by repute of his high diuert,
As next the King, he was successfull Heire,
And such high vaunts of his Nobilitie,
Did infrigate the Bediam braine-fick Ducheese,
By wicked meanes to frame our Soueraigne fall.
Smooth runnes the Water, where the Briske is deep,
And in his topfe flew he harbours Treason,
The Fox barkest not, when he would itale the Lambe.
No, no, my Soueraigne, Gloster is a man
Unbalanced yet, and full of diuete deceit.

Card. Did he not, contrary to forme of Law,
Deuice strange deaths for small offences done?
Yorke. And did he not, in his Protectrship,
Lene great summes of Money through the Realme,
For Subjectes pay in France, and never sent it?
By meanes whereof, the Townes each day resolvd.
Buckl. Tush, these are petty faults to faultes unknowne,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humfray, King.
My Lords at once: the care you haue of vs,
To mowe downe Thrones that would annoy our Foot,
Is worthy prayse: but shall I speake my confience,
Our Kinman Gloster is as innocent,
Free from meaning Treason to our Royall Person,
As is the fucking Lamby or hamelishe Doue:
The Duke is vertuous, milde, and too well gluene,
To dreame on stiull, or to worke my downerfall.

Qu. Ah what's more dangerous, then this fond affiance?
Secouse he a Doue? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he's dispoused at the hatefull Rauen.
Is he a Lambe? his Skine is surely lent him,
The Second Part of Henry the Sixth.

For hee's enclin'd as is the ravenous Wolves.
Who cannot fleepe a shade, that means deceit?
Take heed, my Lord, the welfare of vs all,
Hangs on the cutting short that fraughtfull man.

Enter Somerset.

Som. All health unto my gracious Soueraigne.

King. Welcome Lord Somerset: What News from France?

Som. That all your Interests in those Territories,
Is ytterly bereft you: all is lost.

King. Cold News, Lord Somerset: but Gods will be done.

Cor. Cold News for me: for I had hope of France,
As halfe as I hope for honest England.
Thus are my Bloudsomen blasted in the Bad,
And Caterspillers case my Leaves away:
But I will remedy this griefe ere long,
Or fell my Tides for a glorious Grazur.

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. All happinesse unto my Lord the King:
Pardon, my Liege, the Errors that are done long.
Suff. Nay Gloucester, know that thou art come too soone,
Vulnere than were more loyal then thou art:
I doe arrest thee of High Treason here.

Glo. Well Suffrague, thou hast not seen me blushed,
Not chang'd my Countenance for this arrest:
A Heart unspotted, is not easily daunted.
The purest Spring is not to free from muddle,
As I am cleare from Treason to my Soueraigne.
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guiltie?

Tyr. Thus thought my Lord, That you took Bribe of France,
And being Protector, hy'd the Soulers pay,
By meanes whereof, his Highnesse hath lost France.
Glo. Is it but thought so?

What are they that thunteir?
I neuer rob'd the Soulers of their pay,
Nor euer had one penny Bribe from France,
So helpe me God, as I have watch't the Night,
I, Night by Night in studing good for England,
That Doyts that ere I wrant'd from the King,
Or any Great I hoarded to my vie,
Be brought against me at my Tryall day.
No: many a Pound of mine owne proper flore,
Becau'e I would not take the needes Commons,
Have I dispus'd to the Gardians,
And neuer ask'd for reflation,
Card. It serves you well, my Lord, to say so much.
Glo. I say no more then truth, to helpe me God.

Tyr. In your Protectorship, you did deserve
Strange Tortures for Offenders, neuer heard of,
That England was defam'd by Tyrantise.

Glo. Why is it well known, that whiles I was Protector,
Purie was all the fault that was in France:
For I should me't at an Offenders trees,
And lowly words were Rantime for their faults:
Vulnerre it were a bloody Murtherer,
Or foule felonious Thieves, that fle'd poor passengers,
I never gau' them condigne punishment.
Murther in deed, that bloodie finne, I twart'd
About the Fenon, or what Trepas elle.

Suff. My Lord, thee selfe was safe, quickly answer'd:
But greater Crimes are lay'd vnto your charge:
Whereof you cannot easily purge your selfe,
I doe arrest you in his Highnesse Name,
And here commit you to my Lord Cardiassal
To keepe, vntill your further time of Tryall.

King. My Lord of Gloster, is this speciall hope,
That you will clear your selfe from all foulesence,
My Confidence tells me, you are innocent.

Glo. Ah gracious Lord, these dayes are dangerous:
Vertue is choset with foule Ambition,
And Chrstie chas'd hence by Rancours hand;
Foule Subornation is predominant,
And Equitie exil'd your Highness Land.
I know, their Complot is to have my Life:
And if my death might make this Island happy,
And prouce the Purtury of their Tyrannies,
I would expend it with all willingnesse.
For mine is made to the Prologue to their Play:
For thousands more, that yet suspeet no pruell,
Will not conclude their plotted Tragedie.

Brearsford red sparkling eyes blaz his hearts mallice,
And Suffielk cloudie brow his stormie hate;
Sharpe Buckingham wirethens with his tongue,
The envious Load that lies upon his heart:
When his head is rose, that reaches at the Moone,
Whose over-weening Arme I have pluckt back,
By faile accufe doth jelous at my life:
And you, my Soueraigne Lady, with the reft,
Cautelless have lay'd disgraces on my head,
And with your best endeoue have first'd vp,
My lief't Liege to be mine Enemy:
I, all of you hate lay'd your heads together,
My felle had notice of your Conspicicles,
And all to make away my guidelie Life.
I shall not want faile Witsinelle, to condemme me,
Nor faire of Treasons, to augment my guilt:
The ancient Proberbe will be well effect,
A Staffe is quickly found to beat a Dogge.

Card. My Liege, his sayling is intolerable.
If those that care to keepe your Royall Person
From Treasons secret Knife, and Trayers Rage,
Beside the unstaid, and rued ar,
And the Offender granted scope of speech,
'Twill make them coole in zaze unto your Grace.
Suff. Hath he not twit our Soueraigne Lady here
With ignominious words, though Clarkelye caught?
As if she had fuborned some to invente
Falce allegations, to o'rethrow his face,
Or. But I can give the loyer leave to chide.
Glo. Forre truer spoke then meant: I lofe indeede,
Befew the victors, for they play'd me faile,
And well such lofers may have leave to speake.

Buck. He'll wreath the frame, and hold vs here all day.

Lord Cardinall, he is your Prioner.

Card. Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him sure.

Glo. Ah, thus King Henry throwes away his Crutch,
Before his Legges be firm to beare his Body.
Thus is the Shepherd beaten from thy side,
And Wolves are gazing, who shall grave thee first.
Ah that my feare were false, ab that it were:
For good King Henry, thy decay I feare.

Exit Gloster.

King. My Lords, what to your wishomes seemeth biff,
Doe or vndoe as if our felle were here.

Queen. What, will your Highnesse leave the Parliament?

King. I/bar gernt: my heart is drown'd with griefe,
Whole foule begins to flowe within mine eies:
My Body round engyrt with unsyre:

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The second Part of Henry the Sixth.

Queen. Three Noble Suffolks, 'tis resolutely spoke.

Suff. Not resolute, except so much were done.

For things are often spoke, and seldom meant,

But oft my heart accordeth with my tongue.

Queen. Seeing the deed is meritorious,

And to preferre my Sovereign from his Foe,

Suff. Say but the word, and I will be his Prieft.

Card. But I would have him dead, my Lord of Suffolk.

Queen. Any of them may take due Orders for a Prieft:

Card. You say, and enflure well the deed,

And I think you did not make it

Tis not at all, which impugnes our doome.

Enter a Poffe.

Suff. Great Lords, from Ireland am I come amaine,

To signifie, that Rebels there are vp,

And put the Englishmen into the Sword.

Send Succours (Lords) and stop the Rage betime,

Before the Wound doe grow vncurable;

For seeing there, is great hope of helpe,

Card. A Brench that craves a quick expedient flopp.

What counfale give you in this weightie caufe?

Torke. That Somerset be sent as Regent thither.

Tis meet that lackie Ruler be implo'd,

Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If Torke, with all his Barre-fe Morall,

Had bene the Regent there, in stead of me,

Henry had long, was froze in France for long.

Torke. No, not to lufe it all, as thou hast done.

I rather would have loll my Life becomes,

Then bring a burthen of dis-honour home.

By flaying there so long, till all were loft.

Snow me one skarre, character'd on thy Skimmie,

Mens fifh prefer'd do for whoole, doe seldome winne.

Exe. Nay then, this spake will prove a raging fire,

If Wind and Fuelle be brought, to feed it with:

No more, good Torke, Sweet Somerset be still.

Thy fortune, Torke, hadst thou bene Regent there,

Mighty happlie hau'de prou'd faire worse then his.

Torke. What, worse then naught? say, then a shame

take all.

Somerfet. And in the number there, that will fleffe frame.

Card. My Lord of Yorke, trie what your fortune is:

The Icnuill Ierse of Ireland are in Armes,

And temper Clay with blood of Englishmen.

To Ireland will you leade a Band of men,

Collected choicely, from each Countie home,

And trie your hap against the Infirm?

Card. I will, my Lord, to please his Majestie.

Suff. What! you are the Author of this means,

And what we doe eflablifh, he confirms:

Then, Noble Torke, take thou this Taska in hand.

Fortune. I am content: Provide me Souldiers, Lords,

Whiles I take order for mine owne affaires.

Suff. A charge, Lord Torke, that I will see perform'd.

But now returne we to the faile Duke Humphrey.

Card. No more of him; for I will deal with him,

That henceforth he shall trouble us no more:

And so breake off, the day is almost spent,

Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that even.

Torke. My
The Second Part of Henry the Sixth.

The Duke of Suffolk, within fourteeene dayes At Brillow I expect my Soulard, For there he shalme them all for Ireland.

Suff. I do truly command, my Lord of Yorke, Exeunt.

Enter Torke.

Torke. Now Torke, or neuer, feele thy fear full thoughts, And change midfofte to refolution; Be that thou holp't to be, or what thou art; Reserve to death, it is not worth thy enjoying; Let pale-fac'd fear keepe with the meaner-born man, And finde no harbor in a Royall heart.

Falter the Spring, time flowes, comes thought on thought, And not a thought, but thinkes on Diggery.

Say, how can he doe it? and shal I doe it? My Brayeyes, more bulke then the laboring Spider, Weanes tedious Snares to trap mine Enemies. Well Nobles, well; his politlye done, To fende me packing with a Heavit of men: I feare me, you but warme the famous Snape, Who cherisht in your breasts, will flinge your hearts. Twas men I lack, and you will glume them me; I take it kindly: yet be well affaid, You may shbrace Weapons in a mans hands Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mightie Band.

I will trefire vp in England some black Storme, Then blowe ten thousand Soules to Heaven, or Hell: And this tell Tempelt shall not cease to rage, Vntill the Golden Circuit on my Head, Like to the glorious Sunnes transparent Besees, Doe calme the fuste of this mad-brayd Flame. And for a minifter of my intent, I have found a head-brayd henniftman, John Cade of Afthord, To make Commotion, as full well he can, Vnder the Title of John Mortimer.

In Ireland haue I feene this hussbone Cade Oppose himfelfe again A Troupe of Kernes, And fought fo long, till all his rigues with Darts Were almoft like a sharpel quild Portепtine: And in the end being rebuke, I haue leene Him capre vpright, like a wilde Monjtre, Shaking the bloody Darts, as he his Belts.

Full of men, like a fhag-hayr'd dracthe Korne, Hath he conuerde with the Enemy, And vndiscount'd, come to me again, And geve me notice of their Villanies. This Denuill here shall be my Subfurrite; For that Iohn Mortimer, which now is dead, In face, in pate, in speech he doth reftume, By this, I shall perceiue the Commons minde, How they affect the House and Clayme of Torke.

Say he be taken, rack, and tortured; I know no paine they can inflit upon him, Will make him say, I moud him to those Armes.

Say that he trie, as tis great like he will, Why then from Ireland come I with my strength, And riste the Harwelt which he now fellowd. For humfrey, being dead, he shall be, And Henry put aparts: the next for me. Exit.

Enter two or three running over the Stage, from the Marcher of Dicky Humfrey.

1. Runne to my Lord of Suffolk: let him know We haue dispatcht the Duke, as he commanded.

2. Oh, that it were a mad-haue we done? Didst ever heare a man so pertinent? Enter Suffolk.

Suff. Now Sirs, have you dispatcht this thing?

1. I my good Lord, he's dead.

Suff. Why that's well said. Go, get you to my House, I will reward you for this venorous deed.

The King and all the Peeres are here at hand.

Have you lads faire the Bed? Is all things well, According as I gaue directions?

1. Tis, my good Lord.

Suff. Away, be gone.

Exeunt.

Sound Trumpetts. Enter the King, the Queen, Cardinal, Suffolk, Somerset, &c.

Exeunt.

King. Go call out our Vackel to our presence strait: Say, we intend to try his Grace to day, If he be guilty, as'tis publisht.

Suff. He call him presently, my Noble Lord. Exit.

King. Lords take your places: and I pray you all Proceed no strifter against our Vackel Glofier, Then from true eidence, of good elligence, He be a prou'd or pracie culpable.

Queen. God for my Maffe should presyue, That faultleffe may condemne a Noble man: Pray God he may acquit him of inquisition.

King. I thanne fte Nef, thefe words content me much.

Enter Suffolk.

How now? why look it thou pale? why trembleft thou?

Where is our Vackel what's the matter, Suffolk? Suff. He is dead in his Bed, My Lord; Glofier is dead.

Queen. Haue mercy God forfend. Card. Gods secret judgement: I did dreame to Night, The Duke was rumb'd, and could not speake a word.

King. Speake.

Ou. How fares my Lord? Helpes Lords, the King is dead.

Som. Rere vp his Body, wring him by the Neck. Ou. Runne, goo, heppe, hepe; O Henry ope thine eyes.

Suff. He did not reuie againe, Madame be patient.

King. Oh Heavenly God.

Ou. How fares my gracious Lord? Suff. Comfort my Sovereigne, gracious Henry comfor-

King. What, doth my Lord of Suffolk comfort me?

Came he right now to sing a Raens Note, Whole diffimulat tune bereit my Vitall powres: And thinke, he, that the chirping of a Wren, By crying comfort from a hollow breaste, Can chafe away the fright conceiued sound? Hide not thy poyson with such fngred words, Lay not thy hands on me: forbeare I say, Their touch affrightes me as a Serpents fting,

Thou balefull Meffenger, out of my sight:

Vpon thy eye-ball, murderous Tyrannie Sits in grim Maietie, to frighte the World. Looke not on me, for thine eues are wounding;

Yet do not goe away: come Bulifike,

And kill the innocent gazer with thy figh:

For in the fhaide of death, I hall finde joy;

In life, but double death, now Glofier's dead.

Queen. Why do you rase my Lord of Suffolk thus?

Although the Duke was enemie to him,

Yet he moft Chriftian-like lamentes his death:

And for my fette, For as he was to me,

Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groanes,

Or blood-consuming fighes recall his Life;
I would be blind with weeping, fieck with groans, 
Looke pale as Pnim-tofe with blood-drinking fighes, 
And all to have 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 jug'd I made the Duke away, 
So thall my name with Slanders tongue be wounded, 
And Princes Courts be fill'd with my reprooion: 
This get I by his death: Aye me vnshippie, 
To be a Queene, and Crownd with inuiie. 
King. Ah woe is me for Glofier, wretched man. 
Queene. Be woe for me, more wretched then he is, 
What, Doft thou turne away, and hide thy face? 
I amno loathfome Leaper, looke on me. 
What? Art thou like the Adder waxen deafe? 
Be poyonous too, and kill thy forlorne Queene. 
Is all thy comfort fuit in Glofier Tombe? 
Why then Dame Eliauer was neere thy joy. 
Erect his Statue, and worship it, 
And make my Image but an Ale-houfe figne, 
Was I for this ynie wrack'd upon the Sea, 
Andtwice by awkward winde from Englands banke 
Droue backe againe into my native Clime. 
What boased this? but well fore-warming winde 
Did feeme to fay, fecke not a Scopions Neil, 
Nor yet no footong on this ynnikde Shore. 
What did I then? But curft the gentle gull, 
And he that loo'd them forth their Brazen Cauer, 
And bid them blowe towards Englands blefed Shore, 
Or turne our Sterne upon a dreadfull Rocke: 
Yet Æolus would not be a murtherer, 
But left that hateful office unto thee. 
The pretty vailing Sea refus'd to drowne me, 
Knowing that thou wou'dft haue me drown'd on shore 
With tears as falt as Sea, through thy vnkindneffe. 
The fplittide Rockes crou'd in the finking lands, 
And would not dafte me with their ragged fides, 
Because thy fliynte heart more hard then they, 
Might in thy Paffe, perifh Eliauer. 
As faire as I could ken thoy Chalky Cliffe's, 
When from thy Shore, the Tempeft beare vs backe, 
I flood vpon the Hatches in the storme: 
And when the duskie sky, began to rob 
My earneft-gazing-fight of thy Lands view, 
I tooke a coldly Jewell from my necke, 
A Har t was {idt in with Diamonds, 
And threw it towards thy Land: The Sea receuil'd it, 
And do I with'd thy body might my heart: 
And even with this, I looft fare Englands view, 
And bid mine eyes be packing with my Heart, 
And call'd them blinde and duskie Spectacles, 
For looing ken of Albions withid Cofle, 
How often have I tempted Sulepftes tongues: 
(The agent of thy foule incoffufion) 
To fit and watch me as Ascanius did, 
When he to madding Dido would vanfild 
His Fathers At's, commenc'd in burning Troy. 
Am I not wifhe like her? Or thou not faifie like him? 
Aye me, I can no more: Dye Eliauer, 
For Henry weeps, that their foill live fo long.

Nofi without. Enter Warwick, and many Comment.

War. This reported, mighty Soueraigne, 
That good Duke Humphrey Traenterously is murdred 
By Suffolk, and the Cardinal Bremfores meanes: 
The Commons like an angry Hue of Bees 
That want their Leader, fatter vp and downe, 
And entre not who they think in his reigne. 
My fife have calm'd their unpleasant mutine, 
Vntill they heare the oder of his death. 
King. That he is dead good Warwick, 'tis too true, 
But how he dyed, God knowes, not Harry: 
Enter his Chamber, view his blincheffe Corper, 
And comment then vpon his fadaine death.

War. That fhall I do my Liege; Stay Salsburie 
With the rude multitude, till I returne, 
King. Oh thou that judgeth all things, thy thoughts: 
My thoughts, that labour to perfuade my foule, 
Some violent hands were laid on Humfray life: 
If my fuppete be fälle, forgive me God, 
For judgement onely doth belong to thee: 
Faine would I goe &he his pale lips, 
With twenty thoufand kife, and to drain 
Vpon his face an Ocean of falt teares, 
To tell my loue vpon his dumbe deafe tranke, 
And with my fingers feel his hand, vnderfelct: 
But all in vaine are these meanes Obiqueues, 
Bed post forth, 
And to fourke his dead and earthly Image: 
What were it but to make my fcarrow greater? 
War. Come hither gracious Soueraigne, view this body. 
King. That is to fee how depee my grace is made, 
For with his foule fled all my worldly folace: 
For feeing him, I feee my life in death.
War. As surely as my foule intends to live 
With that dread King that take us oute 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.
Suf. A dreadfull Oath, ftorne with a folene tongue: 
What infalliance gies Lord Warwick for his vow.
War. See how the blood is fteald in his face.
Ouir hau I fene a timely-parted Groft, 
Of ahy femeblance, meazer, pale, and bloodleffe, 
Being al defended to the labouring heart, 
Who in the Confict that it holds with death, 
And the tale of the fate for aynting the enemy, 
Who with the heart there cooles, and ne're returneth, 
To blafi and beautifie the Checke againe. 
But fee, his face is blacke, and full of blood: 
His eye-balls further out, than when he liued, 
Staring full gefly, like a frangled man: 
His hauere preac'd, his noiftills freftch with frigling: 
His hands abound dispaly'd, as one that graffe, 
And rugged for Life, and was by strength subdue. 
Nake on the fheets his hair (you fee) is fickling, 
His well proportion'd Beard, made ruffle and ragged, 
Like to the Summers Corne by Tempeft lodged: 
It cannot be but he was murdred here, 
The leaft of all thefe fignes were probable. 
Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the D.to deeth? 
My felle and Bremfores had him in protection, 
And I hope Sir, are no murthere. 
War. But both of you were vowe D. Humfrays fotts, 
And you (for quick) had the good Duke to kepe: 
Tis like you would not feath him like a friend, 
And 'tis well fene, he found an enemy. 
Queen. Than you beleue fuppete thefe Noblemen, 
As guilty of Duke Humfray timelie deeth.

War.
Dread Lord, the Commons send you word by me,  
Vivæste Lord Suffolk straight be done to death,  
Or banished faire Englands Territories,  
They will by violentte tear him from your Pallace,  
And torture him with grievous lingering death,  
They say, by him requeing of a scorneful Beate:  
They say, in him they feare your Highnesse death;  
And more intinct of Loue and Loyaltes,  
Free from a stubborne opposite intent,  
As being thought to contradite your liking,  
Makes them thus forward in his Banishment.  
They say, in care of your most Royall Person,  
That if your Highnesse should intend to sleepe,  
And charge, that no man should disturb your rest,  
In paine of your dislike, or paine of death;  
Yet notwithstanding such a strait Edict,  
Were there a Serpente scene, with forcked Tongue,  
That flyly plagued towards your Mieselte,  
It were but necessarie you were wake:  
Leaf being suffer d in that harnefull number,  
The mortall Worne might make the sleepe eternal.  
And therefore doe they cry, though you forbid,  
That they will guard you, where you will goe,  
From such fell Serpentes as false Suffolk is:  
With whole incenmed and listall fling,  
Your louing Vnckle, wintente times his worth,  
They say is thanefully bereft of life.

Commons within. An answer from the King, my Lord of Salisbury.  
Suff. This like the Commons, rude vpoplistif Hinde,  
Could send such Meffage to their Soueraigne:  
But you, my Lord, were glad to be imploy'd,  
To shew howe quent an Orator you are,  
But all the Honor Salisbury hath wonne,  
Is, that he was the Lord Embassador,  
Sent from a fорт of Tinkers to the King,  
Worrie. An answer from the King, or we will all breake in.  
King. Goe Salisbury, and tell them all from me,  
I thank them for their tender louing care;  
And had I not benne cited fo by them,  
Yet did I purpose as they doe entreat:  
For sure, my thoughts doe hourly prophesie,  
Mifchance vnto my State by Suffolkes means.  
And therefore by his Mieselte I sweares,  
Whose farre-vnworthie Deputie I am,  
He shall not breathe infection in this ayre,  
But three days longer, on the paine of death.

Que. Oh Henry, let me pleade for gentil Suffolk.  
King. Vngentile Queene, to call him gentil Suffolk,  
No more I say: if thou do'lt pleaide for him,  
 Thou wilt but adde encreafe vnto my Wrath,  
Had I but sayd, I would have kept my Word;  
But when I sweares, it is irreuocable:  
If after three dayes space thou here bee'lt found,  
On any ground that I am Rules of.  
The World shall not be Ransome for thy Life,  
Come Warwick, come good Warwick, goe with mee,  
I have great masters to impart to thee.  
Exit.  
Q. Mischance and Sorrow goe along with you,  
Hearts Diftarct, and Souere Aircraft,  
Be play-fellows to keep you companie:  
There's two of you, the Deuill hath a third,  
And three-fold Vengeance tend upon your steps.

Suff. Cease, gentle Queene, these Executions,  
And let thy Suffolk take his heauen leaue.
Queen, Tey Coward woman, and lost bands wretch,
Half thou not spirit to curse thine enemy.

Suf. A plague upon them: wherefore should I curse
them?

Would curses kill, as doth the Mandrakes groane,
I would invent a bitter searching terme,
As curse, as harsh, and horrible to bear,
Deter'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signifies of deadly hate.

As Jeane-fa'd envoy in her loathsome case.
My tongue should tumble in mine earthen words,
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beated Flint,
Mice hair be first an end, as one disfract;
I, every loyst should fecme to curse and ban,
And even now my brother's heart would break.
Should I not curse them? Poftyon be their drink.
Gall, wafore then Gall, the daintieft that they call:
Their sweetesi shads, a groupe of Cypresse Trees:
Their cheefeft Propofel, morded Ring Baflikes:
Their fofteft Touch, as smart as Lyncrds rings:
Their Muficke, frightfull as the Serpents hife,
And boading Screech-Owle, make the Comfort full.
All the soule terrors in darke fear'd hell-
Though fweeter Suffolke, thou torment'd thy felfe,
And thofe dear fultes like the Sunne' gainst glaffe,
Or like an over-charged Gun, recoile,
And turns the force of them upon thy felfe.

Suf. You bad me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now by the ground that I am banifi'd from,
Well could I curse away a Winter night,
Though standing naked on a Mountain top,
Wherebying cold would neuer let grace grow,
And think it but a minute spent in poore.

Qu. Oh, let me intreat thee once, give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mounfull tea:
Nor let the raine of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woefull Monuments.
Oh, could this knife be pric'd in thy hand,
That thou might'st think of thee by the Scale,
Through whom a thoufand lights are breath'd for thee.
So get thee gone, that I may know my greefe,
Tis but farmiz'd, whils thou art standing by,
As one that furtles, thinking on a want:
I will repel thee, or be well affur'd,
Adventur to be banifi'd my felfe:
And banifi'd am I, if but from thee
Go, speake not to me; even now be gone.
Oh go, go yet. Even thus, two friends condemn'd,
Embrace, and fife, and take ten thoufand leaves,
Leather a hundred times to part then dye;
Yet now farewell, and fare well Life with thee.

Suf. Thus is poore Suffolke ten times banifi'd,
Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee.
Toome the land I care for, won't thou thinken,
A Widemtrick is populous enough,
So Suffolke had thuy heavy company:
For where thou art, there is the World it felfe,
With every fuearel pleasure in the World:
And where thou art not, Defolation,
I cannot more. Live thou to toy thy life;
My felfe no joy in mought, but that thou lookest.

Enter Pauke.

Queen. Whether goes Pauke fo falt? What newes I
pricke?
The second Part of Henry the Sixth.

I. Combe doth not his haire: looke, looke, it flows upwright.
   Like Lime-sticks set to catch my winged soule:
   Give me some drinke, and bid the Aparcieare
   Bring the strong poynson that I bought of him.
   King. Oh thou eternal mother of the heauen,
   Looke with a gentle eye upon this Wretch,
   Oh beate away the buli medling Fiend,
   That lays strong siefe into this wretches soule;
   And from his boleome purge that blacke-dispace.
   War. See how the pangs of death do make him grin.
   Sal. Disturbe him not, let him passe peaceably.
   King. Peace to his soule, if Gods good pleasure be.
   Lord Cardmal, if thou thinkst on heauens blisse,
   Hold vp thy hand, make signall of thy hope.
   He dies and makes no signe: Oh God forgive him.
   War. So bad a death, argues a monstrous life.
   King. Forbear to lorde, for we are sinners all,
   Clope vp his eyes, and draw the Curtaine clofe.
   And let vs all to Meditation.

   Exeunt.

   Actum. Fight at Sea. Ordinance goes off;

   Enter Lieutenant, Suffyke, and others.

   Lieu. The gaudy blabbing and remorfefull day,
   Is crept into the boosome of the Sea,
   And now loud holling Wulves streufe the Jades
   That dragge the Tragick melancholy night.
   Who with their drowie, flow, and flagging wings
   Clape dead-men graves, and from their milky laws,
   Break foule contagious darknesse in the ayre:
   Therefore bring forth the Souldiers of our prize,
   For whilst our Pinnace Anchored in the Downes,
   Here be they make their ranflome on the fund,
   Or with their blood flaine its discoloured shore,
   Maifer, this Prisoner freely glue I thee,
   And thou that art his Mate, make boote of this:
   The other Walter Whitmore is thy faire.

1. Gent. What is my ranfome Maifer, let me know.
   Ast. A thousand Crownes, or else lay down your head
   Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.
   Lieu. What thinke you much to pay 5000 Crownes,
   And bear the name and part of Gentleman?
   Cut both the Villains throats, for you shall:
   The lies of thofe which we have loft in fight,
   Be counter-poes'd with such a pettie summe.

2. Gent. I gleue it fit, and therefore spare my life.

2. Gent. And so will I, and write home for it straight.
   Whim. I loft mine eye in laying the prize aboord,
   And therefore to revenge it, floth thou dye,
   Or so thou thefe, if I might have my will.
   Lieu. Be not for thats, take ranfome, let him live.
   Suf. Look at me George, I am a Gentleman,
   Rate what thou wilt, thou shalt be payed.
   What. And so am I: my name is Walter Whitmore.

How now why flars thou; what doth death affright?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whole 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 bloodly-minded,
   Thy name is Gualtire, being rightly founded.

Suf. Gualtire, or Walter, which it is I care not,
   Neuer yet did base dishoure blurre our name,
   But with our iword we wip'd away the blot.

   Therefore, when Merchant-like I fell reuenge,
   Broke be my word, my Armes tooke and dejoind,
   And I proclain'd a Coward through the world.

   Suf. Stay Whitmore, for thy Prisoner is a Prince,
   The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

   What. The Duke of Suffolk, muffled vp in raggges?

   Suf. 1, but these raggges are no part of the Duke.
   Lieu. But issue was newer flaine as thou shalt be,
   Obfcurc and lowtie Swaine, King Henrik blood.

   Suf. The honourable blood of Lancaster
   Must not be flied by foule breded in Groome:
   Haft thou not kiff thy hand, and held my ftrapp?
   Bare-headcd plodded by my foint-clotch Mule,
   And thought thee happy when I flroke my head.
   How often haft thou waitd at my cup,
   Fed from my Trencher, knecl'd dounce at the board,
   When I have flcased with Queene Margaret?
   Remember it, and let it make thee Crefl-faine,
   1, and slay this thy borruitc Pride:

   How in our voyding Lady bob his fround, &
   Duly waied for my comming forth?

   This hand of mine hath writh in thy behalfe,
   And therefore flall it charge thy riotous tongue.

   What. Speak Captain, flall I flab the foemen Swain.
   Lieu. First let my words flab him, as he hath me.

   Suf. Bale flawe, thy words are blunt, and fo art thou.

   Suf. Comney him hence, and on our long boats hide,
   Strike of his head. Suf. Thou dar'ft not for thy owne.

   Lieu. Poole, Sir Poole Lord,
   I kennell, puddle, finke, whose filth and dirt.
   Troubles the fluer Spring, where England drinks:
   Now will I dam vp this thy yarning mouth,
   For twallowing the Treasure of the Realme.

   Thy lips that flit the Queene, flall sweepes the ground;
   And thou that flill dit at good Duke Henries death,
   Againf the fenleffe windes flall grin in vain,
   Who in contemplation baffe at thee amen,
   And weded be thou to the Haggles of hell,
   For daring to affay a mighty Lord

   Vnto the daughter of a worthiefull King,
   Having neythcr Subject, Wealsh, nor Diadem:
   By dueillfull polcy art thou growne great,
   And like ambitious Sylla ouer-gord'd,
   With goblets of thy Mother_bleeding heare.

   By thee Aquitaine and Maime were told to France,
   The falle revoluing Normans thorough thee,
   Diffalne to call vs Lord, and Percevalle,
   Hath fliene their Gourmerc, surpriz'd our Forts,
   And fent the ragged Souldiers wounded home.

   The Princeely Warwicke, and the Nevil acrall,
   Whole dreadfull swords were never dready in vaine,
   As hating thee, and risng vp in armes,
   And now the Houle of Yorkes threat from the Crowne,
   By shamefull murther of a guilflefe King,
   And lofty proud incroaching tyranny,
   Burns with reuening fire, whose hopeful colours
   A duance our halfe-fac'd Sunne, fhining to fhine;

   Vnder the which is writ, jndita nudhus.

   The Commons here in Kent are vp in armes,
   And to conclude, Reproach and Beggerie,
   Is crept into the Pallace of our King,
   And all by thee: away, comency him hence.

   Suf. O that we were a God, to foone forth Thunder

   Vpon thefe paltry, fente, abief Drudges:

   Small things make base men proud. This Villaine heere,
   Being Captain of a Pinnace, threatens more

   Then Bacchus the strong Illiacian Pyrate.

   Drones froke not Eagles blood, but rob Bee-huies:

   It is impoffible that I should dye
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

By such a lowly Vassall as thy selfe.
Thy words mote Rage, and not remove in me:
I go of Mellige from the Queene to France:
I charge thee wait me safely cross the Channell.

Lent. Water: W. Come Suffolke, I must waft thee
to the Seale syde.

Suff. Pinge felice timer occupant sentus, it is thee I fear.
Well thou shalt haue cause to feare before I leaue thee,
What, are ye danced now? Will now ye floope,
Suff. Suffolke Imperiall tongue is sterno and rough:
Ye's to command, vnaught to please for fauour.
Farre be it, we shoulh honor such as thefe
With humble fufe: no, rather let my head
Stoope to the blocks, then thefe knees bow to any,
Sauce to the God of heauen, and to my King:
And forow dance your bloody pole,
Then flant vnconuect to the Vulgar Grooms.
True Nobility, is exempt from feare:
More can I beare, then you dare execute.

Lent. Hail him a way, and let him talke no more:
Come Souldiers, shew what cruelty ye can.
Suff. That this my death may never be forgot,
Great men oft dye by vilde Bezonions.
A Romane Sworder, and Bandetto shone
Murder'd sweet Tuly. Brimm Ballard hand
Stab'd Inou Cæsar. Savage Ilanders
Pompy the Great, and Suffolke dyes by Pyrrus.

Lent. And as for thefe who ranonance we have fet,
It is our pleasure one of them depair:
Therefore come you with vs, and let him go.

Exit Lieutenant, and the rest.

Captain the first Gent. Enter Walter with the body.

Walt. There let his head, and linelefe bodie lye,
Vntill the Queene his Miftris burn it. Exit Walter.

1. Gent. O barbarous and bloody spectacle,
His body will I bear unto the King:
If he reuenge it not, yet will his Friends,
So will the Queene, that liuing, held him deere.

Enter Benes, and John Holland.

Benes. 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 sleepe now then.

Benes. I tell thee, Lucky Cade the Clothier, meanes
to drefle the Common-wealth and turne it, and set a new
nap upon it.

Hol. So he had need, for its thred-bare. Well, I say,
it was never merrie world in England, since Gentlemen
came vp.

Benes. O miferable Age: Verue is not regarded in
Handy-crafts men.

Hol. The Nobilitie thinke forone to goe in Leather
Apron.

Benes. Nay more, the Kings Council are no good
Workemen.

Hol. True: and yet it is said, Labour in thy Voci-
tion: which is as much to say, as let the Magistrates be la-
bouring men, and therefore shoulde we be Magistrates.

Benes. Thou haft hit it: for there's no better signe of a
braue death, then a hard hand.

Hol. I fee them, I fee them: There's Tofts, Sonne, the
Tanner of Wingham.

Benes. He shall have the skinnes of our enemies, to
Cade. Here's a Villaine.

Gay. His a Bookie in his pocket with red Letters in't.

Cade. Nay then he is a Conjurier.

But. Nay, he can make Obligations, and write Court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't: The man is a proper man of mine Honour: unless I finde him guilty, he shall not die.

Come hither strarr, I must examine thee: What is thy name?

Clearke. Emanual.

But. Thy voice to write it on the top of Letters: Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone; Dost thou voice to write thy name? Or hast thou a mark to thy felle, like a honest plain dealing man?

Clearke. Sir, I thanke God, I have bin so well brought vp, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confest: away with him the's a Villaine and a Traitor.

Cade. Away with him I say: Hang him with his Pen and Inke-horne about his necke.

Exit one with the Clearke.

Enter Michael.

Miche. Where's our General?

Cade. Here I am, his particular fellow.

Miche. Fly by, By, Sir Humfrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the Kings Forces.

Cade. Stand villaine, fan, or he fell thee downe: he shall be encountered with a man as good as himselfe. He is but a Knight, is he not?

Miche. No.

Cade. To equal him I will make my selfe a knight presently: Rife vp Sir John Marmister. Now hau'e at him.

Enter Sir Humfrey Stafford, and his Brother with Drum and Soldiers.

Staff. Rebellion Hinds, the fifth and actum of Kent, Mark'd for the Gallow: Lay your Weapons downe, Home to your Cottages: forsake this Groome. The King is merciful, if you return.

Bro. But angry, wrathfull, and inclin'd to blood.

If you go forward: therefore yeld, or dye.

Cade. As for these silk'en-coated flaus I paff not, it is to you good people, that I speake, Ouer whom (in time to come) I hope to regaine: For I am rightfull yere to thet Groome.

Staff. Villaine, thy Father was a Playlister, And thou thy 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. I lis.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

Bro. That's false.

Cade. I, there's the question; But I say, tis true: The elder of them being put to nurse, Was by a beggar-woman flone away, And ignorant of his birth and parentage, Became a Bricklayer, when he came to age.

His ione am I, deny it if you can.

But. Nay, tis too true, therefore he shall be King.

Cade. Sir, he made a Chimney in my Fathers house, & the bricks are blue at this day to testifie it: therefore deny it not.

Staff. And will you credit this bas Drudges Winder, that speaks he knows not what.

All. I marry will we therefore get ye gone.

Bro. Take Cade, the Duke York hath taught you this.

Cade. He lies, for I ineinted it my selfe. Go to sir Rial, tell the King from me, that for his Fathers sake Henry the fifth, (in whose times, boyes went to Spain-counter for French Crownes) I am content he shall raigne, but he be Protecor over him.

Butcher. And furthermore, we'll have the Lord Sayes head, for selling the Duke of Maine.

Cade. And good reason; for thereby is England main'd And faine to go with a staffe, but that my puissance holds it vp. Fellow-Kings, I tell you, that that Lord Say hath gelled the Commonwealth, and made it an Eunuch: & more than that, he can speak French, and therefore he's a Traitor.

Staff. O groffe and miserable ignorance.

Cade. Nay answer if you can: The Frenchmen are our enemies: ogo too then, I ask but this: Can he that speaks with the tongue - ran enemy, be a good Councellour, or no?

All. No, no, and therefore we'll have his head.

Bro. Well, seeing gentle words will not perswade, Affaire them with the Army of the King.

Staff. Herald away, and throughout every Towne, Proclaime them Traitors that are vp with Cade,

That those which flye before the battell ends, May even in their Wines and Childrens fight, Behal'd vp for example at their doores: And you that be the Kings Friends follow me.

Exit.

Cade. And you that have the Commons, follow me: Now shew your felues men, tis for Liberty.

We will notleave one Lord, one Gentleman: Spare none, but such as go in cloathed shoon, For they are thirsty hostill men, and such.

As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

But. They are all in order, and march toward vs.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are most out of order. Come, march forward.

Alarum to the sight, wherein both the Staffords are slaine. Exit Cade and the rest.

Staff. Where's Dickie, the Butcher of Ashford?

Bro. Here's Sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like Sheepe and Oxen, & thou behaued's thy selfe, as if thou badde beene in thine owne Slaughter-house: Thereupon thus will I reward thee, the Lend shall bee as long againe as it is, and thou shall have a Licence to kill for a hundred lacking one.

But. I define no more.

Cade. And to speake truth, thou deserv'st no leafe. This Monument of the victory will I beare, and the bodyes shall be dragget at my horse heelees, till I do come to London, where we will have the MAiors sword born before vs.

But. If we meane to thrive, and do good, breake open the Gaules, and let out the Prifoners.

Cade. Fear not that I warrant thee. Come, jet's march towards London.

Enter the King with a Supplication, and the Queen with Bishop Falkes head, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Say.

Queen. Oft haue I heard that greenes softens the mind, And
And makes it fearsfull and degenerate,  
Think therefore on reuenge, and cease to weep.  
But who can cease to weep, and (ook on this,  
Here may his head lye on my throbbling brest:  
But where's the body that I should imbrace?  

*Enter.*  
What answr makes your Grace to the Rebels  
Supplication?  

*King.*  
Ile send some holy Bishop to intreat:  
For God forbid, so many simple foules  
Should perfili by the Sword. And I my selfe,  
Rather then bloody Warre shall eat them short;  
Will parley with Jacke Cade their Generall,  
But stay, Ile read it over once again.  

*Qn.* Ah barbarous villaines: Hath this louly face,  
Rul'llike a wandering Plancke over my,  
And could it not informe them to relent,  
That were unworthy to behold the same.  

*King.* Lord Say, Jacke Cade hath sworn to have 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'dst not haue moun'd so much for me.  

*Qn.*  
No my Loue, I should not mourne, but dye for thee.  

*Enter a Mefenger.*  

*King.*  
How now? What newes? Why cant't thou in such haste?  

*Mef.* The Rebels are in Southwache: Fly my Lord:  
Jack Cade proclamest himselfe Lord Mortimer,  
Defended from the Duke of Clarence house,  
And call's your Grace Viscount, openly,  
And vowes to Crowne himselfe in Westminister.  
His Army is a ragged multitude  
Of Hines and Peazzants, rude and mercifull:  
Sir Humfrey Stafford, and his Brothers death,  
Hath given them heart and courage to proceede:  
All Schollers, Lawyers, Courtiers Gentlemen,  
They call false Casterpiller, and intend their death.  

*Kw.* Oh gracefull men: they know not what they do,  

*Back.* My gracious Lord, retire to Killingworth,  
Vntill a power be rais'd to put them downe.  

*Qn.* Ah were the Duke of Suffolk now alive,  
These Kentish Rebels would be sonic speed's.  

*King.* Lord Say, the Traitors hasten thee,  
Therefore away with vs to Killingworth.  

*Saw.* So might your Graces person 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 Mefenger.*  

*Mef.* Jacke Cade hath gotten London Bridge,  
The Citizens flye and for trie their houfes:  
The Ruffell people, thrililing after prey,  
Joyne with the Traitor, and they joyfully sawse  
To appoyle the City, and your Royall Court.  

*Bro.* Then linger not my Lord, away, take horce.  

*King.* Come Margaret, God our hope will succour vs.  

*Say.* My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.  

*King.* Farewell my Lord, tryst not the Kentish Rebels.  

*Say.* That tryst I haue, is in mine innocence,  

And therefore am I bold and refolute.  

*Enter Lord Scales upon the Tower walking. Then enter*  
two or three Citizens below.  

*Scales.*  
How now? Is Jacke Cade (Daine)?  
1. Cit. No my Lord, not likely to be flaine:  
For they haue wonne the Bridge,  
Killing all those that withold them:  
The L. Major causes ayd of your Honor from the Tower  
To defend the City from the Rebels.  

*Scales.* Such ayd as I can spare you shall command,  
But I am troubled here by them they, but,  
The Rebels haue affay'd to win the Tower.  
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,  
And thither I will send you Matthew Gaffe,  
Fight for your King, your Countrie, and your Lives,  
And so farwell, for I must hence again.  

*Enter.*  

*Scales.* Enter Jacke Cade and the rest, and strikes his  
flage on London Stone.  

*Cade.* Now is Mortimer Lord of this City,  
And herefittting upon London Stone,  
I charge and command, that of the Cities rest  
The pilling Conduit run nothing but Clarret Wine  
This fiftt year of our Raigne.  
And now henceforward it shall be Treson for any,  
That calles me other then Lord Mortimer,  

*Enter a Soldier running.*  

*Soul.* Jacke Cade, Jacke Cade.  
*Cade.* Knocke him downe there.  
They kill him.  

*But.* If this Fellow be wife, he'll neuer call ye Jacke  
Cade more, I thinke he hath a very faire warning.  

*Dicky.* My Lord, there's an Army gathered together  
in Smithfield.  

*Cade.* Come, then let's go fight with them:  
But first, go and see London Bridge on theire,  
And if you can, hurre downe the Tower too.  
Come, let's away.  

*Enter another Mefenger.*  

*Alar.*  
Mathew Gaffe is flaine, and all the rest.  
Then enter Jacke Cade, with his Company.  

*Cade.* So far: now goe some and pull downe the Savoy:  
Others to the Innes of Court, downe with them all.  

*But.* I have a suite unto your Lordship.  

*Cade.* Bee it a Lordshippe, then shal have it for that word.  

*But.* Onlye that the Lawes of England may come out  
of your mouth.  

*John.* Masfe 'twill be fose Law then, for he was thruff  
in the mouth with a Speare, and his not whole yet.  

*Smith.* Nay John, it will be flinking Law, for his breath  
flinkes with eating toaste Chesse.  

*Cade.* I haue thought upon it, it shall bee fo.  
Away, but let all the Records of the Realme, my mouth shall be  

*John.* Then we are like to haue biring Statutes  
Vnlike his teeth be pull'd out.  

*Cade.* And henceforward all things shall be in Common.  

*Enter a Mefenger.*  

*Mef.* My Lord a prize, a prize, heres 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 Subside.  


IV. iv. 2—IV. vii. 25

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The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

Enter George with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, hee shall be beheaded for it ten times: As thou say, thou Surge, say thou backram Lord, now are thou within point-blanke of our Jurisdiction Regall. What canst thou answere to my Maistie, for giving vp of Normandie vnto Moultre Sacham, the Delphine of France? Be it knowne vnto thee by the presence, even the presence of Lord Martynor, that I am the Bosome that must swepe the Court cleane of such filth as thou art: Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the Realme, intereting a Grammar Schoole: and where as before, our Fore-fathers had no other Bookes but the Score and the Tally, thou hast causd printing to be vs'd, and contrary to the King, his Crowne, and Dignity, thou hast built a Paper-Mill. It will be prov'd to thye Face, that thou hast men about thee, that wholly talke of a Nowre and a Verbe, and such abominable wordes, as no Christian ear can endure to heare. Thou hast appoincted Justices of Peace, to call poor men before them, a bout matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou haft put them in prison, and because they could not reade, thou haft hang'd them, when (indeed) only for that cause they haue been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-clout, doft thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'st not to let such horses weepe a Cloake, when honest men then thou goe in their Hooke and Doublettes.

Dick. And workes in their shirt to, as my selfe for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent.

Dick. What say you of Kent.

Say. Nothing but this: This bona terra, male gent.

Cade. Away with him, away with him, he speaks Latine.

Say. Heare me but speake, and beare mee where you will:

Kent, in the Commentaries Caesar writ: I seem'd the duell' place of all this Ile: Sweeter is the Country, because full of Riches, The People Liberally, Valiant, Achiue, Wealthy, Which makes me hope you are not void of piety, I fold not Mamme, I loof not Normandie, Yet to recover them would beeke my life: Injustice with favour haue I alwayes done, Prayers and Teares haue mould me, Gifts could never. When haue I ought exalted at your hands?

Kent to maintaine, the King and the Realme and you. Large gifts haue I befolow'd on learned Clearkes, Because my Booke pretend'mt me to the King. And seeing Ignorance is the curse of God, Knowledge the Wing wherewith we flye to heauen. Vnlestie you be possesst with diuellish spirits, You cannot but forbearre to murther me: This Tongue hath partlied into Forraine Kings.

For your bieoffes,

Cade. Tun, when struckt thou once blow in the field?

Say. Great men haue reaching hands to hauing I struck those that I never saw, and strikke them dead.

Geo. O monstrous Coward! What, to come behinde Folkes?

Say. These checkers are pale for watching for your good Cade. Give him a boxe o'th ear, and that will make'em red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poore mens caufes, Hath made me full of recknelle and diverses.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen Candle then, & the help of hatchet.

Dick. Why doth thou quieter man?

Say. The Paple, and not fearr provokes me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at vs, as who should say, Ile be even with you. Ile fete his head will stand redder on a pole, prises: Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me: wherein haue I offended most?

Hau I afficted wealth, or honor? Speake.

Are my Cheffes fill'd vp with extorted Gold?

Is my Apparrel uncomely to behold?

Whom haue I inflid, that ye feeke my death?

These handes are free from guillotie bloodsleeding,

This breath from hauing sent out deceitfull thoughts.

O let me live.

Cade. I feel in my selfe with his words: but Ile bridle it: I shall dye, and Ile be for but for pleading to well for his life. Away with him, he's a Familiar under his Tongue, he speaks not a Gods name. Goe, take him away I say, and strikke off his head presently, and then breake into his Sonne in Lawes houre, Sir James Cromer, and strikke off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

Add. It shall be done.

Say. Ah Countremiens: If when you make your prair's, God should be so obdurate as your feline:

How woul'd it fare with your departed soules,

And therefore ye retent, and faue my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye: the prudent Peere in the Realme, shall not wear a head on his shoulard, vnlesse he pay me tribute: there shall not a maid be married, but the shall pay to me her Maydenhead ere they haue it: Men shall hold of me in Capre. And we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

Dick. My Lord,

When shall we go to Cheapside, and take vp commodities vnpon our biles?

Cade. Marry presently.

Add. O brave.

Enter one with the heads.

Cade. But is not this braver:

Let them kisse one another: For they lould well

When they were alue, Now part them againe,

Least they confute about the giving vp

Of lome more Townes in France. Soldiers,

Determine the spoile of the Cittie vnstill night.

For with these borne before vs:in fleet of Maces,

Will we ride through the streets, & at every Corner

Hauie them kisse. Away.

Exit

Alarmes, and Retreat. Enter against Cade,

and all his rabblemoues.

Cade. Vp Fyfth-streete, downe Saint Magnes cornet,

kill and knocke downe, throw them into Thames:

Sound a parley.

What noise is this I hear?

Dare any be bold to found Retreat or Parley

When I command them kill?
Enter Buckingham, and old Clifford.

Buck. There they be: that, dare and will disturb thee:
Know Cade, we come Ambassadors from the King
Into the Commend, whom thou hast misled,
And heere pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will farewell thee, and go home in peace.
Clif. What say ye Countriemen, will ye relent
And yield to mercie, whilst it is offered you,
Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths.
Who loves the King, and will embrace his pardon,
Pling vp his cap, and say, God save his Majesty.
Who hater him, and honors not his Father,
Henry the fift, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at vs, and paffe by.

All. God save the King, God save the King.

Cade. What Buckingham and Clifford are ye to brace?
And you base Peazants, do ye beleive him, will you needs be hang'd with your Pardons about your neckes? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White-heart in Southwark.
I thought ye would never lose giv'n out these Armes till you had recovered your ancient Freedom. But you are all Reckants and Dallards, and delight to live in flourrie to the Nobility. Let them break your backes with butt-then, take your houres out your heads, robb your Wives and Daughters before your faces. For me, I will make shift for one, and to Gods Curfie light upon you all.

All. We'll follow Cade.
Wec'll follow Cade.

Clif. Is Cade the sonne of Henry the fift,
That thus do exclaim you! go with him.
Will he conduc't you through the hear of France,
And make the meaneff of you Earle; and Dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly too:
Nor knowes he how to live, but by the spoyle,
Voleffe by robbing of your Friends, and vs.
We'r a not a flame, that whiff you live at iarre,
The fearfull French, whom you are vanquished
Should make a fift ore-les, and vanquish you?
Me thinkes alreadie in this ciuille broyle,
I see them Lording it in London firecees,
Crying Village vnto all they meet.
Better ten thousand base-borne Cades misfarr,
Then you should slope vnto a Frenchmans mercy.
To France, to France, and get what you have loft:
Spare England, for it is your Natue Coast:
Henry hath mony, you are strong and manly:
God on our side, doubt not of Victoria.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford.
We'll follow the King, and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever Feather so lightly blowne too & fro,
as this multitude? The name of Henry the fift, hailes them
to an hundred mischiefes, and makes them leave mee desolate.
I fee them lay thei, heades together to surprize me.
My sword make way for me, for heere is no lying:
in delight of the diewes and hell, haue through the verie middatt of you, and heauens and honor be wrestled, that no want of resolution in mee, but onely my Followers base and ignominious treasons, makes me breake mee to my heeres.

Exit Buck, What is he fled? Go some and follow him,
And he that brings his head vnto the King,
Shall have a thousand Crownes for his reward.

[Exeunt some of them.]

Follow me soldiers, we'll deuise a meane,
To reconcile you all vnto the King.

Enter Ambassadors. Enter King, Queen, and
Somerset on the Terras.

King. Was never King that joy'd an earthly Throne,
And could command no more content then I?
No sooner was I 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.

Buck. Health and glad spidings to your Majesty.

King. Why Buckingham, is the Traitor Cade surpris'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter Multitudes with Halter's about their Neckes.

Clif. He is fled my Lord, and all his powers do yield,
And humbly thus with halter's on their neckes,
Expect your Highnesse doome of life, or death.

King. Then heauen set ope thy euell gating lisses,
To entertaine my voices of thankes and praise.
Soldierr, this day have you redeem'd your lues,
And shew'd how well you love your Prince & Country. Continue full in this to good a minde,
And Henry though he be unfortunate,
Affure your felves will never be vnkinde:
And fo with thankes, and pardon to you all,
I do disimiss you to your severall Countries.

All. God save the King, God save the King.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Please it your Grace to be aduentured,
The Duke of Yorkes is newly come from Ireland,
And with a poffent and a mighty power
Of Gallow-glasses and flour Kerne,
Is marching hitherward in proud array,
And still proclaimeth as he comes along,
His Armes are onely to remove from thee.
The Duke of Somerset, whom he armes a Traitor.
King. Thus stands my fate, 'twixt Cade and Yorks I difciffle.
Like as a Ship, that having reaped a Tempeft,
Is fraught with calme, and boored with a Pyraste.
But now is Cade driven backe, his men dispers'd,
And now is York in Armes, to second him.
I pray thee Buckingham go and meete him,
And ask him what's the reafon of these Armes:
Tell him, I'll send Duke Edmonde to the Tower,
And Somerset we will committ thee thither,
Vntill his Army be disimiss from him.

Somerset. My Lord,
I yeeld my felfe to prifon willingly,
Or vnto death, to do my Country good.

King. In any cafe, be not to rough in termes,
For he is fierce, and cannot brooke hard Language.
Buck. I will my Lord, and doubt not to doe,
As all things shall redound vnto your good.

King. Come wife, let's in, and learne to govern better,
For yet may England curse my wretched raigne.

[Flourish.]

Exeunt.

IV. viii. 7 — IV. ix. 49

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The second Part of Henry the Sixth.

Enter Cade. 

Cade. Eye on Ambitions; sic on my selfe, that have a sword, and yet am ready to famih. These siete daies hau I hid me in these Woods, and durst not prepe out, for all the Country is laid for me: but now am I hungry, that if I might have a Lease of my life for a thousand yeares, I could stay no longer. Wherefore on a Brickle wall hau I climbed into this Garden, to see if I can eate Grasse, or pick a Sallet another while, which is not amisse to coole a man from eske this hot weather: and I think this word Sallet was borne to do me good: for many a time but for a Sallet, my braine-pan had bene clef with a brown Bill; and many a time when I have beene dry, & brauely marching, it hath serv'd me instead of a quart pot to drink in: and now the word Sallet must iresue me to feed on.

Enter Iden. 

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoyle in this Court, And may enjoy such quiet walkes as these? This small inheritance my Father left me, Contenteth me, and worth a Monarchy. I seeke not to waxe great by others warning, Or gather wealth I care not with what envy: Sufficeth, that I have maintaines my flate, And spends the poure well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here is the Lord of the foil we came to seaze me for a fray, for entering his Fee-fimple without lease. A Villaine, thou wilt betray me, and get a 1000. Crownes of the King by carrying my head to him, but Ile make thee care Irae like an Offridge, and swallow my Sword like a great pin ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why rude Companion, whatsoeuer thou be, I know thee not, why then should I betray thee? It is not enough to breake into any Garden, And like a Thief to come to rob my grounds: Climbing my walls inspite of me the Owner, But thou wilt braue me with these swifie terms? Cade. Brave thee? I by the best blood that euer was broach'd, and beare thee to. Looke on mee well, I haue not no more these swifie daies, yet come thou and thy swieu men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a doe naile, I pray God I may never eate grasse more.

Iden. Nay, it shall nere be said, while England stands, That Alexander Iden an Esquire of Kent, Would offer his effects to compleat a familie man. Oppose thy fildes gazinge eyes to mine, See if thou canst out-face me with thy looks: Setlimbe to limbe, and thou art farre the leffer: Thy hand is but a finger to my fist, Thy legge a fiddle compared with this Truncheon, My foote shall fight with all the strength thou haist, And if mine armes be heased in the Ayre, Thy graue is digg'd already in the earth: As for words, whoe greateste peace answere words, Let this my sword report what speech forbeares.

Cade. By my Volue: the most compleate Champion that ever I heard. Steele, if thou turne the edge, or cut not out the burly bon'd Clowne in chines of Beefe, ere thou sleepe in thy Sheath, I beleech Ioue on my knees thau mayst be turn d to Hobnailler.

Here they Fight.

O1 am flaine, Famine and no other hath flaine me, yet ten thousand diuellcs come against me; and givens me but the ten meales I have lothd, and I doe defire them all. Whither Garden, and be henceforth a burying place to all that doe dwell in this houfe, because the unconquered soule of Cade is fled.

Iden. Is't Cade that I haue flain, that monftrous traitor? Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deede, And hang thee o're my Tombe, when I am dead. Ne're shall this blood be wiped from thy point, But thou shalt weare it as a Heralds coate, To emblaze the Honour, that thy Master got.

Cade. Iden, farewell, and be proud of thy victorie: Tell Kent from me, the hath lost her beft man, and exhouct all the World to be Cawords: For I that ne'er feared any, am vanquished by Famine, nor by Valour.

Iden. How much thou wrong't me, heauen be my judge; Die damned Wretch, the curse of her that bare thee: And as I thouft thy body in with my sword, So with I. I might thy foul to hell. Hence will I dragge the headlong by the heele, Ynto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave, And there cut off thy might vngracious head, Which I will bear in triumph to the King, Leaving thy trunke for Crowes to feed upon.

Enter York, and his Army of Britis, with Drum and Colours.

York. From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right, And plucke the Crowne from feeble Henry's head, Ring Belles owld, burne Bonifies clere and bright To entertaine great Englands lawfull King. Ah Sanfaa Maboul: who would not buy thee dese? Let them obey, that knowes not how to Rule, This hand was made to handle nought but God, I cannot giue dace action to my words, Except a Sword or Sceptral bal lance it. A Sceptral flall it hau, hau I a foule, On which Ieoffe the Fleur-de-luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom haue we here? Buckingham to disturbe me? The king hath sent him sure: I must defembles. 

Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well. 

Tor. Dimmy of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting, Art thou a Meffenger, or come of pleasure. 

Buck. A Meffenger from Henry, our dread Liege, To know the reafon of these Armes in peace. Or why, thou being a Sublieft, as I am, Against thy Oath, and true Allegiance sworn, Should raifie so great a power without his lease? Or dare to bring thy Force to meet the Court? 

Tor. Searfe can I speake, my Choller is so great. Oh I could hew vp Rockes, and fight with Flint, I am so angry at these shield earers. And now like Aeneas Telamonius, 

On Sheeo or Ozen could I spend my furie, I am farre better borne then is the king: More like a King, more Kingly in my thoughts. But I must make faire weather yet a while, Till Henry be more weake, and I more strong. Buckingham, I prethee pardon me, That I have giuen no answer all this while: My minde was troubled with deep Me lancheolly, The caufe why I haue brought this Armie hither.
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

Is to renown proud Somerfet from the King,
Seditions to his Grace, and to the State.

But, this is too much presumption on thy part,
If thy Armes be to no other end,
The King hath yeelded unto thy demand:
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.
Yorke. Upon whom Honor is the Prisoner?

But. I will have mine Honor.

Then Buckingham I do dismiss my Powres,
Souldiers, I thank you all; disperse your felves,
Meet me to morrow in S. Georges Field,
You shall have pay, and every thing you wish.
And let my Soueraigne, vertuous Henry,
Command my dearl fonne, nay all my fonnes,
As pledges of my Feale and Loe,
He fend them all as willing as I live:
Lands, Goods, Horfe, or any thing I have
Is his to vfe, to Somerfet may die.

But, Yorke, I commend this kinde submiffion,
Wetwaine will go into his Highneffe Tent.

Enter King and Attendants.

King. Buckingham, doth Yorke intend no harme to vs
That thus he marcheth with thee arme in arme?
Yorke. In all submiffion and humility,
Yorke doth prefent himfelle into your Highneffe.
X. What then infists these Forces thou doft bring?
Tar. To heave the Traitor Somerfet from hence;
And fight againft that monflyou Rebell Cafe,
Who since I heard to be defcomfited.

Enter Iden with Cadis head.

Iden. If one so rude, and of fome meane condition
May passe into the prefence of a King:
Loe, I prefent your Grace a Traitors head,
The head of Cadis, whom I in combat flew.

King. The head of Cadis; Great God, how wilt thou act thus?
Oh let me view his Viage being dead,
That living wrought me lach exceeding trouble.
Tell me my Friend, art thou the man that flew him?
Iden. I was, an't like your Maifey.
King. How art thou call'd? And what is thiy degree?
Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name,
A poore Eluire of Kent, that loves his King.
But, So please it you my Lord, I was not an affife
He were created Knight for his good Service.

King. Iden, kneale downe, rife vp a Knight;
We give thee for reward a thoufand Markes,
And will, that thou henceforth attend on vs.

Iden. May Iden have to merit such a bountie,
And never veue but true into his Liege.

Enter Queene and Somerfet.

Som. See Buckingham, Somerfet comes with th' Queene,
Go bid her hide him quietly from the Duke.

Q. For thousand Yorke he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand, and front him to his face.
Tar. How now is Somerfet at libertie?
Then Yorke vnlooseth long imprifoned thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thine heart,
Shall I endure the fight of Somerfet?

Baile King, why halft thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brooke abuse?
King did I call thee? Nor thou art not King:
Not fit to gouerne and rule multitudes,
Which dar ft 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 Princeley Scepter.
That Gold, mulf round engirt these brows of mine,
Whofe Smife and Frowne, like to Achilles Spear
Is able with the change, to kill and cure.
Here is a hand to hold a Scepter vp,
And with the same to afe controlling Lawes
Gieue place: by heauen thouft lawe rule no more
O're him, whom heauen created for thy Ruler.

Somerfet. O monflyou Traitor! I arret thy Yorke
Of Capitall Trefain gainft the King and Crowne:
Obey audacious Traitor, kneele for Grace.

Tarf. Wold's haue me kneele? First let me ask of thee;
If they can brooke I bow a knee to man:
Shreah, call in my fonne to be my bale:
I know ere they will haue me go to Ward,
They'll pawns their fwords of my infranchiment.

Q. Call bither Clifford, bid him come amaine,
To-day, if that the Baffard boyes of Yorke
Shall be the Surety for their Traitor Father.

Tar. O blood-beffotted Neapolitan,
Out-cuff of Naples, Englandes bloody Scourge,
The fonnes of Yorke, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their Fathers baile, and bane to thofe
That for my Surety will refufe the Boyes.

Enter Edward and Richard,

See where they come, he warrant they'll make it good,
Enter Clifford.

Q. And here comes Clifford to deny their baile.

Cliff. Health, and all Happine to my Lord the King,
Tar. Ithanke thee Clifford: Say, what newes with thes?
Nay, do not fright vs with an angry looke:
We are thy Soueraigne Clifford, kneele againe;
For thy miltaking fo, We pardon thes.

Cliff. This is my King Yorke, I do not mifiake,
But thou miffakes me much to think I do,
To beleeve with him, is the man growne mad.

King, Clifford, a Bedlem and ambitious humor
Makes him oppofe himfelle againft his King.

Cliff. Heis a Traitor, let him to the Tower,
And chop away that fatical pare of his.

Q. He is atrefled, but will not obeie:
His fonnes,(he fayes) thrill their words for him,
Tar. Will you not Somerfet?

Edw. I Noble Father, if our words will ferve.

Rich. And if words will not, then our Weapons fhall
Cliff. Why what a brood of Traitors have we here?

Tar. Look in a Glasfe, and call thy Image fo.

I am thy King, and thou a falfe-heart Traitor:
Call lither to the flake my two brave Beares,
That with the very flaking of their Chaine,
They may affonish their fell-lurking Currees,
Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

Enter the Earles of Warwick, and Salisbury.

Cliff. Are these thy Beares? We'll have thy Beares to deale,
And maufelet the Berard in their Chaine,
I thou darft not bring them to the baying place.

Rich. Oft haue I fearne a hot ore-wening Curre,
Run backe and bite, because he was with-held.
Who being fuffer'd with the Beares fell paw,
Hath clapt his tale, betweenne his legsges and cride,
And such a piece of feruice will you do,
Clrt. Hence heape of wrath, foule indigested lumpes, As cackled in thy manners, as thy fpe.

Thou, Nay we shall hate you the rowdyly an.ou.

Clrt. Take heedle leat by thy heare yon burne your soules:

Why Warwicke, hath thy knee forgot to bow?

Old Salbury, flame to thy bluer haires, Thou mad mildeater of thy braine-ficie forme, What wilt thou on thy death-bed play the Ruffian? And feele for sorrow with thy Spectacles? Oh where is Faith? Oh, where is Loyalty?

It be benefit from the frostie head, Where shall it finde a harboure in the earth? Wilt thou goe digge a grave to finde our Warre, And flame thine honourable Age with blood? What ar thou old, and want?e experience?

Or wherefor doest abuse it, if thou haft it? For thynne in diciue bend thy knee to me, That bowes into the grave with tickle age.

Sal. My Lord, I have confidered with my felie

The Title of this most renowned Duke,

And in my confidence, do repose his grace

The rightfull heyre to Englands Royall state.

King. Hal thou not sworne Allegiance unto me?

Sal. I haue.

King. Can I, thou dost disperse with heaven for such an eath?

Sal. It is great finne, to sweare ane faine:

But greater faine to keepe a finfull eath:

Who can be bound by any soleman Vow

To do a murdrous deede, to rob a man,

To force a spotlesse Virgins Chastifie,

To reuse the Orphan of his Patrimone,

To wring the Widow from her cuckold right,

And haue no other reaon for this wrong,

But that he was bound by a soleman Oath?

Clrt. A subtle Traitor needs no Sophister.

King. Call Buckingham, and bid him ame himselfe.

Treyke, Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou haft,

I am resolvd for death and dignities.

Old Clrt. The first I warrant them, doth deserve true War.

Clrt. You were bent to goe to bed, and dreames againe,

To keepe thee from the Tempeft of the field.

Old Clrt. I am resolvd to beares a greacer frowne,

Then any thou canst conjure up to day:

And that Ie write vpon thy Burgonies,

Might I but knowe thee by thy houted Badge.

War. Now by my Fathers badges, old Nemis Cefli,

The rampant Beare chain'd to the ragged blafe,

This day Ie were softe my Burgonie,

As on a Mountaine top, the Cedars fweres,

That keepes his leaues infpight of any frowne,

Even to affrighte thee with the view thereof.

Old Clrt. And from thy Burgonie Ie rend thy Beare,

And treat it vnder foot with all contempt,

Delighting the Bearnad, that protects the Beare.

Thou Cleft. And to thine venerable Father,

To quell the Rebels, and their Complacs.

Ric. Fie, Chastifie for thynne, speak not in sight,

For you shall fap with fels Chrift to night.

Clrt. Foule flygmatheke that's more then thou grant tell.

Ric. If not in heauen, you' lye surelly fap in hell.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, tis Warwicke calleth:

And if thou dost not hide thee from the Beare,
The second Part of Henry the Sixth.

Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

Enter Richard, and Somerset to fight.

Rich. So dye thou there; For underneath an Ale-house pauly fight; The Castle in S. Albans, Somerset Hath made the Wizard famous in his death: Sword, hold thy temper; Heart, be wrathful still! Priestspray for enemies, but Princes kill.

Exit Richard, Somerset, and Exeunt.

Enter King, Queen, and others.

Q. Away my Lord, you are slow, for shame away, King. Can we outrun the Heavens? Good Margaret say.

Q. What are you made of? You'll nor fight nor fly:

Now is it manhood, wifedom, and defence.

To guide 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 haply scape,

(As well we may, if not through your neglect)

We shall to London get, where you are loy'd,

And where this breach now in our fortunes made

May readily be stopp'd.

Enter Clifford.

Cliff. But that my hearts on future mischeefe set,

I would speake blasphemy ere bid you flye:

But flye you must: Vindicabile diçcensitate

Reignes in the hearts of all our present parts.

Away for your secure, and we will live

To fee their day, and them our Fortune glowe.

Away my Lord, away.

FINIS.
The third Part of Henry the Sixth, with the death of the Duke of Yorke.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Plantagenet Edward, Richard, Northumberland, Warwick, and Souldiers.

Worlde. Wonder how the King escap'd our hands? Pl. While we pursu'd the Horsemen of North, He slipp'd away, and left his men: Whereas the great Lord of Northumberland, Whose Warlike cause could never brooke retreat, Chear'd the drouging Army, and himselfe, Lord Clifford and Lord Stafford all a-brest Charg'd our maine Battalies from: and breaking in, Were by the Sweats of common Souldiers flame, Edm. Lord Stafford, Father, Duke of Buckingham, Is either flame or wounded dangerous, I cleft his Escut with a downward blow: That this is true (Father) behold his blood, Mount. And Brother, here's the Earl of Wiltshires, Whom I encounters as the Battalies joyn'd, (blood, Rich. Speake thou for me, and tell them what I did, Plsnt. Richard hath bell defend'd of all my forces: But your Grace dead, my Lord of Somerset? Nor. Such hope have all the fine of Essex of Gust. Rich. Thus do I hope to shoke King Henry's head, Warw. And doe I, victorious Prince of York, Before I see thee feast in that I throne, Which now the House of Lancaster shalp, I yow by Heastes, these eye's shall never cloke, This is the Palace of the fearefull King, And this the Regall Seat: postpon it York, For this is thine, and not King Henry's Heires, Plant. Affit me then, sweet Warwick, and I will, For hither we have broken in by force, Norf. We're all affit you: he that flies, shall dye. Plant. Thankes gentle Norfylke, stay by me my Lord, And Souldiers stay and lodge by me this Night. They goe vp. Warw. And when the King comes, offer him no violence, Vnlesse he seekes to thrust you out perforce. Plant. The Queene this day here holds her Parliament, But little thinkes we shall be of her counsale, By words or blowes here let vs winne our right. Rich. Arr'd as we are, let's stay within this House. Warw. The bloody Parliament shall this be call d, Vnlesse Plantagenet, Duke of Yorke, be King, And bathfull Henry depos'd, whose Cowardize Hath made vs by vs. do to our enemies. Plsnt. Then leaue me not, my Lords be resolute, I meanes to take possifion of my Right, Warw. Neither the King nor he that loues him best, The prouddefh hee that holds vp Lancaster, Dares firte a Wing, if Warwick shak his Bells, He plant Plantagenet, root him vp who dares: Resolute thee Richard,clayme the English Crowne.

Flouris. Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberlond, Welfeldmond, Exeter, and the rest.

Henry. My Lords, looke where the furdige Rebell sits, Even in the Chayse of State: belike he meanes, Backt by the power of Warwick, that false Peere, To aspire vnto the Crown, and reignes as King, Earle of Northumberlond, he flwy thy Father, And thine, Lord Clifford, & you both haue vow'd revenge On him, his sonnes, his favoristes, and his friends, Northumberland. If I be not, I heauen be resou'd on me. Clifford. The hope thereof, makes Clifford mourne in strees.

Westm. What, shall we suffer this? les pluck him down, My heart for anger bernes, I cannot brooke it. Henry. Be patience, gentle Earl of Welfeldmond, Clifford, Patience is for Poultrones, such as he: He durft not fit there had your Father liv'd, My gracious Lord, here in the Parliament Let vs affayle the Family of York, North. Well sait thou spoken, Cousin be it so, Henry. Ah, know you not the Citie favours them, And they have troupe of Souldiers at their beck? Westm. But when the Duke is slaine, they're quickly flye. Henry. Farre be the thought of this from Henry's heart, To make a Shambles of the Parliament House, Cousin of Exeter, browes, words, and threats, Shall be the Warre that Henry meanes to vfe, Thou fadious Duke of Yorke defend my Throne, And kneele for grace and mercie at my feet, I am thy Soveraigne. York. I am thine. Exet. For shame come downe, he made thee Duke of York. Yorke. It was my Inheritance, as the Earledome was. Exet, Thy
The third Part of Henry the Sixt.

Exst. Thy Father was a Traytor to the Crown.  
War. Exst. thou art a Traytor to the Crowne,  
In following this vurprising Henry,  
Clifford. Whom should he follow, but his natural King?  
And that the Lord of Westmerland shall continue: War. And Warwick shall dispute it. You forget,  
That we are those which chas'd you from the field,  
And flew your Fathers, and with Colours spread March through the Cities to the Palace Gates. Northumb. Yes Warwick, I remember it to my grief;  
And by his Soule, thou and thy Houfe shall rue it. Wofien. Plantagenet, of thee and these thy Sonses,  
Thy Kinmen, and thy Friends, Ile have more lies  
Then drops of blood were in my Fathers Veines. Cliff. Vege it no more, lest that in stead of words,  
I lead thee, Warrick, such a Meffinger,  
As shall revenge his death, before I tire. Poor Clifford, how I scorn his worthless Threats.  
Plant. Will you we fly our Tide to the Crowne?  
If not, our Swords shall pleade it in the field. Henry. What Tide hast thou Traytor to the Crowne?  
My Father was as thou art, Duke of Yorke,  
Thy Grandfather Roger Mortimer, Earl of March. I am the Sonne of Henry the Fat,  
Who made the Dolphin and the French to hape,  
And fea'd upon their Townes and Provinces. War. Talk not of France, fith thou haft loit it all. Henry. The Lord Protector left it, and not I:  
When I was crown'd, I was but nine moneths old. Rich. You are old enough now,  
And yet me thinks thou looke:  
Father yeare the Crowne from the Vfurers Head. Edward. Sweet Father doe to, let it on your Head.  
Coun. Good Brother,  
As thou loit't and honoroff Armes,  
Let's fight it out, and not stand caiting thus. Richard. Sound Drummes and Trumpes, and the King will flye.  
War. Plantagenet shall speake first: Hear him Lords,  
And be you silent and attentive too,  
For he char interrupts him, shall not live.  
Hen. Think'st thou, that I will leave my Kingly Throne,  
Wherein my Grandire and my Father fat?  
Nooffish shall Warre vpepeople 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 fare than his.  
War. Prove it Henry, and thou shalt be King,  
Hen. Henry the Fourth by Conquest got the Crowne.  
Plant. Twas by Rebellion against his King. Henry. I know not what to say, my Titles weake:  
Tell me, may not a King adopt an Heire?  
Plant. What then?  
Henry. And if he may, then am I lawfull King:  
For Richard, in the view of many Lords,  
Reign'd the Crowne to Henry the Fourth,  
Whole Heire my Father was, and I am his.  
Plant. He rose against him, being his Soueraigne,  
And made him to resign his Crowne perfore.  
War. Suppofe, my Lords, he did vnceonefay'd,  
Think you he were prejudicial to his Crowne?  
Exst. No: for he could not to resign his Crowne,  
But that he next Heire should succeed and reigne,  
Henry. Art thou against vs, Duke of Exeter?  
Exst. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.  
Plant. Why whisper you, my Lords, and answr not?  
Exst. My Conference tells me he is lawfull King.  
Henry. All will resolute from me, and turne to him. Northumb. Plantagenet, for all the Clayne thou lay'rs,  
Think not, that Henry shall be so depos'd.  
War. Depos'd he shall be, in dispight of all.  
Northumb. Thou art deceu'd:  
'Tis not thy Southern power  
Of Effex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,  
Which makes thee thus presumptous and proud,  
Can fet the Duke vp in dispight of me,  
Clifford. King Henry, be thy Title right or wrong,  
Lord Clifford vouches to fight in thy defence;  
May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,  
Where I shall kneel to him that flew my Father.  
Henry. Oh Clifford, how thy words reuine my heart.  
Plant. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy Crowne.  
What matter you, or what confpire you Lords?  
War. Doe right vnto this Princely Duke of Yorke,  
Or I will fill the House with armed men,  
And ouer the Chayre of State, where now he fits,  
Write vp his Title with spurling Blood.  
He rampes with his foot, and the Soullards flew themselues.  
Henry. My Lord of Warick, hear but one word,  
Let me for this my life time reign as King.  
Plant. Confirm the Crowne to me and to mine Heires,  
And thou shalt reigne in quiet while thou liv'st.  
Henry. I am content: Richard Plantagenet  
Enjoy the Kingdome after my deceas.  
Clifford. What wrong is this vnto the Prince, your Sonne?  
War. What good is this to England and himselfe?  
Wofien. Base, carefull, and despaying Henry. Clifford. How haft thou injur'd both thy felle and vs?  
Wofien. I cannot stay to hear these Articles.  
Northumb. Nor I.  
Clifford. Come Cousin, let vs tell the Queene these News.  
War. Farwell faint-hearted and degenerate King,  
In whose cold Blood no skire of Honor bides.  
Northumb. Be thou a prey vnto the House of Yorke,  
And dye in Bands, for this vnmanly deed.  
Clliff. In dreadful Warre may't thou be overcome,  
Or live in peace abandoned and despoyled.  
War. Turne this way Henry, and regard them not.  
Exst. They feake truenesse, and therefore will not yeeld.  
Henry. Ah Exeter.  
War. Why shou'd you fish, my Lord?  
Henry. Not for my felle Lord Warick, but my Sonne,  
Whom I naturally shall dispose.  
But be it as it may: I here entaye  
The Crowne to thee and to shine Heires for ever,  
Conditionally, that heere thou take an Oath,  
To ceafe this Cintil Warrs: and whilft I live,
To honor me as thy King, and Souersaigne;
And neithy by Tresion nor Hoffilitie,
To seeke to put me downe, and reigne thy selfe.

Plut. This Oath I willingly take, and will performe.


Henry. And long live thou, and these thy forward Sones.

Plant. Now Tyrk and Lancaster are reconcile'd,
Exst. Accurst be he that seekes to make them foes.

Souns. Here they come downe.

Plut. Farewell my gracious Lord, Ile to my Cafile.

Warw. And Ile keepe London with my Souldeiers.

Nor. And I to Norfolke with my follower.

Mont. And I unto the Sea, from whence I came.

Henry. And I with griefe and sorrow to the Court.

Enter the Queene.

Exst. Here comes the Queene.

Whole Lookes be wreath your anger:
Ile reale away.

Henry. Exst to will I.

Queene. Nay, gое not from me, I will follow thee.

Henry. Be patient gentle Queene, and I will stay.

Queene. Who can be patients in such extremities?

Ah wretch'd man, would I had dy'd a Maid?
And never seen thee, never borne thee Sonne,
Seeing thou hast proud'ly unnatural a Father,
Hath he defier'd to loose his Birth-right thus?
Hadst thou but loyal'd him half so well as I,
Or felt that paine which I did for him once,
Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood;
Thou wouldst have left thy desart about the heart;
Rather then haue made that saucy Duke thy life, I fear,
And dis-inherit thee onely Sonne.

Prince. Father, you cannot dis-inherit me?

If you be King, why should not I succeede?

Henry. Pardon me Margaret, pardon me sweet Sonne,
The Earl of Warrick and the Duke enforc't me.

Queene. Enforc't thee? Art thou King, and wilt be for't?
I shame to hear thee speake so timorous Wretch,
Thou hast vndone thy selfe, thy Sonne, and me,
And giv'n unto the House of Tyrk such head,
As thou shalt reigne but by their sufferance.
To castelle him and his Heires unto the Crowne,
What is it, but to make thee Subject,
And crepe into it faire before thy time?

Warwick is Chancellor, and the Lord of Callice,
Sterne soluble commands the Narrow Seas,
The Duke is made Protector of the Realme,
And yet shalt thou be safe? Such safetie finds
The trembling Lame, injur'd with Wolves.
Had I bene there, which am a filly Woman,
The Souldeiers should haue to'dd me on their Pikes,
Before I would haue granted to that A.C.
But thou pretend'st thy life, before thine Honor.
And seeing thou do'st, I here divorce my selle,
Both from thy Table Henry, and thy Bed,
Vntill that A.C. of Parliament be repeal'd,
Whereby my Sonne is dis-inherited.

The Northern Lords, that have forsworne thy Colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:
And spread they shall be, to thy foule disgrace,
And vnter ruine of the House of Tyrk.

Thus doe I leave thee: Come Sonne, let's away,
Our Army is ready; come, wee le after them.

Henry. Stay gentle Margaret, and hear me speake.

Queene. Thou hast spake too much already: get thee gone.

Henry. Gentle Sonne Edward, thou wilt flame?

Queene. I, to be mother'd by his Enemies.

Prince. When I returne with victorie to the field,
I shall see your Grace: till then, Ile follow her.

Queene. Come Sonne away, we may not linger thus.

Henry. Poor Queene,

How longe to me, and to her Sonne,
Hath made her breake out into terms of Rage,
Reueng'd must be on that basefull Duke,
Whole haughty spirit, wings: I with desire,
Will cull my Crowne, and like an empie Eagle,
Tyre on the left of me, and of my Sonne.
The tols of those three Lords torment my heart:
Ile write vnto them, and entreat them faire;
Come Comin, youhall be the Meffenger.

Exst. And I, I hope shall reconcile them all.

Flourish. Enter Richard, Edward, and Amonacqes.


Edward. No, I can better play the Orator.

Mont. But I haue reasons strong and forceable.

Enter the Duke of Tyrk.

Tyrk. Why how now Sonne, and Brother, at a suitue?
What is your Quarrel? how began it first?

Edward. No Quarrel, but a light Contention.

Tyrk. About what?

Rich. About that which concerns your Grace and vs,
The Crowne of England, Father, which is yours.

Tyrk. Mine Boyl not till King Henry be dead.

Richard. Your Right depends not on his life, or death.

Edward. Now you are Heire, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving the House of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will out-runne you Father, in the end.

Tyrk. I tooke an Oath; that hee should quietly reigne.

Edward. But for a Kingdome any Oath may be broken:
I would breake a thousand Oaths, to reigne one yeere,

Richard. No: God forbid your Grace should be forsworne.

Tyrk. I shall be, if I climate by open Warre.

Richard. Ile proue the contrary, if you hear mee speake.

Tyrk. Thou canst not, Sonne; it is impossible.

Richard. An Oath is of no moment, being not tooke
Before a true and lawfull Magistrate,
That hath authoritie over him that sweares.

Henry had none, but did wipare the place.
Then seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your Oath, my Lord, is vaine and frivouls.

Therefore to Armes: and Father doe but thinke,
How sweet a thing it is to wear a Crowne,
Within whose Circuit is Elysium,
And all that Perets faine of Blisse and Joy.

Why doe we linger then? I cannot tell,
Untill the White Rose that I wear, be dy'd
Even in the luke-warme blood of Henrys heart.

Tyrk. Richard enough: I will be King, or dye.

Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And whet on Warwick to this Enterprise.
The third Part of Henry the Sixth.

Clifford. How now! is he dead already? or is it fear, that makes him close his eyes? It seems to me, that yet he cannot die.

Edward, So looks the pensive Lyon o'er the Wreth, That trembles under his desouling Paws: And to he walks, infulting o'er his Prey, And to he comes, to rend his Limbs stainer. Ah gentle Clifford, kill me with thy Sword, And not with such a cruelly threatening Looko. Sweet Clifford hear me speak, before I dye: I am too means a faubise for thy Wrath, Be thou requir'd on men, and let me live. Clifford. In vaine thou speakest, pitre Sir: My Fathers blood hath fipt the paffage: Where thy words should enter. Rudland. Then let my Fathers blood open it againe, He is a man, and Clifford cope with him. Clifford. Had I thy Brethren here, their lives and thine Were not trouege sufficient for me: No, if I digg'd vp thy faue-fathers Graues, And hung their rotten Coffins vp in Cheyne, It could notlake flame in, nor eat my heart. The fight of any of the House of Tork, Is as a furie to torment my Soule: And till I root out their accursed Line, And leave not one alive, I live in Hell. Therefore——

Rudland. Oh let me pray, before I take my death: To thee I pray, sweet Clifford pity me. Clifford. Such pitty as my Rapers point affords, Rudland. I never did three barmes, why will thou slay me?

Clifford. Thy Father hath. Rudland. But twas eoe I was borne, Thou haft one Sonne, for his fake pitty me, Least in reuenge thereof, thy God is full, He be as miserably blaine as I, And when I give occasion of offence, Then let me dye, for now thou haft no caufe. Clifford. No caufe? thy Father flew my Fathers therfore dye. Rudland. By facetiousness I am j�nt to my aun. Clifford. Plantagenet, I come Plantagenet: And this thy Sonnes blood cleaning to my Blade, Shall ruff upon thy Weapon, till thy blood Congeall'd with this, doe make me wipe off both. Exit.


York. The Army of the Queene hath got the field: My Vaccles both are flaine, in rescuing me; And all my followers, to the eager foe Turne back, and Iye, like Ships before the Winds, Or lothes purled up by hunger-flamed Wolves, My Sonnes, God knowes what hath bechanche them: But this I know, they han'e demesned themselves Like men borne to Renowne, by Life or Death. Three times did Richard make a lane to me, And thrice cryde, Courage Father, right it out: And full as ofte came Edward to my side, With purple Fauclion, panned to the Hilt, In blooded throfe that had encounterd him: And when the hardyff Warriors did retire, Richard cryde, Charge, and give no foot of ground, And cryde, A Crown, or else a glorious Tombe,
The third Part of Henry the Sixth.

A Scepter, gean. Earthly Sepulchre.
With this we charg'd againe: but out alas,
We boddy's againe, as I haue seene a Swain
With bootlefe labour swimme against the Tyde,
And spend her strength with over-matching Waves,
A forts Alascon within.

Ah hearke, the farall followers doe pursue,
And I am fain, and cannot flye their furie:
And were I strong, I would not flonne their furie,
The Sands are numbred, this makes vp my Life;
Here muft I fly, and here my Life muft end.

Enter the Queene, Clifford, Northumberland, the young Prince, and Conduitts.

Come bloody Clifford, though Northumberland, I dare your quencheffe furie to more rage:
I am your Bat, and I stubbe your Shot.

Northumb. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet, Clifford. I to fuche mercy, as his quencheffe Arme
With downe-right payment, thou'd vnto my Father,
Now Passoer hath tumbl'd from his Carre,
And made an Evening at the Noode-tide Prick.

Tyrke. My fables, as the Phoenix, may bring forth
A Bird, that will revenge vpon you all:
And in that hope, I throw mine eyes to Heaven,
Scotning what euer you can afflante me with.
Why come you not? what multitudes, and feaue?
Cliff. So Cowards fight, when they can flye no further,
So Diuers doe prickt the Falcons piercing Talons,
So desperate Theues, all hopelesse of their Lives,
Breaste our inuincible gainft the Officers.

Tyrke. Oh Clifford, but bethinke thee once againe,
And in thy thought on-er-run my former time:
And if thou canst, for blushing, view this face,
And bire thy tongue, that flanders him with Cowardice,
Whole frowne hath made thee feaine and flye er this,
Clifford. I will not budge with thee word for word,
But budge with thee blowes twice twicce for one.

Queene. Hold vallant Clifford, for a thoufand caufe,
I would prolong a while the Traytors Life;
Wrath makes him deaf; speake thou Northumberland.
Northumb. Hold Clifford, does not honor him fo much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart,
What valour were, when a Cure doth grove,
For one to thruft his Hand between his Teeth,
When he might fume him with his Foot away;
It is Wares prize, to take all Vantages,
And tenne to one, is no impleach of Valour.

Clifford. I, I, fo fliues the Woodcocke with the Gyne,

Northumb. So doth the Connie struggle in the Net.

Tyrke. So triumph Theues vpon their conquer'd Booty,
So True men yeeld with Robbers, fo o're-match.

Northumb. What would your Grace have done into
him now?

Queene. Brave Warrillers, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come make him fland vpon this Mole-hill here,
That rau'd at Mountains with out-directed Armes,
Yet partd but the floodow with his Head.
What, was it you that would be Englands King?
Was't you that roueld in our Parliament,
And made a Preachment of your high Defcent?
Where are your Meffe of Sons, to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the turfie George?

And where's that valiant Crook-back Pouligie,
Dike, your Boy, that with his grumbling voce
Was wont to clear his Dad in Mutinies?
Or with the reft, where is your Darling, Ralph?
Looke Tyrke, I play'd the part, with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his Rapiers point,
Made fliue from the Bosome of the Boy:
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I giue thee this to driy thy Checkes withall.
Alas poor Tyrke, but that I hate thee deadly,
I should a nonst thy mirifable fate.
I pray thee grieue, to mace me merry,Tyrke.

What, hath thy hirfe heart so parch'd thine eareay,
That not a Tearc can full, for Englishs death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad:
And, to make thee mad, doe mock thee thus.
Stamp, rau'e, and fete, that I may finge and dance,
Thou 'ould'lt be fee'd, I fee, to make me sport:

Tyrke cannot speak, unlesfe he werea Crowne.

A Crowne for Tyrke; and Lords, bow lowe to him:
Hold you his hands, whileI do fet it on,
I marry Sir, now lookes he like a King;
I this is he that toake King Henrys Chaire,
And this is he was his adopted Heire.

But how is this, that great Plantagenet
Is crownd to soone, and broke his folemn Oath?
As I bethinke me, you should not be King,
Till our King Henry had fhone hands with Death.
And will you pale your head in Henrys Glory,
And robhis Temples of the Difarme,
Now in his Life, against your holy Oath?
Oh 'tis a fauc: too too unparnoble,
Off with the Crowne; and with the Crowne,his Head,
And whilft we breathe, take time to doe him dead.

Clifford. That is my Office, for my Fathers fake.

Queene. Nay flye, let's hear the Orizons hee makes.

Tyrke. Shee-Wolfe of France,
But worse then Wolues of France,
Whofe Tongue more payoys then then the Adders Tooth:
How ill-beleeming is in thy Sex,

To triumph like an Amazonian Trull,
Vpon their Woes, whom Fortune captiues 
But that thy Face is Vizard-like,vnchangeing,
Made impudent with vie of euill deeder.
I would alway proude Queene, to make thee blufh.
To tell thee whence thou cam'st,of whom deriv'd,
Were flame enough, to shame thee,
Wert thou not frameleffe.

Thy Father bears the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem,
Yet not so wealtih as an English Yeoman.
Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to infult?
It needes not, nor it bootes thee not, proude Queene,
Vnlefe the Adage must be verifie d,
That beggers mounted, unne their Horfe to death,
'Tis beautifie that doth oft make Women proud,
But God he knowes,yeare there of is small.

'Tis Verue, that doth make them most dam'd 

The contrary, doth make thee wonder'd at,
'Tis Government that makes them freme Divine,
The want thereof, makes thee abominable.
Thou art as opposite to every good,
As the Antipodes are vnto us,

Or as the South to the Septentrion.
Oh Tygres Heart, wrapt in a Woman Hide,

How
The third Part of Henry the Sixt.

Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The heat all aloofe, and Burke at him.
So far'd our Father with his Enemies,
So fled his Enemies my Warlike Father:
Me thinkes 'tis prize enough to be his Sonne:
See how the Morning opes the golden Gates,
And takes her fairwell of the glorious Sunne,
How well reenblest it the prime of Youth,
Trimm'd like a Yonge, prancing to his Lune?

Ed. Dazzle 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 shinning Skye.
See, see, they ioyne, embrace, and feeme to kiss,
As if they vow'd some League inviolable.
Now are they but one Lampe, one Light, one Sunne:
In this, the Heauen figures some event.
Edward. 'Tis wonders strange,
The like yet never heard of.
I think it cies vif (Brother) to the field,
That wee, the Sonnes of brave Plantagenet,
Each one alreadie blazing by our meede,
Should not withstanding ioyne our Lights together,
And oure-shine the Earth, as this the World.
What ere it bodes, hence-forward will I beare
Upon my Target three faire shining Sunnes,

Richard. Nay, beare three Daughters:
By your leave, I speake it,
You loue the Breeder better then the Male.

Enter one blowing.

But what are thou, whose heauie Looks 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 slain,
Your Princely Father, and my louting Lord,
Edward. Oh speake no more, for I have heard too much.

Richard. Say how he dy'd, for I will hear it all.
Moff. Emotioned he was with many toyes,
And long against them, as the hope of Troy
Against the Grecians, that would have entred Troy,
But Hereafter himselfe must yould to oddes:
And many frowes, though with a little Axe,
Hewes downe and fells the hardelt-syderd Oake.
By many hands your Father was subdu'd,
But only slaughtred by the irefull Anne
Of van-renting Clifford, and the Queene;
Who crownd the gracious Duke in high delight,
Laugh'd in his face: and when with griete he wept;
The ruthfelfe Queene gaue him, to dry his Cheekes,
A Nappen, steeped in the warmeble blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Cliffordaine:
And after many scorne, many foule taunts,
They took his Head, and on the Gates of Yorke
They fete the fame, and there it doth remaine,
The faddest fpectacle that ere I view'd.

Edward. So sweet Duke of Yorke, our Prop to leane upon,
Now thou art gone, wee have no Staffe, no Stay.
Oh Clifford, boy'st thou Clifford, thou haft Staine
The flavine of Europe, for his Cheuslie,
And trecherously haft thou vanquish't him,
For hand to hand he would have vanquish't theet.
Now my Soules Palace is become a Prison
Any, would the breake from hence, that this my body

Might.
Might in the ground be closed vp intire:  
For never henceforth shall I joy againe:  
Neuer, oh neuer shall I see my Lord.  

Rich. I cannot weep: for all my bodies moysture  
Scourte feares to quench my Furnace-burning hart:  
Nor can my tongue vnoad my hearts great butches,  
For selfsame winde that I should speake withall,  
Is kindling coales that fires all my brest,  
And burns me vp with flames, that tears would quench.  
To weepe, is to make left the depth of greate:  
Tears then for Babes, Blowses, and Reuenge for mee.  
Richard, I hear thy name, I vnde vnder thy death,  
Or dye renominated by attempting it.  
Ed. His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee:  
His Dukedome, and his Chaire with me is left.  

Rich. Nay if thou be that Princeley Eagles Bird,  
Shew thy descent by gazing 'gainst the Sunne:  
For Chaire and Dukedome, Throne and Kingdome say,  
Either that is shine, or else thou wert not his.  

March. Enter Warwicke, Marquess Mountague,  
and their Army.  

Warwicke. How now faire Lords? What faire? What  
news abroad?  

Rich. Great Lord of Warwicke, if we should recompt  
Our balefull news, and at each words deliverance  
Stab Poniards in our fleth, till all were told,  
The words would add more anguish then the wounds:  
O valiant Lord, the Duke of Yorkes is slaine.  

Edw. O Warwicke, Warwicke, that Plantage  
Which held thee deereely, as his Soules Redemption,  
Is by the terme Lord Clifford done to death.  

War. Ten days agoe, I drown'd these news in tears,  
And now to add more mesure to your woes,  
I come to tell you thinges faine then before.  
After the bloody Fray at Wakefield fought,  
Where your brave Father breathed his laste gaspe,  
Tydings, as swift as the Poffes could rume,  
Were brought me of your Loife, and his Depart.  
I then in London, keeper of the King,  
Moulted my Soldiers, gathered flockes of Friends,  
Marched toward S. Albans, to intercept the Queene,  
Bearing the King in my belaie along;  
For by my Scourge, I was submitt'd,  
That fice was comming with a full intent  
To daff our late Deece in Parliament,  
Touching King Henrys Oath, and your Sucception:  
Short tale to make, we at S. Albans met,  
Our Battails joynd, and both sides fiercely fought:  
But whether 'twas the coldneffe of the King,  
Who look'd till genty on his warlike Queene,  
That ribb'd my Soldiers of their heart Spicene,  
Or whether 'twas report of her successe,  
Or more then common feare of Clifford Rigour,  
Who thunders to his Captaines, Blood and Death,  
I cannot judge: but to conclude with truth,  
Their Weapons like to Lightning, came and went:  
Our Souldiers like the Night. Owes lazye flight,  
Or like a lazye Thecher with a Flasie,  
Fell gently downe, as if they fruck their Friends:  
I cheare them vp with justice of our Cause,  
With promise of high paye, 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, Norfolkie, and my Selfe,  
In haile, poole haile, 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 Warwicke?  
And when came George from Burgundy to England?  

War. Some six miles off the Duke is with the Soldiers,  
And for your Brother he was lately sent  
From your kinde Aunt Dotscheffe of Burgundie,  
With ayde of Souldiers to this needfull Warre.  
Rich. Two oldsides belike, when valiant Warwick fled;  
Of hauve I heard his praiies in Perfitone,  
But ne're till now, his Scandal of Retire.  

War. Nor now my Scandal Richard, dost thou hear:  
For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine,  
Can pluckle the Diadem from saint Henrers head,  
And wring the awefull Scepter from his Fift,  
Were he as famous, and as bold in Warre,  
As he is famd for Mildnede, Peace, and Prayer.  

Rich. I know it well Lord Warwick, blame me not,  
Tis loue I bare thy glories make me speake:  
But in this troublous time, what's to be done?  
Shall we go throw away our Costes of Steele,  
And wrap our bodies in blacke mourning Gownes,  
Numb'ring our Ate-Maries with our Beads?  
Or shall we on the Helmets of our Foes  
Tell our Deuotion with reuengefull Ammunition?  

War. Why therefore Warwick came to seek you out,  
And therefore comes my Brother Fountayne:  
Attend me Lords, the proud infulting Queene,  
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,  
And of their Feather, many moe proud Birds,  
Hawe wrought the easie-metling King, like Wax,  
He frowre content to your Succession,  
His Oath enrolled in the Parliament,  
And now to London all the crew are gone,  
To frustrate both his Oath, and what beside  
May make against the house of Lancaster.  
Their power (I think) is thirty thousand strong:  
Now, if the helpe of Norfolk, and my ielde,  
With all the Friends that thou braue Earle of March,  
Amongst the loving Welshmen can it procure,  
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,  
Why Via, to London will we march,  
And once againe, betride our foaming Steeds,  
And once againe cry Charge upon our Fists,  
But never once againe turne backe and flye.  

Rich. I, now me thinks I heare great Warwick speake;  
Ne'ere may he lease to see a Sun-shine day,  
That cries Retire, if Warwick bid him spaie.  

Ed. Lord Warwicke, on thy shoulder will I haue,  
And when thou falt (as God forbid the houre)  
Muff Edward fall, which perill heauen forefend,  

War. No longer Earle of March, but Duke of Yorker  
The next degree, is Englands Royall Throne:  
For King of England shalt thou be proclaimed  
In evry Burrough as we passe along,  
And he that throwes not vp his cap for joy,  
Shall for the Faults make forfeit of his beaded:  
King Edward, valiant Richard Fountayne:  
Stay we no longer, dreaming of Renowne,  
But found the Trumpets, and about Ours Taskes.  

Rich. Then Clifford, were thy heart as hard as Steele,  
As thou haile the wene it burnie by thy deeds,  
I come to pierce it, or to gaine thee mine.  

Ed Then strike vp Drums, God and S. George for vs.  


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Enter a Messenger.

War. How now! what news now?

Mef. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me, That coming with a pious heart, He, and
takes your company, for tender counsell.

War. Why then it forts, brave Warriors, let's away.

Exeunt Omnes.

Flour. Enter the King, the Queen, Clifford, Northum-
and Tong Prince, with Drumme and 

Trumpeters.

La. Welcome my Lord, to this braue town of Yorke, Yondres the head of that Arch-enemy, That sought to be incompait with your Crowne. Doth not the obieth chesse your heart, my Lord, X. I at the rockes chesse them that feare their wrench, To fee this fight, it likes my very soule: Who hold resence (dare God) yis not my fault, Nor wittingly have I infringed my Vow. Clif. My gracious Liege, this too much lenity And harmfull pitty must be layd aside: To whom do Lyons cast their gentle Lookes? Not to the Beaff, that would vlope their Den. Whose hand is that the Fortell Beare doth like? Not to the young, that in yonger before her face. Who speaks the lurking Serpents mortal fling? Not he that setts his foot upon her backe. The smalllest Wome will turne, being troden on, And Doves will pecke in safegard of their Brood, Ambitious Yorke, did leuell at thy Crowne, Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brower. He but a Duke, would have his Sonne a King, And make his issue like a loving Site. Thou being a King, blest with a goodly forne, Didst yeeld content to disinherit him: Which argued thee a mott volouing Father,Yearesfoole Creatures feed their young, And though mans face be fearfull to their eyes, Yet in protection of their tender ones, Who should bee defeate, but the young with bofe wings, Which sometime they have wizd with fearfull flight, Make warre with him that climb'd into their net, Offering their owne lives in your sons defence: For shame, my Liege, make them your Presidenc: Were it not pitty that this goodly Boy Should loose his Birth-right by his Fathers fault, And long hereafter fay into his childe, What my great Grandfather, and Grandifte gor, My careless Father fondly gave away, Ah, what a shame were this! Lookes on the Boy, And let his manly face, which promifeth Successfull Fortune fleche thy melting heart, To hold thine owne, and leave thine owne with him. Clif. Full well hath Clifford plaid the Orator, Inferring arguments of mighty force: But Clifford tell me, did it thonneuer chance, That things ill gor, had clee bad successe. And happy always was it for that Sonne, Whose Father for his hoarding went to hell; Ile leafe my Sonne my Vertuous deeds behinde, And would my Father had left me no more: For all the rest is held up as such a Race, As brings a thousand fold more care to keepe, Then in possession any jot of pleasure. Ah Cofin Yorke, would thy best Friends did know, How it doth greete me that thy head is here.

Qn. My Lord, choice vp your spirits, our forces are nye, And this most courage makes your followers faint:
You promife Kingdom to our forward Sonne, You with your sword, and dub him prettily. Edward, kneele downe.

King. Edward Plantagenet, arise a Knight, And learn this Leffon: Draw thy Sword in right.

Pret. My gracious Father, by your Kingly leaue, Ile draw it as Apparant to the Crowne, And in that quadrille, vie it to the death.

Clif. Why that is spoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. Royall Commandes, be in readynesse, For with a Band of thirty thousand men, Comes Warwick backing of the Duke of Yorke, And in the Toweres as they do march along, Proclames him King, and many flye to him, Darraine your battell, for they are at hand. Clif. I would you Hurisshee would depart the field, The Queene hath best successe when you are abient. Qn. I good my Lord, and leave vs to our Fortune, King. Why, that's my Fortune too, therefore Ile flye. North. Be it with resolution then to fight. Pret. My Royall Father, chere these Noble Lords, And hearen thole that fight in your defences Voluntheath your Sword, good Father: Cry S. George.


Edw. Now period Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace? And let thy Diadem upon my head? Or bide the mortall Fortune of the field. Qn. Go rate thy Minions, proud infulting Boy, Becomes it thee to be thus bold in termes, Before thy Soueraine, and thy lawfull King? Ed. I am his King, and he should bow his knee: I was adopted Here by his consent. Qn. See the Scene of his Cath is brake: for as I hear, You that are King, though he do wear the Crowne, Haue caus'd him by new Act of Parliament, To blot out me, and put his owne Sonne in. Clif. And reason too, Who should succede the Father, but the Sonne, Rich. Are you there Butcher? O, I cannot speake. Clif. I Croke-abe, here I stand to answer thee. Or say he, the pridefull of thy fort. Rich. Twas you that killed your Rurland, was it not? Clif. I, and old Yorke, and yet not satisfied. Rich. For Gods fake Lords giue signall to the fight. War. What say'th thou Henry? Wilt thou yield the Crowne? You speake.

Qn. Why now how long-tongue'd Warwick, dare When you and I, met at St. Albeau last, Your legges did better fextise then you hands, War. Then 'twas my turne to flye, and now its thine: Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled. War. Twas not your valor Clifford drove me thence, Nor, No, not your manhood that durft make you flye, Rich. Northumberland, I bold thee resolutely. Breake off the parliay, for scarce I can refaine The execution of my big solene heart.

Upon that Clifford, that cruel Child-killer. Clif. I flew thy Father, call'd thou him a Child?
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

Rich. I like a Daffard, and a treacherous Coward, As thou didst kill our tender Brother Rutland, But ere Sunne, he made thee curse the deed.

King. Haue done with words (my Lords) and heare me speake.

Q. Deify them then, or els hold close thy lips.

Rich. I pryste gue no limits to my Tongue, I am a King, and priviledg'd to speake.

Q. My Liege, the wound that bred this meeting here, Cannot be cur'd by Words, therefore be still.

Rich. Then Executioner vnfitthast thy word:
By him that made us all, I am redu'd,
That Clifford Manhood, lives upon his tongue.

Ed. Say Henry, shall I have my right, or not?
A thousand men have broke their Falls to day, That ne's balle dine, vaille thou yield the Crown.

War. If thou deny, their Blood vpon thy head,
For Yorke in like part his Armour on.

Pr. Ed. If that be right, which Warwick saies is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

War. Who ever got thee, there thy Mother stands,
For well a question maturity thy Mothers tongue.

Ed. But these are not thy like Sire nor Damme, But like a foule much encrented Sycamorie,
Mask'd by the Definities to be avoided,
Asvonne Toades, or Lizardsdreadfull flings.

Rich. Iron of Naples hied with English gift,
Whole Father beares the Title of a King,
(As if a Channell should be call'd the Sea)
Shame it thou not, knowing where thou art extreague,
To let thy tongue deteck thy bate-borne heart.

Ed. A spray of flower were worth a thoufand Crowns, To make this nameless Calles know his felle.

Helen of Greece was fayer faire then thou,
Although thy Husband may be Afuseau.
And he's not Aszamenc Brother wrong'd
By that tale Woman, as this King by thee,
His Father reu'd 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 beg in his bed,
And gave thy poore Sire with his Bradell day,
Even then that Sunne shin'd brew'd a showre for him,
That warft his Fathers torments fortoe of France,
And heap'd fediton on his Crowne at home:
For what hath broke this tumult but thy Pride?
Had it thou beene meeke, our Tittle full had kept,
And we in pitty of the Gentle King,
Had flip our Clame, with another Age.

Cl. But when we faw, our Sunne shone made thy Spring,
And that thy Summer bred vs an increase,
We faw the Axe to thy wuring Rooste:
And though the edge had iron ching hit our feltes,
Yet know thou, since we have begun to strike,
Wee never leave, till we have wone thee downe,
Or both thy growing with our heated bloods.

Ed. And in this recitacion, I defie thee,
Nor will ing any longer Conference
Since thou deni'st the gentle King to speake,
Sound Trumpets, let our bloody Colours waie,
And either Victorie, or else a Cruace.

Thy, Stay Edward.

Ed. No wrangling Woman, wee no longer day,
Thrice words will call ten thousand lives this day.

Exit women.

Alarum, Exeunt all. Enter Warwick.

War. Force-spent with Toile, as Runners with a Race,
I lay me downe a little while to breathe:
For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Hauve rob'd my strong kine finewes of their strength,
And spight of spight, needs must I left a while.

Enter Edward running.

Ed. Smile gentle heauen, or strike vngentle death,
For this worldfwrome, and Edward Sunne is clowded.

War. How now my Lord, what happe? what hope of good?

Enter Clarence.

Cl. Our hap is lose, our hope but faid dispair'd,
Our ranks are broke, and ruine followes vs.
What countaifle giue you? whether thall we flye?

Ed. Booleste is flight, they follow vs with Wings,
And weake we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah Warwick, why haste withdrawn thy felle?
Thy Brothers blood the thirty earth hath drunk,
Breach'd with the Steely point of Chifforde Louance;
And in the very pangs of death, he cryde,
Like a distaff Clanger heed from farre,
Warwicke, reuenge; Brother, reuenge my death;
So vnderneath the belly of their Steeds,
That flain'd their Fedockes in his smocking blood,
The Noble Gentleman pase vp the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood;
He kill my Herif, because I will not flye :
Why if we like fortes hearted women heere,
Willing our loyfes, whiles the Foe doth Rage,
And looke upon, as if the Tragedie
Were plaide in lift, by counterreitng Actors,
Heree on my knee, I vow to God above,
He never pawne against, never (and till,
Till either death hath clos'd the eyes of mine,
Or Fortune guen me mesure of Reuenge.

Ed. Oli Warwickke, 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 fater vp, and plucker downe of Kings:
Befeeching thee (if with thy will it stands)
That to my Foes this body must be prey,
Yet that thy broken gates of heaven may ope,
And giue sweat passage to my finall soule.
Now Lords, take leave till we meete againe,
Where ere it be, in heaven, or in earth.

Rich. Brother,
Give me thy hand, and gentle Warwicke,
Let me imbrace thee in my weary ames:
I that did never wepe, now melt with wo,
That Winter should cut off our Spring-time so.

War. Away, away:
Once more sweet Lords fauell.

Cl. Yet let vs altogether to our Troopes,
And giue them leave so flye, that will not flye:
And call them Pillars that will stand to vs:
And if we thrive, promise them such rewards
As Victors were at the Olympian Games.
This may plant courage in their quailing breaths,
For yet is hope of Life and Victory.
The cold thineous drinke out of his Leather Bottle,
His wounded sleepe, under a freth trees shade,
All which secure, and sweetely he enjoyes,
Is faire beyond a Princes Delicates:
His Viands sparkling in a Golden Cup,
His bodie couched in a curious bed,
When Care, Misruff, and Treason waites on him.

Alarum. Enter a Saune that hath kill'd his Father, as
one doore: and a Father that hath kill'd his Sonne at anot-
ther doore.

Sen. ills blows the winde that profits no body,
This man whom hand to hand I flewe in right,
May be poufled with some flore of Crownes,
And I that (happe) take them from him now,
May yet (ere night) yeeld both my Life and them
To some man elle, as this dead man doth me.
Who's this? Oh God! It is my Fathers face,
Whom in this Confi, (yowares) have kill'd:
Oh heavy times! begeting such Events.
From London, by the King was I pret forth,
My Father being the Earle of Warwickes man,
 Came on the part of York, prettly in the Mafter:
And I, who at his hands receiued my Life,
Have by my hands, of Life bereaued him.
Pardon me God, I knew not what I did:
And pardon Father, for I knew not thee.
My Teares shall wipe away towe bloody marks:
And no more words, till they have flow'd their fill.
King. O pittieous speach! O bloody Times!
Whiles Lyons Warre and bareails for their Denne,
Poore harmlesse Lambs abide their enmy.
Weepe wretched man: Ie ayde thee Teare for Teare,
And let our hearts and eyes, like Cinni Warre,
Be blinde with teares, and break o're-charg'd with grieue.
Enter Father seeing of his Saune.

Fad. Thou shalt to stoutly hast refildest me,
Ghee me thy Gold, if thou haft any Gold,
For I haue bought it with an hundred blows.
But let me fee: Is this our Foe-mans face?
Ah no, no, no, it is none onely Sonne.
Ah Boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw vp thine eye: see, see, what flowres arife,
Blowne with the winde Tempeft of my heart,
Upon thy woundes, that knifes mine Eye, and Heart.
O pitie God, this miserable Age!
What Straunge how felt how Butcherly?
Erroneous, mutuoun, and vmanatural,
This deadly quarrell daily doth begin.
O Boy! thy Father gane thee life to soone,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

King. Wo aboue wo!greefe, more the common greefe
O that my death would stay thee Rita fullf death deels:
O pity, pitty, gentle heauen pity:
The Red Rose and the White are on his face,
The tastful Colours of his flagging Hauits:
The one, his purple Blood right well resembles,
The other his pale Cheeks (me thinke) preteloth:
Wither one Rose, and let the other flourish:
If you content, a thousand lives mutt watter.

Sen. How will my Mother,for a Fathers death
Take en with me, and she be satisfi'd?

Fad. How will my Wife, for flainge of my Sonne,
Such feaes of Teares, and me be satisfi'd?

King. How will the Country, for these woful chances,
Milt-think e.
The third Part of King Henry the Sixt.

Mut-thinke the King, and not be latisfied?

Som. Was ever sonne, so riev'd a Father's death?

Sad. Was ever Father to father so sonne?

Hau. Was ever sonne to father so sough to Subiects woe?

Much is your sorrow, Mine, ten times so much.

Sad. He beare thee hence, where I may weep my fill.

Sad. Thee or mine of mine shall be thy winding sheete.

My heart. (twee Boy) shall be thy Sepulcher.

For from my heart, thine Image ne'rr shall go.

My fighting brefl, shall be thy Funeral bell.

And so obillicitous will thy father be,

Men for the lofe of thee, bearing no more,

As Priam was for all his Valiant Sonnes,

He beare thee hence, and let them fight that will,

For I have murthered where I should not kill.

Men. Sad. I Heart-felt, much out gone with Care;

Hence fits a King, more wofull then you are.

A loud alarum. Enter Clifford Wounded.

Cliff. Hence burns my Candle out; I see it dies,

Which whiles it lafted, gave King Henry light.

O Lancaster! I fear thy overthrow,

Most of my Bodies past with my Soul: My Loie and Fase, glev'd many Friends to theer,

And now I fall. Thy sough Commissures melts,

Impairing Henry, strengthenings misprood Yorke; And whether fley the Gasts, but to the Sunne?

And who fines now, but Henries Enemies?

O Phoebe! had it thou never gien comfort,

That Phocion should check thy fieri Steeds,

Thy burning Care never had forth the mind.

And Henry, had it thou saw'd Kings should do,

Or as thy Father, and his Father did,

Givings no ground into the hoyle of Yorke,

They never then had sprung like Sommer; Flyes:

I, and ten thousand in this luckless Realme,

Had left no mourning Widowes for our death,

And thou this day, hast for thy Chaire in place,

For what doth cherish Weedes, but gentle ayre?

And what makes Robbers bold, but too much lomtly?

Bootlese are Plains, and Cearlese are my Wounds;

No way to flye, nor strength to hold out flight:

The Foe is merciless, and will not pitty;

For at their bands I have destru'd no pitty.

The ayre hath got into my deadly Wounds,

And much effate of blood, doth make me faint:

Come Tarlye, and Richard, Warniake, and the rem,

I stab'd your Fathers bullets; Split my brefl.


Ed. Now breath we Lords, good for, one bids us paufe,

And smooth the frownes of War, with peacefull looks.

Some Troopers purifie the bloody-minded Queen,

That led one Henry, thought we were a King,

As doth a Saile, fill'd with a fretting Guff,

Command an Argoffe to flee the Wares,

But shynke you(Lords)that Clifford fled with them?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape:

(For though before his face I speake the words)

Your Brother Richard mark's him for the Grane,

And wherfore he is, he is forryly dead.

Cliff. Whole foule is that which takes his heavy lease:

A deadly gone, like life and deaths departing.

See who it is.

Ed. And now the Battailie ended,

If Friend or Foe, let him be gently vied.

Rich. Reuoke that dounes of mercy, for this Clifford,

Who not contented that he lopp'd the Branch,

In hewing Rutland, when his leaves poure forth,

But let his murthering knifes into the Root;

From whence that tender spray did (weeke spring,

I meanes our Princeley Father, Duke of Yorke.

War. From off the gates of Yorke, fetch down ytself,

Your Fathers head, which Clifford placed thare;

In stead whereof, let thisupply the roomse,

Mesure for mesure, must be anwered.

Ed. Bring forth that fatten Schrecheowle to our house,

That nothing fang but death, to vs and ours:

Now death shall (lop his diffault threatening found,

And his ill-boading tongue, no more fpeakice:

War. I thinke is understanding it beffes:

Speak Clifford doft thou know who speaks to thee?

Darke cloudy death ore-fades his beams of life,

And he not sees, nor hearers vs, what we say.

Rich. O would he did, and so (perhaps he doth,

'Tis but his policy to counterfeite,

Because he would avoid such bitter taints:

What in the time of death he gave our Father.

Cla. If so thou thinkst,

Vex him with eager Words.

Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtaine no grace.

Ed. Clifford, repent in boolesle penitence.

War. Clifford, deuise excuses for thy faults.

Cla. While we deuise fell Tortures for thy faults.

Rich. Thou didst't lose Yorke, and I am fento Yorke,

Ed. Thou pitied it Rutland, I will put thee.

Cla. Where's Captain Margaret, to fence you now?

War. They mock thee Clifford,

Swears as thou wostn't work.

Rich. What not an Oath! Nay then the would go's hard

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 houres life,

That (in all deight) might rayle at him,

This hand should chop it off: 

With the influing Blood

Stifle the Villaine, whose unflanched thift

Yorke, and young Rutland could not satifie

War. 1, but he's dead. Of with the Traitors head,

And reate it in the place your Fathers hands,

And now to London with Triumpht march.
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

The Tyger will be milde, whiles the doth moure,
And Aire will be taint with remorse.
To hear and see her plaints, her Benifh Teares,
I, but she s e I come to begge, Warwicke to glue:
Shew on his left side, courting syde for Henry;
He on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
Shew Weepes, and fayes, her Henry is depos'd;
He Smiles, and fayes, his Edward is intufl'd;
That fierce (poore Wrench) for greene can speake no more:
Whiles Warwicke teizs his Title, smoothes the Wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,
And in conclusion winnes the King from her,
With promife of his Sister, and what elle;
To strengthen and support King Edwards place.
O Margaret, thus'll we be, and thou (poore foule)
Art then forlorn, as thou wast forlorn.

Hun. Say, what art thou talk'tl of Kings & Queens?
King. More then I feene, and leffe then I was born to:
A man at leaft, for leffe I should not be:
And men may talk of Kings, and why not I?

Hun. I, but thou talk'tl, as if thou wert a King.
King. Why fo I am (in Minde) and that's enough.
Hun. But if thou be a King, where is thy Crowne?
King. My Crowne is in my heart, not on my head:
Not clo'd with Diamonds, and Indian warne;
Not to be seen; my Crowne, is call'd Content,
A Crowne it is, that fildome Kings enjoy.

Hun. Well, if you be a King crown'd with Content,
Your Crowne Content, and you, must be contented
To go along with vs. (for as we thinke)
You are the King; Edward hath depos'd
And we his Subjects, frowne in all Allegeance,
Will apprett you, as his Enemy.

King. But did you never swear, and break an Oath,
Hun. No, never such an Oath, nor will not now.
King. Where did you dwell when I was King of England?
Hun. Here, in this Country, where we now remaine.
King. I was appointed King at nine months old,
My Father, and my Grandfather were Kings:
And you were frowne true Subjects unto me:
And tell me then, have you not broke your Oathes?
Sin. No, for we were Subjects, but while you were King.
King. Why? Am I dead? Do I not breath a Man?
A simple men, you know not what you fwear.
Lookc, as I blow this Feather from my Face,
And as the Ayre blowes it to me againe,
Obeying with my winde, when I do blow,
And veilding to another, when it blowes,
Commanded always by the greater gulf:
Such is the lightnesse of you, common men.
But do not break your Oathes, for of that fame,
My inkle interest shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded,
And by you kings, command, and I obey.

Sucke. We are true Subjects to the king,
King Edward.

Sin. So would you be againe to Henrie,
If he were creat'd at King Edward is.

Sucke. We charge you in Gods name & the Kings,
To go with vs unto the Officers.

Kings. In Gods name lead, your Kings name be obeyed,
And what God will, that let your King performe,
And what he will, I humbly yeld unto.

Enter K. Edward, Glofle, Clarence, Lady Gray,
King. Brother of Glofle, at S. Albans field.
This Ladies Husband, Sir Richard Grey was slain, 
Her Land then seiz'd on by the Conqueror. 
Her suit is now, to repoffe the Chiefs Lands, 
Which wee in lufice cannot well deny, 
Because in Quarrel of the House of York, 
The worthy Gentleman did lose his Life.

Rich. Your Highnesse shall doe well to graunt her suit: 
It were dishonor to deny it her. 
King. It were no leffe, but yet I like a pause, 
Rich. Yes, it is so: 
I see the Lady hath a thing to graunt, 
Before the King will graunt her humble suit. 

Clarence. Hee knowes the Game, how true hee keepes 
the winde? 
King. Widow, we will consider of your suit, 
And come some other time to know our minde.

Wid. Right gracious Lord, I cannot brooke delay: 
May it please your Highnesse to relive me now, 
And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.

Rich. 1 Widow? then Ile warrant you all your Lands, 
And if what pleases him, shall satisfy you: 
Fight euer, or good faith you're catch a Blow. 
Clarence. I feare not, neither the cheene to fail. 
Rich. God forbid that, for hee'take vantages. 
King. How many Children haft thou, Widow? I tell thee, 
Clarence. I think he meanes to begge a Child of her. 
Rich. Nay then whip me: hee'l rather give her two. 
Wid. Three, my most gracious Lord. 
Rich. You shall haue toure, if you be'rul'd by him. 
King. 'Twere pittie they should lose their Fathers Lands. 

Rich. Be pittfull, dread Lord, and graunt it then. 
King. Lords graue vs leave, Ile trie this Widoow with. 
Rich. I good leave haue you, for you will hauue leave, 
Till Youth take leave, and leave you to the Crutch. 

King. Now tell me, Madame, doe you loue your Children? 
Wid. I, as dearly as I loue my selfe. 
King. And would you not doe much to doe them good? 

Wid. To doe them good, I would suffyayne some harme. 
King. Then get your Husbands Lands, to doe them good. 
Wid. Therefore I came vnto your Maister. 
King. Ile tell you how those Lands are to be got. 

Wid. So shall you bind me to your Highnesse service, 
King. What service wilt thou doe me, if I giue thee? 
Wid. What you command, that refts in me to doe. 
King. But you will take exceptions to my Boone, 
Wid. No, gracious Lord, except I cannot doe it. 
King. I but thou canst doe what I meant to aske. 

Wid. Why then I will doe what your Grace commands. 
Rich. Hee plyes her hard, and much Raine weares the Marble. 
Clar. As red as fire? say then, her Wax must melt. 

Wid. Why ploupes my Lord? I shall not heare my Taske? 

King. An eafe Taske, its but to looue a King. 
Wid. That's done perform'd, because I am a Subiect. 

Rich. Then, thy Husbands Lands I freely giue thee.

Rich. I take my leave with many thousand thanks. 

Rich. The March is made, these scales it with a Carfe, 
King. But hey thee, 'tis the fruits of loue I meant. 

Wid. The fruits of Loue, I meane, my loving Liege. 
King. I, but I fear me in another fence. 

What Loue, thinke'lt thou, I see so much to get? 
Wid. My loue doth live, my humble thanks, my prayers, 
That loue which Vertue begges, and Vertue grants. 

King. No, by my troth, I did no: meane such loue. 
Wid. Why then you meane not, as I thought you did, 
King. But now you partly may perceive my minde, 

Wid. My minde will never graunt what I perceive. 
Your Highnesse synes at, if I syme aight. 

King. To tell thee plainly, I syme to lyce with thee. 
Wid. To tell you plainly, I had rather lyce in Prison. 

King. Why then thou shalt not have thy Husbands Lands. 

Wid. Why then mine Honofile shall be my Dower, 
For by that laske, I will not purchase them. 

King. Therin thou wrongst thy Children mightily, 
Wid. Herein your Highnesse wrongs both them & me; 
But mightie Lord, this merry inclination 
Accords not with the fadness of my fure. 
Pleaze you difniffle me, eyther wish for no. 

King. If thou wilt fay to i my request; 
No, if thou do'ft fay No to my demand, 

Rich. Then No, my Lord, my fuit is at an end. 

Rich. The Widow likes him nor, shee knits her Browses. 

Clarence. Hee is the bluntest Woor in Chriftendome.

King. Her Lookes doth argue her repeite with Modefly, 
Her Words doth shew her Wit incomparable, 
All her perfections challenge Soueraigne, 
One way, or other, fie is for a King, 
And thefe shall be my Loue, or elfe my Queene. 
Say, that King Edward take thee for his Queene? 

Wid. 'Tis better faid then done, my gracious Lord: 
I am a subiect fit to beas withall, 
But farse vafht to be a Soueraigne. 

King. Sweet Widow, by my State I swear to thee, 
I speake no more then what my Soule intends, 
And that is, to enjoy thee for my Loue. 

Wid. And that is more then I will yeld vnto: 
I know, I am too meane to bee your Queene, 
And yet too good to be your Concubine. 

King. You cauull, Widow, I did meane my Queene, 

Wid. 'Twill grieve your Grace, my Sonses should call you Father. 

King. No more then when my Daughters 
Call the mother. 
Thou art a Widow, and thou haft some Children, 
And by Gods Mother, I being but a Bachelor, 
Have other-some, Why, 'tis a happy thing, 
To be the Father vnto many Sonses: 
Answere no more, for thou shalt be my Queene. 

Rich. The Ghostly Father now hath done his Shift. 

Clarence. When hee was made a Shriuer, itwas for thift.

King. Brothers, you mufe what Chat wee two have had. 

Rich. The Widow likes it not, for shee looks very sad. 

King. You'd think it strange, if I should marrie her. 

Clarence. To who, my Lord? 

Rich. Why Clarence, so my felle. 

Rich, That.
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

Rich. That would be tenne days wonder at the least,
Clarence. That's a day longer than a Wonder lasts.
Rich. By much the Wonder is in extremest.
King. Well, jealt on Brothers; I can tell you both,
Her suit is granted for her Husband's Land.

Enter a Noble man.

Nob. My gracious Lord, Henry your Foe is taken,
And brought your Prisoner to your Palacie Gate.
King. See that he be convey'd into the Tower:
And give wee Brothers to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.
Widow give you along: Lords vse her honourable.

Mater Richard.

Rich. 1. Edward will vse Women honourably;
Would he were availed, Marrow, Bone, and all,
That from his Loynes no hopefull Branch may spring,
To cross me from the Golden time I looke for:
And yet, betweene my Soules desire, and use,
The fullfult Edward's Title bury'd,
Is Clarence, Henry, and his Sonne young Edward,
And all the vnlook'd d-for Lisue of their Bodies,
To take their Roomes, are I can place my selfe;
A cold premeditacion for my purpose.
Why then I doe but dreame on Sourcagntie,
Like one that stands upon a Promontorie,
And lyes a faire-off Short, where hee would tread,
Withing his feet were equal with his eye,
And chases the Sea, that funder him from thence,
Saying he'se lade it dry, to haue his way:
So dee I with the Crowne, bringing so faire off,
And sol i finde the meanes that keeps me from it,
And so (I say) Ile cut the Cauks off,
Flattering me with impossibilitie:
My Eyes too quicke, my Heart too-swenees too much,
Volett: my Hand and Strenghes could equal them.
Well, say there is no Kingdome then for Richard:
What other Plesure can the World afford?
He make my Heauen in a Ladies Lapp,
And deckt my Body in gay ornamentes,
And with my Loores Ladies with my Words and Looks,
Oh miserable Thought! and more wilckile.
Then to accomplish Showered Golden Crownes;
Why Louise forlorn I was in my Mothers Wombe:
And so I should not deale in her soft Laves,
Shee did corrupt fraile Nature with some Brites,
To Girinkle mine Arme vp like a witherd shrub,
To make an eminious Mountain on my Back,
Where fits Deformitie to looke my Body;
To make my Legges of an unequall fize,
To dis-proportion me in every part:
Like to a Chaos, or an vn-luck'd Bearer-wheele,
That caryes no impression like the Dane.
And if I am then a man to be beloud?
Oh monstrous fault, to haue borbur such a thought.
Then since this Earth affords no joy to me,
But to command to check, to order, bear fault,
As are of better: Perfon then my selfe,
Ie make my Heauen, to dreame upon the Crowne,
And whiles I live, account this world but Hell,
Vntil my miss-drop'd Trunke, that bears this Head,
Be round impaled with a glorious Crowne,
For many Limes stand betweene me and home.

And I, like one lost in a Thornie Wood,
That rents the Thorne, and is rent with the Thorne,
Seeking a way, and falling from the way,
Not knowing how to finde the open Ayre,
But toiling desperatly to finde it out,
Tomentum my selfe, to catch the English Crowne:
And from that torment I will free my selfe,
Oh how my way out with a bloody Axe,
Why I can smile, and mutter whiles I smile,
And ery Content, to that which griefes my Heart,
And weere my Cheekes with artificiall Tears,
And frame my Face to all occasions.
Hee drownes more Saylers then the Mermaid shall,
Hee flye more gazers then the BafHikte,
He play the Orator as well as Nero,
Decieme more flyly then Fisler could,
And like a Syren, take another Troy.
I can adde Colours to the Carmelion,
Change shapes with Prussian, for advantages,
And set the murderous Malmont to School;
Can I doe this, and cannot get a Crowne?
Tut, were it farther off, Ie plucke it downe.

Flourish.

Later Lewis the French King, his Sister Bona, his
Admirall, called Bonner; Prince Edward,
Queen Margaret, and the Exile of Oxford.
Laein set, and righst vp agayne.

Lewis. Faire Queene of England, worthy Margaret,
Sit down with you: it ill bese thys State,
And Birth, that thou shouldt if stand, while Lewis doth sit.

Marg. No, mightie King of France now Margaret,
Mutterth she her stye, and leaue me a while to feare,
Where Kings command, I was (I must confesse)
Great Alibons Queene,inf endings Golden dayes:
But now mischance hath trode my Title downe,
And with dis-honor layd me on the ground,
Where I must take like Seat into my fortune,
And to my humble Seat conforming my selfe.

Lewis. Why say, faire Queene, whence springs this
deppe dispaire?
Marg. From such a causse, as fills mine eyes with tears;
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.
Lewis. What erie it be, be thou still like thy selfe,
And sitt thee by our side.

Seate her by him;
Yeeld not thy necke to Fortunes yoke,
But let thy dauntlesse mind still ride in triumph,
Over all mischance.
Be plaine, Queene Margaret, and tell thy griefes,
It shall be said, if France can yeld relief.

Marg. Tho the spurious words
Reuise my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue ty'd bowles leave to speake.
Now therefore be it knowne to Noble Lewis,
That Henry, doth posseffion of my Lore;
Is of a King, become a banish't man,
And forc'd to live in Scotland and Foreinne;
While proud ambitious Edward, Duke of York,
Vnflirsh the Regall Title, and the Seet
Of Englands true anointed Lawfull King.
This is the causse that I, poor Margaret,
With this my Sonne, Prince Edward, Henries Heire,
Am come to cruse thy self and lawfull yeade:
And if thou failest vs, all our hope is done,
Scotland hath will to helpe, but cannot helpe.

Our
Our People, and our Peeres, are both mist-fed, Our Treasure feiz'd, our Soultours put to flight, And (as thou sees) our sufles in haute plight. 

Lewis, Renowned Queen.
With patience calme the Storme, While we both think of a means to brake it off. 

Marg. The more wee fly, the stronger grows our Fee. 

Lewis. The more I fly, the more Ile succour thee. 

Marg. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow. And fee where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter Warwicke.

Lewis. What's hee approacheth boldly to our presence? 


Lewis. Welcome brave Warwicke, what brings thee to France? 

For this is hee that bores both Wydes and Tyde. 

Warw. From worthy Edward, King of Albion, My Lord and Soveraigne, and thy vowed Friend, I come (in Kindness, and vouchsaft Loue,) First, to doe greetings to thy Royall Person, And then to create a League of Amity: And lastly, to confirme that Amity With Nuptiall Knosi, thou vouchsafe to gran't That vertuous Lady Bossa, thy faire Sifter, To Englands King, in lawfull Marriage.

Marg. If that goe forward, Henry's hope is done. 

Warw. And gracious Madame, Speaking to Bossa, In our Kings behalfe, I am comanded, with your leaue and favor, Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my Tongue To tell the passion of my Soveraigne Heart: Where fame, late entering at his headfull Eares, Hath plac'd thy Beauties Image, and thy Vertece. 

Marg. King Lewis, and Lady Bossa, hear me speake, Before you and your Warwicke. His demand Springs not from Edwards well-meaned honest Loue, But from Deceits, bred by Neceffity. For how can Tyrants safely governe home, Villifies abroad, they purchase great allayance? To prove him Tyrant, this reason may suffice, That Henry loath'd will: but were hee dead, Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henrers Sonne. 

Look therefore Lewis, that by this League and Marriage Thou draw not on thy Danger, and Dis-honor: For though Vipers sway the rule a while, Yet Heads are dark and Time approdeth Wrong. 

Warn. Injurious Margaretts.

Edw. And why not Queen? 

Warw. Because thy Father Henry did usurp, And thou no more art Prince, then thee is Queen, Osy. Then Warwicke disaffils great Iohn of Gaunt, Which did subdue the greatest part of Spaine; And after Iohn of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth, Who'de whole World was a Mirror to the wiflet; And after that wife Prince, Henry the Fifth: Who by his Prowesse conquer'd all France: From there, our Henry lineally descends. 

Warn. Oxford, how hap'st it in this smooth discourse, You told not, how Henry the Sixth hath loft All that, which Henry the Fifth had gotten:

Me thinkes these Peeres of France should smile at that, But for the reft, you tell a Pedigree Of threecore and two yeeres, a silly time To make preadigmation for a Kingdome worth, Osy: Why Warwicke, canst thou speake against thy Liege, Whom thou obey'dst (tho' thrice and fix yeeres, And not bewray this Treatise with a Bluff? 

Warn. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right, Now buckler Falsehood with a Pedigree? For shame Leeue Henry, and call Edward King.

Osy. Call him my King, by whose inuious doome My elder Brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere Was done to death: and more then so, my Father, Even in the downe-fall of his mellow'd yeeres, When Nature brought him to the doore of Death? No Warwicke, no, while Life upholds this Arme, This Arme upholds the House of Lancaster, Warn. And I the House of York. 

Lewis, Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford, Vouchsafe at our request, to stand aside, While I yeare further conference with Warwicke. They stand aside.

Lewis. Heau'n, graunt, that Warwicke words be with him not. 

Lewis. Now Warwicke, tell me eu'n upon thy conscience Is Edward your true King? Or I were both To linke with him, that were not lawfull chosen, Warn. Therecon I pawne my Ct. it, and mine Honor. 

Lewis. But is hee gracious in the Peoples eye? 

Warn. The more, that Henry was unfortunate, Lewis. Then further: all diflembling set aside, Tell me for truth, the measure of his Loue Into our Sifier Bossa. 

War. Such it beemes, As may beforme a Monarch like himselfe. My felle haue oftentimes heard him say, and swears, That this his Loue was an external Plant, Whereof the Root was fixt in Vertues ground, The Leaues and Fruit maintain'd with Beauties Sunne, Exempt from Envy, but not from Difdaine, Villiffe the Lady Bossa quit his pane. 

Lewis. Now Sire, I wish this word to be resolute. Bossa. Your graunt, or your denyal, shall be mine, Yet I confesse, that often ere this day, Speaks to War. When I have heard your Kings defert recounted, Mine care hath tempered judgment to desire. 

Lewis. Then Warwicke, thus: 

Our Sifier shall be Edwards. 

And now forthwith shall Articles be drawne, Touching the Ioynture that your King must make, Which with her Dowrie shall be counter-poys'd: Draw neere, Queen Margaret, and be a witnesse, That Bossa shall be Wife to the English King: 

Pr. Edw. To Edward, but not to the English King. 

Marg. Deceitfull Warwicke, it was thy deuice, By this alliaence to make void my fuit: Before thy comming, Lewis was Henrers friend. 

Lewis. And fliil is friend to him, and Margaret, But if your Title to the Crowne be weake, As may appear by Edwards good successe; Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd From giving ayde, which late I promis'd. 

Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand, That your Efface requires, and mine can yield. 

War. Henry now liues 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 maintain you,
And better 't were, you troubled him, then France.

_The_ Peace impudent, and shameless Warwicke,
Proud fetter vp, and puller downe of Kings,
I will not hence, till with my Talke and Tears
(Both full of Truthe) I make King Louis behold
Thy false connivance, and thy Lords false love,
Put blemishing a horne Within.

For both of you are Birds of selfe-same Feather.

_Loue._ Warwicke, this is some poete to vs, or thee.
Enter the Poete.

_Poete._ My Lord Ambassador,
Thefe Letters are for you.

_Speakers to Warwicke._
Sent from your Brother Marquess Montague.
Thefe from our King, into your Maiefty.
To _Loue._
And Madam, thefe for thee.
From whom, I know not.

_They all read their Letters._

_Oxf._ I like it well, that our faire Queene and Misrifs
Smiles at her newes, while Warwicke frownes at his,
Prince Ed. Nay marke how _Loue_ Rampes as he were
Netted, I hope all for the best.

_Loue._ Warwicke, what are thy Newes?
And yours, faire Queene?

_Mar._ Mine such as fill my heart with vnhop'd joyes yet.
_War._ Mine full of sorrow, and hearts discontent.

_Loue._ What has your King married the Lady Grey?
And now to sooth your Forgeries, and his,
Sends me a Paper to periwade me Patience?
Is this the Alliance that he feakes with France?
Dare he preume to _forme_ vs in this manner?

_Mar._ I told your Maiefty as much before:
This proud Edward, Louis, and Warwicke honestly.
_War._ King Louis, I heere protest in fight of heauen,
And by the hope I haue of heavenly bllife,
That I am cleere from this mislene of _Edward_;
No more my King, for he diuhiors me,
But mott himselfe, if he could fee his flame.
Did I forget, that by the Houfe of Yorke
My Father came vngrily to his death?
Did I let paife th'abufe done to my Nece?
Did I impale him with the Regal Crown?
Did I put Henry from his Nation Right?
And am I guarnd at the left, with Shame?
Shame on himselfe, for my Defers is Honor.
And to repaire my Honor left for him,
I heere renounce him, and returne to _Henry_.
My Noble Queene, let former grudges paife,
And henceforth, I am thy true Seruant,
I will revenge his wrong to _Lady Bona_,
And replaunt Henry in his former flare.

_War._ Warwicke,
These words haue turn'd my Harte, to Loue,
And I forgue, and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becom'st King Henryes Friend.
_War._ So much his Friend, I, his unfained Friend,
That if King Louis vouchsafe to furnish vs
With some few Bands of choen Solidours,
I endeavoure to Land them on our Coaft,
And force the Tyrant from his fear 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 whatten Luft, then Honor,

Or then for strength and safety of our Country.

_Bona._ Deere Brother, how shall _Bona_ be reveng'd,
But by thy helpe to this disrrted Queene?

_Mar._ Renowne Prince, how shall _Poore_ _Henry_ live,
Vnlefe thou refuse him from foule dispaire?

_Bona._ My quarrel, and this English Queene, are one.
_War._ And mine faire _Lady Bona_, joyne with yours.

_Low._ And mine, with hers, and thine, and _Margaret_.
Therefore, as I, I firmly am resolv'd
You shall haue as ye.

_Loue._ Let me give humble thankes for all, at once.
_Loue._ Then Englands Meffengers returne in Poete,
And tell male Edward, thy suppos'd King,
That _Loue_ of France, is sending our Maskers
To receuil it with him, and his new Bride.
They seft what a paff, goe feare thy King withall.
_Bona._ Tell him, in hope he'll proue a widower shortly,
I seare the Willow Garland for his sake.

_Mar._ Tell him, my mourning weeps are late deafe,
And I am ready to put Armor on.
_War._ Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore lle vn-Crowne him, cr't be long.
There's thy reward, be gone.

_Exit Pofte._

_Low._ But Warwicke,
Thou and Oxford, with fivte thouand men
Shall croffe the Seas, and bid false Edward battaile:
And as occasion ferves, this Noble _Queene_
And Prince, shall follow with a frefh Supply,
Yet ere thou go, but anwer me one doubt:
What Pledge have we of thy firme Loyalty?
_War._ This shall affure my constant Loyalty,
That if our Queene, and this young Prince agree,
ルーorne mine eldeft daughter, and my loy,
To him forthwith, in holy Wedlock bands.
_Mar._ Yes, I agree, and thank you for your Motion,
Some _Edward_, he is Exire and Vetricus,
Therefore delay not, gyue thy hand to Warwicke,
And with thy hand, thy faith irreuocable,
That once Warwicke daughter shall be thine.

_Exit Ed. III._

_Exit Ed. IV._

_Low._ Yes, I accepther, for shee does deferve it,
And heere to pledge my Vow, I gyue my hand.

_He gives his hand_ to _War._

_Low._ Why stay we nower? These foldiers shalbe legned,
And thou Lord _Bunbon_, our high Admiraile
Shall waft them over with our Royall Fleece.
I long till _Edward_ fall by _Warres_ mifchance,
For mocking Marriage with a Dame of France.

_Exit. Mar. and Warwicke._

_War._ I came from _Edward_ as Ambassador,
But I returne his Iworne and mortall foe:
Master of Marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadfull _Warre_ shall anwser his demand.
Had he none eile to make a faire but me?
Then none but I, shall tune his left to _Sorrow_.
I was the Cheefe that rais'd him to the Crowne,
And he Cheefe to bring him downe againe:
Not that I pitty _Henryes_ wilie,
But feake _Reuenge_ on _Edward_ mockery.

_Exit._

_Enter Richard, Clarence, Somerfet, and Montague._

_Rich._ Now tell me Brother _Clarence_, what thinke you
Of his new Marriage with the _Lady Gay_?
Hath not our Brother made a worthy choice?

_Cla._ Alas, you know, this arrie from hence to France,

How.
The third Part of King Henry the Sixt.

How could he stay till Warwick made return?  
Sott. My Lords, forbear this tale here comes the King.

Flourish.

Enter King Edward, Lady Grey, Penbrooke, Stafford, Hasting: some stand on one side, and some 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 our Choice, 
That you hang penose, as halfe malecontent?  
F ortune, as well as Lewis of France, 
Or the Earle of Warwick,  
Which are so weake of courage, and in judgement, 
That they le take no offence at our abufe,  
King. Suppose they take offence without a cause:  
They are but Lewis and Warwick, I am Edward, 
Your King and Warwick, and must have my will.  
Rich. And shall have your will, because our King:  
Yet I shall have my谟re, and some growth well.  
King. Yea, Brother Richard, are ye offended too?  

God forbid, that I should with them tester'd,  
Whom God hath ioyn'd together:  
I, and were pitable, to fonder them, 
That youke to well togetherto.

King. Setting your skorne, and your mislike aside, 
Tell me some reason, why the Lady Grey
Should not become my Wife, and Englandes Queene?
And you too, Somerset, and Moun感官, 
Speake freely what you thinke.

Clarence. Then this is mine opinion:  
That King Lewis becomes your Enemy, 
And marrie the Lady Grey.

Of the Leafe Bome.

Rich. And Warwick, doing what you gaine in charge,  
Is now dis-honored by this newe Marriage.

King. What, if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd,  
By such inuention as I can devise?  
Moun感官. Yet, to have ioyn'd with France in such alliance,  
Would more have strength to cede our Commonwealth.  
Gauft foraine force come, or any home-bred Marriage
Hait. Why, knowes not Moun感官, that oftens,  
England is safest, if true within it selfe?  
Moun感官. But the safer, when 'tis back'd with France.  
Hait. 'Tis better vning France, then truffing France:  
Let vs be back'd with God, and with the Seas,
Which he hath giuen for fence impossible,  
And with these helps, onely defend our flaves:  
In them, and in our fables, our faftye lyes.
Clar. For this one speech, Lord Hastings well deservs  
To have the Heire of the Lord Hungerford.

King. I, what of that? it was my will, and grant,  
And for this once, my Will shall stand for Law.

Rich. And yet me thinke, your Grace hath not done well,  
To dishonour the Heire, and interest of Lord Scalts  
Into the Brother of your loving Bride:  
Shee better would have fittted me, or Clarence:  
But in your Bredie you burie Brotherhood,  
Clar. Or else you would not have bellow'd the Heire  
Of the Lord Scalts? on your new Wifes Somme,  
And leave your Brothers to gope speed elsewhere.

King. This is no brieve, but for a Wife
That those are malecontent, it will provoke thee.

Clarence. In chusing for thy felle,  
You show'd your judgment:  
Which being fallaw, you shall 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 cause, Edward will be King,  
And not be tryed into his Brothers will.

Lady Grey. My Lords, before it please'd his Maiestie  
To rafle my State to Title of a Queene,  
Doe me but right, and you must all confesse,  
That I was not ignoble of Deceit,  
And meaner then my felle issue had like fortune.  
But as this Title honours me and mine,  
So you doth divers things, I am no pleasing,  
Doth cloud my joyes with danger, and with borowe.

King. My Loeue, forbeare to favme open their frownnes  
What danger, or what forrow can befal thee,  
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,  
And their true Soueraigne, whom they mutt obey?  
Nay, whom they shall obey, and lone thee too,  
While they leke for hatred at my hands:  
Which if they desire not, let it be as well:  
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Rich. I heare, yet say not much, but thinke the more.

Enter a Page.

King. Now Messengers, what Letters, or what Newes  
From France?

Paft. My Soueraigne Liege, no Letters, or few words,  
But such, as I (without your speciall pardon)  
Dare not relate.

King. Goe too, wee pardon thee:
Therefore, in briefe, tell me their words,  
As seere as thou canst give them.  
What answers he made him, to the Letters?

Paft. At my depart, the were his very words:

Goe tell falles Edward, the suppos'd King,
That Lewis of France is sending out Maskers,
To recall it with him, and his newe Bride.

King. Is Lewis so braves in which he thinkes me Henry?
But what said Lady Bona to my Marriage?

Paft. There were her words, writ't with mild disdaine:
Tell him, in hope he may prove a Widower shortly,
I heare the Willow Garland for his fake.

King. I blame not her; she could say little leffe:  
She had the wrong. But what said Hounse Queene?
For I heare, that she was there in place.

Paft. Tell him (quoth he)
My mourning Weekes are done,  
And I am ready to put Armour on.

King. Believe the minds to play the Amazon.  
But what said Warwick to these injuries?

Paft. He, more incendi against your Maiestie,  
Then all the rest, discharge'd me with these words:
Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,  
And therefore Ie uncrown him, eat'nt be long.

King. I haue sent the Tracer, and most of proud words?
Well, I will arme me, being thus fore-warn'd:  
They shall have Warres, and pay for their presupmption:  
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

Paft. I, gracious Soueraigne,
They are so link'd in friendship,
That yong Prince Edward manyes Warwick Daughter.

Clarence. Believe the elder:  
Clarence will have the younger.

Now
Enter three Watchmen to guard the King's Tent.

1. Watch. Come on my Master, each man take his stand, The King by this, is set him downe to sleepe.
2. Watch.

Why then, Jet's on our way in silent fort, For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George, Extant.

Applaud the Name of Henry, with your Leader. They all cry, Henry.

Enter Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George, Extant.
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 Warwick, in delight of all mischance,
Of thee thy selfe, and all thy Complices,
Edward will always bear himselfe as King:
Though Fortunes mallice overthrow my State,
My minde exceeds the compass of her Wheel.

Warw. Then for his minde, be Edward Englands King,
Take off his Crowne.

But Henry now shall weare the English Crowne,
And be true King indeed; thou but the shadow.
My Lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd
Vnto my Brother Arch-Bishop of Yorke:
When I have fought with Pembroke, and his fellows,
He follow you, and tell what answer
Lewes and the Lady Tansend to him.
Now for a while farewell good Duke of Yorke.
They take him very forcibly.

K. Ed. What Fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to refit both winde and tide. Exeunt.

E. R. What now remains my Lords for vs to do,
But march to London with our Soldiers?
Warw. I, that's the first thing that we have to do,
To free King Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the Regall Throne.

Enter Rivers, and Lady Gray.

Riw. Madam, what makes you in this fodain change?
Gray. Why Brother Rivers, are you yet to learn
What late misfortune is befalling King Edward?
Riw. What loffe of some pitch batell
Against Warwick?
Gray. No, but the losse of his owne Royall person.
Riw. Then is my Sovereigne slain?
Gray. I almost blame, for he is taken prisoner,
Either betrayed by fallhood of his Guard,
Or by his Foe surpriz'd at unawares;
And if I further haue to understand,
Is new committed to the Bishop of Yorke,
Fell Warwickes Brother, and by that our Foe.
Riw. These News I must confesse are full of griefe,
Yet gracious madam, beare it as you may,
Warwicke may looke, that now hath wonne the day.
Gray. Till then, your hope must hinder liues decay:
And I the rather waive me from dispaire
For loue of Edwards Offspring in my wome:
This is that makes me bridle paffion,
And bear with Mildnese my misfortunes croffe:
I, for this I draw in many a tear,
And flop the rifting of blood-foaking sighes,
Left with my fleshes or tears, I blast or drowne
King Edwards Fiuite, true byrte to th'English Crowne.
Riu. But Madam,
Where is Warwick then become?
Gray. I am informed he comes towards London,
To see the Crowne once more on Honor's head,
Gueffe thou the rest, King Edwards Friends must downe,
But to prevent the Tyrant in the same
(For trueth not him that hath once broken Faith)
Ile hence forthwith unto the Sanctuary,

To sue (at least the heire of Edwards right)
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud:
Come therefore let vs flye, while we may flye,
If Warwick take vs, we are sure to dye. 


Ric. Now my Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this theatrell Theaters of the Parks.
Thus fland the case: you know our King, my Brother,
Is prisoner to the Bishop here, at whole hands
He hath good visage, and great liberty,
And often but attended with weak guard,
Come hunting this way to dispost himselfe.
I have advetis'd him by secret messmes,
That if about this house he make this way,
Vnder the colour of his visuall game,
He shall here finde his Friends with Horse and Men,
To set him free from his Captuitive.

Enter King Edward, and a Huntsman
with him.

Huntsman. This way my Lord,
For this way lies the Game.
King Edw. Nay this way men,
See where the Huntmen stand.
Now Brother of Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close to stale the Bishops Deere?
Ric. Brother, the time and there, requireth haile,
Your Horse stands ready at the Parke-corner.
King Ed. But whether shall we then?
Haut. To Lyn my Lord,
And shipt from hence to Flanders.
Ric. Weel guest beleue me, for that was my meaning
K. Ed. Stanley, I will require thy forwardnesse.
Ric. But wherefore is thy late to do talle.
K. Ed. Huntman, what say'st thou?
Wilt thou go along?
Haut. Better do so, then tarry and be hang'd.
Ric. Come then away, lest ha no more ado.
K. Ed. Bishoof farwell,
Sheild thee from Warwickes Crowne
And pray that I may re-poisifie the Crowne.

Exeunt.

Enter King Henry the fext, Clarence, Warwick, Somerset, young Henry, Oxford, Montaigne, and Lieutenant.

K.Hen. M. Lieutenant, now that God and Friends
Hau' shak'n Edward from the Regall seat,
And turn'd thy captivitie slate to libertie,
My feast to hope, my sorrowes into joyes,
At our enlargement what are thy due Fees?
Lau. Subiects may challenge nothing of their Sou'rains
But, if an humble prayer may prevaile,
I then crave pardon of your Maiestie.
K. Hen. For what, Lieutenant? for well vifing me?
Nay, be thou sure, ile well require thy kindnesse.
For that it made my imprisonment, a pleasure:
1, such a pleasure, as incaged Birds
Conceive when after many moody Thoughts,
At last, by Notes of Hau'tfield harmonic,
They quite forget their lets of Libertie.
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

Enter a Page.

War. What news, my friend?

Page. That Edward is escaped from your Brother, And fled (as he heares since) to Burgundie.

War. Valuable news; but how made he escape?

Page. He was conveyd'by Richard, Duke of Gloucester, And the Lord Halyfry, who attended him.

In secret ambush, on the Forrest side, And from the Bishops Hunsfmen refued him:

For Hunting was his dayly Exercise.

War. My Brother was too carelesse of his charge.

But let us hence, my Sovereigne, to provide
A salve for any sore, that may betide.

Enter Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford.

Som. My Lord, I like not of this flight of Edward:

For doubleflie, Burgundie will yield him helpe, And we shall have more Wares before long.

As Henrys late prefigring Prophecy

Did glad my heart, with hope of this young Richmond:

So doth my heart mis-place me, in these Conflicts,

What may befall him, to his harms and ours.

Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,

Forwith wee lef send him hence to Britannie,

Till thsomes be past of Cuill Ermitie.

Oxf. My Lords, and you, the Bishops, and the Crowne,

Tis like that Richmond, with the rest, shall downe.

Som. It shall be so; he shall to Britannie,

Come therefore, let's about it speedily.

Exeunt.


Edw. Now Brother Richard, Lord Halyfry, and the rest,

Yet thus faire Fortune maketh vs amend,

And fayes, that once more I shal enterchange

My wained state, for Henrys Regall Crowne.

We halfe we pafs'd, and now re-pafs'd the Seas,

And brought defired helpe from Burgundie.

What then remaines, we being thus arriv'd

From Rauenspurge, Hauen, before the Gates of Yorkes,

But that we enter, as into our Dukedom?

Rich. The Gates made fast?

Brother, I like not this.

For many men that flumble at the Threhold,

Are well fore-foreld, that danger lurkes within.

Edw. Tuff man, obdurations must not now affright vs:

By faire or foule means we must entre in,

For either will our friends repaire to vs.

Haly. My Lord, the knacks once more, to summon them.

Enter on the Wall, the Cause of Yorkes,

And his Brethren.

Som. My Lords,

We were fore-warned of thy comming,

And that the Gates, for safety of our trues;

For now we owe allegiance to Henry,

Edw. But, Master, how fhen you be your King.

Yet Edward, at the least, is Duke of Yorkes.

Som. True, my good Lord, I know you not leffe.

Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my Dukedom,

As being well content with that alone.
Rich. But when the Fox hath once got in his Noke, 
Hee le finde finall meane to make the Body follow.
Hath. Why, Master Maior, why stand you in a doubt? 
Open the Gates, we are King Henry's friends.
Mair. I say you so; the Gates shall then be opened. 
He defends.

Act v. Sc. iii.

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,
When, ife are not man, but yield me vp the Keys,
Takethin Keys.
For Edward will defend the Towne, and thee, 
And all those friends, that dare to follow mee.

March. Enter Montgomery, with Drumme 
and Souldiers.
Rich. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trustie friend, vnlike I be deceiv'd.
Edw. Welcome Sir John: but why come you in 
Armes?

Mont. To helpe King Edward in his time of storme, 
As every loyal Subiect ought to doe.
Edw. Thanks good Montgomery:
But we must forget our Title to the Crowne, 
And only clayne our Duke,domes, 
Till God please to fend the rest.

Mont. Then fare you well, I will hence againe, 
I come to serue a King, and not a Duke: 
Drummer take vp, and let vs march away.

The Drumme begins to march.

Edw. Nay stay, Sir John, a while, and wee debate 
By what safe meane the Crowne may be recover'd.

Mont. What talkes you of debating? in few words, 
If you're not here proclaim your selfe our King, 
He leave you to your fortune, and be gone, 
To keepe them back, that come to haccour you, 
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no Title?
Rich. Why Brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

Edw. When wee grow stronger, 
Then wee make out our Clayme: 
Till then, tves wildome to conceale our meaning.

Haft. Away with scrupulous Wit, now Armes must 
rule.

Enb. And fearlesly minds clyne soone into Crowns, 
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand, 
The bruiter thereof, will bring you many friends.
Edw. Then be it as you will; for this my right, 
And Henry but interposes the Diacome.

Mai, I now my Soueraigne feake hit like himselfe, 
And now will I be Edward Champion.

Sup, Sound Trumpet, Edward thou be here proclaim'd: 
Come, fellow Souldier, make thou proclamation.

Hear. Sound. 

Soul. Edward the Fourth, by the Grace of God, King 
of England and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c.

Edw. And whose soe'ge gaineseyes King Edward's right, 
By this I challenge him to single fight. 

Throwes downe his Gavazzet.

All. Long live Edward the Fourth.

Edw. Thanks brave Montgomery, 
And thanks unto you all.
If Fortune serue me, I'll requite this kindness.
Now for this Night, let a harbore here in York.
And when the Morning Sunne shall rayse his Carre 
Above the Border of this Horizon, 
We'll be forward towards Warriour, and his Mates: 
For well I wot that Henry is no Souldier.
Ah Edward Clarence, how will it becometh thee, 
To flatter Henry, and forsake thy Brother? 
Yet as wee may, wee meeth both thee and warmeke, 
Come on brave Souldiers: doubt not of the Day, 
And that once gotten, doubt not of large Pay. 

Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter the King, Warriours, Montague, 
Clarence, Oxford, and Somerset.

War. What counselle, Lords Edward from Belgis, 
With hastie Germans, and blunt Hollanderes, 
Hath pass'd in safetie through the Narrow Seas, 
And with his troops doth march amaine to London, 
And many giddie people flock to him.

King. Let's leue men, and beat him backe againe.
Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out, 
Which being suffered, Riuers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends, 
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in Warr, 
Those will I muft vp: and thou Sonne Clarence, 
Shall flite vp in Sudfoke, Norfoke, 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 hearse what thou commandst.
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belou'd, 
In Oxordshire shalt muft vp thy friends. 
My Soueraigne, with the loving Citizens, 
Like to his land, gyte in with the Ocean, 
Or mockest Dyna, circled with her Nymphs, 
Shall rest in London, till we come to him:
Faire Lords take leave, and stand not to reply.

Farewell my Soueraigne.

King. Farewell my Heitor, and my Troyes true hope. 
Clar. Inigne of truth, I kisse thy Highnesse Hand.

King. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate. 
Mont. Comfort, my Lord, and so take my true.

Oxf. And thus I feale my truth, and bid adieu.

King. Srect Oxford, and my loving Montague, 
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet Lords, let's meet at Coventry, 

Exeunt.

King. Here at the Palace will I rest a while, 
Cousin of Exeter, what thinkes thy Lordship?
Me thinkes, the Power that Edward hath in field, 
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

King. That's not my seare, my meed hath got me fame: 
I have not flipt mine cares to their demands, 
Nor posted off their justices with false delays, 
My pitie hath beene batme to heal their wounds, 
My mildness hath alway'd their dwelling griefes, 
My mercie day'd their waters flowing idles. 
I have not beene devious of their wealth, 
Nor much opprest with great Subsidies, 
Nor forward of reuenge, though they much err'd. 
Then why should they love Edward more then me? 
No Exe', theire Grace's challenge Grace?
And when the Lyon fawes upon the Lambe, 
The Lambe will never ceafe to follow him.

"Shew within, A Lancaster, A Lancaster."

Exit. Henrie, heare, my Lord, what Shouts are these?

Enter Edward and his Souldiers.

Edw. Seize on the fammead Henry, beare him hence, And once againe proclaime vs King of England. You are the Fount, that makes small Brookes to flow, Now flow thy Spring, my Sea shall fuck them dry, And swele so much the higher, by their ebbe. Hence with him to the Tower, let him not speaks, Exit with King Henry.

And Lords, towards Countrie bend we our course, Where Nestorian Warwick now remaines: The Sunne shines hot, and if we vfe delay,
Cold biting Winter mares our hop'd for Hay.

Rich. Away betimes, before his forces joynce, And take the great-grownie Traytor vnwares:
Braue Warriors, march againe towards Countrie, Exeunt.

Enter Warwick, the Major of Countrie, two Messengers, and others upon the wall.

War. Where is the Poit that came from valiant Oxford? How farre hence is thy Lord, mine honest fellow? 
Mess. I. By this at Dunmore, matching hitherward. 
War. How farre off is our Brother Mountague? 
Where is the Poit that came from Mountague? 
Mess. II. By this at Dainry, with a puifant troope. 

Enter Somerset.

War. Say Somerset, what fayes my louing Sonne? And by thy guesse, how nigh is Clarence now? 
Som. At Southiam I did leaue him with his forces, And doe expect him here fame two howres hence. 
War. Then Clarence is at hand, I hearre his Drumme. 
Som. It is not his, my Lord, here Southiam lyes: 
The Drum your Honor heares, marcheth from Warwick. 
War. Who shoulde that be belike vnlook'd for friends, 
Som. They are at hand, and you shall quicly know.


Edw. Goe, Trumpet to the Walls, and found a Parle. 
Rich. See how the fally Warwick mans the Wall. 
War. Or vvidbid fpite, is fputfull Edward come? Where hept our Scouts, or how are they fuced, 
That we could hear no newes of his repaire. 
Now Warwick, with thouer the Citie Gates, 
Spake gentle words, and humblely bend thy Knee, 
Call Edward King, and at his hands begge Mercy, 
And he fhall pardon thee Outrages. 
War. Nay rather, with thou drawe thy forces hence, Confelle who fet thee vp, and plucke thee downe, 
Call Warwick Patron, and be pentent, 
And thou fhall ftill remaine the Duke of Yorke. 
Rich. I thought as leaft he would have faid the King, 
Or did he make the Leafe againft his will? 
War. Is not a Duke done, Sir, a goodly gift? 
Rich. I by my faith, for a poore Earle to give, 
Ile doe thee ferruce for go good a gift.

War. Twa I that gave the Kingdome to thy Broth- 
her. 
Edw. Why then itis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

War. Thou art no Ailas for so great a weight: 
And Weaking, Warwick taketh his gift againe, 
And Henry is my King, Warwick his Subieie. 
Edw. But Warwickke King is Edwards Prisoner: 
And gallant Warwickke, doe but answere this, 
What is the Body, when the Head is off? 
Rich. Alas, that Warwickke had no more force, 
But whilles he thought to delve the fhine of Teu, 
The King was fly fyinger'd from the Deck: 
You left poore Henry at the Bifhops Pallace, 
And tenne to one you meete him in the Tower, 
Edw. Iis even fo, yet you are Warwickke full. 
Rich. Come Warwickke, 
Take the time, kneele downe, kneele downe: 
 Nay when? Strike now, or else the Iron cooles. 
War. I had rather chopp this Hand off at a blow, 
And with the other, fling it at thy face, 
Then beare fo low a fayle, to strike to thee, 
Edw. Sayle how thou canft, 
Hauke Winde and Tyde thy friend, 
This Hand, fast wounde about thy coale-black hayre, 
Shalfe, whiles thy Head is warme, and new cut off, 
Write in the duft this Sentence with thy blood, 
Wind-changing Warwickke now can change no more.

Enter Oxford, with Drummes 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 upon our backs. 
Stand we in good array: for they no doubt 
Will ifffe our synne, and bid vs battale; 
If not, the Cutie being but of small defence, 
We'll quicly rowe the Traitors in the fame. 
War. Oh welcome Oxford, for we want thy helpe.

Enter Mountague, with Drummes and Colours.

Mount. Mountague, Mountague, for Lancaster. 
Rich. Thou and thy Brother both fhall buy this Trefon 
Even with the deare blood of thy bodies heare. 
Edw. The hadder march, the greates Victorie, 
My minde prefageth happy gaine, and Conquefte.

Enter Somerset, with Drummes and Colours.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster. 
Rich. Two of thy Name, both Dukes of Somerset, 
Hauie fold their Lubes unto the House of Tuke, 
And thou fhalt be the third, if this Sword hold.

Enter Clarence, with Drummes and Colours.

War. And loe, where George of Clarence sweepes along, 
Of force enough to bid his Brother Battale: 
With whom, in vpright zeale to right, preuailes 
More then the nature of a Brotheres Loue, 
Come Clarence, come: thou wilt, til Warwickke call. 
Clar. Father of Warwickke know you what this means? 
Looke here, I throw my infamie at thee: 
I will not ruinate my Fathers Houfe, 
Who gave his blood to lyne the fones together, 
And fet vp Lancaster. Why, troweft thou, Warwickke, 
That Clarence is fo harfth, fo blunt vnnaturall, 
To bend the foul instruments of Warre 

Against.
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

Against his Brother, and his lawfull King. Perhaps thou wilt think this holy Oath, To keep that: Oath, were more impetue, Then Iproacheth, when he asf fid his Daughter. I am to forry for my Trelpass made, That to defend well at my Brothers hands, There proclame thyself thy mortall foe: With resolution, wherefore I meet thee, (As I will meet thee, if thou fhall abroad) To plague thee, for thy foule mis-leading me. And to proud-harted Warwicke, I defteer thee, And to my Brother turn my bluffling Checkes, Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends: And Richard, do not founce upon my faults, For I will hencefor to be more reverent.

Educ. Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd, Then if thou never had felov'd our hate. Rich. Welcome good Clarence, this is Brother-like. War. Oh plagueft Traytor, petur'd and vnfruit, Educ. What Warwicke, Wilt thou leave the Towne, and fight ? Or fhall we bear the Stones about thine Eares? War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence: I will away towards Barnet prefently; And bid thee Batallie, Edward, if thou darft. Educ. Yes Warwicke, Edward dares, and leads the way: Lords to the field! Stay Garth and Victorie. Exeunt. March, Warwicke and his companie follows, Ast. Amen, and Exeunt. Enter Edward bringing forth Warwicke wounded, Edu. So, lye thou there: dye thou, and dye our fear, For Warwicke was a Bugge that fear'd us all. Now Montague is fall, I fecke for thee, That Warwicke's Bones may keep thine companie. Ext. War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe, And tell me who is Victor, Tarke, or Warwicke? Why ask I that ? my mangled body fhewes, My blood, my want of strength, my fickle heart fhewes, That I muff yeeld my body to the Earth, And by my fall, the conquest to my foe, Thus yeelds the Cedars to the Axed edge, Whole Armes gaufe ftill to the Princely Eagle, Vnder whose shade the ramping Lyon leapt, Whole top-branch over-peet's ioues spreading Truck, And kept low Shrubs from Winters pow'rfull Winde. Theirs Eyes, that now are dim'd with Deaths black Veyle, Have beene as piercing as the Mid-day Sunne, To search the fecret Treafons of the World; The Wrinkles in my Browes, now fill'd with blood, Were linc'd off to Kingly Sepulchers: For who lid King, but I could digge his Graue? And who duff smile, when Warwicke bent his Brow? Lo, now my Glory iemand in dust and blood, My Parkes, my Walkes, my Mannors that I had, Even now forlaid me; and of all my Lands, Nothing left me, but my body length, Why, what is Pompe, Rule, Reigne, but Earth and Dust? And live we how we can, yet dye we muft, Enter Oxford and Somerfet.

Some, Ah Warwicke, Warwicke, wert thou as we are, We might recouer all our Loffe againe:

In the Queen from France hath brought a puiffant power. Even now we heard the newest: ah, could thou dye, War. Why then I would not dye, Ah Montague, If thou be there, sweet Brother, take my Hand, And with thy Lippes keepe in my Soule a while, Thou lou'rt me not: for, Brother, if thou dyft, Thy tears would waft this cold congealed blood, That glaves my Lippes, and will not let me Speake. Come quickly Montague, or I am dead, Som' Ah Warwicke, Montague hath bread' his left, And to the laft gape, cry'd out for Warwicke: And Eud, Commend me to my valiant Brother. And more he would have faid, and more he spoke, Which founded like a Cannon in a Vault, That might not be diftinguifh'd: but at laft, I well might heare, deflorcurd with a groane, Oh fairewell Warwicke. War. Sweet left his Soule: Flye Lords, and fave your felues, For Warwicke bids you all fairewell, to meet in Heauen. Oxf. Away, away, to meet the Queenes great power. Here they bearre away his Body, Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter King Edward in triumph, with Richard, Clarence, and the reft. King, Thus forte our fortune keeps an upwar'd course, And we are gratlid with wreaths of Victorie. But in the midft of this bright-flining Day, I fpy a black fupicious threatening Cloud, That will encounter with our glorious Sunne, Ere he advance his eafefull Welfare Bed: I meane, my Lords, tho's powers that the Queene Hath ra'd in Gallia, have arraigned our Costi, And, as we hear, march on to fight with vs. Clare. A little gale will foone difperfe that Cloud, And blow it to the Source from whence it came, Thy very Beaues will dry thofe Vapours vp, For every Cloud engenders not a Storme. Rich. The Queene is valued thirtie thouand strong, And Somerfet, with Oxford, feld to her; If the hauue time to breathe, be well fuff'd Her fortune will be full as strong as ours. King. We are aduerit'd by our loving friends, That they doe hold their course toward Tewksbury. We hauing now the beet at Barnet field, Will thither straight, for willinglynefle rides way, And as we march, our strength will be augmented: In every Countie as we goe along, Strike vp the Drums, cry courage, and away. Extant.

Flourish. March. Enter the Queene, young Edward, Somerfet, Oxford, and Saddlers. Qu. Great Lords, wife men ne'er fit and walle their loffe, But chearfully feake how to redrefle their harmes. What though the Muft be now blowne oute-boord, The Cable broke, the holding, Anchor loft, And halfe our Slayes swallow'd in the flood? Yet liues our Pilot fitll. Is't meet, that he Should leave the Helme, and like a carefull Lad, With tearfull Eyes addre Water to the Sea, And giue more strength to that which hath too mutch, Whiles in his moane, the Ship splits on the Rock, Which Indiftrie and Courage might have faid? Ah what a shame, ah what a fault were this: Say Warwicke was our Anchor, what of that? Q. 3 And

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523
The third Part of King Henry the Sixt

And Montague, our Top-Mait; what of him?
And our Sainted friends, the Tackles: what of these?
Why is not Oxford here, another Anchise?
And Somerset, another goodly Mait?
The friends of France our Shrews and Tacklings?
And though not fully, why not Nape and I?
For once all bold, a dastard Pilots Change.
We will not from the time, to sit and weep,
But keep our Course (though the rough Winds say no)
From Shakes and Rocks, that threaten as with Witch
As good to chide the Waits, as speaks them faire.
And what is Edward, but a toothless Sea?
What Clarence, but a Quick-sand of Deceit?
And Richard, but a ragged fatal Rocke?
All these, the Enemies to our poor Barke.

Sir you may swim, alas, but a while.
Tread on the Sand, why there you quickly sink,
Bedie the Rock, the Tide will wash you off,
Or else you夯实, that's a three-fold Death,
This speaks i' the Lords to let you understand.
If one save one of you would flye from vs,
These is no hope for Memory with the Brothers,
More then with ruthless Waits, with Sands and Rocks.
Why courage then, what cannot be avoided,
Twice childless weakness to lament, or feare.

Prince, me thinke, a Woman of this valiant Spirit,
Should, as a Coward heard her speake these words,
Influe his Brest with Magnamin,
And make him, make, sayle a man at Armes.
I speak not this, ye doubting any where;
For did I but suspect a heartfull man,
He would have leve to goe away betimes,
Least in our need he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himselfe.
If any such be here, as God forbid,
Let him depart, both we need not heare.

Of Women and Children of strong a courage,
And Warrens fame, why 'twere perpetual shame.
Oh brave young Prince; thy famou Grandfather
Daie late againe in time; long may it thou live,
To bear his Image, and renew his Glories.

Som. And he that will not fight for such a hope,
Goe home to Bed, and like the Owle by day,
If he awake, be mocked and wonder at.
Qu. Thou, gentle Somerset, I spoke Oxford thanks.
Prince. And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Miss. Prepare you Lords, for Edward is at hand,
Reial to fight therefore be resolute.
Of. I thought no leete: it is his Policte,
To haffe thou fail to finde vs vanquished.
Som. But here's deuided, we are in readinesse.
Qu. This weighes my heart, to fee your forwardnesse.
Of. Here pitch our Battaille, hence we will not budge.

Enter Bracke followers, yonder stands the thorny Wood,
Which by the Heavens affiance, and your strength,
Might by the Roosts be the home of youe Night.
I need not addde more fuel to your fire,
For well I wot, ye blaze, to burne them out:
Give signall to the fight, and to i't Lords.

Qu. Lords, Knights, and Gentleman, what I should say,
My tears gain say, for every word I speake,
Ye see I drinke the water of my eye.
Therefore no more but this: Henry your Sovereigne
Is Prifoner to the Foe, his State-ship's.
His Realm a slaughters-house, his Subjects flaine,
His Statutes capell'd, and his Treasure spent.
And yonder is the Wele, that makes this spoyle.
You fight in justice, then in Gods Name, Lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

Edw. Retreat, Retreat, Retreat. 

Flourish. Enter Edward, Richardson, Queens, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset.

Edw. Now here a period of tumultious Broyles.
Away with Oxford to Hamms Casilla straight.

For Somerset, with his sullie Head.
Goe beare them hence, I will not hear them speake.
Of. For my part, I lie not trouble thee with words.
Som. Not Lord, but speake with patience to the lowest, 

Qu. So part we sadly in this troublous World,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

Edw. Is Proclamation made, that who finds Edward,
Shall have a high Reward, and he his Life?

Rich. It is, and loe where youthfull Edward comes.

Enter the Prince.

Edw. Bring forth the Gallant, let us heare him speake,
What? so to young: A Thorne begin to prick?
I award what satisfaction canst thou make,
For bearing Armes, for carrying vp my Subjectes,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to.
Prince. Speake like a Subject, proud ambition Yorke.
Suppose that I am now my Fathers Month,
Begine thy Chace, and where I stand, kneel thou,
Then will I propage the feate-same words to thee,
Which (Traytor) thou wouldst haue no answer to.
Qu. An, that thy Father had done to resolue.
Rich. That you oughtfull haue wonne the Bettle,
And never haue borne the Brequth from Lancaster.
Prince. Let it be put in a Winters Night,
His Currill Robin turnes not with this place.

Rich. By Heauen, Brat, I laye yege ye for that word.
Qu. I thow woulde borne to be a plague to men,
Rich. For Gods sake, take away this Captive Scold.
Prince. Nay, take away this folding Crooke-backe, rather.

Edw. Peace willfull Boy, ort will charne your tongue,
Clar. Vntur'd Lad, thou art too malapert.
Prin. I know your duty, you are all undoutefull:
Lachinious Edward, and thou persifl'd George,
And thou my shaven Dike, I tell ye all,
I am your better, Traytours as ye are,
And thou shoulde my Fathers right and mine.

Edw. Take that, the likenesse of this Rayler here.

Edw. Swapp't thou shoulde take that, to end thy agonie.
Rich. Shall I be?

Clar. And ther's for twitting me with persitance.

Rich. Shall I be?

Qu. Oh, kill me too.

Rich. Many, and shall.

Clar. Offer to kill me.

Edw. Held, & Richard, hold, for we have done too much.

Rich. Why
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

Rich. Why should thee live, to fill the World with words?

Edw. What? dost thee frown upon me for my recollection?

Rich. Clarence excuse me to the King my Brother:

He hence to London on a serious matter.

Edw. If ever I come there, I fear to hear some newnes.

Cia. What? what?

Rich. Tower, the Tower.

Qu. Oh Ned, Ned, Ned, speak to thy Mother Boy.

Canst thou not speak? O Traitors, Murthurers, Blamers!

They that flabb'd Cæsar, shed no blood at all:

Did not offend, nor were not worthy Blame!

If this foulde deed be, to equal it,

He was a Man; this (in relapsed) a Child;

And Men, we're spend thy life on a Child.

What's worse then Marcher, that I may name it?

No, no, my heart will buffet, and if I speake,

And I will speake, that to my heart may buffet.

Butchers and Villaines, bloody Comboles,

How sweet a Plant have you vntimely crop't:

You have no children (Butchers) if you had,

The thought of them would have first'd vp remorse,

But if you ever chance to have a Child,

Lookst in his youth to hate him so cut off.

As death then you have rid this forester young Prince.

Eng. Away with her, go bear her hence perforce.

Qu. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me hence:

Here death thy Sword, lie pardon thee my death:

What wilt thou now? I then Clarence do it thou.

Cia. By heauen, I will not do thee so much cite.

Qu. Good Clarence do; sweet Clarence do it do.

Cia. Didst thou not hence me foresee I would not do it?

Qu. If, but thou seest to forswear thy life.

Twas Sir Edward, but now his Charity

What wilt thou? Where is that disdai'd butcher Richard?

Hard favour'd Richard; Richard, where art thou?

Thou art not here; Murthurer is thy deed:

Petitioners for Blood, thou're put to backe.

Edw. Away I say, I charge ye bear her hence,

Qu. So come to you, and yours, as to this Prince.

Exit Quene.

Ed. Where's Richard gone.

Quene. To London all in post, and 31 guns,

To make a bloody Supper in the Tower.

Ed. He's finde it a thing comes in his head.

Now march we hence, discharge the common sort

With Pay and Thankes, and let's away to London,

And see our gentle Quene how well the fayres,

By this I hope, the hath a Sonne for me.

Enter Henry the first, and Richard, with the Lieutenant

on the steps.

Rich. Good day, my Lord, what is your Booke so hard?

Hen. I my good Lord: my Lord I should say rather,

This in to flatter, Good was not little better;

'Good Golden, and good Deuell, were alike,

And both preposterous; therefore, not Good Lord.

Rich. Sirs, leave us to our felings, we must conferre.

Hen. So flies the weakliffe Sheepe from y' Wolfe

So first the harmliffe Sheepd doth yield his Fleece,

And next his Throatoe, into the Butchers Knife.

What Scene of death hath statt'd now to Ake?

Rich. Subsition aways haunts the guilty minde,
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth

And so I was, which plainly signified,
That I should, snare, and bite, and play the dogges;
Then since the Heavenes have flapp’d my Body so,
Let Him xdoo. crook my Mind, to answer it.
I have no Brother, I am like to no Brethren.
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 keep it mee from the Light,
But I will fort a pitchy day for thee;
For I will beaze abroad those Propheties,
That Edward shall be fearfull of his life,
And then to purge his fear, hee by 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.
Ile throw thy body in another roome,
And Triumph Henry, in thy day of Doome. Exit.

Flourish. Enter King, Queen, Clarence, Richard, Hastings, 
Nefte, and Attendants.

King. Once more we sit in Englands Royall Throne,
Re-purchas’d with the Blood of Enemies:
What villain Foe-men, like to Autumnes Corne,
Hauing we mow’d down some of all their pride?
Three Dukes of Somerset, threshold Renowne,
For hardly and un doubted Champions:
Two Cliftfords, as the Father and the Sonne,
And two Northumberlands: two brauer men,
Ne’re found their Courtiers 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 roared.

Thus have we swepe. Suspicion from our State,
And made our Foote toole of Security,
Come hither Beff, and let me kisse my Boys:
Yong Ned, for thee, thinke Vnckles, and my selfe,
Hauing in our Armours watcht the Winter’s night,
Went all afoote in Summers sealding heare,
That thoy mightt bee presente the Crowne in peace,
And of our Labours thou shalt recepe the gaine.

Richard. I le blast his Haruef, if your head were laid,
For yes I am not look’d on in the world.
This shoulder was todrain’d fo thicke, to haue,
And haue to shal some weight, do break my backe,
Workes thou the way, and that shalt execute.

King. Clarence and Gifford, Ione my lovely Qwine,
And his your Princely Nephew Brothers both.
Clas. The duty that I owe unto your Maitely,
I Scale upon the lips of this sweet Babie,
Clas. Thankes Noble Clarence, worthy brother thanks.
Rich. And that I lose the tree frs whence I sprang:
Witness the loving kisse I giue the Fruite,
To sa the truth, so Iudas kile his master,
And cried all haile, when as he means all harme.

King. Now am I tastaed as my soule delights,
Hauing my Countries peace, and Brothers loves.
Clas. What will you Grace haue done with Margaret,
Reynard her Father, to the King of France,
Hath pawnd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither hauve they fent it for her ransom.

King. Away with her, and waft her hence to France:
And now what tefts, but that we spend the time
With lately Triumphes, mirthfull Comickke flawes,
Such as befits the pleasure of the Court.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, farewell lower anony,
For here I hope begins our lastling joy.

Exeunt omnes

FINIS.

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526
The Tragedy of Richard the Third: with the Landing of Earle Richmond, and the Battell at Bosworth Field.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester.

Now is the Winter of our Discontent,
Made glorious Summer by this Son of Yorks:
And all the clouds that low'd upon our house
In the deepse bosome of the Ocean buried.
Now are our browses with Victorious Wreathes,
Our bruised armes hung vp for Monuments;
Our ferne Alarums chang'd to merry Meetings;
Our duskyl Marches, to delightfull Measures.
Grin-wag'd Ware, hath smooth'd his wrinkled Front:
And now, in stead of mounting Barbed Steeds,
To fighte the Soules of fessfull Adversaries,
He capes nimbly in a Ladies Chamber,
To the laffleuing pleasing of a Lute.
But I, that am not fap'd for sportive tickes,
Nor made to court an amorous Looking-glasse:
I, that am Rudely stamp'd, and want loues Mafily,
To fruit before a woman ambling Nymph:
I, that am curtail'd of this faire Proportion,
Cheated of Feature by disssembling Nature,
Deform'd, vn-finish'd, fent before my time
Into this breathing World, scarce halfe made vp,
And that fo lamenly and unfrainious,
That dogges barke at me, as I halt by them.
Why I (in this weake piping time of Peace)
Have no delight to pull away the time,
Vnolese to fee my Shadow in the Sonne,
And defcant on mine owne Deformity.
And therefore, since I cannot prove a Louter,
To entertaine thefe faire well spoken Dayes,
I am determined to prove a Villaine,
And have the idle pleasures of these dayes,
Plots have I laide, inductions dangerous,
By drunken Prophefies, Libels, and Dreames,
To fet my Brother Clarence and the King
In deadly hate, the one against the other:
And if King Edward be as true and flue,
As I am Subtle, Fals, and Treacherous,
This day should Clarence cicely be mer'd vp:
About a Prophefie, which fays this G-,6
Of Edward hezys the murthrer fhal be.
Due thoughts downe to my foule, here Clarence comes.

Enter Clarence, and Brokenbury guarded.

Brother, good day: What meanes this armed guard
That waits upon your Grace?

Cla. His Maiestie sending my persons safety,
Hath appointed this Conduit, to agree me to th Tower
Rich. Upon what caufe?

Cla. Because my name is George.

Rich. Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours:
He should for that commit your Godfather,
O belike, his Maiestie hath some intent,
That you should be now Christned in the Tower.
But what's the matter Clarence, may I know?

Cla. Yes Richard, when I know: but I protest
As yet I do not: But as I can learnie,
He hearkens after Prophefies and Dreames,
And from the Croffe-row pluckes the letter G:
And fayes, a Wizard told him, that by G,
His ifue disinherit'd should be,
And for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought, that I am he.
Thence (as I learne) and such like toyses as these,
Hath mous'd his Highness 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'z firs,
That tempts him to this harsh Extremity.
Was it not thee, and that good man of Worship,
Anthony Woodville his Brother there,
That made him fend Lord Hastings to the Tower?
From whence this presens day he is delivered?
We are not safe Clarence, we are not safe.

Cla. By heauen, I thinke there is no man secure
But the Queene's kindred, and night-walking Haralds,
That trudge betwixt the King, and Miftris Shore.
Hear'd you not what an humble Suppliant
Lord Hastings was, for her deliverie?

Rich. Humbly complaining to her Delite,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his libertie.

Cla. Ile 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 Livery,
The lealous are-worne Widdow, and her felfe,
Since that our Brother did it none, Godly women,
Are mightie Gospis in our Monarchy.

Bro. I beleech your Grace both to pardon me,
His Maiestie hath straightly given in charge,
That no man shall have private Conference
(Or of what degree euer) with your Brother.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Ric. Even fo, and please your Worship Brakenbury, You may partake of any thing we say:
We speake no Treacon man; We sray the King
Is wise and vertuous, and his Noble Queene
Well strooke in yeares, faire, and not reallous.
We say, that Shore, Wife hath a pretty Foot,
A cherty Lip, a bonny Eye, a patting pleasing tongue:
And thou knowest, Quentes, Kindred are made gentle Folkes,
How say you fit? can you deny all this?

Dra. With this (my Lord) my life have nought to doo.

Ric. Naught to do with Mithris Shore?
I tell thee Fellow, he that doth naught with her
(Excepting one) were beft to do it secretly alone.

Dra. What one, my Lord?
Ric. Her Husband Knave, wouldn't thou betray me?

Dra. I do beseech your Grace
To pardon me, and withall forbear
Your Conference with the Noble Duke.

Clu. We know thy charge Brakenbury, and wil obey.
Ric. We are the Quenes abjects, and mile obey.
Brother farewell, I will unto the King,
And whatsoe'er you will employ me in,
We will well. With King Edward Windo, Sister,
I will perfome it to infranchize you.

Meane time, this deeps disgrace in Brotherhoold,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.

Clu. I know it pleache neither of vs well.
Ric. Well, your imprisonmeft shall not be long,
I will deliver you, or elle lyfe for you:
Meane time, have patience.

Clu. I must perfome Farewell.

Ric. Go tredde the path that thou shalt returne:
Simple plaine Clarence, I doe love thee so,
That I will shortly snde thy Soule to Heauens,
If soule then will take the present at our hands.
But who cometh here? the new deliuered Haffings?

Enter Lord Haffings.

Haft. Good time of day unto my gracious Lord.
Ric. At much unto my good Lord Chamberlaine:
Well are you welcome to this open Ayre,
How haft your Lordship brooke this imprisonmeft?

Haft. With patience (Noble Lord) as prisoners must:
But I shall haue (my Lord) to give them thankes,
That were the cause of my imprisonmeft.

Ric. No doubt, no doubt, and so farewell Clarence too,
For they that were your Enemies, are his,
And those the Enemies of so much on him as you,

Haft. More pity, that the Eagles should be mead d,
Wiles, Kites and Burdars play at liberty.

Ric. What newes abroad?

Haft. No newes so bad abroad, as this at home:
The King, is sickly, weake, and melancholly,
And his Physicians fear him mightily.

Ric. Now by St. John, that Newes is bad indeed.
O he hath kept an all night Diet long,
And as once much confirm'd has Royall Person:
'Tis very greasous to be thought upon.
Where is he, in his bed?

Haft. He is.

Ric. Go you before, and I will follow you.

Exeunt Haffings.

It is in to verge his hatred more to Clarence,
With Lyes well fledd with weighty Arguments,
And if I fail not in my deepe intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to buifie in.
For then, Ile marry Warwicke yongtelf daughter.
What though I kill'd her Husband, and her Father,
The readie way to make the Wrench amends,
Is to become her Husband, and her Father:
The which will I, not all fo much for loue,
As for another secret slofe intent,
By marrying her, which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to Market:
Clarence still breathes, Edward still lives and raignes,
When they are gone, then muff I count my gaines. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Coate of Harvies the first with Halbard to guard it,
Lady Anne being the Measurer.

Anne. Set downe, set downe your honourable loud,
If Honor may be throwed in a Herse;
Whilft I a-while obliquely lament
Th' incommode ful of Vertuous Lancaster,
Poor key-cold Figure of a holy King,
Pale Athel of the House of Lancaster;
That bloodylt Remnant of that Royall Blood,
Be it lawfull that I immolate thy Ghod,
To heare the Lamentations of poor Anne,
With to the Edward, to thy slasted Sonne,
Stab'd by the falsefame hand that make those wounds.
Lo, in these windowes that let forth thy life,
I poure the helpless Balm of my poore eyes,
Occused be the hand that made those holes;
Curst be the Heart, that had the heart to do it:
Cursed the Blood, that let this blood from hence:
More diuerstail beside that hated Wretch
That makes vs wretched by the death of thee,
Then I can wish to Wolues, to Spiders, Toadse,
Or any creeping venom d thing that lies.
If heuer he have Childe, Abitture be ir,
Prodigious, and ytimely brought to light,
Whole ugly and vinarious Apekt
May thrift the hopefull Mother at the view,
And that be Hayse to his vulgaritie.
If heuer 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 Chereby with your holy Lode,
Taken from Paulus, to be infected there.
And fill as you are weary of this wroght,
Refl you, whiles I lament King Harvies Cove.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester.

Ric. Stay you that beare the Coate, & set it down.
An. What blacke Magitian comires vp this Fendi,
To stop devoted charitable deeds &
Ric. Villanies set downe the Coate, or by S Paul,
Ile make a Coate of him that disobeys.

Exeunt.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Gen. My Lord stand back, and let the Coffin passe.
Rich. Vansanner'd Dogge,
Stand'rt thou when I command:
Advance thy Halbert higher then my breast,
Or by S. Paul I lie strike thee to my Foote,
And smurr upon thee Bagger for thy boldneffe.

An. What do you tremble? are you all auffer'd?
Alas, I blame you not, for you are Mortall,
And Mortall eyes cannot endure the Diuell.
Antuand thou dreadfull miner of Hell;
Thou hadst had but power over his Mortall body,
His Soule thou canst not hate: Therefore be gone.
Rich. Sweet Saint, for Charity, be not so touchy.
An. Foule Diuell,
For Gods sake hence, and trouble us not,
For thou hast made the happy earth thy Hell:
Fill'd in with cursing cries, and deep exclamations:
If thou delight to view thy heynous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy Butcherers.
Oh Gentlemen, see: see dead Heau'nt wounds,
Open their conceald mouthes, and bleed asfehe.
Blind,bluff'd, thou lumpe of foulw Deformitie:
For 'tis thy presence that excists this blood
From cold and empty Veines where no blood dwells.
Thy Deeds inhumanse, and vnnaturall,
Prouokes this Deluge mort vnnatural.
O God! which this Blood mad'rt, reuenge his death:
O Earth! which this Blood drink't, reuenge his death.
Either Haeu'n with Lightning strike the murther ter death:
Or Earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke.
As thou dost swallow up this good Kings blood,
Which his Heel-govern'd sorne hath butchered.
Rich. Lady, you know no Rules of Charity,
Which renders good for bad, Blessings for Curses.
An. Villain thou knowft not law of God nor Man,
No Beast to fforce, but knowes some touch of pitty.
Rich. But I know none, and therefore am no Beast.
An. O wonderfull, when diuelts tell the truth!
Rich. More wonderfull when, Angels are so angry:
Vouchsafe (diuine perfection of a Woman)
Of these supposted Crimes, to give me leave
By circumstance, but to acquie my felfe.
An. Vouchsafe (defud's infedtion of man)
Of these knowne euils, but to give me leave
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed felfe.
Rich. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leyfure to excuie my felfe.
An. Fouler then heart can think thee,
Their whores can make no excuse current,
But to hang thy felle.
Rich. By fuch dispaire, I should acquie my felfe.
An. And by dispairing that thou hast excuied,
For doing worthy Vengeance on thy felle,
That did it unworthy laughter upon others.
Rich. Say that I flew them not.
An. Then say they were not blaine:
But they are, and diuellish flaye by thee.
Rich. I did not kill your Husband.
An. Why then he is alivne.
Rich. Nay, he is dead, and blaine by Edwards hands.
In thy foule throst thou Lyft,
Queene Margaret law
 Thy murde rous Faulcion smooking in his blood:
The which, thou once didst bend against her frett,
But that thy hane bestre fade the point.
Rich. I was proouked by her fland round tongue,
That laid their guilt, upon my guiltlesse Shoulder.
Rich. Thon was't provoked by thin bloody minde.
That neuer dreamt on ought but Butcherites.
Did it thou not kill this King?
An. Do I grant thee Hedge-bogge,
Then God graunte me too.
Thou mayst be durned for that wicked deeds,
O he was gentle, milde, and veruinous.
Rich. The better for the King of heauen that hath bin,
An. He is in heauen, where thou shalt never come.
Rich. Let him thanke me, that holpe to send him thilke:
For he was fitter for that place then earth.
An. And thou vnoi for any place, but hell.
Rich. Yes one place else, if you will heare me name it.
An. Some dungeon.
An. Ill refi 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 leaze this keen encounter of our wistes,
And fall something into a flowre method,
Is not the causer of the talest deaths
Of thefe Plantagenets; Heinrich and Edward,
As blamfull as the Executioner.
An. Thou was't the cause, and most accurat effect.
Rich. Your beauty was the caufe of that effect:
Your beauty, that did hunte me in my sleepe,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one houre in your sweet bosome.
An. If I thought that, I tell thee Homicide,
Thefe Nailes shoulde rent that beauty from my Cheekes.
Rich. These eyes could not endure y beauties wrack,
You should not blinem it, if I flood by;
As all the world is cheared by the Sunne,
So I by that: It is my day, my life.
An. Blacke night ore-lyede thy day, & death thy life.
Rich. Curse not thy felfe faire Creature,
Thou art both.
An. I would I were, to be reueng'd on thee.
Rich. It is a quarrell mort vnnatural,
To be reueng'd on him that loueth thee.
An. It is a quarrell just and reasonable,
To be reueng'd on him that kill'd my Husband.
Rich. He that bereft the Lady of thy Husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better Husband.
An. His better doth not breath upon the earth.
Rich. He lieth,that loves thee better then he could.
An. Name him.
An. Why that was he.
Rich. The selfe orname, but one of better Nature.
An. Where is he?
Rich. Here.

Spitt at him.
Why doth thou spit at me.
An. Would it were mortal poynson, for thy sake.
Rich. Neuer came poion from to sweet a place.
An. Neuer hung poion 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 Basiliskes, to thrike 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 thine, from mine hauue dravne falt Teares;
Sham'd their Aspects with store of childish drops:
They, eyes which never tired remor'd full tears,
Now, when my Father York; and Edward wept,
To show the pious image that Rutland made
When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him.
Nor when thy warlike Father like a Child,
Told the sad story of my Fathers death,
And twenty times, made paufe to sob and weep:
That all the flanders by bad wet their cheeks
Like trees bedadj'd with raines. In that sad Time,
My manly eyes did come an humble state:
And what these forrowes could not thenere exhale,
Thy Beauty hast, and made them blinde with weeping,
I neuer fed to Friend, nor Enemy:
My Tongue could neuer learn sweet smoothing word.
But now thy Beauty is propos'd my Fee,
My proud heart fees, and prompts my tongue to speak.
She looks fearfully at him.

Teach not thy lip such Sceone for it was made
For Killing Lady, not for such Countal:
If thy rendeng full heart cannot forgive,
Low here I lend thee this sharpe-pointed Sword,
Which if thou pleases to hide in this true brest,
And let the Soule forth that adores thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly begge the death vpon my knee,
He lays the brest open the offer as with his sword.
Nay do not strive for; For I did kill King Henry,
But was thy Beauty that promok'd me.
Nay now dispatch: 'Twast i that flabb'd yong Edward,
But was thy Heauenly face that sette me on.
She falls the Sword.

Take up the Sword againe, or take up me,
An. Afrie Dismember, though I with thy death,
I will not be thy Executioner.
Rich. Then bid me kill my selfe, and I will do it.
An. I have already,
Rich. That was in thy rage:
Spearke it againe, and even with the word,
This hand, which for thy Loue, did kill thy Loue,
Shall for thy Loue, kill a faire truer Loue,
To both their deaths shalt thou be accesseary.
An. I would I knew thy heart,
Rich. Thy figure in my tongue.
An. I fear me, both are falls,
Rich. Then neuer Man was true.
An. Well, well, put vp your Sword.
Rich. Say then my Peace be made.
An. That finall thou know heerest,
An. All men I hope live so.
Vouchsafe to weare this Ring.
Rich. Look how my Ring incompan'd the thy Finger,
Even so thy Brest inclopeth thy poorer heart:
Weare both of them, for both of them are shine.
And if thy poore devout Servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracius hand,
Thou doft confirm his happinecke for ever.
An. What is this?
Rich. That it may please you leave there sad designer,
To him th' bath molt caudre to be a Mooster,
And presentely repaire to Cronie Hooke:
Where (after I have solemnly inter'd
At Chetsey Monastery this Noble King,
And wept his Graue with my Repentant Tears)
I will with all expedient duty fee you,

For dutes unknowne Reasons, I becometh you,
Grant me this boon.
An. With all my heart, and much it joyes me too,
To see you are become to penitent,
Trefel and Barkley go along with me.
Rich. But me farwell.
An. This more then you deserre:
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I haue fairewell already.

Exit two with Ames.

Cont. Towards Chetsey, Noble Lord?
Rich. Not to White Friars; there attend my comming

Exit Chetsey.

Was euer woman in this humour woo'd?
Was euer woman in this humour wonne?
Ille hauce her, but I will not keep her long.
What? I that kill'd her Husband, and his Father,
To take her in her hearts extremest hate,
With curtes in her mouth, Tears in her eyes,
The bliebling wintreke of my hatred by,
Having God, her Conference, and these bars against me,
And I, no Friends to backe my suit withall,
But the blaine Duell, and dissembling looks &
And yet to winne her? All the world to nothing.
Hah!
Hath she forger already that braste Prince,
Edward; her Lord, whom I (some three months since
Sad in my poynt, at Tenchesbury;
A sweeter, and a louer Gentleman;
Frain'd in the prodigality of Nature:
Yong, Valiant, \\
\(An.\)
With (and no doubt) bright Royal
The fpacious World cannot againe affoord.
And will she yet safye her eyes on me,
That crot the Golden prime of this sweet Prince,
And made her Widow to a weustall Bed?
On me, whole All not equals Edward's Mootie?
On me, that halts, and am unshapen thus?
My Dulcethome, to a Beggrerly denier.
I do mitigate my perfon all this while:
Vpon my life she finds (although I cannot)
My selfe to be a mirrefull proper man.
Ile be at Charges for a Looking-glaafe,
And entertaine a score or two of Taylors,
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with my selfe,
I will maintaine it with some little cost.
But first I turne you Fellow in his Graue,
And then returne lamenting to my Louce.
Shine out faire Sunne, till I have bought a glaafe,
That I may see my Shadow as I passe.

Scena Tertia.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

If he were dead, what would betide on me?

Gray. No other harme, but losse of such a Lord.

Qu. The losse of such a Lord, includes all harms.

Gray. The Humours have blest you with so goodly Son,

To be your Comforter, when he is gone.

Qu. Ah! he is young and his minority

Is put into the trauel of Richard Gloster,

A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Qu. Is it concluded he shall be Protector?

Qu. It is determined, not concluded yet;

But to it must be, if the King miscarry,

Enter Buckingham and Derby.

Gray. Here comes the Lord of Buckingham & Derby.

Bucc. Good time of day unto your Royall Grace.

Der. God make your Majestie joyful, as you have bin

The Countesse Richmond, good my Lo. Derby.

To your good prayer, w'll strictly say, Amen.

Yet Derby, withstanding thine is your wife, and

Loves not me, be you good Lord affir'd,

I hate not for your proud arrogancie.

Der. I do beseech you, either not beleue

The envious flanders of her false Accusers:

Or if the be accus'd on true report,

Bear with her weakneffe, which I thinkke proceeds

From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Qu. Saw you the King of York this day, my Lord of Derby?

Bucc. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I,

Are come from visitinge his Majestie.

Qu. What likelyhood of his amendsment Lords.

Bucc. Madam good hope, his Grace speaks cheerfully.

Qu. God grant him health, did you confer with him?

Bucc. I madam, he defires to make atonement:

Betweene the Duke of Gloster, and your Brothers,

And bewteen them, and my Lord Chamberlaine,

And fent to warn them to his Royall presence.

Qu. Would all were well, but that will never be,

Ifear our happinesse is at the height.

Enter Richard.

Rich. They do me wrong, and I will not indure it,

Who is it that complaines into the King,

That I forsake him, and lose them not?

By holy Paul, they lose his Grace but lightly,

That fill his ears with such diffentious Rumors.

Because I cannot flatter, and looke faire,

Smile in mens faces, smooth, deceiue, and cogge,

Ducke with French nods, and Apith curtseie,

I must be hold a rancorous Enemy.

Cannot a plain man live, and thinke no harme,

But thus this simple truth must be abus'd,

With filken, flie, inunusting Lackes?

Gray. To who in all this preace speakes your Grace?

Rich. To thee, that hast not Honour, nor Grace:

When haue I must'd thee? When done thee wrong?

Or thee or thee, or any of thy faction?

A plague upon you all, His Royall Grace.

(Whose God prefere best then you would with)

Cannot be quiet, can he breathing while,

But you must trouble him with jeald complaints.

Qu. Brother of Gloster, you make the matter

The King on his owne Royall disposition,

(And not proof'd by any Suitor elde)

Ayming (belike) at your interior hatred,

That in your outward action shewes it selle

Against my Children, Brothers, and my Selfe,

Makes him to bend, that he may leane the ground.

Rich. I cannot rell, the world is grovne so bad,

That Weens make prey, where Eagles dare not petch.

Since euerie lacke became a Gentleman,

There's many a gentle person made a Jacke.

Qu. Come, come, we know your meaning Brother.

You chuse my advancement, and my friends:

(Gloster) God grant we never may have neede of you.

Rich. Meane time, God grants that I have neede of you.

Our Brother is impri'm'd by your meanes,

My selfe disgrav'd, and the Nobilitie

Held in contempt, while great Promotions

Are daily gien to ennable thole

That fearie some two dayes since were worth a Noble.

Qu. By him that rais'd me to this carefull height,

From that contented hop which I enjoy'd,

I never did incerre his Maiestie.

Against the Duke of Clarence, but haue bin

An earneft advocate to plead for him.

My Lord you do me shamefull infirme,

Follie to draw me in these vile suspicio's.

Rich. You may deny that you were not the mean.

Of my Lord Hafings late imprisonment.

Rich. She may my Lord, for

Rich. She may Lord Knows, who you knows not for?

She may do more for then denying that:

She may help you to many faire preferments,

And then deny her a-yding hand therein,

And lay choie Honors on your high defert.

What may the not, she may, I marry may the.

Rich. What mayry may the?

Rie. What marry may the? Marrie with a King,

A Batcheller, and a handfeome fitprising too,

I wis your Grandam had a worser match.

Qu. My Lord of Gloster, I haue too long borne

Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter scoffes:

By heauen, I will acquaint his Maiestie

Of thosse groffe tenaunts that oft I haue endur'd,

I will rather be a Countrie seruant maide

Then a great Queene, with this condition,

To be to bated, torn'd, and transformed as,

Small toy haue I in being Englands Queene.

Enter old Queene Margarett.

Mar. And leigned be that small, God I beseech him,

Thy honor, thee, and leate, is due to me.

Rich. What threat ye my comfort with telling of the King?

I will owne't in presence of the King:

I dare aduernure to be sent to the Tower.

Tis time to speake,

My paines are quite forgot.

Margarett. O Dutiell,

I do remember them too well:

Thou kild it my Husband Henry in the Tower,

And Edward my poor Son at Tewkesburie.

Rich. Ere you were Queene,

Or your Husband King.

Rich. I was a pailly horfe in his great affaires:

A weeder out of his proud Adversaries,

A liberall rewarder of his Friends,

To roylazie his blood, I spente mine owne.

Margarett. I and much better blood.

Then his, and thine.
Their Kingdoms loose, my woeful Basalming,
Should all but anfwer for that peevish Brat?

Can Curfes pierce the Clouds, and enter Heauen?
Why then gueue way dull Clouds to my quick Curfes,
Thus turned by Warters, by Surfeit dye thy 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 vnitime violence,
Thy felfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene,
Out-lie thy glory, like my wretched Telle :
Long may'st thou line, to wytie thy Childrens death,
And fee another, as I fee thee now,
Deck'd in thy Rights, as thou art flall'm in mine,
Long dye thy happy days, before thy death,
And after many length ned howres of grieue,
Dye neytber Mother, Wife, nor Englands Queene.

Rivers and Dyer, you were fadders by, 
And degred to no good; when my Sonne
Was flab'd with bloody Daggers: God, I pray him,
That none of you may live his natural age,
But by some viflook'd accident cut off.

Riche Hau'd done thy Charrne, ftray'd hatefull with'd Hagge,
Q. M. And leave out thee? Stay Dog, for what I haue thee,
If Heauen haue any grievous plague in flore,
Ere thou bring about it, that I can with vпон thee,
O let them keep it, till thy felfe be ripe,
And then hurle downe their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poore Worlds peace,
The fame of Conscience still begnaw thy Soule,
Thy Friends feque, for Traytors while thou liu'ft,
And take deep' for Traytors for thy dearft Friends:
No fleep clofe vp that deadly Eye of thine,
Vntill e he beall gone; all tormenting.
Dream AFFlicts thee with a Hell of egally Devils.
Thou eaffit mak'd, aboruing rootine Hogge,
Thou that waft feall'd in thy Naturie
The fate of Nature, and the Sonne of Hell :
Tion flander of thy beauie Mothers Wombte,
Thou makeft Office of thy Fathers Loynes,
Thou cryftall of Honor, thou deteale—

Rich. Q. M. Magaret.
Q. M. Richard.
Q. M. I call thee not.

Rich. I cry thee mercie then: for I did thinke,
That thou had'st call'd me all these bitter names,
Q. M. Why fo I did, but look'd for no reply,
Or likneffe returne: I pr'ythee let me know,
Their Tis done by me, and ends in Magaret.
Q. M. Thus haue you breath'd your Curfe against your felf,
Q. M. Poor poor painted Queen, vain flourish of my fortune,
Why fhould it be or faue that Botrel's Spide,
Whole devilly Web en.Requires thee about?
Fool,foole, thou whilest a knife to kill thy felfe :
The day will come, that thou fhalt with for me,
To helpe thee curfe this poysonous Bunch-back Toade.
Haji, Faile boding Woman, and thy frantick Curfe,
Leaft to thy harme, thou moue our patience,
Q. M. Foulfe flame upon you, you have all moud'mine.
Rich. If were you well fended, you would be taught your duty,
Q. M. To ferue me well, you all fhould do me duty,
Thus to be your Queene, and you my Subjece, 
O ferue me well, and truely perform thy felues duty.

Dorf. Dispute not with her, thine be lustakce.
Q. M. Peace Master Marquifte, you are malapert,
Your fire-new flame of Honor is fierce currant.
Enter Catsby.

Catsby. Madam, his Majesty doth call for you,
And for your Grace, and yours my gracious Lord.

Dr. Catsby, I come, Lords will you go with me.

Rich. We wait upon your Grace.

Exit all but Oliver.

Rich. I do the wrong, and first begin to bawl.

The secret Mischiefs that I feel in me,

I lay unto the generous charge of others.

Clarence, who I indeed have cast in darkness,

I do bewepe to many simple Galles,

Namely to Derby, Huyving, Buckingham,

And tell them 'tis the Queen, and her Allies,

That firre the King against the Duke my Brother,

Now they believe it, and willbell when me

To be resoug'd on Riuers, Deger, Gray.

But then I fight, and with an speece of Scripture,

Tell them that God bids vs do good for euill ;

And thus I cloath my naked Villanie

With olde old ends, stolne forth of holy Writ,

And seeme a Saint, when moft I play the deuill.

Enter two murderers.

But soft, beare down my Executioners,

How now my hardy flout ruelis Mates,

Are you now going to dispatch this thing ?

Oul. We are my Lord, and come to have the Warrant,

That we may be admist where he is.

Rich. Wee thought you'd, I have it heare about me,

When you have done, repayse to Crayle place ;

But bins be sodain in the execution,

Withall obdurate, do not heare him please ;

For Clarence is well spoken, and perhaps

May move your hearts to pitty, if you makse him.

Oul. Turtcut, my Lord, we will not stand to prate,

Talkers are no good doers, be allur'd ;

We goe to vie our hands, and not our tongues.

Rich. Your eyes drop Mill-stones, when Pooleys eyes

fall Textes : I like you Lads, about your business straight.

Go go, dispatch.

Oul. We will my Noble Lord.

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Scena Quarta.

Enter Clarence and Keeper.

Keep. Why looks ore Grace so heusely to day.

Oul. O I have paft a miserable night,

So full of terrefial Dremes, of ugy lights,

That as I am a Christian Faithfull man,

I would not spend another such a night.

Though twere to buy a world of happy daies,

So full of diuanl terror was the time.

Keep. What was your dream my Lord, I pray you tell me.

Oul. Me thoughts that I had brokenc from the Tower,

And was eembark'd to croffe to Burgundy,

And in my company my Brother Glover,

Who from my Cabin tempept me to walkes,

Upon the Hatches : There we look'd towards England,

And cist up a thousand heavy times.

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During
Princes have but their Titles for their Glories, An outward Honor, for an inward Toyſe, And for vaſels Imaginations They often feele a world of reflefſive Careſe: So that betweene their Titles, and low Name, There's nothing differs, but the outward fame.

Enter two Mourners.

1. Mor. Ho, who's here? 
Bra. What would it thou Fellow? And how can I thou hither. 
2. Mor. I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my Legges, 
Bra. What to breathe? 
1. 'Tis better (Sir) then to be tedious: Let him fee our Commission, and take no more. (Reads)
Bra. I am in this, commanded to deliver The Noble Duke of Clarence to your hands. I will not reason what is meant hereby, Because I will be guilteſſe from the viewing, There lies the Duke asleep, and there the Keyes, Ille to the King, and dignifie to him, That thus I have refign'd to you my charge. 
Exit.
2. You may fir, 'tis a point of wisdom: Fare you well.
2. What, shall we stab him as he sleepes.
1. No: hee's lay'd was done cowardly, when he wakes 
2. Why shall he never wake, untill the great judgement day.
1. Why then hee's lay'd, we stab'd him sleeping.
2. The vomit of that word Judgement, hath bred a kinde of remorse in me.
1. What sorte thou afraid? 
2. Not to kill him, having a Warrant, But to be damn'd for killing him, from which the No Warrant can defend me.
1. I thought thou had fine holopet. 
2. So I am, to let him live. 
1. Ile backe to the Duke of Gloucester, and tell him so. 
2. Nay, I prythee stay a little: I hope this passion is but a humor of mine, will change, It was wont to hold me but while one tels twenty.

1. How do't thou feel thyselfe now? 
2. Some certain diegges of confidence are yet with in mee. 
1. Remember our Reward, when the deed's done. 
2. Come, he dies: I had forgot the Reward. 
1. Where's thy confidence now. 
1. How when she open his pursie to give vs our Reward, thy Confidence flyes out. 
2. This is but matter; let it goe: There's few or none will entertaine it.

1. What if it come to thee againe? 
2. Hee not meddle with this, it makes a man a Coward:
A man cannot fleſse, but he accurſeth him: A man cannot Swear, but it Checkes him: A man cannot lye with his Neighbour Wife, but it deſects him. 'Tis a blushing shamefull spirit, that mutinies in a mans boſome: It fills a man full of Obſtacles. It made me once retire a Purife of Gold that (by chance) I founds: It beggars any man that keeps it: It is turn't off of Townes and Cities for a dangerous thing, and every man that means to live well, endeavers to truft to himselfe, and live without it. 

1 This
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

1. To even now at my elbow, perceiving me not to kill the Duke, that he avoided not me, 2. To take the duell in thy minde, and beleue him not: 3. To understand with thee but to make thee fight, 4. And I am strong fram'd, he cannot presale with me. 5. Spoke like a tall man, that respecteth thy reputation.

Come, shall we fall to workes? 1. Take him on the Court, with the bitter of thy Sword, and then throw him into the Malacie-Batte in the next room, 2. To excell-deuce, and make a stop of him, 3. Soft, he wakes. 4. Stirreth.

1. No, we'll reason with him. 2. Where art thou, Keeper? Give me a cup of wine. 3. You shall have Wine enough my Lord anon. 4. In Gods name, what art thou that?

1. A man, as you are. 2. But not as I am Royall, 3. Nor you as we are, Lorally.

1. My voice is now the Kings, my lookes mine owne. 2. Whose dirkly, and how deadly dost thou speake? Your eyes do menace me: why lookes you pale? Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

1. To go to. 2. To murder me? 3. Earl. 1. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so, and therefore cannot have the hearts to do it. Wherein my Friends have I offended you?

1. Observed vs you have not, but the King. 2. I shall be reconciled to him againe. 3. Never my Lord, therefore prepare to dye.

1. Are you drawne forth among a world of men to play the innocent? What is my offence? 2. Where is the Evidence that doth accuse me? 3. What lawfull Quest have given their Verdict, unto the frowning Judge? Or who pronounc'd the bitter sentence of poore Clarence death, before I be consist by course of Law?

1. To threaten me with death, is most unlawful. 2. I charge you, as you hope for any goodnese, that you depart, and lay no hands on me: the deed you undertake is damnable, 3. What we will do, we do upon command.

1. And he that hath commanded, is our King. 2. Erroneous Vassals, the great King of Kings Hath in the Table of his Law commanded That thou shalt do no murder. Will you then Spurne at his Edict, and fulfill a Man? Take heed: for he holds Vengeance in his hand, to hurle upon their heads that break his Law. 3. And that same Vengeance doth he hurle on thee, for fals combining, and for murder too? Thou didst receive the Sacrament, to fight in quarrell of the House of Lancaster, 4. And like a Traitor to the name of God, Didn't break that Vow, and with thy treacherous blade, Vongst the Bowels of the Sou' of Egypt, 5. Whom thou wert sworn to cherish and defend. 6. How couldst thou urge Gods dreadfull Law to vs, when thou hast broke it in such degree? 7. Alas! for whole sake did I that ill deed? For Edward, for my Brother, for his sake. He sends you not to murder me for this:

For in that fume, he is as deep as I. If God will be avenged for the deed, O know you not, he doth it privily. 2. Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm: He needs no indirect, or lawlesse course, 3. To cut off those that have offended him, 4. Who made thee then a bloody miniller? When gallant springing brasse Plantagenet, That Princeely Soulacke was thence dead by thee? 5. My Brothers love, the Duell, and my rage, 6. Thy Brothers Love, our Duty, and thy Faults, Prouoke vs hither now, to slaughter thee.

1. If you do love my Brother, hate not me: I am his Brother, and hate him well. 2. If you are hy'd for need, go backe againe, and I will tend you to my Brother Glouster: Who shall reward you better for my life, then Edward will for tyring of my death. 3. You are decei'd.

Your Brother Glouster hates you. 1. Oh no, he loves me, and he holds me deare: Go you to him from me.

1. I so we will. 2. Tell him, when that our Princeley Father Yorke, Bleth his three Sons with his victorious Arme, He little thought of this diuided Friendship: Bid Glouster think on this, and he will weep, 3. 1. Milltones, as he leffoned vs to weep. 4. O do not slander him, for he is kinde, 5. Right, as Snow in Harveet: Come, you deceive your fellow, 6. Thyse that sends vs to destroy you hearce, 7. It cannot be, for he bewept my Fortune, And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore with oaths, That he would labour my deliverie. 8. Why so he doth, when he delaieth you From this earths thraldom, to the toyes of heauen. 9. Make peace with God, for you must die my Lord. 10. Have you that holy feeling in your soules, To confute me to make my peace with God, and are you yet to your owne soules fo blinde, That you will warre with God, by mudring me, O firs confider, they that let you on To do this deeds, will hate you for the deede. 11. What shall we do? 12. Learn, and faze your soules: Which of you, if you were a Princes Sonne. Being pente from Liberty, as I am now, If two such murtherers as your felues came to you, Would not intrest for life, as you would begge Were you in my diffire. 13. Relent not: Tis cowardly and womanish. 14. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, dullhead: My Friend, I spy some pitty in thy lookes: O, if shine eye be not a Flatteer, 15. Come thou on my fide, and intreate for me, A begging Prince, what beggar pitties not. 16. Lookke behind you, my Lord. 17. Take that, and that, if all this will not do, Stand him. 18. He drawne you to the Malacie, But within.

A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch'd: How faint (like Fulate) would I wash my hands Of this most grievous murther. 19. How now? what mean'th thou that thou help't me not? By Heaven the Duke shall know how flake you have beene.
Enter Rackette, and Gifler.

Rich. Good morrow to my Sovereign King & Queen:
And Princeley Peers, a happy time of day.

King. Happy indeed, as we have spent the day:
Gifler, we have done deeds of Chastity,
Made peace of enmity, faire loue of hate,
Betwixt those twelling wrong incensed Peers.

Rich. A blestful labour to my most Sovereign Lord:
Amongst this Princeely heaps, many here
By faith intelligence, or wrong surmise.

Hold me a Foe: If I willyngly, or in my rage,
Hate ought committed that is hazly borne,
To any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile to his friendly peace
Tis death to me to be at enmity:
I hate it, and desire all good mens love.

First Madam, I intreate true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my dutifull service.
Of you my Noble Cousin Buckingham,
If ever any gredge were lodg'd betwixt vs,
Of you and you, Lord Rivers and of Dorset,
That all without decret have grown'd on me:
Of you Lord Woodville, and Lord Scele of you,
Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen,indeed of all,
I do not know that Englishman aile,
With whom my men are any warred at al,
More than the Infant that is borne to night:
In thankes my God for my Humilitie.

Qu. A holy day thall this be kept hereafter:
I would to God all strife were well compounded,
My Sovereign Lord, I do beseech your Highnesse
To take out Brother Clarence to your Grace.

Rich. Why Madam, haue I offred loue for this,
To be so ownd in this Royall presence?
Who knowes not that the gentle Duke is dead?
They You do him injurie to sorne his Coare.

Qu. And who knowes he is?

Rich. All-seeing heauen, what a world is this?

Buc. Louke I lo pale Lord Dorset, as the rest?

Rich. I my good Lord, and no man in the presence,
But harded colours hath forsooke his cheacks.

King. Is Clarence dead? The order was reheard.

Rich. But he (poore man) by your first order dyed,
And that a winged Mercurie did bearre,
Some tardie Crippe bare the Counterpart,
That came too late to sorge him buried.
God grant, that some lief ferte Noble, and lefte Loyall,
Neerer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Defence not worse then wretched Clarence did,
And yet go tsurrant from Suspicion.

Enter Earl of Derby.

Der. A boome my Sovereigne for my seruice done.

King. I prethee peace, my loue is full of love.

Der. I will not strike, welfare your Highness here me.
King. Then say at once, what is it thou request.

Der. The forset (Soveraigne) of my leasure life,
Who flew to day to Riuoust Gentleman,
Lately attandant on the Duke of Norfolk.

King. Haue I a tongue to doome my Brothers death?
And shall that tongue give pardon to a flawe?
My Brother kill'd no man, his fault was Thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Who came to me for him? Who (in my wrath) receipt’d me, and bid me be advis’d? Who spoke of Brother-hood? who spoke of love? Who told me how the poore fool did forake the mighty Warwicke, and did fight for me? Who told me, I in the field at Tewkesbury, when Oxford had me downe, he rescued me: And said dear Brother live, and be a King? Who told me, when we both lay in the Field, Frozen(almost) to death, how he did spare Euen in his Garments, and did glue himselfe (All thin and naked) to the numbe cold night? All this from my Remembrance, brutish wrath Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you Had no much grace to put it in my minde. But when your Carters, or your waying Vassails Have done a drunken Slaughter, and defac’d The precious Image of our deere Redeemer, You straight are on your knees for Pardon, pardon, And I (vniuall too) must grant it you. But for my Brother, not a man would speake, Nor I (vngracious) speake unto my selfe For him poore Soule. The proudest of you all, Have bin beholding to him in his life: Yet none of you, would once begge for his life. O God! I feare thy suffer ince will take hold On me, and you; and mine; and yours for this. Come Halftime helps me to my Cloflet. Ah poore Clarence. Exeunt_Some with K. & Queen.

Boyd. This is the fruits of rancins: Markes you not, How that the guilty Kindred of the Queene Look’d pale, when they did heare of Clarence death. Or they did weep’t full unto the King, God will reuenge it. Come Lords will you go, To comfort Edward with our company.

But. We wait upon your Grace. extant.

Scena Secunda.

Enter the old Duke of York, with the two children of Clarence.

Edw. Good Grandam tell vs, is our Father dead? Dutch. No Boy.

Dutch. Why do weep so of? And bearce your Breath? And cry, o Clarence, my unhappy Sonne.

Boy. Why do you looke so vs, and flaske your head, And call vs Orphans, Wretches, Catehays, Whe if that our Noble Father were aline? Dut. My pretty Cofins, you mistake me both, I do lament the fanch of the King, As loath to lose him, not your Fathers death: It was left sorrow to wail one that’s loft.

Boy. Then you conclude,(my Grandam) he is dead: The King, mine Vnkle is too blame for it. God will reuenge it, whom I will importance With earnest prayers, alittle to that effect. Dutch. And to will I.

Dut. Peace children peace, the King doth love you wel. Incapable, and shallow innocents, You cannot gueffe who caus’d your Fathers death.

Boy. Grandam we can; for my good Vnkle Cloflet
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Enter Richard, Buckingham, Derby, Fastings, and Raisill.

Rich. Suffer haue comfort, all of vs haue cause
To waile the dimming of our shining Starre ;
But none can help us harmes by waiving them.
Madam, my Mother, I do cry you merrie,
I diue ete your grace. Humbly on my knee,
I crave your blesseing.

Dow. God bleesse thee, and put meeknes in thy breath,
Lowe Charity, Obedience, and true Dutie.

Rich. Amen, and make me die a good old man,
That is the butt-end of a Mothers blesseing ;
I maugre that her Grace did leave it out.

Ent. You clowdy-Princes, & hart-forrowinge-Princes,
That best this humane mutuell loades of Moane,
Now chere each other, in each others Lowe :
Though we have spent our Harret of this King,
We are to respe the Harret of his Sonne.
The broken ranccour of your high-swolne hates,
But lately spillett d, knit, and sowned together,
Mull gentely be preserued, therfore, and kept:
Me femeath good, that with some little Traine,
Fortiwith from Ludlow, the young prince be fent
Fisher to London to be crownd our King.

Ent. Why with some little Traine,
My Lord of Buckingham?

Buc. Marry my Lord, left by a multitude,
The new-hez'd wound of Malice shou'd break out,
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the efface is Greene, and yet vaguerum d,
Where everie Hoile bears his commanding Zone,
And may direct his course as pleace himselfe,
As well the hate 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 compafs is firme, and true in me.

Ent. And lo in me, and fo (I think) in all.
Yet since it is but Greene, it shou'd be put
To no apparaunt likely-hood of breach,
Which haply by much company might be wrung d,
Therefore I fay with Noble Buckingham,
That it is meete to few should fetch the Prince.

Hap. And fo fay I.

Rich. Then be is fo, and go we to determine
Who they shall be that stand shall poffe to London.
Madam, and you my Sifter, will you go
To guse your cunfutes in this bullenfe.

Ent. Richard, Buckingham, and Richard.

Buc. My Lord, who euer Journeyes to the Prince,
For God sake let not vs too fay at home:
For by the way, Hee fortoyencion,
A Index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the Queenes proud Kindred from the Prince.

Rich. My other felle, my Counfayles Coniuynty,
My Oracle, My Prophet, my Siter Cofin,
Ias a child, will go by thy direcction,
Toward London town, for wee not fay behind.

Scena Tertia.

Enter one Citizen on one shore, and another at the other.

1 Cit. Good morrow Neighbour, whether away to.

2 Cit. I promise you, I feaely know my felf.

1 Cit. Hare you the news abroad ?

2 Cit. Yes, that the King is dead.

1 Cit. Ill news by ready, fome comes the better.

2 Cit. I hear, I hear, I fhall proue a giddy world.

Ent. Another Citizen.

3 Neighbours, God speed,

1 Cit. Give you good morrow fir.

2 Cit. Doth the news hold of good king Edwards death?

3 Cit. I fay, it is too true, God helpe the while.

2 Cit. Then Masters lookke to fee a troublous world.

1 Cit. No, no, by Gods good grace, his Son fhall reign.

2 Cit. Wee to that Land that's gouerd by a Child.

3 Cit. In him there is a hope of Government,
Which in his naught, confound vnder him,
And in his full and ripened yeares, humfelle.
No doubt fhaull then, and till then gouernme well.

1 Cit. So ftook the State, when Henry the fxt.

2 Cit. Was crowned in Paris, but in one months old.

3 Cit. Stood the State for Nau, no good friends, God wet.

2 Cit. For then this Land was famoufly enrich'd.
With politicke graue Counsell, then the King
Had vertuous Vnklees to protect his Grace.

1 Cit. Why fo hath this, both by his Father and Mother.

2 Cit. Better it were they all came by his Father:
Or by his Father there were none at all:
For emulation, who shall now be neereft,
Will touch vs all too near, if God present not.

3 Cit. O full of danger is the Duke of Gloucester,
And the Queene Sons, and Brothers, hauted and proud,
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This fickly Land, might folace as before.

1 Cit. Come, come, we feare the world: all will be well.

2 Cit. When Clouds are leen, wilfemen put on their cloths,
When great leaues fall, then Winter is at hand ;
When the Sun fets, who doth not looke for night?
O whilome Horner, makes men expext a Draught,
All may be well, but if God forit it so,
'Tis more then we deferve, or I expert.

2 Cit. Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:
You cannot reafe ( almost) with a man,
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

3 Cit. Before the daies of Change, fill is it fo,
By a doune intenfly, mens minides multraft.

Scena. Exeunt.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Scene Quarta.

Enter Arch-bishop, young York, the Queen, and the Duke of Exon.

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.

Date. I long with all my heart to see the Prince; I hope he is much grown; since last I saw him.

Q. But I hear no, she lay my sonne of York here; he's almost overtook him in his growth.

York. I Mother, but I would not have it so.

Date. Why my good Costin, it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night as we did sit at Supper, my Vnkle River talk'd of how I did grow:

Then more than my Brother: I quoth my Vnkle Gloufter, small Herbes have grace, great Weeds do grow space. And since, me thinke I would not grow so fast; Because sweet Flowers are low, and Weeds make haft.

Date. Good faith, good faith, the sayings did not hold: In him that did object the same to thee. He was the wretchedest thing when he was young, So long a growing, and so delaying; That if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

York. And so do I doubt he is, my gracious Madam.

Date. I hope he is, but yet let Mothers doubt.

York. Now by my troth, if I had beene remembered, I could have given my Vnkle Grace, a flower. To touch his growth, nearer then he touch mine.

Date. How my young York, I pray thee let me hear it.

York. Marry (they say) my Vnkle grew so fast, That he could grawe a crwft at two hours old, I was full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.

Grandam, this would have beene a bying left.

Date. If prythee prertty York, who told thee this?

York. Grandam, his Nurse.

Date. His Nurse? why she was dead, ere I was born, York. If twere not the, I cannot tell who told me.

Q. A parlous Boy do you see, you are too shrew d.

Date. Good Madam, be not angry with the Childe: Prickem but use care.

Enter a Messinger.

Arch. Here comes a Messinger: What News? Newes. Such newes my Lord, as greeues me to report.

Date. How doth the Prince?

Newes. Well Madam, and in health.

Date. What is the News?

Newes. Lord Kemer, and Lord Gers, are come to Pomfert, and with them, Sir Thomas Cloughe, Prifoner.

Date. Who hath committted them?

Newes. The mightie Dukes, Glaoufer and Buckingham.

Arch. For what offence?

Newes. The sumne of all I ken, I have disclos'd: Why, or for what, the Nobles were committed, Is all unknowne to me, my gracious Lord.

Date. Aye me! I see the issue of my House; The Tyger now hath leif'd the gentle Hinde, Infiling Timonie begins to fur.

Yon the innocent and aellifie Thrice: Welcome Deftruction, Blood, and Malleace, I see (as in a Map) the end of all.

Date. Accursed, and vnquitt wrangling dayes, How many of you haue mine eyes beheld? My Husband lost his life, to get the Crownes, And often vp and downe my sonnes were soft: For me to joy, and wepe, their gaine and lose, And being fea'd, and Doneflieke broyles Cleanse over-blowne, themselfes the Conquerors, Make warre vpon themselfes, Brother to Brother; Blood to blood, selfs against selfs: O preposterous And franticke outrage, and thy damned spicene, Or let me dye, to looke on earth no more.

Date. Come, come, my Boy, we will to Sanctuary. Madam, far well.

Date. Stay, I will go with you.

Newes. You haue no cause.

Arch. My gracious Lady go, And therfore bear your Treasure and your Goodes, For my part, I leinge unto your Grace. The Scale I keepe, and fo别说e to me, As well I tender you, and all of yours, Go, hee conduct you to the Sanctuary.

Actus Tertius. Scene Prima.

The Trumpets sound.

Enter young Prince, the Dukes of Glaoufer, and Buckingham, Lord Cardinall, with others.

Dnc. Welcome sweete Prince to London, To your Chamber.

Rich. Welcome deere Cousin, my thoughts Soveraigne The wearie way hath made you Melancholy. Prim. No Vnkle, but our croses on the way, Have made it tedious, weareftome, and heaue.

Rich. I want more Vnkle heere to welcome me.

Rich. Sweet Prince, the entittled versus of your yeares Hath not yet diu'd into the Worlds deceit: No more can you distinguiish of a man, Then of his outward shew, which God he knowes, Selfdone or never lumpeft with the heart.

Those Vnkle which you want, were dangerous: Your Grace attended to their Sugred words, But look'd not on the payson of their hearts:

God keepe you from them, and from such fals Friends,

Prim. God keepe me from fals Friends, But they were none.

Rich. My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greet you.

Enter Lord Maior.

Mob. God bleffe your Grace, with health and happy dayes.

Prim. I thanke you, good my Lord, and thank you all:

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I thought my Mother, and my Brother York,
Would long ere this, have met vs on the way,
Fie, what a Slag is Hastings, that he comes not
to tell vs, whether they will come, or no.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Butk. And in good time, here comes the Swearing
Lord.
Prince. Welcome, my Lord: what, will our Mother come?

Hasty. On what occasion God he knowes, not I;
The Queene your Mother, and your Brother York,
Hath taken Sanctuary: the tender Prince
Would faine have come with me, to meet your Grace,
But by his Mother was perforce withheld.

Butk. Fie, what an indirect and fruitless course
Is this of hers? Lord Cardinal, will your Grace
Perfwadc the Queene, to send the Duke of York
Vnto his Princeely Brother presently?
If the denie, Lord Hastings, goe with him,
And from her jealous Arries pluck him perforce.
Card. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weake Oratorie
Can from his Mother winne the Duke of York's,  
Anon expect him here: but if he be obstruue.
To milde entreaties, God forbid
We should infringe the holy Proviudeed
Of blessed Sanctuary: not for all this Land,
Would I be guiltie of fo great a fine.

Butk. You are too feneceleste oblitinate, my Lord,
Too ceremonious, and traditionall.
Weigh it but with the Groffete of this Age,
You brake not Sanctuary, in feining him:
The beneft thereof is always granted
To those, whose dealings have defend the place,
And those who have the wit to clayme the place:
This Prince hath neyther claymed it, nor defend'd it,
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it.

Then taking him from thence, that is not there,
You brake no Proviudeed, nor Chatther there:

Of has I heare of Sanctuary men,
But Sanctuary children, we're till now.

Card. My Lord, you fluell o're-rule my mind for once.

Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?


Prince. Good Lords, make all the freedie haft you may.
Say, Vuckle Gloster, if our Brother come,
Where shall we louierne, till our Coronation?

Glo. Where it think it beft vnto your Royall selfe.
If I may confaile you, some day or two,
Your Highfie flall repoye you at the Tower;
Then where you pleafe, and shall be thought meft fift
For your beft health, and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower of any place.

Did Julius Caesar build that place, my Lord?

Butk. He did, my gracious Lord, begin that place,
Which since, suceeding Ages hath re-celfily d.

Prince. Is it upon record? elle he reported
Succesfully from age to age, he built it?

Butk. Upon record, my gracious Lord.

Prince. But say, my Lord, were not rigitied,
Me thinkes the truth should live from age to age,
As i were retaile'd to all posterites.
Even to the general ending day.

Glo. So wife, fo young, they say she never liue long.

Prince. What say you, Vuckle?

Glos. I say, without Charters, Fame liues long.
Thus, like the formall Vice, Inquitie,
I moralize two meanings in one word.

Prince. That Julius Caesar was a famous man,
With what his Valour did enrich his Wits,
His Wit fea downe, to make his Valour liue?
Death makes no Conquest of his Conqueror,
For he lives in Fame, though not in Life.
Ile tell you what, my Cousin Buckingham.

Butk. What, my gracious Lord?

Prince. And if I live, till I be a man,
Ile win our ancient Right in France againe,
Or dye a Souldier, as I liued a King.

Glo. Short Summers lightly have a forward Spring.

Enter young Yorks, Hastings, and Cardinal.


Prince. Richard of York, how fares our Noble Brother?

Butk. Well, my deare Lord, for my part I call you now.

Prince. I, Brother, to our griefe, as it is yours:
Too late he dy'd, that might have kept that Title,
Which by his death hath loft much Magestie.

Glo. How fares our Cousin Noble Lord of York?

Butk. I thank you, gentle Vuckle. O my Lord,
You said, that idle Weeds are falt in growth.
The Prince, my Brother, hath out-grown me faire.

Glo. He hath, my Lord.

Butk. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. Oh my faire Cousin, I must not faie fo.

Butk. Then he is more beholding to you, then I.

Glo. He may command me as my Soveraigne,
But you have power in me, as in a Kinman.

Butk. I pray you, Vuckle, give me this Dagger.

Glo. My Dagger, little Cousin? with all my heart.

Prince. A Begger, Brother?

Butk. Of my kind Vuckle, that I know will glie,
And bring but a Toy, which is no gife to gine.

Glo. A greater gife then that, he gue my Cousin.

Butk. A greater gife? O, that's the Sword to it.

Glo. I gentle Cousin, were it light enough.

Butk. O then I fee,you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier thinges you'll faie a Begger say.

Glo. It is too weightie for your Grace to waer.

Butk. I weight it lightly, were it heaier.

Glo. What, would you have my Weapon, little Lord?

Butk. I would that I might thanke you, as, as you can.

Glo. How?

Butk. Little.

Prince. My Lord of Yorks will flill be croffe in talke;
Vuckle, your Grace knowes how to bear with him.

Butk. You meane to bear me, not to bear with me:
Vuckle, my Brother mockes both you and me.

Because that I am little, like an Ape,
He thinkes that you should bear me on your Shoulders.

Butk. With what a sharp dispraidd wit he reasones:
To misgiate the fcone he givs his Vuckle,
He proue, and aptly taunts himfelfe.
So cunning, and fo young, it wonderfull.

Glo. My Lord, wilt plesse youaffe along?
My iffe, and my good Cousin Buckingham,
Will to your Mother, to enteresse of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

Butk. What.

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Ver. What will you goe into the Tower, my Lord? Prince My Lord Protector will have it so.
A Sent. Enter Prince, Verke, Hastings, and Dafiet.

Mars, Richard, Buckingham, and Catchby.

Back. Think you, my Lord, this little praying of Verke Was not incensed by his subtle Mother, To taunt and seeze you thus oppressively? Glo. No doubt, no doubt; Oh here's a perilous Boy, Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable: Here is all the Mothers, from the top to toe. Back. Well, let them rest. Come hither Catesby, Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend, As closely to conceal what we impute: Thou knowst if our reasons vse'd upon the way. What though it thou? is not an easy matter, To make William Lord Hastings of our mind, For the entailment of this Noble Duke In the Seat Royal of this famous Ie? Cates. He for his fathers sake followes the Prince, That he will not be wone to oaths against himselfe. Back. What think'dst thou then of Stanley? Will not he? Cates. Hee will doe all in all as Hastings doth. Back. Well then, no more but this: Goe gentle Catesby, and as it were tarde off, Sound thou Lord Hastings, How doe he stand affected to our purpose, And furnish him to morrow to the Tower, To fit about the Coronation. If thou dost finde him tractable to vs, Encourage him; and tell him all our reasons: If he be leade, vce, cold, vnwillin; Be too to rude, and so brake off the tale, And give vs notice of his inclination: For we to morrow bold Council, Wherein thy selfe shalbe highly employ'd. Rich. Commend me to Lord William: tell him Catesby, His ancient knot of dangerous Adversaries To morrow are to blood at Pomfret Castle, And bid my Lord, for joy of this good newes, Gieue Midhurst Shore one gentle Kille the more. Back. Good Catesby, goe effect this business_soundly. Cates. My good Lords both, with all the heed I can. Rich. Shall we heare from you, Catesby, ere we sleepe? Cates. You shall, my Lord. Rich. At Croisy House, there shall you find vs both. Exit Catesby.

Back. Now, my Lord, What shall wee doe, if we perceive Lord Hastings will not yield to our Complots? Rich. Chop off his Head: Something wee will determine: And looke when I am King,clayme thou of me The Earledome of Hereford, and all the movables Whereof the King,my Brother, was possesse.
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Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on, where is your Bore-speere man? Fears you the Bore, and goe for unprouised?

Stan. My Lord good morrow, good morrow Catesby: You may leaft on, but by the holy Reed, I do not like these federall Counsellors. 1

Hafl. My Lord, I hold my Life as deare as yours, And never in my days, I doe protest, Was it so precious to me? As now: Thynke you, but that I know our state secure, I would be for triumphant as I am? 2

Sta. The Lords at Pomfret, who they rode from London, Were locund, and suppos'd their faces were sere, And they indeed had no castle to mistit: But yet you see, how soone the Day of eceaff. This sudden flab of Rancour I misdoubt: Pray God (I say) I proue a neceffle Coward. What, shall we toward the Tower: the day is spent. 3

Hafl. Come, come, hau'e with you: Wot you what, my Lord, To day the Lords you talk of, are beleaued, Sta. They, for their truth, might better wear their Heads, Than form what have acuad them, wear their Hats. But come, my Lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hafl. Go on before, Its tale with this good fellow. Exit Lord Stanley, and Catesby. How now, Sire? how goes the World with thee? Perfl. The better, that your Lordship please to ask. Hafl. I tell thee man, it is better with me now, Then when thou met't me last, where now we meet? Then was I going Prisoner to the Tower, By the suggestion of the Queene's Allies. But now I tell thee (kepe it to thy selfe) This day those Enemies are put to death, And I in better state then ere I was.

Perfl. God hold it, to your Honors good content. Hafl. Granermale fellow: there, drinke that for me. Throws him his Purse.

Perfl. I thank your Honors. Exit Pursuivant.

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my Lord, I am glad to see your Honors. Hafte. I thank thee, good Sire John, with all my heart. I am in your debt, for your last Exercise: Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

Priest. He wait upon your Lordship.

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. What, talking with a Priest, Lord Chamberlaine? Your friends at Pomfret, they doe need the Page, Your Honor hath no shining worke in hand. Hafl. Good faith, and when I met this holy man, The men you talke of, came into my minde, What, goe you toward the Tower? Buck. I doe, my Lord, but long I cannot stay there: I shall returne before your Lordship, thence. Hafl. Nay like enough, for I stay Dinner there. Buck. And Supper too, although thou know it not. Will you goe?

Hafl. I'll waie upon your Lordship.

Scene Tertia.

Enter Sir Richard Ratclife, with Halberds, carrying the Nobles to death at Pomfret.

Ratcl. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this, To day shalt thou behold a brutish die, For Truth, for Dutie, and for Loyalty. Grey. God bleffe the Prince from all the Pack of you, A Knot you are, of damned blood-breakers. Caugh. You live, that shall cry woes for this hereafter. Ratcl. Dispatch, the limit of your Lives is one. Ratcl. O Pomfret! Pomfret! O thou bloody Priſon! Fatall and omnious to Noble Peeres: Within the giltie Cloſure of thy Walls, Richard the second here was hauks to death: And for more fluid to thy diſmal Seat, We give to thee one giltie blood to drink. Grey. Now Margaret Caple is fau'd upon our Heads, When these exclaimed on Halbergs you, and I; For haunding by, when Richard lab'd her Sonne, Enters. Then cut'd five Richard, Then cut'd thee Buckingham, Then cut'd thee Halbergs, Then cut'd thee Halbergs, Oh remember God, To heare her prayer for them, as now tor us: And for my Sister, and her Princeſly Sonnes, Be satisfie'd, dear God, with your true blood, Which, as thou know it, vniſually must be splitt. Ratcl. Make haste, the house of death is expire. Enters. Come Grey, come Vaughan, let us here embrace. Farewell, unti we meet againe in Heauen.

Exeunt.
Enter Buckingham, Darby, Halling, Bishop of Ely, Norfolk, Ratcliffe, Lunch, 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 Royal day?

Buck. Is all things ready for the Royal time?

Darb. It is, and wants but nomination.

Ely. To morrow then I judge a happy day.

Buck. Who knows the Lord Protector minds herein? Who is most inward with the Noble Duke?

Ely. Your Grace, we think, should soonest of your minde.

Buck. We know each other’s faces: for our Hearts, he knows no more of mine, than I of yours. 

Or I of his, my Lord, then you o’re mine:

Lord Halling, you and he are near in love.

Haft. I thank my Grace, I know he loves me well:

But for his purpose in the Coronation, I have not found him, he did deliver’d

His gracious pleasure everywhere:

But you, my Honourable Lords, may name the time,

And in the Duke’s behalf I give my Voice,

Which I presume he’ll take in gentle part.

Enter Gloucester.

Ely. In happy time here comes the Duke himself.

Rich. Most Noble Lords, and Counsellors all, good morrow: I have been a long sleeper: but I trust,

My absence doth neglect no great designe,

Which by my presence might have beene concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your Q. my Lord,

Williams, Lord Halling had pronounced your part;

I mean your Voice, for Crowning of the King.

Rich. Then my Lord Halling, no man might be bolder,

His Lordship knows me well, and loves me well,

My Lord of Ely, when I was left in Holborne,

I saw good Strawberries in your Garden there,

I doe believe you, fend for some of them.

Ely. Mary and will, my Lord, with all my heart.

Exit Bishop.

Rich. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you. Curteis hath founded Hallings in our business,

And finds the trusty Gentleman to be;

That he will lose his Head, ere give content;

His Matters Child, as worshipfully he teares it;

Shall lose the Royallie of Englands Throne.

Buck. Withdraw your ftele a while, Ie goe with you.

Exit.

Dark. We have not yet set downe this day of Triumph:

To morrow, in my judgement, is too sudden,

For I myself am not so well provid’d,

As else I would have, were the day prolong’d;

Enter the Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my Lord, the Duke of Gloster?

I have sent for these Strawberries,

His Grace looks cheerfully & smooth this morning.
that ye might well have signified the same
unto the Citizens, who hastily may
misconfer on him, and waylie his death.

[Enter, my good Lord, our Grace worlds fulle ferue,
As well as I had scene, and heard him (speake);
And doe not doubts, right Noble Princes both,
But Ie acquaine our disouis Citizens
With all your inst proceedings in this cafe,

[Exit.]

[Rich.]

[Exeunt.]

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Enter Richard, and Buckingham in rustick Armour,

Richard. Come Couthin,
Canst thou quake, and change thy colour,
Murther thy breath in middle of a word,
And then againe begin, and stop againe,
As if thou were distraight, and mad with terror?

Buck. Tur, I can counterview the deepes Tragedian,
Speake, and looke backe, and prye on euerie side,
Tremble and flite agast of a Straw:
Intending deepe suspition, gally Looken
Are at my feruice, like enforced Smiles; And both are ready in their Offices,
At any time to grace my Stratagemes.

But what, is Catesby gone?

Rich. He is, and, fee he brings the Maior along.

Enter the Maior, and Catesby.

Buck. Lord Maior.

Rich. Looko to the Draw-Stidge there.

Buck. Hearke, a Drumme.

Rich. Catesby, o'er-look the Walls.

Buck. Lord Maior, the reason we haue fent.

Rich. Looke back, defend thee, here are Enemies.

Buck. God and our Innocencie defend, and guard us.

The Maior and Catesby, with Hastings Head.

Rich. Be patient, they are friends: Raitcily, and Lionll.

Lionll. Here is the Head of that dyabol Traylor,
The dangerous and vnrightfuled Hastings.

Rich. So deare I wold, the man, that I must wepe:
I took him for the plainest harmeless Creature,
That breath'd upon the Earth; a Christia.
Made him my Booke, wherein my soule recorded
The Historie of all her secret thoughts.
So smooth he daw'd his Vice with flew of Verse,
That his apparent open Guilt omitted,
I meant, his Confrontation with Shores Wife,
He held from all attender of subjects.

Tark. Well, well, this was the coueri{d deizled Traylor
That every one.

Would you imagine, or almoft believe,
Were not, that he was at preent:
We live to tell it, that the subtil Traylor
This day had plotted, in the Counsell-Houfe,
To murther me, and my good Lord of Gloffor.

Maior. Had he done fo?

Buck. What thinkes 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 Perions estate,
Enforced us to this Execution,

Maior. Now faire beafl you, he deferved his death,
And your good Grace both have well proceeded,
To warne the Tralyors from the like Attemps.

Buck. I neuer look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Mafterlee Shore:
Yet had we not determ'd, if he should dye,
Vntil your Lordship came to see his end,
Which now the loaing hate of these our friends,
Something against our meaning, have prevented; Because, my Lord, I would have had you hear'd
The Traylor speake, and temporallly confesse
The manner and the purpuse of his Treasons:

Enter a Sermoner.

Ser. Here is the Indicnt of the good Lord Hastings,
Which in a fea Hand fairely is engross'd,
That it may be to day reade or in Paper.

And mark how well the fequest hanges together:
Eleuen hours I have pent to write it out,
For yeare-night by Catesby was it sent me,
That precedent was full as long a doing,
And yet within these few hours Hastings liu'd,
Vresaimed, reveres'd, free, at libertie.

Here's a good World the while.
Who is so groffe, that cannot see this palpayle deuise? Yet

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Yet who so bold, but says he sees it not?
But is the World, and all will come to nought,
When all the dealing must be seen in thought. Exit.

Enter Richard and Buckingham at several Doors.

Richard. How now, how now, what say the Citizens?
Buck. Now by the holy Mother of our Lord,
The Citizens are mum, say not a word.
Richard. Touch ye the Baffardie of Edwards Children?
Buck. I did, with his Contract with Lady Lucy,
And his Conspicacy by Deputie in France,
This traitor greenneffe of his desire,
And his enforcement of the Cittie Water,
His Tyramie for Trifles, his owne Baffardie,
As being got, your Father then in France,
And his resemblance, being not like the Duke.
Withall, I did inferre your Lineaments,
Being the right Idea of your Father,
Both in your frame, and Noble will of Minde :
Lay open all your Victorics, and Richesse:
Your Discpline in Warrs, Wildom in Peace,
Your Bountie, Vertue, saile of Humilitie :
Indeed, I see nothing fitting for your purpose,
Virtuous, or fleightly handled in thineourse.
And when my Oracree shot toward end,
I bid them that did lose their Countries good,
Cry, God save Richard, Englands Royall King.
Richard. And did they so?
Buck. No, to God help me, they spoke not a word,
But like Dumbbe Statues, or breathing Stones,
Stand each on other, and look'd deadly pale:
Which when I saw, I reprehended them,
And ask'd the Major, what mean't this wilfull silence?
His answer was, the people were as vied
To be spoke to, but by the Recoreer.
Then he was voug'd to tell me his Tale again:
Thus sayth the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferred,
But nothing spoke, in warrant from himselfe.
When he had done, some followers of mine owne,
At lower end of the Hall, held vp their Caps,
And some tenne voices cry'd, God save King Richard:
And thus I tookook the vantage of those few.
Thankes gentl Citizens, and friends, quoth I,
This general applause, and chearefull flowt,
Argues your wildomse, and your love to Richard.
And even here brake off, and came away.
Richard. What tongue-leffe Blockes were they, that
Would they not speake?
Will not the Major then, and his Brethren, come?
Richard. The Major is here at hand: intend some feare,
Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit:
And looke you get a Prayer-Booke in your hand,
And stand between two Church-men, good my Lord,
For on that ground Ie make a holy Decant:
And be not easily wonne to our requets,
Play the Maids part, till answer say, and take it.
Richard. I goe; and if you pleases well for them,
As I can lay thee to my felle, my Lord,
No doubt we bring it to a happy issue.
Richard. Go, go vp to the Leads, the Lord Maior knocks.

Enter the Maior, and Citizens.

Welcome, my Lord, I dance attendance here,
I thinke the Duke will not be spoke withall.

Enter Catesby.

Buck. Now Catesby, what sayes your Lord to my requent?
Catesby. He doth entreat your Grace, my Noble Lord,
To visite him to morrow, or great day:
He is within, with the two reverend Fathers,
Dissolutely bent to Meditation,
And in no Worldly suits would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy Exercit.
Buck. Returnes, good Catesby, to the gracious Duke,
Tell him, my selfe, the Maior and Aldermen,
In deepdes deuines, in matter of great moment,
No little importing then our general good,
Are come to have some Conference with his Grace.
Catesby. He signifieth so much unto him straight. Exit.
Buck. Ah ha, my Lord, this Prince is not an Edward,
He is not llur'd on a lowe Loue-Bed,
But on his Knees, as Meditation:
Not dallying with a Brace of Cirtizens,
But meditating with two deep Deuines:
Not sleeptime, to engroffe his idle Body,
But praying, to enrich his watchfull Soul.
Happie were England, would this braveous Prince
Take on his Grace the Soueraigne therself.
But sure I feare we shall not winne him to it.
Maior. Marty God defend his Grace should say us nay.
Buck. I feare he will: here Catesby comes again.

Enter Catesby.

Now Catesby, what sayes his Grace?
Catesby. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troopes of Citizens, to come to him,
His Grace not being ward'd thereof before:
He cares, my Lord, you meane no good to him.
Buck. Sorry Sir, my Noble Cousin should
Suspect me, that I meane no good to him:
By Heaven, we come to a him in perfect love,
And is once more return'd, and tell his Grace.
Exit.
Richard. When holy and devout Religious men
Are at their Beside, 'tis much to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous Contemplation.

Enter Richard alio, betwene two Bishops.

Maior. See where his Grace stands, we see two Clergie men.
Buck. Two Props of Vertue, for a Christian Prince,
To stay him from the fall of Vaniety:
And see a booke of Prayer in his hand,
True Ornaments to know a holy man,
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious Prince,
Enduoraul care to our requets,
And pardon vs the interruption
Of thy Denouement, and right Christian Zeale.
Richard. My Lord, there needs no such Apolodle :
I doe before your Grace to pardon me,
Who earneth in the servise of my God,
Deferr'd the visitation of my friends,
But leaning this, what is your Graces pleasure?
Buck. Even that (I hope) which pleaseth God above,
And all good men, of this vngovern'd lie.
Richard. I doe fulfille I have done some offence,
That seeming disgracious in the Cities eye,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

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Buck, You

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Buck. You have, my Lord:
Would it might please your Grace,
On our entreaties, to amend your fault.
Of the Supreme Seat, the Throne Mosteely full,
The Sacred Office of your Ancients,
Your State of Fortune, and your Draw of Birth,
The Lineall Glory of your Royall House,
To the corruption of a blest Gift Stock,
Whiles in the mildnesse of your heele thoughts,
Which here we waken to our Countreys good.
The Noble He that want his proper Limes:
His Face defaced with Shames of Infamie,
His Royall Stock gralft with ignoble Plants,
And almost shoulterd in the swallowing Gulfe
Of dark Forgetfulness, and deep Oblision,
Which to restore, we earnestly solicite.
Your gracious fritte to take on you the charge
And Kingly Government of this your Land:
Not as Protector, Steward, Substitute,
Or lowly Factor, for another's gaine;
But as successely, from Blood to Blood,
Your Right of Birth, your Emprise, your owne.
For this, comforted with the Citizens,
Your valor, Worthy soul and loving friends,
And by their vehement indignation,
In this sull Calue come in to move your Grace.
Rich. I cannot tell if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speake in your reproude,
Helt fitteth my Degree, or your Condition;
If to answere, you might haply thinke,
Tongue-y'd Ambition, not replying yecleld
To breare the Golden Yoke of Sovereignity,
Which fondly you would here impose on me.
If to reprouce you for this fuit of yours,
So tofond with your faithfull loose to me,
Then on the other fides check'd my friends.
Therefore to speake, and so avoid the fuit,
And then in speacking, not to incure the least,
Definitely thus answer you,
Your hand deferres my thankes, but my defe
Vimentable, stamnes your high rekap.
First, if all Obstacles were cut away,
And that my Path were even to the Crowne,
As the ripe Reuenues, and due of Birth:
Yet so much is my pouerite of spirit,
So mightie, and so manie my defe
That I would rather hide me from my Greatnesse,
Being a Barke to brooke no mightie Sea;
Then in my Greatnesse couet to be hid,
And in the vapoure of my Glory mutheled.
But God be thank'd, there is no need of me,
And much I need to helpe you, were there need:
The Royall Treasur left vs Royall Fruit,
Which is gott by the bleeding bowres of time,
With spill, becom the Seat of Maiestie,
And make (no doubt) as happy by his Reigne.
On him I lay that you woll lay on me,
The Right and Fortune of his happy Starres,
Which God defend that I shoulde wong from him.
Buck. My Lord, this argues Confidence in your Grace,
But the repects thereof are nice, and trivial,
All engagements well considerd.
You say that Edward is your Brothers Sonne,
So say we too, but not by Edward's Wife:

For first was he contract to Lady Lewes,
Your Mother bate a Wifnesse to his Vow,
And afterward by substittute betold'd
To Donna, Sitter to the King of France.
Thefe both put of, a poore Petitioner,
A Care-cr added to many Somers,
A Beautie-winning, and disreftred Widow,
Even in the after-moone of her bed days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton Eye,
Seduc'd the pitch, and height of his degree,
To base declension, and loath'd Bigamie.
By her, in her unlawful Bed, he got
This Edward, whom our Manners call the Prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Such that for reverence to some alue,
I gave a sparing limit to my Tongue.
Then good, my Lord, take to your Royall selfe
This proffer'd benefit of Digestion:
If not to blesse vs and the Land, withall,
Yet to draw forth your Noble Ancifte
From the corruption of abusing times,
Vnfo a Lineall true derived coufre.

Maur. Do good my Lord, your Citizens entreat you,
Buck. Refute not, mightie Lord, this proffer'd love.
Catesb. O make them joyfull, grant their lawfull fuit.
Rich. This proffers benefit of Digestion:
If not to blesse vs and the Land, withall,
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Book. To morrow then we will attend your Grace, And do most joyfully we take our leave. 
Riche. Come, let's to our holy Workes againe. Farewell my Cousins, farewell gentle friends. 

Enter the Queen, Anne Duchiess of Gloucester, the Duchiess of York, and Marguerit Dorset.

Anne. God give your Grace both, a happy day. And a joyfull time of day. 
Que. As much to you, good Sisters; whither away? 
Anne. No farther then the Tower, and as I guess, Upon the like devotion as your felices, To gratulate the gentle Princes there. 
Que. Kind Sister thanks, we're at enter all together.

Enter the Lieutenant. 

And in good time, here the Lieutenant comes. Master Lieutenant, pray you, by your leave, How doth the Prince, and my young Sonne of York? 
Lieut. Right well, dear Madame: by your patience, I may not suffer you to visit them, The King hath fisrily charged the contrary. 
Que. The King? who's that? 
Lieut. I mean, the Lord Protector. 
Que. The Lord protect him from that Kingly Title. Hath he fet bounds between their love, and me? I am their Mother, who shall scarce be from them? 
Duch. Turke. 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 sights, Ile bear thine blame, And take thy Office from thee, on my perill. 
Lieut. No, Madame, no; I may not leave it to: I am bound by Oath, and therefore pardon me. 
Exit Lieutenant. 

Enter Stanley. 

Stanley. Let me but meet you Ladies one howre hence, And Ie salute your Grace of Yorke: a Mother, And recount you looker on of two faire Queenes, 
Come Madame, you must straight to Westminister, There to be crowned Richd. Royall Queene. 
Que. Alas, my Lance slinder, That my pen heart may have some scope to hear, Or else I swoone with this dead-killing news. 
Anne. Despitfull tidings, O upbraiding newes. 
Dorset. Be of good cheare: Mother, how fares your Grace? 
Que. O Dorset, speake not to me, get thee gone, Death and Destruction dogges thee at thy heelles, Thy Mothers Name is ominous to Children.

If thou wilt our-stip Death, gae errose the Seas, And lie with Richmond, from the reach of Hell. 
Que. Ily thee, hye thee from this slaughter-house, Left thou encreas the number of the dead, And make me dye the thrall of Margarets Curfe, Nor Mother, Wife, nor Englands countned Queene. 
Stanley. Full of wife care, is this your counsafe, Madame: Take all the swift advantage of the hoovers, You shall have Letters from me to thy Sonne, In thy behalfe, to meet you on the way: 
Be not to tarde by untune delay. 
Duch. Turke. O till dispeering Vicnie of Miserie, O my accursed Wome, the Bed of Death! A Cockatrice halfl thou hast to the World, Whose vnaintoild Eye is murtherous. 
Stanley. Come, Madame, come, I in all haste was sent. 
Anne. And I with all wailing gresse will goe. 
Que. Would to God, that the inclusive Verge 
Of Golden Metall, that must round my Brow, Were red hot Steel, to seare me to the Braines, Anonyed let me be with deadly Venome, And dyre ere men can say, God saue the Queene, Que. Go! goe, goe, poure soule, I enue not thy glory, To feed my humor, with thy telle no harme. 
Anne. No, why? When he that is my Husband now, Come to me, as I followd Henрес Curfe, When fierce the blood was well waists from his hands, Which issu'd from my other Angell Husband, And that deare Saint, which then I weeping follow'd: O, when I lay I look'd on Richard's Face, This was my Wifhe: 3be thou (quoth 1) accurfi, 
For making me, fo young, fo old a Widow: 
And when thou wentst, let sorrow haunt thy Bed; And be thy Wife, if any be for end, More miserable, by the Life of thee, Then thou halfe made me, by my deare Lords death. 
Que. I can repeat this Curfe againe, Within so small a time, my Womans heart 
Groffely grew captive to his honey words, 
And proud the libicit of mine owne Souls Curfe, Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest: 
But never yet one howre in his Bed 
Did I enjoy the golden deaw of Eper, But with his timorous Dreams was still awak'd, Besides, he hates me for my Father Warrickes, And will (no doubt) shortly be rid of me. 
Que. Poore heart adieu, I pritty thee complaining. 
Anne. No more then, with my soule I mourn for yours. 
Dorset. Farewell, thou sorrowfull welcomer of glory. 
Que. Adieu, poore soule, that tak's thy leave of it. 
Que. Go thou to Richmond, & good fortune guide thee, 
Go thou to Richard, and good Angels tend thee, Go thou to Sanctuarie, and good thoughts positiue thee, To my Grace, where peace and rest lie with mee. 
Eightie odd yeares of sorrow haue I fene, 
And each howres joy wrackt with a wecke of tene. 
Que. Stay, yet looke backe with mee unto the Tower. 
Pitty, you ancient Stones, that are no more Babes, 
Whom Euen hath immur'd within your Walls, 
Rough Cradle for such little prettie ones, 
Rude ragged Nurfe, old fullen Play-fellow, 
For tender Princes: vie my Babes well; 
So foolish Sorrowes bids your Stories farewell. 

Exit.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Scena Secunda.

Sound a Serene. Enter Richard in pomp, Buckingham, Catesby, Ratcliff, Lowe.

Rich. Stand all apart, Cousin of Buckingham.

Buck. My gracious Sovereigne.

Rich. Give me thy hand. 

Thus high, by thy advice, and thy applause,
Is King Richard feared:
But shall we waste these Glories for a day?
Or shall they laft, and we receive in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last.

Rich. All Buckingham, now doe I play the Touch,
To trie if thou be earnest Gold indeed:
Young Edward lives, thinke now what I would speake.

Buck. Say on my loving Lord.

Rich. Why Buckingham, I say I would be King.

Buck. Why so you are, my thrice-renowned Lord.

Rich. Ha! am I King? tis so; but Edward lives.

Buck. True, Noble Prince.

Rich. O bitter confection!

That Edward still should live true Noble Prince,
Cousin, thou wait not to be so dull!
Shall I be plain? I with the Battards dead,
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.

What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be briefe.

Buck. Your Grace may doe your pleasure.

Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all else, thy kindnesse freezes:

Say, haue I thy consent, that they shall dye?

Buck. Give me some little breath, some pawfe, deare Lord,
Before I positively speake in this:

I will refuse you herein pretend.

Entr'acte.

Catesby. The King is angry, he gnaws his Lippe.

Rich. I will consuerre with Iron-witted Fools,
And unrespechue Boyes: none are for me,
That looke into me with considerate eyes,
High-reaching Buckingham growes circumpec't.


Rich. Know'lt thou not any, whom corrupting Gold
Will tempt into a false exploit of Death?

Page. I know a discontented Gentleman,
Whose humble manners match not his haughtie spirits:
Gold were as good as twenty Otors,
And will (no doubt) tempt him to any thing.

Rich. What is his Name?

Page. His Name, my Lord, is Tyrrel.

Rich. I partly know the man: guee call him hither, 

Boy. Exit.

The deepe resolving within Buckingham,
No more shall be the neighbor to my confiders.
Haste he long held out with me, why'st thou,
And flope he now for breath? Well, be it so.

Enter Stanley.

How now, Lord Stanley, what's the news?

Stanley. Know my loving Lord, the Marquesse Dorset
As I breake, is fled to Richmond,
In the parts where he abides.

Rich. Come hither Catesby, rumor is afraid,
That Anne my Wife is very grievous sick.
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some cheane poor Gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence Daughter:
The Boy is foolish, and I feare not him.

Looke how thou dream'tst: I say again, goe out,
That Anne, my Queene, is sicke, and like to dye.
About it, for it stands me much vpon
To stop all hope, whose growth may dammage me.
I must be married to my Brothers Daughter,
Or else my Kingdome standts on blitasse Glasse:
Murther her Brothers, and then marry her,
Uncertaine way of gaine. But I am so
In faire in blood, that sinne will pluck on sinne,
Tear-falling Pittie dwells not in this Eye.

Enter Tyrrel.

Is thy Name Tyrrel?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

Rich. Art thou indeed?

Tyr. Proute me, my gracious Lord,

Rich. Dar'st thou reloue to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Please you:

But I had rather kill two enemies.

Rich. Why then thou haft it: two deepe enemies,

Foes to my Reit, and my sweete footsteps disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deale vpon:

Tyrrel, I mean those Battards in the Tower,

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And foone I tend you from the treare of them.

Rich. Thou fong'lt sweet Muzique:

Heare, come hither Tyrrel,

Goe by this token: rife, and lend thine Ear, Whispers.

There is no more but so: say it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

Tyr. I will dispatch it straight.

Enter Buckingham.

Rich. My Lord, I have confider'd in my minde,
The late request that you did found me in.

Rich. Well, let that rest: Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Rich. I heare the newes, my Lord.

Stanley, hee is your Wives Sonne: well, looke vnto it.

Rich. My Lord, I shynme the gift, my dace by promife,
For which your Honor and your Faith is pown'd,
Th'Earledome of Hereford, and the mouchables,
Which you have promised I shall possesse.

Rich. Stanley looke to your Wife: if the councty

Letters to Richmond, you shall answere it.

Rich. What say'st thou to your Highnesse to my next request?

Tyr. I doe remember me, Henry the Sixth.

Did pronounce, that Richmond should be King,
When Richmond was a little poore boy,

A King perhaps.

Rich. May it please you to refuse me in my suit.

Rich. Thou troublest me, I am not in the vaine. Exit.

Rich. And is it thus? repayes he my deepe service
With such contempt? made I him King for this?
O let me thinke on Hastings, and be gone
To Brecon, while my fearfull Head is on.

Enter Tyrrel.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody A3 is done,
The most arch deed of pittious malware

That

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That ever yet this Land was guilty of: Digbyton and Forreath, who I did suborne
To do this piece of ruthless Butchery,
Albeit they were feteth Villaines, bloody Dogges, Melted with tenderneffe, and miltie communion,
Yet like to Children, in their deaths sad Story.
O thus (quoth Digbyton) say the gentle Babes: Thus, thus (quoth Forreath) girdling one another Within their Alabaster innocent Armes: Their lips were foure red Roses on a stalk, And in their Summer Beauty kiss each other. A Book of Prayers on their pillow lay, Which one (quoth Forreath) almost chang'd my minde: But oh the Duell, there the Villaine fopp: When Digbyton thus told on, we smothered The most repugnous sweet workes of Nature, That from the prime Creation ere the framed, Hence both are gone with Confidence and Remorse, They could not speake, and so I left them both, To beare this yeelding to the bloody King.

Enter Richard.

And heere he comes. All health my Sovereigne Lord: Ric. Kinde Turell, am I happy in thy Newes,
Tir. If to have done the things you gaue in charge, Beget your hapineffe, be happy then, For it is done. Rich. But didst thou see them dead. Tir. I did my Lord. Rich. And buried gentle Turell. Tir. The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buried them, But where (say the truth) I do not know. Rich. Come to me Turell, loue me, and after Supper, When thou shalt tell the proceffe of their death, Meane time, but thinke how I may doe the good, And be inheritor of thy desirs.
Farewell till then. Tir. I humbly take my leve.
Rich. The Sonne of Clarence have I pent vp close, His daughter meanly haue I marth'd in marriage, The Sons of Edward to Abrahams becomm'd, And Anne my wife hath bid this world good night, Now for I know the Britaine Richmond ysmes At yong Elizabeth my brothers daughter, And by that knot looks more strongly on the Crowne, To her go I joyfully whining woode.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord, Rich. Good or bad newes, that thou com't in so blundredly?
Rat. Bad news my Lord, Clarence is fled to Richmond, And Buckingham backt with the hardy Welfmen Is in the field, and kill his power entrecreseth, Rich. Eli with Richmond troubles me more neere, Then Buckingham and his rath leuat Strength. Come, I have learn'd, that fairefull commenting It leades feruitor to dull delay. Delay les impotent and Snaile-pac'd Beggery: Then stcie expedition on my wing, Ioues Mercury, and Herid for a king: Go rather men: My commodity is my Sheeld, We must be bleeve, when Traitors braue the Field.

Enter old Queen Margaret.

Mar. So now prosperity begins to mellow, And drop into the rotten mouth of death: Here in these Confines fally have I lunk, To watch the waming of mine enemies, A dire induction, an I wintette, And will to France, hoping the consequene Will prove as bitter, blacke, and Tragicall, Withdraw the wretched Margaret, who comes heere?

Enter Dutchesse and Queene.

Que. Ah my poor Prince! ah my tender Babes: My Vndow'd Flowers, now appearing sweetes: If yet your gentle foules flye in the Ayre, And be not fixt in doome perpetuall, Hower about me with your ayery wings, And hearre your mothers Lamentation.
Mar. Hower about her, say that right for right Hath dipt your Infant mame, to Aged night. Dut. So many misteries have cra'd my voyce, That my vve-weared tongue is still and mute. Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead? Mar. Plantagenet doth quith Plantagenet, Edward for Edward, payes a dyng debt. Que. Why didst thou, O God, flye from such gentle Lambs, And throw them in the inriles of the Wolfe? When dipt thou in that, when such a deed was done? Mar. When holy Harry dyed, and my sweet Sonne.
Dut. Dead life, blind fight, poore mortall living ghoul, Woos Scene, Worlds shame, Graces due, by life tirrupts, Briefe abstrakt and record of tedious dayes, Reft thy vrenel on Englands lawfull earth, Unlawfully made drunkne with innocent blood.
Que. Ah, that thou wouldst affronte aboord a Graue, As thou canft yield a melancholly feast. Then would I hide my bones, not leaff them heere, Who hath any cattle to mourne but we? Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reuuent, Gume the beneft of snergicke, And let thy 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 Edward, till a Richard kill'd him.
Dut. I had a Richard too, and thou did't kill him; I had a Rutland too, thou hop'dt to kill him. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, And Richard killed him.
From forth the kennel of thy wombe hast 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 foule defayer of Gods handy worke: That reigne in gauded eyes of weeping foules: That excellent grand Tyrant of the earth, Thy wombe let loose to chafe vs to our graves. O vpright, just, and true-disposing God.
How do I thanke thee, that this carnall Curte

Prayers

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The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Prayes on the issue of his Mothers body,
And makes her Puc-fellow with others mone.

Dut. Oh Harries wife, triumph not in thy woes:
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Mar. Beare with me: I am hungry for retenge,
And now I play me with beholding it.

Thus Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward,
The other Edward dead, to quit my Edward:
Yong Yorke, he is but boote, because both they
Mach't not the high perfection of my loffe.

Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward,
And the beholders of this franticke play,
Th'adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan,Gray,
Vnlimely smother'd in their dusky Graues.

Richard yet lines, Hels blacke Intelligence,
Oney refer'd their Factor, to buy foules,
And send then thither: But at hand, at hand
Infus his pition and vnspilt end.

Earth gapes, Hell burnes, Friends roare, Saints pray,
To haue him sodainly cony'd from hence:
Cancell his bond of life, decree God I pray,
That I may live and say, The Dogge is dead.

To thou didst prophete, this time would come,
That thou woul'dst wish for thee to helpe me cure
That bottell'd Spider, that soule bunch'd back'd Toad.

Mar. I call'd thee then, vaine flourish of my fortune:
I call'd thee then, poore Shadow, painted Queen,
The presentation of but what I was;
The flattering Index of a direfull Pageant;
One head'd high, to be hur'd downe belowe:
A Mother onely mockt with two faire Babes;
A dreame of what thou wait, a garish Flugge
'To be the ayme of every dangerous Shite;
A signe of Dignity, a Breath, a Bubble;
A Queen in itself, onely to fill the Scene.

Where is thy Husband now? Where be thy Brothers?
Where be thy two Sone? Wherein dost thou Joy?
Who fees, and kneells, and sayes, God save the Queen?
Where be the binding Peeres that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging Troopes that followed thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art.

For happy Wife, a molt distrested Widow:
For joyfull Mother, one that wailes the name:
For one being fued too,one that humbly fees:
For Queene, a very Cassifile, crown'd with care:
For she that found me, now for'ud of me:
For the being feared of all, now fearing one:
For the commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the course of Justice whirl'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time.
Having no more but Thought of what thou waft.
To torture thee the more, being what thou art,
Thou didst viue thy place, and doth thou not
Viue the soult proportion of my Sorrow
Now thy proud Necke, beare, halfe my burden'd yoke,
From which, even here I lift my wearied head,
And leave the burden of it all on thee.
Farwell Yorke's wife, and Queene of my mischance,
That English want, shall make me faile in France.

O thou well skill'd in Curfe,s, day a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

For there to flepee the night, and full the day:
Compare dead hapinnesse, with living woe:
Thinkst thou thy Babes were fwear'd then they were,
And he that flw them fowler then he is:
Bestring thy loffe, makes the bad easier worke,

Resolving this, will teach thee how to Curse.

Quo. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.

Mar. Thy woes will make them sharpe,
And pierce like mine.

Exit Margaret.

Dut. Why should calamity be full of words?

Quo. Windy Aturnuries to their Clients Woes,

Ayery succeders of meanstle joyes,

Poore breathing Orasors of miseries,

Let them haue scope, though what they will impart,
Help nothing els, yet do they ease the hart.

Dut. If so then, be not Tongue-ty digo with me,
And in the breath of bitter words, let's smother
My damned Son, that two sweet Sonnes fmother'd,
The Trumpet sounds, be copious in exclames.

Enter King Richard, and his Traine.

Rich. Who intercepts me in my Expedition?

Dut. O Que, that might have intercepted thee
By stranling thee in her accursed wombe,
From all the laughter(With'that thou haft done).

Quo. Had't thou that Forthead with a Golden Crowne
Where't should be branded, if that right were right?

The slaughter of the Prince that ow'd that Crowne,

And the dyre death of my poor Sonnes, and Brothers.

Tell me thou Vailine Que, where are my Children?

Dut. Thou Toad, thou Toad,
Where is thy Brother Clarence?

And little Ned Plantagenet his Sonne?

Quo. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan,Gray &

Dut. Where is kinde Hastings?

Rich. A flourisht Trumpeter, strike Alamarm Drummes:

Let not the Haunts hear thee Tell-tale women

Raile on the Lords Annointed, Strike I say,

Flourisht, Alamarmus,

Either be patient, and intreat me fayre,
Or with the clamorous report of Warre,

This will I drowne your exclamations.

Dut. Art thou so Queene?

Rich. L I thanke God, my Father, and your selfe.

Dut. Then patiently hear my impatiance.

Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,

That cannot breake the accents of reproofs.

Dut. O let me speake.

Rich. Do then, but let not your self.

Dut. I will be milde, and gentle in your words.

Rich. And briefly (good Mother) for I am in haft.

Dut. Art thou so haftye? I have ftaid for thee

Enraged, in torment and in agony.

Rich. And can I now at laft comfort you?

Dut. No by the holy Rood, thou know'st it well,

Thou can't on earth, to make the earth my Hell.

A greatre burthen was thy Birth to me,

Tetchy and wayward was thy Infancie.

Thy School-dates frightfull, deep're, wild, and furious,

Thy prime of Manhood, daring, bold, and venturous:

Thy Age confirm'd, proud, subtile, flye, and bloody,

More milde, but yet more harmfull: Kinde in hatred:

What comfortable, and what thou name,

That euer grace'd me with thy company.

Rich. Faith none, but Humphrey Hower,

That call'd thy Grace

To Breakfall once, forth of my company.

If I be to disgracefull in your eye,

Let me march on, and not offend you Madam.

Strike up the Drumme,

Dut. I prythee hear me speake,

Rich.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Rich. You speake too bitterly.

Dott. Hears me a word:

For I shall never speake to thee againe.

Rich. So.

Dott. Either thou wilt dye by God's inf. ordinance
From this warre thou truely a Conqueror:
Or I with griefe and extreme Age shall perishe,
And never more behold thy face againe.

Therefore take with thee my most greuenesse,
Which in the day of Barzell yeere more then
Then all the complait Armour that thou west off.

My Prayers on the adverter party fight,
And there the little fouler of Edward's Children,
Whisper the Spirits of those Enemies,
And promis them Seraffle and Victory:

Bloody thou art, bloody will thy end:
Shame servest thy life, and doth thy death attend. Exit.

Qu. Though far more canst ye yet much liue, to curie
Abides in me, I say Amen too.

Rich. Stay Madam, I will take a word with you.

I have no more foules of the Royall Blood
For thee to laugher. For my Daughters (Richard)
They shall be praysing Name, not weeping Queens:
And therefore trie not to shut their Flag.

Rich. You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,

Virtuous and Faire, Royal and Glorious?

Qu. And must the dye for this? Olet her live,
And He corrupt her Manners, staine her Beauty,
Slander my selfe, as saffe to Edward bed:
Throw over her the vail of Infamy,
So she may live vnscarr'd of bleeding blood,
I will confesse she was not Edward's daughter.

Rich. Wrong not her Byth, she is a Royall Princesse,

To laue her life, He say she is not to.

Rich. Her life is safest only in her byth,
Qu. And only in that safety dyed her Brothers,
Rich. Lose at their Birth, good fairest were opposite.

Qu. No, to their hours, all friends were contrary,

Rich. All wanting is the doome of Deflany,
Qu. True; when unworldly grace makes Delfany,
My Babes were deuined to a fairer death,

If grace had bled thee with a fairer life.

Rich. You speake as if that I had slaine my Cofins?

Qu. Cofins indeed, and by their Vnkle couened,

Of-Comfort, Kindome, Kindred, Freedome, Life,
Whole hand forser lond 'thall their tender hearts,
They head (all indirecly) same direction.

No doubt the dreadful Kniffe was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy stone hard heart,
To retell in the teratels of my Lames.

But this fill of greene, makes wild greene same,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my Bivies,
Till that my Nayles were anchor'd in thine hands:

And in such a deep Seat of death,
Like a poore Birdke, of Care and troubling rest,
Rufi all to pieces on thy Rocky boosoms.

Rich. Madam, for thine I in my enminate
And dangerous face of bloody warrer,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Then ever you and yours by me were harm'd.

Qu. What good is couer'd with the face of heaven,
To be disconuert, that can do me good.

Rich. Th'還沒 of grateful and truckling gentle Lady,

Qu. Up to some Scaffold, there to lose their heads.

Rich. Into the dignity and height of Fortune,

The high Imperial Type of this earthy glory.

Qu. Flatter my sorrow with report of it.
Tell me, what State, what Dignity, what Honor,
Canst thou demyce to any child of mine.

Rich. Then all I haue and my life and all,
Will I withall ladow a child of thine:
So in the Lheet of thy slygy foe,
Thou drownest the fond remembrance of those wrongs,
Which thou supposst I have done to thee.

Qu. Be breve, least that the proceede of thy kindnesse
Last longer telling then thy kindnesse did.

Rich. Then know,
That from my Soule, I loue thy Daughter,

Qu. My daughters Mother thinkes it with her soule.

Rich. What do you think?

Qu. That thou dost love my daughter from thy soule,
So from thy Soules love diidst thou love her Brothers,
And from my hearts love, I do take thee for it.

Rich. Be not so hafty to confound my meaning:
I meant that with my Soule I loue thy daughter,
And do intend to make her Queene of England.

Qu. Well then, who shall then staine her King,

Rich. Even he that makes her Queene:
Who else should bee?

Qu. What thou?

Rich. Even for: How thinke you of it?
Qu. How canst thou woo her?

Rich. That I would learne of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Qu. And wilt this learne of me?

Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Qu. Send to her by the man that flew her Brothers,

A pair of bleeding hearts: the one ingrate

Edward and York, then haply will the wepe:
Therefore present to her, as sometime Margerates
Did to thy Father, seepst in Pottland's blood,
A hand-kerccheefe, which fay to her did dreyne
The purple fappe from her sweet Brothers body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withall.
If this inducement move her not to lour,
Send her a Letter of thy Noble deeds:
Tell her, thou madst away her Vnkle Clarence,
Her Vnkle Rivers, I (and for her fake)
Madd' a quick enconuansse with her good Aunt Anne.

Rich. You mack me Madam, this not the way
To win your daughter.

Qu. There is no other way,

Valuable thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard, that hath done all this.

Ket. Say that I did all this for love of her.

Qu. Nay then indeed she cannot choose but hate thee
Having bought love, with such a bloody payole.

Rich. Look what is done, cannot be now amended:
Men shall deale vnadversely sometime,
Which after-hours glues leysure to repent.
If I did take the Kingdome from your Sonnes,
To make amends, He gie it to your daughter:
I fll have keipt the issue of your wombe,
To quicken your enresse, I will begge
Mine yssue of your blood, upon your Daughter.
A Grandams name is little leffe in love,
Then is the dating Title of a Mother;
They are as Children but one steppe below,
Even of your metal, of your very blood.
Of all one paine, fyn for a nighte of groans
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like forrow.
Your Children were vexation to your youth,
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

But mine shall be a comfort to your Age,
The loise you have, is but a Sonne being King,
And by that loise, your Daughter is made Queene.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept each kindness as I can.

Desire your Sonne, that with a faire full soule
Leads discontented Reppe in Fornaine soyle,
This faire Alliance, quickly shall call home,
To high Promotions, and great Dignity.
The King that calleth your beauteous Daughter Wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Desire, Brother:
Again shall you be Mother to a King,
And all the Ruines of diftressfull Times,
Repays'd with double Riches of Content;
What? we have many goodly days to see;
The liquid drops of Tares that you have seed,
Shall come again, transform'd to Orient Pearl,
Advantaging their Loue, with interest
Often-times double gaine of happinesse,
Go then (my Mother) thy Daughter go,
Make bold her bafefull yeares, with your experience,
Prepare her estes to hear a Woers Tale:
Put in her tender heart, th'afpiring Flame
Of Golden Sovereignty: Acquit the Princeffe
With the sweet silent hours of Marriage joyes:
And when this Arme of mine hath chastised
The petty Rebel, dull-brain'd Baylyham,
Before my Triumphant Garlands will I come,
And leade thy daughter to a Conquerors bed:
To whom I will retain my Conquest wonne,
And the faire sole Violcre, Caesar Caesar.

Q. What were it I beseech to thy Father Brothe
Would be her Lord? Or shall I say her Vnkle?
Or heath the word her Brothers and her Vnkle?
Vnder what title shall I was for thee,
That God, the Law, my Honor, and her Loue,
Can make feme pleasing to her tender estes?
Rich Inferre faire Englandes peace by this Alliance.

Q. Which the shall purchase with this lafiting ware.
Rich Tell her, the King that may command, interest.
Q. That as her hands, which the kings King forvs.
Rich Say she shall be a High and Mighty Queene.
Q. To the Tale, as her Macht doth authorize a
Rich Say I will loose her estes laftingly.
Q. But how long shall that title euer laft?
Rich Sweetly in force, vnto her faire loues end.
Q. But how long fairly shall her sweet life laft?
Rich As long as Heauen and Nature lengthen it.
Q. As long as Hell and Richard like of it.
Rich Say I her Sovereigne, am her Subiect low.
Q. But the your Subiect,clothes such Sovereignty.
Rich Be eloquent in my behalfe to her,
Q. An hometale speedes best, being plainly told.
Rich Then plainly to her, tell my louing tale.
Q. Plaine and not hometale laftingly a Bykle.
Rich Your Reasons are too shallow, and to quicke.
Q. Or my Reasons are too deep and dead,
Rich Say, I her Sovereigne, am her Subiect low.
Q. But the your Subiect,clothes such Sovereignty.
Rich Be eloquent in my behalfe to her,
Q. An hometale speedes best, being plainly told.
Rich Then plainly to her, tell my louing tale.
Q. Plaine and not hometale, to harsh a Bykle.
Rich, Your Reasons are too shallow, and to quicke.
Q. Or my Reasons are too deep and dead,
Rich Say, I her Sovereigne, am her Subiect low.
Q. But the your Subiect, clothe such Sovereignty.
Rich Be eloquent in my behalfe to her,
Q. An hometale speedes best, being plainly told.
Rich Then plainly to her, tell my louing tale.
Q. Plaine and not hometale lastingly a Bykle.
Rich, Your Reasons are too shallow, and to quicke.

Q. By nothing, for this is no Oath:
Thy George prophane, hath left his Lordly Honor;
Thy Garter blemish'd, pawn'd his Kingly Virte;
Thy Crowne vnder'd, disgrace'd his Kingsly Glory:
If something thou wouldst swear to be beleu'd,
Sware then by something, that thou haft not wrong'd.
Rich, Then by my Selle.
Q. Thy Selle is false, mis'd.
Rich, Now by the World.
Q. This full of thoy soule wrongs.
Q. Thy life hath it disforn'd.
Rich, Why then, by Heauen.
Q. Heavens wrong is most of all:
If thou didst feat to break an Oath with him,
The vntiety the King and my husband may cost
Thou hadst not broken, nor my Brothers died.
If thou hadst feard to break an oath by him,
Th'imperiall mettall, circling now thy head,
Had gras'd the tender temples of my Child,
And both the Princes had bene breathing here,
Which now two tender Bed-fellowes for duft,
Thy broken Faith hath made the prey for Wormes.
What can't thou sweare by now.
Rich, The time to come.

Q. That thou haft wronged in the time ope-past.
For I my selfe have many teares to wash
Hereafter time, for time past, reproach'd by the,
The Children line, whose Fathers thou haft slau'd,
Vnguarded youth, to waile it with their age:
The Parents tears, whose Children thou haft brot her,
Old barren Plants, to waile it with their Age.
Sweet time not by time to come, for that thou haft
Mis'd ev're w'd, by times ill-w'd reap'd.
Rich As I intend to prosper, and repent:
So thistle I in my dangerous Affayres
Of hoftile Armes: My selfe, my selfe confound:
Heaven and Father made me happy hours.
Day,yeild me not thy lights, nor Night, thy reft.
Be opposite all Planets of good lucke
To my proceeding, if with deere hearts laue,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beautifull Princesly louer.
In her, consults my Happinesse, and thine:
Without her, followes to my selfe, and thee;
Her death, the Land, and many many Plantes,
Death, Desolation,Ruine, and Decay:
I cannot be auoys'd, but by this:
It will not be auoys'd, but by this.
Therefore desirous Mother(I must call you so)
Be the Attorney of my louer to ho:
Place what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my defects, but what I will deforme.
Vrge the Neceffity and State of times,
And be not peesifull, in great daynes.
Q. Shall I be tempted of the Diuell thus?
Rich, If the Diuell tempt you to do good.
Q. Shall I forget my felue, to be my felue.
Rich, If thy felues remembrance wrong thy selue.
Q. Yet thou didst kill my Children.
Rich, But in thy daughters wombs I bury them.
Where in that Neft of Spicery they will breed
Selues of themfelles, to your recomfort.
Q. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?
Rich, And be a happy Mother by the deed.
Q. I go, write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me the mind.
Exit Q. Rich, Besee her my true louers keepe, and do farewel.
Relenting Foole, and slau'd-changing Woman.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

How now, what news?

Enter Ratcliffe.

**Rat.** Moth mightie Soueraigne, on the Welterne Coast
Raleigh a puissant Naue: to our Shore,
Throng many doubfull hollow-hearted friends,
Vraam, and woe was I'd to bear them backe.
'Tis thought, that **Ricmond** is their Admiral:
And there they stand, ever the side
Of **Buckingham**, to welcome them afoire.
**Ric.** Some light-foot friend pos't to the Duke of Norfolk:
Ratcliffe thy selfe, or Catsby, where is he?

Cat. Here, my good Lord.

**Ric.** Catsby, flye to the Duke.

Cat. I will, my Lord, with all convenient haste.

**Ric.** Catsby come hither, pos'te to Salisbury:
When thou com'st thither, Dull vnnindful Villain,
Why stay'st thou there, and go'st not to the Duke?

Cat. First, mighty Liege, tell me your Highnesse pleasure,
What from your Grace I shall deliver to Salisbury.

**Ric.** O true, good Catsby, bid him leaue straight
The greatest strength and power that he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury,

Cat. I goe.

**Rat.** What, may it please you, shall I doe at Salisbury?

**Ric.** Why, what wouldst thou doe there, before I goe?

**Rat.** Your Highness told me I should pos'te before,
**Ric.** My minde is chang'd:—

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanley, what newes with you?

Stan. None, good my Liege, to pleasure you with your hearing,
Nor none to bad, but well may be reported.

**Ric.** Hoyday, a Riddle, neither good nor bad:
What need it thou runne so many miles about,
When thon mayest tell thy Tale the nearest way?

One more, what newes?

**Stan.** Richmond is on the Seas.

**Ric.** There let him finde, and be the Seas on him,
Whose-liuter'd Runningate, what doth he there?

**Stan.** I know not, mightie Soueraigne, but by guesse,
**Ric.** Well, as you guesse.

**Stan.** Stood vp by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England, here to clame the Crowne.

**Ric.** Is the Chayre empli'd in the Sword vnway'd?
Is the King dead? the Empire vnposset?
What Heire of York is there alue, but wee?
And who is England's King, but great York's Heire?
Then tell me, what makes he upon the Seas?

**Stan.** Vnlesse for that, my Liege, I cannot guesse,
**Ric.** Vnlesse for that he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot guesse wherefore the Welchman comes,
Thou wilt resole, and five to him, I feare.

**Stan.** No, my good Lord, therefore mistrust me not,
**Ric.** Where is thy Power then, to beat him back?
Where be thy Tenants, and thy followers?
Are they nor now upon the Welterne Shore,
Safe-conducing the Rebels from then Slippers?

**Stan.** No, my good Lord, my friends are in the North.

**Ric.** Cold friends to me; what do they in the North,
When they should ferue their Soueraigne in the Weft?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty King:
Pleseth your Majestie to give me leave,
Ile muller vp my friends, and meet your Grace,
Where, and what time your Majestie shall please.

**Ric.** I, thou wouldst be gone, to lyone with **Buckingham**:
But he not truft thee.

**Stan.** Moth mightie Soueraigne,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubfull,
I neuer was, nor neuer will be faile.

**Ric.** Gooe then, and muller men; but leave behind
Your Sonne **George Stanley**: looke your heart be firme,
Or else his heads assuredness is but fraile.

**Stan.** So deale with him, as I prone true to you,

Exit Stanley.

Enter a Messenger.

**Mes.** My gracious Soueraigne, now in Deuonshire,
As I by friends am well advetis'd,
Sir Edward Courthерь, and the haughtie Prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder Brother,
With many more Confederates, are in Armes.

Enter another Messenger.

**Mes.** In Kent, my Liege, the Armie of great Buckingham.
Riche out ye, Oliveres, nothing but Songs of Death,
He straketh him.

There, take thou that, till thou bring better newes.

**Mes.** The newes I haue to tell your Majestie,
Is, that by hidden Floods, and fall of Waters,
**Buckingham**s Armie is dispers'd and scatter'd,
And he himselfe wander'd away alone,
No man knowes whither.

**Ric.** I cry thee mercie:
There is my Purse, to cure that Blow of thine.
Hath any well-adviz'd friend proclaym'd
Reward to him that brings the Traytor in?

**Mes.** Such Proclamation hath been made, my Lord.

Enter another Messenger.

**Mes.** Sir Thomas **Luke**, and Lord Marquessse **Dorset**,
'Tis said, my Liege, in Yorkshire are in Armes:
But this good comfort bring I to your Highness,
The Britaine Naue is dispers'd by **Tempeff**.

**Richmond** in Dorsetshire sent out a Boate
Vnto the shore, to take those on the Banks,
If they were his Affilinates, yes, or no?
Who answered them, they came from **Buckingham**.

**Ric.** Upon his parte: he misruffing them,
Hove a fayle, and made his course a gaine for Britaine.

**Ric.** March on, march on, since we are vp in Armes,
If not to fight with foreign Enemies,
Yet to beat downe those Rebels here at home.

Enter Catsby.

**Cat.** My Liege, the Duke of **Buckingham** is taken,
That is the best newes: that the Earle of Richmond

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Scena Quarta.

Enter Derby and Sir Christopher.

Der. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me,
That in the flye of the most deadly Bore,
My Sonne George Stanley is frankt vp in hold:
If I resolt, off goes yong Georger head,
The fear of that, holds off my present ayde,
So get thee gone: commend me to thy Lord.

Withall say, that the Queene hath heartely confented
He should enpoyse Elizabeth her daughter.
But tell me, where is Princess Richmond now?

Chris. At Peenbrooke, or at Hertford Wett in Wale,
Der. What men of Name reftor to him.

Chris. Sir Walter Heron, a renowned Souldier,
Sir Galle Taffard, Sir William Stanley,
Oxford, to doubtled Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Ricke of Thomas, with a valiant Crew,
And many other of great name and worth:
And towards London do they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withall.

Der. Will he ye thee to thy Lord: I kisse his hand,
My Letter will reflove him of my minde.

Farewell. \[Exeunt.\]

Altus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Buckingham with Hallernd, &c. to Execution.

Bec. Will not King Richard let me speake with him?
Sir, No my good Lord, therefore be patient.

Bec. Hoppings, and Edwards children, Gris & Tourns,
Holy King Henry, and day faire Some Edward,
Canyone, and all that have embroaird
By vnder-hand corrupled feule inaultice,
If that your moody difcontented foules,
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge make my deffination.
This is All-fooles day (Fellow, is it not?)

Sir. It is.

Bec. Why then All-fooles day, is my bodies doomsday
This is the day, which in King Edwards time
I wold might fall on me, when I was found
Falle to his Children, and his Wves Allies,
This is the day, whereon I wold to fall,
By the false Faith of him whom most I trusted.
This, this All-fooles day to my Restfull Soule,
Is the determination of my wrongs:
That high All-feer, which I dalieth with,

Hath turn'd my fained Prayer on my head,
And given in earnest, what I begge in leeff.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turne their owne points in their Masters boomes.
Thus Margaret curse falleth heavy on my necke:
When he (quoth he) shall split thy heart with forrow,
Remember Margaret was a Prophetess.
Come leade me Officers to the blocke of flame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

Exeunt Buckingham with Officers.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others, with drum and colours.

Richm Fellowes in Armes, and my molt loving Friends
But to understand the caucas of Tyranny,
Thus faire into the bowels of the Land,
Hauwe we marcht on without impediment:
And here receive we from our Father Stanley
Lines of faire comfort and encouragement:
The wretched, bloody, and wurgling Beare,
That sport if your Summer Fields, and fruitful Vines
Swollent your warm blooke-like woule, and makes his trouch.
In your embowelles boomes:
This soule Swame is now even in the Centre of this Life,
Ne're to the Towne of Leicesters, as we learn:
From Tamworth in thither, but one days march.
In Gods name cherely on, confrongious Friends,
To recep the Pauell of perpetual peace,
By this one bloody tryall of harpe Warre.

Oxf. Entry mans Conference is a foulhard and Men,
To fight against this guilty Homicide.
Her, I doubt not but his Friends will come to vs.

Blunt. He hath no friends, but what are friends for fear,
Which in his deere and wole will flye from him.

Richm. All for our vantage, then in Godes name march,
True Hope is for it, and flyes with Thee with Inge,
Kings it makes Gods, and the Soule creatures Kings.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter King Richardus Armes with Norfolk, Ratcliffe, and the Earle of Saurrey.

Rab. Here pitch our Tent, when here in Bosworth field,
My Lord or Saurrey, why lacke you so fad?

Sir. My heart is ten times lighter then my looke,
Rab. My Lord of Norfolk.
Nor. Heree most gracionce Liege.
Rab. Norfolk, we must have knockes:
Ha, must we not?
Nor. We must both give and take my loving Lord.

Rab. Vp with my Tent, heree will I lye to night,
But where to morrow? Well all's one for that.
Who hath defined the number of the Traitors & Nor.
Sixe or seven thousand is their armed power.
Rab. Why our Barrailles troubles that account:
Befides, the Kings name is a Tower of strenght,
Which stonde into the aduerser Fuchon went.
Vp with the Tent: Come Noble Gentleman,
Let vs survey the vantage of the ground,
Call for some men of found discretion.

Let's
Enter Richard, Ratscliff, Norcliffe, & Catesby.

Rich. What is a Clocke? Cat. It is Supper time my Lord, it's nine a clocke.

King. I will not sup to night,

Give me some Bake and Paper:

What is my Beaver eather then it was?

And all my Armour laid into my Tent:

Cat. It is my Liege of his pride is in readiness.

Rich. Good Norfolk, yee thee to thy charge,

Vse carefull Watch, choos eus trullly Ceninels,

Nor. I goe my Lord.

Rich. Sit with the Lake to morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you my Lord. Exit


Eax. My Lord.

Rich. Send our Purfuitant 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,

Saddle white Scurry for the Field to morrow:

Look that my Stuarts be found, & not too heavy.

Ratscliff.

Cat. My Lord.

Rich. Swill ye the melancholy Lord Northumberland?

Cat. Thomas the Earl of Scurry, and himselfe,

Much about Cock-flute time, from Troope to Troope

Went through the Army, chearig up 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 Ink & Paper ready?

Cat. It is my Lord.

Rich. Bid my Guard watch. Leave me.

Ratscliff, about the mid of night come to my Tent

And helpe to arm me. Leave me I say. Exit Ratscliff.

Enter Derby to Richmond in his Tent.

Der. Fortune, and Victory sit on thy Helme.

Rich. All comfort that the darke night can afford,

Be to thy Perfon, Noble Father in Law.

Tell me, how fares our Noble Mother?

Der. I by Atouneye, bleffe thee from thy Mother,

Who prays continually for Richmondes good:

So much for that. The silent hours fieste on,

And flakie darknesse breaks within the East.

In breewe, for fo the feation bids us be,

Prepare thy Ratsellt early in the Morning,

And put thy Fortune to th'Arbitrement

Of bloody broches, and mortal flaring Warre:

I, as I may, that which I would. I cannot,

With Self deface we shall decease the cause.

As ayde thee in this doublefull shoole of Armes,

But on thy side I may not be too farward,

Left being freene, thy Brother, tender George

Be executed in his Fathers flight.

Farewell the leyfure, and the fearfull time

Carve of the ceremonious Vowes of Love,

And argue yerchange of sweete Dulcere,

Which so long digund Friends should dwelle upon:

God giue vs leyfure for these rites of Love.

Once more Adieu, be valiant, and speed well.

Rich. Good Lords conduct him to his Regiment:

Lie truie with troubled note, to take a Nap,

Lefte leade thinke me downe to morrow,

When I should mount with winges of Victory.

Once more, good night kinders Lords and Gentlemen.

Exeunt. Mart Lipsham.

O thou, whose Captain I account my selfe,

Look on my Forces with a gracious eye : 

Put in their handes thy blouding Irons of wrath,

That they may crush downe with a heavy fall,

The warping Helmets of our Adveraries :

Make vs thy ministers of Chastisement,

That we may praise thee in thy victorie :

To thee I do commend my watchfull loue,

Ere I let fall the winnowes of mine eyes :

Sleeping and waking, oh defend me full.

Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, Sonne to

Henry the fift.

Oo to Ri. Let me fit heavy on thy foule to morrow:

Thynke how thou flabb'st me in my prime of youth

At Teneksbury : Dispaire therefore, and dye.

Ghost to Richm. Be chearefull Richmond,

All the Wronged Soules

Of butcherd Princes, fight in thy behalfe :

King Hearier tille Richmond comforts thee.

Enter the Ghost of Henry the fift.

Ghost. When I was mortall, my Anointed body

By thee was punched full of hole.

Though on the Tower, and me : Dispaire, and dye,

Harry the fift, bids thee dispaire, and dye.

To Richm. Venous and holy be thou Conqueror:

Harry that prophesieth thou shouldst be King,

Doth comfort thee in sleepes : Live, and flourith.

V. iii. 17—131

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The Life and Death of Richard the Third

1. Ghosts. Let us sit heavy in the bath to morrow. That was a watch to die with Fulfore Wine. Poor Clarence by thy guilt bespred to death. To morrow in the battell thinke on e, And fall thy edge the Sword, dispaire and dye. 


5. Ghosts. Thine to-Carefaries and the bloody sword. I Saye, I am, and to thee I vouchsafe to speak. I am a Villaine; yet I Lye, I am not, 

6. Richard. The bloody Sword. In the bloody Sword to thee. 

7. Ghosts. To the bloody Sword. In the bloody Sword. 

8. Richard. To the bloody Sword. In the bloody Sword.

The text is a fragmented and incomplete representation of a historical or dramatic script, possibly from Shakespeare's "Richard III." The script includes dialogue and monologues, typical of 16th century English prose. The text appears to be a transcription of a printed or manuscript page, with occasional abbreviations and signs of anachronistic modernization.
The Life and death of Richard the Third.

God, and our good cause, fight upon our side;
The Prayers of holy Saints, and wrong'd souls, Like high and valiant Bulwarkes, fluid before our Faces. (Richard except) those whom weight against, Had rather have vs win, then him they follow.
For, what is he they follow? Truly Gentlemen,
A bloudy Tyrant, and a Hodmacide:
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd; One that made menes to come by what he hath, And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him:
A base faule Stone, made precious by the toyle
Of England's Chaire, where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever beene Gods Enemy.
Then if you fight against Gods Enemy,
God will in sundry wise your as his Soldiers.
If you do swear to put a Tyrant downe,
You keepe in peace, the Tyrant being slain:
If you do fight against your Countries Foes,
Your Countries Fire shall pay your paines the hyre.
If you do fight in safegard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the Conquerors.
If you do free your Children from the Sword,
Your Childrens Children 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 ransom of my bold attempt,
Shall be this cold Cooper on the earths cold face.
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt,
The least of you shall hare his part thereof.
Sound Drummes and Trumpets boldly, and cheerfully,
God, and Saint George, Richmond, and Victory.

Enter King Richard, Ratchfafe, and Catesby.

K. What said Northumberland is touching Richmond? Rat. That he was never trained vp in Armes.
King. He said the truth: and what said Surrey then? Rat. He maile'd and said, the better for our purpose.
King. He was in the right, and so indeed it is.
Tell the clock there. 
( clockes strike
Give me a Kalender; Who saw the Sunne to day?
Rat. Not i. my Lord.
King. Then he ditdaine to shine: for by the Book.
He should have heard the East an hour ago.
A blacked day will it be to somebody. Ratchfafe.
Rat. My Lord.
King. The Sun will not be fene to day,
The sky doth frowne, and lowre vnpon our Army.
I would the dewy teares were from the ground.
Not shine to day? Why, what is that to me.
More then to Richmond? For the felt-fame Heaven
That frownes on me, lookes fadly vppon him.

Enter Norfolk.

Nor. Atme, arme, my Lord: the foe vaunts in the field.
King. Come, buffe, buffe. Capition my horse.
Call vp Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power,
I will lead forth my Soldiers to the plaime, And thus my Bastell shall be ouer.
My Foreward shall be drawne in length,
Confident equally of Horse and Foot:
Our Archers shall be placed in the midle.
John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of the Foot and Horse.
They thus directed, we shall follow
In the maine Battell, whose puidance on either side
Shall be well-winged with our cheerfull Horfe:
This, and Saint George to boote.
What think't thou Norfolk.
Nor. A good direction warlike Soueraigne,
This found I on my Tent this morning:
Looke of Norfolk, be not too bold.
For Dickon my master t'be taught and teld.
King. A thing deointed be the Enemy.
Go Gentlemen, every man to his Charge,
Let not our babbling Dreames affright our soules:
For: Confidence is a word that Cowards vs,
Dow't at first to keep the strong in awe,
Our strong arms be our Conference, Swords our Law.
March on, joyne bruely, let vs too t'pell well,
If not to heauen, then hand in hand to Hell.
What shall I say more then I have inferre'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withall,
A port of Vagabonds, Rascals, and Run-wayes.
A team of Britains, and base Lackey Prizans,
Whom their o're-cloyd Country vomits forth
To desperat Advenctures, and affair'd Deffination.
You steeping fale, they bring you to vnrest.
You having Lands, and bleit with beseurous wives,
They would refrraine the one, disface the other,
And who does leade them, but a petty Fellow?
Long kept in Britaine at our Mothers coll,
A Make-up, one that never in his life
Felt to much cold, as ever showers in Snows.
Let's with these stranglers o'the Seas againe,
Laffhence thes over-wearing Bagges of France,
Their famifh'd Beggers, weary of their lines,
Who (but for dreaming on this fond explore)
For want of menes (poore Rus) had langed themselfes,
I fve be conquered, let men conquer vs,
And not these byard Britains, whom our fathers
Hau in their owne Land bearen, bulbul'd, and thump'd,
And on Record, left them the heirs of fame.
Shall these enjoy our Lands? lye with our Wives?
Rauft our daughters?
Drums a farre off
Hearke, I heare their Drumme,
Right Gentlemen of England, fight boldly yeomen,
Draw Archers draw your Arrows to the head,
Spurre your proues prest by, and ride in blood,
Amazze the welkin with your broken lauces.

Enter a Messenger.

What sayes Lord Stanley, will he bring his power?
Afre. My Lord, he doth deny to come.
King. Off with his fame George head.
Nor. My Lord, the Enemy is past the Marsh:
After the batterie, let George Stanley dye.
King. A thousand heares are great within my bosom,
Advance our Standards, let upon our Foes,
Our Ancient word of Courage, faire S. George
Inpiffe vs with the spleene of fiery Dragons:
Vpon them, Victorie sies on our helps.

Alarums, excusant. Enter Catesby.

Cat. Rescue my Lord of Norfolk,
Rescue, Rescue:
The King enailes more wonders then a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger:
His horse is flaine, and all on foot he fights.
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:
Rescue faire Lord, else the day is loit.

Alarums. 

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Enter Richard.

Rich. A Horse, my Horse, my Kingdom for a Horse.

Caste. Withdraw my Lord, Iie helpe you to a Horse

Rich. Slue, I haue let my life upon a caft,
And I will stand the hazard of the Dye:
I think there be fize Richmonds in the field,
Fife haue I flaine to day, in heed of him.
A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdom for a Horse.

Alas, Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richard is slaine.

Retreat and Flourish, Enter Richmond, Derby bearing the

Crown, with divers other Lords.

Rich. God, and your Armes
Be praising Victorious Friends;
The day is ours, the bloody Dogge is dead.

Der. Courageous Richmond,
Well haft thou acquit thee; Lo
Here these long viuped Royalties,
From the dead Templers of this bloody Wretch,
Haste I pluck'd off, to grace thy Brows withall,
Weare it, and make much of it.

Rich. Great God of Heauen, say Amen to all.

Buteftell mee, is yong George Stanley living?

Der. He is my Lord, and safe in Leicesters Towne,
Wither (if you please) we may withdraw vs.

Rich. What men of name are slaine on either side?

Dr. John Duke of Norfolke, Walter Lord Perris,

Rich. Interce their Bodies, as become their Births,
Proclaim a pardon to the Soldiers fled,
That in submission will return to vs,
And then as we haue taken the Sacrament,
We will vnite the White Rose, and the Red.
Smile Heauen vpon this faire Conjunction,
That long haue frown'd vpon your Enmity:
What Traitor heares me, and fayes not Amen?
England hath long bene mad, and fear'd her felfes;
The Brother blindeely flid the Brothers blood;
The Father, rashly flaughtered his owne Sonnes;
The Sonne compell'd, become Butcher to the Sire;
All this divid'd Youke and Lancaster,
Divided, in their dire Diuision.
Onow, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true Succeeders of each Royall House,
By Gods faire ordinance, conioyne together:
And let thy Heeres (God if thy will be so)
Enrich the time to come, with Smooth-fac'd Peace,
With fmalley Plant, and faire Prosperous dayes,
Abate the edge of Traitors, Gracious Lord,
That would reduce thei bloody dayes againe,
And make poore England weepes in Streams of Blood;
Let them not live to tale this Lands increafe,
That would with Treason, wound this faire Lands peace.
Now Chilli wounds are flapp'd, Peace lives a gaine;
That the may long live here, God fay, Amen. 

FINIS.
The Famous History of the Life of King HENRY the Eighth.

THE PROLOGUE.

Come no more to make you laugh, Things now, That beare a Weight, and a Serious Brow, Sad, high, and working, full of State and Power: Such Noble Scenes, as draw the Eyes to view
We now present. Those that can fancy here, May (if they think it well) let fall a tear, The Subject will deserve it. Such as give Their Money out of hope they may become, May here find Truth too. Those that come to see
Oney a show or two, and so agree, The Play may pause: if they be still, and willing,
He undertake may see away their shilling
Risky in two hours atone. Once they That come to hear a Merry, Bawdy Play, A novelty of Yore: or to see a Fellow
In long Motsey Coat, girded with Yellow,

Will he decay'd. For gentle Hearers, know To rank our chosen Truth with such a show
As Fools, and Eight is, beside forgetting
Our own Brains, and the Opinion we bring
To make that only true, we now intend,
Will leave us never an understanding Friend,
Therefore, for Goodness sake, and as you are knowne
The First and Happiest Hearers of the Towne,
Be sad, as we would make eye. Thinkye see
The very Persons of our Noble Story,
As they were Living: Thankye you see them Great,
And follow'd with the general strong, and sweet
Of whatsoever Friends. Then, in a moment, see
How soon this Mightiness, meets Misery:
And if you can be ever then, lie flat,
A Month we were upon his Wedding day.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Duke of Norfolke at one door. At the other,
The Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord
Abingdon.

Buckingham.

Ood morrow, and well met. How haue ye done
Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank you Grace,
Healthful, and our Forces fresh Admire.
Of what I saw there.

Back. An intemely Ague
Staid me a Prisoner in my Chamber, when
Thofe Sunnes of Glory, thofe two Lights of Men
Met in the vale of Andros.

Nor. 'Twixt Gnesys and Arde.
I was then present, loo the Prince on Horsebacks,
Reheild them when they liked, how they diu'd
In their Embrace, to as they grew together,
Which had they,
What foure Thron'd ones could haue weight'd
Such a compounded one?

Back. All the while
I was my Chambers Prisoner.

Nor. Then you left
The view of earthy glory: Men might say
Till this time Pompe was single, but now married
To one about it selfe. Each following day
Became the next dayes matter, till the left
Made former Wonders, it's. To day the French,
All Cinquant all in Gold, like Heathen Gods
Shone downe the English; and to morrow, they
Made Britaine, India. Every man that flood,
Shew Alkia a Mine. Their Dwarfish Pages were
As Cherubins, all gift: the Madams too.
Not w'd to toyle, did almoost sweet to beare
The Pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to shew, as a Painting. Now this Maske
Was cry de incomparable; and then ensuing night
Made it a Foole, and Beggar. The two Kings
Equal in lufure, were now best, now worst.
At preface did present them: Him in eye,
Still him in praise, and being present both,
'Was said they saw but one, and no Diuerse
Durf wagge his Tongue in cenfure, when these Sunnes
(For to they phrase 'em) by their Heralds challeng'd
The Noble Spirits to Armes, they did perfom.
Beyond thoughts Compaus, that former fabulous Storie
Being now scene, possible enough, or credite
That Beau was beleu'd.

Nor. Oh you go farre.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and attend
For Honor, honestly, the trade of every thing,
Would by a good Discouerer loose some life,
Which Actions felle, was tongue too,

Buc. All was Royall,
To the dispofing of a sought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view. The Office did
Difficul'tly his full Function; who did guide,
I meane who let the Body, and the Limbes
Of this great Sport together?

Nor. As you gufe.

One certe, that promiseth no Element
In such a businesse.

Buc. I pray you who, my Lord?

Nor. All this was ordred by the good Discretion
Of the right Reverend Cardinal of York.

Buc. The diuell f ted him: No mans Pye is freed
From his Ambitious fingers. What had he
To do in thofe ftrete Vainties? I wonder,
That he a Kechcan with his very bulke
Take vp the Rayes o' th'beneficall Sun,
And keepe it from the Earth.

Nor. Surely Sir,
There's in him fluffe, that pust him to thofe ends:
For being not propit by Ancefly, whole grace
Chaiakes Successfull their way; nor call'd upon
For high feats done to'th' Crowne; neither Allied
To eminent Affidants; but Spider-like
Out of his Selfe-drawing Web. O giues vs note,
The force of this owne merit makes his way
A guife that heazens giues for him, which buyeth
A place next to the King.

Nor. Why the Diuell,
Which this French going out, tooke he upon him
(Without the privity of this King) a Raptoft
Who should attend on him. He makes vp the File
Of all the Gentrey; for the moft part fuch
To whom as great a Charge, as little Honor
He meant to lay upon: and his owne Letter
The Honourable Board of Counsell, out
Muff fetch him in, or Papers.

Nor. I do know
Kindnes of mine, three at the leaft, that bane
By this, to ficken'd their Liftates, that never
They fbell abourd as formerly.

Buc. O many
Have broke their backes with laying Mannors on 'em
For this great Journey. What did this vanity
But minifler communication of
A molt preteft.

Nor. Or equally I think,
The Peace between the French and us, not valeves
The Coft that did conclude it.

Buc. Every man,
After the hideous forme that follow'd, was
A thing Inrip'd, and not confluting, broke
Into a generall Prophesie; That this Tempel
Dafting the Garment of this Peace, abouded
The lodai'breach out.

Nor. Which is budded out,
For France hath flaw'd the League, and hath attach'd
Our Merchants goods at Burdeus.

Nor. Is it therefore
Th' Ambaflador is fliene'd?

Nor. Marry is't.

Buc. A proper Title of a Peace, and purchas'd:
At a fuperfluous rate.

Buc. Why all this Businesse
Our Reverend Cardinall carried,
Nor. Like it your Grace,
The State takes notice of the private difference
Bewixt you, and the Cardinal. I aduife you
(And take it from a heart, that witifes towards you)
Honor, and plentiffous safety) that you reade
The Cardinals Malice, and his Potency
Together; To confider further, that
What his high Hated would effect, wants not
A Minifler in his Power. You know his Nature,
That he's Revengeful; and I know, his Sword
Hath a fharp edge: It's long; and may be fai'd
It reaches farre, and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he dares it. Before vp my counfel,
You'll finde it wholefome. Lot, where comes that Rock
That I aduife your funning.

Enter Cardinall de Waffy, the Prince borne before him, certaine
Of the Guard, and two Serviciers with Papers: The
Cardinal in his Palaffe, fixt his eye on Buckingham, and
Buckingham on him, both full of diftanee.

Car. The Duke of Buckingham: Surveyor? Ha?
Where's his Examination?

Secr. Here's to pleafe you.

Car. Is he in person? ready?

Secr. I pleafe your Grace.

Car. Well, we shall then know more, & Buckingham
Shall leffen this bigge looke.

Exeunt Cardinall, and his Train.

Buc. This Butchers Curre is venomm'd mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him, therefore beft
Not wake him in his flumber. A Beggers booke,
Out-worths a Nobles blood.

Nor. What are you char'd?

Aske God for Temp'rance, that's th'appliance onely.
Which your difeafe requires.

Buc. I read'ms locks
Matter against me, and his eye reuid'd
Me as his abed obieft, at this instant
He bores me with fome tricke; He's gone to th'King:
He follow, and outlare him.

Nor. Stay my Lord,
And let your Reafon with your Chefer question
What 'tis you go about: to caufe fleepethillies
Requires flow pace at fift. Anger is like
A full hot Horie, who being allow'd his way
Selfe-mettle tyes him: Not a man in England
Can aduife me like you: Be to your felf,
As you would to your Friend.

Buc. He to the King,
And from a mouth of Honor, quite cry downe

This
This is which fellowes inolence; or &e greatest.
There's difference in his persons.
Nor. Be aduult.

But not a famice for your foe to hot
That'd do oon your selle. We may out-runne,
By violent wtwinne that which we run at;
And lose by ouer-running: know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till'ren ore,
In seeming to beguile it, with it: be aduult;
I say againe there is no English soule
More stronguer to threat you then your selle;
If but the swifte of treason you should quench,
Or but allay the fire of passion.

Buck, Sir, I am thankefull to you, and Hee goe along
By your preceptrion: but this top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flower of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions, by Intelligence,
And promes as cleere as Founts in July,
When Wee leech each graine of gruelly. I doe know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not treasonous.

Buck. To th' King Ile fay, & make my youth as strong
As shore of Rocke: attend. This holy Foke,
Or Wolfe, or both (for he is equal rauous
As he is subtile, and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform't) his minde, and place
Infecting one another, yes reciprocally,
Only to drow his pompe, as well in France,
As here at home, suggests the King our Master
To this last clift Treaty: the enteruie,
That swallowed so much treasure, and like a glasse
Did break'th in't wretchedning.

Nor. Faith, and for it did.

Buck. Pray giue me fauour Sir: This cunning Cardinall
The Articles oth' Combination drew
As himselfe pleasa'd and they were ratificated
As he cride thus let be, to as much end,
As giues a Cutch to th' dead. But our Count-Cardinall
Has done this, and is well: for worthy Wolfry
(Who cannot erre) he did it. Now this follower,
(Which as I take it, is a kinde of Puppie
To th' Old dam Tresfon) Chater the Emperour,
Vnder pretence to see the Queene his Aunt,
(For twas indeede his colour, but he came
To whisper Wolfry here makes visitation,
His fears were that the Interview betwixt
England and France, might through their amity
Bred him some preindide; for from this League,
Prep'd harms that menace'd him. Priuily
Deales with our Cardinal, and as I troa
Which I doe well: for I am sure the Emperour
Pased ere he promis'd, whereby his Sult was granted
Ere it was ask'd. But when the way was made
And paw'd with gold: the Emperour thus desir'd,
That he would peace to alter the Kings courfe,
And breake the forefaid 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 sorry
To hear this of him; and could with he were
Something misfaken in't.

Buck. No, not a sillye.
I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proofe.
The Life of King Henry the Eight.

Card. And for me, I have no further gone in this, then by a s genteel voice, and that not past me, but by learned approbation of the Judges, if I am traduced by ignorant Tongues, which neither know my faculties nor perilon, yet will be. The Chronicles of my doing: Let me say, 'Tis but the face of Place, and the rough Brake That Vertue must go through; we must not flint our necessary actions, in the fear. To cope malicious Centurions, which ever, as rauous Fishes does a Vessel follow That is new trim'd; but benefit no further Then vainly longing. What we oft do beft, By sike Interpreters (once vseke ones) is Not ours, or not allowed, as oft Hitting a groffer quality, is crise vp. For our bell Act: if we shall hand full, In fear our motion will be mock'd, or carp'd at, We shound take roote here, where we fit; Or fit State Statues only.

Kim. Things done well, And with a care, except themselves from fear: Things done without example, in their issue Are to be fear'd. Have you a President Of this Commission? I believe, not any. We must not rend our Subject from our Lawes, And.verify them in our Will. Six part of each? A trebling Contribution; why we take From every Tree, lop, bake, and part o'th' Timber: And though we leave our Peace this back, The Ayre will drank the Sep. To every County Where this is question'd, send our Letters, with Free pardon to each man that has deny'd The force of this Commission: pray look out'too; I put it to your care. Card. A word with you. Let there be Letters sent to every Shire, Of the Kings grace and pardon: the great Commons Hardly conceive of me. Let it be sound'd, That through our Intercessions, this Reckonment And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you Further in the proceeding. Exit Secret. Enter Surveyor. Queen. I am sorry, that the Duke of Buckingham Is run in your displeasure.

Kim. It grieues many: The Gentleman is Learnt'd, a most rare Speaker, To Nature none more bound; his trayning fuch, That he my furnith and instruct'd great Teachers, And never seake for any out of himeselfe: yet see, When these to Noble benefits shall proue, Not well disposed, the mind growing once corrupt, They turn to vicious formes, ten times more vgy Then euer they were faine. This man so compleat, Who was soer'ds mongt'T breaths; and when we Almowt with rauiithing, could not finde His house of speech: a moniter: He, (my Lady) Hath into monituous habits, put the Grace That once were hit; and is become blacke, As if beft'mard in hell. Sit by you, you flats heart (This was his Gentleman in crut) of him Things to strike Honour sad. Bid him recount The fore-recited proues, whereof We cannot feele too little, heart too much.
The Life of King Henry the Eight.

Card. Stand forth, & with bold spirit relate what you Moll like a careful Subject have collected Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

Kin. Speake freely.

Sur. First, it was visual with him; every day It would infect his Speech: That if the King Should without issue dye; heele-carry it to Make the Sceptre his. The very words I have heard him utter to his Sonne in Law, Last. Allurgy, to whom by oath he menace'd Revenge upon the Cardinall.

C. W. Pisse your Highnesse note. This dangerous conception in this point, Not franced by his with to Your High Person; His will is most malignant, and it stretches Beyond you to your friends. Queen, My trust'd Lord Cardinal, Delights all with Charity.

Kin. Speakes on.

How groundly he his Title to the Crowne Upon our fail, to this pleas hast thou heard him, At my time speake ought?

Sur. He was brought to this, By the heavenly Prophetic of Nicholas Henton. Kin. What was that Henton?

Sur. Sir, a Chorister Fryer, His Confessor, who fed him every minute With words of Sovereignty.

Kin. How knowst thou this?

Sur. Nor long before your Highnesse sped to France, The Duke being at the Rofe, within the Panish, Lawrence Pauliner, did of me demand What was the speech among the Londoners, Concerning the French Journey. I repulse, Men fear the French would prove pernicious To the Kings danger: presently, the Duke Said, 'twas the feare indeed, and that he doubted 'twould prove the verity of certain words Spoke by a holy Monke, that off, saies he, Faith sent to me, wishing me to permit John de la Care, my Chaplaine, a choyce howre To heare from him a matter of some moment: Whom after under the Commodious Scale, He solomnly had lornote, that what he spoke My Chaplaine to no creature living, but To me, shoulde vster, with demure Confidence, This paungly enfulde neither the King, nor's Heyres (Tell you the Duke) shall prether, bid him floure To the loue oth' Commonalty, the Duke Shall governs England.

Queen. If I know you well, You were the Dukes Surveyor, and loft your Office On the complaint oth' Tenants; take good heed You charge not in your slyene a Noble person, And give your noble Sonne, I say take heed; Yet, heartly be foreyou.

Kin. Let him on: Go forward.

Sur. On my Soule, he speake but truth, I told my Lord the Duke, by th'Diuel's illusions The Monke might be deceu'd, and that was dangerous For this to ruminate on this forare, vuitive It forg'd him some deligne, which being belieu'd It was much like to doe: He answer'd, 'Twas, It can doe me no dammage; adding further, That had the King in his fall Sicknelle faild, The Cardinals and Sir Thomas Longue heads Should have gone off.

Kin. He! What do you rank? Ah, ha, There's mischiefe in this man; canst thou say further? Sur. I can my Liedge.

Kin. Proceed.

Sur. Being at Greenwich, After your Highnesse had rejoynd the Duke About Sir William Ellisor. (Grant.) Kin. I remember of such a time, being my wonted last, The Duke recendi him hist. But on; what hence?

Sur. If (quoth he) I set this had beene committed, As to the Tower, I thought I would have plaid The Per my Father meant to act upon This Vesper Richard, who being at Saldbury, Made at to come in's presence, which it grantd, (As he made emblence of his duty) would Have put his knife into him.

Kin. A Gyant Trator.

Card. Now Madam, may his Highnesse live in freedome, And this man out of Prision.

Queen. God ment all. (sayt?)

Kin. There's somethings more would out of the, what Sur. After the Duke his Father, with the knife He trenched him, and with one hand on his dagger, Another spread o's back, mounting his eyes, He did discharge a horrible Oath, whole tenor Was, were he euald, he would outgoe His Father, by as much a a performance Do's an inefolit purpose.

Kin. There's his period, To threath his knife in w, he is attach'd, Call him to presently call, if he may Find mercy in the Law, to his, if none, Let him not fec't of w: By day and night He's Trator to th'height. Exeunt.

Scene Tertia.

Enter L. Chamberlaine and L.Sandy.

L. Ch. Is't possible the spele of France should juggle Men into such strange mysteries?

L. San. New cutomes,

Though they be nother to ridiculous, (Nay let 'em be vummy) yet are follow'd, L. Ch. As farre as I teale, all the good our English Have got by the late Voyage, is but merely A fit or two o'th' face, (but they are thredwee ones) For when they hold 'em, you would seewe direcly Their very notes had beene Countcouncillors To Pepeir or Clotherm, they keepse State fo. L. San. They have all new legs, And lame ones, one would take it, That neuter see'em pace before, the Spanishe A Spring-laks rain'd among'em. L. Ch. Death my Lord, Their clothes are after such a Pigan cut too's, That sure th'hauw wonne our Ch (let them come how now) What newes, Sir Thomas Lasso?

Enter Sir Thomas Lasso.

Lasso. Faith my Lord, I hear of none but the new Proclamation, That's clapt upon the Court Gate.

L. Chas.
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Scena Quarta.

Hobbes. A formal Table under a State for the Cardinal, a larger Table for the Gentry, Then Enter Anne Boleyn, and divers other Ladies; or Gentlemen, as Guests at one Dinner; as at another Dinner enter Sir Henry Gifford.

S. Hen. Giff. 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 Buoys, has brought with her
One care abroad: hee would have all as mett;
As first, good Company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

O my Lord, y'are sadly;
The very thought of this faire Company,
Clap wings to me,

Cham. You are young, Sir Henry Gifford.

San. Sir Thomas Long, had the Cardinal
But halfe my Lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should finde a running Banker, ere they reflekt,
I thooke would better pleafe em: by my life,
They are a sweet society of fine ones.

Lom. O that your Lordship were but now Confessor,
To one or two of these.

San. I would I were,
Thy should finde easie penance.

Low. Faith how easy?

San. As easy as a downe bed would affoord it.

Cham. Sweet Ladies will it please you Sir; Sir Harry
Place you that side, he take the charge of this;
His Grace is ent raging. Nay, you must not freeze,
Two women plac'd together, makes cold weather;
My Lord Sandy, you are one will keepe em waking;
Pray fit betweene these Ladies.

San. By my faith,
And thanke your Lordship: by you leave sweet Ladies,
If I chance to talke a little while, forgue me:
That it is from my Father.

An. Sir. Was he mad Sir?

San. O very mad, exceeding mad, in loue too;
But he would bite none, suit as I doe now,
He would Kisse you Twenty with a breath.

Cham. Well (say my Lord;
So now y'are falsely feated: Gentlemen,
The penance bye: on you; if these faire Ladies
Part away frowning.

San. For my little Care,
Let me alone.

Hobbes. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, and takes his State.

Card Y'are well come my faire Gueells; 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 Bowlie may hold my cupke,
And faue me fo much talking.

Card. My Lord Sandy.
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I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbours: Ladies you are not merry; Gentlemen, Who are in this? Sun. The red wine must rise in their fair cheekes my Lord, then wee shall have 'em, take vs to solence. An, B. You are a merry Gambler my Lord Sanders. Sun. Yes, if I make my play. Heer's to your Ladship, and pledge it Madam: For to such a thing. An, B. You cannot throw me. Drum and Trumpet. Chambers discharge. Sun. I told you Grace, they would take an in. Card. What's that? Cham. Look out there, some of ye. Card. What would you like, And to what end is this? Nay, Ladies, fear not; By all the lawes of Warre you are pruined. 

Enter a Servant. Cham. How now, what is't? Serm. A noble troop of Strangers, For so they seem; th'hau'e left their Barge and landed, And hither make, as great Embassadors from foreigne Princes. Card. Good Lord Chamberlaine, Go give'em welcome you can speak the French tongue And pray receiue'em Nobly, and conduct'em Into our presence, where this haunch of beauty Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him. All rise, and Tables remond. You have now a broken Banket, but we'll mend it. A good digestion to you all; and once more I thowre a welcome on ye: welcome all. 

Hoboyes. Enter King and others as Masters, habited like Shepheards, after'd by the Lord Chamberlaine. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully fauour him. A noble Company: what are their pleasures? Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they paid To tell your Grace. That having heard by fame Of this so Noble and so faire assemblie, This night to meet here they could doe no leffe, (Out of the great respect they bear to beauty) But leave their Flockes, and under your faire Conduet Craue leve to view the Ladies, and entertain An hour of Revels with'em. Card. Say, Lord Chamberlaine, They have done my poor house grace: For which I pay'em a thousand thankes, and pray 'em take their pleasures. Choose Ladies, King and An Bullen. King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O Beauty, Till now I never knew thee. 

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 knewe him) with my love and duty I would surrender it. Whispers. Cham. I will my Lord. Card. What say they? 

Cham. Such a one, they all confesse There is indeed, which they would have your Grace Find out, and he will take it. Card. Let me see then, By all your good leauses Gentlemen; heere I make My royall choyce. Kin. Ye haue found him Cardinal, You hold a faire Affemblie; you doe well Lords. You are a Churchman, or late you tell you Cardinal, I should judge now unhappily. Card. I am glad Your Grace is grown so pleasanl. Kin. My Lord Chamberlaine, Prechee come hither, what faire Ladies that? Cham. An't please your Grace, Sir Thomas Bulleyn Daughter, the Viscount Rochford, One of her Highnesse women. Kin. By Heauen she is a dainty one, Sweet heart, I was vnmanerly to take you out, And not to kisse you, A health Gentleman, Let it go round. Card. Sir Thomas Long, is the Banket ready? Loo. Yes, my Lord. Card. Your Grace I fear, with dancing is a little heated, Kin. I feare too much. Card. There's frether syre my Lord, In then other Chamber. Kin. Lead in your Ladies eu'ry one: Sweet Partner, I must not yet for sake you: Let's be merry, Good my Lord Cardinal! I haue halfe a dozen healths, To drinke to th'flaire Ladies, and a measure To lewd'em once again, and then let's dreame Who's best in fauour. Let the Musicke knock it. Event with Trumpets.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemens. Scena Prima. 

1. Whether away to fall? 2. O, God saue ye: Euen to the Hall, to hear what shall become Of the great Duke of Buckingham. 1. He saue you That labour Sir, All's now done but the Ceremony Of bringing backe the Prisioner. 2. Were you there? 1. Yes indeed was I. 2. Pray speake what ha's happen'd, 1. You may guesse quickly what. 2. Is he found guilty? 1. Yes truly is he, And condemni'd vpon't. 2. I am forry fort, 1. So are a number more. 2. But pray how past it? 1. Ile tell you in a little. The great Duke Came to the Bar; where, to his accusations He pleaded still not guilty, and alledged Many sharpe reasons to defeat the Law. The Kinges Attorney on the contrary, Vrg'd on the Examinations, proofs, confessions.
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Of divers witnesses, which the Duke defir'd
To him brought ·vima socrco to his face;
At which appear'd against him, his SuorreySir Gilbert Peke his Chancellour, and John Car, Conferor to him, with that: Dinell Monk, Hugyon; that made this mischief.
3. That he was
That fed him with his Prophecies.
1. The fane,
All those accus'd him strongly, which he faine
Would have flung from him; but indeed he could not;
And fo his Peieres upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high Treafon. Mar He spoke, and learnedly for life: But all
Was either prifon in, or forgotten.
2. After all this, how did he beare h.mifelfe?
1. When he was brought aen to th' Bar, to hear
His Knell rung out, his judgement, he was flr'd
With fuch an Agony, he flw extremely,
And fomthing spoke in choller, ill, and halty;
But he fell to himfelf againfe, and fweetly,
In all the reft there was no fufpicion of Noble patience.
2. I do not think he fares death,
Sure he does not,
He never was fo womanilh, the caufe
He may a little grieve at.
3. Certainl,
The Cardinal is the end of this.
1. Is likeli,
By all confequences: Firft Kilares Attendure;
Then Deputy of Ireland, who remou'd
Erne Surrery, was then thither, and in haft too,
Leaft he should help his Father.
2. That tricke of State
Was a deepen envious one,
1. At his returne,
No doubt he will require it: this is noted
(And generally) who euer the King favours,
The Cardinal infantly will finde empoyment,
And farre enough from Court too.
3. All the Common
Hate him perniciously, and o' my Confequence
With him ten faddem deeper: This Duke as much
They lose and doare oncail him bounteous Buckingham,
The Mirror of all courtefe.

Enter Buckingham from his Arrangement, Tiffanes before him, the Aue with the edge towards him, Bradleys on each side, accompani'd with Sir Thomas Lovell, Sir Nicholas Faux, Sir Walter Sadi, and common people, &c.

1. Stay there Sir,
And fee the noble rain'd man you speake of.
2. Let's stand cleare and behold him.
3. All good people,
You that thus faire have come to pity me,
Hear what I fay, and then goe home and lofe me.
I have this day receiv'd a Traders judgement,
And by that name muft dye; yet Heauen beare witnesses,
And if I have a Conference, let it finne me,
Even as the Axe falls, if I be not faithfull.
The Law I beare no mallice for my death,
Thinks All good people, but lufluce.
But tho'fle that fought it, I could with more Christians:
(As what they will) I heartily forgive 'em,
Yet let en looke they glory not in mischief;
Nor build their efts on the grieves of great men;
For then, my guiltiefe blood must cry against 'em.
For further life in this world I fee no hope,
Nor will I live, although the King have merces
More then I dare make faults,
Ye few, that made this, And dare be bold to revenge for Buckingham,
His Noble Friends and Fellowes, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying:
Goe with me like good Angells to my end,
And as the long diuorce of Steele falls on me,
Make of your Prayers one sweet Sacrifice,
And lift my Soule to Heaven.
Lead on a Gods name,
Lowel. I doe beseech your Grace, for charity
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid aganft me, now to forgive me frankly.
Buck. Sir Thomas Lowel, I doe free forgive you
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all.
There cannot be those numberlefe offences
Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with:
No blacke Brandy shall make my Graue,
Commend mee to his Grace:
And if he speake of Buckingham; pray tell him,
You met him halfe in Heaven; my vows and prayers
Yet are the Kings; and till my Soule forfake,
Shall cry for bleftings on him. May he hure
Longer then I have time to tell his years;
Euer belou'd and lounging, may his Rule be;
And when old Time shall lead him to his end,
Goodnewe and he, fell vp one Monument.
Lou. To th' water for fure I muft conduct your Grace:
Then give my Charge vp to Sir Nicholas Oman,
Who vnderrates you to your end.
Vax. Prepare there,
The Duke is coming: See the Barre be ready,
And fit with fuch furniture as flutes
The GreatmifJe of his Perion,
Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone, my State now will but mocke me.
When I came hither, I was Lord High Conffable,
And Duke of Buckingham: now, smote Edward Bolan;
Yet I am richer then my bafe Accuters,
That never knew what I ruth meant: I now felle it;
And with that bloodl will make 'em one day grofte for.
My noble Father Henry of Buckingham,
Who firft rais'd head againft Vnpthing Richard,
Flying for succour to his Servants Benefier,
Being defir'd; was by that wretch betrayed.
And without Tryall, fell; Gods peace be with him.
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pittyng
My Fathers loffe; bade a most Roial Prince
Reffor'ne me to my Hons: and out of ruines
Made my Name once more Noble. Now his Sonne,
Buck. The Eight, he; Favour, Name and all
That made me happy; at one Brooke's he'taken
For euer from the World. I had my Tryall,
And muft needs fay a Noble one; which makes me
A little happier then my wretched Father;
Yet thus farre we are one in Fortunes,both
Bell by our Servants, by thofe Men we cou'd moft,
A most unramazal and faithfull Serveur.
How the Eight, I flc: ye, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receiv'd as certaine;
Where you are liberal of your loues and Counsels,
Be sure you be not loue, for thofe you make friends.

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And give your hearts to; when they once perceive the leaff rib in your fortunes, fall away. Like waves from ye, never found again. Where they mean to finke ye: all good people, Pray for me, I must now forsake you; the last hour of my long weary life is come upon me: Farewell; and when you lay something that is sad, I have done; and God forgive me.

Enter Duke and Traine.

1. O, this is full of pity, Sir; it calls I fear, too many curses on their heads; That were the Authors.

2. If the Duke be guilty, 'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inckling Of an ending eulil, if it fall, Greater then this.

1. Good Angels keepe it from vs: What may it be? you do not doubt my faith Sir? This Secret is so weighty, 'twill require A strong faith to conceal it.

1. Let me have it: I do not talke much.

2. I am confident; You shall Sir: Did you not of late days heare A buzzing of a Separation Between the King and Katherine? Yes, but it held not.

For when the King once heard it, out of anger He lent command to the Lord Mayor straight To stop the rumour; and alay those tongues That durt defiere it.

2. But that flander Sir, Is found a truth now; for it grows age Preter then else it was; and held for certaine The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinall, Or some about him nere, have out of malice: To the good Queen, pooffht him with a scripule That will enode her: To confirm this too, Cardinall Campeius is striud'd, and lately, As all thinke for this busines.

1. This the Cardinall; And merely to revenge him on the Emperor, For not beftowing on him at his asking, The Archbishopricke of Toledo, this is purpof'd. I think.

You have hit the marke: but is not cruell, that flie should feel the forme of this: the Cardinall Will have his will, and the muft tall.

1. Tis wifoll.

We are too open here to arguethis: Let's think in private more.

Exeunt.

Secunda.

Enter Lord Chamberlaine, reading this Letter.

My Lord, the Hier for your Lordship's fot for, with all the care I had, I sawe well chosen, richened, and furnifh'd. They were young and handsome, and of the best bred in the North, when they were ready to let out for London, a man of vs Lord Cardinals, by Commission, and maine power took them from me, with that reason your majesty would bee fomr whe-

to a Subdit, if not before the King, which flap door mouths Sir.

I feare he will indeede; well, let him haste them; he will have all I thinke.

Enter to the Lord Chamberlaine, the Dukes of Northfalle and Suffolk.

Nor. Well met my Lord Chamberlaine.

Char. Good day to both your Grace.

Suff. How is the King imployd?

Char. I left him privale.

Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Char. It seems the Marriage with his Brothers Wife has crept too neere his Conference.

Suff. No, his Conference has crept too neere another Ladie.

Nor. This is the Cardinals doing: The King, Cardinall, That blinde Prieft, like the eldert Sonne of Fortune, Turns what he lift. The King will know him one day.

Suff. Pray God he doe.

Hee'll never know himselfe els.

Nor. How holily he works in all his businesse, And with what zeal? For now he has cract the League between vs & the Emperor (the Queens great Nephew) He dyes into the Kings Soules, and there (carriets Danger, Doubts, wunding or the Conscience, Feares, and despaire, and all thefe for his Marriage, And out of all thefe, to reflore the King, He counsells a Divorce, a loffe of her That like a Jewell, ha's hung twenty years About his necke, yet neuer loft her ifuflit; Of her that loues him with that excellence, That Angels lone good men with: Even of her, That when the greatest Stroke of Fortune falls With the King: and is not this cause pieus? Char. Heauen keep me from such counsel as most true These newes are euery where: euery tongue speakes them, And euery true heart weepes for it. All that daie Look into thefes affairs, fee this mane end, The French Kings Siffer. Heauen will one day open The Kings eyes, that so long haue slept upon This bold bad man.

Suff. And free vs from his flauery.

Nor. We had need pray, And heartily, for our deliuerance; Or his impiemous man will work vs all From Princes into Paights: all mens honours Lie like one lump before him; to be fpation'd Into what putch he pleafe.

Suff. For me, my Lords, I love him not, nor feare there's my Creede: As I am made without him, fo I ele fend; If the King pleafe: his Curfes and his feiftings Touch me alike; th're breath I not beleive in. I knew him, and I know him: fo I leaue him To him that made him proue; the Pope.

Nor. Let's in;

And with some other busineses, put the King From thefe sad thoughts, that work too much vp him: My Lord, you beare vs company?

Char. Excufe me, The King ha's sent me otherwhe: Befides You'll finde a moft writte time to disturbe him; Health to your Lordships.
Enter Gardiner.

Wol. Give me your hand: much joy & favour to you; You are the Kings now.

Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your Grace, whose hand he's rais'd me.

Kim. Come hither Gardiner.

Walker and whisperers.

Camp. My Lord of Turky, was not one Doctor Face
In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Camp. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Camp. Believe me there's an ill opinion spread then, Even of your selfe Lord Cardinal.

Wol. How? of me?

Camp. They will not fickle to say, you enuise him; And fearing he would rise (he was so vertuous) Kept him a forraigne manstill, which he gree'd him, That he ran mad, and died.

Wol. Heavens peace be with him.

That's Christian care enough for living Murrurers, 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 to neere elts. Learne this Brother, We live not to be grip'd by meaner perions.

Kim. Deliver this with modesty to the Queene.

Exit Gardiner.

The most convenient place, that I can think of For such receipts of Learning, is Black-Fryers: There ye shall meete about this wariey buines.

My Wolfsy, see it furnish'd, O my Lord, Would it not griene an able man to leaue So sweet a Bedellow? But Conscience, Conscience; O'tis a tender place, and I must leaue her. Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Anne Batten, and an old Lady.

An. Not for that neither; there's the pang that pinsches, His Highness, having hie'd so long with her, and the So good a Lady, that no couer Pronounce dishonour of her; by my life, She never knew harme-doing; Oh,now after So many courtes of the Sun enthroned, Still growing to a Maiestie and pompe, the which To leaue, a thousandfold more bitter, then 'Tis sweet at first 'tis acquire. After this Processe. To give her the usuall, it is a pity Would move a Monfer. 

Old La. Hearts of most hard temper Melt and lament for her.

An. Oh Gods will, much better She ne'er had knowne pumpe, though't be temporall, Yet if that quarel, Fortune, do disprise It from the bearen, 'tis a sufferrance, panging As soule and bodies fearing.

Old L. Alas poorer Lady, She's a stranger now again.

An. So much the more Muff pitye drop upon her, verily I sweare'tis better to be lowly borne,
and range with humble lutes in Content,
Then to be perk'd up in a glibbering grieve;
And were a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our best haging.

Anne. By my troth, and Maidenhead,
I would not be a Queen.

Old L. Butrew me, I would,
And venture Maidenhead for't, and so would you
For all this spice of your Haprocrie.
You that have to faire parts of Woman on you,
Have (too) a Woman's heart, which euer yet
Affected Enlissence, Weath, Soveraigny,
Which, to fooyoth, are Blessings; and which guifts
Suing your musing the capacity
Of your lost Chintreel Conference, would receiv;
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth.

Old L. Yet troth, & troth; you would not be a Queen?
Anne. No, not for all the riches under Heuen.

Old L. Tis strange: three pence bow'd would hire me
Old as I am, to Queene it: but I pray you,
What thinke you of a Dutchesse? Have you limbs
to bear that load of Title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weely 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 bushten, tis too weake
Euer to get a Boy.

Anne. How you doe talke;
I weare a gaine, I would not be a Queen,
For all the world:
Old L. In faith, for little England
You vntier an embalming: I my felte
Would for Curnarnamore, although there long'd
No more to th'o Clowne but that: Lo, who comes here?

Enter Lord Chamberlaine,

(know L. Cham.
Good morrow Ladies; what's worth to
The secreet of your conference?

Anne. My good Lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our Milits Sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle bunefele, and becoming
The action of good women, there is hope
All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray God, Amen.

Cham. You bear a gentle mickle, & heav'nly blessings
Follow such Creatures. That you may, faire Lady
Perceive I speake sincerel, and high notes
Tane of your many verrues; the Kings Mainly
Commends his good opinion of you, to you; and
Do's purposse honour in you so lesse flowing,
Then Marchioneel of Pembrroke, to which Title,
A Thousand pound a yeare, Asswllll Support,
Our of his Grace, he takles: Tho' so,

Anne. I do not know
What kindes of my obedience, I shoulde render:
More then my All, it Nothing: Nice my Prayers
Are not words delycely hallowed; nor my Witthe
More worth, then empty vanities i yet Prayers & Withis
Are all I can returne. Benech your Lordship,
Youthfully to speake my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a bluth nog Handmaid, to his Highness;
Whose health and Royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady's;
I shall not faile approue the faire conceit
The King hath of you. I have peruse her well;
Beauty and Honour in her are somningled,
That they have caught the King: and who knows yet
But from this Lady, may proceed a tempe,
To lighten all this lie. Ple to the King,
And Isy I spake with you.

Exit Lord Chamberlain.

Anne. My honrour'd Lord.

Old L. Why this is: See, see,
I have bene beggins eighteen yeares in Court
(An yet a Courtier beggerly) not could
Come pat between too early, and too late
For any lant of pondists and you, (of sate)
A very freshe Fifth beere; eye, eye spon
This compelt fortune: have your mouth fild vp,
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How taffs it? Is it bitter? Forty pettie no;
There was a Lady once (in a old Story)
That would not be a Queene, that would the not
For all the mud in Egypt: you have heard it?

Anne. Come you are pleasent.

Old L. With your Theame, I could
O'te-momt the Laskes. The Marchioneel of Pembrake?
A thousand pounds a yeare, for pure respect?
No other obligation? by my Life,
That promiseth no thousands: Honours traine
Is longer then his fore-skirt; by this time
I know your backe will beare a Dutchesse. Say,
Are you not strong then you were?

Old L. With your Theame, I could
Make your felle mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. Would I had no being
If this salue my blood a lot; it faints me
To think what follows.

The Queene it comfortlese, and were forgetful
In our long absence: pray do not deliever,
What there ye'z haue heard to her.

Old L. What do you thinke me—  Ecenti.

Secona Quarta.

Trumpets, Sennet, and Cornet.
Enter two Verrys, with five flower mondles; next them two
Strikes in the habite of Delfants after them, the Bishop of
Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Eliz.,
ReFORMANCE, and S. Aapo: Next them, with some small
distance, follow a Gentleman bearing the Purse, with the
great Seal, and a Cardinals Hat. Then two Prifons, bear-
ing each a Silver Cross: Then a Gentleman Flor ber-
headed, accompanied with a Surgeon at Arms, bearing a
Silver Mace, and two Gentleman bearing two great
Silver Pilleris: After them, side by side, the two Cardinals,
Two Noblemen with the Sword and Mace. The King takes
place under the Cloth of State. The two Cardinals fit
under him at Judges. The Queen takes place some di-
ference from the King. The Bishops place themselves on
each side the Court in manner of a Confrere. Below them
the Scribes. The Ladys fit next the Bishops. The rest of be
Attendents floud in convenient order about the Stage.

Card.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Car. Whilt't our Commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

King. What's the need?
It hath already publiquely bene read,
And on all sides th'Authority allow'd,
You may then spare that time.

Car. Bee't so, proceed.


King. Heere.

Scrib. Say, Katherine Queen of England,
Come into the Court.

The Queene makes no answer, rises out of her Chaire,
goes about the Court, comes to the King, and kneels at
his Feet. Then speaks.

Sir, I desire you do me Right and Jusitice,
And to bellow your pitty on me; for
I am a moft poore Woman, and a Stranger,
Borne out of your Dominions: having heere
No Judge indifferent, nor no more affurance
Of equal Friendship and Proceeding. Also Sirs:
In what have I offended you? What cause
Hath you? what I have given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceede to put me off,
And take your good Grace from me? Heauen witness,
I have bene to you, a true and humble Wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Euer in earde to kindle your Dislike,
Yes, subiect to your Countenance: Glad, or forry,
As I saw it inclin'd? When was the hour
I hearre contradicted your Deire?
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your Friends
Have I not sueue to lose, although I knew
He were mine Enemy? What Friend of mine,
That had to him deriu'd your Anger, did I
Continue in my Liking? Nay, gave notice
He was from thence eliçher'd? Sir, call to minde,
That I have bene your Wife, in this obedience,
Vpon twenty yeares, and have bene blest
With many Children by you, If in the coune,
And prooue of this time, you can report,
And proue it too, against your Honor, ought.
My bond to Wedlocke, or my Luue and Dutie
Against your Sacred Person; in Gods name
Turne me away: and let the fowl'ft Contempt
Shut doore vp on me, and do gue me vp.
To the sharpe & kind of Justice. Please you, Sirs,
The King your Father, was reputed for
A Prince moxt Prudent: of an excellent
And vnmatch'd Wit, and Judgement. Ferdinond
My Father, King of Spaine, was reckon'd one
The wifel'ft Prince, that there had reigne'd, by many
A yeares before. It is not to be questioned,
That they had gather'd a wise Counsellor to them
Of every Race, that did debate this Benefite,
Who demand'd our Marriage lawful. Wherefore I humble
Before you Sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my Friends in Spaine, advis'd; whose Counsile
I will implore. If not thr'payne of God
Your pleasure be fulfill'd.

Wal. You have here Lady,
(And of your choice) these Reuerend Fathers, men
Of Empire, to regresse and Learning:
Yea, the eloquent Land, who are assembled
To please your Cause. It shall be therefore best to
That longer you define the Court, as well
Pursue your owne quiet, as to rectifie
What is vexed in the King.

Camp. His Grace
Hath spoken well, and iustly: Therefore Madam,
It's this Royall Seffion do proceed,
And that (without delay) their Arguments
Be now produce'd, and heard.

Qu. Lord Cardinal, to you I speake.

Wal. Your pleasure, Madam.

Qu. Sir, I am about to wepe; but thinking that
We're a Queene (or long have dream'd to) certain
The daughter of a King, my drops of tears,
It ture to spakes of fire.

Wal. Be patient yet.

Qu. I will, when you are humble; Nay before,
Or God will punishe me. I do believe
(Induc'd by potent Circumstances) that
You are mine Enemy, and make my Challenge,
You shall not be my Judge. For is my
Have blowne this Coale, betwixt my Lord, and me;
(Which Gods dew quench'd) therefore I say againe, I
Wittily abhorre: yes, from my Soule
Refuse you for your Judge, whom yet once more
I hold my selfe malicious For, and think not
At all a Friend to truth.

Wal. I do professe
You speake not like your selfe: who ever yet
Hau'e flood to Charity, and displayed th'effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisedome,
One topp'ng womans pow'r. Madam, you do me wrong
I have no Spicke me against you, nor induixe
For you, or any, how faire I have proceeded,
Or how faire further (Shall) be warranted
By a Commisision from the Conftitute.

Yes, the whole Conftituete of Rome. You charge me,
That I have blowne this Coale: I do deny it,
The King is proues: I'me be knowne to him,
That I gaines my Deed, how may he wound,
And wittily my Paleshood, yea, as much
As you have done my Truth. I know,
That I am free of your Report, he knows
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lets to curse me, and the Cure is to
Remoue these Thoughts from you. The which before
His highnesse shall speake in, I do beseech
You gravious Madam) to unthynke your speaking,
And to say to no more.

Qu. Your, Lord my Lord, my Lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weake,
Toppoyse your cunning, Yare meek, & humble-mouth'd
You figure your Pice, and calling, in full seeling,
With Meckenesse and Humilitie: but your Heart
Is cram'd with Arrogance, Spiceness, and Pride,
You hau'e by Fortune, and his Highnesse favours,
Gone highlie a'ere lowe Drugs, now are mouted
Where Powres are your Retainers, and your words
(Domestickes to you) ture your will, a'nt pleaseth
Your selfe pronounce their Office. I must tell you,
You tnder more your persons Honor, then
Your high proffession Spirituall. That agen
I do refuse you for my Judge, and heere
Before you all, Apothe into the Pope.
To bring my whole Cause there at Hallofice,
And to be judged by him.

She Carries to the King, and offers to depart.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Camp. The Queen is obstinate, Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse, and Disdaunfull to be trieble by't; as not well. She's going away.

Kyn. Call her again.

Cverst. Katherine, Q. of England, come into the Court, Gent. Mis'm. You are cold backed.

Ques. What need you now impell you keep your way, When you are cold returne. Now the Lord helpe,

They taue me past my patience pray you passe on; I will not tarry no, nor ever more.

Upon this bunnetle my appearance make,
In any of their Courts.

Exe. Queen, and her Attendants.

Kyn. Give thy ways, Kate,
That man is't in world, who shall report he's
A better Wife, let him on naught be trusted,
For speaking false in that, to be an alone
(If thy rate qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness Samlike, Write-like Government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy pass
Soveraigne and Proueicals could (speak thee out)
The Queen's earthly Queens: Shoe's Noble borne;
And like her true Nobility, she's
Carried her feete towards me.

Well. Moll gracious Sir,
In humble manner I require your Highnes,
That it shall please you to declare in hearing
Of all these care (for where I am rob'd and bound,
There must I be valousd, although not there
At once, and fully satisfied) whether ever I
did broach this businesse to your Highnes;
or Land an enticement in your way whi brought
Induce you to the question in'ton our part
Hauet yoou, but with thanked to God for such
A Royall Lady, space not, the least word that might
Be to the prejudice of her present State,
Or touch of her good Person?

Kyn. My Lord Cardinal,
I do excuse you, yes, upon mine Honour,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies that know not
Why they are so; but like to Villagge Curres,
Barke when their fellows dye. By some of these
The Queen is put in angerly are excuse'd.
But will you be more iustifi'd? You ever
Hauet with'd the sleeping of this businesse, neverdef'd
It to be fin'd; but off have hindered off,
The passages made toward is; on my Honour,
I speake my good Lord Cardinal, to this point;
And thus faire cleare him,
Now, what shou'd me too't,
I will be bold with you and your attention: (tont)
Then marke th'inducement. Thus it came; giue heede
My Conscience first receiv'd a sendence,
Scruple, and prickle, on certaine Speeches were'd
Byth' Bishop of Bapton shall becon Embassador,
Who had beene hiser seet on the debating
And Marriage' twixt the Duke of Orlesance, and
Our Daughter Alford: P'th' Progress of this businesse
Ere a determinate resolution, hee
(I mean the Bishop) did require a refpite,
Wherein he might the King his Lord aduertisie,
Whether our Daughters were legitimate,
Refpecting this our Marriage with the Dowager,
Sometimes our Brotliers Wife. This refpite shoone
The bolome of my Conscience, enter'd me;
Yea, with a spitting power, and made to trouble
The region of my Breath, which for't such way,
That many maz'd confiderings, did throng
And prev'd in with this Caution. First, me thought I
Sow'd not in the midle of Heaven, who had
Commanded Natures would be
If the concei'd a male child by me, should
Doe no more Office of life too; then
The Grate does to th' dead: For her Male Issue,
Or did where they were made, or shortly after
This world had a'th' them. Hence I took a thought,
This was a judgement on me, that my Kingdome
(Well worthy the beft Heye o'th World) Should not
Be gladness in't me. Then follow'd, that
I weigh'd the danger which my Realnes flood in
By this my Issue faille, and that gave to me
Many a groaning throw: thus helling in
The wild Sea of my Conscience, did there
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now pretend here togetherthat's to say,
I meen'to rectifie my Conscience, which I
Then did feel full fetter, and yet not well,
By all the Reuerend Fathers of the Land,
And Doctours learn'd. First I began in priuate,
With you my Lord of Linclene, you remember
How under my oppressed I did recket
When I first mow'd you.

B. Luc. Very well my Lord.

Kyn. I have spoke long, be plea'd yoou felie to say
How farre you (extend me.

Luc. So plight your Highness,
The question did at first so flatter one,
Bearing a State of mighty moment in,
And conquence of dread, that I committed
The dauntick Counsil which I had to doubt,
And did extend your Highnes to this couer,
Which you are running here.

Kyn. I then mow'd you,
My Lord of Canterbury, and got you leaue
To make this present Summons vnsolicit'd,
I left no Reuerend Perion in this Court;
But by particular content proceeded
Vader your hands and Seales; therefore goe on,
For no dislike t'be' world against the perion
Of the good Queene; but the sharpe thorny points
Of my allaged reasons, dreses this forward:
Proxe but our Marriage lawfull, by my Life
And Longly Dignity, we are contested
To a'ere our mortal State to come, with her,
(Katherine our Queene) before the pricem Creature
That's Pargg, and o'th World
Camp. So plight your Highnes,
The Queene being abient, 'ts a needfull finste,
That we aduance this Court till further day;
Meane while, must be an earnest motion
Made to the Queene, that back her Appeale
She intends into his Holiness.

Kyn. I may perceive
These Cardinals subtle with me: I abhor
This dilatory flush, and trickes of Rome.
My learnt'd and wellbeloved Seruant Cramer,
Prethee returne, with thy approch: I know,
My comfort comes slone: break up the Court;
I stay, let on.

Excuse, in manner as they enter'd.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Queen and her Women as at works.

Queen. Take thy Lute wench, my Soule grows sad with troubles, Sing, and discharge 'em if thou canst, leave working:

SONG.

O Silvers with his Lute made Trees, And the Mountain tops that freeze, Bear themselves when he did sing, To his Muses, Plants and Flowers Ever springing, in Sunse and Showers, There had made a lasting Spring. Every thing that heard him play, Even the Billowes of the Sea, Hung their heads, & then sat by. In sweet Mischike is such Art, Killing care, & griefs of hearts, Fall asleep, or hearing are.

Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now? Gent. Andplease your Grace, the two great Cardinals Wait in the Chamber. Queen. Would they speak with me? Gent. They will me say to Madam. Queen. Pray their Grace To come nooere: what can be their busines With me, a poore weak woman, false from favour? I doe not like their comming; now I think on't, They should bee good men, their affairs as righteous: But all Hoods, make not Monks.

Enter the two Cardinals, Walsig & Capman. Wolf. Peace to your Highnesse. Queen. Your Grace find me here part of a Houfwife, (I would be all) against the worft may happen: What are your pleasures with my reuerent Lords? Wol. May it please you Neph 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 Deferves a Corner: would all other Women Could speake this with as free a Soule as I doe. My Lords, I care not (so much I am happy Abone a number): if my actions Were to bee by every tongue, every eye saw'em. Envy and base opinion let against 'em, I know my life to euer. If your busines Seek me out, and that way I am Wife in; Out with it boldly: Truth looses open dealing. Card. Tanta e fuae mensae integritas Regina forensismis. Queen. O good my Lord, no Lim; I am not faith a Truete fince my comming. A ftrange Tongue makes my caufe more strange, fuppofe Pray speake in English; there are some will thank you, If you speake truth, for their poore Miftris fake; Beleeue me fine he's bad much wrong. Lord Cardinal, The willing'fine I ever yet committed, May be abolisht in English.

Card. Noble Lady.

I am sorry my integrity shoul breed, (And fervice to his Majefty and you) So deepes fupprefion, where all faith was meant; We come not by the way of Accufation, To take that honoure every good Tongue blesse; Nor beare you any way to forrow; You have too much good Lady: But to know How you stand minded in the weightie difference Between the King and you, and to deliver (Like free and honnet men) our iult opinions, And comfort to our caufe.

Camp. Most honour'd Madam, My Lord of York, out of his Noble nature, Zeale and obedience he still borie your Grace, Forgetting (like a good man) your late Centurie Both of his truth and him (which was too farre) Offers, as I doe, in a figne of peace, His Sence, and his Counsell.

Queen. To betray me. My Lords, I thank you both for your good wills, Ye speake like honnet men, (pray God ye prove fe) But how to make ye foddainly an Anfwere In fuch a point of weight, to neere mine Honour, (More neere my Life I feeare) with my wake wit; And to fuch men of gravey and learning; In truth I know not. I was let at worke, Among my Maids, full little (God knowes)looking Either for fuch men, or good busines; For her fake that I have beeene, for I feele The laft fit of my Greatnesse: good your Grace Let me haue time and Counsell for my Caufe: Als, I am a Woman frendlesse, hopefe. Wol. Madam. You wrong the Kings loue with these feares, Your hopes and friends are infinite. Queen. In England, But little for my profit can you thinke Lords, That any English man dare gie me Counsell? Or be a knowne friend gaine his Highnes pleasure, (Though he be growne to deprecate to be honett) And lisse a Subiect? Nay forfooth, my Friends, They that must weigh out my affilations, They that must truthfull growe to, like not heare, They are (at all my other comfortable) far hence In mine owne Country Lords, Camp. I would your Grace Would leaue your greeter, and take my Counsell, Queen. How Sit? Camp. Put your maine caufe into the Kings proteccion, He's louing and most gracious. 'Twill be much, Both for your Honour better, and your Caufe: For if the tryall of the I aw of once take ye, You'll part away disgraced. sol. He tells you rightly. Queen. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruine: Is this your Christian Counsell? Out wpon ye. Heaven is abuse all yet; there fins a Judge, That no King can corrupt. Cam. Your rage misakes ye.

Queen. The more fame for yeholy men I thought ye, Vpon my Soule two reuerent Cardinal Verties: But Cardinal Sin, and hollow hearts I feare ye: Mend 'em for shame my Lords: Is this your comfort? The Cordillia that ye bring a wretche Lady? A woman lost among ye, laught at, scorn'd I will not with ye holdie my miseries,
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.


As yours was, put into you, ever caft. 

Such doubts as fälle, come from it. The King loves you, beware you love it not: For vs (if you please) 

To truft us in your busines, we are ready. 

To vie our vnoft Studies, in your feruice. 

Qw. Do what ye will, my Lords; 

And pray forgive me; 

If I have vs drop felle vnmann'rly, 

You know I am a Woman, lacking wit, 

To make a femeily answer to fuch perfons, 

Pray do my feruice to his Maiji; 

He has my heart yet, and shall have my Prayers. 

While I shall have my life. Come returne Fathers, 

Below your Counsels on me. She now begges 

That little thought when the fad footing here, 

She should have bought her Dignities fo deere. 

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.


Now. If you will now write in your Complaints, 

And force them with a Confinancy, the Cardinall 

Cannot stand under them. If you omit 

The offer of this time, I cannot promise, 

But that you fhall futaine more new difgraces, 

With these ye bearre alreadie.

Swr. I am joyfull 

To meete the leaft occasion, that may give me 

Remembrance of my Father-in-Law, the Duke, 

To be reueng'd on him. 

Suf. Which of the Peers, 

Have uncontented gone by him, or at leaft 

Strangely neglected? When did he regard 

The fame of Noblenesse in any perfon 

Out of himfelfe? 

Cham. My Lords, you fpeak your pleasures: 

What he defires of you and me, I know: 

What we can do to him (though now the time 

Gives way to vs) I much fearre. If you cannot 

Barre his access to this King, never attempt 

Any thing on him: for he hath a Witchescraft 

Over the King in his Tongue. 

Now. Of fearre him not, 

His fpell in that is out: the King hath found 

Mater againft him, that for ever marre 

The Hony of his Language. No, he's feeled 

(Not to come off) in his defpifure. 

Swr. Sir, 

I fhould be glad to hearfuch Newer as this 

Once every houre. 

Now. Believe it, this is true. 

In the Difiouece, his contrarie proceedings 

Are all vnoftled: wherefore he appears, 

As it would withcheue Enemy. 

Suf. How come 

His praftices to light? 

Suf. Moft strangely. 

Suf. O how? how? 

Suf. The Cardinalls Letters to the Pope mifcarried.

And
And came to th' eye with King, wherein was read
How that the Cardinal did interest his Holiness
To stay the Judgement of th' Disme; for if
It did take place, I do (quoth he) perceive
My King is tangled in affliction, so
A Creature of the Queues, Lady Anne Bullen,
Shall be the King this?
Saf. Believe it.
Sir. Will this worke?
Cham. The King in this perceives him, how he coasts
And hedges his owne way. But in this point,
All his trickers founder, and he brings his Physicke
After his Patietes death the King already
Har and made the faire Lady,
Saf. Would he had been.
Saf. May you be happy in your wish: my Lord,
For I profess you have it.
Sir. Now all my joy
Trace the Conjunction,
Saf. My Amen too's.
Now. All mean.
Saf. There's order glean for her Coronation:
Marry this is yet but going, and may be left
To some cares unaccounted. But my Lords
She's a gallant Creature, and complete
In mind and feature. I persuade not from her
Will fall some blessing to this Land, which shall
Lin it be memoriz'd.
Sir. But will the King
Diggagii Leter of the Cardinals?
The Lord forbid.
Now. Marry Amen.
Saf. Nay no.
There be met Wasper that buzz about his Nose,
Will make this thing the sooner. Cardinal Campeius,
Is flying away to Rome hath taine no leave, He's left the castle o' flying unhunted, and
Is posted as the Agent of our Cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do suffice you,
The King cry'd Heav't at this,
Cham. Now God incence him,
And let him cry Hallow-day.
Now. But my Lord
When returns Campeius?
Saf. He is return'd in his Opinions, which
Have satisfied the King for his Disourse,
Together with all famous Colledges
Ainfitt in Christendome: shortly (be beleauz)
His second Marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her Coronation. Rake mine more
Shall he call'd Queen, but Princecel Dowager,
And Widow to Prince Arthur.
Now. This time Cromwell's
A warry Fellow, and hath taken much paine
In the Kings business.
Saf. He is, and we shall see him
For it an Archbyshop.
Now. So I hope.
Saf. Tho. fo.
Crom. This was Wolsey and Cromwell.
The Cardinals
Now. Observe, obstrue; he's moody,
Crom. The Packet Cromwell,
Cau'try out the King?
Crom. To his owne hand, in't Bed-chamber.
Lady. Look he be'th inside of the Paper?
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

His Contemplation was about the earth, And fixt on Spiritual objects, he should fall Devoid in his Musings, but I am afraid His Thinksings are below the Moon, not worth His serious consider.  

**King** takes his Seat, whiles Lovell, who goes to the Cardinal.  

**Car.** Heaven forgive me,  
Euer God blest your Highness.  

**King.** Good my Lord,  
You are full of Heavenly tiff, and bear the Inventory Of your belt Graces, in your mantle; the which You were now running o'r, you have scarce time To slake from Spirit all lyeure, a briefe span To keep your earthly Audit, sure in that I deeme you an ill Husband, and a gold To have you therein my Compassion.  

**Car.** Sir,  
For Holy Offices I haue a time; a time  
To thynke vpon the part of thynke, which  
I bare i'th State; and Nature does require Her times of precaution, which persevere  
Her fraile bonne, amon'tt my Brethren mortall,  
Muft guie my tendance to.  

**King.** You have faid well.  
**Car.** And euer may your Highness ysoke together, (As I will lend you caule) my doing well,  
With my well laying,  
**King.** Tis well said,  
And as a kind of good deed, to say well,  
And yet words are no deeds. My Father loyd you,  
He laid him, and with his deed did Crowne  
His word vpon you. Since I had my Office,  
I haue kept you next my Heart, haue not alone Employ'd you where high Profits might come home,  
But pard my present Haungis, to beflow  
My Bounties vpon you.  

**Car.** What should this mean?  
**Sur.** The Lord increaseth this bunifette,  
**King.** Have I not made you  
The prime man of the State? I pray you tell me,  
If you did not pronounce, have you found true:  
And if you may confesse it, lay withall  
If you are bounde to, or no. What say you?  
**Car.** My Sovereigne, I confesse my Royall graces  
Should on me daily, beene more then could  
My studied purposes require, which went  
Beyond all mans endeavours. My endeavours,  
Have euer come too short of my Deifies,  
Yet fill'd with my Abil ties: Mine owne ends  
Have bee mine to, that euermore they pointed  
To th'good of your mouf Sacred Perfon, and  
The profit of the State. For your great Graces  
Heaped vpon you (poore Underfitter)  
I cannot render but Allegian thanks,  
My Prayres to heauen for you; my Loyaltie  
Which euer ha's, and euer shall be growing,  
Till death (tho't Winter) kill it.  

**King.** Fairly answer'd.  
A Loyal, and obedient Subject is  
Therein illustrated, the Honor of it  
Does not the Act oft, as it's contrary  
The fowlence is the punishment. I preface,  
That as my hand ha's open'd Bountie to you,  
My heart drop'd Love, my powre raint'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 dutie,  
As'tier in Loues particular, be more  
To me your Friend, then any,  
**Car.** I do professe,  
That for your Highness good, I euer labour'd  
More then mine owne; that am, have, and will be  
(Though all the world should cracke their dutie to you,  
And thow it from their Soule, though pritie did  
Abound, as thicke as thought could make 'em, and  
Appeare in formes more hardily yet my Dutie,  
As doth a Roke against the chiding Flood,  
Should the approach of this wide River breake,  
And stand unhaken yours.  

**King.** 'Tis Nobly spoken:  
Take notice Lords, he ha's a Loyal bref't,  
For you have seene him open'. Read o're this,  
And alter this, and then to Breakfast with  
What appetite you have.  

**Exit King,** Drawning open the Cardinal, the Nobles  
Theory after him smiling, and whifpering.  

**Car.** What should this mean?  
What Eadaine Anger's this? How have I rece'd it?  
He past Bowming from me, as if Ruine  
Leaped from his Eyes. So lockes the chaffe Lyon  
Upon the daring Huntman that hath gal'd him:  
Then makes him nothing, I must reade this paper:  
I feare the Story of his Anger. 'Tis so:  
This paper ha's mind'd me: 'Tis an Acquitt  
Of all that world of West-ih I haue drawne together  
For mine owne ends, (Indeed to gain the P. pedome,  
And see my Friends in Rome.) O Negligence!  
Fit for a Poole to fall by. What croffe Driell  
Made me put this mane Secret in the Packet  
I sent the King? Is there no way to cear this?  
No new device to bear this from his Braines  
I know 'twill thrice him stronly; yet I know  
A way, if it take right, in fupes of Fortune  
Will bring me off again. What's this? To the Pope?  
The Letter (as I live) with all the Bunifette  
I wrote too Holifette. Nay then, farewell:  
I haue touch'd the highr part of all my Greatniffe,  
And from that full Meridian of my Glory,  
I haile now to my Setting. I shall fall  
Like a bright exaltation in the Evening,  
And no man fee me more.  

**Letter to Wolsey,** the Duke of Noffolk and Suffolk, the  
Earle of Sarey, and the Lord Chamberlaine.  

**Ner.** Heare the Kings pleasure Cardinal,  
Who commands you  
To render vp the Great Seale prefently  
Into our hands, and to Confine your fife  
To Ather-house, my Lord of Wincheffers,  
Till you hearre further from his Highniffe.  

**Car.** Stay:  
Where's your Commissio'n? Lords,words cannot carrie  
Authority so weighty.  

**Saff.** Who dare croffe me,  
Bearing the Kings mail from his mouth expreffely?  
**Car.** Till I finde more then will, or words to do it,  
(I mean your palicie) know, Officious Lords,  
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feele  
Of what course Miflefe ye are meadled, Enuy,  
How eagerly ye follow my Difgraces  

As
Nor. Thofe Articles, my Lord, are in the Kings hand: 
But thus much, they are foole ones. 
Wol. So much fayre.

And Caraff, thane of Innocence arife,
When the King knowes my Truth.
Sur. This cannot face you: 
I thankne my Memorie, I yet remember
Some of their Articles, and out they flank.
Now, if you can blufh, and cry guilty Cardinall,
You'll shew a little Honelfie.

Wol. Speak ne Sir,
I dare your word Obfervations: If I blufh,
It is to fee a Nobleman want manners.

Sur. I had rather want none, then my head;
Hate at you,
First, that without the Kings filent or knowledge,
You wouldt be a Legacie, by which power
You main'd the Jurifdiction of all Bishops.

Nor. Then, That in all you write to Rome, or elfe
To Forraigne Princes, Egz & Rex meanes
Was still infen'd in which you brought the King
To be your Servant.

Sur. Then, that without the knowledge
Either of King or Councell, when you went
Ambaffador to the Emperor, you made bold
To carry into Plandes, the Great Seale.

Sur. Item, You fent a large Commination
To Gregory de Cardinall, to conclude
Without the Kings will, or the States allowance,
A League betweene his Highneffe, and Ferrara.

Sur. That out of meere Ambition, you have ca’d
Your holy-Hat to be hympt in the Kings Come.

Sur. Then, That you have lent innumerable Subftance,
(By what meanes, gent. I leave to your owne confideration)
To finall Rome, and to prepare the wayes
You have for Diuines, to the more un PROFific.
Of all the Kingdome. Many more there are,
Which since they are of you, and odious,
I will not trench my mouth with.

Oblige. O my Lord,
Paffrel not a falling man too-farre ’tis Virtue:
His faultes let open to the Lawes, let them
(Not you) correct him. My heart weepes to fee him
So little, of his great Sense.


Sur. Lord Cardinall, the Kings further pleafe it,
Because all those things you have done of late
By your power Legitimation within this Kingdome,
Fall into the campaife of a Prelates;
That therefore fuch a Write be fecd against you,
To defeif all your Goods, Lands, Tenemtions,
Coffes, and whatfoever, and to be
Out of the Kings protection. This is my Charge.

Nor. And to wele I leuje you to your Meditations
How to live better. For your Rubborne answr
About the giving backe the Great Seale to vs,
The King ftall know it, and (no doubt) fhall thank you.
So farre you well, my little good Lord Cardinall.

Exeunt all but Wolsey.

Wol. So fayrelle, to the little good you bear me.
Farewel! A long farewell to all my Greatneffe.
This is the fate of Man; to day he pafs forth
The tender Leaves of hope, to morrow Bifouges,
And bears his blufhing Honors thick upon him:
The third day, comes a frost; a killing Frost,
And when he thinke, good cafe man, fully
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

No Sun, shall ever after thine Honors, 
Or gilde againe the Noble Troopes that weighted 
Upon my smiles. Go get thee from me Cromwel, 
I am a poore falme man, unworthy now 
To be thy Lord, and Master. Seeke the King. 
(That Sun, I pray may neuer be) I haue told him, 
What, and how true thow art; he will aduance thee: 
Some little memory of me, will triue him. 
(I know his Noble Nature) not to let. 
Thy hopefull servite perseth too. Good Cromwel 
Neglect him not: make vfe now, and prouide 
For thine owne future safety. 

Crom. O my Lord, 
Muff I then leave you? Muff I needs forgo 
So good, fo Noble, and fo true a Master? 
Beware wittlesse, all that issue not hearts of Iro, 
With what a forrow Cromwel leaves his Lord. 
The King shall haue my servitue; but my prayses, 
For euer, and for euer shall be yours. 

Crom. Cromwel, I did not thinke to fled a tearce 
In all my Miferies: But thou haft forc'd me 
(Out of thy honest truth) to play the Woman. 
Let's dry our eyes: And thus faire heare me Cromwel, 
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be, 
And deve in dull cold Marke, where no mention 
Of me, more maue be heard of: Say I taung thee, 
Say Wolsey, that once tread the wayes of Glory, 
And founded all the Deeps, and Shoales of Honor, 
Found thee a waye (out of his wracke) to rise in: 
A lure, and fate one, though thy Master mist it. 
Marke but my Fall, and that that Ruin'd me: 
Cromwel, I charge thee, fling away Ambition, 
By that finne fell the Angels: lowe can match then 
(The Image of his Maker) hope to win by it? 
Lowe thye felte lift, cherish those hearets that hate thee; 
Corruption wins not more then Honesty. 
Still in thy right hand, carry gentle Peace 
To silence enious Tongues. Be iuf, and feare not; 
Let all the ends thou aynt at, be thy Country, 
Thy Gods, and Truths. Then if thou fall hit (O Cromwel) 
Thou fall a blessed Martyr. 
Serve the King: And prythee leade me in: 
There take an Inventory of all I haue, 
To the laft peny, 'tis the Kings. My Robe, 
And my Integrity to Heauen, is all, 
I dare now call mine owne. O Cromwel, Cromwel, 
Had I but ier'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. 
Crom. So I haue. Farewell 
The Hopes of Courts, my Hopes in Heauen do dwell. 

Extens.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

1 Y'are well met once againe.
2 So are you.
3 You come to take your land here, and behold 
The Lady Anne, paifie from her Coronation.
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2 A Royal Train beleevce me: Thse I know: Who's that that bears the Sceptr?  
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 'Tis the fame: high Steward.  
2 And that my Lord of Norfolke?  
1 Yes,  
2 Haue bene thee,  
Thou haft the sweetest face I ever look'd on:  
Sir, I haue a Soule, she is an Angell:  
Our King has all the Indies in his Armes,  
And more, and richer, when he strains that Lady,  
I cannot blame his Conscience.  
3 They that bear  
The Cleath of Honour over her, are foure Barons  
Of the Cinque Ports.  
2 Thofe men are happy,  
And so are all, neer her.  
1 I take it, she that carries vp the Traine,  
Is that old Noble Lady, Duke offfle of Norfolke.  
2 It is, and all the reft are Counsellors.  
3 And all the Scares are Stedded,  
And oftimes falling one.  
2 No more of that.

Enter a third Gentleman.  
1 God saw you Sir. Where haue you bin broling?  
3 Among the crow'd with'th Abbey, where a finger  
Could not be widge'd in more: I am fill'd  
With the more ranknesse of their toy.  
2 You saw the Ceremony?  
3 That I did.  
1 How was it?  
2 Well worth the seeing,  
2 Good Sir, I speake it to vs?  
3 As well as I am able. The rich freame  
Of Lords, and Ladies, haue brought the Queene  
To a prepa'td place in the Quire. fell off  
A distance from her; while her Grace face downe  
To reit a while, some halfe an houre, or so,  
In a rich Chaire of State, oppoising freely  
The Beauty of her Person to the People.  
Believce me Sir, she is the goodheft Woman  
That euer lay by man: which when the people  
Had the full view of, such a noyle arose.  
As the throudes make at Sea, in a little Tempeft,  
As lowd, and ro as many Tunes. Hats, Cloakes,  
(Doibb it, I thinkke) blow vp, and had their Faces  
Bin loofe, this day they haue beene loft. Such joy  
I never faw before. Great belly'd women,  
That had not halfe a weeke to go-like Rammes  
In the old time of Warre, would make the preafe  
And make 'em reele before' em. No man liting  
Could fay this is my wife there; all were wouen  
So tranqul in their Boone.  
2 But what follow'd?  
3 At length, her Grace rofe, and with modest paces  
Came to the Altar, where the kneel'd, and Saints-like  
Caf her faire eyes to Heauen, and pray'd denoucy.  
Then rote againe, and bow'd her to the people:  
When by the Arch-byhop of Canterbury,  
She had all the Royall makin's of a Queene;  
As holyple, Edward Contrifors Crowne,  
The Red, and Bird of Peace, and all rich Emblemes  
I said Nobly on her: which perform'd, the Queine  

With

The Order of the Coronation.

1 A Tichr Triumph of Trumpets.  
2 Ten, two Faders.  
3 Lord Chancellor, with Purse and Mace before him.  
4 Quintaints finging, Musick.  
5 Master of London, bearing the Mace. Then Garter, in his Court of Armes, and on his head he wore a Gift Copper Coronet.  
6 Marquess Dorset, bearing a Stoper of Gold, on his head, a Doiy Crowne of Gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the Red of Sifer, with the Dow, Crowned with an Earles Crowne. Collars of Effet.  
7 Duke of Suffolk, in his Robe of Estate his Coronet on his head bearing a Two white Wand, as High Steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolke, with the Red of Marshallship, a Coronet on his head. Collars of Effet.  
8 A Canopy, keene by fome of the Cinque Ports, under it the Queene in her Robe, on her haires, freely adrofted with People, Crowned. On each fide her, the Bishops of London, and Wincheffer.  
9 The Old Duke offfle of Norfolke, in a Coronall of Gold, brought with Flowers bearing the Queenes Traine.  
10 Certaine Ladies or Counsellors, with fome Circles of Gold before them.  

Exeunt, first going over the Stage in Order and State, and then A great Favour of Trumpets.

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With all the choyfel Multitude of the Kingdome, Together sang 'Te Deum.' So the parcel, And with the same full State parded backe againe To Yorks-Place, where the Earl is held. 

Sir, You must no more call is Yorks-place, that's past: For since the Cardinal fell, it is a little loft, It is now the Kings, and call'd White-Hall: 3 I know it: But it so lately alter'd, that the old name. It is fitth about me. 2 What two Recreant Byshops Were those that went on each side of the Queene? 3 Stickleby and Gardiner, the one of Winchester, Newly prefer't from the Kings Secretary: The other London. 2 He of Winchester Is held no great good favour of the Archbishops, The veracious Cranmer: 3 All the Land kneweth How euer, yet there is a great breach, when it comes Cranmer will finde a Friend will not shrik from him: 2 Who may that be, I pray you? 3 Thomas Cranmer, A man in much esteem with th'King, and truly A worthy Friend. The King ha's made him Matter of th'Welvet Hands, And one already of the Private Council. 2 He will decline more. 3 Yes without all doubt. Come Gentlemen, ye da'lt go my way, Which is to th'Court, and there ye shall be my Guests: Something I can command. As I wake thither, I'll tell ye more. Both. You my command vs Sir. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Katherine Donwyer, sick, lead between Griffith, her Gentleman-father, and Patience her Woman.

Grif. How do your Grace? Kath. O Griffith, sick to death: My Legges like loaded Branches bow to th'Earth: Willing to loose their burthen: Reach a Chaire, So now (me thinkes) I feel a little ease. Did'th thou not tell me Griffith, as thou leadst th'ince, That the great Childre of Honor, Cardinal Woffy Was dead? Grif. Yes Madam: but I thank ye your Grace Out of the paine you sufferest, gave no care roo't. Kath. Pray the good Griffith, tell me how he dy'd: If well, he slept before me happily For my example. Grif. Well, the voice goeth Madam, For after the roost Earle Northumberland Arrested he at Yorke, and brought him forward As a man forlorn, to his Answer, he fell sicke forlornly, and grew so ill He could not fit his Mule, 

Kath. Alas poor man Griffith, with calsie Rodes, he came to Leicester, Lodg'd in the Abbey; where the reverent Abbot With all his Couen, honoursly receiv'd him; To whom he gave these words. O Father Abbot, An old man, broken with the Hermes of State, Is come to lay his weary bones, among ye: Give him a little rest for Charity. So went to bed; where eagerly his sicknesse Pursu'd him still, and after severall days after this, About the house of eight, which he himselfe Foreordain'd should be his last, full of Repentance, Contuminal Meditations, Tears, and Sorrowes, He gave his Honors to the world agen, His blest part to Heaven, and slept in peace. Kath. So may he rest, His Fauls lye gently on him: Yet thus fare Griffith, give me leisure to speake him, And yet with Charity. He was a man Of an unbounde Stomacke, ever ranking Himselfe with Princes. One that by forgetlen Ty'd all the Kingdome. Synnyshe, was fare pl'y, His owne Opinion was his Law. I preferre He would say vntruths, and be ever double Both in his words, and meaning. He was never (but where he meant to Ruine) quitefull. His Promises, were as he then was, Mighty: But his performance, as he is now, Nothing: Of his owne body he was all, and gage The Cleary ill example. Grif. Noble Madam: Mens quill manners Juan in Brasie, their Vertues We write in Water. May it please your Highnesse To heare he speake his good now? Kath. Yes good Griffith, I were malicious elle. Grif. This Cardinal, Though from an humble Stocke, undoubtedly Was fitted to much Honor. From his Cradle He was a Scholler, and a ripe, and good one: Exceeding wise, false spoken, and persuasinge: Lofly, and lowne to their that loud him not: But, to those men that fought him, sweet as Summer. 

And though he were unvari'd in getting, (Which was a sinne) yet in bestowing, Madam, He was most Princeely: Euer witnesse for him Thoie wittiness of Learning, that he raised in you, Ipswich and Oxford: one of which, fell with him, Vowilling to out-live the good that did it. The other (though unfinishd) ye're so Famous, So excellent in Art, and Hill in seating, That Christendome shall ever speake his Vertue. His Ouerthrow, heppd it Happire esse upon him: For then, and not till then, he felt himselfe, And found the Blessflednesse of being little. And to add more Honors to his Age Then man could give him; he dy'd, fearing God. Kath. After my death, I wish no other; Herald, No other speaker of my Living Actions, To kepe mine Honor, from Corruption, But such an homete Chronicler as Griffith. Whom I most hated Liuing, thou hast made mee With thry Religious Truth, and Modester, (Now in his Athes) Honor: Peace be with him. Patience, be near me still, and set me lower. I thane not long to trouble thee. Good Griffiths, Cauie the Multitians play me that sad note I nam'd my Knell, whil I'll fit meditating.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

On that Catechism Harmony I go too, Sudden and solene Musick.

Gr. She is asleep: Good wench, let's fit down quiet, For fear we wake her. Softly, gentle Patience.

The Catechism.

Enter solenmly tripping one after another, five Personages, clad in white Robes, wearing on their heads Garland of Bays, and golden Frieze, on their faces, trusses of Bays or Oranges on their heads. They first Come unto her, then Dance: and at certain Changes, the first two held a faire Garland over her Head, at which the other three made more muttered Curses. Then the two that held the Garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their Changes, and holding the Garland over her head. Which done, they deliver the same Garland to the last two: who likewise observe the same Order, 

Kath. Speak not: nor yet call for, Sawny none enter since I slept

Kath. It is not yet, I call for, Musick cease.

Kath. No: Saw you not even now a blessed Troope Insuite me to a Banquet, whose bright faces Called thousand beauteous upon me, like the Sun? They promis'd me eternall HappiCtude, and brought me Garland (Musick which I seele)

Kath. I am not worthy yet to weare; I shall alwayes

Gr. Gr. I am most toyfull Madam, such good dreams Poffesse your Fancy.

Kath. Bid the Musick cease, They are harsh and heavy to me.

Pat. Do you peace How much her Grace is ather'd on the solemnitie? How long her face is drawne? How pale the lookes, And of an earthy cold? Mark her eyes?

Gr. Gr. She is going Wench. Pray, pray.

Pat. Heauen comfort her.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. And like your Grace K. Kath. You are a toyfull Fellow, Desire me no more entertainment?

Gr. Gr. You are too blame, Knowing the will not looke for wanted Greatnesse To vice no nude behaviour. Go to, kneele.

Mes. I humbly do entreat your Highnesse pardon, My hart made me vnmananiely. There is lying A Gentleman item from the King, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance Gr. But this Fellow Let me not rise againe, Exeunt Musick, Enter Lord Capuchin. If my sight fail not, You should be Lord Ambassadour from the Emperor, My Royal Nephew, and your name Capuchin.

Cap. Madam the same. Your Servant.

Kath. O my Lord, The Times and Tides now are alter'd strangely With me, since first you knew me.

Gr. I pray you, What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble Lady,

First mine owne service to your Grace, the next I heare requieth, that I would visit you, Who greeues much for your weaknede, and by me Sends you his Princely Commendations, And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. Of my good Lord, that comfort comes too late, Tis like a Pardon after Execution;

That gentle Physician gien in time, bad curret'd me. But I am past all Comforts hence, but Prayers.

How does his Highneffe?

Cap. Madam in good health.

Kath. So may he euer do, and euer flourish, When I shall dwell with Wormes, and my poore name Banish'd the Kingdome. Patience, is that Letter I can'st you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No Madam.

Kath. Sir, I must humbly pray you to deliver This to my Lord the King.

Cap. Most willing Madam.

In which I have command'd to his goodnesse

The Modell of our chaste loues: his young daughter, The dewes of Heauen fall thick in Blessings on her, Instructing him to give her vertuous breeding.

She is young, and of a Noble modest Nature, I hope the will defende her; and a little To love her for her Mothers sake, that lou'd him, Heauen knowes how dearely.

My next poore Petition,

Is, that his Noble Grace would have some pittie Upon my wretched women, that so long Have follied in their Fortunes, faithfully, Of which there is not one, I dare now (And now I shoul'd not lye) but will defende For Vertue, and true Beautie of the Soule,

For honestie, and Decent Carriage

A right good Husband (let him be a Noble) And lufe those men are happy that liall have'em. The life is for my men, they are the poorest, (This 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 given me longer life And able means, we had not parted thus. Those are the whole Contents, and good my Lord; By that you lose the dearest in this world, As you with Christiain peace to soules depore, Stand these poore peoples Friend and trie the King To do me this last right.

Cap. By Heauen I will,

Or let me loose the fashion of a man.

Kath. I thank you honest Lord. Remember me In all humility unto his Highnesse;

Say his long studio now is palling Out of this world, Tell him in death I left him (For so I will) mine eyes grow dimme. Farewell My Lord. Gr. 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; draw me over With Maiden flowers, that all the world may know I was a chaste Wife, to my Grace: Embrace me, Then lay me forth (although vnqueen'd) yet like A Queene, and Daughter to a King enter me. I can no more.

Exeunt leading Katherine. Scene

IV. ii. 80—174

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The Life of King Henry the Eight.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gardner Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a Torch before him, and Sir Thomas Lovell.

Gard. It is now a clock past four.

Lov. It has struck three.

Gard. These should be hours for necessities, Not for delights. I come to repay our Nature With comfortings repose, and not for vs To waste these times. Good night, Sir Thomas; Whether solace?

Lov. Have you come from the King, my Lord?

Gard. I did Sir Thomas, and left him at Pemister With the Duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too

Before he go to bed. I take my leave.

Gard. No, nor yet Sir Thomas: what's the matter?

If I find you at last, and if there be No great offence, I'll give you leave Some touch of your late business: Affairs that walk (As they say Spirits do) at midnight, have In them a wilder Nature, than the business that seeks dispatch by day.

Lov. My Lord, I love you;

And durst commend a secret to your ear Much weightier than that work. The Queens in Labor They say in great Extremity, and need She'll with the Labour, end.

Gard. The fruit the fire goes with I pray for heartily, that it may find Good time, and live: but for the Stocke Sir Thomas, I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Me thinks, I could cry the Amen, and yet my Conscience says She's a good Creature, and sweet-Lady doe's Defend our better wishes.

Gard. But Sir, Sir,

Hear me Sir Thomas, y'are a Gentleman Of mine own way, I know you Wife, Religious, And let me tell you, it will be no worse, "I will not Sir Thomas Lovell, take't up, for They Creameer, Creameel, her two hands, and fine, Sleepe in their Graves.

Lovell. Now Sir, you speak of two The most remark'd th'th'Kingdome: as for Creameel, Before this of the Jewell-Houle, is made Matter Of Th'o' Robes, and the Kings Secretary. Further Sir, Stands in the gap, and Taste of most Preferments, With which the Lime will issue them. Th'Archbyshop Is the Kings hand, and tongue, and who dare speak One syllable against him?

Gard. Ye sure, Sir Thomas,

There are that Dare, and I my selfe haue ventur'd To speak of my mind of him: and indeed this day, Sir, (May it tell you?) I think he haue written to the Lords of the Council, that he is (For I know he is, they know he is) A moft Arch-Heretique, a Paganise That does infect the Land: with which they mowt Have broken with the King, who hath to forse Given care to our Complaint, of his great Grace, And Princeely Care, for-receing th'offeit: Mischiefes,

Our Reason sayd before him: hath commanded To morrow Morning to the Council Board He be commended. He's a ranke weed Sir Thomas, And we must root him out. From your Affairs I hinder you too long: Good night, Sir Thomas.

Exit Gardner and Page.

Lov. Many good nights, my Lord; I tell you to-morrow.

Gard. Charles, I will play no more to night, My mind is not on't; you were too hard for me.

Siuf. Sir, I did neer with you before.

Gard. But little Charles, Nor shall not when my Fantacy on my play. Now Lords, from the Queen eke whacks the Newes. Lov. I could not per, usually deliver to her What you commanded me, but by her woman, I sent her Message, who return'd her thanks In the great Rumbelene, and desir'd your Hightness Most heartily to pray for her.

Kivg. What say you'll thou, Hai? To pray for her? What is this crying out?

Lov. So Gild her woman, and that her suffrance made Almost each pang a death.

Kivg. Alas good Lady.

Siuf. Gouledly quit her of her Burthen, and With gentle Travail, to the gladding of Your Hightness with an Heire.

Kivg. This midnight Charles, Prayth to bed, and in thy Prayers remember The fate of my poor Queene. Leave me alone, For I must think on this, which company Would not be friendly too.

Siuf. I will, your Highness A quiet night, and my good Multis will Remember in my Prayers.

Kivg. Charles, good night.

Exit Suffolk.

Well Sir, what followeth?

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Denn. Sir, I have brought my Lord the Arch-bishop, As you commanded me.

Kivg. Ha, Canterbury?

Denn. My good Lord.

Kivg. Tis true: where is he Denny?

Denn. He attends your Highness pleasure, Sir. Bring him to Vs.

Lov. This is about that, which the Byshop spake, I am happily come hither.

Enter Creameer and Denny.

Kivg. At奥迪 the Gallery. Land sentens to say, Ha? I have fait, Be gone.

What?

Enter Loole and Denny.

Crum. I am fearfull: Wherefore froms he thus? 'Tis his Affeet of Terror. All's not well.

Kivg. How now my Lord? You do desire to know wherefore I sent for you.

Crum. It is my duty To attend your Highness pleasure.

Kivg. Pray you arife My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury: Come, you and I must make a tourne together, I have Newes to tell you.

Come, come, give me your hand. Ah my good Lord, I peacee at what I speake, And am right for to repeat what follows, I have, and moft vividly of late
Heard many greuous. I do say my Lord
Greeuous complaints of you; which being consider'd,
Here mon'd vs, and our Counsell, that you shall
This MAminge come before vs, where I know
You cannot with such freecom'd purge your selse,
But that till further Triall, in those Charges,
Which will require your Anwer, you muft take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Towre; you, a Brother of vs
It fits we thus proceed, or else no winneffe
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your Highness,
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly to be winnowed, where my Chaaffe
And Corne shall flye aldender. For I know
There's nonestands vnder more calamous tongues;
Then I my selfe, poor man.

Kng. Stand vp, good Canterbury,
 Thy Truth, and thy Integrity is roared
In vs thy Friend. Grieve me thy hand, stand vp,
Pray thele'st be walske. 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 some paines, to bring togeth'er
Your selfe, and your Accusers, and to have heard you
Without insurance further.

Cran. Most dread Liege,
The good I stand on, is my Truth and Honeste ;
If they shall fail, I with mine Enemies
Will triumphant ore my person, which I wast not,
Being of thofe Vertues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

Kng. Know you not
How your (tate stands in'th world, with the whole world?
Your Enemies are many, and not small; their practifies
Mall bear the fame proportion, and not equal.
The Justice and the Truth o'th question carries
The Dow o'th Verdict with it; at worst it safe
Might corrupt minds procure, Kunoeas as corrupt
To unweare 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 mean in perit'd Winneffe, then your Maister,
Whose Minifter you are, whiles heere he's dead
Upon this naughty Earth? Go too, go too,
You take a PRECEPT for no loope of danger,
And woe your owne destruction.

Cran. God, and your Maiestie
Protect mine Innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me.

Kng. Be of good cheere,
They shall no more pique me, then we shave way too;
Kepe comfort to you, and this morning fee
You do appeare befure them. If they shall chance
In charging you with matters, to commit you:
The bell perfervations to the contrary
Faiile not to vie, and with what vehement
Th'occation shall instruct you. If intentes.
Will render you no remedi, this King
Desire them, and your Appeale to vs
There make before them. Looke, the Goodman weeps:
He's honett on mine Honor. Gods blest Mother,
I sweare he is true-hearted, and a soule
None better in my Kingdome. Get you gone,
And do as I haue bid you. Exit Cranmer.
He ha's strangled his Language in his tears.

Enter Olde Lady.

Cran. I hope I am not too late, and yet the Gentleman
That was sent to me from the Counsell, pray'd me
To make great haft. All fall? What means this? How?
Who waits there? Sure you know me?

Enter Keeper.

Kep. Yes, my Lord:
But yet I cannot helpe you.

Cran. Why?
Kep. Your Grace must waft till you be call'd for.

Enter Droller Butts.

Cran. So.

Butt. This is a Peere of Malice I am glad
I came this way so happily. The King
Shall vnderstand it perfitely.

Enter Butts.

Cran. Tis Butt.

The Kings Phyfitan, as he past along
How earnestly he call his eyes upon me:
Pray heauen he found not my disgrace: for certaine
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
(God tune their hearts, I never sought their malice)
To quench mine Honor; they would shame to make me
Wait else at doore: a fellow Counsellor
'Mong Boyes,Groome,and Lackeys.
But their pleasures
Muft be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King and Butt, at a Windows above.

Butt. He slew your Grace the strangest fight.

Kng. What's that Butt?

V.i.99—V.ii.19

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And the strong course of my Authority, 
Might goe one way, and safely, and the end 
Was euer to doe well; nor is there living,
(I speake it with a single heart, my Lords) 
A man that more deteets,more flirres against,
Both in his private Confiance, and his place,
Defakers of a publique peace then I doe:
Pray Heauen the King may never find a heart
With lefse Alligence in it, Men that make
Emu, and crooked mislike, nourishment; 
Dare bite the beth. I doe befooth your, Lordships,
That in this cafe of Justice, my Accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely vrg against me.

Suff. Nay, my Lord,
That cannot be; you are a Counsellor,
And by that vesture no man dare accuse you. (men,
Gard. My Lord,because we haue busines of more mo-
We will be short 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 againe,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More then (I feare) you are provided for.

Crom. Ah my good Lord of Winchester: I thank you,
You are always my good Friend, if your will paffe,
I shall both finde your Lordship, judge and juror,
You are so mercifull. I feare your end,
'Tis my desires. Love and meekness, Lord
Become a Churchman, better then Ambition:
Win faying Souls with modesty again,
Cast none away: That I shall cleere my selfe,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt as you doe confiance,
In doing dayly wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling, makes me modest.

Gard. My Lord, my Lord, you are a Seattay,
That's the plaine truth; your painted gloffe difcouers
To men that vnderstand you, words and weakneffe,
(Crom. My Lord of Winchester, y're a little,
By your good favoure, too harpe:Men fo Noble,
How ever faftly, yet should finde respect
For what they have begun; 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.

Gard. Good M. Secretary,
I pry you Honour mercy; you may worst
Of this Table, I say so.

Crom. Wh? my Lord?
Gard. Doe not I know you for a Fauuuerer
Ofthis new Seatt? ye are not found,
Crom. Not found?
Gard. Not found I say,
Crom. Would you were halfe so honest.
Mens prayers then would feake you, not their feater,
Gard. I shall remember this bold Language.

Crom. Doe.
Remember your bold life too.

Cham. This is too much;
Forbear for shame my Lords.
Gard. I haue done.

Cham. And I.

Cham. Then thus for you my Lord, it stands agreed
1 rate it, by all voyages: That fortheith,
You be conuayd to the Tower a Prifoner,
There to remaining till the Kings further pleasure
Be known vnto vs: are you all agreed Lords,
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Ad. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy, but I must needs to this? To say, my Lords?

Wold you expect? You are strangely troublesome. Let some o’ th’ Guard be ready there.

Enter the Guard.

Cran. For me?

Mufi I go look to a Traycor thither? Gard. Receive him, and let him fall o’ th’ Tower.

Cran. Stay good my Lords, I have a little yet to say. Looks there my Lords, by virtue of that Ring, I take my case

Out of the graces of cruel men, and giue it To a meitl Noble Judge, the King my Master.

Cran. This is the Kings Ring, Sir. This no counterfeitt.

Saf. To the right Ring, by Haun’t, I told ye all, when we first put this dangerous flome to rowling, Twould fall upon our felies.

Narf. Doe you think my Lords The King will suffer but the little finger Of this man to be vex’d?

Cran. This is too certain; how much more is his Life in value with him? Would I were fairly out on’t.

Cran. My mind gives me, In seeking tales and Informations Against this man, whole honestly the Distil And his Disciples only eny at, Ye blew the fire that burns ye, now haste ye.

Enter King growing on them, takes his Sabre.

Gard. Drink Soueraigne, How much are we bound to Heaven, In duty thankles, that gave vs such a Prince; Not only good and wife, but noble in dignity: One that in all obedience, makes the Church The cheele syme of his Honour, and to strengthen That holy dutie out of desire respected, his Royal! felle in Judgement: comes to thence The case between her, and this great offender.

Kim. You were ever good at Judaine Comendations, Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not To beare such ftractity now, and in my presence They are too thin, and bare to hide offences, To me you cannot reach. You play the spainiel, And thinke with waving of your tongue to win me: But whatsoeuer thou tak’st it for, I am sure Thou haft a cruel Nature and a bloody. Good man fit downe: Now let me see the proudest Hee, that does most, but was his finger at thee. By all that’s holy, he had better flarme, Then hung once think his place becomes the noor. Sir, May it please your Grace,—— Kim. No Sir, it does not please me,

I had thought, I had had men of some understanding, And inhabitants of my Countrie, but I finde none: Was it difference Lords, to let this man, This good man (few of you defend that Title) This honest man, not as a lowlie font-boy At Chamber door, and one, as great as you are? By what speech was this? Did my Commission Bude to fore longer your felies? I gave ye Power as he, was a Countess to say, Lyn.

Not as a Groomer: There’s some of ye, I see, More out of Malice then Integrity, Would try him to the viemost, had ye meant, Which ye shall Prague, and got what I like.

Kim. Thus fate.

My most dread Soveraigne, may it like you Grace, To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos’d Concerning his imprisonment, was rather (If there be faith in men) meant for his Tryall, And faire purgation to the world then malice, I presume.

Kim. Well, well, my Lords receive him, Take him, and yee him well; he’s worthy of it. I will say thus much for him, if a Prince May be beholdong to a Subject; I Am for his loose and servuce, to info him. Make me no more ado, but all embrace him; Be friends for shame my Lords: My Lord of Canterbury I have a Suite which you must not refuse. That is, a faire young Maid that yet wants Baptisme, You must be Godfather, and suffwere for her.

Cran. The greatest Monarch now alive may glory In such honour: how may I defer it,

That am a poore and humble Subject to you? Kim. Come, come my Lord, you’d spare your spoones; You shall have two noble Partners with you; the old Duchess of Norfolk, and Lady Marquesse Dorset! will these please you?

Once more my Lord of Winchester, I charge you Embrace and love this man.

Gard. With a true heart.

And Brother, love I do, I do.

Kim. And let Heaven Winchester the dearer, I told this Confirmation. (hearts,)

Kim. Good Man, those if you fall trees fhew thereby The common voyce I fee is verifid Of which, that says thus: Doe my Lord of Canterbury A thredturne, and he’s your friend for ever: Come Lords, we must turn away: I long To have this young one makes a Christian. As I have made ye Lord, one enon esteem,
So I grow stronger, you must Honour grace.

Scena Tertia.

Nurse and Twend. within: Enter Porter and his man.

Port. You’ll lend your nurse anon yead else, doe you take the Count the Earl of Gardyn: ye rude Slaues, leave your gaping.

Within.上前 M. Porter I belong to th’ Lander.

Port. ”O long to th’ Gallows, and be hang’d o’er Roger. Is this a place to roare in? Fetch me a dozen Crab-tree Hats, and three strong ones; these are but switches to ’em: He scratchs your heads, you must be seeling Christians? Do you looke for Ale, and Cakes heere, you rude Raskalls?

Man. Pray Sir be patient; this is much importaince. Write we are incep from the door with Comoncs, To scare one; on, on, to make ’em Despise On May-day Morning, which will never be: We say we till push against Powis as strange ’em. Are, How got they in, and be hang’d?—

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Man. Alas! I know not, how gets the Tide in?
As much as one found Cudgel of fourte foote,
(You see the poore remainder) could distribute,
I made no spare Sir.
Part. You did nothing Sir.
Man. I am not Sampson, nor Sir Gay, nor Caleb Ward,
To sowen downe before me: but I spair any
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
He or shee, Cuckold or Cuckold-maker:
Let men're hope to see a Chine againe,
And that I would not for a Cow, God tase her.
Within. Do you keere M. Porter?
Part. I shall be with you prettily, good M. 1 apparel,
Keep the door cloe Sirha.
Man. What would you have me doe?
Part. What thoulde you doe,
But knock 'em downe by th' dozzen? Is this More fields
to matter in? Or haue wee some strange Indian with the
great Touls, come to Court, the women to befere vs?
Belle me, what a fry of Fornication is at dore? On my
Christian Conscience this one Christening will beget
a thousand, here will be Father, God-father, and all.
Man. The Spawning will be the bigger Sir:
There is a fellow somewhat neere the door, he should be a Baffie
by his face, for 'my confidence twenty of the Dog
days now reign in's Nose; all that fand about him are
under the Line, they need no other patectt: that Fire
Drake did hit three times on the head, and three times
was his Nose discharged against me; her bands there
like a Matter-piece to blow away. There was a Hattbressers
Wife of small win, neere him, that rai'dd upon me,
till her pinck'd passenger fell off her head, for kindling
such a combustion in the State. I miss the Meteor once,
and hit that Woman, who cryed out Clubbes, when I
might see from mine; some forty Trancheencres draw to
her succourr, which were the hope o'th'. Second where she
was quartered; they fell on, I made good my place; at
length they came to th' broune flae to me, I desie 'em
all, when suddenly a File of Boyes behind'em, loofe fleer,
deler'd such a hower of Pibbles, that I was taine to
draw mine Honour in, and let 'em win the Workke, the
Duell was amongst 'em I taine surely.
Part. These are the youths that thunder at a Playhouse,
and fight for bitter Apples, that no Audience but the
tribulation of Tower Hill, or the Limbes of Limboule,
their dese Brothers are able to endure. I have some
of 'em in Limbo Parlam, and thare they are like to dance
these three days; besides the running Banquet of Two
Beans, that is to come.

Enter Lord Chambelaine.

Cham. Mercy o' me: what a Multitude are here?
(They grow still too, from all Parts they are comming,
As if we keepe a Faire here? Where are these Porters?
These lazy knowes. Yhaue made a fine hand followes?
There is a trim rabbit let in: are all thee,
Your faithfull friends o'th' Suburb? We all have
Great store of some no doubt, left for the Ladies,
When they passe backe from the Christening?
Part, And pleace your Honour,
We are at diuen, and what so many may doe,
Not being some a pieces, we have done:
An Army cannot rule'em.
Cham. As I live,
If the King blame me for't; he lay ye all
By th' heales, and fodorately and on your heads
Clap round Fines for neglect: yare lazy knaues,
And there ye ly eye bating of Bombards, when
Ye shild doe Service. Harkke the Trumpets sound,
There are some already from the Christening.
Go breake among the prease, and finde away out
To let the Trooep passe fairely, or Ile finde
A Marshall, frail hold ye play these two Membtes.
Part. Make way therse, for the Princeffe.
Man. You great fellow,
Stand close vp, or Ile make your head sk.
Part. You thin Chamblent, get vp o'th' sail,
Ile pecke you the pales elle. Exeunt.

Secona Quarta.

Enter Trumpeters sounding: then two Aldermen, L. Mover,
Casser, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolke with his Manshalls
Staffe, Duke of Suffolk, two Noblemen, bearing great
sounding Bowles for the Christening Gouts: Then four
Noblemen bearing a Canopy, under which the Ducheffe
of Norfolke, Godmother, bearing the Child richly habited in
a Maste, &c. Traine borne by a Lady: Then followes
the Mareenbrooke Dorset, the other Godmother, and
Ladies. The Trooep passe once about the Stage, and Gar
sper speakes.

Curt. Heauen,
From thy endless goodnesse, send prosperous life,
Long and ever happy, to the high and Mighty
Princeffe of Englan, Elisabeth.

Floweth. Enter King and Gward.

Cran. And to your Royall Grace, & the good Queen,
My Noble Partners, and my selfe they pray
All comfort, joy in this most gracious Lady,
Heauen ever laid vp to make Parents happy,
May hourly fall vpon ye.

Kin. Thank you good Lord Archbishop:
What is her Name?
Cran. Elizabeth.

Kin. Stand vp Lord,
With this kisse, take my Blessing: God protte & thee,
Into whose hand, I guesse Thine.

Cran. Amen.

Kin. My Noble Goilphs, yhaue beene too Prodigal;
I thank ye heartily: So shall this Lady,
When she's to much, English;

Cran. Let me speake Sir,
For Heauen now bids me, and the words I utter,
Let none thinke Plateres, for they finde'em True,
This Royall Infant, Heauen stille moue about her,
Though in her Cradl, yet now promisses
Upon this Land a thousand thousand Blessinges,
Whetse Time shall bring to ripenesse; She shall be,
(But few now living can behold that goodnesse)
A Patterne to all Princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Saha was ever
More courtesie of Wisdom and, and faire Venus
Then this pure Soule shall be. All Princely Grace
That mould vp such a mighty Piece as this is,
With all the Vertues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall Nurse her,

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Holy and Heavenly thoughts still Counsell her:
She shall be loud and fear'd. Her owne shall blest her;
Her Joys shall like a Field of beaten Corne,
And hang their heads with sorrow:
Good groves with her.

In her days, Every Man shall eate in safety,
Under his owne Vine what he plants; and sing:
The merry Songs of Peace to all his Neighbours.
God shall be truly knowne, and those about her,
From her shall read the perfect way of Honour,
And by those claim their greatnesse;not by Blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her: But as when
The bird of Wonder dyes, the Mayden Phoenix,
Her Hayes there create another,
As great admiration as her felte.
So shall she leaue her; blessed she to One.
(When Heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness)
Whose from the sacred Athes of her Honour
Shall rear-like rule, as great in fame as the was,
And so stand fix'd. Peace, Plenty, Love, Truth, Terror,
That were the Seruants to this chosen Infant,
Shall then be his, and like a Vine grow to him;
Where eas't the bright Sunne of Heaven shall shine,
His Honour, and the greatnesse of his Name,
Shall be, and make new Nations. He shall flourish,

And like a Mountaine Cedar, reach his branches,
To all the Plaines about him: Our Childrens Children
Shall fee this, and blest Heaven.

Epi. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be to the happinesse of England,
An aged Prince; many days shall fee her,
And yet no day without a deed to Crowne is.
Would I had knowne no more: But the mist dye,
She must, the Saints must have her; yet a Virgin,
A moft vnspoted Lilly shall the passe
To th' ground, and all the World shall mome her.

Kim. O Lord Archbishop

Thou hast made me now a man, neuer before
This happy Child; did I get any thing,
This Oracle of comfort, he's so pleasa'd me,
That when I am in Heaven, I shall desire
To fee what this Child does, and praise my Maker.
I thanke ye all. To you my good Lord Maior,
And you good Brethren, I am much beholding:
I haue receiv'd much Honour by your prudence,
And we shall finde me thankfull. I see the way Lords,
Ye must all fee the Queene, and the mist thanke ye,
She will be ficker els. This day, no man think.
'Has businesse at his house; for all shall stay:
This Little-One shall make it Holy-day. Exect.

The Epilogue.

Tis ten to one, this Play can never please.
All that are here: Some came to take their ease,
And sleepe an Akt or two; but those we feare
Would heare with some regard: To be clear, they'd say its naught.
Others to hear the City
About'd extremely, and to cry that's witty,
Which we have not done neither; that I fear.

All the expeled good w're are like to home.
For this Play at this time, is only on
The mercifull condescension of good women.
For some years we found'ring,
And for this, I know no better way,
All the best men are ours: for this I hap.
If they hold, when their Ladies but 'em clap.

FINIS.
The Prologue.

In Troy there lies the Scene: From Iles of Greece
The Princes Orgilias, their high blood chaf'd
Hauing to the Port of Athens sent their Shippes
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruell Warre: Sixty and nine that wore
Their Crownets Regall, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia, and their crew is made
To ransacke Troy, within whose strong omures
The ransib'd Helen, Menelaus Queene,
With wanton Paris sleepe's, and that's the Quarrell.
To Tenedos they come,
And the depe-drawing Barke do there disgurse
Their warlike fraughtage: now on Dardan Plaines
The fresh and yet unbruised Greekes do pitch
Their brave Pavilions: Priamus six-gated City,
Dardan and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antchenidus with masic Staples
And correspondence and fulfilling Bolts
Stirre up the Sones of Troy.
Now Expectation tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Troian and Greeke,
Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come,
A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of Author's pen, or Actors voice; but suited
In like conditions, as our Argument;
To tell you (faire Beholders) that our Play
Leapes o're the resonant and firstlings of those broyles,
Beginning in the middle: starting thence away,
To what may be digested in a Play:
Like, or finde fault, do as your pleasures are,
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of Warre.

ProL. 1—31
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THE TRAGEDIE OF
Troylus and Cressida.

Actus Primus.  Scena Prima.

Enter Pandarum and Troylus.

Troylus.

All here my Vowes, lie warme againe.

Why should I waste without the walls of Troy
That finde shee's cruellest bates, here within?

Each Troian that is master of his heart,
Let him to field, Troylus alas hath none.

Pan. Will this geere here be mendid?

Troy. The Greeks are strong & skilful to their strength,
Fiercse to their skill, and to their censs Valiant:
But I am weak, I am a womanesse;
Tamer then sleepes, fonder then ignorance;
Leve valiant then the Virgin in the nightes,
And skilflsse as unpractis'd Infamie.

Pan. Why, I have told you enough of this: For my part,
Ile not meddle nor make no farther. Hee that will have
a Cake out of the Whisce, musf needs taste the
grinding.

Troy. Have I not tasted?

Pan. I the grinding, but you must taste the bolting.

Troy. Have I not caried?

Pan. The broddling: but you must taste the leaching.

Troy. Still have I caried.

Pan. I, to the lemoner: but hear what yet in the word
hereafter, the kneading, the making of the Cake, the
heating of the Oaten, and the Baking; nay, you must fly
the cooling too: or you may chance to burne your lips.

Troy. Patience her felte, what Goddlesse e're the be,
Doth better blench as Inferiour, then I doe:
As Fenius Roffe Table doe I flt:
And when faire Cressida comes into my thoughts,
She (Truant) then she comes, when she is thence.

Pan. Well.

She look'd yefternight faire, then ever I saw her looke,
Or any woman else.

Troy. I was about to tell thee, when my heart,
As were'd with a sigh, would rue in twince,
Least Helen, or my Father should percieve me: I
have (as when the boome doth light a-come)
Brested this fig, to wakele a little:
Bar forrow, that is couched in seeming gladness,
Lilke that much flute comes to sudden lade.

Pan. And other Wars were not without that darker then
Helen, well go to them, there was no more comparision be-
 tweene the Women. But for my part the is my Kins-
woman, I would not (as they tearme it) praise it, but I wold

some-body had heard her calle yesterday as I did: I will
not dispraise you sifter Caius's wife, but:

Troy. Oh Pandarum! I'll tell thee Pandarum;
When I do tell thee, I have no hope ye drown'd:
Nobly nor in how many Fadoms depth:
They be indrenchid. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressida's league. Thou answerst it she is faire,
Down in the open Vicer of my heart,
Her Eyes, her Hair, her Cheeks, her Gate, her Voice,
Handlett in thy discourse. O that her Hand
(in whose comparsion, all whites are Ink)
Wert their owne approach, to whomst sof feare:
The Cigarets Downe was hard, and spirits of Senfe
Hard at the pame of Ploughman. This thou tellst me;
As true thou tell st me, when I doe hope her;
But saying this, instead of Olye and Patine,
Though in every gainth that I vouch, givel me,
The Knife that made it.

Pan. I speake no more then truth.

Troy. Thou dost not speake so much.

Pan. Faith, I thee meddle not: Let her be as she is,
If shee be faire, 'tis the better for her: and she be not, she
has the needs in her owne hands.

Troy. Good Pandarum! How now Pandarum?

Pan. I have had my Labour for your travell, all thought
on of her, and all thought on of you: Gone betweene and
betweene, but small times for your labour.

Troy. What art thou angry Pandarum? what with me?

Pan. Because she's hunte to me, therefore thee's not
so faire as Helen, and she were not kin to me, she
would be as faire on Sunday, 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! she is not faire?

Troy. I do not care whether you doe or no. She's a
Poodle to flay behind her Father. Let her to the Greeks,
and so Ile tell her the next time I see her: for my part, I
meddle nor make no more Ish't matter.

Troy. Pandarum! Pan. Not I.

Troy. Sweete Pandarum.

Pan. Pray you speake no more to me, I will leave all
as I found it, and there en end.

Exit Pand. Sound Alarm.

Troy. Peace you Wayfortious Calmors, peace rude sounds;
Foolys on both sides, Helen must needs be faire,
When with your blood you daily paint her thills.
I cannot fight upon this Argument:
Enter Ariel.

_Ariel._ How now Prince Troylus?

_Troy._ Wherefore not a field?

_Ariel._ Troy. Because not there; this woman answer for.

_Troy._ For woman it is to be from there:

_Ariel._ What never women from the field to day?

_Troy._ That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

_Ariel._ Troy. By whom? _Troy._ Troy. Let Paris bleed, his but a tear to scarce,

_Parisis._ Parting go's with Mezentius borne.

_Ariel._ Troy. Ha'ke what good sport is out of Towne to day.

_Troy._ Better at home, if I would might were may:

_Ariel._ In all swift haste.

_Troy._ Come goe wee then together. Exeunt. Enter Creillus and her man.

_Denes._ Who were those went by? _Herma._ Querete Hercuba, and Hella. _Troy._ And whether go they?

_Virtue._ Vp to the Ead ENC Tower,

_Ariel._ Whole height commandes as truly all the vale,

_Troy._ To see the battell: Hecuba whose patience,

_Ariel._ Is a Vertue fine, to day was a mood.

_Ariel._ He chides Andromache and stripes his A M C, And like as there were husbandly in Wart.

_Ariel._ Before the Sunne rose, hee was i' the field lyke,

_Ariel._ And to the field go's his; where every flower

_Ariel._ Did as a Prophet weeps what it foresaw,

_Ariel._ In Hecuba wrath.

_Cre._ What was his cause of anger?

_Ariel._ The noise goe's his; this

_Ariel._ There is among the Grecians,

_Ariel._ A Lord of Trojan blood, Nephew to Hecuba,

_Ariel._ They call him _Amen_.

_Cre._ Good; and what of him?

_Ariel._ They say he is a very _manner_ and stands alone.

_Ariel._ So do all men, velsely they are drunk, sick, or have no legges.

_Ariel._ This man Lady, hab inb't many biest of their particular additions, he is as valiant as the Lyon, curiously as the Bear, now as the Elephant: a man into whom nature hath to crowded honors, that his valor is crutish into folly, his folly faced with discretion: there is no man hath a vertue, that he hath not a glimpse of, nor a

_Ariel._ Man,-man,-man: he carries some stain of it. He is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair, he hath the soote of every thing, but every thing so out of soote, that hee is a goate _briname_, many hands and no vies, or publimshed _argument_, all eyes and no sight.

_Briare._ Both he shoulde this man that makes me finlle, make Hecuba angry?

_Meno._ They say he yester day cop'd Hecuba in the bat-

_her out since kept Hecuba singing and waking.

Enter Pandarus.

_Cre._ Who comes hence? _Man._ Madam your Viole Pandarus.

_Cre._ Hecuba a gallant man.

_Meno._ As may be in the world Lady.

_Pan._ What's that what's that?

_Cre._ Good morrow Viole Pandarus.

_Pan._ Good morrow Cozen Crissid: what do you talk of?

_Cre._ Good morrow Alexander: how do you Cozen? when were you at illum?

_Cre._ This morning Viole.

_Pan._ What were you talking of when I came? Was Hecuba annid and gone ere you came to illum? Hecuba was not vp? was the?

_Cre._ Hecuba was gone but Hella was not vp?

_Pan._ Eene for Hecuba was thiring early.

_Cre._ That were we talking of, and of his anger,

_Pan._ Was he angry?

_Cre._ So he fies here.

_Pan._ True he was so: I know the cause too, hee do lay about him to day I can tell them that, and there's Troyus will not corner his behind him, let them take heed of Troyus: I can tell them that too.

_Cre._ What is he angry too?

_Pan._ Who Troyus?

_Troyus_ is the better man of the two.

_Cre._ Oh Vicer: there's no compassion.

_Pan._ What not between Troyus and Hecuba? do you

_Ariel._ Know a man if you fies him?

_Cre._ I. If Euer saw him before and knew him.

_Pan._ Well I say Troyus is Troyus.

_Cre._ Then you fay as I fay,

_Pan._ For I am sure he is not Hecuba.

_Cre._ No not Hecuba is not Troyus in some degrees.

_Pan._ Tis just to each of them he is himself.

_Pan._ Himselfe talls poor Troyus I would he were.

_Pan._ So he is.

_Pan._ Condition I had gone barefoot to India.

_Cre._ He is not Hecuba.

_Pan._ Himselfe? or hee's not himselfe, would a were himselfe? well, the Gods are abowe, time must friend or endwell Troyus well, I would my heart were in her body; no, Hecuba is not a better man then Troyus.

_Cre._ Excuse me.

_Pan._ He is elder.

_Pan._ Pardon me, pardon me.

_Pan._ Tell others not come too, you shal tell me another tale when the others come too: Hecuba shall not have his will this yere.

_Cre._ He shall not neede it if he have his owne.

_Pan._ Nor his qualities.

_Cre._ No matter.

_Pan._ Nor his beautie.

_Cre._ I would not become him, his own better.

_Pan._ You have no judgmem Neecees; Hecuba her selfe

_Ariel._ For the other day, that Troyus for a browne fauour (for so I must confesse) not browne neither.

_Cre._ No, but browne.

_Cre._ Faith to say truth, browne and not browne.

_Cre._ To lay the truth, true and not true.

_Pan._ She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

_Cre._ Why Paris hath colour enough.

_Pan._ So he has.

_Cre._ Then Troyus would have too much, if the prais'd

_Ariel._ Him above, his complexion is higher then his, he having colour.
The Tragedy of Troilus and Cressida.

colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion, I had asliece Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper sole.

Pan. I found you so, and I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cre. Then she's a merry Greke indeed.

Pan. Nay I am sure she does, she came to him the other day into the compast window, and you know he has not past three or four hairies on his chinne.

Cre. Indeed a Tapitis Arithmeticke may boone bringing his particular therein, to a toall.

Pan. Why he is very young, and yet will he within three pound lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cre. Is it so young a man, and so old a lifter?

Pan. But to prove you to that Helen loves him, she came and puts her white hand to his clenched chin.

Cre. I was haue mercy, how came it clenou?

Pan. Why, you know 'tis dimpled, I think his dimpling becomes him better then any man in all Pergia.

Cre. Oh he smiles variably.

Pan. Does he not?

Cre. Oh yes, and were a clow'd in Autumn.

Pan. Why go to them, but to prove you that Helen loves Troilus.

Cre. Troilus will stand to thee.

Pan. If you prove it so.

Cre. There's why he eleemes her no more then I esteem an addle egg.

Cre. If you lose an addle egg as well as you lose an idle head, you would eat chickens'th'bell.

Pan. I cannot chuse but laugh to think how the tickled his chin; indeed he has a marvell's white hand i. must needs confesse.

Cre. Without the racke.

Pan. And there takes upon her to spie a white hairie on his chinne.

Cre. Alas poor chin many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was such laughing, Queenie Hecuba laught that her eyes ran oon.

Cre. With Million.

Pan. And Casmunder laught.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire vnder the pot of her eyes, and her eyes run oon too?

Pan. And Hector laught.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry at the whiate hairie that Helen spied on Troilus chin.

Cre. And that beene a greene hairie, I should have laught too.

Pan. They laught not so much at the hairie, as at his pretty aunwre.

Cre. What was his aunwre?

Pan. Quoth flce, here's but two and fifty hairies on your chinne; and one of them is white.

Cre. I miss her question.

Pan. That's true, make no question of that, two and fifty hairies quoth flce, one white, that white hairie is my Faber, and all the rest arc his Sonnes. Indian quot flce, which of all those hairies is Paris my husband? The for-ced one quot flce, pluck out and gie him: but there was such laughing, and Helen so blufih, and Paris so chaste, and all the rest so laught, that it past.

Cre. So let it now, for is his beene a great while going by.

Pan. Well Cozen,
looker, and how he goes. O admirable youth! he ne'er
saw three and twenty. Go thy way Troylus, go thy way,
that it were a Grece, or a daughter of Goddesse, hee
should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris? Paris
is due to him, and I warrant, Helen to change, would
give money to boot.

Enter common Soldiers.

Cref. Here come more.

Paut. After foolest, doothes, charl' and brain, charl'
and brain, porre edge after mett. I could not dye the eyes
of Troylus. Ne te looke, ne te looke; the Eagles are gun,
Crows and Dawses, Crowes and Dawses: I had rather be
such a man as Troylus, then Agamemnon, and all Greece.

Cref. There is among the Greekes Achilles, a better
man then Troylus.

Paut. Achilles a Dray-man, a Porter, a very Camell.

Cref. Well, well.

Paut. Well, well! Why have you any discretion? have
you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? I am not,
but, any good fleg, discourse, manhood, learning, gen-
uefli, verity, youth, liberality, and so forth: the Spices,
and flat that teaches a man?

Cref. I a mind'd man, and then to be back'd with no Date
in the eye, the sooner then the dates matchers.

Paut. You are such another woman, one knowes not
at what ward you lye.

Cref. Upon my backe, to defend my belly; upon my
wrist, to defend my wife, upon my beauty, to defend
mine honer, say Maske, to defend my beauty, and you
to defend all thefe: and at all these wordes I lye at, at
a thousand watchers.

Paut. Say one of your watchers.

Cref. Nay, he watch you for that, and that's one of
the chealfe of them two: if I can not ward what I would
not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the
blow, whilst if will pass finding, and then it's past watch-
ing.

Enter Boy.

Paut. You are such another.

Boy. Sir, my Lord would instantly speake with you.

Paut. Where? 

Boy. At your owne house.

Paut. Good boy tell him I come, I doubt be hurt.

Paut. Fare ye well good Neece.

Cref. Afera Vinkle.

Paut. Il be with you Neece by and by.

Cref. To bring Vinkle.

Paut. I, a stoned from Troylus.

Cref. By the fame token, you are a Bawd. Exit Paut.

Words, vows, gifts, tears, & loues full sacrificing,
He offers in an others enterprise; but
Moores in Troylus thousand fold full fee,
Then in the glasse of Pandar's praise may be;
Yet hold it right. Women are Angels wooling,
Things won are done, inues foule eyes in the dooing:
That fine belou'd, knowes nothing, that knowes not this;
Men prize the thing vnprized, more then it is,
That she was neuer yet, that ever knew
Lost to forget, as when defte did fie:
Therefore this my vision out of trop I teach.

\[\text{Acheament, as commend, vnprized, befiech, this}
\text{though my heers Content's sire loue doth breake,}
\text{Nothing of that fall from mine eyes appears, Exit.}\]
And thou most reserued for thy stretchit-out life,
I guise to both your speeches: which were fuch,
As Agamemnon and the band of Greece
Should hold up high in Brafe: and fuch againe
As venerable Nefir (hatch'd in Silver)
Should with a bond of ayre, ftrong as the Axeterre
In which the Heauen sides, knit all Grreates ears
to his expericnd tongue: yet let it pleafe both
(Thou Great, and Wife) to heare Pliffer fpeake.

Agm. Speake Prince of Iliarre, and be't of leffe expect
That matter neediflee of impofitive burren
Duidde thy lips: then we are confident
When ranke Tiferes opes his Matfkie lawes,
We fhall heare Mufike, Wit, and Oracle.

Ulyf. Troy yet upon his bas'd bieft downe,
And the great Helfers sword had tack'd a Mafier
But for thefe inftances,
The specialty of Rule hath beene negleCED;
And looke how many Grecian Tents do f tand
Hollow upon this Plaine, fo many hollow Factions.
When that the General is not like the t i u e,
To whom the Forrarers fhall all repair:
What Hony is expedted? Degree being vizarded,
Th'vnworthief i f-fwes as finely in the Maufe.
The Heauen themfelves, the Planets, and this Center,
Oblige degree, priority, and place,
Infuence,courte, proportion, lefon, forme,
Office, and coughnefe, in all line of Order:
And therefore is the glorious Planet Sol
In noble eminence, enthron'd and fplead'd
Amidft the other, whose mede-cinable eye
Corrects the ill Aspects of Planets cuill,
And poiftes like the Command ment of a King,
Sans checke, to goode and bad. But when the Planets
In euill mixture to disorder wander,
Whaf Plagues, and what perronts, what mutiny?
What raging of the Sea? fhaking of Earth?
Commotion in the Windes? Frightes, changes, horrors,
Dread, and cracke, rend and derruine.
The vnity, and musted cime of States
Quite from their functure? O, when Degree is flak'd,
(Which is the Ladder to all high defigues)
The enterprise is fike. How could Communistes,
Degrees in Schooles, and Brother-hoods in Cities,
Peacefull Commerce from diuizable shore.
The primogenitue, and due of Byrths,
Prerogatief of Age, Crownes, Scepters, Lawrelts,
(But by Degree) fland in Authentique place?
Take but Degree away, vs tone at flying,
And heark to what Difcorde followers: each thing meres
In meere oppugnance. The bounded Waters,
Should lift their boundes higher then the Shores,
And make a fop of all this folid Globe:
Strength fhou'd be Lord of imbecility,
And the note Serme fhould frike his Father dead:
Force fhould be right, or rather, right and wrong,
(Betweene whose endleffe furfe, fathife reciev'd)
Should boile beginning, and to fhould fufce too.

When every thing includes it felfe in Power,
Power into Will, Will into Appetite,
And Appetite(an unwhiffall Wolfe),
So doudly fecounded with Will, and Power)
Mufi stroke perforce an unvarrall prey,
And left, eate up himfelfe.

Great Agamemnon:

This Chaos, when Degree is fuffocate,
Followes the choaking:
And this neglection of Degree, is it
That by a pace goes backward in a purpose
It hitherto to clime. The Generall's deftain'd
By him one flep below; he, by the next,
Thafs next, by him beneath: fo euer flep
Exampt from the firt pace that is ficke.
Of his Superiour, growes to an enuious Feauer
Of pife, and bloodyiffe Emulation.
And this this Feauer that keeps Troy on ftope,
Not her owne finewes. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakeflie lies, not in her fireneffe.

Nefir. Most wisely hath Pliffer heere difcouerd
The Feauer, whereof all our power is fiche.

Agm. The Nature of the fickneffe found (Unfife)
What is the remeide?

Plff. The great Acbbler, whom Opinion crownes,
The finew, and the force-hand of our Hoffe,
Hauing his eare full of his ayre Fame,
Growes dainty of his worth, and in his Tent
Lyes mocking our defignes. With him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazie Bed, the ilue-long day
Breskes feurll elfs,
And with ridiculous and awkward action,
(Which Standerer, he imitation calls)
He Plantaes vs. Sometimes on the Agermammos,
Thy topeflle deputation he puts on,
And like a fruttifing Player, whose conceit
Lies in his Hart-tring, and doth think it rich
To hear the woodden Dialogue and found
Twist his frectch tooting, and the Scaffologe,
Such to be pitted, and or-reflcted leeming
He acts thy Greatneffe in: and when he speakes,
'Tis like a Childs a memoing. With teeming
Which from the tongue of roaring Typhon drops,
Would leemes Hyperbolc. At this fully fuffe,
The large Acbbler (on his prett-bed lolling)
From his deepe Cheff, laugues out a lowd applaffe,
Cries excellent, 'tis Agermammos.iuff.
Now play me Nefir; hum, and broke thy bezard
As he, being dreed to fome Oration:
That's done, as meer as the extremeall ends
Of parallels; as like, as fe Plumen and his wife,
Yet god Acbbles full cries excellent,
'Tis Nefir right. Now play him (me) Patroclus,
Arning to anwer in a night-Alarume,
And then (forotho) the faint defects of Age
Mufbe the Scene of myrth, to cough, and spift,
And with a pilfe flombling on his Corfe,
Shake in and out the Breaue; and at this fport
Six Valour diete; cries, Oenough Patroclus,
Or, give me ribs of Steele, I fhall splite all
In pleafure of my Spleene. And in this fathion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Securals and generals of grace exact,
Atchievements, plots, orders, preentations,
Excitements to the field, or Speech for truce,
Successfull or loffe, what is, or is not, ferues
As muffe for thefe two, to make paradoxes.

Nefir. And in the imitation of theft twaine,
Who as Pliffer fayes) Opinion crownes
With an Imperiall voyce, many are infct:
Anez is grownfe felle-will, and bears his head
In fuch a ftyne, in full as proude a place
As broad Acbbler, and heapes his fene like him;
Makes fathifia Facles, raile on our flate of Warre

Bold
Troylus and Cressida.

To an Oracle, and feesa Thebes.
A true, whole Gall come slanders like a Mint, To make us vassal comparisons with dut, To weaken and deterre our exposture, These make fears to move in with danger.  
They take our policy, and call it Cowardice, Come, Wholesome as no member of the Warre, Fare bell prentence, and silene no note, But that of hand: The full and mental parts, That do contain how many hands shall file. When first we call the me, all know by measure Of their obdurate warre, the Enemies weight, Way too hard for a burger dignity: They call the bed-songs, Mappy, Clofet-Warre: To make sure Rime that baffers down the wall, For the great song and sulleness of his poze, Upon place before his hand that sets the Engine, 
Of those that within them of their foules, By Reson guide his execution.  
Nef, Let this beguiled, and Achilles here. Makes more These issues.  
Achilles, When Trumpet? Lookke Aesopla.  
Aesop, From Troy.  
Enter Aesop.  
Achilles, What aod you dare our Tent?  
Aesop, Is this the great Agenusamen Tent? I pray you.  
Achilles, Then this.  
Aesop, May one at this a Herald, and a Prince, Do a faire message to the Kingly ears?  
Achilles, With forty stronger then Achilles alone, For all the godthifh heads, which wilt one voyce. Call Agenusamen Head and Generall.  
Achilles, Fare leave, and large securitie. How may A Borbor to those moat Imperialm lookes, Know them fromeys of other Mortals?  
Achilles, Ho?  
Aesop, If I feake, as I might waken reverence, And on the creek be ready with a blush  
Match'd as morning, when his coldly eyes  
The youthful Phoebus:  
Which is that God in office guiding men? 
Which is the high and mighty Agenusamen?  
Achilles, This Troyan feomes vs, or the men of Troy Are cemenitary Countiess.  
Aesop, Cenmewries free, as debaemonia; vniard, As bending Angels: that's their Fame, in peace: But when they would terme Soundies, they have galleys, Good tunes, living joyous, true swords, & times, Nothing a fall of heart. But peace, amends.  
Peace Troy, lay thy finger on thy lips, The worthesse of praise dislaies his worth: If he shall prais'm him selfe, bring the praise forth. But what the repining enemy commends, That breath Fame blowes, that prais'e pure transfer'd.  
Achilles, Sir, you of Troy, call you of the Iees?  
Achilles, I Greece, that is my home.  
Achilles, What is your affayre? I pray you?  
Achilles, Sir put him, this for Agenusamen cares, Achilles He is sentnight priually.  
That comes from Troy.  
Achilles, Nor I from Troy come not to whiskey him, Being a Trumpet to awake his care, To let his fence on the attitudine bent, And then to speak.  
Achilles, Speak searely as the winde, It is not Agenusamen sleeping hour,  
That shal shall know Troy as he is awake, He tells thee to him selfe.  
Achilles, Trumpet blow loud, Send thy Trumpsf voice through all these Iaze Tents, And every Greece of mettle, let him know, What Troy meanes favourly, shall he speak aloud.  
The Trumpets found.  
We have great Agenusamen here in Troy.  
A Prince call d Helen, Patina is his Father: Who in ths doll and long-continued Truce Is raitly grown. He had not made a Trumpet, And to this purpose spoke. Kings, Princes, Lords, If there be one among my the Iays of Greece, That holds his Honor higher then his eye, That seeks his prais'e, more then he fears his pen, That knows his Valour, and knowes not his fear, That louses his Mirths more then in confition, (With truant vowe to her owne lips he Jonah) And dare show her Beauty, and her Worth. In other ames then bess to him this Challenge.  
Helen, in view of Troyans, and of Greeks, Shall make it good, or do his heart to do it. He hath a Lady, Younger, faire, truer, Then ever Greece did compasse in his armes, And will to morrow with his Trumpet call, Midway betweene your Tents, and wailes of Troy, To rowze a Grecian that is time in face.  
If any come, Helen shall honour him:  
Ibome, here I say in Troy when he returns, The Grecian Dares are in burnt, and not worth, The spitters of the Laver, Learn so much.  
Achilles, This shall be told our Loures Lord Ajax.  
If none of them Fame sole in such a knave, We left them all at home: But we are Soundiers, And may that Soundier a meerre recevant proue, That means not, hath not, oris not in love:  
If then one is, or hath, or means to be, That one meets Helen: if none else, he be he,  
Nef, Tell him of Ajax, one that was a man. When Heles Grandire fikes: he is now But if there be not in our Grecian应当, One Noble man, that hath one spark of fire To answer for his Loue: tell him from me, He hide my出入 heard in a Gold Beauer, And in my Vambrace put this withile'd drawe, And meeting him, will tell him, that my Lady Was fayer then his Grandame, and as chaste As may be in the world: his youth in blood. He pave this truth with my three drops of blood.  
Achilles, Now heavens find bid such beauties of youth, May she, Amen.  
Achilles, Dear Lord Eneas, Let me touch your hand: To your Pavillion shall I lead you first: Achilles shall have word of this intent, So shall each Lord of Greece from Tent to Tent: Your selle shall Feall with vs before you goe, And finde the welcome of a Noble Foe.  
Eneas, Viver, and Nefor.  
Achilles, What layes Eneas?  
Achilles, What layes Eneas?  
Eneas, I have a young conception in my brains, Do you my time to bring it to some shape.  
Nefor, What is it?  
Eneas, This is: Blunt wedges true hard knots: the feeded Pride That hath to this maturity blomep  

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Troylus and Cressida.

In ranke Achilles, muft or now be crot,  
Or shedding breed a Nursery of like eui 
To ouer-bulke vs all.  
Neft. Wet, and how?  
Sfy. This challenge that the gallant Helcer sends,  
How euer it is spred in general name,  
Relates in purpofe only to Achilles.  
Neft. The purpofe is peripicuous euen as a SUBRANCE,  
Whoale grofpenesse little charactres summe vp,  
And in the publication make no strainge,  
But that Achilles, were his brains as barren  
As banke of Lybia, though (Apollo knows)  
Tis day enough, wil with great speepe of judgement,  
I, with celerity, finde Helcer purpofe.  
Pointing on him.  
Unf. And wake him to the anwer, thinke you?  
Neft. Yes, 'tis nofruit meet; who may you elie oppofe  
That can from Helcer bring his Honor off,  
If not Achilles; thought be not a sportfull Combate,  
Yet in this trall, much opinion doth deal.  
For here the Troyans take our dearke repyte  
With their finne Pailace: and troeft to me Pylfe,  
Our impuation shall be oddly poiz'd  
In this wilfe adition. For the succefe  
(Although particular) shall give a fanning  
Of good or bad, into the General!  
And in foue Indexes, although small pricketes  
To their fable Volumes, there is fcorne  
The bufty figure of the Gyant-maffe  
Of things to come at large. It is fippod,  
That he that meets Helcer, fliues from our choype;  
And choife being mutuall acte of all our foules,  
Makes Merit her elecution, and doth bayle  
As 'were, from forth vs all; a man diffil'd  
Out of our Vertues, who militarying,  
What heart from hence receyves the conquering part  
To fteele a strong opinion to themfelues,  
Which entertain'd, Limbs are in his instrumen,  
In no leffe working, then are Swords and Bowers  
Directly by the Limbs.  
Phy. Give pardon to my speech:  
Therefore his met, Achilles meet not Helcer;  
Let vs (the Merchants) thaw our fouleffe Wares,  
And be like perchance they felt it: ifnot,  
The better of the better yet to shew,  
Shall shew the better. Do not content,  
That euer Helcer and Achilles mete:  
For both our Honour, and our Shame in this,  
Are doone with two strange followers.  
Neft. See them not with my old eies: what are they?  
Phy. What glory our Achilles gathers from Helcer,  
(Were he not proude) we all thoughe ware with him:  
But he already is too faitant,  
And we were better parch in Affricke Sumne,  
Then in the pride and falt fame of his eyes  
Should he trape Helcer faire. If he were foold,  
Why then we did our name opinion cruft  
In time of our beft man. No, make a Lorcky,  
And by douce let blackith Ace draw  
The farre to fhipt with Helcer; Among our felues,  
Gue him allowance as the worthieft man,  
For that will phyfiue the great Myrmidon  
Who broyles in lowd applause, and make him fail  
His Croft, that prouder then blew Iris bendz.  
If the doll brainleffe Ace come faine elfe,  
We'll defte him vp in voyces fiftela.  
Yet go we under our opinion full,  
That we have better men. But hit or misfe,  
Our projects life this fhape of fience sfimmes,  
Ace imployn'd, plucker downe Achilles: Plumes.  
Neft. Now Pylfe, I begin to relish thy aduice,  
And I will give a trifle of it forthwith.  
To Agamemnon, go we to him fraight,  
Two Cures that same each other, Pride alone  
Mufte rate the Maffues on, as were their bone. 
Enters Enter Ajax, and Thersites.  
Ther. Therfes?  
Ther. agamemnon, how if he had Bites (ful) all over  
Ther. Therfes?  
Ther. And those Byles did runne, fay fo; did not the  
General run, were not that a borchy cote?  
Ther. Digge.  
Ther. Then there would come some matter from him:  
I see none now.  
Ther. Thoug Batch-Wolfes-Sonne, can I not heare?  
Sfeene them.  
Ther. He plague of Greece vpone thee thou Mungell  
beef-witted Lord.  
Ther. Speake then you whendidn't leuuen speake, I  
will beare thee into handfounde.  
Ther. I fhall sooner raie thee into wit and heliues:  
but I thinke thy Horie will fooner con an Oration, then ye  
learn a prayer of it the doubtles.  
Ther. Thou canft not strike, canft thou? A red Murren o'thry Ladye stiles.  
Ther. Toasts toafe, leaeme me the Proclamation.  
Ther. Doeft thou thinke I have no fience thou strik't?  
Ther. The Proclamation, (methus)  
Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a foole, I thinke.  
Ther. Do not Pippene, do nor, my fegers tech.  
Ther. I would thou didft fith from head to foot, and  
I had the fuehecing of thee, I would make thee the ifte  
leueft fafe in Greece.  
Ther. I fay the Proclamation.  
Ther. Thou grumble & raffe every house on  
Achilles, and thou art as full of enuy as his greatnes, as Corbmers is at Prefonfor's buey. I, that thou beft at him.  
Ther. Mifhife the Threatners.  
Ther. Thou fhould in fhake him.  
Ther. Cobble.  
Ther. He would punie thee into fhivers with his fift, as  
A Sailer breaks a biter.  
Ther. Thou holtus Cure.  
Ther. Do, do.  
Ther. Thou foode for a Witch.  
Ther. I, do, do, thou foode-witten Lord; thou haft  
no more braine then I have in mine elbowes: An Africco  
may ruto thee, Thou feauy wabt Ant, thou art better  
but to theeft Troyans, and thou art bough and guide  
some fhote of any wit, like a Barbanian faine. If thou vie  
to beare me, I will begin with helie fefe, and tel what thou  
say by inches, thou thing of no bowels thou.  
Ther. You dogge.  
Ther. You feaunt Lord.  
Ther. You Can.  
Ther. Mars his Idee: do rudenes, do Carmel, do, do.  
Enter Achilles and Patroclus.  
Achil. Why how now Aax wherfore do you this?  
How now Therfes? what's the matter man?  
Ther. You fee him there, do you?  
Achil. I, what's the matter.  
Ther. Nay lecke vp him,  
Achil. So I do: what's the matter?  

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Ther. Nay but regard him well.

Achil. Why, well, why do you?

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for who forex you take him to be, he is Achil.

Achil. I know that foole.

Ther. I, but that foole knowes not himselfe.

Achil. Therefore I beare thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, jo, jo, what meddler of wit he vseth: his envious ones have cures thus long. Thau bobb'd this Braine more then he has beare my bones: I will buy nine Sparrowes for a penny, and his Promissor is not worth the ninth part of a Sparrow. This Lord (Achilles) Achil who wears his wit in his belly, and his gutters in his head. He tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say this Achil.

Achil. Nay good Achil.

Ther. Has not so much wit.

Achil. Nay, I will hold you.

Ther. As will flie the eye of Helen Needle, for whom he comes tonight.

Achil. Peace foole.

Ther. I would have peace and quietnesse, but the foole will not: he there, that he, looke you there.

Achil. O thou dam'd Curre, I shall—

Achil. Will you sticke your witt to a Fooler.

Ther. No I warrant you, for a Fooler will flame it.

Pat. Good worth, Theristes.

Achil. What's the quarrel.

Achil. I bad thee wife Owle, goe learn me the tenure of the Proclamation, and he styles upon me.

Ther. I reeue thee not.

Achil. Well go too, go too.

Ther. I reuere here voluntary.

Achil. Your last sentence was suffere, 'was not voluntary, no man is beaten voluntary: Achil was here voluntary, and you as sunder an Impreff.

Ther. I helo, a great desire of your wit too lies in your finnesse, or else there be Liar. Helo shall have a great catch, 'tis he knock out either of your brains, he were as good crack a fullit with no kernel.

Achil. What with me to theristes?

Ther. Theristes is old, and old Neflar, whole Wit was modest ene they Grandisses had nails on their toeses, you like dite: Cen, and make you plough vp the ware,

Achil. What's the what?

Ther. Yes good troth, to Achill to Achil, to—

Achil. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter, I shall speake as much as thou afterwards.

Pat. No more words Theristes.

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achill Brooch bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you Petraselus.

Ther. I wil, if you hang'd like Croupelos ere I come any more to your Tent; I will keepe where there is wit shining, and leaue the fention of foole.

Pat. A good ridmice.

Achil. Marry this Sir is proclaim'd through all our hoff

That Helo by the fire hauing of the Sunne,

Will with a Trumpet, twist our Tents and Troy

To morrow bringing callome Knight to Armes,

That hath a thorn stake, and such a one that doe.

Maintaine I know not what: 'tis truth. Farewell.

Achil. Farewell! who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, 'tis put to Lottery; other wife.

He knew his man.

Achil. O meaning you, I will goe leave me of it. Exit.

Enter Priam, Helen, Troilus, Paris and Helenus.

Priam. After so many hours, woe speeches sent,

Thus once againe fayes Nefer from the Greekses,

Deluet Helen, and all damage else

(As honour, loffe of time, trouble, expence,

Wounds, friends, and what els deere that is consum'd

in not digillation at this commorant Ware)

Shall be broke of. Helo, what say you too't.

Hel. Though no man letter fears the Greeks then I,

As farre as touche my particular: yet dread Priam.

There is no Lady of more Potter bow els,

More spungie, to sucke in the tene of Pearse,

More ready to cry out, who knowes what fellowes

Then Helo is: the wound of peace is furry,

Surely secure: but modest Doubles can call.

The beacon of the wife: the sent that searches

To th' bottome of the world. Let Helo go,

Since the chief sword was drawnse about this question,

Every sytle foule through many the finest of fowles,

Hath bin as dear. Helo I meanse of ours

If we have left to many tenthse of ours

To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to vs.

(If it be our name) the value of one tenn;

What merit's in that reason which denies

The yeelding of her vp.

Troy. Fie, fie, my Brother;

Weigh you the worth and honour of a King

(So great as our dread Father) in a Scale

Of common Ounces? Will you with Counters summe

The part proportion of his infinite,

And buckle in a waife most Hottentotse,

With Spannes and inches to diminish,

As fears and reasons? Fie for godly shame?

Hel. No manre, though you bite to sharp at reasons,

You are too empty of them, Should not our Father

Beare the great way of his affayres with reasons,

Because your speach hath none that tells him so.

Troy. You are for dreames & lumbers brother Priam;

You furre your gloues with reason there are your reasons

You know an enemy intends you harme,

You know, a sword imploy'd is perilous,

And reason flies the object of all harme.

Who manrels then when Helenus beholds

A Greekian and his foode, if he do set

The very wings of reason to his bereest

Or like a Starre disordr'd, Nay, if we talke of Reason,

And flye like chidden Mercuric from Ioue,

Let's that our gares and sleepe: Manhood and Honor

Should have hard hearts, wold they but for their thoughts

With this carman'd reason: reason and respect,

Makes Livers pale and loughly direct.

Hel. Brother, the is not worth

What the dorelth the holding,

Troy. What's aught, but as its veltand?'

Hel. But value dwells not in particular will,

It holds his effumate and dignite

As well, wherein 'ris precious of it selle,

As in the prizers: Tis made Idealitie,

To make the ferious greater then the God,

And the will other that is indecleasable.

To what indifferently it selfs affects.

Without some usage of th' affected merits,

It is led in the conduct of my Will.

\[ S 3 \]
Troylus and Cressida.

My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded Pylors 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of Will, and judgement. How may I ause ye
(Although my will distilff what it melteth)'
The Wise I chose, there can be no solution
To bensch from this, and to stand firme by honour.
Weeume not back the Sikes won the Merchant,
When we have (joy'd them) nor the remainer Vlands
We do not throw in varefpeute fame,
Because we now arc full. It was thought meete
Paris should do some vengence on the Greckees;
Your breath of full content belied his Sailes,
The Seas and Windes (old Wranglers) took a Truce,
And did him ferue; he touch'd the Ports defir'd,
And for an old Aunt whom the Greckees held Captive,
He brought a Grecian Queen, whose youth & frendherts
Wrinkles Apollis, and makes stale the morning.
Why keep we ther the Grecians keep our Aunt?
Is the worth keeping? Why she is a Pearle,
Whose price hath launch'd aboue a thousand Ships,
And turn'd Crown'd Kings to Merchants.
If you'll abouch, twas wisdome Paris went,
(As you not need, for you all else, Go, go!)
If you'll coeftive, he brought home Noble prize,
(As you must needs) for you all clapt your hands,
And crid indefinable; why do you now
The issue of your proper Wifedomes rate,
And do a deed that Fortune never did?
Begger the estimation which you priz'd,
Richer then Sea and Land? O Their most safe!
That we have linne what we do fear to keepe.
But Theues unworthy of a thing so folioke,
That in their Country didthem that disgrace,
We more to warrant in our Nature place.

Exeunt Caelebe with her faire about her ears.

Caf. Cry Troyans, cry.

Paris. What siece, what siece is this?

Troy. This our mid fitter, I do know her voyce.

Caf. Cry Troyans.

Hel. It is Caffandra,

Caf. Troyans cry; lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with Prephrike taxes.

Hel. Peace after, peace.

Caf. Vgrans, and boyes; midge & wrinkled old,
Soft in the eare, that nothing can but cry,
Add to my clamour: let vs pay bemy
A moiety of that faffe of moane to come.

Cry Troyans cry, pricate your eyes with teares,
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ison blund,
Our first-brand Brother Paris burnes vs all.

Caf. Cry, cry, Troy burnes, or else let Helen go.

Hel. Now yourfull Troylus, do not these flie thes
Of dissimmon in our Sifer, world.
Some touches of remorfe? Or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor feare of bad facefice in a bad caufe,
Can qualify the fame?

Troy. Why Brother Helles,
We may not tumke the sillage of each side
Such, and it wonder than euer daune haue it,
Nor once detect the courage of our minde;
Because Caffandra a mad, or brainfacke captures
Cannot distilff the goodnesse 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 Priam's termes,
And love forbid there should be done amongst vs
Such things as might offend the weakeft fpleene,
To fight for, and maintaine.
The world might the world comendice of leisur,
As well my vnder-taking as your counsels; But I aat the gods, your full content.
Gawe wings to my propension, and cut off
All feares attending on fo dire a profeet.
For what (alias) can thece my fingle armes?
What propugnation is in one man valour
To fount the prud and eminit of thofe
This quarrell would excite? Yet I profeet,
Were I alone to paffe the difficulties,
And had as ample power, as I haue well,
Paris should ne're receaft what he hath done,
Nor faint in the prufite.

Pri. Paris, you specke
Like one be-fotted on your sweet delights;
You have the Hony full, but thefe the Gail,
So be valiant, in due paife all.

Par. Sir, I propofe not meerly to my felfe,
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it:
But I would have the joye of her faire Rape
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.

What Treafon were it to the ranack'd Queene,
Diligent to your great worths, and fame to thee,
Now to deliver her possession vp
Our great eftate for promotion? Can it be,
That to desexteinate a flame as that,
Should once fct. tooting in your generous bofomes?
There's not the meanest spirit on our partie,
Without a heart to dare, or word to draw,
When Helen is defended: none none to Noble,
Who beftre were all brefhow'd, or death un-cap't,
Where Helen is the fuberth. Then (I fay)
Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,
The worlds large ipaces cannot paralle.

Hell. Paris and Troylus, you have both faid well:
And on the cause and question now in hand,
Hawe gloz'd, but superficially: not much
Vnhle young men, whom Argyle think'd
Vnto to heare Morall Philosophie.
The Reafons you alledge do more concide
To the hot paflion of infpen's blood,
Then to make vp a free determination
Twixt right and wrong: For pleafure, and revenge
Hawe eares more defe as than Aucters, to the voyce
Of any true decifion. Nature cries
All dutes be rendere to their Owners now
What ever debts in all humanity,
Then Wife is to the Husband? If this law
Of Nature be corrupted through affefion,
And that great mindes of partial indulgence,
To their bemummed wills refult the fame,
There is a Law in eauv well-ordred Nation,
To curwe those raging appetites that are
Most dilobedient and reitardate.

If Helen then be wife to Sparta's King
(As it is knowne she is) there Morall Lives
Or Nature, hee may be famt, or fpeak be atow'd
To have her backe returnd. That to perfift
In doing wrong, exteremes not wrong,
But makes it much more heace. Helles opinion
Enter Thersites first.

How now Thersites? what loft in the Labyrinth of thy wit? shall the Elephant Achilles carry it thus? he beats me, and I blame at him: O worthy satisfaction, would it be otherwise: they that could beat him, should he rafte at me! Soothe, I learn to consume and raise Dues, but Ile see some idie of my spirit full excitations. Then ther's Achilles, a race Engineer. If I'd be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art the King of gods; and Mercury, loose all the Serpentine craft of thy Caduceus, if thou take not that little little least then little visit from them that they hate, which hurt and ignorance if it feels knowes, is abundant scare, it will not in circumvention either a Flye from a Spider, without drawing the milk out of them and cutting the web: after this, the vengeance on the whole Camp, or rather the bone-ach, for that me thinkes is the curse dependant on those that ware for a placet, I have paid my prayers and diuell, emile, say Amen: What so? my Lord Achilles?

Enter Patroclus.

Par. Who's there? Thersites. Good Thersites come in and raile.

Thers. If I could have remembered a guilt counterfeit, thou would'lt not have flpte out of my contemplation, but it is no matter, thy face upon thy face. The common curse of mankinde, folly and ignorance be shine in great reuenc; heauen blesse thee from a Tutor, and Discipline come not near thee. Let thy bloud be thy direction till thy death, then if the latter thee out fayes thou art a faire coarse, Ible be sworne and sworne vpon't the never throwed any but Lazarus, Amen. What's Achilles?

Par. What are thou desirous? will thou in a prayer?

Thers. 1, the heavens heare me.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Par. Thersites, my Lord.

Achil. Where, where, art thou come? why my cheefe, my digestion, why hast thou not serv'd thy selfe into my Table, so many meates? Come, what's Agamemnon?

Par. Thy Commander Achilles, then tell me Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Thers. Thy Lord Thersites: then tell me I pray thee, what's thy selfe?

Thers. Thy knowes Patroclus: then tell me Patroclus, what art thou?

Patro. Thou maist tell that know'd.

Achil. O tell, tell. Ther. Ile declin the whole question: Agamemnon commands Achilles, Achilles is my Lord, I am Patroclus know'er, and Patroclus is a fool.

Patro. You ralcell.

Ter. Peace fool's, I have not done.

Achil. He is a pruntledg'd man, proceede Therjites. Ther. Agamemnon is a fool, Achilles is a fool, Therjites is a fool, and as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this? come?

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles, Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon, Therjites is a fool to servce such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool politicke.

Par. Why am I a fool?

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Diomedes, Ajax, and Chalcis.

Thers. Make that demand to the Creator, it sufficies me thou art. Looko ye, who comes here?

Achil. Patroclus, Ile speake with no body: come in with the Thersites.

Exe. Ther. Here is such parache, such luging, and such knowser: all the argument is a Cuckold and a Whore, a good quiet to draw emulations factions, and bleed to death upon: Now the dry Sappeago on the Subject, and Warte and Lecherie confound all.

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his Tent, but ill dispos'd my Lord.

Ajax. Let it be knowne to him that we are here. He ences our Medlengers, and say we by our appetiments, visiting of him. Let him be told of, so preache he thinkes We dare not more the question of our place, Or know not what we are.

Par. I shall today to him.

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his Tent, He is not fisk.

Ajax. Yes, Lyon sickes, sickle of proud heart, you may call it Molonthaly if you wish the man, but by my head, this pride; but why, why, let him throw us the cause?

A word my Lord.

Nef. What masues Achilles thus to bay at him?

P-lfs. Achilles hath inuagled his Hoole from him.

Nef. Who, Therjites?

P-lfs. He.

Nef. Then will Achilles lacke matter, if he have lost his Argument.

P-lfs. No, you see he is his argument that has his argument Achilles.

Nef. All the better, their faction is more out with then their faction: but it was a strong couent that a Hoole could diluante.

P-lfs. The amite that wisdoms knits, not soltly may easily vaunt.
Here comes Patroclus.


In will peculiar, and in selfe admission.

Ag. Why, will he not upon our faire request, Vntent his person, and share the ayre with vs? 

Vlf. Things small as nothing, for requestes sake only He makes important; pooffet he is with greatnesse, And speaks not to him selfe, but with a pride That quarrels at selfe-breath. Imag'd wound Holds in his blood such force, and hot discourse, That twixt his tempell and his arie parts, Kingdom?Achilles in commotion rages, And batters gainst it selfe, what should I say? He is so plaguy proud,that the death tokens of it, Cry no recovery.

Ag. Let Achilles goe to him, 

Deare Lord, goe you and greeete him in his Tent; 

Tis said he holds you well, and will be led At your request a little from himselfe.

Vlf. O Agamemnon, let it not be so. 

Weele confecrate the steps that Aias makes, When they goe from Achilles; still the proud Lord, That baiths his arroganccy with his owne feare, As he never suffers matter of the world, Enter his thoughts: base such as doe renounce And ruminate himselfe, Shall he be worthyp, Of that we hold an Idoll, more then hee? 

No, this thrice worthy and right valiant Lord, Mull not so staine his Palme, nobly acquir'd, Nor by my will sabfubingate his merit, As amply tittled as Achilles is by going to Achillbes, That were to enlarde his far already pride, And addde more Coles to Cancer, when he burns With entertaining great Hesperion. 

This L. goe to him? sliperis forbid, 

And say in thunders, Achillses goe to him. 

Nef. O this is well, he rubs the veme of him. 

Dos. And how his silence drunkes vp this applause. 

Aias. If I goe to him, with my armed hit, Ile path him over the ficer.

Ag. O no,you shall not goe. 

Aias. And be a proud with we, ile phease his pride let me goe to him. 

Vlf. Not for the worth that hanges upon our quareil. 

Aias. A paulyer infolent fellow. 

Nef. How he describes himselfe. 

Aias. Can he not be fociable? 

Vlf. The Bawen chides blackneffe. 

Aias. Ile let his humours bloud. 

Ag. He will be the Physician that should be the paient. 

Aias. And all men were a my minde. 

Vlf. Wit would be out of fashion. 

Aias. A shoulde not beare it? a should eare Swords first? shall pride carry it? 

Aias. And 'twould, you'card halle. 

Vlf. A would haue ten fates. 

Aias. I wil neke him, ile make him fupple, he's not yet through warme. 

Nef. Force him with praises,poure in poure in his ambition is dry. 

Vlf. My L. you feede too much on this dislike. 

Nef. Our noble Generall, doe not doe do. 

Dos. You must prepare to fight without Achilles. 

Vlf. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him barme. 

Here is a man, but 'tis before his face, I will be silent. 

Nef. Wherefore should you so? 

He
Troylus and Cressida.

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

VII. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Aii. A horrid dog, that that palter thus with vs, would he were a Trojan.

Neft. What a vice were it in Aias now—

VII. If he were proud,

Dio. Or courteous of praise.

VII. I, or rudely borne.

Dio. Or strange, or selfe affected.

VII. Think the heauen L, thou art of sweet comploure;

Praise him that gat thee, the the gat thee sucke:

Fame be thy Tutor, and thy parts of nature

Three fand, beyond, beyond all enuion;

But he his dischand'd thy armes to fight,

Let Mars deude Eternity in twinne,

And give him halfe, and for thy vigour,

Bull-bearing Milet his addition yeeld.

To finnow. Aias: I will not praise thy wisdome,

Which like a bounre, a pale, a shore confines

Thy spacious and dilutte parts: here's Neftor

Instructed by the Antiquityz times:

He muft, he's, he cannot but be wise.

But pardon an Father Neftor, were thy deyes

An ocean, as Aias, and thy brains so temper'd,

You should not haue the eminence of him,

But be as Aias.

Aias. Shall I call you Father?

VII. I my good Sonne,

Dio. Be rud'd by him Lord Aias.

VII. There is no tarrying here, the Haste

keeps thicker: please it your Generall,

To call together all his flate of warre.

Fifth Kings are come to Trye to morrow

We muft with all our maine of power stand fast:

And here's a Lord, come Knighs from East to West,

And call their flower, Aias shall cope the best.

Ag. Goe we to Countaile, let Achilles sleepe;

Light Botes may faile swifts, though greater bulkes draw deseep.

Enter Pandarum and a Servant.

Pan. Friend, you pray you a word: Does not you follow the yong Lord Paris?

Ser. Sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You depend upon him I mean?

Ser. Sir, I doe depend upon the Lord.

Pan. You depend upon a noble Gentleman: I must needs praze him.

Ser. The Lord be praised.

Pa. You know me, doe you not?

Ser. Faith fir, suppositiously.

Pa. Friend know me better, I am the Lord Pandarum.

Ser. I hope I shal know your honour better.

Pa. I doe defire it,

Ser. You are in the flate of Grace?

Pa. Grace, not for friend, honor and Lordship are my title: What Mufique is this?

Ser. I doe but partly know for it is Muficke in part.

Pa. Know you the Musitians.

Ser. Wholly fir,

Pa. Who play they to?

Ser. To the headers fir.

Pa. At whose pleasaunt friend?

Ser. At mine fir, and theirs that love Muficke.


Ser. Who shall I command fir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request doe these men play?

Ser. That's too indeepee fir: marry fir, at the request of Paris my L, who's thire in perfion; with him the mortall Peyer, the heart blood of beauty, loues invisible soule.

Pa. Who? my Cofin Cressida?

Ser. No 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 Troylus: I will make a complemetall assault upon him, for my businesse steedes.

Ser. Sudden businesse, there's a flawed phrase indeed.

Enter Paris and Helena.

Pan. Fare be to you my Lord, and to all this faire company: faire defires in all faire measure fairly guide them, especially to you faire Queene, faire thoughts be your faire pillow.

Hel. Deere L, you are full of faire words.

Pan. You speake your faire pleasure sweete Queene: faire Prince, here is good broken Muficke.

Par. You haue broke is cozen: and by my life you shall make it whole againe, you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance. Nel, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truely Lady no.

Hel. O fir.

Pan. Rude in sooth, in good sooth very rude.

Paris. Well mada my Lord: well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I haue businesse to my Lord, deere Queene: my Lord will you vouchsafe me a word.

Hel. Nay, this shall not hedge vs out, wele heare you fing certainly.

Pan. Welle sweete Queene you are pleasante with me,

but, marry that my Lord, my deere Lord, and most effeeced friend your brother Troylus.

Hel. My Lord Pandarum, hony sweete Lord.

Pan. Go to sweete Queene, goe to.

Commends himselfe most affectionately to you.

Hel. You shall not bob vs out of our melodie:

If you doe, our melancholly vpoun your head.

Pan. Sweete Queene, sweet Queene, that's a sweete Queene I shal—

Hel. And to make a sweet Lady sad, is a lower offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not ferue your turns, that shall be not in truth l. Nay, I care not for such words, no, no.

And my Lord he desires you, that if the King call for him at Supper, you will make his excuse.

Hel. My Lord Pandarum?

Pan. What fayes my sweete Queene, my very, very sweete Queene?

Hel. Nay but my Lord?

Pan. What fayes my sweete Queene? my cozen will fall out with you.

Hel. You must not know where he fups.

Pan. With my dipoler Cressida.

Pan. Na, no, no such matter, you are wide, come your dipoler is fike.

Par. Well, it make excuse.

Pan. I good my Lord: why should you say Cressida?

Hel. You, your poor dipoler's fike.

Pan. I tye.
Troylus and Cressida.

Pan. You spie, what doe you spie? come, give me an
Intrument no sweete Queene.

Hel. Why is this kindely done? Pan. My Niece is horribile in love with a thing you
hate sweete Queene.

Hel. She shall have it my Lord, if it be not my Lord
Paria. Pand. Hee? no, theele none of him, they two are
terraine.

Hel. Falling in after falling out, may make them three.
Pan. Come, come, Ile heare no more of this, Ile sing
you a song now.

Hel. I, I, prethee now: by my troth sweet Lord thou
haft a fine fore-head.

Pan. I you may: you may.

Hel. Let thy song be love: this love will vndoe vs. sl.
Oh Cupid, Cupid, Cupid.

Pan. Love? I that I shall yfaith.

Par. I good now love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth it begins so.

Love love, nothing but love, still more.
For O sweet Bess,
Shooers Bucke and Doe.
The Shelfe confoundes not that it wounds,
That tickles; fill the face:
These Ladies cry, oh they dye.
Yet that which seems the wounde is Kill.
Dust turns to be to be, a babe be:
So dying love lines still,
O ho a white, but be bea,
O ho growes out for ba ba be---hey ho.

Hel. In love yfaith to the very tip of the nose.
Par. Hee casts nothing but dooes love, and that breed
hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot
thoughts beget hot deedes, and hot deedes is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? Hot blood, hot
thoughts, and hot deedes, why they are Vipers, is Love
a generation of Vipers?

Sweete Lord whos whole a field to day?
Par. Heue, Doppel, Helen, Anther, and all the
gallantry of Troy. I would faine have arm'd to day, but
my Med would not have it so.

How change my brother Troylus went not?

Hel. He hangs the lippe at something; you know all
Lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I know sweete Queene: I long to heare how
they sped to day:
Youle remember your brothers excuse?

Par. To a hayre.

Pan. Farewell sweete Queene.

Hel. Command me to your Niece,

Pan. I will sweete Queene. Smok a retire it.

Par. They're come from fields let vs to Priamos Hall.

To great Erectus, Warrors, Sweet Helen, I must woor you,
To helpewme our Helier: this thunbore Buckles,
With the sunne, where enchanting fingeis sounch,
Shall more obey then to the edge of Steele,
Or force of Grecheles firenese: you shall doe more
Then all the Land Kings, disfame great Helen,

Hel. Twill make vs proud to be his terzera: Paris:
Yea what he shall revere of vs in ducie,
Gives vs more paine in beautie then we haue:
Yea other times our selfe.

Sweete sweare now I spie thee.

Exeunt.
Troylus and Cressida.

Cref. More drugs then water, if my tears have eyes.

Troy. Fears make dulls of Cheronibus, they never see truly.

Cref. Blind is the seer, seeing his Tyson leads, findes safe footing, they are profound, thrashing without leave: to fear the worst, oft cures the worse.

Troy. Oh let my Lady apprehend no fear, in all Caprice Pageant there is pretence no moniter.

Cref. Not nothing monitors neither.

Troy. Nothing but our understandings, when we wove to wepe fears, true in fire, esse rocks, same Tygers; thinking it harder for our Mistris to Denise imposition enough, then for vs to vndergo any difficultie impioed.

This is the monition too in Love Lady, that the will is finite, and the execution confideth, as the deare is bound-Jeile, and the act a flase to limit.

Cref. They say all Lovers sweare more performance then they are able, and yet referte an ability that they never performe; vowing more then the perfection of ten; and dicharging leffe then the tenth part of one.

That they have the voyce of Lyons, and the act of Hares are they not Monitors?

Troy. Are there such? such are not we; Prase vs all as we are called, allow vs as we proue: our head shall goo bare till ment crowne in: no perfection in cuercion shall have a prase in pretent: wee will not name deere before his birth, and being borne his addition shall be humble: few words to fafe faith.

Troylus shall be such to Cressida, as what enue can say wooll, shall be a mocke for his truth; and what truth can speake truthe, not truer then Troylus.

Cref. Will you walk in my Lord?

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. What blushing fiall have you not done talking yet?

Cref. Well Vncke, what folly I commet, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that: if my Lord get a Day of you, youe give him me: I true to my Lord, he think, chide me for it.

Troy. You know now your hostages, your Vnckles word and my sincere faith.

Pan. Nay, I give my word for her too: our kindred though they be long ere they are woode, they are constant beeing woome: they are Bares I can tell you, they lisse where they are throwne.

Cref. Oldnesse comes to mee now, and brings mee hearts: Prince Troylus, I haue you'd you night and day, for many weare moniter.

Troy. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cref. Hard to forme won: but I was won my Lord

With the fift glances that ever pardonne, If I confesse much you will play the tyrant: I love you now, but not still new to much But I might mate it: in faith I ly.

My thoughts were like vmbreded children grow To head-stonge for their mothers: fee whee foole.

Where have I blis'd: who shall be true to vs When we are to vnterces to our felues? But though I loud you well, I wooe you not, And yet good faith I with in my sole a man: Or but we women had more prudence Of speaking first: Sweet, but me hold my tongue, For in this rapture I shall freely speake The thing I shall repente: fee, see your silence Coming in dumberst, from my weakeste drawes

My soule of counsell from me. Stop my mouth.

Troy. And shall, albeit sweete Mufickes iust thence.

Pan. Pretty yfaith.

Cref. My Lord, I doe befeech you pardon me,

Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kisstes: I am aham'd; O Heaven, what have I done? For this time will I take my leave my Lord.

Troy. Your leave sweete Cressid?

Pan. Leave: and you take leave till to morrow morning.

Cref. Pray you content you.

Troy. What offer you my Lady?

Cref. Sir, mine owne company.

Troy. You cannot thin your selfe.

Cref. Let me goe and try:

I have a kind of selfe recites with you: But an wilkinde selfe, that it selfe will leave, To be another foole. Where is my wife? I would be gone: I speake I know not what.

Troy. Well know they what they speake, that speakes so willy.

Cref. Perchance my Lord, I shew more craft then loue, And tolle roundly to a large confesion, To Angle fons your thoughts. but you are wife, Or else you loue not: for to be wife and loue, Exceeds mens might, that dwell with gods about.

Troy. O that I thought it coulde be in a woman:

As if it can, I will presume in you, To feele for eye her lampre and flames of loue. To keep her confidence in might and youth, One-living beauties outward, with a mute That doth renew within then burn loue

Or that persuation coulde but this content me, That my integratie and truth to you, Might be all pointed with the match and weight Of such a woulded pritinct in loue:

How were I then vp-lifted! but alas, I am as true, as truss Emplitie, And fupper then the influence of truthe.

Or in that I loose with you.

Troy. Overconious fight, When right with right wars who shall be most right: True twaines in love, shall in the world to come Approve their truthe by Troylus, when their times, Full of protest, of oath and blind compare, Wonts familie, truth and iteration, As true as freede, as placebo to the Moone: As Sunne to day: as Turtle to her mate: As Iron to Adamanst: as Earth to th'Center: Yet after all comparisons of truthe, (As truths authentick author to be cited) As true as Troylus, shall crowne vp the Vesse, And fanche the numbers.

Cref. Prophet may you be.

If I be false, or fortrue a base from truth, When time is old and hain forgo't it selfe: When water drops have worn the Stones of Troy: And blinde oblivion swalow'd Cities vp:
And mightie state's characterlie are grated To dustie nothing: yet let memory, From false to false, among false Maius in loue, Vpbrad my fallehood, when they're said as falle,
As Air, as Water, as Winde, as sandie earth: As Foxe to Lambe: as Wolf to Heifers Calfe: Pard to the Hinke, or Steppedame to her Sonne: Yes, let them say, to fliske the heart of fallehood,
Troylus and Cressida.

As false as Cressid.

Pand. Go too, a bargain made: feale it, feale it, I'll be the witness here I hold your hand; here my Counsellors, if ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers betweene be call'd to the worldz end and after my name: call them all Panders; let all constant men be Troybullers; all false women Cressidis, and all brokers betweene, Panders: say Amen.

Troy. Amen.

Cress. Amen.

Par. Amen.

Whereupon I will shew you a Chamber, which bed, because it shall not speake of your partie encounters, preste it to death: away,

And Cressid grant all her dishide Maidens here,

Bed, Chamber, and Pander, to provide this geere. Exeunt.

Enter Whiter, Diodoros, Nestor, Agamemnon, Achilles and Chryses. Flory.

Cal. Now Princes for the service I have done you,
Th'a'aduantage of the time prompt me aloud,
To call for recompence: appeare it to your mind,
That through the fight I bear in things to lour,
I have abandon'd Troy, left my poftition,
Incur'd a Trators name, expos'd my felle,
From certaine and poftiff conveniences,
To doubfull fortunes, fequeilshing from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom and condition,
Made tame, and moft familiar to my nature:
And here to doe you servisse cam become,
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted,
I doe beseech you, as in way of tale,
To give me now a little benefite,
Out of those many regiftred in promife,
Which you fay, hauing come in my behalfe.

Agam. What would'th thou of vs Trojan? make demand?

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Anactor,
Yetted day tace: Troy holds him very deere.
Get haue you (often have you, chances therefore)
Defr'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy holds still dem'd: but this Anactor,
I know'st is such a wretl in their a faire,
That their communications all muff flacke,
Wainting his managaze: and they will almoft,
Gue vs a Prince of blood, a Sonne of Priam,
In change of him. Let him be fent great Princes,
And he fhall buy my Daughter: and her prefence,
Shall quite strike off all Cruice I have done,
In most accepted praise.

Agam. Let Diodoros bee him,
And bring vs Cressid hither: Calchon fhall have
What he requirements: good Diodoros
Furnish you likely for this entertaince:
Withall bring word, if Heleos will to morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge, Aias is ready.

Dio. This fhall I undertake, and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to beeare. Exit.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus in their Tent.

Aias. Achilles send us his entrance of his Tent;
Pleade it our General to passe fafely by him,
As if he were forgot and Princes all,
Lay neglect and loose regard upon him;
I will come late, 'lis like hee'te question me,

Why such unlaustifie eyes are bent? why turn'd on him?
If so, I haue derision medicable,
To vfe betweene your fightingesse and his pride,
Which his owne will shall haue direcf dreire to drink;
It may doe good, pride hath no other glasse
To show it felle, but pride: for supple knees,
Feede arrogance, and are the proud mans fees.

Agam. We ele execute your purpose, and put on
A Tones'ing of strangeesse as we passe along,
So doe each Lord, and either greete him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall flake him more,
Then if not look on, I will lead the way.

Achil. What comes the General to speake with me?
You know my minde, Ile fight no more 'gainft Troy.

Asg. What failes AchiUes, would he be with vs?
Nef. Would you my Lord fought with the General?

Achil. No.

Nef. Nothing my Lord.

Asg. The better.

Achil. Good day, good day.


Asg. What, do's the Cuckold fcorne me?

Asg. How now Patroclus?

Achil. Good morrow Aias?

Asg. Ha.

Achil. Good morrow.

Aias. I, and good next day too. Exeunt.

Achil. What meane thefe followers? know they not

Achilles?

Par. They passe by frangely: they were v'ld to bend
To fend their images before to Achilles:
To come as humbly as they v'ld to crepe to holy Altars.

Achil. What am I poore of late?
'It's certaine, greatneffe once laufe out with fortune
Muff fall out with mento too: what the deeln'd is,
He fall as soon reade in the eyes of others,
As felle in his owne falle: for men like butter-flies,
Shew not their meane wings, but to the Summer;
And not a man for being fimly man,
Hath any honour; but honour'd for fhole honour's
That are without him; the place, richer, and fauour,
Prizes of accident, as oft as merie,
Which when they fall, as being flippery flanders
The loue that leand on them at flippery too,
Doth one plucke downe another, and together
Dye in the fall. But kis not fo with me;
Fortune and I are friends, I doe enjoy
At ample point, all that I did poiffe,
Save these menlokes, why do me thinkers finds out
Something not worth in me fuch rich beholding,
As they have ofte given. Here is Wlifer,
He interrupt his reading: how now Wlifer?

Wlifer. Now great Theris Sonne.

Achil. What are you reading?

Wlifer. A strange fellow here
Writes me, that man, how delyeely euer parted,
How much in hauing, or without, or in,
Cannot make heart to hau'e that which he hath;
Nor fedle not what he owes, but by reflection:
As when his vertues fliming upon others,
Hear them, and they retort that heare againe
To the first gierer.

Achil. This is not strange Wlifer:
The beautee that is borne here in the face,
The bearer knowes not, but commends it felle,
Not going from it felle: but eye to eye appo'sd,
Troylus and Cressida.

Salutes each other with each other forms.
For speculation turns not to it selfe,
Till it hath trauell'd, and is married there
Where it may see is selfe: this is not strange ar all.

Whil. I do not straine it at the position,
It is familiar: but at the Authors shrie,
Who in his circumstance, expressly proves
That no man is the Lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there is much confusing,) Till he comminicate his parts to others,
Nor dou neither he of uncelfe know them for ought,
Till he behold them form'd in that place,
Where they are extended: who like an arch reuer'd rate
The voyace against, or like a gate of steel,
Fronting the Sunne, receives and renders backe
His figure, and his heate. I was much rait in this,
And apprehended here imediatly: he.

The wiki-wake Are.

Heauen what a man is: there's very Horfe. care
That has he knowes not what. Nature, what things there
Moll abject in regard, and desire in we.
What things againe mus't decree in the eifeme,
And poore in worth: now shall we see to morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him
Areu renoun'd! O heauen, what some men doe,
While some men lease to doe
How some men creepe in stillish fortunes hall,
While others play the Idots in her eyes:
How one man eares into others pride,
While pride is feasting in his wantonnesse
To fee thefe Grecian Lords; why, even already,
They clap the hubber Are on the shoulder,
As if his foote were on brave Heiress breit,
And great Troy thinking.

Achil. I doe believe it,
For they paft by me; as mylers doe by beggars,
Neither gauve to me good word, nor looke:
What are my deedes forgot?

Tuf. Time hath (my Lord) a wallet at his backe,
Wherein he putts almes for oblivion:
A great fized monder of ingratiates;
Those teares are good deedes pa'd,
Which are decou'd as fall as they are made,
Forgot as soon as done: perseverance,deere my Lord,
Keeps honor bright, to have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a ruffie male,
In monnemall mockeire: take the infrant way,
For honour travels in a straight for narrow,
Where one bus goes a breath,keepes then the path
Emulation hath a thousand Sonnes,
That one by one pursue; if you gueeway,
Orhedge aside from the direct forth right;
Like to an entred Tyde, they all rush by,
And leawe you hindmof:
Or like a gallant Horfe faine in fift tanke,
Eye there for patience to the abije, neere
Oxen and trampled what do they in deedes pre,of,
Though lefe then yours in paft, mutt one-top yours:
For time is like a fashionable Horfe,
That lightly shakes his parting Gueft by th hand,
And with his arms out-freeth, as he would flye,
Graspes in the commaure: the welcome euer relations.
And therefore goe out fishing: O let not venture feeke
Remembrance for the song is warmes: for beautie, wis,
High birth, vigour of bone, defeat in fervice,
Lowe, friendship, charie, are fubiect all

To envious and calummatins tim:
One touch of nature makes the whoole world kin:
That all with one confent praiue new borne gauder,
Though they are made and moulded of things paft,
And goe to duft,that is a little guilt,
More laud then guilt oreculued.
The present eye praiues the pref't object,
Then maruell not thou great and compleat man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Are;
Since things in motion begun to catch the eye,
Then what no flats: the cry went out on thee,
And fill it might, and yet it may agane,
If thou would not encombe thy feete alue,
And cage thy reputation in thy tent.
Whole glorious decrees, but in theie fields of late,
Made emulous mifions through the gods themselves,
And drave great Mars to faction.

Achil. Othus my priuacie,
I have strong reasons.
Phil. But gainst your pristacie.
These reasons are more potent and heroical,
'Tis knowne Achill, that you are in love
With one of Priamus daughters.

Whil. If that a wonder?
The providence that is in a watchfull State,
Knowes almost every graine of Piutes golds;
Findes bottom in thc comprehens rare
keeps place with thought, and almost like the gods,
Doe thoughts vnusile in their dumbe cradles;
There is a mysterie (with whom relation
Durst never meddle) in the foute of State;
Which hath an operation more divine,
Then breath orpen can gue expredione to:
All the commerce that you have had with Troy,
As perfectly is our, as yours, my Lord,
And better would it hit Achill much,
To throw owne Heiress when Fieixa,
But it must griue you young Priamus now at home,
Where fame flall in litt fea found her tramps;
And all the Greeks flall slippery fongs,
Great Heiress fated did Achill wane;
But our great Are brauely beste owne hym.
Farewell my Lord: as your louter speake:
The foole flides oer the lee that you should break.

Parv. To this effect Achill ihaue i would you;
A woman impudent and namefh growne,
Is no more loth'd, then an effeminat man,
In time of Skyon: I fland condemnde for this;
They thinke my little fomanke to the warre,
And your great love to me, refraines you thus:
Sowe, rorfe your selfe; and the weake wanton Cepid
Shall from your necke voloole his amorous fould,
And like a dew drop from the Lyons mane,
Be shooke to your ayre.

Achil. Shall I refight with Heiress? Parv. I, and perhapes receive much honor by him;
Achill. I feemy reputation is at flake,
My fame is flowdly gored.

Parv. O then beware:
Those wounds heale all,that men doe giue themselues
Onifion to doe what is necessarly,
Selles a commision to a blank of danger,
And danger like to good falsion saints.
Euen then when we fitt idely in the funne.

Achill. Goe call? her fiter bither sweet Patroclus,
Troylus and Cressida.

He send the fool to Aias, and desire him
To invite the Trojan Lords after the Combat
To see where vnarm'd: I have a woman longed,
An appetite that I am fickle withall,
To see great Hector in his wecedes of peace; Enter Thers.
To talke with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view. A labour fard'd.
Thers. A wonder.
Achil. What?
Achil. Aias goes vp and downe the field, asking for himselfe.
Achil. How to?
Thers. He must fightingly to morrow with Hector,
And is so prophetically proud of an heroically cudgelling,
that he raves in saying nothing.
Achil. How can that be?
Thers. Why he flakkes vp and downe like a Peacock,
A bride and a fand; ruminates like an hoisedl, that hath no
Arithmetique but her braine to fett downe her reckoning:
Bites his lip with a politike regard, as who should say,
there were within 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 through without knocking. The man vn-
done for euer; for if Hector break not his necke as\n\nAchil. To him Patroclus; tell him, I humbly desire the\nvaliant Aias, to invite the most valorous Hector to come\nvnarm'd to my Tent, and to procure fete conduct for his\nperson, of the magnanimous and most illustrious, fixe or\nsweaten times honour'd Captain, General of the Grecian\nArmy Agamemnon, &c. doe this.
 Patro. I love like a great Aias.
Thers. Him.
Patro. I come from the worthy Achil.
Achil. To him Patroclus; tell him, I humbly desire the\nvaliant Aias, to invite the most valorous Hector to come\nvnarm'd to my Tent, and to procure fete conduct for his\nperson, of the magnanimous and most illustrious, fixe or\nsweaten times honour'd Captain, General of the Grecian\nArmy Agamemnon, &c. doe this.
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 Patro. I love like a great Aias.
Thers. Him.
Patro. I come from the worthy Achil.
Achil. To him Patroclus; tell him, I humbly desire the
Par. There is no help: The bitter disposition of the time will have it so. On Lord, wecle follow you. 

Aux. Good morrow all. 

Par. And tell me noble Dianus, faith tell me true, Even in the foule of sound good fellow, Whin in your thoughts virtus fave Helen most? My selfe, or Medonius? 

Dian. Both alike. He merits well to have her, that doth recke her, Not making any scruple of her soule, With such a hell of pane, and world of charge. And you as well to keep her, that defend her, Not palizing the raffe of her dishonnour, With such a scoffly loffe of wealth and friends; He like a puling Cucubod, would diske up The lies and dregs of a flat tamed peace: You like a letter, out of whose liyner, Are pleas'd to breathe out your oblores: Both merity poyzd'd, each venge no lese nor more, But hee he, which heust for a whore. 

Par. You do not too bitter to your country-woman. 

Elia. She's bitter to her country: she meane Paris, For every false drop in her baudiy veins, A Grecians life hath funke: for every scruple, Of her contaminated carriion weight, A Trojan hath beene frame, since she could speake, She hath not guen so many good words breath, As for her, Grecianes and Troianes fullre death.

Par. If you do, you do as chamen doe, Disprase the thing that you desire to buy: But we in silence hold this vertue well; Weele not commend, what we intend to sell. Here lyes our way. 

Enter Troylus and Crisida.

Troy. Deceate trouble not your selfe: the morn is cold, 

Cris. Then seeke how my Lord, me call mine Vucke down; He shall vnbolt the Gate, 

Troy. Trouble him not: To bed, to bed, sleepe till tho' pritty eyes, 

And guise as soft attachment to thy sence, As Infantinessey all the night.

Cris. Good morrow then, Troy.

Troy. I prichee now to bed. 

Cris. Are you a weary of me? 

Troy. O Crisida but that the buffe day 

Wak't by the Lark, bashe round: the ribleld Crowes, 

And dressing night will hide our eyes no longer: I would not from thee. 

Cris. Night hath beene too briefe. 

(Prayes, 

Troy. Beforth the winckle: with venemous wights the 

As hidiously as hell: but flies the grapes of love, 

With wings more momentary,swift then thought: You will catch cold, and cut me. 

Cris. Prick thee carry, thou men will never tarry; 

O footill Crisida, I might have still held oft: 

And what thou would hast tarry. Haue not, what's one vp? 

Pand. within. What's all the doores open here? 

Troy. It is your Vuckel. Enter Pandarus. 

Cris. A prifirice on him: now will he be mocking: 

I shall haue such alfe. 

Pand. How can we how now? how goe maids-heads? 

If you Mada: who's my cousin Crisida. 

Cris. Go hang your tell, you naughty mocking Vuckel; you bring me to doo--and then you smite me too. 


What have I brought you to do? 

Cris. Come, come, before your heart ye shulde eere be good, nor suffere others. 

Pand. Ha, ha, ha, the poore stetches a poore Cymbeline, hat not slept to night? would be not (a naughty night) let 
sleepers bag, sheere take him. 

Cris. Did not you tell me? would hee were knockt off head, Who's that at door? good Vucke goe and see, 

My Lord, come you against my Chamber: 

You tame and mocke me, as I meant naughtily. 

Troy. Ha, ha, ha. 

Cris. Come you are decended, I think of no such thing. 

How carntely they knoue they pray you come in. 

Aske, I would not for half: Troy have you scene here. 

Enter. 

Pand. Who's there? what's the matter? will you byre 
downe the dores? How now, what's the matter? 

Cris. Good morrow Lord, good morrow. 

Pand. Who's there my Lord? Answer? by my troth I 

know you not: whatnews with you so early? 

Cris. Is not too bight Princeshiers? 

Pand. Here what should the shee here? 

Cris. Come he is here, my Lord, doe not deny him: 

It doth importe him much of seekes with me, 

Troy. Is he here now? it more then I know, he be: 

worne: for my owne part I came in late: what should he be here? 

Cris. Who, why then? Go, come, come, youlde due wrong, ere you are ware: youlde be true to him, to the false to him: Doe not you know of him, but yet goe fetch him hither, goe.
Troylus and Cressida.

Cref. Good V nickle I befeech you, on my knees, befeech you what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, O, thou must be gone; thou art charg'd for Antilenor: 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 goe.

Pan. Thou must.

Cref. I will not V nickle: I have forgot my Father: I know no touch of contumacious; No kin, no kinsman, no blood, no kinsman, no Mercer me, As the sweet Troylus: O you gods shine!

Make Troylys fame the very crowne of faltitude? If ever the issue Troylus: time, once and death, Do to this body what extremity you can;

But the strong base and building of my love, Is at the very Center of the earth, Drawing all things to it. I will goe in and weep.

Pan. Doe, doe.

Cref. Tease my bright home, and rack my praifed cheeks,

Cracke my cleere voyce with scoffs, and breake my heart 

With founding Troylus. I will not goe from Troy.Letus.

Enter Paris, Troylus, & Antenor, Diogenes, Antenor, and Diomedes.

Pan. It is great morning, and the house prefent

Other deliverie to this valiant Greeke

Comes falt upon: good my brother Troylus,

Tell you the Lady what the fe is to doe,

And have her to the purpoife.

Troy. Walk into her house:

Ille bring her to the Greeke presently;

And to his hand, when I deliver her,

Thinke it an Alke, and thy brother Troylus

A Prieff, there offering to it his heart.

Pan. I know what 'tis to love,

And would, as I shall pitte, I could helpe,

Pleaze you walke in, my Lords. 

Enter Pandarum and Cressida.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cref. Why tell you me of moderation?

The griefe is fine, full perfet that Iaffe,

And no leaff in a fene as strong

As that which caufeth it. How can I moderate it?

If I can temperifie with my affection,

Or brewe it a weake and colder pallat,

The like ailments could I give my griefe:

My lone admits no qualifying croffe;

Enter Troylus.

No more my griefe, in fuch a precious loffe,

Pan. Here, here, here, he comes, a sweet ducke.

Cref. O Troylus, Troylus!

Pan. What a pare of fpectacles is here? let me embrace too; or hark, as the goodly faying is: 'O heart, heave heart, why fleft thou without breaking? where be thine answers againe? for thou canft not eafe thy f mart by f rindship, nor by f peaking: there was neuer a tamer rime; let vs call away nothing, for we may liue to have neede of fuch a Verfe: we fee it, we fee it; how now Lambs?

Troy. Cressida. I lone thee in fo strange a passe:

That the best gods, as angry with my fiance;

More bright in zeele, then the devotion which
cold lips blow to their Deities take thee from me.

Cref. Have the gods enuie?
Troylus and Cressida.

To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell that in each grace of thee,
There lurks a still and dumb-disturcous duell,
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.

Cref. Does thou think I will:

Troy. No, but something may be done that we will not:
And sometimes we are duds to our feltes,
When we will tempt the faulite of our powers,
Presuming on their changfull potencie.

Enter with us. Nay, good my Lord?

Troy. Come kiffe, and let us part,
Paris with us. Brother Trojly

Troy. Good brother come you hither,
And bring a Lence and the Grecian with you.

Cref. My Lord, will you be true?

Troy. Who I alas it is my vice, my fault:
Whiles some other fish with craft for great opinion,
I, with great truth, each meere simplicite;
Which will some with cunning gild, their copper crownes,
With truth and pleasinglye. J do we dearly make bare:

Enter the Grecians.
Pierce not my truth: the morall of my wit
Is plainse and tree, thet all the seck of thet.
Welcome for Dissembled, here is the Lady
Which for Antwerp, we deliever you.
At the port (Lord) I lye he to thy hand,
And by the way poollifie thee what thet is.
Entreate her faire: and by my foule, faire Greeces,
If ever thou stand at mercy of my Sword,
Name Crefild, and thy life shall be as fale
As Primaes in Illion?

Diam. Faire Lady Crefild,
So please you sauceth the thanks this Prince expels:
The lutfre in you very, heaven in your checke,
Please your faire vallage, and to Diseid
You shall be mistreffe, and command him wholly.

Troy. Grecian, thou shalt not vse me curiously,
To fumise the feale of my petition to wards,
I prating her. I tell thee Lord of Grece this
She is as faire high fortaso oter thy praisles,
As thou wunowest to be called her seruant;
I charge thee vse her well, even for my charge:
For by the dreadful Prince, if thou doit not,
(Though the great bulke Achilles be thy guard)
Hee cut thy thoarse,

Diam. Oh be not mou'd Prince Trojylus;
Let me be prudent and by myplace and meeffge,
To be a speacker free when I am hence,
IIe answer to my luft: and know my Lord;
IIe nothing doe on charge: to her owne worth
She shall be priz'd: but that do say, be it to;
IIe speake it in my spirit and honor, no.

Troy. Come to the Port, I tell thee diseid,
This braver, shall not make thee to hide thy head:
Lady, lye theer my hand, and as we walke,
To owne feltes bend we our needefull talke.

Sound Trumpeet.

Par. Harke, Heleurs Trumpeet,

Enter. How haue we spent this morning
The Prince must think mee tardy and remiffe,
To fowre to ride before him in the field,

Par. This Trumpeet faules: come, come, to field with him,

Exeunt.

Let vs make ready strait.

End. Yea, with a Bridegroomes fresh slaesitie

Let vs address to send on Heleurs hecles:
The glory of our Troy doth this day lye
On his faire worth, and single Chiusifite.

Enter Ajax armed, Achilles, Patroclus, Agamemmon,
Menelaus, Pylades, Nestor, Odysseus, etc.

Agam. Here art thou in appintment fresh and faire,
Anticipating time. With fawre, courage,
Gleue with thy Trumpet a loud note to Troy
Thou dreading. Ajax, that the appealed are
May pierce the head of the great Combatant,
And bale him hithe.

Ajax, Thou, Trumpeter, ther's any parte;
Now cracke thy lunge, and split thy baren pipe:
Blow villust, till thy spreded Blas checke
Oust-swell the collicke of putt Agrius:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes ipout blood:
Thou blowest for Helles.

Vifs. No Trumpeter answers.

Achil. To but early dayer.

Agam. Is not young Dissembled with Calcas daughter?

Vifs. This, I ken the manner of his gate.

Herself on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration bits him from the earth.

Agam. Is this the Lady Crefild?

Dios. Even the.

Agam. Boldly welcome you to the Greeces, sweete
Lady.

Vifs. Our Generall doth faile you with a kiffe.

Vifs. Yeris, is the kindenesse but particulars: wwer bette
the were kifte in generall.

Vifs. And very courteuslye: Ile begin. So much
for Nestor.

Achil. Ile take that winter from your lips faire Lady
Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kifling once.

Paris. But that's no argument for kifling now;
For thou pop't Paris in his hardiment.

Vifs. Oh deadly gall, and thame of all our scornes,
For which we loose our heads, to gild his horns.

Paris. The fift was Menelaus kiffe, this mine:

Patroclus kiffes you.

Men. Oth this is trim.

Pat. Paris and I kiffe evermore for him.

Men. I de have my kiffe for: Lady by your leave.

Cref. In killing doe you render, or receiv'e.

Pat. Both take and gue.

Cref. Ile make my match to lye,

The kiffe you take is better then you gue: therefore no
kiffe.

Men. I le you goo boote, Ile gue you three for one.

Cref. You are an odde man, gue euen, or gue none.

Men. An addde man Lady, evey man is odde.

Cref. No, Paris is not: for you know'tis true,
That you are odde, and he is euen with you.

Men. You lylip me a'th head.

Cref. No, Ile be fowrned.

Vifs. It were no match, your naile against his horse:
May I sweete Lady beg a kiffe of you?

Cref. You may.

Vifs. I doe desire it.

Cref. Why begge then?

Vifs. Why then for Vens fake, give me a kiffe:
When Helles is a maidse againe, and his—

Cref. I am your debtor, claine it when it doe.
Troylus and Cressida

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Ne'er is my day, nor then a knife of you.

'Achilles, if you're not a man of quicke fance

And he, if he, upon her:

'There's a language in her eye, her cheek, her lip;

And wide, wide, wide, the tables of her thoughts,

To every seeking reader set them down,

To flatslipryeties of opportunitie:

Exeunt.

Enter all of Troy, Hector, Paris, Ascanius, Helcium and Attendants. Fortifi.

All. The Trojans Trumpet.

Agm. Yonder comes the troop.

And halie all our flat of Grecia: what shall he done?

This Ares is halfe made of Hecules blood;

Hecules, and all the Trojans, &c.

Agm. If not Achilles fit, what is your name?

Therefore Achilles: but what ere, know this,

In the extremity of greate and tender care,

That is his name.

Achilles. Doth not your nameless words

When it and that which looks like pride, is suretie:

'This Ares is halfe made of Hecules blood;

And his name?

And therefore Achilles, but what ere, know this,

In the extremity of Grecia.

Exeunt.

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Therefore Achilles: but what ere, know this,

In the extremity of Grecia.

Exeunt.
Troylus and Cressida.

Are. My well-sap'd Lord of Troy, no title to you.  
Men. Let me confirm my Prince's brothers greeting.  
You brace of warlike Brothers, welcome her.  

Hest. Who must we answer?  

Are. The Noble Mentor.  
Hest. Or, you my Lord, by Mars his generous thanks,  
Macklin, that I affected this untrained Oath,  
Your generous wife foresees still by Phoebus Gloire  
She's well, but bad, and must commend her to you.  

Men. Name her now sir, she's a dreadfully Theame.  

Hest. I pardon, I offend.  

Nef. I have (thou gallant Troyan) sent thee off  
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way  
Through ranks of Greekish youths: and I have seen thee  
As he &c. so, I trust thy Phegian Steed,  
And teene thee learning for tos & slaughters,  
When thou hast hung the advanced word in thy ear,  
Not letting it decline, on the decline:  
That I have paid unto my bidders by,  
For Jupiter is yeonder dealing life.  
But I have seen thee safe, and take thy breath,  
That when that a ring of Greeks have him dead,  
Like an Olympian wrestling, this have I seen,  
But this thy countenance (thou look'st flinty)  
I learned now till now. I know thy Gallant,  
And once fought with him; she was a sonder good,  
But by great Mars, the Captain of all,  
Never like thee. Let an oldman embrace thee,  
And worthy Warrior welcome to our Tents.  

Are. This the old Nefor.  

Hest. Let me embrace thee good old Chronicle,  
That half so long, would hang in hand with thee.  
Most respectful Nefor, I am glad to embrace thee.  
Nef. I would my arms could match thee in contention  
As they contend with thee in courteisie.  
Hest. I would they could.  

Nef. Let by this white beard I did fight with thee to-morrow.  
Well, welcome, welcome: I have seen the time.  

V. If. I wonder now how wonder City stand,  
When we have here their face and pillar by vs.  

Hest. I know your saucy Lord V. if. well.  
Al sir, there's many a greedy and Troyan dead,  
Since first I saw your telle, and Dressed  
In Illion, on your Greekish Embraie.  
V. If. Sir, I foretold you then what would enue,  
My prophecie is but half a journey yet;  
For wonder was that pernicious in your Towne,  
With those tops do buffet the clouds,  
Must kife them own feet.  

Hest. I must not believe you:  
There they stand yet: and modestly I think,  
The fall of every Philigian stone well will  
A drop of Greekian blood: the end crowns all,  
And that old common Arbitrator, Time,  
Will one day end it.  

V. If. So to him we let it.  
Most gentle, and most valiant Helier, welcome;  
After the General, I beseech you next  
To feast with me, and see me at my Tent.  

Ach. I shall forecast thee Lord V. If., thou.  
Now Helier I have fed nine eyes on thee,  
I have with exact view perceived thee Helier,  
And quoted optarg by way.  

Hest. Is this Achill?  

Ach. I am Achill.  

Hest. Stand faire I pray thee, let me look on thee.  

Ach. Behold thy fill.  

Hell. Nay, I have done already.  
Ach. Thou art to brest, I will the second time,  
As I would brest thee, view thee, limb by limb.  

Hell. O like a Book of state thou'rt unread me ere:  
But there's more in me then thou underrand't.  
Why dost thou so oppose me with thine eye?  

Ach. Tell me you Herowen, in which part of his body  
Shall I destroy him? Whether there, or there, or there;  
That I may guide the soul in some name,  
And make distinct the very breach, where-out  
Hellers great spirit flow. Answer me heavens.  

Hell. It would disorder the bliss Gods, proud man,  
To answer such a question, Stand again;  
Think it thou to catch my life so pleasantly,  
As to press in me in nice conclustion  
Where thou wilt hit me dead?  

Ach. I tell thee yea.  

Hell. Went thou the Oracle to tell me so,  
I did not beleue thee: henceforthe guard thee well,  
For I'll not kill thee, not there, not there,  
But by the forge that flysh'd Mars his helme,  
He kill thee every where, yea, and there.  
You wilfull Grecians, pardon me this bragge,  
His violence draws flow from my lips,  
But He endeavoured to fetch these words;  
Or may I never—  

Ach. Do not chafe thee Cofin;  
And you Achill, let thee threats alone  
Till accident, or purpose bring you too.  
You may every day enough of Hellor  
If you have Romacce. The general flame I bear,  
Can scarce interest you to be take with him.  
Hell. I pray you let us see you in the field,  
We had pealing Worces since you refus'd  
The Grecians cause.  

Ach. Doth thou intrest me Hellor?  
To morrow do I meete thee tell as death.  
To night, all Friends.  

Hell. Thy hand upon that match.  

Ach. First all you Petres of Grece go to my Tent,  
There in the full converse you: Afterwardis,  
As Hellors byforre, and your bugniyes shall  
Concur together, facultally intrest him,  
Beate loud the 1 abornt, let the Trumpets blow,  
That this great Soouldier may his welcome know: Exeunt  
Troy. My Lord Ulysses, tell me I beseech you,  
In what place of the Field doth Calesar keep.  
Ulyss. At Strenuous Tent, nought Princely Troylaus,  
There Dressed both feast with him to night,  
Whoever looks on heavens, nor on earth,  
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view  
On the faire Cressida.  

Troy. Shall I (sweet Lord) be bound to thee so much,  
After we part from Agamemnon Tent,  
To bring me this?  

Ulyss. You shall command me:  
As gentle tell me, of what Honour was  
This Cressida in Troy, had she no Louer there  
That wak's her absence?  
Troy. O fir, to such as bowst thefing their fcarres,  
A mocke is due: wilt you walke on my Lord?  
She was belaund, she loud, she is, and dooth;  
But still sweet Loue is food to Fortunates tooth.  

Exeunt.  

Enter Achill, V. If., Mentor and Patroclus.  

Achill. He heat his blood with Greekish wine to night, Which  

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Troylus and Cressida.

Which with my Cemitar lye cool to morrow:
Parroclial, let vs Feast him to the height.

Pat. Here comes Thersites. Enter Thersites.

Ach. How now, thou deaf and Dullard, thou crumply batch of Nature, what's the newest?
Thers. Why thou picture of what thou seest; & I doff of Ido-lot-worshipers, here's a Letter for thee. Achit. From whence, Fragment?
Thers. Why thou full diff of Foole, from Troy.
Pat. Who keeps the Tent now?
Thers. The Surgeons box, or the Patients wound.

Ach. Male Varlot you Rogue! What's that?
Thers. Why his macliffe Whore. Now the rotten difses of the South, guts-griping Ruptures, Catarres, Lawdes a gruell eth'backe, Lethargies, cold Palifes; and the like, take and take againe, such prepondous difcencies.

Thers. Why thou damnable box of croul thou, what meanst thou to curse thu?
Thers. Do I curse thee?
Patr. Why no, you ronnous But, you whorson indignifiable Curre.

Ach. No, not vs

Pat. Or, no, you villain But, you whorson indignifiable Curre.

Ach. My sweete Parrocline, I am charrest quite From my great purpoe into水墨es bastell:
Here's a Letter from Queene Hecuba,
A token from her daughter, my faire Loue.
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keepe
An Oath that I have sworn. I will not breake,
An Oath that I have sworn. I will not breake,
Full Grekes, false Fame, Honor go, or stay,
My minor voyg lyes here; thus 11 obeye, a.

Come, come Thersites, help to trim my Tent,
This night in banqueting must all be spent.

Ach. Away Parrocline.

Thers. With too much blood, and too little Brain, these two may run mad: but if with too much braine, and too little blood, they do. I lese a corner of madmen. Here's Achit's Atemem, an honest fellow enough, and one that loues Qualites, but he has not so much Braine as earwax; and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there his Brother, the Bull, the primitive Statue, and oblique memoriall of Cuckold's, a thrifty sheepe-herde in a chaine, hanging at his Brothers legge, to soome forme that but that he is, sould warded with malice, and malice forsworn with wit, turne him too; to an Affe and Oxe to an Owle; two nothing, here's both Oxe and Affe:

Thers. To a Dogge, a Mule, a Cat, a Finchew, a Toade, a Lizard, an Owle, a Patacke, or a Herring without a Roe, I would not care: but to be Mamenius, I would confine against Definy. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites: but I care not to see the bowles of a Lazor, so I were not Mamenius. Hoy-dye, spirits and fires.

Enter Helen, Ajax, Agamemnon, Pisser, Ne-
For Diomed, with Lights.

Ach. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ach. No yonder til, there where we see the light
Helt. I trouble you.
Troylus and Cressida.

Troy. Good night.

Troy. Hold, patience.

Cress. How now Trojan?

Cress. Diest.

Troy. No, no, good night: I be your fool no more.

Troy. Thy better mull.

Cress. Hirake one word in your care.

Troy. O plague and madness!

Philo. You are mad, Prince; I must depart; I pray you,

Let your displeasure shoulde enlarg[e it felle.

To warchfull rearmes: this place is dangerous;

The time right deadly; I beseech you goe.

Troy. Behold, I pray you.

Philo. Nay, good my Lord goe not:

You follow to great destruction: come my Lord?

Troy. I pray thee stay?

Philo. You haue not patience, come.

Troy. I pray you stay? by hell and hell torment,

I will not speake a word.

Troy. And so goodwill.

Cress. Nay, but you part in anger.

Troy. Dost thou this grievance? O wathered truth!

Philo. Why, how now Lord?

Troy. By hate I will be patient.

Cress. Good man, why Greeke?

Philo. Fogo, adew, you prate.

Cress. In faith, I do not: I come hither once again.

Philo. You shake my Lord at something; will you goe?

You will break out.

Troy. She trouses his checke.

Philo. Come, come.

Troy. Nay stay, by hate I will not speake a world.

There is betweene my will, and all offences,

A guard of patience; stay a little while.

Troy. How the diewell? Luxury with his fat rumpe and
potato finger, tickles thefle together: I syce lechery, syce;

Dis. But will you then?

Cress. In faith I will; I never truet mee else.

Dis. Giveme some token for the suete of it.

Cress. Ite fethe you once, Exit.

Dis. You haue wonne patience.

Philo. Envy me not wretet Lord.

Cress. I will not be my selfe, nor have cognizance
Of what I seel: I am all patience.

Enter Cressid.

Troy. Now the pledge, now, now, new.

Cress. Here Diomed, keepes this Sliene.

Troy. O beautie, where is thy Path?

Philo. My Lord,

Troy. I will be patient, outwardly I will.

Cress. You know upon this Sliene? behold it well:

He said me: O faire wench! I giue thee againe.

Dis. Whoes was?

Cress. It is no matter now I haue againe,

I will not meete you with to morrow night:

I now diemed visit me no more.

Philo. Now the intenps: well laid Wheftone.

Dis. I shall haunt it,

Cress. What this?

Dis. I that.

Cress. O all you gods! O prettie, prettie pledge;

Thy Mafter now lies thinking in his bed

Of thee and mee, and fighes, and takes my Glove,

And, giues meall daunger killes to:

As li thine.

Philo. Nay, doe not search it from me.

Cress. He that takest that, takes my heart withall.

Troy. I had your heart before, this followes it.

Dis. I did swere patience.

Cress. You shall not haue it Diomed; faith you shall not:

He giue you something else.

Dis. I will haue this: whose was it?

Cress. It is no matter.

Dis. Come tell me whose it was?

Cress. Twas one that lould me better then you will.

But now you have it, tak it.

Dis. Whole was it?

Cress. By all Diana waiting women yond;

And by her selfe, I will not tell you whose.

Dis. To morrow will I were it on my Helme;

And giue his spirits that dars not challenge.

Troy. Where thou the dwell, and wont it on thyborne,

It should be challeng'd.

Dis, Well well, itis done, til past; and yet it is not:

I will not keepe my word.

Dis. Why then farewell,

Thou never thatst mockes Diomed againe.

Cress. You shall not goe: one cannot speake a word,

But its faire flatters you:

Dis. I do not like this fooling,

Thou; Not by Jove: but that that likes not me, pleases me beth.

Dis. What shall I come? the house.

Cress. I, come: O I doe, come: I shall be plaguy'd.

Dis. Farewell till then.

Exit.

Cress. Good night: I prye thee come.

Troy. farewell one eye yet looks on thee;

But with my heart, the other eie, doth fee.

Ah pheare our fexe; this fault in vs I finde:

The errour of our eye, directs our minde;

What errour leads, maue ere: I then conclude,

Mines swaied by eyes, are full of turpitude,

Thou. A proofe of strength the could not publish more;

Ysplehe the say, my minde is now turn'd whore.

Philo. Alas done my Lord.

Troy. It is.

Philo. Why say we then?

Troy. To make a recollection to my soule

Of every libel that here was spoke:

But if I tell how these two did coake;

Shall I not lyce, in publishing a truth?

Sith yet there is a resedence in my heart:

An esperance so obstinately strong,

That doth intent that tells of eyes and ears;

As if thee organes had deceitious functions,

Ceated onely in caluminate.

Vas Cressid here?

Philo. I cannot contrive Troyan.

Troy. She was not fine,

Philo. Much faire she was.

Troy. Why my negation hath no tache of wrothnesse

Philo. Nor mine my Lords; Cressid was here but now.

Troy. Let it be beleued not womanhood;

Thinkes we had mothers; do not give advantage

To stubbome Criticks, apt without a theme

For depravation, to square the general faks

By Cressida rule. Rather thinke this not Cressida.

Philo. What hath the done Prince, that can soyle our mothers?

Troy. Nothing at all, unlesse that this were the.

Thou. Will he twigg an hand to the outest of owne eyes?

Troy. This flue ha'. this is Diomed Cressida:

If beaute have a soule, this is not fine.
Troyus and Cressida.

By the everlasting gods, Ile goe.

And. My dreames will sure prove ominous to the day.

Heil. No more I say. 

Enter Casandra.

Caffa. Where is my brother Helen?  

And. Here sitter, arm'd, and bloody in intent;  

Confort with me in loud and deere petition:

Put me by the hand, and knees, for I have dramee

Of bloody turbulence; and this whole night

Hath nothing beene but spafe, and forms of slaughter.

Caff. O, 'tis true.

Heil. Ho! bid my Trumpet sound.

Caff. No notes of callie, for the heauens, sweet brother.

Heil. Begen I say: the gods have heard me sweare.

Caff. The gods are deare to hot and pesculle vowes;

They are polluted offringes, more abhorr
t

Then spotted Litters in the firensc.

And. O be perfwaded, doe not count it holy;

To hurt by being iuft, it is a lawfull:

For we would count glue much to as violent thefts,

And rob in the behalfle of charity.

Caff. It is the purpose that makes strength the vow;

But vowes to every purpose must not hold:

Vnarme the Helen.

Heil. Hold you this iuff for say:

Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:

Life every man holds deere, but the deere man

Holdes honour faire more precious, deere, then life.

Enter Troyus.

How now young man? what meane'th thou to fight to day?

And. Casandra, call my father to perfwade.

Heil. No faith young Troyus deffe thy hautefull youth

I am to day'st ius'ne of Chausirt:

Let grow thy sinewes till their knees be strong;

And temper not yet the bushes of the waste.

Vnarme thee, goe; and doubt thou not brave boy,

If hand to day, for thee, and me and Troy.

Troy. Brother, you have a ius'ne of mercy in you;

Which better fits a Lyon then a man.

Heil. What vice is that? good Troyus chide me for it.

Troy. When many times the capte Grecian falls,

Enes in the fame and winde of your faire Sword:

You bid them rite, and true.

Troy. O'tis fare play.

Troy. Fooles play, by heaven Helen.

Heil. How now? how now?

Troy. For th' loue of all the gods.

Let's leave the serous Patty with our Mothers;

And when we have our Armours buckled up,

The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,

Spur them to ruthless workes, reine them from ruth.

Helen, Fire fangs, fire.

Troy. Helen, then his wafer.

Helen. Troyus, I would not have you fight to day.

Troy. Who should with-hold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars,

Beckning with fecrale truchion my retiere;

Nor Priam, and Hector on kytes;

Their eyes ore-galled with recource of teates,

Nor you my brother, with your true sword drawn

Oppod to hinder me, should stop my way:

But by my ruine.

Enter Priam and Caffandra.

Caffa. Lay hold upon him Priam, hold him fast;

He is thy cruch; now if thou lose thy styx,

Tito on him lesning; and all Troy on thee,
Troilus and Cressida.

Fall all together.

Prarm. Come Helio, come, goe backe:
Thy wife hath dreamept: thy mother hath bad visions;
Cassandra doth foretel; and i telle thee,
As ike a Prophet suddenly emipt,
to telle thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore come backe.

Hect Eneas is field,
And I do stand engag'd to many Grecians,
Even in the faith of yours, to appeare
This morning to them.

Pram. I, but thou shalt not goe,
Hect. I must not breake my faith:
You know me dutfull, therefore depart
Set me not shame respet; but giue me leave
I to take that course by your confudt and voice,
Which you doe here forbid me Royall Prarm.

Caff. O Prarm, yelde not to him.

Ado. Doe not doe father,
Hect. Adoweache; I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in,
Exit Andromach.

Troj. This foolifh, dreaming, superfluous girle,
Makes all these bodements.

Caff. O farewell, deare Helio:
Looke how thou diest; look how thy eye turns pale:
Looke how thy words doth breake in many vents;
Harke how at Troj rearest; how Hebram cries out;
How poore Andromache flings her doulous forth;
Behold distraction, frenzy, and a hazement,
Like wildefide Anteekes one another meete,
And alcry Hecull, Heli'ers dead: O Heli'o!

Troj. Away, away.
Caff. Farewell yees, softe: Heli'o I take my leaue;
Thou dost thy selfe, and all our Troye decease.

Hect. You are acause, my Liege, at her exclaine:
Got and cheere the Towne, weele forth and night,
Doe deedes of praise, and tell you them at night.

Prarm. Farewel. the gods with safetie stand about thee.

Alarm. Troj. They scarce us, harke: proud Dismas, bleuece
I come to loose my arm, or winne my sleue.

Enter Pandar.

Pand. Do you heare my Lord? do you heare?

Troj. What now?

Pand. Here is a LETTER come from yond poore girle.

Troj. Let me reade.

Pand. A whorifon tiscke, a whorifon rascally tiscke,
Fo troubles me; and the foolifh fortune of this girle, and
What one thing, another, that I shall loose you one,
O'th days: and I have a thame in mine eyes too;
And such anache in my bones; that violete a man were curf,
I cannot tell what to thinke on't. What fayes thee there?

Worke, words, meere words, no matter from
Ich: torr.

The effect doth operare another way.
Goe wande to wade there amir and change together:
My bone with words, and errors fill the seeds;
But edific another with her deedes.

Pand. Why, but hear thee?

Troj. Hence brother is like: ignominy and flame
Passueth yie, and lies awe with thy name.

A Larm. Enter Therfis inexcursion.
Troylus and Cressida.

Before the belching Whale; then is he yonder, And there the lying Greeks, ripec for his edge; Full down before him, like the mowers' swath; Here, there, and every where, he leaves and takes: Dextertie fo obaying apatite, That what he will he does, and doas much, That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter Ulysses.

Ulysses. Oh, courage, courage Princes! great Achilles is arm'd, weeping, enflaft, raving vengeance; Parthenus woulds have raze'd his drostwe blood; Together with his mangled Asyrfoanuus,
That noeleffe, handleffe, luckt 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 Troyles; who hath done to day, Mad and fantafick execution; Engaging and redeeming of him: With luch a careaffe force, and forceaffe care, As if that luck in very flpight of cunning, bad him win al. Enter Aias.

Aias. Troyles, thou coward Troyles. Exit. 

Dido. I, there, there, 

Neft. So, fo, we draw togethert. Exit. 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. Troyles, thou coward Troyles, shew thy head, Enter Diomed. 

Dido. Troyles, I say, where's Troyles? 

Achilles. What would it thou? 

Diomed. I would correct him. 

Achilles. Were I the General, 

Thou shoul'dl'have my office, 

Erst that correction: Troyles I say, what Troyles? Enter Troyles. 

Troyles. Oh traitor! Dido. 

Tumethyfalseface,thoustrayon, 

And pay thy life thou owell use for my base. 

Diomed. HeArt thee there? 

Achilles. He lights with him alone, 

Diomed. Lo, he my praise, I will not looke upon. 

Troyles. Come bold you coging Greeks, hauze at you. 

Enter Hector. 

Hector. Troyles, why Troyles? 
W ell bought my youngest Brother, Enter Achilles. 

Achilles. Now doe I see thee; hauz at thee Hector. 

Hector. Pauze if thou wilt. 

Achilles. I do disclaim thee curtsey, proud Trojan; Be happy that my arms are out of vte. 

My self and negligence betriedst the new, 

But thou arton this heart of me against. 

Tkill when, goe. 

Hector. What is that? 

I would have beene more, more a fresher man, 

I had expected they shou have now my Brother. Enter Troyles. 

Troyles. Aias hath ta'en Aeneas, shall it be? 

No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven, 

He will not carry him: He be came too, 

O bring him off: Pate hear me what I say; 

I wraek nor, though I end my life to day, Exit. Enter one in Armour. 

Hector. Stand flue, thou Grecce, 

That thou art a goodly make. 

Nein, will thou nor? like thy armour well, 

He doth it, and unloose the mutes all. 

But liue be master of it; will thou not bestride? 

Why then fly on, liue hunte thee for thy hide. 

Exit. Enter Achilles with Myrmidon. 

Achilles. Come hither about me you my Myrmidon: 

Mark what I say, attend me where I wheel: 

Strike not a strive, but keep your feltes in breadth; 

And when I have the bloody Hector fount, 

Engage him with your weapons round about: 

In yelfe manner execute your armes. 

Follow me first, and my proceedings set: 

It is decreed, Hector the great mufle dye. Exit. 

Enter Thersites, Menelaus, and Paris. 

Thers. The Cuckold and the Cuckold maker are at it: Now bulb, now dogge, lowe; Paris lowe; now my double herd shall screw; lowe Paris, lowe; the bull has the game: wate horses ho! 

Exit Paris and Menelaus.

Enter Baifard. 

Baf. Tune Vane and fight. 

Thers. What art thou? 

Baf. A Baiftard Sonne of Prasons. 

Thers. I am a Baiftard too, I have Baifart, I am a Baifard begost, 

Baifard intrufed, Baiftard in mundane, Baiftard in vallour, in every thing illegitimate: one Baiftar will not bite another, and wherefore should one Baiftard take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to vs: if the Sonne of a whore fight for a whore, the tems judgement: farewell Baiftard. 

Baf. The diuell take thee coward. 

Exit. Enter Hector. 

Hector. Moif pottified core to fare without: 

Thy goodly armours thus haff coth thy life. 

Now is my dites work done; I take good breath: 

Reft Sword, thou haff thy fill of blood and death, Enter Achilles, and his Myrmidones. 

Achilles. Lookst Hector now the same begins to set? 

How ugli night comes breathing at his laiect, 

Even with the vail and dashing of the Sunne. 

To clofe the day wp, 

Hector is done. 

Hector. I am warm'd, for I forget this goodly Grecke, 

Achilles. Strike fellowes, strike, this is the man I lecture. 

So Illian full thou: now Troy shynke downe; 

Here lyes thy heart, thy finewes, and thy bone. 

On Myrmidones, cry you all a name, 

Achilles hath the emmab Hector Duke. 

Retreat. 

Hakke, a retreat upon our Grecian part. 

Gree. The Trojan Trumpets sounds the like my Lord. 

Achilles. The dragon wing of night on-speeds the earth 

And ffeaker-like the Armies feerates 

My halle fypt Sword, that franklly would have fed, 

Pikes would with this damny bed: thus goes to bed. 

Come, eye his body to my horses tale: 

Along the feeld, I will the Trojan tiles. 

Exit. Sound Retreat. 

Agamemnon. 

Enter Agamemnon, Aias, Menelaus, Nestor, Diomed, and the rest marching. 

Agamemnon. Hakke, hakke, what thou is that? 

Troylus and Cressida.

Sold. Achilles, Achilles, Hector's slain; Achilles, Der. The bruiser is, Hector's slain, and by Achilles. Act. If he be yet bragglest let it be: Great Hector was a man as good as he. Again. March paciently along; let one be sent To play Achilles feemes out our Tent. If in his death the gods have vs befrended, Great Troy is ours, and our sharper wars are ended.

Exeunt. Enter Eneas, Paris, Antenor and Diphilus. Aene. Stand hoo, yet are we masters of the field, Never goe home; here Blamow we out the night. Enter Troylus. Troy. If Hector is slain, All. Hector the gods forbid. Tra. He's dead! and at the murhurers Horses tale, In bruntly font, dragged through the thamefull Field: Frowne on you heauen, effedt your rage with speeke: Site gods vs your throames, and fitle at Troy. I say at onc, let your briece plaques be mercy, And linger not our sure dettructions on. Aene. My Lord, you doe discomfort all the Hosts. Troy. You understand me not, that tell me so: I do not speake of flight, of fear, of death, But dare all immenseness that gods and men, Address their dangers in. Hector is gone: Who shall tell Paeans to vs or Heauana? Let them that will a fercehoule aye be call'd, Goe in to Troy, and fay there, Hector's dead: There is a word will Paeans tune to Stone: Make weifs, and smother of the maides and wives; Coolke fatares of the youths; and in a word, Scarsr Troy out of it feile. But march away, Hector is dead; there is no more to fay.

Stray yet: you vile abominable Troes, Thus prouudely pight upon our Phrygian plaines: Let Titan rite as early as he dare, He through, and through your great fide toward. No frace of Earth shall funder our two hates, He haunte thee, like a wicked confidence still, Thrpmongest goblins swift as frenzies thoughts. Strike a free march to Troy, with comfort gee: Hope of revenge, shall hide our inward woes. Enter Pandarum. Pard. But heare you? heare you? Troy. Hence broker, lackee, ignomy, and shame Purtue thy life, and hie aye with thy name. Exeunt. Pan. A goodey medicinor myne skingbones: Oh world, world! thus is the poore agent dispide: Oh tra-tours and bawdes; how earnestly are you fete worke, and how ill requested? why should our iudevous be so defeed? and the performance so loathde? What Veste for it? what instance for it? let me fee. Pull merrily the humble Bee doth sing, Till he hatn left his hony, and his fling: And being once subdu'd in armed tale, Sweete hony, and sweete notes together falle. Good traders in the feld, feast in your painted cloathes; As many as be here of Panders houll, Your eyes halfe out, weep out at Pandar's fall: Or if you cannot wepe, yet giue some grones, Though not for me, yet for your skingbones: Brethren and sisters of the hold-dore trade, Some two months hence, my will shall here be made: It should be now, but that my fere is this: Some called Goole of Winchefer would hiffe: Till then, He teweare, and seeketh soute for caifer: And at that time beareth you my dyces. Finis.

FINIS.

V. ix. 1—V. x. 57

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The Tragedy of Coriolanus:

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Company of Mutinous Citizens, with Swords, Clubs, and other weapons.

1. Citizen. E'fore we proceed any further, heare me speake. All. Speake, speake.

1. Cit. You are all resolvd rather to dy then to famish?

All. Resolvd, resolvd.

1. Cit. First you know, Caius Martius is chief enemy to the people.

All. We know it, we know't.

1. Cit. Let vs kill him, and wee haue Corne at our own price. Is it a Verdikt?

All. No more talking on; Let it be done, away, away.

2. Cit. One word, good Citizens.

1. Cit. We are accounted poore Citizens, the Patri- clas good: what Authority surrest one, would relieve vs. If they would yeeld vs but the superfluitie while it were whollomne, wee might gueffe they releu'd vs humane: But they thinke we are too deere, the leaemefe that afflic't vs, the object of our miferie, is as an invento- ry to particularize their abundance, our suffrance is a gaine to them. Let vs revenge this with our Pikes, ere we become Bakes. For the Gods know, I speake this in hunger for Breed, not in thirst for Revenge.

3. Cit. Would you procede especially against Caius Martius?

All. Against him first: He's a very dog to the Commonalty.

1. Cit. Consider you what Service he ha's done for his Country?

3. Cit. Very well, and could bee content to give him good report for't, but hee pays himselfe with beeing proud.

1. Cit. Nay, but speake not maliciously.

1. Cit. I say not you, what he hath done Famoislie, he did it to that end: though oft enconcie'd men can be content to say it was for his Country, he did it to please his Mother, and to be partly proud, which he is, even to the altitude of his vertue.

2. Cit. What he cannot helpe in his Nature, you ac- count to Vice in him: You must in no way say he is co- cuous.

1. Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren of Acula- tions he hath faults (with surpluss) to crye in repetition. Shew'te: why.

What shew'st thee? The other fade a'ch City is siften: why say we prating here? To th Capitoll,

All. Come, come.

1. Cit. Soft, who comes here?

Enter Menenius Agrippa, one that hath al- ways lovd the people.

2. Cit. He's one himself enough, wold at the rest vs so.

Men. What work's my Counselen men in hand?

Where go you with Blades and Clubs? The matter

Speake I pray you.

2. Cit. Our busines is not enowne to th Senat, they haue had inliking this fornight what we intend to do, & now wee'll shew em in deeds: they say poore Surres have strong breaths, they shall know we have strong arms too.

Menen. Why Masters, my good Friends, mine honest Neighbours, will you undoe your selves?

2. Cit. We cannot Sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you friends, most charitable care Have the Patricians of you for your wants. Your suffering in this darth, you may as well Strike at the Heaven with your flasts, as lift them Against the Roman State, whose cause will on The way it takes: cracking ten thousand Guebas Of more strong linkes affulder, than can ever Appear in your impendement. For the Dearth, The Gods, not the Patricians make it, and Your knees to them (not armes) must helpe. Alacke, You are transported by Calamity.

Theather, where more attends you, and you flander The Holmes of't State; who care for you like Fathers, When you curse them, as Enemies.

2. Cit. Care for vs? True indeed, they were car'd for vs yet. Suffere vs to famish, and their Store-houses crammed with Graine: Make Edicts for Vtiure, to support Vtu- rers; repeale daily any wholesome Act established against the rich, and provide more piercing Statutes daily, to chaine vp and restraine the poor. If the Warses eas vs not ypppe, they wills and there's allthe loue they besee.

Menen. Either you must

Confesse your selves wondrous Malicious, Or be accus'd of Folly. I shall tell you A pretty Tale, it may be you have heard it, But since it serues my purpose, I will venture To scale a little more.

2. Citizen. Well, he hear it Sir; yet you must not thinke To lubbe e'er our disgrace with a tale: But and plea se you deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the bodies members

Rebell'd against the Belly; thus accus'd it;

That onely like a Gulfe it did remaine

[\textit{Peth]}}
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Book I. Act II. Scene 2.

Thou Rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage,
But makest thou ready thy shield, staffs, and clubs,
Rome, and her Rats, are at the point of battle,
The one side must have baile.

Enter Caius Martius.

Hayle, Noble Caius Martius.

Mar. Thanks. What's the matter you{ious rogues
That rubbing the poore Ith of your Opinion,
Makest thy felles Seabs.

2.Cit. We have enter your good word,

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abusing. What would you have, you Caius,
That like not Peace nor Warre; The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should finde you Lyons, finds you Hares:
Where Boxes, Geefe you are: No furer, no,
Then in the coale of fire upon the Ice,
Or Halfstone in the Sun. Your Verse is,
To make him worthy, whose offence sobbites him,
And swerve that infidels side. Who defines Greatness,
Defyres your hate: and your Affections are
A sicknesse Appetite; who desires most that
Which would encrease his euill. He that depends
Upon your favours, is somwmes with finesse of Leafe,
And sweves downe Oakes, with ruthles. Hang ye
To every minute you do change a Munde,
And call him Noble, that was now your Hate: He
Wisd, that was your Garland. What's the matter,
That in these several places of the Citie,
You cry against the Noble Senaor, who
(Under the Gods) keepes you in awe, which else
Would feede on one another? What's their seeking?

Mar. For Corne at their owne rates, whereof they say
The Citie is well full.

2.Mor. Hang'em: They say?

They'll sit by thefe, and preame to know
What's done't with Capitoll: Who's like to rise,
Who Upprises, & who declines: Side fitions, & guie out
Ceneciall Marriages, making parties forong,
And feeling-fuch as ft and not in their liking,
Below their cobled Shoes. They say their's grain enough;
With their Nobility they fit to their Hathe.
And let me vfe my Sword, I'll make a Quarrile
With thousands of these quarter'd flaves, as high
As I could picke my Lance.

2.Mor. Nay these are almost troughously perfravved:
For though abundantly they lacke defection
Yet are they passing Cowardly. But I befeech you,
What fayes the other Troope?

Mar. They are difpleas'd: Hang'em:
They said they were an hungry, fight'd forth Prauertos
That Hunger-broke stone walls: that dogges must eate
That meate was made for mouths. That the gods sent not
Comme for the Richenes only: With thefe threads
They vended their Complaininges, which being anwer'd
And a petition granted them, a strange one,
To make the heart of generofity,
And make bold power looke pale, they threw their cups
As they would hang them on the hands a'th Moore,
Shooting their Emulation.

2.Mor. What is graunted them?

Mar. Fine Tribunes to defend their vulgar wildoms
Of their owne choice. One's Iuovis Brattus,
Sinovis Velosius, and I knownot. Seleth,
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Enter Siemini Venetus, Annius Brero Cominius, Titus Lartius, with other Senators.

1. Sen. **Martius**'tis true, that you lately told vs, The Voices are in Armes.

Mar. They have a Leader, **Tullius Aufidius** that will put you too: I sense in enuying his Nobility: And were I any thing but what I am, I would with me only go.

Com. You have fought together:

Mar. Were half the half the world by th'ears, & he upon my paste, I'd rove to make Onely my warres with him. He is a Lion That I am proud to hunt.

1. Sen. Then worthy **Martius**, Attend upon **Cominius** to thefe Warres.

Com. It is your former promisse, Mar. Sir it is, And I am constant: **Tito Lucius**, thou Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus face.

What art thou fiuifs? Stand't it out?

Tit. No Cause **Martius**, Ile leane upon one Crutch, and fight with tother, Ere play behinde this Buiffenie,

Men. Oh true-bred.

Sen. Your Company to'chari Capitoll, where I know Our greatest Friends attend vs.

Tit. Lead you on: Fellow **Cominius**, we must follow you, right worthy you Priority.

Com. Noble **Martius**, Sen. Hence to your home, be gone!

Mar. Nay let them follow, The Voices haue much Corne: take these Rats thither, To gnawe their Garners. Worshipfull Mutiners, Your valour puts well forth: Pray remove. **Exeunt**.

Citizens spare away. **Mantu Siem**, & **Bruces**.

**Siem**. Was ever man to proud as this **Martius**?

**Bru**. He has no equal.

**Siem**. When were we chosen Tribunes for the people, **Bru**. Mark'd you his lip and eyes.

**Siem**. Nay, but his taunts.

**Bru**. Being mou'd, he will not spare to gird the Gods, **Siem**. Bemoke the modest Moone.

**Bru**. The present **Warres** deweau him, he is growne Too proud to be so valiant.

**Siem**. Such a Nature, tickled with good fortune, did daina the shadow which he treads on at noone, but I do wonder, his insolence can brooke to be commanded under **Cominius**?

**Bru**. Fame, at the whiche he aymes, In whom already he's well gra'd, cannot Better be held, nor more attain'd then by A place below the first: for what miscarries Shall be the Generals fault, though he performe To th'enviow of a man, and giddy centure Will then cry out of **Martius**: Oh, if he Had borne the buffete.

**Sen.** Besides, if things go well. Opinion that to flickes on **Martius**, shall Of his demerits rob **Cominius**.

**Bru**. Comet halfe all **Cominius** Honors are to **Martius** Though **Martius** earn'd them not: and all his faults To **Martius** shall be Honors, though indeed In ought he merite not.

**Sen.** Let's hence, and heare How the dispatch is made, and in what fashion More then his singularity, he goes Upon this present Action.

**Bru**. Let's along. **Exeunt**.

Enter **Tullius Aufidius** with Senators of Coriolas.

1. Sen. So, your opinion is **Aufidius**, That they of Rome are entred in our Counsailes, And know how we proceed, 

**Auf.** Is it not yours? 

What ever haue bin thought one in this State That could be brought to bodily aet, ere Rome Had circumention: 'tis not foure dayes gone Since I heard there, there are the words, I thinke I haue the Letter heere: yses, heere it is;

They have prefh a Power, but it is not knowne Whether for East or West: the Dearth is great, The people Mutinous: And it is rumour'd, **Cominius** **Martius** your old Enemy (Who is of Rome worfe hated then of you) And **Tito Lartius**, a most valiant Roman, These three leade on this Preparasion Whether 'tis bent; most likely, 'tis for you; Consider of it.

1. Sen. Our Armie's in the Field: We never yet made double but Rome was ready To answere vs. 

**Auf.** Nor did you thinke it folly, To keep your great pretences away'd, till when They needes must shew themselfes, which in the hatching It feem'd appear'd to Rome. By the discovery, We shall be hurnd in our ayme, which was To take in many Townes, ere (almost) Rome Should know we were a-foot.

2. Sen. Noble **Aufidius**, Take your Commission, hye you to your Bands, Let vs alone to guard **Coriolas** If they set downe before's: for the remove Bring vp your Army: but (I thinke) you'nd finde Th'have not prepar'd for vs. 

**Auf.** O doubt not that, I speake from Cerainities. Nay more, Some parcels of their Power are forth already; And onely hitherward. I lease your Honors, If we, and **Caius** **Martius** chance to meete, 'Tis foame between vs, we shall ever strike Till one can do no more.

**All.** The Gods assif you. 

**Auf.** And keep your Honors safe. 


2. Sen. Farewell, 

**Auf.** Farewel. 

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4.

Enter Volusian and Virgilia, mother and wife to Martius: They set them down on two loose stools and stairs.

Volusian. I pray you, daughter Jng, or express your selfe in a more comfortable seat: If my Somes were my Husband, I should be free to choose an able woman whereunto he wonned Honor, then in the embracements of his Bed, where he would shew me love. When yet hee was but tender-bodied, and the only Sonne of my womb; when youth with comeliness pluck'd all gaiety from his joy; when for a day or two entreate, a Mother should not tell him an houre from her bed: I considering how Honour would become me in a manner, that it was no better then Picture-like to hang by air, if renoume made it not fine, was pleased to let him feele danger, where he was like to finde fame: To a cruel Waste I lent him, from whence he return'd, his browes bound with Oake. I tell thee Daughter, I sprang now more in joy at first harkning he was a Man-child, then now in first feele he had prov'd himselfe a man.

Virg. But had he died in the Sunne, then how then?

Volusian. Then his good report should have besege my Somes, I therein would have stood none. Heare me professe sincerely, had I a dozen sons in my house alike, and none less deere then thine, and my good Martius, I had rather had eleuen like Nobby for their Country, then one voluptuously further out of a State.

Enter A Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady Volusia is come to visit you.

Virg. Referee you give me leave to receive my selfe.

Volusian. Indeed you shall not.

I thankes, I assure you my Husbands Drumme: See hee placke a Auffidius downe by th'air: Then children, the poor Than: Then my poor bugg, then having him: I thankes I see him looke at thee, and call thee, Come on you Cowards, you were got in care. Though you were born in Rome, this bloody brow With his mans hilda then, while haping, in it he goes Like to a Harriet man, that task to do move. Os all, or loose his hyre.


Volusian. Away you Folli: it more becomes a man.

Then get him this Trophies. The breaths of Hector. When shee did suckle Heiler, look'd not onether.

Then Heiles upon forhead, while it spryke forth Blood.

At Grecian sword: Crowning, tell Valeria.

We see fit to bid her welcome. Exit Gent.

Virg. Heauen bleisse my Lord from fell Auffidius.

Vol. Hee I beat Auffidius head below his knee, And trode upon his necke.

Enter Valeria with an eye, and a Gentlewoman.

Val. My Ladys both good day to you.

Virg. Sweet Madam.

Virg. I am glad to see your Ladyship.

Val. How do you both? I see you manifest house-kepers.

Virg. What see you standing here? A fine ipote in good Cath. How does your little Somes?

Vir. I thank you, Ladyship: Well good Madam.

Vol. He had made us fee the Iwrends, and heard a Drum, then looked upon his Schoolmaster.

Val. A my Lord the Fathers Somes: He forewes tis a very pretty boy. A my truth, I think I vpon him a Wend-day at our house together: he's such a commend'd coun-

tenancer. I saw him run after a gilded Butterfly, & when he caught it, he let it go again, and after it again, and ou-
er and outer he came, vp against it again: or whether his fall emrag'd him, as how swards, hee did so let it

Virg. One of my Fathers mood.

Val. Indeed, is to a Noble child.

Virg. A Crackle Madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your frights, I must haue you play the idle Hufwife with me this afternoone.

Virg. No (good Madam)

I will not out of doore.

Val. Out of doore?

Virg. She shall, the flall.

Virg. Indeed no, by your patience; It not over the theesold, till my Lord returne from the Waters.

Val. I say, you confine your selfe most vrestrealy: Come, you must go to the good Lady that lies in.

Virg. I will with her spredy strength, and with faire my prayers; but I cannot gother.

Val. Why I pray you, Whys?

Virg. I'm not to fawe labour, nor that I want lone.

Val. You would be another Penelope yet they say, all the same the shep in Parises absence, did but fill Aethica full of Mothers. Comest, I would your Cambirck were en-

Frighted as your finger, that you might loose picking it for price. You shall come go with vs.

Virg. No good Madam, pardon me, indeed I will not

to.

Val. In truth I go with you, and tell you excellent newses of your Husband.

Virg. Oh good Madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily I do not sit still with you there comes newes from him last night.

Val. In extant it's true; I heard a Senator speake it. Thus it is the Volctes have an Army soth, against who Commones the General is gone, with one part of our Romane power. Your Lord, and Titus Lartius, we set down before their Citie Casilda, they nothing doubt prevar-

ing, and to make it breife Waters. This is true unme Hone, and so I pray go with vs.

Virg. Give me courage good Madam, I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Val. Let her alone Ladie, she is now: She will but diface our better mirth.

Valeria. In truth I shakke the fine would:

Fare you well then. Come good sweet Ladie. Praysee Virgilia come thy idomete out a doore,

And along with vs.

Virg. No.

Val. At a word Madam; Indeed I must not,

I wiff you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell.

Exhaust Ladies

Enter Martius, Titus Lartius, with Drumme and Co-

lours, with Captaines and Soldieres, as before the City Corialum: to them a Meeting.

Martius. Yonder comes Newes: A Wager they hauemet.

Lur. My hoile to yours, no.

Mar. Th's done.

Lur. Agreed.

Mar.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Mar. Say, ha's our General met the Enemy?  
Meff. They lie in view, but have not spoke as yet.  
Lar. So, the good Horace is mine.  
Mar. He buy him of you.  
Lar. No, Ile not sell, nor give him; Lead you him I will  
For halfe a hundred years: Summon the Towne.  
Mar. How farre off lie these Armies?  
Meff. Within this mile and halfe.  
Mar. Then shall we hear their Larum, & they Ours.  
Now Mar. I tryshoo make vs quicke in worke,  
That we with smokings swords may march from hence  
To helpe our fielded Friends. Come, blow thy flay.  

They Sound a Parley: Enter two Senators with others on  
the wales of Coriolains.  
Tullus Aufidius, is he within your Walles?  
1. Senat. No, poor man that fears you leefe then he,  
That's lefser then a little: Drum a farre off. 
Hearke, our Drum 
Are bringing forth our youth: We'll break our Walles  
Rather than they shall sound vs vp,  
Which yet seeme flurt, we haue but pin'd with Ruthers,  
They're open of themselues. Hearke, you farre off.  

There is Auffidius. Lift what worke he makes  
Among'this your clouen Army.  
Mar. Oh they are at it.  
Lar. Their noife be our instruction. Ladders hoa.  

Enter the Army of the Voles.  
Mar. They feare vs not, but flife forth their Cittie.  
Now put out your Shields before your hearts, and fight  
With hearts more proofs then Shields.  
Advance brave Tiums,  
They do disdain vs much beyond our Thoughts,  
which makes me sweaft with wrath. Come on my fellows  
He that retires, Ile take him for a Vole,  
And he shall feele mine edge.  

Alarum: the Voles are beat back to their Trenches.  

Enter Martius & Coriolanus.  
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 abhor  
Farther then seene, and one infect another  
Against the Wind a mile: you foules of Goece,  
That best the shapes of men, how have you run  
From Slaves, that Apes would bate; Pluto and Hell  
All hurt behind, backes red, and faces pale  
With flight and agued feare, mend and charge home,  
Or by the fires of heauen, Ile leave the Poe,  
And make my Wares on you: Looke too: come on,  
If you'll hand fall, we'll beate them to their Wres,  
As they vs to our Trenches followes.  

Another Alarum, and Marins followes them to  
Trench, and in vs in.  

So, now the gates are open: now prose good Seconds,  
Tis for the followers Fortune, widens them,  
Not for the Fevers: Mark me, and do the like.  
Enter the Cati.  

1. Sol. Foole-hardineffe, nor I.  
2. Sol. Nor I.  
3. Sol. See they haue thus him in.  
Alarum continues.  
All. To th'pot I warrant him.  
Enter Titus Lartius.  
Tit. What is become of Marins?  
Alarum. (Sir) doubleffe.  
1. Sol. Following the Vaters at the very heels,  
With them he enters: who upon the sodaine  
Clapt to their Gates, he is himselfe alone,  
To answere all the City.  
Lar. Oh Noble Fellow!  
Who feenfully out-dares his fenceeleff Sword,  
And when it bowes, & fall vp: Thou art left Marins,  
A Carabanche intire: as big as thooares  
Weare not to riche a Jewell. Thou wast a Souldier  
Even to Calues with, not fierce and terrible  
Onely in strokes, but with thy grim lookes, and  
The Thunder-like percussion of thy sounds  
Thou maide thine enemies shake, as the World  
Were Feuorous, and did tremble.  

Enter Martius bleeding, assaulted by the Enemy.  
1. Sol. Looke Sir.  
Lar. O'tis Marins.  
Let's fetch him off, or make remise aliske.  
They fight, and all enter the City.  
Enter certaine Romans with sabres.  
1. Rom. This will I carry to Rome.  
2. Rom. And I this.  
3. Rom. A Marins on't, I tooke this for Siluer. extenu.  
Alarum continues still a farre off.  
Enter Martius, and Titus with a Trumpet.  
Mar. See here these masters, that doe prize their hours  
At a crack'd Drachme: Cunions, Leaden Spoons,  
Irons of a Doot, Dublets that Hangmen would  
Bury with those that wore them. These base flauges,  
Ere ye the fight be done, packe vp, downe with them.  
And harke, what noyfe the Generall makes; To him  
There is the men of my foules hate, Auffidius,  
Piercing our Romans: Then Valium: Times take  
Convenient Numbers to make good the City,  
While I with those that haue the spirit, will haste  
To helpe Cominas.  
Lar. Worthy Sir, thou bleed'st,  
Thy exercife hath him too violent,  
For a fecond 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.  
Lar. Now the faire Goddesse Fortune, (and fight.  
Fall deeper in love with thee, and her great charmes  
Misguide thy Oppossers swords, Bold Gentleman:  
Priory think thy Page.  
Mar. Thy Friend no leefe,  
Then thofe the placest highest: So farewell.  
Lar. Thou worthieff Martius,  
Go found thy Trumpet in the Market place,  
Call thither all the Officers a'th Towne,  
Where they shall know our minde. Away.  

Enter Cominas as it were in retire with soldiers.  
Com. Breath you my friends, well fought, we are come  
Like Romans, neither foolish in our fands,  
Nor Cowardly in retire: Beleeue me Sirs,  
We shall be charg'd againe. Whiles we hate strooke  
By Inirmes and conveying guftes, we haue heard  
The Charges of our Friends. The Roman Gods,  
Lead their successe, as we with our owne,  
That both our powers, with smiling Fronnis encountring,  
May give you thankfull Sacrifice. Thy Newes?  
Enter a Messinger.  
Meff. The Citizens of Coriulf have yefled,  
And gien to Lartius and to Martius Battala:  

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621
The Tragedy of Coriolanus.

I saw our party to their Trenches driven,  
And then I came away,  
Comm. Though thou speakest truth,  
Me thinks thou speakest not well. How long is't since?  
Met. About an hour, my Lord.  
Comm. 'Tis no mile; briefly we heard their drummer.  
How could't thou in a mile confound an hour,  
And bring thy Neighbors so late?  
Met. Spies of the Valles  
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheele  
Three or four miles about, else had I sist  
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter Martius.

Comm. Whole wonder!  
That do's appear as he were Fled? O, Gods,  
He has the flame of Martius, and I have  
Before time seek him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?  
Comm. The Shepherd knows not Thunder from a Taber,  
More then I know the sound of Martius Tongue  
From every hearer over man.

Martius. Come I too late?  
Comm. I, if you come not in the blood of others,  
But mantled in your owne.

Mar. Oh! let me clipp ye  
In Armes as sound, as when I wodd in heart;  
As merry, as when our Nuttiall day was done,  
And Tapers burnt to Bedward.  
Comm. The flower of our Warriors, how is't with Titus Lartius?  
Mar. As with a man buffeted about Decrees:  
Condemning some to death, and some to exile,  
Ransoming him, or pitying, threatening the other;  
Holding Cordes in the name of Rome,  
Even like a swelling Grey-hound in the Leash,  
To let him flie at will.  
Comm. Where is that Slave  
Which told me they had beat you to your Trenches?  
Where is her Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone,  
He did informe the truth; but for our Gentlemen,  
The common file, (a plague Tribunes for them)  
The Mouse ne'er found the Cat, as they did budge  
From Rattles to men when they.

Comm. But how prescind you?  
Mar. Will the time ferce to tell, I do not think;  
Where is the enemy? Are you Lords a'th Field?  
If not, why cease you till you are so?  
Comm. Martius, we have at disadvantage fought,  
And did try to win our purpose.  
Mar. How lies their Battle? Know you on't ride  
They have plac'd their men of truf?  
Comm. As I gudge Martius,  
Their Bands in Vaward are the Antients  
Of their best truf: O're them Ausfilius,  
Their very heart of Hope.  
Men. I do beleeeh you,  
By all the Tribunes wherewith we hate fought,  
By all the Blood we hate that together,  
By all the Vawes we bare made:  
To endure Friends, that you directly set me  
Against Ausfilius, and his Auxilors,  
And that you not delay the present; but  
Filling the air with Swords abroad, and Darts,  
We prove this very hour.  
Comm. Though I could wish,

You were conducted to a gentle Bath,  
And Bains applied to you, yet dare I never  
Deny your asking, take your choice of thefe  
That bea can ayde your action.  
Mar. Those are they  
That most are willing if any such be here,  
(As it was fume to doubt, that love this painting  
Wherein you fee me fient f, if any feare  
Lefen his person, then an ill report:  
If any think, brave death out-weighes bad life,  
And that his Countries deere then himselfe,  
Let him alone: Or to many fo minded,  
Wau to express his disposition,  
And follow Martius.  
They all Just and name their swords, take him up in their  
Armes, and cafl up their Caps.

Oh me alone, make you a sword of me:  
If these thewes be not outward, which of you  
But isoure Foles? None of you, but:  
(Thoukand to thanks) all: I felecut from all:  
The retz shall bear the businesse in some other fight  
(As care will be obey'd) pleae your March,  
And foure flall quickly doe out my Command,  
Which men are biff inclin'd.  
Comm. March on my Fellowes:  
Make good this offentation, and you flall  
Dunde in all, with vs.

Excett  
Titus Lartius, having fit a guard upon Corirolla, going with  
Drum and Trumpets toward Comumus, and Caius Mar-  
lius, enters with a Lieutenant, other Soulbun, and a  
Scout.

Lort. So, let the Ports be guarded; keep your Duties  
As I have let them downe. If I doe fende, dilpach  
Those Centuries to our ayd, the left will ferve  
For a short holding, if we loofe the Field,  
We cannot keep the Towne.

Lort. Fender not our care Sir.  
Lort. Hence and fhut your gates vs'on:  
Our Guards come, to the Roman Compe conduct vs. Exit  
Alarum, as on Battallie.

Enter Martius and Ausfilius at further distant.  
Mar. Ile fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee  
Worfe then a promise-breaker.  
Ouffid. We hate alike:  
Not Affrifice owes a Serpent I abhorre  
More then thy Fame and Emu. Fix thy foot.  
Mar. Let the fift fudge flie the others Slave,  
And the Gods doome him after.  
Ouff. If I flie Martius, hollow me like a Hare.  
Mar. Within thfe three hours Tullus  
Alone I fought in your Corirolla wallet,  
And made what worke I pleas'd: I'm not my blood,  
Wherein thou feell me maskt, for thy Reueenge  
Wrench up the power to the highest.  
Ouff. Were thau the Bulter,  
That was the whip of thy brag'd Progyny,  
Thou shoul'd I not feape me here.  
Here they fight, and certaine Voles come in the fyle of  
Ouffis Martius fights to be driven in breathes.  
Obficious and not valiant, you have Shamed me  
In your condemned Seconds.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Flourish. Actum. A Retreat is founded. Enter at one Door Cominius, with the Remains: At another Door Martius, with his Arms in a Scarfe.

Com. If I should think thee 'o ye this thy dayes Worke, Thou 'st not beleeue thy deeds: But let report it, Where Senators shall mingle tears with smiles, Where great Patricks shall attend, and hymn, I 'll end admire: where Ladies shall be frighted, And gladly quak'd, hear more: where the dull Tribunates, That with the fuisse Plebeans, hate thine Honors, Shall say against their hearts, We thanke the Gods Our Rome hath such a Soullidier. Yee can't shew to a Marsell of this Feast, Haung fully don'd before.

Enter Titus with his Power, from the Pursuit.

Titus Lartus. Oh Generall: Here is the Steed, wee the Caparison: Hadst thou beheld—

Martius. Pray not, nor more: My mother, who 's a Charity to extoll her Blood, When she do't 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's but effectcd his good will, Hath overtaken mine Aet.

Com. You shall not be the Grave of your desiring, Rome must know the value of her owne: There a Conceleame worke: then a Thief, No leaf but a Tradescant, To hide your doings, and to silence that, Which to the pure, and top of prayses vouch'd, Would beeme but modell: therefore I beseech you, In signe of what you are, not to reward What you have done, before our Arme heare me.

Martius. I have some Wounds upon me, and they smart To hear themselves remembred.

Com. Should they not? Well might they fele 'gainst Ingratitude, And them selves with death: of all the Horites, Whereof we have tane good, and good store of all, The Treasure in this field achieved, and Citi, Weender you the Tent, to be tane the forth, Before the common distribution, At your onely choyse.

Martius. I thank you Generall: But cannot make my heart content to take A Babe, to pay my Sword: I doe refuse it, And stand upon my common part with these, That have beheld the doing.

A long flourish. They all cry, Martius, Martius, cull up their Caps and Lawcoes: Cominius and Lartius stand bare.

Mart. Myself these fame Instruments, which you prophane, Neuer found more: when Drums and Trumpets shall 1st their proue to shew, let Countes and Cities be Made all of false-face'd soothing: When Steele grows soft, as the Parasites Silke, Let him be made an Overture for th' Waters: No more I say, for that I have not walt'd

My Note that bled, or Soy'd some debile Wretch, Which without note, here's many else have done, You flout me forth in acclamations hyperbolical, As if I could my little should be directed In prayses, fave'llt with Lyes.

Com. Too modest are you: More cruel to your good report, than grateful To vs, that gave you truly: by your patience, If 'ganst your felle you be incend'd, we 'll put you (Like one that means his proper harme) in Manacles, Then reason safely with you: Therefore be it knowne, As to vs, to all the World, That Cass Martuin Weares this Wares Garland: in token of the which, My Noble Steed, knowne to the Campes, I give him, With all his trin belonging: and from this time, For what he did before Coriades, call him, With all that applause and Clarions of the Hoist,


Omonts, Marcus Cassius Corioli. Martius. I will goe walt: And when my Pace is faire, you shall perceive Whether I blouf, or no: howber, I thank you, I meane to finde your Steed, and at all times To vnder-creft your good Addition, To th'fairence of my power.

Com. So, to our Tent: Where ere we do repose vs, we will write To Rome of our forcelfe: you Titus Lartus Mulf to Coriades backe, send vs to Rome The beft, with whom we may articulate, For their owne good, and ours,

Lartius. I shall, my Lord,

Marti. The Gods begin to mocke me: I that now refus'd most Princely gifts, Am bound to begge of my Lord Generall,

Com. Tak't, 'tis yours: what is't?

Martius. I sometimell lay here in Coriades, At a poore mans houfe: he vs'd me kindly, He cry'd to me: I saw him Prisoner: But then Affidius was within my view, And Wrath o're-whdm'd my pittie: I request you To give my poore Halt freedome.

Com. Oh well begg'd: Were he the Batcher of my Sonne, he should Be free, as is the Winde: deliuer him, Titus,

Lartius, Martius, his Name: Martius. By hiper forget: I am wene, ye, my memorie is tyr'd: Haue we no Wine here?

Com. Go we to our Tent: The bloud upon your Vifage dryes, 'tis time It should be lookt too: come.

A flourish. Cornets. Enter Titus Assidius blondie, with two or three Soullidiers.

Affi. The Towne is tane, Soold. 'Twill be deliuer'd backe on good Condition. Assif. Condition? I would I were a Roman, for I cannot, Being a Walter, he flattereth that good Condition? What good Condition can a Treasur finde I'll part that is at mercy? five times, Martius, I haue fought with thee; so often haft thou beat me; And 'd'lt do for, I think, should we encounter
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Menenius with the two Tribunes of the people, Sicinius & Brutus.

Men. The Agurer tells me, we shall have Newes to night.

Brut. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Martius.

Sicin. Nature teaches Beasts to know their Friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the Wolfe love?

Brut. The Lambe.

Men. I, to deceive him, as the hungry Plebeians would the Noble Martius.

Brut. He's a Lambe indeed, that baes like a Beare.

Men. He's a Beare indeed, that baes like a Lambe. You two are old men, tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Brut. Well ask.

Men. What in enormity is Martius poore in, that you two have not in abundance?

Brut. He's poore in one no fault, but for'd withall.

Sicin. Especially in Pride.

Brut. And taking all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: Do you two know, how you are cenured here in the City, I mean of vs with right hand file, do you?

Brut. Why ho were we cenured?

Men. Because you talke of Pride now, will you not be angry.

Brut. Well, well, for well.

Men. Why 'tis no great matter: for a very little sheele of Occasion, will rob you of a great deal of Patience; Give your dispositions the reines, and bee angry at your pleasures.(at the leaf) if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being to : you blame Martius for being proud.

Brut. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can doe, very little alone, for your hopes are many, or else your actions would growe wonderfull sly; your abilities are to intent-like as to doing much alone. You talk of Pride; Oh, that you could turn your eyes toward the Napes of your neckes, and make but an Interior survey of your good felwes. Oh that you could.

Brut. What then sir?

Men. Why then you should discover a brace of vnhonest, proud, violent, ruffe Maygers (Alia Foles) as any in Rome.

Sicin. Menestens, you are knowne well enough too.

Men. I am knowne to be a humorous Aristocrat, and one that loves a cup of hot Wine, with not a drop of slyling Tiber in't: Said, to be something imperfecket in taunting the first complaint, bally and Tinner-like upon, to triall motion; One, that counteries more with the Buttocke of the night, then with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such Weales men as you are (I cannot call you Literaters,) if the drinks you give me, touch my Pa- lat acutely, I make a crooked face at't, I can say, your Worshippes have deliver'd the matter well, when I finde the Affe in compound, with the Major part of your syllables. And though I must be content to beare with those, that say you are reuerend grace men, yet they lie deadly, that tell you have good faces, if you see this in the Map of my Microcose, follows it that I am knowne well en- enough too? What harme can your beonde Conspicuities gleane out of this Charactter, if I be knowne well en- enough too.

Brut. Come for come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither mee, your trines, nor any thing: you are ambitious, for poore knakes cappes and legges: you were out a good wholesome Forenoon, in hearing a saufe betweene an Orendge wife, and a Forsett- feller, and then returne the Counterest of three-pence to a second day of Audience. When you are hearing a matter betweene party and party, if you chance to bee pinch'd out of the Collarke, you make it to the Mump- ners, et yp the bloodie Flagge against all Patience, and in roaring for a Chamberpot, dismiss the Counterest bleeding, the more intangled by your hearing: All the peace you make in their Cadue, is calling both the parties Knaves. You are a payre of strange ones.

Brut. Come, come, you are well vnderstood to bee a perfecte gyber for the Table, then a necessary Benches in the Capitell.

Men. Our very Priests must become Mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous Subjectes as you are, when you speake best into the purpose. It is not woorth the wagging of your Beards, and your Beards defere not to the honourable a grace, as to fluffe a Botchers Cushion, or to be incomb'd in an Affet Pachers-fiddle; you must bee saying, Martius is proud: who in a cheap eedmation, is worth all your predecessors, since Duncan, though per- adventurere some of the best of 'em were hereditarie hang- men. Godden to your Worshippes, more of your concus- sation would infect my Braine, being the Heerdmen of the Beasty Plebeans. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

Brut. and Sicin.

Aside. Enter.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Enter Volumnio, Vrgil, and Valeria.

How now (my as faire as Noble) ladies, and the Moonen were shee Earthly, no Noble; whither doe you follow your Eyes to sall

Volumn. Honorable Meminio, my Boy Martino approaches; for the love of yous let's goe.

Memen. Has Martino comming home?

Volumn. I worthy Memenio, and with most prosperous approbation.

Memen. Take my Cappe Jupiter, and I thanke thee; ho! Martino comming home?

2.Ladies. Nay, his 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.

Memen. I will make my very house reel to night: A Letter for me?

Virgil. Yes certainly, there's a Letter for you, I saw't.

Memen. A Letter for me? it gives me an Estate of seuen yeeres healtch; in which case, I will make a Lippe at the Physicians: he is most lote-signe Prescriptions in Galen, but is Empericke-difquone, and to this Preferrtume, of no better report then a Horse-drench. Is he not wounded?

Volumn. He was went to come home wounded?

Virgil. Oh no, no, no,

Volumn. Oh, he is wounded! I thank the Gods for't.

Memen. So doe I too, if it be not too much: brings a Victorie in his Pocket the wounds become him.

Virgil. Oh's Browes. Memenio, hee comes the third time home with the Oaken Garland.

Memen. He is his disciple's, Androgynously?

Volumn. Tuttus Lartius writes, they fought together, but Androgynus got off.

Memen. And 'tis time for him too, Ile warrant him that: and he had flay'd by him. I would not have been't fiddious'd, for all the Cheifs in Carioles, and the Gold that in'them. Is the Senate possif of this?

Volumn. Good Ladies let's goe. Yes, yes, yes: The Senare ha's Lesters from the Gruerall, wherein hee gives my Sonne the whole Name of the Warre: he hath in this action out-done his former deeds boldly.

Vader. In troth, there's wondrous words spoke of him.

Memen. Wondrous: I, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Virgil. The Gods grant them true.

Volumn. True? now war.

Memen. True? He be swaree they are true: where is hee wounded, God save your good Worshipes? Martino is comming home; hee's more cause to be proud: where is he wounded?

Volumn. Ith Shoulder, and ith's left Arme: there will be large Cicatrice to shew the People, when hee shall stand for his place: he receiued in the repulse of Tarquin feuen hurts in Body.

Memen. One ith Neck, and two ith Thigh, there's nine that I know.

Volumn. Hee had, before this last Expedition, twentie five Wounds upon him.

Memen. Now it's twentie feuen: every gash was an Enemies Graue. Hearke, the Trumpets.

A sound, and flourish.

Volumn. These are the Vithers of Martino: Before him, hee carres Noise;

And behind him, hee leaves Teares:

Death, that darke Spirit; in's neere Arme doth yee,
Which being aduan'd, declines, and then then dyes,

A Senec. Trumpets sound.

Enter Cominio the General, and Titus Latinus; betweene them Coriolus, crowned with an Oaken Garland, with Captains and Senators, and a Harpind.

Herald. Know Rome, that all sole Martino did fight
Within Corioles Gates; where he hath wonne,

With Fame, a Name to Martino Cause:

Thee in honor follows Martino Caus Coriolus.

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolan,

Sound, Flourish.

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus.

Coriol. No more of this, it does offend my heartspay now no more.

Com. Look, Sir, your Mother.

Coriol. Ah! you have, I know petition'd all the Gods for your prosperite.

Kneels.

Volumn. Nay, my good Souldier, vp:
My gentle Martino, worthy Caus,
And by deed-achieuing Honor newly nam'd,
What is it (Coriolan) must I call thee?

But oh, why Wife.

Coriol. My gracious silence, hayle:
Wouldst thou have haughtly, had I come Coffin'd home,
That weep't to fee me triumph? Ah my deare,
Such eyes the Widows in Carioles were,
And Mothers that lacke Sonses.

Memen. Now the Gods Crowne thee.

Com. And I dje ye?ye? Oh my sweet Lady, pardon,

Volumn. I know not where to turne.

Oh welcome homeand welcome Generall,
And y're welcome all.

Memen. A hundred thousand Welcomes:
I could weep, and I could laugh,
I am light, and heaute; welcome:
A Cursive begin at very roon on's heart,
That is not glad to fee thee.

You are three, that Rome should doe on:
Yet by the faith of men, we hauce
Some old Crab-trees here at home,
That will not be grafted to your Railish,
Yet welcome Warriors:
WEE call a Nettle, but a Nettle;
And the faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Euer right.

Cor. Memenio, euer, euer.

Herald. Give way there, and goe on.

Cor. Your Hand, and yours?

Ere in our owne houfe I doe shade my Head,
The good Patricians must be vizted,
From whom I have receiued not onely greeings,
But with them,change of Honors.

Volumn. I haue list,
To fee inherited my very Vithes,
And the Buildings of my Fancie:
Onely there's one thing wanting,
Which (I doubt not) but our Rome
Will call upon thee.

Cor. Know,good Mother,
I had rather be their fervant in my way,
Then Iway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitall.

Flourish, Cortset; Exeunt in State, as before.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Enter Brutus and Scenecion.

Brut. All tongues speake of him, and the bleared sights Are spectacled to fee him. Yon prating Nure
Into a rapture let her Baby cre, When the chaps him: the Kitchin Mallic pinnes Her richest Locksam'bout her recchie necks, Clambrong the Walls to eye him:
Stalls,Butkes, Windows, are smother'd vp,
Leades fill'd, and Ridges hor'd With variable Complexions; all agreeing In earneffide to fee him: feld-showne Flamins
Doe prede among the popular Thronges, and pufe To wone a vulgar flatlon: our wyld Dames
Commit the Warre of White and Damaske
In their nicely gawded Cheekes,coth wanlon fpoyle Of Phobus burning Kifles: such a poother, As if that whatsoever God, who leades him,
Were flyly crept into his humane powers, And gave him graciefull pature.
Scen. On the fudden, I warrant him Confull.
Brutus. Then our Office may, during his power, goe sleepe.
Scen. He cannot temp'rateley transport his Honors,
From where he should begin and end, but will Lose thofe he hath wonne.

Brut. In that there's comfort.
Scen. Doubt not, The Commons, for whom we Stand, but they Upon their ancient mallice, will forget With the leaft caule, thefe his new Honors,
Which that he will give them, make 1 as little question, As he is provd to do't.

Brutus. I heard him sweare,
Were he to Stand for Confull, never would he
Appeare I'th' Market place, nor on him put The Naples Vexture of Humilitie,
Nor flewing(as the manner is) his Wounds
Toh People, begge their flinking Breaths.
Scen. 'Tis right.

Brutus. It was his word:
Oh he would miffe it, rather then carry it,
But by the suite of the Gentry to him,
And the delfire of the Nobles.

Scen. I wil not, without then have him hold that purpoe,
and to put it in execution.

Brutus. 'Tis most like he will.
Scen. It shal be to him then, as our good wills; a sure deftruction.

Brutus. So it maff fall out
To harme our Authorities, for an end.
We must urge the People, in what hatred He will haft held them; that to's power he would Have made them Mules, stained their Pleaders,
And disproportned their Freedomes; holding them, In humane Action, and Capacitie,
Of no more Soulne,not finenesse for the World,
Then Cammels in their Warre, who have their Pround Only for bearing Burthen, and loose blows For finitng under them.

Scen. This (as you saw) I suggested,
At some time, when his foraging Inclence Shall teach the People,which time shall not want,
If he be put upon; and that's as easie,
As to set Dogges on Sleepe, will be his fire
To kindle their dry Subble: and their Blaze Shall dacken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Brutus. What's the matter?
Mes. You are sent for to the Capitoll:
'Tis thought, that Marcus shall be Confull;
I have seene the dumbe men throng to see him,
And the blind to hear him speake:
Matrons flong Clotes, Ladies and Maids their Scarfe, and Handkercheifs,
Vpon him as he pass'd: the Nobles bended
As to Ines Statute, and the Commons made
A Shower, and Thunder,with their Caps, and Shotter,
I never saw the like.

Brutus. Let's to the Capitoll,
And carry with vs Eares and Eyes for'th time,
But Hearts for the event.
Scen. Hau with you,

Exeunt.

Enter two Officers, to lay Confusion, as it were, in the Capitoll.

1. Off. Come,come, they are almost here: how many stand for Confuls hips?
2. Off. Three, they say: but 'tis thought of evey one,
Coriolanus will carrie it.
1. Off. That's a brave fellow: but he's vengeance proud, and louses the common people.
2. Off. Faith, there hath bene many great men that have flower'd the people: who are leaved them; and there may be that they have leaued, they know not wherefore: so that if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground. Therefore, for Coriolanus neyther to care whether they love, or hate him, manifesteth the true knowledge he ha's in their disposition, and out of his Nobile carriage lets them plainly seek.
1. Off. If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, he were indifferently, 'twas doing them nether good, nor harme: but he seeks their hate with greater devotion, then they can render it him; and leaves nothing vndone, that may fully discover him their opposite. Now to seeme to affect the mallice and dislike of the People, is as bad, as that which he disliked, to flatter them for their love.
2. Off. Hee hath deferved worthiely of his Country, and his affent is not by such easie degrees as thole, who having bene supple and courteous to the People, Bourned, without any further deed, to have them at all into their affirmation, and report: but hee hath so plante his Honors in their Eyes, and his actions in their Hearts, that for their Tongues to be silent, and not confesse so much, were a kind of ingratefull Intemper to report otherwise, were a Mallice, that giving it selfe the Lye, would plucke reprofe and rebuke from every Eare that heard it.
1. Off. No more of him, he's a worthy man; make way, they are coming.

A Scenem Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the People, Li'lors before them: Coriolanus, Silentiae, Cominius the Conful; Scenecion and Brutus take their places by themselves: Corio-
lanus flound.

Menen. Hauing determin'd of the Volces,
And to send for Titus Lartius: it remains,
As the maine Point of this our after-meeting,

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The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

To graff his Noble seruice, that hath
That bond for his Country, Therefore prays, you
Most reuerend and grave Elders, to defile
The present Confuill, and left Generalis,
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy Wrode, perform'd
By Martius and Coriolanus: whom
We meet here, both to thanke, and to remember,
With Honors like himselfe.

1. Sen. Speake, good Commons. I came nothing out for length, and make vs thinke Rather our blates desirous for requital,
Then we to stretch it out. Matters is't People, We do requite your kinder care's: and after
Your louing motion toward the common Body,
To yield what paies here.

Sen. We are commented upon a pleasing Theatre, and
Have house incommensurable to honor and advance the theme of
our Assembly.

Brutus. With which the rather we shall be blest to do, if
He remember a kinder value of the People, then he hath hereto priz'd them at.

Menas. That's off, that's off: I would you rather had
been stilte: Please you to heare Commonwealth speake.

Brutus. Most willingly: but yet my caution was
more pertinent then the retribution you give it.

Menas. He loves your People, but eye him not to be their
Bed-fellow: Worthy Commons speake.

Coriolanus rizes, and offers to goe out.

 Nay, keepe your place.

Sen. Sit Coriolanus: never shame to heare
What you have Nobly done.

Coriol. Your Honors pardon: I had rather base my Wounds in he'd againe,
Then here to speake how I got them.

Brutus. But, hope my words dis-commend you not?

Coriol. No Sir: yet off,
When blowes have made me flay'd, I fled from words.
You fowld not, therefore hurt not: but your People,
I loose them as they weigh.

Menas. Pray now fit downe.

Coriol. I had rather have one scratch my Head in the Sun,
When the Atroce were strucken in signe fit.

To hear my Nothing moulded. Exit Coriolanus

Menas. Masters of the People,
Your multiplying Spawne, how can be flatter?
That's thousand to one good one, when you now fee.
He had rather venture all his Limbes for Honor,
Then on ones Eares to heare it. Proceed Commonwealth.

Com. 1 shall haue your vociest yeeds of Coriolanus:
Should not be vever alack? it is hel'd,
That Valour is the chiefet Vertue,
And most dignifies the bauer: if it be,
The man I speake of, cannot in the World
Be singily counter-poy'd. At sixtene yeares,
When Tarquin made a Head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the marble of others: our then Dictator,
Whom with all prayse I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian Shinn he drove
The brised Limpe before him: he beleefid
An or-es-presed Roman, and that Coriolus view'd
Slew three Opposers: Tarquin fell he met,
And shriueke on his Knee: in that dayes feares,
When he might al the Woman in the Scene,
He prou'd belman I'this Field, and for his meed
Was Brow-bound with the Oakes. His Papil age

Man-entered thus, he waked like a Sea,
And in the brust of a scene Battle, since,
He lurched all Swords of the Garland: for that left,
Before, and in Coriolas, let me say
I cannot speake him home: he flaps the flyer,
And by his rare example made the Coward
Turne terror into sport: as Weeds before
A Veil'd under payer, to men obay'd,
And fell below this Stem: he Sword, Deaths stompe,
Where it did marke, it couke from face to foot:
He was a thing of Blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd with dying Guiss: alone he entred
The mortall Gate of the Citty, which he painted
With flame's effusion: aydaete came off,
And with a sudden re-inforcement shriueke
Coriolas like a Planet: now all this,
When by and by the dinne of Warrs gan pierce
His readie sense: then straight his doubled spinet
Requicken'd, what in feth was frighte, and
To the Battle came he, where he did
Runne recking on'the flues of men as if were
A perpetall spoyler: and till we call'd
Both Field and Citty ours, he never stood
To eafe his Breath with panting.

Menas. Worthy man.

Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the Honors
which we deuife him.

Com. Our peoples he kicks at,
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common Muck of the World: he coues leffe
Then Miferie is felle would giue, rewards his deeds
With doing them, and it conten'ts
To prey'd the time, to end it.

Menas. He's right Noble, let him be call'd ffor.
Sen. Call for Coriolanus.

Off. He dont appeare.

Enter Coriolanus.

Menas. The Senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd to make thee
Conful.

Carta. I doe owe them all, and my life, and services.

Menas. It then remaunt's, that you doe speake to the
People.

Carta. I doe beseech you,
Let me releape that cuffame: for I cannot
Put on the Gowne, and naked, and entreat them
For my Wounds fake, to give their suffrage:
Please you that I may paife this doing.

Sen. Sir, the people must hae their Voyces,
Neither will theybrate one lot of Ceremony.

Sen. Put them not touc'ke:
Pray you goe fit you to the Curllome,
And take to your, as your Preeedecessors have,
Your Honor with your forme.

Carta. It is a part that I shal blash in, aying,
And might well be taken from the People.

Brutus. Mark ye that.

Carta. To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus
Shew them th': making Sake, which I should hide,
As if I had receiued this for the byre
Of their breath only:

Menas. Doest not stand upon's?
We recommend to you Tribunes of the People
Our purpose to them, and to our Noble Conful
With we all Joy, and Honor.

Sen. To
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Senec. To Coriolanus come all joy and Honor.

Enter Euriail, Cornelia. Then Exequel, Menen Sticanus and Brutus.

Brut. You see how he intends to win the people.

Senec. May he perceive his intent; he will require them As if he did containe what he requested, Should be in them to giue.

Brut. Come, we'll informe them

Of our proceedings here on th'Market place,

I know they do attend vs.

Enter Juno or eight Citizens.

1 Cit. Once if he do require our voyces, wee ought not to deny him.

2 Cit. We may Sir if we will.

3 Cit. We have power in our felues to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do: For, if he shew vs his vounds, and tell vs his deeds; we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speake for them: So if he tell vs his Noble deeds, we must also tell him our Noble acception of them. Ingratitude is nothrus, and for the multitude to be ingratefull, were to make a Moniter of the multitude; of the which, we being members, should bring our felues to be monstrous members.

4 Cit. And to make vs no better thought of a little helpe will let us: for once we flood vp about the Corne, he himselfe flucke not to call vs the madly headed Multitudes.

5 Cit. We have beene call'd fo many, not that our heads are some browne, some blacke, some Abram, some bald; but that our wis is so duerly Coulu'd; and truly I think, if all our witters were to issue out of one Scull, they would flye East, West, North, South, and their con- tent of our direct way, should be at once to all the points at Campsafe.

6 Cit. Think ye so? Which way do you judge my wit would flye.

7 Cit. Nay your wit will not so foam out as another mans will, 'tis strongly wadg'd up in a blocke-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould turne Southward.

8 Cit. Why that way?

9 Cit. To look into it as a Finger, where being of the parts melted away with rotten Dewes, the tooth hyd returns for Confidence sake, to helpe to get thee a Wife.

10 Cit. You are neuer without your trickes, you may, you may.

11 Cit. Are you no resolved to giue your voyces? But that's no matter, the greater part caries it, I say. If he would incline to the people, there was neuer a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus in a Garre of Humilitie, with Mercenary.

Here he comes, and in the Gowne of humilitie, made his behovell: we are not to fly altogether, but to come by him where he stands: by ones, by twos, & by three.

He's to make his requells by particulars, whereon every one of vs has a fagge I honour, in gining him our own voi- ces with our owne tongues therefore follow me, and he direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content.

Men. Oh Sir, you are not right-hauing you not knowne

The worthieft men have done?

Corio. What must I lay, I pray Sir?

Plague upon't, I cannot bring my tongue to such a pace. Looke Sir, my wounds, I go them in my Countries Venice, when I some certaene of your Brethren would, and care.

From the noise of our owne Drummes.

Men. Oh me the Gods, you must not speak of that,

You must defire them to thinke upon you.

Corio. Thynke upon me? Hang'em, I could make them forget me, like the Verrus

Which our Dutines lofe by em.

Men. You'll marke all,

He leave you? I pray you speake to em, I pray you

In wholsome manner.

Enter three of the Citizens.

Corio. Bid them wash their Faces,

And keepe their teeth cleane: So here comes a brace, You know the caufe (Sir) of my flanding here.

3 Cit. We do Sir, tell vs what hath brought you'to.

Corio. Mine owne defect.

2 Cit. Your owne defect.

Corio. But mine owne desire.

3 Cit. How not your owne desire?

Corio. No Sir, I was neuer my desire yet to trouble the poor with begging.

3 Cit. You must think if we giue you any thing, we hope to gaine by you.

Corio. We'll then prays your price shall.

1 Cit. The price is, to sake it kindly.

Corio. Kindly Sir, I prays me not: I have wounds to shew you, which shall be lett yours in private: your good voice Sir, what pay you?

2 Cit. You shall have a worthy Sir.

Corio. A match Sir, there is in all two worthie voyces begg'd: I have your Almes, Adieu.

3 Cit. But this is something odd.

2 Cit. And woot to give against: but this is no matter.

Enter a water Citizens.

Corio. Prays you now, if it may stand with the tone of your voices, that I may see Conful, I have heare the Commonarie Gowne.

1. You have deferved Nobly of your Country, and you have not deferved Nobly.

Corio. Your Aegigma.

2. You have bin a scourge to her enemies, you have bin a Rod to her Friends, you have not indeed loved the Common people.

Corio. You should account mee the more Vertuous, that I have not bin common in my Love, I wil stirr my wife Brother the people to esume a better estima- tion of them, it's a condition they account gentle. & since the wifedome of their choice, is rather to have my Hat, then my Heart, I will preside the interest and, and be of them most courteously, that is say, I will counter- forest the bewitchings of some popular man, and giue it boundsfull to the defires: Therefore before you, I may be Conful:

2. Wee hope to find you our friend: and therefore giue you our voices heartily.

1. You have receu'd many, wounds for your Coun- try.

Corio. I will not Scale your knowledge with shewing them, I will make much of your voyces, and trouble you no farther.

Bath. The Gods giue you joy Sir heartily.

Corio. Moll sweet Voyces.

Better it is to dy, better to stene,

Then eraze the higher, which first we do defende.

Why in this Woolfust tongue should I stand here,

To begge of Hob and Dick, that does appeare Their
Their needleless Vouches; Custome calls me too,  
What Custome wills in all things, should we do not?  
The Dust on antique Time would lye vanwep,  
And mountainous Error be too highly heape,  
For Truth to o're-peeere. Rather then foot it fo,  
Let the high Office and the Honor go  
To one that would doe thus. I am halfe through,  
The one part suffered, the other will I doe.  
Enter three Citizens more.  
Here come more Voyces.  
Your Voyces? for your Voyces I have sought,  
Watch for your Voyces: for your Voyces, bear  
Of Wounds, two dozen ode: Battailes three six  
I have seen, and heard of: for your Voyces,  
Hau one d Mund things, some leffe, some more:  
Your Voyces? Indeed I would be Confull.  

1. Cit. Hee ha's done Nobly, and cannot goo without  
any honours man Voyces.  
2. Cit. Therefore let him be Confull: the Gods give  
him joy, and make him good friend to the People.  
All, Amen, Amen. God faue thee, Noble Confull,  
Cora. Worthy Voyces.  

Enter Meneius, with Brutus and Semius.  

Mene. You have flood your Limitation:  
And the Tribunes endue you with the Peoples Voyce,  
Remains, that in th' Official Markes invested,  
You anon doe meet the Senates.  
Cora. Is this done?  

Seiun. The Custome of Requeall you haue discharged:  
The People doe admit you, and are un谟ion'd  
To meet anon, upon your approbation.  
Cora. Where? at the Senate-house?  
Seiun. There, Coria.  
Cora. May I change these Garments?  
Seiun. You may-Sir.  
Cora. That Ile straight doe: and knowing my selfe again,  
Repayce toth' Senate-house.  
Mene. Ile keepes you company, Will you along?  
Brut. We stay here for the People.  
Seiun. Fare you well.  

Exeunt Coria, and Mene.  
He ha's it now: and by his Looks, me thinkes,  
Tis warme at's heart.  
Brut. With a proud beset he wore his humble Weeds:  
Will you dissimule the People?  

Enter the Plebeians.  

Seiun. How now, my Matters, haue you chose this man?  
1. Cit. He ha's our Voyces, Sir.  
Brut. We pray the Gods, he may defteere your loues,  
2. Cit. Amen, Sir; to my poore unworthy notice,  
He mock'd vs, when he begg'd our Voyces.  
3. Cit. Certainly, he swowet vs downe-right,  
4. Cit. No, thet his kind of speech, he did not mock vs.  
5. Cit. Not one amongt vs, faue your selfe, but fayes  
He vs'd formellly: he should haue shew'd vs  
His Markes of Merit, Wounds receiv'd for his Country.  
Seiun. Why so he did, I am sure.  
6. Cit. No, no man saw'em.  
7. Cit. Hee saide hee had Wounds,  
Which he could shew in private:  
And with his Hat, thus waving it in fcore,  
I would be Confull, fayes he: aged Custome,  
But by your Voyces, will not so permit me.  
Your Voyces therefore: when we granteed that,  
Here was, I thank ye for your Voyces, thank ye.  

Your most sweet Voyces now you haue left your Voyces,  
I have noe further with you. Was not this mockerie?  
Seiun. Why eyther were you ignorant to see?  
Or seeing it, of such Childifh friendinelle,  
To yeld your Voyces?  
Brut. Could you not haue tolde him,  
As you were illust in: When he had no Power,  
But was a pere to the State,  
He was your Enemie, ever spake against  
Your Libertie, and the Charters that you bear  
Th' body of the Weale: and now arriving  
A place of Potency, and sway o'th' State,  
If he should fill instanliely remaine  
Fast foes though Plebeian, your Voyces might  
Be Curtes to your fethes. You should haue said,  
That as his worthy deeds did clayne no leffe  
Then what he flood for: for his gracious nature  
Would shoke upon you, for your Voyces,  
And transfix his Mallice towards you, into Lour,  
Standing your friendly Lord,  
Seiun. Thus to have said,  
As you were fore-adoys'd, had toucht his Spirit,  
And try'd his Inclinations from him pluckt  
Eyther his gracious Promise, which you might  
As cause had call'd you vp, haue hold him to;  
Or else it would have giff'd his first fasure,  
Which easily endures not Article,  
Tying him to ought, so purting him to Rage,  
You should haue to the advantage of his Choller,  
And paid him vnexcepted,  
Brut. Did you perceive,  
He did foillicate you in free Contemp.  
When he did need your Loues: and doe you thinke,  
That his Contemp shall not be bruising to you,  
When he hath power to cruith Why, had your Bodies  
No Heart among you? Or had you Tongues, to cry  
Against the Reftorfhip of Judgement?  
Seiun. Have you ere now, deny'd the asker:  
And now againe, of him that did not ask, but mock;  
Bellow your fa'd. for Tongues?  
3. Cit. Hee's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.  
4. Cit. And will deny him?  
He haue five hundred Voyces of that sound.  
1. Cit. I twice five hundred, & their friends, to piece 'em.  
Brut. Get you hence, if you, and tell those friends,  
They haue chose a Confull, that will from them take  
Their Liberties, make them of no more Voyce  
Then Dogges, that are as often beat for barking,  
As therefore kept to doe so.  
Seiun. Let them affembles: and on a safer Judgement,  
All teake your ignorant elections! Enforce his Pride,  
And his old Hate vnto you: besides, forget not  
With what Contemp he wore the humble Weeds,  
How in his Stic he scorn'd your but your Loues,  
Thinking upon his Services, sucke from you  
That apprehension of his present portance,  
Which most gibly, yvngrefully, he did fashion  
After the inutterate Hate he bearst you.  
Brut. Lay a fault to your Tribunes,  
That we laboure (no impediment betweene)  
But that you must cast your Election on him.  
Seiun. Say you chose him, more after our commandment,  
Then as guided by your owne true affections, and that  
Your Minds pre-occupy'd with what you rather muft do,  
Then what you shou'd, made you against the grappe  
To Voyce him Confull. Lay the faile on vs.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Brut. I spare vs not: Say, we read Lectures to you;
How youngly he began to serve his Country,
How long continued, and what flocks he springes of,
The Noble Hous o' th' Maritians: from whence came
That Ancil Mortius, Ninian Daughters Sonne:
Who after great highdion here was King,
Of the same House Rubius and Quinatus were,
That our belte Water,brought by Conoids hitter,
And Nobly nam'd, so twice being Centor,
Was his great Ancestor.
Seec. One thus desceded,
That hath besides well in his perfon wrougth,
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have found,
Skaling his present bearing with his past,
That here is your fixed enemie; and reuoke
Your faldaine approbation.
Brut. Say you reed don't,
(Harpe on that fall) but by our putting on:
And presently, when you have drawne your number,
Repair to' th' Capitoll.
All. We will so: almost all repent in their election,
Except Plebeians.
Brut. Let them go on:
This Mutiny were better put in hazard,
Then payd doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refuall, both obfcur and anuver
The vantage of his anger.
Seec. Toth'Capitoll, come:
We will be there before the fireame o' th' People:
And this shall feme, as partly by their owne,
Which we have goaded on-ward,

Actus Tertius.

Camer. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, all the Gentyl,
Comonw, Tullus Latinus, and other Senators.
Corio. Tullus Auffius then had made new head,
With them he had his Lord, and that it was which caus'd
Our wifter Computation.
Corio. So then the Voices fland but as at first,
Readie when time shall prompt them, to make roade
Vpon's againe.
Com. They are worne (Lord Confull) so,
That we shall hardly in our ages fee
Their Banners waie againe.
Corio. Say you Auffius?
Latin. On safegard he came to mee, and did curse
Against the Voices, fat they had so wildly
Yelded the Towne: he is retcyd to Antium.
Corio. Spoke he of me?
Latin. He did, my Lord.
Corio. How? what?
Latin. How often he had met you Sword to Sword:
That of all things vpon the Earth, he hated
Your perfon moff: Thas he would payne his fortunes
To hopefull refuution, so lie might
Be call'd your Vanguisher.
Corio. At Antium lyes he?
Latin. At Antium.
Corio. I wish I had a caufe to fecke him there,
To oppose his hysted fully, Welcome home.
Eneter Scenius: sad firminus.
Behold, these are the Tribunes of the People,
The Tongues o' th' Common Mouth. I do despise them:
For they doe pranke them in Authoritie,
Against all Noble sufferance,
Seec. Passie no further.
Cor. Hal! what is that?
Brut. It will be dangerous to gaze on- No further.
Corio. What makes this change?
Men. The matter?
Corio. Hath he not pafs'd the Noble, and the Common?
Brut. Commit's no.
Corio. Have I had Childrens Voyces?
Seec. Tribunes gave way, he shall toth' Market place.
Brut. The People are incend'd against him.
Seec. Stop, or all will fall in breyle.
Corio. Are these your Heard?
Mulf these haue Voyces, that can yeeld them now,
And straight disfaim their towngs? what are your Offices?
You been their Meathers, why rule you not their Teeth?
Have you not fet them on?
Men. Be calm, he calme,
Corio. It is a purport'd thing, and growes by Plot,
To curbe the will of the Nobilites:
Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor euer will be ruled.
Brut. Call'st not a Plot:
The People cry you mockt them: and of late,
When Corio was gien them greats, you repair'd,
Scandal'd the Suppliants: for the People, call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to Noblesse,
Corio. Why this was knowne before.
Brut. Not to them all.
Corio. Have you inform'd them sitheence?
Brut. How? I informe them?
Corio. You are like to doe much businesse.
Brut. Not unlike each way to better yours.
Corio. Why then should I be Conful by yond Clouds
Let me defende so all as you, and make me
Your fellow Tribune.
Seec. You shew too much of that,
For which the People thare: if you will passe
To where you are bound, you must enquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit,
Or neuer be to Noble as a Conful,
Nor yoke with him for Tribune.
Men. Let's be calm.
Com. The People are absu'd: let on this patlirizing
Becomes not Rome: nor his Coriollus
Defend'd this do dishonest'd Rob, layd falsely
This plain, Why way of his Merit.
Corio. Tell me of Corne: this was my speech,
And I will speake't againe.
Men. Not now, not now.
Seec. Not in this heat; Sir, now.
Corio. Now as I live, I will,
My Noble friends, I truste their pardons:
For the murde ranke-ten'd Mynes,
Let them regard me, as I do not flatter,
And therein behold themselves: I say againe,
In soothing them, we nourish' gaine our Senate
The Cockle of Rebellion, Influence,Sedition,
Which we our felues have plow'd for, so'w'd & flatter'd,
By mingling them with vs, the honor'd Number,
Who lack not Vertue, nor Power, but that
Which they have ower-given to Beggers.
Men. Well, no more.
Seec. No more words, we beseech you.
Corio. How? no more? A
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

As for my Country, I have died my blood,
Not fearing outward force; So tall my Lungs,
Coin words still till their decay, against th'o'th M decentral
Which we ordain, should Tetter vs, yet fought
The very way to catch them.

Bro. You speake a' th'people, as if you were a God,
To punifh; Not a man, of their Infamy,
Sen. 'Twere well we let the people know't.
Maur. What, what? His Choller?
Cor. Choller! Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By lone, 'twould be my mind.

Sen. It is a minde that shall remain a poiton
Where it is; not poifton any further.
Cor. Shall remaine?

Heres you this Triton of the Minnows? Mark ye
His absolute Shall?

Cor. 'Twas from the Cannon.

Cor. Shall? O God! but most unwise Patricians: why
You graste, but weak'lefe Senators, have you thus
Gure, here to chose an Officer,
That with his peremptory Small, being but
The horse, and noife o' th' Monfters, wants not Spirit
To fay, hett'urn your Current in a ditch,
And make your Channell his? If he have power,
Then vife your Ignorance: If none, awake
Your dangerous Latency. If you are Lear'd,
Be not as common felf; if you are not,
Let them have Cuthions by you. You are Plebeians,
If they be Senators: and they are no leffe,
When both your voices blended, the great'ft tale
Most palliates theirs. They choose their Magiftrates,
And fhould one as he, who puts his Shall,
His popular Shall, againft a grauer Bench
Then euer frownd in Greece. By loue himfelfe,
It makes the Confuls base; and my Soule,akes
To know, when two Authorities are vp,
Neither fupreme; How foone Confufion
May enter 'twixt the gap of Both, and take
The one by th'o'ther.

Sen. Well, on to'th Market place.
Cor. Who euer gueze that Confu'll, to give forth
The Comme a' th' State-house graffis, as 'twas v'd
Sometimes in Greece.

Sen. Well, well, no more of that.
Cor. Thogh there the people had more absolute powre
I fay they norifht disobedience; fed, the ruin of the State.

Bro. Why hall the people giue
One that speakes thus, their voyage?
Cor. Ile giue my Reasons,
More worther then their Voyces. They know the Conre
Was not our recompence, reftoring well affd'd.
They me'd furce for't; being prifon'th' Warre,
Even when the Naual of the State was tocht'd,
They would not thed the Gates: This kinde of Service
Did not deferve Corne graffis. Being th'o' Warre,
There Mutinies and Mutinies, wherein th'yhow'd
Moff Valour spoke not for them. Th' Accution
Which they have often made, againft the Senate,
All cause vnhorde, could never be the Nation.
Of our fo frrake Donation. Well, what then?
How fhall this Bonome-multiplied, digfeft
The Senates Couttefe? Let deeds exprefle
What's like to ebe their words, We did requere it,
We are the greatefe polec, and in true fear
They giue to our demands. Thus we debate
The Nature of ourSeats, and make the Rubble

Call our Care, Peares, which will in turn
Breake ope the Lockes a' th'Senate, and bring in
The Growes that lie the Eagles.

Mene. Come enough.

Bro. Enough, with our meafure.
Cor. No, take more.

What may be iomeone by, both Divine and Humane;
Scale what I end withall. This double worship,
Wiprepe part do's difhonne with care, the other
Infer without all reafon; where Gentry, Title, wisdom
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general Ignorance, it muft omit.

Resl Necessities, and give way the while
To visible Slightneffe. Purpose to banish:
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore becauie you,
You that will be leffe fearfull, then differes,
That love the fundamental part of State
More then you doubt the change on't: That prefere
A Noble life, before a Long, and With.

To humpe a Body with a dangerous Physicke.
That's sure of death without it: at once pluck out
The Multiplind Tongue, let them not lice
The fwer which is their poifton. Your diuinion
Mangles true judgement, and bernes the State
Of that Integrity which Should becomen't:
Not having the power to do the good it would
For that which doth confirm.

Bro. Has fail'd enough.

Sen. Ha's spoken like a Traitor, and fhall answer
As Traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch, defpifg ore-whalme thee:
What fhould the people do with thefe bald Tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience failes
To th'greater Bench, in a Rebellion:
When what's not meere, but what muft be, was Law,
Then were they choisen: in a better house,
Let what is meet, be faide it muft be meet,
And know their power t'h'duft,

Mene. Manifeft Trefon.

Sen. This a Confull? No.

Enter an Edile.

Bro. The Ediles hoe: Let him be apprehended:

Sen. Go call the people, in whose name my Selfe
Attach thee as a Traitorous Innovator
A Fou to'th publike Weale. Obey I charge thee,
And follow to thine anfwer.

...CorioianUs,

...CorioianUs,

...CorioianUs,
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Seii. Hear me, People peace.

All. Let's here our Tribune: peace, speak, speak, speak.

Seii. You are at point to lose your Liberties:

Martiun would have all from you; Martius,

Whom late you have nam'd for Consull,

Murt. Fie, fie, fie, this is the way to kindle, not to quench.

Sen. To unbuid the City, and to lay all flat.

Seii. What is the City, but the People?

All. True, the People are the Citie.

Brut. By the content of all, we were established the Peoples Magistrates.

All. You so remaine.

Murt. And so are like to doe.

Con. That is the way to lay the City flat.

To bring the Roofs to the Foundation,

And burne all, which yet distinctly raunges

In heapes, and piles of Ruine.

Seii. This deferves Death.

Brut. Or let vs stand to our Authoritie,

Or let vs lose it: we doe here pronounce,

Vpon the part of People, in whole power

We were elected theirs, Martius is worthy

Of prefent Death.

Seii. Therefore lay hold of him:

Beat his bofe Rock Tarpeian, and from thence

Into destruction call him.

Brut. Abdites seize him.

All Plt. Yeeld Martius, yeeld.

Murt. Hear me one word, beleeche you Tribunals,

heare me but a word.

Abdites. Peace, peace.

Murt. Be that you feeme, truly your Countries friend,

And tempomately proceed to what you would

Thus violently reddresse.

Brut. Sir, thofe cold ways,

That seem like prudent helpe, are very poysonous,

Where the Difcase is violent.

Lay hands upon him,

And beare him to the Rock. Corso draws his Sword.

Cenio. No, No, die here:

There's frene among you have beholden me fighting,

Come trie your felves, what you have feene me.

Murt. Downe with that Sword, Tribunals withdravw a while.

Brut. Lay hands upon him.

Murt. Helpe Martius, helpe you that be noble, helpe him young and old.

All. Downe with him, downe with him. Exeunt

In this Maccius, the Tribunals, the Abdites, and the People are best in.

Murt. Go, get you to your House, be gone, away.

All will be naught else.

Sen. Get you gone.

Con. Stand tall, we haue as many friends as enemies.

Murt. Shall it be put to that?

Sen. The Gods forbid:

I perceive noble friends, home to thy House,

Leave vs to cut this Case.

Murt. For vs is a Sore vp vs,

You cannot Tent your felles, be gone, be feth you.

Corso. Come Sir, along with vs.

Murt. I would they were Barbarians, as they are,

Though in Rome litter'd: not Romans, as they are not,

Though called Pit'forch o' th' Capitoll.

Be gone, put not your worthy Rage into your Tongue,
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

The man I am.

Volumn. Oh, sir, sir, sir, I would have had you put your power well on
Before you had worn it out.

Corio. Let it go.

Volumn. You might have beene enough the man you are,
With withtringe lye to be so: Leyer had bin
The things of your disposition, if
You had not slew them how ye were disposed,
Ere they lack'd power to eolleve you.

Corio. Let them hang.

Volumn. I, and burn't they too.

Enter Menenius with the Senators,

Men. Come, come, you have bin too rough, lemthing too rough: you must returne, and mend it.

Sin. There's no remedy,

Vnleffe by not to doing, our good Citie

Cleanse in the midd'it, and periah.

Volumn. Pray, be content'd:
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
Yet but 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 fit at'time caues it as Physick.
For the whole State, I would put mine Armour on,
Which I can bear the lease.

Corio. What must I do I?

Men. Returne to th'Tribunes.

Corio. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent, what you have spoke.

Corio. For them, I cannot do it to the Gods,
Must I then doe't to them?

Volumn. You are too absolute,
Though therein you can never be too Noble,
But when extremeties speake. I have heard you say,
Honor and Policy, like vnfee'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. Tell'th truth.

Men. A good demand.

Volumn. If it be Honor in your Warres, to seeme
The fame you are not, which for your best ends
You adopt your policy: How is't leftt or worse
That it shall hold Companionship in Peace
With Honour, as in Warre; since that to both
It stands in like request.

Corio. Why force you this?

Volumn. Because, that
Now it lyes you on to speake to th'people:
Not by your owne infracion, nor by th'matter
Which your heart prompts you, but with such words
That are but rooted in your Tongue;
Though but Baffards, and Syllabies
Of no allowance, to your behoves truth.

Now, this no more diffhones you at all,
Then to take in a Towne with gentle words,
Which elle would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.

Iwould dissemble with my Nature, where
Me Fortunes and my Friends at flake requir'd
I should do so in Honor. I am in this

III. i. 293—III. ii. 64
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

The Glafs of my Eare.

And by my Bodies a'thon, teach my Minde
A most inherent Bainehee.

Volans. At thy choice then:
To begge of thee, it is my more dit-honor,
Then thou of them. Come all to ruine, let
Thy Mother rather feel thy Pride, then feare
Thy dangerous Stoutnesse: for I mocke at death
With as bigge heart as thou. Do as thou list,
Thy Vallantesse was mine, thou fuck't it from me:
But owe thy Pride thy selfe.

Cor. Pray be content:
Mother, I am going to the Market place:
Chide me no more. Ile Mountebank his Loutes,
Cogg their Heads from them, and come home belou'd
Of all the Trades in Rome. Looke, I am going:
Commend me to my Wife, ile returne Confoll,
Or neuer truth to what my Tongue can do
I th'way of Flattery further.

Volans. Do thy will,
Exit Volans.

Senen. Haue ye the Tribunes do attend you arm your selfe
To answer mildely: for they are prepar'd
With Accusations, as I hear more strong:
Then are upon you yet.

Cor. The wordis, Mildely. Pray you let vs go,
Let them accuse me by inuention: I
Will answer in mine Honor.

Volans. I, but mildly.

Cor. Well mildly be it then, Mildely. Exeunt.

Enter Senecius and Brutus.

Sen. In this point charge him home, that he afflicts
Tyranical power: If he evade vs there,
Inforce him with his enuis to the people,
And that the Spoile got on the Ancient
Was ne'er distributed. What, will he come?

Enter as Edile.

Edile. Here's comming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Edile. With old Menenius, and those Senators
That always favourd him.

Senen. Have you a Catalogue
Of all the Voice, that we have procur'd, let downe by

Edile. I have 'tis ready. (Pole)

Sen. Have you collected them by Tribes?

Edile. I have.

Senn. Affirmable performently the people hither:
And when they hear me say, it shall be so,
I'll light and strength a bitt Commissions, be it either
For Death, for fine, or Banishment, then let them
If I say Fine, cry Fine; if Death, cry Death,
Inflaming on the olde pretogatiae
And power of truth ath Gaule,

Edile. I shall informe them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a divine confus'd
Inforce the present Execution
Of what we chance to Sentence.

Edile. Very well.

Senen. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint
When we shall hap to giu'them.

Bru. Go about it,
Put him to Chisseler straite, he hath bene v'd
Euer to conquer, and to hause his wits
Of contradiction. Being once chaff'd, he cannot
Be turn'd againe to Temperance, then he speakes

III. ii. 65—III. iii. 28
What's in his heart, and that is there which looks
With vs to break his neck.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with others.

Sicin. Well, here he comes.

Corto. Calmly, I do beseech you,

Corio. I, as an Hostler, that fourth poorest piece
Will bear the Knaue by th' Volume:

Th'honor'd Goddes
Keepe Rome in safety, and the Chafes of Justice
Supplied with worthy men, plant none amongs
Through our large Temples with 5 thieves of peace
And not our streets with Warre.


Men. A Noble wish.

Enter the Edits with the Plebeians.

Sicin. Draw near ye people.

Edits. Lift to your Tribunes. Audience.

Peace I say.

Corio. First hear me speake.

BothTri. Well, say : Peace hee.

Sicin. Shall I be charg'd no further then this present?

Must all determine here?

Sicin. I do demand,
By you submit to the peoples voices,
Allow their Officers, and are content
To suffer lawfull Charges for such faults
As shall be prou'd upon you.

Corio. I am Content.

Men. Lo Citizens, he fayes he is Content.

The warlike Service he ha's done, confider: Think
Upon the wounds his body beares, which flew
Like Graues i'th holy Church-yard.

Corio. Scratches with Briars, fears to move
Lachery onely.

Men. Consider further:
That when he speakes not like a Citizen,
You finde him like a Soldier: do not take
His rougher Actions for malicious founds:
But as I say, such as become a Soldier,
Rather then envy you.

Corio. Well, well, no more.

Corio. What is the matter,
That being past for Consull with full voyce:
I am so disinclined, that the very howre
You take it off again.

Sicin. Answer to vs.

Corio. Say then: 'tis true, I ought fo

Sicin. We charge you, that you have contribut'd to take
From Rome all fea'n'd Office, and to winde
Your felle into a power tyrannical,
For which you are a Traitor to the people.

Corio. How? Traitor?

Men. Nay temperately : your promise.

Corio. The fires thou'lowell hell, Fould in the people:
Call me their Traitor, thos intuirous Tribune,
Within thine eyes, I fay twice thou fhouldst be:
In thy hands clutches : as many Millions in
Thy lying tongue, both numbers. I would say
Thou fleyf into thee, with a voice as free,
As I do pray the Gods.

Sicin. Make you this people?

All. To'th Rocke, to'th Rocke with him.

Sicin. Peace:
We neede not put new matter to his charge:
What you have feene him do, and heard him speake:

Beating your Officers, cursing your selues,
Opposing Laws with frowndes, and here defying
Those whole great power must try him,
Even this fo criminal, and in fuch capittall kinde
Deferves th'extreamest death.

Brut. But fince he hath ferd'well for Rome.

Corio. What do you prate of Service.

Brut. I tale of that, that know it.

Corio. You?
Men. Is this the promise that you made your mother.

Com. Know, I pray you.

Corio. Ile know no further:
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabanxit, Fleeing, pent to linger
But with a graine a day, I would not buy
Their mercie, at the price of one faire word,
Nor checke my Courage for what they can give,
To haue't with faying, Good morrow.

Sicin. For that he ha's

(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Lun'd against the people; seeking means
To plucke away their powers : as now at last,
Given Hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the Minifters
That doth distribuite it. In the name al't people,
And in the power of al's the Tribunes, wee
(E'en from this infant) with him our Citi
In peril of precipituous
From all the Rocke, Tarpeian, nother more
To enter our Rome gates. I, a Peoples name,
I say it shall bee fo.

All. It shall be fo, it shall be fo: let him away:

Hes' banish'd, and it fn.'ll be fo.

Com. Heare me my Mifters, and my common friends.

Sicin. He's enter'd: No more hearing.

Com. Let me speake.

I have beene Consull, and can shew from Rome
Her Enemies makes upon me. I do loue
My Countries good, with a respect or tender.
More hely, and profound, then mine owne life,
My deere Wives esteemme, her wombs recreale,
And treasur of my Loyalty then I would
Speake that.

Sicin. We know your drift. Speake what?

Brut. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd
As Enemy to the people, and his Countrie.

It shall bee fo.

All. It shall be fo, it shall be fo.

Corio. You common cry of Cours, whose breath I hate,
As reeks 2th rotten Femmes: whole Loues I prize,
As the dead Carkasses of unburied men,
That do corrupt my Ayre: I banish you,
And here defy remaine with your uncertainzie.
Let every feeble Rumor flake your hearts:
Your Enemies, with nodding of their Plumes
Fan you into the Fire: Haue the power still
To banish your Defenders, till at length
Your ignorance (which finds not till it feelles,
Making but refolution of your selues,
Still your owne Foes) deliver you
As most abated Captives, to some Nation
That wonne you without blwres, defiping
For you the City. Thus I turne my backe;
There is a world elsewhere.

Exeunt Coriolanus, Ceminius, with Cymelix,
They all shout, and throw up their Capes.


Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Volumnia, Mecenius, Caminius, with the young Nobility of Rome.

Curio. Come leave your scowls; a brief farewell; the beast
With many heads butts me away. Nay Mother,
Where is your ancient Courage? You were vs'd
To say, Extremities was the trer of spirits;
That common chances. Common men could beare, That
When the Sea was calm, all Boats alike.
She'd Master-ship in floating. Fortunes blowes,
When most firoole home, being gentle wounded, drawn
A Noble cunning. You were vs't to load me
With Precepts that would make inuncible
The heart that could't them.

Volumnia. Oh heavens! O heavens!
Ped. Now the Red Peltitence like all Trades in Rome,
And Occupations perfish.

Curio. What, what, what,
I shall be loud when I am lack'd.
Nay Mother, Refue me that Spirit, when you were wom't to say,
If you had beene the Wife of Herocles,
Six of his Labour's would have done, and said
Your Husband to much fact. Caminius,
Draper not, Adieu. I see my Wife, my Mother,
He do well yet. Thou old and true Mecenius,
Thy scowls are facet; than younger men,
And venomous to thoe eyes. My sometime General,
I haue seen the Scene, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hardning fp'tables. Tell these fair women,
This fond to wise increasit bookes,
A's it to laugh at 'em. My Mother, you want not
My hazzards, still haver beene your false, and
Believe not lightly, though I go alone
Like to a lovely Dragon, that his Femme
Makes fair, and talk'd of more then face; you Sonne
Will or exceed the Common, or be caught
With cautelous barts and practice.

Volumn. My first staffe,
Whether will thou go? Take good Communs
With thee awhile. Determine on some course
More then a wild espouze, to each chance
That start's a'sway before thee.

Curio. O the Gods!

Com. He follow thee a Month, deifie with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayl' beare of us,
And we of thee. Still the time thrift forth
A cave for thy sepulchre, we shall not tend
Ore the vast world, to feke a single man,
And lose advantage, which doth euer coole
In absence of the needer.

Curio. Fare ye well;
Thou hal' yeares upon thee, and thou art too full

The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Of the warres surfect, to go route with one
That's yet vnbruised: 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 smite. I pray you come;
While I remaine about the ground, you shall
Heare from me still, and never of me ought.
But what is like me formerly,
Mecen. That's worthly
As any ear can hearre. Come, let's not weep,
If I could shake off but one feuen yeares
From them old arms and legges, by the good Gods
I'd with thee, every foot.

Curio. Give me thy hand, come.

Enter the two Tribunes, Siceniwm, and Brutes,
with the Edius.

Siceni. Bid them all home, he's gone; & we'll no further,
The Nobility are vexed, whom we weare fided
In his behalfe.

Brute. Now we have shewn our power,
I let them humber after it is done,
Then when it was a doing.

Siceni. Bid them home; say their great enemy is gone,
And they,brand in their ancient strength.
Brute. Difmitte them home. Here comes his Mother.

Enter Volumnia, Volumnia, and Mecenius.

Siceni. Let's not meet her.

Siceni. They say he's mad.
Brute. They haue tane note of vs: keepe on your way.

Volumn. Oh y'are well met:
Their hon'd plate at'st God's requirre your love.

Mecen. Peace, peace, be not so loud.

Volumn. If that I could for weeping, you should hearre,
Nay, and you all hearre fame. Will you be gone

Volumn. You shall stay too: I would have the power
To say to my Husband.

Siceni. Are you manckinde?

Volumn. I foole, so that a shame. Note but this Foole,
Was not a man my Father? Hau'dt thou Fooishpall
To banish him that brooke more blouses for Rome
Then thou hast spoken words.

Siceni. Oh blessed Heaven!

Volumn. Most Noble blouses, than ever fte wife words,
And for Rome good. He tells thee what thou goest;
Nay but thou shalt stay too: I would my Sonne
Were in Arabia, and my Tribes before him,
His good Sword in his hand.

Siceni. What then?

Volumn. What then! He'll make an end of thy pestiferity

Volumn. Baitards, and all.

Good man, the Wounds that he does bære for Rome!

Mecen. Come, come, peace.

Siceni. I would he had continued to his Country
As he began, and vnknit himselfe.
The Noble knot he made,

Brute. I would he had.

Volumn. I would he had? Twas you incant the table.
Card, that can judge as fide of his worth,
As I can of thefe Mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Brute. Pray let's go.

Volumn. Now pray for get you gone.

Curio. Have done a brave decide: Ere you go, hear this:
As faire as dought the Capitoll exceed
The meanest houfe in Rome; to fare my Sonne

This
This Ladies Husband heere; this (do you see) Whom you have banished, does exceed you all. Brin. Well, well, we'll leave you, Sicem. Why stay we to be bated With one that wants her Wits, Exeunt Tribunes. I would, I take my Prayers with you. Would the Gods had nothing else to do, But to confirm my Cusses. Could I meet'em But once a day, it would vnloge my heart Of what eyes heavy too. Amen. You have told them home, And by my troth you have caufe: you're Sup with me. Volumn. Angers my Meane: I kempt upon my selfe, And to small terme with Feeding: Come, let's go, Leave this faint-puling, and lament as I do, In Anger, tame-like: Come, come, come. Exeunt. Men. Fie, fie, fie. Enter a Roman, and a Voice. Rom. I know you well sir, and you know me: your name I think is Albinus. Voice. It is so sir, truly I have forgott you. Rom. I am a Roman, and my Seruices are as you are; against em. Know you me yet. Voice. Nicoman too. Rom. The same sir. Voice. You had more Beard 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 Volcan flatte to finde you out there. You have well faced mee a day's journey. Rom. There hath bene in Rome strange Infurriage: The people, against the Senators, Paarticiats, and Nobles. Val. Hath bin: is it ended then? Our State thinks not so: they are in a most warlike preparation, & hope to com vpon them, in the heat of their diuision. Rom. The maine blaze of is past, but a small thing would make it flame againe. For the Nobles receiue fo to heart, the Banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe apetifte, to take all power from the people, and to plucke from them their Tribunes for euer. This lyes glowing I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out. Val. Coriolanus Banift? Rom. Banift, sir. Val. You will be welcome with this intelligence Nicoman. Rom. The day serues well for them now, I have heard it saide, the first time to corrupt a mans Wiffe, is when there's face out with her Husband. Your Noble Twain Auffidius well appeare well in these, Whis great Opposer Coriolanus being now in no request of his country. Voice. He cannot choose: I am most fortune, thus accidentally to encounter you. You have ended my Banifie, and I will mercifullly accompany you home. Rom. I shall between this and Supper, tell you most strange things from Rome: all tending to the good of their Aduersaries. Have you an Army ready say you? Val. A most Royall one: The Centurions, and their charges diligently billeted already in the entertainements, and to be on foot at these hours warning. Rom. I am loy'd full to hear of their residentes, and the man I thinkke, that shall fet them in present Action, So shortly he well meet, and most glad of your Company, Voice. You take my part from me sir, I have the most
cable to be plad of yours.
Rom. Well, let vs go together, Exeunt. Enter Coriolanus in meanes. Apparell, list- gird, and winged, Exeunt. Corio. A goodly City is this Autumn. Citty, Tit I that made thy Windows: Many an eye were Of these faire Edifices for my Warses Have I heard groame, and drop: Then know me not, Leaft that thy Wits with Spirits, and boyes with thones In pury Battell I flye. Sine you sir. Enter a Citizen. Cit. And you. Corio. Direct me, fit be your will, where great Auffidius lies. Is he in Autumn? Cit. He is, and feastis the Nobles of the State, at his house this night, Corio. Which is his house, beafyeth you? Cit. This house here before. Corio. Thank you sir, farewel. Exit Citizen. Oh World, thy slippery turne! Friends now fast worn, Whole double bonemes femnes to weare one heart, Whole: Hours, whole Bed, whole Meale and Exercise Are still together, who Twin (as twere) in Lone, Unparable, still within this house, On a disputation of a Doit, break e out To bitterest Enmiety: So tileft Foes, Whole Poffesions, and whole Pilots have broke their sleep To take the one the other, by some chance, Some tricke not worth an Egge, still grow decreet friends And inter-taine their ylacke: So with me, My Birth-place have I, and my Loves upon This Enemie Towne; Ile enter, if the lyfe me He do faire Iffume: if the give me way, Ile do his Country Seruice. Exeunt. Muscles players. Enter a Servantman. 1 Ser. Wine, Wine, Wine: What seruice is heere ? I think our Fellowes are sleepe. Enter another Serintman. 2 Ser. Where's Caunoty M. cals for him? Cost, Exit Enter Coriolanus. Corio. A goodly House! The Feast finnes well : but I appeare not like a Gueft. Enter the selfe Servantman. 1 Ser. What would you have Friend? whence are you? Here's no place for you: Pray go to the doore: Exit Corio. I have here'd no better entertainment, in being Coriolanus. Enter second Servant. 2 Ser. Whence are you sir? Hat's the Porter his eyes in his head, think he gives entrance to such Companions ? Pray get you out. Corio. Away, 2 Ser. Away ? Get you away. Corio. Now this is troublesome. 2 Ser. Are you so bisit? He have you allat with anem Enter a Servintman, fit meets him. 3 What Fellowes this? 1 A strange one as euer I look'd on: I cannot get him out of the house: Drythee call my Master to him. 3 What have you to do here fellow? Pray you avoid the house. Corio. Let me but read, I will not hurt your hand. 3 What are you? Corio. A Gentleman. 3 A manfull poorone. Corio. True, so I am. 3 Pray you poor Gentleman, take vp some other flation.
The Tragedy of Coriolanus.

Enter Aufidius with the Serving-man.

Auf. Where is this Fellow?

Cori. He is married hither like a dogge, but for disturbing the Lords within.

Auf. Why soe? I heard much to the contrary. What sort of man?

Cori. If I should not know him, and seeing him, doth not think me for the man I am, peradventure commands me in my ffe.

Auf. Who is thy name?

Cori. My name is Coriolanus, who hath done To thee particularly, and to all the Voices Great hurt and Miscarriages: thereto witness may My Surname Coriolanus. The painful Service, The extreme Dangers, and the dropses of Blood Shed for my than Queene Country, are required: But with that Surname, a good memorie And witness of the Malice and Defcription Which thou shouldst perceive, only that name remains, The Cruelty and Envy of the people, Permitsted by our dear noble Nation, who Have all forgot me, hath devour'd the rest: And I am shamed by thy voice of Stace to be Hoop'd out of Rome. Now this extremity, Her heart brought me to thy Haith, not out of Hope (Mistake not) to save my life: for if I had fear'd death, of all the Men in't World I would one avoided thee. But in more fright To be full out of toioe my Banifhers, Stand I believe thee here: Then if thou haft A heart of wretchedness, that will revenge Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those Manes Of thine scene through thy Country, speed thee straight And make my mistrey sever thee turner. So viest, That thy revengefull Service may prove As Benefits to thee. For I will fight Against thy Cassked Country, with the Spleene Of all the winder FRIENDs. But if to be, Thou art not this, and that to prove more Fortunes

That's tyr'd, then in a word, I also am Longer to live most westerne and prevent My throat to thee, and to thy Ancient Maitre: Which not to cut, would frow thee but a Fool, Since I have ever followed thee with hate, Drawn my Tunnels of Blood out of thy Countries brest, And cannot live but to thy blaming, whilift It be to do thee service.

Auf. Oh Martius, Martius;

Each word thou hast spak, hath weeded from my heart A root of Ancient Envy. If Jupiter Should from yond cloud speake divine things, And say his true, I'd not believe them more Then thee all noble Martius. Let me twine Mine armes about that body, where against Ingrained Aft a hundred times harken, And feard the Moone with splinters: here I sleep The Anule of my Sword, and do contest As hotly, and as Nobly with thy Leue, As ever in Ambitious strength, I did Content against thy Valour. Know thou fiift, I would that I had married: never man Sigh'd truer breath. But that I see thee there Thou noble thing, more dances my rapt heart, Then when I first my wedde Martius'law Beltide my Threshold. Why, thou Mars I tell thee, We have a Power on foot: and I had purse Once more to hew thy Target from thy Browne, Or loose mine Arme for't. Thou hast best mete out Twelve fracture times, and I have nightly since Dreamt of encounters, twixt thy blade and me: We have beene downe together in my sleep, Vbuckling Helme, catching each other Threats, and wak'd halfe dead with nothing. Worthy Martius, Had we no other quartel elite to Rome, but that Thou art thence Banifh'd, we would murther all From twelve, to teuentie: and powring Witne Into the bowells of our grateall Rome, Like a bold Flood o'er-beate. Oh come, go in, And take our Friendly Senators by'th hands Who now are heere, taking their leaves of mee, Who am prepar'd against your Territorie, Though not for Rome it selfe.

Cori. You bifie me Gods.

Auf. Therefore most absolute Sir, if thou wilt have The leading of thine brave Reunisers, take Thou'n halfe of my Communion, and set downe As best thou art experience, since thou know

Thy Countries strength and weakeflite, thine owne waies Whether to knocke against the Gates of Rome, Ordinly vift them in parts remote, To fright them, ere destroy: But come in, Let me commend thee conf, to the shoife that shall Say ye to thy defires. A thousand wellcomes, And more a Friend, then ere no Enemy, Yet Martius that was much. Your hand: most welcome. 

Exeunt

Enter two of the Serving-men.

2. Here's a strange alteration.

3. By my hand, I had thought to have striken him with a Cudgel, and yet my mind gave me, his clothes made a false report of him.

4. What an Arme he has, he turnd me about with his finger and his thumbe, as one would set vp a Top.

5. Nay, I know by his face that there was some thing in him. He had fir, a kinde of face methought, I cannot tell.

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tell how to estimate it.

1. He had no looking as it were, would I were hang’d
   but I thought there was more in him, then I could think.

2. So did I, Ile be sworn: He’s simply the rarest man
   I’th’world.

1. I think he is: but a greater soldier then he,
   You want one.

2. Who my Master?
   Nay, it’s no matter for that.

3. Worth fix on him.

1. Nay not so neither: but I take him to be the greater
   Squallour.

2. Faith lookke you, one cannot tell how to lay that for
   the Defence of a Towne, our Generall is excellent.

1. I, and for an assault too.

Enter the third Servant, etc.

3. Oh, Serves, I can tell you News, News you Raffles.

1. I would not be a Roman of all Nations; I had as
   little be a condemn’d man.

Bath. Wherefore? Wherefore?

3. Why here’s he that was went to thwacke our Ge-
   nerall, Casta Martius.

1. Why do you say, thwacke our Generall?

3. I do not say thwacke our Generall, but he was al-
   ways good enough for him.

2. Come we are fellows and friends: he was ever too
   hard for him, I have heard him say so himself.

3. He was too hard for him directly, to say the Truth
   on’t before Coriolanus, he focthimth, and notch him like a
   Caribando.

2. And hee had bin Cannibly gien, he might have
   boyht and eaten him too.

1. But more of thy Newes.

3. Why he is so made on heere within, as if there were
   Son and Heire to Mars, set at upper end of Table: No
   question ask him by any of the Senators, but they stand
   bald before him. Our Generall himselfe makes a Mirth
   of him, Schallifes himselfe with a hand, and turns vp the
   white o’th’eye to his Discourse. But the bottome of the
   Newes is, our General is cut t’th’middle, & but one half
   of what he was yester day. For the other he’s halfe, by
   the treachry and grunt of the whole Table. He’ll go sa-
   yes, and folde the Porter of Rome Gates by th’ears. He
   will move all doe worse before him, and leave his palisage
   pou’d.

2. And he’s as like to do’t, as any man I can imagine.

3. Doog’d he will do’t; for looke you Sir, he has as ma-
   ny Friends as Enemies: which Friends sir as it were, doot
   not (do you sir) thew them talces (as we terme it) his
   Friends, whilst her in Directlade.

1. Directlade What’s that?

3. But when they shall see Sir, his Creft vp againe, and
   the man in blood, they will out of their Burroughes (like
   Comies after Raine) and resell all with him.

2. But when does forward?

3. To morrow, to day, presently, you shall have the
   Fringe brooke vp this afternoon: This peace is nothing,
   but to cart Iron, scotche Taylors, and breed Ballad-
   makers.

1. Let me have Warre say I, it exceeds peace as farre
   as day do’s night: It’s frighting walking, audible, and full
   of Verse. Peace, is a very Apeopley, Letherage, mul’d,
   desfe, sleep, intellable, a getter of more bialful Chil-

dren, then warres a defrophy of men.

2. ’Tis so, and as warres in some sorte may be fai’d to
   be a Raimher, so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great
   maker of Cuckolds.

1. I, and it makes men hate one another.

3. Reason, because they then lefe neede one another: The
   Warres for my money. I hopeto see Romans as
   cheaper as Volentiar. They are rising, they are rising.

Bath. In, in, in, in. 

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius, and Brute.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him,
   His remedies are tame, the present peace,
   And quietness of the people, which before
   Were in wildy hurry. Herece do make his Friends
   Buflh, that the world goes well: who rather had,
   Though they themselfes declar’d it to be, behold
   Differtous numbers pelting streets, then fee
   Our Traditions finging in their hopes, and going
   About their Funditions friendly.

Enter Sicinius.

Bru. We flood too it in good time. Is this newes?
   Sic. This he, this he: O he is grown molt kind of slates:
   Haile Sir.

Mere. Haile to you both.

Sic. You Coriolanus is not much milly, but with his
   Friends: the Commonwealth doth stand, and so would
   do the people were he more angry ar a’t.

Mere. All’s well, and might have bene much better,
   if he could have temper’d.

Sic. Where is he, heare you?

Mere. Nay I heare nothing:
   His Mother and his wife, heare nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

All. The Gods preferre you both.

Sic. Gooden our Neighbours.

Bru. Gooden to you all, goodbye to you all.

1. Our liues, our wives, and children, on our knees,
   Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive.

Bru. Farewell kinde Neighbours:
   We wish the Coriolanus had lou’d you as we did.

All. Now the Gods keepe you.

Both. Farewell, farewell.

Enter Citizens.

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
   Then when these Fellowes ran about the streets,
   Crying Confusion.

Bru. Cassa Martius was

A worthy Officer, Sir, but Infallent,
   O come with Pride, ambitious, full all thinking
   Self-lou’d.

Sicin And stinking one folde Throne, without afficiance.

Mere. I thinke not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our Lamentation,
   If he had gone forth Conful, found it so.

Bru. The Gods have well puicient it, and Rome
   Sits safe and still, without him.

Enter an Adile.

Addle. Worthy Tribunes,
   There is a Slace whom we have put in prizin,
   Reports the Volces whom we have put in prizin,
   Are entred in the Roman Territories,
   And with the deepeli malice of the Warre,
   Destroy, what lies before ’em,

Mere. ’Tis Auffidus.

Who hearing of our Martius Banishment,
   Thrufs forth his horses against the world.

Which were In-ful’d, when Martius floored for Rome,

And
And dart not once peep out.


tis in, what you talk of Martinus.


hail, that very well it can,


are all the examples of the like, hath beene

Within my Age. But reason with the fellow

Before you punish him, where he heard this,

least you shall chance to whip your Information,

and beate the Messanger, who bids beware

of what is to be dreaded.

Tell not me: I know this cannot be.

But not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

The Nobles in great eaies service are going
All to the Senate-house: some newes is comming
That turns their Countenances,

Tis this Slaves:

Go whip him fore the peoples eyes: His raising,

Nothing but his report.

Yet worthy Sir,

The Slaves report is seconded, and more

More fearfull is deliver'd.

What more fearful?

It is spoke freely out of many mouths,

How probable I do not know, that Martinus

Ioynd with Auffidus, leads a power 'mind Rome,

And wows Reuenge as spacious, as betweene

The yung it, and old thing,

This is most likely.

Rais'd onely, that the weaker form may with

Good Martinus home again.

The very strake on.

This is unlikely.

He could not Auffidus can no more attone

Then violent it Consternation.

Enter Messanger.

You are sent for to the Senate:

A fearfull Army, led by Caius Martinus,

Affeminated with Auffidus, Rages

Upon our Territories, and have already

O're-borne their way, confum'd with fire, and took

What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Oh you have made good worke.

What newes is What newes?

You have holp to raunish your owne daughters, &

To melt the City Ledes upon your pates,

To fee your Wives dishonour'd to your Noses.

What is the newes? What is the newes?

Your Temples burned in their Ciment, and

Your Vranches, whereon you flood, confin'd

Into an Augers boare.

Pray now, your Newes:

You have made faire worke I feare me: pray your newes,

If Martinus should be joyned with Volcanus.

If he is their God, he leads them like a thing

Made by fame other Deity then Nausur,

That shapes man Better: and they follow him

Against vs, Brats, with no leffe Confidence,

ThenBoye's purifyingSummer Butter, flies

O; Butcher's killing Flyes.

You have made good worke,

You and your Aruon men: you, that flood so much

Upon the voyce of occupation, and

The breath of Garlicke-eaters.

Hee! shake your Rome about your cares.

As Hercules did slake downe Mellow Fruits

You have made faire worke,

But is this true fit?

Before you finde it other. All the Regions

Do imligniously Resoul't, and who reffits

Are mock'd for valianc: Ignorance,

And perfist confant Foolies: who it can blase him?

Your Enemies and his, finde something in him,

We are all vndone, vniffe.

The Noble man have mercy.

Who shall ask it?

The Tribunes cannot doe for shame; the people

Defire fech pitty of him, as the Wolfe

Doe's of the Shepheards: For his best Friends, if they

Should say be good to Rome, they charg'd him, even

As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,

And therein fiew'd like Enemies.

Tis true, if thee were putting to the houfe, the brand

That should confume it, I have not the face

To fy, before you caele; You have made faire hands,

You and your Crat, you have crafted faire;

You have brought

A Trebling upon Rome, such as was never,

Sincapable of helpe.

Sry, Say not, we brought it.

Where? How was't we? We lould him,

But like Beasts, and Cowardly Nobles,

Gave way into your Clutter's, who did hoote

Him out of the City,

But I feare

They'll roare him in againe. Tellus Auffidus,

The second name of men, obeys his points

As If he were his Officer: Deparation,

Is all the Policy, Strength, and Defence

That Rome can make against them.

Enter a Trapege of Citizens.

Hear come the Clutters.

And is Auffidus with him? You are they

That made the Ayre wash-holme, when you catt

Your thinking, greafe Caps, in hooting

At Corioliexe Exile. Now he's committ'd,

And not a haire upon a Souldiers head

Which will not proue a whip: As many Cocoberbes

As you trow Cap's well, will he humble downe,

And pay you for your voyces. 'Tis no matter,

If he could burne vs all into our coale,

We have deferv'd it.

Owne, Faith, we heare feart News.

Civ. For mine owne part,

When I said banish him, I said 'twas pitty,

And so did I.

And so did I: and to say the truth, I did so very ma-

ny of vs, that we did we did for the best, and though we

willingly conwithed to his Banishment; yet we was against

our will.

Yare goodly things, you Voyces.

You have made good worke

And you your cry. Shal's to the Captoll?

O'h, what else t

Excmvole.

Go Matters get you home, be not dismised,

There be a Side, that would be glad to haue

This true, which they so fome to leare. Go home,

And they noe signe of Faire.
The Tragedy of Coriolanus.

Come let's away: when Rome, Rome is mine,
Thou art poor of all; then shortly art thou mine.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Menenius, Cominius, Scipio, Brutus,
the two Tribunes, with others.

Menen. No, I'll not go you hear ye what he hath said
Which was sometime his General: who loved him
In a most deere particular. He call'd me Father:
But what o' that? Go you that banish'd him
A Mile before his Tent, tall, down, and kneel
The way into his mercy: Nay, if the coy'd
To hear Cominius speaks, he keeps at home.

Com. He would not seeme to know me.

Menen. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I vy'd our old acquittance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer too: Forbad all Names,
He was a kind of Nothing, Tattleaffe,
Till he had forg'd himselvse a name to fire
Of burning Rome.

Menen. Why so: you have made good workes:
A pairre of Tribuntes, that have wrack'd
To make Cori: cheaper: A Noble memory.

Com. I minding him, how Reynell was to pardon
When it was lest expected. He replyed
It was a bare petition of a State
To one whom they had punish'd.

Menen. Very well, could he say leffe.

Com. I offered to awaken his regard
Of his private Friends. His answer to me was
He could not stay to picke them, in a piece
Of anysome mutly Chaffe. He said, twas folly
For one poore graine or two, to leave viburn
And still to noe thensence.

Menen. For one poore graine or two?

I am one of those this Mother, Wife, his Childre,
And this brave Fellow too: we are the Graine,
You are the mutly Chasse, and you are met.
Aboute the Moore. We must be burnt for you.

Menen. Nay, pray be patient: If you refuse your syde
In this so never needed help, yet do not
Upbraid's with our diffire, But fure if you
Would be your Countries Pleadar, your good Tongue
More then the infant Annie we can make
Might stopp our Countreymen.

Menen. No: I'll not meddle.

Scip. Pray you go to him.

Menen. What should I do?

Com. Onely make triall what your Loue can do,
For Rome, towards Martius.

Menen. Well, and say that Martius return me:
As Cominius is return'd, what needs what then?
But as a discontented friend, great-tho
With his vnkindnesse, Sayt be so?

Scip. Yet your good will
Muft have that thankes from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.

Menen. Ho, Ho, we trust not:
I thinke hee'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And humme at good Cominius, much unharts mee.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

I. I am as thy General is,

Then you should hate Rome, as he do's. Can you, when you have putst out your gates, the very Defender of them, and in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his reuenges with the easie groanings of old women, the Virginall Palms of your daughters, or with the palled interception of such a deuoy'd Dorastas you fetyome to be? Can you think to blow out the intende'd fire, your City is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deced'd, therefore backe to Rome, and prepare for your execution; you are condemn'd, our General has sowne you out of reprieve and pardon.

Mene. Sira, if thy Captaine knew I were here, He would vie me with effimation.

II. Come, my Captaine knowes you not, Mene. I meane thy General,

I My General cares not for you. Back I say, go at home. I let forth your hale pinte of blood. Backe, that's the vinmost of your having, backe.

Mene. Nay but fellow, Fellow,

Enter Coriolanus with Antipater.

Coro. What's the matter?

Mene. Now you Companion: He say an arrant for you, you shall know now that I am in effimation: you shall perceive, that a backe gardant cannot offer me my Son Coriolanus, guelfe but my entertainment with him: if thou standst not th that hale of hanging, or of some death more long in Spectatorship, and crueller in suffering, be hold now pretently, and swood for what's to come upon thee. The glorious Gods fit in hourly Synod about thy particular prosperity, and lone thee no worse then thy old father Menenius do's. O my Son, my Son! thou art preparing fire for vs: look there, here's water to quench this. I was hardely moved to come to thee: but being affuted none but my felfe could move thee, I here bare bloune out of your Gates with figthes: and continue thee to par don Rome, and thy petitionary Countriemen. The good Gods alway thy wrath, and turne the dres of it, upon this Vallet here: This, who like a blockke hath denied my accesse to thee.

Coro. Away.

Mene. How? Away?

Coro. Wife, Mother, Child, I know not. My affaires Are scarued to others: Though I owe My Reuenge properly, my reniallion lies In Volcan brevets. That we have brenne familiar, Ingrate forgetfullnes shall poison rather. Then pitty: Note how much, therefore be gone. Mine ears against your fizers, are stronger then Your gates against my force. Yet for I loved thee, Take this along, I write it for thy fake, And wou'd have fent it. Another word Menenius, I will not heare thee speake. This man Mulfidus Was my belou'd in Rome; yet thou beholdest. Answel. You keeps a contenfant temper,

Mene. Keeps the Guard and Menenius.

II. Now fit, is your name Menenius?

2 Titus a spell you fee of much power:

You know the way home again. Do you heare how we are fent for keeping your greatnesse backe?

2 What cause do you think I have to swood?

Menen. I neither care for thi would, nor your General: for such things as you, I can feare think thel's any, y'are so flight. But that hath a will to die by himselfe, feares it not.

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The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Between the Child, and Parent.

Coriol. What's this? your knees to me?
To your Corneled Sonne?
Then let the Pibbles on the hungry beach
Fillop the Stares: Then let the mutinous windes
Strike the proud Cedars against the fiery Sun:
Mundring Impomibility, to make
What cannot be, flight worse.
Vol. Thon am I your warrior, I hope to frame thee
Do you know this Lady?

Coriol. The Noble Sitter of Publicola;
The Moone of Rome; Chaffe as the Icle
That's curst by the Frosts, from purest Snows,
And hangs on Diana Temple. Dece Valeria.
Vol. This is a poor Epitome of yours,
Which by th' Interperation of Full time,
May shew like all your selves.

Coriol. The God of Soldiers:
With the conten of Suprême Iour, informe
Thy thoughts with Noblenesse, that thou mayst prove
to frame unvulnerable, and tickle's the Warres
Like a great Sea-marke standing every flaw,
And fasting shole that eye thee.

Vol. Your knee, Sith.

Coriol. That's my brave Boy,
Vol. Even he, your wife, this Ladie, and my selfe,
Are Sitters to you.

Coriol. I beseech you peace:
Or if you'd ask, remember this before;
The thing I have forewarned you to grant, may never
be held by you denieth. Do not bid me
Dismisse my Soldiers, or capitulate
Again, with Rome's Mechanikes. Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: Desire not to lay
My Rages and Reuenges, with your colder reason.

Vol. Oh no more, no more:
You have said 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 fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardnere, therefore heare vs.

Coriol. Affiditam, and you Volces marke, for we?w
Hearc nought from Rome in priuate. Your request?

Vol. Should we be silent & not speake, our Raiments
And state of Bodies would bewray what life
We have lead since thy Exile. Thinks with thy selfe,
How more unfortunate then all living women
Are we come hither, since thy flight, which should
Make our eyes owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owre owr...
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

And beare the Palme, for having brately fled
Thy Wife and Childrens blood: For my selfe, Sonne,
I purpose not to waite upon Fortune, till
Thrice warres determisse: I Cannot perswade thee, rather
To sue for Rome, giue grace to both partes,
Then teake the end of one; thou shalt not lonner
March to assault thy Country, then to streake
(Truth too, thou shalt not) on thy Mothers wombe
That brought thee to this world.

No, I am more, that brought you forth this boy,
To keep your name living so time.

I shall not read same: He run away
Till I am bigger, but then lie fight.

Corin. Not of a woman's tenderneffe to be,
Requires nor Childre, nor women's face to see:
I have faire too long.

Vivian. Nay, go not from vs thus:
If I were so, that our request did tend
To fatis the Romanes, thereby to destroy
The Voices of a certaine but small concerne vs
As poynous of your Honnour. No, no lasts
Is that you receaue them: While the Voices
May fay, this mercy we have fiew't: the Romans,
This we receive, and each in side.
Gue the All-hale to thee, and cry be Left
For making vp this peace. Though I know'lt (great Sonne)
That, the Romanes in every certaine but small certaint,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefite
Which thou shalt thereby receaue, is such a name
Whose reputation will be dogged with Curses:
Whole Chronicle thus was, the man was Noble,
But with his life Attempts, he wip'd it out:
Destroy'd this Country, and his name remains
To thine, and the world. Speak to me Son:
Though I accept the fine franchises of Honor,
To impute the grace of the Gods,
To erase with Thunder the wide Cheakes all about,
And yet to change thy Sulphure with a Hount
That should burnt an Oake. Why do't not speak:
Think it thou is Honourable for a Nobleman
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speake you:
He cannot for you requite, When thou say,
Perhaps thy childerffe will make him more
Then can our Reason. There no man in the world
More bound to, Mother, yet here he let's me prate
Like one in a Stocket. Thou haile never in thy life,
Shew'd thy deere Mother any curteisie,
When the poore Hen'fond of no second brood,
He's clee'd thee to the Warrs and false home
Loden with Honor. Say me your Request's vain,
And speake me backe: But, if it be not so
Then thou art not honest, and the Gods will plague thee
That thou Traffam'st from me the Duty, which
To a Mothers part belongs. He turns away:
Down Ladies let vs shame him with his kneevs
To his own name Corinolan longs more mole:
The pitty to our Prayers. Downe: an end,
This is the last. So, we will home to Rome,
And dye amongst our Neighbours: Nay, behold's
This day that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneevs, and holdes vp hands for fellowship,
Duc's resson our Petition with more strength
Then should you deny. Come, let vs go:
The elbow had a Voice to his Mother: His Wife is in Corinolan, and his Child
Like him by elence; yet gue vs our dispatch:

I am butt vs till our City be afire, & then Ile speake a little
Holds her by the hand silent.

Corin. O Mother, Mother!
What haue you done? Behold, the Heaunt do ope
The Gods looke downe, and this unnatural Scene
They laugh at. Oh my Mother, Mother: Oh!
You haue wonne a happy Victory to Rome.
But for your Sonne, believe it: Oh beleue it,
Most dangerously you have him with preuiald,'d,
If not mortall to him. But let it come:
Affiduum, though I cannot make true Warrs,
In frame concertemen peace. Now good Affiduum
Were you in my stead, should you have heard
A Mother lefe? or granted lefe? Affiduum?

Aff. I was mou'd withall.

Corin. I dare be sworn you were:
And fir, it is no little thing to make
Mune eyes to wete compassion. But (good fir)
What peace yee make, doe me: For my part,
I le not to see a wretch with you, and pray you
Stand to me in this caufe. Oh Mother! Wife !

Aff. I am glad thou hast fet thy reacy, & thy Honor
A difference in thee. Out of that Ile work
My fea a forerm Fortune.

Corin. O by and by; But we will drinke together:
And you shall bear.
A goodly lawes & voices, then words, which we
On like conditions, will have Counter-feald.
Come enter with vs: Ladies you defende
To have a Temple built you: All the Swords
In Italy, and her Confederate Armes.
Could not have made this peace.

Enter Messenger and Sicinnus. Rome.

Sic. See yee your good Count's Capitol, y'ont corner
Sicinnus. Where is that so?
Sic. It be poosible for you to displaice it with your
little finger, there is some hope the Ladies of Rome, epe-
cially his Mother, may preuail with him. But I say, there
is no hope in't: our throats are sentenc'd, and itts upon
execution.

Sicinnus. It's poosible, that so short a time can alter the
condition of a Grub & a Butterfly, yet your Butterfly was a Grub: this Martrius,
is groome from Man to Dragon: He has wings, he's more then a creeping thing.

Sicinnus. He loud his Mother earnestly.
Sic. So did he mee: and he no more remembers his
Mistresse, then the late eightye year old houfe. The tartannetle of his face lowers ripe Grapes, When he wallks, he moves like an Engine, and the ground shrinks before his Tres-
ding. He is able to pierce a Coflet with his eye: Talks like a keel, and his hain is a Battery. He fits in his State, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids he doe done, it finnes with his bidding. He wants nothing of a God but

Sicinnus. The Gods be good vnto vs.

Sicinnus. No, to such a face the Gods will not be good vnto vs. When we banish him, we respect not then; and he returning to breake our necks, they repect not vs.

Enter a Messenger.


The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

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Mef. Sir, if you 'd fancy your life, fly to your House, The Plebeians have got your Fellow Tribune, And hale him vp and down; all wearing, if The Roman Ladies bring not comfort home They 'll give him death by Inches.

Enter another Messanger.

Sein. When is the Newes? (prensy I'd.
Mef. Good Newes, good newes, the Ladies have The Volcans are diflodged, and Martines gone: A merrier day did never yet great Rome, Now, not an expulsion of the Targains.

Sein. Friend, are you certain this is true? It's must certain.

Mef. As certaine as I know the Sun is fire: Where have you lack'd that you make doubt of it? We're through an Arch so hurried the winne Tide, As the recomforted through the gares. Why harke you: Trumpets, Halyse, Drums beate, altogether, The Trumpers, Sack-buss, Palfreeters, and Tydes, Tabors, and Symboles, and the crowning Romans, Make the Sunne dance, Hearke you. A florin within Mene. This is good Newes: I will go meete the Ladies. This Volumnia, Is worth of Confuds, Sistus, and Particiants, A City full: Of Tribunes such as you, A Sea and Land full: you pray'd well to day: This Morning, for tennethousand of your throates, I'd not have given a doar. Harke, how they joy: Sound still with the Shouts.

Sein. First, the Gods bleffe you for your sydngs: Next, accept my thankfullnesse.
Mef. Sir, we have all great case to give great thanks. Sein. They are nere the City.
Mef. Almost at point to enter.
Sein. We 'll meete them, and helpe the joy. Exeunt.

Enter two Senators, with Ladies, passing over the Stage, with other Lords.

Sein. Behold our Patronesse, the life of Rome: Call all your Tribes together, praise the Gods, And make triumphant fires, set new Flowers before them: Vnshoul the noife that Banished Meritio, Repale him, with the welcome of his Mother: Cry welcome Ladies, welcome.

All. Welcome Ladies, welcome.

A Florin with Drummes & Trumpets.

Enter Two Ausfuidians, with Attendants.

A. Go, tell the Lords a'th' City, I am heere: Deliver them this Paper: hauing read it, Bid them repair tyo th'Market place, where I Even intheirs, and in the Commons eares Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse: The CityPorts by this hath enter'd, and Intende's appeare before the People, hopings To purge himselfe with words, Dipatch. Enter 1 or 4 Consulares of Ausfudian Fation.

Mofl V. ecume.

1. Cons. How is it with our Generall?
A. Euen soas, with a man by his owne Almes impoynd'd, and with his Charity flame.
2. Cons. Mofl Noble Sir, if you do hold the same intent Wherein you wish'd with parties: Well I deliver you Of your great danger.
A. Sir, I cannot tell, We must proceed as we do finde the People.
3. Cons. The People will remayne vncertaine, whil't Twixt you there's difference: but the fall of either Makes the Surruior heyre of all.

A. I know it: And my pretext to strike at him, admit A good contradiction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd Mine honor to this truth: who being so heightned, He watered his new Plants with dewes of Flatterty, Seducing to my Friends: and to this end, He bow'd his Nature, neuer knowne before, But to be rough, vnwayable, and free,

3. Consp. Sir, his Rounde
When he did stand for Consull, which he lost By lacke of flowing.

A. That I would have spokeno, Being banished for, he came unto my Harth, Pretended to my knife his Throat: I took him, Made him loynt-seruant with me: Gave him way In all his owne defires: Nay, let him chuse Out of my Files, his projectes, to accomplis My best and freethest men, fer'd his deignements In mine owne persone: holpe to reape the Fame Which he did end all his; and took some pride To do my felie this wrong: Till at the last I seern'd his Follower, not Partner; and He wadg'd me with his Countenance, as if I had bin Mercenary.

1. Cons. So he did my Lord: The Army maruely'd at it, and in the laft, When he had caried Rome, and that we look'd For no lefe Spoile, then Glory.

A. There was it: For which my newes shall be stretched upon him, At a few drops of Womans rhowme, which are As cheape as Lyes; he fold the Blood and Labour Of our great Action; therefore shall he dye,

And I renew me in his fall. But hearke.

Drummes and Trumpets sounds, with great bawts of the people,

1. Cons. Your Native Towne you enter'd like a Postle, And had no wycomes home, but he returns Spleiting the Ayre with noysse,

2. Cons. And patient Fools, Whose children he hath flame, their base throats teare With glinging him glory.

3. Cons. Therefore at your vantage, Ere he expresse himselfe, or moue the people With what he would say, let him fell his Sword: Which we will second, when he lies along.

After your way. His Tale pronounced, shall bury His Reason, with his Body.

A. Say no more. Hear we come the Lords, Enter the Lords of the City.

All Lords. You are most wycome home.

A. I have not defend't it.

But worthy Lords, have you with heed perused What I have written to you?

All. We haue.

1. Lord. And grecce to heare:

What faults he made before the laft, I think Might have fourde ease Fines: But there to end Where he was to begin, and glue away The benefit of our Ladies, answering vs With our owne charge: making a Tyme, where There was a yeelding: this admits no excute.

V. iv. 39 — V. v. 69
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

As. He approaches, you shall hear him. 

Enter Coriolanus marching with Drumme, and Colours. The Commons being with him, 

Corio. Haile Lords, I am return'd your Souldier: 

No more infected with my Countreys love 

Then when I parted hence : but still inflaming 

Vnder your great Command. You are so known, 

That prospeerously I have attempted, and 

With bloody passage led your Warrs, even to 

The gates of Rome: Our spoiles we have brought home 

Doth more then counterpoize a full third part 

The charges of the Action. We have made peace 

With no lesse Honor to the Antients 

Then flame to the Romaines. And we here deliver 

Subterfus by til Corio, and Patricians, 

Together with the Seace 3th Senate, what 

We have compounded on. 

As. Read it not Noble Lords, 

But tell the Traitor in the highest degree 

He hath abus'd your Powers. 

Corio. Traitor! How now? 

As. I Traitor, Marins. 

Corio. Marins? 

As. I Marins, Came Marius: Do'st thou thinke 

He grace thee with that Robbery, thy false name Coriolam in Coriades? 

You Lords and Heads 9th State, peradventure 

He ha's betray'd your busineffe, and givn vp 

For certaine drops of Salis your City Rome: 

I say your City to his Wife and Mother, 

Breaking his Oath and Relolutions, like 

A swift of rotten Silke, never admittin 

Counsell 9th warre: But at his Nurses reares 

He whin'd and roar'd away your Victory, 

That Pages blufh'd at him, and men of heart 

Look'd with wondering at each other. 

Corio. Heart's thou Mars? 

As. Name not the God, thou boy of Teares, 

Corio. Ha? 

As. No more. 

Corio. Measurelesse Lyre, thou haft made my heart 

Too great for what contains it. Boy? Oh Slaine, 

Pardon me Lords, 'tis the faultfull time that ever 

I was forc'd to confound your judgments my grave Lords 

Muff give this Corre the Lyre: and his owne Nation, 

Who weares my triumph imprisston vpon him, that 

Muff breahe his beating to his Graue, shall joyne 

To thraught the Lyre vpon him. 

1 Lord. Peace both, and heare me speake. 

Corio. Cut me to peeces Volcnes men and Lads, 

Staine all your edges on me. Boy, falle Hound: 

If you have wras your Annales true, 'tis there, 

That like an Eagle in a Doute-cost, I 

Flatten'd your Volcnes in Coriades. 

Alone I did it, Boy. 

As. Why Noble Lords, 

Will you be put in minde of his blinde Fortune, 

Which was your shame, by this vnholy Braggart? 

'Fore your owne eyes, and ears? 

As. Let him dye for't. 

All People. Teare him to peeces, do it prefently: 

He kill'd my Sonne, my daughter, he kill'd my Coyns. 

Marcus, he kill'd my Father. 

2 Lord. Peace here: no outrage, peace: 

The man is Noble, and his Fame told in this 

Oure of his birth: 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's, or more: 

His Tribe, to we our lawfull Sword, 

As. Infolent Villaine. 

All Conpi. Kill, kill, kil, kill, kill him, 

Draw both the Conspirators, and kill Martins, who 

fails Auffidius stands on him. 

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold, 

As. My Noble Masters, heare me speake. 

1 Lord. O Tullus. 

2 Lord. Thou hast done a deed, whereat 

Valour will weep. 

3 Lord. Tread not upon him Masters, all be quiet, 

Put vp your Swords. 

As. My Lords, 

When you shall know as in this Rage 

Prouok'd by him, you cannot, the great danger 

Which this mans life did owne you, you'l renounce 

That is thus cut off. Peace it your Honours 

To call me to your Senate, Ie declare 

My felfe your loyal Servant, or endure 

You heare me Ceduce. 

Lord. Beare from hence his body, 

And mourn you for him. Let him be regarded 

As the most Noble Corruse, that ever Herald 

Did follow to his Vnne. 

2 Lord. His owne impatience, 

Takes from Auffidius a great part of blame: 

Let's make the Beef of it. 

As. My Page is gone, 

And I am Brucke with sorrow. Take him vp: 

Help three a.shcheest Souldiers, Ie be one, 

Beare thou the Drumme that is speake mournfully: 

Traile your steele Pikes, Though in this City bee 

Hath widdow'd and vnchilded many a one, 

Which to this houre be waile the loure, 

Yet the shall have a Noble Memory. Affith. 

Exeunt bearing the Body of Martius. A loud March Sounded. 

FINIS.
The Lamentable Tragedy of
Titus Andronicus.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Flourish. Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft. And then
enter Saturninus and his Followers at one door,
and Bassoctus and his Followers at the
other, with Drums & Colors.

Saturninus,
Noble Patricians, Patrons of my Right,
Defend the Justice of my Cause with Arms.
And Country-men, my louing Followers,
Please my Successfull Title with your Swords.

I was the first borne Sonne, that was the last
That wore the Imperial Diadem of Rome:
Then let my Fathers Honour live in me,
Nor wrong mine Age with this indignity.

Bassoctus, Romanes, Friends, Followers,
 associates of my Rights:
I feuer Bassoctus, Caesar Sonne,
Were gracious in the eyes of Rovall Rome,
Keepet this passage to the Capitoll:
And suffer not Dishonour to approach
The Imperial Seat to Verite, confecrate
To Injustice, Contince, and Nobility:
But let Deceit in pure Elecution shine;
And Romanes, fight for Freedom in your Choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus also with the Crowne,

Princes, that shew by Factsions, and by Friends,
Ambitiously for Rule and Emperie:
Knew, that the people of Rome for whom we Stand
A speical Party, bathe by Common voyce
In Elecution for the Roman Empire,
Chosen Andronicus, Sur-named Bassoctus,
For many good and great defects to Rome.
A Nobleman, a bravet Warrior,
Lines it this day within the City Walls.
He by the Senate is acceded home.
From weary Wares against the barbarous Caeths,
That with his Sonnes (a terror to our Foes)
Hath yеak'd a Nation strong, train'd vp in Armes.
Ten years are spent, since first he undertook
This Caue of Rome, and chalifshd with Armes
Our Enemies pride. Foure times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his Valiant Sonnes
To Cathis from the Field.
And now at last, laden with Hounours Spoyle,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flowerishing in Armes.

Let vs intreat, by Honour of his Name,
Whom (worthily) you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitoll and Senates right,
Whom you pretend to Honour and Adore,
That you withdraw you, and abate your Strength,
Dismiss your Followers, and as Senates should,
Please your Defers in Peace and Humbility.

Saturnine, How sayre the Tribune speaks,
To calme my thoughts.

Bosea. Marcus Andronicus, so I do aske
In thy vprightneffe and Integrity:
And lo I Loue and Honor thee, and thine,
Thy Noble Brother Titus, and his Sonnes,
And Her (to whom my thoughts are humbled all)
Gracious Lusius, Rome's rich Ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving Friends:
And to my Fortunes, and the Peoples Favour,
Commit my Cause in balance to be weigh'd.

Exit Senators.

Saturnine, Friends, that haue bene
Thus forward in my Right,
I thank you all, and here Dismiss you all,
And to the Loue and Favour of my Country,
Commit my Selfe, my Person, and the Cause:
Rome, be as juit and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.

Open the Gates, and let me in.

Bosea. Tribunes, and me, a poore Competitor.
Flourish. They go vp to the Seant house.

Enter a Captaine.

Cap. Romanes make way: the good Andronicus,
Patron of Verite, Rome's belt Champion,
Successe fall in the Batteloke that he fights,
With Honour and with Fortune is return'd,
From whence he circumstanced with his Sword,
And brought to yoke the Enemies of Rome.

Sound Drummes and Trumpetts. And then enter one of Titus
Sponsors; After them, two men bearing a Coffin covered
with blackne, then two other Sponsors. After them, Titus
Andronicus, and then Tamora the Queen of Goather,
her two Sonnes Chiron and Demetrius, with Aaron the
More, and others, as many as can best: They set down the
Coffin, and Titus bodek.

Andronicus. Haille Rome:
Victorious in thy Mourning Weedes.
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

Alarbus goes to tell, and doth prepare
To tremble with Titus trembling looks,
Then Madam stand resolu'd, I have hope within,
The fife same Gods that arm'd the Queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,
May favour Tamora the Queen of Gothes,
(When Gothes were Gothes, and Tamara was Queen)
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her feet.

Enter the Sons of Andronicus again.

Luc. See Lord and Father, how we have perform'd
Our Romanie rights, Alarbus limbs are lopt.
And infrails the terriflying fire,
Whoe make like in cence doth perfume the skie,
Remaineth nought but to interre our Brethren,
And with low'd Laurens welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so, and let Andruckist
Make this his lastest farewell to their foules.
Flourish.

Then sound Trumpets, and say the Coffins in the Tombe,
To peace and Honour: light ye heere my Sonnes,
Romes readingl Champions, repose you in reft,
Secure from wordly chaunces and mishaps:
Heere lurks no treaason, heere no enemie fowl's,
Heere grow no damned grudges, heere are no flomers,
No noyse, but silence and Eternall sleepe.
In peace and Honour reft ye heere my Sonnes.

Enter Lords.

Luc. In peace and Honour, light Lord Titus long,
My Noble Lord and Father, light ye in Fame:
Joe at this Tombe my tributarie teaves,
I render for my Brethrens Officiques:
And at thy feate I kneele, with teares of joy
Said on the earth for thy returne to Rome.
O bleste me heere with thy victorious hand,
whole Fortune Rome's belt Citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome,
That halfe thus loudly refpe'ted
The Cordall of mine age to glad my hart,
Laudius liee, out-liee thy Fathers slaves:
And Fortune doing in the serene prai'se,
Mong. Long liee Lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious Triumphet in the eyes of Rome.

Tit. Thankes Gentle Tribune,
Noble brother Marcus.

Mar. And welcome. Nephews from succeffulf wars,
You that furvive and you that sleep in Fame:
Fair Lords you: Fortunes are all alike in all,
That in your Countries service draw your Swords:
But fater Triumph is this Funeral Pomps,
That hath aspire'd to Soleni Happiness,
And Triumphs over chaunc in honour beds.
Tit. Andronicus the people of Rome,
Whole friend in tiffue thou hast earbene,
Send thee by me their Tribune and their truft,
This Parliament of white and speckled Hue,
And name thee in Election for the Empire.
With thee our late deceased Emperours Sonnes:
Be Conditum then, and put it on,
And helpe to fea a head on headlefe Rome.

Tit. A better head her Glorious body fitts,
Then his that makes for age and freebene.
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

What should I do this Rube and trouble you, Be enveni with proclamations to day, To morrow yield vp rule, resigne my life, And set abroad new businesse for you all. Rome I have bene thy Souldier forty yeeres, And led my Countreys strenght successfully, And burden one and twenty Valiant Sonnes, Righted in Field, and beaten all the Armies, In righte and Service of their Noble Country : Give me a flaque of Honour for mine age, But not a Scepter to controlle the world, Upvrithe he held it, Lords, that held it left.

Tit. Thou shalt obtaine and ask the Empire. Pris. And ambitious Tribune can it thou tell ?

Tribunes. To gratifie the good Andronicus, And vouchsafe his life returne to Rome, the people will accept whom he admitt.

Tit. Tribunes I thank you, and this sure I make, That you Create your Emperours eldest sonne, Lord Saturnine, whose Vertues will hope, Reflect on Rome as Tytans Rayes on earth, And open Justice in this Common-wealth: Then if you will elect by my advice, Crownem, and say: I long haue our Emperor. More. With Yeare, and applause of every fort, Patricians and Plebeians we Create Lord Saturnine Rome's Great Emperour. And long, Long live our Emperour Saturnine, A long Florish till they come downe.

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy Favours done, To win our Election this day, I give thee thanks in part of thy Defects, And will with Deeds require thy beneficence: And for an Other: Titus to advance Thy Name, and Honoroble Famille, Lamnia will I make my Empresse, Rome a Royall Meate, Meats of my hart And in the Sacred Pathan her espoice: Tell me Andronicus doth this motion please thee ?

Tit. It doth worthy Lord, and in this match, Who setteth ever so glorious a Grace, And here in light of Rome, to Saturnine, King and Commander of our Common-wealth, The Wides-worlds Emperour, do I Consecrate, My Sword, my Chariot, and my Piflower, Pletens well Worthy Rome's imperial Lord: Receive them then, the Tribune that I owe, Mine Honour Ensignes tumble at my feete,

Sat. Thanks Noble Titus, Father of my life, How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts

Rome Shall record, and when I do forget

The leafl of these unspokeable Defects, Romans forget your Felicity to me.

Tit. Now Madam are you prisoner to an Emperour, To him that for you Honour and your State, Will give you Nobly and your followers.

Sat. A goodly Lady, trust me of the Hug : That I would choose, were I to choose a new : Cleere vp faire Queene that cloudly countenance, Though chance of warre

Hath wrought this change of cleere, Thou dost not to be made a foraine in Rome: Princely shal be thy voyage every way, Rele on my word, and let out discontent

Dance all your hopes : Madam he comforts you, Can make your Greater than the Queene of Gothes ?

Lamnia you are not displeas'd with this ?

Lam. Not I my Lord, fith true Nobilitie, Writures these words in Princely curtseie.

Tit. Thanks sweete Lamnia, Romans let us see:

Randleliffe here we fixt our Prisoners free,

Proclaime our Honors Lords with Trumpete and Drum, Tit. Lord Titus by your lease, this Maid is mine.

Tit. How far? Are you in earnest then my Lord ?

Bafi. I Noble Titus and revel'd aswhel, To doe my tels this reason, and this right.

Marc. Summa curpers, is our Roman Juberti,

This Prince in Justice exeth but his own.

Lam. And that he will and shal, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traynor auzant, where is the Emperours Guardian ?

Treson my Lord, Lamnia is suppos'd. Lam. Surpris'd, by whose ?

Bafi. By him that ugly may

Bear his Betrach't, from all the world away.

Marc. Brothers helpe to convey her hence away,

And with my Sword I keepe this doore safe.

Tit. Follow my Lord, and Ie sonne her brake.

Mist. My Lord you passe not hence.

Tit. What villaine Boy, be not me my way in Rome ?

Mist. Help me Lucius helpe. He fell him.

Lam. My Lord you are unwise, and more than so,

In wrongfull quarrell, you have shame your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he are any sonnes of mine,

My sonnes would never so dilligent me.

Traynor repaire Lamnia to the Emperour.

Lam. Dead if you will, but not to be his wife,

That is anothers lawfull promist Luci.

Enter aloft the Emperour with Tamora and her two sonnes, and Aaron the Moor.

Empe. No Titus, no the Emperour needs her not, Nor her, nor thee, nor any othly bucke.

Tit. He trust by Leisure him that mocks me once,

Thee neuer: not thy Traynor's hughe sonnes,

Confeders all, thus to dis Honor me.

Was none in Rome to make a title

But Saturnine I fast well Andronicus.

Tit. Agree these Deeds, with that proud bragge of thine,

That said I, I beg'd the Empire as thy hand.

Tit. O monsieurs, what repulschill words are these ?

Sat. But goe thy wayes, goe gieue that changing pece,

To him that flourishes for her with his Sword : A Valiant sonne in law thou shalt enioy.

One, fit to bandy with thy lawlell Sonnes,
To suffice in the Commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are Razors to my wounded hart.

Sat. And therefore loathly Tamora Queen of Gothers, That like the filthy Tethe mong't her Nymphs Doth over-shine the Gallant 'll Dames of R. one, If thou be pleased with this my faffine choyse, Behold I choose thee Tamora for my Bride, And will create thee Empresse of Rome.

Speak Queen of Gothers doth thou applaud my choyse? And here I swear by all the Romaine Gods, Sith Priests and Holy-water are so nere, And Tapers burn so bright, and every thing In realitie of Hypocresy's hand, I will not relaute the streets of Rome, Or clime my Pallace; still from forth this place, I leade espoused my Bride along with me, Tamora. And here in fight of heaven to Rome I swear, If Saturnine advance the Queen of Gothers, She will a hand-maid be to his defires, A loving Nurse, a Mother to his youth.

Sat. Attend faire Queen, Another Lord, accompany Your Noble Empeur and his louey Bride, Sent by the heauens for Prince Saturnine, Whose wife done hath her Fortune Conquered, There shall we Conmunicate our Spoufull rites. Execut. Tam.

Tit. I am not bid to wait on this Bride: Titw when wert thou wont to walk alone, Dishonoured thus and Challenged of wrongs?

Enter Marcus and Titus Sonnes.

Mar. O Titus see! I see what thou hast done! In a bad quarrell, slaine a Vertuous sonne.

Tit. No foolish Tribune, no: No sonne of mine, Nor thou, nor stille Confedirates in the deed, That hath dishonoured all our Family, Vvnworthy brother, and vvnworthy Sonnes.

Luc. But let vs give him burial as becomes: Give Magnifitque burial with our Bretheren.

Tit. Traytors away, the rest not in this Tomb: This Monument five hundred yeares hath stood, Which I haue Sumptuously re-edified: Herein none but Souldiers, and Rome Striuors, Repose in Fame: None bafely flame in braves, Burie him where you can, he comes not heere.

Mar. My Lord this is impiery in you, My Nephew Marcus doth depute for him, He must be buried with his bretheren.

Titus two Sonnes speak.

And shall, or him we will accompany. Tit. And shall! What villain was it spake that word? Titus spake speedy.

He that would vouch'd it in any place but heere. Tit. What would you bury him in my delight? Mar. No Noble Titus, but intrest of thee,

To pardon Magnific, and to bury him. Tit. Marcus, be thou hast stroke upon my Cred, And with these buyes mine Honour thou hast wounded, My foes I doe repute you every one, So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

1. Sonne. He is no hynde, let vs withdraw.

2. Sonne. Not I tell Magnific bones be buried.

The Brother and the Sonnes kneele.

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plea'd.
Were gracious in those Princely eyes of thine,
Then heare me speake indifferently for all;
And at my suits (sweet) pardon what is past.

Sau. What Madam, doth dishonour openly,
And basely put it vp without revenge?

Tam. 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 disfembled spakes his griefs:
Then at my fote look graciously on him,
Loose not so noble a friend on vaine suppose,
Nor with fower lookes afflict his gentle heart,
My Lord, be rul'd by me, be woman at large,
Dissemble all your griefes and difcontents,
You are but newly planted in your Throne,
Least then the people, and Patricians too,
Upon a just survey take Titus part,
And so supple vs for ingratitude,
Which Rome repuets to be a hairnie finne.
Yeeld at interest, and then let me alone:
He find a day to affarce them all,
And dance their faction and their family,
The cruel Father, and his traytous fones,
To whom I freed for my desire fones life;
And make them know what 'ris to let a Queene,
Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vaine,
Come, come, sweet Emperour, (come Andronicus)
Take vp this good old man, and cheere the heart,
That dies in the weft of an angry frowne.

King. Rite Titus,
My Empeeffe hath preuail'd.

Titus. I thank you Maifteff,
And her my Lord.
These words, thefe lookes,
Infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Peaon now adopted in your family,
And must advise the Emperour for his good,
This day all quarrel is Andronicus,
And let it be mine honour good my Lord,
That I have reconnoitred your friends and you.
For your Prince Belli-fawn, I haue paff
My word and promise to the Emperour,
That you will be more mild and tractable.
And feare not Lords:
And you Launia,
By your affiftance I am humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of my Maifteff,
Sen. We doe,
And vow to heare, and to his Highnes,
That what we did, was milde, as we might,
Tenning our fifters honour and our owne.
Mar. That on mine honour here I do protest.

King. Away and talk not, trouble vs no more.
Tamora. Nay, nay,
Sweet Emperour, we affift all be friends,
The Tribune and his Nephews kneele for grace,
I will not be denied, focus hart look back.

King. Marcel. For thy take and thy brothers heere,
And at my lately Tamora's interest,
I doe remit these young men hyaious faults.

Tamora. Though you left me like a childe,
I found a friend, and fure en death I Sawer.

I would not part a Batchellour from the Priest.
Come, if the Emperours Court can part two Brides,
You are my gentle Lamini, and your friends:
This day shal be a Loue-day Tamora's.

Tit. To morrow and it pleafe your Maieffe,
To hunt the Panter and the Hart with me,
With hore and Hound.

Weele give your Grace Box inuer.

"Sau. Be it to Titus, and Gramercy to."

Exit. 

Actus Secunda.

Flourish.
Enter Aaron alone.

Aaron. Now climbeth Tamora Olympos coppe,
Safe out of Fortunes foal, and fits aloft,
Secure of Thunders cracke or lightning flash,
Advanc'd about pale enuies Threatening reach:
As when the goldes nekke faultes the mones,
And having gift of the Ocean with his beames,
Gallops the Zodiacke in his glittering Coach,
And oute lookes the hight piercing hills:

Sau. (To Tamora) Upon her wit doth earthly honour waite,
And vertue toopest and trembles at her frowne.
Then Aaron name thy hart, and fit thy thoughtes,
To mount aloft with thy Empeffiall Miftifs,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Halt prisoner held, fetted in amorous chains,
And fafher bound to Aaron charming eyes,
Then is Prometheus ti'd to Caemus,
Away with flauifh weeder, and idle thoughtes,
I will be bright and shine in Pearle and Gold,
To waite upon this new made Empeff.te,
To waite said I To wanon with this Queene,
This Goddesse, this Sempronius, this Queene,
This Syren, that will charme Rome Saturne,
And see his shipwacke, and his Common weale.
Hallo, what firme is this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrious bragging.

Dem. Chiron thy yeares wants, why thy winters edge
And manner to intro'd where I am gaide,
And may fo ought thou know'st affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost not ouer-weene in all,
And in this, to bestre me downe with brauer,
'Tis not the difference of a yeere or two
Makes me leffe gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To fere, and to deftrie my Miftirs grace,
And that my fond vpon thee shall approue,
And plea for my patrons for Lamina's loue.

Aron. Clubs, clubs, these louers will not keep the peace.

Dem. WhyBoy, although our mother (teumedifed)
Gave you a daunffing Rapier by your side,
Are you so defperate growne to threat your friends?
Give too, have you thy Lath gled within thy sheathe,
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Meane while fit, with the little skill I have,
Full well that thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. I boy, grow ye fo braue e
They drawe.

Aron. Why how now Lords?
So nere the Emperours Palace date you draw,
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

And mainaine such a quarrell openly?
Full well I wote, the ground of all this grudge,
I would not for a million of Gold,
The cause were knowne to them it most concerns.
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonored in the Court of Rome:
For frame put on.

Dem. Not I, till I have breath'd,
My rapiere in his bosome, and withall
Thrust these reprochfull speecches downe his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepar'd, and full resolv'd,
Foul spotten Coward,
That thunderd with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing daft performe.

Arms. A way I say.

Now by the Gods that wateke Gothes adore,
This pretty brabbile will vado vs all:
Why Lords, and thinke you not how dangerous
It is to let upon a Princes right?
What is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Basianus do degenerate.
That for her love such quarrells may be brotch,
Without controulment, justice, or reuenuego?
Young Lords be ware, and shoulde the Empereor know,
This disord ground, the muckle would not plete.

Chi. I care not, I knew thee, and all the world,
I loose Lavinia more then all the world.

Dem. Youngling.

Learn thou to make some meaner choyce,
Lavinia is thine elder brothers hope.

Arms. Why are ye mad? Or know ye not in Rome,
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brooke Competitors in love?
I tell you Lords, you dare not plot your deaths,
By this deuise.

Arms. And thou hast seen thousand and deaths would I propoese,
To architeste whom I do love.

Arms. To architeste her, how?

Dem. Why, in'th' thou is it strange?
Shee is a woman, therefore may be wood'd,
Shee is a womans herte may be wronge,
Shee is Lavinia therefore must be loud.
Where in, more water glisteth by the Mill
Then worst the Miller of, and eate is it
Of a cutt loose to fleaste a shyn we knowe
Though Basianus be the Emperour brother,
Better then hee haue worne Valescau badge.

Arms. I, and as good as Saturnus may.

Dem. Then why should he dispaire that knowes to
With words, faire looks, and liberality: (court it)
What hath not thou full often strikke a Doe,
And borne her cleanly by the Keepers note?

Arms. Why then it strength some certaine snatch or so
Would sure your turnes.

Chi. I to the turne were fustred.

Dem. Armes thou hast hit it.

Arms. Would you had hit it too,
Then should not we be in't with this ado:
Why harke ye, harke ye, and are you fuch foole,
To quere for this? Would it offend you then?

Chi. Faith not me.

Dem. Not me,fo I were one,
Armes. For shame be fRIENDS, &dneye for that you say:
'Tis policy, and strategem must doe
That you affect, and so much you refuse,

That what that cannot as you would architese,
You must perforce accomplishe as you may:
Take this of me, Valescau was not more chaste
Then this Lavinia, Basianus love,
A speedier courtext this inglorious languishing
Mutt we purifie, and I haue found the path:
My Lords, a folome hunting is in hand,
There will the lowly Roman Ladies troope:
The Forrest walkes are wide and spacious,
And many unquieten plots there are,
Fitted by kind to rape and villanies:
Single you therfe then this dainty Doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way or no stail, stand you in hope.

Dem. Why then the course full of tongue, of eyes, of ears:
The woods are ruthefull, dreadful, pleas, and dull:
There speake, and strike theu Boyes, & take your turnes.
These ferue your lufts, shafeld from heavens eye,
And resell in Lavinia's treasure.

Chi. Thy countell Ladimes of no cowardise,

Dem. Say'st our resait, till I finde the armes,
To coate this hole, a Charme to calmie their fits,
Per St?g?per m受e fecur.

Enter Titus Andronicus and his three sons, making a noyse with hounds and horses, and Marcus,

Tit. The hunt is vp, the morn is bright and gray,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green,
Come on, our emperour with his band, and let us make a joy:
And wake the Emperor, and his lovely Bride,
And rouze the Prince, and sing a hunters pesel,
That all the Court may echo with the noyse.
Sonnes let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the Emperours person carefully:
I have bene troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

Winds Harmer.

Herea a cry of hounds, and wince: harnes in a peale, then
Enter Sarastro, Tamora, Basianus, Lavinia, Chiron, Demetrius, and their Attendants.

Tit. Many good morrowes to your Maiestyes,

Madam to you as many and as good,
I promised your Grace, a Hunters pesel.
Satur. And you haue rung it lustly my Lords,
Somewhat to cere for new married Ladies.

Balf. Lavinia, how say you?

Lain. I say no:
I have bene awake two houres and more.
Satur. Come on then, horse and chariots letvs haue,
And so our spott, Madam, now shall ye see,
Our Roman hunting.

Mar. I haue dogged my Lord,
Will rouze the pridefull Panther in the Chase,
And clime the highest Pommont top.

Tit. And I haue horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and runnes lies Swallowes ope the plane

Dem. Clave

II. i. 47—II. ii. 24

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The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus

Dem. Choose we hunt not we, with Horie nor Hound, But hope to please a darling Doe to ground,

Exeunt Ares alone.

Ares. He that hath win, would thinke that I had none, To buy so much Gold under 3 Trees, And never after to inherit it. Let him that thinks of me for truly, Know that this Gold must come a strawegene, Which cunningly effected will begyn

A very excelent piece of many, And to repose sweet Gold for their smelt, That have their Almes out of the Empyrean Chest. Enter Tamora to the Moore.

Tamora. My louly Ares, Wherefore look'nt thou sad, When every thing doth make a Glickfull bosom? The Birds chant melody on every bush, The Snake lies rolled in the cheerfull Sunne, The greene leaves quiner with the cooling winde, And make a chekfull gladness on the ground: Under their favorable shade, Ares lies visis, And whilst the babling Echo moweth the Hounds, Replying sillyly to the well undes-Homes, As if a double hunt were had at once, Let vs sit downe, and make their yelping noyse: And after contention, such as was supposed. The wandring Prince and Dido once entred, When with a happy home they were surpris'd, And under a Counting-house keeping Care, We may each threaten in the others armes, (Our palest done) possete a Golden stumper, Whites Hounds and Horses, and sweet Melodious Birds Be not vs, as is a Natures Song Of Lullable, to bring her Babe asleep. Enter. Madame, Though Fecund gourette your desires, Saturne is Dominor over mine: What signifies my deadly standing eye, My silence, and my Cloudy Melancholy, My fleece of Woolly hair, that now vuncures, Even as an Adder: when the doth know you To do some fatal execution?

No Madame, these are no Veneriall signes, Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand, Blood, and revenge, are Hymning in my head. Hatke Tamora, the Empresse of my Soule, Which never hopes more heauen, then reft in thee, This is the day of Doome for Baffianus; His Philomel must knowe her tongue to day, Thy Sonnes make Pillage of her Chastity, And wash their hands in Baffianus blood. Seest thou this Letter, take it vp I pray thee, And gue the King this fatal plotted Scrowle, Now question me no more, we are eipled, Here comes a parcell of our hopefull Booty, Which dreads not yet their lives destrucion.

Enter Baffianus and Lucinius.

Tamora. Ay my sweete Moors: sweeter to me then life.

Ares. No more great Empresse, Baffianus comes, Be eipled with him, and hee goe fetch thy Sonnes To backe thy quarella what so ever they be.

Baff. When thou we hear heere? Rome's Royall Empresse, Vnturned of our well beleeving troope; Or is it Dion habited like her, Who hath abandoned her holy Graces, To see the general Hunting in this Forrest?

Tamora. Swaile contrower of our proulse resps: Had I the power, that some say Dion had, Thy Temples should be planted pretty, With Horse, as was Alcione, and the Hounds Should drue uppon his new transformed Limbes, Vnmeanerly intrudes as thou.

Lau. Under your patience gentle Empresse, Twas thought you had a goodly gift in Horning, And to be doubted, that your Moere and you Are fagled forth to try experiments: See if the husband from his Hounds to day, Tir pitty they should take him for a Star.

Baff. Believe me Queen, your swarth Cymeron, Doth make your Honour of his bodie Hure, Spotted, detected, and abominate. Why are you suspected from all your traine? DIScounted from your Snow-white goody Streed, And wunder'd bittier to an obscure plot. Accompanied with a barbarous Moere, It louke desire had not condued you?

Lau. And being interred in your sport, Great reason that my Noble Lord, be rated For Scape thine, I pray you let vs hence, And let her joy her blood coloured eare, This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Baff. The King my Brother shall have notice of this. Lau. I for these flaps have made him noted long, Good King, to be so mightfully abused.

Tamora. Why I have patience to endure all this? Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Dem. How now dure Soueraigne And our gracious Mother, Why dost your Highnesse look so pale and wan?

Tamora. Haue I not reaon thinke you to looke pale. These two haue tie'd me hither to this place, A bam, deserted vale you see it is. The Trees though Sommer,yet forborne and leave, One-come with Mosse, and batefull Miehleto. Heere neues thines the Sunne,heere nothing breedes, Valerie the nightly Ombr, or fatal Raynes. And when they saw'd me this abhorred pit, They told me here at dead time of the night, A thousand Friends, a thousand bussing Snakes, Ten thousand swelling Toades, as many Vorchett, Would make such fearfull and confused cries, As any mortal body hearing it, Should strait fall mad, or eile die suddenly. No sooner had they told this herelish tale, But strait they told me they would bind me heere, Vuto the body of a dismall yew, And leue me to this miserable death. And then they call'd me solee Adulterresse, I aciousious Github, and all the biterell teares That ever care did heare to such effect, And had you nor by wondrous fortune come, This vengeance on me had they executed: Reuenge it, as you love your Mothers life, Or be ye not henceforth call'd my Children.

Dem. This is a wittence that I am thy Sonne. Sub him. Oh. And this for me, Strook home to shew my strength.

Lau. I come Somer-somay Barbarous Tamora.

d d

II. ii. 25—II. iii. 118

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For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

TAM. Give me this toy, servitor, that shall know my boyes.
Your Mothers hand shall right your Mothers wrong.

DEMO. Stay Madam here, it is more belongs to her,
Fifth thrall the Corne, then burnt the straw:
This Minion fond upon her chaff, fond,
Vpon her Nipsall vow, her loyale,
And with that painted hope, braves your Mightineffe,
And shall fill this troy into her grave?

CHI. And if it fit the doe,
I would I were an Eunuch,
Drag then her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead Trunkc Pillow to our lust.

TAM. But when ye have the hony we define,
Not this Wapte out-lung vs both to sting:

CHI. I warrant you Madam we will make that fure:
Come Miltons, now perforce we will enjoy,
That nice-prefered honest of yours,

LAM. Oh Tamur, thou beart a woman face.

TAM. I will not hear her speak, away with her.

LAM. Sweet Lords interest her hear me but a word.

DEMO. Litten fair Madam, let it by your glory
To see her teares, but be your hart to them,
As reverencing lift to drops of rain.

LAM. When did the mighty young one's first reach the dam?
O doe not learn her wrath, she taught it thee,
The milke thou sucke from her did turne to Marble,
Euen at thy Text thou had it thy Tyranny,
Yet every Mother breeds not Sons alike,
Do thou interest her fawn a woman pretty.

CHI. What,
Wouldst thou have me prove my selfe a bastard?

LAM. 'Tis tru,
The Raun doth not hatch a Lark,
Yet haue I heard, Oh could I finde it now,
The Lion moud with pitty, did indure
To haue his Prince paies pard all away.

LAM. But some fay, that Raunes foster forsome children,
The which if their owne birds famih in their neifs:
Oh be to me then thy hard hart stay no,
Nothing but kind but something pitsfull.

TAM. I know not what it means away with her.

LAM. Oblect me teach thee for my Fathers fake
That gane that life when well he might haue flaine thee:
Be not obdurate, open thy deare cares.

TAM. Had it theon in perion more offended me.

LAM. Even for his fake am | picture.
Remember boyes I gendar forth teares in vain,
I to ease your brother from the fatiche,
But fierce Andronicus would not relent,
Therefore away with her, and vfe her as you will,
The worfe to her, the better love of me.

LAM. Oh Tamara,
Be call d a gentle Queenes,
And with thine owne hands slay me in this place,
For this is not fat: I have begg'd to long,
Poor I was shaine, when Bajfamuays dy'd,
TAM. What begg'd thou then? fand woman let me go?

LAM. I prays the present death I beg, and one thing more,
That woman said denies my tongue to tell:
Oh keep me from their worfe then killing lust,
And tumble me into some lossthorne pit,
Where never mans eye may behold my body,
Doe this, and be a charitabe murderer.

TAM. So shold I rob my sweet Sonnes of their fee,
No let them falsifie their part on thee,

DEMO. Away,
For thou hast fluid vs here too long.

LAM. No Garace,
No womanhood? Ah besently creature,
The blit and enemy to our general name,
Confusion fall.

CHI. Nay then Ile flop your mouth
Bring thou her husbands,
This is the hole where Aaron bid vs hide him.

TAM. Farewel my Sonnes, fee that you make her fure,
Nece let my heart know merry cheere indeed,
Till all the Andronicus be made away:
Now will I hence to seeke my lonely More,
And let my spleenfull Sonnes this Trull defloure. Exit.

Enter Aaron with two of Titus Sonnes.

ARON. Come on my Lords, the better foon before,
Straight I will bring you to the lostlie flight pit,
Where I espied the Panther full allepe.

QUIN. My fity is very dull what e'er it beades.

MART. And mine I proue you, were it not for flame,
Well coulde I leave our sport to sleepe a while.

QUIN. What art thou fallen?

Wine fabule hole is this,
Whose mouth is covered with Rude growing Briers,
Vpon whose leaves are dapples of new-sheed-blood,
As freth as mornings dew duffild on flowers,
A very fatall place it fentes to me:
Speke Brothe falt thou fure with thee with the fall?

MART. Oh Brothe,
With the defatate object
This eye with a right mad heart lament:

ARON. Now will I fetch the King to finde them heare,
That he thereby may have a likely geffe,
Howe there they that made away his Brother.

Exit ARON.

MART. Why doft not comfort me and help me out,
From this vnshallow'd and blood-stained hole?

QUIN. I am surpris'd with an uncooche fcar.
A chilling fconce ore-truus my trembling pyrnes,
My heart fuipled more then mine eie can fee.

MART. To proue thou haft a true druing heart,
Aaron and thou looke downe into this den,
And fee a fairefull fght of blood and death.

QUIN. Aaron is gone,
And my comfoffionate heart
Will not permit mine eies once to behold
The thing where as it trembles by furnice:
Oh tell me how it is, for nere till now
Was I a child or faire I know not what.

MART. Lord Bajfamuay liet embrued here,
All on a beape like the liughtered Lambe,
In this delfeted, darke,blood-drinking pit.

QUIN. If it be darke, how do you thon knouw his he?

MART. Vpon his bloody finger he doth weeke
A precious Ring, that lightens all the hole:
Which like a Taper in some Monument,
Doth thine vspon the dead mans earthly cheeks,
And flinges the ragged intraines of the pit:
So pale did shine the Moone on Piramum,
When he by night lay bath'd in Maiden b lood;
O Brothe helpe me with thy faining hand.
If feare hath made thee faint, as mee it hath,
Out of this fell devouring recepacle,
As hateful as Orcus miste mouth.

QUIN. Reach me thy hand, that I may helpe thee out,
Or wanting strength to doe thee so much good,
I may be pluckt into the allowing wome,
Or this deep pit; poore Bajfianus grace:
I have no strength to plucke thee to the brinkes.
Martius. Nor I no strength to cliime without thy help.
Queen. Thy hand once more, I will not lose againe,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below,
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee. Death fall in.

Enter the Emperour, Aaron the Moor.

Sawr. Along with me, I see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leapt into.
Say, who art thou that lately did defend,
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?
Martus. The vnhappy sonne of old Andronicus,
Brought hither in a most vnkuicke houre,
To finde thy brother Bajfianus dead,
Sawr. My brother dead? I know thou dost cut left,
He and his Lady both are at the Lodge,
When in the North-side of this pleasant Chafe,
'Tis not an houre since I left him here.
Martus. We know not where you left him all alie,
But out alas, here have we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus, and Lucretia.

Tam. Where is my Lord the King?
King. Here. Tamora, though grieu'd with killing griefe,
Tam. Where is thy brother Bajfianus dead?
King. Now to the bottome dooth thou search my wound,
Poore Bajfianus here lies murthered.
Tam. Then all too lare I bring this fatal wrire,
The complot of this timelife Tragedie,
And wonder greatly that mans face can fold,
In pleasing faults such murderous Tyrannie.
She ginsch Saturninus a Letter.

Saturninus reads the Letter.

And if we might to meete hum banfully,
Sweet huntsman, Bajfianus 'tis we meane,
Doe thou'so much as dig the grave for him,
Then know by our meaning, looke for thy reward.
Among the Nestles at the Elder tree:
Which that our house the mouth of that same pit:
Where we decreed to bury Bajfianus.
Doe this and purchase vs thy lying friends.

King. Oh Tamora, was euer heard the like?
This is the pin, and this the Elder tree,
Looke first, if you can finde the huntsman out.
That should have murthered Bajfianus here.
Aaron. My gracious Lord heere is the bag of Gold.
King. Two of thy whelpes, fell Curs of bloody kind
Have heere bereft my brother of his life:
Sirs drag them from the pit unto the prison,
There let them bide unill we have decreid,
Some neuer hear'd of torturing paine for them.
Tam. What are they in this pit,
Oh wondrous thing!
How easly sinners is discovered?
Tit. High Empeour, vpon my feeble knee,
Ib eg this boone, with tears, not lightly flie,
That this fell fault of my accursed Sonnes,
Accursed, if the faultis be proud in them.
King. If he be proud if you feit it is apparant,
Who found this Letter, Tamora was it you?
Tamora. Andronicus himselfe did take it vp.
Tit. I did my Lord,
Yet let me be their baile,
For by my Fathers reverent Tomb I vow
They shall be ready at your Highnes will,
To answere their fupposition with their liues.
King. Thou shalt not baile them, see thou follow me:
Some bring the murthered body, done the murtherers,
Let them not speake a word, the guilt is plaine,
For by my foule, were there worse end then death,
That end upon them should be executed,
Titus, Andronicus I will entreat the King,
Fare not thy Sonnes, they shall do well enough.
Tit. Come Lucina come,
Stay not to take with them.

Enter the Emprefs Sonnes, with Lucinia her hands cut of and her tongue cut out, and ran fow.

Dems. So now goe tell and if thy tongue can speake,
Who t was that cut thy tongue and rauffte thee.
Ch. Write downe thy mind, bewray thy meaning fo,
And if thy stumpes will let thee play the Scribe.
Dem. See how with fignes and tokens thee can fowle.
Ch. Goe home,
Call for sweet water, wah thy hands.
Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to waft.
And fo let's loose her to her filent walks.
Ch. And t were my caufe, I should goe hang my felle.
Dem. If thou hadt hands to heape thee the cord.

Enter Marcia from humbling to Lucretia.

Who is this, my Neeze that flies away to fall?
Coven a word, where is your husband?
If I do dreame, would all my wealth would wake me;
If I doe wake, some Planet strike me downe,
That I may lumbre in eternall sleepe.
Speake gentle Neeze, what faire gentle hands,
Hath loppt, and heu'd, and made thy body bare.
Of her two branches, those fweet Ornaments
Whose cirkling flades, Kings have fought to sleep in,
And might not gaue so great a Happine.
As haste thy Loue: Why doth not speake to me?
Alas, a Crimson rivers of warme blood,
Like to a bubbling fountaine flid with winde,
Doth rule and tall betwixte thy Rofed lps,
Comming and going with thy Honey breath.
But fore some terrow hath defcorde thee,
And leaft thou shoulde decte them, cut thy tongue.
Ah now thou turn't away thy face for shame;
And now withstanding all this losse of blood,
As from a Conduit with their iffuing Spouts,
Yet doe thy cheekes looke red as Titans face,
Blushing to be encountered with a Cloud,
Shall I speake for thee? Shall I fay thy so?
Oh that I knew thy hart, and knew the breaf,
That I might rule at him to ease my minde.
Sorrow conuerted, like an Ouen ftept,
Doth burne the hart to Cinders where it is.
Faire Whitewate fire but loth her tongue,
And in a tediousSampler fowde her minde.
But lonely Neeze, that meanes is cut from thee,
A crattier Terrow haft thou met withall,
And he hath cutthose pretty fingers off,

II. iii. 238—II. iv. 42
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

Enter the Judges and Senators with Titus two scenes bound, palling on the Stage to the place of execution, and Titus going, before pleading.

Ti. Hear me base fathers, noble Tribunes stay, For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent In dangerous wars, whilst I securely slept: For all my blood in Rome, great quarrell fled, And for all the frothy nights that I have watcht, And for these bitter tears which now ye see, Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks, Be pitiful to my condemned Sonnes. Who soeulnes is not corrupted as'tis thought: For two and twenty sonnes I neuer wept, Because they died in honours lofty bed. Andronicus yield durance, and the Judges passe by him. For these, Tribunes, in the dust I write My harts deepse languor, and my soules sad teares: Let my teares (stand the earths driest appetite. My sonnes sweet blood, will make it thame and blushing: O earth! I will be friend thee more with rain, Exeunt That shall distill from these two ancient rooses, Then youthfull! Aprill shall with all his showres In fanners drought: He drop vp on thee still, In Winter with warme teares: He melt the snow, And keepeth everall springe time on thy face, So thou refuseth to drinke my deare sonnes blood.

Enter Lucius, with his weapons drawnne.

Oh reverent Tribunes, oh gentle aged men, Vnbine my sonnes, reverence the doome of death, And let me say (that me not weare before my teares are now prevailing Oracours. Lu. In noble father, you lament in vaine, The Tribunes in are not, no man is by, And you recount your forrowes to a three. Ti. Al Lucius for thy brothers let me plead, Graue Tribunes, once more I intrest of you. Lu. My gracious Lord, no Tribune heares you speake. Ti. Why tis no matter man, ifthey did hear They would not marke mee oh if they did heare They would not pitty me. Therefore I tell my forrowes bootes to the flores. Who through they cannot answere my diffire, Yet in some fort they are better then the Tribunes, For that they will not intercept my speake. When I doe wepe, they humbly at my feate Receive my teares, and feeme to wepe with me, And were they but stilled in grave weedes, Rome could afford no Tribune like to thele, A flore is as soft waxe, Tribunes more hard then flores: Aftone is silent, and offender noth, And Tribunes with their tongues doome men to death. But wherefore fandle thow with thy weapon drawnne? Lu. To rescue my two brothers from there death, For which attempt the Judges have pronoune It my euerlastinge doome of banishement. Ti. 0 happy man, they have behelde thee: Why foolish Lucius, daft thou not perceiue That Rome is but a wildernes of Tigers? Tigers mull pray, and Rome affords no prey But me and mine: how happy art thou then, From these deuouers to be banishd? But who comes with our brother Marcus here? Exeunt

Enter Marcus and Lavinia.

Mar. Tiue, prepare thy noble eyes to wepe, Or if not fo, thy noble heart to breake: I bring consuming forrow to thine age. Ti. Will it consume me? Let me fee it then. Mar. This was thy daughter. Ti. Why Marcus to thee. Lu. Ay, me this object kill me. Ti. O fairest formes of art and love and offer her, Speak Lavinia, what accursed hand Hath made thee this base deface in thy Fathers sight? What foole hath added water to the Sea? Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy? My griete was at the height before thou camst, And now like Nyctis it did sixth bounds: Cisse me a sword, Ile chop off my hands too, For they have foughed for Rome, and all in vaine: And they have madst this woe, In feeding life: In bootelesse prayer have they bane held vp, And they bave serued me to erectlesse vie, Now all the feruice I require of them, Is that the one will help to cut the other: Tiis well Lavinia, that thou haue not hands, For hands to do Rome feruice, is but vaine. Lu. Speak gentle sister, who hath marst'y'd thee? Mar. O that delectfull engine of her thoughts, That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence, Is come from forth that pretty hollow cage, Where like a sweet melodioe bird it sung, Sweet varied notes enchanting every ear. Lu. Oh say thou for her, Who hath done this deed? Mar. Oh thus I found her straying in the Parke, Seeking to hide her selfe as doth the Deare That had receiued some vnrectuous wound. Ti. It was my Deare, And he that wounded her. Hath brest mee more, then had he killd mee dead: For now I stand as one upon a Rocke, Inuiron'd with a wildernes of Sea. Who marke the waxing tide, Growe wauie, wauie.
Expecting ever when some envious surge,
Will in his breaths bowls swallow him.
This way to death my wretched fanny are gone:
I leave lands my other fanny, a bountiful man,
And leave my brother weeping at my woes.
But that which gives me life the greatest spurned,
Is death, dearer then my soul.
I had but leave thy picture in this plight,
It would have maddened me. What shall I see then?
Now I behold thy lively body so.
Thus hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,
Not tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee: Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd and dead by this.
Look, Marcus, oh fanny, look on her:
When I did name her brothers, then freth teares
Stood on her cheekes as drops the dew,
Upon a gathered Lillie almost wither'd,
Let chance these weepes because they kild her husband,
Perchance because she knows him innocent.
Thus if they did kill thy husband then joyfull,
Because the law hath time requeng on them.
Now no, they would not doe to foule a deede,
Witness the sorrow that their fitter makes.
Gentle Lullia let me kiffe thy lips,
Or make some signes how I may do thee ease:
Shall thy good Vnde, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou and I fit round about some Founaigne,
Looking all downwards to behold our cheeks.
Now they are fluid in dewes, yet not dry
With merry flime left on them by a flood:
And in the Founaigne shall we gaze for long,
Till the freth teale be taken from that cleereen,
And make a brine pit with our bitter teares? or shall we cut away our hands like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumber flows,
Palle the remainder of our base full days?
What shall we doe? let us haue our tongues,
Plot some deuice of further miseries
To make vs wondred in a time to come.
Ll. Sweet Father cease your teares, for at your griefe
See how my wretched fitter fobs and weeps,
Marc. Patience deere Niece, good Titus drie thine eyes:
Ah Marcus, Marcus, Brother well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot dry a teare of mine;
For thou poore man haft drownd it with thine owne.
Ah, ah my Lullia I will wipe thy cheeks.
Ah Marcus marke, I understand her signes,
Had the a tongue to speake, now would the say
That to her brother which I said to thee,
His Napkin with herne teares all bewet,
Can do no feruice on her forrowfull cheeks.
Oh what a sympathy of woe is this!
As farre from helpe as Limbo is from blisse,
Enter Aaron the Moore alone.
More. Titus Andronicus, my Lord the Emperor,
Send this the word, that if thou love thy fannes,
Let Marcus, Lucius or thy selfe old Titi,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And lend it to the King, he for the fame,
Will fend thee bitter both thy fannes alike,
And that shall be the comfitome for their fault.

To. Oh gracious Emperour, oh gentle Aaron,
Did ever Rauen sing so like a Larks,
That gies sweet sydings of the Sunnes vphere?
With all my heart, he fend the Emperour my hand,
Good Aaron wilt thou help to chop it off?
Lu. Stay Father, for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrownne downe to so many enemies,
Shall not be lent: my hand will ferue the turne,
My youth can better spare my blood then you,
And therefore mine shall faue my brothers liues.
Marc. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And read\'d aloft the bloody Bataile,
Writing destruction on the enemies Castle?
Of none of both but are of high defers:
My hand hath bin but idle, let it loose,
To ransom my two nephews from their death,
Then haue I kept it to a worthy end,
More. Nay come agree, whole hand shall goe along
For feare they die before their pardon come.
Marc. My hand shall goe.
Lu. By heauen it shall not goe.
Ti. Siths thine no more, faire wavered hearts as these
Are meere for plucking vp, and therefore mine.
Lu. Sweet Father, if I shall be thought thy fonne,
Let me redeeme my brothers both from death.
Marc. And for our fathers sake, and mothers care,
Now let me shew a brothres loue to thee.
Ti. Agree betweene you, I will spare my hand.
Lu. Then Ile goe fetch an Axe.
Marc. But I will weare the Axe.
Ente. Come hither Aaron, lie decrees them both,
Lend me thy hand, and I will guide thee mine.
More. If that he call decies, I will be lonesl,
And never whil I be more decies them io:
But lie decrees you in another fort,
And that you I say ere halfe a houre passe.
He cuts off Titus hand.

Enter Lucius and Marcus again.
To. Now flay you flirite, what shall be the dispatch?
Good Aaron giue his Malielie me hand,
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers; bid him bury it:
More hast it merited: That let it haue.
As for for my fones, say I account of them,
As jewels purchasht at an easie price,
And yet decier too, because I bought mine owne,
Aaron. I goe Andronicus, and for thy hand,
Looke by and by to haue thy fones with thee:
Their heads I meane: Oh bowt this villany
Both fat me with the very thoughts of it.
Let foules doe good, and faire men call for grace,
Aaron will have his foule bluckle like his face.

Exit.
To. There Ieere I lift this one hand vp to heauen,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth,
If any power pitities wretched teares,
To that I call; what with thou kneale with me?
Do then deere heart, for heaven shall heare our prayers,
Or with our fighges weble breath the welkin dinne,
And raise the Sun with fogge as sometimee cloudes,
When they do bug him in their melting boomes.
Marc. Oh brother speake with positivities,
And doe not breake into these deepe extremes.
To. Is not my sorrow deep, hauing no bottome?
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

Then be my passions bottomless with them. 

Mar. But yet let reason gouthe my thre lament. 

Titus. If there were reason for these miseries, 

Then into limits could I binde my woes: 

When heaued doth worpe, doth not the sea oncflowe? 

If the windes rage, doth not the Sea wax mad, 

Threatning the weeping welkin with his biglowne face? 

And wilt thou have a reason for this coile? 

I am the Sea. Haue howe her fighes doe flowe: 

Shee is the weeping welkin, I the earth: 

Then mort my Sea be moued with her fighes, 

Then mort my earth with her continuall tears, 

Become a deluge: ouerflow'd and drown'd: 

For why? my bowels cannot hide her woest, 

But like a drunken muff I vomit them: 

Then giue me leave, for looers will have leave, 

To ease their flamakes with their bitter tongues, 

Enter a messenger with two beads and a hand, 

Meant. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid, 

For that good hand thou sentst the Empourer. 

Here are the heads of thy two noble sones. 

And hearst thy hand in scorne to thee sentt backe: 

Thy griefs, their spoiers: Thy resolution movet, 

That woest is me to thinke upon thy woes, 

More then remembrance of my fathers death. 

Marc. Now let hot Aema coole in Creuthe, 

And be my heart an eues-burning bell: 

These miseries are more then may be borne. 

To weep with them that weeppe, doth safe some deale, 

But forrow flouted at, is double death. 

Luc. Ah that this fight shoulde make so deep a wound, 

And yet deceased late not shrinke thereat: 

That euer death shoulde let life beare his name, 

Where life hath no more interest but to breath. 

Marc. Alas poore hart that liking comfortlesse, 

As frozen water to a frozen lake, 

Titus. When will this fearfull flumber haste an end? 

Marc. Now fastwell sttace, die Andronicus, 

Thou dost not flumber, see they two sons head, 

Thy weake hands, thy mangled daughter here: 

Thy other bastin founnes with this deicide figh 

Strucke pale and bloodlesse, and thy brother I, 

Euen like a soory Image, cold and numere. 

Ah my more woe will I contresse my griefe, 

Rest off thy thunty bars, thy other hand, 

Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dimmall figh 

The closing vp of our most wretched eyes: 

Now is a time to fowre, why art thou fall? 

Titus. Ha, ha, ha, 

Marc. Why doth thou laugh it hits not with this house. 

Tit. Why I have nor another teare to flide: 

Befide, this sorrow is an enemy, 

And would vince upon my warty eyes, 

And make them blinde with tributary teares, 

Then which way shall I finde Reuenges Cae? 

For these two heads doe seeme to speake to me, 

And threat me, I shall never come to blisse, 

Till all these em中级ies be returned againe, 

Euen in their threats that have commited them. 

Come let me see what taske I have to doe, 

You bextre people, circle me about, 

That I may turne me to each one of you, 

And sweare vnto my soule to right your wrongs. 

The vow is made, come Brother take a head, 

And in this hand the other will I beare. 

And Lavinia shalke be employd in these things: 

Bare thoy my hand sweet wench between thy teeth: 

As for thee boy, goe get thee from my fight, 

Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stye, 

Hie to the Gothes, and raise an army there, 

And if thou love me, as I thinkc thee doe, 

Let's kiffe and part, for we have much to doe. 

Exit. 

Marc. Lavinia. 

Luc. Farewell Andronicus my noble Father: 

The woudf it man that euer had in Rome: 

Farewell proud Rome, till Lavinia come againe, 

Heloues his pledges dearer then his life: 

Farewell Lavinia my noble siter, 

O would thou wert as thou to fore haft bene, 

But now, nor Lavinia nor Lavinia lives 

But in obliation and hateful griefes: 

If Lucinas love, he will requite thy wronges, 

And make proud Saturnine and his Empoirlc 

Bes the gates like Tarpeyes and his Queen, 

Now will I to the Gothes and raise a power, 

To be recueng'd on Rome and Saturnine. 

Exit Lucius. 

A Banket. 

Enter Andronicus, Marcius, Lavinia, and the Boy. 

Marc. So now, so now, and locke you easte no more. 

We shall preferne in luft so much through mus 

As will renounce these bitter woes of ours. 

Marcius vouch that yourow wearthen knot: 

Thy Neece and I (poore Creatures) want our hands, 

And cannot passionate our tenfold grate, 

With fooded Armes. This poore right hand of mine, 

Is left to stirrize upon my breast, 

Who when my hart oldned with inuy, 

Bears in this hollow proude of my Bith, 

Then thust I thump it downe. 

Thom Map of war, that thus doth talk in signes, 

When thy poore hart beatest without ragious beatinge, 

Thou canst not make this to make it fell: 

Wouned is fighing guyle, hate with stones: 

Or get me a little knife betweene thy teeth, 

And infl against thy hart make more than a hole, 

That all the teares that thy poore eyes let fall 

May runne into that fiske, and soakinge in, 

Drowne the lamenting foule, in sea salt teares. 

Mar. By brother fy, teach her not thus to lay 

Such violent hands upon her tender life. 

An. How now! I hast voorow made thee doste already? 

Why Marcius, no man should be bad but I, 

What violent hands can she lay on her life: 

Ah, wherefore doth thou vide the name of hands, 

To bid Anceus tell the tale twice oer 

How Troy was burnt, and he made miferable 

O handle not the thame, to talke of hands, 

Leat we remembre full that we have none, 

Fie, fie, how Fraquently I sute my talke 

As if we should forget we had no hands: 

If Marcius did not name the word of hands, 

Come, let us fall too, and gentle girlie ets this, 

Hicrte is no drinke? Harke Marcius what she faire, 

I can interpret all her marris'd signes, 

She faire, she drinke no other drinke but teares 

Bread with her forrow: meeth'd upon her cheeks, 

Speech. 

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Speechlesse complaynet, I will leaue thy thoughts:—
In thy dumb action, will I be as perfect
As begging Hermits in their holy prayers.
Thou shalt not fighte nor hold thy thumps to heaven,
Nor winke, nor nod, nor kneele, nor make a signe;
But (if thee) will wretche an Alphabet,
And by still practice, learn to know thy meaning.

Bor. Good grandfoire, leave these bitter deep sorrow,
Make my Aunt merry, with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy in passion mord'd,
Doth weed to see his grandfathers heauneffe.

An. Peace tender Sapling, thou art made of teares,
And teares will quickly melt thy life away.

Marcus strikes the dish with a skive.

What doest thou strike at Marcus with knife.

Mar. At that that I have kill'd my Lord, a flys.

An. Out on the murderers: thou kill'dst him, I
Mine eyes close'd with view of Titannie:
A deed of death done on the innocent
Becomes not Titam brother: get thee gone,
I see thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas (my Lord) I have but kill'd a fly.

An. But? How? is that Fic a father and mother?
How would he hang his slender gilded wings
And bus lamenting doings in the ayer,
Poore harmettel 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 illfavours'd Fly,
Like to the Empresse Moore, therefor I kild him.

An. O, o, o,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou haft done a Charitable deed:
Give me thy knife, I will influnt on it,
Plattering my flatter, as if it were the Moore,
Come hither purposely to pay for me.
There's for thy selfe, and thaus for Tamara: Alas firra,
Yet I think we are not brought to follow,
But that betweene vs, we can kill a Fly,
That comes in likenesse of a Cole-blacke Moore.

Mar. Alas poore man, grieue he's so wrothe on him,
He takes false frowndes, for true subsances.

An. Come take away: Lauinia, goe with mee,
He to thy clothet, and goe read with thee.
Sad stories, changed in the times of old.
Come boy, and goe with me, thy fight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begin to daze.

Exeunt

Actus Quartus.

Enter young Lucius and Lavinia running after him, and
the Boy flie from her with his books under his arme.

Enter Titam and Marcus.

Boy. Helpe Grandfier helpe, my Aunt Lavinia,
Followes me ever where I know not why.

Good Vnle Marcus see how swift she comes,
Alas sweet Aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me Lucius, do not feare thy Aunt.

Titam. She lodes thee boy too well to doe thee harme.

Boy. I when my father was in Rome did we.

Mar. What means my Neece Lavinia by these signes?

Ti. Pears not Lavinia, somewhat doth she meane:
See Lavinia see, how much the makes of thee;
Some whether thou hadst the hande there with her.
Ah boy, Cornelius neuer with more care
Read to her fonnes, then she hath read to thee,
Sweet Poetry, and Tullies Oratour:
Canst thou not geffe wherefore she pleasa thee thus?

Boy. My Lord I know not, nor can I geffe,
Vnleffe some hit or frentise do poiffe her:
For I have heard my Grandfier say full oft,
Extremite of griefes would make men mad.
And I have read that Herow of Troy,
Ran mad through sorrow, that made me to feare,
Although my Lord, I know my noble Aunt,
Losse me as deare as ere my mother did,
And would not but in fury fright my youth,
Which made me downe to throw my booke, and the
Caules perhaps, but pardon me sweet Aunt,
And Madame, my Vnle Marcus goe,
I will most willingly attend your Ladyship.

Mar. Lucas I will.

Ti. How now Lavinia, Marcus what meane this?
Some booke there is that she def tires, to
Which is it girles of these? Open them booke,
But thou art deere read and better skil,
Come and take choye of all my Library,
And fo beguile thy forrow till the heauens
Reuole the damn'd conturier of this deed.
What booke?

Why lifts the vp her symes in sequence thus?

Mar. I thinke she means that ther was more then one
Confedrate in the fact, I more there was I,
Or else to heaven the heauses them to reuenge.

Ti. Lucas what booke is that the toffeath fo?

Boy. Grandier tis Ovids Metamorphosis,
My mother gave it rite.

Mar. For Iue of ether that's gone,
Perhabs shee culd it from among the teifi.

Ti. Soft, so busily she turns the leaves,
Help he, what would she finde?
Lavinia shall I read? I
This is the tragicke tale of Philemel,
And treated of Teren treaion and his rape,
And rape I fear was roote of chine annoy.

Mar. See brother fee, note how she quotes the leaues
Ti. Lavinia, went thou thus surpriz'd sweet girlie,
Raifeit and wrong'd as Philemel was?
For'd in the ruthlesse, yall, and gloomy woods?
See, see, such a place there is where we did hunt,
(O had we never, never hunted there)
Pattent by that the Poet hearre describes,
By nature made for murtherers and forrapers:

Mar. O why should nature build to foule a den,
Voleffe the Gods delight in tragedies?

Ti. Glie signes sweete: girlie, for heere are none but friends
What Romaine Lord it was wurt the deed?
Or flinke not Saturnine, a Tarquin erifs,
That left the Campe to finne in Lucresse bed.

Mar. Sit downe sweet Neece, brother sit downe by me,
Appoll, Pallas, Juno, or Metronys,
Inquire me that I may this treaion finde.
My Lord looke heere, looke heere Lavinia.

He write his Name with bus Staffe, and guides it
With fette and mouth.

This wandie plot is plane, guide if thou canst.

This
The Tragedie of Tims Andronicus.

This after me, I haue witt my name,
Without the helpe of any hand at all.
Curst be that hark at that fore it was to that shift:
Write thou good Neece, and heere dispay at laft,
What God will have diuierfed for reuenge,
Heere guide the pen to print thy fairest plaine,
That we may know the Trayers and the truth.

She takes the staffe in her mouth, and guides it with her
stumps and writers.

Ti. Oh do ye read my Lord what the hark writes?

Stiperbon, Chiron, Demetrius.

T. Mar. What, what, the superfluous comme of Tamora,
Performes of that bainious bloody deed?

T. Magno Deum inanis poli,
Tam levissi amore, tam levissi vitae.

Mar. Oh calme thee gentle Lord: Although I know
There is enough written upon this earth,
To hirue a multine in the mildest thoughts,
And arme the mindes of infants to exclaimes.
My Lord kneele downe with me, Lamia kneele,
And kneele sweer boy, the Romanse Heles hoare,
And swears with me, as with the wooll full Feere
And father of that chaff dishonourde Dame,
Lord Lucius Bruno swears for Lucius tape,
That we will profecte (by good aduise)
Moreall reuenge upon their traytorous Gother,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

T. Titus fature enough Andronicus of the self,
But if you hunt thee Bearer-whelpes, then beware
The Dam will wake, and if the windie you once,
Shes with the Lyon deeplie still in league.
And falls him whilst the palyeth on her backe,
And when he sleepe will he do what she will.
You are a young huntinge Marueu, let it alone:
And come, I will goe a leafe of brasse,
And with a God of feele will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry Northerne windes
Will blow these fands like Sheeles leaves abroad,
And where your leission then. Boy what say you?
Boy. I say my Lord, that if I were a man,
Their mothers bed-chamber should not be safe,
For theyre bad bond-men to the yoke of Rome.

Mar. That's well said. But what shall I do full off,
For his vngracious country done the like.

Boy. And Vacle so will I, and if I live.

T. Come goe with me into mine Armorie,
Lucius Ie fit thee, and withall, my boy,
Shall care from me to the Emperesse fommes,
Prerents that I intend to tend them both,
Come come, thou'lt do thyselfe, with thou not?
Boy. I with my dagger in their bosomes Grandire.

T. No boy not so, he teach thee another course,
Lamiae come, Marueu looke to my houfe,
Lucius and Ie goe brate it at the Court,
I marry we will live, and weele he waited on.

Exit T. Mar. Oh heauens! Can you heare a good man groane
And not releaste, or not compaine him?

Marueu attend him in his extaze,
That hath more facts of fire in his heart,
Then fo-mens makes upon his battede shield,
But yet so in, that he will not reuenge,
Rescuinge the heauens for old Andronicus.

Enter Aron, Chlorus and Demetrius at one dore, and at another
a young Lucius and another, with a bundle of
weapon, and vorset writ upon them.

Chi. Demetrius heeres the fonne of Lucius,
He hath some mesage to deliuer vs.

Aron. I some mad mesage from his mad Grandfather.

Boy. My Lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greeete your honours from Andronicus,
And prays the Romeine Gods confound you both,
Demetrius, Grauerly Lucius, who is the nevies?
For villanie's marks with tape. May it please you,
My Grand sire well advi'd hath first by me,
The good left weapons of his Armorie,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome, for so he bad me say;
And so do I and with his gifts present
Your Lordship, where men euer you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well,
And I doe leave you both: like bloody villanies. Exit

Deme. What's heere? a particule written round about?
Let's see.

Introue vnto festerisque pares fom gaius mauro inculis nunc arcu.

Chi. O'tis a verse in Horace, I know it well.
I read it in the Grammer long a goe.

Moore. I utf, a verse in Horaces right, you have it,
Now what a thing is it to be an Aft?
Here's no found left, the old man hath found their gull
And fends the weapons wrapes about with lines,
That wound beyond their feeling to the quick:
But here we publish Emperesse well a foot,
She will appliue enough Andronicus conceit
But let her reft, in her vnrest a while.
And now young Lords, we't a note a happy starre
Led vs to Rome strangere, and more then so;
Capturess, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good before the Pallace gate,
To beeke the Tribune in his brothers hearing.

Chi. A charitable with, and full of looue,

Moore. Heere lacke's but you mother, for to say, Amen.

Chi. And that would shew the twentie thousand more.

Deme. Come, Jet vs go, and pray to all the Gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Moore. Pray to the devils, the gods have guen vs our
Hows.

Dem. Why do the Empereors trumpets flouish thus?
BCi. Belle for joy the Empour hath a sonne.

Deme. Soft, who comes heres.

Enter Nurfe with a blade & a Moore child.

Nurfe. Good morrow Lords.

Otell me, did you see Arons the Moore?

Aron. Well, more or leffe, or one a whit at all,
Here Aron is, and what with Aron now?

Nurfe. Oh gentle Aron, we are all vndone,
Now helpe, or woe bide thee euermore.

Aron. Why, what a castcrwailing doth thou keere?

What doth thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nurfe. O that which I would hide from heauens eye,
Our Emperesse flame, and flatley Rome's digniate,
She is deliuered Lords, she is deliuered.

Aron To whom?

Nurfe. I mean she is brought a bed?

Aron. Wel God giue her good rall.
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus

What hast be fent her?

Nurse. A few dolls.

Aaron. Why then the ishte Deuils Dam: a toyfulle issue.

Nurse. A toyfulle, dismall, blacke & sorrowfull issue, Here be the babe at leasome as a toad,

Among'th the fairest breeders of our clime,

The Empresse fends it there, thy flame, thy fcale,

And bids thee chrifi it with thy daggers point.

Aaron. Once where, it is blacke to bafe a fde fce.

Sweet blowe, we are a beautifull blone fume.

Dem. Villaine what hath thou done?

Aaron. That which thou canft not vnvee.

Chri. Thon hath vnvee our mother.

Dem. And therein hellish dog, thou haft vnvee,

Wore to her chance, and danfe'd her leathi choyce,

Accut'the off-spring of fo foul a friend.

Chri. It fhall not live.

Aaron. It fhall not die.

Nurse. Aaron it null, the mother wilts it fo.

Aaron. What, null it? Nay? Then let no man but I

Doe execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I, the breach the Tadpole on my Rapiers points:

Nurse, said me: my word shall boone dispatc h it.

Aaron. Sooner this fceast fhall plough thy bowels vp.

Shes ane murderouf villain, will you kill your brother?

Now by the burning Tapes of the skin,

That fhone fo brightely when this Boy was got,

He dies upon my Senators fpire point,

That touches this my first borne fonne and heire,

I tell you young-lings, not Evercleau.

With all his thristing band of Tiphons brooie,

Nor great Alcides, nor the God of warre.

Shall ceaze this prep out of his fathers hands:

What, what, ye fanguine fhallow harted Bynes,

Ye white-limb'd wails, ye Alcicles painted fignes,

Coke-blacke is better then ano, her hate,

In that it feemce to bear another hue:

For all the water in the Ocean,

Can never turne the Swans blanke legge to white,

Although the fune th'embryoe in the flood:

Tell the Emprefs from me, I am of age.

To keppe mine owne, exeute it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble minions thus?

Aaron. My minions is my minfristis this my fefe,

The vigour, and the picture of my youth:

This, before all the world do I prefere,

This my fpirit to all the world will I keep safe,

Or fome of you fhall fameke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother it is eues fhame'd.

Chri. Rome will defepe her for this foole ecape.

Ver. The Emprefs in his rage will doe her death.

Chri. I bluch to thinke upon this ignominie,

Aaron. Why that's the piffulated your beauty bares,

Fier trecherous hue, that will better with blushing

The clofe enafts and counfels of the hake:

Here's a young Lad fram'd of another leere,

Look how the blacke flace flines upon the father;

As who fhould fay, old Lad I am thine owne.

He is your brother Lords, fensibely fed

Of that felfe blood that first gafe life to you,

And from that wounde where you impiionted were

He is infamified, and come to lift.

Nay he is your brother by the furer fide,

Although my fcale be fhamned in his face.

Nurse. Aaron what fhall I fay unto the Empreff?

Dem. Aduife thee Aaron, what is to be done,

And we will al fubijferbe to thy advice:

Sawe thou the child, fo we may all be safe.

Aaron. Then fit we downe and let vs all confult

My fonne and I will have the winde of you:

Keep there, now talke at pleufe of your farty.

Dem. How many women law this child of his?

Aaron. Why to brewe Lords, when we foyne in league

I am a Lamb: but if you brewe the Mare,

The chafed Face, the mountaine Lione, and

The Ocean fels not fo as Aaron fymes:

But fay againe, how many law the child e.

Nurse. Cornelia, the midwife, and my felfe,

And none elfe but the deliverd Empreff.

Aaron. The Empreff, the Midwife, and your felfe,

Two may kepe counfell, when the th'third's away:

One to the Empreff, tell her this I faid,

He kills her Weekes, weeke, cornotes a Pigge prepar'd to th'fip.

Dem. What means it thou Aaron?

Wherefore didn't thou this?

Aaron. O Lord fit, it's a deed of pollicie?

Shall the line to betray this guilt of om's:

A long tongu'd babling Godifh! No Lords no:

And now be it knowne to you my full intent.

Not farre, one Abluates my Country-man

His wife but yesternight was brought to bed,

His felace is like to her, as you are.

Goe packe with him, and give the mother gold,

And tell them both the circumfance of all,

And how by this their Childe shall be aduanced,

And be receiv'd for the Emperours hyre,

And fublimated in the place of mine,

To colme this tempell whirling in the Court,

And let the Empreoure dandle him for his owne.

Hark ye Lords, ye fee I have given her physick,

And you must needs bellow her funeral,

The fields are neree, and you are gallling Greoues:

This done, fee that you take no longer dailies

But fend the Midwife prefently to me.

The Midwife and the Nurse well made away,

Then let the Ladie rattle what they pleafe.

Chri. Aaron I fee thou wilt not truft the ayre with fe

Dome. For this care of Tamora,

(cree, herfelf, and hers are highly bound to thee.

Exeunt.

Aaron. Now to the Gothes, as twixt as Swallow fifies,

There to difpole this treafure in mine armies,

And fecretly to grette the Empreff friends:

Come on you thick-lipt-claue, ftear you fheere fhaffer,

For it is you that pass so to our fhiffs:

Ife make you feed on berries, and on roots,

And feed on curdes and whay, and fucke the Goate,

And cabbifie in a Cave, and bring you vp

To be a warior, and command a Campe.

Exit.

Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and her gentlemen

with bowers, and Titus bears the armes with

Letters on the end of them.

Tit. Come Marcus, come, kinmen this is the way.

Sir Boy let me fee your Archerie,

Looke yee draw home enough, and 'tis there fr Brief:

Terra Africar equator, he be remembred Marcus.

She's gone, she's dead, fits take you to your coole,

You Cofell shall goe found the Ocean,

And cafl your nets, haply you may find her in the Sea,

Yet the's a little iffucce at Land:

No Pubblius and Irmumous, you must doe it,

Tit.
Tis you must dig with Maltace, and with Spade,
And piece the immot Center of the earth:
Then when you come to Plato's Region,
I pray you deliver him this petition,
Tell him it is for justice, and for aide,
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with forrows in ungrateful Rome,
Ah Rome! Well, well, I made thee miserable,
What time I took the peoples sufferings
On him that thus doth tyrannize ore one.
Geely get you gone, and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man of ware unearthish,
This wicked Empouray may have shipt her hence,
And Kinfmen then we may goe pipe for justice.
Marc. O Publius is not this a heautie cafe
To see thy Noble Vnkle thus distressed?
Publius. Therefore my Lords is highly vs concerns,
By day and night I attend him carefully:
And teele his humour kindely as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedie.
Marc. Kinfmen, his forrows are past remendle.
Joyne with the Gothes, and with reuenge full ware,
Take wrecakes on Rome for this ingratitude,
And enmynence on the Traytor Saturnne.
Publius. Publius how now? how now my Masters?
What have you met with her?
Publius. No my good Lord, but Phoe sends you word,
If you will have reheuse from here you shall,
Marrie for justice she is so iemple d,
He thinkes with low in heauen, or some where else:
So that profess you must needs fly a time.
Marc. Hie, Hie, he shal me wrong to feedinge with deles,
He due into the burning Lake below,
And pull her out of Avern by the heles.
Marius, we are but thrusts, no Cedes we,
No big-hand-men, fram'd of the Cyllops face,
But mistell Marcus fleete to the very backe,
Yet wrong with wrongs more then our backe can bear:
And fish there's no justice in earth nor hell,
We will felicitize heauen, and moue the Gods:
To sende downe Justice for to wrecake our wrongs:
Come to this gare, you are a good Archer Marcus,
He gues them the Arrows.
Alloveth, that's for you here ad Appallium,
Ad Mestra, that's for my selfe,
Heere Boy to Pallas, heere to Mercuri,
To Saturnne, to Ceres, to Saturnne,
You were as good to shoote against the winde.
Too it Boy, Marcus looke when I bid:
Of my word, I have written to effect,
There's not a God left vnfacilitate.
Marc. Kinfmen, shoot all your fistes into the Court,
We will affliet the Empouray in his pride.
Tis. Now Masters cast, O well paid Lucius:
Good Boy in Vigour lap, give it Pallas,
Stave my Lord, tis a mile beyond the Moone,
Your Letter is with Jupiter by this.
Tis. Hah, Pallas, Pallas, what hast thou done?
See, thou hast felt one of Taurus horns.
Marc. This was the font my Lord, when Pallas shot,
The Bull being gold d, gave Arrets such a knocke,
That downe fell both the Rams horns in the Courte,
And who should finde them but the Empouray villain:
He laugh, and told the Moone he should not choose
But give them to his Masters for a present.
Tis. Why there it goes, God give your Lordship joy.

Enter the Emperor with a basket and two Pigeons in st.
Titus. News, news, news, from heauen,
Marcus the post is come.
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I haue justice, what fayes Jupiter?
Clown. Hie the libbymaker, he fayes that he has taken them downe againe, for the man must not be hang'd till the next weeke.
Tis. But what fayes Jupiter? I ask thee?
Clown. Alas sir I know not Jupiter:
I never dranke with him in all my life.
Tis. Why villain art not thou the Carrier?
Clown. I of my Pigeons frit, nothing else.
Tis. Why, didst thou not come from heauen?
Clown. From heauen? Alas sir, never came there,
God forbid I should be so bold, to preffe to heauen in my young daies.
Why I am going with my pigeons to the Tribunate Pleas, to take up a matter of brawle, between my Vnkle, and one of the Emperiorals men.
Marc. Why sir, that is as fit a canbe to sette for your Oration, and let him delive the Pigeons to the Empouray from you.
Tis. Tell me, can you deliver an Oration to the Emperior with a Grace?
Clown. Nay tenderly sir, I could never lay grace in all my life.

Titus. Then here is a Supplication for you, and when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneele, then knihe his foote, then deliver vp your Pigeons, and then looke for your reward. Be at hand sir, see you do it brauely.
Clown. I warrant you sir, let me alone.
Tis. Sirrah hast thou a knife? Come let me see it,
Heere Marcus fold it in the Oration.
For thou hast made it like an humble Suppliante:
And when thou hast gliden in the Empouray,
Knocke at my doore, and tell me what he fayes.
Clown. God be with you sir, I will.

Exit. Come Marcus let vs gore, Publiue follow me.

Enter Emperior and Emperisse, and her two sons, the
Empouray bringing the Arrows in his hand that Titus set at him.

Saur. Why Lords, What wrongs are these? was euer scene
An Empouray in Rome thus ouerneamed,
Troubled, Confronted thus, and for the extent
Of all justice, falt in such contempt?
My Lords, you know the mightfull Gods,
(How euer these disturbers of our pace
But in the peoples cares, there nought hath paft,
But even with law against the willfull Sonnes
Of old Andronicus. And what and if
His forrows have to overwhelm'd his witts,
Shall we be thus afflieted in his wreakes,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness
Now but he writes to heauen for his redresse.
See, heeres to Jove, and this to Mercury,

This

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The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

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And as I earnestly did fixe mine eye
Upon the waited building,uddainly
I heard a childish cry underneath a wall:
I made my way to the noyse, when soone I heard,
The crying babe control'd with this discourse:
Peace I say, halfe me, and halfe th4 Dam,
Did not thy Hey brewey whose brat thou art?
Had nature lent thee, but thy Mothers loake,
Villaine thought it but bene an Emperour,
But where the Bull and Cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a colt-blacke-Cafe:
Peace, vessel peace, even thus he rates the babe,
For I must bear thee to a straitly Goth,
Who when he knowes thou art the Empresse babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy Mothers sake.
With this, my weapon drawn, I ruff't upon him,
Surpriz'd himuddainly, and brought him hither
To see, as you thinke needesfull of the man.
LUCI. Oh worthy Goth, this is the incarnate deuill,
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand:
This is the Peale that pleas'd your Empresse eye,
And heere's the Baile Fruit of his burning lust,
Say wall-y'd face, whether wouldst thou consay
This growing Image of thy head-like face?
Why doo not speake of what devise? Not a word?
A halfe Souldiers, hang him on this tree,
And with this hand his Fruit of Baffardie.
Luci. Touch not the Bay, he is of Royall blood.
LUCI. Too like the Syre for ever being good.
First hang the Child that he may see it prrall,
A sight to weake the Fathers foule withall.
Aron. Get me a Ladder Luciua, take the Childie,
And bear it from me to the Empresse:
If thou do this, lie thee worthy wondrous things,
That highly may advance thee to heare;
If thou will not, fall what may befall,
Lie speake no more: but vengeance rot you all.
LUCI. Say on, and if it please me which thou speakest,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it Nourish.
Aron. And if it please thee? why afforce thee Luciua,
I'will weake thy foule to hearse what I spake speake:
For I must take of Murderers, Rapes, and Maffacles,
Acts of Blacke-night, abominable Deeds,
Compilations of Mischiefes, Treason, Villaines,
Riught to heare, yet pitiously proceed
And this foule all be buried by my death,
Valefle thou speake to me my Childie shall live.
Luci. Tell on the mindes,
I say thy Childie shall live.
Aron. Swearme that he shall, and then I will begin.
Luci. Who shoule I sware by,
That blessed no God,
That therefore canst thou beleue an oath by?
Aron. What if I do not, as indeed I do not,
Yet for I know thou art Religious,
And hast a thing within thee, called Conscience,
With twenty Popish tricks and Ceremonies,
Which I hau'st since thee carefull to observe;
Therefore I vowe thy oath, for that I know
An Idol holdest, his double for a God,
And esteemes the oath which by that God he sweares,
To that hee vorge him: therefore thou shalt vowe
By that same God, what God for eke he be,
That thou aoreest, and hast in reverence,
To suue my Bay to nourish and bring him vp;
Ore ecle I will discover nought to thee.
But to torment you with my bitter tongue.

Luc. Sirs, lift his mouth, & let him speak no more.

Enter Emilius.

Gath. My Lord, there is a Messenger from Rome

That desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.

Welcome Emilius, what news from Rome?

Emi. Lord Lucius, and you Princes of the Goths,

The Roman Empire greets you all by me,

And for he understands you are in Armes,

He cries a parly at your Fathers house.

Willing you to demand your Hostages,

And shall be immediately delivered.

Gath. What says our General?

Luc. Emilius tels the Emperor give his pldges

Vnto my Father, and my Uncle Marcus, Flavioth.

And we will come: march away.

Enter Tamora, and other two Sorges disguised.

Tam. Thus in this strange and sad Habillament,

I will encounter with Andronicus,

And say, I am Revenge sent from below;

To inwaite with you and your enemies, wrongs:

Knocke at this fludy where they say he keeps,

To tuminate strange plots of dire Revenge;

Tell him Revenge is come to inwaite with him,

And worke confusio on his Enemies.

They knocke and Titus openeth his studie door.

Tit. Who doth molest my Contemplation?

Is it your tricke to make me ope the door,

Or to my sad deeder, which were away,

And all my studie be to no effect?

You are deceiv'd, for what I mean to do,

See heere in bloody lines I have set downe;

And wha't is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talke with thee,

Tit. No not a word: how can I grace my talke,

Wanting a hand to give it a blow,

Thou haft the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou dost not know me,

Thou wouldst talke with me.

Tit. I am not mad, I know thee well enough,

Witness this swretched flump,

Witness these crimson lines,

Witness these Trenches made by griefe and care,

Witness the springing day, and the conern'd night,

Witness all forrow, that I know thee well.

For our proud Empresse, Mighty Tamora:

Is not thy comming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou fud men I am not Tamora,

She is thy Enemy, and I thy Friend,

I am Revenge sent from this infall Kingdom,

To extirpate the growing Vulture of the mind,

By working weakefull vengeance on my Foes:

Come downe and welcome me to this worlds light,

Conferre with me of Murder and of Death,

That's not a hollow Cave or Lucring place,

No Vast obscuritie, or Milly vale,

Where bloody Murther or detested Rape,

Can couch for lesse, but I will finde them out,

And in their cases tell them my dreadful name,

Revenge, which makes the soule offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? art thou sent to me,

To be a torment to mine Enemies?

Tam. I am therefore come downe and welcome me.

Tit. Doe me some frence ere I come to thee:

Look by thy side where Rape and Murder standes,

Now give me some furance that thou art Revenge,

Stab them, or tear them on thy Charriot wheeles,

And then Ile come and be thy Waggoneer;

And whilee alonge with thee about the Globes,

Provide thee two proper Palesties, as blake as let,

To hale thy werteful Waggoneer forwaie,

And finde out Murder in their guilty cases.

And when thy Car is laden with their heads,

I will dismount, and by the Waggon wheeles,

Trot like a Seruile footman all day long,

Even from Empires rising in the East,

Until his very downfall in the Sea.

And day by day Ile do this heavy tale,

So thou delovery Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my Ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are they them thy Ministers, what are they call'd?

Tam. Rape and Murder, therefore called so,

Caufe they take vengeance of fuch kind of men.

Tit. Good Lord how like the Empresse Sons they are,

And you the Empresse: but we worldly men,

Have miferable mad misleading eyes:

Oh sweet Revenge: now doe thou come to me,

And if one armes embracement will content thee,

I will embrace thee in it by and by.

Tam. This cloathing with him, fits his Luscie.

What ere I forge to leede his braine,he seems,

Do you vphold, and maintain in your speeches,

For now he timely takes me for Revenge,

And being Credulous in this mad thought,

He make him fard for Luciu his Sonne,

And whilst I at a Banquet hold him fore,

He finde some cunning pacifics out of hand,

To fatter and difperfe the giddy Gothers,

Or at the leaft make them his Enemies:

See heere he comes, and I must play my theme.

Tit. Long have I bene forlorned, and all for thee,

Welcome dread Fury to my woefull house,

Rapine and Murthre, you are welcome too,

How like the Empresse and her Sonnes you are.

Well are you fitter, had you but a Moore,

Could not all hell afford you fuch a devill?

For well I wore the Empresse never wagg;

But in her company there is a Moore,

And would you reprefent our Queene aight

It were convenient you had fuch a devill:

But welcome as you are, what fhall we doe?

Tam. What would'lt thou have vs doe Andronicus?

Dem. Snewe me a Murtherer, Ile deal with him.

Chi. Show me a Villaine that hath done a Rape,

And I am fent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Snewe me a thousand that have done thee wrong,

And Ile be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,

And when thou find'st a man that's like thy felfe,

Good Murder flab him, hee's a Murtherer.

Goe thou with him, and when it is thy hap

To finde another that is like to thee,

Good Rapine flab him, he is a Ruiftfer.

Goe thou with them, and in the Empresse Court,

There is a Queene attended by a Moore,

Well mait thou know her by thy owne proportion,

For vp and downe thy doth refemble thee,

I pray thee doe on them some violent death,

They have bene violent to me and mine.

Tamora.
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

Enter Marcus.

Tit. Marcus, my Brother, 'tis fid Titi calls,
Go gentle Marcus to thy Nephew Lucius,
Thou shalt enquire him out among the Gothers,
Bid him repair to me and bringing with him
Some of the chiefest Princes of the Gothers,
Bid him encamp his Soldiurers where they are,
Tell him the Emperour, and the Empresse too,
Feasts at my house, and he shall Feast with them,
This do thou for my sake, and let him know,
As he regards his aged Fathers life.

Mer. This will I do, and soone return againe.

Tit. Now will I hence about thy businesse,
And take my Ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, may Ist Rape and Murder play with me,
Or else call my Brother back againe,
And clause to no revenge but Lucius.

Luc. What say you Bojes, will you bide with him,
While, I goe to tell Lord the Emperour,
How I have goucnt'd our determined list?
Yeeld to him Hamour, smooth and speake him faire,
And tarry with him till I turne againe.

Tit. I know them all, though they suppose me mad,
And will one reach them in their owne deuiles,
A pyre of cursed hell-hounds and their Dam.
Dem. Madam depart at pleasure, leave vs here.

Tit. Farewel Andronicus, revenge now goes,
To lay a compot to betray thy foes.

Tit. I know thou doo't, and sweet revenge farewell.

Publius come hither, Caius, and Valentina.

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know you thefe two?

Pub. The Empresse and her Sonnes.

Tit. I take them, Cauus, Demetrius.

Tit. Soe Publins, with too much desceund,
The one is Murder, Rape is the others name.
And therefore bind them gentle Publins,
Cauus, and Valentina, lay hands on them,
Oft haue you heard me with for such an houre,
And now I find it, therefore bind them sure,
Cauus, Villaines for beare, we are the Emprresse Sonnes,
Pub. And therefor do we, what we are commanded,
Stop close their mouthes, let them not speake a word,
Is he sure bound looke that you bind them fast, Exeunt.

Enter Titus Andronicus with a knife and Luainia with a Banquet.

Tit. Come, come Luainia, looke, thy Foes are bound,
Sirs flie their mouthes, let them not speake to me,
But let them hear what seemfull words I vter.

OthVillains, Chiron, and Demetrius,
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud,
This goodly Sommer with your Winter mixt,
You kill'd her husband, and for that will's fault,
Two of her Brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a mercy left,
Both her Sister H-Upman'd, her Tongue and that more deere
Then Hands or tongue, her spotlesse Chastity,
Iohnhame Trafitors, you conftraid and for't.
What would you say, if I should let you speake?
Villaines for shame you could not beg for grace.
Harke Wretches, how I meane to martsry you,
This one Hand yet is left, to cut your throats,
Whil'st that Luainia wente her flumps doth hold:
The Banquet that receives your guilty blood.
You know your Mother meanes to feaft with me,
And calls her selfe Reuenge, and thankes me mad,
Harke Villaines, I will gun your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it, he make a Paffe,
And of the Paffe a Coffin I will rear,
And make two Paffes of your shamefull Heads,
And bid that stropmet their whallowed Dam,
Like to the earth (with all the inraptur) is this,
The is the Feast, that I have bid her to,
And this the Banquet the thall surfeft on,
For worse than I helmet you'd my Daughter,
And worse then Pregue, I will be re'g'd,
And now prepare your throats: Luainia come,
Receive the Blood, and when that they are dead,
Let me goe grind their Bones to powder small,
And with this haterfull Liquor temper it.
And in that Paffe let their wild Heads be bakte,
Come, come, be every one officious,
To make this Binkett, which I with might proue,
More fener and bloody then the Centaures Feast,
He eates their throats,
Sonow bring them in, for he play the Cooke,
And let them ready, gainst their Mother comes,
Exeunt.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Gothers.

Luc. Vuckle Marcus since 'tis my Fathers minde,
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

Gaius. And ours with thine behalfe, what Fortune will.

Luc. Good Vuckle take you in this barbarous Mote,
This Rauinious Tigrie, this accursed deuil,
Let him receive no suffenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought into the Emperous face,
For testimonie of her foule proceedings.
And see the Ambush of our Friends be strong,
Ifere the Emperour meanes no good to vs,
Arise. Some deuil whippr curles in my eare,
And prompte me that my tongue may vter for th,
The Venemous Milan of my swelling heart.

Luc. Away Iohnhame Dogge, Wallowed Slave,
Sirs, hepe out Vuckle to comey him in,
Flamin. The Trumpets shew the Empeor is at hand.

Sound Trumpets. Enter Empeor and Empresse, with Tribunes and others.

Sat. What, hath the Fireament more Sunes then one?

Luc. What bootes it thet to call thy self a Sunne?
I will bring in the Empresse and her Sonnes,
These quarrels must be quietely debated,
The Feast is ready which the carefull Titus,

Hath.
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

When with his tolemne tongue he did discourse
To loue-sick Duke doth sad attending care,
The story of that basefull burning night,
When sulluGreekes surpriz'd King Priamus Troy:
Tell vs what Sinow hath bewicht our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine,
That gues our Troy, our Rome the civil wound.
My heart is not compact of flint nor steel,
Nor can I vster all our bitter griеfe,
But floods of tears will drowning my Oratione;
And breake my very vrance, even in the time
When it shold move thee to attend me moft,
Lending your kind hand Commiseration.
Heree is a Captaine, let him tell the tale,
Your hearts will throb and wepe to heare him speake,
Luc. This Noble Auditor, ye is knowne to you,
That cursed Chron and Demetrius
Were they that murdred our Emperours Brother,
And they it were that raffiour our Sifter,
For their fell faults our Brothers were beheaded,
Our Fathers teares desip'd, and basely coulen'd,
Of that true hand that fought Romes quarrell out,
And sent her enemies into the grave.
Lastly, my selfe vnsoundely brake,
The gates flint on me, and turn'd weeping on,
To beg reliefe among Romes Enemies,
Who droun'd their enimy in my true teares,
And op'd their armes to embrace me as a Friend:
And I am turned forth, he is knowne to you,
That haue prefer't her welfare in my blood,
And from her bynome tooke the Enemies point,
Sheathing the ficle in my aduentous body.
Alas you know, I am no Vaunter I,
My fears can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is iuit and full of truth:
But soo, me thinkes I do digress too much,
Citing my wortelife praiue.Oh pardon me,
For when no Friends are by,men praiue themselues,
Mar. Now is my turne to speake.Behold this Child,
Of this was Tamora deliver'd,
The issue of an Irreligeous Moore,
Chief Architeckt and plotter of these woes,
The Villaine is alue in Titus houfe,
And as he is, to wittene this is true.
Now judge what course had Titus to revenge
These wrongs,unpeakeable past patience,
Or more then any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you Romanes?
Were we done ought smiue? I shew vs wherein,
And from the place where you behold vs now,
The poore remainder of Andronics,
Will hand in hand all headlong catt vs downe,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutuall clofure of our houfe:
Speake Romanes speake, and if you say we shall,
Lue hand in hand,Lucius and I will fall.
Ermili. Come come,tho stoutest man of Rome,
And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand,
Lucius our Emperour:for well I know,
The common voyce do cry it shall be so,
Mar. Lucius,all haile Romes Royall Emperour,
Go,goe into old Titus sorrowfull houfe,
And hither hale that misheltring Moore,
To be aduiz'd some direfull slaything death.
As punishment for his most wicked life.
Lucius all haile to Romes gracieus Gouernour.
FINIS.
THE TRAGEDIE OF
ROMEO and JULIET.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Sampson and Gregory, with Swords and Backriers, of the House of Capulet.

Sampson.

Ainors. JF: Ecard: A my word we'll not carry coales.
Greg. Thee, for then we should be Collars.
Samp. Our men, if we be in cloister, we'll draw, and thirten.
Greg. I, while you live, draw your neck out o' the Collars.
Samp. I strike quickly, being mon'd.
Greg. But thou art not quickly mon'd to strike.
Samp. A dogge o' the house of Montague, moves me.
Greg. To moe, it is to fit: and to be valiant, is to stand: Therefore, if thou art mon'd, thou runtest away.
Samp. A dogge o' that house shall move me to stand.
I will take the wall of any Man or Maid of Montague.
Greg. That fends thee a voke flutes, for the weakest goes to the wall.
Greg. The Quarrel is between our Masters, and vs.
Samp. 'Tis all one, I will throw my selfe a curant when I shoue fought with the men, I will bee civil with the Maids, and cut off their heads.
Greg. The heads of the Maids?
Samp. I, the heads of the Maids, or their Maidens-heads, Take it, if thou be mon'd to with.
Greg. They must take it, fience, that does it.
Greg. That they be able to stand: and if we knowe me, I am a pretty piece of steel.
Greg. 'Tis well thou art not Fife: if thou hadst, thou hadst beene poor John. Draw thy Toole, here cometh of the House of the Montagues.

Enter two other Servants.
Sam. My naked weapen is out: quarrel, I will back thee.
Sam. Fear me not.
Greg. No marry: I fear thee.
Sam. Let vs take the Law of our sides, let them begin.
Greg. I will join as I paffe by, & let the take it as they lift Sam. Nay, as they dare, I will bite my Thumbe at them, which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.
Greg. Do you bite your Thumb at vs, sir?
Samp. I do bite my Thumbe, sir.
Greg. Do you bite your Thumb at us, sir?
Sam. Is the Law of our side, if I say it?
Greg. No, sir; I do not bite my Thumb at you, but I bite my Thumbe.
Greg. Do you quarrel?
Sam. Are you quarrel?
Greg. No, sir; I do not quarrel.
Sam. Why do you quarrel?
Greg. Are you quarrel?
Sam. Do you quarrel? (as you)
Greg. No, sir; I do not quarrel.
Sam. You quarrel.
Greg. You quarrel.
Greg. Say better here comes one of my masters kinsmen.
Sam. Yes, better.
Greg. Do you quarrel?
Sam. You do.
Ben. Part Fool: do put up your Swords you know not what you do.

Enter Hands.

Tyb. What art thou drawn, among these heartless 
Hindes? Turne thee, there Bohole, upon thee this death.
Ben. I do but keep the peace, put up thy Sword, Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What do, and talk of peace? I hate the word.

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:
Hast at thee Coward.

Fight.

Enter three or four Citizens with Clouts.
All. Clubs, Isles, and Partitions, strike, beat them down.
Downe with the Clouts, downe with the Montagues.

Enter old Capulet in his Gowne, and his wife.
Cap. What noise is this! Give me my long Sword ho.
Wife. A crust, a crust: why call you for a Sword?
Cap. My Sword I say: Old Montague is come, And furnishes his blade in sight of me.

Enter old Montague, and his wife.
Wife. Thou villain Capulet. Hold me not, let me go.

Prince. Rebellious Subjects, Enemies to peace, Prophaters of this Neighbour-Stained Steele, 
Will they not hear? What hope you Men, you Beasts, That quench the fire of your persistent Rage, 
With purple Fountaines issuing from your Venes: On paine of Torrency, from those bloody hands 
Throw your misifer'd Weapons to the ground, 
And here the Sentence of your mooved Prince, 
Three cuill Brookes, bred of an Ayer word, 
By thee old Capulet and Montague, 
Haste three, doth bid thee quiet of our streets, 
And make Vertue's ancient Citizens 
Call by their Graue becomming Ornaments, 
To wield old Partizans, in hands as old,
The Tragedie of Romeo and Julliet.

Cankred with peace, to part your Cankred hate,
If ever you disturb our threats again,
Your liues shall pay the forfeit of the peace.

For this time all the rest depart away:
Your Capulet shall part no more along with me,
And many a day come you this afternoome,
To know our fathers pleasure in this cafe:
To old Free-towne, our common judgment place.
Once more on paine of death, all men depart.

Speake nephew, were you by, when it began?

She will bux Sec + will I ioi
If your Father best went hence, to fall?

To know our fathers pleasure in this cafe:
To old Free-towne, our common judgment place:
Once more on paine of death, all men depart.

Speake nephew, were you by, when it began:

I drew to part them, in the infinite came
Theerry Tribals, with his sword prepar'd,
As he breath'd defiance to his ear,
He swoung about his head, and cut the windes,
Who nothing hurt withall, hit him in the face.
While we were entre charging thulls and blowes,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

Your, O where is Romeove, saw you him to day?
Right glad am I, he was not at this fray:

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipfull Sun
Peerd forth the golden window of the East,
And drew desire me to walk abroad,
Where underneath the grove of Sycamore,
That Westward roasth from this City sith
So carely walking did I see your Sonne:
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
And broke into the court of the wood,
I measureing his affections by my owne,
Whose maffion fought, when moffion might not be found:

But one too was abroad,

Pursued my Honour, not pursuing his
And gladly shunnd, who gladly fled from me.

Mons. Many a morning bath he there bene beene,
With tears augmenting the force morning dew,
Adding to eludes, more cloudier with his deeps figthes,
But all to foam as the all-cheering Sunne,
Should in the farthest East begin to shiue,
The stately Curtains from Avarious bed,
Away from light flees home my heavie Sonne,
And prisse in his Chamber pinnes himselfe,
Shuts vp his windowes, lockes faire day-light out,
And makes himselfe an artificial night:

Blacke and portendoous muff this humour proce,
Vnleepe good counsellor in the castle remoue,

Ben. My Noble Vnde do you know the cause?

Mons. I neither know it, nor can learne of him.

Ben. Have you importuned him by any meanes?

Mons. Both by my selfe and many others friends,
But he his owne sitteous counsellor,
Is to himselfe; I will not say how true
But to himselfe so secret and so close,
So far from foundung and discouery,
As in the bost hit with intenions woulde,
Ere he can spread his sweete leues to the ayre,
Or dedicate his beauty to the flame.
Could we but learne from whence his forrowes grow,
We would as willingly gaine cure, as know.

Enter Roman.

Ben. Good morrow Cousin.
Rome. Is the day so young?
Ben. But new brooke nine.

Rome. Ay me, sad hours done long:
Which is my Father best went hence, to fall?

Ben. It was: what signes lengthens Romeove's liues?
Rome. Not hating that, which hating, makes them short
Ben. In love.

Rome. Out.

Ben. Of liue.
Rome. Out of her favour where I am in love,
Ben. Alas! those that love are gentle in their eye,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proofs.

Rome. Alas! that love, whose view is muttled still,
Should without eyes, see path-ways to his will:
Where shall we dine? O me: what fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all:
Here is much to do with hate, but more with love;
Why then O railing love! O loving hate,
O any thing, of nothing first created;
O heauen lightnesse, serious vanity,
Misperon Chaos of well-ecoming forms,
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, tick health,
Still walking fleece, that is not what it is.
This lice feel I, that feel no lice in this.

Dost thou not like me?

Ben. No Coze, I rather wepe.

Rome. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart oppression.

Rome. Why such is loves tyrant refection.
Greene of mine owne lie heare in my brest,
Which thou wilt propagate to hate it prevail
With more of thine, this fray that thou hast showne,
Doth one more show by mine owne owne,
Looke, is a smocke made with the fame of fightes,
Being pur'd, a fire sparkling in Louers eyes,
Being vex, a Sea-sport with loving teares,
What is it else? a madnelle, most discreet,
A chocking gall, and a preferring sweet:
Farewell my Coze.

Ben. I will goe along.
And if you leave me, do you make me wrong,

Rome. Tis I have loft my felle, I am not here,
This is not Romeove, he's free other where.

Ben. I shall tell in fadnelle, who is that you love?
Rome. What shall I groan and tell thee?

Ben. Groome, why not; but sadly tell me who.

Rome. Why, that makes his will:
A word ill vig'd to one that is ill.

In fadnelle Cozin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I vi'd to me, when I supp'd you loud.

Rome. A right good man, an, and there's faire I love.

Ben. A right faire make, faire Coze's, vouenfort hit,

Rome. Well in that hit you misse, faire be not hit
With Cupids arrow, the blass Dams wit,
And in strong power of cautelity well arm'd
From loves weake childful Bow, the liues vouch'tam.
Shee will not flay the finge of loving teares,
Nor bid this counter of sorrowing eyes,
Nor open her lap to Saint-feeding Gold:
O she is rich in beauty, only poor,
That when she dies, with beautie dies her faire.

Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she will stay till love chaff.

Rome. She hath, and in that swaring make huge weapon:
For beauty flerd'd with her seuerity,
Cuts beauty off from all posteritie.
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

She is too faire, too wise: with too faire, To merit blisse by making me dispaire; She hath forsworne to love, and in that vow Do I live dead, that hunte to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget her thenceforth, 

Rom. O teach me how I should forget to think. 

Ben. By giving liberty vnto chine eyes, 

Examine other beauties, 

Ro. 'Tis the way to callers (exquisite) in question more, Thee happy maskes that kiffe faire Ladies brouws, Being blacke, puts a mind they hide the faire: He that is throushen blind, cannot forget The precious treasure of his eye-sight loft: 

Show me a Mittrelles that is passing faire, What doth her beauty ferue but as a note, Where I may read who past that faire passing.

Farewell world, I can't not teach me to forget, 

Ben. I'le pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. Exeunt 

Enter Capulet, Counte Paris, and the Clowes. 

Capu. Montague is bound as well as I, 

In gentle alde, and is not hard the thinkes, 

For men is old as wee, to keep the peace. 

Par. Of Honourable reckoning are you both, 

And pittie'tis you liu'd at ods so long: 

But now my Lord, what say you to my fute? 

Capu. But saying ore what I have laid before, 

My Child is yet a Stranger in the world, 

She hath not seene the change of fourteen yeares, 

Let two more Summers wither in their pride, 

Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a Bride. 

Par. Younger then ftre, are happy mothers made. 

Capu. And too lone mad are those so early made: 

Earth hath swalowed all my hopes but she, 

She's the hopefull Lady of my earth: 

But wore her gentle Paris, her heart, 

My will to her content, is but a part. 

And thee agree, within her scope of choise, 

Lyes my content, and faire according voice: 

This night I hold an old accuion'd feast, 

Whereeto I have inuite many a Gueft, 

Such as I love, and you among the more, 

One more, most welcome makes my number more: 

At my poore house we three together now, 

Earth-treading flares, that make darkes heaven light, 

Such comfort as do lufiy young men feel, 

When well apparell'd April on the heele. 

Ofttmping Winter treads, even fuch delight 

Among freth Fennell buds shal you this night 

Inherit at my house: heare all, all see. 

And like her moli, whole meritt mofli shall be: 

Which one more weiv, of many, mine being one, 

May stand in number, though in reckning none. 

Come, goe with me: goe forth trudge about, 

Through faire Verona: find those persions out, 

Whose names are written there, and to them fay, 

My house and welcome, on their pleasure flay. 

Erie. Find them out whole names are written. Here it is written, that the howe sholde meddle with his Yerd, 

And the Tylor with his Lot, the Fisher with his Penhill, 

And the Painter with his Netts. But I am fent to find those persions whose names are writ, 

& can neuer find what names the writing person hath here writ: (I muft to the learned) in good time. 

Enter Benvolus, and Romeo. 

Ben. Tut, man, one fire burres out anothers burning, 

One pane is lefiened by anothers anguish: 

Turne giddie, and be holpe by backward turning: 

One desparate greffe, cure with anothers louguish: 

Take thou forge new infection to the eye, 

And the rank boyfon of the old wil die. 

Rom. Your Plantain leaf is excellent for that. 

Ben. For what I pray thee t 

Rom. For your broken shin. 

Ben. Why Romeo are thou mad? 

Rom. Not mad, but bound more then a mad man is: 

Shut vp in prifon, kept without my foode, 

Whipt and tormentt and Godden good fellow, 

Ser. Godgigoden, I pray sir can you read? 

Rom. I may write fortune in my mistrie. 

Ser. Perhaps you have learnt it without booke: 

But I pray can you read any thing you see? 

Rom. If I know the Letters and the Language. 

Ser. Ye say honestly, tell you merry. 

Rom. Stay fellow, I can read. 

He reads the Letter. 

Siegwir, Martine, and his wife and daughter: Counte An- 

Feline and his beausions offer: the Lady widow of Wir-

Scigwir, Siegur Placeanter, and his lovely Nerest: Mercutius 

and his brother Valentine: mine uncle Capules his wife and daugh-

ter: my fete Nerest Bafline, Luricia Sigurra Valente, of his 

Cugen Tybal: Lucio and the lovely Helena. 

A faire assembly, whither should they come? 


Rom. Whither? to supper? 

Ser. To our house. 

Rom. Whose house? 

Ser. My Maisters. 

Rom. Indeed I should have asked you that before. 

Ser. Now Ile tell you without asking. My maffier is 

the great rich Capulet, and if you be not of the house of 

Montague I pray come and bring a cup of wine. 

Be you merry. 

Ben. At this fame ancient feast of Capultes 

Sups the faire Bafline, whom thou so loues: 

With all the adored Beauties of Verona, 

Go thither and with vnartainted eye, 

Compare her face with some that I'll shal flow, 

And I will make thee think thy Swan a Crow. 

Rom. When the house doth receive sight of mine eye 

Maintaine such falshood, then turne teares to fire: 

And those who often drown'd could never die, 

Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers. 

One fairer then my loue: the all-seeing Sun 

Nere faw her match, since forth the world begun. 

Ben. Tut, you faw her faire, none elle being by, 

Herfelfe play'd with herfelle in either eye: 

But in that Chrifall scates, let there be waid, 

Your Ladies loue against some other Maid 

That I will shew you, thining at this Feast, 

And the fhow fane flall, well, that now fhowes bef. 

Rom. Ile goe along, no fuch fight to be fhowne, 

But to reioyce in splendour of mine owne. 

Enter Capullts wife and Nurfe. 

Wife Nurfe when's your daughter? caller her forth to me. 

Nurfe. Now by my Maidenhead, at twelue yeares old 

I bad her come, what I amb: what Ladi-bird, Godforbid, 

Where's this Girls? what Ile 

Enter Iulets. 

Iulets. How now, who calls? 

Nur. Your Mother. 

Iulets. Madam I am heere, what is your will: 

Wife. This is the matter: Nurfe giue leave awhile, we 

must.
must talke in secret. Nurse come backe again, I have remembered me, thanke heart our countell. Thou knowst my daughter's of a pretie age.

Nurse. Faith I can tell her age vno hour.

Wife. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. He lay fourteen of my teethes.

And yet to my hearte be spoken, I haue but fourie, she's not fourteen.

How long is it now to Lammas tide?

Wife. A fortnight and oddes dayes.

Nurse. Ake out or else, of all dayes in the yeare come Lammas Eve at night shall the be fourteen. Such & fhe, God, let all Chriftian soules, were of an age. Well, such is with God, she was too good for me. But as I said, on Lammas Eve at night shall the be fourteen, that片 the mar-
rie, I remember it well. 'Tis since the Earth-quake now choese yeares, and she was went I never shall forgot it, of all the daies of the year, upon that day & I had then

But Woume would I my Dug sitting in the Sunne under the Doucheoute walk, my Lord and I were then at Minveray, I do beeare a braine. But as I said, when it did talke the Woman-wood on the apple of my Dugge,

and it fet it better, pretty soule, to see it teares, and fell out with the Dugge, Shake quoth the Dame-hous, it was no neede I know to bid me trudge; and since that time it is a little longest for then they could stand alone, my bide

round the could have worn, & waited all about: for even the day before this broke her browe, & then my Husband Goddick with his soule, a was a mere man, tooke up the Child, yeap poet lee, don't shoul fall upon thee face: thou will fall backward when thou hast more wit, with thou not Inlet? And by my holy-dam, the pretty wretch! Lee crevin, & I will see now how a fel lent come about. I warrant, & I shall like a thouer yeares, I never should forgot it. What shall not Inlet quith helset and pretty fot it fret, and sad I

Old Ga. though of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes Madam, yet I cannot dene but lenger, to think it should leave crying, & say I: and yet I warrant it had upon it bowe, a bumble as big as a young Cockrels fone? A perilous knot, and it eat bodly. Yes quoth my husband, fall upon thy face, thou wilt fall back-ward when thou comnest to rage: wilt thou not Inlet? I flented and said I

Inlet. And that thou too. I pray thee Nurse, say I.

Nur. Peace I have done. God make thee no grace thou put the prettiest Babette there canst know, and I might not see thee married once, I haue my wife.

Old Ga. Many that marry is the very theme I came to talk of, tell me daughter Juliet.

How finds your disposition to be Married?

Inlet. It is an houre that I dreamt not, not, Nurse.

Nur. An house, were not I thone only Nurse, I would thou hast litle fuddelesome of thy tear.

Old Ga. Well think of marriage now, younger than you,

Here in Persia, Ladies of effecce,

The you are already Matrons, by our coun-

to Jow. Most deare, but yet thou shalt see,

Which maketh you a Maidie, plus them in briefe:

The valiant Paru seekes you for his lour.

Nurse. In so young Lady, Lady, such a man as all the world. Why lirre's a man of wase.

Old Lu. Verona Summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay he's a flower, infall a very flower.

Old Lu. What say you, can you love the Gentleman?

This might you shall behold him at our Feast,

Read ore the volume of young Paris face,

And find delight, wast there with Beauties pent.

Examine currie feuerall kissant,

And see how one another lends content.

And where obser'd in this faire volume,

Find written in the Margin of his eyes,

This precious Booke of Love, this unbound Louer,

To Beautifie him, only lacks a Couer.

The fifth lines in the Sea, and 'tis much pride

For faire without, the faire within to hide:

That Booke in manes eyes doth share the glorie,

That in Gold clasps, Lockes in the Golden flower:

So shall you share all that he doth poffef,

By having him, making your felle no lefle.

Nurse. No lefle, my bigger women grow by me,

Old Lu. Speake briefly, can you know of Paris love &

Inle. Ille looke to like, if looking liking, more,

But no more depe will I endart thine eye.

Then your content guies strength to make flye.

Enter A Servant now.

Ser. Madam, the guests are come, suppe frond; ypu can't, my young Lady askt for the Nurse cur'd in the Pantery, and every thing in extremity I must hence to wait, I befeech you follow straight.

Exeunt. We follow the, Juliet, the Countie flates.


Enter Rome, a Pencute Benowle, with fone or fone

other Makers, Torch-bears.

Rom. What shall this speche be spoke for our excute?

Or shall we on without Apologie?

Ren. The date is dus to such preadistie,

While shooe no fepd hood winckt with a skirt,

Bearing a Tragical Bower full of bath,

Skirring the Ladies like a Curious poffef,

But les them in birt to say what they will,

While we reduce them Measure, and be gone.

Rom. Come me a Torch, I am not for this ambling,

But being, bebray I will bee the light.

Merr. Nay gentle Romeo, we mull have you dance.

Rom. Yet I beleue me, you have dancing fhoues,

With nimble fides, I haue a sole of Lead

So fakes me to the ground, I cannot now on,

Merr. You are a Lour, borrow Cupid wings,

And loare with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too far enrapaced with his fliet,

To foaze with his light feathers, and to bound:

I cannot bound a pitch about dull wor,

Vnder lohes heavy burthen doe fink.

Her. To foaze in that you burthen loue,

Too great opprettion for a tender chang.

Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too soft,

Too rude, too byfletous, and it pricks like thonge.

If loue be rough with you, be rough with foue,

Prick evry tow for pricking, and you best leave downe,

Give me a Cafe to put my village in,

A Wifo for a Wifo, what care I

What curious eye doth quote deformities:

Here are the Beetle-brows shall blash for me

Rom. Come knocke and enter, and no sooner in,

But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A Torch for me,let wano's light of heart

Tickle the fenecelle ruffies with their heneles:

For I am powdered with a Grandifh Phadre,

Ile be a Candle-holder and inake on,

The game was nere so faire, and I am done.

After. The

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Mr. Tue, duns the Mouse, the Comtabels own word, If thou art dum, write draw thee from the mire. Of; take your reverence left, wherefrom thou first left Vp to the ears, come we beame day, light, ho. Rom. Nay that's not so. Mr. I mean let I delay, We wait our lights in vaine, light, light, by day; Take our good meaning, for ourJudgement fits Fine times in that, ere once in our fine wits. Rom. And we mean well in going to this Maske, But is no wit to go. Mr. Why may one ask? Rom. I dreamt a dreame to night. Mr. And so did I. Rom. Well what was yours? Mr. That dreamers often lie. Ro. In bed a sleepe while they do dreame things true. Mr. O' then I see Queen Mab hath beene with you: She is the Fairy Midwife, & she comes in things no bigger then A Gas-foone, on the fore-flinger of an Alerman, drawne with a teame of little Atomies, our mens noses as they are sleepe: her Waggon Spokes made of long Spinners legs: the Courer of the wings of Grasshoppers, her Traces of the smallet Spiders web, her coallers of the Moonlines watry Beames, her Wup of Crickets bone, the Lath of Philomone, her Wagyoner, a small gray-coated Gnat, not Gate to bigge as a round little Water, prickt from the Laze-flinger of a man. Her Chariot is an empty Halchen, made by the lowner Squirel or old Grub, time out a mind, the Fairies Coach-makers, &t in this Voice the gallsops night by night, through, lour bees brains: then they are a sleepe of Ouer. Counters knees, that dream on Curries frailt, or Lawyers fingers, who slay dreamt on Peas, one Ladies lips, who slay on kisses dreame, which ole the unhappy Mab with blithers plagues, because their breath with Sweet mens tam'd are. Sometimes the gallsops are a Courters note, & then dreames he of smelld out office, & fortnime comes the with Tith pigs tale, tickling a Parson note as a lies sleepe, then he dreames of another Benefice. Sometimes the driveth out a Souldiers necke, & then dreames he of cutting Forraine throats. of Breaches, Ambuscades, Spanish Blades: Of Healths fine Padome deep, and then anon drums in his ears, at which he startes and wakes, and being thus frighted, he vehes a prayer or two & sleepe agayn, this is that very Mab that plats the mane of Horifes in the night, & bakes the Elklocks in foule (fufhink hairs, which once entangled, much misfortune bodes, This is the bag, when Maides lie on their backs, That presses them, & leane them first to bear, Making them womps of good carriage: This is fine. 

Rom. Peace, peace, (Mecum is peace, Thou talkl'ft of nothing. Mr. True, I talk with dreams: Which are the children of an idle braine, Begot of nothing, but vaine phantasie, Which is as thin of substance as the ayre, And more unconfant then the wind, who woos Even now the frozen bosome of the North. And being angerd, paffes away from thence, Turning his fate to the dew dropping South. 

Ben. This wind you talk of blowes vs from our feetes, Supper is done, and we shal come too late. Rom. I feare too early, for my mind misgives, Some conquence yet hanging in the hares, Shall bitterly begin his heavy full date. With this nights stews, and expire the reame Of a despitful life cloath'd in my breast. By some vile forfeit of unhumble death. But he that hath the hirage of my courte, Died my fute: on Luttie Gentlemen. 

Ben. Strike Drum. 

They march about the Stage, and Serving men come forth with their napkins. 

Enter Serving men.  
 Ser. Where's the Petrum, that he helpfuls not to take away? He shal a Puncher the refcape a Trencher? 1. When good manners, shall be in one or two mens hands, and they washe not, 'tis a foule thing. Ser. Away with the leyfnelotes, remove the Court-ebourd, looke to the Plate: good thou, fuc mee piece of Marchpane, and as thou louest mee, let the Perch let in Siril Gransefone, and Ne, Anthony and Petrum. 2. I Boyleadle. Ser. You are look for, and call'd for, askt for, & sought for, in the great Chamber. 1 We cannot be here and there too, clearly Boyes, Be brisk while, and the longer huer take all. 

Exit. Enter all the Griefs and Gentlemen to the Maske.  
 1. Cap. Welcome Gentlemen, Ladies that have their toes 
 Vasplagud with Cornet, will walke about with you: 
 Ah my Miferesses, which of you all 
 Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty, 
 She He swearst hath Cornet am I come near ye now; 
 Welcome Gentlemen, I haue scene the day 
 That I have worn a Vifor, and could tell 
 A whispening tale in a faire Ladies eare: 
 Such as would pleafe: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 
 You are welcome gentlemen, come Muffetians play: 
 Muffetians play: and the dance. 

A Hall, Hall, give room, and fow it, the girls, 
 More light you knows, and turne the Tables vp: 
 And quench the fire, the Roomes is grown too hot, 
 Ah firrath, this vnlooks for sport comes well: 
 Nay it, may fitt, good Cozin Capner, 
 For you and Iare past our dawning daies: 
 How long 'tis now since left your felte and I, 
 Were in a Maske? 

2. Cap. Belrady thirty yeares, 
 3. Cap. What man? 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much, 
 'Tis since the Nuptial of Lucentio, 
 Come Penryce off as quickly as will, 
 Some fuce and twenty yeares, and then we Mask. 
 2. Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more, his Sonne is elder for: 
 His Sonne is thirty. 
 3. Cap. Will you tell me that? 
 His Sonne was but a Ward two yeares agoe. 

Rom. What Ladie is that which dothis rich the hand 
 Of yonder Knight? 
 Ser. I know not sir, 

Rom. Of the doth teach the Torches to burne brite: 
 It feeme the hanges up the cheeckes of night, 
 As a rich jewel in an Aristops ear: 
 Beauty too rich for vs, for earth too deare: 
 So shewes a Snowye Duke trooping with Crowes, 
 As yonder Ladie ore her fellows howes; 
 The measure done, he watch her place of hand, 
 And touching hers, make blesse my rude hand.
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

Did my heart loue till now, forswear it fights,  
For I returne for true Beauty till this night.  

Tib. This by his voice, should be a Montague.  
Fetch me my Rapier Boy, what dares the fault  
Come hither cox't, with an antique face,  
To ferrre and fcorne at our Solemnity?  
Now by the flocke and Honour of my kin,  
To strike him dead I hold it not a fin.  

Cap. Why how now kinman,  
Wherefore fcorne you fo?  

Tib. Vnle this is a Montague, our foe:  
A Villaine that is hither come in fpring,  
To fcorne at our Solemnity this night.  

Cap. Young Romeus is it?  
Tib. 'Tis he, that Villaine Romeus.  

Cap. Content thee gentle Cox, let him alone,  
A beares him like a porty Gentleman:  
And to fay truth,  
Crome brags of him,  
To be a vertuous and well gouern'd youth:  
I would not for the wealth of all the towne,  
Here in my houfe do him disparsagement:  
Therefor this patient, take no note of him,  
It is my will, she which thou refpeft,  
Shew a faire prefence, and put off thofe frownes,  
An ill befoming enamance for a Feall.  
Tib. It fits when such a Villaine is a gueft,  
Ile not endure him.  

Cap. He fhall be endur'd.  
What goodman boy, I fay he fhall, go too,  
Am I the Maifier here or you go too,  
You're not endure him, God fhall mend my foule,  
Youe make a Mutinie among the Guefta:  
You will let fcoke a hoope, youe be the man.  
Tib. Why Vnle, 'tis a shame.  

Cap. Go too, go too,  
You are a fawcy Boy, 'tis fo indeed?  
This tricke may chance to fcafh you, I know what,  
You muft contrary me, carry fis time.  

Well faid my firs, you are a Princox, goe,  
Be quiet, or more light, more light for shame,  
Ile make you quiet. What, chearely my hearts.  
Tib. Patience perchore, with willfull cholrer meeting,  
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting:  
I will withdraw, but this intrufion fhall  
Now feeming fweet, concert to bitter gall.  

Rom. If I prophanne with my vnworthie fhould,  
This holy fhrine, the gentle fin this,  
My lips to buffling Pilgrims did ready hand,  
To smooth that rough touch, with a tender kiffe.  

Good Pilgrime,  
You do wrong your hand too much,  
Which mannerly defcription fewith in this,  
For Saint haue hands, that Pilgrims hands do tuch,  
And paime to paime, is holy Pilmers kiffe.  

Rom. Haue not Saint lips, and holy Pilmers too?  

Inf. I Pilgrime, lips that they must fwe in prayer.  
Rom. O then deare Saint, let lip do what hands do,  
They make a grant thou) felf fhame turnes to difpare.  

Inf. Saintes do not moue.  

Though great for prayers fake.  

Rom. Then mooue not while my pray'rs effect I take:  
Thus from my lips, by thine my fin is purd'd.  

Inf. Then haue my lips the fin that they haue touke.  
Rom. Sin from my lips, O treuefale sweetly vrg'd:  
Give me my fin againe.  

Inf. You kiffe by th' book.  

Nur. Madam your Mother caues a word with you.  
Rom. What is her Mother?  

Nur. Marrie Battcher,  
Her Mother is the Lady of the house,  
And a good Lady, and a wife, and Vertuous,  
I Nur'll her Daughter that you talkt withall:  
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,  
Shall haue the chinsks.  
Rom. If she a Cuplet?  
O deare account! My life is my foes debt.  
Ben. Away, be gone, the sport is at the belt.  
Rom. I fear the more is my vnft.  

Cap. Nay Gentlemen prepare not to be gone,  
We have a triuffling foolifh Banquet towards:  
Is it ne fo? why then I thank you all.  
I thank you honest Gentlemen, good night:  
More Torches here come on, then let's to bed.  
Ah frrah, by my fai it waxes late,  
Ile to my felf.  

Inf. Come hither Nurfe.  
What is yourd Gentleman:  

Nur. The Sonne and Heire of old Tybrio.  
Inf. What's he that now is going out doore?  

Nur. Marrie that I thinke be young Petruchio,  
Inf. What's he that follows here that would not dance?  

Nur. Know.  

Inf. Go aske his name: If he be married,  
My graue is like to be my wedded bed.  

Nur. His name is Romeus, and a Montague,  
The onely Sonne of your great Enemie.  

Inf. My onely Loue sprung from my onely hate,  
Too early fene, unknowne, and knowne too late,  
Prophetic birth of Loue it is to me,  
That I must be loathed Enemie.  

Nur. What's this? what this?  

Inf. A time, I learne euyn now  
Of one I don't withall.  

Nur. Anon, anon:  
Come let's away, the strangers all are gone.  

Exeunt.  

Chorus.  
Now old defire doth in his death bed lie,  
And yong affection gapes to be his Heire,  
That fain, for which Loue gran'd for and would die,  
With tender Infers match, is now not faine.  
Now Romeus is beloued, and Loues again,  
A like bewitched by the charm of lookes:  
But to his foe Appol's he much complaines,  
And the faire Loues fweete baiet from fearfull bookes:  
Being held a foe, he may not haue access,  
To breath fuch vowes as Louers victowe to,  
And fhe as much in Loue, her meates much leffe,  
To meeter her new beloued any where:  
But paflion lends them Power, time, meannes to meete,  
Temping extremities with extreme sweetes,  

Enter Romeus alone.  

Rom. Can I goe forward when my heart is here?  
Tunne backe dull earth, and find thy Center out.  

Enter Banfto, with Mercuito.  

Ben. Romeus, my Conen Romeus, Romeus.  

Mere. He is wife,  
And on my life hath flonne him home to bed.  

Ben. He ran this way and leapt this Orchard wall.  

Call good Mercuito:  

Nay, he cannte more.
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

Mrs. Roman, Humours. Madonna, Paffion, Louer,
Apparre thou in the likeness of a figh,
Speake but one time, and I am satisfied.
Cry me but sy me, Proud, but Loue and day,
Speake to my godfhip Venus one faire word;
One Nickname for her publish Sonne and her,
Young Abraham Cupid he that flote to true,
When King Cepheus loud the beggar Maid,
He heareth not, he striest not, he mounteth ot,
The Ape is dead, I must confine him,
I confine thee by Refilates bright eye,
By her High forehead, and her Scatter lip,
By her Fane foon, Straight leg, and Quining thigh,
And the Deamans, that there Admiring lie,
That in thy likeness thou appeare to vs.

Ten. And if he heare thou wilt anger him.

Mrs. This cannot anger him, 'twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his Mislike circle,
Of some strange nature, feeting it hand
Till the had laid it, and contined it down,
That were none spirit.
My imagination is faire and honest, & in his Mixture name,
I confine ouely but to raise vp him.
Ten. Come, he hath his himselfe among these Trees
To bee conformed with the Humerous night:
Blind is his Loue, and heft befits the darke.

Mrs. If Loue be blind, Loue cannot hit the mark,
Now will he fee without a Medder tree,
And with his Mixture yeare that kind of Fruite,
As Maidens call Medlers when they laugh alone,
Romeo that the were, O that the were
An open, or thou a Poprin Perre,
Romeo goodnight, Ile to my Truckle bed,
This Field-bed is too cold for me to sleepe,
Come off, and all we go.

Ben. Go then, let's in vaine to feeke him here
That means, not to be found.

Exeunt.

Romeo. He leafea at Scarres that neuer felt a wound,
But felt, what light through yonder window breaks down.
It is the East, and Juliet is the Sunne,
Affre faire Sun and kill the curious Moon,
Who is already fiek and pale with greefe,
That thou her Matid art far more faire than she,
But her Matid is faire, to be enviuous,
Her Vertall liuely is but fickle and greene,
And none but fooles doe wearre it, call it off:
It is my Lady, O is it my Loue, O that she knew the were,
She speakes, yet the fayes nothing, what of that?
Her eye dencourses, I will answere it:
I am too bold to tell thee, she speaks.
Two of the fairest flares in all the Heauen,
Having some bufinesse do entreate her eyes,
To twinkdle in their Spheres till they resume.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightness of her cheeke would name those flares,
As day-light doth a Lampe, her eye in heaven,
Would through the syrie Region flame so bright,
That birds would frug, and think it were not night:
How he the leaves her cheeke upon her hand.
O that I were a Cloone upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheeke.

Jul. By me.

Romeo. She speakes.
Oh speake againe bright Angel, for thou art
As glorious to this night being ere my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven.

Vnto the white upturned wondering eyes
Of morralls that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he befindes the laziest putting Cloudes,
And failes upon the bosome of the syre.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?
Denie thy Father and refuse thy name;
Or if thou wilt not, be but fixome my Loue,
And Ile no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speake at this?

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my Enemy;
Thou art thy selfe, though thou art Montague;
What's Montague it is no hand nor tooote,
Nor name, nor face, O be some other name
Belonging to a man.

What is a name that we call a Rofe,
By any other word would smell as sweete,
So Rome would, were he not Rome call'd,
Retaine that dcare perfection which he owes,
Without that title Rome, dothe thy name rane,
And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all my selfe.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but Loue, and He be new baptis'd,
Hence forth I never will be Rome.

Jul. What man art thou, that thus beforesen'd in night
So stumbleth on my counsell?

Rom. By a name,
I know not how to speake to thee who I am
My name dear Saint, is hateful to my felfe,
Because it is an Enemy to thee,
Hast thou writ it, I would teare the word.

Jul. My eates have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongues vittering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Rome, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither faire Maid, of either thee dislike.

Jul. How canst thou hit her, tell me, and wherefore?
The Orchard walls are high, and hard to climb,
And the place death, confidering who thou art.
If any of my kinmen find thee here,

Rom. With Loues light wings
Did I oer-perch thefe Walls,
For flowy limis cannot hold Loue out,
And what Loue can do, that dares Loue attempt:
Therefore thy kindnes are no flip to me.

Jul. If they do fpee thee, they will murther thee.

Rom. Alake there lies more peril in thine eye,
Then twenty of their Swords, doke thou but sweete,
And I am profe for against their emnity.

Jul. I would not for the world they fawe thee here.

Rom. I have nights cloue to hide me from their eyes
And thou loue me, let them find me here,
My life were better ended by their hate.
Then death progrized wanting of thy Loue.

Jul. By whose whole direction foundst 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 Pylot, yet wer thou as far
As that valt-shore-wallet with the fairest Sea,
I should adventure for such a Machandife.

Jul. Thou knowest the maske of night is on my face,
Else would a Maidens blufh bemine my cheeks.
For that which thou hail heard me speake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, faine
What I burst, fpeak, but farewell Complement,
Doth thou Loue I know thou wilt say 1,
The Tragedie of Rome and Juliet.

And I will take thy word, yet if thou swearst,
Thou maist prove false: for Louers prerties
They say love laugh'd, oh, gentle Romans,
If thou dost Loue, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinkst I am too quickly wonne,
I'll browne and be peruerse, and say the nay:
So thou wouldest, but else not for the world.
In truth faire Montague I am too fond:
And therefore thou maist thynke my behavour light,
But trust me Gentleman, Ile prove more true,
Then those that haue coging to be strange,
I should have been more strange, I must confesse,
But that thou ouer heardst Ie was ware
My true Loues passion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeilding to light Loue,
Which the darke night hath so discoouered.
Rom. Lady, by yonder Moone I vow,
'That tips with silver all these Fruite tree tops.
Jul. I swear not by the Moone, thinconstant Moone,
That moneth changes in her circled Orbe,
Least that thy Loue prove like wise variable.
Rom. What shall I swear by?
Jul. I do not swear at all:
Orst thou wouldest swear by thy gratious selfe,
Which is the God of my Idolatry,
And Ile beleue thee.
Rom. If my hearts desire loue.
Jul. Well do not swere, although I joy in thee;
I have no joy of this contract to night,
It is too saile, too unwau'd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning which doth ceafe to be
Ere, one can fay, it lightnes, Sweete good night:
This bad Loue of Byoue by Summers ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous Flower when we meete,
Goodning, goodnight, as sweete repoe and ref,
Come to thy heart, as that within my bref,
Rom. O wilt thou leue me to unsatisfied?
Jul. What satisfaction can't thou have to night?
Rom. The change of thy Loues faithfull vow for mine.
Jul. I gape thee mine before thou didst requite it:
And yet I would it were to give again.
Rom. Would't thou withdraw it,
For what purpose Loue?
Jul. But to frsne and give it thee again,
And yet I wiff but for the thing I haue,
My bountye is as bondifie as the Sea,
My Loue is depe, the more I gue to thee
The more I haue, for both are incommen:
I haue some maye within desir Loue adue:
Anon good Night, sweete Montague be true:
Stay bat little, I will come again.
Rom. O bielded blefled night, I am afraid
Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
Too flattering to be fulle trustfull.
Jul. Three words desir Rome,
And goodnight indeed,
I fhall thy bent of Loue be Honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, fend me word to morrow,
By one that I procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt performe the right,
And all my Fortunes at thy foot I leye,
And follow thee my Lord throughout the world.
Witnes: Madam.

I come, mon; but if thou meanest not well,
I do beleefe thee

(By and by I come)
To ceafe thy strife, and leave me to my grief,
To morrow will I fend,
Rom. So thrive my soule.

In. A thousand times goodnight.

Exit. Rome. A thousand times the worke to want thy light,
Loue goes toward Loue as school-boys for drie books
But Loue for Loue, towards schoole with beauteous looks.

Enter Iuliet again.

In. Hift Rome; biff: O for a Falkneres voice,
To lute this Taffell gentle backe againe,
Bondage is house, and may not speake aloud,
Elle would I teare the Case where Excholas,
And make her ayre tongue more house, then
With repetition of my Rome.
Rom. It is my foule that calls upon my name.
How fluter sweet, found Louers tongues by night,
Like sweete Musick to attending eares.
In. Rome.
Rom. My Neece,
In. Do not swear at all:
Orst thou wouldest swear by thy gratious selfe,
Which is the God of my Idolatry,
And Ile beleue thee.
Rom. If my hearts desire loue.
Jul. Well do not swere, although I joy in thee;
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And follow thee my Lord throughout the world.
Witnes: Madam.

I come, mon; but if thou meanest not well,
I do beleefe thee

(Exit. Rome.)

In. The gray eyd monere shines on the frowning night,
Checking the Eastern Cloudes with stiffness of light:
And flecked darknefe like a drunkard reles,
From forth diues path, and Tauras burning wheel.
Now ere the Sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheere, and nights danke dew to dry,
I must viflt this Ofer Cage of fons,
With baufeal wheeles, and precious fusled flowers,
The earth that's Nature mother, is her Tumbre,
What is her busying graue that is her wonbe:
And from her wonbe children of diuers kind

We
Enter Romeo. 

Within the infant rind of this weak flower, 
Poyson hath refidence, and medicine power: 
For this being fast, with that part chinese each part, 
Being called iyles all forces with the heart. 
Two such opposed Kings encompe them thil. 
In man as well a Heartes grace and rude will: 
And where the worser is predominant, 
Full soone the Canker death caues up that Plant. 

Rom. Good morrow Father. 
Fri. Benedicite. 

What early tongue so sweete fulleth me?
Young Sonne, it argues a distempered head, 
So looie to bid goodmorning to thy bed; 
Care keeps his watch in every old mans eye, 
And where Care lodges, Spleene will never leye: 
But where vnbrutall youth with vnwithe braine 
Doth touch his limne, then keepe doth dole raigne; 
Therefore thy earsleffe doth selfe affright, 
Thou art so proued with some disemprasse: 
Or if not, then here I hit it right. 

Or Roman hath not bene in bed to night. 
Rom. That last is true, the sweeter self was mine. 
Fri. God pardon sinfull wight thou with Rosaline? 
Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly Father? No, 
I have forgot that name, and that names woe. 
Fri. That's my good Son, but wheit hauh thun bin then? 
Rom. I tell thee ere thou ask me it again: 
I have beene feasting with mine enemy, 
Where on a sudden one hath wounde me, 
That's by me wounding each our remedies: 
Within thy helpe and holy plishicke lies: 
It bear three hauers, a hauers manfor love. 
My interception like wife frets my face. 
Fri. Be plaine good Son, left homely in thy drift, 
Ridding confession, finds but ridling thirst. 
Rom. Then plainly know my hearts deare Loue is set, 
On the faire daughter of rich Capulet: 
As mine on hers, lo hers is set on me; 
And all combind, face what thou must combine 
By holy marriage: when and where, and how, 
We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow: 
I tell thee as we paff, but this I pray, 
That thou consent to marry vs to day. 
Fri. Holy S. Francis, what a change is here? 
Is Rosaline that thou didst Loue so deare 
So faire forraken? young mens Loue then lies 
Not only in their hearts, but in their eyes. 
Jefu, Marua, what a destile of brine 
Hath wheit thy fellow cheakes for Rosaline? 
How much fait water throwen away in waft, 
To feslon Loue that of it doth not tait. 
The Sunne: yet thy fighees, from heaven clears, 
Thy old grones yet ringing in my sancient cates: 
Loe her upon thy cheeke the flame doth fit, 
Of an old teare that is not wafht off yet: 
If eere thou wafht thy felle, and thefe woves thine, 
Thou and thefe wores, were all for Rosaline. 
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then, 
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men. 
Rom. Thou chid'it me oft for loving Rosaline. 
Fri. For dosing not for loving pupill mine. 
Rom. And bad't me bury Loue. 
Fri. Not in a grave, 
To lay one in, another out to hauue. 
Rom. I pray thee chide me not, her I Love now 
Dowth grace for grace, and Loue for Loue allow: 
The other did not so. 
Fri. O fie knew well, 
Thy Loue did read by rote, that could not spell: 
But come young wailer, come goe with me, 
In one respect, I thee affiandt be: 
For this alliance may so happy prove, 
To turne thy houseshould rancour to pure Loue. 
Rom. O let vs hence, I fland on fudden but. 
Fri. Wisely and flow, they stumble that run fast.

Exeunt

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio. 

Mer. Where, the deale should this Romeo be? come he not home to night? 
Ben. Not to his Fathers, I spoke with his man. 
Mer. Why that fame pale hard harted wench, that Rosaline tornets has haue, that he will Byrne mad. 
Rom. Tell it, the husband to old Cap coworkers sent a Letter to his Fathers house. 
Mer. A challenge on my life. 
Rom. Rome will anwer it. 
Mer. Any man that can write, may ansver a Letter. 
Ben. Nay, he will ansver the Letters Master how he dares, being dared. 
Mer. Alas poor Romeo, he is already dead flab'd with a white wench's blacke eye, runne through the eare with a Loue song, the very pune of his heart, eft with the blind Bowe-boyest but, flait, and is he a man to encounter Tybalt? 

Ben. Why what is Tybalt? 
Mer. More then Prince of Cats. Oh hee's the Courageous Captain of Complements: he fights as you fight pick'd fong, keeps time, Affiance, and proportion, here's his minum, one, two, and the third in your boomen: the very butcher of a silk byton, a Dusiatt, a Tusiatt: a Gentleman of the very fireth house of the first and second caufe: sh the immortal Paffio in the Punto teuesco, the Hay. 

Ben. The what? 
Mer. The Pex offuch antique lifting affecting phantacies, the newe tunes of accent: I see a very good blade, 
A very tall man, a very good where. Why is not this a lamentable thing, Grandifie, that we should be thus affiined with thee strange flies these fashion Mongers, these pando mone's, who fland fo much on the newe form, that they cannot fit as eafe on the old bench. O their bones, their bones. 

Enter Romeo. 

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo. 
Mer. Without his Box, like a dayed Hering. O sfit, sfit, how art thou fiuified? Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch Bowed in: Laura his lady, was a kiten wench, marry she had a better Loue to be corne her: Erdo a dowe, Cleopatra a Gipife, Helen and Here, buildings and Harlotas Thesews a gray frie or so, but not to the purpose, Signior Romeo, Ben thur, there's a French salutation to your ff 

French
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

French flop: you guevs the counterfait fairly left night?

Romeo. Good morrow to you both, what counterfait did I give you?

Mrs. The flip, the flip, can you not conceive?

Romeo. Pardon Mrs. Mercutio; my bufineffe was great, and in that cafe as mine, a man may frame counterfeit.

Mrs. That's as much as to say, such a cafe as yours contains a man to bow in the hands.

Romeo. Meant to cut office.

Mrs. Thou haft most kindly hit it.

Romeo. A most curteous expedition.

Mrs. Nay, I am the very pinck of counterfeit.

Romeo. Pink of flower.

Mrs. Right.

Romeo. Why then is my Pump well flow'd.

Mrs. Sure; wift, follow me this caft, now thou haft wrought out thy Pump, that when the sngle fold of it is worn, the leaf may remain after the wearing, folc-fingular.

Romeo. O sngle fold is left, Solitary singular for the singlenesse.

Mrs. Come between vs good Bennville, my wits faina, Swits and pur, or else erie a march.

Mrs. Nay, if our wits run the Wild-Goofe chafe, I am done; Fortho haft made off the Wild-Goofe; in one of thy wits, then I am sure I haft in my whole fue. Was I with you there for the Goofe?

Romeo. Thou well with me for any thing, when thou walt not there for the Goofe.

Mrs. I well bite thee of the care for that is.

Romeo. Nay, good Goofe bite not.

Mrs. Why is that very Buter-tweeting, It is a most sharpfawce.

Romeo. And is it not well fendt into a Sweet-Goofe?

Mrs. One haft a wit of Cheucerell, that stretchs from an eye-narrow to an ell broad.

Romeo. I fhow thee out for that world broach, which added to the Goofe's, proves thee fame and wide, abroad Goofe.

Romeo. Why is not this better now, then groining for Loue, now art thou forcible, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art by Art as well as by Nature, for this druelling Loue is like a great Naturall, that runs looling vp and downe to bid his bable in a hole.

Romeo. Stop the flip, there.

Romeo. Thou defir'd me to flip in my tale against the thou wouldft tel me that he made thy tale large, (haire."

Romeo. O thou art deceitful, I would haft made fhort, or I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant induc to occipt the argument no longer.

Enter Nurse and her man.

Romeo. Here's a goodly spruce,

A fit, a tafe.

Nurse. Two, tow, tow Shirt and a Smocke.

Romeo. Pater?

Enter. Annen.

Nurse. My Fan Pater?

Romeo. Good Pater to hide her face?

For her face, the cutter face.

Nurse. God ye good now a Gentleman.

Romeo. God ye good face Gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it gooden?

Romeo. This leffe tell you: for the badwy hand of the Daff is now won the pincke of Noone.

Nurse. Out upon you, what a man are you?

Romeo. One Gentlewoman.

That God hath made himfelfe to mar.

Nurse. By my truth, it is said, for himfelfe to, mar quas.

This Gentleman, can any of you tel me where I may find the young Romea?

Romeo. I can tell you: but young Romea will be older when you have found him, then he was when you feught him: I am the youngfelf of that name, for fault of a worfe.

Nurse. You lie very weel.

Nurse. Yes it is the worf well, Very well cooke: faith, wifely, wifely,

Nurse. If you be he fir, I defire some confidence with you?

Romeo. She will endite him to some Supper.

Nurse. A bau, a bau, a bau. So no.

Romeo. What haft thou found?

Nurse. No Hare fir, vnfee a Hare fir in a Lenten pie, that is something stale and hoarse eie it befent.

An old Hare hoare, and an old Hare hoare is very good meat in Lent.

But a Hare that is hoarse is too much for a score, when it hoares eie it be fpent,

Romeo. Will you come to your Fathers? Weelee to dinner thisther.

Romeo. I will follow you.

Nurse. Farewell assuent Lady; Farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.

Exit. Mercutio, Bennville.

Nurse. I pray yous, what favorie Merchant was this than was full of his proper.

Romeo. A good Man Nurse, that loves to leave himfelfe talk, and will speake more in a minute, then he will stand to a Moneth.

Nurse. And speake anything against me, I take him downer, & were better then he, and were fuch a
day, and if I cannot, he will take that that old foode known, I am none of my fhort-gas, I am none of his skaines nates, and it is not ftuff be that too by too and fuffer every knowing fweete me at his pleafure.

Per. I law no man of ven at his pleafure: if I bad, my weapon {hould quick ly have beene out. I warrant you, I dare draw affoneme as another man, if I bee occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now afore God, I am to vex that every part about me quiets, skuesy knave; pray yous for a word, and I told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out, what the bid me fay. I will keep to my felfe: but ifft let me tell ye, if ye fhould leade her in a foole paradize, as they fay, it were a very grosse kind of behavement; as they fay, for the Gentlewoman is young: & therefor, if you should deal double with her, timely it were an ill thing to be offered to any Gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Nurse. Notic commend me to thy Lady and Mistrefe, I protest into that.

Nurse. Good hearts, and faith I will tell her as much:

Lord, Lord fhe will be a joyfull woman.

Romeo. What wilt thou tell her Nurse? thou doest not make me?

Nurse. I will tell her fir, that doe proftect, which as I take it, is a Gentleman-like offer.

(affo.,

Did her deme fome meancare to come to flour this Aman there the fwall at Fine Lawrence Cell

Befriend and married here is for thy paines.

Gentlewoman.

Nurse. Notely for not a penny,

Romeo. Come, I lay you shall.
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

Nur. This afternoone fir? well the fall be there. 
Rome. And stay thou good Nurse behind the Abbey wall, 
Within this houre my man shall be with thee, 
And bring thee Cords made like a tackett faire, 
Which to the high topp gallant of my joy, 
Must be my couiny in the secre tryght. 
Farewell, be true, and Ie quite thy partes : 
Fie, I do still commend thee to my Miffelle. 
Nur. Now God in heauen bleffe thee, and keep thee, Sir. 
Rome. What fait thou my deare Nurse? 
Nurfe. Is your man secret, did you dare heare fay two 
May keepe counsell putting one away, 
Re. Warrant the man as true as fleete, 
Nur. We? in many Miffelle is he sweetest Lady, Lord, 
Lord, when twas a little prating thing, 
O there is a Nobleman in Towne one Paris, 
that would faine lay knife-aboad: but the good foute halfe is leue a fee Toadle, a very Toadle as fe he: I am her sometime, and tell her that 
Paris is the proper man, but Ie warrant you, when I lay fo, three lookes as pale as any clout in the verfall world. 
Doth not Rutenarian and Romeone begin both with a letter t? 
Rome. I know, what of that? Both with an R. 
A mocket that’s the dog name. R. is for then, 
I know it begins with some other letter, and fee the hath the pretie fententios of, of you and Rosermary, that it 
would do you good to heare it. 
Rome. Commend me to thy Lady. 
Nur. I fhall attend times, Peter. 
Nur. Before and space. 
Exit Nurfe and Peter. Enter Inlet. 
Inlet. The clocke firook nine, when I did tend the Nurfe, 
In halfe an houre the promis to returne, 
Percehce he cannot meeke him:that’s not fo: 
Oh be tame, Loues Herault shold be thoughts, 
Which ten tames fatter glides then the Sunnes beams, 
Driuing backe fadnows over Howering hills. 
Thereon do nimble Pinto’d Doves drawe Loue, 
And therefore beth the wind-fift Cupid wings: 
Now is the Sun upon the hightof fulll 
Of this faires journy, and from nine till twelve, 
I three long houres,yet he is not come. 
Had the affections and warme youthfull blood, 
She would bee as swift in motion as a ball, 
My words would bandy her to my sweete Loue, 
And his to me, but old folkes, 
Many faire as they were dead, 
Vnweildie,flow,heavy, and pale as lead. 
Enter Nurfe. 
O God the come, O honie Nurfe what newes? 
Hat thou met with him: fend thy man away. 
Inlet. Now good sweet Nurfe: 
O Lord, why lookest thou sad? 
Though newes, be sad, yet tell them merrily, 
If good thou fift not the muffete of sweet newes, 
By playing it to me, with fe lower a face. 
Nur. I am a wearye, gue me leave awhile, 
For now my bowes arke, what a launt haue I had f? 
Inlet. I would thou haue ft it my bones, and thy newes: 
Nay come I pray thee speake, good Nurfe, good speake. 
Nur. I fea what hath can you not fay a while? 
Do you not fee that I am out of breath? 
Inlet. How arft thou out of breath, when thou haft breath 
To fay to me, that thou art out of breath? 
The excufe that thou doul make in this delay, 
It longer then the tale thou doft excufe. 
Is thy newes good or bad?answer to that, 
Say eithe, and fay the circumstances: 
Let me be satisfied, if good or bad? 
Nur. Well, you have made a simple choice, you know 
not how to chufe a man: Romeone, no not lie though his face be 
better then any man, yet his legs excels all mens, and 
for a hand, and a fource, and a body, though they be not to be 
 talked on, yet they are past compare: is he not the flower of curtice, 
but Ie warrant him as gente a Lambe: igo thy wains wench, ferue God, What haue you din’d at home? 
Inlet. No no: but this all I did I know before. 
What faies he of his marriage? what of that? 
Nur. Lord how my head aches, what a head: I 
It beares as it would fall in twenty pieces. 
My backe a nother fide: my backe, my backe: 
Befirew your heart for sending me about 
To catch my death with haunting vp and downe. 
Inlet. Ifaith! am forrie that that thou art so well. 
Sweet sweet, sweet Nurfe, tell me what faies my Loue? 
Nur. Your Loue faies like an honifie Gentleman: 
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handomr, 
And I warrant a vertuous: where is your Mother? 
Inlet. Where is my Mother? 
Why the is within, where should she be? 
How odly thou replieth: 
Your Loue faies like an honifie Gentleman: 
Where is your Mother? 
Nur. O Gods Lady deare, 
Are you fo honifie, as I do now: 
Is that the Poultis for my skyn bones? 
Henceforward do your messages your selfe, 
Inlet. Here’s such a coile, come what faies Romeone? 
Nur. Have you got leave to go to firft to day? 
Inlet. I have. 
Nur. Then high you hence to Frier Laurence Cell, 
There faies a Husband to make you a wife: 
Now comes the wanton blood vp in your cheekes, 
That be in Scarlet straight at any newes: 
His you to Church, I muff an other way, 
To fetch a Ladder by the which your Loue 
Muff climb the birds neft Soone when it is dace: 
I am the drudge, and coile in your delight: 
But you flall beare the burthen some at night, 
Go lie to dinner, his you to the Cell: 
Inlet. It is to high Fortune, honifie Nurfe, farewell. Enter Nurfe.

Enter Frier and Romeone. 
Frie. So faire the heavenes vpken this holy st, 
That after houres, with forrow chide vs not. 
Romeone. Amen,amen, but come what forrow can, 
It cannot counteracte the exchange of Joy 
That one short minute glues me in her figh: 
Do thou but close our hands with holy words, 
Then Loue-decouring death do what he dace, 
It is good, I may but call her mine. 
Frie. These violent delights have violent endes, 
And in their triumph die like fire and powder; 
Which as they kiffe confume. The sweetest honey 
Is loathsome in his owne delight, 
And in the tale confounds the appetitse. 
Therefore Loue moderately, long Loue doth so, 
Too swift arrives as carodie as too slow.

Enter Inlet. 
Here comes the Lady. Oh so light a foot 
Will nere wear out the everfalling fints, 
ff f 2
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

A Louer may behinde the Goflamours,
That ydes in the wanton Summer syre,
And yet not fall, for lights is vanitie.

Int. Good even to my ghostly Confessor.
Fri. Romeo shall thanke thee Daught for vs both.

Int. And make him, ells in his thanke too much.
Fri. Ah Idest, if the measure of thy joy
Be heape like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour syre, and let rich mufickes tongue,
Vfold the imagin'd happinesse that both
Receiv in either, by this deere encounter.

Int. Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Drawn from his flabbish, not of Ornament:
They are but beggers that can count their worth,
But my true Louse is growne to such excess,
I cannot sum vp some of haile my weath.

Fri. Come, come with me, & we will make short worke,
For by your leaves, you shall not alone,
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.

Enter Aftonieto, Benvolio, and men.

Ben. I pray thee good Mercutio lets retire,
The day is hot, the Capuletts abroad:
And if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl, for now these hot dayes, is the mad blood running.

Mer. Thou art one of thefe fellows, that when he enters the confines of a Tavern, claps me this Sword upon the Table, and says, Good God, you think me no need of thee; and by the operation of the second cup, draws him on the Draw
er, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a Fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a lacke in thy mood, as any in Italy: and affoone moued to be moodie, and affoone moodie to be mood'd.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay, and there were two fuch, we should have done some thing; for one would kill the other, why thou wilt quarrell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire leffe in his head, then thou haft thou wilt quarrell with a man for cracking Nuts, hauing no other reason, but because thou haft haile eyes: what eye, but such an eye, would spit out such a quarrell? thy head is as full of quarrells, as an egge is full of mems, and yet thy head hath bin beaten out of Rede: Mercutio is as mad for quarrelling: thou haft quarrel'd with a man for coolling in the street, because he haft weakened thy Dogh that haft laine asleep in the Sun.Didst thou not fall out with a Tailor for wearing his new Doub
let before Easter? with another, for trying his new shoes with old Riband, and yet thou wilt Tutor me from quarrelling?

Ben. And I were so apt to quarrill as thou art, any man should buy the Free-fipme of my life, for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The Free-Simpie I do simple.

Enter Tybal, Paris, and others.

Mer. By my head there comes the Capuletts.

Int. By my heare I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speake to them.

Gentlemen, Good day, a word with one of you.

Mer. And just on word with one of you, to couple it with something, make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, and you will give me occasion.

Merc. Could you not take some occasion without

Tyb. Repentation confirm it with Romeo.


Ben. We talke here in the publike haunts of men:
Either withdraw into some private place,
Or excuriously of your greecuses:
Oe elle departe all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Mins 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 sir, here comes my man.

Mer. But I be hang'd sir if the wearie Lysyer,
Marry go before to feeld, beles be your follower,
Your worship in that tencfe, may call him man.

Tib. Romeo, the loue I beeare, can affoord
No better terme then this: thou art a Villaine.

Rome. Tybalt, the reason that I have to looke thee,
Dost much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greating: Villaine am I none;
Therefore I am well, & I fee thou knowe the not.

Tib. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou haft done me, therefore come and draw.

Rome. I do protest I never inuer'd thee,
But lou'd thee better then thou canst deuise:
Till thou shalt know the reason of my loue,
And so good Capulet, which name I tender
My owne, I shall not in any way be satisfied.

Mer. O calme, & dufhonourable, vile submission:
All Venice carries it away.

Tybalt,you Rat-catcher,will you walke?

Tib. That would'st haue with me?

Mer. Good King of Cats nothing but one of your lines, that I mensce to make bold withall, and as you hall

Venome hereafter dry beate the reft of the eight. Will you pluck your Sword out of his Pocher by the eares? Make

lasse of mine be shoure your ears ere it be out.

Tib. I am for you.

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy Rapier up.

Mer. Come sir, your Pasado.

Rom. Draw Benvolio, beat downe their weapons:

Gentlemen, so shame forbeare this outrage,

Tybalt, weare your owne, and be not satisfied.

Exeunt Tybalt, good Mercutio.

Merc. I am hurt.

A plague a both the Hauers, I am fied:
If he gone and hath nothing?

Rom. What art thou hurt?

Mer. I, a surgeons, a scrach, a scratch, marry 'tis inough,

Where is my Page? so Villaine fetch a Surgeon.

Rom. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No: 'tis not so depe as a well, nor so wide as a Church door, but 'tis inough, 'twill ferve: ask for me to morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am pepper'd I warrant for this world: a plague a both your houses.

What, a Dog, a Rat, a Mouse, a Cat to scratch a man to death: a Braggart, a Roque, a Villaine, that fights by the bookes of Arithmetick, why the deule came you to weene vs? I was hurd vnder your arme.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some houfe Benvolio,
Or I shall faint a plague a both your houses.

They have made wormes meat of me,
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliет

Romeo he cries aloud,
Held Friends, Friends past, and swifter then his tongue,
Hiss aged arm, beats downe their fatal points,
And twist them ruthles, underneath whole armes,
An enious thrall from Tybalt, but the life
Gilles Mercutio, and Tybalt red.
But by and by comes backe to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertained Reuenge,
And tooo, they goe like lightning, fer I
could draw to part them, was Round Tybalt staine:
And as he fell, did Romeo turne and flye:
This is the truth, or let Reuelo die.

Cap. vii. He is a kinsson to the
Affection makes him faile, he speakest not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this blacke strife,
And all thace twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for luther, which thou Prince must giue:
Romeo slew Tybalt, Rume must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio,
Who now the price of his deare blood doth owe.

Cap. Not Romeo Prince, he was Mercutio Friend,
His fault concludes, but what the law shoulde end,
The life of Tybalt.

Streu. And for that offence,
Immediately we do exeute him hence:
I have an iinterst in your hearts proceedings.
My blood for your rude brawles doth like a bleeding.
But lie Amore you with it so strong a fire,
That you shall all retrench a life of mine.
It will be like his pleasing and excuses,
Not cese, pray giue bawds your boule absoe,
Therefore vs none, let Romeo hence in haste.
Fife when he is found, that house is his left.
Bears hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy not Murders pardoning those that kill.

Enter Juliet alone.

Jet Gallop space, ye fury footeed armed,
Toward: Plaisu lodging, such a Waugoner
As Philetus would whip you to the west,
And bring in Clendie night immediately.

That run-aways eyes may wincke, and Romeo
Leace to these armes, voluntiers of and undeene,
Lowers can see to doe their Amorous rightes,
And by their owne Beautetor if Loue be blind,
It left agree with night some civil night,
Thanne faire fated Matron all in blacke,
And leane me how to loose a winning match,
Plaid for a pair of staineles Maidenheads,
Hood my waman's blood baying in my Checkes,
With thy Blake mantle till strange Loue grow bold,
Thinkke true Loue ased simple moddick:
Come night, come Rome, come thou day in night,
For thou wilt be upon the wings of night,
Whiter then now Snow upon a Ramens backe:
Come gentle night, come Louing blacke browd' night.
Gise me my Rome, and when I shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little partes,
And he will make the Face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in Loue with night,
And pay no worchip to the Garth Sun,
O I have bought my Mateys a Loue
But not possett it, and though I am sould,
Not yet enioy'd, fo tedious is this day,
As the night before some Festualtual,

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The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

To an insipid child that bath new robes
And may not weare them, O here comes my Nurse:

Enter Nurse with cords.

And the brings newes and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo, name, speaks heavenly eloquenci:
Now Nurse, what newes what halfe thou there?
The Cords that Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nur. I, I, the Cords.

Ind. Ay me, what newes?
Why dost thou waring thy hands.

Nur. A wealde, hee's dead, hee's dead,
We are vndone Lady, we are vndone.
Alacke the day, here's gone, hee's kill'd, hee's dead.

Ind. Can heauen be so enuious?

Nur. Revenge can,
Though heaven cannot.

Ind. What diuelt art thou,
That dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roard in distall hell,
Hath Romeo slaine himselfe? say thou but I,
And that bare wounde I shall posy on more
Then the death-darling eye of Cockatrice,
I am not I, let there be such an I.
Or those yeues shots that makes thee anwser I?
If he be flaine say I, or if not, no.

Briefes found, determine of my weale or wo.

Nur. I saw the wounde, I saw it with mine eyes,
Great was the sorowe, there on his many breth,
A piteous Causehe, a bloody piteous Causehe,
Pale pale as after, all bedawd'd in blood,
All in gore blood I founded at the fight.

Ind. O breake my heart,
Poor Bank, breake breake at once,
To prision eyes, here looke on Liberrie.
Vile earth to earth refine, and motion here,
And thus and Rome sue preffe on heauen beere.

Nur. O Tybalt, Tybalt, she be thine Friend I had:
O courteous Tybalt, honest Gentleman,
That ever I should live to fee thee dead.

Ind. What forme is this that blowes so contrarie?
Is Romeo thought? And is Tybalt dead?

My desett Cozen, and my dearest Lord:
Then dreadful Trumpet sound the general doome,
For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nur. Tybalt is gone, and Rome vanisht,
Romes that kid him, he is banisht.

Ind. O God!
Did Romes hand shed Tybalts blood
It did in deed, this day it did.

Nur. O Serpent heart hid with a flowering face,
Ind. Did ever Dragon keep to faire a Cat?

Beautiful Tybalt, fiend Angelical:
Benevolent Dese-foather'd Raen,
Wolflife, sounding Lambe,
Dispared instance of Drumett showe:
Just oppoist to what thou hastly feene't,
A dimme Neart, an Honorable Villain:
O Nature! what hast thou to doe in hell,
When thou didst hower the spirites of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet music?
Wast ever booke containing such vile matter
So finely bound? O that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous Palacie.

Nur. There's not tru't, no faith, no honestie in men,
All perjured, all forsworne, all aught, all difembled,

Ah where's my man? give me some Aqua-vite?
These griefes, these woes, these sorrows make me old;
Shame come to Rome.

Ind. Bitter'd be thy tongue
For such a wil, he was not borne to blame
When his brow shame is sash'd to fit;
For 'tis a thronne where Honour may be Crown'd
Sole Monarch of the vnscuerfull earth:
O what a beast was I to chide him?

Nur. Will you speake well of him,
That kill'd your Cozen?

Ind. Shall I speake ill of him that is my husband?
Ah poyse my Lord, what tongue shall smooth thyn name,
When I thy three hours wife have mangle'd it.
But wherefore Villaine didn't thou kill my Cozin?
That Villaine Cozin would have kild my husband:
Backe foolish teares, backe to thy native spring,
Your tributarie drops belong to woe,
Which you maketh offering to joy:
My husband lives that Tybalt would have slaine,
And Tybalt dead that would have slaine my husband:
All he doth revenge, wherefore wepe I then?
Some wordes there was worse then Tybals death
That murdered me, I would forget it feaine,
But oh, it preties to my memory,
Like damned guilty deites to finnes minds,
Tybalt is dead and Rome banisht:
That banisht, that one word banisht,
For of one name there are ten thousand:
Tybalt Tybalt Tybalt Tybalt death
Wos wo'd if it had ended there:
Or if sooner voe delights in fellowship,
And neenly will be rankt with other griefes,
Who followed now when she said Tybals dead,
Thy Father or thy Mother ney or both,
Which modern lamentation might have mould:
But which a rare-ward following Tybals death
It Romes is banisht to speake that word,
Is Father, Mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All flaine, all dead: Rome is banisht,
There is no end, no limit, nice, sure, bound,
In that words death, no words can that woe found.
Where is my Father and my Mother Nurse?

Nur. Weeping and wailing over Tybals Cause,
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Ind. Wast they his wounds with earthenisme that be frent
When theirs are drie for Rome's banishment.
Take vp those Condels, poor sweete rope you are beguil'd?
Both you and I for Rome's exil'd
He made you for a high-way to my bed,
But I Maid, the Maidens widowed.
Come Condels, come Nurse, heere to my wedding bed,
And death not Rome takes my Maidens head.

Nur. Here is your Ouberte, he find Rome's
To comfort you, I won well where he is:
Harke ye your Rome will be here at night,
Ile to him, his is laid a Lawrrence Cell.

Ind. O find him, give this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come, to take his lady farewell.

Enter Friar and Romeo,

Fri. Rome comes forth,
Come forth thou feast full man,
Affliction is enamor'd of thy parts:
And thou art wedded to calamitie,

Rome. Father what news?
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

What is the Prince Doome?

What sorrow causes accuainance at my hand,
That I yet know not.

Fri. Too familiar
Is my deare Sonne with such fowre Company
I bring thee tydings of the Princes Doome.

Rem. What feale then Doome day?
Is the Princes Doome?

Fri. A gentler judgement vanish't from his lips,
Not bodyes death, but bodyes banishment.

Rom. Has banishment? be mercifull, say death:
For exile hath more terror in his looke,
Much more then death:do not say banishment.

Fri. Here from Perns art thou banished:
Before the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Coraus walls,
But Purgatorio, Torture, hell is felce:
Hence banished, is banished from the world,
And worldes exile is death. Then banished,
Is death, milseard, calling death banished,
Thou eun't my hand off with a golden Axe,
And banished upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin, OGRADE wthoutefeintesse!
Thy fall out Law calleth death, but the kind Prince
Taking thy part, hast ruthfull side the Law,
And turn'd that blacke word death, to banishment.
This is deare mercy, and thou eft it not.

Rom. Tis Torture and torture, not mercy, heauen is here
Where Julius Lyes, and every Caeas and Dog,
A little Mouse, euer worthy thing
Lile here in Heauen and may looke on her,
But Rome may not. More Validitie,
More Honour,ble state, more Courtship lies
In carrion Flies, then Rome; they may feace
On the white wonder of deare Julius hand,
And ites of most stell Blessing from her lips,
We eant in pure and retell modelle.
Still blou, as thinking their owne kites flyn.
This may Flies doe, when I from this mutt flie,
And saith thou yet, that exile is not death?
But Rome may not, hee is banished.
Hast thou no payfon mixt, no sharpere ground knife,
No sudden meane of death, though here to meane,
But banished to kill me? Banish'd?
O Frier, the damned wfe that word in hell:
Howlings attends it, how fasthen the hart
Being a Duine, a Ghostly Confessor,
A Sin-Abolisher, and my Friend profet:
To mange me with that word, banished?

Fri. Then fond Mad man, heare me speake,
Rom. O thou wilt speake againe of banishment.

Fri. He gie thee Armon to kepe off that word,
Aderiers forre emile, Philosopher,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished, hang vp Philosophie
Vnlese Philosophie can make a Julet,
Displant a Towne,reuerse a Princes Doome,
It helps not, it praetells not, talle no more.

Fri. O then I fee, that Mad men haue no cares.
They speake of what they are.
When wifemen have no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispaire with thee of thy elate,
Rom. Thou can't speake of that: do not speake,
Went thou as young as Julet my Loe:
An house but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,

Then mightest thou speake,
Then mightest thou teare thy hayre,
And fall upon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the measure of an vnmade grace.

Fri. Artie one knockes,
Good Rome helde thy felce.

Rom. Not I,
Vnlese the breath of Harrieke grapes
Mift-like infold me from the search of eyes.

Fri. Harke how they knockes:
(Who's there) Romeo ariue,
Thou wilt be taken, slay a while, stand vp:

Rom. Who knockes to hard?
Whence come you? what's your will?

Fri. Let me come in,
And you shall know my errant:
I come from Lady Julet.

Fri. Welcome then.

Rom. Welcome, O holy Friar, O tell me holy Friar,
Where's my Ladys Lord? Where's Romeo?

Fri. There on the ground,
With his owne owre made drunkne.

Rom. Oh he is raisen in my Miftrefle cafe,
Jult in her cafe, O wooll Sympathy:
Pitius predicament, even fo lies the,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,
Stand vp, stand vp, and you be a man,
For Julet's sake, for her sake rife and stand:
Why should you fall into so depe as O,

Rom. Nure.

Nur. Ah sir, sir, dears the end of all.
Rom. Speake not thou of Julet, how it is with her?
Doest not the think me an old Murtherer,
Now I haue plain'd the Childhood of our joy,
With blood removed, but little from her owne?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what fayes
My conceal'd Lady to our conceal'd Loe?

Rom. O shee fayes nothing sir, but weeps and weeps,
And now falls on her bed, and then flatts vp,
And Tybalt calls, and then on Romeo cries,
And then downe falls again.

Re As if that name shot from the dead leuell of a Gun,
Did murder her, as that names curfed hand
Murdered her kinman. Oh tell me Friar, tell mee,
In what vile part of this Anatomic
Dost my name lodge? Tell me, that I may sacke
The hateful Manion.

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou are:
Thy teares are womanish, thy wild setts denote
The unreasonable Ferre of a healt.
Viscetely woman, in a seeming man,
And still be in a trumpeing bothe,
Thou haue amazed me. By my holy orders,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Haft thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thy felce?
And slay thy Lady, that in thy life lies,
By doing damned hate upon the felce?
Why ray? wilt thou on thy birth? the heauen and earth?

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The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet.

I would have bin a bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of war afford no time to woe.

Mozam goodnight, commended me to your Daughter.

Lady. I will, and know now her mind early tomorrow.

To night, she is moved up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender

Of my Childes love: I thing she will be rul'd.

In all respects by me: nay more, I doubt not but.

Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed.

Acquaint her here, of my Some Paris love.

And bid her, make you come on Wendesday next.

But soft, what day is this?

Par. Monday my Lord.

Cap. Monday, ha! ha! well Wendesday is too soon.

A Thursday let it be a Thursday tell her,

She shall be married to this Noble Earl.

Will you be ready? do you like this hait?

Weele keep no graver ador, a Friend or no;

For heke, you, Tybalt being since so late,

It may be thought we held him carelessly,

Being our kindman, if we rewell much;

Therefore weele have some halfe a dozen Friends;

And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Paris. My Lord,

I would that the Thursday were to morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone, a Thursday be it then:

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,

Prepare her wife, against this wedding day.

Farewell my Lord, light to my Chamber too.

Afore me, it is so late, that we may call it ere by and by.

Goodnight.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo and Juliet alighted.

Jul. wilt thou be gone? it is not yet nere day;

It was the Nightingale, and not the Lark,

That pres't the tearful hollow of thine ear,

Nightly the fongs on yond Pomgranate tree,

Beleave me, Loue, it was the Nightingale.

Romeo. It was the Lark the Herald of the Morn;

No Nightingale, though Loue, what envious fosters

Do late the Beautifull Cloudies in yonder East;

Nights Candles are burnt out, and Jocund day

Sands tippo to the miffle Mountains tops,

I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. You light is not daylight, I know it;

It is some Meteor that the Sun exalts,

To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,

And light thee on thy way to Mantua.

Therefore stay yet, thou needest not to be gone,

Romeo. 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 reflex of Combalo brow.

Nor that is not Lark whose notes do scarce

The vauty heauen to high above our heads,

That more care to day when will to go:

Come death and welcome, Juliet wills it so.

How if my foule, Jets talle, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, he hence be gone away;

It is the Lark that sings so out of tune,

Straining harth Difcord, and vnaplesing Sharper.

Some say the Lark does make sweete Diuision;

This does not for the disheath:

Some say, the Lark and haft Toad change eyes,

On now I would they had chang'dd voyces too:

Since
The Tragedie of Romeo and Jiitlet.

Since arms from arms that yoie doth va a sray,
Hunting thee hence, with Hunt. I. up to the day,
O now be gone, more light and till ght grows.
Rem. More light & light, more dark & darke our woes.

Enter Madam and Nurse.

Nur. Madam.

Nur. Your Lady Mother is coming to your chamber,
The day is broke, be wary, looke about.

Inl. Then window let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell, one kiss and He defend.

Inl. Arr, thou gone for Love, Lord, yr Husband, Friend,
I must haste from thee every day in the house,
For in a mistrace there are many days,
O by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Leaves.

Rom. Farewell.

I will omit no opportunity,
That case convey my greetings Love to thee.

Inl. O God! I hate an ill! Disease foule,
Me thinks I see thee now, thou art so lowe,
As one dead in the bottome of a Tomb,
Either my eye-light fails, or thou lookt pale.

Rem. And truth me Love, in my eye doe you.
Do you now thinkes our blood. Adieu adieu.

Rom. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what doft thou with that
That is renowned for faith? be fickle Fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long,
And send him backe.

Enter Mother.

Lad. Ho Daughter, are you vp?

Inl. Who that calls? is it my Lady Mother.
Is she not downe so late, or vp so early?
What vnaccount'nd caufe procures her hither?

Lad. Madam I am not well.

Lad. F有更好的 weeping for your Cozins death?
What wilt thou waft him from his grave with tears?
And if thou canst, thou wilt it not make him live:
Therefore have done, some griefe, thou knowest much of Love,
But much of griefe, these will inowt want of wit.

Inl. Yet let me wepe, for such a feeling loffe.

Lad. So shal you feele the loffe, but not the Friend
Which you wepe for.

Inl. Feeling to the loffe,
I cannot finde but ever, wepe the Friend.

Lad. Madam thou wepe'tt not so much for his death,
As that the Villaine which slaughterd him.

Inl. What Villaine, Madam?

Lad. That same Villaine Rome.

Inl. Villaine and he, be many Miles affaunter
God pardom, I doe with all my heart:
And yet no man like he, doth grieue my heart.

Lad. That be cause the Traitor lives.

Inl. I Madam from the reach of these my hands
Would none but I might venge my Cozins death.

Lad. We shall have vengeance for it, forsee thou not,
Then wepe no more, JLe tend to one in Action,
Where that fame banishd Runagate doth live,
Shall give him such a vnaccount'd draon,
That he shall none keep e Ty bant company,
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

Inl. Indeed I never shall be satisfied
With Rome, till I behold him. Dead
Is my poor heart so for a kinman's Vest:
Madam if you could find out but a man
To beare a payson, I would temper it;
That Rome should upon receit thereof,
Soone speepe in quiet. O how my heart abores
To heare him namd, and cannot come to him,
To wreake the Loue I bore my Cozin,
Upon his body that hath slaughterd him.

Inl. Find thou the meanes, and he find such a man.

But now Ile tell thee joyfull tidings Gyrlc.

Inl. And toy comes well, in such a needy time,
What are they, by what means thy Father lyes?

Inl. Well, well, thou hast a carefull Father Child?
One who to put thee from thee incourenst,
Hath forced out a sudden day of toy,
That those expect not, nor I lookt not for.

Inl. Madam in happy time, what day is this?

Inl. Marry my Child, early next Thursday the date,
The gallant, young, and Noble Gentry,
The Countiue Paris at Saint Peter's Church,
Shall happily make then a joyfull Bride.

Inl. Now by Saint Peter's Church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyfull Bride.

Inl. I wonder at this haft, that I must wed
Ere he that should be Husband comes to wes:
I pray you tell my Lord and Father Madam,
I will not marie yet, and when I doe, I scarce
It shall be Rome, whom you I hate
Rather then Paris. These are newses indeed.

Inl. Here comes your Father, tell him so to yeles,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Captain and Nurse.

Cap. When the Sunnet, the earth doth drizzle dew
But for the Sunnet of my Brothers Sunnet,
It raines downright.

How now? A Conduit Gyrle, what foll in teares?
Ever more shewing in one little body?
Thou countersails a Barke, a Sea.
Wind:
For full thy eyes, which I may call the Seas,
Do enie and lowe with teares, the Barke thy body is
Saying in this sad flood, the winds thy figles,
Who raging with the teares and they with them,
Without a sullen calm will ouer set
Thy tempete tost body. How now wife?
Hast you delivered of our decree?

Inl. Sir,
But the will none, she give you thanes,
I would the foule were married to her grave.

Cap. Softly, take me with you, take me with you wife,
How will the none? doth the none give vs thanes?
Is the not proud? doth she not count her blest,
Worthy as theirs, that we have wrought
So worthy a Gentleman, to be her Bridgemeane.

Inl. Not proud you have,
But thankful that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I have,
But thankfull euen for hate, that is meant Loue.

Cap. How now?

How now? Chept Loglick? what is this?
Proud, and I thank you: and I thank you no
Thank me no thankings, nor proud am I no proudly
But settle your fine point's gainst Thursday next,
The Tragedie of Rome and Juliet.

Toge with Paris to Saint Peters Church:
Or I will drag thee on a Hurdle thither.
Out you greene ficknelle carrion, out you bagage,
You tallow face.

Lady. Fie, fie, what are you mad?
Good Father, I bereech you on my knees
Hearse me with patience, but to speake a word.

Fa. Hang thee young bagage, disobedient wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thursday,
Or never atter looke me in the face.

Speaker, reply not, do not anwvere me.
My fingers itch, wife: we feace thought was blest,
That God had left us but this one Child,
But now I se this one is too much,
And that we have a curfe in haunging her:
Out on her Hilding.

Nun. God in heauen bleffe her,
You are too blamme my Lord to race her so.
Fa. And why my Lady wisedomehold your tongue,
Good Prudence, finster with your gossip, go.

Nun. I prake no treacle,
Father, O Godfiordon,
May not one speake ?

Fa. Peace you mumblling fool,
Vter your grannie ore a Goffsips bowles
For here we need it not,

Ex. You are too hot.
Fa. God brede it makes me mad:
Day, night, horse, ride, urn, worke, play,
Alone in compaine, ill my care butt bin
To hauce her match, and husing now proude!
A Gentleman of Noble Parentage,
Of fiate Demesnes, Youthfull, and Nobly Allied,
Suit as they fay with Honourable parts,
Proportion'd as ones thought would with a man,
And then to haue a wretched ruling fool,
A whining manner, in her Fortune tender,
To answere, il not wed, I cannot Loue:
I am too young. I pray you pardon me.
But, and you will not we'll, il pardon you.
Grace where you will, you shall not house with me:
Look to't, thinkes on't, I do not vfe to tell.
Thursday is nexted, say hand on heart, as fine,
And you be not home, bring you to my Friend:
And you be not, hang, beg, baste, die in the streets,
For by my foule, il hence acknowledge thee,
Nor what in mine shall never do thee good:
Truf't too, batheirke you, il not be forsworne.

Int. Is there no patrie setting in the Cloudes,
The fee into the bottome of my griefe?
Cought my Mother call me not away,
Delay the warning, for a month a week, 
If you do not, make the Br'dall bed,
So that do Men abright where Tybalt lies.

Mj. Take to me, nor he not speake a word,
Do not (now)for, I have done with thee.

Int. O God!
O Nunle, no feliftis be presented?
My Husband is no earth, my face in heauen,
How that I taue at the some time, as wise,
Yet it is the favrishing, mine from heauen,
By coming earth. Comfort me, comfonde me:
Haste ake, haste to the heaven, and pracle the treagueus
Upon in lost, a fluidet at my idle.

What faith should in a word of joy?
Some count, no Nuffe.

Nun. Faith here it is,
Rome is banishe, and all the world to nothing,
That he dare not come backe to challenge you:
Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then once the face o'flands at long time doth,
I thinke it is. But you married with the Countie,
O he's a Louely Gentleman:

Romets a dish-clout to him: an Eagle Madam
Hath not greene, fo quicke, fo faire an eye
As Paris hath, beftrow my very heart,
I thinke you are happy in this second match,
For it excelle your first or if it did not,
Your first is dead, or were as good be were,
As hauing here and you no vfe of him.

Int. Speake thou from thy heart?
Nun. And from my foule too,
Or elle befirlve them both.

Int. Amen.
Nun. What?

Int. Well, thou haft comforted me maruellous much,
Gosin, and tell my Lady I am gone,
Having diplesd my Father, to Lawrence Cell,
To make confession, and to be abol'd.

Nun. Maffie I will, and this is wily done.

Int. Auncient damnation, O most wicked friend!
It is more fin to me than thus forsworne,
Orcs diisfrais my Lord with that same tongue
What he haft prattled him with aboue compare,
So many thousand times? O Councellor,
Thou and my bofom chench forth shall be twaine.
Ille to the Frier to know his remedie,
If all else tale, my felte base power to die.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier and Countie Paris.

Fri. On Thursday forthe time is very short.
Par. My Father Capulet will hau'e it so,
And I am nothing flow to flack his haft.

Fri. You say you do not know the Ladies mind?
Nunen is the course, I like it not.

Pa. Immoderately the weepes for Tybalt death,
And therefore haue I little talke of Loue,
For I know no smiles in a house of teares,
Now no, her Father ourest it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow too much way:
And in his wisedome, hau'ts our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her teares,
Whichtoo much minded by her (else alone,
May be put from her by focietie.

Now do you know the reason of this haft?

Fri. I would know not why it should be flow'd,
Lookke ft, here comes the Lady towards my Cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Happily met, my Lady and my wife.

Int. That may be, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be Loue, on Thursday next.

Int. What must be shall be,

Fri. That's a certaine text.

Par. Com'e you to make confession to this Father?

Int. To anfwere that, I should confec to you.

Par. Do not deny to him, that you Loue me.

Int. I will confesse to you that I Loue him.

Par. So will ye, I am sure that you Loue me.

Int. 1'll do fo, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your backe, then to your face.

Par. Poor foule, thy face is much abaf'd with teares.

Int. The
The Tragedie of Romeu and Iuliet.

I. I. The saries have got small victorie by this:
For it was bad mough before their sight.

II. The Cries firft that more then saries with that report.

I. This is no lounder for, which is truth,
And what I spake, I spake as that this.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou haft flaundred it.

I. It may be forso is not mine owne.
Are you at leisure, holy Father now,
Or shall I come to you at evening Messe?

Fri. My leaving seems my present daughter now.
My Lord you shall intreat the same alone.

Par. God keep it, I should distray the devotion,
I. 

I. On Thursday day nine, I will save it,
To them a song I keep it to the litle.

Fri. O Father, I alreadie know thy grace,
It firues not past the com, any of my vart,
I hear thou shalt and nothing can prevent it,
On Thursday day next it is to come.

I. Tell me not Friar, this is no entertainst of this,
Vellie shall tell me now how I shall present it.
If I do this, then shall I give no help,
Do this but call my relation wife,
And with his knife, he helpeth me perfectly.

God wip thine heart, and thine hands, and heart,
And ease this hand by what follows.
Shall the Label to another Doctor,
Or my true heart with treacherous resolu,
Time to another, this shall play them both:
Therefore out of thy long expect'time,
Give me some present comforted, or I hold
To my extremes and my, this bloody knife
By the vappere, pondering that,
Which the commotion or thy vanitie,
On the no true of true kindred bring:
Be not long to frisk, I long to do,
If what thou spakest, it speakes not so remed:

Fri. Hold Daughter, I do spaire a kind of hope,
Which grace as desperate an execution,
As that is desperate which we would prevent.

How shall the strength of will to stay thy selfe,
The is it likely shoult witt undersetake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That usy't with death himselfe, to escape for it:
And if thou be silly, I give thee remedy.

I. On sad medeaphe, rather then martie Paris,
From his helthclements of any Tower,
Or wals in thesw salt saults, or bid me leave
Where Serpents are: joining me with roaring Beares
Or hide me nightly in a Charnell howe,
I encountered quite with dead men tasting bones,
With cheekt thankes and yellow chappel saults:
Or bid me go into a new made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his grave,
Things that to hear them told, have made me tremble,
And I will doe it without feare or doubt,
To live an untaught wife to my sere Loue.

Fri. Hold them thon go home be merrie, give content,
To martie Paris: yesten another is to morrow,
To morrow in the knotts that thou liest alone,
Let thon, if thou be with thee in thy Chamber:
Take thou this Viall being then in bed,
And this stilling liquer drinke thou off,
When presently through all thy veins shall run,
A cold and droisie humours: for no pule
Shall keep his nativePropriety, but increase:
No warme, no breath shall tell the shoueth,
The Roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To many ages, the eyes windows fall
Like death when he that floureth little tyne of life:
Each part deprived of suolll government,
Shall lie and startes cold appeareth like death,
And in this borrowed like onefe of shrunke death
Shall that continue two and forty hours,
And then awake, as from a pleasant sleepe.
Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes,
To rowe thee from thy bed, be not thou dead:
Then as the manner of our country is
In thy bed Robert is acquired on the Bearer,
Be borne to burial in thy kindred grave:
Fro then shall be borne to that same one vault,
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie,
In the mean time against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romey by my Letters know our drift,
And this shall be come, and this very night
Shall Romey break the heare hence to Mantua,
And this shall free shee from it is present shame,
If no inconsistent nor woman hath feare.

Abate thy valour in the t/arge:
I. Give me grace one, O tell me of the sea.

Fri. Hold gress you gone be fishing and prosperous.
In this behalf, I fear not a Friar with thee.
To Mantua with my Letters to thy Lord,
I. Love giveth me strength,
And the spirit shall help torenders.
Farewell sere father.

Exit

Jter Father Capulet, Moxiter, Nurse, and
Servant man gave there.

Cap. So many guests inside as here are not,
Suffer him to my own hiring Cokes.
Sir. You shall have none ill his, for he will if they can
Like their fingers.

Cap. How came this at the them so?
Sir. Maitre, he is an old Cokes that cannot like his
own fingers: therefore he that cannot like his fingers
does not like us.

Cap. Be great, we shall be much unsatisfied for this
place: what is my daughter gone to love Laurence?
Nur. It was too.
Cap. We have by charite to do some good on her,
A peecchell well hardish it is.

Exit Nurse.

Nur. See where the fis comes from thist
With menite lookes.

Cap. How now my headlong,
Where bee you gone bid gading?
I. Where I do you went I requent the fis
Of losse frent oppostion:
To you and your behalfe, and am enjoin'd
By holy Lawrence to fell prestante here,
To by your pardon pardon I deprecate you,
I here fors word I am ever ready by you.

Cap. Send in the Countes, geue tell him of this,
We have this kink hunte to morrow morning:
I. I meet the youthfull Lord at Laurence Cell,
And gave him what beconme Loue I might.
Not stopping ore the bounds of modestie.

Cap. Why I am glad on't, this is well, stand rp,
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

This is as it should be, let me see the County:
I marie go I say, and fetch him hither.
Now afore God, this returned holy Friar,
All our whole Cuttie is much bound to him,
Inf. Nurse will you go with me into my Closet,
To help me fort such needful ornaments,
As you thinke fit to furnish me to morrow?
Me. No not till Thursday, there's time enough.
Faa. Go Nurse, go with her,
Welle to Church to morrow.

Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.

Me. We shall be short in our prouision,
This now next night.
Fa. Tuff, I will thrive about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee wife:
Go thou to Jull, helpe to deck her,
If not to bed to night, let me alone:
He play the huswife for this once. Whatso?
They are all forth, well I will walk my felle.
To Countie Paris to prepare him vp.
Against to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,
Since this fame way-ward Gyrle is so reclaim'd.

Exeunt Father and Mother.

Enter Juliet and Nurse.

Inf. I theo stores are bell, but gentle Nurse
I pray thee leave me to my felle to night:
For I have need of many Orvons,
To move the heavens to smile upon my flate,
Which well thou know'st, as croff and full of fin.

Exeunt Nurse.

Me. What are you bufe to need you my help?
No. Na Madam, we have cu'd such necessaries
As are behouefull for our flate to morrow:
Soplease you, let me now be left alone;
And let the Nurse this night fit vp with you,
For I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden buffefne.

Get thee to bed and cell, for thou haft need.

Exeunt.

Inf. Farewell:
God knowes when we shall meete again.
I have a faint cold fere thrills through my veinets,
That almost freezes vp the heat of fire:
I call them backe againe to comfort me.
Nurse, what shal he do here?

My smalll Scare, I needs must fit alone:
Come Vail, what is this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then to morrow morning?
No, no, this shall forbid it. Lie thou there,
What if it be a poyon which the Frier
Subtilly hath minftr'd to have me dead,
Lead in this marriage he shal be difhonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I feaie it is, and yet me thinkes it should not,
For he hath thilke beene a holy man.
How, if when I am brought into the Tombe,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? There's a fearefull point:
Shall I not then be thiffed in the Vault?
To whose fole mouth the heallthome oye breaths in,
And there the digg'd grave doth Romeo comes.
Or if I be, is it not very like,
The horrid conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place;
As in a Vault, an ancient receptacle,

Where for these many hundred yeeres the bones
Of all my buried, & fuccesers are packt,
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but gentle heart,
Lies feething in his throw'd, where as they fly,
At some hours in the night, Spirits refort:
Alacke, alacke, is it not like that?
So early waking, what with loathfome fnares,
And thrakes like Maudrakes tumne out of the eart,
That falling mortals hear them, run mad.
Of if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Inuironed with all those hideous fcares,
And madly play with my forefathers ioynets?
And plucke the mangled Tybalt from his throw'd?
And in this rage, with some great kinmanes bone,
As (with a club) dash out my delicate braines.
O look, me thinks I see my Cozins Ghost,
Seeking out Romeo that did spil his body.
Upon my Righters point: fly Tybalt, fly:
Romeo, Rome, Rome, here's drinke: I drinke to thee.

Enter Lady of the bowmy and Nurse.

Lady. Hold, Take these letters, and fetch more spicas Nurse.
Nur. They call for Dares and Quacres in the Pafric.

Enter old Capulet.

Cap. Come, fit, fit, fit,
The second Cooke hath Crowl'd,
The Curpew Bell hath rung, his three a clocke:
Lookke to the bakers measures, good Angelica,
Space not for colt.
Nur. Go you Cotton-corne, go,
Get you to bed, faith youte be ticke to morrow.
For this nights watching.
Cap. No not a whitner? I have watches are now,
All night for tellie caule, and near beene tickle.
La. You have bin a Montie-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from such watching now.

Enter Lady and Nurse.

Cap. A jealouz boat a jealouz bond,
Now fellow, what there?

Enter three or four with fit, and fog, and baskets.

Fed. Things for the Cooke fit, but I know not what.
Cap. Make haft, make haft, sirrah, fetch drier Logs.
Call Peter, he will shew thee where they are.
Fed. I have a head fit, that will find our logs,
And neuer trouble Peter for the matter.
Cap. Make well and well Gid, a merrie horsen, ha,
Thou shalt be loggerhead, good Father, tis day.

Play Musick

The Countie will be here with Musick bright,
For so he said he would, I heare him here,
Nurse, what ho? what Nurse I say?

Exeunt Nurse.

Go wakeen Juliet, go and trim her vp,
He go and chat with Pariche, make haft,
Make haft, the Bridgewome, he is come already:
Make haft I say.

Nor. Milites, what Milites? in'ttall I warrant her fit.
Why Lambe, why Lady, die you fuggabed,
Why Loue I say? Me. Is this, sweet heart, why Hride?
What nos a word? You take your pensworths now,
Sleep for a wecke, for the next night I warrant
The Countie Parish, hee fit vp his red
That you shall reft but little, God forgive me:
Marrie and Amen: how found is the sleepe?
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

But heaven keeps her part in eternal life:
But the moit you fought was her promotion,
For 'twas your heaven, she should be aduant,
And weep ye now, seeing she is aduant
About the Cloudes, as high as Heaven it selfe
O in this louse, you lose your Child for sirl.
That you run on, believing that she is well:
She's not well married, that late married long,
But she's left married, that late married long.
Dite vp your tears, and hick your Renomartie
On this faire Coarie, and as the cunomi is,
And in her belt array beare her to Church
For things some Nature bids all vs lament,
Yet Natures restes are restes serenement.

En. All things that we ordained Fethall,
Ture from their office to blacke Funerall:
Our instrumennts to melancholy Bells,
Our wadding chiere, to a sad buriall Bell:
Our folome Hymnes, to fallen Dyesges change:
Our Bridall flowers fife for a burned Coarie:
And all things change them to the constant.
Fri. So go you, and Madam, go with him,
And thus Fall, every one prepare,
To follow the faire Coarie unto her grave:
The heavens do lowere vp vpon you, for some still.
Mune them no more, by eroding their high will.
Exent.
Mu. Faith we may put vp our Pipes and be gone,
Nar. Hangeth good fellows (Ah put vp, vp, vp,
For well you know, this is a spitefull eale.

Pet. If by my truth, the eale may be amended.
Enter Petru.

Pet. Musions, oh Musions,
Hearts eain, hearts eafe,
O, and you will have me blue,play hearts eafe.

Mu. Why hearts eafe;

Pet. O Musions,
Because my heart is a feafe places,my heart is full.

Mu. Nor a dursmp wer, 'ts no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Mu. No,

Pet. I will then give it you boundly.

Mu. What will you give vs?

Pet. No money on my faith, but the glicke.

Mu. I will give you the Muntrefil.

Afu. Then will I give you the Seruing creature.

Petru. Then will I lay the serving Creatures Dagger
on your pate. I will caus no Crootheis,ille Re you,ille Fa
you, do you notice me?

Mu. And you Re vs, and Fa vs, you Note vs.

2. Me Pray you put vp your Daggers,
And put out your vit.

Then haste at you with my vit.

Peter. I will hick-brake you with an yron vit,
And put vp your yron Dagger.

Answer me like men:
When grieing grie the heart doth wound, then Muficke with her fluer found.
Why fluer-tord? why? Muficke with her fluer found what say you Simon Culling?

Pet. Pray what say you Hugh Robick?

2. M. I say fluer found, because Musions found for fil.

Pet. Pray to, what say you Laurens Sound-Poet? (uer
3. Cs. Faith I know not what to say.

Pet. O I cry you mercy, you are the Singer.

I will say for you; it is Muficke with her fluer found,

G G

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The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.

As I remember, this should be the house,
Bring holy day, the beggars sheep is shut.
What hot Apothecarie?

Enter Apothecarie.

App. Who call’s so loud?

Rome. Come hither man, I see that thou art poore,
Hast, here is fortie Duckets, I give thee have
A thousand of poision, such: soones speeding grece,
As will disperse it felle through all the veines,
That the life-weare-taker may fall dead,
And that the Trunceke may be dischag’d of breath,
As violently, as hiftie powder set’d
Doth hurry from the lastl Canons wome.

App. Such mortall drugs I haue, but Mantua law
Is death to any he, that veters them.

Rome. Art thou to bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear to die? Fanime is in thy heads,
Need and oppression flatter in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy backe.
For then is thy friend, nor the worlds law.
The world affords no law to make thee rich.

Then be not poore, but breake it, and take this.
App. My poorty, but no my will consent.

Rome. I pray thy poorty, and notthy will.
App. Put this in any liquid thing you will
And drink it off, and if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rome. There’s thy Gold,
Worke poysan to ouens foules,
Drowneth Themselves in this foule soule world,
Then these poore compounds that thou disdell not.
I fell thee poysan, thou hast fold me none,
Farewell, buy food, and get thy selfe in heath.
Come Cordiall, and not poysan, go with me
To Iuliet Grace, for there must I live these.

Enter Friar John to Friar Lawrence.

John. Holy Franciscan Friar Brother, who?

Enter Friar Lawrence.

Law. This same shoule be the voice of Friar John.
Welcome from Mantua, what says Rome?
Or if his mind be written, give me his Letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foote Brother out,
One of our order to affoicate me,
Here in this City enquiring the sick,
And finding him, the Searchers of the Towne
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did raigne,
Seal’d vp the doore, and would not let vs forth,
So that my frere to Mantua there was draf’d.

Law. Who bare my Letter then to Rome?

John. I could not send it, here it is againes,
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So desperate were they of infection.

Law. Unhappie Fortune: by my Brotherhood
The Letter was not sent, but full of charg’d,
Of deare impurt, and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Friar John go henc’d,
Get me an Iron Crow, and bring it straight
Vnto my Cell.

John. Brother Ile go and bring it thee.

Exit. 

Now will I to the Monument stait.
Within this three houres will fire Iuliet wake,
Shee will be shewe me much that Rome.

Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write againe to Mantua.
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

And keep her at my cell till Romeo come,
Poor loving Countes, do in a dead mans Tomb,

Enter Paris and his Page.

Par. Give me thy Torch Boy, hence and stand aloof.
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen:
Venter yound and Trees lay thee all along,
Holding thy ear close to the hollow ground,
So shall no light upon the Churchyard tread.
Being lone,vnisme with digging up of Graves;
But thou shalt have the same thing there,
As signall that thou hearest some thing approach,
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee,go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the Churchyard,yet I will adventure.

Par. Sweet Flower with flowers thy Bridal bed fillre.
O weary, thy Canope is dull and hoarse,
Which with sweet water nightly I will dewe.
But what envious with tears dali?d by moones;
The offices that I for thee will keep,
Nightly shall be, to strew thy grave, and weep.

Pet. Well, the Boy gies warning,something doit approach,
What curted foot wander this ways to night,
To croste my old equites, and true loves right?
What with a Torch? Mille me night a while.

Enter Romeo, and Peter.

Rom. Give me that Matteacke,& the wretching Iron,
Hold take this Letter,eary in the morning.
See thou deliver it to my Lord and Father,
Give me the light, upon thy life I change thee,
What envious thou hearest or seest,stand aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course,
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Partly to behold my Ladys face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,
A precious Ring: a Ring that I cannot live,
In decent employment therefore hence be gone:
But thou shalt have the same thing to doe,
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heauen I will secure these voynt by voynt,
And strew this hungry Churchyard with thy limbs:
The time, and my intents are fagace Wilde:
More fierce and more inexorable fate,
Then empty Tygers, or the roaring Sea.

Par. I will be gone for it, and not trouble you
So shalt thou show me friendship, take thou that,
Live and be prosperous, and fare well good fellow.
Par. For all this fame, I hide me here about,
His lookes I feare, and his intents I doubt.

Rom. Thou detestable Coward, thou wombs of death,
Goest with the dearest mortall of the earth:
Thus I enforce thy rotten Lawes to open,
And in defpite, he cram thee with more food.
Par. This is that basftiff hagtherd Muontrage,
That murdred my Loues Cozin, with which griefe,
It is supposd the faire Creature died,
And here is come to do fame villanous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him,
Stop this unhallowed sely spile Muntrage:
Can vengeance be purfued further, in death?
Comended valliance, I do apprehend thee,
Obey and go with me, for thou must die, 

Rom. I must indeed, and therefor I came: I hisher:
Good gentle youth, stay not a deare man,
Pele hence and leue me, think of thy life like with thine done,
Let them affright thee. I befeech thee Youth,
Put not an other fin upon my head,
By vrging me to furie. O be gone,
By heauen I am thy better then my selfe,
For I come hither and against my selfe:
Stay not be gone, and hereafter say,
A mad mans mercy bid thee run away,
Par. I do hereby comiowiration,
And apprehend thee for a Felton here.

Rom. Will thou promeke me? Then hauie at thee Boy.
Par. O Lord and theyght, I will go call the Watch.
Par. O I am slaine, if thou be mercifull,
Ope the Tomb, lay me with Juliet.

Rom. In faith I will, let me peruse this face:
Met with mifman, Noble Counte Paris,
What said my man, when my beloved foule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me Paris should have married Juliet.
Said he not so? Or did I dreame it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To thinke it was so. O give me thy hand,
One,wit with me in faire misfortunes book.

Rom. He used thee in a triumphant grace,
A Graue; On a Lardhorne, dafford Youth:
For here lies Juliet, and her beautie makes
This Vault a feaing presence full of light.
Death lie thou there, by a dead man interd.
How oft when men are at the point of death,
Hauie they bene merrie? Which their Keepers call
A lightning before death? Oh how may I
Call this a lightning. O my Loue, my Wife,
Death that hath for the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy Beautie:
Thou art not conquerd: Beauties enigne yest
Is Crying in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And Deaths pale flagis not advanced there.
Take thy selfe from thy bloody sheet 
What more favour can I do to thee,
Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
To fuder his that was thy enemie.
Forgive me Cozen, Ah deare Juliet:
Why art thou so faire, and wilt beleue,
Shall I beleue,that vnsubstantiall death is amorous?
And that the lease abhorred Monfier keeps
There here in daire to be his Paramount?
For fear of that, I will stay with thee,
And never from this Palace of your night
Depart againe,come lie thoes in my arme,
Here's to thy health, where euer thou tumbled in,
O true Apothecarie!
Thy drugs are quicke Thus with a kiffe I die.
Departing pace, here, there will I remaine,
With Womboes that are thy Chambermaids: Ohere
Will I set up my eustalizing ret.
And finde thine eares of heaven, this famous flasr
From this we ha'te wearied flesh: Eyes looke your left:
Armes laye, thy selfe in ace: And lips O you
The doore of breath, seal with a righteous kiffe
A datelesse baste to ingroguing death:
Come better, conduct, one vnfaury guide,
Thou desparre Apothecary, now at once run
The dashing Royes, by Sea-fieke were Barke:
Here's to my Loue: O true Apothecary:

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The Tragedie of Romeo and Iulet.

Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a bliffe I die.

Enter Friar with Lantern, Drum and Spade.

Fri. St. Francis be my speed, how oft to night Have oue my feet stumbling as graues? Who's there? Man. Here's one, a Friar, & one that knows you well. Fri. Blisse be vpon you. Tell me good my Friend. What Torch is yond that vanely lends his light To grubs, and eyeleffe Sculls? As I disserne, It burneth in the Capel Monument. Man. It doth lo holy fire, And there's my Master, one that you love. Fri. Who is it? Man. Romeo. Fri. How long hath he bin there? C.Man. Full halfe an hour. Fri. Go with me to the Vault. Man. I dare not. My Master knowes not but I am gone hence, And fearefully did menace me with death. If I did stay to looke on his entence. Fri. Stay, then Ile go alone, feares comes upon me. O much I feare some ill unlucky thing. Man. As I did sleepe under this young tree here, I heard a man say, who was my Master, And that my Master slue him. Fri. Romans. Alacke, alacke, what blood is this which staines The flouring entrance of this Sepulcher? What meanes chefe Masterleele, and goarie Swords To lie discouerd by this place of peace? And this Rale, who calleth him, and thine too? And sleepe in blood? Ah what an yoake house Is guiltie of this lamentable chance? The Lady flir. Int. O comfortable Friar, where's my Lord? I do remember well where I should be: And there I am, where is my Romeo? I heare some noise. Lady, come from that room Of death, contagion, and unrestfull sleepe, A greater powre then we can contradict. Hath that wated our entenues, come, come away, Thy husband in thy home there lies dead: And Paris too, who is deploie of thee, Among a Slighthood of heare Names: Stay not to question, for the watch is comming, Come, go good Juliet. I dare no longer stay. Int. Exit. Go thee hence, for I will nowusway. What's here? A cup coul'd in my true lovers hand? Payson I fee hath bin his timelesse end And O charle, drink all and let no friendly drop, To help me after, I will kiss thy lips, Happie, some payson ye gett haling on them, To make me die with a refractory. Thy lips are warme. Enter Bay and Watch. Watch. Lead Bay, which way? Int. Yea noife? Then ile be briefe. O happy Dagger. 'Tis in thy belly, there sailt and let me die. Killesthelife. Say. This is the place. There where the Torch doth burne. Watch. The ground is bloody, Search about the Churchyard. Go some of you, who eere you find attach. Pintfull fight, here lies the Countie flaine, And Juliet bleeding, warme and newly dead

Who here hath laine these two dayes buried. Go tell the Prince, run as to the Capulet. Raise vp the Montague, some others search, We fee the ground whereon these woes do lye, But the true ground of all these pistic woe, We cannot without circumference defery. Enter Romeo, man. Watch. Here's Romeo's man. Who found him in the Churchyard. Cor. Hold him in safety, till the Prince come hither. Enter Friar, and another Watchman. What. Here is a Friar that trembles, sighes, and weeps. We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him, As he was comming from this Church-yard sife. Cor. A great sufpcition, stay the Friar too. Enter the Prince, Friar. What mischief ventyre is so early vp, That calls our person from our mornings rest? Enter Capulet and bustife. Cap. What shold it be that they do shrike abroad? Bustife. O the people in the streete cite Romeo. Some Iulet, and some Paris, and all runne What when oure way toward our Monument. Friar. What fear is this which disturbs in your eares? Watch. Sovereigne, here lies the Countie Paris flaine, And Romeo dead, and Juliet dead before, Warme and new kil'd. Friar. Search, Seele, and know how, this foule murder comes. What further woe confrays against my age? Enter. Here, this sight of death is as a Bell That warns my old age to a Sepulchre. Enter Montague. Pri. Come Montague, for thou art early up To see thy Sonne and Ieze, now early downe. Montague. Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night, Griefe of my Sonnes tale hath flopt her breaths, What further woe confrays against my age? Friar. Lookes, and thou shalt see. Montagh. O thou ony to what manner is this, To profe before thy Father with a grave? Friar. Seale vs up the mouth of our grave for a while, Till we can clearse these amb go, and parte. Watch. And know their spring, their head, their true descents, And that will I be the garuall of your woes, And lead you even to deathmsne time forbeare, And let mischance be fuite to patience, Bring forth the parties of sufpcition. Fri. I am the greastable, to doe first, Yet moff supscted as the time and place I doe make all my friends of this deadly murder: And here I stand bound to impeach and purge My selfe condemned, and my selfe escud'd. Friar. Then say at once, what thou dost know in this? Friar. I will be briefe, for my short time of death Is not so long as a tedious tale. Romeo the dead was his husband to that Iulet, And theire deade, that's Romeo faultfull wife:
The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.

I married them; and their biforn marriage day
Was Tybalt Doomed day: whose untimely deat
Banish'd the new-made Bridgroome from this Cittie:
For whom (and not for Tybait's) Iuliet pined.
You, to remonstrate that rage of Grece from her,
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce
To Countes Paris. Then comes she to me,
And (with wilde looks) bid me dooie some meane
To rid her from this second Marriage,
Or in my cell there would she kill her selfe.
Then gave I her (to Tuccle by my Art)
A sleeping Pocon, which so tickke effect
As intended, for it wrought on her
The forme of death. Meane time, I writ to Romeo,
That she should hither come, as this dyre night,
To help to take her from her borrowede grave,
Being the time the Potions force shou'd cease.
But he which bore my Letter, Frier John,
Was slay'd by accident, and ytternight
Return'd my Letter backe. Then all alone,
As the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her Kindreds vault,
Meaning to keepe her clodeby at my Cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo.
But when I came (some Minute ere the time
Of her waking) here vere vntimely lay
The Noble Paris, and true Romeo dead.
Since wakes, and I interesth her cume forth,
And beare this worke of Heauen, with patience.
But then, a noyse did scare me from the Tombe,
And she (too desperate) would not goe with me,
But (as it seemes) did violence on her selfe.
All his I know, and to the Marriage her Nurse is privy:
And if i ought in this misforrned by my fault,
Let my old life be facrifice'd, some houre before the time,
Vnto the rigour of seuerell Law.
Frier. We shall haue knowe thee for a Holy man.
Where's Romeo's man? What can he say to this?
Day. I brought my Master newes of Iuliet death,
And then in post 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.
Prov. Give me the Letter, I will look on it.
Where is the Countes Page that taide the Watch?
Sirra, what made your Master in this place?
Page. He came with flowers to strew his Ladies grave,
And bid me (and soone, and so I did):
Anon comes one with light to ope the Tombe,
And by and by my Master drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the Watch.
Frier. This Letter doth make good the Friers words,
Their course of love, the rydings of her death:
And here he writes, that he did buy a pozson
Of a poore Potheoer, and therewithall
Came to this Vault to dye, and ley with Iuliet.
Where be these Enemies? Capulet, Montague,
See what a scourgge is lade upon your hate,
That Heauen finds means to kill your noyces with Loue;
And 1, for warking at your desorde too,
Hau' lost a brace of Kindmen: All we punisht.
Cap. O Brother Montague, give me thy hand
This is my Daughters inuiture, for no more
Can I demand.
Day. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her Statues in pure Gold,
That whilsts Eronee by that name is knowne,
There shall no figure as that Pote be set.
As that of True and Faithfull Iuliet.
Cap. As rich shall Romees by his Lady ly,
Poore sacrifices of our enemy.
Frier. A glooming peace this morning with it brings,
The Summe for sorrow will not throw his head;
O hence, to have more talk of these sad things,
Howe shall be pardoned, and some punished.
Our never was a Story of more Wo,
Then this of Iuliet, and her Romeo.

FINIS.
THE LIFE OF TYMON
OF ATHENS.

Achus Primus. Scene Prima.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Mercer, as several above.

Poet. Good day Sir.

Pau. I am glad you’re well.

Poet. I have not seen you long, how goes the world?

Pau. It goes as it grows.

Poet. I have heard you speak of beauty, what is beauty? What is grace? What is the expression of beauty? What is the power of the heart? I have heard you speak of beauty, what is beauty? What is grace? What is the expression of beauty? What is the power of the heart?

I know the Merchant.

Pau. I know them both, they’re both a Jeweller.

Mer. O, this is a wondrous Lord.

Poet. Nay, that’s most fair.

Mer. A most incomparable man, he’s breath’d as it were, to an unutterable and continuing goodness.

He walks.

Iron. I have a Jewell here.

Mer. O pray let’s see ‘t. For the Lord Tymon, Sir?

Iron. Prithee, he walks the utmost, but for that—

Pau. When as for your grace, Sir, you have praised the valiant, he leaves the glory in that happy Yeare, which aptly singeth the good.

Iron. ‘Tis a good home.

Iron. And rich; there’s a Water lookeye.

Pau. You are apt to fight, in some worke, some Dedication to the great Lord.

When as for your grace, Sir, you have praised the valiant, he leaves the glory in that happy Yeare, which aptly singeth the good.

Iron. ‘Tis a good home.

Iron. And rich; there’s a Water lookeye.

Pau. You are apt to fight, in some worke, some Dedication to the great Lord.

Pau. How shall I understand you?

Pau. I will wait upon you.

You see how all Condition, how all Miserie,
As well as rich and flipp’ry Creatures, as
Of Grace and austere quality, tender down
Their reverence: to Lord Tymon has large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious Nature hanging,
Subtinces and properties to his love and tendance.
All sorts of hearts, yea, from the glibb-faced Blatante
To Apernance, that few things looks better:
The reservoir himself; gentle tree drops down
The love before him, and returns in peace.
Most rich in Tymon’s nod.

Pau. I saw them speak together.

Pau. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
The royall Fortune to be thron’d,
The Bane of the Mount.

If rank’d with all deferts, all kinds of Nature
That labour on the bottom of the Heare,
To propagate their flares; amongst’them all,
Whose eyes are on this Sovereigne Lady fixt,
One do I pensive of Lord Tymon’s frame,
Whom Fortune with her amber hand waits to her,
Whole present grace, to present flares and servants
Transformes his Rivals.

Pau. This thy conceit, to scope
This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill me thinkes

With

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Timon of Athens.

With one man becom'd from the rest below,
Bowling his head against the sleepy Mount
To climb his happiness, 'would be well express
I m: Condition.

Thee, Nay Sir, but hear me on:
All those which were his Fellowes but of late,
Some better then his valye; on the moment
Follow his footsteps; his Lobbies fill with rendance.
Raine Sacrificall whisperings in his ear,
Make Sacred even his tyrant, and through him
Drink the fine Ayre.

Pars. I marry, what of these?

Thine. When Fortune is her drift and change of mood
Sparres down her late belove; all his Dependards
Which Labour after him to the Mountaine top,
E'en on their knees and hand, let him sit do right,
Not one accompanying his declining foots.

Pars. Tis common:
A thousand mortal Paintings I am flew,
This shall demonstrate their quick dearth of Fortunes,
More prounounced then words. Yet you do well,
To flow Lord Timon, that manes eyes have seene
The foot about the head.

Trumpets sound.
Enter Lord Timon, addressing himself courteously to every Smir.

Tim. Impersion'd is he, say you?

Mef. Imy good Lord, true Talents is his debt,
His means no thrift, his Creditors no frater:
Your Honourable Letter he desires;
To throfe houe shut him vp, which failing,
Periods his comfort,
That noble Fredicate: well,
I am not of that Feather, to flake off
My friend when he must neede me. I do know him
A Gentleman, that well deferves a helpes,
Which he shall haue. He paye the debt, and free him.

Mef. Your Lordship ever bindes him.
Tim. Commend me to him, I will lend his Ransome,
And being unfranchised bid him come to me;
'Tis not enough to help 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. Thus haft a Servant nam'd Lucillion.
Tim. I haue to: What of him?

Oldm. Most Noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attendes he heare, or no? Lucillion.

Luc. Heare at your Lordsips service.

Oldm. This Fellow hearle, L:Timon, this thy Creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
My first haue beene inclin'd to thieve,
And my easte defares in Elys more rar'd,
Then one which holds a Trencher.

Tim. Well what further?

Old. One onely Daughter have I, no Kin elfe,
On whom I may conferes what I have got:
The Maid is faire, a th'youngest for a Bride,
And I have bred her as a deerest gift
In Qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pray thee (Noble Lord)

Ioyne with me to forbid him her resor,
My felle haste spoke in vaine.
Tim. The man is honest.

Oldm. Therefore he will be Timon,
His honesty rewards him in his selfe,
It must not beare my Daughter.

Tim. Does fee love him?

Oldm. She is young and apt:
Our owne precedent passions do instruct
What fealties in youth.

Tim. Love you the Maid?

Luc. If my good Lord and the acceptes of it.

Oldm. If her Marriage my content be missing,
I call the Gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heaven from forth the Beggers of the world,
And dishonifie her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be matched with an equal Husband?

Oldm. Three Talents on the present; in future, all.

Tim. This Gentleman of mine
Hath wou'd one long:
To build his Fortune, I will shaine a little,
For 'tis a Bond in men. Give him thy Daughter,
What you bellow, in him he cature carrs,
And make him weigh with her.

Oldm. Most Noble Lord.

Pawne me to this your Honour, he is hit,
Tim. My hard to thee,
Mine Honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your Lordship, never may
That flate or Fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you.

Past. Vouchsafe my Labour,
And long like your Lordship.

Tim. I thank you, you shall heare from me anon:
Go not away. What have you there, my Friend?

Past. A piece of Painting, which I do belieue
Your Lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The Painting is almost the Natural man:
For since Dishonour Traffikes with mans Nature,
He is but out-side: These Penful Figgures are
Euen such as they give out. I like your worke,
And you shall finde I like it; Waite attendance
Till you heare further from me.


Tim. Well fare you Gentleman: give me your hand,
We must needs dine togethier: fit your Jewell
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Iovell. What my Lord, dispraise?

Tim. A mere faciety of Commendations,
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite.

Iovell. My Lord, 'tis rated
As those which fell would give i but you well know,
Things of like value differing in the Owners,
Are prized by their Matters. Beleevc's deere Lord,
You mend the Jewell by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd,

Enter Apermanus.

Her. No my good Lord, he speakes y common tong
Which all men speake with him.

Tim. Louke who comes heere, will you be child?

Iovell. We bethe with your Lordship.

Her. He bethe will.

Tim. Good morrow to thee,
Gentle Apermanus.

I. i. 75—179

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Timon of Athens.

Achates, your hearts in the field now.

Act. My heart is ever at your service, my Lord.

Tim. You had rather be a breakfast of Enemies, than a dinner of Friends.

Act. So they were bleeding new my Lord, there's no meat like 'em, I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Aper. Would all those flattering were thine Enemies then, that thou mightst kill 'em & bid me to 'em.

1. Lord. Might we but have that happiness my Lord, that you would once vie our heats, whereby we might express some part of our zeal, we should think our welfare ever perfect.

Timon. Oh no doubt my good Friends, but the Gods themselves have promised that I shall have much help from you; how didst thou receive my Friends else? Why have you that charitable taste from thousands? Did you not chieflly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to my selfe, then you can with modesty speak in your own behoove. And thus fair I confesse you. Oh you Gods (thinks I), what need we have any Friends at it we should have need of 'em? They were the most needless Creatures living; should we have vse for 'em? And would most retribute sweete entertainments hung up in Cries, that keeps there founds to themselves. Why I have often with my selfe poorer, that I might come nearer to you: we are borne to do benefis. And what better or properer can we call our owne, then the riches of our Friends? Oh what a precious comfort, to have so many like Brothers commanding one another: Fortunes. Oh heaven, she made away of it can be borne a while else cannot hold our watersea thinks to forget their Paules. I drink to you.

Aper. Time were it to make them drink the Timon.

2. Lord. Joy had the like conception in our ears, And at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

Aper. Ho, ho! I laugh to think this is a basse fact.

3. Lord. I promise you my Lord you may do much.

Aper. Much.

Sound Trumpet. Enter the Makers of Amazons, with Leves in their hands, dancing and playing.

Tim. What means that Trumpet? How now?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Please you my Lord, there are certaine Ladies most devious of Admittance.

Tim. Ladies, what are there wills?

Ser. There comes with them a fore-runner my Lord, which bears that offce, to dignifie their pleasures.

Tim. I pray let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid with the Mask of Ladies.

Cup. Hail to thee worthy Timon and to all that of his Bounties affectionate heart; Senecas knowledge thee their Patron, and come freely to gratulate thy pleasant bosom, there tall, touch all, please from thy Table side; they only now come but to fill thine eyes.

Tim. They will wecome all, let thine kind admittance, My felfe make them welcome.

Lur. You let my Lord, how ample y'are below'd.

Aper. Hobyday. What a sweep of vanitie comes this way, they daunce? They are madwomen.

I. ii. 10—140

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Enter a third Serenade.

How now? What news?

3 Ser. Pleased you my Lord, that honourable Gentleman Lord Lucullus, entreats as your companion to morrow, to hunt with him, and he's sent your Honour two brace of Greyhounds.

Tim. He hunts with him, and let them be receiv'd, not without faire Reward.

Fla. What will this come to?

He commands us to provide, and give great guifts, and all out of an empty Coffe; nor will he know his Purse, or yield me this, to shew him what a Beggar his heart is; being of no power to make his wishs good.

His promises flye so beyond his ftrete,
That what he speaks is all in debts, he owes for euyr word:
He is fo kind, that he now pays interest for it;
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 fece,
Then such that do e'ne Enemies exceede.
I blest inwardly for my Lord.

Tim. You do your felues much wrong, you bare too much of your owne merits.
Hence my Lord, a tale of our Lord.

3 Lord. With more then common thanks I will receive it. Exit.

3 Lord. O be's the very soule of Bounty.

Tim. And now I remember my Lord, you gave good words the other day of a Bay Courser I rood on; in your words because you lik'd it.

1. O. Oh, I bless you pardon mee, my Lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word my Lord: I know no man can inflame grace, but what he does affet. I weigh my friends affections with mine owne: He tell you true, I call to you.

All Lor. None so welcome.

Tim. I take all, and your feuerall vibrations

Ser. No, no, it's not enough to give:

Me thinks, I could deale Kingdome to my Friends, and none be more ecstic.

Ah. Lord.

Ser. Or Horses.

Tim. Omy Friends:

I have one word to say to you: Look ye, my good L.
I would interest you about mee to morrow,
As much as I dare accept, and aerate it,
Kinde my Lord.

1 Lord. I am so faire already in your guifts.

Ad. So are we all.

Enter a Serenade.

Ser. My Lord, there are certaine Nobles of the Senate

nearly sleighted, and come to visit you.

They are fairly welcome.

Enter Flamia.

Fla. Ibesearch we Honor, youthface me a word, it does concern you here.

Tim. Never why then, another time Ile heare thee.

I prithee let's be framed to shew them entertain't.

Tim. I'ere I know how.

Enter another Serenade.

Ser. May it please your Honor, Lord Lucullus (On this free Ione) here, presents to you

Flora. Mikel-white Horse, kept in Siluer.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly; let the Presents

Bountifully entertain'd.

Tim. 

1. ii. 141—252
Enter Sacerd. Sen. And late five thousand; to Varro and to Inshore He owes nine thousand, besides my former summe, Which makes it due and twenty. Still in motion Of raging waste? It cannot hold, it will not. If I will Gold, steele but a beggars Dudge, And give it Timon, why the Dogge goes Gold. If I would sell my Horfe, and buy twenty moe Better then he; why give my Horfe to Timon. And nothing more, it is for I do ferve And able Horfe: No Porter at his gate, But rather one that smilies, and fhall invites All that passe by. It cannot hold, no reason Can found his State in safety. Caphis hox, Caphis I say. Enter Caphis.

Ca. Here & fit, what is your pleasure.
Sen. Get on your clofe, & haft you to Lord Timon, Importune him for my Moneys, be not caft
With flight denial; nor then fiscre'd, when Command me to your Master, and the Cap Plays in the right hand, thus: but tell him, My Vifes cry to me; I mutt ferce my turne Out of mine owne, his days and times are past, And my reliances on his failed dates Have fum this credit. I loue, and honour him, But mutt not breake my backe, to heal his finger. Immediate are my needs, and my relefe Muff not be toll and turn'd to me in words, But finde fuppy immediate. Get you gone, Put on a molt importunate aifee, A visage of demand; what you deare When every Feather fitches in his owne wing, Lord Timon will be left a naked gull, Which fhaffes now a Phoenix, get you gone. Ca. I go fit. Sen. I go fit? Take the Bonds along with you, And haue the doubles in. Come. Ca. I will Sir. Sen. Go. Exeunt

Enter Steward, with many bills in his hand. Stew. No care, no fpop, fo fenfible of expence, That he will neither know how to maintaine it, Nor can his floor of riot. Takes no accape How things go from him, nor refume no care Of what is to continue: never minde, Was to be fo vnwife, to be fo kind. What fhall be done, he will not haue, tilfeele: I muft be round with him, now he comes from hunting, Fye, fye, fye, fye.

Enter Caphis, Inshore, and Varro.


Cap. Would we were all dicharg'd,
Var. I faware it,
Cap. Here comes the Lord.

Enter Timon, and his Traine.

Tim. So foone as dinners done, we'll forth againe
My Ateheater. With me, what is your will?
Cap. My Lord, here is a note of certaine due.
Tim. Due? whence are you?
Cap. Of Athens here, my Lord.
Tim. Go to my Steward.
Cap. Pleafing your Lordifhip, I haue put me off To the feceffion of new due 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 fuite,
In guiding his right.
Tim. Mine friend, I prity thee but repair to me next morning.
Cap. Nay, good my Lord.
Tim. Containeth thy felte, good Friend,
Var. One Parceff feffuant, my good Lord.
Insh. From Inshore, he humbly prays your speedy payment.
Cap. If you did know my Lord, my Matters wants.
Var. Twas due on forfeiture my Lord, five weeks, and paft.
Tim. Your Steward puts me off my Lord, and I
Am fent expreffely to your Lordifhip.
Tim. Give me breath:
I do believe you good my Lords keep on,
He waites upon you infinitely. Come hither: pray you How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of debt, broken Bonds,
And the detention of long since due debts
Against my Honor?
Stew. Pleafa you Gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this businesse:
Your importunate eafe, till after dinner,
That I may make this Lordifhip vnderstand;
Wherefore you are not payd.
Tim. Do fo my Friends, fee them well entertain'd.
Stew. Pray draw near.

Enter Apemantus and Poole.

Cap. Stay, stay, here comes the Fool with Apeman-
us, he's a fome port with him.
Var. Hauh him, he's abufe vs.
Insh. A plague upon him dogge.
Var. How doft Poole?
Ape. Doll Dialogue with thy shadow?
Var. I speake not to thee.
Ape. No 'tis to thy selfe. Come away.
If. There's the Foolle hangs on your backe already.
Ape. No thousand fl'angell, 'tis not on him yet.
Cap. Where's the Poole now?
Ape. He left ask'd the queffion. Poore Rogues, and
Vurers men, Buids betweene Gold and want.
All. What are we Apemantus?
All. Attes.
All. Why?
Ape. That you ask me what you are, & do not know
your felues. Speake to'em Poole,
Foolle. How do you Gentlemen?
All. Gramercies good Poole:
How does your Miftis?
Enter Page.

Timon. Ere you, here comes my Master Page.


Timon. How doth thou Apemantus?

Apemantus. I would I had a Rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitable.

Timon. Prythee Apemantus read me the supercipient of these Letters, I know not which is.

Apemantus. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apemantus. There will little Learning dye then that day thou art hang'd.

Timon. This is to Lord Timon, this to Alcibiades, Go thou thou's born a Bawd, and thou's dye a Bawd.

Page. Thou wast th'help of Dogges, and thou shalt fam'ned Dogges death.

Apemantus. Answer not, I am gone.

Page. Eve so thou run out Grace, Foolie I will go with you to Lord Timon.

Timon. Will you leave me there?

Page. If Timon stay at home, You three true three Villus.

Timon. I would they fure'd vs.

Page. So would I:

As good a tricke as ever Hangman fure'd Thefe.

Page. Are you three Villus men?

Timon. All. I Foolie.

Foolie. I think no Villus, but he's a Foolie to his Serrvant.

Page. My Mattes is one, and I am her Foolie: when men come to borrow of your Mellers, they approach falsly, and go away merry: but they enter my Mellers house merrly, and go away falsly. The reason of this?

Var. I could render one.

Page. Do it then, that we may account thee a Whore-miller, and a Knave, which notwithstanding thou shalt be no leffe estim'd.

Page. What is a Whoresmiller Foolie?

Foolie. A Foolie in good clothes, and something like these. This is spirit, sometime appearres like a Lord sometime like a Lawyer, sometime like a Philosopher, with two dones more then's aristarch one. Hee is very often like a knight; and generally, in all shapes that man goes vp and downe in, from fourscore to thirteenth, this spirit walkes in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a Fools.

Page. Not thou altogether a Wife man,

As much foolerie as I have, so much will thou lack't.

Page. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All. If I follo'd, theere comes Lord Timon.

Enter Timon and Steward.

Steward. Come with me, (Foolie) come.

Foolie. I do not alwayes follow Louter, jelder Brother, and Woman, sometime the Philosopher.

Stew. Pray you walk en ere, He speaks with you anzen.

Exeunt.

Timon. You make me moreuell wherefore ere this time Had you not fully tayde my flate before me, That I might fo have raised my expence As I had issue of meanees.

Stew. You would not have me:

At many lefuies I propoue, Timon. Go to:

Perchance for a single vantages you tooke, When your great position you put backe,

And that rap vtiofle made your minifter

Thus to excite your felte.

Stew. O my good Lord,

At many times I brought in my accompls,

Laid them before you, you would throw them of,

And lay you found them in mine honifie.

When for some tripling pretent you have bid me returne to them, I have thooke my head, and wept:

Yet a fainfth Authority of manners, pray'd you to

To hold your hand more close: I did induere

No tidelome, nor no flight checkers, 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 ring of your ouing, lackes a halfe,

To pay your present debts.

Timon. Let all my Land be fold.

Stew. This is all eng'd, some forreyted and gone,

And what remains will hardly flop the mouth

Of present duties; the future comes space:

That shall defend the interim, and at length

Heare's your true reck'nings.

Timon. To Lacedemon did my Land extend.

Stew. Omy good Lord, the world is but a word,

Were it all yours, to give it a breath,

How quickly were it gone.

Timon. You tell me true.

Stew. If you suspect my Husbandry or Fallhood,

Come before the half'd Admitt, and keep the

Let me see the prooffe. So the Gods bless me,

When all our Offices have been opprest

With rigorous Feeders, when our Vauls have wept

With drunken spithn of Wines; when every room

Hath babb'd with Lights, and braied with Miniftrall

I have expect'd me to a waffles full cocke,

And let men eyes at Flow.

Timon. Prythee no more.

Stew. Heavens have I said, the bounty of this Lord;

How much prodyall bits have Staiue and Prizzes

This night englisterd: who is not Timon,

What heart, heart, sword, force, import, but is L Timon.

Great Timon, Noble, Worthy, Royall Timon:

Ah, when the means are gone, that buy this praiie,

The breath is gone whereof this praiie is made:

Fafion, faff'toff: one cloud of Winter floweres,

These bye are couth.

Timon. Come set men no further.

No villians bounty yet hath past my heart;

Vowdily, not ignobly have I gien.

When doth thou weep, canst thou the confine lacke,

To think I flill talk friends: I fure my heart,

If I would broach the vellons of my leane,

And try the argument of hearts, by borrowing,

Men, and mens fortunes could I ftrainke wse

As I can bid thee speake.

Stew. Assurance blesse thy thoughts.

Timon. And in some for these wants of mine are crown'd,

That I account them blessings. For by these

Shall I trie Fools: you shall perceive

How you may like my Fortunes;

I am weathie in my Friends.

Within there, Flamin. Seruillus?

Exit.
Enter three Servants.
Ser. My Lord, my Lord.
Tim. I will dispatch you feverally.
You to Lord Lucius, to Lord Lucullus you, I hunted
with his Honor to day; you to Somnium, commend me
to their lovers; and I am proud say, that my occasions
have found time to vie them toward a supply of many:
let the requit be fifty Talents.
Flam. As you have said, my Lord.
Ser. Lord Lucius and Lucullus? Ham.
Tim. Go you for to the Senators;
Of whom, even to the States beat Justice; I have
Defend'd this Hearing: bid 'em fend off thin infinit
A thousand Talents to me.
Ser. I trust be done;
(For that I knew it the most general way)
To them, to vfe your Signer, and your Name,
But they do flake them near, and I am here
No richer in return.
Tim. It's true: Can't be?
Ser. They anfwer not a Joyns and corporate voice,
That now they are at first, want Treasure cannot
Do what they would, are forto: you are Honourable,
But yet they could hate wishes, they know not,
Something hath beene amiable: Noble Nature
May catch a warrant; would all were well; 'tis pity,
And I intend neither others factions matters.
After ditfattifled, these and hard Fractions
With certaine half-caps, and cold mowing rods,
They froze me into Silence.
Tim. You Gods reward them:
Prythee man looke cheetely, These old Fellowes
Have their ingratitude in them Hereditary:
Their blood is ca'd, 'tis cold, it fildone flowers,
'Tis lack'd of kindly warmth, they are not kinde;
And Nature, as it groves against earthward,
Is faffion'd for the journey, dull and beauty.
Go to Ventidius (prythee benon sad,
Thou art true, and honest, I Ingeniously I speake,
No blame belongs to thee): Ventidius lately
Buried his Father, by whose death hee's flepp'd
Into a great estate: When he was poorer,
Impoff'd, and in Circumstances of Fortune,
I clearg him with fve Talents: Greet him from me,
Bid him fupposz, some good necessity
Touches his Friend, which caueth to be remembered
With chofe ftue Talents; that had, gie thee these Fellowes
To whom 'tis inflante due. Need's speake or thynke,
That Timon fortunes mong his Friends can finke,
Ser. I would I could not think it:
That thought is Bounties For:
Being free it felle, it thinkes all others fo.

Exeunt

Flaminus waiting to speake with a Lord from his Matter,
enters a Servant to him.
Ser. I have told my Lord of you, he is comming down
to you.
Flam. I thank you Sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Ser. Heere's my Lord.
Why this hint right: I dreamt of a Silver Balcon and Ewe
To night. Flaminus, honest Flaminus, you are verie re-
spectfully welcome Sir, Fill me some Wine. And how
does that Honourable, Compleat, Free-hearted Gentle-

man of Athens, thy very bountifull good Lord and May-

or.
Flam. His health is well fir.
Luc. I am right glad that his health is well fir: and
what hath thou there under thy Cloake, pretty Flaminus?
Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box Sir, which in
my Gods behalfe, I come to intreat your Honor to sup-
ply: who having great and inflante occasion to vfe his
Talents, hath fruit to your Lordship to furnish him: no-
thing doubting your present affiquence therein.
Luc. La, La, La: Nothing doubting lays thee? Alas
good Lord, a Noble Gentleman tis, if he would not keep
to good a house. Many a time and often I ha'd with
him, and told him on't, and came againe to supper to him
of purpose, to have him spend lefle, and yet he would
embrace no convenient, take no warning by my comming,eve-
ry man has his fault, and honestly as he is told him on't,
but I could never get him from

Enter Servant with Wine.
Ser. Please your Lordship, heere is the Wine.
Luc. Flaminus, I have noted thee alwaies wife.
Heere's to thee.
Flam. Your Lordship speaks your pleasure.
Luc. I have observed thee alwaies for a towardlie
prompt spirit, gie thee thy due, and one that knows
what belongs to reafon; and canst vfe the time wel, if
the time vfe thee well. Good parts in thee; get you gone fir-
rah. Draw neerer honelt Flaminus. Thy Lords a bount-
fuile Gentleman, but thou art wife, and thou know'st
well enough (although thou com fit to me) that this is no
time to lend money, especially upon base friendshipp
without securitie. Here's three Solicitors for thee, good
Boy winke at me, and say thou sawt me not. Fare thee
well.
Flam. It's possible the world should so much differ,
And we alie that lived? Fly dammed baseneflfe
To him that footsteps thee.
Luc. Ha? Now I see thou art a Foole, and fit for thy
Matter.
Exeunt.

Flam May thee add to the number, may feall thee:
To moulten Conie be thy damnation,
Thou disfave of a friend, and not himselfe:
Has friendshipp such a faint and milkie hear,
It turns in leffe then two nights? O you Gods!
I feel my Masters passion. This Sloaize into his Honor,
Has my Lords meate in him:
Why should it thrive, and tune to Nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poypion?
O may Dissease onely work upon't:
And when he's sick to death, let not that part of Nature
Which my Lord payd for, be of any power
To expell sickness, but prolong his hower.

Exeunt

Enter Lucins 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, tho'g we are but strang-
er's to him. But I can tell you one thing my Lord, and
which I bare from common rumour, now Lord Timons
happie howres are done and past, and his efface shrinks
from him.
Lucins. Fye no, doe not beleive it: hee cannot want
for money.
2 But bleucre you this my Lord, that not long since,
one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus, to borrow so
many Talents, my vrg'd extremly for', and thewad

what

II. ii. 196—III. ii. 14

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Timon of Athens.

what necessity belong'd too't, and yet was deny'd,

Luc. How?

I tell you, deny'd me my Lord,

Luc. What a strange face was that? Now before the Gods I am ashamed on't. Denied that honourable man? There was very little Honour shew'd in. For my own part, I must needs confesse, I have recou'd some small kindnesses from him, as Money, Plate, Jewels, and such like Trifles; nothing comparing to his: yet had he me for look'd him, and sent to me, I should ne'v'r have denied his Occasion to many Talents.

Enter Servants.

Serv. See, by good hap yonder my Lord, I have sent to see his Honor. My Hon'dor Lord, Luc. Servants? You are kindly met sir. Fartewell, command me to thy Honourable virtuous Lord, my very exquifite friend.

Serv. May it please your Honour, my Lord hath sent —

Luc. Has what he's sent? I am so much encreas'd to that Lord; he's ever sending: how shall I thank him think'lt thou? And what has he now sent?

Serv. Has only sent his present Occasion now my Lord; respecting your Lordship to supply his infant vice with so many Talents.

Luc. I know his Lordship is but merry with me, he cannot want fifty fince hundred Talents.

Serv. But in the mean time he wants leffe my Lord.

If his occasion were not vertuous, I should not vrg'e it half so faithfully.

Luc. Doft thou speake Seriously Servants?

Serv. Upon my foule his true Sir.

Luc. What a wicked Beast was I to so disfurnish my self against such a good time, when I might ha' done my selfe Honourable? How unluckily it hapned, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and vndso a great deal of Honour? Servants, now before the Gods I am not able to do (the more best I say) I was sending to wie Lord Timon my selfe, thefe Gentlemen can witness but I would not for the wealth of Athens I had done now.

Commend me bountifully to his good Lordship, and I hope his Honor will entreat the fairest of me, because I haue no power to be kind. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greates afflictions say, that I cannot pleasure such an Honourable Gentleman. Good Servants, will you befriend mee to fare, aston'de mine owne words to him?

Ser. Yes sir, I shall. 

Exit Serv. Luc. Be he the lesse ou't a good turne Servants, True as you fay, Timon's thraske indeeinde, And he that's once deny'de, will hardly fpeede. Exit.

1 Do you obserue this Hiftories? « 2 I, to well.

1 Why this is the worldes soule, And liuff of the fame peace

Is ever Flatterers sport, who can call him his Friend That dippes his bread in the same dish? For in my knowing Timon has bin this Lords Father, And kept his credit with his purfe; Supported his estate, now Timon money Has paid his men their wages. He ne're drinkes, But Timon Silver treads upon his Lip, And yet, oh see the most forforned of man, When he looke out in an vnfruchful shape; He does deny him (in respect of his)

What charitable men afford to Beggers.

3 Religion grones at it.

1 For mine owne part, I never call'd Timon in my life Nor came any of his bounties ouer me, To make me for his Friend. Yet I protest, For his right Noble minde, illuflrious Virtue, And Honourable Carriage, Had his necessitie made vfe of me, I would have put my wealth into Donation, And the benefit shou'd have return't to him, So much I loue his heart; But I perceive, Men must learne now with pitty to difference, For Policy fits about Confidence. 

Exit.

Enter a third Servant with Suppers, another of Timon's Friends.

Sump. Must he needs trouble me in't? Hum. 'Tis all one is? He might haue tried Lord Lucas, or Lucas, And now Ventiagus is wealthy too. 

Whom he redeem'd from prison. All these 

Owes their estates unto him.

Ser. My Lord, They have all bin touch'd, and found Base, Mistake, For they have all denied him.

Sump. How haue they deny'd him? Has Ventiagus and Lucas deny'd him, And does he send to me? Three? Hum? 

It shewes but little loue, or judgement in him. 

Must I be his last Reuge? His Friends (like Physicians) Thrus, give him ouer: Must I take this confidence? Has much disgrac'd me in't, I'm angry at him, That might have known my place. I see no fente forts, But his Occasions might have wedd me firit; For in my conference, I was the fift man That ere received guilt from him. 

And does he thinke so barksdly of me now, That ill requite it left? No: 

So it may prove an Argument of Laughter To drefle, and mow ill Lords be thought a Fooles; I fearer than the worth of thrice the femme, Had fent to me firit, but for my minde, I'de fuch a courage to do him good: But now return, And with their fait reply, this anwer joyne: Who rates mine Honor, shal not know my Coyne. Exit

Ser. Excellent: Your Lordships a goodly Villain: the dwell knew not what he did, when he made man Politicke; he crost him himfelf but I cannot thinke, but in the end, the Villains of man will fet him clear. How fairely this Lord vrites to appear feule? Takes Venerous Copies to be wicked: like these, that under instan t zeale, would fet whole Realmes on fire, of such a nature is his politicke loue.

This was my Lords belf hope, now all are feld Sate onely the Gods. Now his Friends are dead, Doores that were ne'er acquainted with their Wards Many a bounteous yeere, must be neglifg'd Now to guefe sure their Master: 

And this is all a liberal carfe allows, Who cannot keepe his wealth, muft keep his house. Exit.

Enter Varro's men, meetting others, All Timon's Creditors to wait for his comming out. Then enter Lucius and Hortensius.

Var. men. Well met, goodmorning Titus & Hortensius

Titus

III. ii. x4—III. iv. 1

702
Timon of Athens.

**Tit.** The like to you kinder
**Hurt.** Lucius, what do we meet together?
**Luci.** I, and I think but a mist the do's command vs all.
For mine is money.

**Tit.** So is thine, and ours.
**Enter Philetaerus.**

**Luci.** And for Philetaerus.

**Phil.** Good day at once.

**Luci.** Welcome good Brother.

What do you think the houses?

**Phil.** Labouring for Nine.

**Luci.** So much, money.

**Phil.** Is not my Lord nearby yet?

**Luci.** Not yet.

**Phil.** I wonder on, he was wont to fine at lessein.

**Luci.** I, but the dayes are vast shorter with him.

You must consider that 4 prodigall course.

I like the Simmes, but not like this recoverable, I frase:
'Tis deep Wolter in Lord Timon purse, that is: One may reach depe enough, and yet finde little.

**Phil.** I am of your fear, for that.

**Tit.** He show you how to suberce a strange event:

Your Lord sends now for Money?

**Hurt.** Most true, he do's.

**Tit.** And he wearis jewels now of Timons guilt,
For which I wait for money.

**Hurt.** It is against my heart.

**Luci.** Marke how strange it flowes,

Timons in this, shoulde pay more then he owes:
And one as if your Lord should wearis rich Jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

**Hurt.** Fine 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.** Ye, mine's three thousand Crownes:
What's yours?

**Luci.** Five thousand mine,

**Varro.** 'Ts much depe, and it shoulde seem by thsum

Your Masters confidence was above mine,
Eile surely he had equall'd

**Enter Elfinimus.**

**Tit.** One of Lord Timons men.

**Elfinimus.** Sir, a word: Pray is my Lord ready to come forth?

**Flam.** No, indeed he is not.

**Tit.** We attend his Lordship: pray signify so much.

**Flam.** I need not tell him that, he knowes you are 4

**Enter Steward in Cloaks, muffled (disguist).**

**Luci.** Has he not that his Steward muffled so?
He goes away in a Cloak: Call him, call him.

**Tit.** Do you heere, sir?

2. **Varro.** By your leave, sir.

**Stew.** What do ye ake of me, my Friend?

**Tit.** We wait for certaine Money here, sir.

**Stew.** If money were as certaine as your writing,

'Twere sure enough.

Why then prefer'd ye not your summes and Bills
When your late Masters estate of my Lords meat?
Then they could smile, and fawne upon his debs,
And take downe th'Interrest into their glutinous Mawses.
You do your felowes but wrong, to flatter me vp,
Let me safe quietely.

Releue's, my Lord and I have made an end,
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

**Luci.** I, but this answer will not ferue.

**Stew.** If't will not ferue, 'tis not so safe as you,
For you ferue Knaves.

1. **Varro.** How? What does his caffiner'd Worship matter?

2. **Varro.** No matter what, Jee's poor, and that's re-
tunge enough. Who can speake broader, ther that has no house to put his head in? Such may style against great buildings.

**Enter Serullius.**

**Tit.** Oh hette's Serullius: now wee shall know some answere.

**Seru.** If I might beseech you Gentlemen, to repayre some other house, I should endure much from't. Forstake:

Of my foule, my Lord leaves wondrously to discomfet:
His comfortablie temper has forsooke him, he's much out of health, and keeps his Chamber.
Ever. Many do keep their Chambers, are not fike.
And it do to farre beyond his health.
Me shonke be should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a cleere way to the Gods.

**Seru.** Good Gods.

**Time.** We cannot take this for answere, fir.

**Flaminus with him. Serullius** helps, my Lord, my Lord,

**Enter Timon in a rage.**

**Tim.** What, are my dues oppod against my passage?
Hau it bin eruer free, and muft my house
Be my retentive Enemy? My God!
The place which I hau Fealet, does it now
(like all Munkinde) Bhew me an Iron heart?

**Luci.** Put in now Time.

**Tit.** My Lord, here's my Bill.

**Luci.** Here's mine.

1. **For.** And mine, my Lord,
2. **For.** And ours, my Lord.

**Philo.** All our Bills.

**Tim.** Knocke me downe with 'em, cleuse mee to the Girdle.

**Luci.** Alas, my Lord,

**Tim.** Cut my heart in sumners.

**Tit.** Mine, for if

**Tim.** Tell out my blood.

**Luci.** Five thousand Crownes, my Lord

**Tim.** Five thousand drops payes that.

What yours? and yours?

1. **For.** My Lord.
2. **For.** My Lord.

**Tim.** Teare me, take me, and the Gods fall upon you.

**Exit Timon.**

**Hurt.** Faith I perceiue our Masters may throwe their cups at their money, these debts may well be call'd depe-
rate ones, for a ushman owes 'em

**Exeunt.**

**Enter Timon.**

**Timon.** They have one put my breath from mee the
flame. Creditors Diuets.

**Stew.** My deere Lord.

**Tim.** What if it should bee so?

**Stew.** My Lord.

**Tim.** He have it so. My Steward?

**Stew.** Heere my Lord.

**Tim.** So fety I Go, bid all my Friends againe,

**Lucius, Eumolpus, and Sympermus Pieria.** All, 1st once more bead the Rascals.

**Stew.** O my Lord, you onely speake from your disso-
cled soule, there's not so much left to furnish out a mo-
derate Table.

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III. iv. 2—118

703
Enter three Senators at one door, Alcibiades meeting them, with Attendants.

1. Sen. My Lord, you have my royce, too's.
2. Sen. It's necessary he should dye:
4. Sen. Moot true, the Law shall bruite'em.

Alc. Honor, health, and compassion to the Senate.

Alc. Now Captaine.

1. Sen. I am an humble Sutor to your Victuus:
2. Sen. For pity is the venue of the Law,
3. Sen. And none but Tyrants write it cruelly.
4. Sen. It pleases time and Fortune to like leaue
5. Sen. Upon a Friend of mine, who in hot blood
6. Sen. Hath reft into the Law: which is palt depth
7. Sen. To those that (without heede) do plunge tooo't.
8. Sen. He is a Man (letting his Fate aside) of comedy Victuus,
9. Sen. Nor did he foyle the fact with Cowardice,
10. Sen. (And Honor in him, which buys out his fault)

Seeing his Reputation touch'd to death,

He did oppose his Fate:

And with fuch fober and vnoted paffion
He did behavie his anger eire twas spent,

As if he had but prou'd an Argument.

1. Sen. You vndergo too fincl a Paradox,
2. Sen. Suthing to make an vgly deed looke faire:
3. Sen. Your words have cooke fuch paines, as if they labour'd
4. Sen. To bring Man-murther into forme, and set Quartelling
5. Sen. Upon the head of Valour; which indeede
6. Sen. Is Valour misbegotten, and came into the world,
7. Sen. When Sefts, and Factions were newly borne.
8. Sen. He's truly Valiant, that can withif fuffer
9. Sen. The wroth that man can breath,
10. Sen. And make his Wrongs, his Out-siders,
11. Sen. To weare them like his Rayment, carelefly,
12. Sen. And he're preferre his injuries to his heart,
13. Sen. To bring it into danger.
14. Sen. It Wrongs be euillies, and enforce vs kill,
15. Sen. What Folly 'tis, to hazard life for ill.

Alc. My Lord.

1. Sen. You cannot make grofte finnes looke cleare,
2. Sen. To revenge is no Valour, but to bear
3. Sen. Alc. My Lords, then vnder fatory, pardon me,
4. Sen. If I speake like a Captaine.
5. Sen. Why do fond men expose themselves to Battell,
6. Sen. And not endure all threats? Sleepe vs pov't,
7. Sen. And let the Foes quietely cut their Throates
8. Sen. Without repugnancy? if there be
9. Sen. Such Valour in the hearing, what make wee
10. Sen. Abroade? Why then, Women are more valiant
11. Sen. That they at home, it: Bearing carty in
12. Sen. And the Alc. more Captaine then the Lyon?
13. Sen. The fellow lustens with Irons, winer then the Judge?
14. Sen. If Wife'some be in fuffering, Oh my Lords,
15. Sen. As you are great, be pitifully Good,
16. Sen. Who cannot condemn rashine in cold blood?
17. Sen. To kill, I grant, is finnes extremestly Guilt,
19. Sen. To be in Anger, is impirec:
20. Sen. But who is Man, that is not Angrie.
21. Sen. Weigh but the Crime with this.

Alc. You breath in vain.

Alc. In vain.

His remise done at I saidemon, and Bisantium,
Were sufficient bribers for his life.
1. Sen. What's that?
2. Sen. Why say my Lords he's done faire servise,
3. Sen. And shone in fight many of your enemies
4. Sen. How full of valour did he bear himselfe
5. Sen. In the last Conflid, and made plentuous wounds?
6. Sen. He has made too much plenty with him:
7. Sen. He's a fnorre Riorer, he has a fine
8. Sen. That often drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner.
9. Sen. If there were no Foes, that were enough
10. Sen. To overcome him.
11. Sen. In that Beatfull fight,
12. Sen. He has bin knowne to commit outrages,
13. Sen. And cruel Judgments. 'Tis interred too's,
14. Sen. His days are soule, and his drinke dangerous.

Alc. Hard fate: he might haue dyed in warre.

My Lords, if not for any parts in him,
Though his right arm might purchase his owne time,
And be in debts to none: yet more to move you,
That my defecrs are his; and his endemem.
And for I know, your revered Ages love Security,
He pawned 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 recuie't in valiant gore,
For Law is fithe, and Warre is nothing more.

We are for Law, he dyes, vrging it no more
On height of our displeasure. Friend, or Brother,
He forfeits his owne blood, that spilles another.

Alc. Must it be so? it must not bee.

My Lords, I do defece you know mee.
2. Sen. How?

Alc. Call me to your remembrances.

Alc. I cannot thinke but your Age has forgot me,
It could not bee, I shou'd prooue in base,
To sue and be denyed a such common Grace.
My wounds sake at you.
1. Sen. Do you dare our anger?
2. Sen. 'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect:
3. Sen. We banish thee for ever.

Alc. Banish me?

Banish your dargue, banish your wife,
That makes the Senate angry.

1. Sen. If after two dayes shone, Athens contains them,
3. Sen. And not to swell our Spirits,
4. Sen. He shall be executed presently.
5. Sen. Alc. Now the Gods keepe you old enough,
6. Sen. That you may live
7. Sen. Onely in bone, that none may looke on you,
8. Sen. I'm worse then mad: I have kept backe their Foes
9. Sen. While they haue sold their Money, and let out
10. Sen. Their Coine upon large interett. I my felfe,
11. Sen. Rich only in large hurts. All those,for this?
12. Sen. Is this the Balfome, that the visisent Senat
14. Sen. It comes not ill! I hate not to be banished
15. Sen. It is a cause worthy my Spleene and Furie,
16. Sen. That I may strike at Athens. Ile chere vp
17. Sen. My discontented Troopes, and lay for hearts;
18. Sen. 'Tis Honour with most Lands to be at ods,

Exit.

Enter

III. iv. 118—III. v. 119

704
Enter divers Friends, 
At general doors.

1. The good time of day to you, sir.
2. I all with it to you: I think this Honorable Lord did but try this other day.
3. Upon that were my thoughts spying when we encountered; I hope it's not to low with him as he made it seem in the trial of his feueral Friends.
4. It should not be, by the perusing of his new Feasting.
5. I should think so. He hath sent me an earnest inquiring, which many my noble occasions did urge me to put off: but he hath contrived me beyond them, and I must needs appear.
6. In his Majesty's case I am in debt to my important business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am forre, when he sent to borrow of me, that my Permission was out.
7. I am sick of that green too, as I understand now all things go.
8. Every man hears so: what would he have borrow'd of you?
9. A thousand Pieces?
10. A thousand Pieces?
11. What of you?
12. He sent to me first—Heere he comes.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart Gentlemen both; and how fare you?
1. Enter at the best, bearing well of your Lordship.
2. The Swallow follows not Summer more willing, then we your Lordship.
3. Nor more willingly leaves Winter, such Summer Birds are men. Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompence this long day. Feast your cares with the Myrrhe: While they will fare so heartily o'th Trumpets found: we shall't presently.
4. I hope it remains not vokindly with your Lordship, that I return'd you an empty Messenger.
5. Time 'O' fit, let it not trouble you.
7. Tim. Ah my good Friend, what chere?

Enter the Senators, with other Lords.

1. How now, my Lords?
2. Know you the quality of Lord Timon's fury?
3. Puff, did you see my Cap?
4. I have loft my Gowne.
5. He's a hot Lord, & nought but humors swaies him. He gave me a Jewell the other day, and now he has brake it out of my hand.
6. Did you see my Jewell?
7. Did you see my Cap?
8. Here 'tis.
9. Here lyes my Gowne.
10. Let's make no stay.
11. Lord Timons mad.
12. I feel upon my bones.
13. One day he gives vs Diamonds, next day bones.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me looke backe upon thee, thou Wall That girdles in those Wolves, due in the earth, And fence not Athens. Mourns, turne incensiments. Obedience payle in Children: Slaves and Fool's
Plucke the grave wrinkled Senate from the Bench,  
And minister in their steads, to general Fitts.  
Convent o’th’Inflame green Virgynity,  
Doo’t in your Parents eyes. Bankrupts,hold fast  
Rather then render back; out with your Knives,  
And cut your Trullers throates. Bound Servants, fleale,  
Large-handied Robbers your grate Masters are,  
And pull by Law. Maid’side, to thy Masters bed,  
Thy Misfit is o’th Brothell. Some of fifteen,  
Plucke the lyn’d Crutch from thy old limping Sire,  
With it, beate out his Brains. Pity, and Fears,  
Religion to the Gods, Peace, Justice, Truth,  
Dometlicke awe, Night-rell, and Neighbourhood,  
Instruction, Manners, Mylleties, and Trades,  
Degrees, Oberrances, Customes, and Lsew,  
Decline to your confounding contraries.  
And yet Confusion lies: Plaggets incident to men,  
Your potent and infectious Feasors, heape  
On Athens ripe for stroke. Thoul cold Scinita,  
Crippl our Senators, that their limbs may halt  
As lamely as their Manners. Luft, and Libertie  
Crepe in the Minces and Masroves of our youth,  
That gainst the frame of Virtue they may thrive,  
And thawne them selves in Rust, Inche, Blaines,  
Some all th’Athenian boomen, and their crop  
Be general Leprofe: Breath infect breath,  
That their Society (as their Friendship) may  
Be meerely payson. Nothing I bear from thee  
But nakendiffe, thou deteetable Town;  
Take thou that too, with multiplying Bannes:  
Toum will to the Woods, where he shall finde  
The’unknollied Breat, more kindet then Mankinde.  
The Gods confound (hear me you good Gods all)  
Th’Athenians both within and out that Wall:  
And grumze at Toum growes, his harte may grow  
To the whole race of Mankinde, high and low.  
Amen.  

Enter Steward with two or three Servants.

1. Here you M. Steward, where’s our Mafi?  
Are we vndone, 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.  
2. Such a Base broock!  
So Noble a Master false, all gone, and not  
One friend to take his Fortune by the arm,  
And go along with him.  
3. As we do turne our backes  
From our Companion, throwne into his grave,  
So his Familiars to his buried Fortunes  
Sink/e away: loose their saffe vowes with him  
Like empty portes pick’st; and his poore selse  
A dedicated beggar to the Ayre,  
With his diseale, of all flunk’d pauryty,  
Walkes like contempt alone. More of our Fellowes.  

Enter other Servants.

Stew. All broken Implements of a mind hous,  
Yet do our hearts weare Toum Livery,  
That fee by our Faces: we are Fellowes still,  
Being able in sorrow; Less’d is our Barks,  
And we poore Mates, fland on the dying Decke,  
Hearing the Surgees threat: we must all part  
Into this Sea of Ayre.  
Stew. Good Fellowes all,  

The last of my wealt Hee shre among you?  
Where euer we shall mete, for Toum sake  
Let’s yet be Fellowes. Let’s shake our heads, and say  
As t’were a Knoll unto our Masters Fortunes,  
We have seene better dayes. Let each take some:  
Nay put out all your hands: Not one word more,  
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poore.  

Embrace and part general ways,  
Oh the faire wretchedneffe that Glory brings:  
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt?  
Since Riches point to Misery and Contempts?  
Who would be so mock’d with Glory, or to live  
But in a Dreame of Friendship,  
To haue his pompe, and all what flate compounds,  
But onely painted like his varnished Friends:  
Poore honest Lord, brought lowe by his owne heart,  
Vndone by Goodnese: Stange vanfull blood.  
When mans worth finde is, He do’s too much Good.  
Who then dares to be halfe so kinde a gen?  
For Bounty that makes Gods, do still more Men.  
My deereft Lord, blest to be moft accurst,  
Rich onely to be wretched: thy great Fortunes  
Are made by thy base Affiliation. Also (kinde Lord)  
Hee’s flung in Rapine from this ingratefull Sette  
Of monstrous Friends:  
Nor ha’s he with him to supply his life,  
Or that which can command it:  
Ile follow and enquire him out.  
He euer leue his minde, with my bell will,  
Whilit I haue God, ile be his Steward full.  

Enter Toum in the woods.

Toum. O blefted breeding Sun, draw from the earth  
Rosten humbly: below thy Sisters Orbe  
Infetl the ayre. Twin’d Brothers of one wombe,  
Where proracation, refidence, and birth,  
Scarce is diuando: touch them with fouereall Fortunes,  
The greater foroereth the leffer. Not Nature,  
(To whom all fores lay fiege) can beare great Fortune  
But by contempt of Nature.  
Rasfe me this Bigger, and deny’t that Lord,  
The Senators shal bear contempt hereditary:  
The Bigger Native Honor.  
It is the Paiture Lords, the Brothers fides,  
The want that makes him leue: who dares who dares  
In purtice of Manhood intand vpright  
And fay, this mans a Flatterer. If one be,  
So are they all: for euerie grize of Fortune  
Is smooth’d by that below. The Learned pate  
Ducked to the Golden Foolde. All’s oblique:  
There’s nothing fteadh in our cursed Natures  
But direft willamne. Therefore beabourd,  
All Profits, Societie, and Thronges of men.  
His fendable, yeun hisfelfe Toum disdaines,  
Defitution phang mankinde: Earth yeldd me Roperes,  
Who seekes for better of thee, fawe his palliate  
With thy moft operant Payson. What is here?  
Gold? Yellow, glittering, precious Gold?  
No Gods, I am thefe Votaries,  
Round you electre Hasteus. That much of this will make  
Blace, white; towle, faire; wrong, right;  
Bafe, Noble; Old, young; Coward, valiant.  
Ha you Gods why this what this, you Gods why this  
Will jugge your Priests and Servants from your fides:  
Plucke Roub mens pillowes from below their heads.  

This

IV. i. 5— IV. iii. 32

706
This yellow Slave,
Will knitt and break Religions, bleffe th' accurt,
Make the hore Lepreole alor'd, place Theucis,
And give them Tis tus, kneel, and approbation
With Senators on the Bench: This is it
That makes the wappen'd Wilidow wed againe;
Slice, whom the Spittle-house, and vicrous Love,
Would call the gorges: This Eubulumes and Spices,
To the April day againe. Come dam'd Barth,
Thou common where of Mankinde, that puts oddes
Among the rout of Nations, I will make thee
Do thy right Nature.  March a' ron e off.
Hap! A Drumme! Th' that quik, but
Yet lie bury thee: Thou goe (long Thieves)
When Gowdy keepers of thee cannot stand:
Nay they thou out for currall.

Enter Alcibiades with Drummer and life in warlike manner, and
Physician and Tandumara.

Alc. What art thou there? speake.
Tim. A Beall as thou art. The Canker grow thy hart
For flewing me against the eyes of Man.
Alc. What is thy name? is man so basefull to thee,
That art thee felte a Man?
Tim. I am Alcibiades, and hate Mankinde,
For thy part, I did with thou was a dogge,
That I might loose thee something.
alc. I know thee well;
But in thy Fortunes am unlearn'd, and strange.
Alc. What art thou? how canst thou see more then thou know thee
I do not refer to know. Follow thy Drumme,
With mans blood paint the ground Gules, Gules:
Religious Cannons, ciaul Laves are cruel,
Then what should wearre be? This fell showre of thine,
Hath in her more defraction then thy Sword,
For all thy Cherubin looke.

Tim. Thy lips rot off.
Alc. I will not kisse thee, then the rot resumes
To thine ewne lippes againe.

Alc. How came the Noble Timon to this change?
Tim. As the Moone doth, by wanting light to guise:
But then renew I could not like the Moone,
There were no Summers to borrow of,

Alc. Noble Timon, what friendship may I do thee.
Tim. None, but to maintain my opinion.
Alc. What is it Timon?
Tim. Promisse me Friendshif, but performat none.
If thou wilt not promisse, the Gods plague thee, for thou
art a man: if thou do performe, confound thee, for
thou art a man.

Alc. I have heard in some sort of the Miferies.
Tim. Thou sawst them when I haust prosperity.
Alc. I see them now, then was a bleffed time.
Tim. As thine is now, held with in brace of Harlotis.

Timon. Is this the Athenian Minion, whom the world
Voic'd to regardly?

Tim. Be a whole full, they love thee not that vie thee,
give them the ares, lead them with thee thine Luft.
Make vie of thy late hours, sealon the flases for Tubbes and
Barbes, bring downe robe-checks youth to the Fubfift,
and the Dict.

Timon. Hang thee Monster.

Alc. Pardon him, yet Timandra, for his wits
Are drown'd and loof in his Calamities.

I have but little Gold of late, brace Timon.
The want whereof, doth dayly make people
In my penurious Band. I have heard and heard'd
How curs'd Athens, mindleffe of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when Neighbour Rates
But for thy Sword and Fortune tood upon them.

Tim. I prythee brace thy Drum, and gete thee gone.

Alc. I am thy friend, and pty thee, be thy name Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pitty who's, do'l trouble,
I had rather be alone.

Alc. Why fare thee well?
Here is some Gold for thee.
Tim. Keep thee, I cannot care it.

Alc. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap.
Tim. Was't thou'gaint Athens.
Alc. I Timon, and hate caulf.

Tim. The Gods confound them all in thy Conque,
And thee after, when thou haft Conquer'd.

Alc. Why me, Timon?
Tim. That by killing of Villaines
Thou was borne to conquer my Country,
Put vp thy Gold. Go on, here's Gold, doun;
Be a Plaister in thy money place.
Will o' the some high Vict-Cid, Cy, hang his poynthesis
In the fcke ayte: let not thy sword slip one:
Pitty not honour'd Age for his white Beard,
He is an Vlar. Strike me the counterfeet Marron,
It is her habitone only, that is honest,
Her selfe's a Bawd. Let not the Virgins cheeke.
Make soft thy trenchant Sword: for whose Malle pappes
That through the window Barre bore at men's eyes,
Are not within the Leaves of witty witt?
But set them down horrible Traitors, spare not the Babe
Whose dumpl'd smilies from Foutles exhaust their mercy.
Think it a Ballard, whom the Ozie
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd, the throat shall cut,
And mince it fans remonrie, weare against Obiects,
Put Armour on thine ears, plai, on thine eyes,
Whole people, nor ye's of Mothers, nor Babes,
Nor fight of Priests in holy Veimets bleeding,
Shall pierce a lot. There's Gold to pry thy Bawders,
Make large confusion: and thy fury steep,
Contwound be thy selfe. Speake not, but be gone.

Alc. Haft thou Gold yet, he take the Gold thou giuell me, nor all thy Counsell.
Tim. Doft thou or doft thou not, Headens care vpon thee.

Both. Give vs some Gold good Timon, hast $ more?
Tim. Enough to make a Whore forswear her Trade,
And to make Whores, a Bawd. Hold vp you Sluts
Your Aprons mountants; you are not Obable.
And although I know you'll swear, terribly swear
Into Strong Thudders, and to heavenly Agues
Th' immortall Gods that hearre you: Spare your Oatheres.
He trust to your Conditions, be whore's still.
And he whose pious breath feckes to connect you,
Be strong in Whore, allure him, burne hun vp,
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no temperate: yet may your pains six moneths
As the pire conuerts, and the sunne is gone.
Your poor thin Roofes with burn'ch of the dead,
(Some that were hang'd) no matter:
Wearre them, betry with them; Whore still,
Paint till a horse may myre vpon your face:
A pos of wrinkles.

Barb. Well, more Gold, what then?

h h

Beleeeue't

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Beleevet t-he sweet dey any tinging for Gold:

Tim. Constrictions bow.
In hollow bones of man, strike their sharpe thimmes, And marre men spurring. Crackee the Lawyers voyce, That he may neuer more faile Title pleade.
Nor found his Quilletts flightlye: Heare the Flamen, That cold he'ld against the quallity of fliff, And not beleeue himselfe. Downe with the Nofe, Downe with his flat, take the Bridge quite away Of him, that his particular to force.
(bald ruler)
Smelt from the general weale. Make cold past Ruffians And let the vanic'ed Braggets of the Warre Derive some paine from you. Plague all,
That your Activity may deahte and quell
The foure of all Erection. There's more Gold,
Do you damne others, and let this damne you, And ditchet grace you all.

Tim. More counfell with more Money, bounteous

Alc. Strike up the Drum towards Athens, farewell

Tim. I hope well, I neuer see thee more.

Alc. I neuer did thee harme.

Tim. Yes, thou spokst well of me.

Alc. Call it thou that harme?

Tim. Yes, as thou sayst finde it. Get thee away,
And take thy Braglets with thee.

Alc. We but offend him, strike.

Exeunt.

Tim. That Nat are being fickle of mans vankindness
Should yet be hunger: Common Mother, thou
Whose wome unwmesurable, and infinite bee'
Teemes and feed's all: whose selfe name Mettle.
Whereof the proud Childe (arrogant man) is puff,
Engenders the blacke tow, and Adder blew,
The gilded Newt, and eyeleffe vemon'd Worme,
With all th'shabber'd Birds belowe Cripie Heauen,
Whereon Hyperion quickning fire doth shine:
Yield him, who all the humane Sonnes do hate,
From forth thy plentiful bosome, one poorest root:
Enleafe thy Fertile and Conceptions wome,
Let it no more bring out ingratefull man.
Go on with Tyggets, Dragons, Voluus, and Beasts,
Teeme with new Monsters, whom thy vpward face
Hath to the Marbled Monson all abowe
Neuer prefenterd. On Root, dear thaknes
Dry wth thy Marrowes, Vines, and Plough-torne Less,
Whereof ingratefull man with Licourif draughts
And Morifes Vaciion, greeche his pure minde,
That from it all Consideration flippes

Enter Aperantius,

More man? Plague, plague.

Ape. I was directed bither. Men report,
Thou dost affect my Manners, and dost not see them.

Tim. 'Tis then, becaused thou dost not keep a dogge
Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch thee.

Ape. This is in thee a Nature but infected,
A poor vicinously melancholly prong
From change of fortune. Why this Spade? this place?
This Slave like Habit, and tithes lookes of Carc?
Thy Flatterers yet weare Silke, drink Wine,lye loose,
Hugge their dises' Perfumes, and haue forgot
That use Timon was. Shame not these Woods,
By putting on the cunning of a Carper.
Bethou a Flatterer now, and seeke to thrive
By that which ha's vndeone thee, shindge thy knee,
And let his very breath whom thou'ld obturere
Blow off thy Cap: prats his most vullious strawe,
As it excellent; thou waitt tould thus:
Thou gait till thine ears (like Tapfers, that bad welcom)
To Knave, and all approachers: 'Tis now juft
That thou turne Raffall, had'ld thou wealth againe,
Raffals should haue't. Do not affume my likeene.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away my felfe.

Ape. Thou haft eau safe away thy selfe, being like thy self
A Manom to long, now a Fool: what thinkst thou
That the blase eater, thy boyferous Chamberlaine
Will put thy thir, on warme? Will these moy'd Trees,
That haue out-li'd the Eagle, page thy heele.
And skip when thou point't out? Will the cold brooke
Candied with Ice, Cavidle thy Morning tafe
To cure thy o're-mights surfer? Call the Creatures,
Whose foule naked Nature lie in all the spring
Of wrecketful Heauen, whose base unhoued Trunken.
To the confiding Elements expos'd
Answer meete Nature: bid them batter thee.
O thou shalt finde.

Tim. A Fool of thee: depart.

Ape. I love thee better now, then ere I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Ape. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'lt miferie.

Ape. I Batter slyly, but say'st an a Caytiff.

Tim. Why do'lt thou seeks me out?

Ape. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a Villaines Office, or a Fools.'

Dost please thy selfe in?

Ape. I.

Tim. What, a Knave too?

Ape. It thou didst put this foure cold habit on
To callgaye thy pride, twere well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly: Thou'dst Couter be againe
Wert thou not Beggar: willing mifier
Out-lives: incertains pome, is crownd o' before.
The one is filling thil, neuer complext
The other, at high with: beft Haste Contendeiff,
Hath a distraight and most wretched being,
Wore the world, Content.
That thou'should differ to dye, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.

Thou art a Slave, whom Fortunes tender arm
With fauour neuer cliapat: but bred a Dogge.
Had'st thou like ws from our first ivhath proceeded,
The sweet degrees that this briefe world affords,
To such as may the psalme drugges of it
Freely command it: thou wouldst haue plang'd thy self
In general Riot, metted downe thy youth
In different beds of Luft, and neuer learnd
The Crie precepts of respect, but followed
The Sugred game before thee. But my selfe,
Who had the world as my Confectioriour
The mouthes, the tongue, the eyes, and hearts of men,
At duty more then I could frame employment;
That numberleffe upon me flucke, as leaues
Do on the Oakle, bane with one Winters breath
Fell from their boughes, and left me open, bare,
For every formre that blowes. I to beare this,
That neuer knew but better, is some burthen:
Thy Nature, did commence in sufferrance, Time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why shouldest thou hate Men?
They neuer flatter'd thee. What haft thou gien?
Hence, mend thou I wert

Thou hadst bene a Knave and Flatterer.

Are. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. 1, that I am not thee.

Are. 1, that I was no Prodigall.

Tim. 1, that I am one now.

Were all the wealth I have flipp'd in thee,
I'll give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone:
That the whole life of Athens were in this,
Thus would I use it.

Are. Here, I will medly Feast.

Tim. First mend thy company, take away thy felie.

Are. So I shall mend me own, by the lacke of thee
Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but bottch;
If not, I would it were.

Are. What wouldst thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee other end of a whistles wind: if thou wilt,
Tell them there! have Gold Jocke, so I hate.

Are. Here is no vife for Gold,

Tim. The bell, and trust:
For here it beeps, and do's no hiry harme.

Are. Where lies a nights Timon?

Tim. Vnder that's about me.
Where feed'st thou 3 days Agamemnon?

Are. Where my flomacke finds meate, or railer
where I eat it.

Tim. Would payson were obedient, & knew my mind
Are. Where wouldst thou tend it?

Tim. To worse thy diuers.

Are. The middle of humanity thou never knewest,
but the extremity of both ends. When thou wait in thy Gilt, and thy Perfume, they mocke thee for too much Curiositie in thy Ragges thou know'st none, but are de-
spis'd for the contrary. There's a medles for these eat it.


Are. Do'st hate a Medlers?

Tim. I, though it looks like thee.
Are. And I hadst hated Medlers sooner, you'd not
have loved thy felie better now. What man didn't thou
eater know vaniths, that was beloued after his meanes?

Tim. Who thought you were you talk'd of, didst
thou eat now belou'd?

Are. My felle.

Tim. I understand thee: thou hadst some meates to
keep a Dogge.

Are. What things in the world canst thou neereest
compar to thee Flatterers?

Tim. Women neereft, but men: men are the things
themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world A-
crement, if it lay in thy power?

Are. Give it the Brits, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thy felie fall in the confu-
ッション of men, and remain a Brit with the Brits.

Are. I Timon.

Tim. A bittly Ambition, which the Goddes graunt
thee toaine to. If thou wert the Lyon, the Fox would
beguile thee; if thou wert the Lambe, the Fox would
eat thee: if thou wert the Fox, the Lion would fuppre
st thee; when precedent thou wert accus'd by the Affe:
If thou wert the Affe, thy dulnesse would torment thee;
and still thou li'dst but as a Breakefast to the Wolfe. If
thou wert the Wolfe, thy greedinesse would affliel thee,
Timon of Athens.

To every purpose: O thou touch of hearts.
Thank thee thou bluest-man rebel, and by thy verse
Set them into confounding odders, that Beasts
May have the world in Empire.

Tim. Thou was't too true.

Thou pittic'st so much.

Surely, where 'tis fit, we'll have our gold:

Let each man have his share; and let us take
Theeues: For, in short, we have been so long
Within a slave; and sure, we'll have our gold.
Tim. Thou wilt be strong'd too shortly.

Thou wert too strong to fight me.

Tim. Thy backe I prittyke.

Thou hast made a prize of the world.

Tim. Long live thee, and do thee quit.

Thou hast made a prize of the world.

Enter Apemantus.

Enter the Banditti.

1 Where should he have this Gold? It is some poore

Fragments, some slender Ofs of his remaining: the more
Want of Gold, and the falling from of his Friends, drive
him into this Mania.

2 It is my Gold.

Thou hast given me this Gold.

3 Let vs make the assay upon him, if he care not for's,

he will supply us easily: for he courteously relieue us, now
that he is ill.

2 True: for he bears it not about him:

'Tis hid.

1 Is not this he?

All. Where?

3 This his description.

He圆to know me.

All. See thee, Timon.

And now Theeues.

All. Soldiers, not Theeues.

Tim. Both too, and women Sonner.

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 breaketh a hundred springs;
The Oakes bare Maf, the Briss, Scarter Hep,
The bounteous Hawse Nature, on each bush,
Layes her full Messe before you. Want? why want?

1 We cannot live on Graffe, on Berries, Water,

As Beasts, and Birds, and Fishes.

Tr. Nor on the Beasts themselves, the Birds & Fishes,

You must eat men. Yet thankes I must you con;
That you are Theeues profitt: that you work not
In hollow shapes: For there is boundlesse Theft
In limited Professions. Rafcall Theeues
Here's Gold. Go, fack the fable blood in the Grape,
Till the high feastor feeth your blood to froth,
And to feape hanging. Trueit not the Physitian,
His Ant dates are position, and he slays:

More than you Rob: Take wealth, and live together,
Do Villainie do, force you prottect to dont.

Like Workemen, He example you with heucery:
The Sunnes a Theeue, and with his great attraction
Robbes the vaffe Sea, The Moones an arrant Theeue,
And her pale fire, the snatches from the Sunne.
The Sea a Theeue, whole liquid Surge, refolves
The Moone into Salt waters. The Earth a Theeue,
The Seals and oerolds by a comparitue bone
From gen'ral excrement: each thing's a Theeue.
The Lieves, you curbe and whip, in their tough power

Thou

He's venched Theft. Lose not your felues, away,
Rob one another, there's more Gold, cut throates,
All that you recea are Theeues: to Athens go,
Breake open shoppes, nothing can you steal.
But Theeues do love it: it satele left for this I give you,
And Gold confound you howfoe: Aman.

3 Has almoft charm'd me from my Profession, by per-

swading me to it.

1 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus aduises
You not to have vs thourse in our mystery.

All. He beleue him as an Enemy,

And give over thy Trade.

1 Let vs first see peace in Athens, there is no time so

miserable, but a man may be true.

Exit Theeues.

Enter the Steward to Timon.

Stew. Oh you Gods!

Is you'd despis'd and ruinous man my Lord,

Full of decay and faying? Oh Monument.

And wonder of good deeds, eulyly befow'd!

What an alteration of Honor has desriptae want made?

What vilder thing upon the earth, then Friends,

Who can bring Noblest minudes, to befall end.

How rarely does meete with this times guile,

What man was within to lose his Enemies:

Grant I may euer foie, and rather wou.

That would mifcheefe me, then tho'e that doo,

Has taught me in his eye, I will present my honest griefe

unto him: and as my Lord, will ferue him with my life.

My deereft Master.

Tim. Away: what art thou?

Stew. Have you forgot me, Sir?

Tim. Why doft aske that? I have forgot all men.

Then, if thou gruit't, 'tis a man.

I hate forsoke thee.

Stew. An honest poore servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not:

I never had honest man about me, I all,

I kept were Knackes, to ferue in meate to Villaines.

Stew. The Gods are wone.

Next did poore Steward weare a teare greefee

For his ynde, Lord, then mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, das thou weep?

Come nearer, then I loose thee

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim't

Filmy mankinde: whose eyes do never glee,

But throw a light and Laughter, pitty's sleeping:

Strange times? weep with laughing, nor with weeping.

Stew. I begge of you to know me, good my Lord,

'T accept my greefe, and whilft this poore wealth jaffs,

To entertaine me as your steward full.

Tim. Had a Steward

So true, so iuit, and now so comfortable?

It almoft runnes my dangerous Nature wide.

Let me behould thy face: Surely, this man

Was borne of woman.

Forgive my general, and eceplifel philifite.

You perpetuall aboer Gods. I do proclai'me

One honest man: Mi'sake me not, but one:

No more I pray, and hee's a Steward.

How faine would I have hated all mankinde,

And readeeme'th thy felle. But all faue thee,

I fell with Curtsies.

Me thinkes thou art more honest now, then wife:

For, by oppressing and betraying mee,

Thou

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Thou mightst have sooner got another service:
For many so arriue as second Masters:
Upon their first Lords necke. But tell me true,
(For I must euer doubts, though he's for sure.)
Is not thy kindnesse subtile, courtous,
If not a kindnesse, and as rich men deale Guiffs,
Expecting in returne twenty for one?
Swer. No, my most worthy Master, in whose beest
 Doubt, and suspect (as) are plac'd too late:
You should have fear'd false times, when you did Feast.
Suspect still comes, where an elate is left.
That which I flew, Heaven knows, is mercely Loue,
Yet, for the Gods out of my miserie
Has sent thee Treasure. Go, live rich and happy,
But thus condition'd: Thou shalt build from men:
Hast all, curse all, shew Charity to none,
But let the faithful fleth flye from the Bone,
Be thou relieue the Begger. Give to dogges
What thou denyest to men. Let Prifons swallow em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing, be men like blisf'd woods
And may Diseases like vp their false bloods,
And so farewell, and thrive.
Swer. O let me stay, and comfort you, my Master.
Tim. If thou hast Curles
Stay nay stay, wilt thou art blest and free:
Yet see thou man, and let me see thee free.
Exit
Enter Poet, and Painter.

Poet. As I took note of the place, it cannot be forre
where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him?

Poet. Does the Rumor hold for true,
That he's to full of Gold?

Painter. Certainly.

Alcibades reports it: Pericles and Timandyo
Had Gold of him. He likewise enrich'd
Poor fragling Souldiers, with great quantity.
'Tis said, he gave vnto his Steward
A mighty fumme.

Poet. Then this breaking of his,
Has he bene or but a Try for his Friends?

Painter. Nothing else:
You shall see him at Palme in Athens againe,
And flourish with the highest:
Therefore, it's not amisse, we render our love:
To him, in this suppos'd diffirece of his:
It will shew honestly in vs,
And is very likely, to load our purpose
With what they trauail for,
If it be a just and true report, that goes
Of his hauing.

Poet. What have you now
To premit vnto him?

Painter. Nothing at this time
But my Vification: only I will promise him
An excellent Pecece.

Poet. I must suffer him to go too;
Tell him of an intent that's comming toward him.

Why

Timon of Athens. 95

Painter. Good as the best.
Promising, is the verie Ayre of the Time;
It opens the eyes of Expectation.
Performance, is ever the duller for his sake,
And but in the plainer and simpler kind of people,
The deed of Saying is quite out of vfe.
To Promile, is most Courteous and fashionable
Performance, is a kinde of Will or Testament
Which argues a great fickneffe in his judgement
That makes it.

Enter Timon from his Case.

Timon. Excellent Workeman,
Thou canst not paint a man to badde
As is thy selfe.

Poet. I am thinking
What I shall say I have prouided for him:
It must be a perforating of himselfe
A Sayre against the follynesse of Prosperity,
With a Discouerie of the infinite Flatteries
That follow youth and opulence.

Timon. Much thou needes
Stand for a Villaine in thine owne Worke?
Wilt thou whipt thine owne faults in other men?
Do so, I have Gold for thee.

Poet. Nay let's seeke him,
Then do we finde against our owne efte,
When we may profit more, and come too late.

Painter. True:
When the day serues before blacke-corner'd night;
Finde what thou want'st, by free and ofter'd light.

Come.

Tim. He meeke you at the tyme;
What a Gods Gold, that he is worshipful
In a sister Temple, then where Swine feede?
'Tis thou thatigg't the Barke, and plow'd the Feme,
Setleft admired reverence in a Slaue,
To thee be worships, and thy Saints for aye:
Be crown'd with Faggues, that thee alone obay.
Fit I meet them.

Poet. Haile worthy Timon,

Paint. Our late Noble Master.

Timon. Have I once li'd
To see two honde men?

Poet. Sir,
Hauling ofte my open Bountie tafted,
Hearing you were terry'd, your Friends false off,
Whole thanklesse Natures (O abhorred Spirits)
Not all the Whippers of Heauen, are large enough.
What, to you,
Whole Starre-like Noblenesse gaine life and influence
To their whole being? I am rapt, and cannot couct
The monstrous bulke of this ingratitude
With any fixe of words.

Timon. Let it go,
Naked men may see's the better:
You that are honeste, by being what you are,
Make them beft seen; and knowne.

Paint. He, and my selfe
Have trauaile'd in the great thowre of your guiffes;
And fweetsy felt it.

Timon. If you are honeste men.
We are hither come
To offer you our service.

Timon. Most honeste men:

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Why how shal I requite you? Can you este Roots, and drink cold water, not? Emb. What we can do, We I do to you servise. Tim. Yare honest men, Y have heard that, I have Gold, I am true you haue, speake truth, y'are honest men, Pain. So it is said my Noble Lord, but therefore Came not my Friend, nor f. Timon. Good honest men: Thou draw'st a counterfeft Belt in all Athen, that's indeed the belt, Thou counterfeft't most lucily. Pain. So, fo, my Lord. Tim. One fo for as I say. And for thy fiction, Why thy Verse softens withuffe as fine and smooth, That thou'rest even Naturall in thine Art. And for all this (my honest Natur'd friends) I must needs say you have a little fault, Marry 'tis not monstrous in you, neither with I You take much pains to mend. Bath. Befeech your Honour To make it knowse to vs. Tim. You take it ill. Bath. Mof't thankfully, my Lord. Timon. Will you indeed? Bath. Doubt it not worthy Lord. Tim. There's never: a one of you but trusts a Knave, That mightily deceives you. Bath. Do we, my Lord? Tim. I, and you hear me cogge, See him dillemble, Know his grossse patchery, lour him, feede him, Keppe in your bofome, yet remaine affur'd That he's a made-vp Villaine. Pain. I know none such, my Lord. \[Footnote: Not 1.\] Timon. Look, name you, I love you well, l'll give you Gold Rid me these Villaines from your companies; Hang them, or flab them, drowne them in a draught, Confound them by some course, and come to me, l'll give you Gold enough. a. Bath. Name them, my Lord, let's know them. Timon. You that way, and you this: But two in Company: Each man a part, all finge, and alone, Yet an arch Villaine keeps him company: If where thou art, two Villaines shall not be, Corne not necese him. If thou would'lt not recide but where one Villaine is, then him abandon. Hence, packe, there's Gold, you come for Gold ye flauces: You have woks for me: there's payment, hence, You are an Alcimist, make Gold of that: Out Rascal dogges. Exeunt

Enter Steward, and two Senators. Sirw. It is vaine that you would speake with Timon: For he is set to oncely to hunscife, That nothing but himselfe, which looks like man, Is friendly with him. 1. Sen. Bring vs to his Case. It is our part and promise to th'Athenians To speake with Timon. 2. Sen. At all times alike Men are not fill the fame: 'twas Time and Greeues That fram'd him thus. Time with his fairer hand, Offering the Fortunes of his former dayes, The former man may make him: bring vs to him And chanc'd it is at my. Sirw. Here is his Case: Part and content be heere. Lord Timon, Timon, Look out, and speake to Friends: Th'Athenians By two of their most reverend Senate greeve thee: Speake to them Noble Timon.

Enter Timon out of his Case.

Tim. Thou Sunne that comforts burnes, Speake and be hang'd; For each true word, a blifter, and each false Be as a Cantherizing to the root o'th Tongue, Consuming it with speaking.

1 Worthy Timon.
2 Timon. Of none but such as you, And you of Timon.

1 The Senators of Athens, greeve thee Timon, Timon. I thank thee, And would fende them backe the plague, Could I but catch it for them. 1 Offorget What we are sorry for our felues in thee: The Senators, with none content of loue, Increasse thee backe to Athens, who have thought On Speciall Dignities, which vacant lie For thy right vale and wearings. 2 They confesse Toward thee, forgetfullneffe too generall groffe Which now the publicke Body, which doth fullsome Play the re-caster, feeling in it selfe A lacke of Timon's syde, both fince withall Or it owne fall, restraining syde to Timon, And fende forth vs, to make them forward reader, Together, with a recompense more fruifull Then their offence can weighe downe by the Dramme, I even such heapes and furnmes of Loue and Wealth, As flall to thee bift out, what wrongs were theiris, And write in thee the figures of their loue, Ever to rend them thinke, Timon. You witch them in it: Surprize me to the very brinke of tears; Lend me a Fools heart, and a women eyes, And Ile bewepe these comforts, worthy Senators: 1 Therefore fo please thee to returne with vs, And of our Athens, thine and ours to take The Captainship, thou shalt be met with thankes, Allowed with absolute power, and thy good name Line with Authoritie: To fone we fhall drive backe Of Alcibades th'approches wild, Who like a Bore too fauge, doth root vp His Countries peace. 2 And makes his threatening Sword Against the walle of Athens. 1 Therefore Timon. Timon. Well fit, I will: therefore I will fit thus: If Alcibades kill my Countrymen, Let Alcibades know this of Timon, That Timon cares not. But if he fake faire Athens, And take our goodly aged men by th'beards, Guing our holy Virgins to the firene, Of consumellous, beftly, mad-brain'd warres; Then let him know, and tell him Timon speaks it, 1
Tim of Athens.

In pitty of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him that I care not,
And let him take his worth; For their Knives care not,
While you have throats to answer. For my selfe,
There's not a whistile, in the whole Campe,
And do I prize it at my love, be ore
The reuerenda Throat in Athens. So I leav you
To the protection of the prosperous Gods,
As Theocles to Keepers.

Enter. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why I was writing of my Episth,
It will be seen to morrow. My long sickniffe
Of Health, and Luing, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, Ixst full,
Be Achebades your plague; you his,
And lead for long so.

1. We speake in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my Country, and am not
One that cloyes in the common wracke,
As commone brute doth put it.

1. That's well spoke.

Tim. Command me to my loving Countreymen.

1. These words become your hoppes as they pathio
throw them.

2. A better in our eares, like great Triumpheurs
In their applausing gates.

Tim. Command me to them,
And tell them, that to eate them of their greeces,
Their feares of Haffile strokes, their Aches loffes,
Their pangs of Love, with other incident throwes
That Nature's fragile Veaffeli doth sublaine
In lifes uncertaine voyage, I will some kindes do them,
In which to prevent worse Achebades wrath.

1. I like this well, he will returne againe.

Tim. I have a Tree which grows here in my Clofe,
That mine owne we inuites me to cut downe,
And shortly must I fell it. Tell my Friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that who so pleafe
To flay Affidion, let him take his bafe.
Come hither ere my Tree hath felt the Axe,
And hang himselfe. I pray you do my greetings.

Slew. Trouble him no further, thus you will fball
Find him.

Tim. Come not to me a gaine, but fay to Athens,
Achebades hath made his everallting Manion
With the Beached Xone, and 
When once a day with his embossed Froth
The turbulent Surge shall cover, thither come,
And let my grace-borne be your O Male;
Graces onely be mens workes, and Deaths their gaine;
Sume, shed thy Beames, Achebades hath done his Raigone.

Exit Timon.

2. His discontentes are unremoelyly coupled to Na
ture.

2. Our hope in him is dead: let vs returne,
And straine what other meanes is left unto vs
In our dearer pere.

1. It requires foult foot.

Enter two other Senators, with a Mesfenger.

1. Thou haft painfully discouer'd: are his Files
As full as thy report?

Mef. I haft spoke the least.

Besides his expedition promisses preuent approach.

2. We fland much hazarded they bring not Timon.

Mef. I mete a Currier, one mine ancient Friend,
Whom though in generall part we were oppos'd
Yet our old loute made a particular force,
And made vs speak like Friends. This man was riding
From Achebades to Timons Cane,
With Letters of Intreacy, which imported
His Fellowship till thecafe against your City,
In part for his take mould.

Enter the other Senators.

1. Here come our Brothers.

5. Notalke of Timon, nothing of him expcct,
The Enemies Dreame is heard, and fearefull fcowning
Doth choke the ayre with dust: in, and prepare,
Our is the fall I feare, our Foes the Snare.

Extenus.

Enter a Soldier in the Words, seeking Timon.

Sol. By all defcription this should be the place.

Whofe here? Speak ho. No answer? What is this? Timon is dead, who hath out-flrrechet his fpur,
Some Bealt reade this; There do's not like a Man,
Dead fure, and this his Graue, what's on this Tomb,
I cannot read: the Character ile rafe with wax,
Our Captain hath in euerie figure skill;
An'gd Interpretor, though yong in dayes:
Before proud Athens hee's feen done by this,
Whofe fall the markie of his Ambition is.

Exip.

Trumpets fount. Enter Achebades with his Powers
before Athens.

Aie. Sound to this Coward, and licentious Towne,
Curterrible approach.

Sounds a Partly.

The Senators appear upon the wall.

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the tune
With all Licentious meafure, making your willes
The scope of laughce. Till now, my felle and fuch
Afept within the shadow of your power
Have wander'd with our trauersi Armes, and breath'd,
Our Saffurance vainly: Now the time is fliuff,
When crouching Marrow in the beater strong
Cries (of it felfe) no more: Now breathie wrong,
Shall fit and pant in your great Chaeres of cafe,
And pursue Infolence shall break his winde
With fear and horrid flight.

1. Sen. Noble, and young;

When thy fift greeces were but a meere conceit,
Ere thou hadft power, or we had coufe of fearce,
We fente to thee, to glue thy rages Balme,
To wipe out our Ingratitude, with Loues
About their quainme.

3. So did we woe
Transformed Timon, to our Cities loue
By humble Meflage, and by promifh meane:
We were not all vnkind, nor all defere
The common stroke of warre.

4. These wallcs of ours,
Were not extrefted by their hands, from whom
You have receaved your greeces: Nor are they fuch,
That these great Towres, Trophies, & Schools should fall
For private faultes in them.

5. Nor are they living

Who

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Who were the motives that you first went out,
(Shame that they wanted, cunning in excess)
Hath broke their hearts. March, Noble Lord,
Into our City with thy Banners spread,
By decimation and a tyred death;
If thy Revenge was hunger for that Food
Which Nature doth, take thou the defl'd tenth,
And by the hazard of the spott'd dye,
Let dye the spott'd.
1 All have not offended:
For those that were, it is not square to take
On those that are, Revenge: Crimes, like Laws,
Are not inherited, then deere Countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage;
Spare thy Athenian Cradle, and thike Kin
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall
With those that have offended, like a Shepherd,
Approach the Fold, and call th'infect'd forth,
But kill not altogether,
2 What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Then hew too't, with thy Sword.
1 Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and thy shall ope:
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou enter Friendly,
2 Throw thy Glove,
Or any Token of thine Honour elie,
That thou wilt vfe the warres as thy redresse,
And not as our Confusion: All thy Powers
Shall make their harbour in our Towne, till wee
Have seal'd thy full desire.
Alc: Then there's my Glove,
Defend and open your uncharged Ports,

Th'of Enemies of Timon, and mine owne
Whom you your faultes small set out for reproofs,
Fall and no more; and to assone your fcares
With my more Noble meaning, not a man
Shall paffe his quarter, or offend the flame
Of Regular Justice in your Cities bounds,
But shall be remitted to your publicke Laws
At hearing answered.
1 Bath, 'Tis most Nobly spoken.
Alc: Defend, and keep your words.

Men: My Noble General, Timon is dead,
Entomb'd upon the very hemme o' th' Sea,
And on his Grave stone, this Inculpture which
With war I brought away: whose soft Impression
Indespis'd to my poor ignorance.

Alebades reaches the Epistle.
Here lies a wretched Corpse, of wretched Souls bereft,
Seek not my name: A Plague confume you, wicked Caitiffs left.
Here lies Timon, who alone, all living men did hate.
Paffe by, and curse thy fall, but paffe and say not here thy gate.
These well expreft in these th' latter spirits:
Though thou abhorred'st in vs our humane griefes,
Scorn'dst our Braines flow, and chose the dropless, which
From niggard Nature fall; yet Rich Conceit
Taught thee to make saft Neptune weeps for ay
On thy low Graue, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is Noble Timon, of whose Memorie
Heathens more: Bring me into your Citie,
And I will vfe the Olives, with my Sword:
Make war brede peace; make peace from war, make each
Preference to other, as each others Leach.
Let our Drummes strike.

FINIS.
THE ACTORS NAMES.

TYMON of Athens.
Lucius, and
Lucullus, two flattering Lords.
Appemantus, a Churlish Philosopher.
Sempronius, another flattering Lord.
Alcibiades, an Athenian Captaine.
Poet.
Painter.
Jeweller.
Merchant.
Certaine Senators.
Certaine Maskers.
Certaine Theesers.

Flamininius, one of Tymons Servants.
Seruilius, another.
Caphis.
Varro.
Philo.
Titus.
Lucius.
Hortensius.
Ventigius, one of Tymons false Friends.
Cupid.
Sempronius.
With divers other Servants,
And Attendants.
Enter Flavius, Marcellus, and certaine Commenters
over the Stage.

Flavius.

Hence: home you side Creatures, get you home:
Is this a Holiday? What, know you not
(Being Mechanically) you ought not walke
Upon a laboured day, without theigne
Of your Profession? Speak, what Trade art thou?


Fla. What is thy Lather, Apron, and thy Rule?
What dost thou with thy bell Appurtech on?
You sir, what Trade are you?

Col. Truly Sir, in respect of a fine Workman, I am
but as you would say, a Cobbler.


Col. A Trade Sir, that I hope I may vie, with a safe
Confidence, which is indeed Sir, a Mender of bad foules.

Fla. What Trade thou knowe? Thou naughty knave, what
Trade?

Col. Nay I befeech you Sir, be not out with me; yet
if you be but Sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What mean it thou by that? Mend mee, thou
Fancy Fellow?

Col. Why sir, Cobbler you.

Fla. Thou art a Cobbler, art thou?

Col. Truly sir, all that I live by, is with the Aule: I
muddle with no Trademans matters, nor womens mat-
 ters; but wishal I am indeed Sir, a Surgeon to old foues:
when they are in great danger, I recover them. As pre-
per men in ever trod upon Neas Leather, have gone vp-
ward bound In the shop.

Fla. But wherefore art not in thy Shop to day?
Why don't you leave these men about the streets?

Col. Truly sir, to worse out their foues, to get my
felle into more worke. But indeed sir, we make Holy-
day to see Caesar, and to rejoyce in his Triumph.

Fla. Why, wherefore rejoyce?

Col. What Conquest brings he home?

Fla. What Tribunaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in Captive bonds his Christer Wheelers?
You blacks, you tones, you very then, senseless things:
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey many a time and oft?
Have you not chimbled up to Wawels and Battlements,
To Towers and Windowes? Yeas, to Chummery tops,
Your Infants in your Armes, and there hauie take
The long long day, with patient expectation,
The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar.

And since you know, you cannot see your selle
So well as by Reflection; I your Gái, 
Will modestly discours to your selle.
That of your selle, which you yet know not of.
For if I was not in it, as gentle Bruttus:
Were I a common Laughter, or did wie
To stale with ordinary Oathes my love
To every new Preceptor: if you know,
That I do favne on men, and huggle them had,
And after scallall them: Or if you know,
That I professle my selle in Banquetting.
To all the Rout, then hold me dangerous.

Flourish, and Shrou,.

Brut. What means this Showwing?
I do feare, the People choole Cæsar
For their King.
Caff. I, do you care it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.
Brut. I would not Cæsar, yet I love him well:
But wherefore do you hold me heare so long?
What is it, that you would impart to me?
If it be ought toward the general good,
Set Honor in one eye, and Death in other,
And I will nought in both indifferent:
For let the Gods to freede me, as I loue
The name of Honor, more then I feare death.
Caff. I know that verite to be in you Bruttus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, Honor is the substec of my Story:
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life: But for my single selle,
I had as late not be, as late be;
In awe of such a Thing, as I my selle,
I was borne free as Cæsar, so were you,
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the Winters cold, as well as hee.
For once, upon a Rawe and Guffie day,
The troubled Tyger, charging with her Shores,
Cæsars harte to me, Du'll thou Cæsus now
Lipse in with me into this angry Flood,
And swim to yonder Point? Upon the word,
Accorded as I was, I plunged in,
And bad him follow: so indeed he did.
The Torment wasr, and we did buffet it
With ludy Sinewes, throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of Controvercie.
But ere we could arriue the Point propos'd,
Cæusr elude, Helpe me Cæsar, or I srike.
I as Aureus, our great Ancestor,
Did descend the Flumes of Troy, upon his shoulder
The old Aureus (as reare) from the waues of Tyber
Did I the tyred Cæsar: And this Man,
Is now become a God, and Cæsus is
A wretched Creature, and must bend his body,
It Cæsar caretely but nod on him.
He had a Feauer when he was in Spaine,
And when the Fire was on him, I did marke
How he did shake: This true, this God did shake,
His Coward lippes did from their colour flye,
And that same Eye, whose bande doth swre the World,
Did lose his Luffte: I did heare him groane:
I, and that Tongue of his, that bad the Romans
Marke him, and write his Speeches in their Booke,
Also, it cried, Give me some dranke Ttiusus.)
To finde our foules differable Graues.  

Some,  

"What should he in that Cæsar?  
Why should that name be founded more then yours?  
When could they say (till now) that talk'd of Rome,  
That her wide Walkes incapsomt but one man?  
Now is Rome indeed, and Rome enough  
When there is but one man.  
Olyou and I, have heard our Fathers say,  
There was a Truce once, that would haue brooke'd  
The eternal Duell to keepe his State in Rome,  
As easily as a King.  

"That you do loute me, I am nothing jealous:  
What you would worke me too, I haue some syme:  
How I haue thought of this, and of these times  
I shall recount hereafter.  
For this present,  
I would not so (withe love I might intreat you)  
Be any further mou'd:  
What you haue said,  
I will consider what you have to say  
I will with patience heare, and finde a time  
Both meete to heare, and answere such high things.  
Till then, my Noble Friend, chew upon this:  
Brutus had rather be a Villager,  
Then to repute himselfe a Sonne of Rome  
Vnder those hard Conditions, as this time  
Is like to lay upon vs.  

Cæs. I am glad that my weak words  
Huue strucke but this much shew of fire from Brutus,  

End Cæsar and his Traine.  

But Cæsar is returning.  

Cæs. As they pause by,  
Plucke Cæs. by the Sleeue,  
And he will (after his fowre faction) tell you  
What hath proceeded worthy note to day.  

Brut. I will do so: but looke you Cæs.  
The angry spott doth glow on Cæs. brow,  
And all the reft, like a childish waine  
Cæs.henous's Cheeks are pale, and Cicer  
Lookes with such Ferret, and such ficy eyes;  
As we haue seene him in the Capitol  

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The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

If I were Brama now, and he were Caius, He should not humor me. I will this Night, In several Hands, in at his Windows throw, As if they came from several Citizens, Writings, all tending to the great opinion That Rome holds of his Name: wherein obscurely Caesar Ambition shall be glanced at. And after this let Caesar feast him sure, For we shall make him, or worse days endure. 

Exit.

Thunder, and Lightning. Enter Caius, and Cicero.

Cic. Good even, Caius: brought you Caesar home? Why are you so melancholy, and why stare you so?

Caius. A common flame, you know him well by sight, Heid vp his left Hand, which did first and burne like a sun with his right hand: and yet his Hand, Not being of fire, resoind'd uncoold. Besides, he's not once put vp my Sword, Against the Capitol I met a Lyon, Who gaz'd upon me, and was surly by, Without annoyng me. And there were drawne Upon a heap, a hundred gallant Women, Transformed with their tears, who wore, they say, Men, all in fire, walk'd vp and downe the street. And yesternight the Bird of Night did sit, Even at Noon, ey is, on the Market place, Howving, and fluttering. When those Prodigies Doe so commonly meet, let men not say, These are their Reasons, they are Natural: For if these be, they are monstrous things. Yet the Cicero, that in those lines, They point vp.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange dispursed time: But men may continue things after their fashion, Cleanse from the purpose of the things themselves. Comes Caesar to the Capitol to morrow? Caius. He doth: for he did bid安东尼 Send word to you, he would be there to morrow. Caius. Good-night then, Caius: This disturbed Skie is not to walke in.

Caius. Farewell Cicero. 

Enter Caius.

Caius. Who's there?

Caius. A Roman.

Caius. Caius, by your Voyce.

Caius. Your Face is good.

Caius. What Night is this?

Caius. A very pleasing Night to honest men.

Caius. Who ever knew the Heavens reconcile so?

Caius. Thofe that have knowne the Earth so full of faults.
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

What Rubbish, and what Offish? when it seizes
i or the base matter, to illuminate
So vile a thing as Caesar. But oh Griefe,
Where haft thou led me? I (perhaps) speake this
Before a willing Bond-man: then I know
My anfwer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Caft. You speake to Caft, and to such a man,
That is no hearing Tell-tale. Hold, my Hand;
Be fafetious for redtelle of all thefes Griefes,
And I will fet this foot of mine as faire,
As who goes farthefh.

Caft. There's a Bargaine made.
Now know you, Caft, I have mould already
Some certaine of the Nobleft minded Romans
To vnder-goe, with me, an Enterprize,
Of Honorable dangerous confefion;
And I do know by this, they flaye for me
In Pompey's Porch: for now this fearefull Night,
There is no flire, or walking in the streets;
And the Complexion of the Element
Is Favour, like the Worke we have in hand,
Molt bloodie, ferie, and moft terrible.

Enter Cinna,

Caft. Stand close a while, for heroic comes one in haste.

Caft. 'Tis Cinna, I doe know him by his Gate,
He is a friend. Cinna, where haft thou to?

Cinna. To finde out you: Who's that, Metellus Cymbcr?

Caft. No, it is Caft, one incorpore
To our Attempts. Am I not fay'd for, Cinna?

Cinna. I am glad on't.

What a fearefull Night is this?
There's two or three of vs have flowne strange fights.

Caft. Am I not fay'd for? tell me.

Cinna. Yes, you are. O Caft, 
If you could but winne the Noble Brutus
To our party—

Caft. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this Paper,
And looke you lay it in the Pretors Chyare,
Where Brutus may but finde it; and throw this
In at his Window; fet this vp with Waxe
Vpon old Brutus Statue: all this done,
Repaine to Pompey Dorch, where you fhall finde vs,
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

Cinna. All, but Metellus Cymbcr, and hee's gone
To fecke you at your house. Well, I will his,
And fo biffere these Paper as you laide me.

Caft. That done, prepare to Pompey Theafer.

Exit Cinna,

Come Caft, you and I will yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Vpon the next encounter, yelds him ours.

Caft. O, the first high in all the Popes beares
And that which would appeare Ocefus vpon vs,
His Countenance, like richcft Alcbyne,
Will change to Verrne, and to Worthneffe.

Caft. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You haue right well conceited: let vs goe,
For it is aftr Midnight, and ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him.

Exit.
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Brutus in his Orchard.

Brut. What Lucius, ho? 

I cannot, by the progresse of the Starres, 
Give guesse how nere to day.-Lucius, I say? 
I would it were my fault to sleepe so soundly. 
When Lucius, when? awake, I say: what Lucius? 

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Calld you, my Lord? 

Brut. Get me a Taper in my Study, Lucius: 
When it is lighted, come and call me here. 

Luc. I will, my Lord. 

Brut. It must be by his death: and form my part, 
I know no perfon all caufe, to prunse at him; 
But for the general, 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 cruases warie walking: Crownne him that, 
And then I grante we put a Sting in him, 
That at his will he may doe danger with. 

Th'abufe of Greatnesse, is, when it dis-joynes 
Remorse from Power: And to speake truth of Caesar, 
I have not knowne, when his Affaytions sway'd 
More then his Reason. But th's a common proofe, 
That Lowlyneffe is young Ambitions Ladder, 
Whereeto the Climber vpward turns his Face: 
But when he once attaines the vpmost Round, 
He then into the Ladder turns his Backe, 
Looks in the Clouds, forming the base degrees 
By which he did ascended: so Caesar may; 
Then leaft he may prevent. And since the Quarrell 
Will breake no colour, for the thing he is, 
Fashion it thus; that what he is augmented, 
Would runne to threate, and these extremeties: 
And therefore thinkes him as a Serpents egg, 
Which hatch'd, would as his kind grow mischievous; 
And kill him in the shell. 

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The Taper burneth in your Closter, Sir; 
Searching the Window fort, a Flint, I found 
This Paper, thus feed vp, and I am sure 
It did not lye there when I went to Bed: 
Gives him the Letter. 

Brut. Get you to Bed againe, it is not day: 
Is not to morrow (Boy) the first of March? 
Luc. I know not, Sir. 

Brut. Looke in the Calender, and bring me word. 
Luc. I will, Sir. 

Brut. The exhalations, whizzing in the ayre, 
Give so much light, that I may read by them. 

Open the Letter, and read it. 

Brutus thou sleepe'st; awake, and fee thy selfe: 
Shall Remorse, speaks, stricks, redresse: 
Brutus, thou sleepe'st; awake: 
Such inflations have beene often drops, 
Where I haue tooke them vp: 
Shall Remorse, This must I piece it out: 
Shall Rome stand under one mans armes? What Rome? 
My Ancestors did from the fireettes of Rome 
The Tarques drive, when he was cal'd a King, 
Speakes, stricks, redresse. Am I entreated 
To speake, and strike? O Rome, I make thee promife, 
If the redresse will follow, thou receiuen 
Thy full Petition at the hand of Brutus. 

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wafht fifteene dayes. 

Brut. Tis good. Go to the Gate, somebody knocks: 
Since Caesar first did whet me against Caesar, 
I have not leapt. 
Betweene the acting of a dreadfull thing, 
And the first motion, all the tumult is: 
Like a Phantome, or a hideous Dreame: 
The Genius, and the mortar Instrumets 
Are then in counsell; and the state of a man, 
Like to a little Kingdom, sufferers then 
The nature of an Inurrection. 

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, tis your Brother Caius at the Door, 
Who dath define to fee you. 

Brut. Is he alone? 

Luc. No, Sir, there are mee with him; 

Brut. Doe you know them? 

Luc. No, Sir, these Hats are plackt about their Eares, 
And halfe their Faces buried in their Cloakes, 
That by no means I may discouer them, 
By any marke of fauour. 

Brut. Let 'em enter: 
They are the Fashion. O Conspiracie, 
Shall not thou to these thy dangrous Browes by Night, 
When eues are most free? O then by day 
Where wilt thou finde a Cature darke enough, 
To make thy monstrovs Village? Seek none Conspiracie, 
Hide it in Smiles, and Affaullion: 
For if thou path thy natvie semblance on. 
Not Erebis it selfe were durne enough, 
To hide thee from preuention. 

Enter the Conspirators, Caius, Cale, Petry: 
Cassius, Metellus, and Trebonius.

Caius. I think we are too bold upon your Rest: 
Good morrow Brutus, doe we trouble you? 

Brut. I haue bene vp this howre, awake all Night. 
Know I these men, that come along with you? 
Caius. Yes, every man of them; and no man here 
But honores you: and every one doth with, 
You had but that opinion of your selfe, 
Which every Noble Roman beares of you. 
This is Trebonius. 

Brut. He is welcome hither. 

Caius. This, Decius Brutus. 

Brut. He is welcome too. 

Caius. This, Cale; this, Cassius; and this, Metellus 
Cymbel. 

Brut. They are all welcome. 

What watch'ill Carez doe interpose themselves 
Betwixt your Eyes, and Night? 

Caius. Shall I entreat a word? They whisper. 

Decius. Here lyes the East: doth not the Day break here? 

Caius. No. 

Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth: and there grey Lines; 
That fret the Clouds, are Meffengers of Day. 
Caius. You shall confesse, that you are both decei'd: 
Here, as I point my Sword, the Sunne arifes, 
Which is a great way growing on the South, 

Weigh-
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar. 115

Weighing the youthful Session of the year,
Some two months hence, up higher toward the North
He first presents his fire, and the high East
Stands as the Capitoll, directly here.

Brut. Give me your hands all over, one by one. Caes.
And let us swear our Resolution.

Brut. No, not an Oath: if not the Face of men,
The sufferance of our Soules, the times Abuse;
If these be Motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence, to his idle bed:
So let high-flighted Tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by Lottery. But if these
(As I am faith they do) beare hire enough
To kindle Cowards, and to wheel with valour
The melting Spirits of women. Then Countrymen,
What need we any spurre, but our owne cause.
To pricke vs to redresse? What other Bond,
Then secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? And what other Oath,
Then Honesty to Honesty ingrafted,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it,
Sweare Preists and Cowards, and men Caustulous
Old feeble Carrions, and such suffering Soules
That welcome wrongs: Vnto bad causés, sweare
Such Creatures as men doubt; but do not blame
The even vertue of our Enterprise,
Nor the infuppressible Meare of our Spirits.
To thine, to that, or our, our present Perforance
Did need an Orth. When every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and Nobly bears
Is guilty of a firstrate Bastarde:
If he do break the smallest Particle
Of any promis that hath passed from him.
Caes. But what of Caesar? Shall we found him?
I think he will stand very strong with vs.
Caes. Let vs not leave him out.

Brut. No, by no means.

Metel. O let us have him, for his Siluer hairs
Will purchase vs a good opinion:
And buy mens voyages, to commend our deeds:
It shall be syl'd, his judgement rul'd our hands,
Our yarths, and wildenesse whatsoever appears;
But all be buried in his excellence.

Brut. O nome him nor; let us not break with him,
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.
Caes. Then leave him out.

Caes. Indeed, he is not fit.

Brut. Shall no man else be toucht, but onely Caesar?
Caes. Caes. dearst well enough: I thinke it is not meet,
Metel. Antony, to well beheard of Caesar;
Should out-line Caesar, we shall finde of him
A thunder'd Containter. And you know, his means
If he imprize them, may well stretch to fare
As to annoy vs all which to prevent,
Let Antony and Caesar fall together.

Brut. Our course will seeme too bloody, Cacus Caesini,
To make a high God, our enemies the Lumbes:
Like Wrauth in death, and Wamy afterwards:
For Antony, is but a Lumb of Caesar.

Let the Seraphins, but not Butchers Cais:
We will hand vp against the spirit of Caesar,
And the spirit of men, there is no blood:
O that we then could come by Caesar Spirit,
And not destroy member Caesar! But (also)
Caesar must bleed for. And gentle Friends,

Let's kill him Boldly, but not Wrathfully:
Let's cause him, as a Dith fit for the Gods,
Not hew him as a Carcasse fit for Hounds:
And let our Hearts, as fable Matters do,
Stirre vp their Servants to an acte of Rage,
And after feme to chide em. This shall make
Our purpose Necessary, and not Enuius.
Which if 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 Armes,
When Cæsars head is off.
Caes. Yet let me hear him,
For in the ingrafted love he bestes to Caesar,
Brut. Alas, good Caisini, do not thinke of him:
If the 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 gien
To sports, to wildefife, and much company.

Trub. There is no seere in him, let him not dye,
For he will lye, and laugh at this hearseafter.

Clocks strike.

Brut. Peace, count the Clocke.
Caes. The Clocke hath fricklen three.

Trub. 'Tis time to part.
Caes. But it is doubfull yet,
Whether Caesar will come forth to do no:
For he is Superstitious growne of late,
Quite from the maine Opinion he held once,
Of Fantasie, of Dreams, and Ceremonies:
It may be, these appareant Prodigies,
The vnaustion'd Terror of this night,
And the perversion of his Angers,
May holde him from the Capitoll to day.

Brut. Neuer feare that; if he be foroued,
I can ore-Bray him: For he louses to hearce,
This Vnconcious may be betray'd with Trees,
And Beares with Glasse, Elephants with Holes;
Lynxes with Toyles, and men with Flatcrers.
But, when I tell him, he hates Flatcrers,
He flys he dyes, being then most flattered.

Let me worke:
For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitoll.
Caes. Nay, we will all of vs, be there to fetch him:
Brut. By the eight house, is that the vtermost?
Caes. Be that the vtermost, and faine not then,
Met. Caius Lepidus doth bear Caesar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;
I wonder none of you have thought of him.
Brut. Now good Caius Lepidus go along by him;
He love me well, and I have given him Reasons,
Send him but hither, and he will be laden.

Caes. The morning comes vp's:
We will leave you Brutus,
And friends dispense your felues; but all remember
What you have said, and shew your felues true Romans.
Brut. Good friends, andemen, looke fresh and merrily;
Let not our lookes put on our purposes,
But like he is our Roman Actors do,
With vs this Spirit, and vsmaller Constancie,
And so good morrow to your every one.

Exeunt.

Metro Brutus.
Bos: Luctus: Par agate. It is no matter,
Enjoy the honey heart. Drow of Slumber:
Thus hath no Figures, nor no Fantasie,
Which

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The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

A Woman well repor'd : Cæsar's Daughter. Think you, I am no flatterer, then my Sex Being to Father'd, and to Husband'd? Tell me your Counsels, I will not dislose 'em: I have made strong proofs of my Constancie, Giving my felle a voluntary wound Here, in the Thigh: Can I bear that with patience, And not my Husbands Secrets? Or ye Go'd? Render me worthy of this Noble Wife. Knock. Harke, harke, one knockes : Portia go in a while, And by and by thy bosome shall partake The secrets of my Heart. All my engagements, I will continue to thee, All the Charractery of my sad browes: Leave me with hate.

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who's that knockes. Luc. Here is a fickle man that would speak with you. Brut. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of. Boy, stand aside, Caius Ligarius, how? Cat. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue. Brut. O what a time have you chose out brave Caius To wear a Kerchief? Would you were not fickle. Cat. I am not fickle, if Brutus have in hand Any exploit worthy the name of Honor. Brut. Such an exploit haste I in hand Ligarius, Had you a healthfull care to hear off. Cat. By all the Gods that Romans bow before, I heere discard my fickenesse. Soul of Rome, Brave Some, detri'd from Honourable Liones, Thou like an Exorctic, hast coniur'd vp My mortified Spirit. Now bid me runne, And I will frisse with things impossible; Yea get the better of them. What's to do? Brut. A piece of worke, That will make fickle men whole. Cat. But are not some whole, that we must make fickle? Brut. That muft we also. What is it my Caius, I shall unfold to thee, as we are going, To whom it must be done. Cat. See onys of Lambs, And with a shear new-fir'd, I follow you, To do I know not what: but it sufficeth. That Brutus leads me on, Brut. Follow me then.

Thunder & Lightning.

Enter Julius Caesar in his Night-gown.


Cæs.
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

But for your priuate satisfaction, 
Because I love you, I will let you know.

Cæsar's house is on fire, and your house is on fire.

She dreamt to night, she saw my Statue, 
Which like a fountain, with an hundred spouts
Did run pure blood: and many lofty Romans 
Came killing, and did the beastly hands in it:
And these doth, apply for warnings and portents, 
And euks imminent; and on her knee
Hath bugg'd, that I will stay at home to day.

Deci. This Dreaume is all amisse interpreted, 
It was a vision, faire and fortunate:
Your Statute spouting blood in many pipes, 
In which to many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies, that from you great Rome shall sucke
Resting blood, and that great men shall preffe
For Tinctoris, Stoneis, Reliques, and Cogninance.
This by Cælurions's Dreaume is signified.
Caf. And this day have you well expounded it,
Deci. Thaue, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now, the Senate have concluded
To give this day a Great yeare to mee by Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mocke
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
Beake vp the Senate, till another time:
When Cæsar wife shall meeke with better Dreamet.
If Cæsar shille himselfe, shall they not whisper
Loe Cæsar is affaid?
Pardon me Cæsar, for my deere deere love.
To your proceeding, but I tell you this:
And reason to my love is liable.
Caf. How foolish do your fears seeme now Calphurias?
I am as bafe I did yield to them.
Give me my Robe, for I will go,

Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Cæsars, Trebonius, Cynva, and Publius,
And looke where Publius is come to fetch me,
Pub. Good morrow Cæsar.
Caf. Welcome Publius.

What Brutus, are you threed so early too?
Good morrow Cæsars: Cæsars Ligarius,

Cæsar was nece to much your enemy,
As that same Ague which hath made you leave.
What is't a Clocke?

Bra. Cæsar, trash crueken eight.
Caf. I thank you for your pains and curtesie.

Enter Antony.

See, Antony that Rerth long a-nights
Is notwithstanding vp: a Good morrow Antony.

Ant. So to moft Noble Cæsar,
Caf. Bid them prepare within:
I am too blame to be thus waited for.

Now Cyma, now Metellus: what Trebonius,
I have an houres take in store for you:
Remember that you call me to day:
Be meeke me, that I may remember you.

Thrb. Cæsar I will: and to mee will I be,
That your beft Friends shall with I had bene further,
Caf. Good Friend's go in, and taste some wine with me.
And we (like Friends) will straight way go together.

Bra. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus cannot seeme to vnder.

Cæsar, beware of Brutus, take heed of Cæsars: come we not
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

Thy Louer, Artemidorus.

Thee will I stand, till Caesar pacifie along.
And as a Sulien will I grieve thee this:
My heart lamentes, that Vercue cannot live.
Out of the teetl of Emulation.
If thou reade this, O Caesar, thou mayest live;
If not, the Fates with Traitors do conspire.
Exit. Enter Petricia and Lucius.

Par. I pray thee, Boy, run to the Senate-house, Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why doest thou stay? Luc. To know my errand Madam,
Par. I would have had thee there and here again.
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there:
O Contagion, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge Mountaine sweene my Heart and Tongue:
I have a mans mind, but a woman might:
What Caesar doth, what Sun doth preffe to him.
Heaske Boy, what noile is that? Luc. I hear none Madam.
Par. Prythee, lift well:
I heard a busliing Rumor like a Fray,
And the winde brings it from the Capitol.
Looe, Sooth Madam, I heare nothing.
Enter the Senators.
Par. Come hither Fellow, which way hast thou bin?
South. At mine owne house, good Lady.
Par. What is a clocke?
South. About the ninth hour Lady,
Par. Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol?
South. Madam not yet, I go to take my fland,
To see him passe on to the Capitol.
Par. Thou hast some fuitive to Caesar, hast thou not?
South. That I base Lady, if it will please Caesar
To be so good to Caesar, as to heare me:
I shall beseech him to befriended himselfe.
Par. Why knowst thou any harasse'st intended to:
ward him?
South. None that I know will be,
 Much that I fear may chance:
Good morrow to you: here the freeter is narrow:
The strong that follows Caesar at the heede,
Of Senators, of Praetors, common Sutors,
Will crowd a feeble man (almost) to death:
He get me to a place more voyde, and there
Spake to great Caesar as he comes along.
Exit. Par. I must go in:
What are now weake a thing
The heart of woman is? O Brutus,
The heauen speeke thee in thine enterprise.
Sure the Boy heard me: Bruteus hath a fuite
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 say to thee. Exeunt

Aelius Tertius.

Enter Caesar, Brutus, Cinna, Mark, Decius, Metellus, Tribonius, Cymne, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus, Fabius, and the Southegre.

Caes. The Ides of March are come.
South. If I Caesar, but not gone.
Art. Halie Caesar! Read this Schedule.
Deci. Tribonius doth not give you to cere-read
(At your best leasure) this his humble suite.
Art. O Caesar, read mine writ: for mine is a suite.
That touches Caesar nether. Read it great Caesar.
Caes. What touches you your felfe, shall be last Sen'd:
Art. Delay not Caesar, read it infull.
Caes. What, is the fellow mad?
Par. Sirs, is it not.
Cassi. What, vrgie you your Petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.
Pepul. I wish you your enterprise to day may thrive,
Cassi. What enterprise Pepulius?
Popp. Fare you well.
Bra. What said Pepulius Lena?
Cassi. He wish'd to day our enterprise might thrive:
I fear our purpose is discover'd:
Bra. Look to how he makes to Caesar: mark him.
Cassi. Caesars be so faire, for we feare precaution,
Brutus what shall be done? If this be knowne,
Pepulius or Caesar never shall turne backe,
For I will thy selfe.
Bra. Cassius be constant:
Pepulius Lena speak'st not of our purporses,
For looke he smilies, and Caesar doth not change.
Cassi. Tribunius knowes his time: for look you Brutus,
He drawes Mark Antony out of the way.
Deci. Where is Metellus Cumber, let him go,
And presently preferre his fuite to Caesar.
Bra. He is adrest: preferre neere, and second him.
Cini. Caesar are the first that reares your hand.
Art. Are we all ready? What is now smifie,
That Caesar and his Senate must redresse?
Met. Most hugh, most mighty, and most puissant Caisar
Metellus Cumber throwes before thy Seate
An humble heart.
Caes. I must prefer thee Cymbur:
These coucheings, and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turne pre-Ordinance, and inft Decree;
Into the lane of Children. Be not fond.
To think that Caesar bears such Rebell blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth Fools, I mean sweet words,
Low-crooked-curtsies, and base Spaniel fawning:
Thy Brother by decree is banished.
If thou dost bend, and prays, and fawne for him,
I spurn thee like a Cure out of my way:
Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will be satisfied.
Met. Is there no voyage more worthy than mine own,

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Then walked we forth, even to the Marketplace, And waiving our red Weapons o’re our heads, Let’s all cry Peace, Freedom, and Liberty. Cæsar. Stoop then, and waft. How many Ages hence Shall this our lofty Scene be acted o’er, In Scare vnborne, and Accents yet unknown? Brutus. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport, That now on Pompeys Bafis dye along, No wortlier then the dust? Cæsar. So oft as that shall be, So often shall the knot of us be cleft’d, The Men that gave their Country liberty, Dec. What, shall we forth? Cæsar. Let every man away. Brutus shall leaue, and we will grace his heele With the most boldheit,and best hearts of Rome. Enter a Servant. Brut. Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony. Serv. Thus Brutus did my Master bid me kneele; Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall downe, And being prostrate, thus he bad me say: Brutus is Noble, Wife, Vaillant, and Honest! Cæfar was Mighty, Bold, Royall, and Louing: Say, I loue Brutus, and I honour him; Say, I fear’d Cæsar, honour’d him, and lou’d him; If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony May safely come to him, and be recou’d How Cæsar hath defir’d to dye in death, Mark Antony, that false Cæsar, THE most was well As well as Brutus living; but will follow The Fortunes and Affaires of Noble Brutus, The Thorough the hazards of this vnsett State, With all true Faith. So sayes my Master Antony. Brut. Thy Master is a Wife and Vaillant Roman, I never thought him worke: Tell him, fo pleased come into this place He shall be faulty’d: and by my Honor Depart without’d. Serv. He fetch him presently. Exit Servant. Brut. I know that we shall have him well to Friend, Cæsar. I wish we may: But yet have I minde That leaueth him much: and my misguing still Falleth firely to the purpose. Enter Antony. Brut. Here heere comes Antony: Welcome Mark Antony, Ant. O mighty Cæsar! Do’st thou dye so lowe? Are all thy Conquests, Glories, Triumphs, Spoiles, Shrunke to this little Measure? Fare thee well. I know not Gentlemen what you intend, Who else must be let blood, who else is ranke: If my selfe there is, house to fit, As Cæsars deaths heare; nor no Instrument Of haste that worth, as those your Swords; made rich With the most Noble bloody of all this World. I do beeche yee, if you bear me hard, Now, while your puipd hands doe reeve and smokes, Fulfill your pleasures. Let a thousand yeares, I shall not finde my selfe to get up againe. No place will please me so, no meane of death. As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off, The Choice and Master Spirits of this Age. Brut. O Antony! Begge not your death of vs! Though now we must appeare bloody and cruel, As by our hands, and this our preient Acte You use we do: Yet see you but our hands,
And this, the bleeding butcher he have done:
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful:
And pity to the general wrong, of Rome,
As fire doth from a drouth, to purify points.
Thus aye this deed on Caesar. For you part,
To you, our Swords have leaved points Mark Antony:
Our Armes in strength of mirth, and our Hearts
Of Brothers tempest, do receive you in,
With all kindcontext, good thoughts, and reverence.
Coffi. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
In the disposing of new Dignities:
Dost. Cans be patient, till we have appear'd
The Multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then, we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Caesar when I took him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your Wifedome:
I let each man tender me his bloody hand.
I tell them this, for all I flake with you;
Next Caius Coffins do I take your hand;
Now Decius Brutus yours; now yours Metellus;
Yours Cicero; and my valiant Catel, yours;
Though left, not least in love, yours good Trebonius,
Gentlemen all: Alass, what shall I say,
My credence stands on such slippery ground,
That each of two had wrong you may,
Either a Coward, or a Flatterer.
That I did love thee Caesar, O'tis true:
If then thy Spirit looke vnpon vs now,
Shall it not greece thee dearer then thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy Foes?
Mold Noble, in the presence of thy Qurtie,
He's not so many eyes, as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they streame forth thy blood,
It would become me better, then to close
In tearmes of Friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me Julius, here's no'thou bay'd d'vace Har,
Here's not'thou fall, and here's thy Hunters stand
Sign'd in thy Spoyle, and Crim'd in thy Leethe,
Of Caius Coffins with the Fire your mouth,
And this indeed, O World, the Hart of thee,
How like a Deere, slain by many Princes,
Doft thou hate me by?

Coffi. Mark Antony.

Ant. Pardon me Caius Coffins:
The Enemies of Caesar, shall say this:
Then, in a Friend, it is said Molefit
Coffi. I blame you not for praising Caesar so,
But what compact mean you to have with vs?
Will you be prick'd in number of our Friends,
Or flall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I rooke your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the point, by looking downe on Caesar,
Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
Why, and wherein, Caesar was dangerous.

Brut. Or else were this a false Spectacle:
Our Resolutions are so full of good regard,
That were you Antony, the Sonne of Caesar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I feake,
And an more, I may produce his body to the Market-place,
And in the Pulpit as becomes a Friend,
Speak in the Order of his Funerals.

Brutus. You shall Mark Antony.
Coffi. Brutus, a word with you:
You know not what you do; do not content
That Antony speak in his Funerals:
Know you how much these people may be mould
By that which he will utter.

Brutus. By your pardon:
I will my selfe into the Pulpit first,
And thus the reason of our Cæsar's death,
What Antony shall speake, I will profess
He speakes by time, and by permission:
And that we are contented Cæsar then,
Hast all true Riters, and lawfull Ceremonies,
It shall advantage more, then do vs wrong.
Coffi. I know not what may fall, I like it not.

Brutus. Mark Antony, here take you Cæsar's body:
You shall not in your Funerals speak blame vs,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,
And bid you don't by our perswasion;
Ese shall you not have any hand at all
About his Funeral. And you shall speake
In the same Pulpit where I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so:
I do defire no more.

Brutus. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

Emperor.

O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of Earth:
That I am mecke and gentle with these Butchers.
Thou art the Roofes of the Nobles man
That ever liued in the Title of Times.
Woe to the hand that fed this costly Blood,
Our thys wounds, now do I prophesie,
(Which like doth diame, another doth do to their Ruby lips,
To begge the voice and vterance of my Tongue)
A-Carte shall light upon the limbes of men,
Domefickie Fury, and fierce Guiltifie,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be in vfe,
And dreadful Obiects to familiar,
That Mothers shall not name them, when they behold
Their Infants quarter'd with the hands of Warre:
All pitty choak'd with custome of fell deeds,
And Cæsars Spirit ranging for Revenge,
With Air by his fide, come hot from Hell,
Shall in these Confiere, with a Monarkes voyce,
Cry hauncck, and let flip the Dogges of Warre,
That the faire decease, shall find little Boze the earth
With Cariion men, groaning for Burial.

Enter Otho's Servant.

You fente Otho's Cæsar, do you not?

Sert. I do Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome,
Sert. He did receive his Letters, and is comming,
And some fay to you by word of mouth——
O Cæsar!

Ant. Thy heart is bigge: get thee a part and weepe:
Pasion I fee is catching from mine eyes,
Seeing those Beards of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is that the Master comming?

Sert. He lies to night within feuen Leagues of Rome,

Ant. Pull backes with speedes,
And tell him what I fince, I chanc'd
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Otho yet,
He hence, and tell him so. Yet day a while,
Enter Brutus and goes into the Palace, and Caesar with the Plebeians.

Ple. We will be satisfied; let vs be satisfied. 
Brut. Then follow me, and give me Audience friends.
Caesar go you into the other stirs, and part the Numbers:
Those that will hear me speake, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Caesar, go with him,
And publike Reafons shall be rendred
Of Caesar's death.
1. Ple. I will heare Brutus speake.
2. I will heare Caesar, and compare their Reafons,
Wherewith we freely we hear them rendred.
3. The Noble Brutus is ascended Silence.
Brut. Be patient till the last.
Romans, Country-men, and Louers, hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may heare. Belieue me for mine Honor, and have repect to mine Honor, that you may beleue. Confiue me in your Wifdom, and awake your放, that you may the better judge. If there bee any in this Assemblie, any deere Friend of Caesar, to him I say, that Caesar love to Caesar, was no leffe then his. If then, that Friend demand, why Brutus rofe against Caesar, this is my anfwer: Not that I lou'd Caesar leffe, but that I lou'd Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were fliuing, and dye all States; then that Caesar were dead, to live all Free-men? As Caesar lou'd mee, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoyce in it; as he was valiant, I honour him: But, as he was ambitious, I fly him. There is Tares, for his Lion Joy, for his Fortune; Honor, for his Valour; and Death, for his Ambition. Who is heere fo bale, that would be a Bondman? If any, speake for him, he haue offended. Who is heere fo rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speake for him he haue offended. Who is heere fo wile, that will not love his Country? If any, speake for him he haue offended. I paufe for a Reply.
All. None Brutus, none.
Brutus. Then none have I offended. I haue done no more to Caesar, then you shall do to Brutus. The Quarter of his death, is in all the Capitol: his Glory not extinguished, wherein he was worthy; nor his Offences confec'd, for which he suffered death.

Enter Mark Antony, with Caesar's body.

Here comes his Body, moun'd by Mark Antony, who though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the beneft of his dying, a place in the Commonwealth, as which of you shall not. With this I depart, that as I flewe my heart here, for the good of Rome, I haue the fame Dogger for my felte, when it pleafe my Country to need my death.
All. Long Brutus, long, long.
1. Bring him with Triumph home vnto his house.
2. Gave him a Statue with his Anceffors.
3. Let him be Caesar.
4. Caesar better parts.

Shall be Crown'd in Brutus.
1. We'll bring him to his Hoftie, With Showits and Clamors. 
2. Peace, silence, Brutus speaks.
1. Peace ho.
Brutus. Good Countrymen, let me depart alone, And (not my fake) fly heere with Antony. Do grace to Caesar's Corpses, and grace his Speech Tending to Caesar's Glories, which Mark Antony (By our permiffion) is allow'd to make. I do intreat you, not a man depart, Save I alone, till Antony haue spoke. 

Exit.

1. Stay ho, and let vs heare Mark Antony,
2. Let him go vp into the publike Chaire,
We'll heare him: Noble Antony go vp.
Ant. For Brutus fake, I am beholding to you.
4. What does he say of Brutus?
2. He fayes, not Brutus fake He finds himfelfe beholding to vs all.
4. Were there both he fpake no barne of Brutus heere?
1. This Caesar was a Tyrant.
3. Nay that's certaine:
Were beft that Rome is rid of him,
2. Peace, let vs heare what Antony can fay.
Ant. You gentle Romans.
All. Peace ho, let vs heare him.
Ant. If Romans, Country-men, lend me your ears:
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him:
The euell that men do, lies after them,
The good is oftenerd with their bones,
So let it be with Caesar. The Noble Brutus,
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious;
If his were lo, it was a generous Fault,
And generously, haft Caesar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the reft
(Fare Brutus is an Honourable man,
So are they all, all Honourable men)
Come I to speake in Caesar's Funerall.
He was my Friend, faithfull, and iuft to me;
But Brutus fayes, he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an Honourable man.
He hath brought many Captures home to Rome,
Where Romiflmen, and all the generall Coffins fill:
Did this in Caesar leme ambitious?
When that the poore haue cry'd, Caesar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of ftemer fluffe,
Yet Brutus fayes, he was ambitious:
And Brutus is an Honourable man.
You all did fée, that on the Lomperall,
I thrie pretendid him a Kingly Crowne,
Which he did ftirrie refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus fayes, he was ambitious:
And fure he is an Honourable man.
I speake not to difproove what Brutus fpoke,
But heere I am, to speake what I do know;
You all did loue him once, not without caufe,
What caufe with-holds you then, to mourne for him?
Judgement! thou are fled to bruife Beifs,
And Men have loft their Reason. Beare with me,
My heart is in the Coffin there with Caesar,
And I must pafs on, till it come backe to me.
1. Me thinkes there is much reftor in his fayings:
2. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Caesar's ha's had great wrong. (his place)
3. Ha's bee Matters? Heere there will a worse come in

1 4. Mark
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4. Mark'd ye his words? he would not take $ Crown,
Therefore 'tis certain, he was not Ambitious.
1. If it be found so, some will desire abide it.
2. Poore fool, his eyes are red as fire with weeping,
3. Poor Grief, and Caesar wrong'd him:
4. Now marke him, he begins againe to speake.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Caesar might
Have flood against the World: Now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence,
O Matters! If I were dispos'd to write
Your hearts and minds to Mutiny and Rage,
I would, to Brute, and Caesar wrong:
Who (you all know) are Honorable men,
I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong my selfe and you,
Then I will wrong such Honourable men:
Beware, a Parchment, with the Seal of Caesar,
I found it in his Closet, 'tis his Will:
Let but the Commons hear this Testament:
(Which pardon me) I do not meane to read,
And they would goe and kisse dead Cæser wounds,
And dip their Napkins in his Sacred Blood;
Yes, begge a haire of him for Memory,
And dying, mention it within their Willes,
Bequeathing it as a rich Legacy
Into their Issue.

Wee, we had the Will, read it is 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 loul'd you:
You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but men:
And being men, hearing the Will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
I thought you knew what you were Heirs,
For if you should, O what would come of it?

Read the Will, we'll heare it Antony:
You shall read vs the Will, Cæsar Will.
Ant. Will you be Patient? Will you stay a while?
I haue o'er-shit my felte to tell you of it,
I feare I wrong the Honourable men,
Whose Daggers haue stabb'd Cæsar: I do feare it.

4. They were Traitors: Honourable men.
All. The Will, the Testament,
2. They were Villaines, Murderers: the Will, read the Will.
Ant. You will compell me then to read the Will:
Then make a Ring about the Corps of Cæsar,
And let me shew you him that made the Will:
Shall I defend? And will you gue me leave?
All. Come down.
2. Defend.
3. You shall have issue.
4. A Ring, fland round.
1. Stand from the Hearse, stand from the Body.
2. Roome for Antony, most Noble Antony.

Ant. Nay pritty not to vpon me, fland farre off.
All. Stand backe: roome, heare backe.
Ant. If you haue teares, prepare to flie them now.
You all do know this Mantle, I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on,
'Twas on a Summer's Evening in his Tent,
That day he overcame the Nevy.
Looke, in this place ran Cæfnis Daggers through:
See what a rare the enominous Cæsars made;
Through this, the wel-beloued Brutus stabb'd,
And as he pluck'd his cursed Steele away:

Mark how the blood of Cæsar followd it,
As rushing out of doores, to be scold'd
If Brutus to vnnkindly knock'd door no:
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsars Angel.
Now, O you God, a Nobler man in Rome then Brutus,
This was the most vnnkindly cut of all.
For when the Noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong then Traitors arme,
Quire vanquish'd him then burst his Mighty heart,
And in his Mantle, muffling vp his face,
Even at the Bafe of Pompeii Statue
(Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
What o a fall was there, my Countrymen?
Then Land you, and all of vs fell downe,
Will it bloody Treafon flourish'd over vs.
O now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pitty: There are gracious droppes.
Kinde Soules, what weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsars Vein exced'd woundes? Looke you heere,
Here is Hisfelfe, mark'd as you see with Traitors.

1. O pittious speakebale!
2. O Noble Cæsar!
3. O wouful day!
4. O Traitors, Villaines!
1. O most bloody fight!
2. We will be reveng'd: Revenge.

About, feake, burnt, fire, kill, fly,
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.

Ant. Good Friends, sweet Friends, let me not bite
To such a fadisme of Blood of Mutiny:
They that have done this Deede, are honourable.
What private greyes they have, alas I know not,
That made them do it: They are Wise, and Honourable,
And will no doubt with Reafons answer you.
I come not (Friends) to feale away your hearts,
I am no Orator, as Brutus is;
But (as you know me all) a plaine blunt man
That love my Friend, and, and that they know full well,
That gave me publique leasse to speake of him:
For I have neyther writ nor words, nor worth,
Adion, nor Venerator, nor the power of Speech,
To thrice mens Blood. I onely speake right on:
I tell you that, which you your felues do know,
Shew you sweet Cæsars wounds, poor poor durn mouths
And bid them speake for me: But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle vp your Spirites, and put a Tongue
In every Wound of Cæsar, that should move
The Hanes of Rome, to rife and Mutiny.

All. Weel Mutiny.
1. Weel I burne the house of Brutus.
3. Weel that we come, feake the Conspirators.

Ant. Yet heare me Countrymen, yet heare me speake
All. Peace ho, heare Antony, most Noble Antony.
Ant. Why Friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus defer'd your loves?
Alas you know not, I must tell you then:
You haue forgot the Will I told you of.
All. Weel, the will of Cæsars, and heare the Will,
Ant. Here is the Will, and vnder Cæsars Seal.
To eery Roman Citizen he gieus,
To eery free man, feueny free Drachmaes.
Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

ANT. These men then shall die, their names are prick'd. Oles. Your Brother too must dy; content you Lepidus? Lep. I do content. Oles. Prick him down Antony. Lep. Upon condition Publican shall not live, who is your Sisters' sonne, Mark Antony. Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I dam him, but Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house. Fetch the Will hither, and we shall determine How to cut off some charge in Legacies. Lep. What shall I finde you here? Oles. Or heere, or at the Capitol. Exit Lepidus. Ant. This is a flight vnamerable man, Meet to be fone on Errands in fit The three-fold World divid'd, he should fend One of the three to have it. Oles. So you thought him, And took his voyce who should be prick'd to dye In our blacke Sentence and Proscription. Ant. Olesanius, I have fene more dayes then you, And though we lay thee Honours on this man, To safe our felues of divers floudous loads, He shall but bear them, as the Afe bears Gold, To groane and fweat under the Burthen, Either fed or driven, as we point the way: And hauing brought our Treasure, where we will, Then take we downe his Load, and turne him off (Like to the empty Afe) to shake his ears, And graze in Commons. Oles. You may do your will: But he's a tried, and valiant Souledier. Ant. So is my Horfe Octavius, and for that I do appoint him Store of Pow'r, It is a Creature that I teach to fight, To winde, to stop, to run directly on: His corporall Motion, gouerd by my Spirit, And in some taffe, is Lepidus but to: He must be taught, and trained, and bid go forth: A barren Spirited Fellow; one that feeds On Obiechts, Arts, and Inventions, Which out of fe, and flat'de by other men Begin his fation. Do not talk of him, But as a property: and now Octavius, Little great things, Brutus and Caifar Are leerying Pow'rs; We must straight make head: Therefore let our Alliance be combind, Our belfe Fronds made, our means stretch, And let vs presently go fit in Counsell, How couete matters may be belfe disco'd, And open Perils furell anfwered. Oles. Let vs do so: for we are at the Stake.

Ant. Enter 

Enter Et BAAS. 

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Oles. Let vs do so: for we are at the Stake.

And
Drunken Enter Brutus, Lucullus, and the Army. Titinius and Pindarus meet them.

Brut. Stand ho.

Luc. Gist the word ho, and stand.

Brut. What now? Lucullus, in Caffius' name?

Luc. He's at hand, and Pindarus is come.

To do you satisfaction from his Master.

Brut. He greets you well. Your Master Pindarus

In his own change, or by ill Officers,

Hast given me some worthy cause to wish

Things done, undone: But if he be at hand

I shall be satisfied.

Par. I do not doubt.

But that my Noble Master will appeare

Such as he, is full of regard, and Honour.

Brut. He is not doubted. A word Lucullus

How he receiv'd you: let me be resolvd.

Luc. With courtesie, and with respect enough,

But not with such familiar Incivilitie.

Nor with such free and friendly Conference.

As he hath us'd of old.

Brut. Thou hast descri'd

A hot Friend, cooling: Euer note Lucullus,

When Loue begins to ticken and decay

Wit this enforced Cerimony.

There are no tricks, in plaine and simple Faith:

But hollow men, like Horses hot at hand,

Make gallant shew, and promise of their Mettle.

But when they should endure the bloody Spercre,

They fall their Credits, and like deceitfull Iades

Sink in the Triall. Comes his Army on?

Lucull. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd:

The greater part, the Horie in general

Are come with Caffius.

Enter Caffius and his Powers.

Brut. Heracle, he is arriv'd:

March gently on to meete him.

Caff. Stand ho.

Brut. Stand ho, speakes the word along.

Stand.

Stand.

Stand.

Caff. Most Noble Brother, you have done me wrong.

Brut. Judge me you Gods; wrong I mine Enemies?

And not to, how should I wrong a Brother.

Caff. Brutus, this fober forme of yours, hides wrongs,

And when you do them—

Brut. Caffius, be content,

SPEAKING your griefes furtily, I do know you well.

Before the eyes of both our Armies here

(Which should perceive nothing but Loue from vs)

Let vs not wrangle. Bid them move away:

This is not Tame Caffius enlarges your Greetes,

And I will give you Audience.

Caff. Pindarus,

Bid our Commanders leade their Charges off

A little from this ground.

Brut. Lucullus, do you the like, and let no man

Come to our Tent, till we have done our Conference.

Exeunt Lucullus and Titinius guard our doore.

Caff. When Caesar had, he durst not this have mould'd

Brut. Peace, peace, you durst not to have tempted him.

Caff. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this

You have condemn'd, and noted Lucius Pella

For taking Bribes hereof the Sardians:

Wherein my Letters, praying on his side,

Because I knew the man was slighted off.

Brut. You wrong'd you self to write in such a cafe.

Caff. In such a time as this, it is not meet

That every nice offence should beare his Comment.

Brut. Let me tell you Caffius, you your selfe,

Are much condemn'd to have an itching Palme,

To fell, and Mast your Offices for Gold

To Vndersteaers.

Caff. I, an itching Palme?

You know that you are Brutus that speakes this,

Or by the Gods, this speech were elle your laft.

Brut. The name of Caffius Honors this corruption,

And Chastife the doth therefore hide his head.

Caff. Chastisement?

Brut. Remember March, the Isles of March remeber:

Did not great Lucullus bleed for Justice fake?

What Villaine touch'd his body, that did flaye,

And not for Justice? What Shall one of Vs,

That thucke the Formost man of all this World,

But for supporting Robbers: shall we now,

Commune our fingers, with base Bribes?

And fell the empty spacie of our large Honors

For so much traff, as may be grasped thus?

I had rather be a Dogge, and bay the Moone,

Then such a Roman.

Caff. Brutus, baite not me,

Be not induc'd: you forget your selfe

To hedge me in. I am a Soullier, I,

Older in practice, Abler then your selfe

To make Conditions.

Brut. Go too: you are not Caffius.

Caff. I am.

Brut. I say, you are not.

Caff. Vrge me no more, I shall forget my selfe:

Have mine eye upon your health: Tempt me no farther.

Brut. Away flight man.

Caff. It's possible?

Brut. Hear me, for I will speake.

Must I give way, and room to your raft Choller?

Shall I be frighted, when a Madman flies?

Caff. O ye Gods, ye Gods, Must I endure all this?

Brut. All this! I more: Fret till your proud hart break.

Go thow his Slaves how Chollerick you are,

And make your Bondmen tremble. Must I borue?

Must I obserue you? Must I fland and crouch

Under your Telfe Humour? By the Gods,

You shall diggell the Venom of your Spleene

Though it do Split you. For, from this day forth,

I wil ye for my Mirth, yea for my Laughter

When you are Wafplin.

Caff. Is it come to this?

Brut. You say, you are a better Soullier:

Let it appear for: make you your vaunting true,

Under your Telfe Humour? By the Gods,

I shall be glad to learne of Noble men,

Caff. You wrong me every way:

You wrong me Brutus:

I saide, an Eldier Soullier, not a Better.

Did I say Better?

Brut. If you did, I care not.

Caff. When Caesar liv'd, he durst not this haue mould'd

Brut. Peace, peace, you durst not to have tempted him.

Caff.
Enter a Post.

Post. Let me go in to see the Generals,
There is some grudge betwixt 'em, 'tis not meete
They be alone,

Luc. You shall not come to them.

Post. Nothing but death shall slay me.

Cæs. How now? What's the matter?

Post. For shame you General; what do you mean?

Luc. And be friends, as two such men should bee,
For I have seen more yeeres I live since then yeet.

Cæs. Haha, how wildly doth this Cynicke ride?

Brut. Get you hence hence: Sawcey fellow, hence.

Cæs. Know with him Brutus; his is that fashion.

Brut. He knowes his humor, when he knowes his time;
What should the Wares do with these ligging Foules?

Companion, hence.

Cæs. Away, away be gone. Exit Post.

Luc. Lucullus and Titinius bid the Commanders
Prepare to lodge their Companies to night.

Cæs. And come your felues, & bring Messalas with you
Immediately to vs.

Luc. Lucius, a bottle of Wine.

Cæs. I did not thinke you could have bin so angry.

Brut. O Cæsars, I am sick of many greefs.

Cæs. Of your Philosophy you make no vfe,
If you give place to accidental cuits.

Brut. No man bears forrow better. Portia is dead.

Cæs. Hail Portia?

Brut. She is dead.

Cæs. How lowly doth I killing, when I croft you so?

O importable, and touching losse!

Upon what sickness?

Brut. Impatienc of my absence,
And greefe, that yong Ollanius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong: For with her death
That tyrings come. With this the fell distract,
And (her Attendants absent) swallow'd fire.

Cæs. And dy'd so?

Brut. Even so.

Cæs. O ye immortal Gods!

Enter Boy with Wine and Tapers.

Boy. Speak no more of her: Give me a bowle of wine.

In this I bury all kindnesse Cæsius.

Drinks.

Cæs. My heart is thirly for that Noble pledge,
Fill Lucius, till the Wine ore-forwell the Cup;
I cannot drink so much of Brutus love.

Enter Titinius and Messala.

Brutus. Come in Titinius;
Welcome good Messala:
Now sit we cloze about this Taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cæs. Portia, art thou gone?

Brut. No more I pray you.

Messala, I have here receiv'd Letters,
That yong Ollanius, and Mark Antony
Come downe upon vs with a mighty powre;
Bending their Expedition toward Philippi. II 3
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

Early to morrow will we rife, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

Brut. Lucius my Gowne: farewell good Abellio, Good night Titinius: Noble, Noble Cassius, Good night, and good repose.

Caff. O my deere Brother:
This is the last ambition of the night:
Neuer come such diuifion betwene our foules:
Let it not bestray.

Enter Lucius with the Gowne.

Brut. Every thing is well.

Caff. Good night my Lord.

Brut. Good night good Brother.

Tit. Brightly good night, Lord Brutus.

Brut. Farewell every one.

Give me the Gowne. Where is thy Instrument?
Luc. Here in the Tent.

Brut. What, thou speakest drowfly?

Poor base I blame the not, thou art yet watch'd,
Call Claudius, and some other of my men,
Ile then them fife is dead, and by frange manner.

Enter Vardou, and Claudius.

Vard. Calls my Lord?

Brut. I pray you ftir, lye in my Tent and fleep,
It may be I fhall raffe you by and by
On bufineffe to my Brother Caffius.

Vard. So pafs you, we will fand,
And watch your paffage.

Brut. I will it no, haue it fo: Lye downe good ftirr,
It may be I fhall otherwife bethinke me.

Lucius. Here's the booke I fough't for fo:
I put it in the pocket of my Gowne.

Luc. I was fare my Lordship did not give it me.

Brut. Beare with me good Boy, I am much forgetfull.

Caff. I will haue hold here two of them, becaufe eyes a-white,
And touch thy Instrument a fraine or two.

Luc. I my Lord, an't pafs you, please
Brut. It does my Boy?

If trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty Sir.

Brut. I fhould not urge thy duty paff thy might,
I fhould not urge thy duties

Luc. I have repented my Lord already.

Brut. It was well done, and thou shalt fleep againe:
I will not hold thee long. If I do live,
I will be good to thee.

Musick, and a Song.

This is a fleepy Tune: O Murtherous flumber!
Layeth thou thy Laiden Maftre upon my Boy,
That playes thee Mistleke? Gentle Knowe good night:
I will not do thee fo much wrong to wake thee
If thou do'ft nod, thou break'ft thy Instrument,
Ite take it from thee, and (good Boy) good night.

Let me fee, let me fee; is not the Leafe turn'd downe
Where I left reading? Herein is it I thinkke.

Enter the Ghost of Cæfar.

How ill this Tape is wouned. Sir, who comes here?
I thinke it is the wondrful fecret of mine eyes
That fpeares this mifftrous Apparition.
It comes upon me: Art thou any thing?
Are thou hone God, some Angell, or some Devil,
That mak'ft my blood cold, and my heart to flare?

Speak to me, what thou art,

Ghost. Thy eftill Spirit Brutus?

Brut. Why corn'lt thou?
Enter Otho, Antony, and their Army.

Otho. Now Antony, our hopes are answered. You said the Enemy would not come down, but keep the Hilles and upper Regions. It is true not so: their batalles are at hand. They mean to warne vs at Philippi here:

Ant. Answering before we do demand of them.

But let them go, and I know Wherefore they do it: They could be content To visit other places, and come down With fearfull branye; thynking by this face To fasten in our thoughts that they have Courage; But is not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you Generals, The Enemy comes on gallant thus: Their bloody signe of Battell is hung out, And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Otho, lead ye your Battale fistly on Upon the left hand of the even Field,

Otho. Upon the right hand I keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you crose me in this exigent.

Otho. I do not crose you; but I will do so. March.

Enter Brutus, Caius, and their Army.

Brut. They stand, and would have parley.

Caius. Stand still, we must out and talk.

Otho. Mark Antony, shall we give signe of Battall?

Ant. No Caius, we will answer on their Charge.
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

Who to Philippi here came for to: This Morning are they fled away, and gone, And in their fleets, do Raunas, Crowes, and Kites Fly oer our heads, and downward looke on vs. As we were tickely prey, their fhips fowes fume A Canopy moft fata, under which Our Army lies, ready to gue vp the Ghost. Mefia. Beleeue not fo. Caffi. But beleue it partly, For I am freth of spirit, and relou'd To meete all perils, very confantly. Brut. Even to Lucullus. Caffi. Now moft Noble Brutus, The Gods to day fand friendly, that we may Lose in peace, leade on our dayes to age. But since the affayres of men refs still incertaine, Let's rea son with the worst that may befal. If we do lofe this Buttle, then is this The very laft time we fhall speake together: What are you then determined to do? Brut. Even by the rule of that Philosophy, By which I did blame Cato, for the death Which he did giue himfelle, I know not how: But I do finde it Cowardely, and vile, For fear of what might fall, fo to prevent The time of life, arming my felle with patience, To fly the prouenice of some high Powers, That gouerne us belowe. Caffi. Then, if we looe this Battale, You are contented to be led in Triumph Thorow the streets of Rome. Brut. No Caffi no: Thinkne not thou Noble Romane, That our Brutus will go bound to Rome, He bares too great a minde, But this fame day Must end that worke, the Idee of March begun, And whether we fhall meete againe, I know not therefore our everealiting farewell take: For euer, and for euer, farewell Caffi: If we do meete againe, why we fhall fmile; If not, why then this parting was well made. Caffi. For euer, and for euer, farewell Brutus: If we meete againe, were'll fmile indeede: If not, tis true, this parting was well made. Brut. Why then laide on. O that a man might know The end of this dayes buifeine, ere it come: But it fuffeth, that the day will end, And then the end is knowne. Come ho,away. Excuent. Alarum. Enter Brutus and Mefia. Brut. Ride, ride Mefia, ride and glue these Billies Vnto the Legions, on the other side. Lord Alarum. Let them fet on at once: for I perceiue But cold deamano in Oletus wing: And foding, that giues them the ouerthrow: Ride, ride, Mefia, let them all come downe. Excuent Alarum. Enter Caffi: and Titinius. Caffi. O looke Titinius, looke, the Villaines flye: My felfe have to mine owne turn'd Enemy: This Enrigne heere of mine was cunninge backe, I faw the Coward, and did take it from him. Titinius. O Caffi, Brutus gave the word too early,
Cæsars day is set.
The Sunne of Rome is set. Our day is gone,
Clowns, Deues, and Dangers come; our deeds are done:
Mirth of my faceless hath done this deed.
Mesila. Mirth of good faceless hath done this deed.
O stately Error, Melancholy Childe:
Why do you flee from the sweet thoughts of men
The things that are not! O Error some contey'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy byrris,
But kil'f the Mother that engendered thee.
Tit. What Pindarus? Where art thou Pindarus?
Mefia. Stecke him Titinius, whil'st I go to meet
The Noble Brutus, thuffling this report
Into his ears; I may say thuffling it:
For piercing Steele, and Dares intemoned,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tydings of this fight.
Tit. Hide you Mesila,
And I will seeke for Pindarus the while:
Why didst thou send me forth brave Cæsars?
Did I not meet thy Friends, and did not they
Put on my Browes this wreath of Victorie,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not heare their
Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.
(Thieves)
But hold thee, take this Garland on thy Brow,
The Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. Brutus, come space,
And see how I regarded Cæsars Cause:
By your issue Gods: This is a Romans part,
Come Cæsars Sword, and finde Titinius hart.

Enter Brutus, Mefila, young Cato,
Strato, Volumnius, and Lucilius.
Brutus. Where, where Mefila, doth his body lye?
Mefila. Lo! yonder, and Titinius mourning it.
Brutus. Titinius face is upwar'd,
Cato. He is slaine.
Brutus. O Iulius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet,
Thy Spirit walks abroad, and turns out Swords
In our owne proper Eintails.
Mesila. Cato. Brave Titinius,
Looke where he hath not crown'd dead Cæsar.
Brutus. Are yet two Romans living such as thee?
The laft of all the Romans, fat thee well:
It is impossible, that euer Rome
Should breed thy fellow. Friends I owe mo teares
To this dead man, then you shall fee me pay.
I shall finde time, Cæsars: I shall finde time.
Come therefore, and to Tharsus send his body,
His Funerals shall not be in our Campe,
Leaft it discomfort vs. Lucilliens come,
And come yong Cato, let vs to the Field,
Labio and Spainio let our Batallies on:
'Tis three a clockes, and Romans yets eare nights,
We shall try Fortune as a fecond fight.

Enter.
Alarum. Enter Brutus, Mefila, Cato, Lucilliens,
and Flaminio.
Cato. What Eaftard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaime my name about the Field.
I am the Soune of Marcus Cato, hone.
A Foe to Tyrants, and my Countries Friend.
I am the Soune of Marcus Cato, hone.
Enter Souldiers, and fight.
And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, 1.

Brutus to my Countrie Friend: Know me for Brutus.
Luc. O yong and Noble Cato, art thou downe?
Why now thou dyest, as bravely as Titinius,
And may it be honour'd, being Cato's Sonne.
Sold. Yeld, or thou dyest.
Luc. Onely I yeld to dye:
There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight:
Kill Brutus, and be honoure'd in his death.
Sold. We will not: a Noble Prisoner.
Cry, Fly, fly, my Lord, there is no bearing here.

Strat. Farewell to you, and you, and you Volumnius.

Strat. Thou hast bid him all this while asleep:

Farewell to thee, to Strat. 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 looking day More then Otianus, and Mark Antony,

By this vile Conquest shall attaine vnto,

So fare you well at once, for Brutus tongue hath almost ended his lust History: Night hangs upon mine eyes, my Bones would rest,

That hauie but laboured, to attaine this houre.

Alarum. Cry within, Fly, fly, fly.

Cly. Fly my Lord, flye.

Brut. Hence: I will follow:

I prithee Strat, stay thou by thy Lord,

Thou art a Fellow of a good respect:

Thy life hath had some smash of Honour in it,

Hold then my Sword, and turne away thy face,

While I do run vp on it. Wilt thou Strat?

Strat. Give me your hand first, Fare you wel my Lord.

Brut. Farewell good Strat. — Cesar, now be still, I kill'd not thee with halfe so good a will. 

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Antony, Otianius, Meffala, Lucullus, and the Army.

Meff. What man is that?
THE TRAGEDIE OF
MACBETH.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three witches.

1. Where shall we three meet again? In Thunder, Lightning, or in Raine? 2. When the Hurley-burley's done, When the Brawl's lost and worn. 3. That will be ere the set of Sunne. Where shall we meet? Enter, Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Alarum within. Enter King, Malcom, Dunsinane, Lenox. With attendants, meeting a bleeding Captaine.

King. What bloody man is that? he can report, As seemeth by his plight, of the Result The new els state.

Capt. This is the Serjeant, Who like a good and hardie Souldier fought. ’Gainst thy Captaine: Haile brave friend; Say to the King the knowledge of the Skye, As thou dirst telle us. The multiplying Villanies of Nature One (worne upon him) from the Westering Isles Of Kernes and Cawdor, and all the races. And Fortune on his dismal Querry smiling, Showed like a Rebelis Wheresoever he looked. For brave Macbeth (well he durst that Name) Did saving Fortune, with his brandishd Steele, Which smak'd with bloody execution. (Like Valours Munto) cut d out his pallage, Till he felle the Stone. Which ne'er at soke hands, nor far retrieu'd to him, Till he vesseal's him from the Naive toth'Chops; And fished his Head upon our Battelshirts.

King. 'O valiant Cousin, worthy Gentleman. Cap. As whence the Sunne gins his reflection, Shipwrecking Stormes, and dirstfull Thunders: So from that Spring, whence comfort seem'd to come, Discouer'd swell'd: Marke King of Scotland, marke, No sooner Julluce had, with Valour arm'd, Compelled shewe slipping Kernes to trueth their heales, But the Norwaiian Lord, Vnsmiring vantage, With furfufh Armes, and new supplies of men, Began a fresh afult. King. Distray'd not this our Captaines, Macbeth and Banquo? Cap. Yes, as Sparrows,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 breakes upon the Fee: Except they meant to bathe in rolling Wounds, Or memorize another Golgotha, I cannot tell: but I am faint, My Gashes cry for helpe.

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds, They smock of Honor both: One get him Surgeons.

Enter Ross and Angus. Who comes here?

Ross. The worthy Thane of Ross, Lenox. What a waffe Lockes through his eyes? So should he looke, that feemes to speake things strange. Ross. God save the King. King. Whence canst thou, worthy Thane? Ross. From Fife, great King, Where the Norwaiian Banners bowe the Skie, And fame our people cold, Norway himselfe, with terrible numbers, Afflicted by that most dillayd Traror, The Thane of Cawdor, beame a dismal Confident till thar Bellows Bridgewone, lapse in products, Confronted him with false-comparisons, Point against Point, rebellous Arme against Arme, Curing his laudable spirit: and to conclude, The Victorie fell on vs. King. Great hoppinice. Ross. That now Swains the Norwaiian King, Causes composition: Nor would we delign him but all of his men, Till he disburset, at Saint Cuth's yneh, Ten thouand Dollars, to our generall use.
Scena Tertia.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. Where hath thou beene, Sister?
2. Killing Swine.
3. Sister, where thou?
1. A Slay's Wife had Chestnuts in her Lappe, And mournes, and mourches, and mournes:  
Gue me, quoth I.  
Aroyn the, Witch, the rumped-fayng Rongon cryes.  
Her Husband's to Aippo gone, Master o'th Tiger:  
But in a Sycce Ile thither sayle,  
And like a Rat without a vayle,  
Ile Doe, Ile doe, and Ile doe.  
2. He gue thee a Windre.  
3. Th'art kinde.  
3. And I another.  
1. I my selfe have all the other,  
And the very Ports they blow,  
All the Quarters that they know,  
I' th' ship-mans Card.  
Ile dreynke him driye as Hay:  
Sleepes small yether Night nor Day  
Hang upon his Pent-house Lid:  
He shall liue a man forbad;  
Weare Seiuingnts,nine times nine,  
Shall he dwindle,peake, and pine:  
Though his Bacte cannot be loft,  
Yet it shall be Tempelt-will.  
Looke what I haue.  
2. Shew me, shew me.  
1. Here I have a Points Thumbe,  
Wrack, as homeward he did come.  
Drammon.  
3. A Drumme, a Drumme:  
Macbeth death come.  
All. The weyward Sibirs, hand in hand,  
Peeters of the Sea and Land,  
Thus doe goe, about, about,  
Thrice to shine, and thrice to mine,  
And thrice againe, to make vp nine,  
Peace, the Charme's wound vp.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So soule and faire a day I haue not seen.  
Banoò. How farre is't call'd to Soria? What are these,  
So wither'd, and so wilde in their attyre,  
That looke not like th'inhabitants o'th Earth,  
And yet are one? Live you, or are you aught  
That man may question? you seeme to understand me,  
Eyet it once her choppie finger laying  
Upon her skinnie Lippe: you should be Women,  
And yet your Beards forbid me to interprette  
That you are so.

Macb. Speakke if you can: what are you?  
3. All hail Macbeth, hail to thee Thane of Glamis.  
2. All hail Macbeth, hail to thee Thane of Cawdor.  
2. All hail Macbeth, that shall be King hereafter...  
'Bang, Good Sir, why do you flatter, and seeme to fear  
Things that doe sound to faire? I' th name of truth  
Are ye faint-heart, or that indeed  
Which outwardly ye speake? My Noble Partner  
You greet with present Grace, and great prediction  
Of Noble having, and of Royal happye,  
That he fenes wraps 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 other begge,not fear  
Your favour, nor your hate.

1. Hayle.  
2. Hayle.  
3. Hayle.  
3. Not so happy, yet much happye.  
3. Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none:  
So all hail Macbeth, and Banquo.  
1. Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail.  
Macb. Stay you impatient Speakers, tell me more:  
By Smells death, I know I am Thane of Glamis,  
But how, of Cawdor? the Thane of Cawdor flues  
A propuer Gentleman: And to be King,  
Stands not within the prospect of belles,  
No more then to be Cawdor. Say from whence  
You owe this strange Intelligence, or why  
Upon this blasted Heath you stop our way  
With such Prophetlike greeting.

Speake, I charge you.  
Witches answer.  
Banq. The Earth hath bubbles, as the Water ha's,  
And these are of them: whither are they vanil'd?  
Macb. Into the Ayre: and what scene'd corporall,  
Melted, as breath into the Windre.  
Would they had stay'd.  
Banq. Were such things here, as we doe speake about?  
Or hauing we eaten on the inffame Root,  
That takes the Reaen Prisoner?  
Macb. Your Children shall be Kings.  
Banq. You shall be King.  
Macb. And Thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?  
Banq. Toth'false-same tune, and words, who's here?  

Enter Reffe and Angus.

Reffe. The King hath happily receiv'd Macbeth,  
The news of thy success; and when he teades  
Thy pernall Venture in the Rebels fight,  
His Wonders and his Prayse doe contend,  
Which should be thine,or his: send'd with that,  
In viewing o're the left o'th'false-same day,  
He finde thee in the stout Norweyan Ranks,  
Nothing stead of what thy selfe did make  
Strange Images of death, as thick as Tale  
Can posse with posse, and every one did bear  
Thy prayses in his Kingdomes great defence,  
And pow'r'd them downe before him.  
Aung. We are sent,  
To guise thee from our Royal Master thanks,  
Onely to harrold thee into his fight,  
Not pay thee.  
Reffe. And for an earneft of a greater Honor,  
He bad me, from him, call the Thane of Cawdor:
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

In which addition, hate most worthy Than,
For it is thine.

Bang. What can the Deuill speake true?

Macb. The Thame of Cawdor lies:
Why do you dresse me in borrowed Robes?

Ang. Who was the Thame, lies yet,
But under heauie judgement beares that Life,
Which he deteues too loofe.

Whether he was combind with those of Norway,
Or did lyne the Rebell with hidden helpe,
And ventge 1 or that with he labourd
In his Countreyes wracke, I know not:
But Treasons Capitall, confeds’d, and prou’d,
Hate ouerthrowne him.

Macb. Glamys, and Thace of Cawdor:
The grettest is behinde. Thanks for your paines,
Don you not hope your Children shall be Kings,
When those that gave the Thame of Cawdor some,
Thace his life to them.

Bang. That trusted none,
Might yet enkinde you into the Crowne,
Besides the Thame of Cawdor, but its strange:
And ofentimes, to winne vs to our haine,
The Instruments of Darknesse tell vs Truths,
Winn’s with honest Trifles, to betray’s
In dearefull consequence.

Confus, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two Trifles are told,
As happy Prologue’s to the swelling Act
Of the Imperial Thame. I thank you Gentlemen:
This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good.

If ill, why hath it guen me carefull of successe,
Commencing in a Truth? I am Thame of Cawdor.
If good, why do I yeeld to that suggestion,
Whose horrid Image doth vnhke my Hear.
And make my feared Horrour knock at my Ribbes,
Against the vie of Nature? Present Fears
Are leafe then horrible Imaginings:
My Thought, whose Morther yet but fantasically,
Shakes to my single State of Man,
That Function is ’mother’d in surmise,
And nothing is, but what is not.

Bang. Look how our Partner’s rapt.

Macb. If Chance may have me King,
Why Chance may Crowne me,
Without my futre.

Bang. New Honor’s come vpon him
Like our strange Garments, clese not to their mould,
But with the aid of vide.

Macb. Come what come may,
Time, and the House, run through the roughest Day.
Bang. Worthy Macbeth, wee saye upon your ley-
ture.

Macb. Give me your favour:
My dull Braine was wronght with things forgotten.
Kinde Gentlemen, your paines are registred,
Where every day I turne the Leaf,
To reade them.

Let vs toward the King: thineke vpon
What hath chanc’d, and at more time,
The Interim having weigh’d it, let vs speake
Our free Hearts to each other.

Bang. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then enough:
Come friends. 

Scena Quarta.

Flourish. Enter King, Lenox, Malcolm,
Dounblaine, and Attendants.

King. Is execution done on Cawdor?
Or are those in Commission yet return’d?

Ang. My Liege, they are not yet come back.
But I have spoke with one that saw him die:
Who did report, that very frankly he
destroy’d his Treasons, implor’d your Highness Pardon,
And set forth a deep Remonstrance:
Nothing in his Life became him,
Like the leaning it. Hee dy’d:
As one that had beene studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow’d,
As ’were a carelesse Trifle.

King. There’s no Art,
To finde the Minder construction in the Face.
He was a Gentleman, on whom I built
An absolute Trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.
O worthy Co. the King.
The finnes of my Ingratitude even now
Was heare on me. Thou art so farre before,
That twiceth Wing of Reconcempse is low.
To ouertake thee. Woul’d thou hast its ife defau’d,
That the proportion both of thanks, and payment,
Might have beene mine; surely I haue left to say,
More is thy due, than more then all can pay,

Macb. The feruce, and the loyalite love,
In doing it, payes it selfe.
Your Highness part, is to receive our Duties:
And our Duties are to your Throne, and State,
Children, and Servants; which doe but what they should,
By doing every thing safe toward your Lone
And Honor.

King. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
That haft not lefte defau’d, nor must be knowne
No leafe to have done so: Let me entold thee,
And hold thee to my Heart.

Bang. There if I grow,
The Harneft is your owne.

King. My penteous Joys,
Wannet in fullene, seek to hide themseles
In drops of sorrow. Sonnes, Kinfinds, thanes,
And you whose place are the nearest, know,
We will establishe our Eftate vpon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter,
The Prince of Cumberland; which Honor muft
Not vnaacompanied, vneckt him emely,
Yet figures of Noblenesse, like Stars, shall shine
On all Accomplisht: From hence to Enveres,
And binde vs further to you.

Macb. The Reis is Labor, which is not vned for you:
Ile be my Self the Herberger, and make joyfull
The hearing of my Wife, with you approacth:
So handly take my leave.

King. My worthy Cawdor.

Macb. The Prince of Cadberland, that is a Rep.
On which I must fall downe, or els direuage;
Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeth's wife alone with a Letter.

Lady. They met me in the way of successe: and I have learn'd by the perfect report, they have more in them, than mortal knowledge. When I burn'm in desire to question them further, they made themselves away, not where they came. Is it not the clock? 

Enter Macbeth. 

Great Glares, worthy Cawdor. 

Macb. My dear Calfe, Loue, 

Duncan comes here to Night. 

Lady. And when goes hence? 

Macb. To morrow, as he purposeth. 

Lady. O newer, 

Shall Sunne that Morrow see, 

Your Face, my Thane, is as a Booke, where men May read strange matters, to beguile the time. 

Looks like the time, beare welcome in your Eye, 

Your Hand, your Tongue looks like th'innocent flowers, 

But be the Serpent under it. He's that comming, 

Must be provided for: and you shall put 

This Nights great Buteffee into my dispatch, 

Which shall to all our Nights, and Days to come, 

Give loyely fourestag enwy, and Masterdome. 

Macb. We will speake further, 

Lady. Oney looke up clear: 

To alter frust, euer is to face: 

Leave all the rest to me. 

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Holger, and Torchet. Enter King, Malcolm, 

Duncan, Banquo, Lenox, Mactuff, 

Rafe, Angus, and Ascendants. 

King. This Castle hath a pleasant seat, 

The syre nimibly and sweetly recommends its selfe 

Vnto our gentle fences. 

Torchet. This Guest of Summer, 

The Temple-baunting Baitet does approue, 

By his louds Maisonty, that the Heaven's breath 

Smells wooringly here: no lusty fiery, 

Buttrice, nor Coigne of Vantage, but this Bird 

Hath made his pendat Bed, and procerus Cradle, 

Where they must breed, and haunt: I have obserued 

The syre is delicate. 

Enter Lady, 

King. See, see our honord Hostess: 

The Lute that followes vs, sometimse is our trouble, 

Which still we thankes vs Loue. Herein I teach you, 

How you shall bid God-eyd vs for your paines, 

And thankes vs for your trouble. 

Lady. All our servise, 

In every point twice done, and then done double, 

Were puste, and single Buteffee to content 

Against these Honors deep and broad, 

Wherewith your Majestie loads out House: 

For those of old, and the late Dignities, 

Heap'd vp to them, we ref your Ermittes.
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

King. Where's the Thane of Cawdor? We court him at the heels, and had a purpose To be his Parterye: But he rides well, And his great Loue (that is as his Spurre) hath holpe him To his home before vs: Fairse and Noble Holifee We are your gent to night, La. Your Seyants ever, Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs in compe, To make their Audit at your Highness pleasure, Still to returne your owne. King. Give me your hands: Conduct me to mine Hoft we love him highly, And shall continue, our Graces towards him, By your heste Holifee. Exeunt

Scena Septima.

His-hyres. Torchets. Enter a Seruer, and divers Servantes moles, Dippers and Seruantes over the Stage. They enter. Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well, It was done quickly: It's the Hill's Afflication Could stemell vp the Confession, and catch With his furcace, Successe: but this blow Might be the be all, and the end all. Here, But here, upon this Banker and Schoole of time, We'd unpe the life to come. But in these Caves, We will have judgement here, that we but teach Blindly Injunctions, which being taught, returne To plague th'Inuentur. This earth-haunded Justice Commend's th'Ingredience of our poyson'd Challice To our owne lips, He's here in double trut, First, as I am his Kinsman, and his Subject, Strong both against the Deed: Then, as his Hoof, Who should aignant his Motherer flut the doore, Not bear the knife my selfe, Besides, this Duncan Hath borne his Faculties to meeke; hath bin So eere in his great Office, that his Vertues Will pleade like Angels. Trumpet-congu'd against The depe damnation of his taking off: And Pitty, like a naked New-born-Babe, Striding the blafs, or Heavens Cherubin, hor'd Upon the sightfull Carriers of the Ayre, Shall blow the hor, dee'd in every one, That cares shall drowne the winde. I have no Spurre To pricke the sides of my intent, but onely Vaulting Ambition, which ore-leapes it selfe, And falls on th'other, Enter Lady. How now? What News? La. He has almoost fipt: why have you left the chamber? Mac. Hath he ask'd for me? La. Know you not, he's? Mac. We will proceed no further in this Business: He hath Honour'd me of late, and I have bought Golden Opinions from all sorts of people, Which would be worse now in their newest glose, Not caft aside so soon. La. Was the hope drunke, Wherein you drest your heart? Hath it lepton since? And wakes it now to looke fo green, and pale, At what it did fo freely? From this time, Such an account thy love. Art thou assur'd To be the fame in thine owne Ach, and Valour, As thou art in defire? Would't thou have that Which thou euest at the Ornament of Life, And liue a Coward in thine owne Endeeme? Letting I dare not, wait upon I would, Like the poore Cat in't Addage, Macb. Prythee peace: I dare do all that may become a man, Who dares no more, is none. La. What Bealt was't then That made you break this Enterprize to me? When you durr'd do it, then you were a man: And to be more then what you were, you Would be to much more the man. Not time, not place Did then adhere, and yet you would make both: They haue made themselves, and that their finelle now Do's wannake you. I haue green Sucke, and know How tender 'his to love the Babe that mielkes me, I would, while it was Iying in my Face, Have pluckt my Nipple from his Bonelle Gummies, And dafht the Brains out, had I so swore As you haue done to this. Macb. If we should fail? Lady. We fail? But rear your courage to the ficking place, And we'lle not foyle: when Duncan is asleep, (Whereto the rather shall his dydes hard Journey Soundly incite him) his two Chambers laines Will I with Wine, and Waife, to conuince, That Memorie, the Warder of the Braine, Shall be a Tune, and the Reciet of Reason A Lymebeck onlye: when in Swinsh sleephe; Their drenched Natures lyes in a Death, What cannot you and I perfome upon This unguarded Duncan? What not put upon His ignipgne Officers? who shall bear the guilt Of our great quell. Macb. Bring forth Men-Children onely: For thy vaunted Merle should compose Nothing but Males. Will it not be receiv'd, When we have mark'd with blood those sleepie two Of his owne Chamber, and vs'd their very Daggers, That they have don't? Lady. Who dares receive it other? As we shall make our Griefes and Clamor tore, Vpon his Death? Macb. I am distrest, and bend vp Each corporall Agent to this recevable Fear, A way, and mock the time with fairest show, Falte Facenault hide what the falfe Heart doth know. Exeunt

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Banque, and Fleance, with a Torch before him. Ban. How goes the Night, Boy? Fleance. The Moone is downe: I haue not heard the Clock. Ban. And she goes downe at Twelve. Fleance. I take't, it's later, Sir. Ban. Hold, take my Sword; There's Husbandsry in Heauen, Their Candles are all oue: take thee that too. min 2

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Enter Macbeth, and a Sermon with a Torch.

Give me my Sword: who's there?

Macb. A Friend.

Banq. What Sir, not yet at rest? the King's a bed.

He hath beene in vnusual Pleasure,
And sent forth great Largesse to your Offices,
This Diamond he grettes your Wife withall,
By the name of most kind Holfellse,
And that vp in inaccessible content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defea,
Which else should free hause wroght.

Banq. All's well.

I dreamt last Night of the three veyward Sifters:
To you they haue shew'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them:

You can not invent an hour to freue,
We would spend it in some words upon that Buisenelle,
If you would grant the time.

Banq. At your kind'st leasure.

Macb. If you shall cluse to my content,
When 'tis, it shall make Honor for you.

Banq. So I vlofe none,

In seeking to augment it, but still keepe
My Botome fraunch'd, and Allegrance cleare,
I shall be counsayld.

Macb. Good repose the while.

Banq. Thanks Sir: the like to you. Exit Banquo.

Macb. Goe bid thy Mistrefle, when my drinkes is ready,
She strike vp vnpon the Bell. Get thee to bed. Exit.

Is this a Dagger which I see before me,
The Handie toward my Hand? Comme, let me clush thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Arts thou not faltall Vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A Dagger of the Mind, a false Creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppresst Braine?

I see thee yet, in forme as palpable,
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'lt me the way that I was going,
And such an Instrument I was to vse.

Mine Eyes are made the Goole's o'th'other Senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;

And on thy Blade, and Durgdon, Gouts of Blood,
Which was not so before. There's no tuch thing:

It is the bloody Balnifelse, which informes
Thus to mine Eyes. Now o't the one halfe World
Nature feemes dead, and wicked Dreames abuse
The Curtain'd Sleepe: Witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate Offerings: and with'ther Murther,
Altru'd by his Centennell, the Wolfe,
Whole howle's his Watch, thus with his fleshly pace,
With Tartuous tantalizing sides, towards his diuine
Motes like a Ghost. Thou howeare and hame-set Earth
Hearse not my steps, which they may walke, yet fear,
Thy very fumes prate of my where-about,
And take the greeneest tother from the time,
Which now issueth with it. Whiles I threat, he lutes:
Words to the heat of deeders too cold breath giues.

A Bell rings.

Scene Secunda.

Enter Lady.

La. That which hath made the drunk, hath made me bold;
What hath quench'd them, hath giuen me fire.

Hearke; peace it was the Owle that thriek'd,
The fastall Bell-man, which giues the item't good-night,
He is about it, the Doores are open:
And the surfeited Grommes doe mack their charge
With Snores. I have drugg'd their Polettes,
That Death and Nature doe contend about them,
Whether they lie, or dye.

Exit Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there? what hast thou?

Lady. Alack, I am afraid they have awak'd,
And his not done with attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds vs: hearke! I lay'd their Daggers ready,
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My Father as he slept, I had don't.

My Husband?

Macb. I have done the deed:
Didst thou not heare a noyse?

Lady. I heard the Owle schreame, and the Cricket cry.
Did not you speake?

Macb. When?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I defended?

Lady. I.

Macb. Hearke, who lyes in the second Chamber?

Lady. Donabane.

Macb. This is a forry fight.

Lady. A foule thick thought, to say a forry fight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleepe,

And one cry'd Murther, that they did wake each other:
I finad, and heard them: But they did say their Prayers,
And adiref them againe to sleepe.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd God biffes vs, and Amen the other,
As they had teene me with these Hangmans hands:
Lifffing their fearse, I could not say Amen,
When they did say God biffes vs.

Lady. Consider it not to deepe layer.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounc Amen?

I had most need of Blifling, and Amen fluck in my throat.

La. These deeds must not be Blifling.

After these ways: to, it will make vs mad.

Macb. Me thought I heard a voyce cry, Sleep no more:

Macb. Sleep, the innocent Sleepe,
Sleepe that knits vp the taweful Sireue of Care,

The death of each dayes Life,fore Labors Bath,
Blame of hurt Minde, great Natures second Courte,
Chief enjoyment in Life's Peaft.

Lady. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cry'd, Sleepe no more to all to the House:

Macb. Shall Sleepe no more: Macbeth shall sleepe no more.

Lady. Who was it, that thus cry'd? Why worthy Thores,
You doe vnbend your Noble freeth, to thinke
So brave-likly of things. Goe get some Water,
Enter Macduff, and Lenox.

Macb. Was't in late, friend, ere you went to Bed, That you did lye so late?

Port. Faith Sir, we were carousing till the second Cock: And Drink, Sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macb. What three things doth Drink provoker of?


Lecherie, Sir, it provokes, and vapours: it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much Drink may be said to be an Equivoocator with Lecherie; it makes him, and it mutes him; it lets him on, and it takes him off: it persuades him, and dis-heartens him; makes him fland, and not stand too: in conclusion, equivoicates him in a sleepe, and giving him the Lye, leaves him.

Macb. I believe, Drink eke thee the Lye last Night. Port. That did, Sir, the very Throes on me: but I requited him for his Lye, and (I think) being too strong for him, he rode vp my Legges sometyme, yet, I made a Shift to call him.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Is thy Master fasting? Our knocking has awak'd him: here he comes.

Lenox. Good morrow, Noble Sir.

Macb. Good morrow both.

Macb. Is the King retiring worthy Than? Not yet.

Macb. He did command me to call timely on him, I have almost dipp'd the house.

Macb. I bring you to him.

Macb. I know this is a joiefull trouble to you: But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, Playsicks pains: This is the Doone.

Macb. I make so bold as to call, for tis my limited service.

Enter Macduff.

Lenox. Goes the King hence to day?

Macb. He does: he did appoint so.

Lenox. The Night has been veruly: Where we lie, our Chimneys were blowne downe, And (as they say) lamentings heard ib'th'Ayre; Strange Schreemes of Death, And Pophecying, with Accents terrible, Of dyre Combustion, and confud's Events, New hatch'd toth' woful time.

The obicise Bird clamar'd the late-long Night, Some say, the Earth was feruous, And did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough Night.

Lenox. My young remembrance cannot paralle A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

Macb. O horror, horror, horror, Tongue nor Heart cannot conceive, nor name thee. 

Macb. and Lenox. What's the matter?

Macb. Confusion now hath made his Master-peece: Mort sacrilegious Murther hath broke ope The Lords anonyted Temple, and stole thence The Life o' th' Building.

Macb. What is't you say, the Life?

Lenox. Mean you this Macduff?

Macb. Approch the Chamber, and destroy your fight

With a new Gorgon, Does not bid me speake:

Enter a Porter.

Porter. Here's a knocking, indeed: if a man were Porter of Hell Gate, he should have old turning the Key. Knock, Knock, Knock, Knock. Who's there? he's name of Selkirk? Here's a Farmer, that hang'd himselfe on the expectation of Plentie: Come in time, have Napkins enow about you, here you'll sweat for't. Knock, Knock, knock, Knock. Who's there in th'other Devils Name? Faith here's an Equivoocator, that can fellare in both the Scales against either Scale, who committs Treafon enough for Gods sake, yet could not equivocate to Heaven: oh come in, Equivoocator. Knock, Knock, Knock, Knock. Who's there? Faith here's an English Taylor come hither, for freeling out of a French Hove: Come in Taylor, here you may roff your Goose. Knock, Knock, Knock. Never as quiet: What are you? but this place is too cold for Hell. He Devils Porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all Professions, that goe the Primitive way to the everlasting Bonfire. Knock, Knock, Knock, Knock. Anon anon, I pray you remember the Porter.

Enter Macduff, and Lenox.

Macb. Was't in late, friend, ere you went to Bed, That you did lie so late?

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Macb. What three things doth Drink especially provoke?


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Lenox. Mean you this Macduff?

Macb. Approch the Chamber, and destroy your fight

With a new Gorgon, Does not bid me speake:
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

See, and then speake your selues: awake, awake,
Except Macbeth and Lenox.
Ring the Alarum Bell: Morther, and Treason,
Banquo, and Dunsheid: Make me awake,
Shake off this Downey slepe, Deaths counterfeit,
And look on Death it seeth: vvp, vvp, and fee.
The great Dounnes Image: Make me awake, Banquo,
As from your Graves rise vp, and walke like Sprights,
To countenance this horror. Ring the Bell,
Bell rings. Enter Lady.

Lady. What's this Dunsheid?
That such a hideous Trumpeter calls to parle
The sleepers of the House? speake, speake.

Macb. O gentle Lady,
Tis not for you to hear what I can speake:
The repetition in a Womans eare,
Would murder us as it fell.

Enter Lenox, Banquo, Our Royall Masters murther'd.

Lady. O, we, alas:
What, in our House?
Ban. Too cruelly, any where.
Deare Duff, I prittyee contradict tiny selfe,
And say, it is not so.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Riff.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,
I had hy'd a blessed time: so from this instant,
There's nothing serious in Mortalitie:
All is but Toyes: Renowne and Grace is dead,
The Wine of Life is drawne, and the more Lees
Is left this Vat, to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Dunsheid.

Duns. What is smittt?

Macb. You are, and do not know:
The Spring, the Head, the Fountaines of your Blood
Is stopp'd, the very Source of it is stopp'd.

Macb. Your Royall Father's murther'd;

Lady. O by whom?

Lenox. Thofe of his Chamber, as it seem'd, had don't:
Their Hands and Faces were all bloodg'd with blood,
So were their Daggers, which vnwip'd, we found
Upon their Pillowes: they stand'd, and were disdain'd,
No mans Life was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O yet I doe repent me of my furie,
That I did kill them.

Lady. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, tempest, & furious,
Loyal, and Neutral, in a moment? No man:
Th' expedition of my violent Loute
Out-turn the pawner, Reafon. Here by Duncan,
His Silver shiny, lade'd with his Golden Blood,
And his gaff'd Stabes, look'd like a Breach in Nature,
For Ruines wastfull entrance: there the Murderers,
Greed'd in the Colours of their Trade; their Daggers
Uncommonly bleeched with gore; who could restrain
That had a heart to lour; and in that heart,
Courage, to make'ss loose knowne?

Lady. Help me hence, ban.

Macb. Loose to the Lady.

Macb. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may chyme this argument for ours?

Duns. What should be spoken here,
Where our Fate hid in an augure hole,
May rush, and seene vs? Let's away,
Our Taxes are not yet brew'd.

Mel. No, nor our stronge Sorrow
Upon the foot of Motion.

Lenox. Looke to the Lady:
And when we have our naked Failities hid,
That suffer in Exposure: let vs mee,
And question this mort bloody piece of worke,
To know it further: Fearers and Ipacleps shake vs:
In the great Hand of God I stand, and thence,
Against the vindrul'd pretence, I fight.
Of Treasonous Mallice.

Macb. And so doe I,
All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And mee the Hall together.

All. Well contented.

Macb. What will you doe?
Let's not conform with them:
To shew an unfeit Sorrow, is an Office
Which the faile mans do's caffe.
To England.

All. To Ireland, I:

Our seperated fortune shall keepe us both the safer:
Where we are, there's Daggers in mens Smiles;
The neere in blood, the nearer blood.

Macb. This motherous Shaft that's fluer,
Hath not yet lightside, and our selfs way,
Is to avoid the syne. Therefore to Horfe,
And let vs not be dainty of leave-taking,
But fly away: there's a warrant in that Theft,
Which indic's its selfe, when there's no mercie left.

Enter.

Scene Quarta.

Enter Riff, with an Old man.

Old man. Three score and ten I can remember well,
Within the Volume of which Time, I have seen
Hours dreafaul, and things strange; but this fore Night
Hath tir'd former knowings.

Riff. Ha, good Father,
Those seem the Heavenly, as toucht with mans Aft,
That threaten our bloody Stage; by this Clock 'tis Day,
And yet darkes Night straies, lest the traunding Lampes
Let's Nights pretencione, or the Days Shane,
That Darkefle does the face of Earth intombes,
When living Light should kilfe it.

Old man. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed theses done: On Tuesday last,
A Faucon courting in her pride of place,
Was by a Mowing Owle hawk'd at, and kill'd.

Riff. And Duncan Hues.

(A thing most strange, and certaine)
Beautecous, and sure, the Minions of their Race,
Turn'd wilde in nature, broke their fells, flung out,
Contending 'gainst Obedience, as they would
Make Warre with Mankind.

Old man. 'Tis fast, they cut each other.

Riff. They did so:
To themazement of mine eyes that look'd ypon't.

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good Macduff.

How goes the world Sir, now? 

Macb. Why say you not? 

Ross. It's known who did this more then bloody deed? 

Macb. Tho' that Macbeth hath slice. 

Ross. Alas the day, 

What good could they pretend? 

Macb. They were inbrowned, 

Macdufe, and Donalbaine the Kings two Sons 

Are stone away and fled, which puts upon them 

Substitution of the deed, 

Ross. 'Gainst Nature still, 

Thistlelike Ambition, that will raen vp 

Thine owne lives meanes: Then 'tis most like, 

The Sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth. 

Macb. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone 

To be infefted. 

Ross. Where is Duncan body? 

Macb. Carried to Colmekill, 

The Sacred Stone-houte of his Predecessors, 

And Guardian of their Bones. 

Ross. Will you to Scone? 

Macb. No Coffin, Ile to Fire. 

Ross. Well, I will thither. 

Macb. Will may you see things well done there: 

Adieu. Leave our old Robes six eather then our new. 

Ross. Farewell, Father. 
Old M. Gods heny go with you, and with those 

That would make good of bad, and Friends of Foes. 

Exit come.
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Know, that it was lie, in the times past,
Which held you fo under fortune,
Which you thought had been our innocent selfs,
That now I made good to you, in our last conference,
Past 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 halfe a Soule, and to a Notion craz'd:--
Say, Thus did Banquo,
1. Macb. 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 Godpelf'd, to pray for this good man,
And for hisrique, whose humane hand
Hath bown'd you to the Graue, and begg'dd
Yours for ever?
1. Macb. We are men, my Liege,
Macb. In the Catalogue ye goe for men,
As Hounds, and G'es'hounds, Mungrrels, Spaniels,Cures,
Showghers, Water, Rugs, and Demy-Wolves are clipt
All by the Name of Dogs: the valued file
Distinguiheth the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The populous-keeper, the Hunter, every one
According to the gift, which bounteous Nature
Hath in him clos'd: whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the Bill,
That writes them all alike: and fo of men.
Now, if you have a faction in the file,
Not 'tis worst rank of Manhood, say't,
And I will put that Buinefle in your Bufomes,
Whose execution takes your Enemie off,
Grapples you to the heart, and loue of vs,
Who weare our Health but fickly in his Life,
Which in his Death were perfec.
2. Macb. I am one, my Liege,
Whom the vyle Blowes and Buffets of the World
Hath fo incens'd, that I am reckelesse what I doe,
To fipght the World.
1. Macb. And as much as,
So weare with Diffafters, rigg'd with Fortune,
This I would fett my Life on any Chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.
Macb. Both of you know Banquo was your Enemie.
Macb. True, my Lord.
Macb. So is he mine: and in fuch bloody distance,
That every minute of his being, thrills
Against my neer'd of Life: and though I could
With bare feet'd power fweepe him from my flight,
And bid my will auoicht it yet I must not,
For certaine friends that are both his, and mine,
Whose loues I may not drop, but waple his fall,
Whoe my felfe fluck downe: and thence it is,
That I to your affiance doe make loue,
Marking the Buinefle from the common Eye,
For fumdry weightie Reasons.
2. Macb. We shall, my Lord,
What you command vs.
1. Macb. Though our Lives--
Macb. Your Spirituall flame through you,
Within this hour, at mott,
I will aduife you where to plant your pelfes,
Acquaint you with the perfeft Spy o'th'time,
The moment on't, fo't must be done to Night,
And someting from the Palaces: alyways thought,
That I require a clearefscfie, and with him,
To leave no Ruhs nor Botches in the Worke:
F.SELECT, his Sonne, that keeps him company,
Whose abience is no leffe materiall to me,
Then is his Fathers, must embrace the fare
Of that darke hour: reloue your felves apart,
He come to you anon.

Macb. We are resolu'd, my Lord,
Macb. Ile call upon you straightly: abide within,
It is concluded: Banquo, thy Soules flight,
If it finde Heauen, must finde it out to Night. Exeunt.

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Scena Secunda.

Enter Macbeths Lady, and a Servant.

Lady. Is Banquo gone from Court?
Servant. 1. Madame, but returns againe to Night.
Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his letyure,
For a few words.
Servant. Madame, I will.
Exit.

Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our defire is got without content:
'Tis safer, to be that which we defrving,
Then by deftruction dwell in doublifult joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my Lord, why do you kepe alone?
Of fortyfeth Fancies your Companions making;
Wring fuch Thoughts, which should indeed haue dy'd
With them they thynke on: things without all remedie
Should be without regarding: what's done, is done,
Macb. We haue fcorch'd the Snake, nor kill'd it:
Shue'te clofe, and be her felfe, whilefle our poore Mallice
Remaines in danger of her former Toothe,
But let the frame of things dif-faty,
Both the Worlds fofter,
Ere we can rate our Meatle in fraie, and ftepe
In the afillation of thefe terrible Dreames,
That fmake vs Nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gynaue our peace, hauent feene to peace,
Then on the torture of the Minde to lye
In retfelte extrafe.

Duncan is in his Graue.

After Lives fitfull Feuer, he fleeps well,
Trea'ton ha's done his work, nor Steele, nor Payfon,
Mallice done: que, foraine Leuite, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Lady. Come on:
Gentle my Lord, sleeke o're your rugged Lookes,
Be bright and louiall among your Guests to Night.

Serv. So shall I Lave, and fo I pray you be:
Let your remembrance appeale to Banquo,
Prefent him Eminence, both with Eye and Tongue:
We fafe the while, that we re must lave
Our Honors in thefe flattering Dreames,
And make our Faces Vizard to our Hearts,
Disguifing what they are.

Lady. You must issue this.

Macb. O,full of Scorpions is my Minde,deare Wife:
 Thou know if, that Banquo and his Euerloues.

Lady. But
Scene Tertia.

Enter three Marsters.

1. But who did bid thee sojourn with us?
2. Macbeth.
3. He needeth not our mistrust, since he delivers our Offices, and what we have to do, to the direction just.

1. Then hand with vs.
2. These are not the Weits, which I promised to arrive with.
3. They are late Travellers, that we have met with.

Enter Banquo and Fleance, with a Torch.

1. A Light, a Light.
2. Tis he.

Ban. This is a Horse.
Ban. O, Treacherie!
Flye good Fleance, flye, flye, flye.
Thou mayst retrench, O Slave!
3. Who did strike out the Light?
4. Was't not the way?
5. The Sonne is fled.
6. We have lost.

Exeunt.

Macbeth. You know your owne degrees, sit downe:
There's left the hearty welcome.
Ban. Thankes to your Majestie.
Macbeth. Our tels will mingle with Society,
And on the humble Altar:
Our Holffeske keeps her State, but in that time
We will require her welcome.

La. Pronounce it for me Sir, to all our Friends,
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Macbeth.

Macbeth. See they encounter thee with their harts thanks
Both sides are even: here lie flit'th mid'flf,
Belarge in mirth, anon we'll drink a Measure
The Table round. There's blood upon thy face.

Mrs. 'Tis Banquo's then.
Macbeth. 'Tis better thee without, then he within.
Is he dress'd?
Mrs. My Lord his threat is o'th' Court,
Macbeth. Thou art the best of th'Cut-throats,
Yet he's good that did the like for Fleace.
If thou didst it, thou art the Non-parell.

Mrs. Most Royall Sir.
Fleace is scap'd.

Macbeth. Then comes my Fit againe:
I had else beene perfect;
Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rocke,
As broad, and general, as the chang'g Ayre:
But now I am cabined, confined, bound in
To favour doubts, and feates.
Banquo's safe?
Mrs. I, my good Lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trench'd gaffes on his head;
The least a Death to Nature.

Macbeth. Thankes for that:
There the groome Serpent lies, the worme that's fled
Hath Nature that in time will Venom breed,
No teeth for th'premre.
But when we're gone to morrow
We'll hear our elses again.

Exit Murderer.

Lady. My Royall Lord,
You do not giue the Cheere, the Feast is fold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making:
'Tis guen, with welcome: to feede were bell at home:
From thence, the savce to meate is Ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.

Enter the Glove of Banquo, and sit in Macbeths place.

Macbeth. Sweet Remembrancer,
Now good digestion wait on Appetite,
And health on both.

Lenox. May't please your Highness se.
Macbeth. Here had we now our Countries Honor,roofd,
Were the grace 'd person of our Banquo present:
Who, may I rather challenge for vnkindneff,
Then pittry for Mischance.

Reff. His absence (Sir)
Layes blame vpon his promife. Plead your Highneff
To grace vs with your Royall Company?
Macb. The Table's full.
Len. Here's a place refer'd Sir,
Macb. Where?
Len. Here's your good Lord.

What is't that moves your Highness now?
Macb. Which of you have done this?
Len. What, my good Lord?
Macb. Thou canst not say I did: never brake
Thy gossip locks at me.

Ruff. Gentlemen rise, his Highness is not well.

Lady. Sir worthy Friends: my Lord is often thus,
And hath become from his youth. Pray you keep Seat,
The first is momentary, upon a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him
You shall offend him, and extend his Passion;
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

Macb. I, and a bold one, that dare looke on that
Which might appall the Diuell.

La. O proper suffle:

This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the Ayre-drawne-Dagger which you faid
Led you to Duncan. O, these false and flares
(Imposers to true fear) would well become
A womans story, at a Wivers fire
Authoriz'd by her Grandam's false felie,
Why do you make such faces? When all's done
You look'd but on a flooile.

Macb. Prythee see there,
Behold, looke, looke, how you fay;
Why what care I, if thou canst not, fpeak too.
If Charnell houfes, and our Graves muft fend
Those that we bury, backe: our Monuments
Shall be the Maves of Kytes.

Macb. If I stand heere, I faw him.

La. Ficior frame.

Macb. Blood hath bene fired ere now, 'tis olden time
Ere humane Statute purg'd the gentle Wesel:
I, and ifce, Murtheres have bene perform'd
Too terrible for the care. The times has bene,
That when the Braine was catt, the man would dye,
And there an end: But now they rise againe
With twenty morbill murtherers on their crowns;
And push vs from our flooiles. This is more strange
Then fuch a murther is.

La. My worthy Lord
Your Noble Friends do lacke you.

Macb. I do forget:
Do not name me my moft worthy Friends,
I have a strange infirmity, that is nothing
To tho'fe that know me. Come, Joue and health to all,
Then let it downe: Give me some Wine, fill full:
Enter Cluff.

I drink to the generall joy of the whole Table,
And to our dear Lord: I send Dunsge, whom we mince,
Would he were here: to all, and him we threfh,
And all to all.

La. Our dute, and the pledge.

Macb. Amust, & quaff my finge: by the earth hide thee;
Those bones are marble: but thy blood is cold:
Thou had no speculation in thofe eyes
Which thou didst glare with.

La. Thinks of this good Cluff?

But the thing of Cuffome: To no other,
One in the pale of the day of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Ruflian Bear,
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or the Hircan Tiger,
Take any fhape but that, and my firne Nereus
Shall never tremble. Or be alie again,
And dare me to the Defart with thys Sword:
If trembling I inhabit then, protrct me
The Baby of a Girl. Hence horifible shadow,
You mock by heroifme. Why fo, being gone:
I am a man againe: pray you be still.

La. You have displac'd the mirth,
Broke the good meeting, with moft admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can fuch things be,
And overmen ce like a Summers Cloud,
Without our fpecial wonder? You make me ftrange.
Even to the disposition that I owne,
When now I thinke you can behold fuch fhings,
And keep the natural Rubie of your Chérek:
When mine is blanch'd with ftrease.

Ruff. What fighs, my Lord?

La. I pray you fpake not; he growes worfe & worfe.
Quaffion enraiges him: at once, goodnight.
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health.

Attend his Maffey.

La. A kihde goodnight to all.

Macb. It will have blood they fay:
Blood will have Blood:

Stones hauue beene knowne to moue, & Trees to fpeak:
Angeues, and underftoold Relations, haue
By Maggot Pyes, & Choffets & Rookes brought forth
The Secret man of Blood. What is the night

La. Almost at odde with morning, which is which

Macb. How fay'ls thou that Macbeth denies his perfon
At our great bidding.

La. Did you fend to him Sir?

Macb. I feare it by the way: But I will fend:
There's not one of them but in his houfe
I keepe a Seruant Feed. I will to morrow
(And beimes I will, to the weyward Sifters),
More fhall they fpeeke; for now I am bent to know
By the worft meanes, the worft, for mine owne good,
All caufes flall glue way. I am in blood
Strept in fo faire, that fhould I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go ore:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,
Which muft be aile, eie they may be found.

La. You lacke the feafon of all Natur,leep.

Macb. Come, we ce to leape: My strangé & filifuife
Is the initiare fcarce, that wants hard vfe:
We are yet but yong indeed.

Exeunt.

Scene Quinta.

Thunder. Enter the three Watchers meeting.

Hec.

1. Why how now Hecat, you looke angerly?

Hec. Have I not reason (ieldam's) as you are?

Sawry, and one-bold, how did you dare
To trade, and traffique with Macbeth,
In Riddles, and Affaires of death;

And

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The Tragedie of Macbeth.

And I the Misriss of your Charmes,
The cloe contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
O shew the glory of our Art?
And which is worse, all you have done
Hath bane but for a wayward Sceane,
Spightfull, and wrathfull, who (as others do) Loves for his owne ends, ne for you.
But make amends now: Get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me this Morning: thither he
Will come, to know his Definite.
Your Veffels, and your Spells provide,
Your Charmes, and every thing beside;
I am for th' Ayre: This night he spend
Vnto a dimilall, and a Faddall end.
Great businesse must be wrought ere None.
Upon the Corner of the Moon
There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound,
He catch it ere it come to ground;
And that did if'd by Magick flightes,
Shall raise such Artificial Sprights
As by the Strength of their Illusion,
Shall draw him on to his Confusion.
He shall spurne Fate, some Death, and bere
His hopes' bone Wifedom,Grace, and Fear.
And you all know, Security
Is Mortals cheefe Enemy.

Maciel, and a Song.

There is no incantation, no artificer's song,
But the voice of Nature, that to every ear doth bring
The fitness of things. So let us transport
Our thoughts to heaven, and there begin.

Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

Lenox. My former Speeches,
Have but your thoughts
Which can interpret farther: One is I say
Things have bin frangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pittied of Macbeth: marry he was dead;
And the right valiant Banquo walk'd too late,
Whom you may say (if ye please ye) Fiean: kill'd,
For Fianus Bed: Men must not walke too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Macduff, and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious Father: Damned Fact,
How it did grewe Macbeth: Did he not straight
In piouse rage, the two delinquents cease,
That were the Slaves of drunk and thrall's of sleepe
Was not that Nobly done? 1, and wisely too:
For 'twould have anger'd any hearts alue
To hear the man dema'st: So that I say,
He ha's borne all thing well, and I do think,
That had he Duncan's Sonnes under his Key,
(As, and pleasa Heauen shall not) they should finde
What twere to kill a Father: So shoul Fiean.
But peace; for from broad words, and canse he say'd
His preference at the Tyrants Feat: I hear
Macduff lives in digrace, Sir, can you tell

Where he befoles him selfe?

Lord. The Sonnes of Duncan
(From whom this Tyrant holds the due of Birth)
Lives in the Englifh Court, and is recey'd
Of the most Prince Edward, with fuch grace,
That the malcontente of Fortune, nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
Is gone, to pray the Holy King, upon his ayd
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Seyward,
That by the helpe of thefe (with him above)
To rais the Workes we may againe
Give to our Tables meat, sleepe to our Nights;
Free from our Feasts, and Banquets bloody knyves
Do faull full Henmps, and receiue free Honors,
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath to exasperate their King, that he
Prepares for some attempt of warre.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute Sir, not I
The cloudy Message turns me his backe,
And hums; as who should say, you'll use the time
That clogs me with this Answer.

Lenox. And that well might
Adulfe him to a Caution, t, hold what distance
His wifehood can provide. Some holy Angell
Fly to the Court of England, and unfold
His Message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May moore returne to this our suffering Country,
Under a hand occurs'd.

Lord. He fend my Prayers with him.

Aelius Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter the three Witches.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Thrice the brinded Cat hath mew'd.
2 Thrice, and once the Hedge-Pigge whin'd.
3 Harpier cries, 'tis time, 'tis time,
1 Round about the Cauldron go;
2 In the powyland Entrails throw
3 Toast, that under cold stone,
1 Days and Nights, he's thirty one:
2 Swelterd Venom sleepeing got,
3 Boyle thou first 'tis charmed pot.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.
2 Fillers of a Penny Snake,
3 In the Cauldron Boyle and Bake:
1 Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frog,
2 Wool of Bat, and Tongue of Dogge:
3 Aiders Forke, and Blinde-wormes Sting
4 Lizards legge, and Howletts wing:
5 For a Charme of powrefull trouble,
6 Like a Hell-breath, Boyle and bubble.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.
2 Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolfe,
3 Witches Mummeey, Mur, and Gulfe
Of the rain'd del Sea starke
1 Roots of Henlocke, digg'd to the Duke:
2 Lister of Blaspheming Jew,
3 Gall of Goaste, and Slippes of Yew,
4 Sluer'd in the Moones Eclipse.
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Nofe of Turke, and Tartars lips:
Finger of Birth-strangled Babe,
Dicit-deduct by a Drab,
Make the Crewe-well thick and lub.
Add thee therto a Tigers Chawdran,
For ch'Inp Regiment of our Cowdran.
All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,
Fire burne, and Cowdran bubble.
2. Coote it with a Baboones blood,
Then the Cullame be finite and good.

Enter Hecat, and the other three Witches.

Hec. O well done: I commend your paces,
And every one shall share with games:
And now about the Cowdrungion.
Like Eues and Fairies in a King,
Inchanting all that you put in.

1. Appar. and a Song. 
Blacky Spirits, &c.

2. By the pricking of my Thunburs,
Something wicked this way comes:
Open Lockers, who ever knockes.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now you secret, black, & midnight Hags?
What is't you do?
All. A deed without a name.

Math. I comme you, by that which you Professe,
Though you wyngue the WIndes, and let them flys:
Against the Churches: Though the yeuty WInds
Confound and swallowl Navigation vp.
Though bladeled Come be leaped, & Trees blowne downe,
Though Cotters topple on their Waders heads:
Though Pallees, and Pyramids do uphe
Their heads, to their Foundations: Though the creature
Of Natures Earnest, tumble slanting, that,
Euen till depluction ticken: Answer me
To what I like you:
1. Speak.
2. Demand.
3. We'll answer.
1. Say, if'th had it rather heare it from our mouths,
Or from our Mather.
2. Macb. Call'em: let me see'em.
1. Powre in Some blood, that hath eaten
Hernine Farrow: Greae that's sweaten
From the Murderes Gibber, throw
Into the Flame,
All. Come high or low:
Thy Selfe and Office deathly shou.

Macb. Tell me, thou knonwinge power.
1. He knowes thy thought:
I heare his speche, but say thou ought.
2. Appr. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth:
Beare Macbeth, Beware Macbeth!


Macb. What can it be, that for thy good caution, thanks
That last hoplyr have awight, but one word more.
1. He shall not be commanded: here's another
More potent then the last.

2. Appr. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth,
Had I thre eares, I'd hear thee.

3. Appr. Be bloody, bold, and resolute:

Laugh to scorne
The power of man: for none of woman borne
Shall harme Macbeth.

Defends.

Mac. Then line Macbeth, what need I feare of thee?
But yet: He make affianse: double faire,
And take a Brand of Fate; thou shalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted Feme, it lies;
And fleer in sight of Thunders:

Thunder.

3 Apprappar, a Childi. Crowned, with a Tace in his hand.

What is this, that rife like the issue of a King,
And weare upon his Baby-brow, the round
And top of soueraignty?

All. Liften, but speake not too.

3 Appr. Be Lyon mated, proud, and take no care:
Who chaies, who feer, or where Confutters are.
Macbeth shall never vanquish be'd, vnfull
Great Byrman wood, to high Dunsmine Hill
Shall come against him.

Defends.

Mac. That will neuer bee:
Who can impresse the forfeit, but the Tree
Vanifie his earth-bound Root? Sure houndements good:
Rebellions dead, life never till the Wood
Of Byrman rile, and our high head's Macbeth
Shall like the Earle of Nature pay his breath
To tane, and mortall Calthune, Yetti Hart
Throbs to knowe one thing: Tell me, if your Art
Can tell so much: Shall Banquo's soldier ever
Reigne in this Kingdom?

All. Seeke to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied. Denye me this,
And an eternal Curse fall on you: Let me know!

Why finkes that Calthune & what mute is this: Hubjes
1. Shew.
2. Shew.
3. Shew.

All. Shew his Eyes, and gresse his Hat,
Come like shadowes, to depart.

A shew of eight Kings, and Banquo's left with a glasse
in his hand.

Macb. Thou art too like the Spirit of Banquo: Down:
Thy Croome do's feare mine Eye-balls. And thy bellie
Then other Gold-bound-brow, is like the fift:
A third, a like the former. Filthy Tryster.
Why do you show me this? — A fourth! Staty eies!
What will the Line stretch nout o'the cracke of Doniome?

Another yet? A feame! He seene more:
And yet the eight appeares, who beares a glasse,
Which fiewes me many more: and some I see,
That two-fold Bellar, and treble Scepters carry.

Horrible fight: Now I see'ts true,
For the Blood-boler'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at thhem for his. What is this so?

1. Sir, all this is soe. But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazelly?
Come Sifters, cheere weyv his spirtys,
And fwhel the beit of our delights,
Ile Charme the Ayre to give a sound,
While you performe your Antique round:
That this great King may kindly say,
Our duties, did his welcome pay.

Alaske!

Macb. Where are they? Gone?
Let this pernious houre,
Stand aye accurrd in the Kalender.
Come in, without there.

Lenox. What's your Graces will.

Mark.
Mack. Saw you the Weyard Sisters? 
Len. No, my Lord. 
Mack. Came they not by you? 
Len. No indeed, my Lord. 
Mack. Infected be the Ayre wherein they ride, 
And damn'd all that trust them. I did hear 
The gallopping of Horses. Who was't came by? 
Len. Tis two or three my Lord, that bring you word: 
Macduff is fled to England. 
Mack. Fled to England? 
Len. I, my good Lord, 
Mack. Then, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits: 
The light's hue purpote neuer is of e'ere alone 
Vul'telle the deed go with it. From this moment, 
The very fyllings of my heart shall be 
The fyllings of my hand. And even now 
To Crown my thoughts with Act; be it thought & done: 
The Castle of Mac'duff, I will surprise, 
Singe upon Fire; give to the edge steel'd Sword 
His Wife, his Babes, and all unfortunate Souls 
That trace him in his Line. No taxing like a Fool, 
This deed I do, before this purpos't coole, 
But no more fights. Where are these Gentlemen? 
Come bring me where they are. 

Scene Secunda. 

Enter Maitdun's Wife, her Son, and Ruffe. 

Maitdun. What had he done, to make him fly the Land? 
Ruffe. You must have patience, Madam. 
Maitdun. He had none: 
His flight was malicious: when our Actions do not, 
Our fears do make us Traitors. 
Ruffe. You know not 
Whether it was his wife's do, or his fear. 
Wife. Wifdom? to leave his wife, to leave his Babes, 
His Manion, and his Titles; in a place 
From whence himselfe do's flye? He loues vs not, 
He wants the naturall touch. For the poore Wren 
(Tho'f the most dimnitude of Birds) will fight, 
Her young ones in her Nest, against the Owle: 
All is the Fear, and nothing is the Love; 
As little is the Wilderome, where the Right 
So runnes against all reason. 
Ruffe. My deereft Coze, 
I pray you scoole ye your felfe. But for your Husband, 
He is Noble, Wife, judicious, and beat knowes 
The fities of this Seafon. I dare not speake much further, 
But cruelly are the times, when we are Traitors 
And do not know our felves: when we hold Rumor 
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear, 
But loate upon a wilde and violent Sea 
Each way, and moue. I take my leave of you: 
Shall not be long but Ille be heete againe: 
Things at the worst will ceafe, or elle climbbe upward, 
To what they were before. My pretty Cofine, 
Befling upon you. 
Wife. Father'd be it. 
And yet hee's Father-Jeffe, 
Ruffe. I am so much a Fool, shou'd I stay longer, 
It would be my difgrace, and your discomfort, 
I take my leave at once. 

Exit Ruffe. 

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 Flies? 
Son. With what I get I mean, and to do they. 
Wife. Poor鸟, 
Thou'lt never Peare the Net, nor Lime, 
The Pitfall, nor the Gin. 
Son. Why should I Mother? 
Poore Birds they are not fet for: 
My Father is not dead for all your paying. 
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 meteartv at any Marke't; 
Son. Then you'll by 'em to fell againe. 
Wife. Thou speakst it well, thy wit, 
And yet I faith wist not enough for thee. 
Son. Wast my Father a Traitor, Mother? 
Wife. I, that he was. 
Son. What is a Traitor? 
Wife. Why one that sweares, and lyes. 
Son. And be all Traitors, that do so. 
Wife. Every one that do's so, is a Traitor, 
And must be hang'd. 
Son. And muft they all be hang'd, that swear and ly? 
Wife. Every one. 
Son. Who muft hang them: 
Wife. Why, the honett men, 
Son. Then the Liar and Swearer's Fools: for there 
are Liar's and Swearer's know; to beate the honett men, 
and hang up them. 
Wife. Now 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 
would not, it were a good figue, that I should quickly 
haue a new Father. 
Wife. Poore prattcr, how thou talkst? 

Enter Speakers. 

M. Bleffe you faire Dame, I am not to you known, Though in your state of Honor I am perfect; 
I doubt some danger do's approache you necesserly. 
If you will take a homely mans advice, 
Be not found heere: Hence with your little ones 
To flight you thus. Me thinkes I am too launge: 
To do worke to you, were fell Cruelty, 
Which is too me your person. Haueen preferue you, 
I dare abide no longer. 

Exit M. 

Wife. Whether Should I flye? 
I haue done no harme. But I remember now 
I am in this earthlie world: where to do harme, 
Is often laudable, to do good sometyme 
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then ( alas) 
Do I put vp that worme'nly defence, 
To say I have done no harme? 
What are these faccs? 

Enter Murtherers. 

M. Where is your Husband? 
W. I hope in no place so vnscantified, 
Where luch a thou may'lt find him. 
M. He's a Traitor. 
Son. Thou ly'st thou licens, and Villaine. 
M. What you Eggs? 
Yong fry of Treachery? 
Son. He he's kill'd me Mother, 
Run away I pray you. 

Exit crying Murther. 

N. n.
Scena Tertia.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

*Mac.* Let vs seek out some defolate flaine, & there Weepe our fed bolomes empty.

*Mac.* Let vs rather
Hold fast the mortall Sword: and like good men, E-tribute our downfall Birthdome: each new, Morn, New Wuldoxes howle, new Orphans cry, new orowes Strike heauen on the face, that it refounds As it is felt with Scotland, and yeld out Like Sylable of Doulour.

*Mac.* What, I beleue, Ile waile;
What know, beleue; and what I can redresse, As I shall finde the time to friend: I will, What you haue spoke, it may be to perochance.

This Tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues, Was once thought honost: you issue lould him well, He hath not touch'd you yet. I am yong, but something You may difterence of him through me, and wisdome To offer vp a weak, poor innocent Lambe

*Mac.* I am not treacherous.

*Mac.* But Macbeth is,
A good and vertuous Nature may recolle.
In an Imperiall charge. But I shall crave your pardon: That which you are, my thoughts cannot transport; A rage of bright ill, though the brightill fell.

Though all things foule, would wear the brows of grace Yet Grace muft still looke so.

*Mac.* I have lost my Hopes.

*Mac.* Perchance euen there Where I did finde my doubts.

Why in that rawness left you Wife, and Child? Those precious Motives, those strong knots of Loue, Without leave-taking. I pravy you, Let not my jesolies, be your Di柟honors,

But mine owne Safeties: you may be rightly juft,

What euer I shall thinke.

*Mac.* Bleed, bleed poore Country,
Great Tyrany, lay thou thy bas fis face,

For goodnelfe dare not check thee: wear thy wrongs,
The Tule, is afeard. Far thee well, Lord, I would not be the Villaine that thou thinke't, For the whole Space that's in the Tyrants Graffe,
And the rich Eail to boor.

*Mac.* Be not offended:

I speake not as in absolute fear of you:

I think our Country finkes beneath the yoke,

It weepes, it bleeds, and each new day a gaff
Is added to her wounds. I thinke withall,

There would be hands uplifted in my right:

And here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly shoulldons. But for all this,
When I haue made vp the Tyrants head,
Or weare on my Sword yet my poor Country,

That shal have more vices then it had before,
More loffer, and more bloody ways then euer!

*Mac.* What should he be?

*Mac.* It is my felfe I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of Vice so grafted,
The Tragedy of Macbeth.

These Eulius shoule repeate it vpon thy telle, Hast banish'd me from Scotland. O my Breff, Thy hope ends here.

Macb. Macb. off this Noble Passion.
Child of integritie, hast from my soule, Wip'd the blacke Scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts To thy good Truth, and Honor. Diadumene Macb., By many of these traitres, hast forgott to win me Into his power: and modest Wifedom pleasses me From over-credulous haif: but God above Deale betweene thee and me; for even now I put my felie to thy Direction, and Vnspakke mine owne defection. Here he abuseth The sins, and blames I lade vpon my selie, For strangers to my Nature. I am yet Unknowen to Woman, neuer was forfoorne, Scarceley hee couered what was mine owne. At no time broke my Faith, would not betray The Deuils to his fellow, and delight No selie in truth then late, My first selie speaking This was vpon my felie. What I am truly Of thine, and my poore Countries to command: Whither indeed, before they heare approach Old Seruand with ten thousand warlike men Already at a point, was settin g forth: Now weel together, and the chance of goodnesse Be like our warrantt Quarrell. Why are you silent? Macb. Such welcome, and welcome things at once 'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Macb. Well, more anon. Comes the King forth I pray you?

D. Sir: there are a crew of wretched Souls that thy his Cure: their malady commences The great assay of Art. But at his couch, Such fanciety hath Heaven givin his hand, They presently amend. Exit.

Macb. I thinke you Doctor.

Macb. What's the Difcase he meanes at?

Macb. 'Tis call'd the Euil.

A most myrricous worke in this good King, Which often since my heere remains in England, I haue seene him do: How he sollicites heaven Hymselfe bell knowes: but strangely visiteth People. All twincend Vicious, pittifull to the eye, The meere dispaire of Surgery, he cures, Hanging a golden flambe about their neckes, Put on with holy Prayers, and his spoken To the succeeding Royalty he lesues The healing Benediction. With this strange vertue, He hath a heauenly gospe of Prophete, And fondly Blessings hang about his Throne, That speake him full of Grace.

Enter Roife.

Macb. See who comes here.

Macb. My Countryman: but yet I know him nor.

Macb. My ever gentle Cozen, welcome hither.

Macb. I know him now. Good God betimes remove The meanes that makes vs Strangers.

Roife. Sir, Amen.

Macb. Stands Scotland where it is did?

Roife. Alas poor Countrie, Almoast afford to know it selie. It cannot Be call'd our Mother, but our Grave; where nothing But who knowes nothing, is once seene to smile: Where figures, and groomes, and strains that rent the ayre Are made, not mark'd: Where violent sorrow setemes A Moderne extasie. The Deadmans voice.

Is there scarce ask'd for who, and good mens lites Expire before the Flowers in their Capps, Dying, or else they ficken.

Macb. Oh Relation, too nice, and yet too true.

Mac. What's the weakest grief?

Roife. That of an hours age, doth hitle the speaker, Each minute remes a new one.

Macb. How do my Wife?

Roife. Why well.

Macb. And all my Children?

Roife. Well too.

Macb. The Tyrant has not baster'd at their peace?

Roife. No, they were wel at peace, when I did deale 'em.

Macb. Be not a naggard of your speech: How goes it?

Roife. When I came hither to transport the Tydings Which I haue heaulily borne, there ran a Rumour Of many worthy fellowes, that were our, Which was to my believe witness the rather, For that I saw the Tyrans Pow'r a-four.

Now is the time of helpes: your eye in Scotland Would create Soldiers, make our women fight, To dothe their dire distresse.

Macb. Be't your comfort We are comming thither: Gresham England hath Lente vs good Seyward, and ten thousand men, An elder, and a better Souldiers, none That Christendom giues out.

Roife. Would I coulde answer

This comfort with the like. But I haue words That would be how'ld out in the defect ayre, Where hearing should not latch them.

Macb. What concerne they, The generall caufe, or is it a Fee-griefe Due to some finge breath?

Roife. No minde that's honest But in it shares some wor, though the maine part Pertaines to you alone.

Macb. If it be mine Kepes it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Roife. Let not your cares dispise my tongue for ever, Which shall possifie them with the heaviest found That ever yet they heard.

Macb. Hum: I grife at it.

Roife. Your Caffle is surpriz'd: your Wife, and Babes Sanguely slaughter'd: To relate the manner Were on the Quarry of the mother'd Deere To add the death of you.

Macb. Mercifull Heaven:

What man, ne'te pull your hat upon your brows: Give sorrow words; the griefe that do's not speake, Whispers the o're-drught heart, and buds it breaks.

Macb. My Children too?

Ro. Wife, Children, Servants, all that could be found.

Macb. And I must be from thence? My wife kill'd too?

Roife. I haue saide.

Macb. Be comforted.

Let's make vs Meditines of our great Reuenge, To cure this deadly griefe.

Macb. He ha's no Children. All my pretty ones? Did you say All? Oh Hell-Kite All?

What, All my pretty Chickens, and their Damme At one fell swoope?

Macb. Dispute it like a man.

Macb. I shall do so.

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But I must also feel it as a man; I cannot but remember each thing we were there were most precious to me. But heaven look on, and would not take their part? Sinful Macduf.

They were all flocked for thee: Naught that I am, not for my own demerits, but for mine. Bell laugh'd on their looks: Heaven tell them now.

Meth. Be this the Whiffstone of your sword, let grief convert to anger. Blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macle. 0! I could play the woman with mine eyes, and Braggart with my tongue. But gentle Heavens, cut short all interference! Front to Front, bring thou this Fiend of Scotland, and my selfe. Within my Sword's length set him, if he escape heaven forgive him too.

Meth. This time goes marvel.

Come goe we to the king, our Power is ready, our lacke is nothing but our lease. Macbeth is ripe for shanking, and the Powers above. Put on their Instruments: Receive what cheere you may, the Night is long, that never finds the Day. 

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Doller of Physickes, and a Yarning Gentlewoman.

Doll. I have too Nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it first last walk'd?

Gen. Since his Maiestie went into the Field, I have seen his rite from her bed, throw her Night-Gown vp-pon her, volsche her Cloths, take forth paper, fold it, write vp-pon't, read it, afterwards Secure it, and again returne to bed; yet all this while in a mott fast sleepe.

Doll. A great perturbation in Nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watch't. In this lunabry agitacion, 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.

Doll. You may to me, and'tis not a meeet you should.

Gen. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witness to confine my speech.

Enter Lady, with a Taper. Do you, here she comes: This is her very gate, and upon her life fast asleep she oberte her, hand cloe.

Doll. How came she by that light? Why is this light I see by? What is this light by? When is this light by? Why is this light by? What is this light by?

Gen. That's strange by her: she has light by her continually, it is her command.

Doll. You see her eyes are open. Gen. But their fente are shut.

Doll. What is it she do's now?

Gen. Look how she moves her hands.

Doll. It is an action she would do with her, to see if she was waking her hands: I have knowen her continue in this a quarter of an houre.

Lat. Ye here is her spot.

Doll. Had she, she speaks, I will set downe what comes from her, to last the remembrance the more strongly.

Act. One: Why then 1s time to do's? He is mearly fwe, my Lord, fie, my Lord, fie, a Sinful, and affrighted, what weare we fear? who knows it, when more can call our patience to the tempt? yet who would have thought the olde man to have had so much blood in him?

Doll. Do you mark it that?

Lady. The Thanke of Fife, had a wife; where is she now? What will these hands ne be cleaner? No more other of my Lord, no more other: you marne all with this flan-ting.

Doll. Go too, go too:

You have knowne what you should not. Gen. She's spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heauen knows what the he's knowne.

Lady. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the per- fumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh.

Doll. What a sigh is there? The hart is forely charg'd.

Gen. I would not have such a heart in my botomne, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doll. Well, well, well.

Gen. Play God it be sir.

Doll. This disease is beyond my practise: yet I have now knowen those which have walked in their sleep, who have dyed boldy in their beds.

Lady. Wail your hands, put on your Night-Gowne, look not pale: I tell you yet againe Bawmge's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

Doll. Even so?

Lady. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate: Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done, cannot be vndone. To bed, to bed.

Exit Lady.

Doll. Will she go now to bed?

Doll. Do you think she will?

Doll. False whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds Do breed unnatural troubles: infused minds To their depe pillowes will discharge their Secrets: More needs the Duke, then the Physician: God, God forgive us all. Look after her, Remove from her the meanes of all annoyance, And full keep eyes upon her: So goodnight, My minde she is mated, and amaz'd my fitts. I think, but dare not speake.

Gen. Good night my good Doctor.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Dram and Colours. Enter Menteath, Catane, Angus, Lenox, Soldiers.

Menteath. The English powre is neere, led on by Malcolm, His Vnkle Syward, and the good Macduf.

Reuenge burne in them: for their deere caules Would to the bleeding, and the grim Alarme Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Neere Byrnan wood.

Shall we well meet them, this way are they comming. Cawth. Who knows it Donalbain be with his brother? Les. For certain Sir he is not: I have a File Of all the Genery; there is Syward Sonne, And many youthfull youths, that even now Protest their first of Manhood. Menteath. What do's the Tyrant.

Cawth. Great Dunfranc he strongly Fortifies: Some say he's mad; Others, that leffer hate him, Do call it valiant Fury, but for certaine.

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He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of Rule.

Ang. Now do's he feel
His secret Murthers sticking on his hands,
Now minutely Revolts upbraid his Faith-breath:
That he commands, more uyly in command,
Nothing in loue: Now do's he feel his Title
Hang loose about him, like a Giants Robe
Upon a dwarfish Theife.

Mon. Who then shall blame
His pester'd Sentencs to recoyle, and start,
When all that is within him, do's condemnme
It selfe, for being there.

Col. Well, march we on,
To give Obedience, where 'is truly ow'd:
Meet we the Med'cine of the sckily Wesle,
And with him poure we in our Countries purge,
Each drop of vs.

I'mow. Or to much as it needes,
To dews the Soveraigne Flower, and drowne the Weeds:
Make we our March towards Birman.  

Exeunt Marching.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more Reports. Let them flye all:
Till Dunsinane wood remoue so Dunfeane,
I cannot point with Fear. What's the Boy Malcolme?
Was he not borne of woman? The Spirits that know
All mortall Consequences, have pronounc'd me thus:
Fear not Macbeth, no man that's borne of woman
Shall eare have power upon thee. Then flye safe Thanes,
And mingle with the English Epitores,
The minde I flye by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never fage with doubt, nor shake with fare.

Enter Servant.

The diewl dames thee blacke, thou cream-fac'd Loone:
Where go'th thou that Goose-looke.

Ser. There is ten thousand.

Macb. Goe pickly thy face, and over-cord thy fare
Thou Lilly-livered Boy. What Soldiers, Pach?
Death of thy Soulše, those Limmen cheeks of shine
Are Counsalours to fear. What Soldiers Whay face.

Ser. The English Force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. Scena, I am sick at hart,
When I behold: Scena, I say, this path
Will cheere me euer, or discheere me now.
I have lu'd long enough: my way of life
Is faine into the Sear, the yellow Leafe,
And that which shoul accompayy Old-Age,
As Honor, Loue, Obedience, Troopes of Friends,
I must not luoke to have: but in their need,
Curies, not lowd but deep, Mouth-honor, breath
Which the poore hearte would faine deny, and dare not.

Scena.  

Enter Scena.

Scy. What's your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What Newes more?

Scy. All is confirm'd my Lord, which was reported.

Macb. Ile fight, till from my bones, my Reth be hacket.

Give me my Armor.

Scy. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll let it on.

Send out your Horfes, shire the Country round,
Hang thro' that tale of Fear. Give me mine Armor:
How do's your Patient, Doctor?

Dell. Not to sickie my Lord,
As he is troubled with thicke-comming Fancies
That keepe her from her reft,

Macb. Cure of that:
Can't then not Minister to a minde disfess'd,
Plucke from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the Braine,
And with some sweet Obligious Antidote
Cleanse the trift boosome, of that perillous fluffe
Which weights upon the heart?

Dell. Therein the Patient
Muff minister to himselfe,

Macb. Throw Physick to the Dogs, I'll none of it.
Come, put mine Armour on: give me my Staffe:
Scena, lend our Doctor, the Thanes eye from me:
Come sir, dispatch. If thou could'tt Doctor, cast
The Water of my Land, finde her Disease,
And purge it to a found and priuate Health,
I would applaud thee to the very Echo,
That shoul applaud againe. Pull of fay,
What Rubarb, Cyme, or what Purgatie drugg
Would dower thee English hence: hear'thy of them?

Dell. I say good Lord: your Royall Preparation
Makes vs beare sometbing.

Macb. Bring it after me:
I will not be afraid of Death and Bane,
Till Birman Forreitt come to Dunfinane.

Dell. Were I from Dunfinane away, and cleere,
Profit againe should hardly draw me heere.

Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolm, Seyward, Macduffe, Seyward's Sonne, Mentes, Cathnes, Angus, and Soldiers Marching.

Mal. Cofins, I hope the dayes are neere at hand
That Chambers will beSafe.

Mon. We doubt it nothing.

Sym. What wood is this before vs?

Mon. The wood of Birmane.

Mal. Let erery Soildier hew him downe a Bough,
And beare'th before him, thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our Host, and make discouery
Err in report of vs.

Sald. It shall be done.

Sym. We learne no other, but the confident Tyrant
Keeps still in Dunfinane:and will induce
Our setting downe befor.'

Mal. 'Tis his maine hope:
For where there is advantage to be gienen
Both more and leffe have gien him the Reuolt,
And none ferue with him, but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absintent too.

Macd. Let our last Censures
Attend the true event, and put we on

Industrious
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Indulgent Souldiership.

The time approaches,
That will with wits decision make vs know
What we shall say we have, and wheri mostly,
Thoughts to sustaine, these visibles hopes sedate,
But certaine illuse, its soaks must arbitrare,
Towards which, advance the warre.  Execut marching

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, & Souldiers, with
Drum and Colours.

Macb. Hang out our Banners on the outward walls,
The Cry is full, they come: our Calles strenght
Will laugh a Stedge to stone: Here be let them lye,
Till Famines and the Ague case them vp:
Were they not forced with those that should be ours,
We might have met them darefull, beared to beare,
And bestre them backward home.  What is that noyle?

A Cry within of Women.

Sey.  It is the cry of women, my good Lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the tale of Peares:
The time he's beene, my sences would have cool'd
To hear a Night-shriekte, and my Fole of harr
Would at a dimmallest Treatise rowze, and fire
As life were in't.  I have fuppt with harrors,
Dierenesse familiar to my launtered thoughts:
Cannot once flatter me.  Wherefore was that cry?

Sey.  The Queene (my Lord) is dead.

Macb. She should have dy'd her selfe sooner;
There would have beene a time for such a word:
To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,
Creepes in this ppace from day to day,
To the last Syllable of Recorded time:
And all our yesterdays, hauelighted Foolies
The way to daffy death.  Out, out, breefe Candle,
Life's but a walking Shadow, a poore Player,
That fruits and fruts his house upon the Stage,
And then's heard no more.  It is a Tale Told by an Idiot, full of sound and fury
Signifying nothing.  Enter a Messenger.

Thou cust to vite thy Tongue: thy Story quickly.

Mes. Gracious my Lord, I should report that which I tay I say,
But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, say fur.

Mes. As I did stand my watch upon the Hill
I look'd toward Byrnanze, and anon me thought
The Wood began to mooge.

Macb. Lyar, and Sland.  Mes. Let me endure your wrath, it beno't fo:
Within this three Mies may you see it comming,
I tay, a mowing Grove.

Macb. If thou speakest a falde,
Upon the next Tree shall thou hang aile
Till Famines cling thee: if thy speech be toooth,
Thou seest a worous wood for me as much.
I pull in Revolution, and begin
To doubt the Equivocation of the Fiend,
That lies as truth.  Fear not, till Brynanze Wood
Do come to Dunfnanze, and now a Wood

Scena Sexta.

Drumme and Colours,
Enter Malcolm, Seyward, Macduff, and their Army,
with Bawges.

Mal. Now near enough:
Your leasy Skreenes throw downe,
And flsh like those you are You (worthy Vnkle)
Shall with my Cofn your right Noble Sone
Lead our first Battell.  Worthy Macdouf, and wee
Shall take upon's what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Sey.  Fare you well:
Do we but finde the Tyrants power to night,
Let be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macb. Make all our Trumpets speake, give the all breath
Those clamorous Harbingers of Blood, & Death.  Execut
Alarums continued.

Scena Septima.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They have tay me to a stake, I cannot flye,
But Bear-like I must fight the course.  What's he
That was not borne of Woman? Such a one
Am I to feare, or none.

Enter young Seyward.

T. Sey.  What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to heare it.

T. Sey.  Not; though thou call'd thy selfe a hoarse name
Then any is in hell.

Macb. My name is Macbeth.

T. Sey. The duller himeselfe could not pronounce a Title
More hatefull to mine ear.

Macb. No: nor more fearfull.

T. Sey. Thou yet abhorne Tyrant, with my Sword
He proue the lyke thou speake it.

Fight, and young Seyward flaint.

Macb. Thou wast borne of woman;
But Swords I finde at, Weapons laugh to come,
Brandish'd by mans that's of a Woman borne.

Exit Alarums.  Enter Macduff.

Macb. That way the noife is: Tyrant threw thy face,
If thou beest flaine, and with no itokes of mine,
My Wife and Childrens Ghofts will haume thee still:
I cannot strike at wretched Kernes, whose arms
Are hy'd to beare their Swordes; either thou Macbeth,
Or else my Sword with ap wabarterd edge
I fhate againe wondsed.  There thou shalldt be
By this great clatter, one of greatest note

Scenes

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Scene vii..Enter Fighting, and Macbeth falling.

Retreat and flourish. Enter with Drums and Colours, Malcolm, Seyward, Ross, Thane of Cawdor, Soldiers.

Mal. I would the Friend at mine, were safe arriv'd.

Say. Some must go off: and yet by these I see,

So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble Sonne.

Ross. Your loss my Lord, he's paid a sovereign debt,

He only liv'd but till he was a man,

The which no Footer had his Prowesse confirm'd,

In the withershrinking Station where he fought,

But like a man he dy'd.

Say. Then he is dead?

Ross. And brought off the field: your cause of sorrow

Must not be mear'd by his worth, for then

It hath no end.

Say. Had he his horse before?

Ross. I, on the Front.

Say. Why then, God's Soldier be he:

Had he as many Sonnes, as I have haires,

Which I would not with them to a fairer death:

And so his Knell is knoll'd.

"Mal. He's worth more sorrow,

And that he spend for him.

Say. He's worth no more,

They saw he pair'd well, and paid his score,

And so God be with him. Here comes neuer comfort.

Enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head.

Mal. Haile King, for tho' you are

Beshold where hands

Th' Whispers curst head: the time is free;

I see thee compass with thy Kingdoms Pearsle,

That speake my fulation in their minds:

Whole voyces I do know slwed with mine.

Haile King of Scotland.

Al. Haile King of Scotland.

"Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time,

Before we reckon with your general loves,

And make vs even with you. My Thanes and Kinsmen

Henceforth be Esquires, the first that ever Scotland

In such an honor nam'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 Ministers

Of this dead Butcher, and his Friends like Queene;

Who, as 'tis thought by selfe and violent hands,

Tooke off her life. This and what needfull else

That call's upon us, by the Grace of Grace,

We will performe in measure, time, and place;

So thanks to all at once, and to each one,

Whom we invite, to see vs Crown'd at Scone.

Flourish. Eventually Omnia.

FINIS.

V. vii. 22—104

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Enter Barnardoo and Francisco two Centinels.

Barnardoo.

He's there?

Fran. Nay answere me: Stand & unfold your self.

Bar. Long live the King. Francisco?

Fran. He.

Fran. You come most carefully to your house.

Bar. 'Tis now 11 o'clock, get thee to bed Francisco.

Fran. For this rest eft much thankes: 'tis bitter cold, and I am fickle at heart.

Bar. Have you had quiet Guard?

Fran. Not a Mouse stirring.

Bar. Well, good night. If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus, the Ruals of my Watch, bid them make halt.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I here them. Stand: who's there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Leige-men to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. O farwell honest Soldier, who hath reliev'd you?

Fran. Barnardoo, he's my place: give you goodnight.

Exit Fran.


Bar. Say, what is Horatio there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Bar. Welcome Horatio, welcome good Marcellus.

Mar. What, that's this thing appear'd againe to night, Barnardoo? These scene nothing.

Mar. Horatio saies, tis but our Fantast.

And will not let believe take hold of him
Touching this dreameful night, twice scene of vs,
Therefore I have intrested him along
With vs, to watch the minutes of this Night.
That if a strange Apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speake to it.

Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

Bar. Sit downe a while,
And let us once againe affaile your cares,
That are so fortified against our Story,
What we two Nights have scene.

Hor. Well, if we downe,
And let vs hear Barnardoo speak of this.

Barn. In the night of all,
When yond fame Starre that's Westward from the Pole
Had made his course tillume that part of Heauen

Where now it burnes, Marcellus and my selfs,
The Bell then beating one.

Mar. Peace, break thee of to:

Enter the Ghost.

Looke where it comes againe.

Bar. In the fame figure, like the King that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a Schollor, speake to it Horatio.

Bar. Lookes it not like the King? Marke it Horatio.

Hor. Moit like: It harrowes me with fear & wonder.

Bar. It would be spoke too.

Mar. Question it Horatio.

Hor. What art thou that visitst this time of night,
Together with these Faire and Warlike forme
In which the Maudely of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march: By Heaven I charge thee speake.

Mar. It is offended.

Bar. See, it fliakes 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 than Fantastick?

What thinke you on't?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this beleue
Without the feasible and true auouch
Of mine owne eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thy selfe,
Such was the very Armour he had on,
When he ambitious Norwegen combated:
So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle
He smot the felidged Polishe on the lee,
'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and inat at this deade house,
With Martiall falke, heath he gone by our Watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not:
But in the grifice and scope of my Opinion,
This bodes some strange erup'tion to our State,

Mar. Good now fit downe, & tell me what you knowe.
Why this strange fable and most obfcurant Watch,
So nightly toyes the McBedit of the Land,
And why such dayly Call of Brazon Cannon
And Foraigne Mart for Implementes of warre:

Why iuch impress of Ship-wrights, whole fore Taske
Do's not dissip the Sunday from the weckle,
What might be toward, that this sweate balf
Doth make the Night joyant-Labourer with the day:

Who is't that can informe me?

Hor. That can I,

As
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

At last the whisper goes o'er: Our last King, Whole image even but now appears't'o vs, Was (as you know) by Fortinbras of Norway, (Therto prick'd on by a most emoluate Pride) Da'd to the Cominate. In which, our Valiant Hamlet, (For to this side of our knowledge he turn'd him) Did say this Fortinbras: who by a Seal'd Compact, Well ratified by Law, and Heraldrick, Did forfee (with his life) all those his Lands Which he could decently, to the Conqueror; Against the which, a Moisty competent Was gaged by our King: which bad return'd To the Inheritance of Fortinbras, Hail'd him Vanquisher, as by the same Conract And carriage of the Article design'd, His fall to Hamlet. Now sit, young Fortinbras, Of unimproved Mettle, hot and full, Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there, Shirk'd up a hill of Landlike Resolves, For Foodie and Diet, to some Enterprise That hath a summer's in't: which is no other (And it doth well appeare unto our State) But to recover of vs by strong hand Andereous Compellative, those foresaid Lands So by his Father left: and this (I take it) is the certaine Minone of our Preparations, The Source of this our Watch, and the cheefe head Of this poft-hall, and Romage in the I and, Enter Ghost against. But far, behol'd the Sea, where it cometh in; He croffe it, though it blast me. Stay illusion: If thou hast any found, or vie of Voyce, Speake to me. If there be any good thing to be done, That may to thee do safe, and grace to me; speake to me, If thou art priuate to thy Countries Fate (Which haply foreknowing may avoide) Oh speake, Or, if thou haft vp-looked in thy life Extordred Treasure in the wombe of Earth, (For which, they say, thou Spirits oft walke in death) Speake of it. Stay, and speake. Stop it Morceius. 

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my Portizan? Hor. Do, it will not rand. Barn. Tis here. Hor. Tis here. Exit Ghost. 

We do it wrong, being so Malefickal To offer it the shew of Violence, For it is as the Ayre, invulnerable, And our paine blowes, malicious Maccary. Barn. It was about to speake, when the Cocke crew. 
Hor. And then he flatt'd, like a giddy thing Upon a fairefull Sunnyness, I have heard, The Cocke that is the Trumpet to the day, Doth with his lofty and shoutling Throat Awake the God of Days: and at his warning, Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Ayre, Th'extravagant, and erring Spirit, eyes To his Conine. And of the truth heerein, This present Object made probacion. 

Mar. It fail'd on the crowing of the Cocke, Some Gyes, that ever' one gaine that Seafon comes Wherein our Saisous Birth is celebrated, The Bird of Dawning fingeth all night long: And then (they say) no Spirit can walke abroad, The nights are wholeme, then no Planets strike, No Fairies talkes, nor Witch hath power to charm: 

So hallow'd, and so gracious in the time. 
Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it. But looke, the Morre in Ruffet mantle clad, Walkes or the dew of you high Esme's Hill, Breske we our Watch vp, and by my advice Let us impart what we have fome to night Vnto young Hamlet. For upon my life, This Spirit dumb to vs, will speake to him: Do you content we shall acquaint him with it, As needfull in our Looses, fitting our Duty? 

Mar. Let do't I pray, and I this morning know Where we shall finde him most conveniently. Exeunt.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

You told vs of some suite, What is’t Lauret? 
You cannot speake of Reaon to the Dave,
And loose your voyce. What would it thou beg Lauret?
That shall not be my Offer, nor thy asking?
The Head is not more Native to the Dutch,
The Hand more Instrumental to the Mouth,
Then is the Throne of Denmark to thy Father.
What wouldst thou have Lauret?
Laura. Dread my Lord,
Your leave and favour to resume to France:
For absence, though willingly I came to Denmark
To shew my duty in your Coronation,
Yet now I cannot confide, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend against France,
And bow them to your gracious leisure and pardon.
King. Have you your Fathers leave?
What lays Pallemon?
Pole. He hath my Lord;
I do beseech you give him leave to go.
King. Take thy faire hour Lauret, time be thine,
And thy beft graces spend it at thy will;
But now my Cohn Hamlet, and say Sonne?
Ham. A little more then kin, and leste then kinde.
King. How is it that the Clouds still hang on you?
Ham. Not to my Lord, I am too much of t’Sun.
Queen. Good Hamlet call thy thrifty colour on,
And let thine eye looke like a Friend on Denmark.
Do not for ease with thy weilded eyes
Seeke thy Noble Father in the dust,
Thou know’st it is common, all that live must dye,
Passing through Nature, to Eternity.
Ham. I madam, it is common.
Queen. It it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee,
How Seems Madam? Nay it is: I know not Seene;
’Tis not alone my Fridge Ophelia (good Mother)
Nor Colloquy betwixt the Celsome Blake,
Nor weathy sufforation of forced breath,
No, nor the fruitful Rine in the Eye,
Nor the defecled armouer of the Village,
Together with all Forms, Moods, fwer of Griefe,
That can denote me truly. These indeed Seene;
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that Which, which passeth show;
These, but the Trapping, and the Suittes of woe.
Ham. Thus forest and commendable
In your Nature, Hamlet,
To disgrace the mourning duties to your Father:
But you must know, your Father left a Father,
That Father left, left his, and the Sunnuer bound
In flill Obligation, for some terme
To do obsequious Sorrow. But to perfeuer
In obblinate Goodebole, is a course
Of impious hubbonnette. ’Tis vonmrous greefe,
It shownes a will much incensed to Heaven,
A Heart of Fury, a Minds impatient.
An understanding simple, and vncheeld:
For, what we knew must be, and is as common
As any that vulgar thing to fence,
Why should we in our percuthe Opposition
Take it to heart? I fy, it is a fault to Hexen,
A fault against the Dead, a fault to Nature,
To Rest a moft abad, vnreconcilable
The gentle death of Fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first Coarse, till he that dyed to day,
This must befo. We pray you throw to earth
This vnpreauling woe, and thinke of vs
As of a Father; For let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our Throne,
And with no less Nobility of Loue,
That this and which death of Father beares his Sonne,
Do I impart towards you. For your merit
In going backe to Schoole in Wittenberg,
It is most rerogarde to our desire:
And we beseech you, bend to you remaining
Heesse in the chere and comfort of our Eye,
Our cheefeck Courtier Cofin, and our Sonne.
Que. Let not thy Mother lose her Prayers Hamlet:
I pritty three day with you, go not to Wittenberg.
Ham. I shall in all my wit
Obey you Madam;
King. Why is this a loving, and a faire Reply,
Be as our Fille in Denmarke. Madam come,
This gentle and vnforcd accord of Hamlet
Sits malling to my heart; in grace whereof,
No locond health that Denmark drankes to day,
But the great Cannon to the Clouds shall telle,
And the Kings Rouse, the Heueners shall brave againe,
Resphaking earthly Thunder. Come away.
Exeunt
court Hamlets.
Ham. Oh that this too so teld Fieith, would melt,
Thaw, and refolute it felle into a Dew:
Or that the Enterlaffing had not flect
His Canno‘n gaineft Selfe-laughter. O God, O God!
How weary, fea, flat, and unprofitable
Seemes to me all the viues of this world?
Fie cm’t. Oh fie, fie, fie: an vnweeded Garden
That grows to Seed: Things rank, and groffe in Nature
Poffleffe it meerely. That it should come to this:
But two months dead: Nay, not too much; oot two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hypérion to a Satyre: following to my Mother,
That he might not become the Windes of Heaven
Vflte her face too roughly. Heauen and Earth
Mull I remember: why she would hang on him,
As if increafe of Appetit had growne
By what it fed on; and yet within a month?
Let me not think it’s: Frailty, thy name is woman.
A little Monbe, or ere those fieces were old,
With whic the she followed my poor Fathers body
Like Nickes, all teares. Why the, even the.
(0 Heaven! A heart that wants diffourse of Reason
Would have morn’d longer) married with mine Venkle,
My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father,
Then I to Hercules. Within a Moneth?
Ere yet the fale of moft vnrighteous Tears
Had left the flifhing of her gaulted eyes,
She married. O moft wicked fpred, to poet
With fuch dextery to freehous sheets:
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But breake my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Hamlet, Barnard, and Marcella.

Hor. Haile to your Lordship.
Ham. I am glad to fee you well:
Horatius, or I do forget my felle.
Hor. The fame my Lord,
And your poor Servant ever,
Ham. Sir my good friend,
Ill change that name with you:
And what make you from Wittenberg Horatius?
Hold you the watch to Night?
Bath. We doe my Lord.
Ham. From top to toe? Bath. My Lord, from head to foot.
Ham. Then law you not his face? Hor. Oyes, my Lord, he wore his Beauer vp.
Ham. What, looks he frowningly? Hor. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.
Ham. Pale, or red?
Hor. Nay very pale. Ham. And fixt his eyes upon you? Hor. Moit contantly. Ham. I would I had beene there. Hor. It would haue much amaz'd you. Ham. Very like, very like: flaid it long? (dread.) Hor. While one with moderate haft might tell a hun-
Acl. Longer, longer. Hor. Not when I law't.
Ham. His Beard was grifly? no.
Hor. It was, as I haue feene is in his life,
A Sable Siluer'd.
Ham. He watch to Night; perchance 'twill wake a-
Hor. I warrant you it will.
Ham. If it affume my noble Fathers pertion,
He speake to it, though Hef it felle should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you haue hither conceald this fìght;
Let it bee treble in your fìlence still:
And whatfoever el's fhall hap to night,
Give it an underfanding but no tongue;
I will require your loues; so, fare yew well.
Vpon the Platfrome twixt eluen and twelue,
I'll wife you.
Acl. Our duty to your Honour, Exeunt.
Ham. Your loue, as mine to you: farewell.
My Fathers Spirit in Armes? All is not well:
I doubt some foule play; would the Night were come;
Till then fit till my foule; foule deeds will rife,
Though all the earth oweigh them to mem'ries. Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.
Laer. My necessaries are embark'd; Farewell:
And Sifter, as the Winds give Benefite,
And Convey in affiatants doe not flepe,
But let me heare from you. Ophel. Doe you doubt that?
Laer. For Hamlet, and the writing of his favours,
Hold it a fassion and a toy in Bloud;
A Violet in the youth of Primity Nature;
Froward, not permanent; fwer not laffing
The Appliance of a minute? No more.
Ophel. No more but fo. Laer. Think it no more:
For nature creffant does not grow alone,
In thenes and Bulke: but as his Temple waxes,
The inward seruice of the MInde and Soule
Grows wide withall. Perhaps he loues you now,
And now no foyle nor cauterl droth befmerce
The vertue of his fere: but you must feare

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His greatnesse weigh'd, his will is not his own; For hee himselfe is subiect to his Birth; Hee may not, as usuall persons doe, Carese for himselfe; for, on his choyce depends The fanciiy and health of the weale State, And therefore must his choyce be circumfer'd With the wyse waye and yelding of that Body, Whereof heis the Head, Then if he failes he knowes, It fits your wifedome so farre to beleue it; As he in his peculiar Seft and force May giue his faying deede: which is no further, Then the maie voyce of Denmarke goes withall, Then weigh what lotts your Honour may sustaine, If with too credent cause you lift his Songs; Or lase your Hears; or your chaff Treasure open To his unmastrfied importunity. Fearce it Ophelia, fearce it my dear Sifter, And keepe within the reare of your Affection; Out of the fhot and danger of Defire, The charient Maid is Prodigall enough, If theu make her beauty to the Moone: Virtue it seel fapes not calloumous broaker, The Canker Galll's, the Infants of the Spring, Too ofte before the buttions be difclo'd, And in the Mome and liquid dew of Youth, Contagious blamfections are moft imminent, Be wary then, belt safety lies in feare; Youth toit to felle rebels, though none elle neere.

Ophe. I shall th'effedt of this good Leflon keepe, As watchmen to my heart: but good my Brother Doe not as some vngracious Paffors doe, Showe me the eper and thorny way to Heaven; Whilft like a puff and reeleffe Libertine Himfelfe, the Primrofe path of dalliance treads, And realest not his owne reade.

Lear. Oh, fearce me not.

Enter Polonius, I fay too long: but here my Father comes: A double bleffing is a doule grace; Occasion smilies upon a fecd levee.

Pel. Yet heere Lartres! Aboord,aboord for fhem, The wynde fits in the fhouder of your faie, And you are fraid for there: my bleffing with you; And thefe few Precepts in thy memory, See thou Character. Give thy thoughts no tongue, Nor any vnproportion'd thouht his Aft: Be thou familiar: but by no meanes vulgar; The friends thou haft, and their adoption ride, Grapple them to thy Soule, with hoopes of Steele: But doe not dull thy palme, with entertainment Of each vnwatch'd, vnfriend'd Comrade. Beware Of entrance to a quarrell: but being in, Bear't that oppofed may beware of thee. Give euyi man thine ear: but few thy voyce: Take each mans confence: but reuer thy judgement: Confify thy habitt as thy purife can buy; But not expert in fancy: rich, not gawdly; For the Appearall oft proclaims the man, And they prace of the best ranck and fixation, Are of a moft tacit and generous chift in that. Neither a borrower, nor a lender be; For honeft oats both haife and friend: And borrowing did the age of Husbandry. This above all: to thine owne toffe belongeth; And it muft not follow, as the Night to the Day, Thou canst not then be lafe to my man.

Farewell: my bleffing feaion this in thee,

Lear. Moft humbly doe I take my leave, my Lord. Polon. The time invites you, goe, your fervants tend.

Lear. Farewel Ophelia, and remember well What I haue faid to you.

Ophe. Tis in my memory lockt,

And you your felfe shall kepe the key of it.

Lear. Farewell.

Polon. What if Ophelia he hath faid to you?

Ophe. So pleafe you, somthing touching the L. Hamlet.

Polon. Marry, we'lle bethought: Tis told me he hath very oft of late Gien private time to you, and you yourfelfe Haue of your audience beene moft free and bounteous. If it be fo, as to tis put on me; And that in waye of caution: I muft tell you, You doe not underande your felfe so cleerely, As it behoves my Daughter, and your Honour. What is betwixt you, give me vp the truth.

Ophe. He hath my Lord of late, made many tenders Of his affecion to me.


Polon. Marry Ie teach you; thinke your selfe a Baby, That you have tane his tenders for true pay, Which are not flarling. Tender your selfe more dearely; Or not to cracke the wynde of the poore Phrafe, Roaming it thus, you'll tendre me a faole.

Ophe. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with love, In honourable fashion.

Polon. I fashion you may call it, go too, go too. Ophe. And hath gien countenance to his speech, My Lord, with all the rowes of Heauen.

Polon. I Springes to catch Woodcocks. I doe know When the Blond burnes, how Prodigall the Soule Gies the tongue vvores: thee blazes, Daughter, Giesing more light then heat: extent in both, Even in their promise, as it is a making; You muft not take for fire. For this time Daughter, Be somewhat ftraner of your Maiden prefence; Set your entremets at a higher rate, Then a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet, Beleue no more in him, that is young, And with a larger tethere he may walk, Then may be gien you. In few, Ophelia, Do not beleue his vwores; for they are Brokers, Not of the eye, which their Invenments fhew: But meree implorators of vnoly Sutes, Breathing like fancifted and pioue bondes, The better to beguile. This is for all: I would not, in plain femeines, from this time forth, Haue you fo flander any moment pleurese, As to give worde or talke with the Lord Hamlet: Looke too, I charge you; come your wayes.

Ophe. I shall obay my Lord. "Exeunt."
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

What does this mean, my Lord? (rueful.)

Ham. The King doth wake to night, and takes his keepers waflets and the swaggering vvpinig rectes, and as he deines his draughts of Remph downe, the kettle Drarn and Trumpets thus bay out the triumph of his Pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. I marry it; and to my mind, though I am not heere, and to the manner boine: It is a Custom more honoured in the breach than the observance.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. Look ye my Law, it comes.

Ham. Angels and Manifests of Grace defend vs: Be thou a Spirit of health, as Goblin dammed, living with these eyes from Heaven, or blastis from Hell, Be thy events wicked or charitible, thou com'st in such a questionable shape. That I will speake to thee, I call thee Hamlet, King, Father, Royall Dane: Oh, oh, answer me; let me not burn in ignorance, but tell why thy Canoniz'd bones Hassed in death, hast burnt their cenoms, why the Sepulchre wherein we saw thee quietly earst, was up'd that ponderous and Marble Iawes, to call thee vp again? What may this mean? That thou dead Crosse again in compleat fleecle, Reuks thus the glamps of the Moone, Making Night hidious? And we foules of Nature, so horridly to loose our disposition, With thoughts beyond these, eac hes of our Soules, Say, why is this? wherefore? What should we doe?

Hor. I spoke it not to thee.

Ham. Looks with what courteous action It weaves you to a more removed ground: But doe not goe with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speake; then will I follow it.

Hor. Doest not my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the seare? I do not set my life at a pin's fig: And for my Soule, what, can it doe to that? Being a thing immortal as it selfe: It waues me forth against, I'll follow it.

Hor. What if it com't you toward the Iload my Lord? Or to the hazzard Sunne of the Cliffs, That beates o'the base into the Sea, And there affumes some other horrid forme, Which might depriue your Sovereignty of Reacon, And draw you into some eten fithe of it?

Ham. It waues me still: I'll goe on, I'll follow thee.

Hor. You shall not goe my Lord.

Ham. Hold off your hand, I'll not goe. Hor. Be well, you shall not goe.

Ham. My free cries out, and makes each petty Artire in this body, As hardly as the Nemian Lions nere: Still am I called? Vnhand me Gentlemen: By Heaven, I'll make a Ghost of him that lets me: I'll fly away, goe on, I'll follow thee.

Enter Ghost & Hamlet.

Ham. He were desperate with imagination.

Hor. Let's follow, 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Ham. Haue after, to what ill use will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the State of Denmarke.

Ham. Heaven will direct it.


Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? speak; I go no fur: Go. Make me

Ham. I will, thy Mother is almost come, When I to sulphures and tormenting Flames Multi stender vp my felle.

Ham. A poore Ghost.

Go. Pity me not, but lend thy severe hearing.

To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Go. So shalt thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Go. I am thy Fathers Spirit.

Doom'd for a certaine termne to wake the night; And for the day confined to fast in Fiers, Till the foule crimes done in my daies of Nature Are burnt and pur'd away? But that I am forbid To tell the secret of my Princ's Head, I could a Tale woeful, whose lightest word Would harrow vp thy soul, freeze thy young blood, Make thy two eyes like Stars, start from their Spheres, Thy knotty and combined locks to part, And each particular hair to stand an end, Like Quilles upon the festuell Perpettine: But this eternal blam'd must not be To cares of flesh and blood, hit Hamlet, oh no, If thou didst ever thy dear Father love.

Ham. On Heaven.

Go. Reuenge his saufe and most unnaturall Murther.

Ham. Must they?

Go. Murther most foulfoul, as in the belf it is; But this most foulfoul, strange, and unnaturall.

Ham. Haue, haue thou to know it,

That with wings as forst In meditation, or the thoughts of Love, May swepe to my Revenge.

Go. I finde thee apt,

And dullest shoul'd I unhone thee then the fat weede That roots it selfe in easte, on Leah Whore, Would it thou not fire in this. Now Hamlet heare: It's given out, that sleeping in mine Orchard, A Serpent flung me: I the whole ease of Denmarke, Is by a forged pr hộef of my death

Randy about: But know thou Noble youth, the Serpent did fling thy Fathers life, Now weares his Croune.

Ham. Of my Propheticke soule: mine Uncle?

Go. I that inceuluous, that adulterate Beast With witchcraft of his witch, hath Traitorous guifs, Oi wicked Witt and Gifts, that have the power So to reduce? Ven to this shamefull Luft The will of my most formyng magistrates: O thou wick'd, what a falling off was there, I from me, whose love was of that dignity, That it went hand in hand, even with the Todi I made to him in marriage: and to decline Upon a wretch, whose Natural gifts were none To those of mine. But Vertue, as it never shall be mused, Though Ewennesse croucin a hope of Heauen: So Luft, though to a radiant Angel linkt, Will late it selfe in a Celestiall fire, and prey on Garbage.

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But oftentimes I lent the Mornings Ayre;
Briefe let me be: Sleeping within mine Orchard,
My coumbine always in the afternoone;
Vpon my secre hiding ryde Vnto the steke
With ioyce of euered Hebenon in a Viol,
And in the Porches of mine eares did poure
That supious Diffculty, whose whole effect
Holds such an enmy with blood of Man,
That fits vnt as a Quecke-flyter it courses through
The natural Gates and Allies of the Body;
And with a foame vigour it doth posset
And curd, like Ayre dropings into Milke,
The thin and wholome blood: so did mine;
And a strong must: Tenter bak'd aboute,
Mad Lazat-like, with wilde and loathsome craft;
All my fronds Body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a Brothers hand,
Of Life, of Crowne, and Queene at once dispatch;
Cut of even in the Blissfull of my Sinne,
Vahouzzed, disappointed, vnmanled,
No reckoning made, but bent to my account,
With all my soules feeders on my head;
Oh horrible Oh horrible, most horrible:
If shou haft nature in thee beare it not;
Let no the Reiall Bed of Denmark be
A Couch for Luxury and damned Incest,
But howsoever thou practisst this Aë,
Taint not thy mind: nor let thy Soule contribe
Against thy Mother ought, leave her to heauen;
And to those Thomers that in her bosome lodge,
To prickke and fling her. Fare thee well at once;
The Gloss-worme throws the Martine to be parte,
And gins to pyle his worstfeather free.
Ade,ade, Hamlet : remember me. Exeunt.
HowOh all you hell of heauen! Oh Earth what els?
And shall I couple Hells? Oh flie: hold my heart;
And you my braines, grow not in stature Old;
But beare me foolishly vp: Remember thee;
I, thou poore Ghost, while memory holds a parte
In this disfreted Globe: Remember thee?
Yes, from the Table of my Memory,
Ile wipe away all truulloud Fond Records,
All sawes of Books, all formes, all pictures past,
That youth and obseruption copied there;
And thy Commandment alone shall live
Within the Bookes and Volume of my braine,
Vnrmed with baster matter; yet, yes, yet, by Heauen:
Oh most pernicious woman!
Oh Villaine, Villaine, smiling damned Villaine!
My Table, my Table; meet it is let it downe,
That one may mery, and smile and be a Villaine;
At least I am sure it may be to Denmark;
So Vnckle there you are: now to my word;
It is: Adieu, Adieu, Remember mee: I bave sworn't.
Hor. & Marcellus. My Lord, my Lord,
Enter Horace and Marcellus. 

Hor. Heauen fetch him.

Mar. So be it.

Hor. Ill, high, ho, my Lord.

Ham. Helle, helle, boy come bird, come.

Mar. How will my whole Lord? 

Hor. What newes, my Lord?

Ham. Oh wonderfull!

Hor. Good my Lord tell it.

Ham. No you treacle.

Hor. Not I, my Lord, by Heauen.

Mar. Nor I, my Lord. (think it)

Ham. How say you then, would heart of man once
But yow'd be secre.

Both. 1. by Heau'n, my Lord.

Ham. There's nere a villaine dwelling in all Denmark
But he an arraigned knowne.

Hon. There needs no Ghost my Lord, come from the
Graue, to tell vs this.

Ham. Why right, you are i'th' right;
And so, without more circumference at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part:
You, as my busines and defires shall point you:
For every man ha's businesse and defire,
such as it is: and for mine owne paerc paars.
Looke you, Ie goe praye.

Hor. These are but wild and hurling words, my Lord.

Ham. I'm sorry they offend you heartily:
Yet faith heartily.

Hor. There's no offence i' my Lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is my Lord,
And much to stirre knowne.

You, for your desire to know what is betwixt vs,
Of reminister as you may. And now good friends,
As you are Friends, Schapers and Soldiers.
Give me one poore request.

Hor. What's in my Lord? we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to night.

Both. My Lord we will not.

Ham. Nay, but yow't.

Hor. Infaith my Lord, I t.

Mar. Not I my Lord; in faith.

Ham. Vpon my sword.

Hor. We hold.

Ham. Indeed, upon your sword indeed.

Gho. Sware.

Gho. Takes under the Stage.

Ham. Ah ha boy, ay shew thou so. Art thou there truce
A penny? Come one you here this fellow in the litteredge
Content to swore.

Hor. Propose the oath my Lord.

Ham. Never sware of this that you have seene,
Sware by my sword.

Gho. Sware.

Ham. Hic & qui? Then we'll shift for grounds,
Come with Gentlemen,
And lay your hands agane upon my sword,
Never to spake of this that you have heard:
Sware by my sword.

Gho. Sware.

Ham. Well said old Mole, can't work i' th' ground so
A worthy Primer, once more remoue good friends.

Hor. Oh day and night, but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger gueu it welcome.
There are more things in Heauen and Earth, Horace,
Then are dreamt of in our Philosophy. But come,
Here as before, neuer so helpe you mercy,
How strange or odde so ere I beare my selfe;
(As I perchance hereafter shall think me
To put an Antick disposition on.)
That you at such time seeing me, never shall
With times encumbred this, or thus, head shake;
Or by pronouncing of some daubful Pharse;
As well, we know, or we could and if we would,
Or if we lift to spake; or there be and if there might,
Or such ambiguous saying out to note,
The Tragedy of Hamlet.

That you know ought of me; this not to do: So grace and mercy at your most neede help you: Swear.

God, Sware.

Ham. Roth, reft perturbed Spirits: so Gentlemen, With all my love I do commend me to you; And whose to pere a man as Hamlet is, May doe express his love and friendings to you, God willing shall not lacke: I have gone as far, And tell your fingers on your lipes I pray; The time is out of toyes: Oh cursed night, That ever I was born to see it right, Nay, some lets goe together. Exit.

Actus Secondus.

Enter Polonius and Reynold.

Polon. Give him his money, and these notes Reynolds.

Reynol. I will my Lord.

Polon. You shall doe merits wisely: good Reynolds,
Before you write him you make inquiry Of this behaviour.

Reynol. My Lord, I did intend it.

Polon. Marry, well said; Very well said. Looke you Sir,
Enquire me what these Danskers are in Paris;
And how, and whom he means; and where they keep;
What company, at what expence; and finding
By this inconformity and drift of question,
That they do not know my sones: Come you more nearer;
Then your particular demands will touch it,
Take you ane thence some distinct knowledge of him,
And thus I know his father and his friends,
And in part him. Doe you make this Reynolds.

Reynol. I, very well my Lord.

Polon. And in part him, but you may stay not well;
Brief the bee I mean, hee very wise;
Added to dil and for; and there put on him
What forgeryes you please: marry, none for ranke,
As may distinguish him: take heed of this:
But Sir, such wanton, wild, and visual slips,
As are Complications noted and knowne
To youth and liberty.

Reynol. As gaining my Lord.

Polon. I, or thinking, fenc ing, sweating,
Quelling, drubbing. You may goe to faire.

Reynol. My Lord, that would dis Hondre me.

Polon. Faith no, as you may seson it to the charge;
You must not put another scandal on him,
That hee is open to Inconctinents;
That's not my meaning: but breath his faults so quaintly,
That they may seeme the stains of liberty;
The flath and out-breake of a fiery mind,
A fauguer in unclaim'd bloud of general assault,
Reynol. But my good Lord.

Polon. Wherefore should you doe this?

Reynol. My Lord, I would know that.

Polon. Marry Sir, here's my drift,
And I believe it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying these flight fulleys on your Sonne,
As twente a thing a little fowl'd: working: (found,
Mark you your party in continuance: him you would
Having such scenes: In the premonitory crimes,

The youth you breath of guilty, be affraid: He cloths with you in this consequence:
Good sir, or so, or friend, or Gentleman.

According to the Plat or and the Additions.

Or 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 taming: where did I leave?

Reynol. At cloths in the consequence:
At friend, or so, and Gentleman.

Polon. At cloths in the consequence, I marry,
He cloths with you thus: I know the Gentleman,
I saw him yesterday, or rather day:
Or then, or then, with such a mouth and as you say,
There was he gaining, there of rooke in's Round;
There falling out at Temes: then praunch,
I saw him enter such a house of tale;
Celeste, a Brothell: or so forth. See you now;
Your baits of surffood, takes this Cape of truth;
And thus doe we of wifedome and of reach
With wintlefeath, and with safeties of Bias.
By indirections finde directions out:
So by my former lecture and advice
Shall you my Sonne you have me,be you not?

Reynol. My Lord I have.

Polon. God buy you, fare you well.

Reynol. Good my Lord.

Polon. Observe his inclination in your felfe.

Reynol. I shall my Lord.

Polon. And lech him plye his Musick.

Reynol. Well, my Lord. Exit.

Enter Ophelios.

Polon. Farewell:

How now Ophelios, what's the matter?

Ophel. Alas my Lord, I have beene so affrighted.

Polon. With what, in the name of Heaven?

Ophel. My Lord, as I was fowling in my Chamber,
Lord Hamlet with his doubles all vibred,
No hat upon his head, his focking feould,
Vagfettled, and downe glu'd to his Ankle,
Pale at his firit, his knees knocking one another,
And with a fooke fo pithous in purport,
As if he had beene looke out of hell,
To speake of horrors: he comes before me.

Polon. Mad for thy Love?

Ophel. My Lord, I do not know; but truly I doe feare it.

Polon. What said he?

Ophel. He took me by the wrif't, and held mee hard:
Then goes he to the length of all his armes;
And with his other hand thus o're his brow,
He falls to such perfull of my face,
As he would draw it. Long tid he for,
At laft, a little shaking of mine Arme:
And thrice his head thus wasing up and downes;
He rais'd a high, so piitious and profound,
That is did leame to stand I Lord.

And end his being. That done, he lets mee goe,
And with his hand over his shoulders turned;
He seem'd to finde his way without his eyes,
For out adores he went without their helpes;
And to the last, bend'd their light on me.

Polon. Goe with me, I will goe seeke the King,
This is the very extremity of Love,
Whole violent property foredoes it felse.

And
And leads the will to desperate Undertakings, 
As oft as any passion under Heaven, 
That does afflict our Natures. I am forlorn, 
What have you given him any hard words of late? 

Oph. 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 forlorn that with better speed and judgement 
I had not quoted him. I feare he did but thrive, 
And meant to wracke thee: but beflrew my jealousy; 
I seeme it is as proper to our Age, 
To set beyond our tiews in our Opinions, 
As it is common for the younger fort 
To lacke discretion. Come, go we to the King, 
This must be knowne, w' being kept clofe might move 
More griefe to hide, then hate to utter loose. 

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, and Guilden
flerne Counts.

King. Welcome deere Rosencrantz and Guilden
flerne Counts.

Moreovert, that we much did long to fee you, 
The neede we have to vfe you, did provoke 
Our haste sending. Something have you heard 
Of Hamlet's transformation: I call it, 
Since not th'exterior, nor the inward man 
Resembles that it was. What it should bee 
More then his Fathers death, that thus hath put him 
So match from th'understanding of lunells, 
I cannot deeme of. I entertain you both, 
That being of young days brought up with him: 
And since to Neighbour'd to his youth, and humour, 
That you vschsafe your self 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 remeide. 

Q. Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you, 
And sure Lam, two men there are not lusing 
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you 
To shew vs so much Genteel, and good wills, 
As to expend your time with vs a-while, 
For the supply and proffit of our Hope, 
Your Veneration shall receive such thanks 
As is a Kings remembrance. 

Ros. Both your Majesties 
Might by the Southerne power you have of vs, 
Put your dread pleasures, more into Command 
Than to Entertain. 

God. We both obey, 
And here give vs your tione, in the full bent, 
To lay our Strakes freely at your feete, 
To be considrable. 

Page. Thanks, Please your Majesties. 

Q. Two Throners, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenfere. 

And I beleefe your praeity to vs 
My too much changed Sonne. 
Go home of ye, 
And bring the Gentleman where Hamlet is, 
God. Heuens made our presence and our praeities 
Pleasant and helpful to him. 

Exit.
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In the Lobby.

\textbf{Qy.} So he's his indeed.

\textbf{Pol.} At such a time he loose my Daughter to him, Be you and I behinde an Array then, Marke the encounter: If he lose her not, And be not from his reason falne thereon; Let me be no Afflante for a State, And keepe a Farse and Caster. 

\textbf{King.} We will try it.

Enter Hamlet reading on a Book.

\textbf{Qy.} But looke where saldy the poore wretch Comes reading. 

\textbf{Pol.} Away I do beseach you, both away, he heard him presently. 

\textbf{Exit King & Queen.}

\textbf{Qy.} niece indeed.

\textbf{Pol.} Do you know me, my Lord? 

\textbf{Ham.} Excellent, excellent well: ye are a Fishmonger. 

\textbf{Pol.} Not I say Lord. 

\textbf{Ham.} Then I would you were so honest a man. 

\textbf{Pol.} Honest, my Lord? 

\textbf{Ham.} If to be honest as this world goes, is to bee one man pick'd out of two thousand. 

\textbf{Pol.} That's very true, my Lord. 

\textbf{Ham.} For if the Sunne breed Magnets in a dead doge, being a good King: 

\textbf{Qy.} Have you a daughter? 

\textbf{Pol.} I have my Lord. 

\textbf{Ham.} Let her not walk in the Sunne: Conception is a blessing, but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend lacks too. 

\textbf{Pol.} How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter; yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a Fishmonger: he is late gone, faire gone: and truly in my youth, I suffered much extremity for love: very necte this: to speake to him againe: What do you read my Lord? 

\textbf{Ham.} Words, words, words. 

\textbf{Pol.} What is the matter, my Lord? 

\textbf{Ham.} Betweene who? 

\textbf{Pol.} I mean the matter you mean, my Lord. 

\textbf{Ham.} Sanders Sir: for the Saryana ielue fals here: that old men haue gray Beards: that their faces are wrinkled: that their eyes purging thicker Amber, or Plume-seeing Gumme: and that they have a plentiful Locke: : Wit, together with weake i Hammer: All which Sir, though I might povertly, and potently believe: yet I holde it not Heneful to have it thus set downe: For you your selfe Sir, should be old as I am, if like a Crab you could go backward. 

\textbf{Pol.} Though thisbe madneffe, Yet there is Method in't: will you walke 

\textbf{Qy.} Out of the ayre my Lord? 

\textbf{Ham.} Into my Grave. 

\textbf{Pol.} Indeed this is out o'lid Ayre: 

\textbf{Qy.} How pregnant (sometimes)his Replies are? 

\textbf{Ham.} A happyneffe, That often Madneffe hits on, Which Reacon and Samtie could not So poulently be delivered of. 

\textbf{Pol.} I will leave him, 

\textbf{Qy.} And sodainely construe the memere of meeting 

\textbf{Ham.} Betweene him, and my daughter. 

\textbf{Qy.} My Honourable Lord, I will most humbly 

\textbf{Pol.} Take my leave of you.
Ham. You cannot Sir take from me any thing, that I will more willingly part withal, except my life, my life.

Ford. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. The tedious old foole.

Ford. You goe to seeke my Lord Hamlet; there hee is.

Enter Rosencranz and Guildensterne.

Ros. God tace you Sir.

Guild. Mine honour'd Lord? 

Ros. My most deare Lord!

Ham. My excellent good friends? How do'ft thou

Guildensterne? Oh, Rosencranz; good Lad's: How doe ye both?

Ros. As the indifferent Children of the earth,

Guild. Happy, in that we are not out-happy: on Fortunes Cap, we are not the very Button.

Ham. Nor the Sooles of her Shoos?

Ros. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waate, or in the middle of her favours?

Guild. Faith, her privates, we.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune? Oh, most true; she is a Strumpet. Whateuer the newes?

Ros. None my Lord, but that the Worlds grown ho'nest.

Ham. Then is Doomsday 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 he sends you to Prifon hither?

Guild. Prifon, my Lord?

Ham. Denmark's a Prison.

Ros. Then is the World one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many Con-fines, Wards, and Dangeraus; Denmark being one oth' worst.

Ros. We thinke not so to my Lord.

Ham. Why then tis none to you? for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it fo: to me it is a prifon.

Ros. Why then your Ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your minde.

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count my selfe a King of infinite space; were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guild. Which dreams indeed are Ambition: for the very substanct of the Ambitious, is meereely the Shadow of a Dreame.

Ham. A dreame it selfe is but a Shadow.

Ros. Turely, and I hold Ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadowes Shadow.

Ham. Then are our Beggers bodies, and our Monarches and out-fireshet Heroes the Beggers Shadowes: shall wee to th' Court: for, by my lea I cannot reason.

Ros. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No further matter. I will not for you with the rest of my tenants; for to speake to you like an honest man: I am most dreadfully attended; but in the beauteous waye of friendship, What make you at Elfinower?

Ros. To visit your Lord, no other occasion.

Ham. Begger than I am I am even more in thanke; but I thanke you: and thence deare friends my thanks are too due a halflegeny; were you not fent for? Is it your owne inclining? Is it a fuch visitation? Come, deald fully with me: come, come, my speake.

Guild. What should we say my Lord?

Ham. Why any thing. But to the purpose you were sent for; and there is a kinde confeffion in your looks, which your modellies have not craft enough to color, I know the good King & Queene have sent for you.

Ros. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me: but let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the confonancy of our youth, by the Obligation of our enter-prized love, and by what more dear, a better proposer could charge you withall; be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no.

Ros. What say you?

Ham. Nay then I have an eye of you: if you lose me hold not off.

Guild. My Lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why: so shall my anticipation present your discovery of your serfice to the King and Queene. moult no feather, I have of late, but wherefore I know not, left all my mirth, forgone all custom of exer- cise; and indeed, it goes so heavenly with my disposition that this godly frame the Earth, seems to me a fler- rill Promotany; this most excellent Canopy the Ayre, locke you, this brave ore-hanging, this Maiestical Rooffe, fretted with golden fire: why, it appears no other thing to me, then a soule and pestifent congregation of vapours. What a piece of worke is a man! how Noble in Reason? how infinite in facrity? in forme and mowing 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 Quincefence of Dull? Man delights not me; no, nor Woman neither; through your finding you seeme to say fo.

Ros. My Lord, there was no such stuffe in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I said, Man delights not me?

Ros. To think, my Lord, if you delight not in Man, what Lenton entertainment the Players shall receive from you. wee coateth them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you Service.

Ham. He that plays the King shall be welcome; his Maelhly shall have Tribute of mee: the aduenturous Knight shall vie his Foyle and Targe: the Lour shall not figh graci, the humorus man shall end his part in peace: the Cloone shall make to laugh whole lunge are tickled a'th' fere: and the Lady fhal say her minde freely: or the blanke Verfe fhal haf't for: what Players are they?

Ros. Even tho'fe you were wont to take delight in the Tragedians of the City.

Ham. How chances it they traualle their residence both in reputation and profit was better both ways.

Ros. I think their Inhibition comes by the meanes of the Innomation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the City? Are they so follow'd?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? do they grow rufily?

Ros. Nay, their deadeauer keepes in the wonded peace; But there is Sir an ayrie of Children, little Yales, that eye out on the top of question; and are moft tyrannically cleft for': these are now the fal-
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fashion, and be rated the common Stages (to they call them) that many westing Hapines, are affraide of Good's quiets, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What are they Children? Who maintains 'em? How are they cected? Will they pursue the Quality no longer then they can sing? Will they not stay afterwards if they should grow themselves to common Players (as it is like most if their meanings are not better) their Writers do them wrong, to make them excil in against their owne Succession.

Rofin. Faith there he's beene much to do on both sides: and the Nation holds it no time, to tarme them to Contreouerse. There was a while, no many bod for argument, vntele the Poet and the Player went to Cusses in the Question.

Ham. Is't possible?

Gat. Oh there's beene much throwing about of Brains.

Ham. Do the Boyes carry it away?

Role. I that they do by my Lord, Hercules & his load too.

Ham. It is not strange: for mine Vnkle is King of Denmarke, and those that would make moves at him while my Father lived: give twenty, forty, an hundred Ducates a piece, for his picture in Little. There is something in this more then Naturally, if Philosophy could find it out.

Enter Polonius.

Ham. There are the Players.

Gat. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elgovernor: your hands, come: The apperance of Welcome, is Fashion and Ceremony. Let me comply with you in the Garbe, left my Extent to the Players (which I tell you must shew fairly outward) should more appeare like entertainment then yours. You are welcome: but my Vnkle Father, and Aunt Mother are decight'd.

Gat. In what may I deere Lord?

Ham. I am bound North, North-West: when the Wind is Southely, I know a Hawke from a Hafialw.

Enter Polonius.

Pof. Well be with you Gentlemen.

Ham. Hearke you Guilderflere, and you too: at each ear a hearer: that great Bay you fee there, is not yet out of his quawhing clouts.

Pof. Happines his second time come to them: for they say an old man is twice a childe.

Ham. I will Prophese. Hee comes to tell me of the Players. Mark it, you say right Sir: for a Monday morr: was 2o. to 21.

Pof. My Lord, I have Newes to tell you.

Ham. My Lord, I have Newes to tell you, When Roffin an Actor in Rome—

Pof. The Actors are come hither my Lord, 

Ham. Burze, Burze.

Pof. Vpon mine Honor.

Ham. Then can each Actor on his Affe—

Pof. The best Actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedie, Historie, Pastorall: Pastorall-Comical-Historicall.Pastorall: Tragicall-Historicall: Tragicall-Comical-Historicall.Pastorall: Scene induible, or Poem volunated. Scene never been but heavy, not thinking too light, for the law of Writ, and the Liberty. These are the only men

Ham. O Iephis Judge of Israel, what a Treasure hadst thou?

Pof. What a Treasure had he, my Lord?

Ham. Why one Fair Daughter, and no more,
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

So as a painted Tyrant Pyrrhus stood,
And like a Newtroll to his will and matter, did nothing.
But as we often fee against some Groome,
A silence in the Heauens, the Racke fland still,
The bold winde speechlesse, and the Orbe below.
As hauing at death: Anoon the dreadfull Thunder
Doth rend the Region. So after Pyrrhus pause,
A roveld Vengeance sets him new a-workes;
And neither did the Cyclops hammers fall.
On Mars his Armes, forg'd for proofe Eterne.
With Ieffe remoti then Pyrrhus bleeding sword
Now tallies on Friasam.
Out, out, thou Strumpet-Fortune, all you Gods,
In general Synod take away her power:
Breake all the Spokes and Fallies from her wheele,
And boule the round Naue downe the hill of Heauen,
As low as to the Friends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to th' Barbars, with your beard, Prythee say one: He's for a Ligge, or a tale of Baudry, or hee slips. Say on; come to Eclecta.

1. Play. But who, O who, had seen the inobled Queen. 

Ham. The inobled Queen?

Pol. That's good: Inobled Queen is good.

1. Play. Run bare-foot vp and downe,

Threatening the flame
With Difon Rheume: A clout about that head,
Where is the Diadem good, and for a Robe
About her necke and all ore-teened I sees,
A blanket in th'Ataru offear caught vp.
Who this had seene, with tongue in Venome sleepe'd,
'Gainst Fortunes State, would Freslon have pronounc'd? But if the Gods themselves did feer her then,
When the two Pyrrhus make mischievous sport
In musing with his Sword the Husband's Limbes,
The infaute Burlel of Clamour that shee made
(Valefit things morall more than not all)
Would haue made michtle the Burning eyes of Heauen,
And passion in the Gods.

Pol. Looke where he ha's not turn'd his colour, and ha's teares in his eyes. Pray you no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, Ile haue thee speake out the rest.

Good my Lord, will you see the Players will be-
flowt? Do you haue, let them be well aud'd: for they are the Abstraction and brefee Chronicals of the time.
After your death, you were better haue a good Epitaph, then their ill report while you lived.

Pol. My Lord, I wil vse them according to their de-

far.

Ham. Gods bodykins man, better. We euerie man after his death, and who should fepehe whipping: we them after your own Honor and Diugny. The lefle they defence, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come in.

Ham. Follow him Friends: wee'ld haue a play to morrow.

Disdoin here be my old Friends, can you play the murder of Gammie?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Wee'ld haue a to morrow night. You could for a need dayly a speeche of some dozen or sixeteene lines, which I would let downe, and infite in't? Could ye not?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that Lord, and looke you more him not. My good Friends, Ile leaue you til night you are welcome to Elsenower.

Pol. Good my Lord.

Ham. Ile, God buye ye: Now I am alone.
Oh what a Rogue and Peleant Buestem I?
Is it not monstrous that this Player beare,
But in a Fasion, in a dreame of Passion.
Could force his soule so to his whole concit,
That from her working, all his visage wand'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in his Aspect,
A broken voyce, and his whole Function sulking
With Formes, to his Concit? And all for nothing:
For Eclecta?

What's Eclecta to him, or he to Eclecta?
That he should weep for her? What would be doe,
Had he the Mottie and the Cte for passion
That I have? He would drown the Stage with tears,
And cleare the general care with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and spale the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze Indeed,
The very fucility of Eyes and Eares Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled Raffle, speak
Like Iohn a dreames, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing: No, not for a King,
Upon whole property, and most dere life,
A damned deteas was made. Am I a Coward?
Who calls me Villaine? breaks my pare-a-croffe?
Pluckes off my Beard, and blowes it in my Face
I will see me by't! God! I will see the Lye t's Throat,
At depe to the Lungs? Who does me this?
Ha! Why I should take it for it cannot be,
But I am Pigeon-Lier'd, and lacke Gall
To make Opposition bitter, or ere this,
I should have fatted all the Region Xites
With this Stoves Offal, blonely, a Bawdy Villaine.
Romelfiffe, feverous, Licherrous, Ladds Villaine!
Oh Vengeance!
Who's what an Abre am I? I fear, this is most braue,
That I, the Sonne of the Deere murthered,
Promp't to my Revenge by Heauen, and Hell,
Muli (like a Where) vnpacke my heart with words,
And fall a curing like a very Drab,
A Scollin Eye vnp'n; Foh. About my Braine.
I have heard, that guilty Creatures fasting at a Play,
Have by the very running of the Scene,
Boste frauke to the foule, that prentitily
They have proclaimed their Mensions.
For Myther, thought I haue no tongue, will speake
With most myraculous Organ. Ie haue these Players,
Play somthing I ke the murder of my Father,
Before mine Yoke. Ie obserue his lookes,
He rent him to the quick: Iife but blinch.
I know my eare. The Spirit that I haue seene
May be the Dunt, and the Diut hath power
T'sulme ascending rape, yea and perhaps
Out of my Weskelle, and my Melancholy,
As he is very potent with such Spirits,
Abules me to damme it. Ie haue grondes
More Retrace then this: The Play's the thing,
Wherein Ile catch the Conference of the King.

Exit Enter King, Queens, Politian, Ophelion, Ret
Uncorner, Gadirbem, and Lords.

King. And can you by no drift of circumstance
Get from him why he puts on this Confusion:
Grating to hardly all his days of quiet

With
With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy.

Oph. This does confel he feels himfelf diftract,
But from what caufe he will by no /means fpake.

Act. Nor do we finde him forward to be founded,
But with a crafty Madneffe keeps aloofe;
When we would bring him on to feene Confifion
Of his true State.

Oph. Did he receive you well?

Oph. Moft like a Gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his refolution.

Oph. Niggard of queftion, but of our demands
Moft free in his reply.

Guil. Did you diflaff him to any pallime?

Oph. Madam, it is fell out, that certaine Players
We are fraught on the way: of these we told him,
And there did feeme in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: They are about the Court,
And (as I think) they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true:

Oph. And he befeech'd me to intreate your Maieffies
To hear, and fee the matter.

King. With all my heart, and it flack much content me
To bear him to incline. Good Gentleman,
Guide him a further degree, and direct his purpose on
To thefe delights.

Oph. We thall my lord. Exeunt.

King. Sweet Gerrard's leafe vs, too,
For we have clofeely rent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may there
Affront Ophelia. Her Father, and my lefe(lawfull fpirits)
Will to b. threat our felues, that fearing vnfeene
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him as he is behaund,
If he be filled of his love, or no,
That thus he fufes for.

Oph. I fhall obey you,
And you my part Ophelia, I do with
That your good Beauties be the happy caufe
Of Hamlet's wildefce: so fmall I hope your Vertues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your Honors.

Oph. Madam, I with it may.

Pol. Ophelia, walke you hiee. Gracious fo pleafe ye
We will beftow our felues: Readie on this bookes,
That few of fuch an exercife may colour
Your loueniffe. We are oft too blame in this,
'Tis too much proud, that with Devotions vรงge,
And pious Adion, we do favage
The diuell himfelfe;

King. O'tis true:

How in a laft that speech dech gue my Confidence?
The Havens Cheefe bemoad with planting Art
Is not more vtigle to the mung that helps it,
Then is my dace, to my most painted word.
Oh beast fturth!


Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the Quefion:
Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to suffer
The Slings and Arrows of our courfeg Fortune,
Or to take Arms againft a Sea of troubles,
And by oppothing end them: to dye, to fpake
No more; and by a fpake, to fiepe
The Heart-sake, and the thousand Natural hooke

That Fiefl is heere too? 'Tis a commification
Devoutly to be with'd. To dye to fpake.
To fpake, perchance to Dreames; I, there's the rub:
For in that fpake of death, where dreams may come,
When we have fhuffle'd off this mortal coil,
Must gue vs pawfe. There's the reftep
That makes Cramity of fo long life:
For who would bear the Whips and Scornes of time,
The Oppreffors wrong, the poore mans Comually,
The pangs of difpir'd Lour, the Lawes delay,
The infolence of Office, and the Spurnes
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he hanfele might his Honours make
With a bare Bothkin! Who would then Pardies beare
To grin and fweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of somethings after death,
The undervoyed Countrey, from whole Borne
No Traveller returns, Pursels the will,
And makes us rather beare thofe illes we have,
Then flye to others that we know nor of.
Thus Confiance does make Cawards of vs all,
And thus the Nature hew of Revolution
Is fchekd offe, with the pairlraft of Thought,
And enterizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard their Currents turne away,
And lose the name of Athon. Soft you now,
The faire Ophelia? Nymph, in thy Orizons
Be all my ifnes rememdered.

Oph. Good my Lord,
How does your Honor for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you well, well.

Oph. My Lord, I have Renned brains of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver,
I pray you now, receive them.

Ham. No, no, I neuer gue you ought.

Oph. My honor'd Lord, I know right well you did,
And with them words of fo sweet breath comfor'd,
As made the things more rich, then perfume left;
Take thefs againe, for to the Noble minde
Rich gifts was yore, when gues proue vnkinde.

There my Lord.

Ham. Ha! ha! Are you honeft?

Oph. My Lord.

Ham. Are you faire?

Oph. What meanes your Lordchip?

Ham. That if you be honeft and faire, your Honesty
Should adme no discourse to your Beautie.

Oph. Could Beautie my Lord, have better Comerce
Then you? Honesty?

Ham. I trulie: for the power of Beautie, will sooner
transforme Honofie from what it is, to a flawe, then the
force of Honofie can translate Beautie into his likenesse.
This was Sometime a Paradox, but now the time gues it
proife, I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed my Lord, you made me beleaue so.

Ham. You should not have beleaved me. For verue
cannot fo increacalare our old Ifkes, but we shall elilh
offe. I loued you not.

Oph. I was the more deceive.

Ham. Get thee to a Nunnerie. Why wouldst thou
be a breeder of Sinners? I saw my felfe indifferent honeft,
but yet I could cable me of fuch things, that it were bette
my Mother had not borne me. I am very proud, re-
cuelful, Ambitious, with more offences at my behide,
then I have thoughts to put them in imagination, to gue
them shape, or tune to sette them in. What shoulst fuch
Fel-
Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.

**Ham.** Speak the Speech! I pray you, 2nd pronounce it to you trippingly on the Tongue: But if you should, as many of your Players do, blunder how the Towns-Gait and make the Words appear as if they did not know the Words, nor do not the Ayres too much on your hand thus, but we'll all gently, for we be the very Torrent, Tempest, and (as I may say) the Whole-wind of Pallas, you must acquire and begat a Temperance that may give it Smoothness. Or it extends more to the Soul, to see aособtions, Pery-wigged Fellow, severe a Pell-otio on to tatters, to verie ragges, to light the cares of the Groundlings; who (for the most part) are capable of nothing, but inexplicable durne flavues, & noke it could have lost a Fellow whippe for a trodden Ternagant: it is out. **Horns: Sir.** Pray you shun it.

**Player.** I warrant your Honor.

**Ham.** Be not too near every body: but yor owne

**Enter King, and Pelagius.**

**King.** LOyce! His afflictions do not that way tend,
Not what he spake, though it lack'd forme little,
Was not like Mainelte. There's something in his soule
Of which his Melancholy is on broad,
And I do doubt the last, and the dilettu
Will be some danger which to prevent
I have in quiete determination
Thus set it downe. He shall with speed to England
For the demand of our neglected Tribute:
Haply the Sea and Countries differ
With variable Object, shall espell
This something seld in his heart.

Wherein his Branes still bresting, put him thus
From sauciness of himselfe. What think you of it?

**Pol.** It shall do well. But yet do I beleve
This Oraison and Commencement of this speech
Spring from negligence loose. How now Ophelia?

**Ham.** Speak it. I pray you, and pronounce it to you trippingly on the Tongue! But if you should, as many of your Players do, blunder how the Towns-Gait and make the Words appear as if they did not know the Words, nor do not the Ayres too much on your hand thus, but we'll all gently, for we be the very Torrent, Tempest, and (as I may say) the Whole-wind of Pallas, you must acquire and begat a Temperance that may give it Smoothness. Or it extends more to the Soul, to see aсобtions, Pery-wigged Fellow, severe a Pell-otio on to tatters, to verie ragges, to light the cares of the Groundlings; who (for the most part) are capable of nothing, but inexplicable durne flavues, & noke it could have lost a Fellow whippe for a trodden Ternagant: it is out. **Horns: Sir.** Pray you shun it.

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**Player.** I warrant your Honor.

**Ham.** Be not too near every body: but yor owne
To feed & cleath thee. Why shold the poor be flatter'd?  
No, let the Clandest tongue, like abord pompe,  
And crooke the pregnant Hinges of the knee,  
Where thift may follow fainting? Doth thou hear,  
Since my deere Soul was Midst of my cheyrie,  
And could of men daffing title, her election  
Hath seal'd thee for her selfe. For thou hall bene  
As one in suffering, all, that fift her nothing.  
A mean that Fortunes busses, and Rewards  
Hath time with equal Thibles. And bide are those,  
Whose brain and Judgement are so well controuled,  
That they are not a pipe for Extremes fingers.  
To bound what flitst the pests. Give me that men,  
That is not Pasioned State, and I will waste him  
In my hearts Cost. I am in my Heart of heart,  
As I do triste, Something in man of this.  
There is a Play tonight before the King.  
One Scene of it cometh to the Constantance  
Would I have told thee, of my Father's death.  
I prysthe, when theen felthe, at one-foot,  
Even with the verti Commen with my Soule  
Oblesone mune Volke: It is occul'd, guils,  
Do not it felthe volkenn in one speech.  
It is a damned Ghoile that we have found.  
And my Imagination are as foulis  
As Vunctus Smythe. Give me needful note,  
For I mine eyes will riute to his Face.  
And after we will both our Judgments tayne,  
To cenure of his seeming.  
Hara. Well my Lord.  
I fine steele oughts the whilome this Play: Playing.  
And logs detecting, I will pay the least.  

Enter King, Queene, Pelican, Ophe.  
Flyre, Sibyl, &c.  

King. They are comming to the Play: I must be idle.  
Get you a place.  

Ham. How fares our Caffa Hand?  

Ham. Excellent Youth, of the Camelus mystifie: I tate the Ayre promis-cram'd: if you can't seet Capons in.  

Ham. I tis nothing with this utter Hamlet, these words are not mine.  

Ham. No, nor mine. Now my Lord, you plaid once  
Purturying, you lay?  

Polon. That I did my Lord, and was accounted a good  
Actor.  

Ham. And what did you enq.?  

Pol. I did enq. Jesus Caesar, I was kill'd. In Capitol:  
Bristus kill'd me.  

Ham. It was a bruite part of him, to kill so Capitol a  
Caffe there. Be the Players ready?  

Pol. In, my Lord, they lay upon your patience.  

Ham. Come hither my good Hamlet, fit by me.  

Ham. No good Mother, herebe Mettle more atroce.  

Pol. Oh no, do you marke that?  

Ham. Ladie, shall I lye in your Lap?  

Ophe. To my Lord.  

Ham. I mean, my Head upon your Lap?  

Ophe. To my Lord.  

Ham. Do you think I meant Country matters?  

Ophe. I think neithe, my Lord.  

Ham. That's a faire sight to ly between Maids legs  

Ophe. What is my Lord?  

Ham. Nothing.  

Ophe. You are merry, my Lord?  

Ham. Who I?  

Ophe. I my Lord.  

Ham. Oh God, your onely ligge-maker: what shoul a man do, but be merry. For looke you how cheerful-  
ly my Mother lookes, and my Father dyed within two Houres.  

Ophe. Nay, this twice two moneths, my Lord.  

Ham. So long? Nay then let the Dueel were blacke,  
For he have a suite of Sables. Oh Heauen! dye two moneths ago, and not forgotten yet. Then there's hope, a  
great man Memore, my one-line his life hafe a yeare:  
But bylynde he must buckle Churches then: er elle shall  
beare that not shirking on; with the Hoby-horfe, whose  
Epanhish, For o, for o, the Hoby-horfe is forgot.  

Hoby-horfe. The dambe dore enters.  

Enter a King and Queene, very laughes; the Queen embracing  
him. Sic blest, and makes hew of hew fitness unto  
him. He takes her up, and declines his head of her neck.  
Loves him daune upon a Bank of Flowers. She feeding him  
a sleepe, leaves him. Aon comes in a Fellow, takes off his  
Capone, if first, and proues perfon in the King comes, and  
Exit. The Queene removes, finds the King died, and  
makes a speenfull Aiton. The Poehyfer, with some two  
or three Alotes comes in againe, seeming to lenome with her.  
The dead body is carried away: Th: Poehyfer Wastes the  
Queene withGift: she seines loud and unsquillling awake,  
but in the end, accept his fone.  

Ophe. What means this, my Lord?  

Ham. Marry this is Mischke Melscho, that means  
Milicbeee.  

Ophe. Delike this fles importa the Argument of the  
Play?  

Ham. We shall know by those Fellows: the Players  
cannot becone crawfell, they'll tell all.  

Ophe. Will they tell vs what this show meanes?  

Ham. I, or any fow that you'll shew him. But not  
you allom'd to shew, he'll not shame to tell you what it  
means.  

Ophe. You are taught you are nought, he marke the  
Play.  

Enter Prologue.  

For us, and for our Tragedie,  
There standing to your Clum外ie:  
We beg your hearing Patience.  

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the Poeme of a Ring?  

Ophe. To briterie my Lord.  

Ham. As Women love.  

Enter King and his Queene.  

King. Full three times shalt thou Phebus cast gon round,  
Neptunes gate Wath, and Telloh Obred ground:  
And thou Jornahs in Monsew with borrowed greceme,  
About the World haue times eleu crime tres,  
Since looke our hearts, and Afmen did out hands  
Vinte eeuvalut, in natt爔e freche bandes.  

Pop. So many iournies may the Sunne and Moone  
Make a vigne court of, ere loxe be done.  
But were it the day of this, I like of late,  
So farre from cleere, and from thy tromes flat,  
That I difftruf you: yet though I difftruf,  
Discomfort you (my Lord) it nothing mut:  
For womens face and loye, holds quantitie,  

Ham. What is my Lord?
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

In neither ought, or in extremity:  
Now what my love is, prove'st hath made you know,  
And as my love is fitz'd, my face is so.

King. Faith! I must leave thee, love, and shortly too:  
My operant Powers my Functions leave to do:  
And thou that livest in this faire world behinde,  
Hast still, beyond, and, haply, one as kind.

For Husband fist then...

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. O, confound the reft!  
Such love, must needs be Treston in my brest:  
In second Husband, let me be, as first,  
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. Worm wood, Wormwood.

Ham. The influence that second marriage mov'd,  
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love.  
A second time, I kill my Husband dead,  
When second Husband kiss'd time in Bed.

King. I do believe you. Think what now you speak:  
But what you do determine, oft we broke:  
Purpose is but the flame to Memory,  
Of violent Birth, but poore validitie:

Which now like true vartie fklicks on the Tree,  
But fall vnshak'en, when they mumble bee,  
Most necessarie tip, that we forget,  
To pay our lefles, what to our lefles is delit:

What to our lefles in passion we profess,  
The paffion ending, doth the purpose lose.  
The violence of other Greefe or toy,

Their owne emneters with theirselves deftoy:

Where joy must Reults, Greefe doth melt lament:

Greefe inyes, joy greeves on flemter accident,  
This world is not for eye, nor is't not ftrange  
That even our Loves should with our Fortunes change.  
For it's a question life vs yet to prove,  
Whether Love lead Fortune, or the Fortune Love.  
The great man downe, you make his fumanres fliret,  
The poore aduanced makes Friends of Enemies:  
And theefe both Love on Fortune rend,  
For who not needs, that fhe never lacke a Fren:  
And who in want a hollow Fren doth try,  
Directly fesoms him his Enemy.

But orderly to end, where I began,  
Our Walls and Faces do fo contrary run,  
That our Devices f.Call are counterwoame,  
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne.

So thinke I thou wilt no fcond Husband wed.  
But die thy thoughts, when thy late Lord is dead,  
Sed. Nor Earth to give me food, nor Heaven light,  
Spy on, and reject it from me and night:  
Each apperece that blantes the face of toy,  
Meet what I would have well, and it deftoy.

Both here, and hence, purchafe me laffing life,  
If once a W. Widow, ever the Wife.

Ham. Haply he fhould break it now.

King. This deeply twernes:

Sed. Come, let us enter a while,  
My wife is your selfe, and feme I would beguile  
The habit of my body,  
No frates, make thy braine,  
Shakes

Another come with a braine betweene vs twain,  
Exit.

Ham. Madam, owle I like you this Play?  
Shakes. On, The I apprehended much to much I thinkes.  
Face. O, but I kepe her word.

King. Have you heard the Argument, is there no Of-  
Recently?

Ham. No, no, they do but iert, peyson in iert, no Of-

fence i'th world.

King. What do you call the Play?

Ham. The Moule-trap; Marry how? Tripically:

This Play is the Image of a murder done in Vienna: Gom-  
auge is the Dukes name, his wife Baptifea: you shall fee  
soon: this is an Irish piece of worke: But what o'tho?  
Your Majestie, and wee that have free foules, it touches  
us not: let the gild iade winchour writers are vangun.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one Lucianus nephew to the King.

Ophie. You are a good Chorus, my Lord,  
Ham. I could interpret between you and your love:  
If I could see the Puppets dallying.

Ophie. You are keene my Lord, you are henece.  
Ham. It would call you a greene, to take off my  
edge.

Ophie. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you must一边 Husbands.

Begin Murderer. Box, leave thy damnable Face, and  
begin. Come, the crooking. Reston doth bellow for Re-  
venge.

Lucus. Thoughts blacke, hands ept,  
Drages fit, and Time agreeing:

Considerate fation, else no Creature feiting:  
Thus mixture ranke, of Midnight Weeds collected,  
With Heaces Ben, three blasted, three infected,  
Thy natural Magicks, and dire propertie,  
On whomfoeuer life, viepe immediately.

Poyse the payson in his eyes.

Ham. He payson him i'th Garden for his elfes:  
His name, Gomauge: the Story is extant and writ in choyce  
Italian. You shall see how the Marthcer get the  
line of Gomauge's wife.

Ophie. The King riles.

Ham. What, frighted with fale fire?  
Q. How facies my Lord?

Ophie. Give o' the Play.

King. Give me some Light. Away.


Extant.

Ham. Why lest the stracken Dreve go wepe,  
The Hart anggled play:

For some and in this, while some more sleepe;  
So runnes the world away.

Would not this Sir, and a Forreft of Feathers, if the reft  
of my Fortunes some Turke with me, with two Provinciiall  
Roles on my rau'd Shoves, get me a Fellowship in a crie  
of Players fit.

Ham. Half a Fierce.

Ham. A whole one I,  
For thou doft know: Oh Dauen deere,  
This Realme dismasted was of love himselfe,  
And now reignes here.

A verie verie Piacke.

Ham. You might haue Rim'd.

Ham. Oh good Herat. He take the Ghost word for a  
thousand pecey mind. Did i' th'Hear?  
Ham. Venie will my Lord.

Ham. Vpon the talke of the paysoning?  
Ham. I did verie well note him.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenfrence.

Ham. Oh, ha! Come some Mufick. Come ye Recorder;  
For if the King like not the Camdrie,  
Why then brike he likes it not perdie.  
Come some Mufick.

Could Gound my Lord, youch safe me a word with you.

Ham.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Ham. Sir, a whole History.

Guild. The King, sir.

Ham. If truth, what of him?

Guild. Is in his retirement, marvellous distempered.

Ham. With drink sir?

Guild. No my Lord, rather with cholער.

Ham. Your wife done should they be more settled, to figure this to his Doctor: for me to put him to his Purgation, would perhaps plague him into further more Choller.

Guild. Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame, and then to wildly from my affayre.

Ham. I am tame Sir, pronounce.

Guild. Nay, good my Lord, this courtesie is not of the right breed. It it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your Mothers commandments: if not your pardon, and my returne shall be the end of my Business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guild What, my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wits distilled. But sir, such answers as I can make, you shall command: or rather you say, my Mother: the fore no more but to the matter. My Minister you say.

Ref. Then thus fire syes: your behavior hath stroke her into amusement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderfull Sunne, that can so astonish a Mother. But is there no regall at the heels of this Mothers admiration?

Ref. She desires to speake with you in her Cloister, are you going to bed.

Ham. We will obey, were the seven times our Mother.

Have you any farther Trade with us?

Ref. My Lord, you onceoblige me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ref. Good my Lord, what is your cause of different? You do so freely bare the doore of your owne Liberty, if you deny your greeves to your Friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke Advancement.

Ref. How can that be, when you have the voyage of the King himselfe, for your Succeedion in Denmark?

Ham. I, but while the grass growes, the Proverb is something mushy.

Enter one with a Recorder.

O the Recorder. Let me fee, to withdraw with you, why do you go about to recover the winde of mee, as if you would drive me into a toyle?

Guild. O my Lord, if my Duty be too bold, my love is too vnmanerly.

Ham. I do not well under that and that. Will you play upon this Pipe?

Guild. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guild. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseach you.

Guild. I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. Tis as easie as lying; gonne these Venitges with your finger and thumbe, blow it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most excellent Muficke.

Looke you, these are the stopes.

Guild. But hence, this can command to any vterance of harmony, I hate not the skill.

Ham. Why looke you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me; you would play upon me; you would seeme to know my flops; you would pluck out the heart of my Mylerie; you would found mee from my lowest Note, to the top of my Compasse; and there is much Muficke, excellent Voice, in this little Organe, yet cannot you make it. Why do you thinke, that I am easier to bee plaid on, then a Pippet Call me what Instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me. God bleed you Sir.

Enter Polonius.

Polon. My Lord, the Queene would speak with you, and prentely.

Ham. Do you see that Clown? that's almost in shape like a Camell.

Polon. By'ld! Mifle, and it is like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Me thinkes it is like a Waswell.

Polon. It is back'd like a Waswell.

Ham. Or like a Whale?

Polon. Verie like a Whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my Mother, by and by: They foole me to the top of my bint. I will come by and by.

Polon. I will say fo.

Ham. By and by is, eysi said. Leave me Friends: This is now the very witching time of night, When Churchyards yawn, and Hell it selfe breathe out Contagion to this world. New could I drink hot blood, And do such bitter Business as the day Would quike to looke on. Sett now to, my Mother: Oh Heare, looke not thy Nourse; I wish not ever The Scale of Aro, enter this time bfore: Let me be cruel, not vnmanerly, I will speake Daggers to her; Ture vie none: My Tongue and Soule in this be Hypocrises. How in my words for formerly be shent: To gue them Scales, never my Soule concett.

Enter King, Reformation, and Guildinserce.

King. I like ham not, not standes it safe with vs, To let his madnisse range. Therefore prepare you, I your Commision forthwith with dispatch, And he to England shall along with you: To the terms of our estate, maye not endure Hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow. Out of his Lunacies.

Guild. We will our felues provide: Make boile and Religious feare is it To kepe those many many bouses safe That pride and feede upon your Maiestie.

Ref. The sngle.

And peculiar life is bound With all the strength and Armour of the mind, To kepe it felle foom noyance: but much more, That Spirit, upone whose spirit depends and refits The lives of many, the sake of Maiestie Dies not alone, but like a Guife doth draw What's necer, with it. It is a mastie wheel Fixt on the Sommut of the highest Mount, To whose hight Spokes, ten thousand letter things Are mortiz'd and adioyn'd: which when it falles, Each small annexment, petitie consequencce Is left to the boytous Ruine. Never alone Did the King tighe, but with a general groane.

King. Arm ye, I pray you to this speedie Voyage; For we will betters put upon this feare.

Which
When he is drunke asleep: or in his Rage, He or in his infeetuous pleasure of his bed, At gaming, in seeing, or about some silly That he’s no relief of Saluation in’t, Then trip him, that his heeles may kicke at Heaven, And that his Soule may be as damnd and blacke As Hell, where it goes. My Mother says, This Phylficke but prolongs thy sickly dayes.  Exit. King. My words fly vp, my thoughts remain below, Words without thoughts, neuer to Heaven go. Exit.

Enter Queen and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight. 

Look ye lay home to him, Tell him your pranks have been too broad to bear with, And that your Grace hath seene, and knowe to be, Much heare, and him. Ile silence me e’ene here: Pray you be round with him.  

Ham. Within. Mother, mother, mother,  

Oh. Ile warrant you, Ieare me not. 

Withdraw, I hope Iearing comming. 

Exit. Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now Mother, what’s the matter?  

Qu. Hamlet, thou hast 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 prizeth with an idle tongue.  

Qu. Why how now Hamlet?  

Ham. What’s the matter now?  

Qu. Haue you forgett me?  

Ham. No by the Rood, not so: You are the Queene, your Husbands Brothers wife, But would you were not so. You are my Mother. Qu. Nay, then let me trothe to you that can speake.  

Ham. Come, come, and let you downe, you shall not budge:  

You go not till I let you vp a glasse, Where you may see the innot all part of you?  

Qu. What wilt thou do? wilt not me murder thee? 

Help, help, help.  

Pol. What how help, help, help,  

Ham. How now, a Mad dead for a Ducate, dead.  

Pol. Oh, I am thy Mother. 

Qu. Of me, what haft thou done?  

Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?  

Qu. Oh what a rash, and bloody deed is this?  

Ham. A bloody deed, almost as bad good Mother, As kill a King, and marry with his Brother.  

Qu. As kill a King?  

Ham. I laby, it was my word. 

They were dead, vs, intruding foole farewell, I took thee right for thy Bitters, take thy Fortune, I thought it to be too buffe, is some danger. 

Leane wighting of your hands, peace, fit you downe, And let me wring your heart, for so I shall It be made of penetrable stuffe; It damnd Cuilbome have not braund it so, There are people and bulwarke against Senes. Qu. What have I done, that thou darit wag thy tong, In noile so rude against me?  

Ham. Such an Aet  

That blurs the grace and blush of Moderhie, Casts Virtue Hapostacy, takes off the Rose From the faire forehead of an innocent louse, And makes a bliffer there. Makes marriage voweas  

As idle as Durers Othes. Oh such a deed,  

As
The Tragedy of Hamlet.

As from the body of Contraction plucks The very soul, and sweete Religion makes A rapifdife of words. Heaven face doth glow, Yet this folidity and compound fame, With trifull village as against the doome, Is thought-keke at the set.

Qu. Aye me; what ait, that roares so loud, & thunders in the Index.

Ham. Lookke hereupon this Picture, and on this, The counterfeft prefentment of two Brothers: See what a grace was feated on his Brow, Hypertions curls, the front of Ioue himsfife, An eye like Mars, to threaten or command A Station, like the Herald Mercury New lighted on a heaven-killing hill: A Combinacion, and a forme indeed, Where every God did seeme to fet his Seale, To giusse the whole affurance of a man. This was your Husband. Lookke you now what follows. Here is your Husband, like a Milden'd eare Blaffing his wholofm breath. Have you eyes? Could you on this faire Mountaine leave to feed, And batten on this Moore? Ha? Have you eyes? You cannot call it Loue: For at your age, The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble, And waftes upon the Judgement: and what Judgement Would step from this, to this? That what dwell was't, That thus hath coufined at his handom-blinde? O Shame! where is thy Blufh? Rebellionfull Hell, If you can't mutine in a Matrons bones, To flaming youth, let Venture be as waxe, And melt in her owne fire. Proclamation no shame, When the compulfive Ardue gives the charge, Since Froul felfe, as a dyeely doth burne, As heaflon panders Will.

Qu. O Hamlet, speake no more. Thou turm' mine eyes into my very soule, And there I fee fuchs blacke and grained spots, As will not leave their Tine.

Ham. Nay, but to live In the ranke weat of an enfeamed bed, Stew'd in Corruption; honing and making love Once the nofty Sye. Qu. O, Speake to me no more; These words like Daggers enter in mine eare.

No more fweet Hamlet.

Ham. A Murderer, and a Villaine: A Slave, that is not twenitie pat the thyhe Of your precedent Lord. A Vice of Kings, A Curspur of the Empire and the Rite. That from a fphere the precious Diadem folle, And put in his Pocket.

Qu. No more.

Enter Gloucester.

Ham. A King of fiefdes and pachers. Sene me; and houre o'te me with your wings You heavenly Guards. What would your gracious figure? Qu. Alas he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy Sonne to chide, That lapp's in Time and Patron, less go by This important {election of your dread command? Oh say.

Glo. Do not forgets this Vifitation Is but to whe ther alfoft blunted purpose, But looke, Amazement on the Mother fits; O ftep between her, and her fighting Soule, Conceit in weakest bodies, strongest wrokes.

Speak to her Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you Lady? Qu. Also, how is't with you? That you bend your eye on vacant, And with their corporall eye do hold discouere. Forth at your eyes, your spirits wildeely pepe, And as the sleeping Soldiours in th'Altarome, Your bedded hair, like life in excrement, Start vp, and stand an end. Oh gentle Sonne; Upon the heart and flame of thy distemper Sprinkle coule patience. Whereon do you looke?

Ham. On him, on him: look you how pale he glares, His forme and faufe conioy'd, preching to ftones, Would make them capable. Do not looke unto me, Leaft with this piteous action you converte, My ferene effects: then what I haue to do, Will want true colour; tears perchance for blood.

Qu. To who do you speake this? Ham. Do you feen nothing there? Qu. Nothing at all, yet all that is I fee. Ham. Nor did you nothing heare? Qu. No, nothing but our feloes.

Ham. Why look you there: looke how it stears away:

My Father in his habite, as he lued, Looke where he goes even now out at the Portall. Exit. Qu. This is the very eonyage of your Braine, This bodifiif Creation extasie is very cunning in

Ham. Extasie? My Pufle as yours doth temperately keep time, And makes as healthfull Muchcke, it is not madneffe That I haue vitered; bring me to the Left And I the matter will re-word: which madneffe Would gamboll from. Mother,for Ioue of Grace, Lay not a flattering Vifion to your face, That not your trefteffe, but my madneffe speaks: It will but skin and flme the Vicious place, Whilft ranke Corruption mining all within, Infects vnleone. Confesse your felfe to Heauen, Repent what's paft, auoyd what is to come, And do not flrend the Composft or the Weedes, To make them ranke. Forgue me this my Vertue, For in the paffeffe of this purifie times,

Vertue is felle, of Vice must pafdon Begy, You coure, and woe for loose to do him good.

Qu. Oh Hamlet, Thou haft cleft my heart in twaine.

Ham. O throw away the worfer part of if, And luce the purer with the other halfe. Good night, but go not to mine Vnkes bed, Aflume a Vertue, if you haue it not, refraine to tighe, And that shall lend a kinde of eafineffe To the next abstinence. Once more goodnight, And when you are defirous to be bleffe, Ile blesling begge of you. For this fame Lord, I do repent: but heauen hath plead's it fo, To punifh me with this, and this with me, That I muft be their Scourge and Minifie. I will befrow him, and will anfwere well The death I gave him: to againe, good night; I muft be cruel, one may be kinde, Thus bad begins and worfe remains behind.

Qu. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you do; Let the blunt King temp you againe to bed, Pinch Wanton on your cheeke, call you his Moufe, And let him for a pair of recchie knifes,
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

To let them know both what we meane to do,
And what's vnintime done. Oh come away,
My soule is full of discord and dismay.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely flow'd.
Gentlemen within, Hamlet, Lord Hamlet.
Ham. What noise? Who calls on Hamlet?
Ohheere they come. Enter Ros and Guildenfemre.
Re. What have you done my Lord with the dead body?
Ham. Compound it with dust, whereto 'tis kinne.
Rosn. Tell vs where 'tis that we may take it thence,
And beare to it the Chappell.
Ham. Do not beleue it.
Rosn. Beleue what?
Ham. That I can keepe your counsell, and not mine owne. Befide, to be demanded of a Spundge, what replication should be made by the Sonne of a King. Rosn. Take you me for a Spundge, my Lord?
Ham. I fir, that fokes up the Kings Countenance, his Rewards, his Authoritie (but fuch Officers do the King) benturce in the end. He keeps them like an Ape in the corner of his law, first mouth'd to be last swallowed, when he needs what you have gaurd'd, it is but fqueezing you, and Spundge you shall be dry againe.
Rosn. I vnderstand you not my Lord.
Ham. I am glad of it: a knauff speech sleepes in a foole's ear.
Rosn. My Lord, you must tell vs where the body is, and po watch vs to the King.
Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King is a thing —
Guil. A thing my Lord?
Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him, hide Fox, and all after.

Enter King.

King. I have sent to fecke him, and to find the bodie How dangerous it is that this man goes to slee.
Yet must not we put the strong Law on him: He's louted of the disrated multitude, Who like not in their judgement, but their eyes: And where 'tis so, th'Offenders scourge is weigh'd But never the offence: to bear all smooth, and even, This foaraire lending him away, must seeme Delicate past, defac'd desperate grown, By deferves an appliance to be relieved, Or not at. II. Exeunt Refractors.

How now? What hath befalne? Rosn. Where the dead body is below'd my Lord, We cannot get from him. King. But where is he? Rosn. Without my Lord's guardned to know your pleasure.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenfemre.

King. Now Hamlet, where's Polonius?
Ham. At Supper. King. At Supper? Where? Ham. Not where he eate, but where he is eaten, a certaine comoncation of worms are eate him. Your worm is your onely Emperor for diet. We fat all creatures efe to fat vs, and we fat our felle for Magnors. Your fa King, and your leane Beggar is but variable service to differ, but to one Table that's the end.

Ham. What doth thou meane by this?
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may go
a Progresse through the guts of a Begger.
King. Where is Polonius?
Ham. In heaven, send thither to see, If your Messen-
ger finde him not there, seek him in th'other place your
lice : but indeed, if you finde him not this moneth, you
shall nose him as you go vp the flaires into the Lobby.
King. Go seek him there.
Ham. He will flay till ye come. K. Hamlet, this deed of thine, for thine especiall safety
Which we do tender, as we dearly greeue
For that which thou haft done, must tend thee hence
With more Quickeletter. Therefore prepare thy telle,
The Barke is ready, and the wind at helpe,
The Affronts send, and every thing at brest
For England.
Ham. For England?
King. I, Hamlet.
Ham. Good.
King. So is it, if thou knewst our purpose.
Ham. I fees Cherusbi that see's him : but come, for
England. Farewell deere Mother.
King. Thy loving Father, Hamlet. Hamlet. My Moter : Father and Mother is man and
wife : man & wife is one fleth, and so my mother. Come,
King. Follow him at footo,
Tempt him with speed afoord:
Dely not, he haue him hence to night.
Away, for every thing is Seall'd and done
That else lesnes on th'Affaire, pray you make haft.
And England, if my love thou holdst a ought,
Asmy great power thereof may giue thee sense,
Since yet thy Ciaetice looks rood and red
After the Danish Sword, and thy free swe
Payes homage to vs; thou maist not coldly set
Our Soueraigne Proceeffe, which imports at full
By Letters conturion to that effect.
The prent death of Hamlet, Doit England;
For like the Heficke in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me: Till I know its done,
How ere my happes, my loyes were ne're begun. Exit.
Enter Fortinbras with an Armie.
Fort. Go Capitaine, from me greet the Daniake King,
Tell him that by his lictore, Fortinbras
Claims the conueneyce of a promis'd March
Ouer his Kingdome. You know the Rendeousse;
If that his Maiestie would ought with vs,
We shall expresse our dutie in his eye,
And let him know so.
Cap. I will not, my Lord.
Fort. Go safely on. Exit. Enter Queen and Horatio.
Qu. I will not speake with her.
Hor. She is important, indeed distræft, her moode
will needs be pittied.
Qu. What would she haue?
Hor. She speakes much of her Father; fakes the heares
There's tricks i'th world, and hers, and bents her heart,
Spurnes auniously at Strawes, speakes things in doubt,
That carry but haife fene: Her speach is nothing,
Yet the unshap'd vife of it doth move
The heares to CollecUon, they ayme at it,
And boste the words vp fit to their owne thoughts;
Which as her winker, and nods, and gestures yeld them,
Indeed would make one think she there would be thought,
Though nothing fire, yet much unhappily.
Qu. Were good th'e were spoken with,
For she may drefw dangerous conicurcts
In til breeding minds. Let her come in.
To my fike foule (as finances true Natiure is)
Which toy fennes Prologue, to some great amiss,
So full of Artifice isaulous is guilt,
It spill's its telle, in fearing to be spilt,
Enter Ophelia disfretted.
Ophe. Where is the beauteous Majestie of Denmark.
Qu. How now Ophelia?
Ophe. How should I your true love know from another one?
By his Cockle hat and plaffe, and his Sandal boote.
Qu. Alas sweet Lady: what imports this Song?
Ophe. Say you! Nay pray you marke,
He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
As his head a gras-frense Turve, at his heetes a stone.
Enter King.
Qu. Nay but Ophelia?
Ophe. Pray you marke.
Whise it Shew'd as the Mountain Sour.
Qu. Alas, looke here my Lord.
Ophe. Larded with sweet flowers:
Which beft to the grace did not go,
With true-lone flowers.
King. How do ye, pretty Lady?
Ophe. Well, God did you. They say the Owle was
A Bakers daughter, Lord, wec know what we are, but
Know not what we may be. God be at your Table.
King. Conceit upon her Father.
Ophe. Pray you let's haue no words of this; but when
they take you what it meanes, say you this:
To morrow is S. Valentines day, all in the morning betime,
And I a Maid at your Windows, to bee your Valentine.
Then up herse: if don't this cloaster, \& doup the chamber dore,
Let in the Maid, that out a Maid, never depart not more.
King. Pretty Ophelia.
Ophe. Indeed? Is without an oath ile make an end out.
By gie, and by S. Charity,
Alacke, and fie for shame:
Tong men vill doo't; if they come too's,
By Cocke they are too blame.
Quoth this before you rememb'red me
To promis'd me to night:
So would I be done by your Serene,
And how had'nt she come to my bed.
King. How long hath the bin this?
Ophe. I hope all well will be. We must bee pestient,
but I cannot choose but weep, to thinke they shou'd
lay him i'th cold ground: My brother shall knowe of it,
And so I thinke you for your good counsell. Come, my
King. Follow her clofe,
Give her good wasch I pray you greefe;
Oh this is the poiyon of deepre greefe, it springes
All from her Fathers death. Oh Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrowes comes, they come not single spies,
But in Battailises. First, her Father Iaine.
Next your Sonne gone, and he moft violent Author
Of his owne iufl remote: the people muddie,
Thiche and vose his home in their thoughts, and whispers
For good Polonius death; and we have done but greatly
In hugger mugger to interce him. Poor Ophelia
Divid'd from her felfe, and her faire Judgement,
Enter a Messenger.

Qu. Alacke, what noyse is this?

King. Where are my Switzers?

Let them guard the doore. What is the matter?

Mef. Save your selfe, my Lord.

The Ocean (ouer-peering of his Life)
Estes not the Flats with more impetuous haste
Then young Laertes, in a Riourous head,
Ore-beares your Officers, the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, Cussume not knowne,
The Ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry who is who? Laertes shall be King.
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be King, Laertes King.

Qu. How cheerfully on the fable Tragedy they cry,
Oh this is Counter you falle Danifh Dogges.

Noise within, Enter Laertes.

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. Where is the King, sir? Stand you all without.

All. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you give me leave.

All. We will, we will.

Laer. I thank you: Keep the doore.

Oh thou Wile King, give me my Father.

Qu. Calmy good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood, that calmes
Proclames me Baflard:
Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot
Even here betweene the chaste unmanched brow
Of my true Mother.

King. What is the cause Laertes,
That thy Rebellion lookes so Gyans-like?
Let him go Gertrude. Do not fence our person:
There's fuch Diuinity doth hedges a King,
That Trefon can but pecepe to what it would,
Acts little of his will. Tell me Laertes,
Why thou art thus Intent? Let him go Gertrude.

Speak man.

Laer. Where's my Father?

King. Dead.

Qu. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fell.

Laer. How came he dead? He not be Tugg'd with.
To helle Allegence: Vowes, to the blackest dwell.
CONFsence and Grace, to the profoundest Pit.
I do Damnation to this point I stand,
That both the worlds I glue to negligence,
Let come what comes soley Ile be reun'd
Most throughly for my Father.

King. Whoshallplayyou?

Laer. My Will, not all the world,
And for my meanes, Ile husband them so well,
They shall goe farre with little.

King. Good Laertes.

If you desire to know the certaintie
Of your deere Fathers death, if wits in your revenge,
That Sool-flake you will draw both Friend and Foe,
Winner and Looser.

Laer. None but his Enemies.

King. Will you know them then,

Laer. To his good Friends, thus wide Ile open my Armes:
And like the kinde Life rend'ring Politician,
Repait them with my blood.

King. Why now you speake
Like a good Childe, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltiffe of your Fathers death,
And am most sensible in greefe for it,
It shall as lenell to your Judgement pierce
As day do's to your eye.

Noise within. Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. How now? what noise is that?
Oh heate drive vp my Brains, tears seven times fall,
Burne out the Sence and Vertue of mine eye.

By Heaven, thy madness shall be payed by weight,
Till our Scale turnes the beame. Oh Rofe of May,
Dear Maid, kinde Sifter, sweet Ophelie:
Oh Heaven, it's possibl, a yong Maids wis,
Should be as mortall as an old mans life.

Nature is fine in Loue, and where 's his ficte,
It lends some precious instance of it selfe
After the thing it loues.

Ophel. They bore him bare faced on the Beer,

By you now, now, bay now:

And on his grave raine many tears.

Are you well my Duen?

Laer. Had it shouthe wits, and didn't perswade Reuenge,
it could not moue thys.

Ophel. You must finge downe a downe,

And you call him a downe. Oh, how the wheele becomes it? It
Is the falle Steward that stole his masters daughter.

Laer. This nothings more then matter.

Ophel. There's Roemary, that's for Remembrance.

Pray loue remember: and there is Pacientie,
That's for Thoughts.

Ophel. A document in madeffe, thoughts & remembrance fitt.

Ophel. There's Fenell for you, and Columbines: ther's Rew for you, and here's some for me. Wee may call it
Herbe-Grace & Sundays: Oh you muitt weare your Rew with a difference. There's a Daylie, I would give you some Violets, but they wither'd all when my Father dyed:

They lay, he made a good end;

For loving sweete Robin is all my ser.

Laer. Thought, and Affliction, Passion, Hell it selfe:
She turns to Favour, and to prettinece.

Ophel. And will be no same age:

And well he not come againe:

No who he is, I do not think with,

He never comes againe:

His Beard as white as Snow,

All Flowers in his hand:

How to give, he is gone, and we cast away more,

Ophel. And of all Christian Soules, I pray God.

God buy ye.

Exeunt Ophel.

Laer. Do you see this you Gods?

King. Laertes. I must common with your grace,

Or you deny me right: go but apart,

Make
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

On exeunt To Ktr.glj

They finde vs touch'd, we will our Kingdome glue,
Our Crowne, our Life, and all that we call Ours
To you in satisfaction. But if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
And we shall joyfully labour with your sole.
To give it due content.

Lear. Let this be so:
His meanes of death, his obscure buriall;
No Tophee, Sword, nor Hatchetments o're his bones,
No Noble rites, nor formal lent ostentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from Heaven to Earth,
That I must call in question.

King. So you shall;
And where'the offence is, let the great Axe fall.
I pray you go with me.  

Enter Horatio with an Attendant.

Hor. What are they that would speake with me?
Ser. Saylors fir, they say they haue Letters for you.
Hor. Let them come in,
I do not know from what part of the world
I shoulde be greted, as from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Saylors.

Say. God bleffe you Sir.
Hor. Let him bleffe thee too.
Say. Hee shal Sir, and please him. There is 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.

Enter the Letter.

Horatio. When they shall haue seere what they see there, give these letters
Follows some meanes to the King: They have Letters for him. Ere we were two daies old at Sea, a Pryate of very Warlike appointment gane vs Close. Finding our shippe so
flow of Saile, we put on a compiled Valoure. In the Grapple, I boarded them: On the instant they got clear of our Ships, so
alone became their Prisioner. They have dealt with me, like
The meanes of Mercy, but they knew what they did. I am to die
a good term for them. Let the King haue the Letters I haue sent, and spare thou to me with as much hart as thou wouldst
for death. I have words to speake in thy ear, will make thee
dumb, yet are they much too light for the bore of the Master.
Those good Follows will bring thee where I am. Roffincrance and
Guilldenferme, hold their course for England. Of them
I have much to tell thee, Farewell.

He that show himselfe thing, Hamlet,
Come, I will give you way for thee your Letters,
And doe the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your confidence my acquaintance seall,
And you must put me in your heart for Friend,
Sith you haue heard, and with a knowing care,
That he which hath your Noble Father slaine,
Preserv'd my life.

Lear. It well appeares. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these festes;
So crimefull, and so Capitol in Nature,
As by your Safety, Whilome all things else,
You mainly were there'd vp?

King. O for two speciell Reasons,
Which may to you (perhaps) seeme much unfinnowed,
And yet to me they are strong. The Queen his Mother,
Lives almoft by his looke: and for my selfe,
My Venture or my Plague, be it either which,
She's so conuncluate to my life and soule;
That as the Starre moveth not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her. The other Motive,
Why to a publique count I might not go,
Is the great love the generally generator bear me,
Who dipting all his Fruits in their affection,
Would like the Spring that trencheth Wood to Stone,
Convert his Glyes to Grace. So that my Arrows
Too lightly timbered for so loud a Wind,
Would have return'd to my Bow againe,
And not where I had arm'd them.

Lear. And so haue I A Noble Father left,
A Sifter drawn into desperate tearmes,
Who was't prais'd may goe backe againe
Stood Challenger on mount of all the Age
For her perfection. But my revenge will come.

King. Breake not your fpeeple for that,
You might not chinke,
That we are made ofuffles, so flat and dull,
That we can let our Beadle be chinke with danger,
And chinke it patime. You shortly shall heare more,
I hau'd your Father, and we lose our Selve,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine——

Enter a Meffenger.

How now? What News?
Ser. Letters my Lord from Hamlet. This to your
Maistry, this to the Queene.

King. From Hamlet? Who brought them?

Ser. Saylors my Lord they say, I saw them not:
They were given me by Claudia, he receiv'd them.

King. Laertes you shall haue them:

Laertes vs.

Exit Meffenger.

High and Mights, you shall know I was shewed on your
Kinges: To narrow ends l I begge him to fee you: Kindly
Exit. When shall I shall asking your Father (I vouches) recom
to see the decay of my Endome and a for grave wresse.

Hamlet.

What should this mean? Are all the rest come backe?
Or is it some abufe? Or no such thing?

Lear. Know you the hand?

Kin. Tis Hamlet's Character, naked and in a Post
script here he fayes alone: Can you soule me it?

Lear. I'm left in it my Lord; but let him come,
It warmes the very ficknesse in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth;
Thus did he dea。 thau.

Kin. If it be to Laertes, as how should I take it?
How other wise will you be ruled by me?

Lear. If you'll not o'rerule me to a peace.

Kin. To thine owne peace: if he be now return'd,
As checking at his Voyage, and that he means
No more to understande; I will worke him
To an exployt now ripe in my Device,
Vnder the which he shall not choose but fall;
And for his death no wido of blame shall breath,
But eache his Mother shall extenuate the prouice,
And call it accident: Some two Monthes hence
Here was a Gentleman of Normandy,
I was me my selfe and fain was against the French,
And they ran well on Horsebackes but this Gallant

Had
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Had witchcraft in't; he grew into his Sest,
And so fuch wondrous doing brought his Horfe,
As had he borne encorspt and demy-Natur'd
With the braue Beafi,fo faze he paft my thought,
That I'm forger of Shapes and trickes,
Come short of what he did.

Laur. A Norman was't?

Kin. A Norman.

Laur. Upon my life Lancourn.

Kin. The very fame.

Laur. I know him well, he is the Brooch indeed,
And female of all our Nation.

Kin. Hee mad confusion of you,
And gatte you such a Masterly report,
For Art and exercised in your defence;
And for your Rapier most especially,
That he cryed our would be a fight indeed,
If one could match you Sir. This report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his Envy,
That he could nothing doe but with and begge,
Your fomaine comming one to play with him;
Now out of this.

Laur. Why out of this, my Lord?

Kin. Laertes was your Father deare to you?

Or are you like the painting of a favor,
A face without a heart?

Laur. Why ask you this?

Kin. Not that I think you did not love your Father,
But that I know Love is begun by Time:
And that I fee in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it;

Hamlet comes backe : what would you undertake,
To show your felle your Fathers fomne indeed,
More then in words?

Laur. To cut his throat in’s Church.

Kin. No place indeed should murder Sancturize;
Revenge should have no bounds ; but good Laertes,
Will you doe this, keepe close within your Chamber,
Hamlet return’d, thall know you are come home;
Wee I put on these shall praise your excellence,
And fete a double varnish on the fame.
The Frenchman gave you, bring you in fine together,
And wager on your head, he being remiffe,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not procure the Foiles? So that with eafe,
Or with a little fluffing, you may choose
A Sword unblevid, and in a paffe of praction,
Requit him for your Father.

Laur. I will doe,
And for that purpofe Ie annoint my Sword:
I bought an Violion of a Mountebanke
So mortall, but Ie dpte a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no Cataplafme fo rare,
Collected from all Simplex that have Vertue
Vnder the Moone, can faue the thing from death,
That is but scratcht withall: 1le touch my point,
With this contegion, that if I call him flightly,
I may be death.

Kin. Let’s further think of this,
Weigh what convenience both of time and means
May fity vs to the fpife, if this fhould falle;
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
’Twere better not affay; therefore this Procfe
Should have a backe or fccend, that might hold,
If this fhould blift in proofe: Soft, let me fee
We’ll make a folenn wager on your comming,

I ha’t: when in your mouontion you are hot and dry,
As make your bouws more violent to the end,
And that he calls for drinke; He have prepar’d him
A Chalice for the none, whereon but fipping,
If he by chance escape your venom’d fluck,
Our purpofe may hold there ; how sweet Queene.

Enter Queen.

Queen. One woof doth tread upon anothers heele,
So faft they follow; your sisters down’d Laertes.

Laur. Down’d! O where?

Queen. There is a Willow grows alant a Brooke,
That fhowes his hone leaves in the glibfe streame:
There with fantasfick Garlands did the come,
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Dayfier, and long Purples,
That liberal Shepheardes give a groffer name;
But our cold Maids doe dead Mens Fingers call them:
There on the pendante boughes, her Coronet weeds
Clambringe to hang; an envious fluer broke
When downe the weedy Tophier, and her felle,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothfes fired wide,
And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her vp,
Which time she chaunted fnaclches of old tuner,
As one incapable of her owne diftrefle,
Or like a creature Nattive, and infudled
Vnto that Element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with her drinke,
Pull’d the poor wretch from her necludious buy,
To muddy death.

Laur. Alas then, is the down’d?

Queen. Down’d, down’d.

Laur. Too much of water haft thou poor Ophec,
And therefore I forbid thy teares; but yet
It is our tricke, Nature her cutomme holds,
Let flame fay what it will; when there are gone
The woman will be out: Adie my Lord,
I have a fpeech of fire, that faine 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 flart againe;
Therefore let’s follow,

Exeunt.

Enter two Clerics.

Cleon. Is the to bee buried in Christian buriall, that
wilfull feekes her owne faliution?

Other. I tell thee the is, and therefore make her Grave
fraight, the Crouner hath taken her, and finds it Chris-

Cleon. How can that be, unleffe she drowned her felle in her owne defence?

Other. Why’s tie found.

Cleon. It must be So offendis, it cannot bee elle: for
here he lies the points; If I drowned my felle wittlingly, it ar-

Other. An Adt; and an Adt hath three branches. It is an
Adt to doe and to performance argall the down’d her felle wittlingly.

Other. Nay but heare you Goodman Deluer.

Cleon. Give me leaure; heere lies the water good;
here hands the man good: If the man goe to this wa-
ter and drown his felle, it is he will he, he goes
markes you that? But if the water come to him & drowned
him, hee drownes not himfelle. Argall, hee that is not
guilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life.

Other. But is this law?

Cleo. I marry it's, Crowners Quefli Law.
Enter Hamlet and Horatio a fort off.

Clown. Cudgell thy braines no more about it: for thy dull Afe will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are asked this question next, say, a Graue-maker; the Hautes that he makes, lasts till Doomsday: go, get thee to Vanyplace and flie me a floupe of Liquor.

Sings.

In youth when I did love shallowne,
I thought it was very fowre:
To coverd! O the time for my behove,
O me thought there was nothing worse.

Ham. Ha's this fellow no feeling of his businesse, that he fings as Graue-making?

Hor. Custome hath made it in him a property of ex.

finelle.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so; the hand of little Impleth hath the daintier finge.

Clowne sings.

The Age with his fleeting steps
Hath caught me in his clutch;
And both flipp'd me into the Lord,
As if I had never beene such.

Ham. That Scull had a tongue in it, and could finge once: how the knave tolwles it to th' ground, as if it were Cajus Jaw-Bone, that did the first murther: It might be the Patec of a Politician which this Afe o'th Of-

fice; now that could circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Couturier, which could fay, Good Morn-
row sweet Lord: how doft thou, good Lord? this might be my Lord such a one, that prais'd my Lord such a ones Horfe, when he meant to begge it; might it not?

Hor. I, my Lord.

Ham. Why e'en so: and now my Lady Wormes, Chapieale, and knockt about the Mozart with a Sextons Spade; here's fine Resolution, if wee had the tricke to fee't. Did th' bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at Loggetts with'em? mine ake to think on't.

Clowne sings.

A Pichaxe and a Spade, a Spade,
For an armadillo-Sheet:
O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
For such a Ghost in meats.

Ham. There's another: why might not that bee the Scull of of a Lawyer? where bee his Quillities now? his Quilleness his Cafes? his Tenures, and his Tricks? why doth he fuffer this rude knave now to knocke him about the Scone with a dirty Shovel, and will not tell him of his AShion of Battery? hurt. This fellow might bee'time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his Recognizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoveries: is this the fine of his Fines, and the recoverie of his Recoveries, to have his fine Paste full of fine Dirt? will his Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchases, and double ones too, then the length and breadth of a pair of Indentures? the very Conveyances of his Lands will hardly lyce in this Boxe: and must the Inheritor himselfe have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a ioe more, my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of Sheep-skinnes?

Hor. I, my Lord, and of Calue-skinnes too.

Ham. They are Sheepe and Calues that seek out affu-
ance in that. I will speake to this fellow: whom Graue this Sir?

Clo. Mine Sirs:

O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
For such a Ghost in meats.

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeed for thou liest in't.

Clo. You liye out on't Sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not liye in't; and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou doft lye in't, to be in't and fay 'tis thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyest.

Clo. 'Tis a quickely liye Sir, 'twill away again from me to morrow.

Ham. What man doft thou digge it for?

Clo. For no man Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clo. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clo. One that was a woman Sir; but reft her Soule, fire's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knaue is? we must speake by the Cardes, or equitacion will endo'ss: by the Lord Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it, the Age is growne so picked, that the toe of the Peasant comes so neere the heele of our Courtier, hee galls his Knie. How long ha'ft thou beene a Graue-maker?

Clo. Of all the days i'th'yeare, I came too'th that day that our flat King Hamlet o'recame Fortunbrat.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clo. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: It was the very day, that young Hamlet was borne, bee that was mad, and sent into England.

Ham. I marry, why was he sent into England?

Clo. Why, because he was mad; he shall recoller his wits there; or if he do not, it's no great matter there.
Ham. Why?

Cla. Twill not be seene in him, there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Cla. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Cla. Fairly eene with looing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Cla. Why here in Denmark: I have bin fixtenee here, man and Boy thirty years.

Ham. How long wild a man lie'th earth ere he rot?

Cla. Ifaith, he be not rotten before he die (as we have many pokey Cofires now saides, that will fceare hold the laying in) he will lay you some eighte, or nine yeares. A Tanner will lift you nine yeares.

Ham. Why he be, more then another?

Cla. Why sir, his hide is fo tan'd with his Trade, that he will keepe out water a great while. And your water, is a faire Decayer of your horfon dead body. Herea Scull nowthis Scull, has laten in the earth three & twenty years.

Ham. Whole is it?

Cla. A whorfon mad Fellowes it was; What doe you thinke it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Cla. A pellentie on him for a mad Rogue, a pou'd a Flaggon of Reath on my head once. This same Scull Sir, this same Scull was, Tawicky Scull, the Kings Jefter.

Ham. This?

Cla. E'ene that.

Ham. Let me seee. Alas poor Tawick, I knew him Ho- ratius, a fellow of infinite tell, of most excellent lancy, he hath borne me on his backe a thousand times: And how abhoredd my Imaginasyion is, my gorge rifes at it. Heree hung those lips, that I have kist! I know not how oft, Where be your libes now? Your Gymbals? Your Songs? Your flances of Merriment that were wont to set the Table on a Rure? No one now to mock your ownffecting? Quite chopplaine? Now get you to my Ladies Chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this favoure fife come. Make her laugh at that: prythee Horace telle me one thing.

Ham. What's that my Lord?

Ham. Doft thou think Alexander lookt o'this fathion of'th earth?

Her. E'ene fo.

Ham. And finelit fo? Puh.

Her. E'ene fo, my Lord,

Ham. To what bafe vifs we may returne Horatius. Why may not Imagination trace the Noble dut of A- lexander, till he find it dopping a binghole.

Her. Twere to consider: to curiously to consider fo.

Ham. No faith, not ait. But to follow him thether with modellie enough, & likelihoode to lead it; as thus. Alexander died: Alexander was buried: Alexander returneth into dut; the dut is earth, of earth make Lome; and why of that Lome (whereo he was conver ted) might they not flipp a Beere-brutell? Imperially Cofine, dead and turnt it clay, Might they a bide to keep the winde away. Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe, Should patch a Wall, expell the winters law. But foif, but soif, adia, heree comes the King.

Enter King, Queene, Laertes, and a Coffin, with Lords attantants.

The Queene, the Countrees. Who is that they follow,

And with such mistimed rites? This doth betoken, The Cofire they follow, did with disparate land, Fore do it owne life: two fame Effate.

Couch we a while, and mark.

Laer. What Cerimony else?

Ham. That I haue Laertes, a very Noble youth: Mark.

Laer. What Cerimony else?

Priest. Her Obfiques have bin as faire large'd, As we have warrant, her death was doubfull; But that great Command, o'we's-iawe the order, She should in ground unfanctified have lodg'd, Till the laft Trumpet. For charitable prayr, Sharers, Flints, and Peeblees, should be thow wone on her. Yet here she is allowed her Virgin Rites,

Her Maidens fervements, and the bringing home Of Bell and Buriall.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Priest. No more be done:

We should prophace the sorcell of the dead, To finge fage Requiem, and fuch reft to her

As to peace-paied Soules.

Laer. Lay her til' earth, And from her faire and wpolluted feth, May Violets spring. I tell thee(Chairith Priest)

A Muffling Angell fhall my Sitter be,

When thou lieft howling?

Ham. What, the faire Efpelia?

Queen. Sweets, to the fweet farewell.

I hop'd thou fhould ft bin haue my Hamletes wife:

I thought thy Buree-bed to have deckt( SWEET Maid) And not thine fhould't be graue.

Laer. Oh terribble 200r,

Fall ten times trebble, on that curfed head Whole wicked deed, thy most Ingeniousfence

Depruf thee of. Hold off the earth a while,

Till I have caugh her once more in mine armes:

Leaps in the grave.

Now pile thy dut, upon the quicke, and dead,

Till of this flat a Mountainre you have made,

To o'er a top old Fellow, or the skyth head

Of new Olympas.

Ham. What is he, whose griefes

Bearst such an Emphafis? whose phrase of Sorrow

Coniure the wandring Starses, and makes them fland

Like wonder'd wounded heers? This is 1

Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The deuil take thy foule,

Ham. Thou pratt it not weyl,

I prysee thee take thy fingers from my throat,

Sthou art not Spleenious, and raft,

Yet haue I fomething in me dangerous,

Which let thy witsfe feare. Away thy hand.

King. Pluck them founder.

Qu. Hamlet, Hamlet.

Gow. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why I will fight with him upon this Theme,

Vntill my eiefhit will no longer wag.

Qu. Oh my Sonne, what Theme?

Ham. I haue Ophelia, forthe thousand Brothers

Could not with all that there quantitie of Love

Make yp my fume. What wilt thou do for her?

King. Oh he is mad Laertes,

Qu. For love of Godforbear him.

Ham. Com she more what thoult do.er

Woot wappe? Woots fight? Woots no feate thy selfe?

Woots drinke yp effe, eafe a Crocodile?
The Tragedie of Hamlet.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Ofr. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very feouldy, as 'twere, cannot tell how; but my Lord, his Maiesty bad me signifie to you, that he's laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter.

Ham. I beseech you remember.

Ofr. Nay, in good faith, for mine ease in good faith: Sir, you are as ignorant of what excellence Ladies are at his command.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Ofr. Rapiere and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well.

Ofr. The first King's was'd with him: fixe Barbary Horses, against the which he impond as I take it, fixe French Rapiers and Pistards, with their Alliances, as Gardie-Hangers of fixe; three of the Carriages in Anhath are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilt, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the Carriages?

Ofr. The Carriages Sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would bee more Germaine to the matter: If we could carry Cannon by our sides; I would it might be Hangers till then; but on fixe Barbary Horses against fixe French Swords: their Alliances, and three liberal conveyed Carriages, that's the French but against the Danish; why is this impond as you call it?

Ofr. The King Sir, hath laid his in a dozen puffs between you and him; he'll not exceed you three hits; he hath one tew-teve for mine, and that would come to immediate tryall, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the Audience.

Ham. How if I answer no?

Ofr. I mean my Lord, the opposition of your person in tryall,

Ham. Sir, I will walke here in the Hall; if it please his Maiesty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me: let the Foiles bee brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpos: I will win for him as I can: if not, he gaineth nothing but my thanks and the odd's hits. Shall I redelive you an' so?

Ham. To this effect Sir, after what flourish your nature will.

Ofr. I commend my duty to your Lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours; he does well to carry it himselfe; there are no tongues else for a tongue.

Ofr. This Rampaging runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did Complice with his Dugge before he sucke't it: this had he and mine more of the same Beauty that I know the drossie age does ordinarily get the time of the time, and outward habite of encounter, a kind of yeasty collection, which carrieth them through & through the most fond and winnowed opinions and doe but blast them to their tryalls; the Bubbles are out.

Ham. You will lose this wager, my Lord.

Ham. I doe not think so, since he went into France, I have beene in coninual practice; I shall winne at the odd's: but thou wouldest not think how all here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Ham. Nay, good my Lord.

Ham. It is but fair, but it is such a kind of gaining as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Ham. If your minde do like any thing, obey, I will foremost their reprise hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we define August; there is special providence in the fall of a sparrow: If it be now, 'tis not to come: if it be not to come, it will be never: if it be not now, yet will it come the readiness is all, since no man has aught of what he leaves. What's to be done, or is to be done?

Enter King, Queen, Laertes and Lords, with other Attendants with Foiles, and Gunneike, a Table and Flagon of Wine in it.

Ham. Come Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me. Ham. Give me your pardon Sir, I've done you wrong, but pardon't as you are a Gentleman.

This presence knowes, and you must needs have heard how I am punished With fore distraction? What have I done That might your nature honoure, and exception? Raguely awake, I here proclaim was madneffe: What's Hamlet wrong'd? Laertes? Neues Hamlet. If Hamlet from himselfe be tane away: And when he's not himselle, do's wrong Laertes, Then hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it: Who does it then? His Madneffe? If it be so, Hamlet is of the Faction that is wrong'd, of his Madneffe. Enter Hamlet Enemy, Sir, in this Audience, Let my disclaiming from a purpose call, Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts, that I have shot mine Arrow o'the house, And hurt my Mother.

Lear. I am satisfied in Nature, Wherein I once in this cafe should fire me most Tomny Reuenge. But in my terms of Honor I stand aloofe, and will no reconcilement, Till by some elder Masters of knowne Honor, I have a vioyc, and president of peace To kepe my name wapored, But till that time, I do receive your offer'd love like lord, And will not wrong it.

Ham. Take it freely, and will this Brothers wager frankly play. Give us the Foiles: Come on. Lear. Come one forth me, Ham. Ile be your Foile Laertes, in mine ignorance, Your Skill shall like a Starre in' th' darkest night, Stick feerey off indeed.

Lear. You mocke me Sir. Ham. No by this hand, King. Give them the Foiles young Officers, Confien hamlet, you know the wager. Ham. Very well my Lord, Your Grace hath laiste the oddes a' th' weaker side. King. I do not feare it, I have lesse you both: but since he is better'd, we have therefore oddes. Lear. This is too heavy, Let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well, These Foiles have all a length, Prepare to play. Officers, I my good Lord. King. Set me the Steopes 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 Ordemance fire, The King flal drink to Hamlet better breath, And in the Cup an union fluid he throw Richer then that, which foure successefull Kings In Denmarkes Crowne have wonne.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.


All. Treson, Treson.

King. O yet defend me Friends, I am but hurt. Ham. Here thou inceftuous, murdrous, Damned Dane, Drink off this Potion: Is thy Vision here? Follow my Mother. King Dyes. Lear. He is fully feard, It is a poysdon tempeid by himselfe: Exchange forguenelle with mee, Noble Hamlet; Mine and my fathers death come not upon thee, Nor thine onme. Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee. I am dead Horatio, wretched Queene deceiv. You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance, That are but Mutes or audience to this acte: Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant death Is frick'd in his Arreth) oh I could tell you. But let it be: Horatio, I am dead, Thou lye, report me and my caufes right To the unconfed. Hor. Never beleeue it. I am more an Antike Roman then a Dane: Here's yet some Liquor left. Ham. As that a man, give me the Cup. Let go, by Heaven I haue't; Oh good Horatio, what a wounded name, (things flanding thus vnknowne) shall loose behind me. If thou didst euer hold me in thy heart, Abstinence from felicite awhile, And in this harfle world draw thy breath in paine, To tell my Storie, March o'farre off, and shu't within. What warlike noyse is this? Enter Ofrick. Ofr. Yong Fortuibras, with conquest come fr6 Poland To th' Ambassadors of England giues this warlike velly. Ham. OI dye Horatio: The potent poysdon quite o're crevices my spirit, I cannot live to heer the Newes from England, But I do prophesie s'the'dlous lights On Fortuibras, he bate my dying voyce, So tell him with the occurreants more and more, Which have solicited. The reft is silence, O, o, o, Dyes Hora. Now crack a Noble Heart: Goodnight sweet Prince, And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest, Why do the Drumme come hither?

Enter Fortuibras and English Ambassadores with Drumme, Colours and Attendants. Forto. Where is this fight? Hora. What is it ye would see; If ought of we, or wonder, cesse your search. For, His quarry cries on hauccke. Oh proud death, What traff is toward thine eternall Cell, That thou so many Princes, at a shooe, So bloodily hath trooke. Amb. The fight is diilmall, And our affairs from England come too late, The ears are feneleffe that should give vs hearing, To tell him his commandement is fulfifrd, That
That Remembrance and Guiltiefleere are dead:
Where should we have our thankes?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
I had it th'abilitie of life to thank you:
He never gau command'ment for their death.
But since to lump upon this bloodie question,
You from the Polake wares, and you from England
Are here arriv'd. Give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me speake to th'yet unknowing world,
How these things came about. So shall you heare
Of carnall, bloudie, and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgments, carnall slaughters
Of death's put on by cunning, and forc'd cause,
And in this viplion; purposes misphotoke,
Faine on the Inventors heads. All this can I
Truly deliver.

For. Let vs haft to heare it,
And call the Noblest to the Audience.
For me, with forrow, I embrace my Fortune,
I haue some Rites of memory in this Kingdome,

FINIS.
We have this hour a constant will to publish Our daughters feveral Dowers, that future strife May be prevented now. The Princes, France & Burgundy, Great Rivals in our yongell daughters love, Long in our Conquest, have made their amorous foitoun, And hereat are to be aver'd. Tell me my daughters (Since now we will dwell as both of Rule, Interf of Territorie, Care of State) Which of you hall we lay doth love vs moft, That we, our largest bonnie may extend Where Nature doth with merit challenge. Gentrell, Our eldste borne, speake firft. Goe, Sir, I loue you more then word can weild f matter, Defer then eye-fight, space, and libetie, Beyond what can be vemed, rich ex rar e, No leffe then life, with grace, health, beauty, honor: As much as Childe ere lou'd, or Father found. A love that makes breath poore, and speech vvisible, Beyond all manner of so much I loue you, Cor. What shall Cordelia speake? Loue, and be silent. Lear. Of all thee bounds eftens from this line, to this, With Holodeic and Roftell, and with Champaign rich'd With plenteous Rivers, and wide-skirted Meares We make thee Lady. To thine and Alfarne fites Be this perpetuall. What fayes our second Daughter? Our deareft Regan, wife of Cornwall? Reg. I am made of that felfe-matle as my Siffer, And prize me at her worth. In my true heart, I find the names my very deede of loue: Only the comes too short, that I profefse My felfe an enemy to all other loyes, Which the most precious square of feme prefefte, And finde I am lone felicitate In your deere Highfille loue. Cor. Then poore Cordelia, And yet no fo. since I am sure my loue's More ponderous then my tongue. Lear. To thee, and thine hereditarie euer, Remine this ample childe of our faire Kingdome, No leffe in space, validitie, and pleafure Then that confeder'd in Gentrell. Now our Joy, Although our left and left: to whose yong loue? The Rimes of France, and Molke of Burgundie, Strike to be intereſt. What can you say, to draw A third, more opulent then your Siffer is speake? Cor. Nothing my Lord. Lear. Nothing?
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Cor. Nothing.
Lear. Nothing will come of nothing; speak 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 leffe.
Lear. How, how, how Cordelia? Mend your speech a little,
Least you may marr your Fortunes.
Cor. Good my Lord,
You have begot me, bred me, you'd me,
I returne those duties backe as are right due,
Obey you, Love you, and most Honour you.
Why have my Sisters Husbunds, if they say
They love you all? Happily when I shall wed,
That Lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
Hale my love with him, half my Care, and Dutie,
Sure I shall never marry like my Sisters.
Lear. But doth thy heart with this?
Cor. I my good Lord.
Lear. So young, and fo vntender?
Cor. So young my Lord, and true.
Lear. Let it be so, thy truth then be thy dowre:
For by the sacred radiance of the Sunne,
The miferies of Heretus and the night:
By all the operation of the O. best
Bringer, and grace to be,
Heere I deuiteme all my Paternall care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me,
Hold thee from this for ever. The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation meffes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my boosome
Be as well neighbour'd, paitied, and releau'd,
As thou, my fonner Lady, and my daunger.
Kent. Good my Lorde.
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 nursey. Hence and avoide my fight:
So be my grace my peace, as here I giue
Her Fathers heart from her; call France, who flirees
Call Burgundy, Corinna, and Albania,
With my two Daughters Dowres, digeft the third,
Let prude, which fhe caft plaineffe, marry her:
I doe inuoyt you looyntly with my power,
Preheminence, and all the large effeets
That troope with Maiesty Our felfe by Monthly courfe,
With reuerence of an hundred Knights,
By you to be ftuffled, fellow our shade
Make with you by due turne, only we ftill retaine
The name, and all the addition to a King: the Sway,
Reuenue. Execution of the reft,
Beloved Sonnes be yours, which to confirme,
This Coronet part betweene you.
Kent. Royall Lear,
When I have cure bound'd as my King,
Loud as my Father, as my Mother follow'd,
as my great Patron thought on in my prayers,
I. The bow is bent & drawn, make from the shaft.
Kent. Let it fall rather, though the forke innate
The region of my heart, be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad, what woul'd thou do old man?
Think it thou that thouft flall have dreaft to speake,
When power to Batteries bowes?
To plainefe honour's bound,
When Maiesty falls to folly, refuse thy flate,
And in thy beft consideration checke
This hideous raftreell, anfwered my life, my judgement:
Thy yongelf Daughter doth not lose the leaf,
Nor are thole empty hearted, whom low founds
Reuerbe no hollowne.
Lear. Kent, on thy life no more.
Kent. My life I never held but as pawn
To wage againft thine enemies, nere faire to loose it,
Thy safety being motie.
Lear. Out of my fight,
Kent. See better Lear, and let me flill remaine
The true blanke of thine eye.
Kent. Now by Apollo,
Lent. Now by Apollo, King
Thou sweateft thy Gods in vain.
Lear. O Vaffall! Miferant.
Kent. Kill thy Phylfion, and thy fee beflove
Upon the foule dircate, revoke thy guilt,
Or while I can vent clamour from my throat,
Ile tell thee thou doft euell.
Lear. Heare me recrants, on thine allegiance hear me;
That thou haft fraught to make us breake our vowels,
Which we durft never yet; and with drain'd pride,
To come betwixt our sentences, and our power,
Wth, by our owne worth, nor our place can heare;
Our potencte made good, take thy reward,
Fine dyces we do allot thee for prouision,
To shield thee from dangers of the world,
And on the fxt to tune thy hated backe
Upon our kingdome; if on the tenth day following,
Thy banifhit trunke be found in our Dominions,
The moment is thy death, away. By Impoer,
This fhall be the end of his life.
Kent. Fare thee well King, six thou wilt appeare,
Freedome liues hence, and banishment is here;
The Gods to their deere flieter take thee Maid,
That ftrifhly think'l, and haft mostightly faid:
And your large speeches, may your deeds approue,
That good effeets may spring from words of loue:
Thus Kent, O Princes, bids you all aew,
Hee flape his old courfe, in a Countrey new.
Exit.

Flourish. Enter Glofter with France, and Burgundy, Assistants.

Cor. Heere's France and Burgundy, my Noble Lord.
Lear. My Lord of Burgundy.
We ftill adhreddle to vert gou who with this King
Hath raifd for our Daughter; what in the leaff
Will you require in present Dowre with her,
Or ceafe your queft of loue?
Bur. Moft Royall Maitriff, I crave no more then hath your Highneffe offer'd,
Nor will you render leffe?
Lear. Right Noble Bur.
When the was deare to vs, we did hold her fo,
But now her price is fallen: Sir thefe the flants,
If ought within that little feeming subfance,
Or all of it with our difpleasure price'd,
And nothing more may fiily like your Grace,
She's there, and the is yours.
Bur. I know no anwer.
Lear. Will you this more intimates the owes,
Unfriendes, we new adopted to our harte,
Dow'd with our curfe, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her or leave her.
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Bar. Pardon me Royal Sir,
Election makes none vp in such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, sir, for by the power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth. But you great Kings,
I would not from your love make such a fray,
To match you where I hate, therefore be ye such you
Taust your liking a more worthy war,
Then on a wretch whom Nature is almost acknowledge her.
Fra. This is so strange now,
That the same even but strange, may ye object.
The argument of your praise hume of your age,
The best, the deerst, flood in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dissolute
So many folds of favour: her offence
Must be of such venomous degree,
That monsters is: Or your force-vouch thee affection
Fall into taint, which to beleev other
Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Should never plant in me.

Car. I yet beliefe your Malefie.
If or I want it, a glint and eylie Att.
To speake and purpose not, since what I will intend,
He do's before I speake, that you make knowne
It is no vicious blot, mutter, or foulencelfe,
Nor vncheale adition or disfigurend loop
That hath deprived me of your Grace and favour,
But even for want of that, for which I am richer,
A full solicitng eye, and such a songe,
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it,
It hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou had it
Not beene born, then not have pleas'd me better.
Fra. Is it but this? A tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history vnspoke
That it intend to do any Lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the Lady? Loue's not loue
When it is minglesed with regards, that founds
Alasoe from thine point, will you haue her?
She is herselfe a Dowrie.

Bar. Royal King,
Give but that portion which your selfe propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Dowrie of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing, I have famous, I am firme.

Fra. I am sorry then you have to lovt a Father,
That you must loose a husband.

Car. Peace be with Burgundy,
Since that respect and Fortunes are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

Fra. Farewell Cordelia, that are most rich being poore,
Most choise forsaken, and most lovd defpis'd,
There and thy virtues here I feze upon,
Be it lawful I take vp what's eas't away.
Gods, Gods! Tis strange, that from their colds' neglect
My Loue should kindle to enam'lt respect.

Thy dowrellie Daughter King, shewen to my chance,
Is Queen of vs, of ours, and our faire France:
Not all the Dukes of wasth Burgundy,
Can buy this vnprice'd precious Maid of me.
Bid them farewell Cordelia, though wnhinder,
Then looffet here a better where to finde.

Lear. Thou haft her France, let her be thine, for we
Have no such Daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers againe, therefore be gone,
Without our Grace, our Loue, our Benison:

Come Noble Burgundy, Howdye, Exeunt.
Fra. Bid farewell to your Siflers.

Car. The jewels of our Father, with what's in our
Cordelia leaves you, I know you what you are,
And like a Sifter am most loth to call
Your faults as they are named. Loue well our Father:
To your profess'd bosome I commit him,
But yet alas, I stand within his Grace,
I would prefer him to a better place,
So farewell to you both.

Regn. Prefereth not vs our dutie.

Gen. Let your speedy
Be to content your Lord, who haft receiv'd you
At Fortunes almes, you have obedience shewed,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

Car. Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides,
Who covers faults, at last with frame desides:
Well may you prosper.


Gen. Sifter, it is not litle I haue to say,
Of what most nearly appertaines to vs both,
I think our Father will henceto night. (with vs.

Reg. That's mott certaine, and with you: next month

Gen. You see how full of changes his ages, the ob-
feruation we have made of it hath beene little he alwayes
lou'd our Sifter most, and with what poore judgment he
hath now call her off, appeares too grossely.

Reg. Tis the imperfectness of his age, yet he hath used but
slanderly known him selfe.

Gen. The best and soundest of his time hath bin but
rath, then must we looke from his age, to recumbe not-
one the imperfectness of long ingreded condition, but
therewith all the wroury way, wardneffe, that inisme and
choicerie yeares bring with them,

Reg. Such wondrous starts are we like to have from
him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gen. There is further complement of issue-taking be-
twixtne France and him, pray you let vs sit 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 think of it.

Gen. We must do something, and th' heste. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Balfard.

Balf. Thou Nature art my Goddes, to thy Law,
My servitors are bound, wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of Extinction, and permit
The curiosphy of Nations, to deprive me?
For that I am some twelve, or fourteen Moonshines
Leg of a Brother? Why Balfard? Wherefore bale?
When my Dimensions are so well compait,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true
As honest Macauns sirie? Why brand they vs
With Bafe? With bales Baritadie? Balse, Balse?
Who in the lushe health of Nature, take
More composition, and fierce qualitie.
Then dotl within a dull flate virid bed
Goe to th'creating a whole tribe of Fops,
Gott twaassets a sleepe, and wake? Well then,
Legitmate Edgar, I must haue your land,
Our Fathers loue, to the Balfard Edmund,
As to th'legittimate: fine word: Legitmate.

99 3. Well

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Well, my Legitimiue, if this Letter speed,
And my Intention thrite, Edmund the bale
Shall it be't Legitimation; I grow, I prosper
Now Gods, stand vp for Baldats.

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. Kent banished them; and France in choller parted?
And the King gone to night? Preferbles his power,
Confident to exhibition? All this done
Vpon the gud? Edmund, how now? What news?
Baff. So please your Lordship, none.
Glo. Why do earnestly feke you to put vp y Letter?
Baff. I know no newes, my Lord.
Glo. What Papers were you reading?
Baff. Nothing, my Lord.
Glo. No? what needed then that terrible dispatch of it into your Pocket? The quality of nothing, hath not
Such need tohide it sable. Let's see: come, if it be nothing,
I shall not neede Specchales.

Baff. I beechech you Sir, pardon mee; it is a Letter
from my Brother, that I have not all ore-read; and for so
much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your ore-look-
ing.

Glo. Give me the Letter, Sir.
Baff. I shall offend, either to detain, or give it:
The Contents, as in part I vnderstand them,
Are too blame.

Glo. Let's see let's see.
Baff. I hope for his Trueoffs justification, hee wrote
this but as an effay, or taste of my Virtue.

Glo reads. This palace, and reuerence of Age, may make
the word better to the lefe of our times; keepes our Fortunes from
us till our eldest cometh relish them. I begin to finde a
and fast bondage, in the oppression of aged tyrannies, was stranger
not as it hath power, but as it is suffer'd. Come to me, that of
this I may bucke more. If your Father would store pellin it made
him, ye shall know I have his Reuerence for cue, and love
the becloud of your Brother.

should 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?
Baff. It was not brought mee, my Lord; there's the
cumming off. I found it throwne in at the Cauent of my

Glo. You know the character to be your Brothers?
Baff. If the matter were good my Lord, I durnt swear
it were his; but in respect of that, I would faine think it
were not.

Glo. It is his.
Baff. It is his hand, my Lord: but I hope his heart is
not in the Contests.

Glo. Has he never before founded you in this business?
Baff. Never my Lord: But have heard him oft main-
tain't it to be fit, that Sonnes at perfect age, and Fathers
death'd, the Father should bee as Ward to the Son, and
the Same manage his Reuenue,

Glo. O Villain, villain: his very opinion in the Let-
ter. Abhorred Villain; vnracall'd, detested, brutish
Villain: would the burchett; Go forra, feke him; he
approv'd him. Abhorrible Villain, where is he?
Baff. I do not well know my L. If he shall please you to
subject your indignation against my Brother, til you can
decompose him better tellnony of his intent, you shold
not a certainty cause where, if you violently proceed a-
gainst him, making his purpose, it would make a great
pauciation in your owne Honor, and shake in pieces the heart of
his obedience. I dare pawe downe my life for him, that
he hath wrack this to feke my afection to you, Hector, &
to no other piece of censure.

Glo. Think you so?
Baff. If your Honor do ge it mete, I will place you
where you shall hear vs conforme of this, and by an Autoc-
oulus assurance have yors satisfaction, and that without
any further delay, then this very Evening.

Glo. He cannot bee such a Moniler, Edmund; feke
him out: wintre me into him, I pray you, frame the Back-
finefe after your owne wisdome, I would vaffitate my
selfe, to be in a due resolution.
Baff. I will feke him Sir, prefently: country the Back-
finefe as I shall find means, and acquaint you withall.

Glo. These late Eclipses in the Sun and Moone por-
tend no good to vs: though the wisdome of Nature can
repose thon, and thus, yet Nature finds it selfe seoure'd
by the frequent effects. Lowe cooles, friendship falls off,
Brothers divide, in Cities, mistaties in Countries; dis-
cord, in Pallaces, Trasfon; and the Bond crack'd, twist
Soules and hathe of Faith. This villain of mine comes under the
prediction; there's Son against Father, the Kings fale from
by as of Nature, there's Father against Child. We have
seen the heft of our time. Machinations, hollownesse,
traacherie, and all versus disorders follow vs disquietly
to our Granes. Find out this Villain, Edmund, it shall loate
thee nothing, do it carelessly: and the Noble & true-bred
Heart of the World, I hope, will have his offence hoonestly,
Tis a strange, Edger.

Baff. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that
when we are fick in fortune, often the surfe of our own
beaviour, we make guilty of our disfiers, the Sun, the
Moone, and Starres, as if we were villains, negatice,
Fouses by heavenly compulsion, Knaves, Thieves, and
Traachers by Spherical predominace, Duaks, Ly-
ars, and Abiturers by an inforded obedience of Uranian
influence; and all the we are emin in, by a donot thun-
ning on. An admisable eusse of Whare-matter-man,
to lay his Gollifh, disputation on the charge of a Starre,
My Father compounded with my mother vnder the Dra-
gon star, and my Naturall was under Virga Maior, so
that it follows, I am strong, and Exelserous, I should
have but that I am, had the mindfulle Starre in the Fum-
mant trammeld on my left hand.

Edgar. Pat: he comes like the Catastrophe of the old Comedy:
My Cue is villainous Melancholly, with a lighke Tew
O'beedam. — O these Eclipses do porthein these diu-
sions. Fa, Sol, La, Me.

Edg. How now Brother Edmund, what feticion con-
templation are you in?
Baff. I am thinking Brother of a predicion I read this
other day, what should follow these Eclipses.

Edg. Do you busie you selle with that?
Baff. I promis you, the efects he writes of, succeed
whappily.

When faw you my Father left?

Edg. The night gone by.

Baff. Spake you with him?

Edg. I, two houres together.

Baff. Parted you in good terms? Found you no dis-
pleasure in him, by word, nor countenace?

Edg. None at all.

Baff. Benthink your selle wherein you may have offen-
ded him: and at my entey for bare his presence, until
some little time hath quailfified the heat of his displeasure,
which at this instant to ragest in him, that with the mis-

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chief of your person, it would fearfully slay.

_Edg._ Some Villain hath done me gross.

_Edm._ That's my fear, I pray you have a continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes over; and as I stay, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fully bring you to hear my Lord speaks: pray ye goe, there's my key; if you do here abroad, goe arm'd.

_Edg._ Arm'd, Brother?

_Edm._ Brother, I advise you to thetell, I am no honest man, if heer be any good meaning toward you; you have told you what I have feene, and heard: But faintly, Nothing like the image, and horror of it, pray you away.

_Edg._ Shall I hear from you anon? 

_Edm._ I do feere you in this businesse: A Credulous Father, and a Brother Noble, Whose nature is to farse from doing harms, That he is euept none; on whose foolish benefice My praetices ride easy: I see the businesse.

_Lear._ Let me, if not by birth, have land's by wit, All with me's mee, that I can fatisfon fit.

[Exeunt.]

_Scena Tertia._

_Enter Gonerill, and Steward._

_Gon._ Did my Father strike my Gentleman for chiding of his Poole?

_St._ I Madam.

_Gon._ By day and night, he wrongs me, every howre
He flashes into one groffe crime, or other,
That feels at all on me: I heare not endures it.
His Knights grow riotous, and Wanton vpbrides vs
On every strife. When he retires from hunting,
I will not speake with him, say I flacke,
If you come flacke of former servises,
You shall do well, the fault of it Ile anfwer.

_St._ He's comming Madam, I heare him.

_Gon._ Put on what eveyragine negligence you please,
You and your Fellowes: I'd have it come to queefion;
If he diflates it, leem him to my Sister,
Whose mind and mine I know in that are one,
Remember what I have faid.

_St._ Well Madam.

_Gon._ And let his Knights have colder looks amonge you: what grows of it no matter, aduise your fellows so, Ile write straight to my Sister to hold my courfes repre for pace of dinner.

[Exeunt.]

_Scena Quarta._

_Enter Kent._

_Kent._ If but as will I forthe accents borrow,
That can my speech defeue, my good intent
May carry through it felt to that full issue
For which I rais'd my lifetife. Now bandit Kent,
If thou canst ferue where thou doft stand condem'd,
So may it come, thy Mafter whom thou lou'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

_House within. Enter Lear and Attendants._

_Lear._ Let me not flay a lot for dinner, goe it scandy, bow now, what art thou?

_Kent._ A man Sir.

_Lear._ What doft thou professe? What would't thou with vs?

_Kent._ I do professe to be no leeffe then I seemeje; ferve him truely that will put me in truft, to love him that is honest, to concerne with him that is wife and faies little, to feare judgement, to fight when I cannot choose, and to care no fiith.

_Lear._ What art thou?

_Kent._ A very honest hearted Fellow, and as poore as the King.

_Lear._ If thou be't as poore for a subject, as he's for a King, thou art poore enough. What would's thou?

_Kent._ Servise.

_Lear._ Who would's thou ferve?

_Kent._ You, Sir.

_Lear._ Do't thou know me fellow?

_Kent._ No Sir but you have that in your countenance, which I would faine call Mafter.

_Lear._ What's that?

_Kent._ Authority.

_Lear._ What servises canst thou do?

_Kent._ I can keepe honest counfaile, ride, run, make a curious tale in telling it, and deliuer a plaine meffege bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualifieed in, and the beft of me, is Diligence.

_Lear._ How old art thou?

_Kent._ Not fo young Sir to loue a woman for finging, nor so old to date on her for any thing. I have yeares on my backe forty eight.

_Lear._ Follow me, thou shalt ferue me, if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner ho, dine: where's my houre of my Poole? Go you and call my Poole houre. You go Sirrah, where's my Daughter?

_Enter Steward._

_St._ So pleafe you.

_Lear._ What faires the Fellow there? Call the Clumpole backe: what's my Poole? Ho, I thinke the world's afleepe, how now? Where's that Mungrell?

_Knigh._ He fies my Lord, your Daughters is not well.

_Lear._ Why came not the flauce backe to me when I call'd him?

_Knigh._ Sir, he anfwered me in the roundeft manner, he would not.

_Lear._ He would not?

_Knight._ My Lord, I know not what the matter is, but to my judgement your Highnesse is not entertained with that Ceremonious afftrction as you were wont, there's a great abatement of kindnesse appears as well in the generall dependants, as in the Duke himselfe after, and your Daughter.

_Lear._ Has Saith thou so?

_Knight._ I defeech you pardon me my Lord, if I be mißtaken, for my duty cannot be filent, when I thinke your Highnesse wrong'd.

_Lear._ Thou but rememberd me of mine owtne Conception, I have perceiv'd a most faint neglect of late, which I have rather blame on mine owne jealous curiofitie, then as a very pretence and purpote of your kindnesse; I will looke further into't: but where's my Poole? I have not fene him this two daies.

_Knight._ Since my young Ladies going into France

_Sir._

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The Tragedie of King Lear.

Lear, No Lad, reach me.

Footl. Nuncleke, give me an egg, and ilke giue thee two Crownes.

Lear. Whate two Crownes shal they be

Footl. Why after I have cut the egges'th'middles and exte the meate, the two Crownes of the egges: when thou clouett thy Crownes'th'middle, and gait away both part, then hast thou t'half thine Affe. on the backe o'th' dust, thou hadst it little wit in thy bald crowne: when thou gait thy golden one away; if I speake like my selfe, in this, let him be whipt that fost findes it is.

Footles had nere leffe grace in a yere, For witsicha are crowne sopifth, And know not how their wits to weare, Their manners are so spiff.

Le. When were you wont to be so full of Songs insta?

Footl. I haue vised it Nuncleke, ere since thou mad'st thy Daughters thy Mothers, for when thou gait them the rod, and put't hame thine owne breeches, then they For fadence joy did wepe,

And I for sorrow sung,

That such a King should play bo-pocpe,

And goe the Foole among.

Pre'thy Nuncleke keepes a Schoolemaister that can teach thy Foole to lie, I would taine learn to lie.

Lear. And you lie first, weel I have you whipt.

Footl. I maruell why thou and thy daughters are, they'll haue me whips for speaking true: thou'll haue me whipt for lying, and sometimes I am whipt for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing then a foole, and yet I would not be the Nuncleke, thou haist pared thy wit o'both sides, and left nothing i'th'middle here comes one of the parings.

Enter Corinth.

Lear. How now Daughter: what makes that Frontlet one? You are too much of late i'th'crowne.

Footl. Thou shalt a pretty fellow when thou hast no need to care for her dreaming, now thou art an O without a figure, I am better than thou art now, I am a Foole, thou art nothing. Yes forsooth I will hold my tongue, so your face bids me, though you say nothing.

Mum, mum, he that keepes it not cruel, not crum, Weary of all, she'll want none. That's a sheald Pecfod.

Gus. Not only Sir this, your all-lycend Foole, But other of your infensible custome Do hourly Carpe and Quarrel breaking forth In ranke, and not to be endur'd i'st Sir. I had thought by making this well knowne vnto you, To haue tound a false rede tele, but now growyest fetall By what your felle too late base spoke and done, That you prooc't this course, and put it on By your allowance, whoch if thou should, the fault Woul not yape cencur, nor the redelites frepe, Which in the tender of a wholesome weale, Mighty in their working do you that offence, Which else were flame, then necessitie Will call di[.street proceeding.

Footl. For you know Nuncleke, the Hedge-Sparrow fed the Cuckoo so long, that's it had his bit off by it young, so out went the Candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our Daughter?

Footl. (dome)

Gus. I would you would make vs of your good wife- (Whereof I know you are fraught), and put away These dispositions, which of late transport you From what you rightly are.

Footl. May
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Foot. May not an Allie know, when the Cart draws the Horse?

Lear. Whose cuppage I love thee.

Foot. Do's any here be knowe me?

This is not Lear.

Do's Lear walke thus? Speaketh thus? Where are his cies?

Either his Notion weakes, his Discontents

Are Lenthargied. Ha! Walking? Is't notlo?

Who is that can tell me who I am?

Foot. Lear's shadow.

Lear. Your name, faire Gentlewoman?

Gen. This admiration Sir, is much o'th'avour.

Of either your new prankes. I do beseech you

To understand my purposes aight:

As you are Old, and Reuerent, should be Wife.

Here do you keepe a hundred Knights and Squires,

Men so disorder'd, to debaull'd, and bold;

That this our Court infected with their manner,

Shewes like a monstrous Lice; Epidemical and Lute

Makes it more like a Taxence, or a Brothell,

Then a gradall Pallete. The blame it felfe doth speake

For infallimento. Be thent defir'd

By her, that elle will take the thing the begger,

A little to diquityrity your Traine,

And the remanuerthat still still depend,

To be such men as may before your Age,

Which know themselves, and you.

Lear. Darkniffe, and Direct,

Saddel my horse: call my Traine together,

Degenereate Balfard, ile not trouble thee;

Yet hate I Left a daughter.

Gen. You flinke my people, and your disorder'd rable,

make Semants of their Betteres.

Enter Albany.

Lear. Wait, that soul iter report's:

Is it your will, speake Sir? Prepare my Horset.

Ingatind the Marble-breded Fiend,

More hideous when thou saw'st thine in a Child,

Then the Sea-monster.

Alb. Pray Sir be patient.

Lear. Despatch Kite, thou leyst.

My Traine are men of choice, and rarest parts,

That all particular men know,

And in the most exact and support,

The worshipps of their name. O most small fault

How vely didst thou in Cordelia th'new?

Which like an Engine, wrenches my frame of Nature

From the first place: drew from my heart all love,

And added to the gall. O Lear. Lear, Lear!

Beate at this gate that let thy Folly in,

And thy deere Judgement out. Go, go, my people.

Alb. My Lord, I am guiltlefe, as I am ignorant

Of what hath mouted you.

Lear. It may be fo, my Lord.

Heare Nature, heare deere Goddesse, heare:

Suspend thy purpose, if thou didt it intend

To make this Creature fruitfull:

Into her Wombe comme direcdty,

Drive vp in her the Organs of increas,

And from her derogate body, never springing

A Babe to honor her. If the imite reeme,

Create her childe of Spleene, that it may live

And be a smartt dissipin't entomer to her.

Let it flame wrinkles in her brow of youth,

With cadent Tares free Channels in her cheeks.

Turne all her Mothers paines, and benefic.

To laughter, and contempt: That the may feele,

How sharper then a Serpents tooth is

To have a thanklesse Childre. Away, away.

Exit. A. B. Now Gods that we adore,

Where of cometh this?

Gen. Neuer affayly fyr felfe to know more of it:

But let his disposition hauie that scope

As doage giuen it.

Exit Lear.

Lear. What fiftie of my Followers at a clap?

Within a fortnight?

A. B. What's the matter, Sir?

Lear. Ile teele thee:

Life and death, I am aham'd

That thou haile power to make my manhood thus,

That these hot tears, which breake me perforce

Should make them worshipp them,

Blates and Faggots ypon thee:

Thventent woundings of a Fathers care

Pierce euerie fense about thee. Old fond eyes

Bwwepe this caufe againe, Ile pluckle ye out,

And cast you with the waters that you looke

To temper Clay. Ha! Let it be fo.

I haue another daughter,

Who I am sure is kindle and comfortable:

When the full heart hearre this of thee, with her nails

Shel' fleazy Wolusith wisge. Thou finall finde,

That Ile resume the shape which thou dott thinke

I have cast off for euer.

Exit.

Gen. Do you marke that?

A. B. I cannot be fo partiall Govern,

To the great lime I beare you.

Gen. Pray you conuerst. What Ofswald, hea?

You Sir, more Knasse then Foute, after your Master.

Foot. Nunkle Lear, Nunkle Lear,

Tarry, take the Foute with thee:

A Fox, when one has caught her,

And such a Daughter,

Should faire to the Slaughter,

If my Cap would buy a Halter,

So the Foute followes after.

Gen. This man hath had good Counfell,

A hundred Knights?

'Tis politike, and fafe to let him kepe

Arpoint a hundred Knights : yes, that on euerie dreame,

Each buzz, each fancie, each complaint, disslike,

He may engender his doare with their powers,

And hooe our loues in mercie. Ofswald, I say.

A. B. Weil, you may faree too faree.

Gen. Siffer then trufft too fairre;

Let me still take away the harme I faree,

Not faree still to be taken. I know his heart,

What he hath vter'd I haue wrijt my Siffer:

If the sustaine him, and his hundred Knights

When I haue shewed thy th'vntiendelle.

Enter Steward.

How now Ofswald?

What have you wrijt that Letter to my Siffer?

Stew. I Madam,

Gen. Take you some company, and away to herte,

Inform me full of my particulars faree,

And thereto addde such reasons of your owne,

As may concapt it more. Get you gone.

And
And hasten your return; no, no, my Lord,
This milky gentleness, and course of yours
Though I condemn not, yet render pardon
Your are much more at task for want of wisdom,
Then prais'd for harmless mildness.

Exeunt Dra. What. I.

Now s; Exit.

Enter Kent, Gentleman, and Poole.

Kent. I will not sleep my Lord, till I have delivered your Letter.

Poole. It's a mans braines were in his heels, were not in danger of knyes?

Kent. I will not sleep my Lord, till I have delivered your Letter.

Enter.

Poole. Then I prythee be merry, thy whal shall not go 

Kent. Hah, hah, hah.

Poole. Shall see thy other Daughter will vie the kind-ly, for though she's as like this, as a Crabbe's like an Apple; I can tell what I can tell.

Kent. I did her wrong.

Poole. Can't tell how an Oyster makes his shell?

Kent. No.

Poole. Why to keep one eyes of either side's note, that was a man cannot fail be, he may fly into.

Kent. I did her wrong.

Poole. Can't tell how an Oyster makes his shell?

Kent. No.

Poole. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a Snake's ha's a houfe.

Kent. Why?

Poole. Why to put's head in, not to glue it o wyly to his daughters, and leave his horses without a cafe.

Kent. I will forget my Nature, so kind a father? Be my Hoofes ready?

Poole. Thy fiffes are gone about 'em; the reason why the ffeen Stares are no mo then feen, is a pretty reason.

Kent. Because they are no thong.

Poole. Ye intended, thou wouldst make a good Poole.

Kent. Tack't again perfocer; Monfter Ingratitude!

Poole. (To Kent.) Thou wast my Poole Nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Kent. How's that?

Poole. Thou shouldn't have been old, till thou hadst bin wife.

Kent. O for me not to be mad, nor mad sweet Heauen; keepen in temper, I would not be mad. How now are the Hoofes ready?

Poole. Ready my Lord.

Kent. Come Boy.

Fool. She that's a Maid now, & laughts at my departure,
Shall not be a Maid long, vulgar things be cut shorter.

Enter Edgar, and Cornwall generally.

Edgar. Saute the Count.

Cornwall. And your Sirs, I have bin
With your Father, and Iouen him notice
That the Duke of Cornwall, and Regan his Ducheffe
Will be here with him this night.

Edgar. How comes it that

Cornwall. Nay I know not, you have heard of the newes a- broad, I mean the whisper'd ones, for they are yet but ear whispering arguments.

Edgar. No: pray you what are they?

Cornwall. Have you heard of no likely Wares toward,
'Twixt the Dukes of Cornwall, and Albany?

Edgar. Not a word.

Cornwall. You may do them in time,

Exit Edgar.

Edgar. The Duke be here no so late? The better bell.

This weasus a false perfocer into my businesse,
My Father ha'll guard to take my Brother,
And I have one thing of a quecrue question
Which I must all, Brieferneffe, and Fortune work.

Enter Edgar.

Edgar. Brother, a word, dicsens Brother I say,
My Father wrote to me, but I'm out there;
Intelligence is given where you are not;
You have now the good aucthorap of this night,
Have you not spoke on the Duke of Cornwall?
Here's comming father, now'll this night, this battle,
And Regan with him, have you nothing laid
Upon his parte to paint the Duke of Albany?

Edgar. Aduse you selle.

Edgar. I am sure on't, nor a word.

Edgar. I have my Father comming, pardon me:
In cunning, I must draw my Sword upon you:
Draw, feme to defend your felle,
Now quit you well.

Yeed, come before my Father, Light horse here, fly Brother, Torches, Torches, to fatewell.

Exit Edgar.

Edgar. Some blood drawn on me, would beger opinion
Of my more fierce entourage. I have scene drunkards
Do more then this in sport; Father, Father,
Stop, stop, no helpes?

Enter Glosfer, and Servants with Torches.

Glosfer. Now Edmund, where's the villain?

Edgar. Here Floyd be in the dark, his sharp Sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charmes, convining the Moone
To fand auspicious Misriss.

Glosfer. But where is he?

Edgar. Lucke Sir, I bleed.

Glosfer. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edgar. Find this way Sir, when by no means he could.

Glosfer. Pursue him, hogo after. By no means what, what?

Edgar. Periswo me to the murder of your Lordship,
But that I told him the revenging God,
Gaunt Patricides did all the thunder bend,
Spoke with how manifold, and strong a bond
The child was bound to th' Father; Sir in fine,
Seeing how filthy opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in full motion
With his prepared sword, he charged home
My vapored body, lach'd, & mine arm;
And when he saw my bell alarum'd spirits
Bold in the quartile rights, to'd to th' counter
Or whether galled by the neyle I made,
Full sodainely he fled.

Glo. Let him fly fare;
Nor in this land shall he remaine uncaught
And found; dispatch the Noble Duke my Master,
My worthy Arch and Patron comes to night,
By his authoritie I will proclamie it,
That he which finds him, shall defend our thanks,
Bringing the murderous Coward to the stake:
He that conceals him death.

Baff. When I disswaded him from his intent,
And bound him right to do it, with cruel speech
I threatened' to discover him, he repelled,
Thou reprovinge Bardfast, dost thou thank,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposall
Of any truth, vertue, or worth in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No, what should I deny,
(As this I would, though thou didst produce
My very Character) I'd turne it all
To thy tuggeon, plot, and damned practise:
And thou must make a dalland of the world,
If they not thought the profit of my death
Were very pregnant and potent all spirits
To make thee fecke it.

Glo. O strange and faulch Villaine,
Would he deny his Letter, father? Have
Harkke, the Duke Trumpet'st, I know not what he comest;
All Ports I barre, the villaine shall not sepe,
The Duke shall grant me that; besides, his picture
I will lend fafere and neere, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him, and of my land,
(Loyall and natural Boy) He worke the means
To make thee capable.

Enter Corneswell, Regan, and Attendants.

Corn. How now my Noble friend, since I came hither
(Which I can call but now), I have heard frangenele.
Reg. If he be true, all vengeance comes too short.
Which can pursueth offendr's, how dost my Lord?
Glo. O Madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd.
Reg. What, did my Father Godsonne seek your life?
He whom my Father nam'd, your Edgara?
Glo. O Lady, Lady, shame would have it hid.
Reg. Was he not companion with the doughty Knights
That tender'd upon my Father?
Glo. No, not Madam, 'tis too bad, too bad.
Baff. Yes Madam, he was of that confort.
Reg. No mannerly then, though he were ill affected,
'Tis they have put him on the old mans death,
To have trepence and waist of his Revenues:
I have this present evening from my Sifter
Besse well informed of them, and with such cautions,
That if they come to foistorne at my house,
He be not there.
Cor. Nor I assure thee, Rege.

Edmund, I hear that you have shewne your Father
A Child-like Office.

Baff. It was my duty Sir.
Glo. He did bewray his practice, and receiv'd
This hunt you see, fituizng to apprehend him.
Cor. 'Tis he purpose, her father's death,
Glo. I my good Lord.
Cor. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harme, make your owne purpose,
How in my strength you pleas't: for you Edmund,
Whole vertue and obedience doth this infant;
So much commend it selfe, you shall be ours,
Nature's of such deepke truth, we shall much need:
You we first hence on.

Baff. I shall ferue you Sir truly, how ever else.
Glo. For him I thank ye Grace.
Cor. You know not why we came to visit you?
Reg. Thus out of feation, shedding darke ey'd night,
Occasions Noble Giufr, of some prize,
Wherein we must haue vie of your aduice.
Our Father he hath writ, to hath our Sifter,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answrere from our home: the general Meffengers
From hence attend dispatch, our good old Friend,
Lay comfortes to your boforme, and befow
Your needfull counsel to our business,
Which caues the infant vie.
Glo. I ferue you Madam,
Your Grace's are right welcome. Exeunt. Flower.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Kent, and Steward generally.

Stew. Good dawning to thee, Friend, art of this house?
Kent. I. Stew. Where may we fet our horses?
Kent. I'll stand here.
Stew. Prithee, if thou knowest, let me tell.
Kent. I love thee not.
Stew. Why then I care not for thee.
Kent. If I had thee in Lipin's Purse, I would make thee care for me.
Stew. Why don't thou wise me thus? I know thee not.
Kent. Fellow I know thee.
Stew. What do'st thou know me for?
Kent. A Knave, a Rascal, an eater of broken meates, a
Bafe, proud, shallow, beggerly, three-futed-hundred
Pound, filthy wooffed-flocking knave, a
London-taking, whereon gaffe-going superfiericeful
Fincke Rogue, one Trunke-inheriting base, one
That wouldn't be a Bawd in way of good service, and art
Nothing but the composition of a Knave, Begger, Coward,
Pander, and the Sonne and Heire of a Mungirl Bitch,
One whom I will bette into clamours whining, if thou
deny't the least farble of thy addition.
Stew. Why, what a monsfrous Fellow art thou, thus
to rale 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 dayes since I trippt thy
heels, and bearst thee before the King? Draw you tongue,
for
The Tragedy of King Lear.

For though it be night, yet the Moone shineth, He makes a pop'out Moonshine of you, you whorecon Culyenly  
Batter-monger, draw.  

Stew. Away, I have nothing to do with thee.  

Kent. Draw you Rafehall, you come with Letters against the King, and take Vaniadie the puppers part, against the Royalty of her Father; draw you Rogue, or He so carabado your thanks, draw you Rafehall, come your wiles;  

Sir. Help, ho, murther, helpe.  

Kent. Strike you flawe, stand rogue, stand you next  

Stew. Help'ho, murther, murther.  

Enter Sffard, Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, Sermant.  

Tab. How now, what's the matter? Part.  

Kent. With your goodman Boy, if you please, come, He feather, you, come on you Master.  

Glo. Weapons? Armes? what's the matter here?  

Car. Keep peace upon your lives, he dies that strikes against, what is the matter?  

Reg. The Messengers from our Sister, and the King;  

Car. What is your difference, speak?  

Stew. I am fierce in breath my Lord;  

Kent. Strike me as Maruell, you have to behold your valour, you cowardly Rafehall, nature discloes in thee: Taylor made thee.  

Car. 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 so ill, though they had bin but two yeares o'trade.  

Car. Speak ye now, how grew your quarrel?  

Sir. This ancient Ruffian Sir, whose life I have so'at of his grey-beard.  

Kent. Thou whorcon Zed, thou weneceffary letter: my Lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this un-boutted villain into monster, and daube the wall of a lake with him. Spare my grey-beard, you wastale?  

Car. Peace sirrah,  

You basely know, know you no reuence?  

Kent. Yes Sir, but anger hath a priviledge,  

Car. Why are thou angrie?  

Kent. That such a flate as this should wear a Sword, Who weares no honesty: such smiling rogues as thefe,  

Like Rats oft bite the holly cords a twaine,  

Which are t'untrance, t'unloafe: smooth ev'ry paffion  

That in the natures of their Lords rebel,  

Being oile to fire, snow to the colder moodes,  

Reuerce, affime, and turne their Halcon bakes  

With every gall, and wasy of their Matters,  

Knowing naught (like dogges) but following:  

A plaque upon your Epitaphe village,  

Snoile your my speeches, as I were a Foole.  

Glo. If I had you upon Sarum Plaine,  

I'd drive you: cackling hame to Commet.  

Car. What art thou mad old Fellow?  

Glo. How fell you out, say that?  

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,  

Then I, and such a knave.  

Car. Why dost thou call him Knave?  

What is his fault?  

Kent. His countenance like me not.  

Car. No more perchance do's mine, nor his, nor her;  

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plaine,  

I have seen better faces in my time,  

Then stands on any shoulder that I see  

Before me, at this instant.  

Car. This is some Fellow,  

Who having been bred for blunderer, doth affect  

A saucy touch, and constrains the garb  

Quite from his Nature. He cannot flatter he,  

An honest mind and plaine, he must speake truth,  

And they will take it, if not, he's plaine.  

These kind of Knaves I know, which in this plainefl  

Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,  

Then twenty fyll, bucking obfervers,  

That fretch their duties nicely.  

Kent. Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,  

Vnder th'allowance of your great afept,  

Whofe influence like the wreath of radiant fire  

On flicking Phaeton front.  

Car. What mean you by this?  

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you commend  

so much. I know Sir, I am not flatterer, he that build  

you in a plaine accent, was a plaine Knave, which  

for my part I will not be, though I should win your  
difpleasure to entreat me too.  

Car. What was th'offence you gave him?  

Stew. I never gave him any:  

It pleat the King his Master very late  

To be taken up in this mixture of contention,  

When he compact, and fatterer his difpleasure  

Tript me behind being done, unifted, sail'd,  

And put upon him such a deal of Man,  

That wronged him, got proxies of the King,  

For him attempting, who was felf-jubbed,  

And in the fliffment of this dead exploit,  

Draw on me here againe.  

Kent. None of thefe Rogues, and Cowards  

But Axas is there Foole.  

Car. Fetch forth the Stocks?  

You rubbourne ancient Knave, you recourte Braggart,  

We'll teach you.  

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:  

Call not your Stocks for me, I serve the King.  

On whose employment I was sent to you,  

You shall doe small respect, show not bold malice  

Against the Grace, and Person of my Master,  

Stocking his Messinger.  

Car. Fetch forth the Stocks;  

As I have life and Honour, there shall he fit till Noone.  

Reg. Tell noone till night my Lord, and all night too.  

Kent. Why Madam, if you were your Fathers dog,  

You should not we me.  

Car. Sir, being his Knave, I will,  

Stock'd brought out.  

Car. This is a Fellow of the felle fame colour,  

Our Sifter speaks of. Come, bring away the Stocks.  

Glo. Let me be ftech your Grace, not to do fo,  

The King his Master, needs must take it ill  

That he so lightly valued in his Messinger,  

Should have him thus restrained.  

Car. He affireth that.  

Reg. My Sifter may receive it much more woffe,  

To haue her Gentleman abus'd, affaited.  

Car. Come my Lord, away.  

Exeunt.  

Glo. I am forsy for thee friend, tis the Duke pleasure,  

Whose diophileon all the world well knowes:  

Will not be rub'd or flarp'd, Ite entreat for thee.  

Kent. Pray do not Sir. I have watch'd and travailed hard,  

Some time I flall flie out, the rest Ile whistle:  

A good mans fortune may grow out at heales;
KENT. By Joves, I swear it. 

LEAR. They durst not do't; 

They could not, would not do't: 'tis worse than murder, 
To do upon respect such violent outrage: 
Refuse me with all modest haste, which way 
Thou might'st defend, or they impose this outrage, 
Comming from vs. 

KENT. My Lord, when at their home 
I did commend your Highness Letters to them, 
Ere I was ril'en from the place, that Bawdew 
My dutie kneeling, came there & seeking Poffe, 
Stood in his halfe, halfe breakehalle, painting forth 
From Coventhis Mistri, filutations; 
Deluder'd Letters spight of intermission, 
Which pefidently they read; on those contents 
They fummon'd vp their meiney, straight tooke Horse, 
Conmanded me to follow, and attend 
The teroupe of their answer, gave me cold looks, 
And neglecting herethe the other Meffengers, 
Whose welcome I perceiv'd had poison'd mine, 
Being the very fellow which of late 
Dipart'd to fawcy against your Highniffe, 
Having more man then wish about me,draw; 
He rais'd the house, with loud and coward cries, 
Your Sonne and Daughter found this treafupworth 
The fame which here it suffers. (way, 

Foole. Winters not gone yet, if the wild Geese fly that 

Fathersthat wasare rage, do make their Children blind, 

But Fathers that bearz bagsz shall see their children kind. 

Fortune that arrant who euer turns the key toothpoor, 

But for all this thou fhalt have as many Dolors for thy 

Daughterz as thou canst tell in a yeare. 

LEAR. Oh how this Mother twets vp toward my heart! 

Half a poft, downe thou climing sorrow, 

Thy Elements below where is this Daughters? 

KENT. With the exile Sir, here within. 

LEAR. Follow me not, fay here. 

GEN. Made you no more offence, 

But what you speake of? 

KENT. None: 

How chance the the King comes with fo small a number? 

Foole. And thou hadst bene fer 1th'Stockes for that 

question, thou'dt well defcrue'd it. 

KENT. Why Foole? 

Foole. Weel fete thee to school to an Ant, to teach 

there theer's no labouring 1th' winter. All that follow their 

no es are led by their eyes, but blinde men, and there's 

not a nofe among twenty, but can smell him that's finking; 

let go thy hold, when a greaawhelle runs downe a 

hill, left he breake thy necke with following. But the 

great one that goes vpward, let him draweth after: 

where a ws man giues thee better counfell giue me mine 

againe, I would haue nonebut knawe follow it, since 

a Foole giues it, 

That Sir, whish furnes and feakes fo gaine, 

And follow wes but for forme; 

Will packe, when it begins to raise, 

And leave thee in the storme. 

But I will rarify, the Foole will flay, 

And let the wifesman fife: 

The knawe turns Foole that runnes away, 

The Foole no knawe perdie. 

Enter Lear and Gloucester. 

LEAR. Where leamt'you this Foole? 

Foole. Not 1th'Stockes Foole.
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Reg. O Sir, you are old,
Natural in your stands on the very Verge
Of his confine; you should be rul'd, and led
By some discretion, that doth correct your state
Better then you your selfe: therefore I pray you,
That to my Sister, you do make returne,
Say you have wrong'd her.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but marke how this becomes the house?
Deere daughter, I confesse that I am old;
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I begge,
That you would sake me Rayment, Bed, and Food.

Reg. And concluding, no more: these are unrighteous tricks:
Returne you to my Sister.

Lear. Neuer Regan?
She hath abated me of half my Traine;
Look'd blacke upon me, strowke me with her Tongue
Molt Serpent-like, upon the very Heart.
All the flor'd Vengeance of Heauen, fall
On her ingratitude full top: thinke her yong bones
You taking Armes, with Lantenelle.

Cor. Eye for Eye, 
Le. You nimble Lightnings, dart your blinding Flames
Into her scor'full eyes: Inflit her Beauty,
You Fen-fick'd Pugges, drawne by the powfull Sunne,
To fall, and blifter.

Reg. O the biled Gods!
So say I with on me, when the rath moodes is on.

Lear. No Regan, thou shalt never have my curse:
Thy tender-hurted Nature shal not gue
Thai o're to haftsmene: Her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burne. 'Tis not in thee
To gudge my pleasures, to cut off my Traine,
To bardy-shifly words, to feast my fates,
To minde not, to confine my Image.

Reg. Against my comming in. Thou better know'd
The Offices of Nature, bond of Childhood,
Effects of Curfe, chief of Gratitute:
Thy hate o'th' Kingdome hast thou not forgot,
In whom I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good Sir, to what purpose. Tucket within.

Lear. Who putt my men in Stouke's?
Enter Steward.

Cor. What Trumpet's that? Regan. I know my Sisiter,
That she would soone be heere. Is your Lady come?
Lear. This is a Swale, whose eafe borrow'd pride
Dowels in the fieldy grace of her heeles followes.
Our Vast, frommen fight.

Cor. What mens the Grace of your Wit,
Enter Corin.

Lear. Who fetch my's Servant? Regan, I have good hope
Thou didst not know on.

Who comes here? O Heaucms !
If you doe loue men, if your sweet sway
Allow Obedience; if you your flues are old,
Make it your caufe. Send downe, and do your part.
Are not thou learn'd to vsue vpon this Beard?
O Regan, will you take her by the hand?
Com. Why not by th' hand Sist? How haue I offended?
All's not offence that indifferenc findes,
And dotage termes fo.

Lear. O fides, you are too tough!

Will you yet hold my Soke?

Regan. How came my man's Stouke's?
Cor. I set him there, Sir: but his owne Disorders
Defe'red.
The Tragedy of King Lear.

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And thou art twice her Least.

Ken. Ha'ray on my Lord.

What need you fine and twenty? Ten? Or five?

To follow it a house, where twice so many

Have a command to send you?

Ken. What need one?

Ken. O reason not the need: our basest Beggar:

Are in the poorest thing superfluous,

 Allow not Nature, more then Nature needs.

Most life is cheaper than a Lady;

If only to go warme were gorgeous,

Why Nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,

Which fearfully keeps thee warme, but for treasoned:

You Heaters; give me that patience; patience I need,

You see me heere (you Gods) a poore old man,

As full of griefes as age, wretched in both,

Lift be you that flatters those Daughter's sheers

Against their Father, foole me not too much,

To beare it calmly touch me with Noble anger,

And yet not womens weapons water drops,

Staine my manly cheeke.

No you! unnatural! Hags,

I will hauie such revenges on you both,

That all the world shall —— I will do such things,

What they are yet; I know not, but they shallbe

The terror of the earth you thinke, I wepse,

No, Ile not wepe, I have full caues of weeping.

Storms and Tempes?

But this heart shall break into a hundred thousand flames

Or else I wepe; O Poole, I shall go mad.

Exeunt.

Corn. Lee vs withdraw, 'swill be a Storme,

Reg. This hooke is little, the old man sae people,

Cannot be well blow'd.

Gen. Tis his owne blame heath put himselfe in oure

And mustneeds taffe his folly.

Reg. For his particular, he receiue him gladly,

But not one follower.

Gen. So am I purposed, Where is my Lord of Glesmer?

Enter Glesmer

Gles. Followed the old man forth, he is return'd.

Gen. The King is in high rage.

Corn. Whether is he going?

Glos. He calls to Horse, but will I know not whether.

Corn. 'Tis beft to give him way, he leads himselfe.

Gen. My Lord, entice him by no meanes to fly.

Glos. Alack the night comes on, and the high windes

Do severely ruffle, for many Miles about

There's scarce a Bath.

Reg. O Sir, to willfull men,

The injuries that they themeselves procure,

Must be their Scheele-Mafters: thus vp your doore.

He is attended with a desperate crane,

And what they may incite him too, being apt,

To have his carcasus? wisse done bides faire.

Corn. Shut vp your doore my Lord, 'tis a wilfull night,

My Regan counsels well: come out our Horse: Exeunt.

Acutus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Storm Hill. Enter Kent, and a Gentleman, severally.

Ken. Who's there besides faule weather?

Gen. One minded like the weather, most raquely.
The Tragedie of King Lear.

KENT. Know you: Where's the King?

FOOL. He that has a house to put his head in, has a good Head-piece:

The Cordpiece that will house, before the head has any;

The Head, and he shall Lowe: so Beggars many many.

The man? makes his Toe, what he his Hatt hold make,

Shall of a Corne cry wen, and turne his sleepe to wak.

For there was never yet faire woman, but fine made mouths in a glasse.

Enter Kent.

LEAR. No, I will be the pattern of all patience.

I will say nothing.

KENT. Who's there?

FOOL. Marry here's Grace, and a Cordpiece, that's a Wifeman, and a Foole.

KENT. Alas Sir are you here? Things that love night,

Loue not such nights as these: The wrathfull Skiers.

Gallow the very wanderers of the darke

And make them keep their Caeus: Since I was man,

Such ftreets of Fire, such bufls of horrid Thunders,

Such groanes of roaring WInde, and Raine, I neuer

Remember to haue beraht. Man! Nature cannot carry

That Affliction, nor the fear.

LEAR. Let the great Goddess

That kepe this dreadful pedder of our heads,

Find out their enemies now. Tremble thou Wretch,

That half within thee indulged Crimes

Vnwhipt of Justice. Hide thee, thou bloody hand;

Thou Periufd, and thou Sinerul of Vercue

That are incessant. Captible, too pecces flake

That under courtes, and convenient seeming

He's past'd on many life. Close peat-yt gasts,

Rue your concealing Continents, and cry

Thee dreadful Summone's grace. I am a man,

More smit'd against, then finning.

KENT. Alaske, base-headed?

Gracious my Lord, hard by here is a Howell,

Some kindship will it lend you? grant the Temper

Repyle you there, while to this hard howse,

(How much harder then the stones whereof'tis rais'd,

Which earn but now, demanding after you,

Den'y me to come in) returne, and force

Their scant'd custodie.

LEAR. My wits begin to turne,

Come on my boy. How do all my boy? Art cold?

I am cold my felle. Where is this howse, my Fellow?

The Art of our Nevellies is strange,

And can make vile things precious.Come, your Howel;

Poor Foole, and Knaue, I have one part in my heart

That's farrs yest for thee.

FOO. He that has and a little-syne wit,

Wish heigh-ho, the Winde and the Raine,

Muff make content with his Fortune sit,

Though the Raine it raineth every day.

LE. True Boy: Come bring vs to this Honour. Enter.

FOO. This is a brere night to coole a Currizan:

Ie speake a Prophete ere i go:

When Priests are more in word, then matter;

When Brewers maste their Malt with water;

When Nobles are their Taylors Tutors,

No Heretiques burn'd, but wenchas Suzors;

When every Cale in Law, is fight;

No Squire in debt, nor no poor Knight;

When Slanders do not live in Tongues;

Nor Cut-purfs come not to thongs;

When Vlurers tell their Gold th Field,
To shut me out? Pour on, I will endure:  
In such a night as this? O Regain, Jerniel,  
Your old kind Father, whose frank heart gave all,  
O that way madness lies, let me shun that:  
No more of that,  
Kent. Good my Lord enter here.  
Lear. Prythee go in thy selfe, setke shine owne ease,  
This temptall will not give me leasse to ponder  
On things would hurt me more, but Ile goe in,  
In Boy, goe first. You houselesse pooretie,  
Nay get thee in; liye praye, and then Ile sleepe.  
Poore naked wretches, wherefoere you are  
That bide the pething of this pittillesse Iorme,  
How shal your Housle-flesse heads and vusted sides,  
Your Iup'd, and window'd rangestraffe defend you  
From feasions such as thefe? O Ile have tane  
Too little care of this: Take Thyfickes, Pompe,  
Expoft thyselfe to feele what wretches feel,  
That thou mayft shake the superflu to them,  
And fhew the Heauens more soft.

Enter Edgar and Foole.

Edg. Fathom, and falf, Fathom and half; poore Tom.  
Foole. Come not in here: Numule, here's a spirit, heepe  
me, heepe me,  
Kent. Give me thy hand, who's there?  
Foole. A spirit, a spirit, he fayes his name's poore  
Tom.  
Kent. What art thou that doft gruntle there? i'th'  
flaw? Come forth.  
Edg. Away, the foule Fiend followes me, through  
thee large Hauhtome blowe the winds. Hamh, goe to thy  
bed and warme thee.  
Lear. Did'st thou give all to thy Daughters? And art  
thou come to this?  
Edgar. Who gives any thing to poore Tom? Whom  
the foule fiend hath filled with Fire, and through Flame,  
through Sword, and Whirle-Poole, o're Bog, and Quag-  
mire, that hath laid Knives under his Pillow, and Halters  
in his Pfe, fet Rats-bane by his Porridge, made him  
Proud of heart, to ride on a Bay trottling Horse, our foule  
fiend Bridges, to coufe his owne shadow for a Traitor,  
Rifhe thy fine Wits, Toms cold. O do, do, do, do, do,  
bliffe thee from Whirle, Whinders, Starre-blasting, and  
taking, do poore Tom some charitie, whom the foule Fiend  
wise. There could I haufe him now, and there, and there  
again, and there.  
Stor me  
Lear. Ha's his Daughters brought him to this paffe?  
Could'st thou faue nothing? Would it thou guee 'em all?  
Foole. Nay, he refer'd a Blanket, elle we had bin all  
flaund.  
Lear. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous Syre  
Hang fixed of remnes faultes, light on thy Daughters.  
Kent. He hath no Daughters Sir.  
Lear. Death Traitor, nothing could have subuid  
To such a lowrieffe, but his vnderkind Daughters. (Nature  
Is it the fafhion, that dicarded Fathers,  
Should have thus little mercy on their fiells;  
Judicious punishment, 'twas this fiell begot  
Those Pheince Daughters.  
Edgar. Pohock fay on Pillcock hill, slow slow, loo loo.  
Foole. This cold night will tame vs all to Foole, and  
Madmen.

Edgar. Take heed o'the foule Fiend, obey thy Pa-  
rents, keep thee words Justitce, sweate not, commit not.
with mans sworne Spouse; let noth thy Sweet-heart on
proud array. Tom's a cold.

Lear. What bough thu bin?

Edg. A Servaungeth! Proud in heart, and mind; that
could my harte, wore Gloutes in my cap; lend the Luft
of my Midstren heart, and did the eile of darkeuisse with
her. swore as many Oathes, as 13ake words, & broke
them in the sweet face of Heaven. One, that slept in
the continuing of Luft, and walk'd it done. Wine loud! I
derely, Duce detrally; and in Woman, out-Paramour'd
the Turk. Felte of heart, light of eye, bloody of hand; Hug
in cloth, Foxe in flesh; Wolf in greedinesse, Dog
in madness. Lyon in erypr. Let not the creeking of hooves,
Nor the rustling of Silkes, betray the poorse heart to
woman. Keppe thy foote out of Bodhels, thy hand out of
Plackets, thy pen from Lenders Bookes, and defye the
foile Foue. Still through the Hauhouse bluswes the
cold winde: Suyes soon, mon, nonny, Dolphin my Boy,
Boy Sejfe: let him trot by.'

Lear. Thou were better in a Crane, than to endure
with thy vnconcer'd body, this extremitie of the Skies. Is
man no more then this? Confider him well. Thou ow't
the Womne no Silke; the Beast, no Hide; the Sheep, no
Wooll; the Cat, no perfume. Ha! Here's three ons are
sophisiticated, Thou art the thing istelle; vnaconno-
dicated man, is no more but a poore, base, fordcn
Animali as thou art. Off, off you Lendings: Come, un-
button here.

Enter Gloucester, with a Torch.

Foole. Prtythee Nuncke be contented, 'tis a naughtie
night to swimme in. Now a little fire in a wilde Field,
were like an old Lether's heart, a small spark, all the rest
on's body, cold: Looks, heere comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foule Flufferburgh, he begins at
Curlew, and walkes at first Coche: Hee gues the Web
and the Pin, fueint the eye, and makes the Hare-limpe;
Mildewes the white Whale, and barts the poore Crea-
ture of earth.

Swithold stood thrice the old,
He met the Night-Mare, and her nine-fold;
Bid her a light, and her truth-plain,
And arraign thee Witch, arraign thee.

Kent. How fares your Grace?

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What's in you fecke?
Glou. Are you there? Your Names?

Edg. Poor Tom, thatastes the swimming Frog, the
Tood, the Tod-pole, the wall-Ne, and the water that
in the fuite of his heart, when the Foule Fiend rages, eats
Cow-dung for Salters; swallows the old Rat, and the
dutch-Dogge; drinks the green Mane of the flanding
Poole, who is whipt from Tythling to Tythling, and
Flocke, gush'd, and impurd'd; who last three Suits
to his backe, fire flintes to his body:

Horse to ride, and weapon to weare;
But, Mice, and Rats, and fuch finall Disease,
Haste bin Tom's food, for seven long yeares;

Beware my follower. Peace Smulkin, peace thou Fiend,
Glou. What? hast your Grace no better company?

Edg. The Prince of Darkenne is a Gentleman Made
he's cold, and Glou,
Glou. Our flesh and blood, my Lord, is growne so
vilde, that it durst have what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a cold.

Glou. Go with me thence my duty cannot suffer

Toby in all your daughters hard commands:
Though their Injunction be to barre your doores,
And let this Tyrannous night take hold upon you,
Yet haue I ventured to come secke you out,
And bring you where both fire, and food is ready.

Lear. If first hee telleth with this Philosopher,
What is the cause of Thunier?

Kent. Good my Lord take his offert,
Go into th'houfe.

Lear. Ill take a word with this same learned Thelian:
What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the Fiend, and to kill Verainne.

Lear. Let me aske you one word in private.

Kent. Impropны me once more to goe my Lord,
His wiss begin't venetile.

Glou. Canst thou blame him?

Storm still
His Daughters secke his death: Ah, that good Kent,
He fast it would be thus: poore banish't man:
Thou layfeth the King groves mad, I tell thee Friend
I am almost mad my selfe. I had a Sonne,
Now out-law'd from my blood: he fought my life
But lately: very late: I lou'd him (Friend)
No Father his Sonne deere to tell the,
The greene eels craze'd my wits. What a night's this?
I do bresech your grace.

Lear. O cry you mercy, Sir:

Noble Philosopher, your company.

Lear. Tom's a cold.

Glou. In fellow there, into th'House; keep the warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my Lord.

Lear. With him;

I will keep still with my Philosopher.

Kent. Good my Lord, fool of him:
Let him take the Fellow.

Glou. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirra, come on: go along with vs.

Lear. Come, good Athenian,

Glou. No words, no words, hush,

Edg. Child be Rawland to the darke Tower came,
His word was still, fie, foue, and fume,
I smell the blood of a Britifhman.

Exeunt

Scene Quinta.

Enter Cornwall, and Edmund.

Corn. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his house.

Ball. How my Lord, I may be enconced, that Nature
thus gues way to Loyalty, something faint to
think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your
Brothers eulill disposition made him secke his death: but
a prouoking meritt a woake by a reprouable badneffe
in himselfe.

Ball. How rauulous is my fortune, that I must rep-
ent to be ruff? This is the letter which hee spake of;
which approveth him an inteligent partie to the advanta-
ge of France. O Heauens! that this Treason were not;
or not I the detector.

Corn. Go with me to the Dutchess.

Ball. If the matter of this Paper be certain, you hau'e
mighty businesse in hand,

Corn.
Enter Kent, and Gloucester.

Kent. This becometh me better than the open air; take it thankfully: I will preface the comfort, with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Exit Kent.

Enter Lear, Edgar, and Fool.

Edg. What art thou? Serjeant, or Fool?

Fool. Nay, I am a company, but thou dost wish to have a Gentleman; or, a Yeoman. Look, here is Lear; here is a Yeoman, that he's a Gentleman to his Son; for he's a small Yeoman that sees his Son a Gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits Come hewing in upon 'em.

Edg. Blest such fine wits.

Kent. O pity! Sir, where is the patience now That you do oft have bestowed to retain me? My tears begin to take this part so much, They move my counterfeiting.

Lear. The little dogsge, and all; Trey, Blanch, and Sweet-heart see; they bark at me.

Edg. Tom, will you throw your head at them? Assay me you Currus, be thy mouth or white or yellow: The tooth that poysons if it bite: Muff, Grey-hound, Mongrel, Grin, Hound or Spaniel, Brach, or Hym: Or Bobtail right, or Trouble tail, Tom will make him weep and wail, For with thunder thus he may: Dogs leaps the hatch, and all are fled, Do, do, do, do: seize, seize, march to Wakes and Fayres, And Market Townes: poor Tom thy horse is dry.

Lear. Then let them Anatomize Regan: See what breeds about her heart, Is there any caue in Nature that make these hard-hearts. You see, I entertain for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments. You will say they are Perun; but let them see chang'd.

Enter Gloucester.

Kent. Now good my Lord, I lye here, and rest awhile. Weary, for I will not have to Supper till morning.

Fool. And I go to bed at noon.

Kent. Come hither Friend; Where is the King my Master? Here Sir, but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Enter Gloucester.

Glou. Good friend, I prithee take him in thy arms; I have one-hour a plot of death upon him: There is a Letter ready, lay him in, And drive toward Dover friend, where thou shalt meete Both welcome, and protection. Take vp thy Mallet, I thowt should't daily be a man of housed life With thine, and all that offer to defend him, Stand in assured loffe. Take vp, take vp, And follow me, that will to some provision Glue thee quicke conduct. Come, come, away.

Exeunt.
The Tragedy of King Lear.

You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?
Corn. Come sir.

What Letters had you late from France?

Reg. Be simple answer'd, for we know the truth.
Corn. And what comfortable base have you with the Traitors, late foot in the Kingdom?
Reg. To whose hands you have sent the Lunastick King: Speake.
Glou. I have a Letter gueffingly set downe
Which came from one that's of a newtall heart,
And not from one oppos'd.
Corn. Chasting.
Reg. And faile.
Corn. Where hast thou sent the King?
Glou. To Dover.
Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Was't thou not charg'd at periul.
Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him answer that.
Glou. I am tyed to th' Stake,
And I must stand the Coule.
Reg. Wherefore to Dover?
Glou. Because I would not see thy cruel Nails
Pluck out his poore old eyes: nor thy fierce Sitter,
In his Annointed fleth, stick his fbonre phangs:
The Sue, with such a force as his base head,
In full-blacke-night inudd'r, would have buery'd up
And quenched the Stilled fires;
The p(er)n, and ftrand heart, he holpe the Henes to raise.
If Woules had as thy Gace how! that fierce time,
Thou should'st haue saied, good Porter turre the Key;
All Cruellcs effe subfierbe: but I fhall fee
The wnged Vengeance overtake such Children.
Corn. Sees that thou newers. Fellowes hold ? Chaire,
Upon thefe eyes of thine, Ile fee thy foot.
Glou. He that will thinke to live, till he be old,
Give me some helpe. — O cruel! O you Gods,
Reg. One fide will mocke another: Th'other too,
Corn. If you fee vengeance;
Sor. Hold your hand, my Lord;
I haue fer'd you ever since I was a Childde:
But better fervice haue I never done you,
Then now to bid you hold.
Reg. How now, you dogge! for I was bid wear a hearte upon your chin,
I'd make it as this guzelle. What do you mean?
Corn. My Villaine?
Sor. Nay then come on, and take the chaffe of anger.
Reg. Give me thy Sword. A peazant stand vp thus?
Killer him.
Sor. Oh I am flaine: my Lord, you have one eye left
To fee some mitche fel on him. Oh.
Corn. Left is fee more precipit: our vilde gelly:
Where is thy lefter now?
Glou. All daile and comforterite?
Where's my Sonne Edmund?
Edmund, entendle all the spakkes of Nature
To eate this horrid food.
Reg. Our treacherous Villaine,
Thou call on him, that hatres thee. It was he
That made the oucreture of thy Traefors vs:
Who is too good to pity thee.
Glou. O my Follies! then edgar was ab'd,
Kinde Gods, forgive me that, and prosper him.
Reg. Go thrult him out as gares, and let him smell
His way to Dover. 

Enter Glou. 

How'st my Lord? How looks you?

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and knowne to be contemnd,' Then full contemnd and flatter'd, to be wolft:
The lowest, and mean deified thing of Fortune,
Stands fill in eiperance, liues not in leaves.
The lamentable change is from the beft,
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou unsubstantiall aye that I embrace:
The Wretch that thou haue blowne vnto the worft,
Owes nothing to thy blasts.

Enter Glouster and an Oldman.

But who comes here? My Father poorly led?
World, World, O world! O
But that thy strange mutations make vs hate thee,
Life would not yeeld to age.

Oldm. O my good Lord, I have bene your Tenant,
And your Fathers Tenant, these foure yeares yeares.

Glou. Away, get thee away: good Friend be gone,
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee, they may hurt.

Oldm. You cannot see your way.
Glou. I haue no way, and therefore want no eyes:
I stumbled when I saw. Full oft tis seen,
Our meanes secure vs, and our meere defects
Prove our Commodities. Oh deere Sonne Edgar,
The food of thy sholders Fathers wreath:
Mig! I buche to fee thee in my touch,
I'say I had eyes againe,

Oldm. How now? who's there?

Edg. O Gods! Who is't can say I am at the worst?
I am worse then ere I was.

Old. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Sorrow. And worse I may be yet: the worst is not,
So then you can say this is the worst.

Oldm. Fellow, where goest thou?
Glou. Is it a Beggar-man?

Oldm. Madman, and beggar too,
Glou. He has some reason, else he could not be.

I'th'last nights flame, I such 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 muff play Fool for sorrow,
Ang'ring it self, and others. Blesse thee Matter.
Glou. Is that the naked Fellow?
Oldm. I, my Lord.

Glou. Get thee away; I for my sake
Thou wilt ore-take vs hence a mile or twaine:
I'th'way toward Douer, do it for ancient love,
And bring some courting for this naked Soule,
Which Ile intreate to leade me,

Old. Alacke fit, he is mad.

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Glum. 'Tis the times plague, When Madmen lead the blind: Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure: About the reef, be gone,

Olden. Ile bring him the bell Parrell that I have

Come on, what will,

Exit

Glum. Sirrah, asked fellow.

Edg. Poor Tom's a cold. I cannot do it further.

Glum. Come hither fellow.

Edg. And yet I must:

Blest thy sweete eyes, they bleede.

Glum. Know'th thou the way to Doeuer?

Edg. Both thyle, and gate; Horseway, and foot-path; poor Tom hath bin feard' out of his good wits. Blesse thee great mans sonne, from the foule fire.

Glum. Here take this paste, whome the heavens plagues Have hambled to all strokes; that I am witched

Makes thee the happier: Heavens desire to fill;

Let the superfhun, and Luft-diered man,

That doth ordaine thy, that will not see

Because he do's not seele, seele thy powre quickly:

So distribution should vuo ono excelle,

And each man have enough. Dost thou know Doeuer?

Glum. 1 Master.

Glum. There is a Cliffe, whose high and binding heald

Looks fealessly in the confined Deeple:

Bring me but to the very brimme of it,

And Ile repayre the misery thou don't bare

With something rich about me: from that place,

I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy armes;

Poor Tom shall leade thee.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Guemtrill, Baffard, and Steward.

Gue. Welcome my Lord. I rememb my mild husband

Not met vs on the way. Now, where's your Matter?

Stew. Madam within, but neuer man so chang'd:

I told him of the Army that was Landed:

He smil'd at it. I told him you were coming,

His answer was, the worle. Of Glosters Treachery,

And of the Ioyall Service of his Sonne

When I inform'd him, then he call'd me Soth,

And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out:

What mott he should dislike, steene pleasant to him:

What like, offensive.

Gue. Then shall you go no further,

It is the Cowills terror of his spirit

That dare not under take: Hes not feel wrongs

Which eye him to an answer; our wishes on the way.

May prove effect. Backe Edmond to my Brother,

Haffen his Muslers, and conduct his powres.

I must change names at home, and give the Diuise

Into my Husbands bands. This truflie Servans

Shall passe betweene vs: ere long you are like to heare

(If you dare venture in your owne behaile)

A Mistrelfes command. Warre this; spare speech,

Decline your head. This kiffe, if it do speake

Would stretch thy Spirits wp into the ayre:

Conceive, and face thee well.

Baff. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gue. My molt deere Gloster.

Oh, the difference of man, and man,
To thee a Womans seruices are due,
My Foulle vfurpse my body.

Stew. Madam, here come's my Lord.

Enter Albany.

Gue. I have beene worth the whistle.

Alb. Oh Generill,

You are not worth the dust which the rude winde
Blows in your face.

Gue. Mikel-Luer'd man,

That beare a checke for blowes, a head for wrongs,
Who hath not in thy browes an eye-discerning

Thine Honor, from thy suffering.

Alb. See thy telle shut:

Proper defamite femes not in the Fied
So horrid as in woman.

Gue. Oh vaine Foulc,

Enter a Messinger.

Mes. Oh my good Lord, the Duke of Cornwalls dead,

Slaine by his Servants, going to put out

The other eye of Gloufter,

Alb. Gloufters eye.

Mes. A Servant that he bred, thilke'd with remorse,

Opposed against the ait: bending his Sword

To his great Matter, who, threat-en'd

Flew on him, and amongt' them fell'd him dead,

But not without that harmeufull stroke, which since

Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This showes you are above

You sufferes, that threw our nether crimes
So speedily can venge. But (Poor Gloster)

Lest he hit other eye?

Mes. Both, both, my Lord.

This Letter Madam, craves a speedy answer:

'Tis from your Siter.

Gue. One way I like this well,

But theing middaw, and my Gloufter with her,

May all the building in my farte plucke

Vpon my hatefull life. Another way

The Newes is not so tart. He read, and answer.

Alb. Where was his Sonne,

When they did take his eyes?

Mes. Come with my Lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Mes. No my good Lord, I met him backe againe.

Alb. Knowes he the wicked meanes?

Mes. I my good Lord; twas he inform'd against him

And quitt the house on purpose, that their punishment

Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloufter, I live

To shanke thee for the late thou shewed't the King,

And to reuenge thine eyes. Come hither Friend,

Tell me what more thou know'st.

Scena Tertia.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Corneille, Gentlemans,

And Guardsmen.

Cor. Alacke, as he why he was met even now

As mad as the xere Sea, finging aloud,

Crowned with tanke Fenier, and fawre weards,

With Hardokes, Henlocke, Nettles, Cucko Boweres,

Darnell

IV. i. 46—IV. iv. 4
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Darnell, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining Coire. A Century fend forth,
Search every Ace in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. What can mans wife done
In the restoring his bereaved Senfe; he that helps him,
Take all my outward worth.

Gent. There is means Madam:
Our softer Nurse of Nature, is repose,
The which he lackes: that to prooueke in him
Are many Simples operatire, whose power
Will close the eye of Anguish.

Cord. All blest Secrecy,
All you vnpublisht Vertues of the earth
Spring with my teares; be sydant, and remissive
In the Goodmans desires: seeke, seeke for him,
Leaft his yongourd rage, disfigure the life
That wants the means to leade it.

Enter Meffeger.

Meff. Newes Madam,
The Britifh Powres are marching hitherward.
Cor. 'Tis knowne before. Our preparation stands
In expectation of them. O deere Father,
It is thy businesse that I go about: Therefore great France
My mourning, and importun'd teares hath pitied:
No bloune Ambition doth our Armes incite,
Edgar. Horrible Steepe.

Herske, do you heare the Sea?

Glam. No truly.

Edg. Why then your other Senfes grow imperfect
By your eyes anguifh.

Glam. So may it be indeed.

Me thinks thy voyce is alter'd, and thou speakest
In better phrase, and matter then thou didst.

Edg. Yare much decres'd: In nothing am I chang'd
But in my Gournements.

Glam. Me thinkes y'are better spoked.

Edg. Come on Sir,
Here's the place: Stand still: how fitely
And drie thine, to caft one eyes to low,
The Crowes and Coughers, that wing the midway ayre
Shew forth to gratifie his Breede. Half way downe
Hangs one that gait es Spanire: dreadfull Trade:
Me thinks he comes no bigger then his head.
The Fishermen, that walk'd o' the seacoast
Appearre like Mice: and yond small Anchoring Baie,
Duminif'd to her Cocke: her Cocke, a Busy
Almost too small for flight. The murmuring Surge,
That on that numbred idle Pebble chafes
Cannot be heard so high. He looke no more,
Left his braine tune, and the deficient flight
Tolpe downe headlong.

Glam. Seet me where you stand,

Edg. Give me your hand

You are now within a foote of the extreme Verge:
For all beneath the Moone would not leape vppright.

Glam. Let go my hand:
Here Friend another passe: in it, a Jewell
Well worth a poore mans raking. Faytises, and Gods
Partake with thine. God, thou further off,
Bid me farewel, and let me heare thee going.

Edg. Now fare ye well, good Sir.

Glam. With all my heart.

Edg. Why do I trille thus with his dispaire,
Is done to cure it.

Glam. O you mighty Gods!

This would I do renounce, and in your fights

Shake

Scena Quinta.

Enter Gloucester, and Edgar.

Glam. When shall I come to the top of that fame hill?

Edg. You do climbe vp it now. Look how we labou.

Glam. Me thinks the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible Steepe.

Herske, do you heare the Sea?

Glam. No truly.

Edg. Why then your other Senfes grow imperfect
By your eyes anguifh.

Glam. So may it be indeed.

Me thinks thy voyce is alter'd, and thou speakest
In better phrase, and matter then thou didst.

Edg. Yare much decres'd: In nothing am I chang'd
But in my Gournements.

Glam. Me thinkes y'are better spoke.

Edg. Come on Sir,
Here's the place: Stand still: how fitely
And drie thine, to caft one eyes to low,
The Crowes and Coughers, that wing the midway ayre
Shew forth to gratifie his Breede. Half way downe
Hangs one that gait es Spanire: dreadfull Trade:
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You are now within a foote of the extreme Verge:
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Well worth a poore mans raking. Faytises, and Gods
Partake with thine. God, thou further off,
Bid me farewel, and let me heare thee going.

Edg. Now fare ye well, good Sir.

Glam. With all my heart.

Edg. Why do I trille thus with his dispaire,
Is done to cure it.

Glam. O you mighty Gods!

This would I do renounce, and in your fights

Shake

IV. iv. 5—IV. vi. 36

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Shake patiently my great affliction off:  
If I could bear it longer, and not fall  
To quarrell with your great oppositely wills,  
My inoff, and loathed part of Nature should  
Burne it selfe out. If Edgar live, O bleffe him:  
Now Fellow, fate thee well.  
Edg. O God, Sir, face me,  
And yet I know no how conceit may rub  
The Trayson of life, when life is fell.  
Yeelds to the Heft. Had he bin where he thought,  
By this had thought bin pull. Alas, or dead?  
Ho, you Sir! Friend, hearse you Sir, speake:  
Thus might he packe indeed: yet he resists.  
What are you Sir?  
Glou. Away, and let me dye.  
Edg. Had it thou beene ought  
But Gouernce, Feathers, Aye,  
(Being manyathome downe precipitating)  
Thou di'st hubber'd like an Egge: but thou do'st breath:  
Halt haue suffinance, blest if not, speake it, part found,  
Ten Mails at each, make not the altitude  
With so much height, tenderly fell,  
Thy life's a Myrracle. Speake yet againe.  
Glou. But hau'st I live, or not?  
Edg. From the dread Sonnet of this Chalke Bourne  
Looke vp a height, the thrall-gord'd Lette to fare  
Cannot be scene, or heard: Do but looke vp.  
Glou. Alacke, I haue no eyes:  
Is sweet Odeon deprive what benefit  
To end it felie by death? I was yet to come comfort,  
When milery could beguile the Tyranruse,  
And frustrate his proud will.  
Edg. G纽e me your arme.  
Vp, so: How is't? Feele you your Legges? You stand.  
Glou. Too well, too well.  
Edg. This is above all frangersse.  
Vp in the crowne o'th'Child. What thing was that  
Which parted from you?  
Glou. A poore unfortune Beggar.  
Edg. As I stood here below me, what I thought eyes  
Were two full Monnes: the baid a thousand Notes,  
Hornet wark'd, and I wandred like the enrag'd Sea;  
It was some Fiend! Therefore thou happy Father,  
Thinkes the more Object Gods, who do make them Honors  
Of mens Imposibilitie, have preferred thee.  
Glou. I do remember now: henceforth I bee  
Affliction, till do thy selfe ou't.  
Enough, enough, and dye. That thing you speake of,  
I took it for a man: often'would say  
The Fiend, the Fiend, he led me to that place.  
Edg. Beare free and lasting thoughts.  
Enter Lear.  

But who comes here?  
The fater fine will ne'te accommodate  
His Master thus.  
Lear. No, they cannot touch me for crying. I am the  
King himselfe.  
Edg. O the tide-piercing fight!  
Lear. Nature's above Art, in that respect. There's your  
Prestis-money. That fellow handles his bow like a Crow-  
keeper: draw mee at Cloathsiers yard. Looke, looke, a  
Mouse: peace, peace, this piece of toastad Cheefe will  
do't. There's my Gaudle, I proue it on a Gyam,  
Bring vp the browne Billes. O well Bourne Bird: I'll thy  
close it. Dhole, Hewgh. Glue the word.  

Edg. Sweet Maritain.
The Tragedie of King Lear.

The bountie, and the bennizor of Heaven
To boot, and boot.

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclai'm'd pize: most happy
That eyelee head of thone, was first fram'd fteeth
To raise my fortunes. Thou old, unhappy Traitor,
Directly thy flat ignorance, I say, the number:
The Sword is out
That mutt deftroy thee.

Glos. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough too't.

Stew. Wherefore, bold Perzon,
Daf't thou support a publish'd Traitor? Hence,
Leali that th'infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. I'll go his arme.

Edg. Chilt not let go Ziz,
Without further cation.

Stew. Let go Stew, or thou dy'ft.

Edg. Good Gentleman goe your gate, and let poore
volke paffe: and shud ha' bin 'zaggerd out of my life,
t'would not ha' bin so long as'tis, by a vornight. Nay,
come not nere th' old man: keep it out the voyce, or sey
 styther your Couffard, or my bellow be the busier,
chilt be pleane with you,

Stew. Our Dunghill.

Edg. Chilt picke your teeth Ziz: come, no matter wor
your voyntes.

Stew. Slue than ha'll blisse me: Villain, take my purpe;
if euer thou wilt chrit, bury my brde,
And gue the Letters which thou gott it about me,
To Edmund Earl of Gloucester: seek thee out
Vpon the English party. Oh vntimely death, death,
I know thee well. A servicable Villaine,
As dourous to the vices of thy Midiris, As a bernel would defir,

Glos. What, is he dead?

Edg. So, and it is done.

Glos. Why, this was not
Let vs see:

Leae gentle ware, and manners: blance vs on't
To know our enemies no nyes, werip their hearts,
Their Papers is more lawfull.

Read the Letters.

Edg. To our receivall names be reserched. Ten tane motion
opportunities to cut them off: if your will want some, and place
will be frsonably offer'd. There is nothing done. If he returne the Conqueror, than are the Prisoner, and his bed:
Gloufster, from the lasted warmth whereof, destines me, and sup-
ply the place for your Labour.

Tour (strife, A swell) would figure, effbona-
nume veteran, Gonerill,
Ophungiufied of Womans will,
A plot upon her venituous Husband life,
And the exchange my brother! her in the lands
Thee Iereake vp, the poifie unchang'd
Of montherous Letchers and in the marrie time,
With this vagnaceous paper fhake the fight
Of the dead's privy crowne: take: for him 'tis well;
That of thy death, and basningele, I can tell.

Glos. The King is mad:
How flite is my wilde tene
That I hand vp, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge Sorowes? Better I were deftraft,
So should my thoughts be feuer'd from my griefes,
Dream of arre off.

And wers, by wrong imaginations loue
The Tragedie of King Lear

Scena Septima.

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Gentlemen.

Cor. O thou good Kent!

KENT. How shall I live and work
To match thy goodness?

My life will be too short,
And servy me like a slave.

KENT. To be acknowledged Madam is ore pa'd.

All my reports go with the modest truth,
Not more, not less, but so.

Cor. Be better suited,

These weeder are memories of those worser hours:
I tryther put them off.

KENT. Pardon deere Madam,

Yet be to knowne thronets my make intent,
My boone make it,that you know me not,
Till time: and I think meet.

Cor. Then be't sfo my good Lord;

How do's the King?

Gent. Madam sleepes fill.

Cor. O you kind Gods!

Cure this great breath in his abused Nature,
Till'rend and iarring fenes, O winde vp,
Of this child changed Father.

Gent. So please your Maiestie,

That we may wake the King, he hath slept long?
Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and procede
I thinke part of your owne will: is he array'd?

Enter Lear in a rage caused by Servants.

Gen. I Madam: in the hauteur of sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.
Be by good Madam when we do awake him,
I doubt of his Temperance.

Cor. O my deere Father, restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lippes, and let this kisse
Repair those violent harms, that my two Sisters
Have in thy Resurrection made.

Kent. Kind deere Princes.

Cor. Had you not bins their Father, these white flakes
Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face
To be oppo'd against the iarring winder?
Many Enemies dogges, though he had hit me,
Should have frost that might against my fire,
And was't thou faine (poore Father)
To howl thee with Swineand Rogues forlornes,
In short, and musty straw! Alleck, Alleck,
Tis wonder that thy life and wits, at once
Had not concluded all. He wakes, speake to him.

Gent. Madam do you, 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my Royall Lord?

How fares your Maiestie?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o' th' grave,
Thou art a Soule in blisse, but I am bound

Upon a wheel of fire, that mine owne teares
Do scan'd like molten Lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit I know, where did you dye?

Cor. Still, still, faire Mier.

Lear. He's faire awake,

Let him alon a while.

Lear. Whose haue I bin?

Where am I? Faire day light?

I am mightily abus'd, I should en' dye with pity
To see another thus. I know not what to say:
I will not sweare these are my hands: let's see
I feel this pin prickes, would I were affli'd
Of my condition.

Cor. O lookes you upon Sir,

And hold your hand in Benediction o're me,
You must not kneele.

Lear. Pray do not mocke me:

I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourefooted and upward,
Not an hour more, not leafe:
And to sole plainly,

I thee am not in my perfect mind.

Me thinkes I should know you, and know this man,
Yet I am doubfull: For I am mainly ignorant
What place this is and all the skill I haue
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 think this lady
To be my childe Cordelia.

Lear. And so I am: I am.

Lear. Be your care not?

Yet faith: I pray weep not,

If you have poyson for me, I will drink it:
I know you do not love me, for your Sisters
Have (as I do remember) done me wrong,
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your owne Kingdom Sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Gent. Be comforted good Madam, the great rage
You see is kill'd in himselfe:desire him to go in,
Trouble him no more till further settling.

Cor. Will please your Highnesse walke?

Lear. You must bear with me:

Pray you now forget, and forgive,
I am old and foolish.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter with Drumme and Lantern Edmund, Regan, Gentlemen, and Servitors.

Edm. Know of the Duke if his last purpose hold,
Or whether since he is advis'd by ought
To change the course, he's full of alteration,
And self-exposing, bring his constant pleasure.

Reg. Our Sisters man is certainly mislaid,

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted Madam.

Reg. Now sweet Lord,
The Tragedy of King Lear.

Shall never see his pardon: for my state,
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Alarum with guns. Enter with Drumme and Colours, Lear, Cordelia, and Souldiers, over the Stage, and Exeunt.

Enter Edgar, and Gloster.

Edg. Heere Fashers, take the shadow of this Tree
For your good baist: pray that the right may thrive:
If ever I returne to you againe,
I leaue you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you Sir,

Enter Alarum and Retreat within.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Away old man, quie the hand, away:
King Lear hath lost he and his Daughter sane,
Give me thy hand: Come on.

Glo. No further Sir, a man may not entrench here.

Edg. What in all thoughts against?

Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their comming hither,
Ripenesse is all come on.

Glo. And that's true too.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter in compasse with Drumme and Colours, Edmund Lear, and Cordelia, as proffers, Souldiers, Captain.

Edm. Some Officers take them away: good guard,
Vntill their greater pleasures shalbe knowne
That are to entertaine them.

Cor. We are not the first,
Who with best meaning have incur'd the wrong:
For thee oppressed King I am call'd downe,
My felle could eare out-frowne false Fortunes frowne.
Shall we not see their Daughters, and their Sifters?

Lear. No, no, no no: come let's away to pritont,
We two alone will sing like Birds in that Cage:
When thou dost ask me bleeding, I'll kneel downe
And ask of thee forgiveness: So weep I, I weep,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At glided Butterflies: and here (poore Roguer)
Take of Court newes, and wee'll take with them too,
Who haue, and who haue not; who's in, who's out;
And take vpou's the mystery of things,
As if we were Gods spies: And wee'll weare out
In a wall'd prison, packs and feales of great ones,
That ebe and lowe by th' Moone.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Vpon such sacrifaces my Cordelia,
The Gods themselves throw Incense.
Hast thou caught thee?
He that parts vs, shall bring 2 Brand from Heauen,
And fire vs hence, like Foxes: wipe thine eyes,
The good yeares shall dewe them, flie and fall,
Enter Antony, Generell, Reg. in Sadders.

Alb. Sir, you have found no to stay your valorous armes.
And Fortune led you well: you have the Captains
Who were the opposites of this stately strike:
I do require them of you to see them,
As we shall find their meritises, and our safety
May equally determine.

Buft. Sir, I thought it fit,
To send the old and miserable King to some retention,
Whose age had Charnes in it, whose Title more,
To allure the common before on his fide,
And turn our impreff. Laurens in our eies
Which do command them. With him I fent the Queen:
My reason all the fame, and they are ready
To morrow, or at further space, to appear
Where you shall hold your Seffion.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this Ware,
Not as a Brother.

Reg. That's as we left to grace him.
Methinks our pleasure might have bin demanded
Ere you had spoke fo faire, He led our Powers,
Bore the Commission of my place and person.
The which immediatly may well stand vp,
And call it felfe your Brother.

Gun. Not fo hot:
In his owne grace he doth extalt himfelfe,
More then in your addition.

Reg. In my right,
By me infell'd, he compeares the bell.

Alb. That were the moff, if he should hand you.
Reg. Letters do off prove Prophets.
Gun. Holy, holy,
That eye that told you fo, Jock'd but a ignorant.

Reg. Lady I am not well, else I fhould anfwerce
From a full flowing flowmac. Generall,
Take thine my Souldiers, prifoners, patrimony,
Dispofe of them, of me, the wall is thinne
Wittnefe the world, that I create the heere
My Lord, and Mafter.

Gun. Meane you to enjoy him?
Alb. The let alone lies not in your good will.

Buft. Nor in thine Lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the Drum strike, and prove my title thine.
Alb. Stay yet, hearc reason: Edmund, I arrefte thee
On all Treafon; and in thy arrefte,
This giudied Serpent: for thy claim'd faire Strifes,
I bare it in the intercell of my wife,
'Tis fixe is sub-contract to this Lord,
And I her husband contradict thy Baner.

Buft. If you will marry, make your loues to me,
My Lady is belifeke.

Gun. An enterlude.

Alb. Thou art armed Glifter,
I let the Trumpet found:
If none appear to prove upon thy perfon,
Thy lécyounus, mannifet, and many Treafons,
There is my pledge: he make to on thy heart.
Let I fuit bread, thou art in nothing elle
Then I have here proclaim'd thee,

Reg. Sicke, O sick.

Gun. If not, let her erne true medicine.

Buft. There's my exchange, what in the world lies
That names me Traiuer, william-like he lies,
Call by the Trumpet: he that dare approach;
On him, on you, who not, I will maintaine
My truth and honor firmly.

Enter a Herald.

Truth to thy hinge vertue, for thy Souldiers
All leud in my name, have in my name
Tooke their discharge.

Reg. My fickness growes upon me.
Alb. She's not well, convey her to my Tent.
Come hither Herald, let the Trumpet found,
And read out this. A Trumpet founds.

Herald reads.

If any man of qualitie or degree, within the lift of the Army, will maintaine upon Edmund, suppos'd Earl of Glifter, that he is a manfull Traiuer, let him appeare by the thond found of the Trumpet: be he bold in his defence,

Herald. Again.

Reg. Again.

Alb. Trumpet answers within.

Enter Edgar armed.

Alb. Aske him his purpofe, why he appeares
Upon this Call o'th Trumpet.

Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality, and why you answer
This present Summons?

Edg. Know my name is left
By Treafons tooth; bare-grownne, and Canker-bit,
Yet am I Noble as the Adverfary
I came to cope.

Alb. Which is that Adverfary?
Edg. What's he that speaks for Edmund Earl of Glo-

Buft. Himselfe, what fault thou to him t

Edg. Draw thy Sword,
That if my speech offend a Noble heart,
Thy armes may do thee Justice, here is mine:
Behold it is my priuledge,
The priuledge of mine Honours,
My owne hand and my prefent. I profef,
Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence,
Defpite thy victor-Sword, and the new Fortune,
Thy valor, and thy heart, thou art a Traiuer:
Falle to thy Gods, thy Brother, and thy Father,
Conspirant gainst this high illusrious Prince.
And from the extremell upward of thy head,
To the diftant and dust below thy floors,
The Tragedie of King Lear.

A most Toad, spotted Traitor, Say thou no,
This Sword, this arms, and my bell spirits are bent
To prone upon thy heart, where I speak,
Thou lyest.

Boft. In wifdomdo I should ask thy name,
But if we lay out-side looke to faire and Wilike,
And that thy tongue (some say) of breacking breathes,
What safe, and nicely I might well delay,
By rule of Knight-hood, I disdain and spurne:
Backe do I tolfe these Treasons to thy head,
With the hell-hated Lye, ore-whelme thy heart,
Which for they yet gane by, and fearely bruife,
This Sword of mine shall guile them intente, famil
Where they shall refle for ever. Trumpers speake.


Alarums. Lights.

A2. This is the prattyle Ciffer,
By the law of Warr, thou wast not bound to answer
An unknowe oppositione thou art not vanquish't, do,
But codec, and begaude.

A1. Shut your mouth Dame,
Or with this paper shall I fliep it: hold Sir,
Thou worske then any name, read thine owne cull:
No tearing Lady, I perceive you know it.

Gen. Say if I do, the Laws are mine not thine,
Who can strаinge me not's.

Exi. 

A1. Most monstrous! O, know'st thou this paper?

Boft. Ask me not what I know.

A2. Go after her, she's the desperate, gouerne her.

Boft. What you have charg'd me with,
That haue I done,
And more must more, the time will bring it out.
'Tis past, and so I am: But what art thou,
That haue this Fortune on me? If thou'rt Noble,
I do forgo thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity:
I am no less in blood then thou art Edmond,
If more, the more th'o' haft wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar and thy Fathers Sonne,
The Gods are just, and of our pleasan't vices
Make instruments to plague vs:

The darke and visous place where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.

Boft. Th'haft spoken right, 'tis true,
The Wheel is come full circle, I am here.

A2. Me thought thy very gate did prophesie
A Roayl Noblenesse: I must embrace thee,
Let forrow plac my heart, feuer I
Did hate thee, or thy Father.

Edg. Worthy Prince I know'st.

A2. Where haue you hid yourselle?
How haue you knowne the milities of your Father?

Edg. By nurng them your Lord. Lifi a brefte tale,
And when this told, O that my heart would burst.

The bloody proclamation to escape
This follow'd me so neere, (O our liues sweetneffe,
That we the paine of death would hourly dye,
Rather then die at once.) taught me to shift
Into a mad-man rage, I assume a feamble
That very Dogges disdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my Father with his bleeding Rings,

Enter Lear to Coast in his armor.

The Tragedie of King Lear.

Enter Lear and Cordelia in his armor.

Lear. Howlie, howlie, hostyle: O your are men of flones,
Had I your tongues and eyes, Ill'd wve them to,
That Heauents vauls shou'd grack: she's gone for ever.
I know when one is dead, and when one liues,
She's dead as earth: Lend me a Looking-glass,
If that her breath will miss or staine the stone,
Why then the lyes,
Kent. Is this the promis’ed end?
Edg. Or image of that horror.
Alb. Fall and cease.
Lear. This feather flits, the lyes: if it be so,
It is a chance which do’s redeeme all sorrowes
Ther eu’er I have felt.
Kent. O my good Master,
Lear. Prythee away.
Edg. Tis Noble Kent your Friend.
Lear. A plague vpon you Murderers, Traitors all,
I might have laud her, now she’s gone for euer:
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha!
What is’t thou saist? Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman,
I kill’d the Slave that was a hanging thee.
Kent. Tis true (my Lords) she did.
Lear. Did I not follow?
I have seen the day, with my good biting Faulcon
I would haue made him skip: I am old now,
And these same crostles spoile me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o’might, He tell you straignt.
Kent. If Fortune brag of two, she lou’d and haue,
One of them we behold.
Lear. This is a dull sight, are you not Kent?
Kent. The fame: you Seruant Kent,
Where is your Seruant Caufé?
Lear. He’s a good fellow. I can tell you that,
H)e strike and quickly to, he’s dead and rotten.
Kent. No my good Lord, I am the very man.
Lear. He fee that straignt.
Kent. That from your fift of difference and decay,
Have follow’d your fad fteps.
Lear. Your are welcome hither.
Kent. Nor no manelle;
All’s cheerlesse, darke, and deadly,
Your elderst Daughters have fore-done themfelves,
And desperatly are dead.
Lear. I fo I thinke.
Alb. He knowes not what he faies, and vaine is it
That we present vs to him.

Enter a Messenger.

Edg. Very bootleffe.
Alb. That’s but a trifle here.
You lords and Noble Friends, know our intent,
What comfort to this great decay may come,
Shall be applie’d. For vs we will refigue,
During the life of this old Matter
To him our absolute power, vnto your rights,
With boote, and such addition as your Honoures
Hauue more then merited. All Friends shall
Taffe the wages of their vertues, and all foes
The cup of their defraunings: O fee, fee.
Lear. And my poore Foolie is hang’d: no, no life?
Why should a Dog, a Horse, 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 fee this? Looke on her? Looke her lips,
Looke there, looke there.

Edg. He laimes, my Lord, my Lord.
Kent. Breakes heart, I prye thee breake.
Edg. Looke vp my Lord.
Kent. Vex not his ghost, O let him paffe he hates him,
That would vpon the wracke of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is goon indeed.
Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur’d fo long,
He but whipt his life.
Alb. Beare them from hence, our present businesse
Is generall woe: Friends of my soule, you twaine,
Rule in this Realm, and the gor’d state sustaine.
Kent. I haue a journey Sir, shortly to go,
My Matter calls me, I muft not fay no.

Edg. The weight of this fad time we must obey,
Speak what we fee, nor what we ought to fay:
The oldes hath borne noff, we that are yong,
Shall neuer fee fo much, nor live fo long.

Evenes with a dead March.

FINIS.
Enter Iago, and Lodovico.

Lodovico.

Enter tell me, I take it much unkindly
That (dating on his owne obloquious bondage)
Wears out his time soe much like his Master's life,
For neither but Provender, & when he's old Caffee'd d.
Whip me fuch I know not. Others there are
Who trust in Fortune, and visages of Darte,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselues,
And throwing but flowers of Seruice on their Lords
Do. w'ell thrive by them.

And when they have lin'd their Costes
Doe themselves Homage.

These Fellowes have forme soule,
And lends a one do I professe my selfe. For (Sir)
Let us as sure as you are Rhodes.
Were I the Moore, I would not be Iago :
In following him, I fit not but a y teile.
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and dutie,
But turning Io, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward Action doth demonstrate
The native act, and figure of my heart
In Complexion honest, it's not long after
But will wear my heart upon my fleec
For Dowers to pe. keat : I am not what I am.

Red. What's all Fortune do's the Thicks-lips o'we.
Hie can carry't thus?

Iago. Call up her Father:
Rowlistem, make after him, poyson his delight,
Proclaim him in the Streets. Incense her kinne
And though he in a fertile Gypsye dwell,
Plague him with Fliers, though that his Joy be Joy,
Yet throw such chances of vasion on't,
As it may lose some colour.

Red. Here is her Fathers house, Ile call aloud.
Iago. Day, why, like tennous accent, and dire yell,
As when (by Night and Negligence) the Fire
Is spat in popular Cotties.

Iago. Awake them, what hoa, Brachantis, Theues, Theues,
Look to your house, your daughter, and your Bagg,
Theues, Theues.

Era. Above. What is the reason of this terrible
Summons? What is the matter there?

Red. Signior is all your family within?

Iago. Are thy Doores lock'd?

Era. Why? Wherefore ask you this?

Iago. Sir, ye'are rob'd, for shame put on your Gowne,
Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul
Even now, now, very now, an old blacke: Rain
Is tapping your white Ewe. Anse, anse,
Awake the hoarish Curteyrs with the Bell,
Or else the deevil will make a Grand-tire of you.
Anse I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits?
Bra. Most reverend Signor, do you know my voice?
Bra. Not I: what are you?
Rod. My name is Rodrigo.
Bra. The warrier welcome:
I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my doores:
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
My Daughter is not for thee. And now in madness
(Being full of Sperre, and dipp'ring daughters) 
Vpon mulitious knoate, doll thou come
To start my quest.

Rod. 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.

Rod. Pardoner good Sir.
Bra. What, sofficient thou wilt of Robbing?
This is Venice: my house is not a Grange.
Rod. Most gracie Tribunis,
In simple and pure foule, I come to you.

I say: you are one of those that will not tare God,
If the deevil bid you. Because we come to do you service,
and you think we are Rufianes, you have your Daughter
sent here, with a Barbary horse, you have your Nephews
in good remembrance, you have Couriers for Couriers:
and Gemmis for Gemmis.

Bra. What prophane wretch art thou?
I say: I am one Sir, that comes to tell you, your Daughter
and the Moore, are making the Beall with two Deckers.
Bra. Thou art a Villaine.

Lgo. You are a Senator.
Bra. This thou shalt answer. I know thee Rodrigo.
Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beleeech you
If be your pleasure, and most wifhe content,
(As partly I finde it) that your faire Daughter,
At this oddt Euen and dull watch of the night
Transported with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knawe of common hire, a Gaudeler,
To the grosse clapes of a Lascivious Moore;
If this be knowne to you, and your Allowance,
We then have done you bold, and Gaine wrongs.
But if you know not this, my Mannets tell me,
We have your wrong reborne. Do not beleeech
That from the fence of all Civilitie.
I thus would play and trifle with your Reuerey,
Your Daughter (if you have not given her leave)
I say again, hath made a grosse rechall,
Tying her Duece, Beattie, Wir, and Fortunes.
In an extravagant, and wheeling Stranger,
Of here, and every where fast by sake, the selle.
If she be in her Chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the office of the State
For thus defiling you.

Bra. Strike on the Tender, hoas;
Give me a Taper: call vp all my people,
This Actonc is not well with my liege,
Belate of it opprestes me alreadie.

Light, I fa, light.

Lag. Farewell: for I must leave you.
It feethes not mee, nor wholeome to my place
To be produced, (as if I say, I shall,) 
Against the Moore, For I do know the State,
(How ever this may gall him with some checke)
Cannot with patience call him. For he's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus Waters,
(Which even now flounders in Adjet for their foules)
Another of his I adome, they have none,
To lead their Businesse. In which regard,
Though I do chance as I do hell ames,
Yet, for necessite of present life,
I must shew out a Flag, and tigne of Lame,
(Which is indeed but tigne), that you shall surely find him
Lead to the Sagacity the raied: search,
And there will be with him. So farewell. 

Enter Brabanctio, with Servants and Torchets.

Bra. It is too true an evil. Gone the is,
And what's to come of my deplight time,
Is naught but bitterness. Now Rodrigo,
Where drest thou fee her? (Oh whanple Gicle)
With the Moore fast there? (Who would be a Father?)
How drest thou know 'twas she? (Oh she deceaves)
What saul the to you? Get more Tapers.
Raise all my Kindred. Are they married think you?

Rod. Truly I think they are.

Bra. Oh Heaven! how got the out?
Oh tresson of the blood.

Lag. Fathers, and hence trust not your Daughters minds,
By what you see them at. Is there not chance,
By which the property of Youth, and Maihood
May be abut? Have you not read Rodrigo,
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes Sir: I have indeed.

Bra. Call vp my Brother: oh would you had her,
Some one way, some another. Do you know
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore?

Rod. I think I can discover him, if you please
To get good Guard, and go along with me.
Bra. Play you lead on. At every house ke call,
(I may command and moast) get Weapons (hos)
And raise some special Officers of night:
On good Rodrigo, I will defyure your paines. 

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, Iago, Acdendants, with Torchets.

Ia. Though in the trade of Warre I have flaine men,
Yet do I hold it very floufe of th'other confidence
To do no content of Murder: I lacke iniquite
Sometine to do me feruice. None, or ten times
I had thought you thace yeck'd him here under the Ribbes.
Othello. This better as it is.

Lag. Nay but he prated,
And spoke such furrow, and proucking terms
Against your Honor, that with the little godlince I have
I did full hard forbear him. But I pray you Sir,
Are you full married? Be affault of this,
That the Magnifico is much belou'd,
And hath in his effect a voice vertuall
As double as the Dukes: He will diuoure you,
Or put upon you, what reflaint or greenece.
The Tragedie of Othello

The Law (with all his might, to enforce it on)
Will give him Cable.

Other. Let him do his spight;
My Services, which I have done the Signior
Shall on my life and soul be reck'n.
'Tis yet to know,
What when I know, that boasting is an Honour,
I shall profoundgate. I fetch my life and being,
From Men of Royall Seige. And my demerits
May speake (unboasted) to as proud a Fortune
As this that I have reach'd. For know Iago,
But that I loue the gentle Disdaimers,
I would not my unboasted free condition
Put into Circumstropion, and Confine,
For the Seas worth. But looke, what Lights come yond?

Enter Cassio, with Torches.

Iago. Those are the raised Father, and his Friends:
You were best go in.

Other. Not I: I must be found.
My Father, my Tyle, and my perfell Soule
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Jove, I think no.

Other. The seruants of the Dukes?
And my Lieutenant?

The goodniffe of the Night vpon you (Friends)
What is the News?
Cassio. The Duke do's greet you (Generall)
And he requires your haste, Post-haste appearance,
Even on the infallent,
Othello. What is the matter, think you?

Cassio. Something from Cyprus, as I may divin:
It is a businesse of some heate. The Gallies
Have sent a dozen frequent Messengers
This very night, as one another heates,
And many of the Queens, rau'd and mes
Are at the Duke's already. You have but hotly call'd for,
When being not as your Lodging to be found,
The Senate hath sent about three teuerall Quells,
To tender you out.

Othello. Tis well I am found by you:
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And one with you.

Cassio. Auncient, what makes he here?
Iago. Faith, he to night hath boarded a Land Corract,
If it prove lawful prize, he made for ever.

Cassio. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cassio. To who?

Iago. Marry to — — Come Capitaine, will you go?
Othello. Haste with you.

Cassio. Here come some other Troope to seeke for you.

Enter Brabazon, Roderigo, with Officers, and Torches.

Iago. It is Brabazon. General be aduis'd,
He comes to bad intent.

Othello. Halls, stand there.

Roderigo. Signior, it is the Moore.

Duke. Downe with him, Thesefe.


Othello. Keep up your bright Swords, for therewith will
raff them. Good Signior, you shall more command with
yaxes, then with your Weapons.

Duke. Oh thou foule Thesefe.

Where hast thou bowd my Daughter?
Dann'd as thou art, thou hast enchant'd her

For he refere me to all things of fene,
(If she in Chains of Magick were not bound)
Whether a Maid, to render, Faire, and Happie,
So opposite to Marriage, that the flound.
The weakly curdled Desirings of our Nation,
Would ever haue (tencurres a general mocks)
Run from her Guardsage to the footie before,
Of such a thing as thou! to feare, not to delight?
Judge me the world, if she is not grosse in fene,
That thou haue practis'd on her with foule Charmes,
Abus'd her delicate Youth, with Drugs or Minerals,
That weakens Motion. He haue dispuited on,
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking;
I therefore apprehend and do attack thee,
For an abuser of the World, a practizer
Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant;
Lay hold upon him, if he do search,
Subdue him, at his peril.

Other. Hold your hands
Both you of my inclining, and the reft.
Were it my Cue to fight, I should haue knowne it
Without a Prompter. Whether will you that I goe
To anwerve this your charge?

Duke. To Prifon, till ft time
Of L.'s, and course of directed Session
Call thee to anwerve.

Othello. What if I do obey?
How may the Duke be therewith faith'd,
Whose Messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present businesse of the State,
To bring me to him.

Duke. Tis true must worthy Signior,
The Dukes in Counsell, and your Noble felle,
I finde it fene for.

In this time of the nighte! Bring him away;
Mines not an idle Caufe. The Duke himfelfe,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but fende this wrong, as 't were their owne:
For if such Actions may have paffage free,
Bond-flasses, and Papins shall our Statuten be.

Scene Tertia.

Enter Duke, Senators, and Officers.

Duke. Theres no composition in this News,
That giveth them Credite.

1. Sen. Indeed, they are disproportionately;
My Letters fay, a Hundred and tenen Gallies.

2. Duke. And mine two Hundred;
But though they jump on not a fuit accompt,
(As in these Cales where the ame reports,
'1s oft with difference) yet do they all confine.

2. Sen. And mine two Hundred.
A Turkifh Fleece, and bearing up to Cyprus.

3. Duke. Nay, it is possible enongh to judgemen;
I do not to leave me in the Error,
But theaine Article I do approye
In feafe long fene.


Sayer. Enter Sayer.

Officer. A
Officer. A Messenger from the Gallies.

Duke. Now! What's the business?

Sailor. The Turkish Preparation makes for Rhodes,
So was I bid report here to the State,
By Signior Antonio.

Duke. How say you by this change?

1. Sen. This cannot be
By no affay of reason. This a Pageant
To keepe in false gaze, when we consider
The importancie of Cyprus to the Turks,
And let our forces againe but understand,
That it is more concernes the Turk when Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such Warlike brace;
But altogether lackes the solitudes
Thus he Write from vs.
If we make thought of this,
We must not think the Turk is so venusfull,
To leave that laste, which concernes him first.
Neglecting an attempt of eale, and gaining
To wake, and wadge a danger proficite.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence he's not for Rhodes.
Officer. Here is more News.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Ottomanes, Reuerend and Gracious,
Seeing with due course toward the Ile of Rhodes,
Have there injoyned them with an after Fiere.

1. Sen. So I thought: how many, as you guess?

Mess. Of thirteene Saile: and now they do re-stire
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposse toward Cyprus. Signior Montano,
Your trulifie and most Valiant Seniour,
With his free dutie, recommends you thus,
And prays you to beleue him.

Duke. 'Tis certaine then for Cyprus:
Marcus Luccifer is not he in Towne?

2. Sen. He's now in Florence.

Mess. Write, Write, the Isole.
To him, Daff, Polli, hafti, dupatch.

1. Sen. Here comes Trabanti, and the Valiant Moore,
The Tragedie of Othello

How I did think in this faire Ladies loose,
And the in me,

Duke. Say it Othello.

Oth. Her Father lou'd me, oft invited me:
Still question'd me the Storie of my life,
From yeare to yeare: the Bastale, Sieges, Fortune,
That I have past,
I ran it through, even from my boyish daies,
To'ry very moment that he bad mett it,
Wherein I spoke of most diftastfull things:
Of mowing Accidents by Flood and Field,
Of haire-breadth feapes: 'twas imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the Inffolent Foe,
And fold to flauery. Of my redemption thence,
And presence in my Travellours historie,
Wherein of Amars vift, and Defarts idie,
Rough Quarries, Rocks, Hills, whose head touch heauen,
It was my hint to speake. Such was my Procefe,
And of the Cambals that each others eare,
The Astrographer, and men whose heades
Grew beneath their shoulders. Thelie things to heare,
Would Desdenous friendly incline
But fill the house Affairs would draw her hence:
Which euer as she cou'd with haste dispatch,
She'd come againe, and with a gentle care
Detoure vp my discourse. Which I obseruing,
Tooke once a plant house, and found good meanes
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my Pilgrimage dilate,+
Wherein by parcelz had fomething heard,
But not infilliously: I did confent,
And often did beguile her other teares,
When I did speake of some diftrefffull stroke
That my youth suffer'd: My Storie being done,
She gaue me for my pains a worlde of killes:
She swore in faith 'twas strange: 'twas paffing strange,
"Twas pitiful: 'twas wondrous pitiful.
She with'd the fea had not heard it: yet the with'd
That Jesuuen had made her such a man. She thank'd me,
And bad me, if I had a Friend that lou'd her,
I shou'd but teach him how to tell my Story,
And that would woouer. Upon this hint I spake,
She lou'd me for the dangers I had put,
And I lou'd her, that she did pity them.
This onely is the witch-craft I have w'd.
Here comes the Ladie: Let her witneffe it.

Enter Desdenous, Iago, Attendants.

Duke. I thinke this tale would win my Daughter too,
Good Brabantus, take vp this mangled matter at the beft:
Men do their broken Weapons rather vie,
Then their bare hands.

I. I pray you heare her speake?
If the confesse that she was halfe the woorer,
Defftruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man. Come hither gentle Miftris,
Do you perceive in all this Noble Companie,
Where moff you owe obedience?
Dif. My Noble Ladie, I do perceive heere a dividned daie.
To you I am bound for life, and education:
My life and education both do leave me,
How to repect you. You are the Lord of duty,
I am hither to your Daughter. But heere's my Husband d;
And to much dutie, as my Mother the w'd

To you, preferring you before her Father:
So much I challenge, that I may professe
Due to the Moore my Lord.

I. Bra. God be with you: I have done.
Please it your Grace, on to the State Affaires.
I had rather to adopt a Child, then get it.
Come hither Moore;
I dare give thee that with all my heart,
Which but thou haft already, with all my heart
I would keepe from thee. For your fave (Iewell)
I am glad at foule, I have no other Child,
For they ecape would teach me Tiranne.
To hang clogges on them. I have done my Lord.

Duke. Let me speake like your felle:
And like a Sermont, Which as a griece, or feep may help thefe Lovers.
When remedies are paft, the griefes are ended
By seing the worlde, which late on hopes depended.
To mourne a Mischeefe that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischeefere.
What cannot be profred, when Fortune takes:
Patience, her Injury a mocky fakes.
The robd that fmilts, fteals something from the Thife,
He robs himfelfe, that spends a bootefull griece.

II. Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus vs beguile,
We loofe it not fo long as we can smile:
He beares the Sentence well, that nothing beares,
But the free comfort which from thence he heares.
But he beares both the Sentence, and the forrow,
That to pray griece, hurt of poore Patience bearre.
These Sentences, to Sugar, or to Gall,
Being strong on both fides, are Equinocall.
But words are words, I neuer yet did heare
That the bruized heart was pier'd through the cares.
I humbly beeche you proceed to th Affaires of State.

Duke. The Turk with a moft miglary Prepartion
incourts Othello, the Fortitude of the place is
brill knowne to you. And though we have there a Subfti-
tuate of moft allowed efficiencie; yet opinning,
a more fouveraine Miftris of Effets, throwes a more later voice
on you; you must therefore be content to fludder
the grife of your new Fortunes, with this more rub-
bore, and boyous expedition.

Oth. The Tirant Coftome, most Graue Senators,
Hath made the fmyny and Steele Coach of Warre
My thrice-druen bed of Downe. I doigne
A Naturall and prompt Alacartie,
I finde in hardneffe: and do undertake
This preuent Warres against the Ottamiter.
Most humbly therefore bending to your State,
I crave fits disposition for my Wife,
Due reference of Place, and Exhibition,
With fuch Accomadation and befici
As lesuils with her breeding.

Duke. Why at her Fathers?
I. Bra. I will not haue it fo.

Oth. Nor I.

Dif. Nor would I therside,
To put my Father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eyes. Most Gracious Duke,
To my vnflowing, lend your prosperous care,
And let me finde a Charter in your voice
To affift my simpleneffe.

Duke. What would you Desdenous?

Dif. That I loue the Moore, to live with him,
My downrighte violent, and frorne of Fortunes,

May
May trumpet to the world. My hear'ts subdu'd
Even to the very quality of my Lord; I saw Othello's <element> in his mind.
And to his Honours and his valiant parts,
Did I my foule and Fortunes conferstrate.
So that (deere Lord,) if I be left behind
A Moth of Peace and he go to the Warre,
The Rites for why I love him, are benefic:
And I a heautie internal support
By his deere abstinence. Let me go with him.

Other. Let her have your voice.

Vouch with me Heauen, I therefore beg is not
To plese the pallate of my Appetite;
Nor to comply with heat the yong affected
In my elufcent, and proper satisfaction.
But to be free, and bounteous to her minde:
And Heauen defend your good foules, that you think
I will your serious and great businesse scant.
Where I am with me. No, when light wing'd Toys
Of feather'd Cupid, feele with wanton dulcet
My speculatation, and I'd instruct:
That my Disports corrupt, and taint my businesse:
Let Hauhe-wues make a Skillet of my Helm,
And all indignes, and bale adversaries,
Make head against my Effimation.

Duke. Be't as you shall privately determine,
Either for her flay, or going to Affaire civils hath:
And speed must answr it.

Sen. You must away to night.

Othe. With all my hearts.

Duke. At nine to'mrrow morning, here we'll meet againe.

Othello, leave some Officer behind
An't befall our Congrission bring to you:
And such things else of quality and respect
As dost import you.

Othe. So pleasure your Grace, my Ancient,
A man he is of honesty and trust:
To his conueniency I affigne my wife.
With what elle needful, your good Grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.

Good night to every one. And Noble Signior,
If Verone no delighet Beautiful lacke,
Your Son-in-law is faire more Faire then Blacke.

Sen. Adieu brave Moor; ye Defdemona well.

Bra. Loue to your (Moor's) thou hall hailies to see:
She he's de'cided his Father, and may thee,
Exit.

Duke. 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 haste but an houre
Of Love, of wordely matter, and direction
To spend with thee. We must obey the the time. Exit.

Iago. What faith thou Nobleg heart?
Red. What will I do, think'lt thou?
Iago. Why go to bed and sleepe.
Red. I will incomodiously drown my selfe.
Iago. If thou do't, I shall neuer love thee after. Why thou silly Gentleman?

Red. It is ylleness to sleepe, when to sleepe is torment:
And then haste we prescription to dye, when death is our Physon.

Iago. Oh villainous! I should look'd upon the world
For foure times sevene years, and since I could disinguish

Betwixt a Benefit, and an Intune: I never found man that
Knew how to love himselfe. Ere I would say, I would
Drown my selfe for the love of a Gyneye Hen, I would
Change my Humanity with a Baboon.

Red. What should I do? I confesse it is my shame
to be so fond, but it is not in my verust to amend it.

Iago. Verste? A figge, 'tis in our selves that we are
Thus on this. Our Bodies are our Gardens, to the which,
Our Wills are Gardeners. So that if we will plant Nestles,
or Iowe Lettuce; Set Hifope, and weede vp Times:
Supply it with one gener of Heerbes, or distate it with
many: either to hauue it sterral with idlenesse, or marrad
With Industry, why the power, and Conspicqeous au-
uthority of this lie in our Wills. If the brane of our lines
had not one Scale of Reason, to poise another of Sensual-
tie, the blood, and bafenie of our Nature would
conduic to most propritious Conclusions. But we hauze
Reason to coole our raging Motions, our carreall
Stings, or unbitten Lufs: whereof I take this, that
you call Loue, to be a Sred, or Seyen.

Red. It cannot be.

Iago. It is meerly a Luft of the blood, and a permission
of the will. Come, be a man: drown thy selfe? Drown
Cas, and blind Puppies. I haue, profess me thy Friend,
And I confesse me knat to thy defieruing, with Cables of
perdurable toughneffe. I could never better feed thee
then now. Put Money in thy purse; follow thee the
Warres, dye thy favour, with an unfur'd Beard. I say
put Money in thy purse. It cannot be long that Defdemona
should continue her love to the Moore. Put Money in thy
purse; nor he his to her. It was a violent Commen-
cement in her, and thou first fee an antswerable Seque-
stration, but put Money in thy purse. These Moors are
changeable in their wills; fill thy purse with Money.
The Food that to him now is as delicious at Locusts,
shall to him shortly, as bitter as Colequeintida. She
must change for youth; when she is satur'd with his body
She will find the errors of her choice. Therefore, put
Money in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damme thy selfe, do
it a more delicate way then drowning. Make all the
Money thou canst. If Sandanconne, and a freaze now, be-
twixt an erring Bithman, and super fulbe Venetian be
not too hard for my wits, and all the Tribe of hell, thou
shall enjoy her: therefore make Money: a pos of drow-
ing thy selfe, its clean out of the way. Seekethuor
rather to be hang'd in Compassing thy joy, then to be
drown'd, and goe without her.

Rede. Will thou be fill'd to my hopes, if I depend on
thee?

Iago. Thou art fure of me. Go make Money: I have
thou told me often, and I re-tell thee againe, and againe:
I hate the Moore. My caue is hearted; thine hath no lesse
reafon. Let vs be conjunctive in our revenge, against
him. If thou canst Cuckold him, thou doth thy selfe a
pleasure, me a sper. There are many Events in the
World of Time, which will be deliered. Truitef, go,
provide thy Money. We will have more of this to mor-
row. Adieu.

Red. Where shall we meete to'morrow?

Iago. At my Lodging.

Red. Ilc be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go too, farewell. Do you hear? Redirige!

Red. Ile fell all my Land.

Iago. Thus I trust to make my Foole, my pursu.

For I mine owne gain'd knowledge should prophane,
I 11 would time expend with such Sapse,

But
The Tragedie of Othello

For I have freu'd him, and the man commands
Like a full Soldier. Let's stay the Sea-fide (hos)
As well to see the Vefell that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
Even till we make the Maine, and th' Enoial blew,
An indiff'nent regard.

Enter Caffio.

Caffio. Thanks you, the valiant of the warlike Ile,
That to approve the Moore: Oh let the Heauens
Glue him defence against the Elements,
For I have loft him on a dangerous Sea.

Mon. Is he well ship'd?

Caffio. His Bark is stoutly Timber'd, and his Pylot
Of verie expert, and approu'd Allowance;
Therefore my hope's (not tterfed to death)
Stand in bold Cure.

Within. A Sails, a Sails, a Sails.

Caffio. What note?

Gent. The Towne is empty; on the brow o' th' Sea
Stand watches of People; and they cry, a Sails.
Caffio. My hopes do sh ape him for the Gouernor.
Gent. They do discharge their Shot of Courticref,
Our Friends at leaft.

Caffio. I pray you Sir, go forth,
And guve vs truth who 'tis that is arriu'd.

Mon. I shall.

Exit. Mon. But good Lieutenant, is your General wiu'd?
Caffio. Most fortunately: he hath arriu'd a Maid
That paragous description, and wide Fame:
One that excels the graces of Blazoning pens,
And in th' effentiall Veffil of Creation,
Do's tyre the Ingenues.

Enter Gentleman,

Enter Gentleman,

How now? Who ha's put an?

Gent. 'Tis one $$e, Anceiic to the Generall.
Caffio. He's had most favourable, and happy speed:
Tempeft's themselves, high Seas, and bowing windes,
The garter'd Breakes, and Congregated Sands,
Trattors enfrap'd, to enconage the guiltille Steele,
As haung fence of Beautie, do omit
Their mortal Nature, lettig goe safely
The Diuine Difemona.

Mon. What is the?

Caffio. She that I speake of:

Our great Captains Captaine,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iafe,
Whole footing heere anticipates our thoughts,
A Seniotics speed. Great Joue, Othello guard,
And swell his Sails with thine owne powerfull breallly,
That he may belle this Bay with his tall Ship,
Make loutes quicke patts in Difemona Armes,
Gie renew'd fire to our extincted Spirits.

Enter Difemona, Iafe, Roigoria, and Aemilia.
Oh behold,
The Riches of the Ship is come on shore:
You men of Cyprus, let haue your knees,
Haile to thee Ladi, and the grace of Heauen,
Before, behind thee, and on euery hand
Enwheele thoe round.

Def. I thank you, Vailant Caffio,
What ty-dings can you tell of my Lord?

Caffio.
Caf. He is not yet arriv'd, nor know I ought
But that 's well, and will be shortly here.

Def. Oh, but I fear;
How shall you company?

Caf. The great Contention of Sea, and Skies
Pained our Fellowship. But heart's ease, a Safety.

Withins. A Safety, a Safety.

Gen. They give this greeting to the Cittadell:
This like wise is a Friend.

Caf. See for the Neives:
Good Ancient, you are welcome, Welcome Misfits:
Let is not gaine your patience (good Lage)
That I extend my Manners. 'Tis my breeding,
That gives me this bold shew of Currende.

Lage. Sir, would she give you so much of her lippe,
As of her tongue the olde bothelows on me,
You would have enough.

Def. Alas : she has no speech.

Lage. Infaith too much:
I find it still, when I have leave to speepe.
Marry before your Ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Caf. You have such cause to say so.

Lage. Come on, come on; you are Pictures out of door.
Bells in your Parlours : Wilde-Cars in your Kitchens:
Saints in your Injuries: Dues being offended:
Players in your Hufwiferie, and Hufwifes in your Beds.

Def. Oh, fie upon thee, Slanderer.

Caf. Nay, it is true; else I am a Turk,
You must to play, and go to bed to worke.

Amul. You shall not write my praise.

Lage. No, let me not.

Def. What would it write of me, if thou shouldest praise me?

Lage. Oh, gentle Lady, do not put me too, t.
For I am nothing, so far critical.

Def. Come on, aay.

There's one gone to the Harbour?

Lage. I Madam.

Def. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise,
Coom how would't thou praise me?

Lage. I am about it, but indeed my invention comes
from my pate, as Birdyme do's from Freere, it placeth
out Braineis and all. But my Maffe labours, and thus the
is deliber'd.

If he be fair, and wife faire is not, and wit,
The ones for wise, the other others is.

Def. Well prais'd.

How if she be Blacke and Witty ?

Lage. If she be Blacke and therfore have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blacker off set.

Def. Worse, and worse.

Emul. How If Faire, and Foolish st.

Lage. She never yet was foolish that was faire.
For even her folly helps her to her Faire.

Def. These are old fond Paradox, to make Fooleis
laugh ithe Aloehope, What miserable praise hath thou
for her that's Foulie, and Foolish.

Lage. There is none so faire and foolish thereto,
But doth finde pranks which faire, and wise ones do.

Def. Oh heavy ignorancy: thou praiest the worst
best. But what praiest couldst thou behove on a defetering
woman indeed? One, that in the authorithy of her
merit, did jubly put on the vouch of soe malice it
selfe.

Jago. She that was euer faire, and euer proue,
Had Tongue at will, and yet was never loud:
Never lackt Gold, and yet never gie,
Kied from her wish, and yet fai'd not \\nymay.
She that being abolive, and euer in her way,
Bade her wrong flay, and her defieture fice.
She that in silence never was so frail,
To change the Gods,head for the Salmons tale.
She that could think, and men's defile her mind,
See Suitors following, and not looks behinde:
She was a night, (if ever such nights were)
Def. To do what ?

Jago. To strike Fools, and chronicle small Beere.

Defe. Oh moot lame and impotent conclusion,
Do not learn'd of him. Emauja, though be bethy husband,
How say you (Cafia) is he not a moost prophane, and lib-
berall Counsellor?

Cafia. He speaks home (Madam) you may eballish
him more in the Soullidier, then in the Scholette.

Lage. He takes her by the paleme : I, well said, whist per.
With as little a web as this, will I enlace as great
a Fly as Caffe, I simile upon her: do : I will give thee
in thine owne Courtship. You say true, 'tis to indeed.
If such tricks as these shref you out of your Louster-
matrie, it had bene better you had not kis'd your three fin-
gers so oft, which now againe you are most apt to prai
the Sir, in. Very good : well kis'd, and excellent Certi-
s: 'tis so indeed. Yet againe, your fingers to your lippe's
Would they were Clutter-pipes for your fake.

The Moore I know his Trumpet.

Cafia, 'Tis truely so.

Def. Let's meete him, and recite him.

Caffe. Lue, where he comes.

Enter Otho's 

Oth. Omy faire Warrior.

Def. My deere Otho,

Oth. It gives me wonder great ac my content
To see you here soe close me.

Oh my Soules Ioy:
If after eyue Tempes,come such Calmes,
May the winde blowe, till they have wak'en death:
And let the labouring Barke clime hills of Seas
Olympia high: and duck againe as low,
As he'lls from Heaven, if it were now to dye,
'Twere now to be most happy. For I scarce,
My Soulke bath her content soe absolute,
That not another comfort like to this,
Succeedes in unknowne Fate.

Def. The Heauens forbid
But that our Lones
And Comforts should encrease
Euen as our desire do grow.

Oth. Amein to that (sweet Powers)
I cannot speake enough of this content,
It stoppes me here: it is too much of Ioy.
And this, and this the greatest discords be
That e're our hearts shall make.

Jago. Oh you are well tun'd now : But I set downe
the pegg: that makeis this Musick, as bonnet as I.

Oth.
The Tragedie of Othello

Otho. Come; let us to the Castle.

Newes (Friends) our Warses are done:
The Furies are drown'd.

How is my old acquaintance of this Life?
(Hony) you shall be well deford in Cyprus,
I have found great love among it them. Oh my Sweet! I prattle out of fashion, and I doate
in mine owne comfort. I prethee, good

Jago. Go to the Bay, and disburse m'y Coysters,

Bring thou the Master to the Cittadell,
He is a good one, and his worthy selfe

Do's challenge much respect.

Come Dissemble, once more well met at Cyprus.

Exit Othello and Dissemble.

Jago. Do thou meet me presently at the Harbour.

Come thinke, if thou be't Valiant, (as they say bas men being in Looke, have then a Nobilitie in their Natures, more then is nature to them) lift me: the Lieutenant to night watches on the Court of Guard. First, I must tell thee this: Dissemble, is directly in love with him.


Jago. Lay thy finger thus: and let thy foule be in-

structed. Make me with what violence the first loud
the Moore, but for bragging, and telling her fantastically
lies. To lose him all for prating, let not thy dethes
heart thainke it. Her eye must be fed. And what delight
shall she have to looke on the diuell? When the Blood
is made dulle with the Act of Sport, there should be a
game to enuaine it, and to give Satety a fresh appetite.

Loutincelle in favour, sympathy in yeares, Manners, and
beauties; all which the Moore is defeque in. Now
for want of these requir'd Conveniences, her delicate
tenderness will finde it selfe abuse, begin to bene the:

gorge, dulleth and abhorre the Moore, very Nature
will infirct her in it, and compel her to some second choice.

Now Sir, this granted (as it is a most pregnant and unfor-
discord) who hands to eminence in the degree of
this Fortune, as Caflio's: a knave very valorous; no
further conscionsable, then in putting on the meere
forme of Cuill, and Humane seeming, for the better compose
of his fault, and most hidden loose Affection. Why none,
who none: A flipper, and subtle knaue, a finder of occa-

sion: that he's an eye can flame, and counterfeit Ad-

vantages, though true Advantage never pretend it felte,
A dulleth knaue besides, the knaue is baseborne,younger:
and hath all those requisites in him, that fully and greene
minds looke after. A pestilent compleat knaue, and the
woman hath found him already.

Red. I cannot believe in that, she's full of most
blest'd condition.

Jago. Blest's diggester. The Wine she drinks is
made of grapes. If there had beene blest, there would
never have lou'd the Moore. Blest's paddling. Didst thou
not see her paddling with the pale of his hand? Didst not
make this?

Red. Yet, that I did: but that was but cureefae.

Jago. Thee here by this hand: an index, and obscure
prologue to the History of Lufl and Soule Thoughts.
They met so near with their lippes, that their breaths
emorat'd together. Villanous thoughts, Adleague, when
these nauseable stinkes to marshall the way, hard at hand
comes the Master, and made çerçeve, this incorporate
conclusion: Pith. But Sir, be you not false, by me. I have
brought you from Venice. Watch you to night: for the
Command. He lay'st upon you. Coffis knowes you not: He not be faire from you. Do you finde some oc-
casion to anger Coffis, either by speaking too loud, or
manifesting his discipline, or from what other cause
you please, which the time shall more favorably mi-
nify.

Red. Well.

Jago. Sir, he's rafl, and very Godtree to Choller; and
happily may strike at you, prouoke him that he may:
for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to Mutiny.
Whole qualification shall come into no true taffe a-
gaine, but by the displating of Coffis. So shall you
have a short journey to your deere, by the means I shall
then have to preferre them. And the impediment
most profitably removed, without the which there were no
expectation of our prospetitie.

Red. I will do this, if you can bring it to any oppor-
tunity.

Jago. I warrant thee. Meete me by and by at the
Cittadell, I must fetch his Necesaries a Shore, Fare-
well.

Red. Adiest.

Jago. That Coffis loses her, I do well beleive:

That she loses him, 's apt, and of great Credit.
The Moore (how be't that I endure him not)
Is of a continall, loving Noble Nature,
And I care thinking, he'll prove to Dissemble
A most dearer husband. Now I do loose her too,
Not one of absolute Lufl, (though peradventure
I stand accomptant for as great a fin)
But partly led to dyet my Reuenge,
For that I do feu'st the luftie Moore
Hath leap'd into my Seste. The thought whereof,
Doth (like a poiyolous Mineral) draw my Inwardes:
And nothing can, or shall content my Soule.

Then am eu'd with him, wife, for wif.

Orviving for yet that I put the Moore,
Adiust into a Lascivie too strong.

This judgmeten cannot cure. Which thing to do,
If this pote the Truth of Venice, whom I trace
For his queit hunting, hand the putting on,
I helue our Michael Coffis on the hip,
Abuse him to the Moore, in the right garbe
(For I fear Coffis with my Night-Cape too)
Make the Moore thaine me, lose me, and reward me
For making him egregiously an Afe,
And praflishing upon his peace, and quiet,
Euen to madneffe. 'Tis heere: but yet conf'd,
Knauseries plaine face, is neuer fece, till y'd.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello's, Herald with a Proclamation.

Herald. It is Othello's pleasure, our Noble and Vali-
ant Generall. That vpon certaine tydings now arry'd,
imp orting the more perdition of the Turkis Fleece
every man put himselfe into Triumph. Some to daunce,
some to make Bonfires, each man, to what Sport and
Recres his addition leads him. For besides these benefi-
tiall Newes, it is the Celebration of his Nuptrials. So
much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offi-
cers are open, & there is full libertie of Feasting from this

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Enter Iago. 

Iago, hath direction what to do. 

But notwithstanding with my personal eye 
Will I look to: 

Otho. Iago, is most honest: 

Michael, goodnight. To morrow with your earliest, 

Let me have speech with you. Come my deere Loue, 

The purchase made, the frutes are to enioy, 

That profit's yet to come twene me, and you. 

Goodnight. 

Enter Iago. 

Iago. Welcome Iago: we must to the Watch. 

Iago. Not this hour Lieutenant: 'tis not yet ten o'clocke. Our General caft vs thus early for the loue of his Deference: Who lets us not therefore blame: 

beast not yet made wanton the night withher: 

and she is prompt for Ione. 

Iago. She's a most exquisite Lady. 

Iago. And Ile warrant her, full of Game. 

Iago. Indeed she is a great fresh and delicate creature. 

Iago. What an eye she has! 

Methinks it founds a party to provocation. 

Iago. An iust and good eye. 

And yet I think them right modest. 

Iago. And when the speaker, 

is it not an Alarum to Ione? 

Iago. She is indeed perfection. 

Iago. Well: happy to their Sheetes. Come Lieutenant, I have a hint of a brace of Cypris Gallants, that would faine have a measure to the health of blacke Othello. 

Iago. Not to night, good Iago, I have very poore, 

and unhappie Brains for drinking. I could well with Curtelle would invent some other Custome of entertainment. 

Iago. Oh, oh, they are our Friends: but one Cup, Ile drink for you. 

Iago. I have drunk but one Cup to night, and that was crafted qualified too: and behold what inustion it makes here, I am infortunat in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakeene with any more. 

Iago. What man? This is a night of Reuels, the Gallants defire it. 

Iago. Where are they? 

Iago. Here, at the doore: I pray you call them in. 

Iago. He do's, but it dislikes me. 

Iago. If I can talke but one Cup upon him 

With that which he hath drank to night alreadie, 

He be as full of Quarrel, and offence 

As my young Malthog dogge. 

Now my good Fool, Sir Tullip, 

Whom Loue hath turn'd almost the wrong side out, 

To Deference hath to night Carrows'd. Potations, postle-deepes, and he's too watch. 

Three elle of Cypris Noble swelling Spirites, 

(That hold their Honours in a wary distance, 

The very Elements of this Warlike Isle) 

Have I to night flux'd, and with flowing Cups, 

And they Watch too. 

Now 'mongst this Flocke of drunkards 

Am I put to our Coffee in some Action 

That may offend the Iles. But here they come. 

Enter Coffee, Montano, and Gentlemen. 

If Consequence do but approve my dreame, 

My Boaste fails freely, both with winde and Streame. 

Iago. Tore heauen, they have given me a rowle already. 

Mon. Good-faith a little one: not pass a pint, as I am a Souldier. 

Iago. Some Wine has. 

And let me the Cannaon clinke clinks: 

And let me the Cannaon clinke, 

A Souldier's a man of his life: but a fain, 

Why then let a Souldier drink. 

Some Wine Boyes. 

Iago. Fore I heauen: an excellent Song. 

Iago. I learned it in England: where indeed they are most potent in Potting, Your Dane, your Germaine, 

and your swag-belly'd Hollander, (drink ho) are nothing to your English. 

Coffee. Is your Englishmen so exquisit in his drinking? 

Iago. Why, he drinkes you with facilitie, your Dane 

dead drunk: He sweates not to overthrow your Almaine. 

He gives your Hollander a vomit, ere. the next 

Postle can be fill'd. 

Iago. To the health of our General. 

Mon. I am for it, Lieutenant: and Ile de you Justice. 


King Stephen was and a worthy Peer, 

His Ieounce call him but a Crowne, 

He held them Six pece all to dere, 

With that he call the Tub Nanjie. 

He was a night of high Reveue, 

and than art hath a low degree; 

'Tis Pride that pull the Country downe, 

And taketh and a Clangue about there. 

Some Wine ho. 

Coffee. Why this is a more exquisite Song then the other. 

Iago. Will you heare it again? 

Coffee. No: for I find him to be unworthy of his Place, 

that do's those things. Well: heaunt to all: and there be foules must be fainst, and there be foules must not be fainst. 

Iago. It's true, good Lieutenant. 

Coffee. For mine owne part, no offence to the General, 

nor any man of quality: I hope to be fainst. 

Iago. And do I too Lieutenant. 

Coffee. I (but by your leave) not before me. The 

Lieutenant is to be fainst before the Ancient. Let's have 

no more of this: let's to our Affaires. Forge vs our 

times: Gentlemen let's looke to our bunine. Do not 

thinks Gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my Ancient, this 

is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunk; 

now I can stand well enough, and I speake well enough, 

Gent. Excellent well. 

Coffee. Why very well then: you must not think then, 

that I am drunk. 

Exit. 

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The one as long as the other, "Tis pittie of him:
I fear the truth Othello put him in,
On some odder time of his immitic
Will shake this Island.

Othello. But is he often thus?

Iago. "Tis evermore his prologue to his sleep;
He's to the Horologe a double Set.
If Drink rooke not his Cradle.

Othello. It were well.
The Generall were put in mind of it
Perhaps he fees it not; or his good nature
Prives the vertue that appears in Coffin,
And lookes not on his coils: it is not this true

Enter Rodrigo.

Iago. How now Rodrigo?

I pray you after the Lieutenant, go.

Men. And 'tis great pity, that the Noble Moore
Should hazard such a Place, as his owne Second
With one of an ingraft Infinitic
It were an honest Action, to say so
To the Moore.

Iago. Nor I, for this faire Island,
I do looke Coffin well: and would do much
To cure him of this coil. But he whoke what noife?

Enter Coffin pursuing Rodrigo.


Men. What's the matter Lieutenant?

Iago. A Knaggen teach me my dutie? He beate the
Knag into a Twiggen-Bottle.

Rod. Brate me?

Iago. Doft thou prate, Rogue?

Men. Nay, good Lieutenant:

I pray you Sir, hold your hand.

Coffin. Let me go (Sir)

Oth. Fie, no: you're the Mæzzard.

Men. Come, come; you're drunk.

Coffin. Drunken.

Iago. Away I say; go out and cry a Muticin.

Nay good Lieutenant, Alas Gentlemen:
Help hea[h. Lieutenant. Sir Munten:
Helpe Matters. Here's a goodly Watch indeed.
Who's that which rings the Bell? Displa hoax:
The Towne will rife. Fie fie, Lieutenant,
You be asham'd for euer.

Enter Othello and Attendants.

Othello. What's the matter here?

Men. I blerted still, I am hurt to this death. He dies.

Oth. Hold for your life.

Iago. Hold hoa: Lieutenant, Sir Montano, Gentlemen:
Hau't you forgot all place of senfe and dutie?

Hold. The Generall speaks to you: hold for flame.

Oth. Why how now hoa? From whence eneth this flame?

Are we turn'd Turks? and to our felues that doth
Which Heaven hath forbid the Ostomates?
For Christian flame, put by this barbarous Brawle
He hath this near, because for his owne rage,
Hold's his soule lighter. He dies vpon his Motion.

Silence that dreadfull Bell, it frightes the Isle,

From her propriety. What is the matter, Matters?

Honest Iago that lookest dead with greeing,
Speake: who began this? On thy lone I charge thee?

Iago. I do not know I reads all, but now, even now.
In quarter: and in termes like Bride, and Groome
Denyting them for Bed; and then, but now:
(As some Planet had unvitied men)

Swords out, and tilting one at others breasts,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speake
Any beginning to this percuif odde.
And would, in Action glorious, I had left
Thoe legges, that brought me to a part of it,
Othello. How comes it (Michael) you are thus forgot?

Iago. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speake.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont to be chiel:
The granitic and Marble of your youth
The world hath noted. And your name is great
In mouths of wiseft Censure. What's the matter
That you vnlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler? Give me answer to it.

Men. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger,
Your Officer Iago, can informe you,
While I spare speech which something now offends me.
Of all that I do know, nor know I ought
By me, that's said, or done since this night,
Valethe selfe-charite be sometimes a vice,
And to defend our selues, it be a sume
When violence affiies vs.

Othello. Now by Heaven, I had been in my safer Guides to rule,
And passion (having among my bell judgement collie)
Affairs to lead the way. If I once flir,
Or do but lift this Arme, the beff of you
Shall foke in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foule Rout began: Who set it on,
And he that is approvd in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall foke me. What in a Towne of warre,
Yet wide, the peoples heare it fume-full of ear,
To Manage private, and dontlche Quarrell?
In night, and on the Court and Guard of safest,
Tis monftrous: Iago, who begon?

Men. If partially Aih'd, or league in office,
Thou doll delute more, or leffe then Truth
Thou art no Soullier.

Iago. Touch me not no more,
I had rather have this tongue cut out of my mouth,
Then it should do offence to Michael Coffin.
Yet I perfwade my felle, so ferke the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. This it is Generall;
Montano and my felle being in speech,
There comes a fellow crying out for helpe,
And Coffin following him with determin'd Sword
To execute upon him. Sir, this Gentleman,
Stepps into Coffin, and corrects his paufe;
My felle, she crying Fellow did purifie,
Left by his lamoure (as it fell to out)
The Towne might fall in fright. He,(Swift of foote)
Out-ran my purpose: and I return'd thererather
For that I heard the clinke, and fall of Swords,
And Coffin high in oath: Which till to night
I never might (say before. When I came backe
(For this was btree) I found them clofe together
At Blow, and thuff, even as againe they were
When you your felle did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report,
But Men are Men: The bell sometime forgets,
Though Coffin did some little wrong to him,
As in rage drinke those that with them beft,
Yet surely Coffin I beleue receiued
From him that red, some strange Indignities,
Which patience could not paffe.
Iago. Come, come: good wine, is a good familiar Creature, if it be well said: I'll examine no more against it.
And good Lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

Cassio. I have well approved it, Sir. I drunk?

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at a time thus. I tell you what you shall do: Our General's Wife, is now the General. I may say so, in this respect, for that he hath denoived, and given up his livery to the Contemplation, mark'd and deumeament of her parts and Graces. Confess your false freely to her. Importune her help to put you in your place again. She is of to free, to kindle, to apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds at a vice in her goodnature, to do more than she is required, This broken joynt between you, and her husband, entreat her to splinter. And my Fortunes against any lay worth naming, this cracker of your love, shall grow foment, then it was before.

Cassio. You adjure me well.

Iago. I protest in the sincerity of Loue, and honest kindness.

Cassio. I think it freely; and betimes in the morning, I will beseech the various Desdemona to undertake for me: I am desirous of my Fortunes if they check me.

Iago. You are in the right; good night Lieutenant, I must to the Watch.

Cassio. Good night, honest Iago.

Enter Cassio.
will bee, I shall have so much experience for my pains: And so, with no money at all, and little more Wit, return again to Venice.

Lago. How poor are they that have not Patience? What wound did euer heal but by degrees? Thou knowst well I work by Wit, and not by Witchcraft And Wit depends on dilatory time.

Don't go not well? Caffio hath beaten thee, And thou by that false hurt hast eather'd Caffio: Though other things grow faire against the Sun, Yet Fruits that blossome first, will first be ripe: Content thy self, a while. Intermittis' Morning.


Two things are to do:

My Wife must move for Caffio to her Mistis: I'll let her on my selfe, a while, to draw the Moor apart, And bring him unprune, when he may Caffio finde Solenting his wife?: that's the way:

Dull not Decease, by coldnesse, and delay. Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Caffio, Musicians, and Clowns.

Caffio, Masters, play here, I will content your paines, Something that's briefes: and bid goodmorow General.

Clown. Why Masters, have your Instrument bins in Naples, that they speake rich? Note thus?

Mast. How sir? how?

Clown. Are the? I pray you, winde Instruments?

Mast. I marry are they sir.

Clown. Oh,thereby hangs a tale.

Mast. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clown. Marry sir, by many a winde Instrument that I know. But Masters, here's money for your Musick, that he delires you for loues false to make no more noise with it.

Mast. We'll sir, we will not.

Clown. If you have any Musicke that may not be heard, tooe againe. But (as they say) to hear Musicke, the General doth not generally care.

Mast. We have none fach, sir.

Clown. Then put vp your Pipes in your bagge, for he away: Go'vaman into sayer, away. Exit Mus. Caffio. Doth thou heare me, mine honest Friend?

Clown. No, I hear not your honest Friend:

I heare you.

Caffio. Prithee keepe vp thy Quillets, that's a poore piece of Gold for thee: is the gentlewoman that attends the General be flattering, tell her, there's one Caffio enter-treats her a little favoure of Speech. What thou doest this?

Clown. She is flattering sir; she will flatter bither, I shall seeme to notice unto her. Exit Clown.

Enter Iago.

In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not bin a bed then?

Caffio. Why no: the day had broke before we parted, I have made bold (Iago) to send in to your wife:

My iddle to her is, that she will to vertuous Desdemona

Procure me some accesse. Inago. He send her to you presently: And Ile devise a meane to draw the Moor Out of the way, that your consuetude and business May be more free.

Caffio. I humbly thank you for's. I never knew A Florentine more kind, and honest.

Enter Emilia.

Emilia. Good morrow (good Lieutenant) I am forrie For your displeasure: but all will fare be well.

The General and his wife are talking of it, And she speakes for you fluent. The Moore replies, That he you hurt is of great Fame in Cyprus, And great Affinities: and that in wholsome Wisdoms He might not but refuse you: But he protests he loves you And needs no other Suitor, but his likenings. To bring you in againe, Caffio. Yet I beleech you,

If you think fit, or that it may be done,

Give me advantage of some briefe Discourse With,Desdemona alone.

Iago. Pray you come in:

I will beflow you where you shall haue time,

To speake your business freely.

Caffio. I am much bound to you.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Othello. These Letters give (Iago) to the Pylot,

And by him do my duties to the Senate:

That done, I will be walking on the Workes,

Repire there to meet,

Iago. Well, my good Lord, Ile doo's.

Othello. This Fortification (Gentlemen) shall we fe't?

General. We'll write upon your Lordship.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Desdemona, Caffio, and Emilia.

Desdemona. Be thou affraid (good Caffio) I will do All my abilities in thy behalfe.

Emilia. Good Madam do:

I warrant it greene, my Husband, As it the caufe were his.

Desdemona. Oh that's an honest Fellow, Do not doubt Caffio

But I will haue my Lord, and you againe

As friended as you were,

Caffio. Bounteous Madam,

What ever shall become of Michael Caffio, He's neuer any thing but your true Servant.

Desdemona. I know't: I thank you: you do love my Lord: You have knowne him long, and you well affraid

He shall in strangefome land no farther off, Then in a politique distance.

Caffio. I, but Lady, That policie may either last for long, Or fred upon such nice and waterish diet,

Or breede it skife to out of Circumstances,

That I being absent, and my place supply'd,

My General will forget my Louse, and Service.

Desdemona. Do not doubt it before Emilia here.
"Tis as I should entreat you were your Ghoses,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or kepe you wame,
Or fuc to you, to do a peculiar profit
To your owne perfon. Nay, when I have a suite
Wherein I meane to touch your Loue indeed,
it shall be full of pozer, and dificult weight,
And leave it to be granted.
Oth. I will deny thee nothing.
Whereon, I do bedef thee, grant me this,
To fucue me bit a little to my fale.
Oth. Farewell my Defdemone, lie come to thee atit.
Def. Aemilia come; be as you fancies teach you:
What ere you be, I am obedient.
Evit. Oth. Excellent3 writh. Perdition catch my Soule
But I do love thee there and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come againe,
Iagos. My Noble Lord,
Oth. What doth thou fay, Iago?
Iago. Did Michael Caffio
When the woode my Lady, know of your loue?
Oth. He did, from frict to latt:
Why doft thou ask?
Iago. But for a satisfaction of my Thoughts,
No further harne,
Oth. Why of thy thoughts, Iago?
Iago. I did not thinke he had but acquainted with his.
Oth. Oyes, and went betweene vs very oft.
Iago. Indeed?
Oth. Indeed indeed. Discomfort thou ought in that?
Is he not honest?
Iago. Honest, my Lord?
Iago. My Lord, for ought I know.
Oth. What doft thou think?
Iago. Thinke, my Lord?
Oth. Think, my Lord? Alas, thou excit'st me;
Art there were but one Manfer in thy thought.
Too hideous to be fiewne. Thou doft mean something I heard thee fay even now, thou likeft it not, that
When Caffio left my wife, What didit not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my Counfaile,
Of any whole courfe of wooing; thou criedst, Indeede.
And didst not contrive, and purie thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst it that up mery Braine.
Some horrible Conceite. If thou doft love me,
Shew me thy thought.
Iag. My Lord, you know I love you.
Oth. I thinke thou doft?
And for I know thou art full of Loue, and Honelfe,
And weight it thy words before thou gult it them breath,
Therefore thele flrops of Loue, fright me the more:
For fuch things in a fale didst all Kroue.
Are tricke of Cuffone: But in a man that's iufi,
They are cleaf dilations, working from the heart,
That Pafion cannot rule.
Iago. For Michael Caffio,
I dare be knowne, I thinke that he is honest.
Oth. I thinke to too.
Iagos. Men should be what they feeme,
Or those that be not, would they might feeme none.
Oth. Certaine, men should be what they feeme.
Iago. Why then I thinke Caffios an honest man.
Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this?
Ipraythee fpeak to me, as to thy thinking,
As thou doft ruminate, and give thy worst of thoughts
The

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I. I am glad of this: For now I shall have reason To show thou Louise and Duty that I bear you With franklin spirit. Therefore (as I am bound) Receive it from me. I speake not yet of profit : Looke to thy wife, obserue her well with Caisie, Weare her eyes, thus: not Jealous, nor Secure: I would not have your free, and Noble Nature, Out of false Bounty, be absu'd: Looke too's: I know our Country dispositions well: In Venice, they doe: Heaven see the pranks They dare not shew their Husbands. Their best Conference, Is not to leave't vodone, but kept vnknowne. Oth. Doth thou say so? Iago. She did deceu's her Father, marrying you, And when the seem'd to shewe, and feare your lookers, She loud them most. Oth. And so she did. Iago. Why go too then? Shee that so young could give out such a Seeming To feele her fathers eyes vp, close as Oakes, He thought she was Witchcraft. But I am much too blame: I hustily do have the hope of your pardon For too much louing you. Oth. I am bound to thee forever. Iago. I fee this hath a little daft'd your Spirit. Oth. Not a jot, not a jot. Iago. Trust me, I feare it has: I hope you will consider what is spoke Comes from your Loue, But I do set y'are more would: I am to pray you, not to firaine my speech To groffer issues, nor to larger reach, Then to Sufpicion. Oth. I will not. I go. Should you do so (my Lord) My speeche should fall into such wids fruitesse, We thought you must not. C's for any worthy Friend: Mr. Lord. I fee you're min'd. Oth. No, not much mind'd: I do not thinke but Deception's honest. Iago. Loug her this so, And long hooe you to thinke so. Iago. And yet this Nature string from it selfe. Iago. I, there's the point: As (to be build w'th you) Not to affect many proposed Matches Of her owne close, Complexion, and Degree, Whereo we see in all things, Nature tendes: Foh, one may sinel in such, a will most tande, Foule diuisions, Thoughts vnnatural, But (pardone me) I do not in polition Diffludely speak of her, though I may feare Her will, recyling to her better judgement, May fall to match you with her Country formes, And happily repent. Oth. Farewell, farewell: If more thou dost perceu, let me know more: See thy wed's to obstiue. I leave me Iago. Iago. My Lord, I take my leave. Oriel. Why did I marry? This honset Creature (doubtlesse) Sees, and knows more, much more then he vnoels.
the Moor of Venice.

Iago. My Lord, I would I might interest your Honor To teach this thing no farther: Leave it to time, Although'tis past that Coffin haue his Place; For he doe fill it up with great Ability: Yet if you please, to him off a while: You shall by that perceive him, and his means: Not of your Lady Traine his Entertainment With any strong, or vehement importunity. Much will be scene in that: I mean the time, Let me be thought too busie in my fears, (As warym, so I have to fear am) And hold her free, I do beseech your Honor. 

Oth. Fear not my government. 

Iago. I once more take my leave. 

Oth. This Fellow's of exceeding honesty, And knows all Quantities with a just Spirit Of humane dealing. If I do prate her Haggard, Though her effects were my dear brute-hearts, I'd whistle her off, and let her downe the wind To play at Fortune. Haply, for I am blanke, And have not those infallible parts of Conversation That Chambers has: O for I am declin'd Into the vale of yeares (yet that's not much) She's gone. I am abs't, and my releafe Must be to loath her. Oh Curse of Marriage! That we can call these delicate Creatures ours, And not their Appetites? I had rather be a Toad, And live upon the vapour of a Dungeon, Then keep a corner in the thing I love. For others' sakes. Yet 'tis the plague to Great-ones, Prerogat'v'd at they leffe then the Baie, 'Tis deh'v'da vanishable, like death: Euen then, this jark'd, plague is saved to vs, When we do quicke. Looke where the corners: 

Enter Desdemona and Emilia. 

Iago. If she be false, Heauen mock't it false: He not beleue't. 

Def. How now, my deere Othello? 

Your dinner, and the generous Officers 

By you imputed, do extend your presence. 

Oth. I am too blame. 

Def. Why do you speake so faintly? 

Are you not well? 

Oth. I haue a paine upon my Forehead, here. 

Def. Why that's with watching, 'twill away again. 

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour 

It will be well. 

Oth. Your Napkin is too little: 

Let it alone: Come, lie go in with you. 

Exit. 

Def. I am very sorry that you are not well. 

Emil. I am glad I haue this Napkin: This was her first remembrance from the Moor, My wayward Husband hath a hundred times Wood'd me to steale it. But shee los't the Token, (For he com'd her, shee should ever keep it) That she keeps evermore about her, To kife, and talk too. Haue the worke done out, And then what he will doe with it, 

Enter Emilia, not I. 

I see nothing, but to please his Fanf'rie. 

Enter Iago. 

Iago. How now? What do you hear alone? 

Emil. Do not you chide: I have a thing for you. 

Iago. You have a thing for me? 

It is a common thing. 

Emil. I ha'. 

Iago. To have a foolish wife. 

Emil. Oh, is it so? what will you give me now 

For that same Handskerchief. 

Iago. What Handskerchief? 

Emil. What Handskerchief? 

Why that the Moor first gave to Desdemona, That which so often you did bid me feale. 

Iago. Half floing it from her? 

Emil. No, but the let it drop by negligence, And to th'advantage, I being heere, took't vp: 

Looke, heere 'tis. 

Iago. A good wench, give it me. 

Emil. What will you do with't, that you have bene so earnest to have me drie it? 

Iago. Why, what is that to you? 

Emil. If it be not for some purpose of import, 

Guit me a taste. Poor Lady, shee'll run mad When the shall lack it. 

Iago. Be not so downe on't: I have vie for it. Go, leave me. 

Exit. 

Iago. I will in Coffin's Lodging loue this Napkin, And let him finde it. Triflers light as ayre, Are to the liealous, confimations strong, As proffers of holy Writ. This may do something. The Moor already changes with my payson; Dangerous conferences, are in their Natures payson, Which at the first are feake found to disfate: But with a little arte upon the blood, Burne like the Mines of Sibipurpose, I did pay so. 

Enter Othello. 

Look who he comes: Not Poppy, nor Mandragora, Not all the bride head Syrrops of the world Shall ever medicine the to that sweete sleepe Which shee own'd yet yesterday. 

Oh, ha, ha, false to mee? 

Iago. Why how now General? No more of that. 

Emil. Auant, be gone: Thou haue lett me on the Racke: 

I swear 'tis better to be much abs'd. 

Then but to know a little. 

Iago. How now, my Lord? 

Oh. What feares haue you, in these lone hours of Luft? I faw not, thought not: it haue not me: 

I flet the next night well, fed well, was free, and merry, 

I found not Coffin's kiffes on her Lippes: 

He that is robb'd, not wanting what is unloane, 

Let him not know't, and he not robb'd at all. 

Iago. I am forry to hear this; 

Oh. I ha use happy, if the general Campe, 

Pyrones and all, had tailest her sweet Body; 

So I had nothing knowne. Oh now, for ever 

Farewel the Tranquill mind; farewell Content; 

Farewel the plumed Troopes, and the bigge Warres, 

That makes Ambition, Vertue! Oh farewell, 

Farewel the neigheb Nees, and the thrill Trumpe, 

The Spirit-thirruning Drum, th'Ear-piercing Fife, 

The Ravell Banner, and all Qualitie. 

Pride, Pompe, and Circumstance of glorious Warre: 

And O you mortal Engines, whole rude thowses 

Th'immortal honesty dread Clamours, counterfeit, 

Farewel: Othello's Occupation's gone, 

Iago. Is't possible my Lord? 

Oh. Villaine, be sure thou proue my Looke Whore; 

Be sure of it: Give me the Oculturproofs, 

Or
As if he plucks up knives by the roots,
That grew upon my lippes, laid his Leg on my Thigh,
And ligh, and kife, and then cry surd Farce,
That guide thee to the Moore.

Oh, O monstros! monstros!

Oth. Nay, this was but his Dreame.

Oh. But this denoted a fore-gone conclusion,
Tis a threwd doubt, though it be but a Dreame,
Oth. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oh. He teare her all to pceces.

Oth. Nay yet be wife; yet we see nothing done,
She may be honest yet: Tell me but this,
Have you not sometimes seene a Handkerchiefe
Spotted with Strawberries, in your wifes hand?
Oh. I gave her such a one: 'twas my first gift.
Oth. I know not that: but such a Handkerchiefe
(I am sure it was your wifes) did I to day
See Caffo wipe his Beard with.

Oh. If it be that,

Oth. If it be that, or any, it was hers.

It speakes against her with the other proofs.

Othel. O that the Slave had forty thousand liues:
One too pone, too weak for my revenge.
Now do I see tis true. Looke here Otho.
All my lond lone thus do I blow to Heauen. 'Tis gone.
Arise blacke vengeance, from the hOLLOW Hell,
Yield vp (O Loue) thy Crowne, and heerst Throne
To tyrannous Hate. Swell boosome with thy fraught,
For its of Apfitckes tongues.

Oth. Yet be content.

Oh. Oh blood, blood, blood.

Oth. Patience I say: your minde may change.

Oth. Neuer Otho. Like to the Ponticke Sea,
Whole Ite Current, and compelline courfe,
Neit keeps tettering eble, but keeps due on
To the Proponticke, and the Hellepont:
Even to my bloody thoughts, with violent pace
Shall you take backe, noes the humble Loue
Till that a capable, and wide Reuenge
Swallow them vp.
Now by yond Marble Heauen
In the due reverence of a Sacred vow,
I here engage my words.

Oth. Do not rife yet:

Winnifte you ever-burning Lights above,
Your Elements, that clip vp round about,
Winnifte that heere I say doth give vp
The execution of his will, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Otho's Service. Let him command,
And to obey shall be inremore,
What bloody buiftkee ever.

Oh. I greet thy loue,
Not with vane thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the infant puthe too't.
Within these three days let me heare thee say,
That Caffo's not Stoore.

Oth. My Friend is dead:
'Tis done at your Reqveilt.
But let her live.

Oth. Damn her lend Me:
Damn her, damn her, damn her.

Come goe with me a part, I will withdraw
To furnish me with some swift means of death.
For the faire Duell.
Now art thou my Lieutenant.

Oth. I am your owne for ever.
Scena Quarta.

Enter Desdemona, Æmilia, and Clown.

Desd. Do you know Sirrah, where Lieutenant Cassio lies?

Clown. I dare not say he lies any where.

Desd. Why man?

Clown. He's a Soldier, and for me to say a Souldier lies, 'tis hubbing.

Desd. Go too: where lodges he?

Clown. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I ly.

Desd. Can anything be made of this?

Clown. I know not where he lodges, and for me to devise a lodging, and say he lies here, or he lies there, were only in mine own thought.

Desd. Can you ensure him out? and be edited by report?

Clown. I will Catechize the world for him, that is, make Questions, and by them answer.

Desd. Seek him, bid him come hither; tell him, I have more thy Lord on his behalf, and hope all will be well.

Clown. To do this, is within the compass of mans Wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing it. Exit (s).

Desd. Where should I loose the Handkerchief, Æmilia?

Æm. I know not Madam.

Desd. Bide me, I had rather have lost my purse

Full of Curiosities. And but my Noble Moore

Is true of mine, and made of such baseness,

As jealous Creatures are; it is enough

To put him to ill-thinking.

Æm. Is he not jealous?

Desd. Who, he? I think he the Sun where he was borne,

Drav all such hunters from him.

Æm. Looke where he comes. Enter Othello.

Desd. I will not leave him now, till Cassio be

Call'd to him. How is't with you, my Lord?

Oth. Well my good Lady. Oh hardship to dissemble!

How do you, Desdemona?

Desd. Well, my good Lord, Oth. Give me your hand.

This hand is moist my Lady,

Desd. It hath felt no age, nor knowne no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fulness and liberal heart: Hot, hot, and mewet. This hand of yours requires A sequester from Liberty: Fasting, and Prayer,

Muck Caution, Excess of studious,

For here's a yong, and swearing Duelli here;

That commonly rebels: 'Tis a good hand,

A franke one.

Desd. You may (indeed) say so;

For 'twas that hand that gav' me heart.

Oth. A liberal hand. The cants of old-gaunt hands:

But our new Heraldry is bands, not hearts.

Desd. I cannot speak of this.

Come, now your promise.

Oth. What promise, Chuckle?

Desd. I haue sent to bid Cassio come speake with you.

Oth. I have a fair and sorry Rhewme offends me:

Lend me thy Handkerchief.
Def. How now (good Caffio) what's the newes with you?

Caffio. Madam, my former suite, I do berecefe you, That by your vertuous meanes, I may againe
Exit, and be a member of your hourse,
Whom I, with all the Office of my heart
Intirely honour, I woul not be delaying
If my effence, he of fuch most kindle,
That nor my Service past, nor present Sorrowes,
Nor purpos'd meint in futurity,
Can roante me into his houre againe,
But to know fo, must be my benefite:
So fhall I cloathing in a torce content,
And shut my felfe vp in some other course
To Fortunes Almez.

Def. Alas (thrice-gente Caffio)
My Aduocation is not now in Tone;
My Lord, is not my Lord; nor should 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 life,
And may it not within the blanke of his displeasure
For my free speech. You muft whilte be patient:
What I can do, I will; and more I will
Then for my felfe, I dare. Let that be fince you.

Iago. Is my Lord angry?

Caffio. He went hence but now:
And certainly in strange vnquiets.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have learne the Cannon
When it hath blowne his Ranks into the Ayre,
And like the Duell from his very Arme
Puff'd his owne Brother: And is he angry?
Something of moment then: I will go meet him,
There's matter inti'nded, iffe be angry.

Def. I prysythe do fo. Something of care of State,
Either from Venice, or some what's call'd profite
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus, to him,
Hath purchas'd his other Spirit: and in such cases,
Men: Naturae are angle with inferiour things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even fo.
For let our finger ske, and it endues
Our other healthfull members, even to a fene.
Of paine. Nay, we must think men are not Gods,
Not of them selves: for such obedience
As for the Bridail. Benthrow me much,
Amilias, I was (vnderhande Warrior, as I am).
An auing his vnkindnesse with my foute:
But now I finde, I had fuborn'd the Wifnfee,
And he's Indited fall ery.

Amilas. Pray heauen it bee
State matters, as you thinke, and no Concepcion,
Nor no Jealous Toy, concerning you.
Def. Alas the day, I never gave him cause.

Amilas. But Jealous soules will not be anwer'd fo;
They are not ever jealous for the caufe,
But jealous, for they're Jealous, it's a Monfter
Beprer upon it, bere me on it felle.

Def. Heaven keeps the Monfter from Othello's mind.

Amilas. Lady, Amen.

Iago. I will go see him. Caffio, walke here about:
If I the finne him fit, I muft move your fute,
And teake to effect it to my vtiternost.

Caffio. I humbly thank you Ladyship.

Enter Iago. Exeunt. "Sacrific" (Friend Caffio.)

The Tragedie of Othello

Coffio. What make you from home?
How is't with you, my moft faire Bianca?
Indeed (sweet Loue) I was comming to your loue.

Iago. And I was going to your Lodging, Caffio.

What keepes a weeke away? Seven daies, and Nights?
Eight horse eight hours? And Lones absent howres
More tedious then the Diall, eight fcore times?
Oh weasy reek'ning.

Coffio. Vardon me Bianca:
I have this while with leaden thoughts brende preft,
But I shall in a more continuance
Strike off this fcorce of abience, Sweet Bianca.

Take me this worke out.

Bianca. Oh Caffio, whence came this?
This is some Token from a newer Friend,
To the felft-Abience; now I feel a Caufe:
It's come to this? Well, well.

Coffio. Go too, woman:

Throw your vile gellies in the Diuels teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now,
That this is from some Miftis, some remembrance;
No good tryste Bianca.

Iago. Why, who's it?

Coffio. 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 have it copp'd:
Take it, and don't, and trauce me for this time.

Iago. Leave you not Wherefore?

Coffio. I do attend heere on the Generalr,
And thinke it no addition, nor my wish
To have him fee me woman'd.

Iago. Why, I pray you?

Coffio. Not that I loue you not.

Iago. But that you do not loue me.

Iago. Do you bring me on the way a little;
And fry, if I shall fee you faunee at night?

Coffio. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend heere: But I fee you faunee.

Iago. 'Tis very good: I must be circumftance'd.

Enter Othello, and Iago.

Iago. Will you thinke to?

Oth. Thanks to, Iago?

Iago. What, an hife private?

Oth. An what shall I do?

Iago. Or to be naked with her Friend in bed,
And loue, or mors, not meaning your harme?

Oth. Naked in bed (Iago) and not meaning harme?
It is hypocrisie against the Diuell:
They that meane veruously, and yet do fo.
The Diuell their veruene temptes, and they tempt Heauen,
Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a venal slip:
But if I give my wife a Handsketch.

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why then 'tis hers (my Lord) and being hers,
She may (I thinke) be-low't on any man.

Oth. She is Proceedre of her house too:

May the glue that?

Iago.
1. Enter Othello. His honor is an essence that's not scene,

They have it very off, that have it not.

But for the Handkerchief.

Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it:

Thou saidst (oh, it comes on my memory,

As doth the Raven o'er the infected house,

Bawling to all) she had my Handkerchief.

Iago. What of that?

Oth. That's as good now.

Iago. What if I had said? had she done you wrong?

Or, heard him say (as Knowes be such abroad,

Whoaung by their own inopportune fault,

Or voluntary dosage of some Miftris,

Convinced or supply'd them cannot chuse

But must mobk.)

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath (my Lord) but be you well salfin,

No more then he's vnweigh.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. Why, that he did: I know not what he did.

Oth. What? What?

Iago. Lord, Iago.

Oth. With her?


Oth. I ye with her? lye on her? We say lye on her,

When they be lye-her. Lye with her: that's fullsome:

Handkerchief's Confessions: Handkerchief. To conset

And be hang'd. For his labour. First, to be hang'd,

And then to confess: I tremble at nature. Would not

heave her selfe in such shadowing passion, without some

Instruct. It is not words that flakles me thus, (pith)

Notes, Eares, and Lippes: it's possible. Confesse that

Handkerchief: O durst. Fall in a Trance.

Iago. Wotke on,

My Medecine workes. Thus credulous Foole is caught,

And many worthy, and chaff Dames euen thus.

(All guiltie)mete reproach: what hoa? My Lord?

My Lord, I say: Orbello.

Enter Caffio.

How now Caffio?

Caff. What's the matter?

Iago. My Lord is taken into an Epiftopie,

This his second Fit: he had one yesterday.

Oth. Rub him about the Temples.

Iago. The Exhagere must hate his quiet course:

If not, he foames at mouth: and by and by

Breakes out of fagace madnife. Look, he flutters,

Do, you would have your felde a little while,

He will recover freights: when he is gone,

I would on great occasion, speak with you.

How is it General? Have you not houre your head?

Oth. Dint thou mocke me?

Iago. I mocke you not, by Heaven.

Would you would bear your fortune like a Man.

Oth. A Horrid man's a Monfter, and a Beaf.

Iago. That's man a Beaf then in a populous Citty,

And many a sinnil Monifter.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good Sir, be a man:

Think evey bearded fellow that's but poak'd

May draw with you. There's Millions now alive,

That nightly lye in theirt's wronproper beds,

Which they dare fwearce peculiar. Your cafe is better.

Oh, 'tis the fpghts of hell, the Fiends Arch-mock,

To lop a wanton in a secure Couch;

And to suppole her caft. No, let me know,

And knowing what I am, I know what the fialbe.

Oth. Oh, thou art wife: 'tis certaine.

Iago. Stand you a white apart,

Confine your felfe but in a patient Lif,

While? if you were heere, o're-whelmed with your grief.

A paifion most refulting fuch a man

Caffio came hither. I lifted him away,

And layd good futes upon your Extacie,

But him anon returne: and heere fpeak with me.

The which he promis'd. Do but encaue your felfe,

And make the Fleets, the Gybes, 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 againe to cope your wife.

I fay, but make his efufere: marry Patience,

Or I shall fay we're all in all in Spretice,

And nothing of a man.

Oth. Do't it, Iago.

Iago. I will be found moft cunning in my Patience:

But (doft thou heare) moft bloody.

Iago. That's not smile,

But yet keepe time in all: will you withdraw?

Now will I question Caffio of Biaua,

A Hufwife that by felling her defires

Buys her felle bred, and Cloath. It is a Creature

That dores on Caffio, (as 'tis the Stumpes plague

To be-gue many, and be be-gueld by one)

He, when he heares of her, cannot refrain

From the excede of Laughere. Heere he comes.

Enter Caffio.

As he shall smile, Orbello shall go mad:

And his vnbook'd leoloue muft confufe

Poore Caffio's finer, geftures, and light behaviours

Quite in the wrong. How do you Lieutenant?

Caff. The worlde, that you give me the addition,

Who e'entuem kills me.

Iago. Play Different well, and you are fure on't.

Now, if this Suiit lay in Biaua/ dover,

How quickly should you speed?

Caff. Alas poore Caffio.

Oth. Look he how he laughe already.

Iago. I never knew woman loue man fo.

Caff. Alas poore Rogue, I thinkinde the loues me.

Oth. Now he denies it fairly: and laughes it out.

Iago. Do you affur?

Oth. Now he importunes him

To tell it, e're he goe too, well fai'd, well fai'd.

Iago. She gites it out, that you shall marry her.

Do you intend it?

Caff. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Do ye triumph, Romaine? do you triumph?

Caff. I marry. What? A coftome sprythee bead,

Some Chaste to my wit, do not think it

So unwholeome. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. So, so, so, so they laugh, that winnes.

Iago. Why the cry goes, that you marry her.

Caff. Sprythee fay true.

Iago. I am a very Villaine elfe.

Oth. Have you cnro'd me? Well, Well.

Caff. This is the Monkeys owne giving out:

Sheis perfwaded I will marry her

Out of her owne loue & flaucery,not out of my prouife.

Oth.
The Tragedie of Othello

Oth. If you are to fond over her iniqiiity: give her patent to offend, for if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chelp her into Meffes: Cuckold me?

Oth. Oh, 'tis foule in her.

Oth. With mine Officers?

Oth. That's foule.

Oth. Get me some poiyon, Iago, this night. He not expostulate with her: shew her body and beaute improve my mind against this night Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poiyon, fling her in her bed. Even the bed fiue hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good.

The lattice of it pleases: very good.

Iago. And, Caflio, let me be your understayer: You shall hear more by midnights.

Enter Lodowiec, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Oth. Excellent good: When I trump't: is that fame?

Iago, I warrant something from Venice, This Lodowiec come, comes from the Duke.

Ser. Our wife's with him.


Oth. With all my heart Sir.

Lod. The Duke, and the Senators of Venice greet you.

Iago. I kill the Instrument of their pleasures.

Des. And what's the news, good cozen Lodowiec?

Iago. I am very glad to let you Signor:

We come to you.

Lod. I thank you: how do's Lieutenant Caflio?

Iago. Lieue Sir.

Def. Cozen, there's faire betweene him, & my Lord,

An vankind breach: but you shall make all well.

O be. Are you turk or turkne?

Def. My Lord.

Oth. This rule you not to do, as you will —

Lod. He did not call, he's but in the paper,

Is there occasion too, my Lord, and Caflio?

Def. A molt unhappy one: I would do much

Tattone them for the hon. I lease to Caflio.

Oth. Fear, and brattertelle.

Iago. My Lord?

Des. Are you so trie?

Def. What is he angry? 

Lod. May be the letter mou'd him.

For as I thinke, they do command him home,

Deputing Caflio in his Gouernement.

Def. I trust me, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed?

Oth. My Lord?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Def. Why sweete Othello?

Oth. Driett.

Def. I have not deferd this.

Oth. My Lord, this would not be beleeued in Venice,

Though I should swears I sawt. Th he very much,

Make her amends: she weeter.

Oth. Oh, shew it me, dwell:

If that the Earth could teeme with woman tears,

Each drop the falls, would prove a Crocodile:

Out of my sight.

Def. I will not stay to offend you.

Lod. I timely obedient Lady:

I do beteach your Lordship call her backe.
Enter Orbella and Amelita.

Orbe. You have seen nothing then?
Amelit. No, I did not hear nothin, nether did falspe.
Orbe. Yet, you have seen a lady and a onether.
Amelit. But then in I saw no joyce: and then I heared, Ech, fylable that breath made up between them.
Orbe. What? Did they never whisper?
Amelit. Neuer my Lord.
Orbe. Nor send you one oth'way?
Amelit. Neuer.
Orbe. To fetch her Fan, her Gloves, her Mask no no?
Amelit. Neuer my Lord. (thing?)
Orbe. That's strange.
Amelit. My Lord) do yow, she is honest.
Lay downe my Soule at frak: if you think other, Remove your thought. It doth abuse your bosome.
If any wretch have put this in your head, Let Heauen requite it with the Serpents turese.

For it the be not honeff, chaff, and true,
There's no man happy. The pureft of their Wives
Is foole as Slander.
Orbe. Bid he come hither: go. 
Exit Amelita.
She takes enough: yet she's a pimple Bauld
That cannot say as much. This is a fabulous Whore:
A Cloffe Lock and Key of Villanous Secrets,
And yet the le kneele, and pray: I have seen her do't.

Exit Dafnius and Amelita.

Orbe. My Lord, what is your will?
Orbe. Pray you Chucks come hither.
Def. What is your pleasure?
Orbe. Let me fee your eyes looke in my face.
Def. What horrible Faeitie's this?
Orbe. Some of your Function Miltris:
Leave Proceranes alone, and thu the doores:
Cough or cry benv, if any bold come:
Your Mystery, your Mystery: May dispatch, Exit Amelita.
Def. Upon my kneel, what doth your speech import?
I understand a Fury in your words.
Def. Why? What art thou?
Def. Your wife my Lord: your true and loyall wife.
Orbe. Come fware it: by thy life, faft,
being like one of these, the dullis themselfs should
fear to ceaze there. Therefore be doubly damnd's: fware
thou art hoff.
Def. Heauen doth truely know it.
Orbe, Heauen truely knowes, that thou art safe, as hel.
Def. To whom my Lord?
With whom? How am I safe?
Orbe. Ah Desfamay, away, away, away.
Def. Alas the heavy day: why do you wepe?
Am I the motive of these tears my Lord?
It happily you my Father do fware,
An Instrument of this your calling backe,
Lay not your blame on me: if you have left him,
I have left him too.
Orbe. Had pleasa'd Heauen,
To try me with Affiction, bad they rain'd
All kind of Sore, and Shames on my bare-head:
Stee'd me in pouertie to the very eppes.
Guin to Captuittie, me, and my vметt hopes,
I shold have found in some place of my Soule
A drop of patience. But also, to make me
The fixed Figure for the time of Scoone,
To point his bow, and moving finger as.
Yet could I beare that too well, very well:
But there where I have garned vp my heart,
Where either I must be, or beare to liffe,
The Fontaine from the which my current runnes,
Or else dries vp: to be dicsarded thence,
Or keepe it as a Cettene, for soule Tended
To knot and gender in. Turne thy complusion there:
Patience, thou young, and Reife-dip'd Cherubin,
I heere looke grims as hell.
Def. I hope my Noble Lord effectes me honest.
Orbe. Oh Las Sommer Fyes are in the Snumbles,
That quicken even with blowing, Oh thou wead:
Who art so lonely faire, and smell it so fweete,
That the Sowne akes at tise,
Would thou had it neuer bin borne.
Def. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?
Orbe. Was this faire Paper? This most goodly Booke
Made to write Whore vpone? What committed,
The Tragedie of Othello

Commit ? Oh, thou publicke Commoner, I should make very Forges of my chekkes, That would to Cymbals burne vp Modefle, Did I but speake thy deedes. What committed ?

Heauen floppes the Nofe at it, and the Moone winkes : The bady winde that kiffes us all metes, Is huff'd within the hollow Myne of Earth And will not heat'. What committed ?

Def. By Heauen you do me wrong. Oth. Are not you a Strumpet? Def. No, as I am a Carfian.

If you prefere this vefell for my Lord, From any other foule volantfull touch Be not to be a Strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a Whore? Def. No, as I shall be faid. Oth. Its poftible ?

Def. Oh Heauen forgive vs. Oth. I cry you mercy then.

I tooke you for that cunning Whore of Venice, That married with Othello. You Mafris, Enter Emilia.

That hauie the office oppofite to Saint Peter, And keeps the gate of hell. You, you : I you. We hauie done out of your father's money for your paines: If you turne the key, and keepe our countaie, Exit. Emilia. As I do this Gentleman conceiue ?

How do you Madam ? how do you my good Lady? Def. Faith, half a fleepe.

Emilies. Good Madam, What's the matter with my Lord ?

Def. With who ?

Emilies. Why with my Lord Madam ?

Def. Who is thy Lord ?

Emilies. He that is yours, sweet Lady. Def. I haue none : do not talke to me Emilies, I cannot wepe nor anfweres haue I none, But what should go by water. Prythee to night, Lay on my beddy wedding ftreets,remember, And call thy husband hither.

Emilies. Here's a change indeed. Exit. Def. Tis meete I should be vs'd fo : very meete. How haue I bin behau'd, that he might flake The smallft opinion on my leafe kniue vie ?

Enter Iago, and Emilia. Iago. What is your pleasure Madam ? How do you ?

Def. I cannot tell: thofe that do teach yong Babes Do it with gentle means, and eafe tasks. He might have chid me fo : for in good faith I am a Child to chiding.

Iago. What is the matter Lady ?

Emilies. Alas (Iago) my Lord hath to be who'd her, Thrownfuch diuipagh, and heavy teares upon her That true heart cannot bare it.

Def. Am I that name Iago ?

Iago. What name (fair Lady) ?

Def. Such as the fayd my Lord did fay I was.

Emilies. He call'd her whose a Beggar in his drinke : Could not haue laid fuch teares upon his falier.

Iago. Why did he fo ?

Def. I do not know : I am sure I am none fuch.

Iago. Do not wepe, do not wepe: alas the day.

Emilies. Hath the forfooke fo many Noble Matches? Her Father? And her Country? And her Friends ?

To be call'd Whore? Would it not make one wepe ?

Def. It is my wretched Fortune. Iago. Befrew him not:

How comes this Trickle upon him?

Def. Nay, Heauen doth know.

AEMILIES. I will be hang'd, if some eremium Villaine, Some base and infinuation Rogue, Some cogging, coozening Slave, to get some Office, 

Hauie not deus'd this Slander : I will be hang'd Steele. Iago. Pie, there is no fuch man: it is impoffible, Def. If any fuch there be, Heauen pardon him.

Emilies. A halter pardon him?

And hell gnaw his bones.

Why should he call her Whore ?

Who keepes her companie ?

What Place ? What Time ?

What Forme? What likelyhood ?

The Moore's abus'd by some moft villainous Knawe, Some base notorious Knawe, some fcamy Fellow.

Oh Heauens, that fuch companions thoud't vnfoild, And put in every honest hand a whip

To lath the Rafeails naked through the world,

Even from the East to th'Welt.

Iago. Speak within doore.

Oh to pve vp thefome fuch Squier he was That turn'd your wit to the feamy-fide without.

And made you to fufpfe我对 with other Moore.

Iago. You are a Poole : go too.

Def. Alas Iago, What fhall I do to win my Lord againe ?

Good Friend, go to him : for by this light of Heaven, I know not how I lof't him. Here I kneele : If I am wille to gainf't his Love, 

Either in difcourse of thought, or auctual deed, Or that mine Eyes, mine Eares, or any Sence 

Delighted them; or any other Forme.

Or that I do not yet, and ever did, 

And ever will,(thоugh he do shake me off 

To begerly duencouer) Looke him direly,

Comfort forthwaere me. Vnder mined may do much, 

And vnder mined may defeat my life, 

If never say my Love. I cannot say Whore, 

I do's abhorre me now : I fpeak the word, 

To do the Act, that might the addition exreme, 

Or that the worlds Maffe of Vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you be content : 'tis but his humour.

The buftifles of the State do's him offence.

Enter Rodrigo.

How now Rodrigo ?

Rod. I do not finde

That thoue fliall忉ily with me.

Iago. What in the contrarie ?

Rod. Enter Rodrigo.

Every day thou dafts me with some deuife

Iago, and rathcr, as it semes to me now, keep't from me all commencement, then fupplie me with the leaft advantage of hope: I will indeed no longer endure it. Nor am I yet perfwade'd to put vp in peace, what already I have foofily fuffered.

Iago. Will you hear me Rodrigo ?

Rod. 1
the Moor of Venice.

And hell gnaw his bones,—
Performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Roderigo. With naught but truth: I have wafted my felse out of my meane. The levell you have from me to delute Desdemona, would holle have corrupted a Vortisit. You have told me the hast receiv'd them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of sodane respect, and acquaintance, but I finde none.

Iago. Well go: very well.

Rodrigo. Very well go: I cannot go too, (man) nor tis not very well. Nay I think it is fecury: and begin to find my felle fop in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rodrigo. Tis not very well: I will make my felle knowne to Desdemona. If she will returne me my levell, I will gue over my Sitt, and repent my unlawful follynation. Hoot, affure your selfe, I will lecke satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have faith now.

Rodrigo. I: and found nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee: and euen from this instante do build on thee a better opinion then ever before: give me thy hand Rodrigo. Thou hast taken against me a most iniquit emotion: but yet I protest I have dealt most directly in thy Affaire.

Rodrigo. It hath not appeard.

Iago. I grant indeed it hath not appeard: and your sufpiration is not without wit and judgement. But Rodrigo, if thou haft that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to belewe now then ever (I meane purpose, Courage, and Valour) this night shew it, if then the next night following enow not Desdemona, take me from this world with Treacherys to TruceEngineers for my life.

Rodrigo. Well: what is it? Is it within, reason and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is effectfull Commination come from Venice to depute Coffin in Othello's place.

Rodrigo. Is that true? Why then Othello and Desdemona returne againe to Venice.

Iago. Oft nights my men goe into Mauritania and taketh away with him the faire Desdemona, vntill his abode be lingred heere by some accidents. Where in one can so determine, as the removing of Coffin.

Rodrigo. How do you mean removing him?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place, knockes on the grates of his prifon, I will be neere to second your Attempes, and the shall fall betweene vs, Come, stand not so smaad as it, but go along with me: I will shew you such a necesarie in this deauen, that you shall finde your felle bound to put it on him. It is now high fupper time: and the night groves to wait, About it.

Rodrigo. I will have further reason for this, Iago. And you shall finde satisfi'd.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Emilia, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you Sir, trouble your selfe no further.

Oth. Oh pardon me: I will doe me good to walk.

Lodovico. Madam, good night: I humbly thank you.

Lady Emilia. Def. Your Honour is most welcome.


Othello. Get you to bed on this instant, I will be return'd forthwith; deuide your Attempes there: look'd be done.

Def. I will my Lord.

Emilia. How goes it now? He lookes sorer then he did.

Def. He lives he will returne contentment, And hath commanded me to go to bed, And bid me to deuide you.

Emilia. Deuide me.

Def. It was his bidding: therefore good Emilia, Give me my nightly wearing and attire.

We must not now displease him.

Emilia. I, would you had never seen him.

Def. So would not I, my love doth appease him, That even his flhuborne eye doth check, his browes, (Prythee w-p win with true grace and fame)

Emilia. I have, laid those Sheetes you bad me on the bed.

Def. All's one good Father, how forthi are our minds?

If I do die before, pryshee throw'd me

In one of these same Sheetes.

Emilia. Come, come: you talk,

Def. My Mother had a Maid call'd Bobbrowe, She was in love: and he by loud's proud a went, And durst not heke her. She had a Song of Willschagh, An old thing'twas; but it expect'd her Fortune, And she dy'd finging it: That song to night, Will not go from my mind: I have much to do, But to go hang my head all at one fierce

And sing it like poore Bobbrowe: pryshee dispatch.

Emilia. Shall I follow your Night's govene?

Def. No, vs pin me here,

This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emilia. A very handome man.

Def. He speaks well,

Emilia. I know a Lady in Venice would have walk'd barefoot to Palethone for a touch of his neither lip.

Def. The poore wretched one being by a Scaremore tree, Sing a greene Willschagh,

Her hand on her bosome her head on her knee,

Sing Willschagh, Willschagh, Willschagh,

The freshe Streamer ran by her, and unweares her moans,

Sing'g Willschagh, etc.

Her fair times fell from her, and frendes the same,

Sing Willschagh, etc.

(ly by there)

Sing Willschagh, Willschagh, Willschagh,

If they be high thee: he come soon

Sing all a greene Willschagh must be my Garbek,

Let no body blame him, his fervor I approve.

(Nay that's not next, Ha!ke, who's that knocks?)

Emilia. It's the wind.

Def. I call dny Lone wife Lone: but what said he then?

Sing Willschagh, etc.

If I court my woman, you should touch with none men.

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The Tragedie of Othello

So get thee gone, good night; mine eyes do itch:
Dost that base bede weeping?

Amil. This nighty here, not there.

Def. I have heard it said fo, O these Men, these men!
Do it thou in confidence thinke(tell me Amilis)
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In the most grosse kindes?

Amil. There be some such, no question.

Def. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Amil. Why, would not you?

Def. No by this Heavenly light.

Amil. Nor I neither, by this Heavenly light:
I might do't as well I chuse.

Def. Wouldst thou then do such a deed for all the world?

Amil. The world's a huge thing:
It is a great price, for a small vive.

Def. Intoth thinke thou wouldst not.

Amil. Why, why, the wrong is but a wrong in't world;
And having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Def. I do not thinke there is any such woman.

Amil. Yet, a dozen; and as many to'th'piantage, as would fence the world they plaid for.

But I do thinke it is their Husbands faults
If Wives do fall (Say, that they flacke their duties,
And poure our Treasures into foraign laps;
Throwing reftaint upon vs: Or say they flrike vs,
Or scan't our former having in delight)

Why we have gaules: and though we have some Grace,
Yet hauie we some Reuenge. Let Husbands know,
Their wives have feene like them: They fee, and smell,
And haue their Palats both for sweet, and fowre,
As Husbands hauie. What is it that they do,
When they change vs for others? Is it Spottes
I thinke it is: and doth Affection breed in?
I think it doth. Is't Frauly that thus eres?
It is too. And hauie not we Affections?
Defires for Sport? and Frauly, as men hauie?
Then let them vs vs well: else let them know,
The illes we do, their illes intrud us vs.

Def. Good night, good night:
Hear me fuch, fice lond,
Not to picke bad, from bad, but by bad, mend. Exeunt

Actus Quintus.

Scene Prima.

Enter Iago and Roderigo.

Iago. Here,早点 beside this Barke,
Straight will he come:
Weare thy good Spier bare, and put it home:
Quickie, quicke, feate nothing; I be at thy Elbow,
It may be, or it mayes vs, thinke on that,
And fex moller fate thy Resolution.
And cannot make away.

Iago. Oh treacherous Villains:

What are you there? Come in, and give some help.

Roderigo. Oh help me there.

Cassio. That's one of them.

Iago. Oh mad rous'd Slave! O Villains!

Roderigo. O damn'd Iago! O infamous Doggie:

Iago. Will men be bloody Thieves?

Where be these bloody Thieves?

How silent is this Towne? Has, mother, mother.

What may you be? Are you of good, or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove vs, praise vs.

Iago. Signior Lodovico.

Lod. He Sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy: here's Cassio hurt by Villains.

Othello. Cassio?

Iago. How's his Brother?

Cassio. My Legge is cut in two.

Iago. Marry beaten for God:

Light Gentleman, Ile bin't it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter here? Who is't that cry'd?

Iago. Who is't that cry'd?

Iago. Oh my deere Cassio.

My sweet Cassio: Oh Cassio, Cassio, Cassio.

Iago. O notable Strumpet. Cassio, may you suf'pet?

Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?

Cassio. No.

Gra. I am sorry to finde you thus;

I have beene to seek you.

Iago. Lend me a Garter. So—- Oh for a Chair

To bear him easely hence.

Bian. Alas he faints. Oh Cassio, Cassio, Cassio.

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suf'pet this Truth

To be a party in this Injurie.

Patientence awhile, good Cassio. Come, come;

Lend me a Light: I know we this face, or no;

Alas my Friend, and my deere Countryman


Gra. What, of Venice?

Iago. Even he Sir: Did you know him?

Gra. Know him? I.

Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry your gentle pardon;

These bloody accidents must excuse my Manners,

That I neglected you.

Gra. I am glad so fee you.


Gra. Roderigo?

Iago. He, lie, 'tis he:

Oh that's well said, the Chaire.

Some good man bear him carefully from hence,

He fetch the General's Surgeon. For you Mr. Miftis,

Save you your labour. He that lies flame here (Cassio)

Was my deere Friend. What malice was between you?

Cassio. None in the world: nor do I know the man?

Iago. What look ye pale? Oh bear him o'th'Ayre

Stay you good Gentlemen. Look ye pale, Miftis?

Do you perceive the gauinette of her eye?

Nay, if you fear, we shall bear more anon.

But bid her well: I pray you looke upon her;

Do you see Gentlemen? Nay, guiltinesse will speake

Though tongues were out of use.

Emili. Alas, what is the matter?

What is the matter, Husband?

Iago. Cassio hath here in bet on the darke

By Roderigo, and Fellowes that are lay'd:

He's bloo'd fluid, and Rodrigo quite dead.

Emili. Alas good Gentleman: alas good Cassio.

Iago. This is the fruits of whoring. Psyche Emilia,

Go know of Cassio where he slept to night.

What, do you take at that?

Bian. He sips at my houle, but I therefore shake not.

Iago. O this he I charge you go with me.

Emili. Oh, he sips on thee Strumpet.

Bian. I am no Strumpet, but of life as honest,

As you that thus abuse me.

Emili. As it is Ee upon thee.

Iago. Kinde Gentlemen:

Let's go see poor Cassio dead.

Come Mistris, you must tell's another Tale.

Emilia, run you to the Citadell,

And tell my Lord: Pardone of all this, happ'd

Will you go on store? This is the night

That either makes me, or forsoothes me quiet.

Exeunt

Scene Secunda.

Enter Othello, and Desdemona in her bed.

Othello. 'Tis the Caifc, it is the Caifc (my Soule)

Let me not name it to you, you chaste Starres,

It is the Caifc. Yet Ie not shed her blood,

Nor fear that whiter skin of hers, then Snow,

And smooth as Monumental Alabaster:

Yet shee must dye, elle shee'll betray more men:

Put out the Light, and then put out the Light:

If I quench thee, thou flaming Minifter,

I can againe thy former light restore,

Should I repent me. But once put out thy Light,

Thou cur'ning inacting of not meeting Nature,

I know not where is that Promethea waist

That can thy Light re-Lume.

When I have pluck'd thy Rohe,

I cannot give it vital growth againe,

It needs must wither. Hee smelt thee on the Tree.

Oh Bundy breath, that doth almost pervert

Lustre to break her Sword. One more, one more:

Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,

And lose thee after. One more, and that's the last,

So sweet, was he so fastall. I must wepe,

But they are cruelly Tares: This sorrow's heavenly,

It strike, where it doth love. She weakes.

Desdemona. Who's there? Othello?

Othello. Desdemona.

Desdemona. Who's there?

Othello. Will you come to bed, my Lord?

Othello. Have you prair'd to night, Desdemona?

Desdemona. I am sorry.

Othello. If you behinke your selfe of any Crime

Vnreconcil'd as yet to Heauen, and Grace,

Solicite for it straight.

Desdemona. Alacke, my Lord,

What may you more by that?

Othello. Well, do it, and be breew, I will walke by:

I would not kill thy unparesed Spirit,

No, Heauen for-fend! I would not kill thy Soule.

Desdemona. Take you of killing?

Othello. I, I do.

Desdemona. Then Heauen have mercy on me.
My Lord, my Lord.

Oth. What noise is this? Not death, nor yet quite dead?
I am that cruel, am yet mercifull,
I would not have thee linger in thy paine.
So, so.

Emil.within. What ho? my Lord, my Lord?
Oth. Who's there?

Emil. Oh good my Lord, I would speake to word with you,
Oth. Yes! 'Tis 'Emilis: by and by. She's dead,
'Tis like she comes to speake of Cassio's death:
The noise was high. Hah, no more musing?
Still as the Graue. Shall she come in? Ver' good?
I think she spares againe. No, what's bett to do?
If she come in, these faire speake to my wife:
My wife, my wife: what wife? I have no wife.
Oh inexpressible! Oh heavy hourse!
Me thinkes, it should be now a huge Eclipse!
Of Sunne, and Moone; and that affrighted Globe
Did yawne at Alteration.

Emil. I do beseech you
That I may speake with you. Oh good my Lord,
Oth. I had forgot thee: rob comes 'Emilis.
Soft, by and by, let me the Curtaine draw,
Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?

Enter 'Emilis.

Emil. Oh my good Lord, yonders foule Murthers done.
Oth. What now?

Emil. But now, my Lord.
Oth. It is the very error of the Moone,
She comes more neerer Earth then she was wont,
And makes men mad.

Emil. Cassio, my Lord, hath kill'd
A young Venetian, call'd Rodrigo.
Oth. Rodrigo kill'd? and Cassio kill'd?

Emil. No, Cassio is not kill'd,
Oth. Nor Cassio kill'd? Then Murther's out of tune,
And sweete Revenge grows white.

Emil. Of falsly, falsly murder'd.

Emil. Alas! what cry is that?
Oth. That? What?

Emil. Out, and alas, that was my Ladies voice.
Help, helpe hoa, helpe, Oh Ladi speake againe,
Sweete Dofamens, oh sweete Mifris, speake.

Emil. A guildliffe death, I dye.

Emil. Oh who hath done this deed?

Emil. No body: I my selfe, farewell:
Commend me to my kinde Lord: oh farewell.

Oth. Why, how should she be murdered?

Emil. Alas! who knows?
Oth. You heare her say but selfe, it was not I.

Emil. She said so: I must needs report the truth.
Oth. She's like a Liar gone to burning hell,

Was I that kill'd her.

Emil. On the more Angell fife, and you the blacker
Diuell.

Oth. She turn'd to fally: and she was a whore.

Emil. Thou dost thee help her, and thou art a diuell.
Oth. She was falle as water.

Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to speake
That she was falle. Oh fhe was heavenly true.

Oth. Cassio did top her: Ask thy husband else.
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell:
But that I did proceed upon iust grounds
To this extremity. Thy Husband knew it all.
Em. Villany, villany; villany:
I think you s'ee, I think: I s'ee: O Villany:
I thought so then: I'll kill my felte for greefe.
O villany! villany!

Iago. What, are you mad?
I charge you get you home.  
Em. Good Gentleman, let me have leave to speake:
'Tis proper I obey him; but not now:
Peachance Iago, I will not goe home.

Oth. Oh, oh, oh.  
Em. Nay, lay thee downe and roare:
For thou haft kill'd the sweetest innocent,
That e'er did lift vp eye.  

Oth. Oh, she was baw'de;  
I dare did know you Violante, there lies your Neece,  
Who breath (indeed) these hands have newly stopp'd:
I know this acte fhewes hurrible and grim.  

Gra. Poore Desdem:  
I am glad my Father's dead,  
Thy Macht was mortall to him: and pure greefe  
Shall to his thred turne in woe: Did he live now,
This fight would make him do a desperate tyme:  
Yes, cuft his breaste: Angell from his hide,  
And fall to Reprobcation.  

Oth. 'Tis pitifull: but yet Iago knows  
That she with Coffee, hath the Acte of fhame  
A tround thousand times committed. Coffee confett it,
And she did granlfe his amorous works:
With that reconnize and plaque of Love  
Which firft gau her: I gue in his band:
It was a Handkerchief, an Antient Token  
My Father gave my Mother.  
Em. On Heaven! oh heavenly Powers!  
Iago. Come, hold your peace.  

Em. 'Twill out, 'twill out, I peace?  
No, I will speake a liberall as the North:
Let Heaven, and Men, and Duels, let them all:  
All, all, eir shame against me, yet Ile speake.  

Iago. Be wife, and get you home.  
Em. I will not,  
Gra. Fye, your Sword upon a Woman.  
Em. Oh thou dull Moore,
That Handkerchief thou speakeft of  
Founc'd by Fortune, and did gue my Husband:  
For often, with a felane carnifhife,  
(More then indeed belong'd to such a Trifle)  
He begg'd of me, to fleale.'  

Iago. Villanous Whore.  
- Em. She gie t: Coffee No, alas I found it,  
And I did gue my Husband.  
Iago. Fie, fie,  

Em. By Heaven I do not, I do not Gentlemen:  
Obumbr'd with Coxcombe, what shoule such a Foolie  
Do with fo good a wife?  

Oth. Are there no stones in Heaven,  
But what furies for the Thunder?  

Pecious Villane.  

Gra. The Woman fallest,  
Sure he hath kill'd his Wife.  
Em. I, I, oh lay me by my Misfris 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 paffe,
But kill him rather. Hee after that fame villain,  
For 'tis a damned Slave.
Oth. I am not valiant neither: But even Pamine whisper get my Sword, But why should Honor out-live Honesty? Let it go all.

Emin. What did thy Song sound Lady? Hearken, canst thou hear me? I will play the Swan, And dye in Musicks: Willing, willing, willing. Moore, she was chaste! She should be, cruel! Moore, So come my Soule to light, and Spake true: So speaking as I think, alas, I dye.

Oth. I have another weapon in this Chamber, It was a Sword of Spaine, the Ice brookes temper: Oh here it is: Vakie! I must come forth. Gris. If thou attemptst, it will cut thee deepe. Thou hast no weapon, and perfume mull safer. Oth. Look e in upon me then, and Spake with me, Or na ked as I am? I will assault thee. 

Gris. What is the matter? Othel. Behold, I have a weapon: A better never did it selfe Suffolk. Von a Soldiers Thigh, I haue seene the day, That with this little Arme, and this good Sword, I have made my way through more impediments Than any weary times does your flap? But (oh waske boat) Who can controll his Fate? This not so now. Be not affraid, though you do see me weapon'd: Hereis is my Journeys end, hereis but my butt And very Sea-marke of my vtmost Saile. Do you go backe dlilmaid? This is soott fear: Man but a Ruth against Othelos breeth, And he retires. Where should Othello go? Now how doft thou looke now? Oh All, Sturr'd Oke, Pale as thy Smoake: when we shall merte at compass, This looke of thine will hurle my Soule from Heauen, And Friends will match at it. Cold, cold, my Girle! Even like thy Chastity. O curfcd, curst Slaine! Whip me ye Diuels, From the possession of this Heauenly fight: Blow me about in winds, cast me in Sulphure, Wash me in steep-downe gulles of Liquid fire. Oh Deftecmen! dead Deftecmen: dead. Oh, oh!

Enter Lodovice, Caffio, Montano, and Iago, with Officers.

Lod. Where is this rash, and most unfortunate man? Oth. That's he that was Othello; heere I am. Lod. Where is that Viper? Bring the Villains forth. Oth. Look downe towards his feet; but that's a Fable, If that thou be'st a Diuell, I cannot kill thee. Lod. Wrench his Sword from him. Iago. I blest Sir, but not kill'd. Othel. I am not forsy neither, I'll haue thee lye: For in my fenye, 'tis hoppiness to die. Lod. Oh thou Othello, that was once so good, I'lme in the prattife of a curst Slaine, What shall be failed to thee. Oth. Why any thing? An honourable Murderer, if you will: For nought I did in hate, but all in Honour. Lod. This wretched part confest his Villany: Did you and he confent in Caffio's death. Oth. 1. Caf. Deere General, I never gaus yet eafe. Oth. I do believe it, and take your pardon: Will you, I pray, demand that demy-Diuell, 

Why he hath thus enfla'd my Soule and Body. 

Iago. Demand me nothing: what you know, you know: From this time forth, I never will speake word. Lod. What? not to speake? 

Gris. Torments will ope your lips. Oth. Well, thou dost beft. Lod. Sir, You shall understand what hath befallen, (Which, as I think, you knowe) here is a Letter Found in the pocket of the thaine Roderigo, And here another, the one of them imports The death of Caffio, to be undertooke

By Roderigo. Oth. O Villainne! Caffio. Moot Heathenish, and most groffe. Lod. Now, here's another discontenter paper Found in his pocket too: and that it femeas Roderigo mean't thence sent this damned villainne: But that (beelke) Iago in the interim Came in, and staff'd him.

Oth. Oh thou presumtious Catiff: How came you (Caffio) by that Handkerchief That was my wives? 

Caffio. I found it in my Chamber: And he himselfe confess it but euen now, That there he drpt it for a special purpose, Which wrought to his defire. 

Othel. O Fools,foole,foole! Caffio. There is besides, in Roderigo's Letter, How he vpbrides Iago, that he made him Braue me vpon the Watch: whereon it came That I was eait: and euen but now he spake (After long, feeming dead) Iago hurt him, Iago lest him on. 

Lod. You must forsake this roome, and goe with vs: Your Power, and your Command is taken off, And Caffio rules in Cyprus. For this Slaue, If there be any cumping Cruelie, That can torment him much, and hold him long, It shall be his. You shall close Prisone ref, Till that the Nature of your fault be knowne To the Venetian State. Come, bring away. Oth. Soft you; a word o two before you goe: I have done the State some service, and they know: No more of that. I pray you in your Letters, When you spill theses vnlaikly deeds relate, Speake of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate, Nor let downe ought in malice. Then mutt you speake, Of one that could not widely, but too well: Ofone, not easilly Laxious, but being wrought, Perplexed in the extreme: Of one, whose hand (Like the blis fuldon) threw a Pearle away Riche then all his Tribe; Of one, whose subdu'd Eyes, Albeit vn-yed to the melting moode, Drops tears as fast as the Arabian Trees Their Medicinable gymnne. Set you downe this: And say besides, that in Aleppo once, Where a malignant, and a Turbond-Turke Beate a Venetian, and trad'ed the State, I tooke by th'throat the circumcised Dogge, And iomace him, thus. 

Lod. Oh bloody period. 

Iago. All that is spoke, is mar't'd. 

Lod. I kniפט, ere I kill'd thee: No way but this, Killing my felle, to dye upon a kisse. 

Dy'd. Caffio.
The Names of the Actors.

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FINIS.

The Names of the Actors.

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<tr>
<td>Bianca, a Courtezan</td>
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THE TRAGEDY OF
Anthonie, and Cleopatra.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

excite.

Philo.

Nay, but this dottage of our Generals
One-Bowes the measure; those his goodly eyes
That o'the Files and Musters of the 'Warre,
Haue glo'd with plased Mars:
Now bend, bow, turne
The Office and Devotion of their view
Vpon a Famine Prince. His Captains heart,
Which in the stouffers of great Fights hath buff
The Buckles on his breef, reneges all temper,
And is become the Bellowes and the Fan
To coote a Gypset Luff.

Flourish. Enter Anthony, Cleopatra her Ladies, the
Trams with Elmesz sounding 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 Strumpet Poole. Behold and see.
Cle. It be Lour indeed, tell me how much.
Ant. There's beggary in the loue that can be reckon'd
Cle. Ile let a boome how farre to be belou'd.
Ant. Thee must thoue needes finde out new Heauen,
new Earth,

Enter a Messenger.

Msf. News from my good Lord from Rome.
Ant. Gratien me, the Summe,
Cle. Nay hear them Anthony.

Cleopatras perseverance is angry: Or who knows,
If the fierce-bearded Caesar have not tent
His pow'rfull Mandate to you: Do this, or this;
Take in that Kingdome, and Infranchifie that
Perform't, or cife we danna thee.
Ant. How, my Lord?
Cle. Prehactice Nay, and moile like:
You must not stay here longer, your dismission
Is com from Cesar, therfore here is Anthony
Where's Felinus Processor? (Cesar I would say) both?
Call in the Messengers: As I am Egypt's Queene,
Thou blindl eff Anthony, and that blood of thine
Is Cesar homages elle to thy cheeke paies frame,
When blindl eff'd Felinus scolda, The Messengers.
Ant. Let Rome in Tyber mels, and the wide Arch
Of the raing'd Empire fall: Here is my space,
Kingdoms are clay: Our dungie earth alike

Feeds Beast as Man; the Noblenesse of life
Is to do thus: when such a mutual paire,
And such a raine can dore', in which I binde
One paine of punishment, the world so werte
We stand vp Petrelffe.

Cle. Excellent fallhood:
Why did he marry Felina, and not love her?
Cle. Leave the Foolc I am not. Anthony will be himselfe.
Ant. But his'd by Cleopatra.

Now for the love of Lour, and her fate hauens,
Let's not confound the time with Conters lust.
Till he's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleaure now. What sport to night?
Cle. Hear the Ambassadors.

Ant. Eye wrangling Quene:
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh.
To weepes: who every passion fully flames.
To make it selle (in Thee)jlare, and admir'd.
No Messengers but thine, and all alone, to night.
We'l wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come my Queene,
Lastnight you did defait: Speake not to vs.

Exit with the Trams.

Dem. Is Cesar with Anthony priz'd to flight?
Philo. Sir sometime when he is not Anthony,
He comes too short of that great Property
Which fil should go with Anthony.

Dem. I am full forry, that he approves the common
Lyar who thus speakes of him at Rome; but I will hope
of better deeds to morrow. Reft you happy.

Exit.

Enter Enterabbus, Lampadius, Spacheiyr, Rannius, Lucilius,
Chatsham, Ivar, Mundian the Eunuch,
and Alexus.

Char. L Alexus, sweet Alexus, most any thing Alexus,
almost most absolute Alexus, where's the Soothayer
that you prast't so to't? Quene? Oh that I knewe this
Husband, which you say, must change his Hones with
Garlands.

Alex. Soothsayer.
Sooth. Your will?
Char. Is this the Man? Is't you that know things?
Sooth. In Natures infinete bookes of Secrecie, a little I
can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.
Emb. Bring in the Banker quickly: Wine enough,

Cleop.
Anthony and Cleopatra.

Cleopatra's health to drink.
Char. Good sir, give me good Fortune.
South. I shall make not, but foresee.
Char. Pray then, foresee me one.
South. You shall by farre fairer then you are.
Char. He means in flesh.
Ives. No, you shall paint when you are old.
Char. Wrinkles forbid.
Akex. Vex not his presence, be attentive.
Char. Halt.
South. You shall be more beloued, then beloued.
Char. I had rather heate my Lister with drinking.
Alex. Nay, heare him.
Char. Good now fome excellent Fortune: Let mee be married to three Kings in a forenoon, and Widdlow them all: Let me have a Childe at fifty, to whom Hered of Jewry may do Homage. Find me to marrie me with Olima and Caesar, and companion me with my Miftres.
South. You shall owe the Lady whom you serue.
Char. Oh excellent, I owe long life better then Figs.
South. You have curses and proued a safer former fortune, then that which is to approach.
Char. Then behike my Children oul:s I have no names: Pr’ythee how many Boyes and Wunches mufl: I have, the ytter of your wifhes had a wombo, & fore-tell every wish, a Million.
Char. Our Foolie, I forgue thee for a Witch.
Alex. You think none but your fweets are prouit to your wifhes.
Char. Nay come, tell Ives here.
Alex. We’l know all our Fortunes.
South. Mine, and moft of our Fortunes to night, shall be drunke to bed.
Ives. There’s a Palme prefages Chaliftiy, if nothing els.
Char. Ene as the o’er-flowing Nylus prefages Fa-mine.
Ives. Go you wilde Bedfellow you cannot Soothsay.
Char. Nay, if an oyl Palme been not a fruitfull Prog-nostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Pr’ythee tell her but a worke day Fortune.
South. Your Fortunes are alike.
Ives. But how, but how, give me particulars.
South. I have faid.
Ives. Am I not an inch of Fortune better then thee?
Char. Well, if you were but an inch of Fortune better then I where would you choose it.
Ives. Not in my Husband’s nufe.
Char. Our worser thoughts Heaven mend.
Alexis. Come, his Fortune, his Fortune.
Ives. Let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I befooke thee, and let her dye too, and give him a worfe, and let worfe follow worfe, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his graue, fifty-fold a Cuckold. Good Isis hear me this Prayer, though thou denie me a matter of more weight: good Isis I befooke thee.
Ives. Amen, I deere Goddesse, heare that prayer of the people. For, as it is a heart-breaking to fee a handfome man loofe Wh’d, so is it a deadly sorrow, to behold a foule Knaue vncool’d: Therefore deere Isis keep decorum, and Fortune him accordingly.
Char. Amen.
Alex. Lo now, if they lay in ther hands to make mee a Cuckold, they would make themselves Whores, but they’d dlo’t.

Enter Cleopatra.

Emph, Hulfe, here comes Anthony.

Char. Not he, the Queene.
Cleo. Save you, my Lord.
Emph. No Lady.
Cleo. Was he not here?
Char. No Madam.
Cleo. He was dispon’d in mirch, but on the sodaine
A Romane thought hath throoke him.
Emph. Madam.
Cleo. Seeke him, and bring him hither: what’s Alexia?
Alex. Here at your fervice.
My Lord approaches.

Enter Anthony, with a Messenger.

Cleo. We will not looke upon him:

Exit Messenger.

Mes. Fulnath thy Wife,
First came into the Field.
Ant. Against my Brother Lucius?
Mes. I: but none that Ware had end;
And the times shere
Made friends of them, joyning their force ‘gainst Caesar’
Whole better issue in the warre from Italy,
Vpon the first encounter draw them.
Ant. Well, what worft.
Mes. The Nature of bad newes infets the Teller,
Ant. When it concerne the Fool or Coward: On.
Things that are past, are done, with me. ’Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in his Tale lye death,
I hear him as he flatter’d.
Mes. Let us (this is flite newes)
Hath with his Parthian Force
Extended Afia: from Ephrathis his conquering
Banne slooke, from Syria to Lydia,
And to Ionis, whilst—
Ant. Anthony thou wouldst fly.
Mes. Oh my Lord.
Ant. Speake to me home,
Mince not the gen’rall tongue, name
Cleopatra as the he is call’d in Rome:
Rale thou in Fulnath’s phrase, and taunt my faults
With such full Licente, as both Truth and Malice
Have power to veters. Oh then we bring forth weeds,
When our quicke winde’s lye still, and our illes told vs
Is as our eating: fare thee well awhile.
Mes. At your Noble pleasure.
Exit Messenger.

Enter another Messenger.

Ant. From Scio how the newes? Speake there.
1. Mes. The man from Scio,
Is there such an one?
2. Mes. He flyes upon your will,
Ant. Let him appear:
These strong Egyptian Petteres I must break,
Or loose my selfe in dosage.

Enter another Messenger with a Letter.

What are you?
3. Mes. Fulnath thy wife is dead.
Ant. Where dyed she.
Mes. In Scio, her length of sickness.
With what elfe more ferious,
Immorteth thee to know, this beares.
Ant. Forbear me.
There’s a great Spirit gone, thus did I desire it:
What our contemps doth often lust from vs,

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We wish it ours anigne. The present pleasure,
By resolution lowering, does become
The opposite of it selfe: the's good being gon,
The hande could plucke her backe, that shou'd her on.
I must from this enchanting Queene brake off,
Ten thousand harms, more then the ill I know
My idlenesse doth now engage.

Enter Eubalus.

How now Eubalus?

Emo. What's your pleasure, Sir?

Amb. I must with haste from hence.

Emo. Why then we will all our Women, We see how
mortal an unkindnesse is to them, if suffer our de-
pariture, cleath the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Emo. Under a compliing occasion, let women die,
It were pritt, to call them away for nothing, though
betweene the want a great cause, they should be esteem
nothing. Cleopatra catching but the least noyle of this,
dies instantly: I have seen her dyce twenty times upon
faster poorer moment: I do think there is matter withal,
which commeth frome looking a cite upon her, the bath such
a certainty in dying.

Ant. She is a cunning past masst thought.

Emo. AtikeSirno, her passions are made of nothing
but the finest part of pure Love. We cannot call her winds
and waters, fitches and teares: They are greater harmes
and Tempells then Almanackes can report. This cannot
be cunning in her, it is to, she makes a flower of Raine
as well as flone.

Ant. Would had none sette her.

Emo. Ob, Sir, you had then left were a wonderfull
piece of worke, which not to have bene bled without,
would have discredited your Trauze.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Emo. Sir.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Emo. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead.

Emo. Why, for, give the Gods a thankfull Sacrifice:
when it pleaseth them. Desires to take the wife of a man
from him, sheeves to make the storrs of the earth comf
forting therein: that when older Robes are used with
out, there are numberes to make new. If there were no more
Women but you, then had you proceeded in, and
the cafe to be lampoon: This greelle is crowned with Conflu
ation, your old Smurke is brings forth a New Peticoate,
and indeed the sexes was in Ontario, that should water
its sorrow.

Ant. The butchery to the bath broached in the Starre,
Cannot endue my abstinence.

Emo. And the businesse you have broached,heere can
be without you, especially that of Cleopatra's, which
wholly depends on your sode.

Ant. No more light Answeres:

Let our Officers
I true notice what we purpose. I shall breake
The cause of our Expedition to the Queene,
And set her love in part. For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more vrgent reaches
Do strongly speake to vs: but the Letters too
Of many our countuing Friends in Rome,
Petition vs at home. Sextus Pompeius
Have gitten the dare to Cesar, and commands
The Empire of the Sea. Our flippery people,
Whole Loue is now link'd to the defuerer,
Anthony and Cleopatra.

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 Serenity a while: but my full heart
Remains in vie with you. Our Italy,
Shines o'er with chaste Swords; Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the Port of Rome,
Equality of two Dominecker forces,
Breed furious passion: The hated grownes to strength
Are newly grown to Loue: The condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his Fathers Honor, creepes space
Into the hearts of such, as hate not thwarted
Upon the present state, whose Numbers threaten,
And queeness feame grown feke of reli, would purge
By sive a desperate change: My more particular,
And that which most with you should see 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.

Cleo.  O most false Loue! Where
But where the Sacred Villous thou shouldst fill
With sorrowfull water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiue'd will be.

Ant.  Quarel no more, but bee prepar'd to know
The purpose I beare: which see, or craie,
As you shall giue that advice. By the fire
That quickens Nylus flame, I go from hence
Thy Soullard, Servant, making Peace or Warre,
As thou affects.

Cleo.  Can my Lace, Charmian come,
But, if it be, I am quickly ill, and well,
So Antony loves.

Cleo.  Let me your precious Queen forbeare,
And giue true evidence to his Loue, which stands
An honourable Triall.

Cleo.  So Fulvia told me.
I prystche turns side, and weep for her,
Then bid adiew to me, and lay the tears
Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one Scene
Of excellent resembling, and let it Locke
Like perfect Honor.

Ant.  You'll heat my blood no more?

Cleo.  You can do better yet: but this is meeetly.

Ant.  Now by Sword.

Cleo.  And Target. Still he mends;
But this is not the beft. Loue prystche Charmian,
How this Hereculan 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 is I would:
Oh, my Obligation is a very Anthony,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant.  But that your Royalty
Holds I dencesse your subje, I should take you
For I dencesse it selfe.

Cleo.  'Tis working Labour,
To beare such I dencesse so necere the heart
As Cleopatra this. But Sir, forgive me,

Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your Honor calles you hence,
Therefore be desse to my unsitteed Folly,
And all the Gods go with you. Upon your Sword
Sir Lawrell victorie, and smooth successe
Be threw before your feate.

Ant.  Let's go.

Cleo.  Come: Our Yperation so abides and flite,
That shou reciding heere, goes yet with mee;
And I hence fleeting, heere remaine with thee.

Away.

Enter Octavius reading a Letter, Lepidus,
And their Traine.

Cof.  You may see Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It's not Caesar Natural vice, to hate
One great Competitor. From Alexandria
This is the newes: He fifies, drinkes, and waffes
The Lampes of right Iconuell: Is not more manlike
Then Cleopatra? nor the Queen of Parthia
More Womanly then he. Hardly gave audience
Or wouldest to judge who he had Partners. You
Shall finde there a man, who is the fiftit of all faults,
That all men follow.

Lep.  I must not thinke
There are, euls now to darken all his goodnesse:
His faults in him, see the Spots of Heauen,
More fferie by nights Blacknesse; Herediarie,
Rather then putrifiche: what he cannot change,
Then what he chooseth.

Cof.  You are too indulgent. Let's grant it is not
Amisit to tumble on the bed of Parthia,
To give a Kingdome for a Mirth, to fit
And keep the turne of Tipling with a Slaue,
To reclee the streets at noone, and fland the Buffet
With knaves that feroes of Leparte: Say this became him
(As his companion and he rare indeed, Whom these thinges I cannot blinter) yet must
Anthony
No way excite his foyses, when we do brace
So great weight in his lightenesse, If he'd be
His vacanice with his Voluptuoufesse,
Full furtis, and the drittelle of his bones.
Call on him for's. But to confound fuch time,
That drums him from tots, and speakes as loud
As his owne State, and does, tis to be ebid:
As we rare Boyes, who being nature in knowledge,
Pawne their experience to their prefent pleasure,
And fo rebell to judgement.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep.  Heere's more newes.

Mef.  Thys biddings have bene done, & eucte house
Moft Noble Cesar, flialt flaube hauve report
How 's abroad. Pompey is strong at Sea,
And it appeares, he is belou'd of thowe
That only have heard Cesar: to the Ports
The difcontente reparie, and mens reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cof.  I shoule have knowne no leffe,
In rift bin taught vs from the primall rage
That which he was wis, woul he were:
And the ebb'd man,
Ne're lou'd, till he's worth loue,
Comes fear'd, by being lack'd. This common bodie,
Like to a Vagabond Flagge upon the Straine.
Goes too, and backe, lacking the varying yde

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The Tragedie of

4.4.4
To rot it fife with motion.

Mef. Cefar. I bring thee word, Monarkes and Men, famous Pyrates
Makes the Sea fure them, which they care and wound
With keels of every kinde. Many hot inrudes
They make in Italy, the Borders Maritime.
Ladys, to the houfe, and flush ymth recall;
No Vefcel can prepe fuch: but, 'tis as fome
Takent as fene: for Pompeys name strikes more
Then could his Warre refifted.

Cefar, Anthony,
Leafe thy laftruous Vaffaires. When thou once
Was beaten from Medalia, where thou flew'd Herlow, and Parke Confult, at thy heale
Did Famine follow, whom thou fought'rt againft,
(Though daintily brought vp) with patience more
Then Sauages could fuffer. Thou did't drink
The flate of Horles, and the gilded Puddle
Which Beafs would cough at. Thy pallace did daine
The roughell Berry, on the ruddell Hedge,
Yet, like the Stagge, when Snow the Paffe fueets,
The barks of Trees thou broud's. On the Alpets,
It is reported thou did't eat strange fheen,
Which fome did dye to looke on: And all this
(If wounds shine Honor that I speak it now)
Was borne fo like a Soldier, that thine cheeke
So much as I ask'd not.

Cefar. Let his pitty of him.

Cefar. Cefar. Let thy flames quickly
Drive him to Rome, 'tis time we twaine
Did shew our felues if't the field, and to that end
Affemble me immediate counfell, Pompey
Thrilles in our Idlenesse.

Lep. To morrow Cefar,
I shall be furnifh'd to informe you rightly
Both what by Sea and Land I can be able
To bring this prefent time.

Cafar. Till which encounter, it is my busines fo late.Farwell.
Lep. Farwell my Lord, what you shall know mean time
Offitures abroad, I shall befeech you Sir
To let me be paraker.

Cefar. Doubt not sir, I knew it for my Bond. Extent
Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, & Marian.
Cleo. Charmian.
Char. Madam.
Cleo. Ha, ha, give me to drinke Maudragorn.
Char. Why Madam?
Cleo. That I might sleepe out this great gap of time:

My Anthony is away.

Char. You thinke of him too much.
Cleo. O 'tis Treafton.
Char. Madam, I muft not fo.
Cleo. Thou, Eunuch Marian?
Mar. What's your Highnesse plaifeure?
Cleo. Not now to hear thee fing, I take no plaifeure
In ought an Eunuch ha's: Tis well for thee,
That being vntemper'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fife forth of Egypt: Halt thou Affecions?
Mar. Yes gracious Madam.
Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Notin deed Madam, for I can do nothing
But what in deede is honest to be done:
Yet haue I fierce Affecions, and thinke
What Vefens did with Mars.

Cleo. Oh Charmian:
Where thinke't thou he is now? Stands he, or fits he?

O: does he walk? Or is he on his Horfe?
On happy horfe to bear the weight of Ambition!
Do bravingly Horfe, for wof't thou whom thou mount'st,
The demy Atlas of this Earth, the Arme
And Burget of men. He's speaking now,
Or mumurating, where's my Serpent of old Nyle,
(Thus trumpeteth this) Now I feede thy life
With moft delicious poyson. Thinke on me
That am with Phebus amorous pinches blakke,
And wrinkled deepie in time. Broad-fronted Cefar,
When thou was't here about the ground, I was
A morfell for a Monarke: and great Pompey
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow,
The would he author his Age{tland dye
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexus from Cefar.

Alex. Soueraigne of Egypt, hail.
Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Anthony?
Yet coming from him, that great Med'cine hath
With his Fing'rs gilded thee.
How goes it with my brave Mark Anthony?
Alex. Last thing he did (deere Qu ene)
He left the Ift of many doublet kifles
This Orient Pearle. His speech flieces in my heart.
Cleo. Mine ear mutt plucke it thence.

Alex. Good Friend, quoth he:
'St the firrter Roman to great Egypte tends
This treasure in thy owne heart, as in my toe.
To mend the petty pretent, I will prece
Her opulent Throne, with Kingdomes. All the Eeft,
(Say thou) shall call her Mini't. So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an Arme-gaunt Steede,
Who neigh'd to hys, that what I would have spoke,
Was bealely dume by him.
Cleo. What would he author his fit, or merry?
Alex. I like to the time of y'other, between J extremes
Of hot and cold, he was not fad nor merrie.
Cleo. Oh well diuided disposition: Note him,
Note him good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him,
He was not sad, for he would shewe on thofe
That make their lookes by his. He was not merrie,
With his teeth to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his foyn, but betweene both,
Honhauently mingle? Bee'th thou sad, or merrie,
The vidence of either thee becomes,
So do'ts no mans effe. Mer'it thou my Pofts?
Alex. I Madam, twenty feuerall Meiffengers.
Why do you fend to thicke?
Cleo. Who's borne that day, when I forget to fend
to thee Affection, shall dye a Beggar. Inke and paper Charmian.
Welcome my good Alexus. Did I Charmian, e-
er louse Cefar in?
Char. Oh that braue Cefar!
Cleo. Be chock'd with fuch another Emphait.
Say the braue Ambition.
Char. The valiant Cefar.
Cleo. By this, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cefar Parago magazine:
My man of men.
Char. By your moft gracious pardon,
I fingu but after you.
Cleo. My Sallad dayes,
When I was greene in judgement, cold in blood.
To fay, as I faie then. But come, away,
Get me Inke and Paper.
Anthony and Cleopatra.

Enter Eobardsus and Lepidus.

Lep. Good Embarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to interest your Captaine
To solace and gentle speech.

Ends. I shall interest him
To answer like himselfe: if Cesar move him,
Let Anthony looke out Cesar head,
And speake as lowd as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were i the weare of Anthony's Beard,
I would not have't to day.

Lep. This is not a time for pracie Romacking.

Ends. Every time ferues for the matter that is then
borne in.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Ends. Nor if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion: but pray you satre
No Embers vp. Here comes the Noble Anthony.

Enter Anthony and Ventidius.

Ends. And youndest Cesar.

Enter Cesar, Meccenas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we comporte well here, to Parthia:

Hearke Ventidius.

Cesar. I do not know Meccenas, sakte Agrippa.

Lep. Noble Friends:

That which combin'd was most great, and yet not
A least renown'd manate; What's amisse,
May it be gently heard. When we debate
Our trinitall difference loud, we do commit
Murther in healing wounds. Then Noble Partners,
The rather for I earnestly behoof,
Touch you the fewest points with sweeteest teastes,
Nor cuttethelfe grow to th'matter.

Ant. Art so well:

Were we before our Amities, and to fight,
I should do thus.

Flourish.

Cesar. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cesar. Sit.

Ant. Sit sir.

Cesar. Nay then.

Ant. I learne, you take things ill, which are not so:
Or being concecon you not.

Cesar. I must be taught: if or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say my selfe offended, and with you
Chieflly i'th'world. More taught at, that I should
Once name you derogestly: when to found your name
It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt Cesar, what was't to you?

Cesar. No more then my reliding heere at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt; yet if you there
Did praetise on my State, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, praetis'd?

Cesar. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall me. Your Wife and Brother
Made warres vpnone, and their constellatation
Was Theame for you, you were the word of warre.

Ant. You do mislike your busines, my Brother never
Did urge me in his Aet: I did inquire it,
And have my Learning from fome true reports
That drew their swords with you, did he not rather
Differed my authority with yours,
And make the warres alike against my remarke,
Having alike your cause. Of this, my Letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quartrell,
As mater whole you haste to make it, Let's

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I must not be with this,
Cæsar. You praise your selfe, by laying defects of judgement to me, that you patch vp your excuses.

Asth. Not so, not so: I know you could not lacke. Am certaine on't, Very needfult of this thought, that I Your Pardoner in the caufe: against which he fought, Could not with graceful eyes attend those: Wares Which freed my owne peace. As for my wife, I would you had her spirit, in such another, The third world is yours, which with a Snufle, You may pace eafe, but not such a wife.

Endem. Would we had all such wives, that the men might goe to Wares with the women.

Asth. So much unrewardable, her Garboilles (Cæsar) Made our other impiacens: which not wanting Shreddeffe of policie to: I shewing great, Did you too much difquar, for that you muft,

But I should not help it.

Cæsar. I wrote to you, when rioting in Alexandria you Did pocket vp my Letters: and with taunts Did give my Minifie out of audience.

Asth. So he fell upon me, ere admist, then:
Three Kings I had not yet feafed, and did want
Of what I was i'th'morning: but next day
I told him of my selfe, which was as much
As to have askt him pardon. Let that Fellow
Benatching of our blisse: if we contend
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæsar. You have broken the Article of your oath, whereby you still must have a tongue to charge me with.


Asth. No Lep. Whose let him speake,
The Honour is Sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I stick it: but on Cæsar,
The Article of your oath.

Cæsar. To send me Arms, and side when I required them, the which you both desired.

Asth. Negled him rather;
And then when powerfull hours had bound me vp
From mine owne knowledge, as nearely as I may, He play the penitent to you. But mine honestly,
Shall not make poore my greatneffe, nor my power
Worke without it. Truth is, that Emerus,
To haue me out of Egypt, made Wares here, For which my selfe, the ignorant messenger,
So farre ake pardon, as behoves mine Honour
To fleape in his a cafe.

Lep. Tis Noble spoken.

Met. If it might please you to enforce no further
The griefes betweene you: to forget them quite,
Were to remember that the present needs,
Speak to atone you.

Lep. Worthy spoken Mecenas.
Endem. Or if you borrow one another Louise for the inquit, you may when you heare no more words of Pompey, resume it against: you shall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing else to do.

Asth. Thou art a Souther, easily speak no more.

Endem. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

Asth. You wrong this presence, therefore speak no more.

Endem. Go too then: your Confederacy done.

Cæsar. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech: for't cannot be,

We shall remaine in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet if I knew,
What he hope the world hold: vnto thrust from edge to edge
Art'thould: I would performe it.

Asth. Give me leave Cæsar.

Cæsar. Speake Agrippa.

Asth. Thou hast a Sitter by the Mothers side, admitt'd
Otho: a Great Mark Anthony is now a widower.

Cæsar Say not, say Agrippa: Cheaper heard you, your peace were not defaced of rashneffe.

Asth. I am not married Cæsar: let me have Agrippa
further speake.

Asth. To hold you in perpetuall smilke,
To make you Brothers, and to keepe your hearts
With an vn-flipping knot, take Anthony,
Otho: to his wife: whole beauty claims
Not worse a husband then the best of men: whose
Vertue, and whose greatnesse, speake
That which none else can vue, by this marriage,
All little fables which now sence great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would be no thing. Truth's would be rules,
Where now balle tales be truth's her loue to both,
Would each to praise, and all loues to both.

Drew after her. I pardon what I have spoke,
For 'tis a fluided not a present thought,
By duty hummfrd.

Asth. Will Cæsar speake?

Cæsar. Not till he hears how Anthony is toucht,
With what is spoke already.

Asth. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say Agrippa be it,
To make this good?

Cæsar. The power of Cæsar,
And his power, as Otho.

Asth. May I neuer
(To this good purpose, that so fairely floweres)
Desire of impediments: let me haue thy hand
Furthe this lettre of Grace: and from this house,
The hearts of Brothers gouernce in our Loues,
And sowe our great Deligges.

Cæsar. There's my hand:
A Sitter I bequeath you, whom no Brotheah
Did euer love to deereley. Let her live
To gynne our Kingdomes, and our hearts, and neuer
I lie off our Loues againe,

Lep. Happily, &c.

Asth. I did not think to draw my Sword:gainst Pompey,
For he hath laid strange countereftes, and great
Of late upon me. I must thatke him onely,
Least my remembrance, suffer ill report:
At thele of that, defe him.

Lep. Finite calvis sua,
Of vs maist Pompey preciouly be fought,
Or she seekes our vs.

Asth. Where les he?

Cæsar. About the Mount-Medita.

Asth. What is his strength by laud?

Cæsar. Great, and encreaseth:
But by Sea he is an absolute Muster.

Asth. So is the Fame.

We would had spoke together. Haft we for it,
Yet hee be seekes in Attains, dispatch we
The bussell we haue takke.

Cæsar. With most gladneffe,
And do invite you to my Sitters view,
Anthony and Cleopatra

Whether straight I lead you.

**Anth.** Let vs Lepidus not lack ye your company.

**Nob. Anthony,** not fickle-nesse you shouldt desirance me.

**Enter.** Welcome from Egypt Sir.  

**Cn.** Halfe the heart of Cajar, worthy Myns, my honourable Friend Agrippa.

**Agri.** Good Entebarus.

**Cn.** We have cause to be glad, that matters are so well digested: you telld, we had y't at Epyght.

**Ent.** Sir, we did fleape day out of countenance: and made the night light with drinking.

**Cn.** Eight Wide-Boreis rolled whole at a break-fall: and but twelve persons there. Is this true?

**Ent.** This was but as a fly by an Eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of Feast, which is worthily decerpted noting.

**Cn.** She's a most triumphant Lady, if report bequeat to her.

**Ent.** When the first met Mark Anthony, the puff vp his heart upon the River of Sicerus.

**Agri.** These five appear'd indeed; or my reporter desir'd well for her.

**Cn.** I will tell you.

The Barge she sit in, like a burnish'd Throne  

Borne on the water: the Pope was beaten Gold,  

Purple the Solis: and so perfumed that  

The Winder were Love-ickes.

With them the Owers were Silkes,  

Which to the time of Flutes stopt stroke, and made  

The water which they beate, to flow faster;

As smorous of their strokes. For her owne person,  

It begger'd all description: she did ly  

In her Pamilion, clad of Gold; of Toffe,  

O't perusing that Venus, where we fee  

The fance out worke Nature. On each side her,  

Stood pretty Dimpled Boyes, like smiling Cupids,  

With divers coulours & Epicures whose winde did firme,  

To glowe the delicate checkes which they did coole,  

And what they vsid did.

**Agri.** Oh rare for Anthony,  

**Ent.** Her Gentlewoman, like the Nerides,  

So many Mermaids tended her list Eyes,  

And made their brads adorning. At the Helm,  

A seeming Mermaid fleeter: The Silken Tackle,  

Swell with the touched of those flower-bond hands,  

That yarely frame the office. From the Barge  

A strange insubficient perfume hits the fense

Of the adjacent Whales. The City call  

Her people out upon her: and Anthony  

Enbrong'd th' Market-place, did sit alone,  

Whilling to th'ayre which but for vacanctie,  

Had gone to gaze on Cleopater coo,  

And made a gap in Nature.

**Agri.** Rare Egyptian.

**Ent.** Upon her landing, Anthony sent to her,  

Invited her to Supper: she replyed,  

It shouldt be better, he became her guest:  

Which the entreated, our Courteous Anthony,  

Whom were the word of no woman hard to speake,  

Being bade in lacrosse o'the gos to the Feast;  

And for his ordinary, paise his heart;  

For what his eyes ere onely.

**Agri.** Royal Wench.

She made great Cajar lay his Sword to bed,  

He ploughed her, and the crops.

**Ent.** I saw her once  

Hop forty Paces through the publicke streate,  

And having loft her breath, she spoke, and passed,  

That five did make for her perfection.  

And breathlesse powre breath forth.

**Cn.** Now Anthony, must leave her vastly,

**Ent.** Neuer he will not:  

Age cannot wither her, nor custome falle  

Her infinite variety: other women cloy,

The appetites they feede, but the makes hungry,  

Where most she satisfies. For vildest thing,  

Become themselves in her, that the holy Priestes  

Blesse her, when thet is Riggh.

**Cn.** If Beauty, Wigedome, Modesty, can sent le  

The heart of Anthony: Olytus is  

A blessed Lottery to him.  

**Agri.** Let vs go. Good Entebarus, make your selfe  

my guest, whilfst you abide here.

**Cn.** Humbly Sir I thank you.

**Enter.** Anthony, Caesar, Olytia between them.

**Anth.** The world, and my great office, will

Sometimes deuise me from your bosome.

**Olyt.** All which time, before the Gods my knee shall  

bwayne my prayers to them for you.

**Anth.** Goodnight Sir. My Olytia

Read not my Stenophore in the world report:  

I have not kep my square, but that to come  

Shall all be done by'tHrule:good night deere Lady:

**Cn.** Good night Sir.

**Cn.** Good night.

**Ent.** Enter Sothfater.

**Anth.** Now firstrate you do with your selfe in Egypt?

**Soth.** Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither.

**Anth.** If you, your counsell, reason?

**Soth.** I fee in it my motion shue it not in my tongue,  

But yet hie you to Egypt again.

**Anth.** Say to me, whole Fortunes shall rise higher  

Cajar or mine?

**Soth.** Cajar. Therefore (oh Anthony)Say not by his side  

Thy Demon that thy spirit which keeps thee is  

Noble, Courageous, high unmatchable,  

Where Cajar is not. But more him, by Angel  

Become a feare: as being to powr'd, therefore  

Make space enough betwene you.

**Anth.** Speake this no more.

**Soth.** To none but thee no more but: when to thee,  

If thou do not play with him at any game,  

Thou art sure to loose: And of that Naturlall lacke,  

He beare thee gainst the odds. Thy Lutter thicken;  

When he finnes by: i'tay again, thy spirit  

It all affraid to gourme thee neere him:

But he alway's ti Noble.

**Anth.** Get thee gone:  

Say to Pentigrius I would speake with him.

**Ps.** He shall to Parthia, be it Ars or hap,  

He hath spoken true. The very Dice obey him,  

And in our spoere my better cunning finne,

Vnder his chauce, doe draw lots he speares,  

His Cocks do winne the Battale, fill of mine,  

When it is all to raught: and his Quaites euer  

Breste mine (in hoop) at odd's. I will to Egypt:

**Anth.**
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I'Mt East my pleasure lies. Oh come Ventigius,

Enter Ventigius.

You must to Parthis, your Commissions ready:
Follow me, and rescue me.

Enter Lepidus, Messinius, and Agrrippa.

Lepidus. Trouble your felues no further: pray you
hasten your Generals after.

Exit. Sir, Mark Anthony, will e'ene but kiffe Ollania,
and weele follow.

Lep. Till I shall see you in your Southiers dreffe,
Which will become you both: Farewell.

Mess. We shall: as I conceive the journey, beat
Mount before you Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is shorter, my purposes do draw me
much about, you'll win two dayes upon me.

End. Sir good success.

Lep. Farewell.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Give me some Musickie: Musickie, moody foode
of thy that trade in Loue,

Omens. The Musickie ho.

Cleo. Let it alone, let's to Billards: come Charmian.

Charm. My arme is tore, bell play with Starden.

Cleop. As well a woman with an Eunuch plaide,
as with a woman. Come you'll play with me Sir?

Mard. As well as I can Madam.

Cleo. And when good will is shewed,
Then't come to short.

The Aflor may please pardon, 1le none now,
Give me mine Angle, werce toth'luere there
My Musickie playing farre off. I will betray
Tawny fine fifters, my bended hooke shall pierce
Their flamy jawes: and as I draw them vp,
Ile thonke them entry one an Anthony,
And say ah huy are caught.

Charm. Twas mery when you wager'd on your Angling,
when your dier did hang a salt fish on his hooke
which he with frequencie drew vp.

Cleo. That time! Oh times:
I taught him out of patience: and that night
I hauget him into patience, and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drink him to his bed:
Then put my Tires, and Mantles on him,whilst
I wore his Sword Phillipian. Oh from Italie,

Enter a Messinger.

Ramine thou thy fruiteful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have bin barren.

Mef. Madam, Madam,

Cleo. Anthony's dead,
If thou say to Villaine, thou kilst thy Misfes:
Be well and free, thou say from yeild a
There is Gold, and heree
My blowe well vnto thine hand that Kings
Have lipt, and rembled huffing.

Mef. Full Madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why there's more Gold,
But farre, make me vie
To say, the dead are well: bring it to that.
The Gold I give thee, will I melt and peau
Downe thy ill stinking throne.

Mef. Good Madam hear me.

Cleo. Well, go too I will:
But there's no goodnesse in thy face if Anthony
Be free and healthfull; so rare a favoure
To trumpet such good tidings. I wont well,
Though should come like a Pachie crownd'd with Snakes,
Not like a formall man,

Mef. Wilt please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'at:
Yet if thou say Anthony lives, 'tis well,
Or friends with Caesar, or not Captive to him,
He fet the in a shower of Gold, and haile
Rich Pearles upon thee.

Mef. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mef. And Friends with Caesar.

Cleo. Th'art an honfent man,

Mef. Caesar, and he, are greater Friends then euer,
Make thee a Fortune from me.

Mef. But yet Madam.

Cleo. I do not like but yet, it does play
The good precedence, fit upon but yet,
But yet is as a Laylors to bring foot
Some monfrous Malesfactor. Pray thee Friend,
Powre out the packe of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: he's friends with Caesar,
In the heat of the day, and so they too,

Mef. Free Madam, no: I made no such report,
He's bound unto Ollania.

Cleo. For what good turne?

Mef. For the bell turne it bed.

Cleo. I am pale Charmian.

Mef. Madam, he's married to Ollania.

Cleo. The most infectuous Pelagene upon thee.

Mef. Good Madam patience.

Cleo. What say you?

Hence horrible Villaine, or Ile spume thine eyes
Like balls before me: 1le vnhaire thy head,
She hates him vp and downe.

Thou shalt be whipt with Wyer, and strew'd in brine,
Smirning in lingering pickle.

Mef. Grazious Madam,

Cleo. I that do bring the newes, made not the match.

Cleo. Say 'tis not so, a Province I will gue thee,
And make thy Fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage,
And I will boost thee with what guilt beside
Thy modeflex can begge.

Mef. He's married Madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast had too long.

Mef. Nay then 1le runne:
What meane you Madam, I have made no fault.
Exit. Char. Good Madam, keep ye thine selfe within you felle,
The man is innocuous.

Cleo. Some Innocents scape not the thunderbolt:
Mets Egypt into Nyle: and kindly creatures
Turne all to Serpents. Call the Salve againe,
Though I am mad, I will not bylye him.

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him,
These hands do lacke Nobility, that they strike
A meaner then my selfe; since I my selfe
I haue given my selfe the canke.

Enter Sir.

Cleo. To bring bad newes: gite to a gracious Messinge.

Exeunt.
An hundred of ditties, but lest ill tydings tell
They selves, when they be told.
Mef. I have done my duty.
Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again fay yes.
Mef. He's married Madam.
Cleo. The Gods confound thee,
Dost thou hold there still?
Mef. Should I be Madam?
Cleo. Oh, I would thou didst:
So halfe my Egypt were submerg'd and made
A Caffer for fcal'd Snake: Go get thee hence,
I had th' Soullcif in thy face to me,
Thou would'lt appeare most vgly: He is married?
Mef. I crave your Highnefs pardon.
Cleo. He is married?
Mef. Take no offence, that I would not offend you,
To punnifh me for what you make me do,
Seemes much receiued, he's married to Olaiuna.
Cleo. Oh that his fault should make a knowke of thee,
That art not what that farte of: Get thee hence,
The Marchandize which thou haft brought from Rome
Are all too deere for me:
Lye they vpon thy hand, and be vn-done by em.
Cleo. Good your Highnefs patience.
Cleo. In praying, Anthony, I have defpif'd Cafar.
Cleo. Many times Madam.
Cleo. I am pay'd for't now: lead me from hence,
I faint, oh Traf, Charman, it's no matter.
Go to the Fellow, good Alexia bid him
Report the feature of Olaiuna: her yeres,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her haire. Bring me word quickly,
Let him for ever go, let him not Charman,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other ways a Mars. Bid you Alexia
Bring me word, how toll the is: pity me Charman,
But do not speake to me. Lead me to my Chamber.

Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter Pompey, at our dance with Drum and Trum-put at another Cafar, London, Anthony, Exhorhlt, Mar-
Cena, Agrippa, Menus with Soldiers Marching.
Pom. Your Heritages I have, so houe you mine:
And we shall take before we fight.
Cafar, Mofl meete that fift we come to words,
And therefore hate we
Our written purpofes before we fent,
Which if thou haft confidered, let it know,
If tw'yle vpe thy difcontented Sword,
And carry backe to Cicelie much tall youth,
That eall must perifh here.
Pom. To you all three,
The Senators alone of this great world,
Chiefk Faktors for the Gods. I do not know,
Wherefore my Father should reuenge want,
Having a Sonne and Friend, fineinue Cafar,
Who at Philippis the good Trajan glorified,
There fawe you labouring for him. What was't
That mot'd pales Cafar to confpire? And what
Made all-honor'd, honeft, Romaine Trajan,
With the arm'd reff, Courtiers of beautious freedome,
To drench the Capitoll, but that they would
Have one man but a man, and that his it
Hath made me rigge my Nauie. At whose burchen,
The anger'd Ocean fomere, with which I meet

To scourge things grattitude, that delightfull Rome:
Caff on my Noble Father.
Pom. Take your time.
Ant. Thou canst not fare vs Pompey with thy fables,
Weele speake with thee at Sea. At land thou know'st
How much we do re-count thee.
Pom. At Land indeed
Thou doft ore count me of my Fathers house:
But since the Cuckoo builds not for himfelfe,
Romaine it's as thou maffit.
Lepi. Be pleas'd to tell vs,
(For this is from the preffent how you take)
The offers we have lent you.
Pom. There's the point.
Ant. Which do not be entreat too,
But waight what it is worth embrac'd
Pom. And what may follow to try a larger Fortune.

Of Cicelie, Sardina: and I muft
Rid all the Sea of Pilots. Then, to fend
Measure of Wheate to Rome: this greed vpon,
To part with vnhaftt edges, and beare backe.
Our Targets undinted.

Omeus. That's our offer.
Pom. Know then when I came before you heere,
A man prepa'd
To take this offer. But Mark Anthony,
Put me to some impatience: though I loose:
The praise of it by telling. You muft know
When Cafar and your Brother were at bloueto,
Your Mother came to Cicelie, and did fade
Her welcome Friendly.

Ant. I have heard it: Pompey,
And am well fuddled for a liberal sorts thanks,
Which I do owe you.
Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not thinke Sir, to have met you heere,
Ant. The beds th' Esat are soft, and thanks to you,
That cail'd me timetlier then my purpose hither:
For I have grnt by t.
Pom. Since I saw you laft, there's a change vpon you.
Pom. Well, I know not,
What counts hathius Fortune call'd upon my face,
But in my bosome flall the nearer come,
To make my heart her vallat.
Lep. Well met here.
Pom. I hope to Lepidius, thus we are agreed:
I trace our composiion may be written
And seal'd betwenee vs,
Pom. That's the next to do.
Pom. Weele with each other, ere we part, and let's
Draw lots who shall begin.
Ant. That will I Pompey.
Pompey. No Anthony take the lot: but firft or laft,
your fine Egyptian cookef shall have the fame, I have
heard that intimo Cafar, grove fat with fealing there,
Ant. You have heard much.
Pam. I have faire meaning Sir.
Ant. And faire words to them.
Pom. Then do much have I heard,
And I have heard Appolatedes carri'd
Ens. No more that he did fo.
Pam. What I pray you!
Ens. A certaine Queene to Cafar in a Matris.
Pom. I know thee now, how far' thou Shooldit?
Ens. Well, and well am like to do, for I perceiue

Four.
The Tragedie of

Mufick players.
Enter two or three Servants with a Banquet.

1. Here they be men: some o’t’thir Plants are ill
rooted already, the least wind t’th’world will blow them
downe.
2. Lepidus is high Conford.
3. They have made him drinke Almes drinkke.
4. As they pinch one another by the disposition, hee
cries out, no more; reconciles them to his entreatie, and
himselfe to th’drinke.
5. But it raiseth the greatest warre betwixt him & his
dieretion.
6. Why this it is to have a name in great mens Fel-
lowship: I had as liue have a Reede that will doe me
sorcell, as a Pantizan I could not heare.
7. To be call’d in a huge Sphere, and not to be seene
to moue in: the holes where eyes should bee, which
pitifully disorder the cheeks.

A Sermon souded.
Enter Caesar, Anthony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Assenais,
Enbarbus, Menas, with other Captaines.

Ant. Thus do they Sir: they take the flow o’th’Nyle
By certayne scales in th’Pyramid: they know
By’th’height, the bottomes, or the meanes: If earth
Or Foison follow, the higher Nilus swells,
The more it promisses: as it ebbs, the Steedman
Upon the flame and Ooze scatters his grains,
And shortly comes to Harref.
Lep. Y’hau’strange Serpents there?
Ant. I Lepidus,
Lep. Your Serpent of Egypt, is lured now of your mud
by the operation of your Sun: so is your Crocodile.
Ant. They are so.
Pomp. Sir, and some Wine: A health to Lepidus.
Lep. I am not so well as I should be:
but I neede one.
Lep. Not till you have flept: I feare me you’ll bee
in till then.
Lep. Nay certainly, I haue heard the Platoniasts Pyra-
mists are very goodly things: without contradistion I
haue heard that.

Menas. Pompey, a word.
Pomp. Say in mine ear, what is’t.
Men. Foriste thy feate I do behelth thee Captaine,
And haue me speake a word.
Pomp. Forbear me till anon.
Whispers in’t Ear.
This Wine for Lepidus.
Lep. What manner o’tthing is your Crocodile?
Ant. It is sha’d fir like it selfe, and it is as byoad as it
hath breadth; it is suff fo high as it is, and moues with it
owne organs. It lines by that which nourisheth it, and
the Elements once out of it, it Transmigrates.
Lep. What colour is it of?
Ant. Of owne colour too.
Lep. ’Tis a strange Serpent.
Ant. ’Tis so, and the teares of it are wet.
Caf. Will this description satisfy him?
Ant. With the Health that Pompey gives 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 for the sake of Messis thou wilt haue mee,
Rise from thy lioole.  

Pom. I think it's mad: the matter?  

Men. I have ever held my cap off in thy Fortunes.  

Pom. Thou hast fent' me with much faith: what's else to say? Be joystick Lord's,  

Ant. These Quisce-fands Lipokus.  

Keep off, them for you finke.  

Men. Wilt thou be Jod of all the world?  

Pom. What faith thou?  

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of the whole world?  

That's twice.  

Pom. How should that be?  

Men. But entertain it, and though thou thinke me poor, I am the man will gine thee all the world.  

Pom. Hail thou drunk well.  

Men. No Pompey, I have kept me from the cup,  

Thou art if thou don't be, the earthly June!  

What are the Ocean pales, or skie incloudy,  

Men, if thou woul'st ha'.  

Pom. Show me which way?  

Men. These three World-thiers, these Competitors  

Are in thy vellell. Let me cut the Cable,  

And when we are put off, fall to their threates:  

All there is thine.  

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldn't have done,  

And not have spoken. In me' vis villianie,  

In thee, it had bin good feruice: thou must know,  

'Tis not my proff that does lead mine Honour:  

Mine Honour it, Repent that erst thy tongue,  

Hast to beraide thine acte. Being done unknowne,  

I should have found it afterwards well done,  

But must condemned it now, defect, and drink.  

Men. For this, I neuer follow  

Thy paud Fortune's more,  

Who seeks and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,  

Shall never finde it more.  

Pom. This health to Lipokus.  

Ant. Beare him's shore,  

He pledge it for him Pompy.  

Eno. Here's to thee, Menus.  

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.  

Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.  

Eno. There's strong Fellow Menus.  

Men. Why?  

Eno. A beares the third part of the world man: feete not  

Men. The third part, then he's drunk: would it were  

all, that it might go on wheeles.  

Eno. Drink thou: eneare the Reede.  

Men. Come.  

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian Feast.  

Ant. It ripen's towards it: strike the Vellell hers.  

Here's to Cesar.  

Cesar. I could well forbear's, it's monitory labour  

when I wash my braine, and it grow fouler.  

Ant. Be a Child o'thim.  

Cesar. Poffeffe it, He make answer: but I had rather  

fall from all, four dayes, then drink to much in one.  

Evad. Ha my brave Emperour, shall we daunce now  

the Egyptian Backenals, and celebrate our drink?  

Pom. Let's ha' good Soildier.  

Men. I have ever held my cap off, till  

that the conquering Wine hath steep't our felts,  

In soft and delicate Leath.  

Eno. All take his neds:  

Make battery to our estes with the loud Musick.  

The while, Ile place you, then the Boy shall sing.  

The holding every man shall brase as loud,  

As his strong sides can volly.  

Musickes Players.  

Endobarbus places them hand in hand.  

The Song.  

Come thou Monarch of the Vine,  

Plume but Bacchus, with shone eye's;  

In thy Easter Cup be drown'd,  

With thy Grapes our hearts be Crown'd.  

Cup o'the world go round,  

Cup o'the world go round.  

Cesar. What would you more?  

Pompy goodnight. Good Brother  

Let me requiest you of our greater buisneffe  

Prowes at this Interrest. Genttle Lords let's part,  

You fee we hauw burnt our chekkes. Strong Endobar  

is weaker then the Wine, and mine owne tongue  

Spleet's what it speaks; the wild difguife hath almost  

Antickes vs all. What needs more words? goodnight.  

Good Anthony your hand.  

Pom. Ile try you on the shore.  

Ant. And shall Sir give you your hand.  

Pom. Oh Anthony you have my Father boufe.  

But what, we are Friends?  

Come downe into the Beare.  

Eno. Take heed you fall not Menus: He not on shore,  

No to my Cabin: these Drummes,  

These Trumpes Fistes: what  

Let Nepunet heare, we bid aloud farewell  

To these great followes. Sound the pipes and be long'd found out.  

Sound the Flutts with Drummes.  

Cesar. Hoo saies there's my Cae.  

Men. Hoa, Noble Captaine, come.  

Enter Octavians as it were in triumph, the dead body of Paco-  

rus borne before him.  

Pom. Now daring Parthia are thou stroke, and now  

Pleased Fortune does of Marcus Csefina death  

Make me reussenr. Beare the Kings Sonnes body,  

Before our Army thy Paco's Oades,  

Pales this for Marcus Csefina.  

Romaine. Noble Octavians,  

Whil it yet with Parthian blood thy Sword is warme,  

The Fugitive Paprinas follow, Spoilt through Media,  

Mafopotamia, and the shifters, whether  

The routed filr. So thy grand Captaine Anthony  

Shall set thee on triumphant Charlottes, and  

Put Gzardons on thy head.  

Pom. Oh Silbus, Silbus,  

I have done enough. Allow place note well  

May make too geie anact. For leanse this Silbus,  

Better to leave wondone, then by our deed  

Acquire too high a Fame, when him we lettes away,  

Cesar and Anthony have ever wome  

More in their officers, then perfon. Soiffne  

One of my place in Syria, his Lieutenant,  

For quicke accumulation of renowne,  

Which the chieftay'd by th'minute, left his favour.  

Who does P'rin Warte more then his Captaine can,  

Becomes his Captaines Captaine : and Ambrion  

(Thcallaurs would rather makes choice of Ioffe)  

Then gaine, which darkens him.  

I could do more to do Ambrosian good,  

But would offend him. And in his offence,
Should my performance perih.
Rem. Thou hast Veniendum that, without the which a
Souldier and his Sword grants scarce distinction: thou
\[...

Enter Agrippa at one door, Eubalbus at another.
Agri. What are the Brothers parched?
Eno. They have dispaiched with Pompey: he is gone.
Th. Three are scaling, Ollania weepes.

To part from Rome: Cesar is sad, and Lepidus.
Since Pompey's fall, as Menas saies, is troubled.
With the Greene-Sicknefe.

Agri. Tis a Noble Lepidus:
Eno. A very fine one: oh, how he loues Cesar.
Cle. Nay but how delicte he adores Mark Anthony.
Cle. Cesar? why he's the Jupiter of men.
Ant. What's Anthony, the God of Jupiter?
Eno. Spake you of Cesar? how, the non-parrell?
Cle. Oh Anthony, oh thou Arabian Bird!
Eno. Would you praise Cesar, lay Cefarino no further.
Agri. Indeed he pleyd them both with excellent praises.
Eno. But he loues Cesar better, yet he loues Anthony:

Hoo,Hearts,Tongues,Figures,
Scriber,Bards,Poets,cannot
Thinke speake,call,write,fing, number : hoo,
His loue to Anthony. But as for Cesar,
Kneele downe,kneele downe wonder,
Agri. Both he loues.
Eno. They are his Shards, and he their Beete,for:
This is to hoise: Adieu,Noble Agrippa.
Agri. Good Fortune worthy Souldier, and farewell.

Enter Cesar, Anthony, Lepidus, and Ollania.
Ansto. No further Sir.
Cefar. You take from me a great part of my felpe:
Vie me well in'. Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest Band
Shall paffe on thy approoue: most Noble Anthony,
Let not the piece of Verue which is fett
Betwixt vs, as the Cyment of our loue
To keep it builded, be the Ramme to batter
The Forfrefs of it: for better might we
Haue lou'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherefit.
Ant. Make me not offended, in your diuaff.
Cefar. I hate fad.
Ant. You shall not finde,
Though you be therein curious, the left caufe
For what you seeme to feare, so the Gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans ferue your ends:
We will heare part.
Cefar. Farewell my deereel Sister, fare thee well,
The Elements be kind to thee, and make
Thr' spirits all of comfort: fare thee well.
Cle. My Nobe Brothers
Anth. The April's in her eyes, it is Loomes spring,
And there the flowers to bring it on: be cheeffull.

Ollia. Sir, looke well to my Husbandes house:
Cefar. What Ollania?
Ollia. Ite tell you in your earse.
Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart informe her tougue.
The Swannes downe feather
That flands upon the Swell at the full of Tide:
And neither way incline.
Eno. Will Cefar weep?
Cefar. He's a cloud in face.
Eno. He were the worfe for that were he a Horfe, so is he
being a man.
Agri. Why Enobarbus:
When Anthony found Iulius Cefar dead,
He cried almoft to roaring: and he wept,
When at Phillippi he found Brotons flame.
Eno. That yeareinde, he was troubled with a rheume,
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd,
Beleev't still I weep too.
Cefar. No sweet Ollania,
You shall heare from me still: the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.
Cle. Come Sir, come,
Ile wipe the Larmes in thy streng'the loue,
Looke here I haue you, thus I let you go,
And give you to the Gods.
Cefar. Adieu, be happy.
Lep. Let all the number of the Stares giue light
To thy faire way.
Cefar. Farewell, farewell.
Kelf: Ollania.
Ansto. Farewell., Trumpets sound.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Ira, and Alexan.
Cleo. Where is the Fellow?
Alex. Half afeard to come.
Cleo. Go too, go too: Come hither Sir.
Enter the Messenger as before.
Alex. Good Maiieife: Hirond of Jury dare not looke
Upon you, but when you are well pleas'd.
Cleo. That Hirond head, ile haue: but how? When
Anthony is gone, through whom I might command it:
Come thou nearer.
Mef. Most gracious Maiieife.
Cleo. Didst thou behold Ollania?
Mef. I dread Queene.
Cleo. Where?
Mef. Madam in Rome, I lookt her in the face:
And saw her led between her Brother, and Mark Anthony.
Cleo. Is she the aallie as me?
Mef. She is not Madam.
Cleo. Didst heare her speake?
Is the skill tongu'd or low?
Mef. Madam, I heard her speake, she is low voic'd.
Cleo. That's not so good: he cannot like her long.
Char. Like her? Oh Is't so impossible.
Cleo. This is to Charmian: dull of tongue, & dwarfish
What Maiieife is in her gare,remember
If e'er thou lookst on Maiieife.
Mef. She creeps her motion, & her flation are as one.
She shews a body, rather then a life,
A Statue,then a Breathe.
Cleo. Is this certain?
Mef. Or I have no obseruance.
Cleo. This in Egypt cannot make better nose.
Cleo. He's very knowing, I do perceiue,
There's nothing in her yet.
The Fellow he's good judgment.
Char. Excellent.
Cles. Gushe! at her years, I perceive.
Miss. Madam, she was a widgeon.
Miss. And I do think she's thritie.
Cles. Beast thou her face in mood! he's long or round?
Miss. Round, even to faultinefle.
Cles. For the most part too, they are foolish that are so. Her hair's what colour?
Miss. Browne Madam: and her forehead
As low as she would, it is.
Cles. There's Gold for thee,
Thou must not take my former flaremefle
I will employ thee back again: I finde thee
Molt fit for buffinefe. Go make thee ready.
Our Letters are prepar'd,
Char. A proper man.
Cles. Indeed he is: I repent me much
That I harried him. Why me think's he by him,
This Creature's no fuch thing.
Char. Nothing Madam.
Cles. The man hath feene fome Maifie, and should know.
Char. Hath he feene Maielfe: if ye elfe defend: and
fering you fo long.
Cles. I have one thing more to take him yet good
Charmian: but ye no touch, thou fhalt bring him to me
Where I will write:all may be well enough.
Char. I warrant you Madam. 
Ent. Anthony and Cleopatra. 
Ant. Nay, my favors not only that,
That were excufable: and that thousands more
Of fensible import, but he hath way'd
Now Wares' gainst Pompey. Made his will, and read it,
To publicke care, spoke frankly of me,
When perfine he could not
But pay me teares of Honour: cold and ficly
Ventanted then moft narrow meafe of finne:
When the beft hint was given him: he not lookt,
Or did it from his teeth.
Otho. Oh my good Lord,
Believe not all, or if you must beleue,
Stomacke not all. A more whifpoye Lady,
If this defiilion chance, be freely betwene
Praying for both parts:
The good God will mooke me prefently,
When I shal pray: Oh bife my Lord, and Husband,
Vnde that prayer, by crying out as loud,
Oh bife my Brother. Husband winne, w inne Brother,
Prayes, and differe ye the prayer, me midway
Twist these extreames at all.
Ant. Gibral Otho.
Let your bell loue draw to that point which feeks
Belt to prefent it: if I loufe mine Honour,
I loufe my felfe better: I was not your
Then your to branch ifte. But as you requested,
Your felfe fhall go betwene, the, the means time Lady,
I reafe the preparation of a Ware
Shall fire your Brother, make your fooncft halfe,
So your defires are yours.
Oth. Thanks to my Lord.
The loife of power make me moft weake, moft weake,
You recollifher; Wares' twixt you twaine would be,
As if the world fhould cleare, and that flaine men
Should loader up the Rift.

Amb. When it appeares to you where this begins,
Tune your displeafure that way: for our faults;
Can neuer be fo equal, that your love
Can equally mowe with them. Provide your going,
Choose your owne company, and command what coft
Your heart he's mind too.

Enter Emarbus, and Eros.

Eno. How now Friend Eros?
Eno. That's strange News evne come Sir.
Eros. What man?
Eno. Caesar & Lepidus have made warres upon Pompey,
Eno. This is old, what is the successe?
Eros. Caesar having made vice of him in the warres
gainst Pompey: prefently deeme him rivalry, would not
let him partake in the glory of the action, and not refilling
here, accolles him of Letters he had formerly wrote to
Pompey. Upon his owne appeale feres him, to the poor
thirtic is vp, till death enlarghe his Confire.
Eno. Then would you both a parte of chapsome no,
and throw between them all the food thou haft, they'll
grinde the other. Where's Anthony?
Eros. He's walking in the garden thus, and fumres
The ruth that lies before him. Cries Froole Lepidus,
And threats the threat of that his Officer,
That murdered Pompey.
Eno. Our great Naules rig'd,
Eros. For Italy and Caesar, more Domition,
My Lord dictates you presently: my Newes
I might have told hearer re.
Eros. Twill not myght, but let it bebring me to Anthony.
Eno. Come Sir,

Enter Agrrippa, Mettem, and Caesar.

Caf. Contemning Rome he's done all this & more,
In Alexandre: here's the manner of it:
11th Market-place: a Tribunall fliuer'd,
Cleopatra and himfelfe in Chaires of Gold
Were publickly enter'd: at the feft, fit
Cafarion whom they call my Fathers Sonne,
And all the vpland flue, that their Luft.
Since then hath made betweene them, Vnto her,
He gave the Habitation of Egypt, made her
Oldeuer Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, absolute Queene.

Mce. This in the publick eye?
Cafar. I fommon their place, where they exercife,
His Sonnes better profe: the King of Kings,
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia
He gave to Alexander. To Ptolemy he affign'd,
Syria, Silicia, and Phecina: the
In Thablishments of the Godsfixe life
That day appeare, and oft before gau audience,
As it's reported to,
Mce. Let Rome be thus inform'd.

Agri. Who quare with his infolence already,
Will their good thoughts call from him,
Mce. The people knows it,
And hau now reu'ced his accufations.
Agri. Who does he accufe?
Cafar. Caesar, and that hauing in Cicilie
Succes Pompeius' spoil'd, we had not rated him
In part for this. Then does he say, he fent me
Some flippering ip究nd. Lately, he fects
That Lepidus of the Triumpheare, shou'd be depof'd,
And being that, we detain all his Reuenue,
Agri. Sir this shou'd be anfw'nd.
Cafar. 'Tis done already, and the Meflenger gone:
I have told him Lepidus was grewne too cruel,

That
In his abominations, tunes you off,
And gives his potent Regimen to a Trull
That noytis it against vs.
Ollc. Is it so fin?
Cleo. Moft certain Sifler welcome: pray you
Beater knowne to patience. My dece’d Sifer. Elegunt
Enter Cleopatra, and Eubedaume.
Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.
Eue. But why, why, why?
Cleo. Thou haft forspoke my being in these warres,
And say’lt it is not fit.
Eue. Well: is it, is it.
Cleo. If not, demounce’d against vs, why should not we
be there in person,
Eue. Well, I could reply: if we should fereus with
Horfe and Mares together, the Horfe were mcrely loft:
the Mares would bare a Souldier and his Horfe.
Cleo. What’st thou say?
Eue. Your prefence needs must puzzle Anthony,
Take from his heart, take from his Braine, from’s time,
What should not they be Ipard. He is already
Traduc’d for Leity, and this laid in Rome,
That Pluturnus an Eunuch, and your Maides
Mannage this warre.
Cleo. Sink Rome, and their tongues not
That speake against vs. A Charge we bear’reth Warre,
And as the prefent of my Kingdone will
Advance thee there for a man. Speake not againſt it,
I will not play behinde.

Enter Anthony and Comidus.
Eno. Nay I have done here, comes the Emperor.
Ant. Is it not strange Comidus,
That from Tarce tum, and Brandufium,
He could fo quickly cut the Ionian Sea,
And take in Trime. You have heard not (Sweet?)
Cleo. Celebrity is never more admitt’d,
Then by the negligent.
Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have weel become’d the best of men
To caunt at platcuche. Comifying wee
Will fight with him by Sea.
Cleo. By Sea, what the?
Cam. Why, why, why?”
Ant. For that he dares venture.
Eueb. So hard my Lord, I daunt him to fingle fight,
Cam. I, and to wage this Battel at Paphalia,
Where Cofar fought with Pompey. But this offers
Which issue not for his vantage, he fkales off,
And so fhould you.
Eueb. Your Shippen are not well man’d,
Your Mariners are Militer, Reapers, people
Infolent by Swift Imprefe, In Cofar Pleece,
Are thofe, that often have againſt Pompey fought,
Their Shippen are yare, yours heavy: no disgrace
Shall you for refining him at Sea,
Being prepar’d for Land,
Ant. By Sea, by Sea.
Eno. Most worthy Sir, you therein throw away
Your Marion’ses are Militer, Reapers, people
Infolent by Swift Imprefe, In Cofar Pleece,
Are thofe, that often have againſt Pompey fought,
Their Shippen are yare, yours heavy: no disgrace
Shall you for refining him at Sea,
Being prepar’d for Land,
Ant. By Sea, by Sea.
Eno. You fhould obferue to your caufes, Sir,
Your Marion’s are Militer, Reapers, people
To refcourage the enemy, by Land,
Diftraits your Armiye, who doubts moft confit
Of Warre-mark’d: for men, leave executed
Your own renomated knowledge, quite forgoe
The way which promifes advantage, and
Give up your felte meerly to change and hazard,
From firme Security.
Ant. He fight at Sea.
Cleo.
Anthony and Cleopatra.

Ces. I have fifty Sailes, Ces. far better.
Ant. Our out plus of shipping will we burne,
And with the rest full maint, from the head of an Action
Beate'sh approching Ces. But if we fail,
We then can't set Land. Enter a Messenger.
Thy business?
Ant. The Newses true, my Lord, he is decried,
Ces.far's taken Torino.
Ant. Can he be there in person? 'Tis impossible
Strange, that his power should be. Camillus.
Our five Legions there stand bold by Land,
And our twelve thousand Horse. We'll to our ship,
Away my fallen.
Enter a Soldier.
How now worthy Souther?
Soult. Oh Noble Emperor, do not fight by Sea,
Truth not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt
This Sword, and shew my Wounds; let the Egyptians
And the Phcenicians go a ducker: we've
Have'd to conquer standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.
Ant. Well, well, away.exit Ant. Cloe, &c. End. Soult. By Hercules I think I'm not right.
Cam. Souther thou art: but his whole action grooves
Not in the power not: so our Leaders lead,
And we are Womans men.
Soult. You keepe by Land the Legions and the Horse
whale, do you not?
Ven. Marcus Osboius, Marcus Iunius,
Publicius, and Cæsar, for Sea:
But we keepe whole by Land. This speede of Cesars
Carries beyond beleefe.
Soult. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions,
As beyond all sper.
Cam. Who's this Lieutenant, heare you? Soult. They say, one Taurus.
Cam. Well, I know the man.
Enter a Messenger.
Mefs. The Emperor calls Camillus.
Cam. With Newes the times wit Labour,
And throwes forth each minute, tume. exit
Enter Cesafor with his Army, marching.
Cesar. Taurus?
Taur. My Lord.
Cesar. Strike notice by Land.
Keepes whole, prouoke not Bataile
Till we have done at Sea. Do not exceed
The Prefcrib of this Scourge: Our fortune yses
Upon this lamente.
Enter Anthony and Euborbus.
Ant Set we our Squadrions on yond side oth'Hill,
In eye of Cesar's bataile, from which place
We may the number of the Ships behold,
And so proced accordingly.
exit
Camillus Marcheth with his Land Army one way the
flange, and Taurus the Lieutenant of Cesars the other way
After their going in, we heard the noise of a Sea fight.
Alarum. Enter Euborbus and Scævola.
Eub. Naught, naught, I naught, I can behold no longer:
Themselves, the Egyptian Admiral,
With all their sixty lyne, and turne the Rudder:
To see, mine eyes are blasted.
Enter Scævola.
Scæv. Gods, & Gods! how all the world rung them!
End. What's thy passion? Scæv. The greatest Cael of the world, is left
With very ignorance, we have kil'd away
Kingsdomes, and Provinces.
End. How appears the Fight? Scæv. On our side, like the Token'd Peffilence,
Where death is sure. Youribauded Nage of Egypt,
(Whom Leproso to take) with midst oth'fight,
When vantage like a payre of Twinses appear'd
Both as the name, or rather ou the elder;
(Th' Breeze upon her) like a Cow in lone,
Horfe, Sailes, and Ryes.
End. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did ficken at the fight, and could not
Induce a further view.
Scæv. She once being loosed,
The Noble ruine of her Majestie, Anthony,
Clapst on his Sea-wing, and (like a diving Mallard)
Leaving the Fight in height, flies after her:
I never saw an Action of such flame;
Experience, Man-hood, Honor, no't be're
Did violate to it selfe.
Eub. Alacke, alacke.
End. Enter Camillus.
End. Our Fortune on the Sea is out of breath,
And stakes most lamenterly. Had our General
Bin what he knew himselfe, it had gone well:
Oh his ha's giv'en example for our flight,
Most grofully by his owne.
Eub. Is your thereabouts? Why then goodnight
indeed.
Cam. Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.
Scæv. Take the tow.
And there I will attend what further comes.
Camil. To Cesar will I render
My Legions and my Horse, fire Kings already
Shew me the way of yielding.
End. He yet follow.
The wounded chance of Anthony, though my reason
Sits in the winde against me.
Enter Anthony with Attendants.
Ant. Harkke, the Land bids me tred no more ypon's,
It is a sham'd to bear me, Friends, come hither,
I am to lated in the world, that I
Haue lost my way for euer. I haue a Shipp,
I laden with Gold, take it, divide it thyse,
And make your peace with Cesar.
End. Fly! Fly! Ne'ere think
Of me.
Ant. I haue folde my selfe, and have instructed cowards
To runne, and threw their shoulder. Friends be gone,
I haue my selfe resolu'd upon a courfe,
Which has no neede of you. Be gone,
My Treasures in the Harbour. Take it: Oh,
I followed that I blush to looke upon,
My very hairs do mutiny: for the white
Reprose the browne for rathmeifie, and them they
For fear, and dotting. Friends be gone, you shall
Hawe Letters from me to some Friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you look not sad,
Nor make replyes of loathmeifie, take the hint
Which my dispaire proclames. Let them be left
Which leaves it selfe, to the Sea-fide straight way;
I will poulde you of that ship and Treasure.
The Tragedie of

Fortune, and J adon.

That his pluckt, when hisher

Fortune of many Moonees gone by.

Cesar. Approach, and speake.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from Anthony:

This was of late as petry to his ends,

As is the Moon—dew on the Mericke leafe

To his grand Sea.

Ces. Bee'to, declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his Fortunes he flares thee, and

Requires to live in Egypt, which not granted

He Leffons his Requesst, and to thee fues

To let him breath between the Heavens and Earth

A private man in Athens: this for him.

Negg, Cleopatra does confesse thine Greatnesse,

Submits her to thy might, and of thee cruates

The Circle of the Ptolemies for her heyres,

Now hazarded to thy Grace.

Ces. For Anthony,

I have no eares to his requist. The Queene,

Of Audience, nor Defire shall fail, to thine

From Egypt drive her all-disgraced Friend,

One of his life Not there. This ill fure perfome,

She ball not sue vnderad. So to them both,

Amb. Fortune pursueth thee.

Cef. Bring him through the Bands:

To try the Eloquence, now 'tis time, dispatch,

From Anthony winne Cleopatra, promise

And in our Nace, what he requireth, add more

From these Invention, offers. Women are not

In their left Fortunes strange; but want will perique

The hee ne'er touch'd Vellit. Try thy cunning Tuesday,

Make thine owne Edict for thy paines, which we

Will answer as a Law.

Thik. Cefar, I go.

Cefar. Observe how Anthony becomes his flaw,

And what thou thinke this his very words speaks

In every power this moues.

Thik. Cefar, I shall.

Enter Cleopatra, Enoblasus, Charmian, & Iras.

Ces. What shall we do, Enoblasus?

Enob. Thinkes, and dye.

Ces. Is Anthony, or we in fault for this?

Enob. Anthony only, that would make his will

Lord of his Reason. What though you fied,

From that great face of Warre, whose feet all ranges

Frighted such where? Why should he follow?

The sick of his Affection should not then

Haue micht his Captam-ship, at such a poite.

When half to halfe the world oppossed, he being

The mered question? This was a flame no lefe

Then was his lofe, to course your flying Faggets,

And leave his Navy gazing.

Ces. Prayt the peace.

Enter the Ambassadoer, with Anthony.

Ant. Is that his answer?

Amb. I my Lord, I am.

Ant. The Queene shall then have courtesye,

So she will yeeld vs vp.

Amb. He says so.

Ant. Let her know, To the Boy Cefar lend thi

grized head, and he will fill thy wishes to the brimne,

With Principallers.

Ces. That head my Lord?

Enter Cesafs, Agrippa, and Dolabella, with others.

Ces. 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 should note Something particular: His Coine, Ships, Legions, May be a Cowards, whose Ministers would presume Under the face of a Child, as foone As his Command of Caesar. I dare him therefore To lay his gay Companions a-part, And answer me the declin'd, Sword against Sword, Our feltes alone: Hee write it: Follow mee. 

Eno. Yes like enough: Why bate I did Caesar will Violate his happiness; and be Stag'd to the how Against a Sworder: I think my judgements are A parcel of their Fortunes, and things outward Do draw the inward quality after them. To suffer all alike, that he should dreame, Knowing all measures, the full Caesar will Answer his empiusfet; Caesar thou hast subdod thine Judgement too.

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. A Messenger from Caesar.

Cleo. What is the more Ceremony? See my Women, Against the blonwne Raye may they flap their nose, That kno'd it into the Buds. Admit him firr. 

Eno. Mine honestly, and I, beginne to square, The Loyalty well held to Foole, does make Our Faith mee rejoyce: yet be that can endure To follow with Allegiance a false Lord, Does conquer him that did his Master conquer, And earns a place i'th' Stormy. 

Enter Thibes.

Cleo. Caesar will. 

Thib. Fare heare it part.

Cleo. None but Friends: say boldly. 

Thib. So haply see they Friends to Anthony. 

Eno. He noe, as many (Sir) as Caesar has: Or wherupon? if Caesar has. 

Thib. Will please to be his Friend: For vs you know, Whoe full he is, we, and that is Caesar. 

Thib. So: Thus then thou molten renown'd, Caesar interets, Not to consider in what cafe thou standst: 

Further then he is Caesar. 

Cleo. Go on right Royall.

Thib. He knows your honours, your grace, as you embrace not Anthony. 

As you did loose, but as you feared him. 

Cleo. Oh. 

Thib. The scare's upon your Honor, therefore he Does pitty, as constrained blemishes, 

Not as deareful. 

Cleo. He is a God, And knows what is most right. Mine Honour 

Was not yeilded, but conquerd mee. 

Eno. To be fare of that, I will ask Anthony. 

Sir, sir, thou art too leiske 

That we must leave thee to the flinking, for Thy deereft quit thee. 

Exit Eno. 

Thib. Shall I say to Caesar, 

When you requite them, for he partly beggs 

To be defir'd to give. It much would please him, That of his Fortunes you should make a flaffe 

To leave upon. But it would warme his spirits 

To hearre from you had left Anthony, 

And put your fife under his throwd, the vainful Land. 

Cleo. What is your name? (lord.) 

Thib. My name is Thibes. 

Cleo. Moll kinde Meffenger, 

Say to great Caesar this in disputation,
The Tragedie of

A halter'd necke, which do's the Hangman thanke,
For being yare about him. Is he whipt?

Enter a Servant with Thidias.

Ser. Soundly, my Lord.

Ant. Cried he? and begg'd a Pardon?

Ser. He did ask fav'ur.

Ant. If that thy Father live, let him repent
Thou was't not made his daughter, and be thou forrie
To follow Cæsar in his Triumph, since
Thou hast bin whipt. For following him, henceforth
The white hand of a Lady Feauer thee,
Shake thou to loose on'. Get thee backe to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment: looke thou fay
He makes me angry with him. For he seems
Proud and displeasaunt, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry:
And at this time most eafe'tis to do's:
When my good Stars, that were my former guides
Have empty left their Orbes, and thet their Fires
Into th'Abusin of hell. If he mislike,
My speech, and what is done, tell him he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchis Boundan, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like to quit me. Vige it thou:
Hence with thy spirits, be gone.

Exit Thidias.

Ant. Haue you done that yet?

Ant. Alacke out Terrene Moone is now Eclipse,
And it portends alone the fall of Anthony.

Cleo. I must flay his time?

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that yses his points?

Cleo. Not know my yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah (Deere) I'll be so,
From my cold heart let Haueen ingender hate,
And payson it in the fourte, and the first flone
Drop in my necke: as it determines so
Diffoyle my life, the next Caesarian smile,
Till by degrees the memory of my wombe,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the disdaining of this pelleted aorme,
Lye grumbleffe, till the Fites and Graves of Nyle
Haue buried them for prey.

Ant. I am satisfied:
Cæsar sitts downe in Alexandria, where
I will oppo'ce his Pace. Our force by Land,
Hath Nobly held, our feuer'd Nathe too
Haue knit againe, and Fleece, threatning most Sea-like.
Where haft thou bin my heart? Dost thou heart Lady?
From the Field I shall returne once more
To kisse th'irs Lips, I will appeare in Blood,
And my Sword, will earne our Chronicle,
There's hope in'tyet.

Cleo. That's my brave Lord.

Ant. I will be trebble-finened, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine houses
Were terse and lucky, men did rancone luses
Of me for lefts: But now, I lie for teeth,
And tend to darken all that flipp me. Come,
Let's haue one other gawdy night; Call to me
All my fad Captaines, fill our Bawles once more:
Let's mocke the midnight Bell.

Cleo. It is my Birth-day,
I had thought I haue held it poore. But since my Lord
Is Anthony againe, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We will yet do well.
Enter a Company of Soldiers.

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The Tragedie of

Cesar. Say I am none of thine.

Cesar. What sayst thou?

Cesar. Sir, he is with Cesar.

Cesar. Sir, his Cheefe and Treasure he has not with him.

Cesar. Is he gone?

Cesar. Must certaine.

Cesar. Go, fetch his Treasure after, do it.

Cesar. Detaine no loner I charge thee, write to him; (I will subscribe) gentle friends, and greetings;

Cesar. Say, that I with he never finde more cause

Cesar. To change a Master. Oh my Fortunes have

Cesar. Corrupted honest men. Dispatch Endorbus,

Flourish. Enter Agrippa, Cesar, with Endorbus, and Dollabella.

Cesar. Go forth Agrippa, and begin the fight.

Cesar. Our will is Anthony be Cooke alue:

Cesar. Make it so knowne.

Cesar. Agrippa, Cesar, I shall.

Cesar. The time of winter fall peace is neere;

Cesar. Prove this a proprous day, the three nook'd world

Cesar. Shall bare the Ouiue freely.

Enter a Messenger.

MefT. Anthony is come into the Field.

Cesar. Go charge Agrippa, Plant those that haue revolted in the Vant,

Cesar. That Anthony may seem to spend his Pury

Vp in his life. Enter Alexan.

End. Alexan did revolt, and went to winnow on Affairs of Anthony, there did divvwayne

Great Horse to incline his horse to Cesar,

And leave his Mutter Anthony. For this painest,

Cesar hath hang'd him: Caminidim and the rest

That fell away, haue entertainment, but

No honourable truth I haue done ill,

Of which I do accuse my selfe to forely,

That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cefar.

Sed. Endorbus, Anthony

Hath after thee sent all thy Treacher, with

His Bounty oute-pluss. The Meffenger

Came on my guard, and at thy Tent is now

Vnoading of his Mules.

End. I give it you.

Sed. Moke not Endorbus,

I tell you true: Beft you laken the bringer

Out of the hoast, I must attend mine Office,

Or would have done my selfe, Your Emperor

Continues Bills loure.

Exit. Sed. I am alone the Villaine of the earth,

And feele I am most. Oh Anthony,

Thou Mine of Bounty, how wouldst thou have pyed

My better seurice, when my turpitude

Thou doft to Crowne with Gold. This blowes my hart,

If swift though he bekeit not: a swifter mane

Shall out-strike thought, but thought will not. I feele

I fight against thee: No I will go fecke

Some Ditch, wherein to dye: the foultit beft fit

My lauten part of life.


Agrippa. Retire, we haue engag'd our felues too farre:

Cesar himselfe has his worke, and our oppresion

Exceeds what we expexted.

Exit.
Enter a Centurie, and his Company, Exeunt as follows.

Cent. If we be not return'd within this hour,
We must return to th' Court of Guard: the night Is fliny, and they say, we shall embarkaze 
By this second hour'th' Moone.

1Watch. This last day was a wearied one too's.

Exeunt. Oh bear me witness, night,
2 What man is this?
Stand fast, and draw him:

Exeunt. Be witness to me (O thou blessed Moone).

When men revolted shall upon Record
Reve late full memory: poore Exeunt as did
Before thy face rest.

Cent. Exeunt as?
2 Peace: Hearken further.

Exeunt. Oh Souveraigne Mothers of true Melancholy,
The poisonous dampe of night, dispung'd upon me,
That Life, a very Rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart
Against the hine and heart'self of my fault,
Which being dres'd with greese, will breake to powder,
And find all soule thoughts. Oh Anthony,
Nobler then my resent is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular,
But let the world rancake me in Regifter,
A Master leauer, and a fugitive;
Oh Anthony, Oh Anthony!
1 Let's speake to him.
Cent. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern thee Ceasar.
2 Let's do so, but he sleepe.

Swoon'd rather, for to bad a Prayer as his
Was never yet for sleepe.

Go we to him.

Awake sir, awake, speake to vs.

Heare you sir?

Cont. The hand of death hath rought him

Drum. aper's off.

Hearke the Drummer demurely wake the sleepeeds.
Let vs hear him to th'o Court of Guard: he is of note:
Our houre is fully out.

2 Come on then, he may recover yet.

Enter Anthony and Scarsus, with their Army.

Ant. Their prevarication is to-day by Sea,
We please them not by Land.

Scar. For both, my Lord.

Ant. I would they'd fight th'o Fire, or th'o Ayre,
We'd fight there too. But this it is, our Foote
Upon the hilles adjoyning to the City
Shall play with vs. Order for Sea is given,
They have put forth the Haven:
Where their appointment we may beft descover,
And looke on their endeavour.

Enter Ceasar, and his Army.

Ces. But being charg'd, we will be full by Land,
Which as I tak't two Shall, for his beft force
Is fent to Mans his Gallies. To the Vale,
And hold our beft advantage.

Anthony aper's off, as at a Sea-fight.

Ant. Yet they are not ioynd:
Where you'nd Finis does stand, I shall discover all.
Ile bring thee word straight, how 'tis like to go.

Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's Saties their refts.
The Auguries
Say, they know not, they cannot tell, looke grimly,
And dare not speake their knowledge, Anthony,
Is warning, and directed, and by flares
His tretted Fortune give him hope and feare
Of what he has, and has not.

Enter Anthony.

Ant. All is loft:
This foulde Egyptian hath betrayd me:
My Fleece hath yeeld'd to the Foe, and yender
They cast their Cops vp, and Cenouse together
Like Friends long loft. Triple turn'd V' more, 'tis then
Hailf told me to this Nounce, and my heart
Mak's one	Wares on thee. Bid them all flye:
For when I am reng'd, my Charms,
I have done all. But thou wilt flye, be gone.
Oh Sunne, the wings is flood: I know not how,
Fortune, and Anthony past here, even here
Do we (hake hands? All come to this? The hearts
That pass me let me heele, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do dif-Cunde, melt this sweetes.
On blossomings Ceasar: And this Pine is banke,
That etcetera's them all. Beatray'd I am,
Oh this foulde Soule of Egypt, this gree Charme,
Whose eye lock'd. oh secondly W'le, & called them home:
Whose Before was my Crowner, my chief end,
| Like a right Gypie, hath at falt and loole
| Begn'd me, to the very heart of Joffe.
| What Eras, Eras.

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou Spell! Ah! Ah!

Cleas. Why is my Lord enray'd against his Loue?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall glue thee thy sepering,
And blemish Ceasar's Triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee vp to the howling Plebeians,
Follow his Chariot, like the greaftest spot
O' all thy Sexe. Modd Meniter-like be thoune
For poor'd Dinamites, for Dinwth, and le.
Patient Olms, plough thy vantage
With her prepared nailes.

'Tis well thar gone,

I'lt be well to live. But better to weare
Thon fell'th into my faire, for one death
Might hear preprehend many. Eras, howa?
The thirt of Mefia is vpme me, teach me
Aside, thou mine Ansestor, thy rage.
Let me lodge Lizias on the howes o' th' Moone,
And with those hands that grasp't the heauieft Club,
Subdue my worcbiefle fale: The Witch shall die,
To the young Roman Boye she hath told me, and I fall
Vnder this plot: She dy'es for t. Eras howa?

Enter Cleopatra, Chairman, Freemen, Maryland.

Cleas. Help me my women: Oh here's more mad
Then Telamon for his Shield, the Boare of Thefaly
Was never to imboft.

Char. To th' Monument, there locke your fale,
And send him word you are dead:

The.
The Soule and Body rite not more in parting, 
Then greatnesse going off. 

Enter Toth Monument: 

Mardian, go tell him I have slaine my felde; 
Say, that the leaf I spoke was Anthony, And word it (pynstone) pitilessly. Hence Mardian, And bring me how he takes my des' toth Monument. 

Enter Anthony, and Eros. 

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold't me? 

Eros. I Noble Lord. 

Ant. Sometimes we see a cloud that's Dragonisch, 
A vapour sometime, like a Beare or Lyon, 
A towred Citraddell, a pendant Becke, 
A laked Mountainse, or blew Promontorie 
With Trees upon't, that nodle into the world, 
And mocke our eyes with Ayrce. 

Thou haft seene these Signes, 
They are blacke Vepser Pagesent. 

Eros. I my Lord. 

Ant. That which is now a Horie, even with a thought 
The Racke dislimes, and makes it indiffer 
As water is in water. 

Eros. It does my Lord. 

Ant. My good Knave Eros, now thy Captaine is 
Euen such a body: Here I am Anthony, 
Yet cannot hold this visible shape (my Knave) 
I made these warres for Egypt, and the Queene, 
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine: 
Which whilfe it was mine, had amnent vnto's; 
A Million moe, (now lofe) thee Eros has 
Fackt Cards with Cefar, and fals plaid my Glory 
Unto an Enemies triumph. 

Nay, wepe not gentle Eros, there is left vs 
Our felues to end our felues. 

Enter Mardian, 

Oh thy vilde Lady, she has robb'd me of my Sword. 

Ant. No Anthony, 

My Mistis lou'd thee, and her Fortunes mingled 
With thine intirely. 

Ant. Hence away Eunuch peace, she hath betraysd me, 
And shall dye the death. 

Mer. Death of one person, can be paide but once; 
And that the ha's disharg'd. What thou would't do 
Is done unto thy hand: the leaf I spoke 
Was Anthony, not Noble Anthony. 

Then in the midd't a tearing grove did breake 
The name of Anthony; it was diuided 
Betweene her heart, and lips: she rendred lite 
Thy name so buried in her. 

Ant. Dead then? 

Mer. Dead, 

Ant. Vainne Eros, the long dayes task is done, 
And we must sleepe: That thou depart't hence safe 
Does pay thy labour richly: Go, exit Mardian. 

Off, placke off, 

The feuen-fold shied of Ajax cannot keepe 
The battery from my heart. Oh cleave my sides, 
Heart, once be stronger then thy Continent, 
Cracke thy frail Caff. Apace Eros, apace; 
No more a Soldier trunfled pieces go, 
You have bin Nobly borne. From me awhile. exit Eros 
I will o'er-take thee Cleopatra, and 
Wepe for my pardon. So it must be, for now 
All length is this turrent: since the Torch is out, 
Lye downe and try not farther. Now all labour 

Markes what it does: yea, very force entangles 
It selfe with strength: Scale then and all is done. 

Eros. I come my Queene, Eros? Stay for me. 

Where Soules do couch on Flowers, wee stand in hand, 
And with our sprightly Port make the Ghostes gaze: 
Dido, and her Eros 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 li'd in such dishonour, that the Gods 
Deftell my bafenesse. I, that with my Sword, 
Quarter'd the World, and o'ie greene Neptune's backe 
With Ships, made Cities, condemne my selfe, to lacke 
The Courage of Woman, letse Noble minde 
Then flee which by her death, our Cesar tells 
I am Conqueror of my selfe. Thou art (worne Eros, 
That when the exigent should come, which now 
Is come indeed: When I should fee behinde me 
Theunequall prosecution of disgrace and horror, 
That on my command, thou then would'lt kill me. 

Do't, the time is come: Thou firk'll not me, 
'Tis Cesar thou destachts. Put colour in thy Checke, 
Eros. The Gods with-hold me, 
Shall I do that which all the Parthian Darts, 
(Though Enemy) loft yzme, and could not. 

Ant. Eros, 

Would't thou be window'd in great Rome, and see 
My Master thus with pleache Armes, binding downe 
His couragible necke, his face fub'd 
To penetrative flame; whilfe the wheel'd feate 
Of Fortunate Cesar drawne before him, branded 
His Barentse that ensued. 

Eros. I would not see't, 

Come: then with for a wound I must be cut'd. 

Draw that thy honell Sword, which thou haft worne 
Methewful for thy Country. 

Eros. Oh give it me. 

Ant. When I did aske thee free, swords I 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. Turne from me then that Noble countenance, 
Wherein the worship of the whole world liest. 

Ant. Eros, 

Eros. My sword is drawne. 

Ant. Then let it do at once 
The thing why thou haft drawne it. 

Eros. My deare Master, 

My Captaine, and my Emperor. Let me say 
Before I strike this bloody stroke, Farewell. 

Ant. 'Tis said man, and farewel. 

Eros. Farewell great Chief, Shall I strike now? 

Ant. Now Eros. 

Killst himselfe. 

Eros. Why there then? 
Thus I do escape the forrow of Anthony's death, ' 

Ant. Trice-Nobler then my selfe, 
Thou teachest me: Oh valiant Eros, what 
I should, and thou could'lt not, my Queene and Eros 
Huse by their braue infruction got upon me 
A Noblestic in Record. But I will bee 
A Bride, groome in my death, and run into't 
As a Lovers bed. Come then, and Eros, 

Eros. My Master dies thy Sholler: to do thus 
I learnt of thee How,not dead? Not dead? 
The Guard, how? Oh dispatch me.
Enter a Guard.

1. Guard. What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my works! will Friends:
Oh make an end of what I have begun,
2: The Starre is fallte.

1. And time is at his Period,
All. alas, and wee.

Ant. Let him that loves me, pithe me lead.

2. Not I.

3. Not I

4. Not any one, cannot.

Descerf. They death and certifie but they followers ity.

This word but the Cesar with this tyding,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Dissembler.

Dis. Where's Anthony?

Des. There Demion enter.

Dem. Let he what then not answer man?

Ant. Art thou there Demion?

Draw thy sword, and grince,

Suffering bribes for death.

Des. Most Absolute Lord:

My Myrth Cesar sent me to thee.

Ant. When didst he find thee?

Dem. Now my Lord.

Ant. Where is the Cesar?

(Exes)

Dem. Look in her Monument she had a Prophecying
Of what hath come to passe for when the bow
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect
She had disposed with Cesar, and that your rage
Would not be pur'th, the fact you would the was dead:
But fearing fate in some night, work, hast lent
Me to proclame the truth, and I am come
I died, too late.

Ant. Ye late good Demion: call my Guard I pray thee.

Des. What's this? the Emperors Guard,
The Guard, who has: Come your Lord calles.

Enter 4, or 5, of the Guard of Anthony.

Ant. Besee me good friends where Cleopatra bides,
'Tis the last sentence that I shall command you,

I woe, woe, we are free you may not use to wear
All your true Followers out.

All. Most heavy day.

Ant. Nay good my Fellowes, do not pleas sharp fate
To grace it with your former woes. Bid that welcome
Which comes to punish vp, and we punish it:
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take up vp.
I have leaved you off, carry me noe good Friends,
And haue my thankes for all. Exite bearing Anthony.

Enter Cleopatra, and her Maides alse, with
Charitian & Itai.

Cle. Oh Charmion, I will never goe from hence.

Char. Bostoned deere Madam.

Cle. No, I will not:

All strange and terrible things are welcome,
But comfort we disspair: our face of sorrow
Proportion'd to our case, must be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter Demion.

How now? is he dead?

Dem. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Looke out of his other side your Monument,
His Guard have brought him thinker.

Enter Anthony, and the Guard.

Cle. Oh Sunne,
Burne the greete Sphere thou moult in, darkling plain.
The varying flowre of th' other world.

Oh, Anthony, Anthony
Help me Charmion, help me Demion,
Help me friends.

Below, let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace,

Nor Cesar's Valour hath o're-thrown Anthony,
But Anthony's hath Triumphed on the Sea.

Cle. So it should be,

Then none but Anthony shou'd conquer Anthony,
But woe is so.

Ant. I am dying Egypt, dying alone,
I herte of perfect death a while, until
Of many thousand kifes, the poor last
I lay upon thy lipes.

Cle. I dare not Die,

Desire my Lord pardon: I dare not,
Left he be taken nor off anfimpious now
Or the fall Fortune Cesar, ever shall
Be broach'd with me, if Knife, Dugges, Serpents have
Edge, fling, or operation. I am safe:

Your Wife Olympe, with her modest eyes,
And thine Conclusion, shall secure to Honour
Desiring upon me: but come, come Anthony,

Help me my women we must draw thee vp?

Affit good Friends.

Ant. Oh quicke, or I am gone.

Cle. Here's sport inside.

How heavy weighes my Lord?

Our strength is all gone into heainiff,
That makes the weight.

Had I great Cesar's power,

The strong wing'd Mercury shoul'd fetch thee vp,
And fix thee by Joves side. Yet come a little
Withers were our Foolis. Oh come, come, come,

They beate Anthony aloft to Cleopatra.

And welcome, welcome. 

Dye when thou hast liv'd,

Quicken with kissing: had my lipes thet power,
This would I weare then out.

All. A heavy sight.

Ant. I am dying Egypt, dying,

Give me some Wine, and let me speake a little.

Cle. No, let me speake, and let me ryle to dye,
That the false Hapsifule fortune, breake her Wheel.

Prouck'd by my offence.

Ant. One word (Private Owege)

Of Cesar fet thee your Honour, with thy safety.
Oh, Cle.

They do not goe together.

Ant. Gentle hearse me,

Note about Cesar truth, but Procellius.

Cle. My Revolution, and my hands, Ite truth,

None about Cesar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end,

I am not forrow at: but pleasfe you thoughts
In feeding them with thooe my former Fortune
Wherein I liet.

The greatest Prince of all the World,

The No-Me; and do now not bafely dye,

Not Cowardly put off my Helmet to
My Countryman a Roman, by a Roman

Visibly vainqueird.

Now my Spiritus is going,

I cannot more.

Cle. Noblest of men, woot ye dye?

Haft thou no care of me, shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is

No better then a Store?  Oh see my women:

The Crowne of eth earth doth melt. My Lord?

Oh wister'd is the Owland of the Wate,

The
The Tragedy of

The Gods rebuke me, but it is Tyding
To wash the eyes of Kings.

Del. And strange it is,
That Nature must compel vs to lament
Our most perfifled deecds.
Mrs. His teints and Honours, wag'd equal with him.
Del. A Rarer spirit never
Did streere humanity: but you Gods will give vs
Some faults to make vs men. Cesar is touch'd.
Mrs. When such a fucceflor's met before him,
He needes must fee himfelf.

Cesar. Oh Anthony,
I have followed thee to this, but we do lauch
Disgraces in our Bodies. I muft perfurce
Have thee one to thee such a declining day,
Or looke on thine: we could not flall together,
In the whole world. But yet let me lament
With teares as Soueraine as the blood of hearts,
That thou my Brother, my Compariter,
In top of all desigins; my Mate in Empire,
Friend and Compafion in the front of Ware,
The Arme of mine owne Body, and the Heart
Where mine thoughts did kindle; that our Stares
Vaxted with every, and should divide our equalneffe to this,
Heare me good Friends,
But I will tell you at fome better Season,
The busineff of this man luokeyes out of him,
We hear him what he fayes.

Enter an Egyptian.

Whence are you?

Cesar. Your more Egyptian yet, the Queen my mistiks
Confident in ne, she had her Monument
Of thy intents, defires, informaftion,
That the preparedly may frame her felfe
Toweth way then for'te too.

Cesar. But her haue good heart,
She loome shall know ca. by fame of ours,
How honourable, and how kindly Wee
Determine for her. For Cesar cannot fume to be vengent
Egypt. So the Gods preleuce thee.

Exit.

Cesar. Come bid us Præcinct. Go and fay
We purpose here no firame: guee what her comforts
The quality of her paffion shall require;
Left in her greatneffe, by some mortall Stroke
She doe defece vs. For her life in Rome,
Would be entale in our Triumph: Go,
And with your speciall bring vs what she fayes,
And how you finde of her.

Pro. Cesar I tall.

Exit Præcinctus.

Cesar. Gallus, go you along: where's Dolabella, to fece,
Præcinctus?

All. Dolabella.

Cesar. Let him alone: for I remember now
How hee's implac'd: he fhall in time be ready.
Go with me to my Tent, where you fhall fee
Who hardly I was drawne into this Ware,
How small and gentle I proceeded all
In all my Writings. Go with me, and fee
What I can fume in this.

Exit.

Enter Cleopatra, Chrifman, Iris, and Madam.

Cleo. My defeftion does begin to make
A better life; its pathy to be Cesar;
Not being Fortune, heres but Fortunes knave,
A minimiter of her will: and is a great

To
To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which shocks accusers, and bolts vp change;
Which sleeps, and never palstares more the dung,
The beggars Nurse, and Cesar.

Ent. Priscillianus.

Pro. Cesar sends greeting to the Queen of Egypt,
And bids thee truly on what faire demands
Thou meanst to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What is thy name?

Pro. My name is Priscillianus.

Cleo. Anthony

Did tell me of you, bid me trust you, but
I do not greatly care to be deceived
That have my selfe in trust. If your Master
Would have a Queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That Myselfe to keep deceptious, would,
Not hfe begge his Kingdom: The prince
To guide me conquer Egypt for my Sake,
And he goes too much of mine owne, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. He of good cheere:

Cleo. Some honest man, a Princeely hand, scarce perishing,
Make your full relevance freely to my Lord,
Who is so full of Grace, that it flows over
On all that needs. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependance, and you shall finde
A Conqueror that will pray in syde for kindness,
Where he for grace is kisst too.

Cleo. Pray you tell me,

In his Fortunee Vastall, and I find him
The Greatest he has got. Thou sincerely
A Doctrine of Obedience, and would gladly
Looke him thin Face.

Pro. This is report (deere Lady)
Haue content, for how your plight is pisted
Of him that could do.

Pro. You see how falsely she may be surpriz'd:
Guard her still. Cesar come,

Pro. Royal Queen.

Cleo. Oh Cleopatra, thou art taken Queene.
Cleo. Queene, queene, good hands.

Pro. Hold worthy lady, hold:

Doest not your selfe such wrong, who are in this
Relieuer, but not betraid.

Cleo. What of death too that ridis our dogs of linguish

Pro. Cleopatra, do not abuse my Masters bounty, by
T'wondring of your selfe: Let the World see
His Nobleffe well a stead, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou Death?

Come hither come; Come, come, and take Queene
Worth myn Babes and Beggers.

Pro. Oh temperance Lady,

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no more. Ie do not drinke for,
I'll eate, and if i may, more; For my plane,
He et heeple neither. This unworlde house Ie ruine,
Do Cesar what hee caa. Knowledge, that I
Will not veste punish'd at your Masters Court,
Nor one be stachlid with the lober Master.
Of dull Ophilia. Still they thougt me vp,
And thou the true of the seeming Vaniatorie.
Ooffendin1 Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt,
He et heeple neither. Let the World see
Let me flake-meak'd, and let the water-Elites
Blow me into abhorring: rather make
My Countries high pyramids my Gibbets,
And hang me vp in Chains.

Pro. You do extend
Thee thoughts of horror further then you shall
Find caufe in Cesar.

Ent. Priscillianus.

Dol. Priscillianus,
What thou hast done, thy Master Cesar knows,
And he hath sent for thee: for the Queene,
Ie take her to my Guard.

Pro. So Delaballa.
It shall content me best: Be gentle to her,
To Cesar I will speake, wsha you shall please,
If you'll employ me to him.

Ent. Priscillianus.

Cleo. Say, I would dye.

Dol. Most Noble Empresse, you have heard of me.

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Affurledly you know me.

Cleo. No matter for, what I have heard or knowne:
You laugh when Boys or Women tell their Dreames,
It's not your tricke?

Dol. I understand not, Madam.

Cleo. I dreamt there was an Emperor Anthony,
Oh such another Queene, that I might see
But such another man.

Dol. It might pleaste ye.

Cleo. His face was as the Heauens, and therein flucke
A Sunne and Moone, which kept their course, & lighted
The little o' the Earth.

Dol. Most Sereneigne Creature.

Cleo. His legges behind the Ocean his reade armes
Crested he would: his voyce was propretured
As all the tuned Spheres, and that to Friends:
But when he meant to quall, and thake the Orbe,
He was as raging Thunder. For his Beautie,
There was no winter in't. An Anthony it was,
That grew the more by rapting: His delights
Were Dolphin-like, they throw'd his backe about
The Element they liid in: in his Linery
Wals'd Crownes and Crownest: Realms & Islands were
As plates dropt from his pocke.

Dol. Cleopatra.

Cleo. Thinkye you there was, or might be such a man
As this I dreampt of?

Dol. Gentle Madam, no.

Cleo. You Eyle vp to the hearing of the Gods:
But if there be, no rue we were once such.
It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants fluide
To in strange forms with fancie, yet imagination
An Anthony were Natures peace, against Fancie,
Condemning shadlowes quite.

Dol. Heere me, good Madam,
Your loffe is as your selfe, great; and you bere the
As answering to the weight, would I might never
Oe take purr'dlie face, esie: But I do feele
By the rebound of yours, a griefe that fittes
My very heart at once.

Cleo. I thank you for:

Know you what Cesar means 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. Hee I leade methem in Triumph.

Dol. Madam he you, I know's.

Flourish.

Ent. Priscillianus, Cesar, Gallus, Macedon,
and others of his Traine.

All. Make way there Cesar.

Cesar.
Cæsar. Which is the Queen of Egypt.

Dido. It is the Emperor Madam. 

Cleo. kneel to.

Cæsar. Arise, you shall not kneel: I pray you rise, rise Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the Gods will have it thus, and Matter and my Lord I must obey.

Cæsar. Take you no hard thoughts, The Record of what injuries you did, though written in our fleth, we shall remember as things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole Sir o' th' World, I cannot project mine own estate so well to make it clear, but do confess I have Bene laden with like frailties, which before have often shamed our Sex.

Cæsar. Cleopatra know, we will extenuate rather then informe: If you apply your selfe to our intents, which towards you are most gentle, you shall finde a benefit in this change: but if you seek To lay on me a Cruelty, by taking

An honester course, you shall balace your selfe of my good purposes, and put your children To that destruction which I do guard them from. If thereon you relye. He take my leave.

Cleo. And may through all the world this yours, & we your Scutcheons, and your signes of Conquest still Haue under your protection, and make your pleasure. Here is your good Lord, Cæsar. You shall adjure me in all his Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the breefe: of Money, Plate, & Jewels I am possesse of, is exactly valued, not petty things admitted. Where's Seleucus?

Seleucus. Here Madam,

Cleo. This is my Treasurer, let him speake (my Lord) upon his perill, that I haue refer'd To my selfe nothing. Speake the truth Seleucus.

Seleucus. Madam, I had rather feele my lippes, then to my perill speake that which is not.

Cæsar. What have I kept backe.

Seleucus. Enough to purchase what you have made known

Cæsar. Nay blufh not Cleopatra, I approve Your Wifdomde in the dede.

Cleo. See Cæsar. Oh here, How the things are fall'd: Mine will now be yours, and should we drugg fates, yours would be mine, the ingratitude of this Seleucus, doth Even make me wilde. Oh, Slue, of no more truth Then love that's hy'd: What goest thou backe, I shall Go backe I warrant thee: but let each shine eyes Though they had wings. Slue, Slue-de-lies, Villian, Dog. O rarest tale.

Cæsar. Good Queene, let vs interest you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a woundinge frame is this, that thou vouchasfing here to visite me. doing the Honour of thy Lordinnesse To one to mecke, that mine owne Servant should Parcell the summe of my digraces, by Addition of his Emory. Say (good Cæsar) That I some Lady truffles have refer'd, Immoment toyes, things of such Dignitie As we got moste moderne Friends withall, and lay Some Nomber taken I have kept apart

For Romans and Ottomans, to induce Their mediation, must I be unfolded With one that I have bred: The Gods: it emites me Beneath the fall I haue. Prythee go hence, or I shall thaw the Cyderes of my spirits.

Through th' Affees of my chance: We't thou a man, Thou would'lt haue mercy on me.

Cæsar. Forbear Seleucia.

Cleo. Be it known, that we the greatest are mis-thought For things that others doe: and when we fall, We answer others merit, in our name. Are therefore to be pitted.

Cæsar. Cleopatra. Not what you have refer'd, nor what acknowledge'd
Put we'th Roll of Conquest: still bee'ts yours, Betlow it at your pleasure, and believe

Cæsar no Merchand, to make prize with you Of things that Merchants fold. Therefore be cheerd, Make not your thoughts your prisons: No deere Queen, For we intend to do dispoze you, as Your felle shall gua vs counsel: Feede, and sleepe: Our care and pitty is to much upon you,


Exeunt Cæsar, and his Traine.

Cleo. He words me Gylles, he words me, That I should not be Noble to my selfe, But beark thee Charmander.

Iras. Finsh good Lady, the bright day is done, and we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hesper is againe, I have spake already, and it is prov'd, Go put it to the hafe.

Char. Madam, I will, Enter Dalibella.

Dido. Where's the Queene?

Char. Behold fir.

Enter. Dalibella.

Dido. Madam, as thereto (worne by your command (Which my love makes Religion to obey)

I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria intends his journey, and within three dayes, Your wish your Children will be fende before, Make your belife of this. I have perform'd Your pleasure, and my promise.

Cleo. Dalibella, I shall remaine your debtor.

Dido. Your Servant.

Cleo. Adieu good Queene, I must attend on Cæsar, Exit Cæsar. Farewell, and thankes.

Now Iras, what think'lt thou? Thou, an Egyptian Pupper shall be thewine In Rome as well as: I Mechanick Slues With greese Aprons, Rules, and Hammers shall Vpflit vs to the view, in their thickes breathes, Rank of grasse dyers shall be enclouded, And fore'd to drinke their vapour.

Ir. The Gods forbid.

Cleo. Nay, to's moste certaine Iras: fawtie Litters Will catch as vs like Strumpets, and foul Bars Ballads vs out a Time. The quice Comedians Extemporally will slape vs, and present Our Alexandriean Revell: Anthony Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall fee Some squeaking Cleopatra Boy my great effe I'llpophurse of a Whore.

Ir. O the good Gods!

Cleo. Nay that's certaine.

Ir. Icne other feet? for I am sure mine Nails Are stronger then mine eyes.

Cleo.
Clot. Why that's the way to foole their preparation, and to conquer their most absurd intents.

Exit Charmian.


Now Noble Charmian, we'th dispatch indeed.

And when thou hast done this char, He gie the cloath To play till Doomsday: bring out Crowne, and all.

A noise within.

Wherefore, this noise?

Enter a Guardian.

Guard. Here's a rural Fellow, That will not be deny'd by your Highness presence, He brings you Figges.

Clot. Let him come in.

Exit Guardian.

What poore an Instrument.

May do a Noble deed: He brings me liberty:

My Resolution's cou'd, and I have nothing Of woman in me: Now from head to foote I am Marble constant: I now the fleeting Moone No Place is of mine.

Enter Guardian, and Cleon.

Guard. This is the oon.

Cleon. Avoid, and leave him.

Exit Guardian.

Haft thou the pretty worme of Nylus there, That killes and panes not?

Cleon. Truly! I haue him: but I would not be the partie that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortall: those that doe dye of it, doe feldeome or sooner recover.

Cleon. Remember'th thou any that haue dyed on't?

Cleon. Very many, men and women too. I heard of them no longer then yesterday, a very honest woman, but something given to lye, as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty, how she dyed of the biting of it, what name she felt. Truly, she makes a very good report of this worme: but he that will beleue all that they say, will neuer be saved by halfe that they do: but this is most fallable, the Worme's an odde Worme.

Cleon. Get thee hence, farewell.

Clot. I wish you all joy of the Worme.

Cleon. Farewell.

Clot. You must think this (looke you,) that the Worme will do his kinde.

Cleon. I, farewell.

Cleon. I looke you, the Worme is not to bee trusted, but in the keeping of wise people: for indeed, there is no goodmse in the Worme.

Clea. Take thee no care, it shall be heeded.

Cleon. Very good; give it nothing I pray you for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleon. Will you eate me?

Cleon. You must not thinke I am so simple, but I know the diuell himselfe will not eate a woman: I know, that a woman is a dith for the Gods, if the diuell dreffe her not. But truly, these fame whosoever diuels doe the Gods great harme in their women: for in every tenne that they make, the diuels mære fie.

Cleon. Will you eate me.

Cleon. Yes for food: I wish you oth' worme. Exit Cleon. Give me my Robe; put on my Crowne, I have Immortall longings in me. Now no more The iuyce of Egypte Graspe shall moat this lip. Yere, yere, good Ira: quickie: Me thinke's I heare

Anthony. rtine I see him rowsfe himselfe To prase my Noble A.ss, I heare him nock

The lucke of Cefar, which the Gods gue men To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come: Now to that name, my Courage proue my Title, I am Fire, and Ayre, my other Elements I gue to bafker life. So have you done?

Come then, and take the left warmth of my Lippes. Farewell kinde Charmian, Ira, long farewell. Have I the Aitpicke in my lippes? Doft fall?

If thou, and Nature can so gently pare, The stroke of death is a Louers pinch, Which hurts, and is def't.d. Doft thou lye still?

If thou canst vanifie, thou canst vie the world, It is not worth leave-taking.

Cleo. Diffolue thicke cloath, & Raine, that I may say The Gods themselfes do weep.

Cleo. This proves me bafe: If the fist meete the Curled Anthony, He'll make demand of her, and spend that kisse Which is my heaven to have. Come thou mortal wretch, With thy sharpe teeth this knot intrinisicke, Of life at once vnye: Poor venomous Foole, Be angry, and dispers. Oh could'th thou speake, That I might heare thee call great Cesar Aye, unpolicy'd, Cleon. Oh Eaterne Saree.

Clot. Peace, peace, Doft thou not see my Baby at my breast, That fuckles the Nurse sleepe.

Cleo. O breake! O breake! Cleon. As sweet as Ethme, as softlyt as Ayre, as gentle, O Anthony! Nay I will take thee too.

What should I say?

Dyer. Cleon. In this wilde World? So faire thee well.

Now boast thee Death, in thy poefion lye's A Lasse reparallel'd. Downie Windows cloze, And golden Plocebus, neuer be beheld Of eyes against so Royall: your Crownes away, Ile mend it, and then play.

Ente the Guardian rafling on, and Delubilla. 1. Guard. Where's the Queene?

Cleo. Speake fofly, wake her not.

1 Caesar hath fent

Cleo. Too low a Meffenger.

Oh come space, dispatch, I partly feel thee.

1 Approach hou, All's not well: Caesar's begild.

2 There's Delubilla's fent from Cesar: call him.

1 What worke is heere Charmian?

Cleo. Is this well done?

Cleo. It is well done, and fiting for a Princeffe

Defendeoffo many Royall Kings, Ah Souldier, Cleon. Charmian dy's.

Enter Delubilla.

Del. How goes it here?

2 Guard. All dead.

Del. Cesar, thy thoughts Touch their effects in this: Thy felle art comming To fee perfom'd the dreaded A.ss which thou So sought't to hinder.

Enter Cesar and all his Trainee, marching.

All. A way there, a way for Cesar.

Del.
The Tragedie of Anthony and Cleopatra.

Dol. Oh sir, you are too sure an Auguster.
That you did tell, is done.
Cesar. Beausell as she laff,
She herself did at our purpose, and being Royall,
Took her own way: the manner of their death,
I do not see them bleed.
Dol. Who was last with them?
1 Guard. A gentle Countryman, that brought her Tigre.
This was his Baskets.
Cesar. Pippin'd then.
2 Guard. Oh Caesar:
This Claudiam I did but now, as flood and Spake:
I found her tripping up the Diderum;
On her dead Misfits tremblingly the flood,
And on the Border drope.
Cesar. Oh Noble weakness:
If they had swallowed poison, 't would appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Anthony
In her strong toy of Grace.
Dol. Here's on her brest,
There is a vent of Blood, and something blowne,
The like is on her Arme.
1 Guard. This is an Alpikes trode,
And these Figge-leaves have flame upon them, such
As the Alpikes leaves upon the Canes of Nyle.
Cesar. Most probable
This is the dyed: for her Physician tells mee
She hath partial de conclusions infinite
Of safe ways to dye. Take up her bed,
And bear her Women from the Monument,
She shall be buried by her Anthony.
No Ghost upon the earth shall clip it
A payre so famous: high events as these
Strike those that make them: and their Story is
No life in piny, then his Glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our Army shall
In solemn mew, attend this Funerall,
And then to Rome. Come Dostabella, see
High Order, in this great Solennity. Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.
Enter two Gentlemen.

1. Gent. On do not meet a man but Frowne. Our bloods no more obey the Heavens: Then our Courtiers: Still seems, as do the Kings.

2. Gent. But what's the matter?

1. His daughter, and the heiress of a kynghome (whom He dayd) to his ward (for Sonne, a Widow That late be married) his rh in her selfe. Vnto a poore but worthy Gentleman. She's wedded, Her Husband banifh'd; the imprison'd, all Is outward forrow, though I thinke the King Be touch'd at very heart.

2. None but the King?

1. He that hath left her too: so is the Queen, That most deare the March. But not a Courtier, Although they wear their faces to the best Of the Kings looks, hath a heart that is not Glad at the thing they scowle at.

2. And why so?

1. He that hath mis'd the Princess, is a thing Too bad, for bad report: and he that hath her, (I meane, that he is a noble man, And therefore banifh'd) is a Creature, such, As to trot the Regions of the Earth For one, his like: there would be something failing In him, that should compare. I do not thinke, So faire an Outward, and such fluxe Within Endowes a man, but he.

2. You speake him faire.

1. I do extend him (Sir) within himselfe, Crush him together, rather then vnfold His mesure duly.

2. What's his name, and Birth?

1. I cannot delue him to the roote: His Father Was cal'd Silvius, who did joyn his Honor Against the Romanes, with Caiusfanum. But had his Titles by Tenetian, whom, He feru'd with Glory, and admiurd Succeffe: So gain'd the Sur-addition, Lematus. And had (besides this Gentleman in question) Two other Sonnes, who in the Warrs of'th' time Dy'de with their Swords in hand. For which, their Father The old, and fond of them, rote them, such sorrow That ne quit Beang; and his gentle Lady

Bigge of this Gentleman (our Theame) deceas As he was borne. The Kynge he takes the Babe To his protection, call him Pofhumus Leuanus, Breeds him, and makes him of his Bed-chamber, Puts to him all the Learninges that his time Could make him the reciever of, which he tooke As we do ase, fail as 'twas misinftert, And'in's Spring, became a Harueft. Lit'd in Court (Which rase is to do) most prais'd, most loft'd, A sample to the young; to the more Mature, A glasse that feared them: and to the greater, A Childre that guided Dutards. To his Mitris, (For whom he now is banifh'd) her owne price Proclaims how the eftem'd him; and his Virtue By her elect'd may be truely read, what kind of man he is.

2. I honor him, even out of your report.

But pray you tell me, is the sole childe to'th' King?

1. His onely childe: He had two Sonner (if this be worth your hearing, Marke it) the eldes of them, at three yeares old 'Th'worthing cloathes, the other from their Nursery Were stolne, and to this house, no gheeze in knowledge Which way they went.

2. How long is this ago?

1. Some twenty yeares.

2. That a Kings Children should be so conuey'd, So fackly guarded, and the search so fow. That could not trace them.

1. Howsoeuer, 'tis strange,

Or that the negligence may well be laught'd at?

Yet is it true Sir?

2. I do well beleue you.

1. We must forbeare. Here comes the Gentleman, The Queene, and Princess.

Exeunt

Enter the Queene, Pofhumus, and Imogen.

Qe. No, be sliar'd you shall not finde me (Daughter) After the fander of molt Step-Mothers, Ennilley'd vato you. You're my Prisoner, but Your Gaoler shall deliuer you the keyes.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

That locke vp your restraint. For you Pofhumus,
So foon as I can win th'offended King,
I will be knowne your Advocate: marry yet
The fire of Rage is in him, and 'twere good
You leant vs into his Sentence, with what patience
Your wife & one may informe you.

Poft. 'Tis for your Highnesse,
I will from hence to day.

2. You know the peril:
Ile fetch a tume about the Garden, pitying
The pangs of bard Affections, though the King
Hath charg'd you should not speake together. Exit

Is. O dissembling Curstie! How fine this Tyrant
Can tickle where flie wounds? My deare Husband,
I something feare 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 abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes: not comforted to live,
But that there is this I well in the world,
That I may fee again.

Poft. My Queene, my Milflris:
O Lady, weep no more, lease I give cause
To be suspect'd of more tenderness
Then doth become a man. I will remaine
The loyall ft husband, that did e'er plight right.
My refidence in Rome, at one Floreus,
Wife to my Father was a Friend, to me
Knowne but by Letter; thilther write (my Queene)
And with mine eyes, Ite drink the words you fend,
Though Inke be made of Gall. Enter Queene.

Qu. Bebriefe, I pray you:
If the King come, I shall incure, I know not
How much of his displeasure: yet Ile more him
To walk this way: I neuer do him wrong,
But he do's buy my Injuries, to be Friends:
Payes decre for my offences.

Poft. Should we be taking leave
As long a terme as yet we have to live,
The loathneffe to depart, would grow: A dieu,
Ino. Nay,flay a little:
 Were you but rising forth to syre your selfe,
Such hasting is we are too petty. Locke here (Loue)
This Diamond was my Mother's, take it (Heart)
But keepe it till you woo another Wife,
When Ingres is dead.

Poft. How, how? Another?
You gentle Gods,give me but this Iauce,
And leave vp my embracements from a nest,
With bonds of death. Remaine, remaine thou here,
While fente can keepe it on: And live euer, fairest,
As I (my poore felte) did exchange for you
To your so infinite losse; so in our trifles
I fhall winne of you. For my fike wear this,
It is a Manacle of Loue, Ile place it
Upon this payfet Prisoner.

Ino. O the Gods!
When fhall we fee againe?
Enter Cymbeline and Lords.

Poft. Alas, the King.

Cym. Thou barfeth thing, suyond hence,from my lights
If after this command thou fraught the Court
With thy vayne thinneffe, thou dyell, Away,
Thou'rt payton to my blood,
Poft. The Gods proteé the,

And bleffe the good Remainders of the Court:
I am gone.

Ino. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharpe then this.

Cym. O diuoyall thing,
This fhould it not repaye my youth, thou haue not
Ayeares age on mee.

Ino. I beezech you Sir,
Harme not your felle with your vexation,
I am fentiffle of your Wrath; A Touch more rare
Sublores all pang, all fears,
Cym. Paff Crape O Obedienc?
Ino. Paff hope, and in difpiare,that way paff Grace,
Cym. That might'ft haue had
The folfe Sonne of my Queene.

Ino. O blefleth, that I might not: I chose an Eagle,
And did asoay a Purtrocke.

Cym. Thou took't a Beggar, would haue made my
Throne, a Seret for balenelle.

Ino. No, I rather added a luftre to it.

Cym. (O thou vile one!

Ino. Sir,
It is your fault that I haue lou'd Pofhumus:
You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is
A man, worth any woman: Outer-buies mee
Almoft the fumme he payes.

Cym. What art thou mad?

Ino. Almoft Sir: Heaven reforre me: would I were
A Next-heards Daughter, and my Leonceus
Our Neighbour-Shepherds Sonne.
Enter Queene.

Cym. Thou foolish thing:
They were againe together: you haue done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And peneth vp.

Qu. Beezech your patience: Peace
Deere Lady daughtere, peace. Sweet Soueraigne,
Leave vs to our felues, and make your felte fonne comfort
Out of your bell aduice.

Cym. Nay let her languifh
A drop of blood a day, and being aged
Dye of this Folly. Enter Piifante.

Qu. Fye, you must give way:
Here is your Seruant. Hownow Sir? What newes?

Piif. My Lord your Sonne, drew on my Master.

Qu. Hah!
No harme I truft is done?

Piif. There might haue beene,
But that my Master rather plaid, then fough't,
And had no helpe of Anger: they were patt'd
By Gentlemen, at hand.

Qu. I am very glad on't.

Ino. Your Son's my Fathers friend, he takes his part
To draw upon an Exile. Obraue Sir,
I would they were in Affricken both together,
My felle by with a Needle, that I might pricke
The goer backe. Why came you from your Master?

Piif. On his command: he would not suffer mee
To bring him to the Houen: left these Notes
Of what commands I fhould be subject too,
Whent'peas'd you to employe me.

Qu. This hath beene
Your faithfull Seruant: I dare lay mine Honour
He will remaine fo.

Piif. I humbly thank you Highnesse.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Pray walk a while.  
Imo. About some half hour hence,  
Pray you speak with me;  
You shall (at least) go see my Lord abroad.  
For this time leave me.  

Exeunt.

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.  
Sir, I would advise you to shift a Shirt; the Violence of Action hath made you a Sacrifice; where are you come out, ayre comes in; there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.  
Clot. If my Shirt were bloody, then to shift it.  
How I hurt him?  
No fault: not so much at his patience.  
Hurt him? His bodie's a passible Carcasse if he bee not hurt. It is a throughfare for Steele if he be not hurt.  
His Steele was in debt, it went o'th'Backe-side the Towne.  

Clot. The Villain would not stand me.  
No, but he fled forward still, toward your face.  
Stand you there you have Land enough of your owne: But he added to your hueing, gave you some ground.  
As many Inches, as you have Oxeans (Puppets)  
Clot. I would they had not come betweene vs.  
So would I, till you had mesur'd how long a Foole you were upon the ground.  

Clot. And that free should love this Fellow, and resure mee.  
If it be a sin to make a true election, the is damn'd.  
Sir, as I told you always; her Beauty & her Braine go not together. She's a good signe, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.  
She laughs not upon Foolish, least the reflection should hurt her.  

Clot. Come, lie to my Chamber: would there had been some hurt done.  
I wish not so, unless it had bin the, fall of an Asse, which is no great hurt.  

Clot. You go with vs?  
I'll attend your Lordship.  
Clot. Nay come, let's go together.  
2 Well my Lord.  

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Philario, Iachimo, a Frenchman, and a Spaniard.  
Iach. Believe it Sir, I have seene him in Britaine; hee was then of a Creffent note, expected to prove so woorty, as since he hath beene 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 tabiled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.  
Phil. You speake of him when he was leefe unchurch'd, then now hee is, with that which makes him both without, and within.  

French. I have seene him in France: wee had very many there, could behold the Sunne, with as fine eyes as hee.  
Iach. This matter of marrying his Kings Daughter, wherein he must be weighed rather by her valw, then his owne, words him (I doubt not) a great deale from the matter.  
French. And then his banishment.  
Iach. 1, and the approbation of those that wepe this lamentable divorce vnder her colours, are wonderfully

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to extend him, be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a Beggar without leath quality. But how comes this to be inquiring with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phil. His Father and I were Souldiers together, to whom I have bin often bound for no leath then my life.

Enter Pelham. Heere cometh the Britaine. Let him be so entertained among you, as futes with Gentlemen of your knowing, to a Stranger of his quality. I beteech you all be better known to this Gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a Noble Friend of mine. Howe Worthy heis, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather then flory him in his owne hearing.

Fren.ch. Sir, we have knowne together in Orleas. 
Poff. Since when I have bin debitor to you for courte-

ties, which I will be-ever to pay, and yet pay fell.

Fren.ch. Sir, you o're-rate my poore kindred. I was glad I did atone my countryman and youit had beene pitto you should have beene put together, with so mort-
tall a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so flight and trivial a nature.

Poff. By your pardon Sir, I was then a young Travel-
er, rather than'd to goe even with what I heard, than in more reflection, upon my own experience: but upon my mended judgement (as I offend to say it is men-
ded) my Quarell was not altogether flight. 

Fren.ch. Faith yes, to be put to the abritrement of Swords, and by such two, that would by all likeliness have confounded one the other, or have faile both.

Iach. Can we with manners, ask what was the diffe-

rence?

Fren.ch. Safely, I thinkke, 'twas a contention in pub-

licke, which may (without contradiction) suffer the report, it was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of vs fell in praise of our Country-

Miserfies. This Gentleman, at that time vouching (and upon warrant of bloody affirnation) his to be more Fair, Vertuous, Wife, Chaffe, Contain, Qualifie, and leath appearable then any, the taste of our Ladies in France.

Iach. That Lady is not now living; or this Gentle-

mans opinion by this, worne out.

Poff. She holds her Vertue full, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so faire profess her, 'tis ore of Italy.

Poff. Being so faire prou'd as I was in France; I wold abate her nothing, though I profess my selfe her Adorer, not her Friend.

Iach. As faire, and as good: a kind of hand in hand compeence, had beene something too faire, and too good for any Lady in Britaine; if she went before others. I have seen that Diamond of yours out-litters many I have beheld; I could not believe the excelled many: but I have not seene the most precious Diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

Poff. I prais'd her, as I rated her: so do I my Stone.

Iach. What do you esteeme it at?

Poff. More then the world enioyes.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd Miftris is dead, or th'o'ous can't lie but a trifle.

Poff. You are mistaken: the one may be folde or gi-

ten, or if there was wealth enough for the purchase, or merite for the guilt. The other is not a thing for sale, and only the grace of the Gods.

Iach. Which the Gods have given you?

Poff. Which by their Graces I will keep.

Jach. You may weare her in title yours: but you know strange Fowle light upon neighbouring Ponds. Your Ring may be folde too, for your brace of prizcapa-

ble Estimances, the one is but faire, and the other Cu-

nial; A cunning Thifie, or a (that way) accomplish'd Counsellor, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Poff. Your Italy contains none fọ accomplisht'd a

Courtier to convince the Honour of my Miftris: if in the holding or losse of time, you term her faire, I do no-
thing doubt you have store of Thieves, notwithstanding I feare not my Ring.

Poff. Let vs leave here, Gentlemen?

Jach. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy Signior I 

thanked him, makes no stranger of me, we are familiar at first.

Poff. With five times so much concertation, I shold get ground of your faire Miftris; make her go backe, e-

ven to the yielding, had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Poff. No, no.

Jach. I dare thereupon pawne the myote of my E-

flate, to your Ring, which in my opinion ọe-values it more. If you will have it so, I will lay my Confederation, then her Reputation. And to base your of-

fence herein to, I durst attempt it against any Lady in the world. 

Poff. You are a great desce abus'd in too bold a per-

fession, and I doubt not y'are faulting what ụ're worthy of by your Attempt.

Jach. What's that?

Poff. A Repulse though your Attempt (as you call it) declare more, a punishment too.

Poff. Gentlemen enough of this, it came in too fo-

dly, let it sile as it was borne, and I pray you be bet-

ter acquainted.

Jach. Would I had put my Mistates, and my Neighbors

on th'approbation of what I have spoke.

Poff. What Lady would you chuse to affiale?

Jach. Yours, whom in confaience you thinkes stands

so safe, I will lay you ten thousands Ducquets to your Ring, that commend me to the Court where your La-

dy is, with no more advantage than the opportunitie of a second conference, and I will bring from thence, that Honor of hers, which you imagine so refin'd.

Poff. This is but a custom in your tongue: you beare a greater purpose I hope.

Jach. I am the Matter of my speach, and would un-

der-go what's spoken, I speake.

Poff. Will you? I shall but lend my Diamond till your returne: let there be Coquantes drawne betweene. My Miftris exceeds in goodness, the hugeness of your unworthy thinking. I dare you to this match: here's my Ring.

Phil. I will have it to lay.

Iach. By the Gods it is one: if I bring you no suf-

ficient testimony that I have enoy d the destre bodily

part of your Miftris:my ten thousand Ducquets are yours,
so is your Diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in; Sheer your Jewell, this your Jewell, and my Gold are yours: provided I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Peri. I embrace the Conditions, let us have Articles between us: only thus far you shall answer, if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to vindicate, and against all your Enemy, there is no worth our Debate. If shee remaine valuer, you not making it appear otherwise: for your ill opinion, and if you have made her to her chasity, you shall answer me with your Sword.

Such Your hand, a Command: we will have these things sett downe by lawfull Consent, and through away for Britaine, leafe the Bargaine should catch挛ee, andpromise I will fetch my Gold, and shew two Wagers recorded.

Peri. Agreed.

Fare. Will this hold, thinke you?

Peri. Signior Iachimo will not from it.

Pray let us follow em.

Scene Sexta.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Carthia.

Qu. Whiles ye the device's on ground, Gather about Flora, and about, and make base. Who's he the note of them?

Lady. I Madam.

Queen. Dispatch.

Exit Ladies.

New Master Doctor, have you brought these drugges?

Car. Peruse then your Hughes, I there they are: Madam: But I do clear your Grace, without offence (My Conscience bids me take) wherefore you have Commanded of me these most poynant Compounds, Which are the meanezts of a longuishing death: But though low, deadly.

Qu. I wonder, Doctor.

Thou ask'st me such a Question: Have I not bene Thy Pipill longe? Haft thou not learn'd me how To make Perlimes? Dillill? Prefcrue? Yes, so, That our great King's benefic death wooe me off. For my Confessions? Having thus faire proceeded, (Valence thouk'st me dumbish) is't not more That I did amplify my judgement in Other Consequences? I will try the forces Of these thy Compounds, on such Creatures as We cannot worth the hanging (but none humane) To try the vigour of them, and apply Allayments to their AG, and by them gather Those feuercall vsures, and effects. Car. Your Haughtiefl

Shall from this prattice, but make hard your heart: Befides, the feeing these effects will be Both noyous, and infectious.

Qu. O content thee.

Enter Pisa.

Pisa. Here comes a flattering Rascal, upon him Will I first worke: He's for his Master, And enemy to my Sonne. How now Pisaio? Doctor, your servite for this time is ended, Take your owne way.

Car. I do suffice you, Madam, But you shall do no harme.

Qu. Heearthe thee, a word.

Car. I do not like her. She doth thinke she's a Stronge ling'ring poyson: I do know her spirit, And will not trull one of her matise, with A druge of such dam'd Nature. Thofe the ha's, Will stiffeplie and dull the Sente swhile, Which first (perchance) free'prone on Cat's and Dog's; Then afterward vp higher: but there is No danger in what fwayne of death it makes, More then the locking vp the Spirit a time, To be more freely, running. She is soon'd With a maff faille effect: and I, the truer, So to be faire with her from death.

Qu. No further urgent, Doctor, Yet still I fend for thee.

Car. I humbly take my leave.

Qu. Wreaps the full (suffi thou!) Do not thou think in time She will not quench, and let infraductions enter Where Fury now polluteth? Do thou worke: When thou shalt bring me word she loves my Sonne, I'll call thet on the infant, thou art then As great as is thy Master: Greater, for His Fortunes all ye specheless, and his name Is as last gaspe. Returne he cannot, nor Continue where he is: To thinke his being, Is to exchange one misery with another, And every day that continues to say A dayes worke in him. What shuthe thou expext To be dependuer on a thing that lyes? Who cannot be new built, nor ha's no friends So much, as but to prop him? Thou Tak'st it vp Thou know'st not what: But take it for thy labour, It is a thing I made, which hath the King Five times: edg'd and cleft, I do not know What is more Cerdwall. Nay, I prize thee take it, It is an eftrengh of a further good That I mean'd to thee: Tell thy Miftires how The cafe stands with her: doth, as from thy selfe; thinke what a chance thou change it on, but thinke Thou haft thy Miftres well, to boaste my Sonne, Who shall take notice of thee. He move the King To any shape of thy Prefcrue, such As thou'lts define: and then my selfe, I cheerfully, That let thee on to this deeter, an bound To load thee merit richly. Call my women, Exit Pifia. Think on my words. A flie, and constant knave, Not to be shrank'd: the Agent for his Master, And the Remembrance of her, to hold The band-fitt to her Lord, I have given him that, Which if she take, shall quite vnpou thee Of Ledgers for her Sweetie : and which, the after Except she bend her humor, shall be affid' to taste of too.

Enter Pifia, and Ladies.

So, so: Well done, well done: The Violets, Cowslippers, and the Prime-Roses, Bear to my Closet; Fare thee well, Pifia. Think on my words. Exit Qu. and Ladies.

Pifia. And shall I do: But when to my good Lord, I proue vntre, He chooseth my selfe: there's all Ie do for you. Exit.
Scena Septima.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. A Father estrail, and a Stepmame false,
A Foolish Suitor to a Wedded Lady,
That dasheth Husband and mistid: O thou Husband,
My supremae Crowne of griefe, and those repeated
Vexations of it. Had I bin Theefe-frone,
As my two Brothers happy; but most miserable.
Is the defires that glorious! Biffed be thefho
How meanes be ore, that have their honest wills,
Which feations comfort. Who may this be? Eye.

Exit Pisanio, and Imbotho.

Pifca. Madam a Noble Gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my Lord with Letters.

Iach. Changye you, Madam: The Worthy Leonaus is in safety,
And greetes your Highnesse dlearly.

Imo. Thanks good Sir,
You're kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of doore, most rich:
If she be furnished with a mind to rare
She is alone th' Arabin-Bird; and I
Have lof't the wager. Boldness be my Friend:
Arms me Audacity from head to foote,
Or take the Parthian I shall flying fight,
Rather directly fly.

Imogen reads.

He is one of the Noblest war, to whose kindness I am most infinate sted. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your tricht.

Still I read aloud.
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warn'd by th'eff, and rale it thankfully.
You are as welcome (worthy Sir) as I.
Faute words to bid you, and shall find it so
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks fairest Lady:
What, are you mad? Hath Nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted Arch, and the rich Crop
Of sea and land, which can diftinguifh twinkle
Those three orbs above, and the fword Stones
Upon the number'd Beef, and can we not
Partition make with Speicles to precious
Twinkle faire, and foulde? I

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be th'eye: for Ape, and Monkeys
Twinkle two fuch she, who would chafe this way, and
Contemne with mowers the other. Nor th'judgment:
For Idiots in this cafe of favour, would
Be wisely defign'd: Nor th'Appetite.
Slavery to fuch neare Excellence, oppo'd
Should make defire vomit emptineffe,
Not fo allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter tow?

Iach. The Cloyed will:
That fature yet vnufafified defire, that Tub
Both fill'd and running; Rauning fift the Lambe,
Longs after for the Garbage.

Imo. What, dere Sir,
Thus rap you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks Madam: well: Beleefeth you Sir,
Define my Hap a Subje, where I did leave him,
He's strange and preefhit.

Pifca. I was going Sir,
To give him welcome.

Imo. Contempe well my Lord?
His health beter? you?

Iach. Well, Madam,
Imo. Is he fiper'd to mirth? I hope he is,

Iach. Exceeding pleasant: none a stranger there,
So merry, and fo gamefome: he is call'd
The Britaine Reueller.

Imo. When he was here
He did chance to fadneffe, and oft times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him fade.
There is a Frenchman his Companion, one
An eminent Monfaire, that it feemes much loues
A Gallian-Gife at home. He furnaces
The thicke fighes from him; while the idly Britaine,
(Your Lord I mean) fannoys from his free lungs Seris oh,
Can my fides hold, to think that man who knows
By Hiiftory Report, or his owne prove.
What woman is, yet who the cannot choose
But muff bewill's free hours languifh:
For affured bonage?

Imo. Will my Lord fay so?

Iach. Madam, with his eyes in flood, with laughe.
It is a Recreation to be by
And he he mocke the Frenchman:
But Hauem's knowe some men are much too blame.

Imo. Not I hope.

Iach. Not he.
But yet Haue'n's bounty towards him, might
Be vid more thankyfull. In himfelfe tis much;
In you which I account his by you all Talents.
Which if I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity you.

Imo. What do you pitty Sir?

Iach. Two Creatures hearely.

Imo. Am I one Sir?

Imo. You looke on me: what wrack difcerne in you
Deferves your pitty?

Iach. Lamentable: what
To hide me from the radiamt Sun, and Solace
I'm Dugged over by a Snuffe.

Imo. I pray you Sir,
Deliver with more openneffe your anwercs
To my demands. Why do you pitty me?

Iach. That others do,
(If I was about to lye) none your — but
It is an office of the Gods to revenge it,
Not mine to speake on.

Imo. You do feeme to know
Something of me, or what concerns me? pray you
Since doubtings things go ill, often hurts more
Then to be sure they do. For Certainties
Either are palter remedies; or timely knowing,
The remedy then bastes. Discouer to me
What both you ftore and flap.

Iach. Had I this checcke
To bathe my Lips upon this hand, whose touch
(Whose every touch) would force the Feathers foule
To th'oth of loyalty. This obiect, which
Takes prifoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fiering it once by heere, should I (dame'd then)

Sturt
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Sauuer with lippes as common as the flyres
That mount the Capitol: Toyne grippes, with hands
Made hard with hourly fallhood (Iaffood as
With labour) then by peeping in an eye
Safe and ilustrious as the smoke light
That's fed with thinking Tallow: it were sic
That all the plagues of Hell should at on tyme
Encounter such resolv.

Imo. My Lord, I fear
Has forgot Buttrall.

Lact. And himselfe, not I
Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce
The Beggary of his change: but 'tis your Graces
That from my mutt Confession, to my tongue,
Charmes this report out.

Imo. Let me heare no more.

Lact. O dearer Soule: your Caufe doth strike my hart
With pitty, that doth make me fiek. A Lady
So faire, and fenten to an Emperie
Would make the great/l King double, to be partner'd
With Thomboyes hy'd, with that felle exhibition
Which your owne Coiffers yeild: with dites'd ventures
That play with all Infirmities for Gold,
Which rottenne faire can tend Nature.
Such boy'duffie
As well might poiyon Poyfon. Bereueng'd,
Or the that bore you, was no Queene, and you
Reape from your great Stecke.

Imo. Reueng'd.

Lact. How should I be reueng'd? If this be true,
(As I have fuch a Heart, that both mine eares
Mouf not in hafe abuse) if it be true,
How should I be reueng'd?

Lact. Should he make me
Lye like Diana's Priift, bewrayd cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable rampes
In your delight, upon your parte: reuenge it.
I dedicate my felle to your sweet pleasure,
More Noble then that tunnagates to your bed,
And will continue falt to your Affection,
Still clofe, as fere.

Imo. What hoes, Pfajnus?

Lact. Let me my fervice tender on your lippes.

Imo. Away. I do condemne mine eares, that haue
So long attended thee. If thou wert Honourable
Thou would hau' jeold told this tale for Vertue, not
For such an end thou feek'lt, as make, as strange:
Thou wrong'ft a Gentleman, who is as faire
From thy report, as thou from Honor: and
Solicites herre a Lady, that did disdaines
The, and the Diuell alike.

Lact. What hoes, Pfajnus? The King my Father fhall be made acquainted
Of thy Affaults if he stilll thinkes it fit,
Afavay Stranger in his Court, to Mart
As in a Romish Stew, and to expound
His beaullty minde to vs: he hath a Courr
He little cares for, and a Daughter, who
He not repleceth at all. What hoes, Pfajnus?

Lact. O happy Leonaut I may fay,
The credit that thy Lady hath of thee
Deferves thy trayt, and thy most perfect goodneffe
Her affur'd credit. Blesfed line you long,
A Lady to the wortheft firs, that ever
Country call'd this; and you his Mifbris, onely
For the most wortheft fit. Give me your pardon,
I have toke 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 treueft manner'd: such a holy Witch,
That he enchanteth Societies into him:
Halfe all men hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Lact. He fits among men, like a defended God;
He hath a kind of Honor lets him off,
More then a mortall feeming. Be not angrie
(Moft, me your Princeffe) that I have auentur'd
To try your taking of a falf report, which hath
Honour'd with confimation your greatest 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
(VNhile all others) chaffelefte. Pray your pardon.

Imo. All's well Sir:

Take my powre ith Court for yours.

Lact. My humble thankes: I had almoft forgot
To reprez your Grace, but in a small requeft,
And yet of moment too, for it concernes:
Your Lord, my felfe, and other Noble Friends
Are partners in the busiuenffe.

Imo. Pray what is't?

Lact. Some dozen Romanes of vs, and your Lord
(The beft Feather of our wing ftuare mingled fummes
To buy a Pretent for the Emperor:
Which if the Fadour for the reft) have done
In France: *his Plate of rare deuice, and Jewels
Of rich, and exquisit forme, their valeues great,
And I am something curious, being strange
To have them in fafe Howage: May it please you
To take them in protection.

Imo. Willingly:

And pawnne mine Honor for their safety, since
My Lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my Bed-chamber.

Lact. They are in a Trunke
Attended by me: I will make bold
To send them to you, onely for this night:
I muft go to morrow.

Imo. O no, no.

Lact. Yes: I beeche thee: or I fhall forft my word
By lengthning my returne. From Gallia,
I croft the Seas on purpose, and on promise
To fee your Grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains:
But not away to morrow.

Lact. O I muft Madam.

Therefore I fhall beeche you, if you pleafe
To greet your Lord with writing, don't to night,
I have out-flood my time, which is mattiall
To th'ender of our Pretent.

Imo. I will write:

Send your Trunke to me, it fhall safe be kept,
And truly yeelded you; you're very welcome, Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Cloten, and the two Lords.

Clot. Was there euer man had fuch lucke? when I kill'd
the Lache upon the wall, to bee his away? I had a hun-
dred pound on't: and the hifton Jacke-an-Apes.
must take me vp for swearing, as if I borrowed mine oathes of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1. What got he by that? you have broke his pate with your Bowie.

2. This wit had bin like him that broke it: it would have run all out.

CLOT. What a Gentleman is disposed to swear so is but for any flutters by to distrall his clothes. Ha?

2. No my Lord; nor creep the ears of them.

CLOT. Wherfore dog? I gave his satisfaction? would he had been one of my Rank.

2. To have sent it I'd like a Fodle.

CLOT. I can no more act more at any thing in this world: a pox on't! had rather be so Noble as I am: they dare not fight with me, because of the Queen my Mother, every thing. Stae his belly his fall of Fighting, as I cannot say and downe as like a Cock, that no body can match.

1. You are Cocke and Cepon too, and you crow Cock, with your ceminbe.

CLOT. Sayeth thou?

2. It is not fit your Lordship should undertake every Controversie, that you gie offence too.

CLOT. No, I know that but it is't I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2. It is fit for your Lordship only.

CLOT. Why so I say.

1. Did you heere of a Stranger that's come to Court night?

2. A Stranger, and I not know out?

1. There's an Italian come, and 'tis thought one of Leonatus Friends.

CLOT, Leonatus? A buffett Raffael; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this Stranger?

1. One of your Lordships Pages.

CLOT. Is it. so I went to looke upon him? Is there no description?

2. You cannot derogate my Lord.

CLOT. Not easilie I think.

2. You are a Fodle gaunted, therefore your Illnes being too light do not derogate.

CLOT. Come, He goe to this Italian: what I have left to day at Bowies, He wanne to night of him. Come i' go.

Enter, That such a wanton Duell as is his Mother Should yield the world this Affe: A woman, that Bears all downe with her Braine, and this her Sonne, Cannot take two from twenty for his heart, And loose eightene, Alas proue Princesse, Thou dignes Imagin', what thou endur'st, But a Father they lift Stee dampe gauz'd, A Mother hourly apprizing glass: A Woone, More hateful then the foule expulsion is Of sky deere Husband. Than that horrid Aet Of the duell, he'd make the Heavens hold firme The walls of stycke vaner Honour, Keep whan'k'd That Temple by fide mind, that thou maist stand Tenoy the bion'd Lord and this great Land.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Imagin, in her Bed, and a Lady, 

1. Whose sheere? My woman: Helena? 

2. Please you madam.

1. What house is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, Madam.

1. I have read three hours then:

Mine eyes are awake,
Fold down the leaf, where I have left; to bed,
Take not away the Taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by four the clock,
I prythee call me: Sleepeth haze'd me wholly.
To you; protection I commend me, Gods,
From Faysties, and the Tempeters of the night,
Guard me befeech yee.

SLEEPER. 

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clauses, and Lords.

1. Your Lordship in the most patient man in life, the most coldfet that ever turn'd vp Alec.

2. It would make any man cold to loose.

1. But not every man patient after the noble temper of your Lordship; You are not hol, 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 is almost morning, it is not:

1. Day, my Lord.

Clot. I would this Musick would come: I am adjured to give her Musick a morning, they say it will penetrate.

Enter Adonis.

Come on, tune: I will penetrate her with your fingering; so I will try with tongue too; if none will do, let her examine, but he'll have to ease. First, a very excellent good conceited thing; after a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it, and then let her consider.

SONG.

Harke, harke, the Larks at Heaven's gates sing, and Phoebus gives airs,

His Steeds to water at those Springs on chaste追随 flowers they sees,

And mingle Mary-buds to open their Golden eyes

With every thing that pretty is, my Lady sweet arise:

Arise, arise.

So, get you gone; if this pen trance, I will consider your Musick the better: if not do, it is a voice in her ears which Horfe-hairs, and Calouse-guts, nor the voice of vnpuaded Eunuch to boot, can never amed.

Enter Cymbeline, and Queen.

2. Heere comes the King.

Clot. I am glad I was vp so late, for that's the reason I was vp fo early. In my choofe but take this Service I have done, fatherly. Good morrow to your Maievity, and to my gracious Mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our flern daughter, Will she not forth?

Clot. I have affay'd her with Musickes, but the vouch-fates no notice.

Enter The Exile of her Minion too new, She hath not yet forgot him, some more time Mufet wear the print of his remembrance on's, And then she's yours.

Qu. You are most bound to o'th'King, Who let's go by so vantages, that may Preferre you to her daught'r: Frame your felse To orderly solenily, and be reverend. With spinelefe of the fefions: make denials Encafe your Seruices: so feeme, as if You were infidius to do thofe duties which You tender to her: that you in all obey her, Saue when command to your diftinnion tends, And therein you are fenelefe.

Clot. Senfelefe? Not fo, 

Mer. So like you (Sir) Ambassadors from Rome; The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy Fellow, 

Albeit he comes on angry purpose now; But that's no fault of his: we must receyue him According to the Honor of his Sender, And towards himselfe, his goodnefe fore-spent on vs. We must extend our note: our deere Sonne, When you have gien good morning to your Miftris, Attend the Queene, and vs, we shal have need To employ you towards this Roman,

Come our Queene.

Clot. If he be vp, he speake with her: if not, Let her lyce still, and dreame: by your leve hoa, I know her women are about her: what

If I do line one of their bands, 'tis Gold Which buys a dominion (oft it doth) yet, and makes Diana's Rangers false themselves, yeild vp Their Deere to th'hand o'th' Stealer: and 'tis Gold Which makes the True-man kill'd, and fates the Theefe: Nay, sometyme hangs both Theefe, and True-man: what Can it not do, and vndoo? I will make One of her women: I saye: do you, for I yet not vnderstand the case my felfe. By your leve. 

Knocks. 

Enter a Lady.

La. Who's there that knocks?

Clot. A Gentleman.

La. No more.

Clot. Yes, and a Gentlewomen Sonne.

La. That's more.

Then fome whole Taylors are as deere as yours, Can softly boast of what's your Lordships pleasure?

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 good name: or to report of you What I shall think is good. The Princefe.

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good morrow faireft, Sifter your sweet hand.

Imo. Good morrow Sir, you lay out too much paines for purchasing but troys: the thankes I giue, Is telling you that I am poore of blankets, And lace can pere them.

Clot. Still I sweare I love you.

Imo. If you but faid fo, 'twere at deep with me: if you sweare fill, your recompence is full That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no quier.

Imo. But that you shall not say, I yeild being silent, I would not speake. I pray you (pare me, faith) I shall vnfold equal discourse To your beft kindnede: one of your great knowing Sh'd learne (being taught) for beirance.

Clot. To leave you in your madnefe, 'twere my fin, I will write.

Imo. Fools are not mad Folke.

Clot. Do you call me Fool?

Imo. As I am mad I do:

If you be patient, Ile no more be mad, That cures vs both. I am much forry (Sir) You put me to forget a Ladies manners By being fo verbal: and learne now, for all, That I which know my heart, do not pronounce By th'very truth of it, I care not for you, And am fo neere the lacke of Charite 

To accuse me felfe, I hate you: which I had rather You fel, then make't my boffe.

Clot. You finne againft

Obedience, which you owe your Father, for The Contraft ye pretend with that base Wretch, One, bred of Alme, and fofted with cold dithers, With feps o'th' Court: Is it no Contraft, none; And though he be allowed in meaner parties (Yet who then he be more meane) to knit their foules (On whom there is no more dependance But Brats and Beggary) in fefe-figur'd knot, Yet you are curd'd from that enlargement, by

Exeunt.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

The confederance oth Crowne, and must not, ioye
The precious name of it, with a base Slave,
A Hiding for a Liourose, a Squares Cloth,
A Pantler; not to eminente.

I. The Prophan Fellow:
Wist thou the Sonne of Jupiter, and no more,
But what thou art besides, thou wert not too base,
To be his Crowne; thou wert not dignified enough
To be the point of Emue. If't were made
Comparative for your Vertues, to be stild
The vnder Hangman of his Kindome; and hated
For being prefer'd to well.

Cl. The South-5og rot him.

I. He never can meete more mishance, then come
To be but name'd of thee. His mean^t Garment
That euer hath but clipt his body, is dearer
In my respect, then all the Heires aboue thee,
Were they all made such men: How now Pifiano?

Enter Pifiano.

Cl. His Garments? Now the diuell.

I. To disturb my woman bie thee presently.

Cl. His Garment?

I. I am frighted with a Foole,
Frighted, and angred worse: Go bid my woman
Search for a Jewell, that too casually
Hath left mine Arme: it was thy Masters. Shrew me
If I would looke it for a Recterneu,
Of any Kings in Europe. I do think,
I haue this morning: Confident I am.
Last night, 'twas on mine Arme, I lost it, it,
I hope it be not gone, to tell my Lord
That I kisse ought but lie.

Pif. Twill not be lost.
I. I hope fo: go and search.

Cl. You haue abu'd me:
His meanest Garment?

I. I, I said to Sir,
If you will make it an Action, call witneffe too.

Cl. I will enterme your Father.

I. Your Mother too:
She's my good Lady; and will conceiue, I hope
But the worst of me. So I leaue your Sirs,
To'th'wo'f't of discontent.

Cl. He debroeg'd:

I. His meanest Garment?

Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Poiface, and Philarus.

Po. Farewell Sir: I would I were so sure
To winne the King, as I am bold, her Honour
Will remane her's.

Phil. What meanes do you make to him?

Po. Not any: but abuse the change of Time,
Quake in the present winters flate, and with
That warmer dayes would come: In these fear'd hope
I barely gratifie your love; they faying
I must the much your debtor.

Phil. Your very good neffe, and your company,
Are payes all I can do. By this your King,
Hath heard of Great Augufus: Caius Lucius,
Will do's Commission throughly. And I think

He'll grant the Tribute: (and th'Arranges,
Or looke upon our Romaines, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grieve.

Po. I do beleue

(Statuet though I am none, not like to be)
That this will prove a Waie; and you shall haue
The Legion now in Gallia, fouer presently
In the not-fearing Britaine, then hate trydings
Of any penny Tribute paid. Our Countrymen
Are men more order'd, then when Demea Cefar
Smil'd at their lacke of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline,
(Now wing-led with their courage,) will make knowne
To their Approver, they are People, (such
That mend upon the world.

Phil. See Thalamus.

Po. The lowe freth Hatts, have posst you by land;
And Windes of all the Corners kis'd your Sails,
To make your veffel numble.

Phil. Welcome Sir.

Po. I hope the briefenesse of your anfwer, made
The speediennesse of your returne.

I. The Lady:

I. Is one of the raylet that I haue look'd upon?

Po. And therewithall the, yet her beauty
Look good a Cainenement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Phil. Here be Letters fo you.

Po. Their tenure good I truft.

Phil. To very like.

Po. Was Caius Lucius in the Britaine Court,
When you were there?

Phil. He was expected then,
But not approch'd.

Po. All is well yet,
Sparkles this Stone as it was wont, or is not
Too dull for your good weating?

Phil. If I have loat it,
I should have left the worth of it in Gold,
Ile make a Journey twice as farre, i' enioy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britaine, for the King is wonte.

Po. The Stones too hard to come by.

Phil. Not a whit,
Your Lady being forsaie.

Po. Make haste Sir
Your llofe, your sport: I hope you know that we
Must not continue Friends.

I. Good Sir, we must
If you keepe Covenant: had I not brought
The knowledge of your Miftirs home, I grant
We were to question farther; but I now
Profeffemy selfe the winner of her Honor,
Together with your King; and not the wronger,
Or you having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Po. If you can makt apparent
That you haue talted her in Bed; my hand,
And King is yours. If not, the foule opinion
You had of her pure Honoun gains, or looses,
Your Sword, or mine, or Masterlesse lease both
To who shal flaine them.

I. Sir, my Circumstances
Being soe newe the Truth, as I will make them,
Must first induc e you to beleue, whose strength
I will confirme with oach, which I doubt not

You'll
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall finde
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Lacb. First, her Bed-chamber
(Where I confesse I slept not, but professe
Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd
With Taffety of Silke and Siluer, the Story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Sarah for'd above the Bankes, or for
The preff of Busters, or Price. A piece of Worke
Sobrably done, so rich, that it did flriue
In Workemanship, and Value, which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely, and exactly wrought
Since the true life out was——

Post. This is true.
And thus you might have heard of her, by me,
Or by some other.

Lacb. More particular
Must till my knowledge.

Post. So they mutt,
Or do your Honours injury.

Lacb. The Chimney
Is South the Chamber, and the Chimney-piece
Chatte Disan, baking: neither few I figures
So likely to report themselves: the Carter
Was another Natures preemie, out-weather her,
Motion, and Bread left out.

Post. This is a thing
Which you might form Relation like wise respe,
Being, as it is, much spake of.

Lacb. The Rooffe of the Chamber,
With golden Chelurins is fitted, Her Andiron's
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of Siluer, each on one foote standing, nicely
Dependin upon their Branches.

Post. This is her Honor:
Let it be granted you have seen all this (and praise
Be given to your remembrance) the description
Of what is in her Chamber, nothing faues
The wager you have laid.

Lacb. Then if you can
Be pale, I begge but faue to sake this jewell: See,
And now'tis up against: it must be married
To that your Diamond, I keepe it em.

Post. Tace.

Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Lacb. Sir (I thank you) that
She erip't it from her Arme. I fee her yet:
Her pretty Action, did out-flout her guilt,
And yet entwist it too: she gave it me,
And said, she priz'd it once,

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off
To fent it me.

Lacb. She writes so to you? doth she?

Post. O no, no, no, 'tis true. Here's, take this too,
It is Baffike wro't monumene,
Kille's me to looke out! Let there be no Honor,
Where there is Beauty: Truth, where resemblance: Loue,
Where there's another man. The Vowes of Women,
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Then they are to their Vertues, which is nothing:
O, about me more faire.

Phil. Hate patience Sir,
And take your Ring againe,'tis not yet worn:
It may be probable he left it on.

Who knows if one her women, being corrupted
Hath stolen it from her.

Post. Very true,
And so I hope he came by't: back my Ring,
Render to me some corporall signe about her,
More evident then this: for this was holne,

Lacb. By Jupiter, I had it from her Arme.
Post. Heare you, hee sawes: by Jupiter he sawes,
'Tis true, you may keep the Ring; 'tis true: I am sure
She would not loose it, her Attendants are
All sworn, and honourable: they induce to fleace it?
And by a Stranger: No, he hath enjoy'd her,
The Cognitive of her inconceivable
Is this: she hath bought the name of Whore, thus deely
There, take thy hyre, and all the Friends of Hell
Dumpe themselves between you.

Phil. Sir, be patient.
This is not strong enough to be belov'd
Of one perswaded well off.

Post. Neuer talk on't:
She liet bin colored by him.

Lacb. If you seeke
For further satisfying, vnder her Breast
(When worthy her preffing) lies a Mole, right proud
Of that most delicate Lodging. By my life
I kill it, and it giveth pleasant hang, or
To feele againe, though full. You do remember
This staine upon her?

Post. I, and it doth confirm
Another staine, as bigge as Hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Lacb. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your Archematke,
Never count the Tunes: Once, and a Million.
Lacb. He be sworn.

Post. No hearing:
If you will sweare you have not done't, you lye,
And I will thee, if thou dost not deny
Thou'lt made me Cuckold.

Lacb. He deny nothing.

Post. O that I had her here, to see her Limb-marke.
I will go there and doe't, sir Court, before
Her Father. He do something.

Phil. Quite besides
The government of Patience. You have wonne:
Let's follow him, and perfect the present wrath
He hath against himselfe.

Lacb. 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 Baffards,
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my Father, was, I know not where
When I was transported. Some Cynier with his Tooles
Made me a counterfeite: yet my Mother seem'd
The diu't of that time I so doth my Wife
The Non-parcell of this. Oh Vengeance, Vengeance!
Me of my lawfull pleasure the refrain'd,
And pray'd me off forbearance: did it with
A pudeunce to Rosie, the fweeter view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturne; I
That I thought her
As Chalse, as we-Sun'd Snow. Oh, all the Diuels!
This yellow luchin'me in an hour, was't not?
Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter in State, Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords at one door, and at another, Caius, Lucius; and Attendants.

Caius. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with you?

Luc. When Augustus Cæsar (who rememberst as yet Lives in mens eyes, and will to Eares and Tongues Be Theame, and bearing euer) was in this Brittain, And Conquer’d it, Cæfar, then Vincible (Famous in Cæser’s prayers, no while leafe Then in his Feats decrying it for him), And his SuceSSION, granted Rome a Tribute, Yereely three thousand pounds; which(by thee) lastely Is left vnderstand’d.

Caius. And to kill the misrule, Shall be so euer.

Caius. There be many Cæsars,
Ere Such another Iulus: Britaine’s a world By it selfe, and we will nothing pay For wearing our owne Notes.

Luc. That opportunity Which then they had to take from’s, to refume We have againe. Remember Sir, my Liege, The Kings your Ancestors, together with The natural bravery of your life, which stands As Neptunes Parke, rib’d, and pal’d in With Oakes vnscalable, and roaring Waters, With Sands that will not bear your Enemies Boates, But bucke them vp to th’ Top-mast. A kinde of Conquest Cæsar made here, but made not here his bragge. Of Came, and Saw, and Outer-came: with flame, (The first that euer toucht’ him) he was carried From off our Coast, twice beaten: and his Shipping (Poore ignorant Baubles) on our terrible Seas Like Egge-flies mou’d upon their Surges, crack’d As easily against our Rockes. For joy whereof, The fair Cæsars, who was once at point (Oh guges Fortune) to make Cæsar’s Sword, Made Lads Tunes with rejoicing, first bright, And Britains arm with Courage.

Caius. Come, there’s no more Tribute to be paid: our Kingdome is stronger then it was at that time: and (as I said) there is no more such Cæsars, other of them may haue crooked Notes, but to owe such shrill arie Armes, none.

Caius. Son, let your Mother end.

Luc. We haue yet many among vs, can give as hard as Cæsaran. I doe not say I am one; but I haue a hand. Why Tribute? Why should we pay Tribute? If Cæsar can hide the Sun from vs with a Blanket, or put the Moon in his pocket, we wil pay him Tribute for light: else Sir, no more Tribute pray you now.

Caius. You must know,
Till the inturious Romans, did extort This Tribute from vs, we were free. Cæsars Ambition,
Which swell’d so much, that it did almost stretch The sides o’th’World, against all colour here.
Did put the yoake vp’s; which to shake off Creates a warlike people, whom we recknow Our felues to be, we do. Say then to Cæsar,
Our Ancestor was that Multimania, which Ordain’d our Lawes, whose helie the Sword of Cæsar Hath too much mangled; whole repayne, and franshice, Shall (by the power we hold) be our good deed, The Rome be the more angry, Multimania made our lawes Who was the first of Britaine, which did put His bowres within a golden Crowne, and call’d Himself a King.

Luc. I am Troy Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
(Cæsar, that hath none Kings, his Servants, the
That rule my Daughters, (of the Officers) thine Enemy;
Receive it from me then, Warre, and Confusion In Cæsar’s name pronounce I gainst thee: Lookc For fury, not to be refil’d. Thus defide, I thank thee for my selfe.

Caius. Thou art welcome Caius,
Thy Caius Knighted me; my youth I spent Much under him; of him, I gather Honour, Which he, to seek of me againe, perforce, Behoveth me keepe at vntiger, I am perfec’t,
The That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for Their Liberties are now in Aries: a President Which not to read, would fly the Britaines cold: So Cæsar shall not finde them.

Luc. Let proofe speake.
Caius. His Majestie biddes you welcome. Make fa-
time with vs, a day, or two, or longer: if you seek vs afterwards in other trances, you shall finde vs in our Salt-water-Girdle: if you beare vs out of it, it is yours: if you fall in the adventure, our Crowes shall fare the better for you: and there’s an end.

Luc. So far.

Caius. I know your Masters pleasure, and he mine: All the Remaine, is welcome.

Enter Pifian reading a Letter.

Pif. Howd of Adultery? What is it you want What Monsters her secue? Lodemus?

Oh, Master, what’s a strange infection.

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If I chance into thy eare? What calf Italian,
(As poyrous to him, as hand'd hath prouled) O thou too readily hearing? Dilly do? No.
She's punif'd for her Truth; and under goes
More Goods like her, then Wrie. Like, such Affairs
As would take in some Venture. Oh my Master,
Thy mind to her, is now as love, were,
Thy Fortunes.

How? That I should murther her,
Whose the Love, and Truth, and Yowes; which I
Have made to thy command? I her! I her Blood?
For be fo, to do good, true, never
Lent me be committed to justice. How look I, I
That I should seeme to lacke harkness,
So much as this Fact comes to? Doot't it the Letter,
That I have sent her, by her own command,
Shall give thee Opportunity. Oh damn'd paper,
Black as the back that's on thee; senten of bauble,
As thou hast done for this Act; and look't
So Virginal without? I here she comes.

Enter Imogen.
I am sure, I am what I am commanded.

Enter, How now Pisanio?

You, Master, here is a Letter from my Lord.

Ino. Who thy Lord? That is my Lord Levenant?

Oh, learned indeed were that Astronomer
That here he Stares, as his Characters,
I know the future, if you be a good Gods,
Let's what is here contained, tell me of
Of my Lords health, of his content: yet not
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him;
Some griefes are mediocres, that is one of them,
For it doth physick lone, of his content,
All but in that. Good Wox, thy leave; be it
You live, that make these Lockes of comate.
Louers, and men in dangerous Bonds pray not sake,
Though Forsake you, yet in prison, yet
You clasp young Cymbals Tables: good Newses Gods.

If there be your Fathers wrath (should be taken in his
Damon's mouth, he doth so crow me in you; (oh the depe-
level of Creatures) would even renew me with your eyes. Take
notice that I am in Cambria at Milford-Haven: what your.
Your Lord, in one of these letters, you shall. So he wishes all
all happiness; that commends to all his Prin, and your respect.

Leonatus Posthumus.

Oh for a Horse with wings: Heart thou Pisanio?
He is: Milford-Haven. Read, and tell me
How fate's this thither? If one of incant affairs
May plod in a week: why may not
Glide thither in a day? Then true Pisanio,
Who long, I like me, to see thy Lord: who long, it
(Oh let me bate) but not like me: yet long, it
But in a saine kind. Oh, not like me: for
Mine's beyond, beyond: say, and speake thicke
(Loues Counselor) should fill the boses of hearing,
To the mothering of the Sense: how fate is
to this same blest Mankind. And by our
Tell me how Wales were made so happy, as
Timberet, such a Haven. But first of all,
How we may faste from hence: and for the gap
That we shall make, in Time, from our hence-going,
And our returne, to excuse: but such how garner hence:
Why should excuse be borne or one begot?
Wee tale of this hereafter. Preach, speake,
How many shore of Miles may we well rid

Twixt house, and heare?

Puf. 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 never go so low: I have heard of Riding waggers,
Where Horses have bin nimbler then the Sands
That run th inicks behalfe. But this is Foolrie,
Go, bid my Woman fagnie a Sacknoff, say
She he home to her Father: and prome me presently
A Riding Suit: No costlier then would fit
A Franklin's Hutwife.

Ino. Madam, you be well consider.

Arr. I see before me (Man) nor here, nor here;
Nor what ensues but have a Fog in them
That I cannot looke through. Away, I prytbee,
Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say:
Accessible in none but Milford way.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Belarius, Gudermus, and Arminius.

Bel. A goodly day, not to keep heeue with such,
Whole Heaves as lowe as ours: Spero Boreas
Instruëts you how to adore the Heaven's; and bowes you
To a mornings holy office. The Gates of Monarchs
Are Arch'd so high, that Giants may step through
And keep their impious Turbend on, without
Good Morrow to the Sun. Halle thou faire Heaven,
We houe th Rocke, yet we thence not so hardly
As proder Iterers do.

Gud. Halle Heaven.

Arni. Halle Heaven.

Gud. Now for our Mountains sport, up to yond hill
Your legges are yong: ile read thes thelas. Consider.
When you about perceive me like a Cow,
That it is Place, which letter's, and lets off,
And you may then resolves what you'll have told you,
Of Court's, of Princes, of the Tricks in Warre.
This Service is not Service, to being done,
But being allowed. To apprehend thus,
Drawes yprefft from all things were fee;
And often to one comfort, shall we finde
The scattered Beetle, in a fater hold
Then is the full-wing'd Eagle. Oh this life,
Is Noble, then attendant for a checke:
Richer, then doing nothing for a Baber
Proudor, then ruffling in vanity for Silke:
Such gaines the Cap of him, that makes him fine,
Yet keeps his Booke vncool'd: no life to ours.

Gud. Out of your proofs you speake: we poore wundled
Have never wing'd from view o'th'pell, nor knowes not what
Ayre's from home. Hapy this life is best,
(If quiet life be best) tewater to you
That have a sharper knowne. With this corresponning
With thine Age: but vno it is,
A Cell of ignorance: trauailing a bed,
A Prison, or a Debtor, that not does
To dvide a limite.

Armi. What should we speake of
When we are old at you? When we shall hear
The Raine and winte beate darke December? How
In this our pinching Cause, shall we disfrace

III. ii. 4—III. iii. 38

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The freezing hours away? We have feene nothing:

We are beastly, subtle as the Fox for prey.
Like warlike as the Wolfe, for what we crave:
Our Valour is to choose what eyes; Our Care
We make a Quire, as doth the prision'd Bird,
And fing our Bondage freely.

Beh. How you speake,

Did you but know the Catties Viates,
And felt them knowingly: the Art o'th Count,
A hard to leave, as keepe whose top to clime
Is certain falling: or to clipp'ry, that
The fears at bad as falling. The coyle o'th'Warre,
A prate that oncee seems to seekle our danger
Ith's name of Fame and Honor, which dyeth Ith'search,
And hath as of a flaud'ous Epitaph,
As Record of faire Act. Nay, many times
Doth all defense, by doing well what's worse
Must curst be at the Confinure. Oh Boyes, this Statte
The World may reade in me: My Bodie's mark'd
With Roman Swords: and my report, was once
First, with the best of Note. Cymbeline loud me,
And when a Souldier was the Thame, my name
Was not fitte off: then was I said Tree
Whole booghes did bend with fruit. But in one night,
A Storme, or Robbery (call it what you will)
Shooke down my mellow hangings: may my Leaves,
And lets me base to weather.

Go. Vindictaie favour.

Beh. My fault being nothing (as I haue told you off)
But that two Villaines, whole falle Oathes pressly
I Before my perfect Honor, swore to Cymbeline,
I was Confedrate with the Romanes: to
Followed my Banishment, and this twenty yeeres,
This Rocke, and these Desolues, have bune my World,
Where I have li'ed as nonetl freedom, payed
More pious debts to Hauen, then in all
The fore-end of my time. But, vp to'th Mountains,
This is not Hunters Language; he that utters
The Venion first, shall be the Lord o'th Feast,
To him the other two shall minister,
And we will rate no poysen, which attends
In place of greater State.
De sterr you in the Valleys,

How hard it is to ride the sparkers of Nature?
These Boyes know little they are Sons to o'th King,
Not Cymbeline dreams that they are alie.
They taine they are mon.
And through stand'd vp thus meanly
Th'Caele, wherein the Bouse their thoughts do bit,
The Roofes of Palaces, and Nature prompts them
In simple and lowe things, to Prince it, much
Beyond the tricke of others. This Paladour,
The heyre of Cymbeline and Britaine, who
The King his Father call'd Cymbeline, is true;
When on my three-foot Broome he sit, and tell
The warfare fears I have done, his Spirits eye out
Into that Story: by thus mine Enemy fell,
And thus I set my foote on his necke, even then
The princely blood flows in his Cheek, he sweats,
Strains his yong Nerves, and push himselfe in posture
That ad's my words. The yonger Brother Cadwalld,
Once Arragon, was as a figure
Strikes life into my speche, and flieves much more
His yonger fire, than the King: Hearken, the Game is row'd,
Oh Cymbeline, Hauen and my Conience knowes
Thou died it vnitely banish me: whereon
At three, and two yeeres old, I stole thefe Babes,
Thinking to barre thee of Succession, as
Thou refus me of my Lands. Emphibla.
Thou wost their Norge, they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honor to her graue:
My felle Belauins, that am Mergen call'd
They take for Naturall Father. The Game is vp.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Pisano and Imogen.

Ino. Thou told it me when we came fro home, y place
Was neere at hand: Ne're long'd my Mother to
To fee thine self, as I haue now: Pisano, Man:
Where is Pophnome? What is in the mind
That makes thee flatte thus? Wherefore breaks that figh
From th'inward of thee? One, but painted thus
Would be interpret'd a thing perplex'd
Beyond thefe-aplication. Put thy felle
Into a hauteur of telle fear, ere wildrenes
Vanquish my fayre Sons. What's the matter?
Why tendes thou that Paper to me, with
A looke vntender? I ft the Summer Newes
Smiles too'ne before: if Wintery, thou need'st
But keepes that countenance f'ul.
My Husbands hand? That Drug-ran'md Italy, hath out-crafted him,
And here's at some hard point. Speake man, thy Tongue
May take off some extremity, which to reade
Would be even morsall to me.

Pis. Please you, ye read,
And you shall finde me (w reckt and mad) a thing
The most disdaine'd of Fortune.

Imogen reads.

I'hy Almifia (Pisano) hath plaid the Strumpet in my

Pis. Behold the Tellowmen thereof, fee bleeding in me. I speak
not out of neatly Sumeret, but from personal strong in my
prees, and as certaine as I expell mine Engnish. This part thou
(Pisano) must aye for me: if thy Fash be not tainted with
the braces of foes; let thine own hands take away her life: I shall
give thee opportunity at Midford Howes. She hath my Letter
for the purpose; whereas, if thou fear to strike, and to make me
certaine it is done, thou art the Pander to her dissorder, and
equally to me despayred.

Pis. What shal 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
One-voices all the Wommes of Nyle, whose breath
Rides on the polling windes, and doth byke
All corners of the World. Kings, Queens, and States,
Maides, Matrons, say the Secrets of the Graue
The vipers Fnander enters. What cheer, Madam?

Ino. Falles to his Bed? What is it to be falles? to

To Iye in watch there, and to thinke on him?
To wepe 'twixt clock and clock? If sleep charge Nature,
To breake it with a fearefull dreame of him,

And cry my felle avike? That's falles'to bed? Is it?

Pisa. Alas good Lady,

Ino. I falles thy Conference without Lachome.
They did'tacuse hour of inconcerne,
Thou then look'dt like a Villaine now; now, I thinkes

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Th' elect'd Deere before thee? 

Pif. But to win time

To looke to bad employment, in the while

I have consider'd of a courte: good Lady

Hear me with patience.

Ino. Take this tongue weary, speake:

I haue heard I am a Strumpet, and mine ear

Therein false strooke, can take no greater wound,

Nor tent, to bosome that. But speake.

Pif. Then Madam,

I thought you would not backe again.

Ino. Most like,

Bringing me here to kill me.

Pif. Not to neither:

But if I were as wife, as honest, then

My purpose would prove well: it cannot be,

But that my Master is abus'd. Some Villaine,

And fingular in his Art, hath done you both

This cutted maim.

Ino. Some Roman Curtezan?

Pif. No, on my life:

Ile gue but notice you are dead, and send him

Some bloody signe of it. For'tis commanded

I should do: you shall be might at Court,

And that will confirm it.

Ino. Why good Fellow,

What Cal I do while? Where bide? How live?

Or in my life, with your art, when I am

Dead to my Husband?

Pif. If you'll backe to'th Court.

Ino. No Court, no Father, nor no more ado

With that harsh, noble, simple nothing:

That Curtezen, whose Loue, sole hath bene to me

As fast enow as a Siege.

Pif. I know not at Court,

Then not in Britaine must you bide.

Ino. Where then?

Hath Britaine all the Sunne that thines? Day? Night?

Are they not but in Britaine? I'th'worlds Volume

Our Britaine leemes as of it, but not in:

In a great Poole, a Swannes-necke, pthyche thinke

There's leart out of Britaine.

Pif. I am most glad,

Youthinkle of other place: Th'Ambasador,

Lucius the Romeane comes to Miford-Haen:

To morrow. Now, if you could were a minde

Darke, as your Fortune is; and but disguise

That which appareth it felle, must not yet be,

But by felle-dangers, you should trie a courte

Pretty and full of view: yea, happily, wee

The reidence of Pofthumus; so mie (at leaff)

That though his Actions were not visible, yet

Report should render hourly to your ear,

As trimly as hee-moues.

Ino. Oh for such means,

Though pertill to my modelle, not death on't

I would adventure.

Pif. Well then, here's the point:

You must forget to be a Woman: change

Command, into obedience. Feare, and Niceceffe!

(The Handmaids of all Women, or more truly

Woman in pretie felle) into a wag's gift courage,

Ready in gybes, quicke-anwer'd law, and

As quarellous as the Weazel! Nay, you must

Forget that rarest Treasure of your Cheek.

Exploiting it (but oh the harder heart,

Alack

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Acte no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common-killing Than: and forget
Your labourious and dainty Trimness, wherein
You made great into angry,
Ins. Nay be fierce?
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

P.S. First, make your folly but like one,
Fore-thinking this, I have already fix
(Tis in my Cloak-bagge) Doubtles, Hat, Hoope, all
Just answer to them: Would you in their feruing,
(And with what imitation you can borrow
From yous of such a feast) fare Noble Lucius
Present your selfe, desire his service: tell him
Wherein you're happy, which will make him know,
If that his head have care in Musicke, doubtlesse.
Wish joy he will embrace you for hee's Honourable,
And doubting that, most holy. Your means abroad:
You have me rich, and I will never faile
Beginning, nor supplyment.

Ins. Thou art all the comfort
The Gods will diet me with. Pray thee away,
There's more to be consider'd: but wed we I then
At other good time will give vs. This attempt,
I am Solidier too, and will abide it with
P.S. Well Madam, we must take a short farewell,
Leaff being mist, I be fulpleased of
Your carriage from the Court. My Noble Miftirs,
Heres a base, I had it from the Queene,
What's in't precious; if you be sick at Sea,
Or Stomaccke-quall'd at Land, a Dramme of this
Will drive away diftemper. To some fake,
And fit you to your Manhood: may the Gods
Direct you to the best.
Ins. Amen: I thank thee.

Exeunt.

Scene Quinta.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords.

Cym. Thus farewe and so fare we.
Luc. Thanker, Royall Sir.

My Emperor hath wrote, I aught from hence,
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My Mifters Enemy.

Cym. Our Subjects (Sir)
Will not endure his yoke: and for our selfe
To shew little Sovereignitie then they, mutt needs
Appeare unthoughtfull.

Luc. So Sir: I desire of you
A Convent at Land, to Milford-Hauen.
Madam, all joy befall your Grace, and you,
Cym. My Lords, yu are appointed for that Office:
The due of Honor, in no point omit:
So (aswell) Noble Lucius.
Luc. Your hand, my Lord.
Cym. Sir, the Queen.

Ins. Yet to name the winner. Fare you well.
Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my Lords,
Till he have crost the Seuern. Happiness.

Exeunt Cymbel. 

Qn. He goes hence frownowing: but it honours vs
That we have givn him cause.
Cym. 'Tis all the better,
Your vauntant Britains have their wishes in's
Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the Emperors
How it goes here. It this vs therefore ripely
Our Chalier, and our Horstmen be in readinesse:
The Powres that he alreadie hath in Galia
Will foone be drawne to head, from whence he moves
His wars for Britaine.
Qn. 'Tis not sleepy business,
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 nor appeare'd
Before the Roman, nor to vs hath render'd
The duty of the day. She looks vs like
A thing more made of malice, then of duty,
We have not vs. Call her before vs, for
We have beene too flight in sufferance.
Qn. Royall Sir,
Since the exile of Poffinnsus, most great
Hat her life bin: the Cure whereof, my Lord,
'Tis time must do. Besheath your Maitrely,
Forbear severe speeches to her. She's a Lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are stroke;
And strokes death to her.

Enter a Messenger.

Cym. Where is the Sir? How
Can her contemnt be answer'd?
Mst. Please you Sir,
Her Chambers are all lock'd, and there's no answer
That will be given to'th'lowd of noise, we make.
Qn. My Lord, when last I went to vist her she
Pray'd me to execute her keeping close,
Whereeto confirm'd by her infermity,
She should that dutie least oppose to you
Which daily she was bound to profess: this
She will'd me to make knowne: but our great Court
Made me too blame in memory.

Cym. Her doones lock'd?
Not scence of late? Grant I see not, that which I
Fear, prove falle.

Qn. The Sonne, I fy, follow the King.
Cym. That man of hers, Pifanus, her old Servant
I have not seene these two dayes.
Exit.

Qn. Go lookes after:
Pifanus, thou hast that Land's so for Poffinnsus;
Heareth a Drugge of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by (wallowing that, For he beleauces
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is the gone? Haply dispair hath feiz'd her
Or wing'd with ferour of her love, she's owne
To her death'd Poffinnsus: gone the she,
To death, or to dishonour, and my end
Can make good vs of her. She being downes,
I haue the placing of the Britsh Crown.

Enter Cloten.

How now, my Sonne?
Cym. 'Tis certaine she is fled:
Go in and cheere the King, he raging, none
Dare come about him.

Qn. All the better: may
This night fore-hall him of the comming day. Exit Qn.
Cym. I love, and hate her: for she's faire and Royall,
And that the hath all country pays more exquisit

Then
Then Lady, Ladies, Woman, from every one The beet the bath, and she of all compounded Out-selles them all. I loue her therefore, but Disdaining me, and throwing Favours on
The low Paffumau,landers to her judgment, That what's elle rare, is choack'd: and in that point I will conclude to hate her, may indee, 
To be reueng'd upon. For, when Fooles shall—
Enter Pifanio.

Who is heere? What, are you packing for? Come hither: Ah you precious Pandar, Villaine, 
Where is thy Lady? In a word, or elle Thou art straightway with the Fiends.
Pif. Oh, good my Lord.
Cle. Where is thy Lady? Or, by Jupiter, I will not ask again. Cleof Villaine, He have this Secrecy from thy heart, or slip Thy heare to finde it. Is she with Paffumau?
From whose so many weightles of buttenesse, cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.
Pif. Alas, my Lord, How can he se with him? When was the mis'd?
Had in Rome.
Cle. Where is the Sir? Come heree: 
No farther haltung: fatifie me home, What is become of her?
Pif. Oh, my all-worthy Lord. 
Cle. All-worthy Villaine, Discouer where thy Misfort is, at once, At the next word: no more of worthy Lord: Speake, or thy silence on the infantor, is Thy condemnation, and thy death.
Pif. Then Sir:
This Paper is the historic of my knowledge Touching her flight.
Cle. Let's see: I will pursue her
Even to Angورية Throne.
Pif. In this, or perish.
She's faire enough, and what he learnes by this, May prove his trueth, not her danger.
Cle. Hamb.
Pif. He write to my Lord she's dead: Oh Imagen, Safe mayl thou wander, safe returne azen.
Cler. Sirs, is this Letter true?
Pif. Sirs, I think.
Cler. It is Paffumau hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou would'st not be a Villain, but do me true service ynder. go shofe Implementions when I should cause to se the thee with a serious industry, that is, what villany force I bid thee do to performe it, directly and truly, I would think thee an henchman: thou should'st neither want my meanes for thy releace, nor my voyces for thy preferre.
Pif. Well, my good Lord,
Cler. Wilt thou ferue mee? For since patientlie and confiante thou hast ducce to the bare Fortune of that Beggar Paffumau, thou canst not in the course of gratuity, but be a diligent follower of mine, Wilt thou ferue mee?
Pif. Sir, I will
Cler. Give mee thy hand, here's my purse, Haft any of thy late Masters Garments in thy possession?
Pifan. I haue (my Lord) at my Lodging, the same Suite be wore, when he took leave of my Ladie & Mil-
treffe.
Cler. The stiff seruice thou doul mee, fetch that Suite
The Tragedy of Gymbeline.

Scena Septima.

Enter Belarius, Guideria, and Armeruga.

Bel. You Poldary hau promis'd Bell Woodman, and Are Master of the Feast: Cadwell, and I Will play the Cooke, and Seannit, 'is our match: The finest of industry would dry, and dye But for the end it workes too. Come, our Romanes Will make what's howly, favour. We are the Can more upon the Flint, when reflux Sloth Fines the Downe-pillow hard. Now peace be here, Poor, hoole house, that keep'thy tile.

Gui. I am thoughly weary.

Ar. I am, weary with toy in, yet strong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold in this 'Caue, we'll brouz on that What'll what we have bill'd, be Cook'd.

Bel. Stay, comenom in:

But that it eat our qualities, I should think Heere were a Fairey.

Gui. What's the matter, Sir?

Bel. By Jupiter an Angell: or if not An earthly Parish, Behold Dianenelle
No elder then a Boy.

Enter Images.

Imo. Good masters harms, I come not:

Before I enter'd here, I call'd, and thought To have begg'd, not bought, what I have took: good trade I have fône none, nor would not, though I had round Gold floor'd th'Floor. Here's money for my Meate, I would have left it on the Board, so like As if I had made my Meate; and passed With Prayr's for the Proud'rer.

Gui. Money? Youth.

Ar. All Gold and Silver rather turne to dust, As't is no better reck'd, but of those Who worship durtly Gods.

Imo. I see you're angry:

Know, if you kill me for my faults, I should Have dyd, had I not made it,

Bel. Whether bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haenu.

Bel. What's your name?

Imo. Fedele Sir: I have a Kinsman; who Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford, To whom being going, almost shent with hunger, I am false in this offense.

Bel. Prythee (fare youth)

Think we no Charles: nor measure our good min'des By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd, Thi'almost night, you shall have better cheer.

Ere you depait, and thankes to stay, and ease it; Boyes, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,

I should have loved, but be your Groome in honestly: I bid for you, as I do buy,

Ar. It make not my Comfort
He is a man, He love him as any Brother:
And such a welcome as I pledge to him

(After long silence) such is yours. Most welcome:

Be spigot, for you fall among Friends.

Imo. Amongst Friends?

If Brothers: would it had bin so, that they Had bin my Fathers Sonnes, then had my prize Bin leffe, and to more equall ballasting To thee Pophamus.

Bel. He wrings at some distrefe.

Gui. Would I could fee't.

Ar. Or I, what are we do, What paine it cost, what danger: Gods!

Bel. Hearke Boyes.

Imo. Great men

That had a Court no bigger then this Caue,

That did attend themselves, and had the vertue Which then owne Conference fea'd them staying by That nothing-guilt of differing Multitudes Could not out-sperce these twaine. Partion me Gods, I'd change my face to be Companion with them,

Since Lemina's fall.

Bel. It shall be so:

Boyes we'll go direc't for our Hunt. Faire youth come in; Dicouer is heavy, fasting: when we have fupp'd Well I manfully demand thee of the Story,

So farre as thou wilt pecke it.

Gui. Pray draw neere.

Ar. The Night to this'Olde, And Munte to th'Lake leffe welcome.

Imo. Thankest Sir.

Ar. I pray draw neere. Exeunt.

Scena Octava.

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

1 Sen. This is the soner of the Emperors Writ;

That since the common men are now in A'den 'Gainst the Panpagnis, and Dalismas, And that the Legions now in Gallia, are Full waeke to undertake our Wares against The faile-side Britains, that we do incite The Gentry to this businesse. He creates Lucrine Pro-Conful: and to you the Tribunes For this immediate Law, he commands His absolute Commission. Long live Cesar.

Tri. Is Lucrine General of the Forces?

2 Sen. I.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1 Sen. With those Legions

Which I have spoke of, whereunto your lettie Must be fopplian: the words of your Commandion Will ey ye to the numbers, and the time Of their dispatch.

7 tr. We will discharge our duty.

Exeunt.

Aetius Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Cloten alone.

Clot. I am neere to the place where they should meet,

If Pamina have mapp'd it truly. How fit her Garments

Are they? Why should but Millis who was mad by him that

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that made the Taylor, not be fit too? The rather (suing reverence of the Word) for 'tis said a Woman firstcoke by fitteth: therein I must play the Workman, I dare speak a her to, for it is not Vainglorie for a to, and his Graffe, to confer in his owne Chamber; I mean, the Lines of my body are as well drawne as his; no leffe young, more strong, not benefis him in Fortunes, be- yond him in the advantage of the time, about him in birth, alike constant in general Iterities, and more re- marketable in fingle Iterities; yet this superficial, Thing line him, in my defight, What Mortalitie or? Foilominus, thy head (which now is growing upon thy shoulders) flall within this house be off, thy Misfits in- forced, thy Garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done, spurne her home to her Father, who may (happily) be a little Angel, to garnere his power of this Cellar, and make them all into my commendations. My Hanke it sped vp 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 datas not deceus me.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Inimy from the Cause.

Bel. You are not with me: Breanne herce in the Cause, Were't come to you after Hunting.


Are we not Brothers?

Ine. So man and man should be, But Clay and Clay, differs in dignitie, Whole does it both alike. I am very fickle,

Gu. Go you to Hunt for my brother fogs: but my Mother having power of this Cellar, flall came all into my commendations. My Hanke it sped vp 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 datas not deceive me.

Exit.

Ine. I wish ye sport.

Arni. You height.

Ine. These are kind Creatures.

Gods, what lyes I have heard;

Our Courties fay, all's favage, but at Court;

Experience, or thou difprouit Report,

Th'emporous Sea breed Monfters; for the Difh,

Pourre Tribury Riuites, as sweet Fift:

I am fickle, heart fickle; Pifans,

He now taile of thy Drugg.

Gu. I could not fiire him;

He said he was gentle, but very rude;-

Difiionftly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arni. Thus did he aulwer me: yet faid hircerafter,

I might know more.

Bel. To th'Field, to th'Field:

We'll leave you for this time, go in, and ref.

Arni. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray be not fickle,

For you must be our Huwife.

Ine. Well, or ill,

I am bound to you.

Bel. And thall be euer,

This youth, how defiref, appears he has hard Good Angelors.

Arni. How Angel-like he fings?

Gu. But his neate Cookerie?

Arni. He cut our Roots in Characters,

And saw'n't our Brother, as Ine had bin fickle,

And he his Deter.

Arni. Nably he fakes

A smiling, with a figh; as if the figne

Was that it was, for not being fuch a Smile:

The Smile, mocking the Sigh, that it would flye

From to duuine a Temple, to commix

With winde, that Saylors rale at.

Gu. I do note,

That greene and patience rooted in them both,

Mingle their fpirs together,

Arni. Grow patient,

And let the thinking, Elder (Greene) wintwine

His perithing root, with the evercafeing Vine.

Bel. It is great morning. Come away: Who's there?

Enter Cloten.

Clot. I cannot finde thee, thee, Runngates, that Villaine

Hath moocked me, I am gire.

Bel. Those Runngates?

Meannes he not vs? I partly know him, his

Cloten, the Some oth't Quene. I fear me some Ambush:

I law him not thefe many yeares, and yet

I know vs he: We are hold in Out-Lawes: Hence.

He is bur one you; and my Brother search

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 Slawe are thou?

Gu. A thing?

More fualne did I thee, then answering

A Slawe without a knocke.

Clot. Thou art a Robber,

A Law-bracker, a Villaine: yeeld thee Thee.

Gu. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I

An arme as bigge as thine? A heart, as bigge as

Thy words I grant are bigger: for I were not

My Dagger in my mouth, Say what thou arts.
The Tragedy of Gymbeline.

Why I should yield to thee?
Clo. Thou Villaine base,
Know'st not me but by my Cloathes?
Gui. No, nor thy Taylor, Rafeal:
Who is thy Grandfather? He made those cloathes,
Which (as it seemes) make thee.
Clo. Thou precious Villate,
My Taylor made them not.
Gui. Hence then, and shank.
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some Foule,
I am loath to beare thee.
Clo. This mutinous Theefe,
Hear my name, and tremble.
Gui. What's thy name?
Gui. Cletus, thou Villaine.
Gui. Cletus, thou double Villainse be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it, were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,
I would move me sooner.
Clo. To the further fear,
Nay, to thy mere Confusion, thou shalt know
I am Sonne to this Queene.
Gui. If, I am forry I am not seeming
So worthy as thy Birth.
Clo. Art not afraid?
Gui. Tho' that I encountered, tho' I fear the Wife;
At Foules I laugh, nor fear them.
Clo. Dye the death:
When I ha'st a flame with that my proper hand,
I'll make those thro' that use now fled hence.
And on the Gates of Ludi, I cause you your heads,
Yield Rusticke Mountainers, Fight and Execut.
Enter Belarius and Agrigono.
Bel. No Companie's abroad?
Agr. None in the world; you did mistake him sure.
Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,
But Time hath nothing lost'd those lines of Favour
Which then he wore: the nachtes in his voice,
And burth of speaking were as his: I am absolute
This very Cletus.
Agr. In this place we left them;
I with my Brother make good time with him,
You fay he is to fell.
Bel. Being faffe made vp,
I meant to man; he had not apprehension
Of roasting earens: For defall of judgement
Is oft the end of Feare.
Enter Guiderus,
But fee thy Brother.
Gui. This Cletus was a Foule, an empny purfe,
There was no money in't: Not Herceus
Could have knocked it out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I ne'er among this, the Foule had borne
My lead, as I do his.
Bel. What hath thou done?
Gui. I am perficte whatcut off one Cletus head,
Some to the Queene (after his owne report)
Who said me I slasht, Mountainer, and I swore
With his owne flinge hand he'd take vs in,
Laid upon our head, where (thanks the Gods) they grow
And let them on Ludi Towne.
Bel. We are all undone.
Gui. Why, worthy Father, what have we to loofe,
But that he woulde take our Lives? the Law
Promeets vs vs, then why should we be tender,
I let an argent piece of flesh threat vs?
Play Judge, and Executioner, all himselfe?

For we do feare the Law. What company
discouer you abroad?
Bel. No fingle foule
can we felt eye on: but in all faire reason
He mut haue flome Attendants. Though his Honour
Was nothing but mutation, I, and that
From one bad thing to worse: Not Frenzie,
Not absolute madnesse could so farte haue roard
To bring him heere alone: although perhaps
It may be heard at Court, that such as wee
Case heere, hunt heere, are Out-lawers, and in time
May make some stronger head, the which he hearings
(As it is like him) might break out, and fwear
He'll fetch vs in, yet it is not probable
To come alone, either he fo undertaketh,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we feare,
If we do ftrease this Body hath a tale
More perilous then the head,
Agr. Let Ordinance
Come in as the Gods fore-fay it: howsoere,
My Brother hath done well.
Bel. I had no minde
To hunt this day: The Boy Fidelus sickenesse
Did make my way long forth.
Gui. With his owne Sword,
Which he did woue against my throat, I haue tane
His head from him: Ile throw't into the Creeke
Hath, to the Rocke, and let it to the Sea,
And tell the Fishe, here's the Queene Sonne, Cloten,
That's all I reake.
Bel. I fexe 'twill be resound'd:
Would (Poldar) thou had't not done't; though valour
Becomes thee well enough,
Agr. Would I had done't,
So the Revenge alone pursu'd me: Poldare
I loue thee better, yet, but not prude.
Thou haft robb'd me of this deeds: I would Reuenge
That possible infirm might meet, woul deek vs through
And put vs to our answer,
Bel. Well, 'tis done:
Wee thank no more to day, nor feeke for danger:
Where there's no profit I prey eager to our Rocke,
You and Fidele play the Cooke: Ile fay
Th'illy Poldar to retume, and bring him
To dinner prefently,
Gui. Poor fiske Fidelas,
I leve willingly to him, to gaine his colour,
I'll leve a parifh of such Cloten blood,
And praise my felle for charity.
Exit.
Bel. Oh thou Goddeffe,
Thou divine Nature; thou thy felfe thou blaznon't
In these two Princeely Boys: they are as gentle
As Zephyrs blowing bellow the Violets,
Not wagg'ng his sweet head; and yet, as rough
(Their Royal blood enchauf'd as the rud'ft winde),
That by the top doth take the Mountain Pine,
And make him foppe to vs Vale. 'Tis wonder
That an infull efiff looke fhould frame them
To Royalty unrain'd, Honor vnaught,
Civility nor feeke from other value
That wildly growes in them, but yieldeth a reep
As if it had beene fow'd: yet still it's strange
What Cloten being here to vs portends,
Or what his death will bring vs.

Enter Guiderus:
Gui. Where's my Brother?
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

I have oft Clytie Clot-pole downe the streame,
To Emboside her Mother; his Bodie's hollage
For his returne.

Bel. My ingenious Instrument,
(Hearte, Poladure) it founds: but what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hearte.
Gus. Is he at home?
Bel. He went hence even now.
Gus. What does he mean?
Since death of our dearest Mother.
It did not speak before. All solemne things
Should answer solemne Accidents. The matter?
Triumphes for nothing, and Inventing Toyes.
I solitude for Aspot, and geeziee for Boyes.
Is Cadwal dead?

Enter Abraham, with Image dead, bearing
her great Armes.

Bel. Look, heere he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his Armes,
Of what we bewe his for.

Arni. The Bird is dead
That we have made to much on. I had rather
Have slips from sixe yeares of Age, to fast:
To haue cut off my leaping time into a Crutch,
Then have thee cleane.
Gus. Oh sweetest, sayest Lilly:
My Brother weares thee not the one halfe so well,
As when thou grew it thyself.

Bel. Oh Melancholly,
Who euer yet could found thy bottome? Find
The Once, to show what Coast thy longest care
Might'tst sail left habour in. Thou blestest thing,
Joue knowes what man thee might might have made: but I,
Though fed at a feast in Boye, of Melancholy.
How found you him?

Arni. Starte, sayest ye faire,
Thus thinking, as some fly bad tickled stimer,
Not as deathes dart being taugh'd at: his right Cheek
Reposing on a Cushion.
Gus. Where.

Arni. O'hillmore:
His arnes thus leagued, I thought he slept, and put
My clouded Brooch, from of off my feate, whose ruddeness
And my breares too lowd.

Gui. Why ble not steepe?
I fhe be gone, heer I make his Graue, a Bed:
With softeste Fyayles will his Tombe be haunted,
And Worries not come to thee.

Arni. With fayayle Flowers
While't Senzer Sults, and I close here, Fidelis,
He sweeten thy sad grave; thou that speakest not,
The Flower that's like thy face. Pale Primrose, nor
The azur'd Hare'-bell, like thy Veines: nor
The leafe of Eglinante, whom not to flander,
Out-sweetned not thy breath: the Raddocke would
With Charitable bill (Oh bill fore thining:
Those rich-leaved beysters, that let their Fathers Iye
Without a Monument) bring thee all the six.
Yea, and furtl'Moife besides. When Flowers are none
To winter-ground thy Coarse—

Gui. Pray thee have done,
And do not play in Wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protest with admiration, what
Is now due debate. To the grave.

Arni. Say, where shall his lay him?

Gui. By good Emphiles, our Mother.

Arni. Be'ts so:
And let vs (Poladore) though now our voyces
Have got the mannhid cracke, sing him to th'ground
As oonce to our Mother: we like note, and words,
Sawe that Emphiles, must be Fidelis.

Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I like wepe, and word it with thee;
For Notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than Prieffs, and Phanes that I ye.

Arni. Wee I prake it then.

Bel. Great geoses I see med: dine the Ieffe: For Cadwal
Is yet forgot. He was a Queens Sonne, Boyes,
And thought he came our Enemy, rememere.
He was paid for this: though mean, and mighty rotting
Together haue one daft, yet Reuerence
(Thist Angel of the world) doth make definition
Of place 'tween high, and low. Our Foe was Princely,
And though you tooke his life, as being our Foe,
Yet bury him, as a Prince.

Gui. Pray you fetch him hither,
Then fes body is as good as Aske,
When nether are alive.

Arni. If you go fetch him,
We'll say our Song the whifft: Brother begin.

Gui. Nay Cadwal, we must lay his body to the East,
My Father hath a reason for't.

Arni. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arni. So, begin.

SONG.

Guld. Fear no more the hate of man, (Saw,
Nor the furious Winter's rage,
Though, worldely task be hit,
Home art gun and none thy wages,
Golden Lads, and Gales all must,
As Chomery: Sweeter come to do.

Arni. Fear no more the frencome h'Great,
Then art past the Twains streece,
Cure no more in cloaths and rate,
To thee the Reede is as the Oak:

The Stepper, Learning, Polyester muffs,
All fellow this and come to do.

Guld. Fear no more the Lightning silence,
Arni. Nor th' urden dod Thunderence.

Guld. Fear no Stander, Concease raffs,
Arni. Thou bsft stndel'd Jay and mene.

Both. All Lovers yong, all Lovers muffs,
Confignet thee and come to do.

Guld. No Excefore harms thee,
Arni. Nor warnich craft charme thee.

Guld. Ghost unlaid farkeare thee.
Arni. Nothing shall come thee.

Both. Quiet consumation bea,
And renowned by their guise.

Enter Belarius with the body of Cadwal.

Gui. We have done our obleftes.
Come lay him downe.

Bel. Here's a few Flowers, but 'bout midnight more.
The hearbes that have on them cold dew o'th'night
Are firewings fit't for Graues: upon their Faces.
You were as Flowers, now wither'd; even so
These Herbsetts flail, which we upon you threw.
Come on, away, apart upon our knees:
The ground that gave them fit'st, he's them again:
Their pleasures here are pass, so are their paine.

Exeunt.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

SUCCESSFUL TO TH' ROMAN HOST.

LUC., Dreame often so,
And never falle. Soft hos, what truncke is here?
Without his top? The rude speakes, that sometime
It was a wort by building. How? A Page?
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather:
For Nature doth not dare to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.
Let's see the Boyes face.

Cap., Here's alue my Lord.

LUC. He's then instruct'd vs of this body: Young one,
Informes vs of thy Fortunes, for it seems
They crave to be demanded: who is this
That maketh it thy blody Pillow? Or who was he?
That otherwise then noble Nature did?
Hath alter'd that good Pityure? What's thy interest
In this sad racket? How came's? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be werte: This was my Master,
A very valiant Britaine, and a good,
That hereby may finde at it eyes flaine: Alas,
There is no more such Masters: I may wander
From list to Occident, cry out for Service,
Try many, all good: fure truly: never
Fande such another Master.

LUC. Lacke, good youth:
Thou mou'st not lefe with thy claimpling, then
Thy Master in blindeing: say his name, good Friend.
Imo. Richard do Chemp. If I do lye, and do
No harme by it, though the Gods fereste, I hope
They pardon it. Say you Sir?

LUC. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele Sir.

LUC. Thou dost not approve thy felfe the very fames:
Thy Name well fills thy Faith, thy Faith, thy Name:
Wit taketh chance with me? I will not lye
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure
No lefe belou'd. The Romane Emperors Letters
Sent by a Conflant to me, should not fooner
Then thine owne worth preferre thee: Go with me.

Imo. He follow Sir. But if it, and pleafe the Gods,
I hide my Master from the Flyes, as deep:
As shee poore Pickes can digge: and when
With wild woods-leaves & weeds he shewed his grate
And on it find a Century of prayers
(Such as I can) wise or, Ie wepe, and figh
And leaving to his forces, follow you,
So pleafe you entertain me.

LUC. I good youth,
And rather Father thee, then Master thee: My Friends,
The Boy hath taught vs manely duties: Let vs
Finde out the prettie Diedz-Plot we can,
And make him with our Pikes and Pardians
A Grage: Come, Anne him: Boy he's prefer'd
By thee, to vs, and he shall be inter'd
As Soldiers can. Be cheerefull, wipe thine eyes,
Some Falles are means the happier to arise.

Exeunt

SCENA TERTIA.

ENTER Cymbeline, Lord, and Pifanio.

Gym. Against: and bring me word how 'tis with her,
A Feauour with the abstinence of her Sonne;

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A madmische, of which her life's in danger: Heaven's,
How deeply you at once do touch me: Image, 
The great part of my comfort, gone: My Queen
Upon a deeper a bed, and in a time,
When Fearefull Waters point me: Her Sonne gone,
So needfull for this present? It strikes me, past
The hope of comfort. But for thee, Fellow,
Who needs must know her of her departure,
Doft continue to ignorance, we enforce it from thee
By a shame Fortune.

Gif, Sir, my life is yours,
I bably set it at your Will: But for my Misfortune,
I nothing know where these remaines: why gone,
Nor when the purposes return. Beceech your Highnes,
Hold me your loyal Servant,
Lord. Good my Liege,
The day that she was missing, he was here;
I dare be bound he's true, and that performe
All parts of his subiect, lovingly. For Clemen,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will no doubt be found,
Gym. The time is troublesome:
We'll fly you for a season, but our errand is due
Do's yet depend.
Lord. So please your Maiesty,
The Roman Legions, all from Gallia drawne,
Are landed on your Coast, with a supply
Of Romain Gentlemen, by the Senate sent.

Gym. Now for the Countafe of my Son and Queen,
I am amaz'd with matter.
Lord. Good my Liege,
Your preparation can shew no leffe
(ready):
Then what you hare at, Contine, for more you
The want is but to put those Powers in motion,
That long to move.
Gym. I thanke you: let's withdraw
And meete the Time, as it seekes vs. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy vs, but
We greene at chancesehe. Away.

Exeunt
Pala. I have here a letter from my Master, since
I wrote him Image was Raine, Tis strange:
Nor hear I from my Misfort, who did promise
To yeeld me often trying. Neither know I
What is belted to Clenon, but remaine
Perplex't in all. The Heauens still mutt work:
Wherein I am failte, I am honest: not true, to be true.
The present wants shall finde I love my Country,
Even to the note of the King, or lie fall in them;
All other doubts, by time let them be clare'd,
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not fleer'd. Exit.

Scena Quarta.
Enter Belarius, Guideria & Aemilius.

Gif. The noyse is round about vs.
Tel. I ceake from it.

Aem. What pleasure Sir, we finde in life, to locke it
From Action, and Adventure.

Gif. Nay, what hope
Have we in hauing vs? This way the Romans
Muff. or for Britains flye vs, or receive vs
For barbarous and unsailest Reqüest
During their viye, and flye vs after.

Tel. Sonnes,
We'll higuer to the Mountains, there feature vs.
To the Kings party there's no going: now
Of Clenon death (we being not knowne, not murther'd)
Among the Bands) may issue vs to a rendre
Where we have liuid, and do extort from that's
Which we have done, whole answere would be death
Drawne on with Torture.

Gif. This is (Sir) a doubt
In such a time, nothing becoming you,
Not satisfying vs.

Aem. It is not likely,
That when they hear their Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quartered Fries; has both their eyes
And ears to cloyd importantly as now,
That they will waffe their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Tel. Oh, I am knowne
Of many in the Army: Many yeeres
(Though Clenon then but young) you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And besides, the King
Hath not defer'd my Service, nor your Loutes,
Who finde in my Exile, the want of Breeding;
The certainty of this heard life, I hope of
To have the countare your Cranle promis'd,
But to be fill hot Summer's Turlings, and
The shrinking flowers of Winter.

Gif. Then befo, to
Better to cease to be. Pray Sir, to the Army:
I, and my Brother are as knowne; you telke
So out of thought, and thetco to ore-growne,
Cannot be question'd.

Aem. By this means, that things
He thither, What thing is there, that I never
Did see man dye, fearless ever look'd on blood,
But think of Coward Hates, hot Gods, and Vengeon?
Never bestrid a Horle face one, that had
A Rider like my selfe, whom'e rere Rowell,
Nor I on his heele: I am affam'd
To looke upon the holy Sunne, to have
The benefit of his blest Beames, remaining
So long a poor unknowne.

Gif. By heauens Ile go,
If you will bless me Sir, and glue me leaue,
He take the better care: but if you will too,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans.

Aem. So say I, to

Tel. No reason I (sence of your liues you set)
So flight a valewation should refuerce
My crack'd one to more care. Hau' will you Boyes?
If in your Country warres you chance to dye,
That is my Bed too (Lads) and there Ie leaue
I am leafe; the time seem long, their blood think's foren
Till it flye out, and blow them Princes borne.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.
Enter Posthumus alone.
Paff. Ye bloody cloath, Ile keep thee for I am wihte
Thor' should't be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Muf't murther Witches much better then themselves
b b b 2

For

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The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

As were hood-wink'd.

Lec. *Tis their fresh supplies.

Lec. *It is a day turn'd strangely: or betteres

Let's re-inforce, or by,

Exeunt

---

Scena Tertia.

Enter Pofthomus, and a Britainne Lord.

Lec. Cam' thy soule from where they made the stand?

Pof. I did. Though you it seemes come from the Fliers.

Lec. Pof. No blame be to you Sir, for all was left,

But that the Heavens fought: the King himselfe

Of his wings defeated, the Army broken,

And but the backes of Britaines seene: all flying

Through a strait Lane, the Enemy full heart'd,

Lolling the Tongue with slaught'ring: having worke

Most bloody and destru'd, but trust toooke downe

Some mortallly, some slilyly caught, some falling

Meetyly through feare, that the strait paffe was damm'd

With deadmen, hurt behinde, and Cowards liuing

To dye with length'ned flame.

Lo. Where was this Lane?

Pof. Clos'd by the battell, dight'd, walled and turp

Which gave a passage to an ancient Soldier

An honeste one I warrant who defend'd

So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,

In doing this for his Country. Athis to the Lane,

He, with two fillings (Lads more like to run

The Country base, then to commit such slaught'ring,

With faces fit for Masques, or ratel fayerer

Then tho' one for preferrouation car'd, or flame)

Made good the papple, cryed to those that fled.

Our Britaines heares dye flying, not our men,

To Dawson flying footes that flye back-wards; fland,

Or we are Romans, and will give you that

Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may saue

But to looke back in frowne; Stand, and their three

These three thousand confident, in acte as many:

For three performes in the file, when all

The reit do nothing. With this word fland, fland,

Accommodated by the Place; more Charming

With their owne Noblenesse, which could haue turn'd

A Diffetse, to a Lance, guided pele lookes;

Part flame, part spirit renew'd, that some turn'd coward

But by example (Oh a fine in Warre,

Damn'd in the first, beginnes) gaue to looke

The way that they did, and to grine like Lyons

Vpon the Pikes o'th Hunters. Then beganne

A Flop t'h Chater; a Retrayer: Anon

A Round, confusion thickes: forthwith they flye

Chickens, the way which they Hope Eagles: Slaves

The fride the Vicous made; and now our Coud's

Like Fragmentes in hand Voyages became.

The life of three days before found the lane (to the lane open)

Of theguarded hearts: heauens, how they would,

Some blame before some dying; some their friends

Oe-borne (its former cause, ten ch'as' by one,)

Are now each one the slaugther-man of twenty:

Thole that would dye, or e'er criff, are growing

The mornall bugs and' the Field.

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V. i. 5—V. iii. 51

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The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Lord. This was strange chance: A Narrow Lane, an old man, and two Boys.

Poet. Nay, do not wonder at it; you are made rather to wonder at the thing, you hear, Then to work any. Will you Rime upon't, And vent it for a Mock'ry Here is one: "This Lane, an Old man, two Boys in Lane, To enter the Britains, near the Rauences here. Lord. Nay, be not angry Sir. Poet. Lacke, to what end? I do not hang his Foe. He be his Friend: he shall do, as he is made to doe, I knew he quickly flye my friendship too. You hope put me into Rime. Lord. Farewell, you're angry. Exit.

Poet. Still going? This is a Lord: Oh, Noble mirth To be with Field, and take what newes of me: To day, how many would have given their Honours To have faul't then Calsker? I lookke heele to don't, And yet dyed too. In mane owne wore chardm Could not finde death, where I did hear him groane, Nor feele him where he brooke. Being an quy Monister, To fins the fame, he hides him in faire Cups, soft liech, Sweet words; or hath more maimerst then we That draw his knusse (th'War). Well will I find him: For being now a Favourer to the Britaine, No more a Britaine, I hau'e resum'd againe The part I came in. Fight I will no more, But yield to the vertest Hinde, that shall Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is Here made by th'Romane; great the Aniwer be Britains must take. For me, my Ransome's death, On eyther side I come to spend my breath; Which neverher heere I keepe, nor bear agen, But end it by some meanes for Imagin. Enter two Captaines, and Soldiers.

1 Great lupiter be prais'd, Lucius is taken, Tis thought the old man, and his fames, were Angels, 2 There was a fourth man, in a felly habit, That gave th'Affront with them. So is reported: But none of 'em can be found. Stand, who's there? Poet. A Roman, Who had not now beene drooping here, if Seclons Had answer'd him. Lay hands on him: a Dogge, A legge of Rome, shall not returne to tell What Crowns haue peckt them here: he brings his seruice As if he were of note: bring him with king. Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Gloucester, Arviragus, Pisanio, and Roman Captains. The Captains present Pojbhmnus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Gaoler.

Secna Quarta.

Enter Pojbhmnus, and Gaoler.

Gaoler. You shall not now be holome, You have lockes upon you. So graze, as you firchina. Poet. 1, or a stomacke. Most welcome bondage; for thou art a way (I think) to liberty: yet am I better Then one that's ficer of th'Gowe, since he had rather Graome fo in perpetuity, then be cur'd Byth'fure Pbytian, Death; who is the key Twibar these Lockes. My Confedence, thou art better'd More then my thanks, & wrighty you good Gods give me The penitent Inthument to picke that Bult, Then free for euer. Is't enough I am sorry? So Children temporall Fathers do appease; Gods are more full of mercie. Must I report, I cannot do it better then in Gypses. Defir'd, more then constrain'd, to satisfie For my Freedome 'tis the maine parte, take No finder render of me, then my All. I know you are more Clemont then vilde men, Who of their broken Debtsore take a third, A fixt, a tenth, letting them thrive againe On their abatement; that's not my desire. For imaget deere life, take mine, and though 'Tis not to deece, yet 'tis a life: you coyn'd it, T'wise men, and man, they weigh not every flappe: Though light, take Pecce for the figures sake, (You rather) mine being yours: and so great Powres, Ifyou will take this Audit, take this life, And cancel shere cold Bonds. Oh Imagin, He spake to thee in silence.

Solomne Musike. Enter (as in a Apparation) Scillias Leonatus, Father to Poliphemus, an old man, attired like a warrior, leading in on his hand an ancient Materon (his wife, & Mother to Poliphemus) with Muficke before them. Then after other Musike, follows the two young Leonati (Brothers to Poliphemus) with wounds as they died in the warrs. They circle Poliphemus round as he lies bleeding.

Scem. No more thou Thunder Muskie Theor thy spight on Mortall Flies: With Mars, fall out with Juno chide, that thy Adulteries Rates, and Reutenges. Hys my poore Boy dune ought but well, whose face I never Law: I'dy'd while fit in the Womb be slipde, attending Notures Law. Whose Father then (as men report, thou Orphanes Father art) Thou should't haue bin, and scurneld him, from this earth-vexing smart. Math. Lucius hang not me syde, though his paralcll, but took me in my Throves, That from me was Poliphemus ript, came cryh'ng'mong't his Foes, A thing of pitty.

Scem. Great Nature like his Ancestrie, moulded the stufe to faire: That he did for'd the praisie ol'li'World, as great Sicilus heyre.

1 Br. When once he was mature for man, in Britaine where was bee That could stand vp his parcel? Or fruitfull obiect bee? In eye of Imagin, that best could desme his dignite. Mo. With Marriage wherefore was he made to be er'd, and throned From Leonatis Seat, and cast from her; his decref one: Sweete Imagin? Scem. Why did you suffer Lachman, flight thing of Italy,
To taint his Noble hair & braine, with needle, & cloyly, And to become the gonge and tame of other's villany. 

Bro. For this, thou art Bils Seats we came, our Patent, and was tawane, That drinking in our Countries cause, fell bravely, and were faire, Our Fealty & Tenant's right, with Honor to maintaine, 

The Dreamer and Ready mind, no thinkeyoul die Away, the his Royall, r

Upon Accufe Jupiter, Thatttnking Our Graves. 

Our Glaces And Expréeple. And Jupiter were appeare, and from thy shall flye: 

Jupiter defends to Thunder and Lightning, sitting upon an Eagle: he throws a Thunder-bolt. The Cgifles fall on their knees. 

Jupiter. No more you petry Spirits of Region low Offend our hearing: hush. How dare you Ghoftes Acufe the Thunderer, whole Bolt (you know) Sky-planted, battles all rebelling Coasts, Poore fladows of Elyzia, hence, and refi Vpon your newes consider, bands of flowers, Be not with mortall accidents oppreff, No care of yours itis, you know 'tis ours, Whombeft I love, I croffe: to make my guilt The more delay'd, delighted. Be content, Your low-lade Sonne, our Godhead will vplift: His Comforts thriue, his Trials well are spent: Our fouall Stag, to form you his Birth, and in our Temple was he married: Rife, and fare, He shall be Lord of Lady Iygen, 

And happier much by his Affilication made. 

This Table lay upon his Brelf, wherein 

Our pleasure, his full Fortune, doth confine, And do away: no farther with your dinne Expreffe Impatience, left you flire up mine: Mount Eagle, to my Palace Chriftianfall. 

Ascend. 

Seil. He came in Thunder, his Celefball breath Was fulphurous to smell: the holy Eagle Stoop'd, as to foot vs: his Afection is More sweet then our best Falls: his Royall Bird Prunes the immortall wing, and cloyes he Brake, As when his God is pleas'd. 

All, thankes Jupiter. 

Sir. The Marble Pionaut cloves, he is enter'd 

His radiant Roofe: Away, and be to beft 

Let vs with care performe his great effect. 

Psfl. Sleep, thou art bin a Grandiue, and begor A Father to me: and thou beft crefted 

A Mother, and two Brothers. But (oh Scorne) 

Gone, they went to come to fome as they were borne: Amonge to Iama wache. Pome Wretched, that depire 

On Great, &c. Fouces; Dream as I have done, Wake and find nothing. But (als) I loose: 

Many dreame not to finde neither defire, And yet are fpied in famous: so you I 

That now this Golden chancce, and know not why: 

What Faverses haunt this ground? A Book. Oh rare one, 

Be not, as is our fanged world, a Garment 

Nobler than that it coures. Let thy effeets 

So follow, to be most unlike our Courtiers, 

As good, as promise.

Reader. 

When as a Lyon whose pluffs shall himselfe unkowne, with 

our felfe finds, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender 

Ayre: And when from a Papered Cedar Gnome be lev'd, in 

branches which being dead many years, shall after renue, be ignited 

the old flocke, and freshly grow, then shall Pittibunia and his 

miferies, Britaine be fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plente. 

'Tis fill a Dreame: or else such fluffe as Madmen Tongue, and braine not: either both, or nothing. 

Our hanging is the word, Sir, if you bee ready for 

that, you are well Cook'd. 

Psfl. So if proue a good repast to the Spectators, the dish payes the shot. 

Gao. A heauy reckoning for you Sir: But the comfort 

is you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more 

Taurous Bals, which are often the madnede of pauring, as 

the procuring of mythe: you come in fain for want of 

more; your deliriums with too much drink: foree that 

you have payed too much, and forrey that you are payed 

too much: Purle and Braine, both empty: the Brain the 

heauer, for being too light; the Purle too light, being 

drawn of heavenfle. Oh, of this contradiction you shall 

now be quite: On the charity of a peny Cofet downes 

thousands in a truce: you have no true Debtor, and 

Of none is speaking, or a speaking fuch 

As senfe cannot vusse. Be what it is. 

The Action of my life is like it, which Ile kepe 

It but for impatiny. 

Enter Gaoler. 

Gao. Come Sir, are you ready for death? 


Gaoler. Hunger is the word, Sir, if you bee ready for 

that, you are well Cook'd. 

Psfl. So if proue a good repast to the Spectators, the dish payes the shot. 

Gao. A heauy reckoning for you Sir: But the comfort 

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Taurous Bals, which are often the madnede of pauring, as 

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Of none is speaking, or a speaking fuch 

As senfe cannot vusse. Be what it is. 

The Action of my life is like it, which Ile kepe 

It but for impatiny.
for the dead.

Cym. Valefle a man would marry a Galloven, & beget young Gibbets, I never saw one so pungent. on my Conscience, there are wiser Knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman; and there be some of them too that dye against their will; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one minute, and one minute good: I there were defolation of Galloes and Gallovens: I speake against my present profit, but my will hath a preference int. 

Exeunt.

Scene Quarta.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guidon, Arsinagar, Placenio, and Lords.

Cym. Stand by my side, you, whom the Gods have made Prenters of my Throne: woe is my heart, That the poore Soldier that so richly fought, With whome, sham'd gilded Arms, whole naked bristled Stepte before Targes of proofe, cannot be found: He shall be happy that can finde him, if Our Grace can make him so. 

Tel. I never saw Such Noble fury in so poore a Thing; Such precious deeds, in one that promis'd nought But beggary, and poore lookers. 

Cym. No tydings of him? 

Pife. He hath bin fetch'd among the dead, & living: But no trace of him. 

Cym. To my greffe, I am The heyne his Reward, which I will add To you (the Luer, Heart, and Braine of Britaine) By whom (I grant) the lives. This now the time To ask of whence you are. Report it. 

Tel. Sir, 
In Cambria we are born, and Gentlemen: Further to boast, were neither true, nor modeft, Valefle I aide, we are honeft. 

Cym. Bow your knees: 

Arsenmy Knights o'th Battell, I create you Companions to our person, and will you With Dignities becoming your effaces. 

Enter Cornelius and Luther. 

There's buifiefle in these faces: why so sadly Greet you our Viceroy? you look like Romans, And not o' th' Court of Britaine. 

Cym. Hayle great King, To soowe your happineffe, I must report The Queen is dead. 

Cym. Who worse when a Physitian Would this report become? But I consider, By Medicine lie may be prolong'd, yet death Will feke the Dafture too. How ended she? 

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life, Which (being cruel to the world) concluded Moft cruel to her felfe. What fhe confett, I will report, to please you. Thefe her Women Can trip me; I erre, who with wet cheeke are present when the funnish'd. 

Cym. Poetrys fay. 

Cor. First, the confett the neuer lou'd you: onely Affected Gracefull got by you: not you: Married your Royalty, was wife to your place: Ahbord'd your perfon. 

Cym. She alone knew this: And but the ipeke it dying, I would not Beleeue her lips in opening it. Proceed. 

Cym. Your daughter, whom the bare in hand to loue With fuft inexactity, the did confett Was as a Scorpion to her fight, whole life (But that her flight preuencted it) she had Tone off by poynion. 

Cym. O most delicate Fiend! 

Who's can read a Woman? Is there more? 

Cym. More Sir, and worse. She did confett she had For you a mortail Mineral, which being tooke, 

Should by the minute feele on life, and hing'ring, By inches waive you. In which time, the purpof'd By watching, weeping, tendance, kising, to Orcome you with her faw, and in time (When she had fitted you with her craft, to worke) Her Sons into the hand of the Crowne: But ftallng of her end by his strange absence, Grew flamelleffe desperate, open'd (in defpaft Of Heaven and Men) her purpofes: repeated The emis the hatch'd, were not effect'd: fo Diapaying dyed. 

Cym. Heard you all this, her Woman? 

Lc. We did, fo pleafe your Highneffe. 

Cym. My eyes eie. 

We're not in fault, for she was beautiful: Mine eares that hear her flatterry, not my hear, That thought her like her feeming. It had beene viscious To have miftructed her: yet (Oh my Daughter) That it was folly in me, thou myfelf say, And prove it in thy thinking. Heaven mend all. 

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman prisoners, Leonatus behind, and Ionecall. 

Thou committ'st not Caesar now to Tribute, that The Britaine has rac'd out, though with the loffe Of many a bold one: whose Kinmen have made fine That their good foules may be appeald, with fllaughter Of you their Captures, which our felle have granted, So think of thy expiation. 

Lc. Consider Sir, the chance of Waare, the day. Was yours by accident: had it gone with vs, We should not when the blood was cool, have threaten Our Prisoners with the Sword. But since the Gods Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives May be calld ranforme, let it come I Suffieth, An Roman, with a Roman heart, can fuffer: 

Augustus lives to thinke on't: and so much For my peculiar care. This one thing only I will entreate, my Boy (a Britaine borne) Let him be ranforme: Neuer Master had A Page fo kinde, fo duteous, diligent, So tender over his occations, true, So fear, fo Nune-like: let his venge liyone With my requifite, which I'll make bold, your Highneffe Cannot deny: he hath done no Britaine harms, Though he haue fer'd a Roman. Save him (Sir) And have no blood be fide. 

Cym. I have lurely seen him: 

His fauer is familiar to me: Boy, Thou haft look'd thy felfe into my grace; And art mine owne. I know our why, wherefore, To fay, blue boys: me'thank ye Master, liue; And of the Cymbeline what Boone thou wilt, Fitting my bounty, and thy flate, Ile give it: 

Yes,

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Yea, though thou do demand a Prisoner
The Noblest tack.

Try me, I humbly thank you, Highness.
Luc. I do not bid thee begge my life, good Lad.
And yet I know thou wilt.

Try me. No, no, slacker,
There's other works in hand: see a thing
Better to me, as death; your life, good Master,
Must shuffle for it else.

Luc. The Boy disdains me,
He leaves me; comest thou: briefly dyes their loves,
That place on them the truth of Gyris, and Boyes;
Why stands he so perplex?

Cym. What wouldst thou Boy?
I love thee more, and more; thanke more and more
What's bell to alike. Know 'tis how thou look'st on?
Will such pure love lie? is thy kind thy Friend?

I'm. He is a Roman, more kind to me,
Then I to your Highness, who being born your vassallie
And something nearer,

Cym. Wherfore ey'th him so?

I'm. Ite tell you (Sir) in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. I, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

I'm. Fidele Sir.

Cym. Thou'rt my good youth: my Page
Ibe or thy Master: walk with me; speake freely.
Bel. Is not this Boy return'd from death?

Arm. One Sand another
Not more resembles that sweet Rufe Lad:
Who dyed, and was Fidele: what think'st thou
Gri. The same dead thing alive.
Bel. Peace, peace, see further: the eyes vs not, forbear.
Creatures may be alike: wert he, I am sure
He would have spoke to vs.

Gri. But we see him dead,
Bel. be fient: let's see further.

Pep. It is my Milfirs:
Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad.

Cym. Come, I shall from our side,
Make thy demand aloud. Sir, speep you forth,
Give answer to this Boy, and do it freely;
Or by our Greamette, and the grace of it
(Which is our Honor) bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from fhalld ness. One speake to him.

I'm. My boone is, that this Gentleman may render
Of whom he had this Ring.

Pep. What's that to him?

Cym. That Diamond upon your Finger, say
How came it yours?

Iac. Thou'dst torture me to cause me speak, that
Which be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How's me?

Iac. I am glad to be conftrain'd to utter that
Which torment's me to construe. By Villany
I got this Ringe: 'twas Leonatus Tewell,
Whom thou didst banish; and which more may greeue
A ll did thee: a Noble Sir, not like'd
(there,
Twixt sky and ground. Wh'thous hear'st more my Lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iac. That Paragon, thy daughter,
For whose made my heart drops blood, and my falt spirits
Quail'd to remember. Give me leave, I faint,
My Daughter? what of hirRenew thy strength

I had rather thou should'st live, while Nature will,
Then dye ere I hear more - strenue man, and speake.

Iac. Upon a time, unhappy was the clocke
That strove the hour: it was in Rome, secure
The Mansion where 'twas at a Feast, oh would
Our Viftands had bin poultry'd (or at leaft)
Those which I haut' to head) the good Pusliumus,
(Which say's he was too good to be
While ill men were, and was the bell of all
Among who the frefh (of good ones) fitting, falsely,
Hearing vs praise our Loves of Italy
For Beauty, that made barren the swell'd bosst
Of him that bell could speake: for Feature, lamby
The Shrine of Venus, or straight-right Minerva,
Posures, beyond breae Nature. For Condition,
A t'op of all the qualities, that men
Loves woman for, before this booke of Wining,
Fairness, which strikes the eye.

Cym. I land on fire. Come to the matter.

Iac. All too soone I shall.

Villenice would so fit greete quickly. This Pusliumus,
Most like a Noble Lord, in loue, and one
That had a Royall Louer, tooke his hint,
And (not dispairing whom we prais'd, therein
He was as calme as vertue) he began
His Miftus picture, which, by his tongue, being made,
And then a minde put in't, either our brave
Were crack'd of Kitchen-Truller, or his description
Prou'd we vs speaking foce.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iac. Your daughters Chastity, (there is beginnes)
He speake other, as Dian had that dotes,
And the alone, were cold: Whereas, I wretch
Made scruple of his praise, and wager'd with him
Pieces of Gold, 'gainst this, whe'n he were
Vpon his honour'd finger to attaine
In quicke the place of's bed, and winne this Ring
By her, and mise Adin-ti: the (true Knight)
No leffer of her Honour confident
Then I did truly finde her, fakes this Ring,
And would I, had it beene a Carbuncle
Of Phoebus Wheel; and might so safely, had it
Bin all the worth of Carr: Away to Britaine
Poifie I in this designe: Well may you (Sir)
Remember me at Court, where I was taught
Of thy chaste Daughter, the wide difference
Twixt Amorous, and Villainous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope not longeing; mine Italian Urane,
Can in your diller Britaine operate
Most wildely: for my vantage excellent;
And to be breetce, my prafich ce presy'd
That I return'd with simular profe enough,
To make the Noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his beleve in her Renowne,
With Tokens thus, and thus suatering notes
Of Chamber-hanging, Pictures, this her Bracelet
(Oh cunning how I got) no other makes
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of Chastity quite crack'd,
I hating 'tane the forsy: Whereupon,
Me thinkes I fee him now.

Pep. I so thou do.

Italian Fiend. Aye me, most cedulous Foole,
For rogue my heart droops blood, and my fake spirits
That's due to all the Villaines psf, in being
To come. Oh gie me Cord, or knife, or poyson,
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Some upright Justice. Thou King, tend out For Torturers ingenious: it is I That all th'obloqued thys, amareth amend By worse being worse they, I am Powhwm, That kill'd thy Daughter: Villain-like, I yce, That caus'd a lealier villain than my selfe, A forlorned Theeze to doo. The Temple Of Vertue was the; yes, and the her selfe. Spit, and throw stones, cast myre upon me, For the degrees of thirst to buy me; every villaine Is call'd Powhwm, Beastie, and He, being feele then, was. Oh Imogen! My Queene, my life, my wife; oh Imogen, Imogen, Imogen.

Imo. Peace me my Lord, here is here. 
Pol. Shall's he have a play of this? Thou feomfull Page, there lye thy part. Hauz. (Said the gentleman.) He, 
Milk's and your Mistis. On my Lord Powhwm, You're not kill'd Imogen till now: helpe, helpe, Maister o'th' Lady.

Crys. Does the world go round? 
Pol. How comes thes Huggers on me? 
Pol. Wake my Mistis. 
Cym. It's to be so, the Gods do mean to strike me To co-k:b with mortallity, 
Pol. How fares my Mistis? 
Imo. Oh get thee from my sight, Thou gau't me poyson: dangerous Fellow hence, Bread not where Princes are. 
Cym. The tune of Imogen. 
Pol. Lady, the Gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if The box I gave thee, was not thought by nice A precious thing, I had it from the Queene. 
Cym. New matter still. 
Imo. It poyson'd me. 
Cym. Oh Gods! 
I left out one thing which the Queene comitted, Which much approve her beauty. If Paforis had the given his Mistis that Cofetden 
Which I gave him for Cardial, is this end, 
As I would ferre a Rat. 
Cym. What's this, Caracius? 
Carm. The Queene (Sir) 'very off importand me To see, per poyson for her, till prettend, The falsification of her knowledge, oly In killing Creatures wild, as Cats and Daggis Of no occasion. I dreading, that her purpose Was of more danger, did command for her A certaine fluyt, which being tane, would cease The present power of life, but in short time, All Offices of Nature, should againe Do their due Functions. Have you tane of it? 
Imo. Much Iliked I did, I was dead. 
Bel. My Breyer, there was our errors. 
Gar. This is late Fable. 
Ind. Why did you throw your wretched Lady forso? 
Think that you are upon a Rocke, and now Throw me againe. 
Pol. Hang there like fruitst, my soyle, till the Tree dye. 
Cym. How now, my Friend? my Child? What, ma'i'lt thou me a dallard in this Art? wilt thou not speake to me? 
Imo. Your bittling, Sir. 
Bel. Though thou did love this youth, I blame ye not, You had a motiae for't. 
Cym. My tears that fall Praye holy-waters on thee, I Imogen, Thy Mothers dead. 
Ind. I am sorry for't, my Lord. 
Cym. Oh, she was naught: and long of her it was That we meet here so strangely: but her Sonne Is gone, we know not how, nor where. 
Pift. My Lord, Now rare is from me, Ile speake truth. Lord Clotis Vpon my Ladies suff'ring, came to me. With his Sword drawne, stood at the mouth, and swore If I discouerc'd not which way the was gone, It was my instant death. By accident, I had a leigned Letter of my Masters Then in my pocket, which directed him To seek he on the Mountains seere to Milford, Where in a forest, at Misters Garments (Which he infect'd from me) away he posles With unheight purpuse, and with oath to violate My Ladies honor, what became of him, I further know not. 
Gui. Let me end this Story: I flew him there. 
Cym. Marry, the Gods foretend. I would not thy good deeds, shoulde from my lips Plucke a hard sentence: Preferre valiant youth Deny'st againe. 
Gui. I haue speake it, and I did it. 
Cym. He was a Prince. 
Gui. A moff intiull one. The wrongs he did mee Were nothing Prince-like for he did provoke me: With Language that would make me fluer the Sea, If it could to passe to me. I cut off's head, And am right glad he is not standing here To tell this tale of mine. 
Cym. I am forrow for thee: By thine owne tongue thou art condemn'd, and must Endore our Law: I thought he dead. 
Cau. That headless man I thought had bin my Lord Cym. Bide the time, I will take up his Head And take him from our Presence. 
Bel. Stay, Sir King, This man is better then the man he flew, As well defende as thy selle, and hath More of thee merited, then a Band of Cluer 
Had euer farse for. Let his Armes alone, They were nee better for this usage. 
Cym. Why old Soldier: 
Wilt thou vndoe the worth thou art alpayd for By saffing of our wrath? How of deficient As good as we? 
Ari. In that he speake too farse. 
Cym. And thou shalt dye for't. 
Bel. We will dye all three, But I will prowe that two one's are as good As I have given out him. My Sonnes, I must For mine owne part, unfoold a dangerous speech, Though happily well for you. 
Ari. Your danger's ours. 
Gaud. And our good his. 
Bel. Haste at it then, by leaue Thou hadst'lt (great King) a Subiect, who Was call'd Belarius. 
Cym. What of him? He is a banish'd Traitor. 
Bel. He it is, that hath 
Allum's this age: indeed a banish'd man.
I know not how, 2 Trains.  
Cym. Take him hence,  
The whole world shall not save him.  
Bel. Nor too hot;  
First pay me for the Nursing of thy Sonnes,  
And let it be confiscate all, to noone  
As I have receyed it.  
Cym. Nursing of thy Sonnes?  
Bel. I am too blunt, and swet; there's my knee;  
Fire I arise, I will preferre my Sonnes,  
Then spare not the old Father. Mighty Sir,  
These two young Gentlemen that call me Father,  
And thinke they are my Sonnes, are none of mine,  
They are the suite of your Loyines, my Liege,  
And blood of your beggetting.  
Cym. How my Liege,  
Bel. So sure as you, your Fathers:  
Am that Belarius, whom you sometime bath'd:  
Your pleasure was my peerce offence, my punishment  
It felle, and all my Treson that I suffer'd,  
Was all the harme I did. Thse gentle Princes  
(For such and to they are) thele twenty yeares  
Be thought a play, those Arre they have as!  
Could put into them. My breeding was (Sir)  
As your Highness knowes: Their Nurse Infantado  
(Whom for the Trach I wedded) sole these Children  
Upon my bainfifhment I mou'd her too';  
Huning recey'd the punishment before  
For that which I did then. Bestem for Lyuellite,  
Excited me to Treson. Their deere loft,  
The Soule of you, twice feit, the more it shad  
Vstatoy end of healing them. But gracious Sir,  
Here are your Sonnes againe, and I must loole  
Two of the sweet Companions in the World,  
The beneficence of these covering Heauens  
Fall on their heads his deed, for they are worthie  
To inlay Heavens with Starres.  
Cym. With as much a speech:  
The sentence that you these have done is more  
Vulnike, then this thou tellst. I told my Children,  
If these be they, I know not how to wish  
A paye of wortihier Sonnes.  
Bel. Be pleas'd awhile;  
This Gentleman, whom I call Pelidore,  
Most worthy Prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:  
This Gentleman, my Cadwal, Arquigne.  
Your yonger Prince's Sun, he was lapt  
In a most curious Mantle, wroght by thhand  
Of his Queene Mother, which for more probacion  
I can with ease produce.  
Cym. Guiderius had  
Upon his recker a Mole, a fangine Starre,  
It was a marke of wonder,  
2d. This is he,  
Who hath remembred, that natural flame:  
It was wis’d flames end, in the donation  
To be his evidencenow.  
Cym. Oh, what sin  
A Mistleth to the bough of these? Nest Mallot  
Remembrance: Bleff thee, you by me,  
That after this strange starting from your Orbe,  
You may continue in them now: Oh Imogen,  
Thou hast by thy self a Kingdome.  
2d. No, my Lord:  
I have not two Worlds by't. Oh my gentle Brothers,  
Have we thus met? Oh mother say hereafter  
But I am trusty speaker. You call'd me Brother  
When I was but your Sifer: I you Brothers,  
When we were so indeed,  
Cym. Did you see mee too?  
Aur. I may good Lord.  
Gui. And at first meeting lou'd,  
Continent do fo, until we thought he dyed.  
Cym. By the Quernes Draining the swallow'd  
Cym. O ye now innsuch!  
When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgment,  
Hath to it Circumstantial branches, which  
Distinction should be rich in. Where? how liu'd you?  
And when came you to terme our Romane Captaine?  
How past with your Brother? How first them?  
What flet you from the Court? And whether thefe?  
And your three motions to the Batraile? wish  
I know not how much more should be demanded,  
And all the other by-dependancs  
From chance to chance? But nor the Time, nor Place  
Will terme our long Interrogatories. See,  
Posthumous Anchors upon Imogen;  
And the (like harrefife Lightning) throwes her eye  
On thee; her Brother, me; her Mafter hixting  
Each obiect with a boy's the Counter-change  
Is seuerally in all. Let's quit this ground,  
And smoake the Temple with our Sacrifices.  
Thou art my Brother, so we'll haste hold thee ever.  
1st. You are my Father too, and did relucetion me:  
To free this gracious fess'on.  
Cym. All on'y'd  
Saucus, to make them be joyful too,  
For they shall taste our Comfort.  
Imo. My good Master, I will yet do you service.  
Luc. Happy be you.  
Cym. The forlorn Soullard, that nobly fought  
He would have well been com'd that place, and grace'd  
The thinkings of a King.  
Post. Thou wouldst, and speach'd it:  
The Souller that did company thes three  
in peace befoming; it was a fittern for  
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,  
Spake Iacques, I had you downe, and might  
Have made you full.  
Jac. I am downe againe:  
But, my fair Soullard, Confession doth make my heart,  
As then your force did. Take that life, before you  
Which I of often ow'd: but your King falt,  
And here the Bracelet of the trufl Princeffe  
That ever fower her Faith.  
Post. Kneel not to me.  
The peace that I have on you, is to spare you:  
The manner towards you, to forgive you. Line  
And deal with others better.  
Cym. Nobly dea'd:  
We'll let our Freeneffe of a Sonnie in: Law  
Pardon's the word to all.  
Ann. You holp es Sir,  
As you did meane indeed to be our Brother,  
Joy'd are we, that you are.  
Cym. Our Sireneou Princes.Good my Lord of Rome  
Call forth your Sooth-fayer: As I prpte, the thought  
Great Jupiter upon his Eagle back'd  
Appeard to me, with other sprightly thieves  
Of mine owne Kindred. When I awak'd, I found  
This Lobbell on my bofome; whole containing  
Is so from fende in hardnesse, that I can
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

FINIS.

SHAKESPEARES

COMEDIES, HISTORIES, & TRAGEDIES

A CENSUS OF EXTANT COPIES
SHAKESPEARES
COMEDIES, HISTORIES, & TRAGEDIES

A SUPPLEMENT TO THE REPRODUCTION IN FACSIMILE OF THE FIRST FOLIO EDITION (1623) FROM THE CHATSWORTH COPY IN THE POSSESSION OF THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, K.G.

CONTAINING

A CENSUS OF EXTANT COPIES

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THEIR HISTORY AND CONDITION

BY

SIDNEY LEE

OXFORD: AT THE CLARENDON PRESS

MDCCCCII
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INTRODUCTION TO THE CENSUS

THIS is a first systematic endeavour to ascertain the number and whereabouts of extant original copies of the Shakespeare First Folio,—the volume which constitutes the greatest contribution yet made to English literature. At the same time researches have been pursued with some persistency into the past history and the present condition of surviving copies, and the collected information has been arranged as methodically as the multitudinous details permit. The general numerical result will create widespread surprise. Although shrewd suspicions have long been cherished by experts that the scarcity of the Shakespeare First Folio has been exaggerated, few will anticipate the width of the interval that separates the popular estimate of the volume's rarity from the precise testimony to its existing plenitude, that is here brought together for the first time. The student of the following pages will recognize that henceforth it will not be by the paucity of extant exemplars that the Shakespeare First Folio will be notable in the eyes of bibliographers; it will be remarkable in their sight from the abundance of the copies that survive. Of works of first-rate literary interest, which were produced during the sixteenth or early seventeenth century, whether in England or on the continent of Europe, few can in fact be shown to survive in so many copies of the original edition as does the first collection in folio of Shakespeare's plays. No more than fourteen remain, it will be seen, in an original state of perfection. But as many as 1,56 extant copies, in varying conditions of cleanliness and completeness, are noticed in the accompanying Census. The First Folio edition may fairly be conjectured to have consisted originally of six hundred copies, and at the end of nearly three centuries the surviving number seems to amount to near a third of that originally printed. Most of the extant volumes betray the damaging effects of age, but time has shown a rare forbearance in sparing in whatever state so substantial a proportion of a highly popular first edition of supreme literary worth.

No special precautions seem to have been taken to preserve copies of the book within the first century of its publication. It was widely read, but no exceptional pecuniary value then attached to it. The work was thrice reprinted within little more than sixty years,—in the Second, Third, and Fourth Folios of 1632, 1663-4, and 1685 respectively. Each of these editions was as large as its predecessor, and for a long time no interest seems to have belonged to the First Folio above that belonging to the Second, Third, or Fourth*. Owing to the abundant supply, a Shakespeare Folio copy is now in the Royal Library at Windsor Castle. Prince Rupert's copy is noticed in A Catalogue of all the Books in His Highness Prince Rupert's Library, November, 1677 (British Museum, Sloane MS. 555, f. 4).

* To other first folio editions of the period, Spenser's Works, 1611, Ben Jonson's Works, 1616, and Beaumont and Fletcher's Works, 1647, the like figures probably apply closely, but these volumes were not exposed to the same danger of popularity as the Shakespeare First Folio, and there is nothing surprising about their extant numbers. Among famous books of the later years of the seventeenth century the first edition of Milton's Paradise Lost (1667) seems to have consisted of some 1,500 copies, more than double that of the Shakespeare First Folio. The type was long kept standing, and the original edition was issued at intervals extending over fully two years in small batches with altered title-pages. Most of these issues are still comparatively common, and are more accessible than the First Folio.
was in the seventeenth century an unusually common book. Consequently copies of the First Folio were from early days exposed to the devastating agencies of careless handling and rough usage. It is doubtful if the processes of destruction suffered any conscious check for a century and a half, but happily they worked with less ruinous result than average experience would suggest.

The Shakespearean commentator, George Steevens, learnt from the account-books of a seventeenth-century bookseller, which were extant in his day, that the price of a copy amounted on its publication in 1623 to £1. Each of the new editions—the Second, Third, and Fourth Folios—of 1632, 1663–4, and 1687 seems to have been issued at the same price, and for many years the pecuniary value of the First Folio remained on the same level as that of its three successors. None made any substantial advance in price. Towards the end of the seventeenth century, the Third Folio—alone of the four—seems to have risen in value, a rise due to unverified rumours that numerous unsold copies of the edition had been destroyed in the fire of London of 1666. At the auction sale of a library belonging to Benjamin Worsley on May 13, 1678, while a copy of the Second Folio fetched 16s.—four shillings less than the published price,—a copy of the Third fetched £1 8s. 6d.—eight shillings and sixpence in excess. No First Folio was for sale on that occasion. The first record of the sale by auction of a First Folio belongs to the year 1687, when one figured in the sale of a collection of books belonging to Sir William Coventry and the Hon. Henry Coventry, who resided in the Haymarket, London. No details are, however, forthcoming.

In the eighteenth century Shakespeare's works were constantly reprinted and edited, and public interest in the early editions steadily grew. The unique importance of the First Folio was soon recognized, and a demand for copies in excess of the supply gradually developed among scholars and book-collectors. In a London sale-catalogue of 1748, the earliest that has yet been found definitely to mention a First Folio, the volume was described as 'a fine copy, very scarce.' The earliest priced record of a sale of the book at auction belongs to the year 1756, when a copy in the library of Martin Folkes, the lately-deceased President of the Royal Society, was sold for three guineas (this copy is now in the John Rylands Library at Manchester). Ten years later, in 1766, the identical price was realized at the sale of the library of a well-known author, David Mallet. For some time three guineas was regarded as the highest price attainable, and during the same period copies often changed hands for far smaller sums. The leading Shakespearean editors of the epoch, Sir Thomas Hanmer, Lewis Theobald, Edward Capell, Dr. Johnson, George Steevens, and Edmund Malone are known to have acquired on moderate terms one or two copies each for purposes of study. About 1760, Garrick, the great actor, purchased one for £1 16s. of a fashionable bookseller, Thomas Payne, whose shop was at the Mews Gate by Charing Cross (this copy is now at Queen's College, Oxford). But although the tide occasionally ebbed, the price's upward movement was not seriously checked. Beloe states that about 1770 the standard value of 'a fine copy' was five guineas, and that he refused 'at nine guineas a superb copy,' which realized thirteen at Dr. Monro's sale in 1792 (this apparently became afterwards the Grenville copy). In 1787 Dr. Richard Wright's copy 'bound in Russia' brought £10 at a sale by auction. In 1801 fourteen guineas was the sum at which the First Folio in the library of Samuel Ireland, the father of the Shakespearean forger, passed to Dr. Matthew Raine, Head-master of the Charterhouse. But these amounts only represent the lower tendencies of the rising market. In 1790 the action of the Duke of Roxburghe, at the dispersal of the library of John

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**Early prices.**

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**Eighteenth-century sales.**

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John Watson Reed, an attorney in Ely Place, inaugurated a higher scale of increase. According to a popular story, the duke at the Watson Reed sale looked on from one end of the room, while a friend bid for him at the other. To the general amazement the bidding rose to what was regarded as the exorbitant sum of twenty guineas. Thereupon the friend passed to the duke a slip of paper containing a warning to discontinue the contest. The duke coolly returned the slip with the added words—

‘Lay on, Macduff!
And d—d be he who first cries “Hold, enough.”’

When the bidding reached £37 14s. the duke was declared victor, and he marched away in triumph, with the volume under his arm. (This copy afterwards became the Chatsworth copy.)

Steevens’s comment on this incident was to the effect that the First Folio had become the most expensive single book in our language? Much followed to corroborate this opinion. A year or two afterwards Payne of the Mews Gate by Charing Cross made over a First Folio to the zealous virtuoso, Constantine Jennings, for no less a sum than seventy guineas. In 1812, when the Duke of Roxburgh’s copy again changed hands at auction, Steevens’s pronouncement was signally confirmed anew. For a second time it scored a record price, then leaping up to £100. But other copies soon outstripped this sum. In 1818 at the Midgeley sale, Thomas Grenville, who subsequently bequeathed his library to the British Museum, paid £121 16s. for a First Folio, and thereby created a new standard. The bibliographer, Dibdin, wrote somewhat prematurely that ‘this was the highest price ever given or likely to be given for the volume?’ Although the amount was not exceeded for thirty-three years, it was quickly approached very closely thrice. For the copy belonging to the actor, John Philip Kemble, James Boswell the younger paid in 1821 £112 0s. 7d., and the same copy passed five years later to Sir John Soane for £105 (it is now in the Soane Museum). In 1827 John Dent’s copy was bought by Henry Perkins, the brewer, for £110 5s. It was not, however, till 1850 that a new advance began. In the interval prices varied from nineteen to fifty-five guineas for many fair copies in which defects had been supplied by facsimile pages or by pages taken from later folios. In 1850 a copy, formerly belonging to Sir John Rennie, which had been bought in at his sale in 1829 for £71 8s., fetched £124. In 1851 James Beaufoy paid £141 10s. for a good copy sold with the library of the Right Hon. Charles Watkin Williams Wynn. Three years later a slight advance was made by James Lenox, a New York collector, who acquired at a London sale for £163 16s. the Lichfield-Baker copy. This was the first occasion on which American competition worked with palpable effect.

All earlier experience was belied at the sale of George Daniel’s copy in July, 1864, when his First Folio was acquired by Miss (now the Baroness) Burdett-Coutts for the then unheard-of sum of £716 2s. So high a price foreshadowed the future, but it was not immediately maintained. A year later the Earl of Crawford acquired a good copy at the Earl of Charlemont’s sale for £455. In July, 1867, Mr. James S. B. Bohn, when cataloguing the Shakespearean books for the sale of the library of George Smith, of 21 Russell Square, London, appended to his description of the First Folio these prophetic words: ‘The difficulty of procuring a perfect copy ... is now so great, and the competition whenever one occurs so strong, that probably what our ancestors

1 Dibdin, Bibliomania, 1842, p. 513 note.  2 Dibdin’s Library Companion, 1824, p. 810.
deemed dear at £100 will be regarded as cheap at £1,000 by our successors. The prophecy was not immediately realized, and George Smith's very fair copy was bought by the late J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps (apparently for the Earl of Warwick) for no more than £417.

In fact no advance was made on the Daniel price for twenty-seven years, till the extreme end of the nineteenth century. In the interval several reputable copies fetched at auction sums varying between £400 and £600. In 1873 the Dent-Perkins copy was bought by a Manchester bookseller for £185. Next year Sir William Tite's copy was purchased on behalf of an American collector (Mr. Brayton Ives) for £440; in 1882 the Ouvry copy fetched £420; in 1884, when the Earl of Gosford copy brought £470, the Syston Park copy, which went to America, fetched £590; in 1889 the Frederick Perkins copy brought £415. It was in New York in 1891 that the latest scale of increase was inaugurated. At the sale of Mr. Brayton Ives' library there in March, 1891, his copy, formerly the Tite copy, beat the existing record at the sum of £840 (£4,200). This volume now belongs to Mr. W. A. White, of New York. Thenceforth prices mounted rapidly. In June, 1899, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, of New York, acquired privately of a London bookseller a First Folio for more than £1,000. Next month an absolutely new record was publicly achieved by a British buyer, Mr. B. B. MacGeorge, of Glasgow, who paid at Christie's for the Belleroche copy no less than £1,700. This sum has as yet been exceeded only once, and then in a very small degree. In London on July 16, 1901, again at Christie's, the Dormer-Hunter copy was bought by Mr. Bernard Quaritch, junior, for £1,720, which is the highest price that has been reached (this copy is now in New York). These two transactions remain exceptional. A good copy fetched at the Ashburnham sale no more than £185 in 1899, and, although in March, 1902, a moderate copy—belonging to Mr. G. B. Baker-Wilbraham—brought £220, the prices of inferior copies have not averaged during the last ten years more than £200. But £1,000 or £1,100 may at the moment be regarded as the average price for good complete copies, when they are subjected to sale-room competition either in New York or London. At the sale in New York, on March 20, 1900, of the late Augustin Daly's library, his First Folio fetched £1,080 (£5,400), and another in the library of the late Colonel Edward George Hibbert brought £1,070 at Sotheby's on April 12, 1902.

The precise sums at which copies of the First Folio change hands at auctions depend to a large extent on the accidents of sale-room competition. But, generally speaking, the price may be roughly held to be governed by the condition of the copy sold. Few books vary more in this respect. A very small number of copies survive in their original, unsophisticated form, and only one or two are still in the original binding. Time has laid one or more less heavy hand on all but a very few surviving copies; most of them bear sullying marks of age and usage. As a rule the preliminary leaves, especially the fly-leaf containing Ben Jonson's lines on the portrait, the title-page and the last leaf, have been damaged or altogether lost. Not one copy in every twenty that survive retains the original fly-leaf, and only one in every fifteen copies possesses the last leaf and title-page uninjured. Steevens attributes much of the discoloration, that commonly characterizes the book, to the fact that it was a customary possession in country houses during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and was ordinarily kept on the table in the hall at which the household was wont to take its meals. Steevens claimed often to detect scraps of food, especially thin flakes of piecrust, between the leaves of copies that he examined, and assigned many stains to spilt drink.
To obliterate by artifice the injuries that copies of the First Folio suffered, from either age or rough handling, became as early as Steevens’s day the resolute endeavour of booksellers. About 1780 Steevens wrote—

‘Every possible adulteration has of late years been practised in fitting up copies of this book for sale. When leaves have been wanting they have been reprinted with battered types, and foiled into vacancies, without notice of such defects and the remedies applied to them. When the title has been lost, a spurious one has been fabricated, with a blank space left for the head of Shakspere, afterwards added from the second, third, or fourth impression. To conceal these frauds, thick vermilion lines have been usually drawn over the edges of the engravings, which would otherwise have betrayed themselves when let into a supplemental page, however crassly it was lined at the back and discoloured with tobacco-water till it had assumed the true “jaune antique.” Sometimes leaves have been inserted from the Second Folio, and, in a known instance, the entire play of “Cymbeline,” the genuine date at the end of it [1632] having been altered into 1623.’

Since Steevens’s day such practices have become habitual, but as a rule they are frankly acknowledged by booksellers, and few endeavours are made to represent imperfect copies that have been repaired to be in a perfect and original state.

The most difficult and expensive mode of repairing an imperfect copy is to supply its defects with leaves from other originals that are imperfect in different ways. This is now a difficult process, and resort to it is rare. It is more common and easier to depend on the skill of the copyist. Probably the most successful practitioner of the art of repairing, by pen or pencil, defects in damaged copies of the First Folio was John Harris (c. 1790–1872). In youth he was a student at the Royal Academy in London, and he devoted most years of his adult life to copying in exact facsimile, in pen and ink, the typography and engravings of old books. His copies were lithographed on old paper and were largely employed to fill gaps in old volumes. The preliminary leaves,—especially the fly-leaf and portrait-title,—and the last leaf of the First Folio, which are the portions of the volume that are most frequently missing, constantly employed his pen, and in his own day his success in imitating these pages was so great that some experts confessed themselves unable to distinguish between the original leaves and Harris’s facsimiles of them. Other pages, especially at the end of the volume, often engaged his attention. Owing to failing sight Harris retired from business in 1870, but during the preceding half-century his handiwork was introduced into scores of copies of the First Folio. He had several competitors in the field, but during his lifetime he was easily reckoned first in capacity. Some of his successors are held to have shown superior powers, but none seem to have approached Harris in the extent of their operations.

Several defective copies, which have not enjoyed the benefit of Harris’s skill, have been clumsily made up of late years from the facsimile reprint of 1806, or from fragments of Second, Third, or Fourth Folios. In examining copies of the First Folio and in appraising their value, one must consequently bear in mind all the varied artifices of reparation.

More or less imperfect copies of the First Folio were ordinarily kept in stock by the great London booksellers during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. In 1765 the bookseller, Jacob Tonson, made George Steevens a present of a copy—a proof that it was not credited by him with superlative scarcity. Through many years of the

1 Variorum Shakespeare, 1821, ii. 658–60. 2 See Cowtan’s Memories of the British Museum, pp. 330 et seq.
INTRODUCTION

eighteenth century a First Folio was always to be acquired at a moderate price of Thomas Payne, the great bookseller of Charing Cross. Thomas Rodd (1763–1822) the elder, and Thomas Rodd the younger (1796–1849), whose shop was in Great Newport Street, dealt largely in the volume. But probably the dealer who handled the greatest number of copies was Joseph Lilly, who was in business in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden for nearly forty years (1831–70). His catalogues occasionally indicate that he had as many as six copies on his shelves at one time, and it is estimated that his transactions covered in all some hundred copies. Five figured in the auction of 1871 which disposed of his stock on his death. Most of Lilly's First Folios were in poor condition, and he was always a large buyer of Harris's facsimiles. He apparently regarded £100 as a good price at which to dispose of a copy. Halliwell-Phillipps, the Shakespearean scholar, who was constantly buying and selling books in the middle of the nineteenth century, seems to have bought and sold some dozen different copies. Lilly's successor, as the leading dealer in the First Folio, was Bernard Quaritch, who was in business in London between 1847 and 1899. As many as fifty copies probably passed through Quaritch's hands. His chief competitors were James Toovey of Piccadilly and Frederick Startridge Ellis of Bond Street. Of late years, few booksellers of repute either in London or New York have failed at one time or another to secure copies for sale.

Several attempts have been made in the past century to determine the number of extant copies of the volume and the names of their present owners, but none of these preceding endeavours have been carried far. The first effort was made by the bibliographer Thomas Frognall Dibdin, who published his results in The Library Companion in 1824. He gave particulars of twenty-six copies, placing three in a first class of perfect exemplars, six in a second class of slightly defective copies, and seventeen in a third class of imperfect copies. He also mentioned fourteen other copies of which he knew by hearsay only.

About 1840 the bookseller Thomas Rodd the younger began a list which he estimated to reach eighty in number, but he died without completing it, and no trace of it survives. In 1852, in 1853, and in 1877, correspondents in Notes and Queries urged, quite independently of one another, the systematic execution of the task, but little came of their suggestions. Henry George Bohn in 1863, in his revised edition of Lowndes's Bibliographical Manual (part viii), cursorily mentioned thirty-nine copies, depending for his knowledge of nearly all on sale-catalogues, dated between 1878 and 1868, with the result that several appear more than once. Allibone, in his Dictionary of English and American Authors (Philadelphia, 1870, vol. iii), reprinted Bohn's entries without corroboration, but vaguely added four. In 1897 Mr. Holcombe Ingleby contributed to Notes and Queries a list of some forty-five copies which he believed to be either in England or America; to that list some ten additions were made by subsequent correspondents to the periodical. Mr. Ingleby's list was manifestly incomplete and was occasionally inaccurate; some of the owners named had parted with their copies, some persons who were credited with ownership of a First Folio possessed one of the later Folios only, while others had never acquired any Shakespeare Folio at all. None the less Mr. Ingleby's remains the completest attempt at a Census

1 Cf. Notes and Queries, 1st Ser. vi. 195 and vii. 129; 5th Ser. viii. 78.
2 Notes and Queries, 8th Ser. xii. 332 et seq.
3 Copies have at various times been publicly assigned in error to the ten following persons or corporations:—
   the Earl of Leicester, who possesses only the Second and Third Folios; the Earl of Northbrook, Sir H. D. Ingilby, Bart., the Governors of Rugby School, and
   which
TO THE CENSUS

which has been published before that which is undertaken here. In America an endeavor to enumerate copies in that country was made in 1874 by the learned librarian of Harvard College, the late Mr. Justin Winsor. He noticed nineteen copies, of which one, assigned to Asbury University, Greencastle, Ind., has proved on further investigation by me to be a late facsimile. Mr. Winsor's results were published in his valuable but little-known Bibliography of Original Quartos and Folios of Shakespeare: with particular reference to copies in America, Boston, 1875, 4to. A later account of First Folios in New York City alone was given by Mr. William H. Fleming in Shakespeareana for March, 1888—a periodical published in Philadelphia. Mr. Fleming described thirteen copies with much munificence.

Most of the copies have changed hands since their publication in 1623 with a frequency, often with a secrecy, and invariably with an absence of detailed records that present serious stumbling-blocks to the bibliographical pedigree-maker. It is rare for extant copies to bear the marks of successive ownership. Only a few declare the name of the present owner's immediate predecessor. Neither book-plates nor inscriptions giving names of former possessors are commonly found in First Folios. The current methods of restoration and re-binding seem to be responsible for the removal of evidence of former ownership. It is consequently seldom that the past history of a copy can be fully recovered. At times notices of the dimensions or of the binding, or of some peculiar typographical feature, which appear in old sale-catalogues or in bibliographical compilations, furnish a clue which enables the investigator to trace the career of a copy backwards for some distance, but in the vast number of cases the restoration to which the copy has been subjected, and the effacement of book-plates and of earlier owners' names, have destroyed all opportunities of identification. The precise recent fortunes of many copies, to which early records attach historical interest, elude research.

Many persons of historical importance are known to have been among the purchasers or early owners of the First Folio soon after its publication, but it is in less than six cases that the pedigree of a copy can be ascertained from the beginning. One copy was acquired in 1623 by the Spanish Ambassador at the English Court, Count Gondomar, and was handed down as an heirloom to his descendants in Spain. It was examined some sixty years ago by the late Señor Gayangos, while in the possession of a representative of the ancient Gondomar family at the Casa del Sol at Valladolid. Gayangos reported that it contained many MS. interpolations in English, often in verse. Although the library at the Casa del Sol to which the volume belonged is stated to be still intact, it is now neglected, and of late years endeavors to find the volume there have proved unsuccessful. Among the copies which figure in this Census, those belonging to the Earl of Ellesmere, to Mr. Francis Alexander Newdigate, M.P., of Arbury, Warwickshire (nephew and heir of Lieutenant-General Sir Edward Newdigate-Newdegate, whose death has taken place while these pages have been passing through the press), and to Mr. E. E. Harcourt Vernon, alone seem to have been from the first in the hands of the family which now possesses them. The copy acquired by Bishop John Cosin in the early years of the seventeenth century was bequeathed by him in 1672 to Durham Cathedral Library, where it still remains. Other very early owners whose First Folios, cited below, were long the property of their descendants, although the owner of the Barberini Palace, Rome, all of whom possess Second Folios only; the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl Fitzwilliam, who have Third Folios only; Lord Hothfield, Sir David Dale, Bart., of Darlington, and the Governors of Leeds Public Library, none of whom possess any early edition, they...
they have now passed into new hands, were Robert Sidney, second Earl of Leicester (now belonging to Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan), Augustine Vincent, the herald, to whom the book was presented by the printer William Jaggard (now belonging to Mr. Coningsby Sibthorp), the first Lord Arundell of Wardour (now belonging to Stonyhurst College), John Hacket, Bishop of Lichfield (now belonging to Paulin Martin, Esq.), Colonel John Lane, of Staffordshire, the protector of Charles II after the battle of Worcester (now belonging to Abel Buckley, Esq.), and Ralph Sheldon, the antiquary and landowner, of Warwickshire (now belonging to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts). The copy now in the library of the Duke of Leeds seems to have belonged to Charles Killigrew, the theatrical manager of Charles II’s reign, and was afterwards successively the property of the dramatist William Congreve, and of the Duke’s ancestress, the second Duchess of Marlborough. It is significant of the serious repute which Shakespeare’s works enjoyed at an early period to learn that two copies, of which the history is distinctly traceable back to the seventeenth century, were originally purchased by nonconformist ministers. The First Folio acquired by Dr. Daniel Williams (c. 1638–1716), the dissenting divine and benefactor of London, still forms part of the library called after him, which he founded and endowed by will in 1711. Another copy of the First Folio, which now belongs to Mr. A. Prescott Baker, of Boston, U.S.A., is reputed to have been the property, more than two hundred years ago, of the far-famed Boston minister, Cotton Mather (1663–1728), and to have reached its present owner through Mather’s descendants. It is probable that Mr. Baker’s copy has had its home in the United States longer than any other, and may be reckoned the oldest inhabitant in the populous and still growing community of American First Folios.

A slightly larger number of extant copies can be traced back to eighteenth-century owners, but only a small proportion of these remain in the possession of their eighteenth-century owners’ descendants. The copy that seems to have belonged to the Duke of Newcastle, the Prime Minister, is still in the library of the present duke, while that formerly in the hands of the first Marquis of Lansdowne is now in a public institution, the London Institution. The copies on which the great commentators of the eighteenth century worked—Sir Thomas Hanmer, Lewis Theobald, Edward Capell, George Steevens, Edmund Malone—are all identifiable among the surviving exemplars, but positive traces are unfortunately lost of the one sold at Dr. Johnson’s sale, in 1785, as well as of that in the library of Dr. Richard Farmer, the writer on ‘Shakespeare’s Learning,’ which was sold (in a somewhat dilapidated state) to Thomas Amyot for £7 in 1798. Luckily Garrick’s copy and Kemsley’s copy, among those belonging to great eighteenth-century actors, are now safely housed in the libraries respectively of Queen’s College, Oxford, and of the Soane Museum, Lincoln’s Inn Fields. But nothing is known of the copy which John Payne Collier reported that he saw in 1869 in Joseph Lilly’s shop, bearing, in old handwriting, the names of Garrick and Mrs. Siddons; it was apparently a gift from the veteran actor to the young actress at the opening of her great career.¹

The libraries of most of the leading collectors of the early nineteenth century have long since been dispersed; and though in numerous instances, as a study of the Census will show, I have ascertained the fortunes of their First Folios by dint of persistent research, I have been baffled more often than I could wish. I am sanguine enough to believe that the copies formerly belonging to the following well-known men of letters

¹ Notes and Queries, 5th Ser. vii. 247.
or collectors of the nineteenth century figure in the accompanying Census, but my efforts to identify them specifically have not been successful. Happily for the present purpose none of these are reputed to be in first-rate condition. I arrange them in order of the dates of the sales at which they changed hands, and give the description and price from sale-catalogues or from accounts of the sale in newspapers or from bibliographical compilations:

1819. The Marquis of Blandford, of White Knights (imperfect). £18 7s. 6d.
1834. Richard Heber (imperfect). £77 15s. Apparently in the eighteenth century in the library of Basil Pecking, sixth Earl of Denbigh (1719-1800), and sold at the Denbigh sale in 1823 for £89 5s. Purchased by Heber at John Broadley's sale in 1832 for £31.
1840. Bishop Samuel Butler (acquired c.1830, apparently of Thomas Amyot who had kept it for some years, together with a second copy that was formerly in the library of Dr. Richard Farmer); with uncorrected leaf of 'Hamlet,' p. 278 (cf. Malone's Shakespeare, 1821, xxii. pp. 449-50); fly-leaf and title in facsimile, and 'Cymbeline' from Second Folio (cf. Dibdin's Literary Reminiscences, 1836, ii. 966).
1853. Dr. Edward Craven Hawtrey, of Eton (mended). £63.
1860. Lancelot and Henry Holland (size: 12½ in. x 8¾ in.). £91.

1 These copies were all disposed of at public auction. But several copies have been disposed of privately in England during the past few years, and in these instances I have only rarely been able to obtain precise information of their history and condition, and I have been compelled as a rule to leave their present whereabouts undetermined. Some ten years ago the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury Cathedral sold a copy which was long in the Cathedral Library, and the librarian has no information to give me beyond those unsatisfying facts. The Earl of Warwick parted with his First Folio and the rest of his Shakespearean library in 1858. Copies belonging to the late Lord Vernon and to the late Bishop Vertue of Portsmouth were also disposed of privately, the bishop's copy, of which I have fortunately obtained a full description, being sold by him in 1837. I cannot identify these and some other copies of which I have more or less vague intelligence with any of those whose present owners have been in communication with me. I have accordingly entered such imperfectly traced First Folios under separate headings as 'untraced' copies. I have done all I could to avoid duplication of entry in the Census, and have exhausted all available means of research before admitting an 'untraced' First Folio, but it is impossible in so complex an inquiry to counteract every risk of error.

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The distribution of the one hundred and fifty-six copies, which are noticed in the Census, offers points of interest. One hundred and one may be reckoned to remain in the United Kingdom, fifty may be estimated to be now in the United States of America, three are in the British Colonies, and two at least are known to be on the continent of Europe. All the copies which I have definitely traced in the colonies and on the continent are in public libraries. It is notable that the three colonial copies were recent gifts to colonial public libraries on the part of public-spirited natives of the United Kingdom. The First Folios now in the public libraries of Cape Town and Auckland, New Zealand, were both presented by Sir George Grey, the eminent and patriotic colonial governor, while the one in the Sydney Public Library was presented by Sir Richard Tangye, of the Birmingham firm of engineers. Of the British copies twenty-eight are in public libraries or institutions, and of the American copies nine.

The British Museum and the New York Public Library have now each four copies. The private owner possessing the largest number of copies is Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, of New York, who possesses three,—one of great historic interest. Trinity College, Cambridge, the Birthplace Museum at Stratford-on-Avon, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and Lord Amherst of Hackney, each have two; but only at Trinity College, Cambridge, and in the Baroness' library are two copies found together in good condition.

The largest dimension of height that is assignable to any of the enumerated copies is \( \frac{13}{4} \) in.; the largest dimension of breadth is \( \frac{8}{4} \) in. Only one copy,—that belonging to Mr. Coningsby Sibthorp,—exactly combines both superlative measurements, but they are nearly approached in the four exemplars belonging respectively to Mr. Pierpont Morgan (No. XXXVII), which measures \( \frac{13}{4} \) in. x \( \frac{8}{4} \) in.; to Mr. Harcourt Vernon, \( \frac{13}{4} \) in. x \( \frac{8}{4} \) in.; to Mr. L. Z. Leiter, of Chicago, \( \frac{13}{4} \) in. x \( \frac{8}{4} \) in. ; and to Mr. F. A. Newdigate, M.P., \( \frac{13}{4} \) in. x \( \frac{8}{4} \) in. There is a sixth copy (belonging to Mr. E. Dwight Church, of Brooklyn) which is \( \frac{13}{4} \) in. tall, although no more than \( \frac{8}{4} \) in. broad. Four other copies reaching the highest limit of breadth,—i.e. \( \frac{8}{4} \) in. (of which one belongs to the Earl of Ellesmere, another belongs to Mr. Jaggard, the Liverpool bookseller, the third is in the Forrest Home, Philadelphia, and the fourth was formerly in the Assay collection at Chicago)—do not measure in height more than \( \frac{13}{4} \) in., \( \frac{13}{4} \) in., \( \frac{12}{4} \) in., and \( \frac{12}{4} \) in. respectively.

Although the present Census records a far larger number of copies than that reached by previous workers in the field, it makes no claim to finality. I believe that I have noticed for the first time nearly a hundred hitherto unrecorded copies, and my success in this direction renders it only too probable that others may yet come to light in previously unsuspected places. Nor, in spite of my efforts after accuracy, can I hope, in a new investigation involving so much difficult detail, always to have achieved it. Such merit as the work possesses is mainly due to the active interest which has been taken in its preparation by owners, Shakespearean scholars, and booksellers in the United Kingdom and the United States, who have rendered me most generous assistance.

1 I print below the actual names of only ninety-eight present owners in England and of thirty-nine in America, but in giving the totals of the copies in the United Kingdom and the United States respectively, I allocate conjecturally fourteen copies which have changed hands in recent years, and whose present owners I have been unable to trace. Five of these untraced copies have long since been in the hands of American collectors, and there is every reason to believe that they remain on American soil. The nine other untraced copies were lately in private libraries in the United Kingdom. From information given me (in a less definite form than I could wish) by London booksellers I infer that at least six of these have now passed to American owners. It will thus be seen how my figures are reached.
assistance. Occasional help has also reached me from librarians or students in Germany and Italy and in the British Colonies. The plan that was adopted at the outset was to forward to persons who, there was reason to believe, might own or have access to a copy of the First Folio, a printed schedule of inquiries, with a request that it should be filled up and returned to me. In only a trifling number of instances did my application fail to elicit the required response, and the correspondence that ensued has been consequently large. Very often information was sent to me spontaneously without any direct application on my part. In many cases owners of copies in England placed them freely at my disposal for purposes of a personal examination. One owner, Mr. R. J. Walker, of St. Paul's School, London, entrusted his copy, which is exceptionally fine, to my own keeping, during most of the period that I have been engaged on the work.

I regret that limits of space prevent me from acknowledging in detail all who have lent a hand to this research, but I feel it incumbent on me to specify some of my helpers. Two citizens of the United States have during the past eighteen months most energetically seconded my endeavours to acquire information about the copies now in America. Miss M. E. Blatchford, of Cambridge, U.S.A., herself the owner of a valuable First Folio, and Mr. W. H. Fleming, of New York, the Shakespearean critic, have devoted themselves to the work with great enthusiasm, and without their co-operation my results, as far as the United States are concerned, must have been far less perfect than they are. Through the good offices of Miss Blatchford, Mrs. Justin Winsor, the widow of the well-known Harvard librarian, presented to me some manuscript notes on the subject made by her husband, as well as the unbound sheets of his Bibliography of original ... Folios of Shakespeare (1895), of which no copy was accessible to me in London. I have also to thank the trustees of the Boston Public Library, and the librarian, Mr. James L. Whitney, for lending me one of the twenty privately printed copies of The Description of the First Folio Edition of the Plays of Shakespeare, now in the Collection of T. P. Barton, New York, 1862. No copy of this rare pamphlet, which narrates all that is known of the interesting Barton copy in the Boston Public Library, was to be found in England, when I undertook this research. At the request of the Boston trustees, as soon as I had finished with the copy which they had kindly lent me, I handed it on their behalf to the trustees of the British Museum.

Minute descriptions of the four First Folios in the New York Public Library were furnished to me by Mr. Victor H. Palsits. Very detailed particulars of the Phoenix copy in Columbia University Library were forwarded by Mr. Charles Alexander Nelson, A.M., the reference librarian. Mr. George Parker Winship, of the John Carter Brown Library, Providence, Mr. L. Z. Leiter, of Chicago, Mr. J. S. Morgan, Mr. Marshall C. Jefferts, and Mr. J. O. Wright, all of New York, have each answered several inquiries. Among my correspondents in England, I am more especially indebted to Sir Edward Maunde Thompson, K.C.B., Director and Principal Librarian of the British Museum, who sent me full accounts of the four copies in his keeping, to Mr. E. B. Nicholson, Bodley's Librarian at Oxford, to Mr. Francis Jenkinson, the Librarian of Cambridge University, to Dr. Aldis Wright, Vice-Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, to the Rev. Dr. Magrath, Provost of Queen's College, Oxford, a Delegate of the Clarendon Press, to Dr. C. L. Shadwell, of Oriel College, Oxford, also a Delegate of the Clarendon Press, and to Mr. R. R. Holmes, the King's Librarian at Windsor. To The Dictionary of National Biography, to Mr. W. Y. Fletcher's English Book Collectors (1902), to Book Prices Current (London, 1887–1901, 15 vols.), and
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to *American Book Prices Current*, compiled by Mr. Luther S. Livingston (New York, 1895-1901, 7 vols.), I owe useful memoranda about many past owners and past sales, while Mr. Walter Stanley Graves (son of my friend Mr. R. E. Graves, formerly of the British Museum) and Mr. C. E. Hughes have occasionally supplemented my researches among old sale-catalogues. But to every present owner whose name figures in the accompanying list, and to the chief officers or librarians of all the colleges, public libraries, and institutions, which are mentioned among existing guardians of a First Folio, my thanks are due for the time and trouble they have spent in aiding me to invest this Census with some title to be reckoned an authoritative contribution to Shakespearean bibliography.

*September 25, 1902.*

S. L.
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In classifying the copies I depend for the most part on information supplied by the owners. Forty-three of the copies I have personally examined, but I have collated comparatively few of these without the assistance of the present owners and guardians. I have frequently been able to supplement the information which has been given me with regard to both the condition and history of the copies, either from the results of my own observation, or from descriptions that I have met with in early sale-catalogues and bibliographical works of authority.

I have divided the copies into four main classes according to my knowledge of their general condition. Class I consists of perfect copies, with three subdivisions (A, B, and C), A containing those that are not known to have undergone restoration, and B and C containing respectively those that have been restored in lesser or greater degree. Class II consists of imperfect copies, arranged in three subdivisions (A, B, and C), each indicative of the extent of their imperfections and the manner of supplying them. Class III consists of poor copies, which are arranged in two subdivisions (A and B), dealing respectively with defective and fragmentary exemplars. Class IV consists of copies of which I have not obtained sufficiently detailed descriptions to enable me to allot them to any of the other classes. In each class and subdivision I place, first, public institutions which possess copies, then the names of private owners in alphabetical order, and finally, when occasion demands it, independent 'untraced' copies about which more or less recent and definite information is derivable from various sources, although the names of the present owners have not been furnished to me. Under every heading I distinguish, where circumstances require it, the copies in the United Kingdom from those in the United States, in the British Colonies, and in countries on the continent of Europe. In each entry I give, wherever I can, firstly the size of the copy, secondly its history, and thirdly an account of its condition. To facilitate reference to the Census, I have numbered the entries consecutively throughout.
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CLASS I (Perfect Copies)

DIVISION A (in good, unrestored condition)

[The United Kingdom: Public Institutions]

Size: 12 5/8 in. x 8 1/6 in. History: apparently sold for £13 15s. at the sale of Dr. John Monro's library in 1792 and bought by Mudgeley. Purchased in 1818 for £121 16s. at Mudgeley's sale by the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville, who bequeathed it, with his library, in 1846 to the British Museum. (Cf. Dibdin's Library Companion, p. 810.) Condition: clean; bound in red morocco by Charles Lewis.

II. LONDON.—LONDON INSTITUTION, FINSBURY CIRCUS. Size: 12 5/6 in. x 8 1/6 in. History: apparently acquired c. 1760 by the Earl of Shelburne, afterwards first Marquis of Lansdowne (d'1807); purchased at the sale of Lord Lansdowne's library in 1806 for London Institution. Condition: good; preliminary leaves re-arranged.

III. CAMBRIDGE.—THE MASTER AND FELLOWS OF TRINITY COLLEGE. Size: 13 in. x 8 1/2 in. History: acquired c. 1700 by Edward Duke, whose name is inserted; subsequently, c. 1720, the property of Edward Capell, who bequeathed it to Trinity College in 1779. Condition: good; untouched by modern binder; last three leaves slightly injured by damp.

IV. CAMBRIDGE.—THE MASTER AND FELLOWS OF TRINITY COLLEGE. Size: 12 5/6 in. x 8 1/2 in. History: acquired c. 1840 by the Rev. William Grylls, of Polaboe Park, Exeter, who bequeathed it to Trinity College in 1863. Condition: re-bound in morocco; the three first and last leaves slightly repaired.

[The United Kingdom: Private Owners]

V. THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS, 1 STRATTON STREET, LONDON. Size: 12 5/6 in. x 8 5/6 in. History: acquired c. 1800 by Daniel Moore, F.S.A., who left it to William H. Booth. Booth bequeathed it to John Gage Rokewode, the antiquary, who sold it c. 1840 to the London bookseller, William Pickering; it was acquired of Pickering by George Daniel in 1841 for £100, and was purchased at Daniel's sale in 1864 by the present owner for £716 2s., the highest price any copy had then reached. (Cf. Dibdin's Library Companion, pp. 809-10.) Condition: very clean; bound by Baumgartner and kept in wooden carved casket, made from a fragment of Herne's Oak in Windsor Park, which was presented to the Baroness by Queen Victoria after the tree fell in 1863.

VI. EARL OF CARYSFORT, ELTON HALL, PETERBOROUGH. Size: 12 5/6 in. x 8 5/6 in. History: acquired c. 1870 by Frederic Ouvry, F.S.A., at sale of whose library in 1882 it was bought for £420 by Bernard Quaritch. Quaritch advertised it for sale in Athenaeum 1888 for £888. Purchased of Quaritch by present owner in 1888. Condition: clean; bound in red morocco by Clarke and Bedford c. 1866; preliminary pages re-arranged.

VII. THE EARL OF CRAWFORD, K.T., HAIGH HALL, LANCASTER. Size: 12 5/6 in. x 8 5/6 in. History: acquired by Earl of Charlemont c. 1820; sold at the sale of that earl's library in August—September, 1855, for £435 to F. S. Ellis, who sold it two months later for £125 to the eighth Earl of Crawford, the present owner's father. Condition: good, despite signs of use; bound in old red morocco; fly-leaf mounted; last figure 3 of date on title in facsimile.
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VIII. CAPTAIN GEORGE LINDSAY HOLTFORD, C.I.E., M.V.O., DORCHESTER HOUSE, PARK LANE, LONDON. Size: 12\frac{1}{2} in. x 8\frac{1}{4} in. History: possibly the "very fine copy" sold in 1827 at the sale of James Beaton's library for £26 15s. 6d. Purchased c 1840 by Robert Stayner Holford, present owner's father, for £230. Condition: clean throughout; title-page mounted on a guard at the back.

IX. ALFRED HENRY HUTH, ESQ., BIDDESDEN MANOR, ANDOVER. Size: 12\frac{1}{2} in. x 8\frac{3}{4} in. History: purchased c 1792 by Henry Constantine Jennings, a well-known collector (1771-1819), for 70 guineas of Thomas Payne, the bookseller; acquired c 1819 by George Hibbert, of Portland Place, London, at whose sale in 1829 it passed for £85 1s. to John Wilks. In 1847, Wilks sold it for £155 to John Dunn Gardner, at whose sale in 1854 it was purchased by Henry Huth, the present owner's father, for £230. Condition: clean; in 18th century russet leather binding; small portion of margin of the title page.

X. BERNARD BUCHANAN MACGREGOR, ESQ., GLASGOW. Size: 12\frac{1}{2} in. x 8\frac{3}{4} in. History: long in the French family of Belleroche, which settled for a time in England after the revocation of the edict of Nantes. Subsequently owned by a member of the family residing near Brussels; sold by him at Christie's Sale-rooms in London in July, 1899, to present owner for £1,700.

XI. BOSTON.—THE PUBLIC LIBRARY—THE BARTON COLLECTION. Size: 13\frac{1}{2} in. x 8\frac{3}{4} in. History: acquired in 1845 of Thomas Rodd, the London bookseller, for £110, by T. P. Barton, of New York. Bequeathed by Barton to the Boston Public Library in 1876. ( Cf. Description of a copy of the First Folio Edition of Shakespeare, now in the collection of T. P. Barton, New York; 1860—twenty copies printed privately.) Condition: clean, unwashed; bound in red morocco by Charles Lewis for Rodd in 1845; some pages repaired. Rodd told Barton that only three copies—the Grenville copy, the Bridgewater House copy, and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts' Daniel copy—were in superior condition. Two cancelled leaves of 'As You Like It' form part of the volume, and each bears the same erroneous numbering 203-194. Two corrected leaves of 'As You Like It' (pp. 193-4 and 203-4) were inserted by Rodd from another genuine copy in 1845 to accompany the cancelled proofs of these leaves, which alone originally formed part of this copy. (Cf. Nos. XXIX and CII, infra.)

XII. PROPPITENCE, R. I.—JOHN CARTER BROWN LIBRARY. Size: 13\frac{1}{2} in. x 8\frac{3}{4} in. History: acquired c 1870 by Robert Samuel Turner, of London. Privately disposed of by Turner in 1885 to F. S. Ellis, bookseller, of Bond Street, who sold it to Mrs. John Carter Brown, of Providence. Condition: clean; some leaves untrimmed; bound in dull red morocco by Bedford.

XIII. CHARLES SCRIBNER, ESQ., NEW YORK. Size: 13\frac{1}{2} in. x 8\frac{3}{4} in. History: owned c 1860 by the twelfth Lord Dormer, of Grove Park, Warwick, who died 1900, leaving it to his daughter, Mrs. H. G. V. Hunter, of Mawley Hall, Shropshire. Sold at Christie's to Bernard Quaritch, jun., July 16, 1901, for £1,720. Subsequently purchased of Quaritch by present owner. Condition: clean; bound by Bedford; bottom corner of fly-leaf and last three leaves slightly repaired.

XIV. WILLIAM AUGUSTUS WHITE, ESQ., BROOKLYN, NEW YORK. Size: 12\frac{1}{2} in. x 8\frac{3}{4} in. History: acquired by Sir William Tite c 1830. Sold at the Tite sale in 1874 for £440. It subsequently passed to America, where it has been owned successively by Eugene N. Robinson of New York, by Mr. Cooke of Rhode Island, and by Brayton Ives of New York, at the sale of whose library in 1891 it fetched $4,300 (£840). It was acquired by present owner in 1892. [Winsor, No. 11.] Conversion: good; re-bound by Bedford; the preliminary matter does not follow the ordinary arrangement.
CLASS I

Division B (in good condition, but with occasional leaves either supplied from another copy of the First Folio or repaired, i.e. mended, mounted, or inlaid)

[The United Kingdom: Public Institutions]

XV. LONDON.—VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON—DYCE AND FORSTER LIBRARY. Size: 12½ in. x 8½ in. History: acquired c 1840 by the Rev. Alexander Dyce, who bequeathed it to the Museum, 1869. Condition: good, but pages much cut down in binding; fly-leaf and title mounted and slightly repaired; some corners of leaves elsewhere repaired.

XVI. LONDON.—TRUSTEES OF THE SIR JOHN SOANE MUSEUM, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS. Size: 11½ in. x 7¾ in., but inlaid in large paper 15 in. x 10 in. History: possibly the property of John Henderson the actor (1747–85), who disposed of an inlaid copy to Isaac Reed the commentator, at whose sale (1807) it fetched £38. The Soane copy was acquired c 1807 by John Philip Kemble the actor, and was sold at Kemble’s sale in 1822 for £112 7s. to James Boswell the younger. Purchased at Boswell’s sale in June, 1825, by JohnBritton, on behalf of Sir John Soane, for £105. Condition: washed white and inlaid; sumptuously bound, with inserted blank leaves at beginning and end, by Mackinlay for Boswell, at a cost of 60 guineas.

XVII. STRATFORD-ON-AVON.—THE TRUSTEES OF SHAKESPEARE’S BIRTHPLACE MUSEUM. Size: 12½ in. x 8½ in. History: acquired c 1830 by Bertram, fourth Earl of Ashburnham; sold with the Ashburnham Library, December 1857, when it was purchased by Sir Arthur Hodgson on behalf of the Birthplace Trustees for £985. Condition: title-page inlaid; last page and one or two others mended.

[The United Kingdom: Private Owners]

XVIII. MARK BEAFOY, ESQ., J.P., 87 SOUTH LAMBETH ROAD, LONDON. Size: 13 in. x 8¾ in. History: the property in the 17th century of the Shakerley family of Cheshire, into which married Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, third baronet; Sir Watkin’s second son, the Right Hon. Charles Watkin Williams Wynn (1773–1850), owned the copy till his death. It was purchased by James Beaufoy, grandfather of present owner, for £141 10s., Feb. 28, 1871. Condition: clean; one leaf ‘King John,’ pp. 11–12, untrimmed; bound c 1780 by Roger Payne, whose detailed invoice is preserved in the volume; six leaves in comedies, pp. 169–180, supplied from another copy and carefully inlaid; fly-leaf and last leaf inlaid.

XIX. ABEL BUCKLEY, ESQ., RYEcroft HALL, NEAR MANCHESTER. Size: 12½ in. x 8½ in. History: apparently purchased c 1660 by Col. John Lane, of Bentley Hall, Staffordshire, Charles II’s protector. Subsequently in possession of Col. Lane’s descendant, Col. John Lane, of King’s Bromley, whose book-place designed by Hogarth is inserted. At sale of the Lane library, in April 1856, it was purchased for £164 17s. by the third Earl of Gosford. The third earl’s son, the present earl, disposed of it to James Toovey, the London bookseller, in 1884 for £470. It was soon afterwards sold through another bookseller to the present owner. Condition: clean throughout; bound in red morocco by Roger Payne; fly-leaf and title mounted; two leaves repaired.

XX. THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS, I STRATTON STREET, LONDON. Size: 12½ in. x 8 in. History: acquired c 1650 by Ralph Sheldon (1623–1684), of Weston Manor House, Long Compton, Warwickshire. At the sale of the Sheldon library at Long Compton in 1781, it was purchased by Mr. King, a bookseller of Moorfields, with two other unnamed books, for £2 4s., somewhat dubious practices being attributed to the bookselling bidders. Condition: fairly clean; old binding re-backed; the arms of the Sheldon family stamped on the sides; fly-leaf re-backed; title-page
title-page slightly repaired. A peculiar feature is a mutilated cancelled leaf containing concluding lines of 'Romeo and Juliet' on front and opening lines of 'Troylus' at back; this leaf, half of which has been torn away, precedes a normal leaf afterwards inserted, which supplies prologue of 'Troylus' on the front and opening page of that play at the back. (Cf. No. XXXVII, infra.)

XXI. THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, K.G., CHATSWORTH, DERBYSHIRE. Size: 13\frac{1}{4} in. x 8\frac{3}{4} in. History: at the sale of the library of John Watson Reed, an attorney of Ely Place, Holborn (d. 1750), it was purchased by the great book-collector, the third Duke of Roxburghe, for £3 14s. At the Duke of Roxburghe's sale in 1812 it was bought for £100 by the sixth Duke of Devonshire, cousin of the eighth Duke, the present owner. Condition: fly-leaf guarded; title mended and guarded; portrait on title inlaid. Seven leaves in the tragedies, 'Othello,' pp. 31-1-24, 8-f-in., seem to have been supplied from a shorter original copy; the lower margin of these pages has been extended by the attachment of a strip of paper from \frac{1}{2} inch to an inch in depth. There is the irregular reading on page 333 of Tragedies ('Othello'), 'And hell gnaw Merchant of Venice' has exceptional irregularities.

XXII. EARL HOWE, GOPSALL, LEICESTERSHIRE. Size: 13 in. x 8\frac{3}{4} in. History: acquired c. 1750 by Charles Jennens, the virtuoso and friend of Handel, who in 1773 bequeathed it, with his property at Gopsall, to William Penn Asheton Curzon, ancestor of the present owner. Condition: occasionally stained by water; fly-leaf, title, and preliminary leaves mounted or mended.

XXIII. ALFRED LAW, ESQ., J.P., HONRESFIELD, LITTLEBOROUGH, NEAR MANCHESTER. Size: 12\frac{1}{2} in. x 8\frac{1}{2} in. History: acquired c. 1800 by Frederick Perkins (1780-1860), of Chipstead, Kent, brother of better-known collector Henry Perkins, and like him partner in the brewery of Barclay, Perkins & Co. Purchased by Quaritch on behalf of William Law, present owner's brother, who died 1901, for £415 at sale of Frederick Perkins' library, July 1889. Condition: bound in blue morocco c. 1850; fly-leaf and title mounted; last leaf and few middle leaves slightly repaired.

XXIV. GODFREY LOCKER-LAMPSON, ESQ., ROWFANT, SUSSEX. Size: 13 in. x 8\frac{3}{4} in. History: acquired c. 1870 by present owner's father, Frederick Locker-Lampson. Condition: clean throughout; fly-leaf supplied from another original. (Cf. Frederick Locker-Lampson's My Confidences, 1896, pp. 203-216.) The pagination at the end of 'Midsummer Night's Dream' and the beginning of 'Merchant of Venice' has exceptional irregularities.

XXV. WILLIAM PHELPS, ESQ., J.P., CHESTAL, DURSLEY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE. Size: 12\frac{1}{4} in. x 8\frac{3}{4} in. History: acquired c. 1820 by John Delafiel Phelps, of Lincoln's Inn, on whose death in Dec. 1842 it passed to his nephew, William John Phelps, who, dying in Sept. 1881, was succeeded in his property by his nephew, the present owner. Condition: very good; fly-leaf, title, and last leaf repaired.

XXVI. R. J. WALKER, ESQ., ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL, LONDON. Size: 12\frac{1}{4} in. x 8\frac{3}{4} in. History: possibly owned by Robert Heathcote c. 1780. Acquired c. 1820 by John Dent, M.P., Leicester, partner in Child's Bank (d. 1826). At sale of Dent's library, the copy sold for £110 5s. to Henry Perkins the brewer (1778-1853). At the sale of Perkins' library, June 1873, it was bought for £38 5s. (lot 837) by Thomas Hayes, bookseller of Manchester, who advertised it at £715 in August 1873. Purchased c. 1873 by present owner's maternal grandfather, Richard Johnson, of Fallowfield, Manchester. Condition: good; well bound in red morocco by Charles Lewis; fly-leaf guarded; title mounted, and rubricated; two last leaves guarded. 'Winter's Tale' wrongly bound between 'Troylus' and 'Coriolanus.'

[The United States of America: Public Institutions]

XXVII. WASHINGTON, D.C.—LIBRARY OF CONGRESS. Size: 12\frac{1}{4} in. x 8\frac{3}{4} in. History: former owners were J. Broadhead (c. 1820, cf. Dibdin's Library Companion, p. 815) and Theodore H. Broadhead, whose book-plate it bears. Purchased at Sotheby's for £210, Dec. 1889, for the Congress Library. Condition: good; few pages mended; fly-leaf and title mounted; leaf in Histories (pp. 121-2) supplied from smaller copy.
XXVIII. NEW YORK.—PUBLIC LIBRARY—LENOX COLLECTION. Size: 12½ in. x 8¼ in. History: owned in 17th century by R. Chapell, whose autograph it bears. Acquired by James Lenox, of New York, c. 1860, and presented to the public with the Lenox library in 1870. [Winsor, No. 9.] Condition: clean; bound by Bedford; fly-leaf and title both genuine but inlaid; a few letters in fly-leaf supplied in Indian ink; margin of last leaf mended.

XXIX. NEW YORK.—PUBLIC LIBRARY—LENOX COLLECTION. Size: 12½ in. x 8¼ in. History: acquired c. 1860 by John Lichfield of London, who described it in the Calendar or Monthly Report of Polite Literature, 1870; afterwards in the library of James Baker of London, at whose sale in May, 1875, it was bought for James Lenox of New York for £165. [Winsor, No. 8.]

[The A preceding History:] Owners Class States United America
Private inherited
= America
Inlaid

[The United States of America: Private Owners]

XXXI. MISS MARY EDGEKUMBE BLATCHFORD, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS. Size: 13¼ in. x 8 in. History: acquired by Francis Calley Gray, of Boston, U.S.A., c. 1826; inherited by F. C. Gray’s nephew, William Gray, of Boston, 1856; purchased by present owner 1879. [Winsor, No. 2.]

[The A preceding History:] Owners Class States United America
Private

XXII. E. DWIGHT CHURCH, ESQ., BROOKLYN, NEW YORK. Size: 13¼ in. x 8¼ in. History: having passed through the hands of Bernard Quaritch of London, and Dodd, Mead & Co., booksellers of New York, it became the property of present owner Nov. 28, 1888. Condition: fly-leaf, title (with rubricated border) and two preliminary leaves supplied from smaller original. ‘Troilus and Cressida’ misprinted by binder after ‘Timon of Athens.’

XXXIII. JAMES W. ELLSWORTH, ESQ., NEW YORK. Size: 12½ in. x 8½ in. History: possibly identical with the copy acquired by Samuel Addington, of London, for £360 in 1870, and sold at the sale of Samuel Addington’s library at Sotheby’s in May 1886, to F. S. Ellis for £380; imported from London to New York by Dodd, Mead & Co. in June 1886; acquired by Augustin Daly, the theatrical manager of New York, in 1888. Purchased by present owner at the Daly sale in New York, Mar. 20, 1900, for $8,400 (£1,080). Condition: good; bound by Bedford; fly-leaf inlaid; title and last leaf partly re-bordered; preliminary pages re-arranged.

XXXIV. MRS. GEORGE L. HARRISON, PHILADELPHIA. Size: 13¼ in. x 8½ in. History: purchased of James Toovey, the London bookseller, in 1877 by Mr. C. C. Harrison, now Provost
Provision of Pennsylvania University, for his father, George L. Harrison of Philadelphia, who died in 1885, and whose widow is the present owner. Condition: fly-leaf inlaid; title mounted with inlaid portrait; preliminary leaves and first two leaves of 'Tempest' inlaid and guarded.


XXXVII. J. PIERPONT MORGAN, ESQ., NEW YORK. Size: 1 3/4 in. x 8 1/4 in. History: said to be originally c. 1623 in library of Robert Sidney, second Earl of Leicester (1592-1677). The arms of this nobleman are stamped on cover. Acquired c. 1866 by Leonard Laurie Hartley, and sold at sale of his library, May 3, 1886, to James Toovey, the London bookseller, who carefully restored it. It was purchased by James Toovey's private library by the present owner in 1890. Condition: the original leather binding bears the Earl of Leicester's arms; it was labelled 'Shakespeare Works, 1623,' and had remains of old silk tape strings. Title-page is from another original, and has been introduced into the volume since the Harley sale. (Cf. *The Harley Sale Catalogue*, 1886.) Fly-leaf which belongs to the copy has been repaired; the leaf containing preface and first page of 'Troilus' is from a smaller original. A cancelled leaf at beginning of Tragedies section, forming an original part of the copy, contains the last lines of 'Romeo and Juliet' on its obverse page (numbered 77 with a signature which is stated to read g g j), and the opening lines of 'Troilus' on the reverse page. (Cf. No. XX supra.) The signs of 'Troilus' differ from those in other copies.

XXXVIII. J. PIERPONT MORGAN, ESQ., NEW YORK. Size: unascertained; said to be 'the smallest copy' known. History: acquired c. 1820 by the Duke of Sussex and sold with his library by auction, Aug. 1845, for £56. Purchased of Quaritch c. 1870 by Robert Lenox Kennedy, of New York. Sold in 1889, with R. L. Kennedy's library, to Lenox Library, New York, but disposed of as duplicate to Theodore Irvine, of Oswego, whose library was acquired by present owner in 1901. [Winsor, No. 10] Condition: title partly in facsimile. Described by the bookseller Rodd in 1845 as 'cut to the quick and otherwise objectionable.' Said in the Duke of Sussex's catalogue to have two leaves torn. Recently reported to be generally sound.

XXXIX. WILLIAM AUGUSTUS READ, ESQ., NEW YORK. Size: 1 1/4 in. x 8 1/2 in. History: apparently bought at a miscellaneous sale at Sotheby's by Messrs. Ellis & Elvey, London, June 1892, for £208. Purchased Oct. 1892 of Messrs. Ellis & Elvey by Mr. Marshall G. Lefferts, of New York. Subsequently sold to Mr. George H. Richmond, bookseller of New York, who disposed of it to present owner. Condition: clean; unwashed; bound by Charles Lewis; fly-leaf inlaid; lower margin of title mended and imprint supplied in facsimile.

[Untraced Copies]

XL. PRESENT OWNER UNTRACED.— THE BAKER-WILBRAHAM COPY. Size: 1 2/5 in. x 8 in. History: acquired c. 1790 by Mrs. Anne Damer, the sculptress and friend of Horace Walpole. Mrs. Damer's book-plate, designed by Agnes Berry 1793, is inserted. Apparently her death in 1828 it passed to Sir Frederick Francis Baker, second baronet, of Lovelton, Totnes, by whose grandson, G. B. Baker-Wilbraham, Esq., it was sold March 20, 1902, at Sotheby's. It was then acquired by Messrs. Pickering & Chatto, booksellers of London, for £620. Condition: somewhat worn; bound by Roger Payne; fly-leaf inlaid and rubbedricated; title mended and mounted; last leaf backed and slightly damaged.

D
CLASS I

DIVISION C (in good condition, with leaves occasionally supplied from later Folios)

[The United Kingdom: Public Institution]

XLII. OXFORD — THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY. SIZE: c 13 in. x 8½ in. HISTORY: acquired c 1780 by Edmund Malone, the Editor of Shakespeare, who died in 1812. Malone’s brother, Lord Sunderland, bequeathed it to the University of Oxford in 1816, and it was deposited in the Bodleian Library in 1821. CONDITION: well used; fly-leaf and mounted title from Fourth Folio.

[The United States of America: Public Institution]

XLIII. NEW YORK—PUBLIC LIBRARY—ASTOR COLLECTION. SIZE: 12½ in. x 8½ in. HISTORY: acquired c 1800 by first Duke of Buckingham (1776–1839) for his library at Stowe. Sold with the Stowe library in Jan. 1849 for £76 to William Astor, of New York, for the collection bequeathed by his father John Jacob Astor (d 1848) to New York Public Library. CONDITION: unwashed; fly-leaf from Second Folio inlaid; first line of title patched up from another copy of First Folio; a few margins patched; Duke of Buckingham’s crest on cover.
CLASS II (Imperfect)

Division A (in good condition, but with a few pages missing, and occasionally other slight defects)

[The United Kingdom: Public Institutions]


Size: 11 3/8 in. x 7 3/8 in. History: acquired c. 1770 for the library of George III and presented to the British Museum with that King's library by George IV in 1823. Condition: occasional stains; generally clean; fly-leaf verses missing; tissue paper pasted over both sides of every leaf; red ink lines ruled at sides of title-page.


XLVI. BLACKBURN. — STONYHURST COLLEGE. Size: 12 3/8 in. x 8 3/8 in. History: possibly acquired c. 1623 by Thomas, second Lord Arundell of Wardour (1586-1643), whose mother was sister of the third Earl of Southampton, Shakespeare's patron. It seems to have descended to Henry Benedict, eleventh Lord Arundell of Wardour, who presented it in 1837 to Stonyhurst College. Condition: good; cut down by binder; bound in russet leather; fly-leaf, and two preliminary leaves ('To the memorie' and 'The Workes') wanting; last leaf repaired in facsimile.

XLVII. DURHAM. — THE CATHEDRAL LIBRARY. Size: 12 3/8 in. x 8 3/8 in. History: acquired by John Cosin, Bishop of Durham, c. 1630, and bequeathed by him to the clergy of his diocese 1672. Condition: good, but well used; re-bound in morocco by Tucker, 1845; fly-leaf missing; title and last leaf mounted.

XLVIII. MANCHESTER. — THE JOHN RYLANDS LIBRARY. Size: 13 3/8 in. x 8 3/8 in. History: acquired c. 1710 by Edward, Lord Leigh, who bequeathed it to Oriel College in 1786. Condition: good. Two leaves (pp. 73-6, sgs. G g g 2) in Tragedies ('Romeo and Juliet') are missing and present a hiatus of 461 lines in text. In complete copies these two leaves are insertions before a regular quire of six leaves (sgs. G g g 2, g g 3).

[The United Kingdom: Private Owners]

L. THE MARQUIS OF BATH, LONGLEAT, WILTSHIRE. Size: 12 in. x 8 3/8 in. History: said to have been in possession of the present owner's family from an early date; vaguely mentioned by Dibdin. Condition: very clean; bound by Roger Payne; there are missing the fly-leaf, the preliminary leaf of verses by Diggles and I. M., and that headed 'The Workes,' together with the unnumbered leaf intervening between 'The Second Part of Henry IV' and 'Henry V'; title mended; p. 278 of 'Hamlet' is uncorrected.

D 2
II. THE EARL OF ELLESMORE, BRIDGEWATER HOUSE, LONDON. Size: 13 in. x 8½ in. History: this copy was probably purchased on its publication in 1623 by John Egerton, first Earl of Bridgewater, for whose children Milton wrote ‘Arcades’ and ‘Comus.’ It is noticed in the catalogue of the library of the second Earl of Bridgewater (1622–1686) and in the trust created by the last Duke of Bridgewater before his death in 1803. The duke’s trust property is now enjoyed by the present Earl of Ellesmere. Condition: original binding; clean, with some 17th century MS. notes. Two preliminary leaves (‘To the great Variety of Readers,’ and Ben Jonson’s poem ‘To the memory of . . . Shakespeare’) missing. Eight leaves supplied from other shorter copies of the original folio, viz.: ‘The Comedie of Errors,’ pp. 97–100; ‘Much ado about Nothing,’ pp. 105–10; Prologue and first page of ‘Troylus and Cressida,’ two (unnumbered) leaves in the same play with the signatures ℃Ⅱ2 and ℃Ⅲ.

LII. FRANCIS ALEXANDER NEWDIGATE, ESQ. M.P., ARBURY, NUNEATON, WARWICKSHIRE. Size: 13½ in. x 8½ in. History: this copy has been the property of the present owner’s family at least since 1660. An inscription dated June 25, 1660, describes it as belonging to Sir Richard Newdegate, the first baronet of Arbury. It has the book-plate of Sir Richard Newdegate, the fourth baronet, dated 1709, and some words in the handwriting of Sir Richard’s son, Sir Roger Newdegate, the fifth baronet (1729–1806). On the death of Lieutenant-General Sir Edward Newdigate-Newdegate, K.C.B., in August, 1802, this copy passed with the Arbury estates to his nephew, the present owner. Condition: good; re-bound about 1750. Two preliminary leaves (‘To the memorie of the deceased Author’ and ‘The Workes of William Shakespeare’) missing, and a hole burnt in fifth leaf of ‘Troylus and Cressida.’

[The United States of America: Private Owner]


[Untraced Copy]


CLASS II (Imperfect)

Division B (in fair condition, but with fly-leaf and occasionally other leaves missing, or supplied either from later Folios or in facsimile)

[The United Kingdom: Public Institutions]

LV. LONDON.—TRUSTEES OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM [Press-mark C. 39. l. 12]. Size: 12½ in. x 8½ in. History: the property successively of Lewis Theobald (d. 1744), of Dr. Johnson (who owned another copy at his death), and of George Steevens, to whom it was given in 1765 by the publisher and bookseller, Jacob Tonson, and whose autograph it bears. Purchased for
LVI. **LONDON.** — **VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON.**

**Size:** 12¾ in. × 8½ in. **History:** acquired by the collector John Jones, of Piccadilly, c. 1870; bequeathed by him to the Museum in 1881. **Condition:** fair; fly-leaf, title, and last page in facsimile.

LXIV. **OXFORD.** — **THE PROVOST AND FELLOWS OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE.**

**Size:** 12¾ in. × 8½ in. **History:** acquired by David Garrick c. 1760 of Thomas Payne, the London bookseller, for £1 15s. Purchased at the sale of Garrick's library on his widow's death in 1823 by Thomas Jolley, F.S.A., for £34 2s. 6d. At the Jolley sale in 1844 it fetched £86. Bought by the present owners c. 1870 through C. J. Stewart, a London bookseller. Both Garrick's and Jolley's book-plates appear in the volume. Described by Dibdin as 'not a fine or perfect copy.' **Condition:** fair; re-bound in morocco; fly-leaf supplied in Harris facsimile while in Jolley's possession. Title and few other leaves slightly mended.

LXV. **OXFORD.** — **THE WARDEN AND FELLOWS OF WADHAM COLLEGE.**

**Size:** 11¾ in. × 7½ in. **History:** Jacob Pendrervis was an early owner. Acquired c. 1740 by Richard Warner, of Woodford Row, Essex, the Shakespearian scholar, who bequeathed it in 1777 to Wadham College. **Condition:** somewhat discoloured; re-bound; fly-leaf, title, and first three preliminary leaves wanting; last leaf in facsimile.
THE CENSUS

[The United Kingdom: Private Owners]

LXVI. HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII, WINDSOR CASTLE. Size: 11¾ in. x 7¾ in.; inlaid in large paper 15½ in. x 9½ in. History: acquired £1800 by George, Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV, for his library at Carlton House, which on his death in 1830 became the property of the reigning sovereigns. Condition: clean, but the whole is inlaid; no fly-leaf; the title and last leaf supplied from later folios.


belonged to Sir John's descendants. Frederick Locker-Lampson in *My Confidences* (1896, pp. 204 sq.) describes the copy and his vain effort to purchase it c. 1876 of its late owner, Sir Henry Dryden (d. 1900), the present owner's brother. Sir Henry figures in Locker-Lampson's somewhat acid narrative as 'Zachary Dene.' **Condition:** very good; title supplied in photo-lithographic facsimile; fly-leaf genuine though worn.

LXXVI. **THE REV. DR. NORMAN MACLEOD FERRERS, D.D., F.R.S., MASTER OF GONVILLE AND CAIUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.** Size: **11 3/4 in. x 7 7/8 in.** History: contains old autograph of Philippa Smith; acquired by present owner of Willis & Sotherton, Feb 16, 1862. **Condition:** generally good; fly-leaf and title-page in facsimile.

LXXVII. **THE REV. SIR RICHARD FITZHERBERT, BART., TISSINGTON HALL, DERBYSHIRE.** Size: **12 in. x 7 7/8 in.** History: it contains names of three former owners, viz. J. Tonstall, Joseph Shirgmont, and Thomas Shirgmont. Acquired c. 1780 by Sir William Fitzherbert, first baronet, present owner's grandfather. The book-plate of Sir Henry Fitzherbert, third baronet, present owner's father, is inserted. **Condition:** soiled; fly-leaf and preliminary leaf containing sub-title 'The Workes, &c.' missing; last leaf supplied in MS.; title and inlaid portrait inserted; other leaves mended.

LXXVIII. **LORD GLANUSK, GLANUSK PARK, CRICKHOWELL.** Size: **12 3/4 in. x 8 1/2 in.** History: apparently acquired in 17th century by the Vaughan family of Trebaried. Gwyn Vaughan of this family married a daughter of William Lucy, Bishop of St. David's (1660–1677), a grandson of the famous Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote. The book passed with the Vaughan's house at Trebaried in 1826 to Sir Joseph Bailey, first baronet, grandfather of the present owner. **Condition:** re-bound and repaired in 1878; fly-leaf and portrait supplied in facsimile; some pages mended.

LXXXIX. **THE REV. F. E. HUTCHINSON, TISBURY VICARAGE, SALISBURY.** Size: **13 in. x 8 1/4 in.** History: apparently in the possession c. 1650 of the Hutchinson family of Owetrethorpe, Northamptonshire, of which Col. John Hutchinson, the parliamentarian, was a member. The copy bears autograph c. 1680 of Col. John Hutchinson's niece Olivera, daughter of her sister and her husband, Charles Cotton the author. (Olivera Cotton married George Stanhope, Dean of Canterbury, and died in 1707). Another of Col. John Hutchinson's nieces, Elizabeth Hutchinson, Olivera Cotton's first cousin, also signed her name c. 1680; she was afterwards successively Countess of Kennedy and Countess of Raglan. The book subsequently c. 1860 passed to a descendant of the Owetrethorpe family, Captain Charles Hutchinson, R.N., the father of the present owner. **Condition:** fly-leaf, title, all preliminary leaves (save 'To the memorie of the deceased Authour, ' 'The Workes,' and 'The Catalogue'), the two opening leaves of 'The Tempest,' &c., and the last leaf supplied in facsimile.

LXXX. **W. G. LACY, ESQ., 52 NORTH SIDE, WANDSWORTH COMMON, S.W.** Size: **12 in. x 8 in.** History: acquired c. 1880 by Myles Birket Foster, the landscape artist, at whose sale in 1894 it passed to Bernard Quaritch for £35, and thence to the present owner. **Condition:** clean; bound by Bedford; parts of fly-leaf, title, last leaf, and other leaves in facsimile or mended (cf. Birket Foster's *Sale Catalogue*, 1894).

LXXXI. **SIR EDWIN DURING LAWRENCE, BART., M.P.** Size: **12 1/2 in. x 8 3/4 in.** History: possibly c. 1800 in the library of Sir Peter Thompson, and sold on its dispersal in 1815 to Messrs. Longman of London for £41; apparently described as on sale by Messrs. Longman in 1821; it has book-plate of William Hartree, of Lewisham, c. 1830. Sold in 1890 at sale of Hartree's library for £115. Subsequently acquired by the present owner. **Condition:** fairly good; fly-leaf in facsimile; title repaired. At page 333 of Tragedies ('Othello'), the first line has the irregular reading 'And hell gnaw his bones'; cf. Nos. XXI, XCII, and CXIX.

LXXXII. **LORD LEIGH, STONELEIGH ABBEY, WARWICKSHIRE.** Size: **12 3/4 in. x 8 3/4 in.** History: purchased by the present owner's father, Chandos, first Lord Leigh, c. 1832, of Henry George Bohn, the bookseller. **Condition:** generally clean; fly-leaf in facsimile; title-page made up with inlaid portrait. Pp. i53–6, 237–8 of the Tragedies supplied from another copy and inlaid. Pages of last three pages supplied in facsimile.

LXXXIII. **JOHN MURRAY, ESQ., 50 ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON.** Size: **12 3/4 in. x 8 3/4 in.** History: acquired c. 1800 by Edward Knight, of Portland Place; purchased for £29 18s. 6d. after Knight's death in 1821 by John Murray, the eminent publisher, grandfather of
of the present owner. Condition: slightly worn and spotted; bound by Roger Payne; fly-leaf, letterpress of title, and last leaf in facsimile. Some preliminary leaves and two leaves in 'Cymbeline' supplied from Second Folio.

LXXXIV. THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, CLUMBER HOUSE, WORKSOP. Size: 12¾ in. x 8½ in. History: probably acquired c.1740 by Thomas Pelham-Holles, Duke of Newcastle, the Prime Minister. Condition: fly-leaf inlaid; title with inlaid portrait mounted and rubricated; last leaf frayed and mounted; preliminary leaves re-arranged.


LXXXVII. CONINGSBY CHARLES SIBTHORP, ESQ., CANWICK HALL, LINCOLN. Size: 13¼ in. x 8¾ in. History: presented by the printer William Jaggard, on publication in 1643, to Augustine Vincent the herald. There is an inscription in Vincent's autograph on the title to that effect. Vincent's arms are stamped on the upper cover of binding. Apparently acquired by Humphrey Sibthorpe, the present owner's great-grandfather, c.1800. Condition: excellent; the upper cover of the binding stamped with Vincent's arms is in original calf; fly-leaf and last leaf in facsimile; title mended and partly mounted. Last three preliminary leaves, and several leaves elsewhere, supplied from smaller original and mounted.

LXXXVIII. MAJOR-GENERAL FREDERICK EDWARD SOTHEBY, ECTON, NORTH-AMPTONSHIRE. Size: 12½ in. x 7½ in. History: probably purchased by present owner's ancestor, James Sotheby, c.1700, for £1 6s. Condition: good; fly-leaf and another leaf supplied in facsimile.

LXXXIX. MICHAEL TOMKINSON, ESQ., FRANCHE HALL, NEAR KIDDERMINSTER. Size: 12½ in. x 8 in. History: Dibdin in Library Companion, p. 813, apparently mentions this copy as belonging to Roger Wilbraham, Esq., whose library was dispersed by sale in 1829; owned by George Wilbraham c.1830; sold with the library of Roger W. Wilbraham, of Northwich, Cheshire, for £190 in June 1898. Acquired by present owner in 1899. Condition: good; fly-leaf and portrait in facsimile; leaf containing dedication supplied from Second Folio; the words in old writing 'The gift of M. W. Cherrington' cut through by binder.

XC. LORD TWEEDMOUTH, BROOK HOUSE, PARK LANE, LONDON. Size: 12¾ in. x 8½ in. History: acquired c.1850 by Sir Dudley Coutts Marjoribanks, Bart., the first Lord Tweedmouth, the present owner's father. Condition: good; fly-leaf in facsimile; title from another copy partly in facsimile; some preliminary leaves and the last leaf mended.

XCI. E. E. HARcourt VERNON, ESQ., GROVE HALL, RETFORD. Size: 13½ in. x 8¾ in. History: probably acquired c.1640 by Sir Hardolph Wastecyne, first baronet of Heaton Hall, Notts, and on death of the widow of his great-grandson, Sir Hardolph, last baronet (d.1742), passed to the last baronet's great niece and heiress, wife of Col. Anthony Hardolph Eyre (1788-1826), of Grove Hall, Retford. It afterwards devolved on Col. Eyre's daughter and heiress, who married present owner's grandfather, Granville Harcourt Vernon, Esq. (1826—79). Condition: bottom edges much rubbed; preliminary leaf containing the sub-title 'The Workes, &c.' missing; fly-leaf, title, and last leaf in facsimile.

[The United States of America: Private Owners]

XCII. JOHN CALDWELL, ESQ., PITTSBURG. Size: 12½ in. x 8½ in. History: Acquired c.1830 by Thomas Gaisford, Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, whose book-plate it bears. On sale of Gaisford's library at Sotheby's in April 1889, this copy fetched £198 and passed to the library of
of the Oratory at Birmingham. It was bought while at the Oratory by the present owner in Sept. 1899. Condition: fly-leaf in facsimile. The first line of ‘Othello,’ p. 333, is misprinted ‘And hell gnaw his bones’; see Nos. XXI, LXXXI supra, and CXXIX infra.


XCVIII. JOHN BOYD THACHER, ESQ., ALBANY, NEW YORK. Size: 13½ in. x 8½ in. History: formerly the property of Lady Drake; John Lloyd, whose book-plate figured in the copy at one time, was apparently an earlier owner. Acquired by present owner in 1883 by Quaritch, who had advertised it for £300. Condition: good; fly-leaf and letterpress of title in facsimile; original portrait inserted by present owner.

XCIX. ROSS R. WINANS, ESQ., BALTIMORE. Size: 12½ in. x 8 in. History: apparently offered for sale in 1894 for £40 to Ellis & Elvey, London booksellers, with a genuine title which was afterwards transferred to another copy. Acquired by the present owner, July 1899, of Ellis & Elvey. Condition: fly-leaf inlaid; title facsimile.

[The Continent of Europe: Public Institutions]

C. BERLIN. — KÖNIGLICHE BIBLIOTHEK. Size: 12½ in. x 8½ in. History: acquired of Joseph Lilly, the London bookseller, in 1878. Condition: well used and occasionally stained, but generally clean; fly-leaf and letterpress of title in facsimile; a few leaves repaired.


[The British Colonies: Public Institution]

CII. SYDNEY. — THE PUBLIC LIBRARY OF NEW SOUTH WALES. Size: 12½ in. x 7¼ in. History: presented by Sir Richard Tangye, of Birmingham and London, in 1884. Condition: bound in red morocco; cut by the binder; fly-leaf repaired; some preliminary leaves repaired and others inserted from other folios; last leaf soiled.

[Untraced]
CLASS II (Imperfect)

Division C (in moderate condition, with most of preliminary and other missing leaves in Facsimile or from later Folios)

[The United Kingdom: Public Institutions]

CVII. STRATFORD-ON-AVON.—SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL LIBRARY. Size: 12 1/4 in. x 8 1/4 in. History: acquired by James Orchard Halliwell-Phillipps in 1865; sold with other books from Halliwell-Phillipps’s library in July 1889 for £25, when it was acquired by Charles Edward Flower, of Stratford-on-Avon, for presentation to the Memorial Library there. Condition: bound by Bedford; fly-leaf, letterpress of title, and preliminary leaves supplied in Harris facsimiles. The portrait inlaid is a modern reproduction of the early proof impression. To this copy originally belonged the early proof impression of the portrait which was detached by Halliwell-Phillipps, and was sold with the Halliwell-Phillipps Shakespearean Collection in 1897, to Marsden J. Perry, Esq., Providence, Rhode Island, U.S.A.

[The United Kingdom: Private Owners]


CIX.
CIX. W. HUGHES HILTON, ESQ., WOODLANDS, SALE, CHESHIRE. Size: 12½ in. x 8 in. History: formerly owned by the Rev. H. T. Holham; acquired by present owner June 1886 from Mr. W. P. Bennett, bookseller of London. Condition: fly-leaf, title, and preliminary leaves in facsimile or from Fourth Folio; last leaf mounted.

CX. HOLCOMBE INGLEBY, ESQ., HEACHAM HALL, NORFOLK. Size: 12½ in. x 8 in. History: purchased through private treaty by present owner's father, Dr. Clement Mansfield Ingleby, c. 1860. Condition: fairly good; seven preliminary, and eleven other leaves (including the last five) supplied in facsimile.

CXI. MR. WILLIAM JAGGARD (BOOKSELLER), LIVERPOOL. Size: 13 in. x 8½ in. Condition: wanting four leaves at end; fly-leaf and most of the preliminary leaves in facsimile; title defective; last leaf in facsimile.

CXII. THE MARQUIS OF NORTHAMPTON, CASTLE ASHBY, NORTHAMPTON. Size: 12½ in. x 8½ in. History: probably acquired by present owner's ancestors before 1850. Condition: well-used; washed; re-bound in green morocco before 1820; fly-leaf missing; title, with inlaid portrait, and all preliminary leaves supplied from Second Folio; last leaf genuine but mended.

CXIII. ALEXANDER PECKOVER, ESQ., LL.D., F.S.A., BANK HOUSE, WISBECH. Size: 12 in. x 7½ in. History: acquired by present owner 1897. Condition: fly-leaf, title, all preliminary leaves (save 'The Works' and Jonson's verses 'To the memory') and fifteen other leaves, including last leaf, supplied in facsimile.

CXIV. HENRY SOTHERAN & CO. (BOOKSELLERS), LONDON. Size: 13 in. x 8½ in. History: acquired several years ago. Condition: fly-leaf, title, several preliminary leaves, and last five leaves in facsimile; some other leaves mended.

CXV. LORD ZOUCHE OF PARHAM. Size: 12½ in. x 7½ in. History: J. Spode was a former owner. Acquired c. 1854 by the Hon. Robert Curzon, present owner's grandfather. Condition: fly-leaf in facsimile; title re-backed and mended; last leaf inlaid; several leaves in the Comedies, and fifteen leaves (pp. 369-98) in the Tragedies, supplied from Second Folio; preliminary leaves re-arranged by binder.

[The United States of America: Public Institutions]


[The United States of America: Private Owners]

CXVIII. ELIHU CHAUNCEY, ESQ., NEW YORK. Size: 12¾ in. x 8 in. History: owned by the present owner's father, Charles Chauncey, of Philadelphia, before 1849. Condition: fly-leaf missing, title-page much repaired and made up; last twelve leaves missing. [Mr. W. H. Fleming in Shakespeareana (Philadelphia, March 1889); Winstor, No. 16.]

CXIX. HENRY GARDNER DENNY, ESQ., ROXBURY, BOSTON. Size: 12½ in. x 8½ in. History: imported into America c. 1866 by S. Rider, a bookseller of Providence. Sold by auction at Boston in 1871 for $1,200, and acquired by present owner. [Winston, No. 5.] Condition: good; bound by Bedford; some margins mended; fly-leaf, title, and last five leaves in Harris facsimile.

CXX. GEORGE F. RICHARDSON, ESQ., LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS. Size: 12¼ in. x 7¾ in. History: acquired by present owner in 1894. Condition: fair; fly-leaf, title, all preliminary leaves, first leaf of 'Tempest' and last leaf supplied from Staunton's facsimile. [Untraced]

CLASS III

Division A (defective; numerous leaves in various sections missing, or made up in facsimile or from later Folios)

[The United Kingdom: Public Institutions]

CXXIII. PLYMOUTH. — THE PROPRIETARY AND COTTONIAN LIBRARIES, CORNWALL STREET. Size: 12 1/2 in. x 7 3/8 in. History: presented to the Plymouth Public Library, by Mrs. Fortescue and Mrs. Fillis, both residents of Plymouth, Nov. 6, 1829. Condition: all the preliminary leaves, the whole of the play 'Troylus and Cressida,' 'Antony and Cleopatra,' and 'Cymbeline,' and several separate leaves in other plays, supplied from the facsimile of 1866.

[The United Kingdom: Private Owners]

CXXIV. MRS. BROCKET, RYE, SUSSEX. Size: 12 1/2 in. x 8 1/4 in. History: bears early autograph of Mary Child, a former owner, and many manuscript notes on current topics of the period 1640-60. Owned by Brocket family since 1667: 'Elizabeth Brocket,' an owner, dates two signatures 1702 and 1712 respectively: a book-plate of William Brocket, Middle Temple, inserted. Condition: shabby; unrepaird, although re-bound; margins cut; fly-leaf, title, and six pages in Histories (pp. 217-22) missing; last leaf supplied in MS.; several leaves in 'Romeo and Juliet' misplaced in binding. Besides the manuscript notes, two poems appear in manuscript on end leaves.

CXXV. JOHN CLAUDE DAUBUS, ESQ., KILLIAN, TRURO. Size: 12 3/4 in. x 7 3/4 in. History: D. C. Dallas was a former owner. Acquired by present owner of A. Maurice & Co., London booksellers, in Aug. 1896. Condition: fly-leaf, title, and all preliminary leaves and last five leaves supplied in facsimile; first eight leaves of 'Tempest' and first ten leaves of 'Cymbeline' supplied from Third Folio, and more than fifty other leaves supplied from Second Folio.


CXXVII. LORD FORESTER, WILLEY PARK, BROSELEY, SHROPSHIRE. Size: 12 3/4 in. x 8 3/4 in. History: inherited in 1894 by present owner from his father, the fourth Baron Forester (1813-94). Condition: fair; fly-leaf and the whole of 'Troylus and Cressida' missing; margins of some ten leaves injured; last leaf genuine.

CXXVIII. FREDERICK HAINES, ESQ., BOREHAM HOUSE, HAMPSTEAD. Size: 12 1/2 in. x 8 in. History: owned in 1789 by Robert Tomkin, and subsequently by Thomas James Serle, Macready's manager, who married Cecilia Novello, sister to Mrs. Cowden Clarke. Serle presented it to Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke June 7, 1863, and Mrs. Clarke gave it to the present owner in Oct. 1889. Condition: clean; all preliminary and last four leaves are missing; the outside edges of numerous pages are cut or frayed away, often to the injury of the text.

CXXIX. MAURICE JONAS, ESQ., LONDON. Size: 12 in. x 8 in. History: purchased by Mr. James Tregaskis, a London bookseller, for £11 10s. at a miscellaneous sale at Sotheby's, May 1895, and soon afterwards sold by him to present owner. Condition: some leaves stained; all preliminary leaves and many in body at end of volume in facsimile. The first line, page 333 of Tragedies ('Othello') has the irregular reading, 'And hell gnaw his bones.' (Cf. Nos. XXI, LXXIII, and XCII)

CXXX. THE DUKE OF LEEDS, HORNBY CASTLE, YORKSHIRE. Size: 13 in. x 8 1/4 in. History: the property successively of Charles Killigrew, the theatrical manager in Charles II's reign, of William Congreve, and apparently of Congreve's patroness, Henrietta, second Duchess of Marlborough (d. 1733), wife of Francis, second Earl of Godolphin (d. 1766), from whom the present owner descends. Condition: clean and re-bound; the whole of 'Troylus and
THE CENSUS

CXXXI. PAULIN MARTIN, ESQ., CLOCK HOUSE, ABINGDON-ON-THAMES.

Size: 12½ in. x 8 in. History: said to have been acquired by John Hacket, Bishop of Lichfield, c 1630, and to have remained in the possession of his descendants at Moxhull Hall, Warwickshire, till the death in 1870 of Andrew Hackett, whose widow made the library over to her second husband, B. P. G. Noel, Esq. Sold on Noel's death in 1886, and purchased by present owner. Andrew Hackett's book-plate inserted. Condition: last six leaves missing; fly-leaf and title supplied from Second Folio; some leaves in 'Hamlet' supplied by present owner from another fragmentary copy of First Folio.

CXXXII. JAMES TREGASKIS (BOOKSELLER), LONDON. Size: 12½ in. x 7½ in. History: apparently acquired at a miscellaneous sale in London in 1900. Condition: all preliminary leaves, ten other leaves at beginning, and four leaves at end, supplied in facsimile; margins of other leaves restored.

CXXXIII. T. E. WATSON, ESQ., NEWPORT, MONMOUTHSHIRE.

Size: 12½ in. x 8 in. History: bears early signatures Thomas Johnston and Thomas Fuller. Acquired c 1870 by J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps in bad condition. Purchased c 1860 by W. H. Crawford, the collector, of Lakelands, and sold at sale of his library in March 1891 for £16 10s. Re-sold, 1892, to Sotheby, the London bookseller, for £25. Purchased by present owner c 1896. Condition: re-bounded and largely repaired; fly-leaf, title, preliminary leaves, last eight leaves, and fourteen other leaves in facsimile.


CXXXV. R. H. WOOD, ESQ., F.S.A., SIDMOUTH, DEVONSHIRE.

Size: 12½ in. x 8¼ in. History: acquired by present owner c 1885. Condition: well worn; fly-leaf, title, and preliminary leaves not in original condition; the whole of 'Measure for Measure' and 'Winter's Tale' in facsimile and some twenty-five other leaves.

CXXXVI. AMOS PRESCOTT BAKER, ESQ, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

Size: 12½ in. x 8¼ in. History: reputed to have been in the library of Cotton Mather (1663-1728), the famous minister at Boston, and to have been long handed down in Mather's family. While in the possession of a female descendants of Mather a child tore five leaves from the volume. This owner presented it to her son-in-law, whose adopted daughter gave it in 1864 to her nephew, the present owner. [Winson, No. 5] Condition: Title-page and two preliminary leaves, with two leaves of 'Henry VIII,' pp. 205-8, missing; fly-leaf in original state; re-bound c 1810.

CXXXVII. MRS. WILLIAM H. CROCKER, SAN FRANCISCO.

Size: 12½ in. x 7½ in. History: perhaps formerly in the library of Reginald Cholmondeley, of Condover Hall, Shropshire, which was sold April 1, 1897, when the First Folio was bought by Mr. James Tregaskis, the London bookseller. Sold to present owner by Mr. Tregaskis in March 1899. Condition: fly-leaf, title, and twenty-one other leaves in facsimile.

CXXXVIII. THE ESTATE OF THE LATE ADOLPH SUTRO, SAN FRANCISCO.


CXXXIX. PRESENT OWNER UNTRACED.—THE BURRA COPY.

Size: 12 in. tall. History: acquired by James S. Burra, Esq., of Ashford, Kent, and sold at Sotheby's April 1902. Condition: worn; fly-leaf, title, preliminary leaves, and last leaf in facsimile; many leaves mended and made up.

CXL.
CLASS III

Division B (Fragmentary)

The United Kingdom: Public Institutions

CXL. LONDON.—DULWICH COLLEGE. Size: 12 3/4 in. x 8 3/4 in. History: possibly acquired in 17th century. Condition: much worn and stained; wants fly-leaf, title, preliminary leaves except three, the whole of 'Two Gentlemen,' 'Merry Wives,' 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' 'Twelfth Night,' and 'Winter's Tale,' and all the Tragedies save first half of 'Romeo and Juliet.' The Histories are intact save for two leaves of '2 Henry VI.' (pp. 121-4).

CXLII. LONDON.—REFORM CLUB, PALL MALL. Size: 12 3/4 in. x 8 3/4 in. History: apparently acquired in 17th century by a kinsman of the admiral Robert Blake. It was owned c. 1810 by Robert Blake, M.P., and afterwards by John Day Blake, who left it c. 1860 to his great-nephew, Walter Wren. It was presented by Mr. Wren to the Reform Club, London, Aug. 26, 1883. Condition: re-bound with blank leaves, indicating the missing leaves; wants fly-leaf, title, preliminary leaves except two (Holland's and Digges's verses), the whole of 'Merry Wives,' 'Comedy of Errors,' 'As You Like It,' and many other separate leaves—seventy in all missing.

CXLIII. STRATFORD-ON-AVON.—THE TRUSTEES OF SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE. Size: 13 1/4 in. x 8 3/4 in. History: acquired 1820 by Robert Bell Wheler, of Stratford-on-Avon, and bequeathed to present owners by his sister, Miss Anne Wheler, in 1870. Condition: bad; all leaves before p. 31 and many later leaves missing; many surviving pages mutilated; the copy of portrait, engraved by J. Swaine, inserted.

The United Kingdom: Private Owner

CXLIV. SIR EVERARD PHILIP DIGBY PAUNCEFORT-DUNCOMBE, BART., BRICKHILL MANOR, BLETCHLEY. History: acquired 1840 by Philip Pauncefort-Duncombe, Esq., great-great-grandfather of third baronet, the present owner; four leaves in 'Romeo and Juliet' were long missing; two-thirds of the volume were accidentally destroyed by fire at Riviere's bookbinding works in London in 1898. Condition: only 177 leaves preserved in modern binding.

United States of America: Public Institution


The United States of America: Private Owner

CXLVI. THE ESTATE OF THE LATE ADOLPH SUTRO, SAN FRANCISCO. Size: 12 3/4 in. x 8 in. History: acquired 1880 by the late owner. Condition: only twelve plays complete and six defective; the fragments are now bound in eleven separate volumes.
THE CENSUS

CLASS IV

Copies otherwise unclassed owing to lack of full description

[CXLVII. AUGUSTUS EAST MANLEY, ESQ, MANLEY HALL, LICHFIELD. SIZE: 13½ in. x 8½ in. HISTORY: apparently acquired by present owner’s great-grandfather, John Manley, c 1770. Condition: good; leaves cut by binder.

CXLVIII. J. PEARSON & CO. (BOOKSELLERS), LONDON. SIZE: 12½ in. x 7½ in. HISTORY: acquired by private treaty 1901. Condition: good; stated to be perfect throughout.

[CXLIX. SOUTH AFRICA. — SOUTH AFRICAN PUBLIC LIBRARY, CAPE TOWN. SIZE: 12½ in. x 8 in. HISTORY: presented by Sir George Grey in 1861. Condition: clean throughout; last leaf slightly mended.


[CCLI. H. C. FOLGER, ESQ, NEW YORK. HISTORY: apparently purchased in London c. 1880 by the late Norton Q. Pope, of New York, who sold his library in 1895 and died in 1897; subsequently acquired by Robert Hoe, Esq., of New York, and disposed of by him c. 1896 to a New York bookseller, through whom it passed to present owner.

CLII. J. PIERPONT MORGAN, ESQ, NEW YORK. A third copy in the possession of Mr. Morgan is stated by him to be of inferior interest to either of the other two in his library. (See Nos. XXXVII and XXXVIII.)

[CLIII. PRESENT OWNER UNTRACED. — CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL COPY. HISTORY: disposed of by the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury Cathedral, in whose library the copy had been for a long time, c. 1890.

CLIV. PRESENT OWNER UNTRACED. — THE LORD VERNON COPY. SIZE: 13½ in. x 8¼ in. HISTORY: formerly belonging to Lord Vernon; sold c. 1880.


[Untraced Copies]

Copies stated to have been destroyed

CLVII. A copy belonging to Almon W. Griswold, of New York, is stated by Justin Winsor to have been lost in the steamship Arctic, which sank from the effects of a collision on her way from Liverpool to New York on Sept. 27, 1854.

CLVIII. A copy belonging to Mr. J. W. McCagg, of Chicago, is stated by Justin Winsor to have been burnt in the Chicago fire of 1871.
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[The entries in capital letters give the names of present owners of copies of the First Folio.

The Roman figures refer to the numbered copies of the Census; the Arabic figures to the pages of the Introduction.]

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POSTSCRIPT

Information respecting two copies of the First Folio, additional to those noticed in the accompanying Census, has just reached me. Had I learnt of them in time, one of these newly recovered copies would have figured in the Census after No. LXXVIII, the other after No. CXXXIV. I have examined the former copy for myself; an account of the latter has been kindly forwarded by the owners. I append a formal description of each.

CLASS II
Division B

LXXVIII a. MRS. CHARLES HILHOUSE, HARECOMBE, CROWBOROUGH, SUSSEX. Size: 12¼ in. x 8 in. History: owned c 1850 by Benjamin Powys, who bequeathed it in 1876 to Richard Hilhouse, on whose death it passed to his brother Charles, whose widow is the present owner. Condition: fly-leaf inlaid, mounted, and misplaced after title-page; title-page made up from Second Folio, inlaid and mounted; corners of several leaves repaired and text supplied in MS.; 'Troylus and Cressida' bound up after 'Cymbeline'; generally in good condition; re-bound c 1840.

CLASS III
Division A

CXXXIV a. THE MISSES WILLIAMS, LLANDAFF HOUSE, PEMBROKE VALE, CLIFTON, BRISTOL. Size: 12¾ in. x 8¼ in. History: possibly owned originally by John Hoskins, the lawyer (1566–1638), who was the intimate friend of Ben Jonson and Sir Walter Raleigh. From him descended in direct line Thomas Williams, Dean of Llandaff (d 1878), who owned the book and treated it as a family heirloom, leaving it to his daughters, the present owners. The names of 'J. Gurney' and 'J. Harington' appear in the volume. Condition: fly-leaf, some preliminary leaves, and five leaves (including last leaf) of 'Cymbeline' missing. Fragments only of title-page preserved.

October 20, 1902.

SIDNEY LEE.